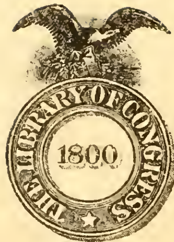


Class ______

Book ______

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS

THE PLACE

AND

THE PEOPLE

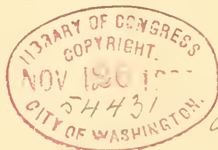
382
C35

BY

GRACE KING

AUTHOR OF "JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE, SIEUR DE BIENVILLE"
"BALCONY STORIES," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCES E. JONES



New York
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND LONDON
1895

All rights reserved

F379
.N5K5

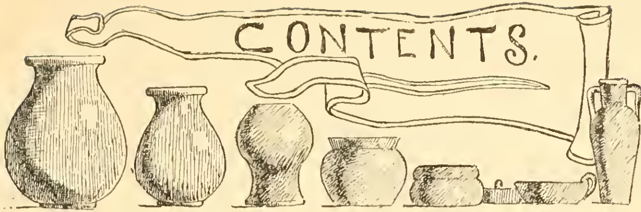
Copyright, 1895,
By MACMILLAN AND CO.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith.
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

Charles Gayarré



PAGE

INTRODUCTION xv

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Crescent City. — Pineda. — De Soto. — De la Salle. — Pierre Lemoyne d'Iberville 1

CHAPTER II.

COLONIZATION OF LOUISIANA.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville. — Pennicaut. — Story of St. Denis 14

CHAPTER III.

FOUNDING OF NEW ORLEANS.

Law. — Duke of Orleans. — Mississippi scheme. — Speculation emigration. — Manon Lescaut. — New Orleans laid out. — Le Page du Pratz. — Immigration. — Dubois incident, 33

CHAPTER IV.

THE URSULINE SISTERS.

Shipments of girls. — Contract with Ursulines of Rouen. — Madeleine Hachard. — Voyage across the ocean. — Arrival in New Orleans. — Installation in convent. — Our Lady of Prompt Succour. — New Ursuline Convent 51

CHAPTER V.

Indian troubles. — Marquis de Vaudreuil. — Charity Hospital founded. — Louisiana's first drama. — Jeannot. — De Kerlerec. — Swiss mutiny. — Jumonville de Villiers. — Treaty of Paris. — Little Manchac. — Jesuits and Capuchins, Father Génovaux 75

CHAPTER VI. PAGE

CESSION TO SPAIN.

Louis XV. — Duc de Choiseul. — Cession to Spain made known in New Orleans. — Action of citizens. — Lafrénière. — Delegation in Paris. — Aubry. — Ulloa. — Madame Pradel. — Expulsion of Ulloa 89

CHAPTER VII.

SPANISH DOMINATION.

O'Reilly. — Arrest of patriots. — Death of Villeré. — Trial and execution of patriots. — Unzaga. — Father Génovaux and Father Dagobert. — Father Cirilo's report. — Galvez. — Julian Poydras 107

CHAPTER VIII.

SPANISH ADMINISTRATION.

Miro. — Conflagration. — Don Andres Almonaster. — Baronne de Pontalba. — Padre Antonio de Sedella. — Western trade. — Visit of Chickasaw and Choctaw chiefs. — Carondelet. — Revolutionary ideas. — New Orleans fortified. — Treaty of Madrid. — First bishop of Louisiana. — First newspaper. — First Free Mason's lodge. — First theatre. — Gayoso de Lemos. — Royal visitors. — Casa Calvo. — Treaty of St. Ildefonso; France again possesses Louisiana. — Salcedo. — Free navigation of Mississippi demanded by Western people, 128

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN DOMINATION.

Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana. — Laussat. — Transfer of government from Spain to France. — Transfer from France to United States. — Governor Claiborne. — American reconstruction. — Robin's description of New Orleans. — Refugees from St. Domingo. — Père Antoine. — First Fourth of July celebration. — Law and practice. — College of Orleans. — Lakanal 157

CHAPTER X.

THE BARATARIANS.

The black flag in the Gulf of Mexico. — The Lafittes. — Barataria. — Efforts of state and national government against contraband trade. — Criminal prosecution of the

PAGE

Lafittes. — English overtures to Jean Lafitte. — Lafitte's offer to Claiborne. — Lafitte episode. — Breaking up of pirate's retreat by United States authorities. — Baratarians at battle of New Orleans. — Lafitte at Galveston. — Dominique You . 189

CHAPTER XI.

THE GLORIOUS EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

Downfall of Napoleon. — Fears of British invasion. — Preparations. — Arrival of Jackson in New Orleans. — British fleet in Lake Bargue. — Engagement with United States boats. — British enter Bayou Bienvenu. — Villeré's capture and escape. — Jackson musters his men. — British forces. — Fight of 23d December. — Jackson's position. — Pakenham. — British attack of 27th December. — Eighth of January . 213

CHAPTER XII.

ANTE-BELLUM NEW ORLEANS.

Celebration of the victory. — First steamboat. — Faubourg Ste. Marie. — De Boré plantation. — Mademoiselle de Macarty. — Summer life under the *ancien régime*. — Duke of Saxe-Weimar. — Lafayette. — American development, business, theatres, first Protestant church. — Buckingham's description of New Orleans. — America Vespucci, Henry Clay, Lady Wortley. — Fredericka Bremer. — Epidemics. — Metairie race-track. — Under the Oaks — Duelling 254

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR.

Capture of city by Federals. — General Butler takes possession. — Hanging of Mumford. — Federal domination. — Military government. — Reconstruction. — Fourteenth of September 300

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

Death of Mother Juliette. — Gens de Couleur. — African slaves. — African Creole songs. — Zabet Philosophe. — Congo Square. — Voudou meetings. — Quadroons. — Founding of the convent. — Orleans ball-room. — Thomy Lafon . . 334

CHAPTER XV. PAGE

CONCLUSION.

Fourteenth of July. — Moreau Gottschalk. — Paul Morphy. — John McDonogh. — Judah Touro. — Margaret. — Paul Tulane. — Tulane University of Louisiana. — H. Sophie Newcomb College. — Howard Memorial Library. — The Carnival. — All Saints. — Cemeteries. — Charles Gayarré . 356

	PAGE
Swamp Scene	5
Spanish Dagger	9
Palmetto Palm	13
On Rue Bienville	14
Lugger Landing at Old Basin	19
Banana Tree	31
On Bayou St. John	33
Court House in which Jackson was tried	35
Villa on Bayou St. John	47
Indian Weapons	49
Sun-dial at Ursuline Convent	51
Front View of Ursuline Convent	53
Back of Old Ursuline Convent	58
Tiled-roof House on Chartres St.	66
Interior of Archbishop's Palace	70
Knocker on Porter's Lodge	73
Indian Baskets	75
Old Slave Quarters	78
Tignon Créole	84
Pomegranates	88

PAGE
Spanish Houses on Rue du Maine 89
Courtyard of the "Old Baths" 92
In the French Quarter 96
Old Plantation House 101
Old Spanish Iron Railing 105
Old Gateway on Rue du Maine 111
A Creole Darky 117
Old Spanish Courtyard 123
Spanish Dagger in Bloom 127
Iron Railing on Pontalba Building 128
The Cabildo 133
Doorway of Old Arsenal 137
Gateway at Spanish Fort 146
Dago Boats at Old Basin 148
French Opera House 151
Transom in Pontalba Building 156
Gateway in Cabildo 162
Window and Balcony in Cabildo 164
Residence of First Mayor of New Orleans 166
Interior of Old Absinthe House 172
"Mammy" 175
Cathedral Alley 177
French Market 183
The City Seal 188
The Jolly Rover 189
A Baratarian 195
On the Levee 199
Sword of Lafitte 208
Grave of Dominique You 210
The Gulf of Mexico 212
Door of Villa on Bayou St. John 216
Near the Battle-Ground 248
Lamp on French Opera House 254
Jackson's Monument 257
First Four-story Building in New Orleans 261
Exchange Alley 271
Parish Prison 277
Lamp Post at Jackson Square 283
In the St. Louis Cemetery 284
Mortuary Chapel 285
Study of "Ovens" in St. Louis Cemetery 288

	PAGE
A Corner of the French Market	289
The Duelling Oaks	293
Café at City Park	295
Fourteenth of September Monument	329
Cross in St. Louis Coloured Cemetery	334
Sister of the "Holy Family"	336
"Une bonne Vieille Gardienne"	338
A Negro Type	345
Stairway in Convent of Holy Family	351
New Orleans from River	356
Benjamin Franklin	359
Tower and Portico, St. Paul's Church	367
"Saint John's" Steeple	371
Dome of Jesuit Church	375
Cloister of Christ Church Cathedral	378
Tulane University	385
Corner of Howard Library	390
A Bit of Cornice	391
Bœuf Gras	396
Chapel of St. Roche	397
Tomb of the Ursuline Nuns, St. Roche Cemetery	399
Rear View of City	404

WE personify cities by ascribing to them the feminine gender, yet this is a poor rule for general use ; there are so many cities which we can call women only by a dislocation of the imagination. But there are also many women whom we call women only by grammatical courtesy. Indeed, it must be confessed that, as the world moves, personification, like many other amiable ancestral liberties of speech, is becoming more and more a mere conventionality, significant, only, according to a standard of the sexes no longer ours.

