

## A MELANCHOLY SIGHT.

### The Graveyard in Centre Wheeling as it Now Appears.

The antiquarian, or one who delights in the mystery of black letter, would be well paid by a visit to the old graveyard which lies on the hillside just north of the eastern extremity of Twenty-third street. Happening in this vicinity, yesterday, a representative of the REGISTER walked up to see the spot from whence came the bones mentioned in these columns a short while since.

Many years ago, when this section was owned by the Chaplins and the Eoffs, Mr. Wm. Chaplin gave a plot of ground to the city for a public burying ground. It was used for this purpose until completely built up, when it was abandoned.

To the south of it was a similar piece, known as the Eoff burial place, used exclusively for that and the Woods family. At the time of the formation of Greenwood, all the remains were removed there and the Eoff cemetery was divided into city lots. Since that time it has been entirely filled over, and no vestige of it now remains.

The space between these two grounds, and which is now the end of Twenty-third street, was, by common consent, used as a burial place for colored people. It was finally neglected, and eventually became the public thoroughfare. During heavy rains the water from the hillside washed the entire roadway, a difficulty which was obviated by digging a trench, or gutter, on the north side. By this time the fact that the street was directly over the colored cemetery seemed entirely forgotten. When the trench was dug it almost exposed these remains, and the late heavy rains infringing on the sides, completed the work and brought several skeletons and coffins to view.

These were removed by order of the Health Officer and reinterred in the Jesolate cemetery to the north. The gutter will now be heavily stoned in order to prevent a repetition of this ghastly occurrence.

But the attention of the reporter was chiefly attracted to the deserted and silent city of the dead on the north, with its air of unutterable loneliness and despair. The thin solitary trees, half dead, cast their leafless branches hopelessly into the air and the gleaming marbles—no, the faded, brown marbles looked like the teeth of a grinning skull. A heavy growth of alder covered everything and allowed only the taller stones to show. Several of the graves were surrounded by fences, the palings of which now point in every direction, and no two in the same.

It was almost impossible to find a grave from the stone, as the latter was invariably eight or ten feet below. The cemetery is on the hillside, and everything movable has shifted downward, caused by the heavy water. Not a stone or shaft is erect and perpendicular, all having long ago started on the incline.

Several stones are entirely illegible, the lettering having been washed away. Some that could be read are as ancient as 1784, and none seem to have been placed later than twenty years ago.

Truly it is a melancholy spectacle, and one inducing equally melancholy thoughts. In the power of the city, the place should be transformed. It has long since lost the appearance which commands respect, and is a general eyesore to the neighborhood.