

tion any longer desirable, as it is equally opposed to the sentiments that would fittingly preserve the records of the past and to the interests of the future occupants of the new streets and houses now in process of building.

Let some such society take this matter up at once. Many would be willing to perpetuate the wish of Fitz-Greene Halleck—"Green grow the turf above thee"—by contributing a mite toward such an effort, among which is this

DESCENDANT OF THE HUNTS.
New York, Sept. 21.

Joseph Rodman Drake's Grave.

The New York Times Saturday Review of Books:

Stimulated by the allusion in your issue of Sept. 18 to the neglected grave of Joseph Rodman Drake, the undersigned visited yesterday the old Hunt graveyard at Hunt's Point, where he is buried. He belonged on his mother's side to the Hunt family, who had holdings in this section for upward of one hundred and sixty years. The present condition of this little burial place is indeed sad. Situated on what was once a lovely wooded knoll—in close proximity to the Sound—it was an ideal resting place for the departed. But to-day the word "lovely" is the last to be applied to it. It is but a vivid comment on the passing of all earthly things. On one side the shack of Italian workmen comes close up to it and the chickens belonging thereto wander over the graves, while in front a huge embankment of filling-in earth threatens to engulf it. The gravestones are in every stage of demolition. Some are bent over at different angles toward the ground; others, once upright, are lying prone upon it, and others still have been snapped off in the middle and have fallen to the earth. In the midst of this desecration stands the grave of Joseph Rodman Drake. His grave was restored but a few years ago by a literary society, and has been preserved also by the protection afforded it by an iron railing. All the surroundings—once the Hunt farm—are now given over to "improvements." New streets are being made and the apartment and "one-family" houses are bearing down rapidly upon the spot, sweeping out all sylvan attractions as they come. The only feasible way of preserving the grave of the young poet is for some society—literary or patriotic—to secure a more seemly spot and obtain permission to remove to that his remains.

Nothing can make the present situa-