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NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 2018.

AMUSEMENTS.

BIDWELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Regiment of the accomplished and gifted.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN.

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, November 2 and 3.

EAST LYNN or The Elphinstone.

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, November 2 and 3.

THURSDAY EVENING, November 7.

FRIDAY EVENING, November 8.

SATURDAY NOON—Grand Western Matinee.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Sunday, November 3.

LAST NIGHT OF MISS ALICE HARRISON.

USCUL TOMS CABIN.

THE BOY DETECTIVE.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

MR. OLIVER DOB BYRON.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

PERA HOUSE—OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

OPENING SEASON.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

THE HIBERNIANS.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

OPERA HOUSE—OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

VARIETIES THEATRE.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

CHARLES H. DEPREZ.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

Monday Evening, October 27, 1873.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

DUPREZ AND BENEDETTI.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

FOR SALE.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

DR. JOHN G. ANGELL.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

W. W. HANDLIN.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

P. A. MURRAY.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

NOTICE—THE CO-OPERATION HERETO.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

NOTICE—THE CO-OPERATION HERETO.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

COAL.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

H. & J. TYLER.

Monday, November 2, 1873.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

THE LIVING REMEMBER THE DEAD.

The Cemeteries—The Decorations—The Visitors.

New Orleans, careless in many things, never fails to keep with becoming tenderness the anniversary of All Saints—the custom handed down by fathers and mothers of the Latin blood to their children and their children's children. It is a day set apart to the remembrance of the departed. Days before the various cemeteries have been carefully swept and cleaned. Vault and tombs have been repaired and painted, and affectionate hands have brought wreaths and flowers to place above the resting places of the dead. There is much that is beautiful in watching the visitors and noting the incidents at the burial ground, interblended with much of agony and heart-break which no pen should probe.

The Basin Street Cemetery.

This is one of the oldest in New Orleans. As you leave the sight of the music in the basin, and cease to hear the rumble of carriages on the pavement, you lose yourself among the wanderers in search of the forgotten. The fresh, newly plastered tombs of those who departed more than a hundred years since make you forget, when you read the age of the occupant, that you have left a wretched world outside. Here lie an old ancestor of the crowd who died, as the record says, in 1757. It doesn't tell whether he was good or bad, and it is worthy of note that epigrams here in general give no word of praise or blame. Many societies have their tombs here, and around them cluster those who affectionately remember the departed occupants. The prettiest decorations, if it is not offensive to say so, were those on one tomb "To My Son" and "To My Daughter." The most splendid monuments were those of the different societies, which are familiar to all who have visited the cemetery. That of the Italian Benevolent Society has been pronounced by strangers to be the most magnificent in the city. Near it is a tomb surrounded by iron posts cast in imitation of cannon and connected by chains.

It is that of the old New Orleans Battery of artillery which is now a benevolent association. The attendant, who is proud of it, is that of his own existence is Mr. William H. Ladieu. If you ask him he will tell you that he drummed for them for nineteen years and has been in every fight since thirty-five, drumming like a man every time. More flags and decorations, among them that in most cemeteries. In this cemetery are reported buried by our historians, Governor D'Abadie, of old French colonial memory, who survived only a few months the throwing away of Louisiana into the lap of Spain by the miserable monarch Louis XV. of France; and Brigadier General Don Gayoso de Lemos, the genial Spanish Governor, who forty years later fell a victim to the yellow fever superinduced by a drinking bout with the rugged American General Wilkinson, but the sexton knew not of them. He showed the graves of relations of Gayarre, of Mayor Rodrigue, Daniel Clark and others. He showed a group of old tombs where the bricks were crumbling and some of the old inscriptions washed away and beating rain, and said there lay many distinguished persons. "But where is Judge Hall, who fined Andrew Jackson \$1000?" "Under your feet, sir; he is buried in the ground and there is nothing to mark his resting place."

"Then where is the grave of Governor Claiborne?"

The sexton led toward the two tombs, between which he passed. Beyond them was an insubstantial ruin with weeds and decay. Three or four dilapidated brick tombs showed parts of their forms in the center. A single square structure, about six feet high, with weeds concealing its inscriptions, its surface crumbling, its urns broken and gone, alone suggested that it was holy ground. Broken bottles, unused ladders and stinging refuse of all descriptions, met the eye all around. Unmentionable filth was boldly exposed. This was the Protestant graveyard. Years since it extended over ten times this area. The other yard was also several squares larger. There both were buried, and the Protestant authorities sold part to one and part to another, a portion to the Catholic cemetery and a portion to a private property in whose grounds is a Jesuit tomb.

The first sales are used for other purposes. The wretched place and the two latter are consecrated to the dead. But what a contrast between them. In two, neatness, order and reverence; in the other, neglect, destruction and desecration. The guide cleared away the weeds, and the tomb showed that it was that of the second and Protestant wife of Governor Claiborne. Passing over further, into a mass of interlocking graves, he said there is where the Governor was buried. The grave of the man whose actions shook the diplomacy of the world, when Louisiana was a snarling, peevish infant, can not be seen. Passing out again, the sexton showed a fine, well-erected, appointed and decorated tomb, as that of the first and Catholic wife of the first American Governor of Louisiana.