New Orleans, — before attempting to describe it, one pauses again to reflect on the value of impressions. Which is the better guarantee of truth, the eye or the heart ? Perhaps, when one speaks of one's native place, neither is trustworthy. Is either ever trustworthy when directed by love ? Does not the birthplace, like the mother, or with the mother, implicate both eye and

heart into partiality, even from birth? And this in despite of intelligence, nay, of common sense itself? May only those, therefore, who have no mother and no birthplace misapprehend the impressions of one fast in the thralls of the love of both.

New Orleans is, among cities, the most feminine of women, always using the old standard of feminine distinction.

Were she in reality the woman she is figuratively, should we not say that she is neither tall nor short, fair nor brown, neither grave nor gay? But is she not in truth more gay than grave? Has she not been called frivolous? It is so easy nowadays to call a woman frivolous. In consequence, the wholesome gayety of the past seems almost in danger of being reproached out of sight, if not out of existence. It is true, New Orleans laughs a great deal. And although every household prefers at its head a woman who can laugh, every household, ruled by a woman who cannot laugh, asperses the laugh as frivolous.

Cities and women are forgetting how to laugh. Laughter shows a mind in momentary return to paradisiacal carelessness: what woman of the present is careless enough to laugh? Unless she be an actress on the stage and well paid for it! (One never supposes them to laugh off the stage and for nothing.) Women can smile, and they do smile much nowadays. When they are prosperous, the constant sight of a well-gilded home and a well-filled pocketbook produces a smile, which, in the United States, the land of gilded homes and well-filled pocketbooks has become stereotyped on their faces; and American babies may even be said to be born, at present, with that smile on their mouths.

But the laugh, that "sudden glory" which in a flash eclipses in the heart sorrow, poverty, stress, even disgrace, it has become obsolete among them. Smiling people can never become laughing people; their development forbids it.

New Orleans is not a Puritan mother, nor a hardy Western pioneeress, if the term be permitted. She is, on the contrary, simply a Parisian, who came two centuries ago to the banks of the Mississippi, — partly out of curiosity for the New World, partly out of ennui for the Old —, and who, "Ma foi!" as she would say with a shrug of her shoulders, has never cared to return to her mother country. She has had her detractors, indeed calumniators, with their whispers and sneers about houses of correction, — deportation, — but, it may be said, those who know her care too little for such gossip to resent it; those who know her not, know as little of the class to which they attribute her origin.

There is no subtler appreciator of emotions than the Parisian woman, — emotions they were in the colonial days, now they are sensations. And there are no amateurs of emotional novelty to compare to Parisian women. The France of Louis XIV. was domed over with a royalty as vast and limitless as the heaven of today. The court, with its sun-king and titled zodiac, was practically the upward limit of sight and hope for a whole people. In what a noonday glare from this artificial heaven, did Paris, so nigh to the empyrean, lie! Its tinsel splendours, even more generously than the veritable sunlight itself, fell upon the crowded streets and teeming lodgings. Nay, there was not a nook nor a cranny of poverty, crime, disease, suffering, vice, filth, that could not, if it wished, enjoy a ray of

the illumination that formed the atmosphere in which their celestial upper classes lived and loved, with the immemorial manners and language which contemporary poets, without anachronism, fitted so well to the gods and goddesses of classic Greece. The dainty filigree of delicacies and refinements, the sensuous luxuries, the sumptuous furnitures of body and mind, the silks, satins, velvets, brocades, ormolu, tapestry; the drama, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, dancing (for, in the reign of the Grand Monarque dancing also must be added to the fine arts); and that constant May-day, as it may be called, on a Field of Cloth of Gold, for pleasure and entertainment — all this became, to the commonest Parisian and the general Frenchman, as commonplace and as unsatisfactorily inaccessible, as our own Celestial sphere has become to the average citizen of to-day.

Over in America, it was vast forests before them, fabulous streams, new peoples, with new languages, religions, customs, manners, beauty, living in naked freedom, in skin-covered wigwams, palmetto-thatched huts, with all the range of human thrills of sensation, in all the range of physical adventure. This was heaven enough to stir the Gallic blood still flowing in some hardy veins of France.

Women, however, like not these things, but they love the men who do. And, when the Parisian women followed their hearts, that they did not leave behind in France their ideals nor their realities of brocades, snuff-boxes, high-heeled slippers, euphemisms, minuets, and gavottes; that they refused to eat corn-bread, and demanded slaves in their rough-hewn cabins, — all of this, from the genial backward glance of to-day, adds a

piquant, rather than a hostile, flavouring to the colonial situation.

In Canada, the Frenchwomen were forced by the rigorous necessities of climate and savage war, to burst with sudden eclosion from fine dames into intrepid border heroines and inspired martyrs. In Louisiana climate and circumstances were kinder, and so, evolution was substituted for cataclysm.

Our city brought her entire character from France, her qualities, as in French good qualities are politely called, and her defects. But who thinks of her defects, without extenuations? Not the Canadian and French pioneers who installed her upon the banks of the Mississippi, imagining thereby to install her upon the commercial throne of America; not the descendants of these pioneers, and most assuredly not those whom she has since housed and loved.

Critical sister cities note, that for a city of the United States, New Orleans is not enterprising enough, that she has not competition enough in her, that she is un-American, in fact, too Creole. This is a criticism that can be classed in two ways; either among her qualities or her defects. It is palpably certain that she is careless in regard to opportunities for financial profit, and that she is an indifferent contestant with other cities for trade development and population extension. Schemes do not come to her in search of millionaire patrons; millionaires are not fond of coming to her in search of schemes; noble suitors, even, do not come to her for heiresses. It is extremely doubtful if she will ever be rich, as riches are counted in the New World, this transplanted Parisian city. So many efforts have been expended to make her rich! In vain! She does

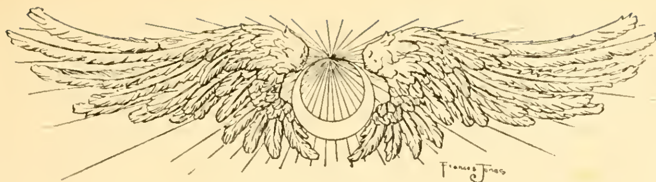
not respond to the process. It seems to bore her. She is too impatient, indiscreet, too frank with her tongue, too free with her hand, and — this is confidential talk in New Orleans — the American millionaire is an impossible type to her. She certainly has been admonished enough by political economists: "Any one," say they, "who can forego a certain amount of pleasure can become rich." She retorts (retorts are quicker with her than reasons): "And any one who can forego a certain amount of riches can have pleasure."

And what, if she be a money-spender, rather than a money-saver; and if in addition she be arbitrary in her dislikes, tyrannical in her loves, high-tempered, luxurious, pleasure loving, if she be an enigma to prudes and a paradox to puritans, if, in short, she be possessed of all the defects of the over-blooded rather than those of the under-blooded, is she not, all in all, charming? Is she not (that rarest of all qualities in American cities) individual, interesting? Her tempers, her furies, if you will, past, is she not gentle, sympathetic, tender? Can any city or women be more delicately frank, sincere, unegotistic? Is there a grain of malice in her composition? Have even her worst detractors ever suspected her of that mongrel vice, — meanness?

And finally, in misfortune and sorrow — and it does seem at times that she has known both beyond her deserts — has she ever known them beyond her strength? Nay, does she not belong to that full-hearted race of women who, when cast by fate upon misfortune, rebound from the contact, fresher, stronger, more vigorous than ever? And in putting sorrows and misfortunes behind her, to fulfil her rôle in civic functions, does she not appear what she is essentially, a city of

blood and distinction, "grande dame," and, when occasions demand, grande dame en grande tenue? And, outranked hopelessly as she is now in wealth and population, is there a city in the Union that can take precedence of her as graciously, and as gracefully, as she can yield it?

The world foreign to France was amazed at the heroism displayed by the delicate ladies of the Court of Louis XVI., stepping from the gateway of the Conciergerie to the tumbrels of the guillotine; passing from their erring mortality of earth to the bar of heaven's immortal justice, with a firmness and composure that unnerved their executioners. All the world was astonished, except themselves; for they at least knew the qualities of their defects.



CHAPTER I.

> "Voici mon fleuve aux vagues solennelles :
> En demi-lune il se courbe en passant,
> Et la cité, comme un aiglon naissant,
> A son flanc gauche étend ses jeunes ailes."
>
> —*Alfred Mercier.*

IN the continuity of a city which has a historical foundation and a historical past, there is much secular consolation for the transitoriness of human life. To the true city-born, city-bred heart, nothing less than the city itself is home, and nothing less than the city is family; and, more than in our hearts, do we look in the city for the memorials that keep our dead in vital reach of us. Here they worked, walked, talked, frequented; here they mused, even as we are musing; here they met their adventures of love, their triumphs, their failures; here they sowed and reaped their religion and politics, held meetings, dispensed eloquence, protested, commented, even as we are doing now, committing follies and heroisms. Through these streets they were carried in their nurses' arms; through these streets they were carried in their coffins. These stars, passing over these heavens, passed so for them; and these seasons, by local promises and disappointments so personally our own, sped by the same for

them, marking off their springs, summers, autumns, and winters, of content and discontent. As we walk along the banquettes, our steps feel their footprints, and even the houses about us, new and fresh, and ignoble heirs as we hold them to be of respected ruins, with kindly loyalty to site, still throw down ancestral tokens to us. And not only the city inanimate, if as such it can be called inanimate, but the city animate, — the people, — how it eternalizes us to ourselves, to one another, old, young, white, black, free, slave; here we stand linked together, by name and circumstance, by affiliation and interdependence, by love and hate, justice and injustice, virtue and crime, indisputable sequences in the grand logic of humanity, binding one another, generation by generation, to generation and generation, until the youngest baby hand of to-day can clasp its way back to its first city parent, to the city founder, Bienville himself, — and from him, linking on to what a civic pedigree! Enumerating them haphazard: La Salle, Louis XIV., Marquette, Joliet, Colbert, Pontchartrain, Iberville, the Regent, Louis XV., Carlos III., the great Napoleon, the great Jefferson.

