

The distressing epidemic prevailing in New Orleans, has sent a large number of its inhabitants north, to escape the ravages of the disease. The yellow fever equals the cholera in horror. When it prevails in its aggravated form, it terminates life in a few hours. Owing to the marshy state of the ground, the dead are not interred there as they are with us. The graves are on the top of the ground, surrounded by railings. In the old French burying ground, particularly, the number of splendid monuments and tombs is surprising. The surface of the ground around the graves is like a beautiful flower garden. Around the sides of the burying ground, and in the cemetery, a high wall of brick is built. It is strong and deep, consisting of compartments six or eight feet deep and about the same in height, arranged regularly one above the other, from the surface of the ground to the top of the wall, which is, as near as we can remember, about a story and a half high. These divisions are open on the inside of the cemetery, and when a coffin has been slipped into the aperture, it is closed up by masons; if the relatives of the deceased are able to afford it, a fine marble slab, bearing the name of the deceased, is placed at the mouth of this over-shaped tomb. Hundreds thus lie in solemn order, one above another, in this city of the dead, giving, in their silent abode, an imposing lesson on the fleeting nature of earthly life. What a desolate scene will New Orleans present to those who have fled from its distress and calamity, when they return in October, and look around for familiar faces, or seek to put the languid wheels of business in motion! Much sympathy has been felt for the sufferers from this fever. Aid has been promptly contributed by New York and other cities, who owe so much to New Orleans enterprise and wealth.

We must apologise to our readers for sending this number to them without the usual illustrations. The travelling mania seems to have infected our engraver, whose absence from the city prevented us from supplying any cuts. The publisher promises to procure some fine ones for next month, and thus compensate somewhat for the deficiency.

This number contains a large proportion of original articles. We are sure the "Sketch of the Aztec Empire," from the pen of our accomplished friend, Mrs. E. T. Renaud, will be read with interest. Mrs. Traill continues to instruct "Lady Mary," and through her the readers of the "Maple Leaf," in the wonders of our northern latitude.

"Oscar's" communication was welcomed with pleasure. We hope he will be induced to send us some more charades. Our young readers will guess his charade, we think.

We thank our friend of the "Ottawa Citizen," and other friends of the press, for their kind notices of the "Maple Leaf."

"The Casket" is a beautiful magazine for children, published in Buffalo. The editor enquired "how many dollars" five shillings sterling is. We answer, the value at par is one dollar twenty-one cents and two thirds of a cent. He refers to the subscription price of the "Maple Leaf," which is five shillings Halifax Currency, equal to \$1.