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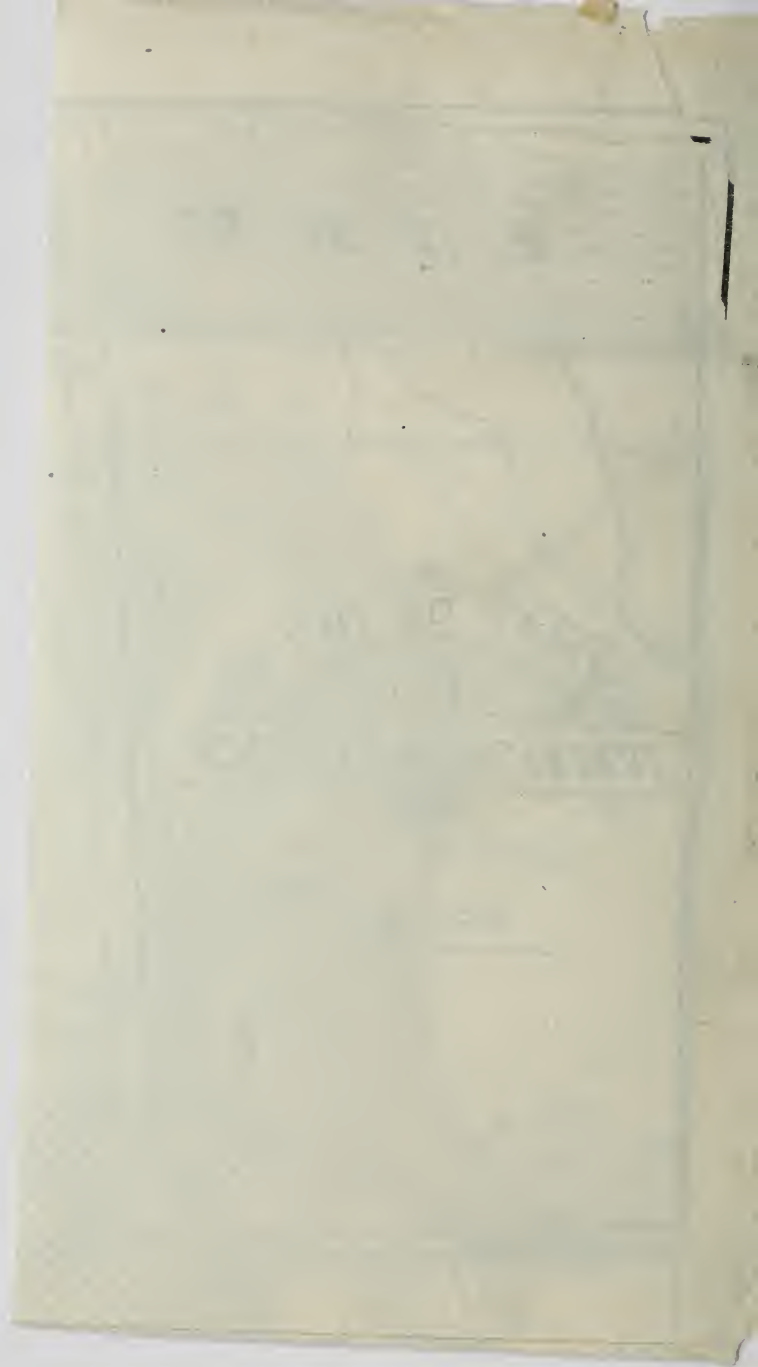
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638 Canal Street,

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SEE INDEX IN REAR.



THE CREOLE

Tourist's Guide and Sketch Book

OF NEW ORLEANS.

HISTORICAL.

NEW ORLEANS, from its founding by Bienville in 1718 throughout its many vicissitudes and stirring incidents, under the flag of five distinct nations or governments, has figured in romance and poetry, song and story; yet, the story of its glory and fame as a commercial and industrial center, its possibilities of future grandeur, remains yet to be developed and related.

Of "Old Orleans," its traditions innumerable and points of interest, which are jealously preserved, even at the expense of being criticised by the Progressionists, much has been written—

"An oft-told tale, well worth repeating."

The Creole Tourists' Guide and Sketch Book of New Orleans, as its name implies, is designed to meet the needs of tourists and visitors coming to our city, and will be found not only exact, but of more than passing interest, well worthy a place on the library table of every home, as a valued souvenir of the Crescent City.

New Orleans was founded in 1718 by Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville, a French Canadian, Governor of the French colony which had been planted nineteen years earlier at Biloxi, on Mississippi Sound. A few years after its founding when it was still but little more than a squalid village of deported galley slaves, trappers and gold hunters, it was made the capital of that vast Louisiana, which loosely

comprised the whole Mississippi Valley. The names remaining in vogue in that portion of the city still distinguished as *le vieux carré*, or the old French quarter, preserve an interesting record of these humble beginnings. The memory of the French dominion is retained in the titles and foreign aspects of Toulouse, Orleans, Du Maine, Conti, Dauphiné and Chartres streets; while the sovereignty of Spain is even more distinctly traceable in the stuccoed walls and iron lattices, huge locks and hinges, arches and gratings, balconies and jalousies, corrugated roofs of tiles, dim corridors and inner courts, brightened with *portières*, urns and basins, statues half hid in roses and vines, and musical with sounds of trickling water. There are streets named for the Spanish Governors, Unzaga, Galvez, Miro, Salcedo, Casa Calva and Carondelet.

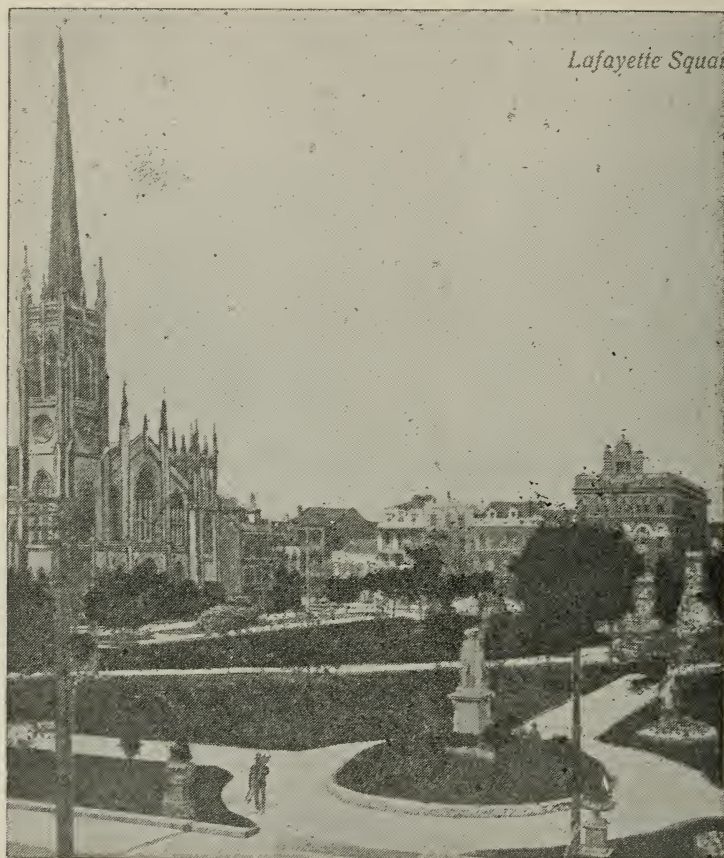
The site of New Orleans was selected by Bienville as the highest point on the river bank and consequently safe from overflow. The second year of its occupation, however, the entire town was submerged, and it was found necessary to construct a dyke around it to protect it against inundation. This dyke was the beginning of the immense system of levees which have cost the people of the Lower Mississippi Valley millions of dollars to erect and maintain. The site selected by Bienville for the city was deemed specially favorable, first on account of its height—it was ten feet above the level of the ocean—and, secondly, on account of a bayou which ran just back of the town to Lake Pontchartrain, thus giving the city communication with the Gulf, otherwise than by the river, whose strong current at high flood rendered it difficult of ascent. It did not prove to be so favorable as it had appeared at first sight, being covered by a noisome and almost impenetrable cypress swamp, and subject to frequent if not annual overflow. Its distance from the mouth of the river was also a great disadvantage. Bayou St. John, known to the Indians as Choupich (muddy), and Bayou Sauvage, afterward Gentilly, navigable to small sea-going vessels to within a mile of the Mississippi's bank, led by a short course to the open waters of the lake and thence to the Gulf. Here, in 1718, Bienville landed a detachment of twenty-five convicts or galley slaves, twenty-five carpenters and a few voyageurs from the Illinois country (Canadians) to make a clearing and erect necessary huts for the new city which he proposed to found, and

which he named in honor of his Highness, the Prince Regent of France, Louis Philippe, Duke d'Orléans, one of the greatest rouses and scoundrels that ever lived.

The original city, known even to-day as "Old Orleans," as laid off by Bienville, comprised eleven squares front on the river, running from Customhouse street (rue de la Douane)—now termed Iberville street—to Barracks street (rue des Quartiers), and five squares back from Levee street (rue de la Levée) to Burgundy (rue de la Bourgogne). These limits constituted for many years the boundaries of New Orleans. During the early French days, houses were built back of this, along the road running towards the lake and Bayou St. John. Plantations were established on the river bank, both above and below the city. When the city was transferred from Spain to France, and thence to the United States, the great bulk of the population still lived in the old quarters. The Americans, however, began to establish themselves above on what was of old the Jesuits' plantation, building up a new town, which became known as the faubourg St. Mary, or Sainte Marie. At the lower end of town another suburb was laid out, known as faubourg Marigny. This made New Orleans a perfect crescent in shape, which formation yet remains, for the river just in front of the city bends gracefully in the form of a half-moon. To this circumstance is due the title of "Crescent City," bestowed upon New Orleans years ago. The city has spread up stream, following the bank of the river, annexing innumerable towns and villages, until it is now in shape very much like the letter "S," long and narrow, while a portion of it, the Fifteenth ward, or Algiers, is situated on the right bank and cut off from the rest of the city.

In this movement upstream and backward towards the lake, New Orleans has swallowed a large number of towns and villages—almost as many as London itself. And as many of the districts thus devoured still retain in ordinary parlance their old titles, it is very confusing to strangers. Thus, the western portion of New Orleans is never spoken of as the Fifteenth ward, but always as Algiers, recalling the fact that forty years ago it was a city with a complete municipal government of its own, mayor, council and policemen. The extreme upper portion of New Orleans, constituting the Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards, is universally known as Carrollton, while another portion, that border-

ing on Lake Pontchartrain, still bears the title of Milneburg, in honor of the philanthropist Milne.



Lafayette Square.

New Orleans comprises to-day what originally constituted the cities of New Orleans, Algiers, Carrollton, Jefferson City and Lafayette, the faubourgs Tremé, Delord, St. Johnsbury, Marigny, De-Clouet, Sainte Marie, Annonciation, Washington, Neuve Marigny, las

Communes, and the villages of Greenville, Burtheville, Bouligny, Hurstville, Fribourg, Rickerville, Mechanicsville, Belleville, Bloomington, Freetown, Metarieville, Milneburg, Feinerburg, Gentilly, Marley, Foucher and others.

Of these, the only names still used to any extent are Algiers, Carrollton, Jefferson, Greenville, Gentilly and Milneburg.

Algiers is that portion of New Orleans on the right, or west bank of the river, where the Southern Pacific or Louisiana and Texas Railroad has its work shops.

Carrollton embraces what is known as the Seventh District, or the Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards. Upper Line street divides it from the remainder of the city. It extends between parallel lines to Lake Pontchartrain and includes the lake resort or pleasure ground known as West End.

Jefferson City constitutes what is known as the Sixth District, or Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards. It comprises all that portion of New Orleans between Toledano and Upper Line streets.

Greenville is that portion of Jefferson next to Carrollton and bordering the river, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Audubon Park.

Gentilly is the small settlement mainly of farmers, dairymen and vegetable dealers in the Bayou Gentilly, a corruption of Chantilly, the celebrated estate of the Condés in France, just back of the Third District on the line of the Pontchartrain Railroad.

Milneburg is the village lying at the terminus of the Pontchartrain Railroad on Lake Pontchartrain. The terminus of the New Orleans and Lake Road is similarly known as West End.

New Orleans includes the entire parish of Orleans. All the land between the river and lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne is consequently a portion of the city and controlled by municipal laws and ordinances. The total area subject to municipal government is 187 square miles, or 119,680 acres. A portion of New Orleans is still covered by the primeval cypress forests and sea swamp and marsh. Chef Menteur, the Rigolets, are part and parcel of the city, although thirty miles distant from a house. Within the municipal limits are the best fishing and duck-hunting resorts in the South.

New Orleans is divided into districts and wards. The wards are the political divisions, while the districts are mainly used for describing the location of a building. Thus, one seldom speaks of living in the Third ward, but rather says, "in the First District."

The First District, including the First, Second and Third wards, is the old faubourg Ste. Marie, or American quarter. It is the commercial center of the city, and the seat of most of its manufactures.

The Second District includes the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards. It is the old city, or the Creole quarter. The oldest portion is well built up, well populated, and includes the greater portion of the foreign population of New Orleans.

The Third District includes the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth wards. It is the old faubourg Marigny, and embraces the lower portion of the town, with a population mainly of Germans and Creoles.

The Fourth District includes the Tenth and Eleventh wards. It is nearly a residence quarter, and the location of the finest dwellings, mainly occupied by Americans.

The Fifth District constitutes but one ward, the Fifteenth. It is the seat of the railroad repair shops, dockyards, etc.

The Sixth District is like the Fourth, namely, a residence quarter. It embraces three wards, the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and Audubon Park.

The Seventh District, or Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards, known generally as Carrollton, is well settled, and mainly given up to dairies, small truck farms, etc.

A still more marked division of the city is that between the French, or Creole, and American quarters. Canal street, which separates the First and Second districts, is that dividing line, and separates two towns as widely different in race, language, customs or ideas as two races of people living close to each other, and separated only by an imaginary line, can well be.

HISTORY IN PARAGRAPHS.

Founded by France in 1718 as a suitable site for a city worthy to be the capital of Louisiana—Sieur La Blond de La Tour, Knight of St. Louis, Chief Engineer of the Army of France, supervised the driving of stakes and drawn lines.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY HISTORY.

The city of New Orleans was founded in 1718; that is, a few men were landed there and put to work constructing huts and warehouses. In 1719 an overflow occurred which flooded the entire town, and compelled the men to cease work on the buildings and begin the erection of a levee around the place in order to prevent a recurrence of the calamity. In 1720 New Orleans was placed under the military command of M. De Noyau. Bienville, in colonial council, endeavored to have it declared the capital of the colony of Louisiana, instead of old Biloxi (now Ocean Springs), but was outvoted.

He sent his chief of engineers, however, Sieur Le Blond de la Tour, a Knight of St. Louis, to the little settlement, with orders "to choose a suitable site for a city worthy to become the capital of Louisiana." Stakes were driven, lines drawn, streets marked off, town lots granted, ditched and palisaded, a rude levee thrown up along the river front, and the scattered settlers of the neighborhood gathered into the form of a town. To de laTour, therefore, is due the naming of the streets of the old city.

On Bayou St. John, near this little town, was a settlement of Indians, called Tchoutchouma, or the place of the Houma or Sun, a title which has been often poetically applied to New Orleans.

In 1721 warehouses had already been erected, and Bienville (then Governor of Louisiana) reserved the right to make his residence in the new city on certain governmental regulations. Finally, in June of the following year, 1722, the royal commissioners having at length given orders to transfer the seat of government from Biloxi to New Orleans, a gradual removal was begun of the troops and effects of the Mississippi Company, who had control of Louisiana. In August, Bienville completed the transfer by moving thither the gubernatorial

headquarters. In the January preceding these accessions the place already contained 100 houses and 300 inhabitants.

It will be seen, therefore, that it was entirely due to Bienville's perspicuity and obstinacy that New Orleans was finally made the capital of the French possessions in America. The State of Louisiana and city of New Orleans have ill requited him. In the United



Carnival Crowd

States Customs House there is a basso-rilievo in marble of Bienville, which is the only monument ever erected to him in New Orleans. A single street bears his name, thanks to de la Tour, his own engineer. Beyond this, New Orleans has done nothing to honor the man to whom she owes her foundation, and whom for years her people called "father."

The buildings in the little city must have been very unstable, for the next year, on September 11th, a storm destroyed the parish church—the predecessor of the St. Louis Cathedral, and standing on the same site now occupied by that building—the hospital, and thirty of the one hundred dwellings the town contained.

In 1732, the population of the little city had grown to 5,000. A few civil and military officials of high rank had brought their wives with them from France, and a few Canadians had brought them from Canada, but they were the exceptions. The male portion of the population consisted principally of soldiers, trappers, miners, galley slaves and redemptioners bound for three years' service, while the still disproportionately small number of women was almost entirely made up of transported and unreformed inmates of houses of correction, with a few Choctaw squaws and African slave women. Gambling, duelling and vicious idleness were indulged in to such an extent as to give the authorities great concern. The company addressed its efforts to the improvement of both the architectural and social features of the provincial capital, and the years 1726 and 1727 are conspicuous for these endeavors. The importation of male vagabonds and criminals had already ceased, stringent penalties were laid upon gambling, and steps were taken for promotion of education and religion.

Though the plan of the town comprised a parallelogram of 4,000 feet on the river by a depth of 1,800, and was divided into regular squares of 300 feet, front and depth, yet its appearance was disorderly and squalid. A few board cabins of split cypress (*pieux*) thatched with cypress bark, were scattered confusedly over the swampy ground, surrounded and isolated from each other by willow brakes, reedy ponds and sloughs bristling with dwarf palmettos and swarming with reptiles.

In the middle of the river front two squares had been reserved, the front one as a parade ground, or Place d'Armes (now Jackson Square), the other for ecclesiastical purposes. The middle of the rear square had from the first been occupied by a church, and is at present the site of the St. Louis Cathedral. On the left and adjoining the church a company of Capuchine priests erected in 1726 a convent. A company of Ursuline nuns, commissioned to open a school for girls and to attend to the sick, arrived in 1727 from France, and

were given temporary quarters in the house on the north corner of Chartres and Bienville streets, while the foundations of a large and commodious nunnery were laid for them in the square bounded by the river front, Chartres, rue de l'Arsenal (now Ursuline street, in honor of the nuns), and the lower limit of the city, now Hospital street. This building, which was finished in 1730, being then the largest edifice in New Orleans, was occupied by the nuns for ninety-four years, until 1824, when they removed to their present convent below the city. In 1831 the old building became the State House of Louisiana; in 1834 it was made the archiepiscopal palace for the Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans. It is the oldest building in New Orleans, being one hundred and eighty years of age, and as strong and stable as when first built.

Some years ago the palatial residence of Joseph P. Hornor, deceased, a distinguished attorney-at-law and pre-eminent in the exalted degrees of Masonry in his day, situated in Esplanade and St. Claude streets, was purchased by Catholics and converted into the Archbishop's palace, where the Bishop has his official residence.

A soldiers' hospital was built near the convent in the square above, which gave to Hospital street its name.

A map of New Orleans, made in 1728 when Perier was Governor of the colony of Louisiana, shows the ancient Place d'Armes of the same rectangular figure as to-day, an open plot of grass, crossed by two diagonal paths and occupying the exact middle of the town front. Behind it stood the parish church of St. Louis, built like most of the public buildings of that day—of brick. On the right of the church was a small guardhouse and prison, and on the left was the dwelling of the Capuchins. On the lower side of the Place d'Armes, at the corner of Ste. Anne and Chartres, were the quarters of the government employees. The grounds facing the Place d'Armes in St. Peter and Ste. Anne streets were still unoccupied, except by cord-wood and a few pieces of parked artillery on the one side and a small house for issuing rations on the other. Just off the river front, on Toulouse street, were the smithies of the Marine, while on the other hand two narrow buildings lining either side of the street in honor of the Duc du Maine, and reaching from the river front nearly to Chartres street, were the King's warehouses. Upon the upper corner of the

rue de l'Arsenal (now Ursulines), was the hospital, with its grounds running along the upper side of the street to Chartres, while on the square next below was the convent of the Ursulines. The barracks and the Company's forges were in the square, bounded by Royal, St. Louis, Bourbon and Conti. In the extreme upper portion of the city, on the river front, at what in later years became the corner of Customhouse and Decatur streets, were the house and grounds of the Governor; and in the square immediately below them the humbler quarters transiently occupied by the Jesuits. The fine residences, built of cypress, or half brick and half frame, mainly one story and never over two and a half, stood on Chartres and Royal streets. The poorer people lived in the rear of the city, the greater number of their houses being located in Orleans street. Prominent among the residents of New Orleans at that early day, to whom belongs the honor of being the original founders of the city—its F. F.'s—stand the names Delery, Dalby, St. Martin, Dupuy, Rossard, Duval, Beaulieu-Chauvin, D'Anseville, Perrigaut, Dreux, Mandeville, Tisseraud, Bonneau, De-Blanc, Dasfeld, Villere, Provenche, Gauvrit, Pellerin, D'Artaguet, Lazon, Raguet, Fleurieu, Bruie, Lafreniere, Carriere, Caron and Pascal. About half these names are now extinct, but the remainder still flourish in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana.

In that same year, 1728, occurred the one important event, the arrival of a consignment of reputable girls, sent over by the King of France to the Ursulines, to be disposed of in marriage by them. They were supplied by the King on their departure from France with a small chest of clothing, and were long known in the traditions of their colonial descendants by the honorable distinction of the *filles de la cassette*, or "the casket girls," to distinguish them from the "correction girls" previously sent over from the prisons and hospitals of Paris.

Incidents of Indian warfare and massacre are not lacking on the pages of the early history of New Orleans.

It was in 1730 that the Natchez Indians murdered all the French at Fort Rosalie (Natchez) and a number of other settlements above New Orleans. This was followed in 1732 by a negro insurrection, which was only suppressed by the execution of the ringleaders, the women on the gallows, the men on the wheel. The heads of the men

were stuck upon posts at the upper and lower extremities of the town front, and the Tchoupitoulas settlement, and at other points, to inspire future would-be conspirators with awe.

The Creoles of New Orleans were at this time greatly agitated over what is known in Louisiana history as the "Jesuit War," a quar-



A Carnival Scene—"Rex Parade."

rel between the Jesuits and Capuchins as to jurisdiction. The strife was characterized by "acrimonious writings, squibs, pasquinades and satirical songs," the women in particular taking sides with lively zeal. In July, 1763, the Capuchins were left masters of the field, the Jesuits being expelled from all French and Spanish possessions on the order of the Pope. Their plantation, which was in a splendid

condition and one of the best in Louisiana, was sold for \$180,000, a very large sum in those days.

In November, 1762, the treaty of Fontainebleau was signed, by which France transferred Louisiana to Spain. In March, 1766, the new Spanish Governor, Don Antonio de Uloa, arrived with only two companies of Spanish troops. For some time, the incoming Spanish and the outgoing French Governors administered the affairs of the colony, but on October 25, 1768, a conspiracy, long and carefully planned, and in which some of the first officers of the government and the leading merchants of New Orleans were engaged, revealed itself in open hostilities. At the head of this movement were Lafreniere, the Attorney-General; Foucault, the intendant Noyau and Bienville, nephews of the city's founder, and Milhet, Carresse, Petit, Poupet, Marquis, DeMasan, Hardy de Bois-Blanc and Villeré, prominent merchants and planters. On the night of the 28th, the guns at the Tchoupitoulas gate at the upper side of the city were spiked, and the Acadians, headed by Noyau, and the Germans, by Villeré, entered the city. Uloa and his troops retired aboard the Spanish frigate lying in the river and sailed for Havana.

Thus, freed from the Spanish dominion, the project of forming a republic was discussed by the Louisiana Creoles, and delegates were sent to the British American colonies to propose some sort of union of all the American colonies. But the republic was short-lived.

On August 18, 1769, Don Alexandre O'Reilly—whom Byron's Donna Juana mentions so favorably—arrive with 3,600 picked Spanish troops, 50 pieces of artillery, and 24 vessels. The Louisianians could not resist this force. Twelve of the principal movers of the insurrection were arrested; six of them shot in the Place d'Armes, and the others imprisoned in the Moro Castle at Havana.

At the time that O'Reilly took possession of New Orleans, the trade of the city was mainly in the hands of the English. He soon broke this up, however, refusing to admit any English vessels to New Orleans. The commercial privileges of the city were, however, gradually extended. Trade was allowed with Campeachy and the French and Spanish West Indies, under certain restrictions. The importation of slaves from these islands had long been forbidden on account of the insurrectionary spirit which existed among them, but

the trade in Guinea negroes was encouraged. 1778, Galvez gave New Orleans the right to trade with any port in France, or of the thirteen British colonies, then engaged in their struggle for independence. In 1776, Oliver Pollock, at the head of a number of merchants from New York, Philadelphia and Boston, who had established themselves in New Orleans, began, with the countenance of Galvez, to supply, by fleets of large canoes, the agents of the American cause with arms and ammunition delivered at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh).

On Good Friday, March 21, 1780, occurred the great conflagration which destroyed nearly the entire city. It began in Chartres street near St. Louis, in the private chapel of Don Vincento Jose Nunez, the military treasurer of the colony. The buildings on the immediate river front escaped, but the central portion of the town, including the entire commercial quarter, the dwellings of the leading inhabitants, the town hall, the arsenal, the jail, the parish church and the quarters of the Capuchins were completely destroyed. Nineteen squares and 856 houses were destroyed in this fire.