It is not entirely a disadvantage to be born a member of a small isolated metropolis, instead of a great central one. If the seed of its population be good and strong, if the geographical situation be a fortunate one, if the detachment from, and connection with, the civilized world be nicely adjusted, the former being definite and the latter difficult (and surely these conditions were met with a century and a half ago on the banks of the Mississippi), there follows for the smaller metropolis a freedom of development, with a resultant

clearness of character, which is as great a gain for a city as for an individual. In such a smaller mother-city, individual acts assume an importance, individual lives an intrinsic value, which it would be absurd to attribute to inhabitants of a great centre; our gods seem closer to us, our fates more personal; we come nearer than they to having our great ones, our martyrs and heroes, and we can be bolder in our conviction of having them, and we can have the naïveté, despite ridicule, to express this conviction. It were a poor New Orleanian, indeed, who could not ennoble a hundred street corners, at least (if the city were so minded and so dowered with wealth) with statues of good and great men and women of our own production. And we can show saints and martyrs, even now in our midst, than whom, we think, palms never crowned worthier!

It is called the Crescent City, the Mississippi River, in its incessant travail of building and destroying, having here shaped its banks into the concave and convex edges of the moon in its first quarter. The great river is the city's stream of destiny, feared and loved, dreaded and worshipped; it seems at times, when its gigantic yellow floods rise high above the level of the land, threatening momentarily to rend like cobwebs the stout levees that withstand it, — it seems then like some huge, pitiless, tawny lion of the desert, playing with a puny victim in its paw. And then, again, flowing in opulent strength, laden with beneficence and wealth, through its crescent harbor, — it seems a dear giant Hermes, tenderly resting the metropolis, like an infant, on his shoulder.

Could we penetrate to the secret archives of the

Mississippi, the private chronicles of its making, the atmospheric, tidal, and volcanic episodes in its majestic evolution, what a drama of nature would be unfolded! One that, in inflexibility of purpose, and sublime persistence of effort, might feebly be described as human. And the Promethean contest still goes on. Still, the great inland water-power fights its way to the South. Ever further and further it throws its turbid stream, through the clear green depths of the Mexican Gulf; ever firmer and surer advances its yellow banks against the rushing, raging, curling breakers; still ever, year by year, fixing its great, three-tongued mouth, with deadly grip, on its unfathomable rival.

The political history of the Mississippi begins, characteristically, one may say, with the appearance of this three-tongued mouth, on the Tabula Terre Nove in the 1513 Ptolemy, made by Waldseemüller before 1508. This map, traced back to an original of some date before 1502, throws us, searching for the discoverer of the Mississippi, into the glorious company of the immediate contemporaries of Christopher Columbus himself. The mind, as well as the heart, warms at the inference that to no one less than Americus Vespucius, is due the presence of the Mississippi on this old map, a record, perhaps, of the voyage of Pinzon and Solis, which he accompanied as pilot and astronomer.

To Alvarez de Pineda, 1519, is ascribed the honour of the first exploration of the river, and its first name, Rio del Santo Espiritu; an honour that would have remained uncontested, had the over-sharp explorer not praised his exploit out of all topographical recognition, so peopling its banks with Indian tribes, and decking them with villages glittering, according to the taste of

the time, with silver, gold, and precious stones, that an impartial reader is placed in the dilemma of either refusing credence to the veracity of the explorer, or to the veracity of the three-tongued mouth on the map. Pineda's fable of the golden ornaments of the Indians of the Espiritu Santo was the ignus fatuus that lured Pamphilo de Narvaez, in 1528, to his expedition, shipwreck, and death in the Delta.

One comes into clear daylight in the history of the Mississippi only with Hernandez de Soto. The river burst, in 1542, in all its majesty and might, upon the

gaze of that fanatical seeker of El Dorado, as he marched across the continent. But it could not impede or detain him. When the blur disappeared at last from before his bewildered vision, and his gold-struck eyes recovered sight, and beheld his haggard desperation, he turned his steps back to the great river, and, hard pressed now by starvation, fever, and goading disappointment, he but gained its banks in time to die under the grateful shade of spring foliage, and find inviolate sepulture for his corpse in its turbid depths.

A century and a half passed and the Mississippi

relapsed to its old Indian name and to its aboriginal mystery and seclusion. The huge drift of its annual flood accumulated at its mouth in fantastic heaps, which in time, under action of river, wind, and sun, took the semblance of a weird stone formation and an impregnable barrier. "Los Palissados" the Spanish sea-farers and buccaneers called them, avoiding them, not only with real, but with superstitious terror.

To the seventeenth-century colonists of Canada, the stream was, one might say, so unknown that when the Indians told of a great river flowing through the continent, cutting it in two, they jumped to the conclusion (their wishes being to them logical inference) that the stream flowed from east to west, and so would furnish to the French *their* El Dorado, — a western passage to China.

This false inference was the inspiration of that great epic of colonial literature, the story of Robert Cavelier de la Salle, the Don Quixote of pioneer chronicles. His imagination, great as the Mississippi itself, turned its irresistible currents into this one channel, — the discovery and exploration of the new route to China. His enthusiasm, unfortunately, infected all with whom he talked, from the trader and half-breed at his side, up through church and state, priests, intendants, governors, courtiers, ministers, princes, to the very fountain head of power and authority, to the king himself, making them all, in more or less degree, his Sancho Panzas. And at the end of thirteen years of such vicissitudes as no human imagination would have the fertility to conceive, the river was found to flow not west, nor into any communicable reach of China, but south, into the Gulf of Mexico!

La Salle's ardour reacted, however, from any disappointment that this might imply, and soared into probabilities superior in thrilling interest even to expectations from China. In the year 1682, standing on the desolate bank of the Mississippi, he, in the name of the king of France, took possession of it, and of its country, north, south, east, and west, to the extreme limit of verbal comprehension, christening the river St. Louis, and the country Louisiana. Through the sonorous sentences of his "prise de possession" shines the glittering future that dazzled his eyes. In easy reach of the treasure house of the king of Spain, the mines of Mexico, France had but to extend her hand at any time to grasp them, if she did not discover vaster, richer ones, in this new, undeveloped country. Already owning Canada and the great Western Lakes, this great central waterway and valley of North America, with its opening on the Gulf (the West Indian highway), gave France such grip upon the country that, by mere expansion of forts and settlements, England and Spain could be elbowed into the oceans on either side. Such a vision might have fired any imagination.

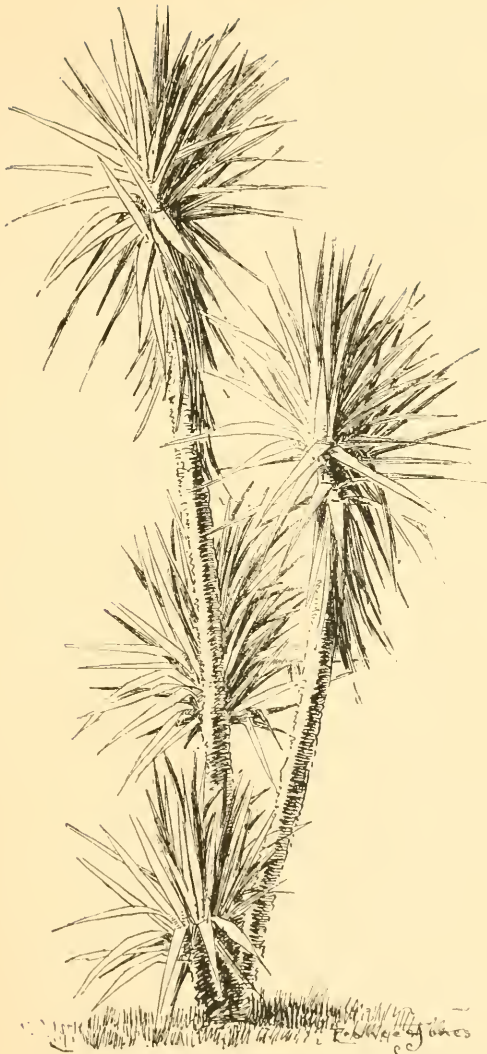
The place La Salle proposed to fortify on the river Colbert, as he again re-christened the Mississippi, was sixty leagues above its mouth, where, he said, the soil was very fertile, the climate mild, and whence the French could control the American continent. Thus and then was the idea of New Orleans conceived. It was not granted the author, however, to give the idea actuality, the gods having planned the story otherwise.

His determination and attempt, from 1684 to 1687, to found the city and bring his colony and stores to it,

through its Gulf entrance, and not by way of Canada, furnish the misfortunes, calamities, and culminating catastrophe of the incredibly heartrending last chapter of his life. The indomitable courage and inflexible perseverance he displayed could be overmatched, it would seem, only by the like qualities in his evil genius. One rises somewhat to his own sublimity of desperation, as, even after two centuries, one reads the relentless record of the ill steering that threw his expedition upon the coast of Texas, of his struggle for hope and life, of his attempt to seek on foot help from Canada; of his betrayal and assassination. It is a wild and mournful story, as Parkman calls it.