St. Louis Cemetery No. 1.

This cemetery is the nearest to Canal street of the three which once were one single graveyard, and was divided by ordinance creating streets which are now the avenues of business. Entering on Customhouse street, the first thing that attracts the eye is a plain tomb on the left. No inscription is on it, but many mourners surround it. It is a buried member of the Society of the Ten Brothers. The tombs of St. Joseph and others are monuments to the taste and fidelity of the members of the various orders. That of the Spanish Mutual Beneficial Association, with the motto and emblem of "Silence," is particularly remarkable. About the centre of this yard rest in a temporary vault all that was mortal of the loved and lamented Oscar J. Dunn. Stricken down at the hour of his most vigorous usefulness, the memory of his generous virtues are carried in the hearts of thousands of men and women of all races and classes and colors.

St. Louis Cemetery No. 2.

The second of these divisions contains

some of the most exquisite remembrances of the dead that mourning friends have ever erected. That of Barelli with three statuesque, the designs of those of the Sisters of Charity, Miltenberger, Eraino Boulogny, Jr., Louis Adam, the Hoa, the Caballero and other families attracted much attention, but for the floral and other decorations. Here are the tombs of the Otzabaz, La Costa and Girod families, and here is the monument erected to Alexander Hillins. On it is engraved the act of the Legislature and the commemorative words expressing the gratitude of the people to the friend of the poor. One of the most attractive tombs is that of J. B. Planche, on which a tablet relates the fact of his commanding the New Orleans Battalion in 1811-15.

The observer can not fail to mark the massive shaft erected to commemorate the genius and labors of the late Chief Justice Francis Xavier Martin, though many would pass unheeded the modest tomb where sleeps one whose life was clouded with mystery, yet whose deeds of daring made him the theme of song and romance—Dominique Vau.

St. Louis Cemetery No. 3.

In this cemetery the attention of a casual observer would be most particularly attracted by the tomb of Arthur Cornu, who perished in the fire of September 21, 1850. His fire hat and the memorial badge of Pelican No. 4 are above; and here it may be noticed that the badges of Pelican No. 4 are hung in almost every cemetery. With the names of the departed printed on each, they float in the still air, and indicate their purpose. They show at once a recognition of the virtues of the brave departed and the remembrance of the equally brave survivors. In many places these ribbons are hung, and a tender thought was suggested yesterday as the eye fell on them.

St. Joseph's Cemetery.

This cemetery, as well as No. 1, is under the management of Sexton Joseph Frederick Calloch, who deserves much credit for the manner in which he discharges his trust. Everything is kept neat and in good order, and he is courteous and willing to be of service to those who visit or have tombs there.

St. Patrick's Cemetery No. 1.

The many fine tombs and monuments with their tasteful decorations drew crowds to this cemetery. Among the remarkable tombs was that of Colonel H. Nolan, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg. It is of white marble. The slab is beautifully relieved with a sword and other military insignia. The grave of Mr. Hugh McCloy was handsomely adorned. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and inclosed within are two small trees on either side of the gate. In the middle of the area a monumental slab is erected. This was hung with black and white crepe.

St. Patrick's Cemetery No. 2.

The firemen's cemetery, of the finest in the city, both by reason of its splendid monuments and nicely laid out walks, was a constant scene of attraction. The tomb of No. 14 was gracefully dressed. The fire caps and belts of some of its late deceased members were laid upon their vaults. One of the prettiest and most unostentatious tombs in this or any of the yards is that of Colonel J. O. Nixon. The tomb is in the form of a mound overgrown with grass, with a large marble front. Along the top of the slab creeps an ivy, which will eventually cover the whole mound. The frontispiece was garlanded on each side by a vase of white flowers. The mausoleum of Robert Stark is a most majestic pile.

Greenwood Cemetery.

This splendid burial ground was one of the chief attractions of the day. A host of visitors lingered among the tombs for hours. The tumulus of Mr. Peterson attracted crowds of admirers, who seated themselves upon the benches before it, and were loth to depart. It is an artificial hillock, formed of ballast rock. It is so natural and so simple that one would at first doubt whether it were heaped up by nature's or man's hand. The ornaments exactly suited the tomb—none but natural flowers.

St. Vincent de Paul Cemetery.

A stroll to this cemetery, situated on Louisiana street, in the Third District, and the principal one there, convinced us that the people in that ancient part of our city were in no manner neglectful of the day set apart for remembrance to the dead. The graves, handsomely decorated with wreaths and flowers, had been previously attended to and put in order for the coming event by friends who cherish the memory of those whose remains are deposited in them.

Mount Calvary Church Cemetery.

which, though laid out only a year ago, numbers already near a hundred graves. Many of the coroner's cases are buried here. Two interments of that nature took place yesterday. Still, here we met mourners, and the evidences of care and regard for the dead.

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