Six years later, on December 8, 1794, some children playing in a court on Royal street, too near an adjoining hay store, set fire to it. A strong north wind was blowing at the time, and in three hours 212 dwellings and stores in the heart of the town were destroyed. The cathedral, lately founded on the site of the church, burned in 1788, escaped; but the pecuniary loss exceeded that of the previous conflagration, which had been estimated at \$2,600,000. Only two stores were left standing, and a large portion of the population was compelled to camp out in the Place d'Armes and on the levee.

Afterwards New Orleans now made rapid improvement. Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, father of Baroness Pontalba, erected a handsome row of brick buildings on both sides of the Place d'Armes, where the Pontalba buildings now stand, making the fashionable retail quarter of the town. In 1787 he built on Ursuline street a chapel of stucco brick for the nuns. The Charity Hospital, founded in 1737 by a sailor named Jean Louis, on Rampart, between St. Louis and Toulouse, then outside of the town limits, was destroyed in 1779 by the hurricane. In 1784, Almonaster began and two years later completed, at a cost of \$114,000, on the same site, a brick edifice, which he called the Charity Hospital of St. Charles, a name the in-

stitution still bears. In 1792 he began the erection upon the site of the parish church, destroyed by fire in 1788, of a brick building, and in 1794, when Louisiana and Florida were erected into a bishopric separate from Havana, this church, sufficiently completed for occupation, became the St. Louis Cathedral. Later still, he filled the void made by the burning of the town hall and the jail, which, until the conflagration, had stood on the south side of the church, facing the Place d'Armes, with the hall of the Cabildo, the same that stands at this time, consecrated to the courts, with the exception of the upper story added since, the French roof which at present distorts its architecture.

The Government itself completed very substantially the barracks begun by Governor Kerlerec, on Barracks street. Close by, it built a military hospital and chapel, and near the upper river corner of the town, on the square now occupied for the same purpose, but which was then directly on the river, it put up a woodencustom house. The "Old French market" on the river front, just below the Place d'Armes, was erected and known as the Halle de Boucheries.

In 1794 Governor Carondelet began, and in the following two years finished, with the aid of a large force of slaves, the excavation of the "old basin," and the Carondelet Canal, connecting New Orleans with Bayou St. John and Lake Pontchartrain.

In 1791 the Creoles of New Orleans became infected with Republicanism, and Carondelet found it necessary to take the same precautions with New Orleans as if he had held a town of the enemy. The Marseillaise was wildly called for at the theater which some French refugees from San Domingo had opened, and in the drinking shops was sung, "Ca ira, ca ira, les aristocrates a la lanterne."

To ensure safety the fortifications of the city were rebuilt, being completed in 1794. They consisted of a fort, St. Charles, at the lower river front, with barracks for 150 men, and a parapet 18 feet thick faced with brick, a ditch and a covered way; Fort St. Louis, at the upper river corner, was similar to this in all regards. The armament of these was twelve 12 and 18-pounders. At the corner of Canal and Rampart street was Fort Burgundy; on the present Beauregard square, Fort St. Joseph, and what is now the corner of Rampart and Esplanade street, Fort St. Ferdinand. The wall which passed from fort to fort



Creole Mammy - French Quarters

was 15 feet high, with a fosse in front, 7 feet deep and 40 feet wide, kept filled with water from the Carondelet Canal.

In 1794, Etienne de Bore, whose plantation occupied the site where the Seventh District of New Orleans (Carrollton) now stands, succeeded in producing \$12,000 worth of superior sugar, and introduced sugar culture into Louisiana.

In 1793, the citizens of the colony were granted the valuable concession of an open commerce with Europe and America, and a number of merchants from Philadelphia established commercial houses in New Orleans. On October 20, 1795, was signed at Madrid the treaty, which declared the Mississippi free to the people of the United States, and New Orleans a port of deposit for three years free of any charge.

On the 1st of October, 1800, Louisiana was transferred by Spain to France. It was not, however, until March 26, 1803, that the French colonial prefect, Laussat, landed at New Orleans, commissioned to prepare for the expected arrival of General Victor, with a large force of French troops. Instead of General Victor, however, a vessel from France brought the news in July that Louisiana had been purchased by the United States. On November 3, with troops drawn up in line on the Place d'Armes, and with discharges of artillery, Salcedo, the Spanish Governor, in the hall of the Cabildo, delivered the keys of New Orleans to Laussat. On the 20th of the next month, Laussat, with similar ceremonies, turned Louisiana over to Commissioners Claiborne and Wilkinson, and New Orleans became a part of the United States. At that time, with its suburbs, it possessed a population of 10,000, the great majority of the white population being Creoles.



OLD NEW ORLEANS AS IT WAS.

Its Main Points of Interest Yet to be Seen by Tourists.

From the Levée (now Decatur street) the town extended in depth (on paper) about 600 yards, although Dauphiné street was in reality the limit of the inhabited quarter in that direction. The line of what is now Rampart street was occupied by the palisaded fortification, with a few forts, all in a greater or less condition of dilapidation. At the upper end of the ramparts was Fort St. Louis, and on the ground now known as Beauregard square, was Fort St. Ferdinand, the chief place for bull and bear fights. Esplanade street was a fortification, beginning at Fort St. Ferdinand and ending at its junction with the ramparts on Rampart street. Along what is now Canal street was a moat filled with water, which terminated at a military gate on the Chemin des Tchoupitoulas, near the levee. Thus was the city protected from siege and attack.

Along the river the city's upper limit of houses was at about St. Louis street, and the lower at about St. Philip. The Spanish barracks on Canal street covered the whole block between what are now known as Hospital and Barracks streets.

The house occupied by the Spanish Governor-General of the province was situated at the corner of Toulouse and the Levée. It was a plain residence of one story, with the aspect of an inn. It fronted the river. One side was bordered by a narrow and unpretending garden in the form of a parterre, and on the other side ran a low gallery screened by latticework, while the back yard, inclosed by fences, contained the kitchens and the stables. This house was burned down in 1827, after having been used for the sessions of the Legislature.

Other public buildings, now passed away, were the Military or Royal Hospital, the Public or Charity Hospital, and a convent of Ursuline nuns.

Of the public buildings which are familiar to the eyes of the present generation, only the French market, the Cathedral, and the Cabildo, or

City Hall, adjoining the Cathedral at the corner of St. Peter and Chartres streets, still remain. The Cathedral was not yet finished and lacked those quaint white Spanish towers and the central belfry, which in 1814 and 1815, were added to it. The "Very Illustrious Cabildo," which held weekly meetings in this building, was the municipal body of New Orleans. It was composed of twelve individuals called regidores and was presided over by the Governor-General or his Civil Lieutenant. Jackson Square, called then the Place d'Armes, was used as a review ground for the troops, and was resorted to by nurses and children, the elders taking their "airing" on the Levée, or the Grand Chemin, that fronted the houses of the rue de la Levée. It was then but a grass plot, barren of trees and used as a playground by the children. It was rather a ghostly place, too, for children to play. A wooden gallows stood in the middle of it for several years and more than one poor fellow was swung off into eternity, about the spot where General Jackson now sits in effigy. Then there were no trees and no flowers, and no watchman to drive away the little fellows at play. The gallows was not the only stern and forboding and uncongenial thing about the place either, for the calabosa stood just opposite—it is the police station now.

Here, in front of the Place d'Armes, everything was congregated—the Cathedral Church of St. Louis, the convent of the Capuchins, the Government House, the colonial prison or calabosa, and the Government warehouses. Around the square stretched the leading boutiques and restaurants of the town; on the side, was the market or Halles, where not only meat, fruit and vegetables were sold, but hats, shoes and handkerchiefs; while in front was the public landing. Indeed, here was the religious, military, industrial, commercial and social center of the city; here the troops paraded on fete days, and here even the public executions took place, the criminals being either shot, or nailed alive in their coffins and then slowly sawed in half.

Lake Pontchartrain was connected with New Orleans by the Carondelet Canal and the Bayou St. John, by which water-way schooners reached the city from the lake and the neighboring Gulf coast. The canal served, moreover, to drain the marshy district through which it ran to give outlet to the standing waters.

With the exception of Levée, Chartres, Royal and perhaps Bourbon streets in the direction of its breadth, and the streets included

between St. Louis and St. Philip in its length, the city was more in outline than in fact. The other streets comprised within the limits of the town were regularly laid out, it is true, but they, as well as the faubourg, were but sparsely settled. Along Levee street, Chartres and Royal, and on the intersecting squares included between them, the houses were of brick, sometimes of two stories, but generally one story high, with small, narrow balconies. These had been erected



City Hall.

within a few years, and since the disastrous fires of the years 1788 and 1794, terrible calamities which had compelled the inhabitants to flee for safety to the Place d'Armes and the Levee to avoid death by the flames. Farther back in the town the houses were of an inferior grade, one story in height, built of cypress and resting on foundations of piles and bricks, and with shingled roofs. On the outskirts

and in the faubourg the houses were little better than shanties. The sidewalks were four or five feet wide, but walking was sometimes rendered difficult by the projecting steps of the houses. In 1822 St. Charles street was paved for several blocks, and patches of pavement were made on other streets.

Prior to 1815, and, indeed, for some years afterward, the city was lighted by means of oil lamps suspended from wooden posts, from which an arm projected. The light only penetrated a very short distance, and it was the custom always to use lanterns on the streets. The order of march, when a family went out in the evening, was first, a slave bearing a lantern; then another slave bearing the shoes which were to be worn in the ball-room or theatre, and other articles of full dress that were donned only after the destination was reached; and, last, the family.

There were no cisterns in those days, the water of the Mississippi, filtrated, serving as drinking water, while water for common household needs was obtained from wells dug on the premises. Some houses possessed as many as two of these wells.

New Orleans, one hundred and fifty years ago, was woefully deficient in promenades, drives and places of public amusement. The favorite promenade was the Lavee with its King's road, or Chemin des Tchoupitoulas, where twelve or fifteen Louisiana willow trees were planted, facing the street corners, and in whose shade were wooden benches without backs, upon which people sat in the afternoon, sheltered from the setting sun. These trees, which grow rapidly, extended from about St. Louis street to St. Philip. Outside the city limits was the Bayou road, with all its inconveniences of mud or dust, leading to the small plantations or truck farms forming the Gentilly District and to those of the Metairie ridge. It was the fashion to spend an hour or two in the evening on this road, riding on horseback or in carriages of more or less elegance. Almost up to the year 1800 the women of the city, with few exceptions, dressed with extreme simplicity. But little taste was displayed either in the cut of their garments, or in their ornaments. Head-gear was almost unknown. If a lady went out in summer, it was bareheaded; if in winter, she usually wore a handkerchief or some such trifle as the Spanish women delight in. And at home, when the men were not about—so, at least,

said those who penetrated there—she even went about barefooted, shoes being expensive luxuries.

A short round skirt, a long basque-like over garment; the upper part of their attire of one color and the lower of another, with a profuse display of ribbons and little jewelry—thus dressed, the mass of the female population of good condition went about visiting, or attending the ball or theater. But even three years had made a great change in this respect; and in 1802, for some reason that it would be difficult to explain, the ladies of the city appeared in attire as different from that of 1799 as could be imagined. A surprising richness and elegance of apparel had taken the place of the primitive and tasteless garb of the few preceding years—a garb which, had it been seen at the ball or theater in 1802, would have resembled to the critical feminine eye a Mardi Gras disguise. At that period the natural charms of the ladies were heightened by a toilette of most captivating details. Their dresses were of the richest embroidered muslins, cut in the latest fashions, relieved by soft and brilliant transparent taffetas, by superb laces, and embroidered with gold. To this must be added rich ear-rings, collars, bracelets, rings and other adornments. This costume, it is true, was for rare occasions, and for pleasant weather; but it was a sample of the high art in dress that had come just in the nick of time to greet the fast-approaching American occupation.

In 1802, New Orleans possessed a theater—such as it was—situated on St. Peter street, in the middle of the block between Royal and Bourbon, on the lefthand side going toward the swamp. It was a long, low wooden structure, built of cypress and alarmingly exposed to the dangers of fire. Here, in 1799, half a dozen actors and actresses, refugees from the insurrection in San Domingo, gave acceptable performances, rendering comedy, drama, vaudeville and comic operas. But owing to various causes the drama at this place of amusement fell into decline, the theater was closed after two years, and the majority of the actors and musicians were scattered.

The devotees of the dance in those primitive days were compelled by circumstances to satisfy themselves with accommodations of the plainest description in the exercise of this amusement in public. In a plain, ill-conditioned, ill-lighted room in a wooden building situated

on Condé street, between Ste. Ann and Du Maine—a hall perhaps eighty feet long and thirty feet wide—the adepts of Terpsichore met, unmasked, during the months of January and February, in what was called the Carnival season, to indulge, at the cost of fifty cents per head for entrance fee, in the fatiguing pleasure of the contre-danses of that day. Some came to dance, others to look on. Along the sides of the hall were ranged boxes, ascending gradually, in which usually sat the non-dancing mammas and the wall-flowers of more tender years. Below these boxes or loges were ranged seats for the benefit of the wearied among the fair dancers, and between these benches and chairs was a space some three feet in width, which was usually packed with the male dancers, awaiting their turn, and the lookers-on. The musicians were composed usually of five or six gipsies; and to the notes of their volins the dance went on gayly.

Tradition has preserved the memory of quarrels and affrays that originated in, or were developed from this ball-room. Sometimes these quarrels ended in duels with fatal results. To tread on one's toes, to brush against one, or to carry off by mistake the lady with whom one was to dance, was ample grounds for a challenge. Everything was arranged. A group of five or six young men would quietly slip young man who had received the fearful insult of a crushed corn dropped his lady partner with her chaperone, and had a few minutes' conversation with some friend of his. In a very short time everything was arranged. A group of five or six young men would quietly slip out of the ball-room with a careless, indifferent smile on their faces. A proper place was close at hand. Just back of the Cathedral was a little plot of ground, known as St. Anthony Square, dedicated to church purposes, but never used. A heavy growth of shrubbery and evergreens concealed the central portion of this square from observation; and here, in the very heart of the town and only a few steps from the public ball-room on the rue d'Orleans, a duel could be carried on comfortably and without the least danger of interruption. If colchemards, or Creole rapiers, which were generally used, and are to this day, in Creole duels, could be obtained, they were brought into use; but, if this was impossible, the young men had to content themselves with sword-canes. According to the French code, the first blood, however slight, satisfied jealous honor. The swords were put

up again; the victorious duelist returned to complete his dance, while his victim went home to bandage himself up.

After the close of the war with England, New Orleans began to grow rapidly, and overflowed beyond its ancient boundaries. The old Marigny plantation below had been cut up into squares, and newcomers were building there, whilst above, scattered houses showed



Sugar Landing.

that the people could not be confined to the narrow and restricted limits of the ramparts. A new and larger prison became necessary, and in 1834 the foundations for the old Parish Prison were laid just back of Congo Square. As soon as it was completed all the prisoners were carried thither, and the work of demolishing the calaboose was commenced. It was a work of much more difficulty than was ex-

pected. The mortar of the Spaniards, made from the lime of lake shells, was as tenacious as the most durable cement, and would not yield. It was found easier to cut through the solid bricks than to try to separate them; and, therefore, the work of tearing the old donjon down occupied some time. There is a story of how the workmen discovered skeletons bricked up in the walls, and chains and shackles in the vaults, but none of our citizens who were living at that time ever saw any of those ghastly souvenirs of Spanish rule.

Beneath the building, it is true, they came across some three or four deep vaults, which had not apparently been used for years, and this was enough to give rise to the report that they had discovered the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. The tale has come down, and many old Creoles still believe it.

New Orleans In 1805.

Governor Claiborne, when he came down here to inspect Louisiana and take possession of New Orleans, noticed among the curiosities and striking buildings of the city a sawmill with two saws turned by horses, a wooden-horse riding circus for children, a French theater, two banks, a custom house, navy yard, barracks, a fort, public store-houses, government house (its hospital has been lately burnt), a Catholic Church of the first order in size and elegance, and the Capitol, a superb building adjoining the church, both built by a Spaniard, at an expense of half a million dollars, and presented by him to the Spanish Government at New Orleans. The cotton presses of the city give much labor, and the pressing song of the men is interesting. It is similar to the 'heave hoi' of the sailor, with this difference, that several are engaged in singing, and each has his part, consisting of two or three appropriate words, tuned to his own fancy, so as to make harmony with the other. Other presses go by horse and steam, where the men have no other labor than rolling in the bales, untying, retying, etc. They repress a bale in seven or ten minutes.

REMINISCENT.

As Gleaned from a Manuscript Written in 1822.

Among the public buildings standing in 1822 may be mentioned: The City Hall, or Principal, with a front on Chartres street of 103 feet, built in 1795, in which are the City Council chamber, city officers and city guard; the City and State Prisons, on St. Peters street, in the rear of and adjoining the City Hall; the Presbytery, with a front on Condé street of 114 feet, built in 1813, in which the Supreme, District and Parish Courts hold their sessions; the Government House, built in 1761, where the Legislature meets and in which the Treasurer's office and the Orleans Library, of about 6,000 volumes; the Customhouse, a spacious, plain brick building, with a coating of white plaster, situated on the levee, where, besides the offices connected with the customs, are the United States District court-room, and offices of the United States District Clerk, Attorney, Marshal and Land; the Charity Hospital, on Canal street, a large building, erected in 1815; the Ursuline Convent, built in 1733; the New Orleans College, built 1812; the Market House, a neat building about 300 feet long, situated on the levee, near the Place d'Armes, contains more than 100 stalls, erected in 1813; the Orleans Theater, with Davis' Hotel, and the Orleans Ball-room, a considerable pile of brick buildings, first erected in 1813, destroyed by fire in 1815, rebuilt and furnished with a very handsome front and interior decorations in 1816 (there were dramatic performances here almost every night throughout the year by full and respectable French and English companies, who played alternately); the St. Philip street Theater, a neat brick building, with a handsome interior, erected in 1810. The public expectation, for a long time manifested for an American theater. will soon be realized, as Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the American Theater, has prepared the ground between Gravier and Poydras streets for a theater. Liberal subscriptions have been made, and it is said that the foundation of a large and elegant edifice, to be styled the American Theater, will be laid in June next. A new brick market house, 42 feet in width, by from 200 to 250 feet in length, is to be built immediately on the upper end of the batture, between St. Joseph and Delord streets. A new

and handsome brick building is to be erected at the corner of Orleans and Bourbon streets, for the accommodation of all the courts and public officers of the parish. It is contemplated to build a corn and vegetable market. The State Bank is a neat brick building with a coat of white plastering, and there are two other banks, kept in buildings that were formerly dwellings, altered for their reception. The Louisiana Insurance Office is a small but neat brick building. The United States Navy Yard and stores, a marine barracks, quartermasters' stores, an ordnance arsenal, with a great number of mounted field and battering cannon, mortars, shells, balls and other implements of war; and a fine commodious building, erected exclusively for the accommodation of different lodges and Free Masons, may be mentioned as the most important buildings in the city.

Among the public institutions of this city are a branch of the United States Bank, and two others, whose joint capital is \$3,000,000—three insurance companies, whose joint capital is \$1,000,000. Besides there are agents of four foreign insurance companies; the New Orleans Library Society, two medical societies, and a Board of Medical Examiners.

There are no less than nineteen lodges of the various orders of Free Masons in New Orleans, and the Grand Lodge of Louisiana was formed and constituted on the twentieth day of the month of June, 1820, and of Masonry, 5820, by five regular lodges which then existed in the State, and deriving their charters from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. There is a "Female Charity Society," the object of which is to relieve women and children laboring under sickness, and for the accommodation of whom it is contemplated to build a hospital. There are several handsome ball rooms, where balls are frequent and well attended by the inhabitants, more particularly the French.

The means for extinguishing fires are twelve fire engines and hose, ladders, hooks, and a great number of leather fire-buckets; "the Washington Fire Society" has been formed for the protection of property; each member is provided with two leather buckets, two bags four feet long, a bed-screw and a knapsack. The citizens, during fires, are generally active, are set a worthy example by the indefatigable Mayor and Fire Wardens, who, on an alarm, are amongst the first to repair to the spot. In order to remedy the evil of fire, no



Gen'l Rob't E. Lee Monument, Lee Circle.

other than brick houses are allowed to be erected within the compactly built part of the city.

Perhaps no city in the Union can boast of being better lighted than New Orleans. There are 250 of the most complete and brilliant reflecting lamps, suspended to iron chains, which are stretched from the corners of houses or high posts, diagonally across the junctions of the various streets, in such a manner as to be seen in a range from the middle of any street, the cost of which is about forty-five dollars each.

The following were the various branches of manufactures and business carried on in the city and suburbs of New Orleans at that time, embracing the professional, mercantile, mechanical and other establishments, namely: Many physicians and counsellors-at-law; 260 mercantile establishments, wholesale grocery and dry goods merchants, carrying on an extensive trade in produce and merchandise; seven auctioneers, with a great business; 102 retail dry goods stores, twenty-seven millinery and fancy stores and a number of small shops of various kinds; a number of billiard tables; the Planters and Merchants' Hotel, a spacious building, 60 feet front, situated on Canal street, containing upwards of one hundred rooms,, besides which there were other very extensive hotels and coffee houses that had not their superiors in the Union; 350 taverns and groceries, retail, and seventy groceries that sell by wholesale, besides a number of porter and oyster houses, etc.; one public bathhouse, two fumigating bath houses; thirty-two blacksmiths, five brass founders, one bell-hanger, thirty-seven barbers, one brewery, twelve bricklayers; nine book and stationery stores, four bookbinders; the New Orleans Society Library, kept in the Government House, containing 6,000 volumes, principally in French and English, and one English and one French circulating library; nine book and newspaper printing offices; the following daily gazettes were printed: "The Louisiana Courier," the "Orleans Gazette and Commercial Advertiser," the "Louisiana Advertiser," the "Friend of the Laws," the "Louisiana Gazette," and the "Commercial Report," a weekly paper; three of these were printed in French and the same number in English; one lithographic printer, many commission and exchange brokers, four lottery offices, thirty-seven coopers, fifty-three cabinet makers; many builders, carpenters and bricklayers; six large steam sawmills, one of which was of brick, embracing a gristmill, and was built by Dr. Geo. Hunter; 105 cordwainers, employ-

ing 153 persons; sixteen confectioners and pastry cooks; a number of public officers; several surveyors; four carvers and gilders, thirteen coach and harness makers, forty-four coach, sign, ship and ornamental painters, glaziers and paper-hangers; thirteen portrait and miniature painters; several landscape and scene painters; four musical instrument makers and stores; many musicians, dancing and fencing masters; two chocolate manufacturers, six cutters, a number of French and English comedians, five chair stores and makers, twenty-four drug and apothecary stores; six large rum distilleries, three for gin and nine for cordials; seven dentists, four dyers and scourers, three engravers; two iron founders, lately established; one fringe maker, a number of gardeners, fowlers, fishermen, oystermen, boatmen, mariners, caulkers, stevedores, riggers and ship carpenters; five sail makers; three furniture stores, thirteen glass, china and queens ware stores; seventeen gunsmiths; a very great number of would-be gentlemen and ladies; or, in other words, persons who had no apparent business; four working hatter shops; fifty-six hat, shoe and clothing stores; twenty-one hardware and ship chandlery stores; a number of perfumeries and hair dressers, two ice houses, one laboratory; several large livery stable and veterinary hospitals, a number of wood and lumber merchants, two last makers, one screw cutter, several mill-wrights and engineers, one mathematical instrument maker, two mineral water establishments, a number of mid-wives and nurses, many notaries, translators, interpreters and ship brokers; three pump, block and mast makers; one plumber, two rope-walks, twelve saddlers and saddlery stores, one sugar refinery, four stone-cutters, one spectacle-maker, two sculptors, many shoeblacks, sixty-two working tailor-shops, nineteen tin and copper smiths; a great number of traders, peddlers and traveling merchants, of all colors; four tanners and curriers, seventy-seven tobacconists and sugar makers, employing 417 hands; four soap and candle manufacturers, eight turners in wood and metals, a number of victuallers and sausage makers, twenty-six watchmakers, gold and silver smith and jewelry stores; 450 licensed drays and carts, sixteen two-wheeled and thirteen four-wheeled carriages for hire.]

There were a number of extensive cotton pressing and tobacco warehouses, among which were the large fire-proof warehouses of Mr. B. Rilleaux, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets, worthy of

particular notice. They were commenced in 1806; they were on Tchoupitoulas, Poydras and Magazine streets, with passages leading to each, and contained 11,500 bales of cotton; there were three cotton presses—one by steam, one hydraulic and one by horse-power. With this range of buildings were eight wells, a fire engine, hose and fire buckets for extinguishing fire, if it should occur, and twenty-five men who slept in the yard. This building, with the lots, presses, etc., cost about \$150,000; the passages and alleys through this building were paved with pebble stones in 1806, so that this gentleman has the credit of being the first to introduce that necessary and important improvement in highways.

Mr. Benjamin Morgan followed Mr. Rilleaux in the important experiments of improving the highways by paving Gravier street with pebble stone, between Tchoupitoulas and Magazine streets, which was so well executed as to stand the test of some years, and convinced every thinking person of its utility.

THE NAMES OF OUR STREETS.

The old carré or parallelogram of the original city still preserves the names given by Le Blond de la Tour, who laid it out. There have been few changes here. The rue de l'Arsenal, Arsenal street, has given way to the rue des Ursulines, named in honor of the Ursuline nuns, who erected their convent here a century and a half ago. The rue des Quarters, Barracks street, and the rue de l'Hospital, Hospital street, are titles given to unnamed streets, because the Government barracks and hospital were erected on them. . Similarly the rue de la Douane, or Customhouse street (now Iberville street), received its title, not from the massive granite customs house that now stands there, but from the old wooden building, devoted to the same purposes, erected by the Spaniards a century and a quarter before. The boundary streets of the city, which marked the line of the old wall, all bear military titles referring to the old fortifications. Esplanade street was where the troops drilled; Rampart, rue des Ramparts, marks, like the boulevards of Paris, the destroyed walls; while Canal

street was the old fossee or canal which surrounded the city and which was continued as a drainage canal to the lake, and filled up years ago.