La Salle's idea, however, arose only more radiantly triumphant from the blood-soaked earth of his Texas grave, and the true spirit of his enthusiasm lived in the enthusiasm he had engendered. When the proper moment came, his scheme was vital enough in governmental centres to kindle into energy the will to give it another chance at success. The proper moment arrived in 1697, when the Peace of Ryswick granted a breathing space to war-driven Europe. Louis XIV. was quick to seize it. Pontchartrain, the Minister of Marine, was as prompt in furnishing the means. Maurepas, his son and private secretary, was ready with the man, Pierre Lemoyne d'Iberville.

Canadian born and bred, and, in the commentary of his governor, "As military as his sword and as used to water as his canoe," with all the practical qualities of character since claimed as American, in primal freshness and vigour, Iberville seems the man as clearly predestined to succeed in the New World, as La Salle, the mediæval genius, seems predestined to fail in it. Iber-



Spanish Dagger

ville's enterprise as we call it now and determination to recognize no eventuality but success, appeared in truth to discourage (as enterprise and determination have a way of doing) the very efforts of wind and tide against him. The expedition he led from Brest, in 1698, steered straight across the Gulf on its course, without accident or misadventure; his ships anchored safe in the harbor of Ship Island; and, from the very jaws of the tempest, his barges glided into security through one of the dreaded palisadoed mouths of the Mississippi. And, as if still further to accentuate his festal fortune, it was on the Mardi Gras of 1699, while France was laughing, dancing, carousing, and masquerading, that he erected her cross and arms upon the soil of Louisiana, and reaffirmed her possession of a colony greater in extent than her whole European world.

After exploring the river for five hundred miles, the nature and possibilities of the country gradually unfolded to Iberville, and La Salle's far-reaching scheme, for French domination in America, appeared in its true significance to him; and he became the ardent champion of it. Discarding his predecessors' wild and erring calculations upon the existence of silver mines in Louisiana, he cared only for the military and political importance of the new possession: and referred to the Mexican mines only to suggest the feasibility of capturing them at any time, with a handful of buccaneers and coureurs de bois, or at least of way-laying the gold and silver laden caravels on their way to Spain. La Salle's project of a chain of fortified posts along the line of the Mississippi and of the great tributaries from Canada to the Gulf, he supplemented with a practical plan for consolidating the Indians into connecting

links between the posts, and so, holding not only the country but the people also, to France.

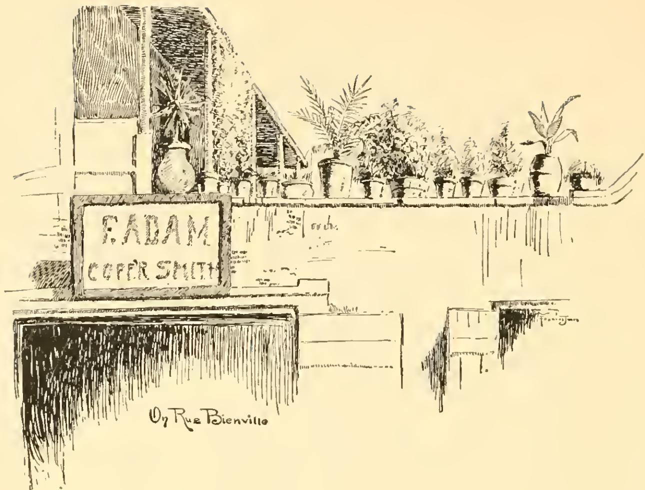
On the voyage up the river, the Indian guide conducted Iberville to the portage which crossed the narrow strip of land between the Mississippi and the arm of the Gulf, afterwards called Lake Pontchartrain. A few miles below, in a sharp bend of the bank, was a small, rude, savage stronghold, that commanded the river; near by were some deserted huts. The indications fixed the locality in the mind of Iberville, and of his young brother and companion, Bienville, as the proper one for the future city.

But the Canadian first made sure of his country. He fixed a fort and garrison at the mouth of the Mississippi; established a strongly fortified settlement on the Gulf at Biloxi, held on to his harbor of Ship Island, and planted outposts at Mobile, to guard against enterprise from the Spaniards at Pensacola.

The waters of the Gulf of Mexico seemed ever of yore to woo the ambitious with irresistible temptations. The spirits of the old Spanish adventurers were its sirens, and the song they sang of lawless freedom, conquest, and power, turned many an honest captain into a buccaneer, and maddened buccaneers, with dreams of empire and dominion, into pirates. It was the song of all others to fire the martial heart of Iberville. Gradually, he deflected from the La Salle idea, or bent it into an Iberville idea, — a French (or at times one suspects, an Iberville) domination of all the islands of the Gulf and the mastery of its waters. For such a scheme, a stronghold on the Gulf was of far more value than a city on the Mississippi; consequently, the establishment was removed from Biloxi

to the more accessible Mobile, which became the capital and centre of the colony.

Magnetized by past successes against the English, into perfect confidence of future ones, Iberville obtained from his government a strong armament, and sailed with it into his new field of action. As a preliminary experiment, he captured the little islands of Nevis and St. Christopher; then, finding the English at Barbadoes and the larger islands prepared for him, he decided, instead of attacking them at that moment, to surprise and raid the coast of the Carolinas, as he once, with brilliant barbarity, had done to the coast of Newfoundland. But, stopping at Havana for a promised reinforcement of Spaniards, he was seized with the yellow fever, raging there in epidemic, and died in the full vigour of his prime, in the year 1706.



On Rue Bienville

CHAPTER II.

BIENVILLE is the man whom Louisianians place at the head of their history. In his day, they called him the Father of Louisiana, and New Orleans is as incontestably his city as if La Salle and Iberville had not so much as thought of it. He was Jean Baptiste Le Moyne. A midshipman of eighteen, he accompanied Iberville on his voyage of the discovery of the Mississippi, and fair, slight, almost undersized, his figure formed no less striking a contrast to his physically superb brother, than his gentle, quiet, meditative face did to the rough, bold, hardy countenances of the Canadians and buccaneers in the same expedition. He was left in the colony by Iberville, with the rank of second in command. A fever carrying off his chief, Sauvole, during Iberville's absence, he assumed full command. Iberville, always strong in the favour of the Ministry of the Marine, secured the confirmation of

this position, and thus the young officer at twenty became the highest executive and sole representative of royal authority in the colony.

The promotion was quite in the line of his imagination, if not of his intention, and the intention of Iberville, in settling him in Louisiana. The American emigrants of to-day are no more aspiring in their determinations, nor determined in their aspirations, than were the Canadian emigrants of the seventeenth century. But the Canadian emigrant aimed at noble rank, feudal power and privileges. Thus, the father of Iberville and Bienville, Charles Le Moyne, himself the son of an innkeeper of Dieppe, a thrifty trader and interpreter, while amassing land and fortune by the life and death ventures of a pioneer in Canada, aimed his ambition for his sons, and fixed their careers by giving them the noble surnames proper to seigneurial rights and estates, — de Longueuil, de Sainte Hélène, de Maricourt, de Sérigny, de Bienville, de Chateauguay, — and events proved him not a bad marksman. Whilst the younger brothers were still children, the eldest had served in France; had, with his Indian attendant, figured at Court as related by the Duchess of Orleans in one of her letters to her sister, the Countess Palatine Louise; had married the daughter of a nobleman, a lady in waiting to her Royal Highness of Orleans; and had built that great fortress-chateau of Longueuil, the marvel of stateliness and elegance of the day for all Canada; and had obtained his patent of nobility and title of Baron. The little Bienville, an orphan from the age of ten, was brought up by the Baron de Longueuil, in all the stateliness and elegance of the chateau; and it is to this environment and rearing that we are indebted for

that "tenue de grand Seigneur," which threw such quaint picturesqueness, not only over his personality, but over the city which he founded, as is noticeable by many a token to-day.

Bienville, nevertheless, was a born coureur de bois, as Iberville was a born buccaneer. With a trusty Canadian companion or two, he paddled his pirogue through the bayous, and threaded the forests of Louisiana, until he became as expert a guide as any Indian in the territory. And, with his native Canadian instincts, to assist natural capacity for acquiring the dialects, habits, manners, and etiquette of the savages, he learned to know them, and thereby to govern them, as no Indian in his territory could ever assume to do. For twenty-seven years his authority over them was absolute. The stiff parchment and rigid sentences of government etiquette have rarely conveyed reports so redolent of forest verdure, freshness, and natural adventure as his. It comes to us still, in fragrant whiffs, even from the printed page, and one likes to dream that in that ancient swarm of government officials in the marine office of that day in Paris, there may have existed some infinitesimal clerk, with — despite his damnable fate — an adventurous heart. With what eagerness must he not have turned, as six months by six months rolled by, to the belated courier from Louisiana, and the budget from Bienville. What a life-giving draught, — a Fenimore Cooper draught, — to the parched plodding mind!

It was not all, however, nor even the best of it, in Bienville's reports, nor in the reports sent to the government by the facile, if unorthographic pens of his companions, young French and Canadian officers whom

we shall meet here and there later on, for there is Pennicaut! The literary pilgrim comes to many an unexpected oasis in the arid deserts of colonial research, whose shaded wells turn out to be veritable places of dalliance and pleasure. Such a complimentary comparison, if ever manuscript suggested it, must be thought of in connection with Pennicaut's "Journal." At least, so it appears to the Louisiana pilgrim.

