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## A DESECRATED GRAVE.

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On an Island nearby Which Should  
Have Protection From Vandals.

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Editor of The Post Sir:

On the Ashley river between Ashleyville and Legare's bluff surrounded by marsh on all sides, and touched at one point by old Town Creek, accessible by means of a boat only, lies a small island containing one or two acres of land several feet higher than the adjacent marsh, and covered with moss-covered oaks, pines and magnolias and a dense underbrush of shrub, holly, vines and creepers. This island among the negroes of the vicinity goes by the name of "Ghost Island," and many a weird tale is told in connection with it, and even to this day the negro must be bold indeed to venture into its gloomy recesses after night fall. On the highest point about the center of the island stands a family burial vault guarded by venerable oaks, and one stately magnolia which stands sentinel like before its thick oaken door.

This vault, as one can learn from the brown stone slab over its portals was erected in 1805 by Charles L., and time and the elements have had but little effect upon its walls, but where the wind and rain have dealt gently the hand of man has laid its sacrilegious touch. Two openings in opposite walls permit an entrance, and having squeezed one's way through, the intruder sees that even here where the bones of the dead lie, vandalism has been at work. Fifteen or more coffins, plain, but substantial, lie piled in disorder, mostly unopened, but sad to say, not all are untouched; for the lids of several have been forced and what remains of their mortal contents are exposed to the view of the curious and the stranger. The aged grandmother lies in well preserved apparel, with cap and burial shroud still intact after over eighty years of burial. Nearby is the tiny coffin of a very young child its body almost entirely turned to dust, save where from beneath its dress one little infant hand appears remarkably well preserved, upon its little feet are white lace shoes and stockings which fall to pieces at the touch, but the most pathetic sight of all is where across its childish breast lies its favorite doll still dressed in bright colors with tiny straw hat, where tender hands had placed it. It was this touching sight that appealed to the writer's heart, and prompted him to draw attention to this neglected tomb, in hopes that some descendant of Charles L. might see these lines and at a very small outlay preserve his ancestral dead from further desecration.

Dautah.

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