Of the old streets only two have disappeared—rue de l'Arsenal into Ursulines, and rue de Condé into Chartres.

There have been some few corruptions in the old names. The rue de Dephiné, named after the province of Danpriny, in France, has dropped the accent on the e, and became simply Dauphine (pronounced



Audubon Place, in "The Garden District."

Daupheen) street, as if it were named after the Dauphin's wife. The street named in honor of Duc du Maine, has got the preposition forever mixed with the noun, and is, and will be ever, Dumaine, instead of Maine street.

In naming the streets of the city as it grew beyond its original boundaries, a dozen different systems were pursued. The gallantry of the French Creoles is commemorated upon old city maps by a

number of streets christened with the sweetest and prettiest feminine names imaginable. Some of these were christened after the favorite children of rich parents, but again not a few were named after favorite concubines. The old maps of New Orleans were covered with such names as Suzette, Celeste, Estelle, Angelie, Annette, and others; many of these have died away into later titles, but not a few still survive.

The religious tendency of the population showed itself in giving religious names to many of the streets. There are several hundred saints so honored, and scarcely one in the calendar has escaped a namesake in the Crescent City. There are besides these, such streets as Conception, Religious, Nuns, Assumption, Ascension, etc.

At the time of the French revolution there was an outbreak in France of Roman and Greek fashions. The modern French tried to imitate the ancient classics by assuming the Roman dress and Roman names. The Creoles who, although dominated by the Spaniards, were red Republicans in these days, followed that fashion and all the names of antiquity were introduced into Louisiana and survive there to this day. Achille (Achilles), Alcibiade (Alcibiades), Numa Demosthene (Demosthenes), came into fashion. The streets found a similar fate and the new faubourg Ste. Marie was liberally christened from pagan mythology. The nine muses, three graces, the twelve greater gods and the twelve lesser gods and the twelve lesser ones, and the demi-gods, all stood god-parents for streets. The city fathers went beyond this, and there was a Nayades and a Dryades street, a Water Work, a Euphrosine street, and so on without end.

Then came the Napoleonic wars, and with them, intense enthusiasm over the victories of the Corsican. A General of Napoleon's army who settled in Louisiana after the St. Helena captivity named the whole upper portion of the city in honor of the little Emperor. Napoleon Avenue, Jena and Austerlitz streets are samples which survive to this day.

In addition to those came the names and titles of the early Louisiana planters, such as Montegut, Clouet, Marigny, Delord, the early Governors of Louisiana, Mayors of New Orleans, and distinguished citizens.

These, however, failed to supply the miles of streets that New Orleans boasts of, with a sufficiency of names.

In the naming of streets the French are not quite so matter of fact as the Anglo-Saxons, and they have shown this in some titles they have left behind. In New Orleans no Anglo-Saxon, for instance, would ever think of naming a street Goodchildren street, *rue des Bons Enfants*, or Love street, *rue de l'Amour*, Madam's street, Mystery street, Piety street, etc. Old Bernard Marigny christened two thoroughfares in the faubourg Marigny which he laid out, "Craps" and "Bagatelle" in honor of the two games of chance at which he lost a fortune. A curious mistake was that of the first American directory-maker who insisted upon translating Bagatelle into English and described it as Trifle street.

But even when a person is acquainted with the names of the New Orleans streets, the next thing is to know how to pronounce and spell them. This is very important, for they are seldom pronounced as they would seem to be. Tchoupitoulas—pronounced Chopitoulas—and Carondelet are the shibboleth by which foreigners are detected. No man is ever recognized as a true Orleanais until he can spell and pronounce these names correctly; and the serious charge made against an Auditor of the State, that he spelled Carondelet, Kerionderlet, aroused the utmost indignation of the population, who could never forgive this mistake.

The classical scholar who visits New Orleans and hears the names of the muses so frightfully distorted may regard it as unfortunate that Greek mythology had been chosen. The explanation of the mispronunciation, however, will relieve the people of New Orleans of any charge of ignorance. The Greek names are simply pronounced in the French style. Thus the street that the scholar would call Melpomene, of four syllables and with the last "e" sounded, would be in French Melpomene, and is translated by the people of New Orleans into Melpo-meen. So Calliope is Callioap; Terpsichore, Terpsikor; Euterpe, Euterp; and others in the same way. Coliseum is accented like the French Colisee, on the second instead of the third syllable; and even Felicity street—it is named, by the by, after a woman (Felicite), not happiness—is actually called by many intelligent persons Filly-city. The influence of the old French days is seen in the spelling of Dryades,

instead of Dryads, as the word is pronounced, and in a number of other apparent violations of orthoepy or orthography, the truth being that the old French pronunciation and spelling are preserved and have become current among the English-speaking portion of the population.

The constant annexation to New Orleans of suburban villages and towns, with streets of the same name produces considerable inconvenience to strangers and even to natives of the city. There is a duplicate to nearly every name, and sometimes four or five streets bearing the same title.

THE ELECTRIC CAR SYSTEM.

"All roads lead to Rome" is a common expression, which paraphrased and applied to the splendid Electric Car System of New Orleans gives the facts, as they are—"For all street cars lead to Canal street." The sole exception is the Napoleon Avenue line, which is tributary to the St. Charles and Tulane Belt.

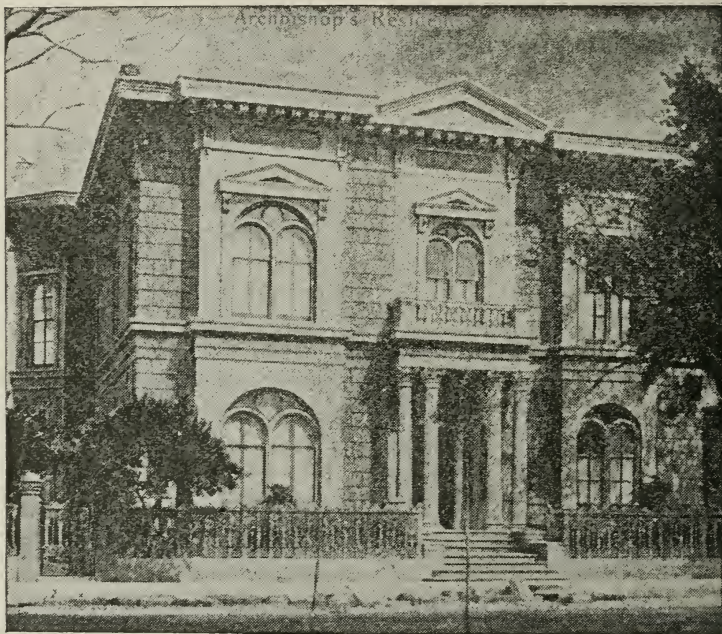
A sight-seeing ride over the Electric Car System is either by the St. Charles-Tulane Belt—traveling the Upper Districts—or the Esplanade-Canal Belt, which courses "down town." Along these routes are the palatial residences of New Orleans' prominent people. A perfect system of transfers, from line to line, is also an appreciated advantage for tourists.

SIGHTS ABOUT TOWN.

Most visitors to New Orleans imagine that they have "done" the city when they have seen the carnival, been to the lake, had the proverbial fish dinner, been to the Metairie cemetery, to Carrollton, to the Audubon Park, and to the French market. This is a great error. There is no city, presenting more interesting sights, but these are seldom visited, particularly in the French quarter of the town. There, odd little balconies and galleries jut out from the tall, dingy, wrinkled houses, peering into each other's faces as if in eternal confab. There, queer little shops are to be found, apothecaries' and musty stores where old furniture, brasses, bronzes and books are sold, bird stores innumerable, where alligators are to be purchased as well—all these lying in a sort of half doze.

A tour through any of these streets will bring before one sights to be found nowhere else in the world.

Chartres street is very picturesque, not merely to walk along, keeping your gaze at a level; but to halt and look up the street and down, at the oddly-furnished galleries that look as if the rooms had come out to see what the neighbors were after. And one must halt



Archbishop's Residence, Esplanade Avenue.

and peer into doorways, even slyly penetrating a yard or so into some of the long, dark tunnel entrances in search of the paved court-yards, with arched piazzas or porticoes, such as one may see in Venice under the shadows of St. Mark's.

The inhabitants of the grim houses are very kind; they will see the stranger peering out of your eyes, the curious admiration, and will

smile graciously, and with a prettily mingled air of graciousness and reserve motion you to look your fill. In most of these court-yards you will find plants in huge pots, pomegranate trees, flowering shrubs; sometimes you will see a battered bronze statue, or a marble figure, gone as gray as any old Creole darkey that smiles a "bon jour" to you from the banquette. And you will see great yellow and earthen water-jars, the ones in which the "Forty Thieves" were hid on a memorable occasion, but which have been transported into Frenchtown and numerous duplicated.

There is nothing really of note to detain one in Chartres street until the old Cathedral is reached. It stands between two of the most picturesque buildings in New Orleans—the old court-houses, built a little before the birth of the present century by Don Andreas Almonaster, a Spanish noble, the old histories of the town say, and who was also perpetual regidor. Those buildings with their dormer windows and stuccoed balustrades "peeling off for their final plunge into oblivion" have looked down on many an execution in the Place d'Armes, which has been called "Jackson Square" ever since the General's statue was erected under the orange and banana trees of the sweet old garden.

In the "Cathedral of St. Louis" a number of persons lie buried. Pere Antoine, whom the same old history of the town calls a good and benevolent and saintly man, died in 1829; and during the forty or fifty years he lived in New Orleans he must have baptized, married and buried two-thirds of the persons who were born, married and who died in that time. A marble angel broods over the top of this altar. The huge yellow cross her arms embrace is said to be all of true, pure gold. A narrow paved alleyway runs down by the high Cathedral walls from Chartres street through to Royal.

Tall, many-storied houses look down on the alley, which is named after blessed St. Antoine, and the sweet, green garden that blossoms and grows behind the church. The balconies are hidden behind lattice work, and behind the lattices the priests who belong to the Cathedral live their simple, frugal lives. Their homes are plain, their fare is scanty, their lives austere. It is pretty and pathetic to note how these men cultivate and care for the pots and boxes of flowers that grow on their galleries.

One can step from the Palace right into "St. Mary's Chapel," where the Archbishop often holds service. Up over the altar of this chapel, one of the oldest in the town, is a doorway hung with dark curtains, and many times the worshippers in the church have seen the wan, sweet face of the old Archbishop, looking down on them from between the parted curtains, as with lifted hand he sent his benedictions on their bent heads.

Now, if you will go around Hospital to Royal street, you will find on the corner an immense house, which is a fine sample of the former elegance of the houses of the wealthy people of New Orleans. It is rich with carvings; richer in associations. It has been lived in by great men. There is one room in which Louis Phillippe has slept, Lafayette and Marechal Ney. From the observatory one gets the finest view of the lower part of the city, for it is the highest point in Frenchtown, excepting of course, the Cathedral towers.

Turning down Royal street toward Canal, one finds much that is charming. One should look up and note how fond the old architects were of exterior decoration, for the white cornices up under the eaves are generally richly carved. Many of these houses have *entre sols*—that is a sort of half-story between the first and second floor; and tiny windows with carved stone or wooden balustrades, are sunk into the walls across the window space.

In fact, there is nothing in Frenchtown more noteworthy than the windows of the houses. They are round, peaked, mere little rod-barred holes in the wall, gashes; they are filled with panes of stained glass, with dozens of tiny panes, with doors half of wood the rest of glass, with lattice work, or broad, flat jalousies, once painted green; they are any and all of these, and are any and everything except the modern conventional windows of the architecture of 1884.

Rooms are to be rented in many of these houses, as the dangling sign, "Chambres a louer," let down by a bit of string from one of the upper galleries, will inform you.

There is one fine house on Royal street, not very far from Hospital.

In Toulouse street, near Royal, is the crumbled ruin of the old Citizens' Bank. The only deposit this bank has now is weeds, dirt, and vermin. It smells of bats; it is rank with weeds. In the blaze

of summer its ruined marble walls and broken roofs are illuminated by the great yellow, flaring bloom of the golden rod. The skeleton stalks of the last year's dip in the wind now. Toads, rats, and weeds dispute for the front steps. Even tramps avoid seeking shelter in its gloomy ruins. Two or three odd little second-hand shops will be found in Toulouse street, near the bank.

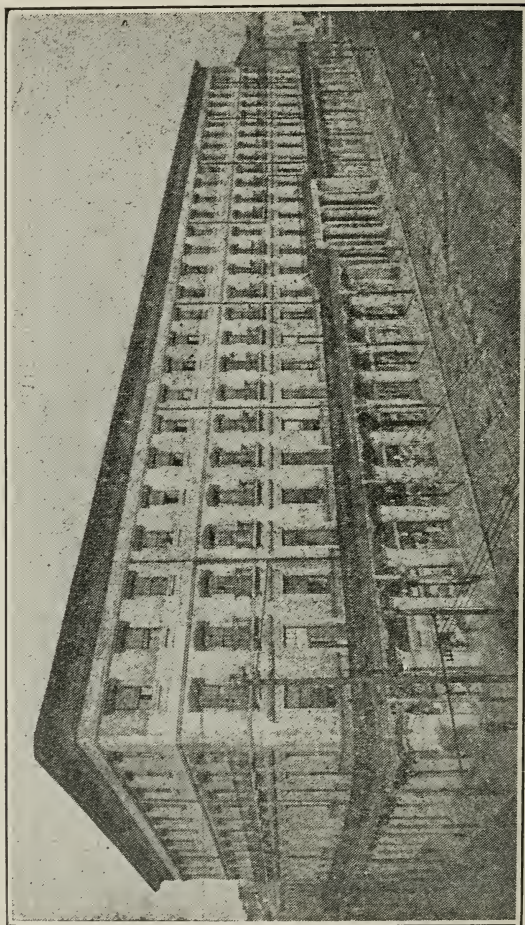
Another place worthy of note is the Academy of the Bon Secours in Orleans street, between Royal and Bourbon. The little green garden of the Cathedral looks right out on this convent school. The front of the building jamb on the street is of pinkish color, and with its portico roof thrown over the sidewalk looks more like some grand hotel entrance or theatre front getting superannuated. On the corner of Bourbon and Orleans used to stand the gay old Orleans Theatre, and this convent was the dance house of the theatre, the ball and supper room, and in this building used to be given those famous "quadroon" balls.

The visitor will be startled when he rings at the convent bell, and the door opens in on that fine marble floor that has been in its time pressed by the satin-clad feet of so many sadly, fatally beautiful women, to find himself in the presence of a colored sister of charity. The famous dance hall for quadroon women has become a convent for colored sisters of charity.

The old Spanish barracks were located down on Royal street; there are but few traces of them left in the stone arches of the building now used for manufacturing purposes. One cannot but notice the dilapidated condition of those old houses that under the French and Spanish domination were somewhat famous. Tile roofs have begun to disappear, the cozy little cottage tenements of those who were here before Canal street existed are fast changing into the newer style of corniced residences; and, in fact, on all sides, one, who is at all observant, can see how that fickle old fellow, Time, is pushing back the past to make way for the present.

It is true there are neighborhoods where his hand seems to have been stayed in a measure. Some of those old Creole houses whose roofs have sparkled and glittered in the spring showers of one hundred years still remain, but they are fast fading away. Curious old houses these. The very embodiment of the plain, simple, old-time ideas

of what a Southern residence should be, where ample ventilation in summer and warmth in winter were the main objects of those earnest architects.



The Old St. Louis Hotel, Formerly the Louisiana Statehouse.

On the corner of Conti and Rampart streets stands a brown church, which was, as a turbanned colored Frenchwoman will tell you, "billup

in dat good Pere Antoine day." This was the old Mortuary Chapel. It was finished in 1827, and is dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. All funeral ceremonies of Catholics were compelled to be performed there. The Mortuary Chapel is now the Italian Church of the city, in charge of a quiet and gentle priest, who lives in a beautiful one-storied cottage with a tiled roof, and stone floors, behind the church, and where his sweet and simple household is in charge of his two sisters, quiet, thin-faced ladies speaking no language but their own smooth, flowing Italian.

The furniture in the priest's house is composed mainly of old carved church benches, altar stalls, settees and chairs that have served their time in the church. This cottage home, like so many of the houses in this side of the city, has a roof that reaches far over the sidewalk beyond the house walls. A queer little green railing juts out from one end of the house-top, and one can fancy that sometimes the thin, brown, little priest and his quiet, thin, brown sisters go up there in the moonlight and talk half to each other, half to the white and silent stars of Bella Italia. There is a famous shrine in the Italian church—the shrine of St. Bartholomew—and about it are placed innumerable thank-offerings from those whose prayers have been answered.

Some of these offerings are curious, some beautiful; among the former are waxen hands, arms, legs, feet, fingers, and under a glass globe is a head of a young boy, modeled in wax and faithfully colored. It was presented by the grateful mother of a sick lad, who long suffering with some illness in the head, was cured by the power of her prayers to St. Bartholomew. A statue of St. Bartholomew with his head in hand and skin over his arm—he was both flayed and beheaded—stands at one of the side-altars.

Visitors also see further up Rampart street the beautiful green Beauregard square, where long time ago Bras Coupe and other negroes danced and sung, and where the ladies and gentlemen used to go in early evening time to watch and listen to their strange, wild, weird amusement.

The "marble room" in the Custom-House, the long or central room, with walls, ceiling, pillars, floor, all of marble, is one of the largest and

handsomest rooms in a public building in the country, and is well worthy of a visit.

The old St. Louis Hotel, on St. Louis, Chartres and Royal streets should also be visited. The dome of this building is very fine and richly frescoed. It is adorned with allegorical pictures and busts of famous men, the work of Canova and Pinoli. This building was originally the Bourse of the city, and a fine hotel was combined with it. It afterwards became the State-House; was dismantled and restored as the Hotel Royal, and then abandoned. To-day it is a mere shadow of its former grandeur, and practicably uninhabitable.

Opposite is the new and modern Court building, dedicated to the uses of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, the Civil Courts, etc.

Above Canal street, visitors should see the garden district, the houses being chiefly distinguished for the exquisite gardens in which they are placed.

North of Canal street the handsomest residence street is Esplanade, upon which are situated some of the loveliest houses in the city.

On the south side of the town, or above Canal street, as it is locally known, the handsomest houses lie on St. Charles avenue.

The town headquarters of General Jackson were on Royal street. The old battle-ground of 1815, in St. Bernard parish, is where the national cemetery—Chalmette—is now situated. It is two miles below the United States Barracks, and a lovely walk or drive in good weather.

The old Jackson monument is on the battle-field. The road down is lined with old plantation houses.

As for the other interesting sights to be visited in New Orleans, either from the size and architecture, or on account of historical or other interest, there are innumerable, but the following are some of the most striking of them:

The Custom-House—Situated on Canal street, between Decatur and N. Peters streets, from the top of which a full view of the city can be had.

The United States Mint and Sub-Treasury—Located on Esplanade, corner of North Peters street.

City Hall—Corner of St. Charles and Lafayette streets, contains the different municipal business rooms, treasurer's office, lyceum, Council chamber and library, etc. It is a large, commodious and

handsome structure of brick, marble and stone. The front is of the Grecian Doric order, and remarkable for the graceful beauty of its stately columns.

Half-Way House—Situated just over the bridge at the intersection of Canal street and the New Canal, and accessible by the Canal street cars. In the near neighborhood are the Metairie, Greenwood, and other beautiful cemeteries.

New Orleans Cotton Exchange—Situated on Carondelet street, cor. of Gravier, was inaugurated in February, 1871, with a roll of 100 members, which, after dwindling down to about eighty, increased, under a system of daily news concerning the staple, to upwards of 600. Its building is considered one of the handsomest edifices in the country.

West End, or New Lake End—One of the most frequented resorts on the shores of Lake Ponchatrain. It may be reached by the New Shell Road, a favorite drive, or by electric cars.

Milneburg—Or, as it is more popularly known, the "Old Lake End," is the terminus of the Ponchatrain Railroad. It is directly on the banks of the Old Lake, and the cool air always prevailing, the sails, fishing and bathing to be enjoyed, make it a favorite resort with all who wish to enjoy the day away from the brick and mortar of the city.

United States Barracks—A trip to the barracks is one of the pleasantest excursions in the neighborhood of New Orleans. The distance from Canal street is about three and three-quarter miles, and the whole distance may be accomplished by the street cars at the expense of five cents each way. The buildings used by the French government and afterwards by the Federal authorities, as a barracks, were located on Chartres street.

Cemeteries—Firemen's, one of the Metairie ridge cemeteries, at the end of Canal street, contains a monument of Irad Ferry, the first fireman of this city who was killed while discharging his duty at a fire; the society tombs of many of the fire companies, and other beautiful crypts.

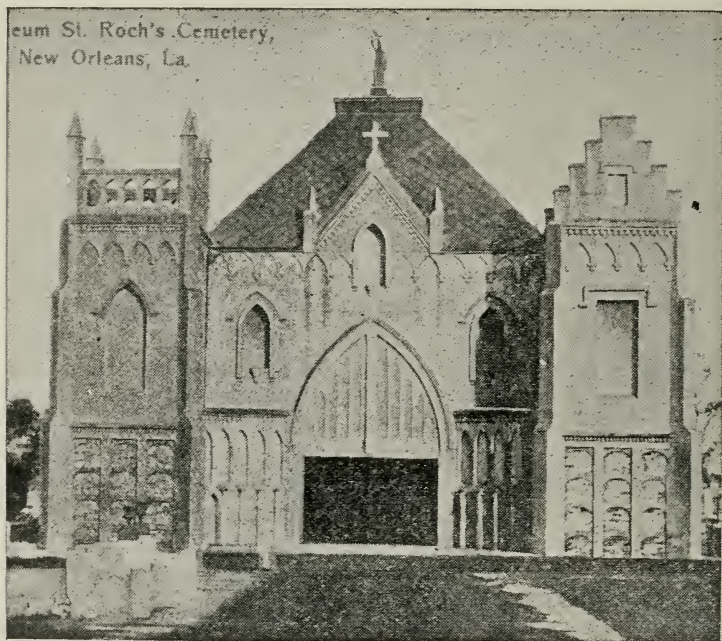
Greenwood, at the end of Canal street. Here is located the Confederate monument erected by the ladies of New Orleans.

Metairie Ridge, at the head of Canal street, across the canal. This burial-ground has been laid out but a few years, yet contains many fine tombs and splendid walks and drives. The monument of Stone-

wall Jackson, and the one of the famous "Batallion Washington Artillery," are greatly admired.

Old St. Louis, on Basin, between Conti and St. Louis streets. It contains many beautiful tombs, and is the oldest cemetery in the city.

St. Louis, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, on Claiborne, between Customhouse and St. Louis streets, contain some magnificent mausoleums. No. 2 holds



St. Roch's Mausoleum.

the monument of John Milne, "The Friend of the Orphan." No. 1 is for colored persons.

The Protestant, Girod street, at the foot of Girod street, on Liberty. It is the oldest Protestant burial ground in the city, and has many fine tombs.

Chalmette, the national cemetery, is in charge of the quartermaster's department, United States Army. This beautiful resting-place of the dead is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, a little over one mile below the Jackson Barracks. The ground was donated by the city in 1865, and was laid out by Capt. Chas. Banard. There are 12,192 graves; 6,913 of these are classed as "Known," and 5,279 are marked "Unknown."

Washington, corner of Prytania street and Washington avenue, contains many beautiful souvenirs of the Confederate dead, and the monument erected by the people of Louisiana, in memory of Governor Henry W. Allen.

DISTANCES IN THE CITY.

With Canal, corner Royal street as the starting point, it is one mile, via St. Charles avenue, to Thalia street, two miles to Sixth street, three miles to Napoleon avenue, four miles to State street, four and one-half miles to Audubon Park, and five one-fourth to Carrollton. Out Canal, it is one mile to Galvez, two miles to Genois, and three miles to the first of the cemeteries. The Metairie cemetery from the river is four miles. To the Barracks, is four and three-quarter miles. From Carrollton to the Barracks, by the cars, is ten miles; by the river, twelve miles; while by an air line it is only seven and three-quarter miles.

CREOLE NEW ORLEANS.

Down in the neighborhood of the old Cathedral, where Chartres street, buzzing and lazily bustling, widens out into the broad, green smile of a public square, there are queer little alleyways piercing from one street to another, running by the cool Cathedral doors. The mother church bends defiant front to the glare of the river, to the innovation of shrill steam-car whistles, that would cry down the deep bay and growl of her bells, but cannot; and away from the church into the narrow alley falls grateful shadow, in which a beggar or two makes monotonous moans for unexpected alms. A hot rush of wind from the river, sweetened by filtration through the rose patches of the big square, comes down into the shadowy alley, rattling the green Venetian blinds at the white windows, and whipping at the long cur-

tains of knotted cord hung over certain of the open doorways, just as one may see them in Florence and Rome in the summer time. The signs hereabout are all French, and that of "avocat" seems predominant. Groups of men chattering over their cigarettes interfere with pedestrianism in the alley, and stare with Gallic curiosity and gallantry after every petticoated individual that passes. A priest, in cassock and he plump and good-tempered, with face shining like a newly-peeled onion—leans laughing against the black balustrade in one of these old French houses.

Try speaking English to any of the dwellers in this neighborhood and one is answered in their own carressing accents and delicious dialect.