Pennicaut was born in La Rochelle. He was to be a ship-carpenter, but at the age of fifteen had the passion for travelling so strong in him, that three years later, unable to resist it any longer, he engaged, oh blessed time for passion-driven travellers! for a voyage whose destination he did not know, but which ended in the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi.

About the same age as Bienville, and with patent congeniality of temperament, he was his constant attendant in his excursions and expeditions, and his ever-faithful admirer. Pennicaut could never have read a novel: he certainly would have mentioned it if he had, but that he knew what a novel should be, and that he had in him the capability of writing many a one, no reader of his "Journal" can doubt for an instant.

He wrote his adventures, from memory, years after in Paris, where he had gone by the advice of Bienville, in search of relief against threatened blindness. He had a hope that his literary effort would gain him the pension of the king; but, in spite of our own earnest wishes to find the evidence, there is none that Pennicaut's hope did not die of the usual disappointment that awaits the hope of the literary.

Besides Bienville's excursions and adventures, thrown into far better chronological proportion and effect than

reality granted, and related with an eye to detail, of which Bienville himself did not know the fictional advantage, — we have Pennicaut's own adventures. It may be frankly confessed at the outset, that Pennicaut's experiences in the merry greenwood are of far more entertaining character than those of his commandant, and that (as he relates them) his services in the colony lead him into situations infinitely more thrilling; and we are thankful that it was so. One cannot help being thankful in reading Pennicaut, that it was so, that such a rare talent for relating adventures was so providentially accompanied by the still rarer talent of acquiring them.

The third hero of the "Journal" is that Louisiana hero of romance, par excellence, that doughty chevalier, invincible Indian fighter, and irresistible lover and founder of Natchitoches, the Sieur Juchereau de St. Denis. St. Denis came from Canada to join his relatives Iberville and Bienville, in their new and promising field of fortune. After some independent brilliant improvisations among the Alabama and Louisiana Indians, he hit upon a scheme, — which offered, in his mind, the most entrancing reaches of peril and fortune. This was an overland trade, between Mobile and Mexico, a contraband trade, for the protective tariff of Spain prevented any other. It was during the Crozat regime in Louisiana, when the French capitalist was making the experiment, and proving the illusion, of a French monopoly of trade in the Gulf of Mexico; and St. Denis soon obtained a commission, to be his own avant-coureur, in the enterprise.

He was accompanied by his valet, barber, and surgeon, Jallot; and Jallot, as Pennicaut's friend, by pre-

Lugger Landing
at the
Old Basin
Frances Jones.

dilection in the colony, evidently obtained for the latter the permission to join an excursion, than which nothing could have appeared more tempting to a literary and adventurous expert.

Arrived at Presidio del Norte, St. Denis found that the Spaniards had his reception all prepared for him. His attendants were detained in the garrison, and he was sent on to Mexico under military escort, to explain himself to the governor.

But it is unjust to St. Denis to allow the telling of his story to any one but Pennicaut. For a real story, the facts could not possibly have had better authenticity. That which St. Denis, in those expansive moments of the toilette which even the most reserved cannot resist, confided to Jallot, Jallot confided to Pennicaut over their social glass. It is safe to presume that any lacunæ that arose either from lapse of confidences between the master and valet, or lapses of betrayal from Jallot to Pennicaut, or lapses of memory on the part of Pennicaut, writing afterwards in France, — the latter was fully able to bridge with his own sure sense of the exigencies of fictional architecture; and so, we will allow him to proceed, with a few necessary curtailments: —

"Escorted by an officer and twenty-four Spanish horsemen M. de St. Denis voyaged over the two hundred and fifty miles to the capital of Mexico, where he had an interview with the Viceroy, to whom he showed his passports. The Viceroy, who was the Duke of Liñares, after having looked at the passports, replied that M. de St. Denis had made a poor voyage, and without listening further to him, put him in prison. M. de St. Denis, very much astonished at such a procedure, was not a little put out by it. He remained over three months in prison. Happily for him, there were some Frenchmen in Mexico, in the service of Spain,

who knew Iberville very well. These spoke in favour of St. Denis, to the Viceroy, who interviewed M. de St. Denis a second time, and offered him a company of cavalry and service with the king of Spain. But M. de St. Denis, without being touched by the offer, replied that he had taken an oath to the king of France, whose service he would leave only with his life.

"It had been reported to the Viceroy that, while M. de St. Denis had remained at Presidio del Norte, he had courted the daughter of the Captain, Don Pedro de Villesco. The Viceroy, to influence him, told him that he was a half-naturalized Spaniard already, since, on his return to the Presidio he was to marry the eldest daughter of Don Pedro de Villesco. 'I will not deny to you, my lord,' replied M. de St. Denis, 'that I love Doña Maria, since it has been told to your excellency, but I have never flattered myself that I should merit marrying her.'

"The Viceroy assured him that he could count upon it, that if he accepted the offer made him, of a company of cavalry and service with the king of Spain, Don Pedro would be delighted to give him his daughter in marriage. 'I give you my word upon it,' he added. 'At the same time, I shall allow you two months to think over my proposition, during which time you will remain here at full liberty to go where you please in the city. You will meet here many French officers in the service of the king of Spain, and who are very well pleased with it.'

"M. de St. Denis thanked the Duke of Liñares for his kindness, particularly for the liberty he gave him; after which, on leaving the apartment, M. de St. Denis was accosted by a Spanish officer, who, speaking pretty bad French, told him that he had orders to lodge him in his house, and to accompany him on his promenade in the city. M. de St. Denis, who knew by experience that to keep on good terms with men of this nation, one must load them with compliments and deference, replied in the Spanish officer's own language, that he would be very much obliged for the officer's company, which would give him the greatest pleasure.

"The officer conducted his guest to his house, which was a cottage furnished after the Spanish manner, that is, with curtains of linen, the walls all bare, and chairs made entirely of wood. He showed him a chamber beside his own, only a little larger

and a little cleaner, opening on the garden, where, he said, M. de St. Denis would sleep.

"They were about going out when the cavalcador major of the Viceroy entered, and presented to M. de St. Denis a sack containing three hundred piasters, which the Viceroy sent for his use while he remained in Mexico.

"M. de St. Denis, accompanying the grand equerry to the foot of the stairs, begged him to convey to the Viceroy how much overwhelmed he was with all his liberalities. After which, reentering his apartment, he asked the Spanish officer to accompany him to a place where he could find something to eat for the money, and where he wished the honour of the officer's company at dinner.

"The officer willingly guided him to a hostelry frequented by French and Spanish officers, where they had good cheer without being fleeced of their money, the price of the meal being fixed at one dollar a head. M. de St. Denis continued to eat there during the two months he remained in Mexico. He there became acquainted with many French officers in the Spanish service, who knew of him, without his knowing them, because most of them had been friends of Iberville's. He likewise made the acquaintance of one of the most considerable Spaniards in the city, who tried again and again to induce him to enter the service of the king of Spain. He was even invited several times to the table of the Viceroy, who gave magnificent dinners every day. Nothing that he had ever seen appeared to M. de St. Denis so rich as the Viceroy's service of silver. Even the furniture of his apartments, his armoirs, tables, down to his andirons, all were of massive silver, of extraordinary size and weight, but rudely fashioned.

"M. de St. Denis was most careful, all the time he was in Mexico, to guard his words, to say nothing that could be used to his prejudice, although every day he partook of the good cheer of the French and Spanish officers, who neglected no effort to attract him to themselves. They were no doubt pushed to this by the Viceroy, but they did not succeed, and this was what probably induced the Viceroy to give M. de St. Denis his *congé*. One day when he had him to dinner, he took him aside into a magnificent cabinet, into which M. de St. Denis had never

entered before, and told him, since he could not be prevailed upon to enter the service of the king of Spain, he was at liberty to return to Louisiana, and that he could depart with the officer with whom he lodged, presenting him, at the same time, a purse of a thousand dollars, "which," said the duke laughing, "he gave him for the expenses of the wedding," hoping that the Doña Maria would influence him more than he and his officers had, towards accepting his offers.

"M. de St. Denis immediately commenced his preparations for departure. He supped with all his French and Spanish friends, and bade them good-bye, embracing them all heartily.

"While he was dressing next morning, the grand equerry of the Viceroy entered his chamber, and informed him that his Excellency had sent him a horse from his stables, to make the journey with.

"Thanking the officer in Spanish, expressing his gratitude for all the kindness of the Viceroy, whose magnificence and generosity he would make known to the governor of Louisiana and to all the Frenchmen there, M. de St. Denis descended the stairs with the equerry and received the horse, which was held by a page of the Viceroy. He exclaimed much over the beauty and value of the present, which gave the equerry the opportunity to descant upon the riches of his master, whom he elevated to the rank of the greatest kings of the world; detailing the number of his servants, and of his horses, saying that in his stables there were still two thousand handsomer than the one he had just given away, besides a prodigious quantity of furniture and services of silver.

"M. de St. Denis dared not interrupt him, although the discourse had lasted over a half hour, and he was beginning to tire of it; when fortunately the officer, who was to act as escort, called out of the window to him, that he must come to breakfast, as they were to start within the hour. The present of the Viceroy was a bay horse, and one of the handsomest M. de St. Denis had ever mounted.

"Travelling at their ease, it took the gentlemen three months to reach Coahuila. Here they found Jallot awaiting his master. Jallot had lived all this time from his trade of chirurgeon, and had even gained a great reputation among the Spaniards for his cure of many diseases to which they were subject. M. de St.

