

From the N. Y. Delta.

A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY.

We paid a visit, last evening, to the corporation cemetery, in the Fourth District, in order to satisfy ourselves of the spectacle which was reported to be presented there. We learned on our way thither, that the authorities had ceased to send corps to this place, in order to give time to bury those which already lay on the ground. This proved to be a prudent measure, as it was the only measure by which the accumulation of unburied coffins could be disposed of. As we approached the cemetery, we discovered its location by the number of carriages which were passing and repassing. For some distance before we arrived at the gate, the odor was quite offensive, and we were warned by persons who were returning that it would be insufferable within the enclosure. Notwithstanding the cessation of the corporation coffins, there had been at least fifty sent there by private individuals, which, as it is a public cemetery, could not be refused. As we passed through the gate, inhaling a most pestilential odor, we noticed a curious exhibition of the careless indifference too characteristic of our people on occasions like this. Before the door of the little house at the gate of the cemetery, we saw several little children engaged in the most joyous merriment, and an old woman vending ice-cream to passers-by, who had to hold camphor to their noses to avoid fainting from the odor. A strange contrast with the gloomy spectacle within. There lay quite a number of coffins of rough, unpainted planks, painted a gloomy black, with nailheads of files hanging around them, and discharging a most repulsive odor. The chain-gang, composed of negroes under penal restraint, were employed quite briskly in depositing these coffins in trenches, dug scarcely a foot deep. All the white laborers who were originally employed in this work have either died or abandoned the ground. As high as five dollars an hour have been offered for laborers to supply their places, and they cannot be obtained. The trenches allotted to were about six feet square, so that six coffins could be crowded in one of them. Here they were wedged close together as possible, and a coating of quick lime thrown upon them. The loose earth was then heaped upon the coffins. This had to be done very carefully so as to prevent the coffins from being seen, as their surfaces appeared to be not over six inches from the level of the earth. This labor was performed by the negroes, who could only be kept to their work by liberal and frequent portions of whisky.

We remained until all the coffins were thus disposed of, despite the offensiveness of the odor, and the revolting character of the spectacle. We had the satisfaction of perceiving that at sum there was no unburied coffin left on the ground. But what horrors they were! To think that in an acre of ground around us, there were not less than four-hundred bodies lying but a few inches below the surface of the ground, in the very first stages of decomposition, deposited there within the last week. And this within the corporate limits of New Orleans, and within a few minutes' walk of the most flourishing and beautiful part of our city. Is there not too much reason to apprehend that such a disposition of so many dead bodies will generate malaria and originate disease? But will involve our whole population—eschewed or uneschewed? We do not say whose fault it is. We are in no disposition at such a time of gloom and distress, to indulge in strong feelings or denunciations of public officials, and, if we were so inclined, the utter want of system and organization, of clearly and distinctly marked duties and functions, for those entrusted with the Police of the city, in our system of city government, would constrain such misdeemands on our part.

But, considering the enormousness of the occasion, the great responsibility devolving on those whom the people have entrusted with the protection of the lives, the health, and prosperity of the citizens, we believe that there is no functionary who will not be justified, nay, applauded, for assuming the necessary powers to supply whatever deficiency there may be in the law, in meeting the demands of this present afflicting visitation.

We take pleasure in saying that his Honor the Mayor, was on the ground at the cemetery, superintending and hastening the work of interments.

With a heavy heart, and a gloomy mind, we left this Lazarus, only to encounter scenes of suffering and death, even more harrowing without. For the dispositions of the body—their last clayey tenement of the soul—we confess that we do not feel that sentimentalism which is a prevalent feeling. We think that the system of burial, as practiced in this city, is calculated to render that mode of disposing of the dead which permits their bodies to rot and melt away, food for filthy worms, and source of pestilential odors, less agreeable to the thoughts and feelings of a refined, intelligent being, than the Roman custom of burning the dead and inuring them to ashes. In this case, the introduction of this system, regardless as it is to a prejudice which has no reason to rest upon, would be a public benefit.

But the scenes which touch our hearts more deeply and surely, are those which met our view, as we passed down one of the thoroughfares to this cemetery. Hear us without a solitary pause, driven by negroes, who were half asleep, and drawn by horses nearly fainted by the severity of their load, others, that were followed by crowds of friends—by women carrying their children, and by men with countenances often displaying more loathing than sorrow. Now and then there would be a corporeal load—by a single carriage, containing the small遗物 of the deceased's family and friends, who in their miserable and woe-begone countenances, exhibited real distress.

But the next meeting of all sights was that of the corporation carts, driven by rough drivers, in some cases by boys, bearing generally, three grim black coffins, upon one end of which sat the driver. These were the scions of the aristocracy, the forlorn poor, who had no friends to mourn for them, and who were consigned to the hideous bier of the corporation. But when they sometimes have their masters, these at least, were one, which we often, drew tears the eyes of many a beholder. In one of the corporation carts there was a solitary boy, it was driven by a boy who endeavored to arrest the progress of a larynx, by blows and oath, behind the cart, the lashing son, walked a girl, near-grown, and in an old mourning dress, leading by the hand a little hoy, ten or twelve years of age. They were all that left of a family, which, last week, numbered some half a dozen members; this was father, they were accompanying to the

Poor creatures! they were inconsolable; and all we could say to dissuade them from their weary journey of more than two miles, through the hot sun, to the Lafayette cemetery only elicited the plaintive cry: "Mon pauvre pere! mon pauvre pere!" They were immigrants, who had arrived but a few months ago from France.

Such incidents, and others equally distressing, met our eye in every direction—they proclaimed what alas! is too apparent in a hundred other forms, that New Orleans is now growing under one of the most awful pestilences that ever scourged a community.

Professor Hill, of Washington College, Va., was elected Professor of Mathematics, and the Rev. James R. Gillett was inaugurated Professor of Languages.

The following is a list of the Senior and graduating class:

C. C. Alexander,	Chattanooga, Tenn., York District, S. C.
J. B. Allison,	"
J. L. Davies,	Wilmington Dist., S. C.
D. E. Gordon,	"
W. B. Gordon,	Randolph County, N. C.
J. A. Gray,	McLeland Co., N. C.
J. T. Harry,	"
L. H. Johnson,	Cabarrus Co., N. C.
J. H. McCallum,	Rutherford Co., N. C.
J. McQueen,	Yorkville, S. C.
R. H. Moore,	Columbia Co., N. C.
W. W. Phifer,	York District, S. C.
R. B. Smith,	Melungeon Co., N. C.
J. M. Wilson,	"

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