There can be no place in America quite like old New Orleans. One who has seen them, can never quite forget the gray stone-arched entrances to the old courtyards, and the houses wrinkled with age and with dusty dormer windows blinking down like faded, aged eyes over which a growth of golded rod leans like a monstrous bushy eyebrow. A wild tangle of vines grows in most of these dark courtyards, some of which are given over to complete decay; others, however, being trimly neat and pretty as the homes of prosperous French people invariably are.

Many of the shops contain odd wares. In a house whose round upper windows, covered interiorly with white blinds, look precisely like sleeping eyes, is a music shop. Songs in the windows are French the master stands within, humming a gay little chansonette, and a curious gray old print, representing a concert in a monastery, gathers a laughing crowd at the show window.

Next door in the jeweler's shop, among the odds and ends, is an exquisite Venetian gondola, done in filagree silver, with gondoliers and all complete.

The down-town people of the poorer localities are great lovers of potted flowers and singing birds. Some streets are fine with color, owing to the brilliant red masses of geraniums that blossom boldly in defiance of the hottest sun; and many a tiny bit of iron gallery jutting in curious fashion out of some tall window is transformed into the coolest of arbors by looped-up cypress vines, which lay their long fingers on everything they can reach.

Here seed dealers do a brisk business in mignonette, morning glory and pansy seeds, while the flower dealers over at the market hard by can, on Sunday mornings, hardly supply the demand for pots of purple Marguerites and pink China asters.

In this French town everything is so widely different in new New Orleans. Here the mover's cart is but seldom seen; in a strange, un-American way the people are deeply rooted, and many talk of their ancestry or posterity. Many a young matron lives in the house her great-grandmother occupied, and the passer-by making excursions down some of those long, narrow streets, where there is a hazy perspective of red-tiled roofs tangled together or strung one to the other by freighted clotheslines, has now and again glimpses of quaint interiors. Cool, red sanded floors, quaint spindle-legged dressing tables, cabinets positively antique, rich with carvings, and black with age, mosaic tables pieced together long before the grand mosaic of these United States was half designed, and over the tall, high and narrow mantel shelves with their heavy cornices and mimic Corinthian columns, reared about an absurdly small bit of a fireplace, gigantic vases of Sevres, odd bits of Bohemian ware, bottles and absinthe glasses. In these stiff, straight up and down brick mansions with solid green shutters, damp courtyards and corridors, like the tunnels of the catacombs, the occupants come and go in generations.

So long have they been in possession, undisturbed by agents or repairers, that the younger members of the family are almost sure that the "landlord" living beyond the sea is but a myth, and the rental faithfully forwarded at the close of each month is but a sad waste of money.

Sometimes in the wedge of light streaming in between the bowed wooden shutters one can see a neat old French lady—a Madame of a style at least fifty years out of date, rocking back and forth. She is brown, slim of build, and with a fine aquiline face; and she has great glittering, barbaric hoops of gold in her old ears. She wears a thin, short gown of cross-barred nainsook—now-a-days such gowns are worn by her great-grandchildren and called "Mother Hubbards." She is a quaint, sharp, knowing and talkative old French Mother Hubbard, rocking away in the high-backed wooden chair which contrasts illy with the mahogany dressing-cases and oaken sideboard.

Sauntering down one of the side streets, we glance into *porte cochères* that reveal vistas of beautiful quadrangular gardens, ivy-clad walls, bubbling, sparkling fountains. Stairways lead to galleries, upon which open salons whose proportions dwarf Queen Anne cottage parlors into doll-house apartments. The lower floors, still re-



Creole Courtyard, French Quarter.

served for business, once the scene of fashion's barter, are now the resort for those in search of oddities in goods and trades.

Placards—"Chambres garnies" dangle from twines tied to hanging balconies, the point of juncture hidden by vines that swing over the railing to catch upon other twines stretched tautly to upper window-sills. Behind their greenery, geraniums blaze and bloom in their

improvised beds, as brightly and blithely as if rooted upon spacious lawns.

Windows with contents sacred and secular advertise the stock of interiors near the old French Cathedral. Slate pencils and rosaries, candles and slates, tape and missals, perhaps, one window devoted to those lugubrious tributes to the departed, black and white beads, wreaths and baskets of all sizes and qualities, interspersed with boxes of the tiny nails which fasten them to the tombs. Passing by the Cathedral gardens we join the constant stream of the devout and enter the ancient pile.

A qui yacen los restos

Dn. Andres Almonaster y Roxas,

is inscribed upon the tomb of the builder, born in Andalusia to die in New Orleans on April 26, 1798, aged seventy-three years. Tinted sunbeams steal in through the lofty lunettes of stained glass. Holy men look down from the spandrels upon the devotees before the shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes. Tributes of gratitude for her mercy and grace hang thick upon the wall, varying from the tiny print to handsome vases and tablets.

LA BELLE CREOLE.

Modest and retired, with but little attempt at architectural ornament, the Creole's home is nevertheless his most sacred possession, about which cluster his most endearing memories and fondest hopes.

Handed down from father to son, and always inhabited by persons of similar tastes and education, these old Creole homes have undergone only such changes as the needs of successive occupants demanded, leaving their original design without material alteration. The old trees—venerable centenarians—still stand where they were planted by the founders of the homestead. Here are still the same expansive patterns of quaintly-shaped beds, with center-piece of curiously clipped pittisporum, and borders of sweet violets, where bloom in succession the old-fashioned jonquils, lilies and amaryllis, and where the fragrant myrtle and cape jessamine maintain their ground against the newer favorite of more modern gardens.

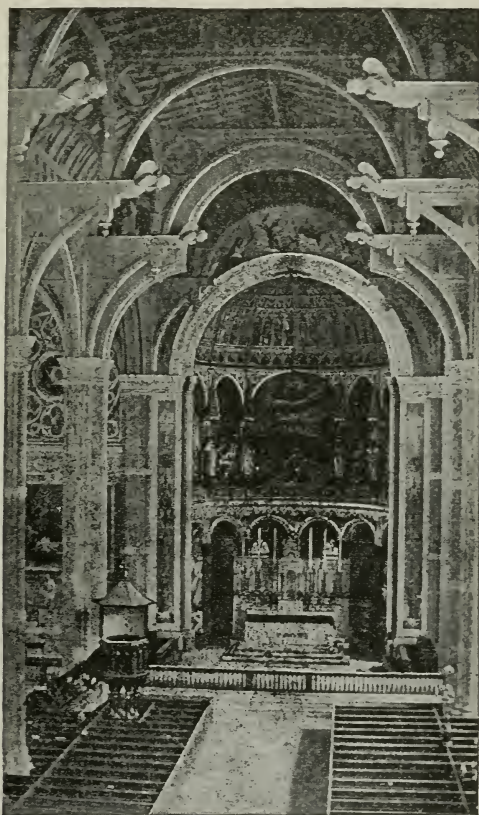
Winds, dews and sunshine indeed seem to have leagued with each generation, as it came, against such influence as would mar the beauties of the old homestead, or steal from the revered demesne any of its wealth of flower or foliage, or in any way disturb the peaceful harmony of form and color which have been so pleasantly preserved in the long lapse of years.

And so the charming old Creole homestead comes down to its occupants of to-day, one of the few memorials of olden times, worth preserving, that have been well preserved. So many pleasant things cluster about its rooms and galleries and gardens that one wonders if there be any nook or corner wherein to stow a new one. There comes a time, however, during the warm summer months, when an added charm is bestowed upon the old homestead, a charm that casts over it a spell like that of enchantment.

The pretty Creole maiden born to it some dozen happy years before, returns from the convent where she had gone for her education, to spend the summer vacation at home. Although she may not have crossed the flowery borders of young maidenhood, one can realize the fascination slumbering in her dark eyes, as their fringed lids droop over them, softening, but not diminishing their brilliance. Her petite figure is formed with the grace and lightness of a fairy, and her voice is as musical as the song of a bird. Of course, the little Creole maiden takes kindly to music. She has been as it were cradled in song. It is mother's milk to her. Her earliest lullabies were operatic airs. She comes of a musical family, and, would be untrue to its traditions if she were not a lover of the art musical. She is fond of the flowers of every hue that decorate the old garden-walks, which in their delicate loveliness seem akin to her, and of the feathered songsters of the woodlands, who cease their song to listen to hers.

Although the Creole maiden is naturally merry and vivacious, there is none of that wild rompishness about her for which others of the same age, but of different training, are often distinguished. Though at the sound of her voice Sisypus would rest upon his stone and pause to listen, there is none of that boisterous merriment which in other households defy the rules of etiquette and the frowns of mothers. And yet at all the merry-makings of the neighborhood

demoiselle seems at the summit of girlish felicity. In the gay parties given her as she is about to return to her studies in the convent—

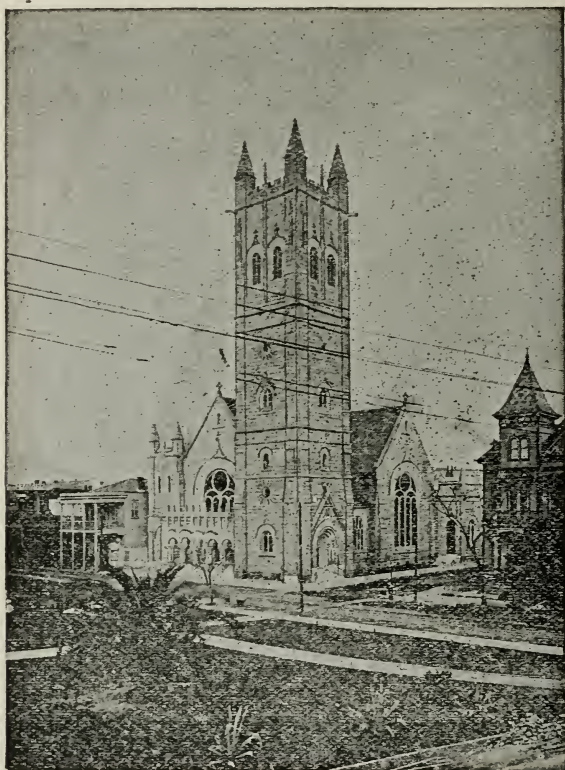


Interior View of St. Stephen's Church, Cor. Napoleon Ave & Camp St.

the feast which ushers in the fast—she is the merriest of all the demoiselles assembled.

A year or two elapses—probably more, as fortune smiles or frowns upon the family. One day there comes into this old Creole homestead,

with its oasis of verdure, a young girl, pretty as its flowers, happy as its birds. It is our little demoiselle of the vacation. She has finished her education at the convent, and enjoyed a brief but gay



Episcopal Church—Camp St., Corner Gainnie

season at home or with some of her schoolmates. Orange blossoms shine like stars in the midnight of her hair, and a single rose-bud nestles in the white wonder of her bosom. She returns to her home with the benedictions of Holy Church, a Creole bride.

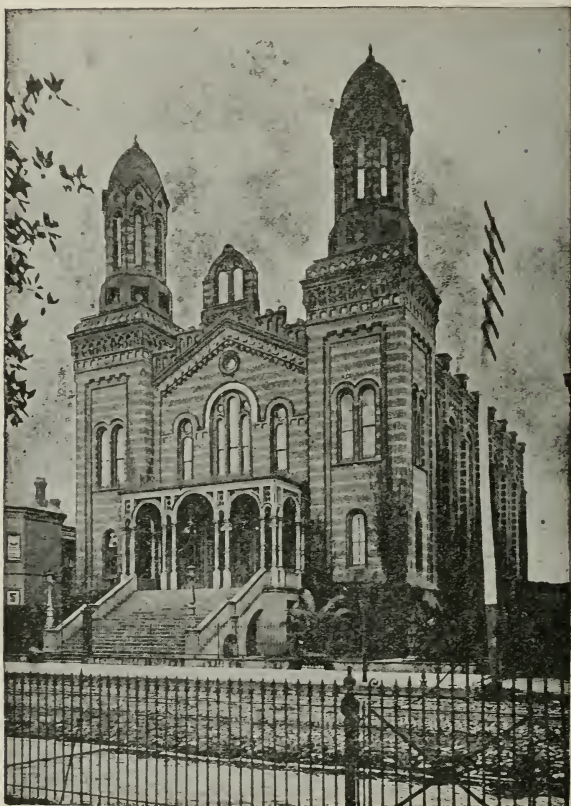
Travel where you will, you will not meet with one so fair, so fresh, so smiling, so graceful, merry and easily contented as she. See her once, whether in the happy family circle or in the dancing throng, and it is a picture framed in memory undimmed forever.



St. Alphonsus Catholic Church - Constance Street

Of course, here is at once one of the brightest names on the illuminated page of society. In accordance with the law and custom of her peculiar circle, she selects her acquaintances and makes up her list of visiting friends, and is fastidious in her selection. She

could not be more so if the destinies of the republic were at stake. None but the select are to be found at her receptions, and to be admitted at her reunions is a much coveted honor. All the surround-



Temple Sinai Carondelet St., near Howard Avenue

ings of her home, even down to the little bits of porcelain of rare "Faience de Diane de Poitiers"—the heirlooms of honored ancestors—are *comme il faut*, elegant and refined. Her days are passed in fetes and entertainments of every description.

Is the fair Creole bride given over to the gaus and fripperies of fashionable life? Nay. The brighter parts of her character, which shines with increasing lustre with each passing year, have had their source in another school. Her unbounding generosity, her true nobility of thought and feeling, her courage and her truth, her pure, unsullied thought, her untiring charities, her devotion to parents and friends, her sympathy with sorrow, her kindness to her inferiors, her dignified simplicity—where could these have been learned save at the altars of her faith? And as the family increases does the Creole matron give up her pleasant receptions and *bais dansantes*? And has the fashionable world only left to it a memory and a tear for what was so brilliant and *recherché*? Not so. Not for her the recluse life of the household cypher or the nursery drudge—

“Retired as noontide dew,

Or fountain in the noonday grove.”

She unites the duties of home with the pleasures of social life. Her graceful influence is felt in both, pleasantly reminding one of the orange tree of her own sunny groves, which bears in its beautiful foliage in the same month the golden fruit of maturity with the fair blossoms of its spring.

With all her wealth of maternal affection the Creole matron is not imprisoned in her nursery to be devoured by her children. In them she has renewed her youth. With her maternity

“Another morn

Has risen upon her mid-noon.”

Her motherly virtue is her cardinal virtue. Care for her children seems to have contributed indeed to the number and the sensibility of the chords of sympathy and affection.

The Creole matron, however, does not squander upon the infancy of her children all the health necessary to their youth and adolescence, nor does she destroy their sense of gratitude and her own authority, and impair both their constitution and temper by indiscriminate and indiscreet indulgence. She economizes her own health and beauty as she adds both to her offspring.

She is all the fonder of what many deem frivolities, because of her children. For them the gay reception, and the graceful dance are pleasant and harmless pastime. In such indulgences her children

learn that ease of manner, grace of movement, and the thousand little prettinesses which are so adorable in after years. She has nursed her babies, prepared them for their studies in the convent school, and she thus finishes an important branch of their education which the school books could not furnish.

And thus another belle Creole grows up to womanhood under her loving eye. She is not permitted to form intimacies outside of home.



Cotton Picking, Near New Orleans.

The watchful care of the Creole matron may be somewhat relaxed as the mind of demoiselle becomes more perfectly formed, but the invisible rein is still held with a firm, though gentle hand.

The Creole matron is the inevitable duenna of the parlor, and the constant attendant chaperone at all public assemblies; an ever-vigilant guide, and protector against aught that may offend the fine feeling, the noble pride, or the generous heart of demoiselle. And

when the time comes for *la belle* to marry she does not trust her own unguided fancies, although she may have read in story books of gallant knights, and had many pleasant dreams of such heroes as live only in the pages of poetry and romance. The Creole matron saves her all the trouble in the perplexing choice of a husband, and manages the whole affair with extreme skill, tact and ability. The preliminaries arranged, the selected husband *in futuro* is invited to the house, the drawing-room cleared of all superfluities, and the couple left to an agreeable *tete-a-tete*, during which they behave like sensible children and exchange vows and rings. The nuptial mass at the church follows, as there is no breaking of engagements or hearts in Creole etiquette.

The Creole matron grows old, as she does everything else, gracefully. She has not been shaken by the blasts of many passions, or enervated by the stimulants of violent sensations. There is no paled reflex of her youthful warmth in the glance she gives to the past, with its buried joys, or the present, with its all-pervading contentment and happiness.

Although an increased *avoirduois* has added magnificence to her *embonpoint*, and her waltzing days are over, her pretty, well-shaped feet still beat time in unison with the spirit of its music. She is an artiste of conversation, and her *bon mot* is uttered with such natural avoidance of offense, and the arch allusion is so gracefully applied that she gives one the idea of a new use of language, and yet she is a marvelous listener. Her complaisance is ever ready; words come of themselves upon your lips merely from finding themselves so obligingly listened to; and whilst others follow the conversation, it is she who directs it, who seasonably revives it, brings it back from the field from which it has strayed, restores it to others without ostentation, stopping with marvelous tact precisely at the proper point. And the world may not know how much of the stately dignity, the polished ease, the refined elegance that reign supreme in her household is the inspiration of its gay mistress, who remains, in age as in youth, the life and ornament of it.

And so with the snows of many winters on her head and the sunshine of many summers in her heart, surrounded by three or four generations of children, blessing and blessed, the Creole matron is at length gathered to her fathers.

UNDER THE OAKS.

The "code," as it is called, the duello, was universally recognized in New Orleans before the war, and even to this day duels occur, although growing rarer every year. The man who would not fight although growing rarer every year. The man who would not fight "in the days before the war" was regarded as not entitled to the treatment due a gentleman and was socially tabooed, and liable to insults.

All the efforts of the religious portion of the community to stop duelling proved a failure and aroused the most bitter prejudice. An Article was inserted in the Constitution of the State in 1848, disfranchising duellists. The Creoles complained bitterly of this, which they claimed was an attempt to drive men of courage from the State, and so vigorous was the opposition raised—for nearly all the leading men found themselves disfranchised by this provision—that the anti-duelling article was repealed four years later, and duellists restored to favor again.

In the early days the rapier or colechemarde was the weapon most in favor in duels, but broadswords and sabres were sometimes used. The Americans introduced the pistol, rifle and shot gun, which made duelling more fatal. With the rapier, a slight wound was sufficient to satisfy honor, whereas with the shot gun or rifle one of the principals was nearly always seriously wounded. In fact in a majority of the duels in which the shot gun was used, one or more deaths ensued.

There was no excuse for refusing to "fight." No matter how high your position, you must accept any challenge sent you by a gentleman. Thus, the first American Governor, Claiborne, left the gubernatorial mansion to fight Daniel Clarke, the State representative in Congress an encounter which resulted in the severe wounding of Clarke. This duel took place at the mouth of Bayou Marechal.

In the old Basin street division of the St. Louis cemetery may be seen a neat marble shaft erected over the remains of W. C. C. Clai-

borne, the first Governor of Louisiana, and the Protestant members of his family. On one of the four sides of this shaft there is the following epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of
Micajah Lewis,
Brother-in-law and Secretary of
Governor W. C. C. Claiborne,
who fell in a duel, January 14, 1804,
Aged 24 years.

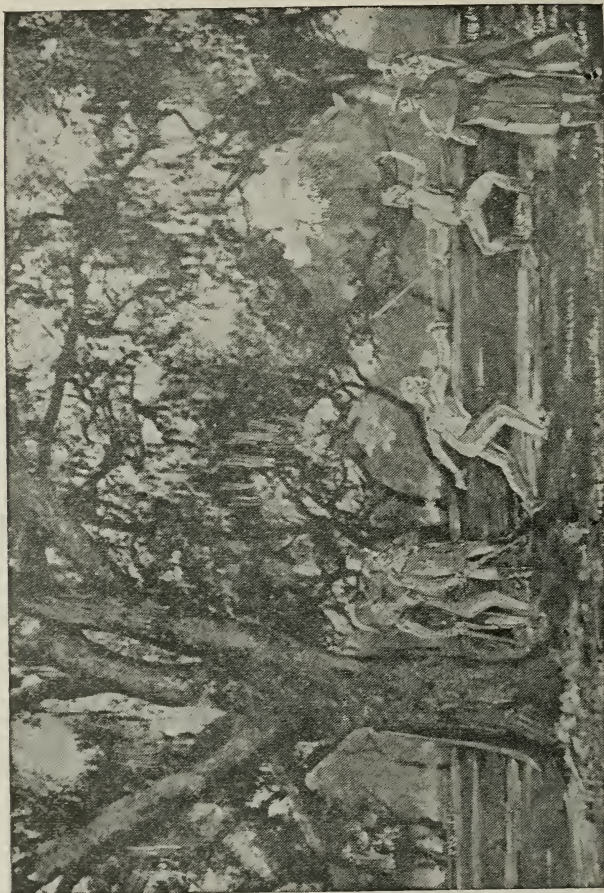
Young Lewis's death resulted from political antagonism, which provoked a bitter personal assault upon the Governor, whose wife, the sister of young Lewis, had recently died.

Lewis called to the field the author of this slanderous assault, and at the first exchange was shot through the heart. He was a young man of great promise and elevated sentiments, and his death gave infinite sorrow to the Governor and all his friends. The tomb at the time it was constructed was a very costly and tasteful one. The epitaph was directed by the Governor himself, who recognized the authority of the code at that period.

Gayarre, in his history of Louisiana, tells a story of a duel which occurred between six young French noblemen promenading on the green sward, on the very spot on which New Orleans now has its centre of trade. "Oh, what a beautiful night! what a splendid level ground for a joust! Suppose we pair off, draw our swords and make this night memorable by a spontaneous display of bravery and skill!" Upon the word they drew, paired off, and under the clear light of the moon their shining blades gleamed in courteous and deadly encounter, and such valor was displayed as would have immortalized in reasonable battle, these giddy-headed and light hearted heroes. Two of them remained on the field, pale and bloody corpses, victims of a foolish but heroic bravado.

A very similar story is that of the duel between Major Henry, of Nicaraguan fame, and Major Joe Howell, renowned among all those who remember the old Louisiana traditions for coolness and daring. Howell and Henry had met in a coffee-house at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets (where the Crescent Hall now stands), and had a difficulty which wound up in a challenge to fight that even-

ing at the Half-Way House. It was impossible for the seconds to find out what was the origin of the trouble. Howell himself not recollecting anything about it. It seems that he and Major Henry—



The Old Dueling Grounds, City Park, Showing the De Lissue-Le Bouisique Duel in 1841.
(From an Old Photo.)

a noted brave of the Nicaraguan army—who had served with Walker had had a mal-entendu in Nicaragua, and cherished no friendship for one another. They met, and Henry invited Joe to drink.

Both were under the influence of liquor. Unfortunately two newsboys came in and commenced to fight. According to the theory of the times, Joe bet on one and Henry backed the other. Henry's newsboy caved in, when he then remarked that the fight would have been very different if he and Joe had been engaged instead of the boys. Joe nodded "Yes." "Well, then," put in Nicaragua Henry, "suppose we do have it." Joe whipped out his six-shooter, for short answer. "Hold on, old boy, I'am not ready; let us meet at five o'clock this evening at the Half-Way House; bring your navy; I will have mine." "All right," answered Joe, and the whiskey straights, which had been losing some of their lightning by evaporation, instantly disappeared in well-accustomed channels; not, however, before the glasses had violently tinkled against each other. Just then two policeman put in an appearance, and both belligerents were taken to the station. Mutual friends, actuated as much by a desire to see the sequence as by any other Christian motive, soon obtained their release. Henry kept on drinking, and Joe went to sleep, as some great generals have done before him on the eve of mighty battles.

Both parties were known as men of indomitable pluck and desperate courage. Major Henry's reputation was proverbial; further on we will give some particulars of his eventful career. Joe Howell was a brother-in-law of Jefferson Davis, stood six feet seven inches in his boots, was admirably proportioned, and his body was covered with scars caused by wounds inflicted with knife, arrow and bullet.

At 4 o'clock Joe woke up, took one cocktail, and without the least nervousness or concern bid his friends *au revoir* and jumped into the carriage. Dr. Sam Choppin, acting surgeon on the occasion followed.

On the way, as is customary in the fulfillment of his duty, Howell's second offered some advice to his man. He told him to endeavor to get the first shot in on his antagonist, to fire low and to cock with his right hand without lowering his pistol.

His answer was, after driving a cloud of smoke from his cigarette: "Tut, tut, my boy, teach your grandmother how to suck eggs!"

The second said more.

When the grounds were reached 300 persons were found there. All the hacks and cabs had been engaged as soon as the news flashed



over the city that these two men were about to meet in mortal combat. Not less than fifty Nicaraguans were there; but these were clustered around Henry, who could be seen some two hundred yards out in the field, resting on one elbow in a dry hollow.

Joe Howell had also many friends among the spectators and gayly chatted with them.

All efforts to settle the affair failed.

"Will you please give me your version of the cause of this difficulty," Howell's second asked.

"It don't matter; we are here to fight," was the sharp answer from Henry's second.

"Well, but brave men don't fight like children, for nothing. We want to know what we are going to fight about; if we are wrong we may apologize, or vice versa."

"We don't know anything about it; but if there is to be an apology, Major Howell must make it."

"But if you are ignorant of the origin and cause of this difficulty how can you point out our wrong?"

"Wait; we will see Major Henry."

And off they went to the ditch where Henry sat leisurely resting. In less than three minutes the Nicaraguans were back.

"Well?" asked Howell's man.

"Well," Major Henry says, "if Joe Howell will apologize it's no fight."

"Apologize for what?" asked the other with some animation.