Denis and his escort lodged at the best inn of the place, where, however, they would not have fared so well had not Jallot himself prepared their food. At the end of eight days, the governor of Coahuila gave M. de St. Denis an officer and six cavaliers to conduct him to Presidio del Norte. He also permitted him to buy a horse for his valet, which, although it was very good, cost only ten piasters.

"Eight days after that they arrived at Presidio del Norte, where St. Denis lodged with Señor Don Pedro de Villesca. He had been there only a week when circumstances occurred to greatly advance his marriage with Doña Maria. Four villages of Indians, who were under Don Pedro's jurisdiction, took the determination to abandon their habitations and establish themselves outside of Spanish territory. They loaded their beasts with the best of their movables, and commenced their march. Don Pedro was very much troubled by this, as he was partly to blame for the defection, having given too much license to his officers who were constantly vexing and pillaging the Indians, knowing that they dared not defend themselves. Don Pedro did not know what to do to put a stop to the movement; besides, no one dared go to the Indians, for the four villages formed a force of a thousand men, armed with bows and arrows. M. de St. Denis, seeing the embarrassment of Don Pedro, offered to go to the Indians himself, alone, and persuade them to return. Don Pedro, embracing him, replied that he dared not thus expose him, for two of these villages contained the most dangerous Indians to be found anywhere, and they would not fail to kill him.

"But M. de St. Denis did not trouble himself about that. He mounted his horse, and followed by Jallot, rode forth after the Indians. Attaching his handkerchief to the end of a cane, he made signs to them from a distance, and when he came up to them, he spoke to them in Spanish, telling them to return, that all they wanted would be granted them, promising them on the part of Don Pedro, that they should not be harassed any more, showing them the dangers they would have to face from hostile Indians outside the Spanish government, adding that the Spanish soldiers would be forbidden, under penalty of death, to go to their villages; and that they need only follow him to hear this law laid down to the garrison.

"The four chiefs did not ask any better than that they should remain undisturbed in their lands, so they and their people followed M. de St. Denis, who, much to the astonishment of the garrison, led them to the Presidio, — the whole four thousand men, women, and children. Alighting from his horse, M. de St. Denis spoke a few moments aside with Don Pedro, who was charmed to take upon himself any obligation, for the governor of the province would have attributed the desertion of the Indians to his negligence, and would have so reported it to the Viceroy, who would not have failed to hold him responsible. Therefore, assembling all his cavaliers in the presence of the Indians, he published a law, forbidding them, under penalty of death, to go hereafter to the Indian villages, or vex them in any manner. He then exhorted the Indians to return to their villages, which they did, and have never left them since.

"As has been said, this advanced greatly the marriage of M. de St. Denis with Doña Maria.

"The wedding took place two months afterwards, in the village church. When the marriage articles were signed by both parties, Don Pedro went to Coahuila to buy wedding garments. M. de St. Denis sent Jallot with him to make some purchases also. They returned at the end of a month, and six or seven days afterwards the wedding was celebrated with pomp. M. de St. Denis gave to each of the Spanish cavaliers three dollars and a yellow cockade to wear on his hat. He presented to his wife a very handsome diamond which he had brought from France with him. The wedding lasted three days, during which the Spanish soldiers had great feasting and jollity, and they did not spare their powder for salutes.

"After the wedding M. de St. Denis remained eight months with his father-in-law. Then, accompanied by his brother-in-law and three Spanish cavaliers, he set out for Louisiana, to make his report to the governor, promising to return for his wife as soon as possible. The governor of Louisiana, giving up all idea of an amicable trade with the Spaniards, built a fort at Natchitoches, to protect his frontier against them, and sent M. de St. Denis, with a garrison, to take possession of it. There, the Spanish brother-in-law and cavaliers bade M. de St. Denis adieu, and journeyed to Presidio del Norte.

"After their departure, M. de St. Denis fell into a profound sadness that he could not go with them to see his father-in-law and his wife, Doña Maria, but the Spaniards also had established a fort on their frontier, and he feared to be taken a prisoner, and expose his life in Mexico a second time, for the Viceroy had declared to him that he would never be permitted to enter Mexico again without an order from the king of Spain.

"One day he was absorbed in his reflections, in the little forest at the point of the island of Natchitoches, on the bank of Red River, where he was in the habit of promenading alone. Jallot, who was in the woods amusing himself picking strawberries, seeing his master, watched him a long time from behind a bush; and, knowing his grief, to amuse him brought him the strawberries he had gathered in a little basket. M. de St. Denis asking where he had found them, Jallot told him, adding that there were better ones in Mexico.

"'I should think so,' said M. de St. Denis, 'as the country is warmer, the fruit should be much better. And I can tell you, Jallot, that I have the greatest desire to cross these frontiers and go there, not for the fruit, but to see my wife, and my child, which is her fruit and mine. Although it is three months since Don Juan left, I have received no news from her or from my father-in-law, although I wrote to them by Don Juan. And I am in such grief that I am resolved to go and see Doña Maria even if I lose my life in the attempt, rather than remain here, consuming myself in sadness, as I am doing.'

"'Why vex and worry yourself so long?' said Jallot; 'the route is neither so long nor so difficult as you imagine. I know all the roads across these forests and can conduct you to Don Pedro's without ever being seen by any one.'

"'You cannot think it!' said M. de St. Denis; 'can there be any chance of my making a journey of twelve hundred miles without being discovered?' 'I know,' says Jallot, 'that I have made the journey four times without any mischance, and, if you wish, we can, on pretence of hunting, go up the river in a pirogue, twelve miles from here, and landing, continue on foot until we reach the village of Don Pedro.'

"After thinking a few moments, M. de St. Denis told Jallot that he would confide himself to him, and it was for him to take all

precautions to succeed in the trip, which might cost them both their lives if they were discovered; that for his part he was determined to risk his life, and to leave in three days, for that was the time he gave him to make his preparations."

The journal details how worthy Jallot was of this confidence of his master's; how admirable were the preparations for the journey; how successfully it was carried out. We do not need Jallot to tell us that M. de St. Denis could never have accomplished it without him; we are convinced of it the moment the travellers left the pirogue and planted their first footstep in the forest. They travelled by night and slept by day, subsisting on the game they — or rather that Jallot invariably — found and killed. They were two months on the journey, the last day of which found M. de St. Denis and Jallot reposing in the woods a league and a half away from Don Pedro's village.

M. de St. Denis asked Jallot how he was going to manage to get into the house of Don Pedro without being seen. "We must wait," answered Jallot, "until past midnight, because, in summer, the Spaniards are up and about very late at night; and then you have only to let me manage, and follow me. I shall get you into the garden behind the house of Don Pedro. The garden is enclosed by a hedge; in one corner of it there is a place through which I used to enter at night to visit a certain pretty little Spanish girl whom I knew at the time of your marriage." M. de St. Denis fell to laughing and said: "No wonder our voyage has progressed well, since our augury was so good. It is love that has guided us both." "Our fate," replied Jallot, "is very different. You are sure of finding in Doña Maria a wife who loves you: I am not

at all certain of finding a sweetheart, who may be married."

And thus they entertained one another until nightfall. Then Jallot took out of his bag a piece of roast venison, which he placed upon a napkin before his master; but M. de St. Denis could not eat. As for Jallot, who had a good appetite, he ate a great deal and slept soundly afterwards. M. de St. Denis was also too anxious to sleep, so he kept arousing Jallot every minute, telling him it was time to set out. Finally, seeing by the stars that it was midnight, Jallot departed on a preliminary reconnoissance. He returned at the end of two hours, and bade his master, who was storming with impatience, follow him.

Walking rapidly, in a road between an avenue of trees, they reached the ditch surrounding Don Pedro's garden, crossed it, found the place in the hedge, where Jallot, by throwing down a fagot of dried brambles, mounted to the terrace inside, and giving his hand to his master assisted him to mount also.

While Jallot replaced the brambles, M. de St. Denis strode softly into the garden. In the faint moonlight he saw the figure of his wife promenading alone. He went to her to embrace her, but she gave a cry of fright and fell fainting. Fortunately, M. de St. Denis had on him a bottle of the water of "The Queen of Hungary"; he held this to Doña Maria's nose and so brought her back to consciousness and to recognition of himself. She threw herself upon his breast. After embracing one another, over and over again, he took her, with his arm around her waist, to the little parlour overlooking the garden — the one underneath the chamber she slept in during the summer.

After talking a little with her husband, Doña Maria called her father and uncle, who came and embraced M. de St. Denis. Supper was served; but M. de St. Denis ate very little, observing which, and also how tired he was, the gentlemen soon retired, leaving him to his repose — where, as Pennicaut says, we shall also leave him.

The next day his father-in-law took M. de St. Denis aside and begged a favour of him. M. de St. Denis replied that there was nothing he could refuse him, and that he was ready to render him any service, even at the expense of his life. "I would not make this prayer of you," said Don Pedro, "were it not that your life is in danger, as well as mine, if you do not follow the advice I give you." And then he told his son-in-law that he had received orders from the Viceroy to arrest him, should he, M. de St. Denis, ever come to see Doña Maria, and that an officer and twenty-five men, sent by the governor of Coahuila, had been waiting six months in the village to catch him; that it was absolutely necessary that neither he nor Jallot should leave the house, otherwise he would be seen and taken prisoner to the Viceroy, out of whose hands he would not escape so easily a second time. "I myself," said Don Pedro, "shall never arrest you, even should it cost me my life. Therefore, I pray you again not to leave my house, which no one has seen you enter, and where you will never be discovered, particularly in the apartments of Doña Maria, which no one ever enters."

