

**MALAY FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN
NEW ORLEANS.**

(From the Picayune, July 1.)

In the lower part of the city are a few families of Malays. By what circumstances they ever removed to here is not known, but they preserve the customs and semi-barbarous superstitions that have distinguished their people and country. They bury their dead at night, and, like the American Indians, slaughter upon the grave some animal the deceased loved in life.

Saturday afternoon a young girl died in Barracks Street, and was buried on Sunday night in the old cemetery on Gentilly Road. There being no priest of their religion here, the ceremony was performed by the oldest man of their country residing among them. He was clad in a long black robe, and preceded on foot the *cortege* which conveyed the remains to the grave. Arriving there, the tomb was anointed, and a fish and some cake placed in the vault. This was accompanied by a ceremony at once solemn and impressive. This over, a bird was killed and laid on the breast of the deceased, while all the friends and relatives passed by the coffin, each one laying their hand on the head and saying in their native tongue the simple word "Farewell!"

No tears were shed. They do not view the transition of a soul as an occasion of grief. The solemn parting is but a temporary separation, and the resignation they manifest affords an example Christians might well conclude to imitate. The ceremonial over, the family returned home, accompanied by their immediate friends, and fruit and wine and bread were given to each in the name of the dead. By it they promise to preserve their constancy to each other, and by their love for the dead perpetuate their friendship.