"Don't know, and don't care," was the laconic reply.

"Then there is no possible way of arranging this matter amicably. Suppose both parties approach each other half way and shake hands without a word? Will you see Major Henry and tell him the proposition comes from our side?"

After some discussion they consented to this, but very reluctantly.

This time the seconds remained fully ten minutes by the side of their principal. There was animated discussion and much gesticulation among them, but they returned and said: "Major Henry says Joe ought to apologize, and then they can shake hands."

"Then it means fight. Load your navy, we will do likewise; ten paces; six barrels loaded; fire at will, and advance."

The line of fire was a narrow path, flanked on either side by a small ditch. Howell stood six feet seven inches in his boots and contrary to advice, wore white pants and an alpaca coat, making him a dangerously conspicuous target.

The command was given:

"Gentlemen are you ready?"



Old Absinthe House, Bourbon and Bienville Streets.

Joe, who was facing the woods, answered firmly, "Ready!" but kept his eye looking steadily along the barrel of his cocked pistol. Henry in a nonchalant fashion, threw his head on one side, his pistol dangling at his arm, and in a lazy tone said, "Ready." The word was then given: "Fire!" Both raised simultaneously, fired and missed. Howell cocked with his right thumb and fired again before Henry was ready for his second shot. Howell's ball pierced Henry's left fore-

arm, when Henry again fired and missed. Howell now came in with his third shot, striking Henry in the abdomen. To this Henry responded with a shot which threw up the dirt right at Howell's feet. The latter then advanced one step, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. Seeing that Henry was done for, Howell's second rushed up and threw up Joe's pistol with his hand. The shot flew away up in the air, that certainly would then and there have killed Henry.

The other side having cried "Stop!" according to agreement, in case of either party being badly wounded, uttered shrill cries of "Foul! Foul!" and immediately whipped out their revolvers. Then followed a scene of confusion, and for a long time it looked as if a wholesale duel would follow; but the crowd interfered, and prevented the fight. The wounded man was taken to the Halfway House, where he remained for some weeks before he could be transported to the city.

Major Henry was, what is known in the vernacular of the ordinary novelist, a character. Retiring in disposition, little given to talk, of a melancholy temperament, he gave no external evidence of the power and determination of the man beneath. Those who knew him intimately and who were with him in the most desperate of dangers say that he was one of the few men they knew who had no appreciation of the word fear. He would face what appeared to be almost certain death with an equanimity that was startling. Joining Gen. Walker's filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, as an officer in the battle there, he was noted for his daring and coolness. Without caring whether he was followed or not he would charge single-handed into the enemy's ranks, cutting and shooting, right and left, himself receiving wound after wound. He seemed to bear a charmed life, notwithstanding the fact that his body was covered with scars, he received new wounds without blenching, and so great was his vitality that he recovered in a very short time.

He served for many years as an enlisted soldier in the Seventh Regiment Infantry, United States army; was made quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment during the Mexican war on account of gallant conduct, and at the close of the war was promoted to a lieutenantancy. In this capacity he was stationed for a long time in the Cherokee Nation, where his taciturn disposition made him very unpopu-

lar with the men, but his daring and recklessness in amorous exploits caused him to be quite a favorite with the squaws.

This came very near being the cause of his death, for one night at a mall he found himself suddenly environed by a crowd of Cherokee braves, and when they dispersed he was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, with seven stabs in his body. No other man would have recovered, but he did.

In the assault and taking of Monterey, during the Mexican war, Major Henry accomplished a feat which, for reckless daring, has scarcely a parallel in the annals of military venture.

It will be remembered that Monterey, like its sister city of Spain, the immortal Saragossa, was defended foot by foot and inch by inch. Every window was a fortalice from which murderous shots were fired, and every terrace a fortress dealing death and destruction to the advancing foe.

Major Henry, in the hottest of the fight, wagered a dinner with his friends of the regiment that he would ride three squares on a mule, at a slow pace, through the cross-fire of the Mexican patriots and return. And so indeed he did. The mule did not come back, however, having fallen pierced by a dozen balls, a victim to the temerity of its rider. Major Henry returned on foot, and won his wager somewhat the worse for his experience, with three bullets in his body.

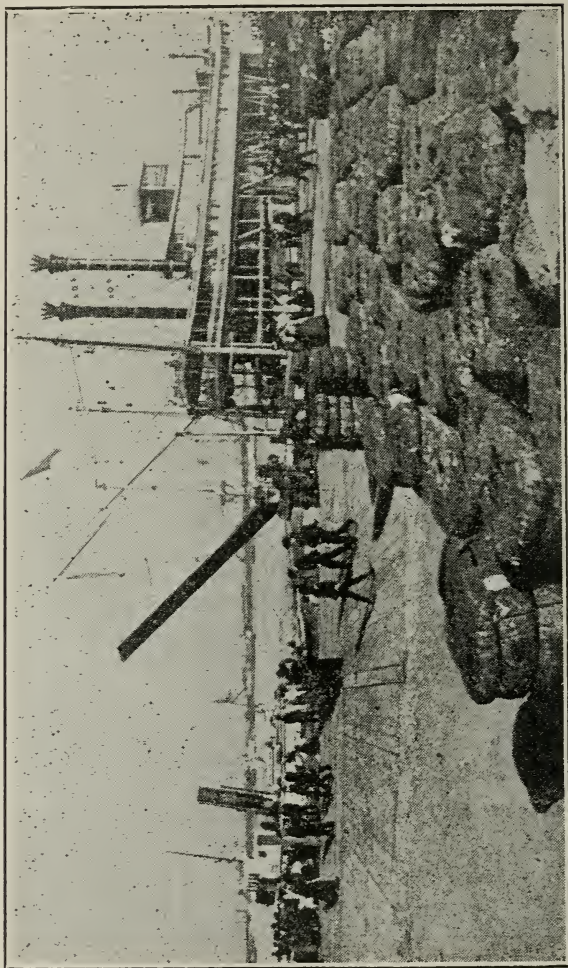
During the Nicaraguan war this remarkable fighter distinguished himself on every occasion, and was much admired and respected as a soldier. His temper, however, was not such as would permit him to live in peace with his fellow-officers. He was noted for several brilliant duels during that eventful campaign—among which, one with Col. Jules Dreux, was fought at Messiah. He was major of the regiment of which Dreux was colonel, and they had a misunderstanding. Dreux waived his rank, and they fought with navy revolvers at twelve paces.

It was in '43 that a very violent political campaign occurred in this State between the Whig and Democratic parties. The contest for Representatives in Congress. Each party had brought forward its strongest candidates. The journals of the two parties were especially vigorous and aggressive in their assaults upon the nominees of the adverse party. Personality and virulent criticism were never before

carried to such a pitch in this State. The *Tropic*, a daily newspaper, conducted with great vigor and savagery by Col. McArdle, infused a fiercely belligerent tone into the party and its press throughout the State. Many personal conflicts and affairs of honor resulted from this bellicose spirit. These quarrels of individuals were adopted by their parties, and the fights assumed the character of faction fights instead of personal affairs of honor. One of the most unhappy and tragic of these combats was that which resulted in the death of Hueston the editor of the Baton Rouge *Gazette*. Hueston was of Northern birth, and had recently assumed editorial charge of the paper, which had previously maintained the reputation of a prudent, sedate and cautious Whig journal. Hueston gave an entirely new character to the *Gazette*. The *Tropic* had inoculated the *Gazette* with its partisan virus, and its editorials bristled with sarcasms and offensive personalities. One of the most offensive and unjustifiable of these, which led to the tragic scene we have to relate, was contained in a review of the Congressional candidates. The Democratic candidates in the Fourth and Second Congressional districts were Gen. Bossier and the Hon. Alcee La Branche. Both gentlemen were highly honored and admired by their party and the large circles of personal friends. They were Creoles. Mr. La Branche had been Speaker of our House of Representatives; was the first Charge d'Affaires to Texas, and, in all his relations was greatly esteemed as a gentleman of great propriety and dignity of behavior. So far from being a duelist, as has been charged, he was one of the few public men in Louisiana who had never been engaged in an "affair."

General Bossier on the other hand, the Democratic candidate in the Fourth district, had had several affairs of that character, in one of which, a sword combat, he slew General Gaiennie, the great Whig leader of his district. Now, the Baton Rouge *Gazette*, referring to these characteristics of the two Democratic candidates, taunted the Democrats of the Second district with a preference for a man destitute of spirit and manhood, and those of the Fourth district with a selection of a candidate who had, by his superior physical power, killed his antagonist. This article was regarded by Mr. LaB.'s friends as an insult of the grossest character to himself, his party and his friends. Shortly after the appearance of this article, Hueston vis-

ited New Orleans where he was received by the fighting men of his



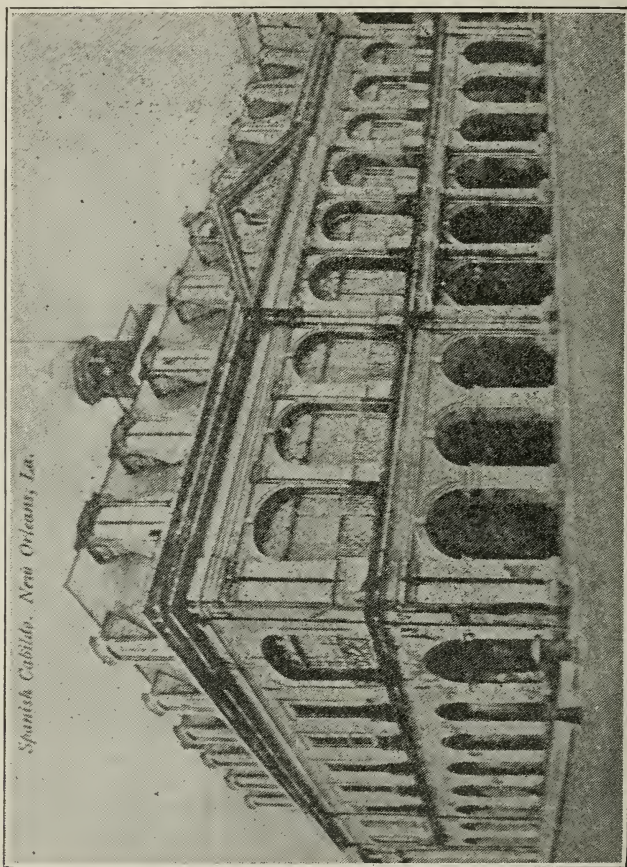
Steamboat Landing.

party as a "lion." His arrival was announced in one of the papers with a flourish. Thereupon Mr. LeBranche sought him in the St.

Charles billiard-room, and demanded some reparation for the gross insult offered him. Receiving a defiant response, he struck Hueston with a cane or billiard-cue several blows, knocking him down and disabling him. Hueston was taken to his rooms. A surgeon was sent for, who attended to his wounds. Next friends (political friends) were called in, and from them two of the most experienced in such affairs were selected to make arrangements for the earliest possible meeting at the Oaks. These friends were Colonel W. H. McArdle and Richard Hagan, both of whom had been engaged in several affairs of a serious and sanguinary character. Hueston's wounds were of a more serious character than was at first imagined. His surgeon remonstrated against his going out for several days. But Hueston with an obstancy which characterized his whole conduct in this affair, insisted upon the meeting taking place within three days. Accordingly the arrangements were made. Mr. La Branche's friends were General John L. Lewis and Jos. Genois. The weapons selected were double-barreled shotguns, both barrels loaded with ball. Promptly the parties came to time at the Oaks at break of day. A crowd of spectators had been attracted to the scene. In consequence of this interruption and the rumored approach of police, the parties changed the ground to a more remote locality. They could not elude the intruders, of whom nearly two hundred reached the spot selected. The seconds proceeded rapidly with their arrangements. The ground was measured. Forty yards was the distance agreed on. The words were: "Fire—one, two, three, four, five." The combatants must fire both barrels between the words "fire" and "five." The weapons were ordinary shot-guns, loaded with ball. General Lewis loaded Mr. La Branche's gun and Colonel Hagan Mr. Hueston's. The word was given by Colonel McArdle. Both parties were cool and determined. It was observable, however, that Mr. Hueston still bore marks on his face of his recent scuffle.

At the first fire both parties discharged their pieces nearly simultaneously. One of the balls from Mr. LaBranche's piece passed through Hueston's hat, another through his coat. Those of Hueston flew wide of the mark. It was obvious to the seconds and the spectators that Mr. LaBranche had the advantage of greater quickness and skill in handling his weapon.

The seconds of Mr. LaBranche approached those of Mr. Hueston with the usual inquiry whether their principal was satisfied. These gentlemen consulted Hueston. He shook his head with great posi-



The Old Cabildo, Opposite Jackson Square.

tiveness, and requested them to load up.

A second exchange was then had, with similar results to the first. The two balls of LaBranche whizzed close by the head of Hueston, who again fired wild.

There was another interview of the seconds and a repetition of the emphatic shake of the head by Mr. Hueston. His seconds remonstrated and apologized to the seconds of the other side for the persistency of their principal, Col. Hagan remarking that after the next fire the distance should be shortened or the parties retire.

The spectators manifested the same sentiment by crying out that the affair should end there. But Hueston was immovable, and with cool jocularly requested that the guns be reloaded. His obstinancy prevailed.

There was a third exchange. As the smoke cleared away the combatants were observed in the same position, apparently unhurt. One of the balls from LaBranche's gun had barely missed the skull of Hueston, passing through his hair and slightly puncturing the skin, causing blood to flow.

At the third interview of the seconds it was suggested that, Mr. Hueston being wounded, the combat should there end. This suggestion appeared to inflame the obduracy of Hueston. "Feel my pulse," he asked of the surgeon, "and say whether it does not beat steady and regular." The surgeon felt his pulse and declared that there was no irregularity, but added that the affair ought to end there. So thought and declared everybody else but Hueston. He was inflexible in his resolution to kill or be killed. With manifest sorrow and indignation arrangements were made for the fourth exchange of shots.

At the word the parties fired, as before. Each discharged both barrels. At the discharge of LaBranche's first barrel, this being his seventh shot, Hueston reeled and fell. He had discharged both barrels of his gun. LaBranche's second barrel was discharged, being the eighth shot, before he could perceive the effect of the last. His friends and surgeon advanced to Hueston, who was prone on the ground, lifted him into a carriage, and bore him to the city. An examination discovered that he had been shot through the lungs, and had but a few moments to live. He was taken to the Maison de Sante, where, after the most intense agony, during which he begged one of his friends, as the last kindness he could render him, to fire a ball through his head and end his torture, he died.

Colonel S. L. Oakey came to this city from New York early in the thirties. He engaged at first in the wholesale dry goods business, and afterwards in the commission business for the sale of planters' product

In any pursuit in which he was embarked he displayed great activity, zeal and earnestness, a strong will and dauntless valor and determination. With these he combined a courtly and knightly bearing, a love of drama, a taste for military display, an intense Democracy and an ardent patriotism.

As illustrative of these qualities in 1843, he assumed the championship of the cotton factors of the city against certain very bitter and denunciatory charges which had appeared in letters from this city in the *Vicksburg Sentinel*, then conducted by that famous polemical editor, Hagan, who, on account of similar articles, was involved a short time after in a combat, in which he was killed by the late General D. W. Adams.

The letters from this city were traced to an English cotton buyer, named Wright, as the house of Colonel Oakey was involved in the slanders published by the *Sentinel*, the Colonel sought the writer and called on him to account for the same. A personal rencontre ensued, which was deferred to the field of honor. Wright had boasted much of his skill as a marksman. The rifle was the weapon selected by him. Colonel Oakey had never fired a rifle in his life, and refused even to practice with the weapon. The parties met across the lake, in Mississippi. Wright was a large, stout man; Oakey was a small, insignificant-looking man, of calm, cool and determined manner, not vaunting, boastful, or demonstrative. The combatants were supported by gentlemen of prominence in the community. The distance was sixty yards. Oakey chose the Yager, known afterwards as the Mississippi rifle; Wright used a highly-finished English rifle. At the word Wright fired precipitately; Oakey received and returned the fire with great coolness. His adversary fell at his discharge—shot on a line through the heart. The parties returned to the city that evening, on the same steamer bearing the unfortunate victim of a duel conducted with the strictest punctillio.

The Creoles of New Orleans were always very spirited and coura-

geous, but sometimes fought on provocations, which the Americans would not have resented in a manner so deadly.

The Creole element was impatient of dissent, and resorted to small arms on all occasions of differences even among themselves. One paper was especially provocative of such disputes. The writers were Americans, who expressed their opinions without much circumlocution, and so provoked the fiery native greatly. There was one article upon a performance at the opera. This critique occasioned three duels, and upon reading it carefully one will be at a loss to find material to have justified one, even conceding that rational people should peril life at all on a question of singing or dancing.

There appeared in New Orleans, some forty years ago, a very learned savant and academician from whom there was no appeal on any question of science, known as the Chevalier Tomasi. Tomasi published a communication on the hydraulics of the Mississippi. He would either stop the river, or make it deeper, or restrict it within boundaries specified by science. The style of the article was dogmatic and dictatorial. The Academy of Sciences on Paris was declared as omnipotent in physics as the Sorbonne has been in ethics. Americans were an ignorant tribe expelled from Europe for stupidity or other crimes. To cite a Creole authority only provoked a grimace or a sarcasm. It is proper to say that there was a vehement feud between the Creoles and French. Men grew tired of the society of their superiors, and to have Paris eternally thrown in their teeth, with a word now and then about the *filles de cassette* and an assumption of general superiority, would disturb the equanimity of the most phlegmatic, much less of the most mercurial people.

So Tomasi was descanting to a Creole upon the perfection of the system, whatever it was, when a Creole associate ventured to remark that the Mississippi was a very headstrong stream, and that possibly the basis of calculation assumed for the smaller rivers of Europe would not be found applicable to so mighty a stream. At this Tomasi merely employed a gesture of contempt, and added with a sneer, "How little you Americans know of the world. Know that there are rivers in Europe so large that the Mississippi is a mere rill, figuratively speaking." To this the enraged Creole replied, "Sir, I will never allow the Mississippi to be insulted or disparaged in my presence by an arro-

gant pretender to knowledge." This he accompanied with the flirt of a glove in the face of the Chevalier. A challenge was the consequence, and Professor Tomasi was wounded, as is supposed, mortally. A day or two afterwards, however, the Chevalier appeared in the streets wearing what the surgeons call a T bandage about his face and jaw. He wore quite a ghostly aspect, and when asked about it, remarked, "*c'est rien; une egratignure seulement,*" and stripped away the ban-



The Historical French Market.

dage, to show that the sword of his antagonist had duly vindicated the dignity of the Mississippi by passing entirely across the mouth of the defamer from one cheek to the other. "But," said the Chevalier, as he replaced his bandage, "I should have killed my antagonist but for the miserable character of your American steel. My sword, sir, doubled like lead. Had it been a genuine *coïchemarde* he would have fared properly for having brutally outraged the sensibilities of

a French gentleman. He here opened a lecture on the carbonization of iron, which could nowhere be effected properly except with wood cut in a certain forest of France. This lecture was delivered with pain and contortion of visage, but no doubt gave him great relief, as all his premises and deductions were accepted without dispute.

But to merely recount the duels that have taken place at New Orleans would fill a large volume. The Oaks, the favorite meeting place of the old days, and which now lie in the City Park, have witnessed hundreds of fatal duels. Since the war duelling has not been quite so much in favor as it was a half of a century ago, but hostile meetings are still frequent, and not a few of them have terminated fatally.

KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN CLOTH.

Until about the year 1827 or 1828, no extensive gambling houses had been opened to the public in New Orleans, and any gambling whatever before that period was on a small scale and very private. At the time designated by the above dates, the first two establishments were opened by John Davis, Sr., the impresario of the old Opera House, on Orleans street, and the first impresario in the United States. One of these gaming resorts was at the corner of Orleans and Bourbon streets, and the other on Boyou St. John. The latter place was intended more especially for Saturday night and Sunday games, which were favorite days at that period for such indulgencies, and dinner was always provided for the Sunday players. The Orleans street branch was for daily or nightly operations. At this place large crowds congregated, the games being faro, roulette, and vingt-et-un, and the betting heavy. At these public games, however, the elite and notabilities of that day not as a rule participate to any great extent. For these, especial and private rooms were set apart in which brag and escarte were played almost exclusively. Large, very large sums, were won

or lost in these private rooms, and the gamblers were business and professional men, who kept regular memorandum books in which were entered their daily gains or losses.

As a confirmation of these facts, years after the occurrence, one of the players at this resort, in an unguarded moment, related that he had lost in one year upwards of thirty thousand dollars at escarte;



In the French Quarter.

that this loss was covered by his winning at brag, which had exceeded fifty thousand. It was well known that Colonel Ghrymes, the most distinguished lawyer and advocate at the New Orleans bar, not excepting Edward Livingston, notwithstanding his large professional income, never accumulated; but on the contrary was frequently in an open impecunious condition, although living in no extravagant

style. This abnormal condition in so remarkable a man, was only accounted for by his contemporaries upon the hypothesis of heavy losses at Davis's, while the rapid accumulation of a large fortune by another by no means brilliant professional man of the same period, within a career of less than ten years, and while keeping up an expensive style of living, was attributed to his enormous gains. This success was probably achieved by the same shrewd and machiavellian methods, which, added to the powerful backing of a patriarchal family, finally and in the face of bitterest opposition, won him the political success he had long vainly struggled for.

Davis was very successful, made money fast, and no one envied his success and good fortune, for with the money thus acquired he was enabled to cater to the musical taste and to the attractions of our city by introducing the opera.

True, he only brought out at first such operas as "La Dame Blanche" "Le Cheval de Bronze," "L'Eclair, Le Postillion de Lonjumeau," and other light gems; but he was at the same time laying the foundation and creating the resources which were thereafter to enable his brilliant son, John Davis, Jr., or "Toto" Davis as he was familiarly called, to bring out in our city, and in advance of any and all impresarios in America, the chef d'œuvres of the great masters—such operas as "Robert," the "Huguenots," "Moise," "La Juive," "Don Giovanni," "Le Prophete," "Trovatore," in short, the entire *repertoire* up to his times. This John, or "Toto" Davis, was one of the most talented and accomplished men ever in Louisiana. Apart from a thorough classical education, acquired in one of the royal colleges of France, he had also gone through a complete course of musical studies, an artistic training which was of great service to him in the selection and formation of his opera companies in Europe.

Davis's success in his gambling-room ventures soon prompted others to follow in his foot-steps, and by 1832 not less than fourteen large gambling establishments had sprung into existence. To effect this, however, legislative sanction was required, and an appeal having been made to the Legislature, an act was passed by that body authorizing the opening and running of gambling houses in New Orleans upon the payment by each to the State of an annual license of \$7,500. Under the enabling clause of this law the fourteen houses

above referred to went into operation. These were owned and managed by the following named parties: Hicks and Hewlett opened at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres street; Duval, on Chartres, between Conti and Bienville; St. Cyr, on Chartres, between St. Louis and Conti; Toussaint, on Chartres, between St. Louis and Conti; Charton, on Canal, between Camp and St. Charles; Elkin, on Canal, near St. Charles, and Pradat, also on Canal, corner of Camp, in the building at present occupied by Moses as a photograph gallery. The remaining seven were distributed between the two old municipalities, the First and Second.

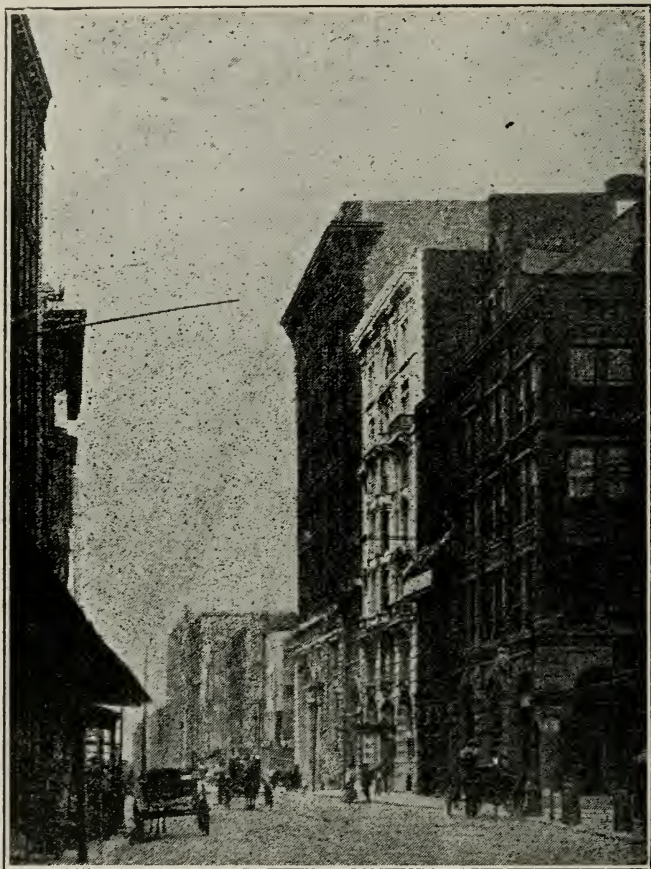
These houses were public in the full sense of the term, open to all by day and by night, as similar houses have been under the more recent administrations; and they were resorted to by all classes, but more especially by strangers from all parts of the world, who flocked to New Orleans at that period, as if to an El Dorado, in quest of wealth which they supposed could be grasped without effort, and which only required the pains of picking up. Those were lively times, not unlike those of San Francisco in 1849 and 1850, and all of these gamblers and gambling-houses did what is so forcibly expressed by the term, a "land office" business; but in 1836 all these institutions, like many others of a more legitimate character, came to grief. Their end was an act passed, accelerated by the repeal of the Act of 1832, at the instigation and upon the motion of Mr. Larrimore, Representative of the parish of St. Tammany. As a matter of course, they ceased to keep open houses, in compliance with the legislative mandate, but they continued their operations in a clandestine manner. Out of the whole number of individuals engaged in the gambling business as far back as 1828, and of those who owned and operated a house under the Act of 1832, there still lives in our midst one old man, the only survivor of the thousands who witnessed and participated in those exciting times. This is old St. Cyr, aged eighty-six years, but with all those years, still possessed of health, vigor and memory. This same octogenarian was also a member of Plauche's celebrated battalion, which distinguished itself at the battle of the 8th of January, and won the applause and commendation of General Jackson.