St. Denis promised, and forbade Jallot also, to leave his room.

"What is surprising," Jallot related to Pennicaut afterwards, "M. de St. Denis passed nearly a year thus,

only leaving the apartments of his wife after dark of an evening, when he promenaded with her under the avenue of trees in the garden. He did not become tired, because they loved one another more tenderly than ever. . . . As for me," continued the valet, "I never passed a more tiresome time in my life, particularly in the winter, when it became too cold to walk in

Banana Tree.

the garden. Sometimes, at night, when the door of the house was closed, I would sit by the fire with a great thin, ugly servant maid, called Luce, who was prouder than the daughter of the most celebrated barber in Mexico."

The birth of a second child to Doña Maria, and its baptism in her room, although conducted in all secrecy

(St. Denis remaining, during the ceremony, hidden in an inner chamber), brought suspicion upon the house of Don Pedro. Under fear of orders from the governor of Coahuila, for a domiciliary visit, St. Denis, parting from his wife "with many tears on each side," left as secretly as he came. He and Jallot returned on foot to Natchitoches. The journey took them six weeks, and it was filled with all the adventures possible to the time and circumstances, or to Jallot's imagination, or Pennicaut's love of romance, — Indian and Spanish attacks, hand-to-hand combats, ending finally in the safe arrival of St. Denis and his valet at the French frontiers, mounted on chargers that they had captured from the Spaniards.

"These," says Pennicaut, "are the details of the love of his master, given me by Jallot."

CHAPTER III.

BIENVILLE had never wavered in his conviction that the *raison d'être* of the French domination of Louisiana was but the possession and control of the Mississippi. This control, as he reiterated in every report, could only be assured by colonizing its banks and by establishing upon it the capital city of the colony. For eighteen years the founding of this city grew from the fair ambition of the youth to the settled determination of the middle-aged man. On his excursions from Mobile he recurs again and again to the site, between the river and the lake, shown to him and Iberville by the Indian guide. He and Pennicaut, as Pennicaut relates, traversed it often on foot, and he settled some Canadians upon it to make trial of its soil and climate, and, as far as in him lay, he made it the official portage of the colony, through which communication was made between the lake and the river when the difficult entrance of the latter by mouth was to be avoided.

It was twenty years before the opportunity came for which he was waiting. In September, 1717, Louisiana, by royal charter, passed into the great colonial assets of that company of the west, by which John Law proposed to scheme France out of financial bankruptcy into the

millennium of unlimited credit. In February, 1718, Law's Pactolus of speculation floated its first shiploads of men, money, and provisions to Louisiana. Out of them Bienville grasped the beginnings of his city. When the ships returned to France, they carried back with them the official announcement that it had been founded, and named after the Regent, Duke of Orleans.

What a picture flashes upon the eye with the name! There is absolutely no seeing of Bienville's group of palmetto-thatched huts by the yellow currents of the Mississippi. Instead, there is the brilliant epoch of the regency, — that "century in eight years," as it has been well called — that burst upon France like a pyrotechnic display, after the protracted, sombre old age of Louis XIV; when Paris, intoxicated by the rush of new life in her veins, staggered through her orgies of pleasure, arts, science, literature, finance, politics, — after her leader, her lover, the Regent Duke; her fair flower and the symbol of all that the eighteenth century contained of worst and best, the incarnation of all that is vicious, of all that is genial, debased, charming, handsome, witty, restless, tolerant, generous, sceptical, good-natured, shrewd. Kindly adjectives are so much quicker in their services to describe him than harsh ones, anecdotes and bon-mots are so ready-winged to fly to his succour against condemnation, that one feels the impotence against him that actuated his own mother to invent an apologue to explain him, an apologue, *par parenthèse* that might have been invented also to explain his American city. "The fairies were all invited to my bedside; and, as each one gave my son a talent, he had them all. Unhappily, one old fairy had been forgotten. Arriving after the others, she exclaimed in her pique: 'He

will have all the talents except that of being able to make use of them.' "

And what a rôle in that Paris of the Regent was the Mississippi to play, with her Louisiana and her infant city of New Orleans? In truth, like Cinderella at the king's ball, she dazzled all eyes until the fatal limit of her time expired. Historians describe how the names of Mississippi, Louisiana, New Orleans filled

the cafés where the new Arabian luxury held enchanted sway over men's minds. It is said that France never talked so much or so well as under the influence of the subtle stimulant, "which sharpens precision and sublimates lucidity," — "le café, qui supprime la vague et lourde poésie des fumées de l'imagination, qui, du réel bien vu, fait jaillir l'etincelle et l'éclair de la verité." And it may be said that France never had more to talk

about, a more inspiring subject for facile tongues, than Law, his great scheme and his evangel, "Riches can be a creation of faith." There was, of course, a claque to lead applause for it; all the literature that could hang to it appeared suddenly on the streets; wonderful books of travel and adventure in the New World in the Islands, as, in their geographical ignorance, the people called America; and pictures — a telling print showing a savage paying a Frenchman a piece of gold for a knife; — it all took. Love of pleasure begets need of money. Law had his time and people made to his hand. A wild frenzy of speculation spread like the rabies, and — but a satirical verse of the time rolls it off for us: —

"Aujourd'hui il n'est plus question,
Ni de la Constitution,
Ni de la guerre contre l'Espagne;
Un nouveau Pais de Cocagne,
Que l'on nomme Mississippi,
Roule à présent sur le Tapis.

Sans Charbon, Fourneau ni Soufflet
Un homme a trouvé le secret,
De la pierre philosophale,
Dans cette terre occidentale,
Et fait voir, jusqu'à présent,
Que nous étions des ignorants.

Il a fait de petits billets,
Qui sont parfaitement bien faits,
Avec des petites dentelles;
Ce ne sont pas des bagatelles,
Car il a fait et bien su tirer
La quint-essence du papier.

Il a, pour les achalalander,
A quelques Seigneurs assuré,
Que, pour leurs dettes satisfaire,
Son projet etait leur affaire
Car il voyait auparavant
Qu'on ne le suivait qu'en tremblant.

Mais depuis que les grands Seigneurs
Se melent d'être agioteurs
On voit avec grande surprise,
Gens, vendre jusqu'a leur chemise
Pour avoir des soumissions.

Les femmes vendent jusqu'a leurs bijoux
Pour mettre à ce nouveau Perou
* * * * * * *

Passer dans la rue Quincampoix
Car c'est dans ces fameux endroi
Ou, des Indes la Compagnie
Établit sa friponnerie
Chacun y vient vous demander
Voulez vous bien actionner?"

The map of Louisiana was parcelled out; allotments made to this noble name and to that, to one great financier and to another. Estates upon the Mississippi! What a vista not only of wealth but of seigneurial possibilities to the *roturier*. The Mississippi, in short, was "boomed," as it would be called to-day; and its boom reverberated until no imagination, the medium of the boom, could be deaf to it. Colonists were sent out, land settled. The public credit of the system demanded that the movement should not slacken; that Louisiana should not stand still in the market, that it should be pushed until the faith which was the germ of the scheme was rooted. The *rue Quincampoix* did not flinch. Ah!

the pitiless mastery of the thirst for gold has never been more cruelly displayed than in this artificial forcing of maturity and maternity upon a virgin country, to keep up the value of stocks! Emigration to Louisiana must be kept up, by fair means or by foul. Human beings would — *faute de mieux*, human beings at least could — be procured in Paris. The orders were given; so much money per head. There was no time to choose, select, or examine, and no disposition. It was a dog-catcher's work; and dog-catchers performed it. Streets were scoured at night of their human refuse; the contents of hospitals, refuges, and reformatories were bought out wholesale, servant girls were waylaid, children were kidnapped. Michelet, in one of his matchless pages, writes: "A picture by Watteau, very pretty, very cruel, gives an idea of it. An officer of the galleys, with atrocious smirks and smiles, is standing before a young girl. She is not a public girl; she is a child, or one of those frail creatures who, having suffered too much, will always remain in growth a child. She is perfectly incapable of standing the terrible voyage; one feels that she will die on it. She shrinks with fear, but without a cry, without a protest, says there is some mistake, begs. The soft look in her eyes pierces our hearts. Her mother, or pretended mother (for the poor little one must be an orphan), is behind her, weeping bitterly. Not without cause; the mere transportation from Paris is so severe that it drove many to despair. A body of girls arose in revolt from ill treatment at La Rochelle. Armed only with their nails and teeth, they attacked their guards. They wanted to be killed. The barbarians fired on them, wounded a great many, and killed six."

Another Watteau, with a different instrument, has given his reality of it in the tender perpetuity of romance. Do you remember the opening chapter in "Manon Lescaut"?

"I was surprised on entering this town [Passy] to find all the inhabitants in excitement. They were rushing out of their houses to run in crowds to the door of a mean hostelry, before which stood two covered carts. . . . I stopped a moment to inquire the cause of the tumult, but I received little satisfaction from the inquisitive populace, who paid no attention to my questions. At last an archer, with bandolier and musket, coming to the door, I begged him to acquaint me with the cause of the commotion.

