

For the Southern Banner.

*Maars Hill & Sledge.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have often heard of a "masterly inactivity;" that is, there are cases in which more may be accomplished by being quiet, by doing little or nothing, than by the most powerful exertions. This is sometimes the fact with certain diseases—be quiet, give no medicine, let nature have its course, and the patient may recover.—This is often true of potty slander—let it alone, and it will soon die away.

I ask, as an old citizen of this interesting community, is this the view taken by our people of a most momentous subject, over which we appear to be slumbering, viz: the condition of our Cemeteries, old and new?

I know by personal examination that we cannot much longer continue to <sup>inter</sup> the remains of our friends in the old grave yard. There are large portions of the lower part, toward the river, where I had supposed, (until a few days ago,) that few or none had been buried; but to my astonishment, I found last week, while seeking, in company with one of our marshals, for a spot for the grave of a friend from a distance, that those portions are filled with sunken graves. Not a tomb-stone, not even a stake tells you where the dead sleep. You perceive by the sunken earth that somebody has been buried there. That portion more resembles a thorn-hedge than a cemetery. There is little or no order observed in digging graves. All is wild, unsightly, indecent, and confused.

And how long are we to slumber over this business? Who or what is to arouse our people to the importance of this subject?—I know by sad experience of the past, in reference to other subjects, that Athenian sleep is deep, yea, *alarming* sleep. I do not know why—I only know the fact. And therefore I almost despair of any success in the humble, but earnest and *sincere* attempt I make to break those deep, mysterious slumbers.

More than a year ago, our city Council purchased a beautiful, retired, romantic piece of ground for a cemetery. It is susceptible of being made, without very great expense, a most lovely, inviting abiding place for our dead—a place which would compare favorably with other beautiful cemeteries, as of Augusta, Macon, &c.—a place worthy of Athens, which is regarded by strangers as one of the most interesting inland towns South of the Potomac.

Now, I ask, why this long delay to ar-  
ranging and paying out those grounds? What is gained by this portentous, this *unaccountable* inactivity? Were even a part of those grounds laid out, lots would be immediately purchased by individuals, who would fence them and ornament them with flowers and shrubbery, and our citizens would not bury, as some of them are now doing, upon their own premises, but in that new cemetery.

And again, many would remove the remains of their friends from the old to the new grave yard. To some, it may seem a small matter as to how or where our poor bodies shall sleep when we leave this world. In one sense this may be true; but in another important sense, it is not true. Those who survive wish to visit, (some of them frequently,) the sleeping dust of departed loved ones. They want at eventide to walk among the tombs, amid songers and through beautiful avenues, and while the birds are singing amid the boughs of the trees, to call to mind the countenances, the voices, the remarks of their sleeping friends. While walking there at leisure, they love to think that if their friends died to the faith they are sleeping in hope; that the *who* *are* *from* *the* *dead*—He who is the resurrection and the life, will break their plumbones and raise them from the dead—that they shall meet them again, in the resurrection, under such circumstances,