After the suppression of the houses under the law of 1836, and in consequence of the great panic which ensued, and the consequent scar-

city of money, the business did not flourish as it had in the years described, and continued to languish until 1846. With the breaking out of the Mexican war, which brought thousands of soldiers and officers to our city, then the base of operations and supplies, and the great California mining fever, which concentrated tens of thousands of emigrants for the land of gold in our midst, another bright era dawned upon the sporting element. Under the stimulating effects of two so powerful agencies as an immense and reckless transient population, all of them by nature and temperament bold speculators, ready to stake anything or everything on the throw of the dice, and the plethora of money produced by such causes it will not be wondered at that gambling furor again broke out in New Orleans. Gambling houses were now opened in all directions, all over the city, near the St. Mary's Market, near the steamship landings, near the hotels, the boarding and lodging houses, wherever returning soldiers or emigrants quartered or congregated. At that time certain houses were licensed by city ordinance, such as carried on the games of "rondeau" and "loto," and all through the night, from "dusky eve to early morn," in every frequented thoroughfare, could be heard the deep and sonorous voice of the game keeper as he called time and game at rondeau. None of these establishments, nor of those which had preceded them, assumed any pretensions to luxury or elegance. It was not until the fifties, that elegantly-furnished houses, where sumptuous dinners and suppers were supplied to visitors and patrons, were introduced in New Orleans and the new departure was first brought to perfection by a trio comprising three notable men.

McGrath, Sherwood and Perritt were men of marked individual character, with strong distinctive personal points, and all of them self-made men. In all their dealings and in all their intercourse in New Orleans or elsewhere—and these were not confined to sporting business and sporting circles, but extended in many directions and embraced many sections of legitimate trade—those three men ever enjoyed a name and reputation for fair play, for strict honesty and integrity in all transactions of whatever nature. Price McGrath, one of the partners, upon the breaking out of the war between the States, closed up his establishment and went North, but finally settled down in Kentucky, established a stock farm, and turning his attention to

racing and blooded stock, became one of the most successful turfmen of latter days, and the owner of many winners, among them the fam-



Camp Street.

ous Tom Bowling. McGrath died some years ago on his farm in his native State, Kentucky.

Henry Perritt, one of the trio, in his pride and devotion to his adopted State, and for the South, at his own expense organized, equipped, and sent to the battlefields of Virginia, one of the finest military commands which set out from New Orleans in '861, known as the "Perritt Guards."

The firm of McGrath & Company had established itself at No. 4 Carondelet street, afterward the domicile of the "Boston Club," which they had purchased and fitted up at a cost of nearly seventy thousand dollars. This establishment was patronized and visited by leading men not only of this State and city, but by prominent men of the West and North, and especially was it the headquarters of all Southern and Western turfmen. All the pools on the races of the period, and particularly those on the races of the grand Old Metairie, were sold at McGrath's; and on these occasions the house, thronged with merchants, planters, lawyers, looked more like a club, or an exchange, than a gambling house. It would be superfluous, with such patronage and so much popularity, to speak of its success. It coined money, and no one begrudged this well-deserved success.

James Sherwood was born in North Carolina, of a poor but respectable family, and enjoyed few opportunities of early education; but gifted with lively mental qualities, those of imagination, imitation and observation, he contrived most successfully in after life to overcome the disadvantages and deficiencies of his youth. In his composition, egotism and selfishness found no lodging place. He had drifted unconsciously into this line of life, though born with tastes, inclinations and abilities, which in the sphere for which nature had fitted him, would have placed him on the highest pinnacle. Had Sherwood gone upon the stage and devoted himself to the study of comedy, he must have ranked with George Holland, the Placides, Chippendale, and Owens. As a *raconteur* he had few equals, and columns could be filled in reproducing the amusing stories and anecdotes with which he kept his friends or listeners in a perpetual state of merriment. So great was his enjoyment of social pleasures that he often invited friends and acquaintances to his palatial parlors with the express understanding that no game should be played, entertaining them with a sumptuous feast, at which the wit was as sparkling as the wine.

It was in the beginning of the late war, and during the early stages of that conflict, that he fairly exhibited the shining qualities of his loyal and generous nature. Ill health and a delicate constitution not permitting him to undergo the fatigues and hardships of camp and military life, he more than compensated for this exemption by aiding several organizations of New Orleans, supplying them with money, clothing and equipments. Nor did his good and loyal deeds



Sugar Cane Cutting, 18 Miles from New Orleans.

stop there, for he contributed generously to the families of those who remained at home.

At the same period that the popular house of Sherwood & McGrath flourished, there were several other large and elegantly appointed gaming houses which attempted to compete with it for popularity. One of these was owned and conducted by Lauraine and Cassidy. They,

no doubt, were very popular, and secured some share of success, as they had made their establishment very attractive by profuse liberality in their entertainments. Their supper service was of massive embossed silver, and formed a feature of the house. At this establishment it was that a prominent Greek merchant, the representative of a large Greek commercial firm having branches in all the large commercial cities of Europe and America, lost very large sums, which embarrassed his firm and led to his recall from the city. The loss at one night's play was reported at the time to have been eighty thousand dollars. This establishment, like that of McGrath, closed its doors in 1861.

One of the partners, Charles Cassidy, who went to New York, where he died, was a facile and entertaining writer, particularly on racing and turf matters. For awhile he was correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times*, reporting to that valuable sporting journal the spring and fall races at New Orleans, under the *nom de plume* of "Larkin."

Augustus Lauraine, his partner, also left New Orleans in 1861, and, after swinging all around the country, finally settled in the flourishing city of Dallas, Texas. There, however, he fell from grace in the estimation of his brother professionals in New Orleans on account of certain infractions of their rules. It must be understood that among these sporting men there exists a code as rigid and exacting as any enforced on any exchange and stock board. A debt between one and another is a sacred obligation—one which is never proscribed and never sued upon. If loss and misfortune befall any of them, they are ever ready to assist the unfortunate and contribute to his support. They never oppress with lawsuits, but at the same time they do require and exact by their code that if one retrieves his fortunes he shall come up like a man and take up his old obligations. This, it is claimed, Lauraine has not done, and that he has failed in gratitude, especially to one, a veteran of the fraternity in this city, the man and brother who had started and staked him in his first ventures in New Orleans.

A number of other establishments existed, among them that kept by Sam Levy and "Count" Lorenzo Lewis, called count, on account of his urbane and polite manners and faultless dressing. Then Montiro,

game and plucky little Montiro, who was located on Canal street, near Eyrich's. He followed our boys to Virginia, opened a house in Richmond, where he received, fed, and succored many a sick and wounded New Orleans soldier. Who of the old ones will forget the episode of Montiro's wounding and checking the boldest and most daring burglar ever in New Orleans, the notorious Charles Alexander Gordon?

There was also a quaint establishment at the corner of Toulouse and Chartres streets, kept by a Frenchman, with the Roman name of Curtius, called by courtesy a club, which is worthy of description on account of those who frequented the place, and were considered "habitues," or members. It was a hightoned place. There was no initiation fee, but every player paid fifty cents an hour. This entitled him to refreshments free of cost, and also to a solid, substantial and well cooked dinner, with claret ad libitum. The games played were Boston, poker, and chess. There was a limit to the betting at poker, not more than \$100 being allowed as a bet on one single hand. It was not public, and a formal introduction by an old member and indorsement of character were required before admission.

There were also, in olden times, a class of traveling gamblers, who journeyed up and down our western rivers, among whom there were characters worthy of a pen picture.

It was during the winter of 1850, that New Orleans was honored by the visit of a trio of titled and peripatetic gamblers, who might with more propriety, be called adventurers and imposters. Their names were the Duke de Calabritto, an Italian, and the Counts de Biennerie and de Frienge, both Hungarians, hailing from Pesth, who fleeced the whole town, especially the *jeunesse doree*, very thoroughly.

GRUESOME EXECUTIONS.

In former years all or nearly all executions were public; but the last one was that of Delisle and Adams, the former a Creole and the latter a Frenchman, who were convicted of murdering a woman in what is now known as the Third district. They saw the woman secrete a bag containing what they thought was specie, and they killed her to obtain possession of it, when, to their consternation, the bag was found to contain pecans. The circumstances surrounding their execution were so horrible that a riot was imminent. It is said that they appeared—to the eyes of the multitude assembled in the neutral ground on Orleans street—on the small gallery extending across the alley or court between the two buildings, the male and female departments, which form the Parish Prison.

Delisle was violent and demonstrative, whilst Adams was subdued and quiet, and wished to precipitate matters. The ropes were adjusted around their necks, Delisle expostulating loudly all the time. The weather was dark and gloomy, a sombre cloud overspread the face of the blue sky, angry flashes of lightning lit up the scene with short lurid darts of flame, followed by the dull, rolling noise of thunder in the distance.

The trap fell, and at the same instant a blinding flash of lightning, almost instantaneously followed by a loud clap of thunder, almost frightened the people into spasms. The rain poured down in torrents, drenching all. Many fled the terrible scene, rendered doubly terrible by the ominous appearance of the heavens. When the fear, which was only momentary with most of those present, had somewhat subsided, the ropes were seen dangling and swaying loosely in the wind, for there was nothing at the lower end.

On the flagging beneath the gallows two forms were seen lying on the pavement; they were the bodies of Delisle and Adams. The former started to crawl away on hands and feet, and the latter lay moaning with pain. His arm was broken. Pity for the two men be-

came predominant in the hearts of the multitude; but the law was inexorable, and its servants were compelled to perform their horrible duty. The two men were picked up and conducted back to their former positions on the scaffold, despite the torrents of rain which fell; and in defiance of what seemed to the terror-stricken people to be an intervention of Providence, they were hung.



The Haunted House, Chartres Street.

The police force at that time was under the command of Steve O'Leary, and he with a detail of fully two hundred men had great difficulty in quieting the mob during the confusion which ensued.

This execution was viewed with so much abhorrence and indignation throughout the city, that the Legislature at its next session passed a law prohibiting public executions.

Up to this time hangman's or execution day was a gala day; for the morbid curiosity so common to human nature then had an opportunity for gratification, and there were but few persons who remained at home.

Many persons are yet living in this city who remember when the condemned criminals were conducted under strong military escort to the Place d'Armes, or Congo square, the corner of Orleans and Rampart streets, or the neutral ground in front of the Parish Prison. In 1843, or thereabouts, a man was executed somewhere in the vicinity of Dryades and Felicity streets, then known as Gormley's Pond. His crime was the attempted assassination of Recorder Baldwin.

A number of instances where condemned criminals sought to cheat the hangman by suicide, can be cited. One was the case of a German who had murdered a child, and who sought to cut his throat with a piece of tin-plate or spoon; but the most notable and successful attempt was that of a man named Costello. He and a man named Pat Kennedy, both convicted of murder, were doomed to die on the same day. Kennedy had been respited on a previous occasion, although fully prepared then to meet his doom. When Costello was sentenced his execution was fixed for the same day. Several days previous to that fixed for the execution, the clothes which were to be worn by the condemned men were brought to them. In the cuff of Costello's shirt was concealed a small package of strychnine.

On the morning of the execution Costello said to Kennedy: "Are you going to let that howling crowd see you dance on nothing?"

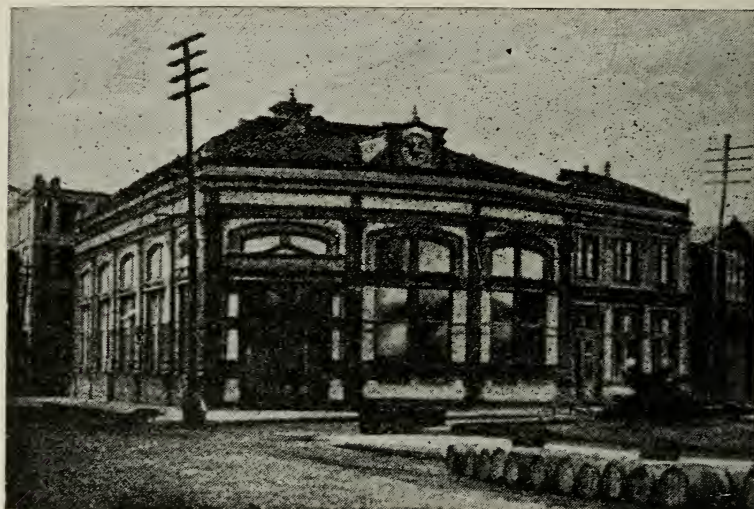
Kennedy did not answer; whereupon Costello tore open the wristband of his shirt and produced a package containing the poison. Facing Kennedy he said: "Here you can have half of this; there is enough for two."

Kennedy asked him what he was going to do, when Costello opened his mouth and dropped the contents of the package on his tongue and swallowed it. Kennedy gave the alarm, but too late, for half an hour afterwards Costello was in convulsions and beyond the reach of human skill or science. Kennedy died quietly, confident that his sins had been forgiven.

During what is now called Know-Nothing times, Antoine Cambre, who was under sentence of death, suicided by poison in the condemned

cell. He had been convicted of murder, having wantonly shot and killed a lamplighter, who was in the act of extinguishing a lamp one morning in the Third district.

On June the 16th, 1858, the first private execution under the law of the Legislature took place in the criminal yard of the Parish Prison, and James Nolan, a young man of 22 years, was launched into eternity.



The Sugar Exchange.

On March the 8th, 1869, a triple execution took place and Joseph Lindsey, Peter Smith and Henry Haus paid the penalty for the crime of murder. Lindsey was a young boarding-house runner, who killed a mate in a difficulty on shipboard, Henry Haus a German, who killed a fellow-prisoner in the lock-up, and Peter Smith, a backsliding minister of the gospel, who murdered his mistress.

On July 29, '859, James Mullen expiated the crime of murder on the gallows. For weeks previously Mullen used his coffin to sleep in. He passed his time in decorating this, his last home.

On May 7, 1862, W. B. Mumford was executed in front of the United States Mint on Esplanade street, charged with tearing down the Federal flag from that building. The trap door was built out in front of the middle of the landing at the head of the double flight of stairs leading up on each side. A strong military escort, both cavalry and infantry, was present, and kept the large crowd back from the fence. Mumford died, apparently without a struggle. The next execution was also a public one, and was carried into effect on the levee. The victim in this case was a soldier named Frances T. Scott, who foully murdered Major Pullen, of the 28th Maine Regiment. Father Duffo ministered to his spiritual wants. Scott was shot to death.

In 1870 a Malay named Bazar was on the scaffold, the rope was around his neck, the black cap had been drawn over his eyes. The executioner stood in cell No. 9 arrayed in his black domino, with his face covered by the sombre-hued mask. The nervous fingers of the hangman had already grasped the handle of the keen-edged axe, the arm was uplifted and about to fall, when a commutation of sentence stayed proceedings, and Bazar's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

Another case where a reprieve was granted at the last moment, almost, was that of six Confederate soldiers: Abraham McLane, Daniel Doyle, Edward C. Smith, Patrick Kane, George L. Williams and William Stanley. They had been captured at Fort Jackson by the Federal troops and paroled, and afterward endeavored to organize a company of Confederates in the city, called the Monroe Life Guards, armed and equipped to force their way through the lines. They were sentenced to be shot on the 4th of June, 1862, by Gen. Butler, but their sentence was commuted to imprisonment on Ship Island.

MARDI GRAS, THE GREAT CARNIVAL.

One of the most graphic papers of the celebrated Parisian critic and newspaper writer, Jules Janin, is an article published many years ago, entitled "Le Carnaval." Combining wit, erudition, philosophy and social ethics, the sketch, graced with all the fascinations of this inimitable *feuilletoniste's* style, would be as truthful and readable now as it was when, some forty years ago, it presented a dazzling kaleidoscope of the Mardi Gras celebration in Paris, at the height of that city's splendor and gayety, in Louis Philloppe's time.

Those were the days, too, of the prosperity of Louisiana, when her wealthy planters and merchants, descendants of the adventurous Frenchmen who colonized the delta of the Mississippi, looked to the motherland for their fashions, their amusements and their literature; and sent scores of their sons to Paris to complete their education. These young Creoles returned home with Parisian ideas and tastes so engrained in them that it was natural they should seek to transplant to New Orleans the theatrical, operatic, terpsichorean and other amusements of the great metropolis on the Seine.

It was in 1827, sometime before the elder Davis opened the old Orleans Theatre Ball-room, that a number of young Creole gentlemen, some of them just returned from finishing a Parisian education, organized the first street procession of masqueraders in New Orleans. One more splendid still, and still larger in numbers, took place on the Mardi Gras of 1837; and another, still more brilliant, in 1839.

The French side of the *Bee*, of Tuesday, 13th February, 1839, had a very gay and witty article on the day's celebration, written by one of its assistant editors, Hans Boussuge, a talented young Frenchman, a new-comer from Paris, who died a year or two after, of yellow fever. This article concludes thus:

"The persons who are to take part in the masquerade are requested to meet at the Theatre d'Orleans, at 3 1-2 o'clock p. m., at the latest.

ORDER OF MARCH.

From the Theatre d'Orleans, Royal street, St. Charles, Julia, Camp, Chartres, Conde, Esplanade, Royal."

We very well remember the appearance of this long and brilliant cavalcade as it passed up St. Charles street, near Lafayette square, one of the most conspicuous figures being an immense chicken cock, six feet high, who rode in a vehicle and whose stentorian crow, as he flapped his big wings, elicited cheers of admiration and applause from the crowds on the sidewalks. A distinguished physician, then quite a young man, it was understood, bore this admirably rendered disguise.

A grand mask and fancy dress ball in the old St. Louis Hotel Ball-room, and one in the Salle d'Orleans (next to the theatre) wound up the famous Mardi Gras of '839.

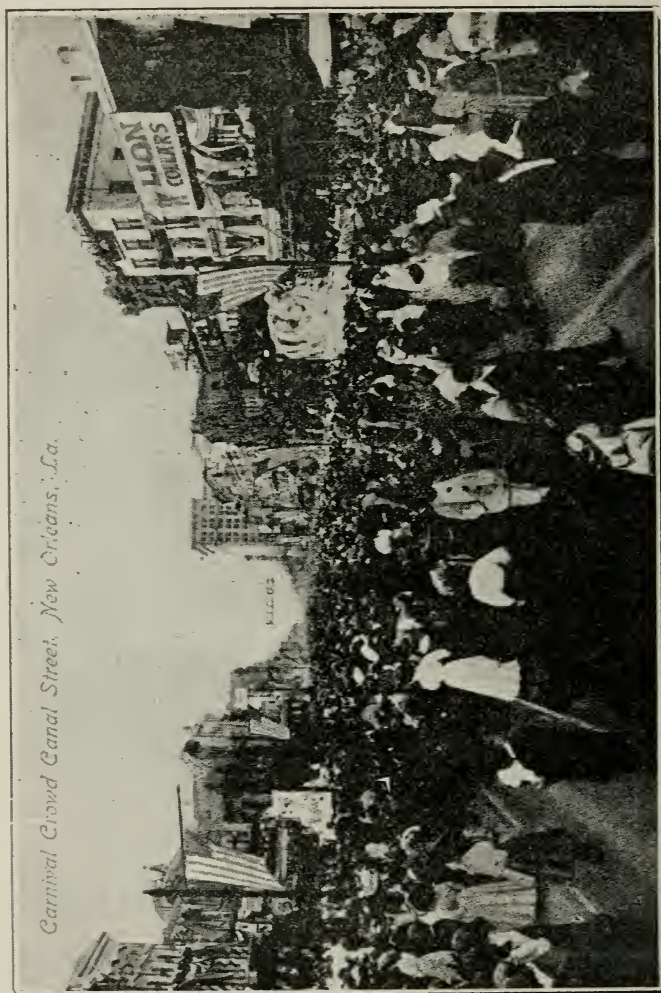
From 1840 to 1845, several of these brilliant day displays took place. They were in the hands of gentlemen representing all the respectable element of the city's heterogeneous population, and were conducted in the same thorough style, and with the same taste and liberal expenditure that have made the later displays of the Mistick Krewe, the Twelfth Night Revelers, and the Knights of Momus memorable gala nights in the history of New Orleans.

The lapse of years and changes of fortune brought many changes, also, in the social characteristics of New Orleans; and the day celebration of Mardi Gras lapsed into oblivion. The last, most brilliant and most successful of all, delighted and amused the town, after several years' quiescence and neglect, on the Mardi Gras of 1852.

A number of New Orleans' first young men determined to get up a procession, on the occasion alluded to, that would equal in numbers, in order, variety, elegance and piquancy of costumes, any that the chronicles of Mardi Gras in this country could record. The announcement of this intention, through the press, excited universal curiosity; and when the memorable day came, New Orleans boasted of an accession to her population, in the shape of visitors from the North, West and South, that has not been surpassed since.

The procession traversed the leading streets of the city, which were positively jammed with admiring throngs, and at night the old Orleans Theatre was the center of attraction for all that the Crescent

City held of beauty and fashion. The maskers of the day there re-



Carnival Crowd Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Carnival Crowd on Canal Street.

ceived their friends; and that bewildering ball was long remembered

as the gem of many such jewels clustering in the diadem of the Queen of the South.

In these days, however, the celebration of Mardi Gras was confined mainly to a number of maskers who walked or rode around the streets. It was a great day with the boys, also, who, clothed in old dominoes and masks, with a stout hickory club in their hands and a bag of flour by their sides, would march around the streets, looking for an available victim on whom they could throw their flour, and whom, if they resisted, they would punish with their shillelaghs. Some of the wilder boys, conceived, however, the idea of substituting lime for flour, and as this on more than one occasion came very near producing blindness, the police had to step in and arrest the boys. This surveillance was kept up for several years, until both the flour and the lime disappeared. The flour throwing was evidently a relic of the Roman habit of throwing little confetti made of paste or plaster at maskers

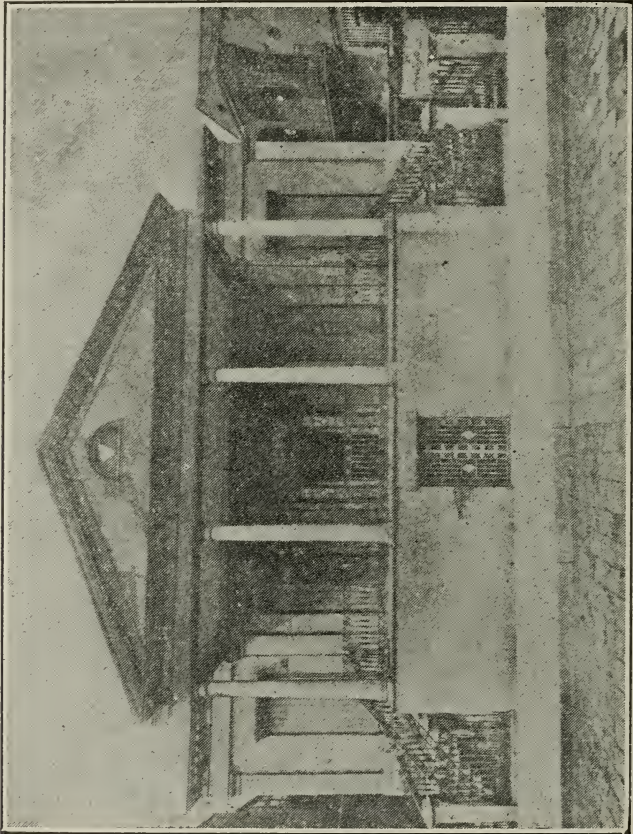
But, although for many years Mardi Gras was celebrated by the appearance of many maskers on the streets, there was no attempt at a general procession or celebration such as we have to-day.

Mobile first inaugurated the idea of presenting scenes on floats moving around the streets, the Cowbellsions of that city having had a parade as early as 1831. The first entertainment of this kind in New Orleans was given in 1857. The affair had been well worked up, and there was so much secrecy about it that not even the wives of those who were engaged in it knew aught of it. All that the public was aware of was that an organization, known as the Mistick Krewe, would appear on the streets at night, representing various tableaux. The consequence was that the streets were crowded with people, who welcomed this display with shouts of applause. Its complete success was assured, and as a consequence the Mistick Krewe has not since ceased to parade on Mardi Gras except when war or pestilence forbade.

The following is a description of the first appearance of the Mistick Krewe procession on our streets, from a paper of that date:

"This Krewe, concerning whose identity and purposes there had been tortures of curiosity and speculation, made their *debut* before the public in a very unique and attractive manner. They went

through the streets at nine o'clock with torchlights, in a guise as much resembling a deputation from the lower regions as the mind could possibly conceive. The masks displayed every fantastic idea of the fearful and horrible, their effect being, however, softened down



Gen'l Beauregard's Mansion, in the Old French Quarter.

by the richness and beauty of the costumes, and the verdant decorum of the devils inside.

"After going through the principal streets, and calling upon Mayor Waterman for the purpose, we suppose, of obtaining a license

to "raise the supernatural" in the Gaiety Theatre, they proceeded to that elegant establishment in order to entertain the hosts of guests they had summoned.

"The interior of the theatre was decorated with a profusion of hanging wreaths and festoons of flowers. In a short time after the doors were thrown open, all the space inside, apart from the floor and stage, was jammed with an audience composed of the *elite* of Louisiana and the adjacent States—none being in mask but the Krewe.

"In due time the Mistick Krewe appeared on the stage in the full glare of the lights. If we may so speak, they were beautiful in their ugliness—charming in their repulsiveness. There were upwards of a hundred of them, and no two alike, whilst all were grotesque to the last degree. They represented the different characters with which religion, mythology and poesy have peopled the Infernal Regions, and which Milton has aggregated in his "Paradise Lost."

"Four tableaux were given. The first represented Tartarus, the second, the Expulsion, the third, the Conference of Satan and Belzebub, and the fourth, and last, the Pandemonium.

"At the conclusion of the tableaux, the barriers were removed, and the brilliant audience crowded upon the dancing floor. The Mistick Krewe having disbanded, dispersed among the crowd and joined in the dance in a manner which showed them to be very gentlemanly and agreeable devils."

MINOR MASKING CLUBS ALSO ADD TO THE ANNUAL REVELRY.

Knights of Proteus, new organization, appeared in 1882, the day before Mardi Gras, with a very handsome parade. A Dream of Egypt, showing the various Egyptian deities, Osiris, Isis, Thoth and Nilus; the Mourning of the Egyptians, an Egyptian Wedding, etc.

HOW THE PARADES ARE PREPARED.

The Carnival celebration in New Orleans has of late years surpassed, in extent and grandeur, all similar events occurring either in Europe or this country. Beside it the carnivals of the Corso of Rome and the canals of Venice are tame affairs, lacking the exquisite order

and organization with which the Americans have endowed it. Though frequently described in letters and by the public press, it yet has to be seen to be appreciated, and few enjoy that privilege once without thereafter making an annual pilgrimage to the Crescent City during its festive season.



Tilton's Library—Tulane University

Few understand the admirable and thorough system of organization, through which alone such grand successes can be achieved—a system as complete in its little way as that of an army or an established government.

In fact, it does embrace a phantom government, ruled over by the mythical Rex, whose reign is absolute for twenty-four hours, during

which his flag is alone permitted to fly; and whose edicts are as implicitly obeyed as were those of an Alexander or a Nero. The central power is contributed to and supported by several secret societies, each independent within itself, but all co-operating to a single end. Outside of Rex's court there are other and some older secret associations, such as the Mistick Krewe, the Twelfth Night Revelers, the Knights of Momus, etc. Each of these has its own distinct gala night devoted to its street procession and its tableau balls, to which the tickets are invariably complimentary.

The expense of one these displays ranges in cost from \$12,000 to \$18,000, and sometimes higher. In one instance Rex's display cost \$28,000. Each association owns its twenty floats, its ladders and lights, housings for the draft-horses and disguises for the torch-bearers, but none of them have any known permanent meeting-place, which changes constantly and is kept sacredly secret.

Each association numbers from 150 to 200 men, generally club men, some of them grand-fathers. One hundred are generally selected to appear in the display, while the others are utilized in other duties which are more onerous than is generally supposed. The preparation for a display occupies almost an entire year, and the torch-lights of one hardly die out before work is on foot for its successor, all of which is conducted with the greatest secrecy.

The first step taken after Mardi Gras is a meeting for the election of a design committee for the ensuing year, over whom is elevated "the captain," with absolute power, experience having demonstrated imperial power and blind obedience to be the main essentials of the system.

Next the artist is summoned for consultation. Each member of the committee now proposes one or more subjects for treatment, the best half-dozen of which are delivered to the artist to reproduce in rough crayon sketches throughout. When completed, the committee meets again for consultation, and a final selection is made. This is always the most difficult problem encountered, and generally consumes an entire month, after which the work begins in earnest.

The artist at once commences the preparation of accurate water color sketches of each of the hundred characters, upon cardboards about the size of an imperial photograph. These are finished to the

minutest detail and carefully colored for the use of the costume manufacturer, the material of which every part of the dress is to be made being inscribed upon it.

These completed to the satisfaction of the design committee—no easy task, by the way, and one requiring a couple of months for execution—the cast of characters is then made in harmony with the individual characteristics of the members, who from that time forward also their identity and are designated only by numbers which are inscribed upon the separate character cards. These cards also bear upon their reverse the height, girth, weight, size of foot, head and hand, together with a record of the physical peculiarities of the individual who is to assume the indicated role.

This done, the artist at once commences upon a duplicate series of eighteen or twenty larger and much more elaborate water color designs in which all the characters appear grouped in the respective emblematic tableaux they are to exhibit upon the floats in the street procession, together with the float, designs, decorations and accessories, each one being a little scene within itself.

When completed, one set of these—each figure duly numbered—is posted upon the walls of the club-room, or “The Den,” as it is generally called, for the members’ close scrutiny and study during the balance of the year.

The other set, together with the individual character cards, are then either taken or sent to Paris, where the costumes are manufactured and numbered to correspond. These preliminaries are generally consummated by July 1, and a short breathing spell ensues, during which time the local papier-mâché maker is busy moulding the properties which are required to decorate the floats.

By December 1st, the costumes generally arrive in New Orleans. They are at once removed to “The Den,” where they are ranged upon long tables, each costume being surmounted with its appropriate picture. Here, during a period of six or eight weeks, the members come in regular detail to be fitted with their dresses by a corps of tailors, armorers and milliners in constant attendance for that purpose.

This task completed to perfect satisfaction, each costume is placed in one of a hundred boxes, duly numbered with the cast num-

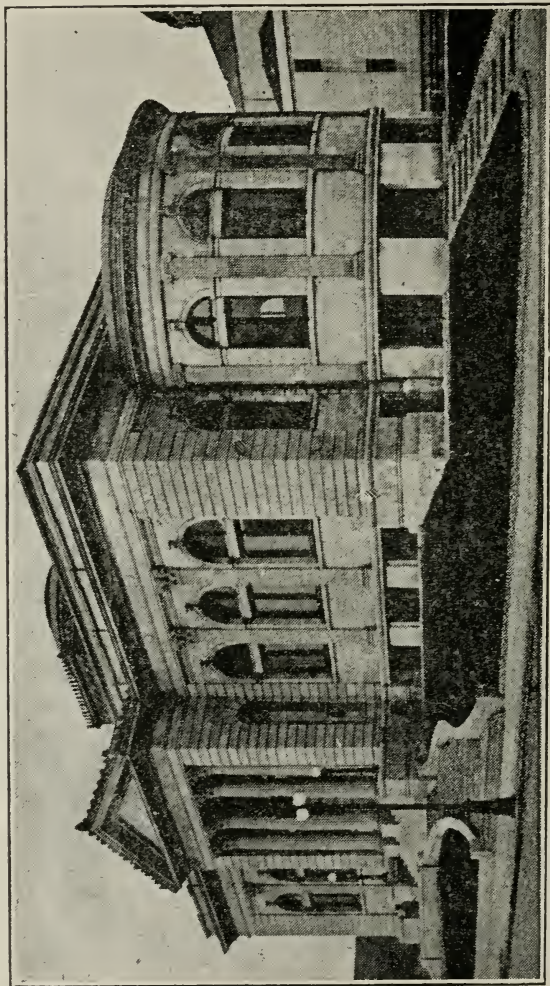
ber, which is locked up and laid aside in waiting for the eventful night. Meanwhile the Float Committee, with the duplicate set of designs, has been engaged for weeks at some out of the way place, generally the yard of a cotton press, building up, with the aid of carpenters, painters, carvers, gilders and papier-mache makers, the wonderful structures upon which the figures are to pose during the street procession. Another committee is at work preparing for the ball, which takes place at the Opera House, and is generally preceded by three tableaux, the last embracing all the characters, the large and elaborate designs for which have consumed most of the artist's leisure time up to the holidays.

As the eventful day, or rather night, approaches nearer, everybody is at work—some preparing the lights for the procession, some engaging horses, others drilling the torch bearers, who are forced to discharge their duties with military precision; others arranging matters with the authorities, so that the streets will be in order and all obstructions removed—all this being accomplished with such thorough system and secrecy that not until the display is actually upon the street, are the public aware of either its subject or where it will first appear.

A few days prior to the great event the boxes containing the costumes and other properties are moved at dead of night to some building, in the immediate vicinity of the yards where the floats have been prepared. The front of this building, generally a warehouse, is kept closed and the windows darkened. Temporary entrances are improvised by cutting through the walls into adjoining houses, so that it can be reached from two or three different streets by members of the association, who alone are in the secret.

The processions usually move about 9 o'clock at night, but as early as 2 p. m., upon the appointed day, the members commence straggling into the Den, all in full evening dress. This they remove and deposit in their numbered boxes in place of the costume in which they array themselves. About 7 o'clock in the evening, when all are dressed, the roll is called; the characters (all masked) take their places in line, and a final inspection takes place.

About this time a squad of police arrives upon the scene, and after



The Main Public Library Building.

clearing the street in front of the building, cordon all the cross streets

for four or five squares. Into the left of this reserve space shortly file the torch-bearers under guidance of officers, who silently take up the places along the curbs for the entire distance. In a few moments the floats follow and drive in regular order up to the door of the warehouse. When the first arrives the hitherto sealed doors are thrown open, and a long bridge is run out over the sidewalk. As the captain calls the numbers each man steps out and takes his appointed place upon the floats, which are driven off expeditiously until all are in line. The bands are then marched to position, and everything is in order in a remarkably short space of time.

The proceedings, so far, have been conducted in utter darkness. The captain then rides rapidly along the lines, and, finding everything in order, gives an appointed signal. In a moment all the torches flash out into a blazing parallogram of light, securely inclosing the procession, and guarded outside at regular intervals by the police, who have quietly taken up position.

The procession thus formed marches rapidly until it reaches the nearest prominent thoroughfare, when the bands strike up, the bombs explode, the rockets fly, and port fires of every color blaze brilliantly along the line, over which hangs a heavy cloud of smoke, reflecting the many-hued tints of a monstrous fantastically illuminated canopy, which lends an indescribable weirdness to the unnatural, yet artistic scene.

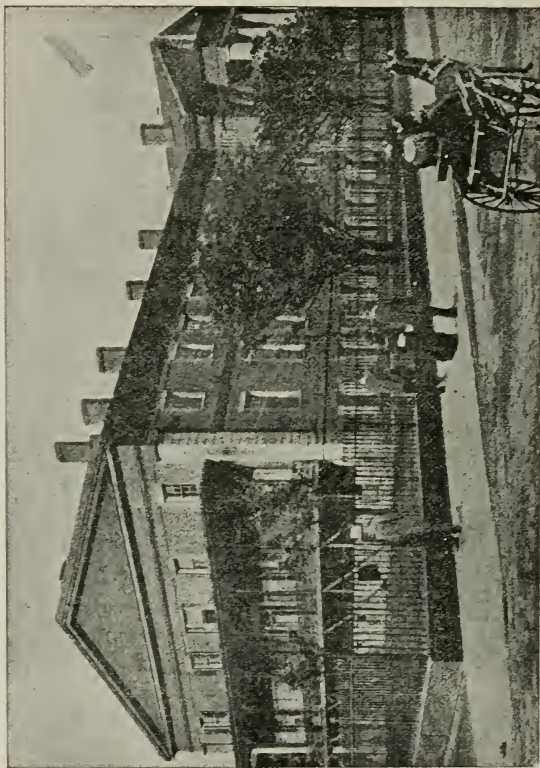
After traversing the route appointed, which is generally short and hemmed in by throngs of admiring and wonder-stricken people, the floats finally arrive at the stage-door of the Opera House, where they unload their living freight, and drive rapidly away in the darkness.

Meanwhile the boxes containing the clothing of the members have been taken by express wagons to the Opera House, and are all arranged in order in the dressing rooms.

The tableaux generally occupy the time up to 11 o'clock, after which the characters are permitted to mingle with the guests upon the dancing floor, under no restrictions save that of keeping their individuality unrevealed.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the captain's shrill whistle sounds, and from that moment they gradually disappear, until long before the next

hour strikes every one has vanished and the members are mingling unnoticed among the guests, save where they are occasionally found explaining their absence for the day to unsuspecting wives or daughters, with the most unconscionable excuses, and—not to put too fine a point up it—lies.

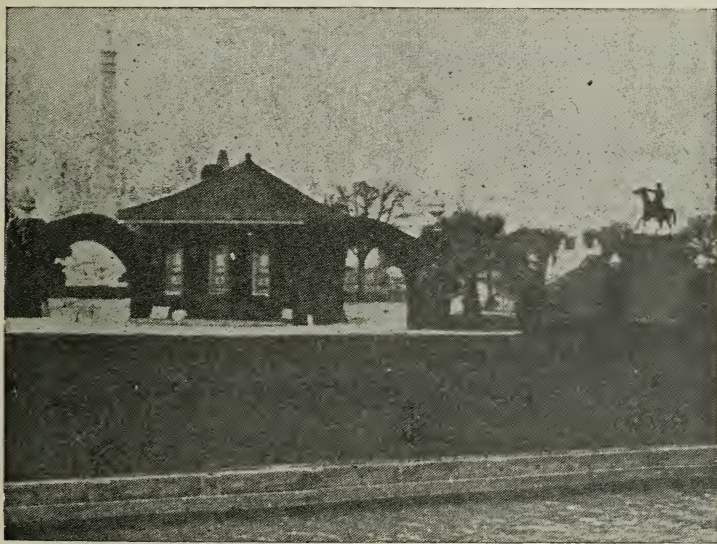


U. S. MINT

They have merely slipped into the dressing rooms, exchanging their costumes for ordinary everyday dress, and long before the ball closes in the wee sma' hours the express wagons have carried the entire paraphernalia back to the den and packed it away securely. When the actor gets up in the morning it is all over, as fleeting and illusive as the dreams from which he wakes.

WHERE THE DEAD SLEEP.

The day of All Saints, Hallowmas or All Hallows has from very early times been celebrated as a festival by the Church. In pagan times, before the Christian era, the people of various nations, particularly those of the Celtic race, were accustomed to celebrate the 1st of May, when the earth was crowned with flowers, and the 1st of November, when the fall of the leaf heralded the death of nature.



Entrance to Metairie Cemetery.

The Church, wisely choosing rather to adopt and utilize these popular festivals than to destroy them, incorporated them into the calendar.

The death of the flowers and the approaching dissolution of nature as represented in the vegetable kingdom, naturally suggests to a poetical fancy the death of friends and loved ones, and so the 1st of November became a day when the dead were remembered and their tombs adorned with the floral offerings of the living.


The cemeteries of New Orleans are in many respects different from those of most other countries and cities. Built in a marsh, the city has neither cellars for the houses of the living nor graves for the dead. For both, habitations must be built above the ground, and side by side with the city of the living is the city of the dead. In fact, the older cemeteries, such as the St. Louis, Girod, Lafayette and others, which were once the outskirts of the town, are now in the heart of the populous part of the city, and every consideration of public sanitation demands that they be closed against further interments.

The old cemeteries of New Orleans are rich in engraved annals which include nearly all the names identified with the founding and growth of the city. Inscriptions of the French, Spanish and English tongues show the successive nationalities that have dominated this ancient municipality, while the Latin epitaph marks the last resting place of the priest or prelate, representing the Church which belonged to every age and to which all nationalities were as one, since people of all races were its children.

The weather is always bright, crisp and delightful. On All Saints' day that is proverbial, and a rainy November 1st is almost unknown.

By act of Congress the entire North has adopted one of the most poetic traditions of this French city. This flower town, on the first day of November, has from time immemorial, closed all her places of toil or trade and gone forth by thousands and hundreds of thousands with baskets of flowers to decorate the graves of its dead. There are flowers in the yards in New Orleans in November, flowers in the fields, on the walls and in the hedges, wild and tame; flowers of all colors and all kinds. And on this particular day it is as if all these flowers, gathered in the arms of a hundred thousand pretty children, had set out to decorate the graves of the cherished dead. Nearly every street in New Orleans is a living, moving mass of fragrant flowers and beautiful children. And all this is sincere. No idle sentimentality about it; but each one who bears flowers has some memory of cherished kindred to hold sacred and beautify with flowers, as has been the custom here for generations out of mind.

A vast, flat field, with trees here and there, some stately and venerable oaks with moss sweeping almost to the ground; a field of tombs,

with lanes and avenues, a painful monotony of rounded sepulchres that constantly reminded one of the white covered wagons in a great camp, for the dead are buried above ground here, laid in tiers inside these great white wagon covers that dot the vast level field of green grass and mossy oaks and orange trees. The floral offerings are mostly immortelles wrought into anchors, harps, crosses and crowns, and other emblematical figures. A very pretty design represents a sickle embracing a sheaf of wheat which it has cut down. Of fresh flowers, white chrysanthemums are used in great numbers, and with beautiful effect. The large trumpet flowers of the white dotura are also seen in numbers. 

A singularly pretty sight as you enter this home of the dead is that of a heavily laden orange tree growing close up to and over one of these white and monotonous tombs. The apples of gold in the fervidly green foliage, and there, this gold and green, this life against death, this green and gold dashed against the cold, white tomb, making a marked and a remarkable picture.

At each of the many gates of the very many graveyards of New Orleans on All Saints' Day sits a silent nun, or sister of charity, in her snowy habit of purity, with little orphans at her side. These are her flowers; their fathers, mothers, are up the avenue, further on, resting with the dead. A little plate sits by, and each person as he enters the cemetery drops something into it.

The Firemen's Cemetery at Metairie Ridge is full of interest. It has a number of fine tombs belonging to various fire companies. They were splendidly decorated and were the centers of great attraction for visitors.

On the main aisle is the column that commemorates John T. Monroe, the war Mayor of the city.

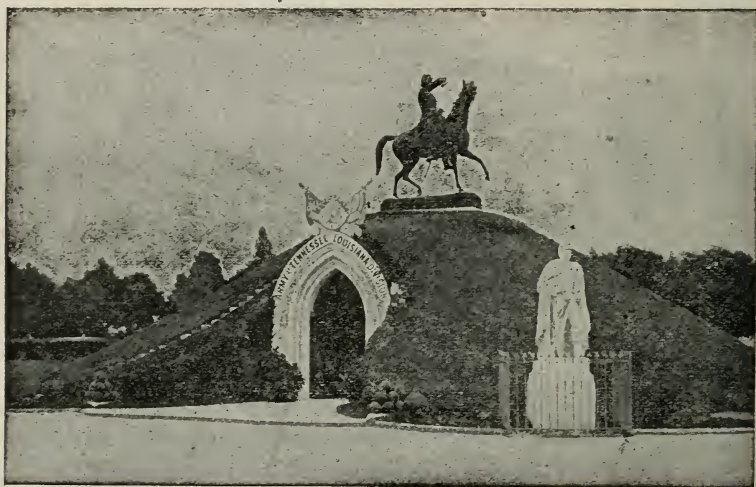
Maunsel White, the merchant, soldier and patriot, sleeps there. He lives in the hearts of many and is immortalized among epicures by the celebrated sauce he invented, which to-day is found on many a dinner table.

Irad Ferry, the heroic fireman, who lost his life in saving that of a child, is celebrated by a splendid marble column. He died January 4, 1837, while rescuing a little one from a burning building.

The Bakers' Society tomb is also in that cemetery.

In Metairie Cemetery, which marks where the famous old Metairie race-course once was, the Army of Northern Virginia has a tomb surmounted by a column bearing a statue of Stonewall Jackson, and the Washington Artillery monument is crowned by a statue of their old commander, Colonel J. B. Walton.

Just as the gate is entered the new tomb of the Army of Tennessee is seen. It is a Gothic vault covered with a green, grassy mound. Inside are receptacles for forty-eight bodies. The whole is of solid masonry, finished in marble. It is to be surmounted by a equestrian



Albert Sidney Johnston Monument—Metairie Cemetery

statue in bronze of General Albert Sidney Johnston, the statue to be executed by Alexander Doyle, the sculptor.

On a block of stone near the entrance is to stand in marble an orderly sergeant "calling the roll," executed by Doyle. Inside the vault, marble tablets bear the names of the battles of the association.

The entrance of the vault is surmounted by a trophy of arms and flags, such as appears on the badges of the association. It was designed by Perelli, the New Orleans sculptor.

In Greenwood, the societies of the Swis., of the Typographers, inaugurated in 1855, and of the Association of Alsace and Lorraine, in 1874, are conspicuous; but the beautiful and artistic monument dedicated to the Confederate dead, under which sleep near five hundred soldiers of the Lost Cause, and over which a marble sentinel ever keeps watch, is one of the finest tombs in the country.

In the Old St. Louis No. 1, the oldest of the cemeteries, are seen almost in juxtaposition the tombs of Benedics Van Pradelles, an officer of the Revolution with Lafayette, who died in 1808, and of Paul Morphy, the world's greatest chess player, who died in June, 1884.

In this cemetery many of the oldest tombs are so dilapidated that they can not be identified, and some are missing altogether.

In St. Louis No. 2, the various historic stratifications appear in strong contrast, but closely associated. The fine tomb of General J. B. Plauche, the friend of General Jackson, the Commander of the Orleans Batalion in the war of 1812-14, and one of the defenders of New Orleans in the famous victory over the British, tells of the early history of the city. The veteran was subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the State.

Dominique You, one of Lafitte's pirates, another defender of New Orleans in that same memorable battle, sleeps in a plain brick tomb not far off. The tablet bears no date, but discloses the words: "The New Bayard, the intrepid warrior and patriot." His was a history full of romance and strange adventure.

Alexander Milne, the philanthropist, born in Scotland, but long a resident of this city, sleeps under a massive granite pillar. He died at the age of 94 in 1838, and left a large fortune to endow the Milne Asylum for orphan boys in New Orleans.

Francis Xavier Martin, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and author of a history of Louisiana, is represented by a granite column. He graced the Supreme bench as early as 1815.

Pierre Soulé, Senator of the United States, jurist, diplomat and orator, sleeps there. A native of France, he attained the highest distinction in Louisiana, and he rests in the bosom of his adopted country.

On all hands are the tombs of men who were identified with the history of the city from the earliest times to the present, and to mention their names would be to fill a volume. A relic of the days of

reconstruction is the tomb of Oscar J. Dunn, colored, Lieutenant-Governor of the State under Warmoth.

Of society tombs, those of the Iberian Society, erected in 1848; the Spanish Cazadores, erected in 1836, are most distinguished.



Chinese Funeral in St Louis Cemetery

St. Louis No. 3, at Bayou Ridge, contains many interesting tombs. Colonel Charles D. Dreux, one of the first Southerners to give his life for his country, sleeps there. He fell at Bethel, Va., July 5, 1861.

A tomb, bearing an inscription which tells that James Gallier, architect, and his wife, Marie, were lost at sea October 31, 1866, when the

steamship Evening Star foundered with all on board, in a hurricane off the coast of Florida, brings up a thrill of sympathetic horror as the dreadful event is recalled.

Girod Cemetery is old and dilapidated. It does not bear the marks of constant attention seen elsewhere, but it had many visitors, and its tombs are interesting. Prominent is the monument to Colonel W. W. S. Bliss, a son-in-law of General Taylor, and chief of staff of the army commanded by him in the Mexican war. He survived all its battles and died peacefully. The monument was built by his friends of West Point.

The monument of the Marine Association and the splendid temple of the New Lusitanos are also prominent. Many colored societies have large and well constructed receptacles for the dead, but an item of more than ordinary interest is recorded on a marble tablet of a slave, an old family servant. It reads as follows: "Mammy, aged 84, a faithful servant. She lived and died a Christian." Nothing could be more simple, nothing more touching. It was a gleam of light from the days of slavery, showing that the ties of a common humanity were not destroyed by that institution.

Lafayette Cemetery contains many fine and historic tombs.

Henry W. Allen, the war Governor of Louisiana, sleeps here beneath a lofty column. General John B. Hood and General Harry T. Hays, distinguished figures on the Southern side in the Civil War, are there also, besides many lesser officers and soldiers.

S. J. Peters, who died in 1855, rests there.

Lafayette No. 2 is a new cemetery; but prominent among its monuments are those of the French Society of Jefferson, built in 1872, and that of the Butchers' Association, built in 1868. The last-named is very large, containing room for eighty corpses. It was much visited by ladies.

The Valence Street Cemetery, better known as the City Cemetery of Jefferson City, is situated at the far end of Valence street.

St. Vincent No. 1 is comparatively a new cemetery, and one of the most beautifully arranged in the city. On entering the main gate are seen on both sides of the center avenue handsome and well-kept tombs, showing that those who sleep within their portals are well remembered.

There are four cemeteries in Algiers—St. Bartholomew, St. Mary, Olivier and the Firemen's Charitable Association of the Fifth District. All Saints' Day is always observed in Algiers, and flowers and wreaths are profusely strewn over the graves of the dear departed.

St. Bartholomew Cemetery occupies the square bounded by De Armas, Verret, Lapeyrouse and Franklin streets, and is the oldest cemetery in Algiers, having been established in 1849. St. Mary's, on the opposite side of De Armas street, was opened recently as a receptacle on account of the overcrowded condition of St. Bratholomew Cemetery.

At the corner of Market and Verret streets is situated the Olivier Cemetery, established and used by the wealthy and numerous family of that name and their descendants. It covers nearly a square of ground, surrounded by a high plank fence, which is always kept in excellent repair and well whitewashed. On the grounds there has been a house built by Mr. Olivier and his brother, in which reside the keepers of the cemetery. A small chapel adjoins, the altar of which is always festooned with flowers, and on either side are the portraits of members of the family.

The Firemen's burying ground is on Webster avenue. It was purchased but a few years ago, and as yet contains only a few tombs.

In the rear of the town of Gouldsboro, which was formerly called McDonoghville, in a field near the Morgan Railroad track, is an empty sarcophagus, in which once rested the remains of the philanthropist John McDonogh. It is built of marble, and is about four feet high, ten feet long and six feet wide, and is in a good state of preservation, although brown with age. The remains were removed to Baltimore some years since, and his tomb in that city is said to be annually decorated by the school children in grateful remembrance for the benefits derived from the wealth he bequeathed for educational purposes.

There are other graves in the field where once did rest the remains of McDonogh. Some are old and dilapidated, and some well kept.

In Gretna there is the cemetery of William Tell Hook and Ladder Company. This cemetery was first made a resting place for the dead in 1858, and each year the graves are decorated with care.

The Bisbee graveyard, as it was once known, is the oldest in Gretna, and was named out of respect to the memory of Judge D. W. F. Bisbee, who is buried there. It has recently been purchased by the Catholics, and called after St. Joseph.

The National Cemetery at Chalmette is in charge of the Quartermaster's Department.

This beautiful resting place of the dead is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, a little over one mile below the Jackson Barracks. The ground was donated by the city in 1865, and was laid out by Captain Barnard.

There are 12,192 graves—6,913 of these are classed as "Known," and 5,279 are marked as "Unknown."

MONUMENTS.

The Monuments and Statues In and Around New Orleans.

The monuments of New Orleans are numerous and handsome. While the founder of the city is without one, if we may expect a bas relief in the central room of the Customhouse; while, indeed, not one of the many of the native Creoles who have obtained high positions in the world of literature and art has received recognition, the city has raised memorials to more than a dozen persons.

Another case of neglect, fully as great as that shown Bienville, is the decayed condition of the monument erected in honor of the battle of New Orleans.

The Jackson monument, as this is called, on the plains of Chalmette, named in honor of the old bachelor planter who owned the grounds—Chalmette—is situated about a mile below the slaughterhouse. You reach it via the Levee & Barracks cars and walk along the levee.

On the other hand, New Orleans can claim some credit for raising the only monument to a woman ever erected in the United States. In a little grassy plot of ground at the intersection of Camp and Prytania streets, stands the white marble figure of a woman, inscribed with the simple name, "Margaret." Seated in a chair with a shawl around her shoulders and one arm thrown around the neck of a child, is the figure of the deceased Margaret Haughery, "the orphans'



Jackson Statue and St. Louis Cathedral

friend." The location is well selected, for it faces the Female Orphan Asylum, toward the establishment of which Margaret did so much. The woman whom it is intended to honor, was unable to either read or write, but by her energy acquired a considerable fortune, all the income from which was given to the various orphan asylums of New Orleans, without regard to sect; and at her death a few years ago, the whole of her fortune was bequeathed for their support.

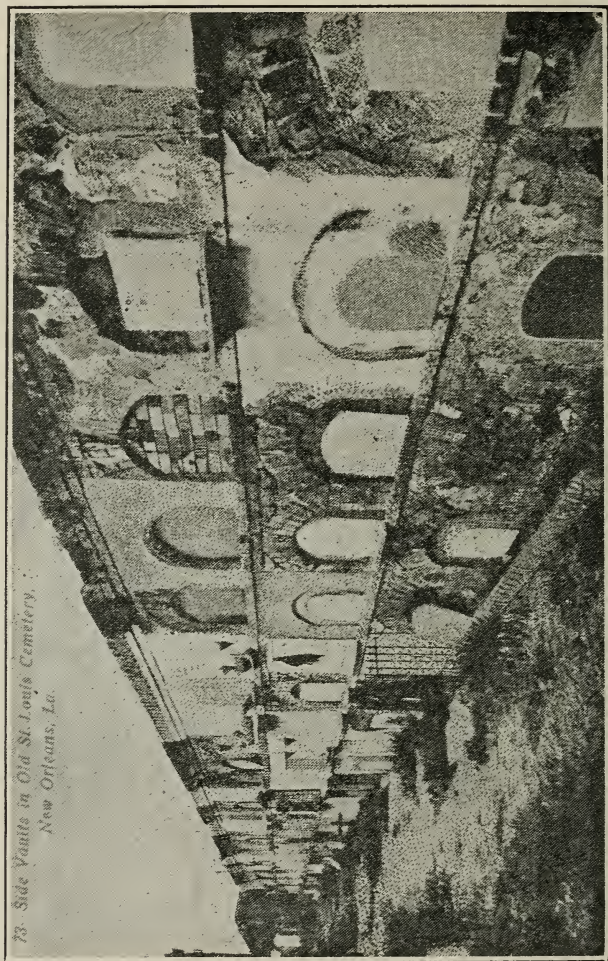
Clay statue, once on Canal street where Royal and St. Charles meet, is now in Lafayette Square. The corner-stone was laid by the Clay Statue Association on April 12, 1856. The inauguration, which called out one of the grandest and largest public gatherings that ever took place in New Orleans, was on the 12th of April, 1860. On that occasion Colonel J. B. Walton acted as Grand Marshal and Colonel J. O. Nixon as First Assistant-Marshal. Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky, the artist who gave form and proportions to the Clay statue, was present at the inauguration, and Wm. H. Hunt, Esq., was the orator of the day.

The statue itself is a perfect likeness of the illustrious statesman. Its height is about fifteen feet. This, with the foundation circle, steps and pedestal, makes it stand some forty feet high.

The marble statue of Franklin, once in the center of Lafayette Square where now stands Clay statue, and then removed to Camp street, and at present is at the Main Public Library Building, is connected with the story of the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, the author of the "Greek Slave." When Powers first went to Italy to study art, a number of New Orleans people, in order to assist him, ordered from him a statue of Benjamin, for which they paid five thousand dollars in advance; while the State of Louisiana gave him fifteen thousand dollars for a statue of Washington. This was in 1844, before Powers had won the reputation he afterwards enjoyed. The statue, however, was not completed, and, the war intervening, the original gift to Powers was forgotten until 1869, when the matter was brought up again. Powers then agreed to complete the statue, which was done in 1871, and it was given to the city upon the condition that a granite base should be erected. A series of contretemps followed. The statue arrived, but by some mistake was advertised for sale; the granite for the pedestal was shipped from Boston, but lost at sea; a second lot was never heard of, and it was not until 1873 that the statue was finally erected on its present location.

The statue of General Robert E. Lee, in Lee Circle, at the intersection of St. Charles avenue and Delord street, was unveiled during the carnival of 1883, in the presence of an immense multitude, and while a severe rain and wind storm was raging. The pillar, which is 100 feet high, is hollow, and a stairway in the center gives access to

a small chamber at the top immediately under the statue, from which



73. Side Vaults in Old St. Louis Cemetery,
New Orleans, La.

An Old Vault in St. Louis Cemetery.

a view of the city can be obtained. The statue is a colossal of bronze representing Lee with folded arms surveying the scene of battle.

The Jackson monument, in Jackson Square, is the first equestrian statue ever produced representing the horse in the act of rearing. This peculiar attitude was the invention of Clark Mills, who designed the statue, and is rendered possible by making the fore part of the animal hollow, while the remainder is solid.

The monument was erected in 1851, the money for this purpose being raised by popular subscription, the largest contribution coming from Madame Pontalba, who owned the rows of buildings opposite, and who placed the square, the old Place d'Armes, in which the statue stands, in its present condition. At the cemeteries are a number of statues memorial of the war, which have been described in a previous chapter.

McDonogh, patron of our public schools, is remembered by a monument in Lafayette Square, occupying a place of honor facing the City Hall.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

The Cotton Exchange, at the corner of Carondelet and Gravier streets, is considered by many the handsomest and most graceful building in the city. The building is of the ornate Italian style of architecture, elaborately carved and ornamented.

The Exchange room proper is situated on the ground floor of the building, and extends from Carondelet street back to Varieties alley, a distance of 100 feet, with a width of 50 feet. There is, perhaps, no room on this side the Atlantic on the embellishment of which so much time and pains have been expended.

On first entering the visitor is surprised at the wealth of decoration, and the eye is for the moment dazed with elaborate design and prodigality of fresco. The interior is of the Renaissance style throughout, and is one of the most gorgeous illustrations of Lienard's school.

Entering from Carondelet street, the ceiling is ornamented with three medallions of most delicate tracery. The colors are of the rarest shades, from vermillion to pale lilac, and the figures wrought in these panels are exquisite.

Surrounding a beautiful center-piece—gold, crimson and lilac—are four paintings, representing De Soto's first view of the Mississippi, a view of the jetties at South Pass, with steamers passing up, La Salle taking possession of Louisiana, and a cotton field with the cotton ready for picking.

To describe the ornamentation of the walls would be difficult. Panels with griffins' heads and ornate borders; rich friezes and rosettes with gold predominating; fruit and flowers, wreaths and festoons, everywhere meet the dazzled eye.

Supporting the ceiling four double columns, resting on pedestals, rise in beautiful symmetry in the perfection of the Renaissance style. The lower third of the columns is adorned with rosettes of a rich pattern, and give to these shafts an Indian type, although the style is French.

Near the entrance on Varieties alley is, perhaps, the chef d'oeuvre of art in the building. It is a young Triton blowing a conch shell, and stands in the center of the fountain's bowl. The figure is of a bronze color, and the attitude is full of life.

Around the walls there are set in large slabs of slate, on which the quotations of the market and movements of cotton will be noted. These slabs are of unusual size, and were quarried for the Exchange.

As a recess from the large Exchange room, is the space devoted to the officers of the institution. Here all that taste could suggest has been done to make it par excellence the model business office of the city. An artistic rail and screen separates it from the main room, and the work is handsomely finished in oil.

The building is four stories high, and an elevator near the rear entrance transports passengers to the upper story, from which a stairway of easy ascent leads to the roof. This is inclosed by a handsome iron railing, so that parties can walk around with perfect safety. From this lofty altitude a view of the city and its surroundings can be had, scarcely to be obtained from any accessible building in the city. In clear weather Lake Pontchartrain can be distinctly seen,

and the windings of the Mississippi for miles. both above and below the city. On this roof are hung the large bells, which strike both quarters and hours.

THE SUGAR EXCHANGE.

The Sugar Exchange Hall proper is of magnificent proportions, being 60x110 feet and 54 feet high from floor to skylight. It is lit on three sides by plate-glass windows, 13x24 feet, and a skylight 23 feet square. The wing building is 120x33 feet, and is two stories high. On the first floor there is a public vestibule, telegraph offices, offices of the Exchange, stair-hall, lavatory and water closets and a board room. On the second floor a library, 12x19, reading room and museum, 77x20, lavatory, etc., and two committee rooms. The ventilation is through the cornice of the skylight, and the acoustics perfect. The entrances to the hall are covered by porches, and a Schillinger pavement has been laid on three sides, and on the yard in the rear as well.

Great taste has been employed by the architect in both the exterior and interior finish. Freehand ornamentation has been judiciously applied wherever practicable. Between the Exchange and the sugar sheds was formerly a triangular islet of city property used as a general dumping ground for worn-out machinery, lumber and trash. This islet the Council set aside for a public park, and appointed its commissioners from the members of the Sugar Exchange. On its trees and shrubs have been planted, the surface sodded and walks laid out, and the whole surrounded by a high dressed curb, with a Schillinger banquette at the Bienville street side, the base of the triangle.

THE CUSTOMHOUSE.

Sixty years ago, the First Municipality of New Orleans offered the United States its choice of several squares, to be conveyed in fee simple, provided a Customhouse, worthy of the growing commerce of the city, would be erected on the ground chosen. The United States accepted the proposition, the Secretary of the Treasury selected the "Customhouse Square" as the most eligible of those offered, and in a short time thereafter the plans of A. T. Wood were adopted, November 22, 1847, and the work commenced October 23, 1848. The work was carried on with greater or less expenditure, according to the means at disposal, till the war, when, for a time, it was entirely suspended. After the war work was begun again.

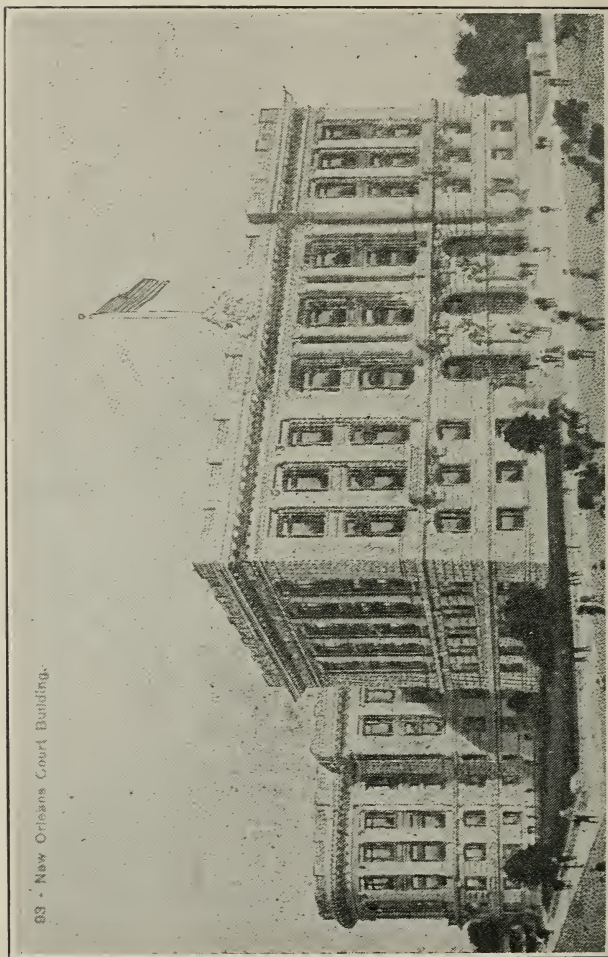
In the center of the Customhouse is the finest business room in the world. The size of the entire room is 125x95 feet; the height—from floor to glass dome or ceiling—fifty-four feet. Fourteen lofty columns are placed so as to give the central part of the room a space of 45x65 feet for the use of the general public, and outside of that for the accommodation of the officers and clerks. The columns are of the Corinthian order with Attic bases; the lower portion of the shafts plain and polished; the capitals varied to allow designs indicative of the purposes of the room. At the top of each capital is a basso-relievo of Juno, and another of Mercury, and designs of cotton and tobacco plants. These are so arranged that each faces its opposite on every column, and by looking at four capitals from any position, all the designs can be comprehended at a glance. The floor is laid out, in pattern, of black and white marble, in tiles, each two feet square, with borders in black marble from column to column. Sixteen light holes are cut in the floor, four feet six inches in diameter, floored with glass one inch thick, cast on a hammered surface to break the rays of light, and ground to a smooth surface, presenting the appearance of green marble. Each plate is the center of a star, handsomely inlaid with black marble. The room is heated by steam, the steam coils being suspended in the floor from the arches, and shielded by hexagon pedestals with marble tops. In this hall is to be seen a marble figure in basso-relievo of Bienville, the only monument of its founder the city possesses; one of Jackson and of some others connected with the history of New Orleans.

THE LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB.

The Louisiana Jockey Club was chartered May 15, 1871, for the purpose of establishing a race-course for the advancement of racing and improving the breed of horses, and the erection or the purchase and equipment of a clubhouse for the social enjoyment of the members. The stock of the association was fixed at \$100,000 in 1,000 shares. By agreement with the Fair Grounds Association, the Club was given the exclusive use of the race-course, for four weeks before and during each spring and fall meeting, for the period of twenty years, upon condition of erecting upon the grounds a Public Stand of the value of \$20,000, which is to revert to the Association at the end of the period of the lease, without incumbrance.

The Club bought the property adjoining the Fair Grounds, which was once the residence of Mr. Luling, for \$60,000. It has a front of 500 feet on Esplanade street, by 2,500 feet deep, with an area of nearly thirty acres, situated on the Metarie Ridge and exempt from overflow. The grounds are well arranged and thickly set with choice shrubbery. The family mansion has been converted into a club house. It is a substantial and handsome three-story brick edifice, with a gallery extending entirely around it at each story. The lofty, wide and airy rooms are employed for reception and dining rooms, parlors, library, reading and billiard rooms, restaurants, etc., all very handsomely and liberally furnished, most of the oaken furniture being elaborately carved by hand. The other buildings on the premises are in keeping with the main house, consisting of bowling alley, pavillion, kitchen, and ten costly stables, with ample room for a hundred horses.

The flower garden contains an extensive collection of indigenous and exotic plants and flowers, comprising all the rarer varieties to be found in the temperate zone or within the tropics. The adjoining park has a great number of forest trees of every kind, and orchards of orange, peach and apple trees, and grapevines, all bearing plentifully in their proper seasons. In the center of the park is a lake of pure fresh water surrounding a small island. Here the Club gives during the summer and fall its famous promenade concerts, where are collected each night several thousand of the leading people in New Orleans.



93 - New Orleans Court Building.

The New Courthouse, Costing Over Two Million Dollars.

A CHAPTER ON VOUDOUISM.

St. John's eve is specially devoted to the worship of the Voudous. It is on that night that they congregate at some secret meeting place on Lake Pantchartrain—changed from time to time—and hold their religious dances and impious ceremonies of worshipping the prince of evil, for, in their theology, the devil is God, and it is to him they pray. Voudouism is rapidly dying out, even among the negroes of Louisiana; but, for all that, a negro is frightened to death if he is "hoodooed" and with reason. The secret magic of the Voudous was nothing more than an acquaintance with a number of subtle vegetable poisons, which they brought with them from Africa, and which caused their victims to fade gradually away and die of exhaustion.

Every St. John's eve thousands of persons visit the lake ends in the hope of coming upon the Voudous, but few succeed in finding them.

On St. John's eve, last year, the night was dark, and on the eastern sky hung a black cloud, from which now and then burst flashes of lightning, which lit up the road, the bayou and the surrounding swamp with a lurid glow, in fit introduction to what was to follow. The scene on the lake coast from Spanish Fort to Milneburg was one which can not easily be forgotten. All along the shore, at intervals scarcely more than 300 yards, groups of men and women could be seen standing around blazing pine-knot fires, their dark copper-colored faces weirdly gilded by the red flames and their black forms thus illuminated appearing gigantic and supernatural against the opaque background of the lake and sky on one side and the mystical darkness just tinged with starlight of the seemingly limitless swamps on the other. Some of the men were stripped to the waist, and all were gesticulating with animation, or seemed to be in waiting for something. Along the road at various intervals were negresses standing by small tables where gumbo and coffee were dispensed.

Between Spanish Fort and Milneburg the shore was crowded with negroes, who seemed to be enjoying themselves laughing, talking and romping like children, but the music which came from the shanty where a dance had evidently been started, sounded like that of an ordinary negro ball.

As soon as the purlius of Milneburg were left, the way down the lake shore toward the now brilliant bonfires was difficult, for in the darkness one had to pick his steps. Between the lake on the one side and the swamp on the other there was a belt of land not more than fifty feet across, and in some places this was diminished by more than half, by the encroachment of Pontchartrain's waves. There was no roadway, but simply a devious by-patch which wended around stumps and mud holes in a most irregular manner.

After some ten minutes' walk there came to the ear the faintest sound as of a drum beaten rhythmically, and on listennig a chorus of voices could be heard.

Behind the hundreds of small watchfires along the shore twinkled like stars in the distance, and where they were built upon little points of land they were reflected in the water so brightly the duplication added a peculiar wierdness to the scene.

Pursuing the same path was a party of Creole negroes, the men carrying musical instruments and the women laden with coffee pots and tin buckets of gombo. They were not inclined to talk, and when asked where the Voudou dance was to take place answered that they knew nothing about it.

Passing around a little willow copse that grew almost in the lake there opened to the view a scene Doré would have delighted to paint. The belt of land here was about 100 feet in width, and in the middle of this little plot was burning a huge fire. Grouped around it were some thirty or forty negroes, the rising and falling of the firelight giving a grotesqueness to their figures that was as curious as it was entertaining. Their shadows stretched out over the rushes and reeds of the swamps, and their faces brought out in effect looked wild enough to satisfy any lover of the wild and mysterious.

Built half over the swamps and half on the land stood a small hut, or, to give it all its pretensions, a house of two rooms. It was like most of the fishermen's cabins seen along the lake, but rather more roomy.

Through the open window there came quite a flood of light, and a song was heard chanted, it seemed by some eight or ten voices.

It was about three-quarters of a mile below Milneburg, and the place was appropriately selected, for certainly no more dismal and dreary

spot could have been found. Citywards the swamp, with its funereal cypress, stretched in gloomy perspective, while in front, lapping the rushes and stumps, the ripples in the lake came in, the water appearing almost black from the vegetable matter held in suspension.

Near the fire were two or three tables laden with gombo and dishes of rice, while on the embers hissed pots of coffee.

When the group near them was approached they gave evidence of uneasiness at the appearance of the party, there being no white persons present.

A few words in Creole patois made the negroes feel more at ease, and when a cup of coffee was purchased they ceased to look suspiciously on the new arrivals.

The music in the house began with renewed vigor at this time, and there was by general consent a movement thither. It was nearly midnight.

The wide gallery on the front was soon thronged, and it was noticed but few were allowed to enter the large room which formed the eastern side of the building. The door was closed, and a stout young negress guarded it on the inside.

A few words from Chief Bachemin in Creole proved an open sesame, and the door was opened just wide enough to permit the party to enter one at a time. With their entrance the music ceased and all eyes were turned upon the new comers.

A bright mulatto man came forward and, in good English, said that if the gentlemen desired to remain they would have to obey the orders that had been given. It would spoil the charm if they did not take off their coats.

Accordingly the coats were removed.

Seated on the floor with their legs crossed beneath them were about twenty-five negro men and women, the men in their shirt sleeves, and the women with their heads adorned with the traditional head handkerchief or tignon.

In the center of the floor there was spread a small tablecloth, at the corners of which two tallow candles were placed, being held in position by a bed of their own grease.

As a center-piece on the cloth, there was a shallow Indian basket filled with weeds, or, as they call them, herbes. Around the basket

were diminutive piles of white beans and corn, and just outside of these a number of small bones, whether human or not, could not be told. Some curiously wrought bunches of feathers were the next ornamentations near the edge of the cloth, and outside of all several saucers with small cakes in them.

The only person enjoying the aristocratic privilege of a chair was a bright cafe au lait woman of about forty-eight, who sat in one corner of the room looking on the scene before her with an air of dignity. She was of extremely handsome figure, and her features showed that she was not of the class known in old times as field hands. She was evidently about the plantation house. She was neatly attired in a blue calico dotted with white, and on her head a brilliant tignon was gracefully tied.

On inquiry it was learned that her name was Malvina Latour, and that she was the queen.

As soon as the visitors had squatted down in their places against the wall an old negro man, whose wool was white with years, began scraping on a two-stringed sort of a fiddle. The instrument had a long neck, and its body was not more than three inches in diameter, being covered with brightly mottled snake skin. This was the signal to two young mulattoes beside him, who commenced to beat with their thumbs on little drums made of gourds and covered with sheepskin.

These tam-tams gave forth a short, hollow note of peculiar sound, and were fit accompaniments of the primitive fiddle. As if to inspire those present with the earnestness of the occasion, the old darkey rolled his eyes around the room and then, stamping his foot three times, exclaimed: "A présent commencez!"

Rising and stepping out toward the middle of the floor a tall and sinewy negro called the attention of all to him. He looked a Hercules, and his face was anything but attractive.

Nervous with restrained emotion, he commenced at first in a low voice, which gradually became louder and louder, a weird song.

As he sang he seemed to grow in stature and his eyes began to roll in a sort of gild frenzy. There was ferocity in every words, boldness and defiance in every gesture.

Keeping time to his song the tam-tams and fiddle gave a weird and savagely monotonous accompaniment that it was easy to believe was not unlike the savage music of Africa.

INDEX

Map of the City of New Orleans	Frontispiece
ILLUSTRATIONS.	PAGE.
Lafayette Square	6
Carnival Crowd	10
A Carnival Scene—Rex Parade	14
Creole Mammy—French Quarters	18
City Hall	22
Sugar Landing	26
General Robt. E. Lee Monument	30
Audubon Place	34
Archbishop's Residence	38
The Old St. Louis Hotel	42
St. Roch's Mausoleum	46
Creole Courtyard	50
Interior View of St. Stephen's Church	52
Episcopal Church	54
St. Alphonsus Catholic Church	55
Temple Sinai	56
Cotton Picking	58
The Old Dueling Grounds	62
Confederate Monument	64
Old Absinthe House	66
Steamboat Landing	70
The Old Cabildo	72
The Historical French Market	76
In the French Quarter	78
Camp Street	82
Sugar Cane Cutting	84
The Haunted House	88
The Sugar Exchange	90
Carnival Crowd on Canal Street	94
General Beauregard's Residence	96
Tilton Library	98
The Main Public Library	102
U. S. Mint	104
Entrance to Metairie Cemetery	105
Albert Sidney Johnston Monument	108
Chinese Funeral	110
Jackson Square and St. Louis Cathedral	114
An Old Vault in St. Louis Cemetery	116
The New Court House	122

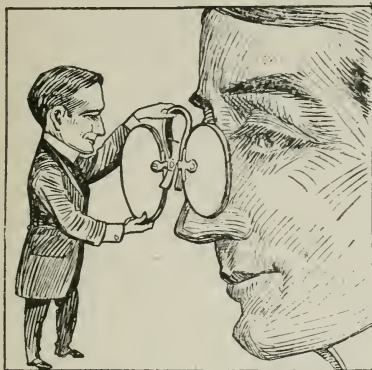
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