"'It is nothing, Sir,' he said, 'only a dozen *filles de joie*, that I, with my companions, are conducting to Havre, where we will ship them to America. There are some pretty ones among them, and that is apparently what is exciting the curiosity of these good peasants.' I would have passed on after this explanation, had I not been arrested by the exclamations of an old woman who was coming out of the tavern, with clasped hands, crying that 'it was a barbarous thing, a thing to strike one with horror and compassion.' 'What is the matter,' I asked. 'Ah, Sir,' said she, 'enter and see if the spectacle is not enough to pierce one's heart.' Curiosity made me alight from my horse. . . . I pushed myself, with some trouble, through the crowd, and in truth what I saw was affecting enough. Among the dozen girls, who were fastened together in sixes, by chains around the middle of the body, there was one whose air and face were so little in conformity with her condition, that in any other circumstances I would have taken her for a person of the first rank. Her sadness, and the soiled state of her linen and clothing, disfigured her so little, that she inspired me with respect and pity. She tried, nevertheless, to turn herself around as much as her chains would permit, to hide her face from the eyes of the spectators. . . . I asked, from the chief of the guards, some light on the fate of this beautiful girl. 'We took her out of the hospital,' he said to me, 'by order of the lieutenant general of the police. It is not likely that she was shut up there for her good actions. There is a young man who can instruct

you better than I on the cause of her disgrace. He has followed her from Paris, almost without stopping his tears a moment: he must be her brother or her lover.' I turned to the corner of the room where the young man was sitting. He seemed buried in a profound reverie. I have never seen a livelier image of grief. . . . 'I trust that I do not disturb you,' I said, seating myself beside him. 'Will you kindly satisfy the curiosity I have to know who is that beautiful person, who does not seem made for the sad condition in which I see her?' He replied politely, that he could not tell who she was, without making himself known, and he had strong reasons for wishing to remain unknown. 'I can tell you, however, what those miserable wretches do not ignore,' continued he, pointing to the archers, 'that is, that I love her with so violent a passion that I am the unhappiest of men. I have employed every means at Paris to obtain her liberty. Solicitations, intrigues, force, all were in vain: I resolved to follow her, even should she go to the ends of the earth. I shall embark with her. I shall cross over to America. But, what is a piece of the last inhumanity, these cowardly rascals,' added he, speaking of the archers, 'do not wish to permit me to approach her. My plan was to attack them openly several leagues outside of Paris. I joined to myself four men who promised me their help for a considerable pay. The traitors abandoned me, and departed with my money. The impossibility of succeeding by force made me lay down my arms. I proposed to the archers to permit me to follow them, offering to recompense them. The desire of gain made them consent. They wished to be paid every time they gave me the liberty to speak to my mistress. My purse became exhausted in a short while, and now that I am without a cent they have the barbarity to repulse me brutally every time I make a step towards her. Only an instant ago, having dared approach her despite their menaces, they had the insolence to raise their gun-stocks against me. To satisfy their avarice, and to be able to continue the journey on foot, I am obliged to sell here the wretched horse which has hitherto mounted me.'" . . .

Poor Manon! Poor Chevalier! Poor playthings of Youth and Love! Never has author breathed upon his creatures of romance the breath of such reality, if not

of life. Nay, did they not incorporate, these frail children of Prevost's imagination, Manon and the Chevalier! They left France phantasies of fiction, but they seem to have landed bodily in New Orleans, where, as the Chevalier tells Manon, "one must come to taste the true sweetness of love; it is here that one loves without venality, without jealousy, without inconstancy. Our compatriots come here to seek gold; they would not imagine that we had found here far greater treasures." They seem, as has been said, to have landed in New Orleans in bodily form, for did not tradition long show, in the environs of the city, the grave of Manon Lescaut? Are not relics of her still sold in the bric-a-brac shops here? Is not the arrival in the colony of a Chevalier des Grieux registered in 1719? Does not he live in history enrolled among the officers of the royal troops? And, alas! does not his name head the record of a family tomb in one of the old cemeteries of a river parish?

And so, out of the hell of lust, passion, and avarice that reigned in Paris during the last days of the System there, and out of the tempest of fury, ruin, and disgrace that followed the *débâcle*, ship after ship loaded and sailed for the New World and the new life; and we can imagine the desperate hearts, looking from deck over the grey waste of the ocean, sending out new hopes like doves ahead, in quest of some green sign of the great regeneration. But of returning olive branches, the straining eyes were greeted but by few. On the contrary, dumped, like ballast, upon the arid, glittering sands of Dauphin Island or Biloxi, ill from the voyage, without shelter, without food, without employment, blinded, tortured by the rays of a tropical sun,

fevered and dying of the epidemic from the West Indian Islands; with piles of brute African slaves rotting on the beach before them; — the emigrants to this worse hell, must have sighed for the hell they had left. It is easy to believe the statement of the colonial records, that most of the unfortunates died in their misery.

In the meantime, however, and through it all, we see Bienville busily preoccupied with his city, arguing with the directors of the Company of the West, at the Council Board, to convince them of the superior advantages of New Orleans over Biloxi, as capital of the colony; fighting the rival claims of Natchez to that position; piloting a ship himself through the mouth of the river to prove its navigability; and, in short, turning every circumstance, with deft agility, to the profit of his project. Taking with him the Sieur Pauger, assistant engineer, and a force of convicts and piqueurs to the site occupied by the straggling cabins of his Canadian settlers, he had the land cleared and the streets aligned according to the plan of the engineer in chief to the colony, the Chevalier Le Blond de la Tour.

One can, in a morning's walk, go over the square, the *vieux carré*, as it is called, laid out by Le Blond de la Tour. The streets, fifty French feet wide, divide the cleared space into the sixty squares now comprised between Esplanade and Canal, Old Levee and Rampart streets; and their present names were given them, Chartres (below the cathedral), Condé, Royal Bourbon, Dauphine, Burgundy, and crossing them Bienville, Conti, St. Louis, Toulouse, St. Peter, Orleans, St. Anne (the two saints at the sides of the Cathedral, Orleans at its back), Dumaine and St. Philippe. Ursu-

lines received its name later, from the convent. The barracks, or quarters of the soldiers, gave its name "Quartier," to the last street below the Place. The central blocks, fronting the river, were reserved for the parish church of St. Louis, with the priest house on its left and guard house and prison on its right. In front, was the Place d'Armes. The government magazines were on both sides of Dumaine street, between Chartres and the river. The rest of that block opening on the Place d'Armes, was then, as now, used as a market-place. Facing the levee between St. Peter and Toulouse streets, was situated the "Intendance," intendant's house. The house of the Company of the West was on the block above, and on the block above that was the Hôtel du Gouvernement, or governor's house. Bienville, however, built a private hotel on his square of ground, which included the site of the custom house of to-day. The powder magazine was placed on what would be now the neutral ground in front of the custom house. A view of the city, taken in 1718, about the time it was founded, for Le Page du Pratz, the historian, shows the levee shaded with trees, with buildings on both sides of the river, those opposite the city being on the plantation of the king, upon which Du Pratz afterwards served as physician. He said that the quarters given to the "bourgeois" (our first citizens) were overflowed three months of the year. He calls these blocks, therefore, "Islands; Isles," which is the origin of the Creolism "Islet" for street or square.

A map of 1728 shows the buildings indicated on the margin of Pauger's plan, all put up, and the squares from "Bienville" street to the barracks, and out as

far as Dauphine street, are pretty well filled with houses.

The list of the settlers' names made by Pauger is still printed on the margin of his map. Their houses soon dotted the squares about the central parade and market-place and on the river front, and a thin line of them extended back to the high road, the old portage, and to the bayou that connected with lake Pontchartrain. This little bayou, Tchoupic (Muddy), was christened St. Jean in honour of Bienville's patron saint. Meandering into the city from the lake, with slow, somnolent current, it is still the favourite water-way for the leisurely traffic of sailing craft. In the time of the Company of the West, the whole stream of emigration to the Mississippi lands flowed through it: the gaping eye of French peasant and Parisian cockney taking in, despite the lapse of a century and a half, the general features of the same panorama that to-day passes, with their dreams, before the half-closed eyelids of the Dago and Malay fishermen. reclining on the decks of their schooners; — low, rush-covered banks fringing into the water, moss-laden oaks, and the buttressed trunks of slimy cypresses. But the rush-covered banks of to-day extended then into vast swamp prairies, athrill with life, and scintillating with the light and colour of the low-lying heavens. The moss-covered oaks were forests, arching their shades into majestic mystery and solemnity; the buttressed trunk of that single cypress, and those straggling clumps of palmettoes, were then a tropical jungle, choking in the coils of its own inbred growth of vines.

One single settlement of Indians, the Tchouchoumas, a vestige of the great river tribe, the Houmas, who had

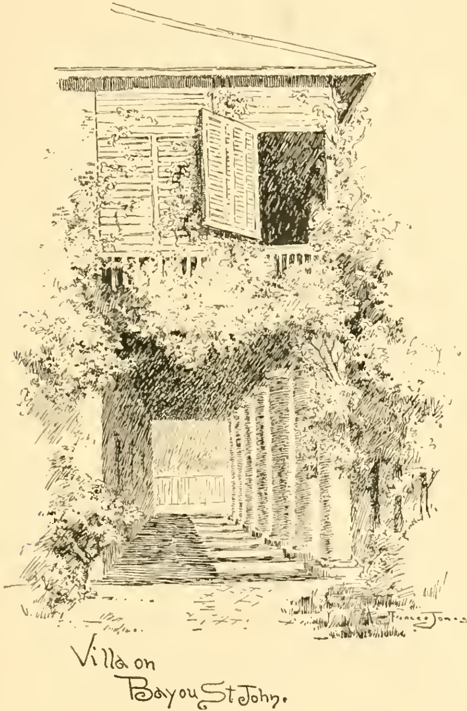
fled here from one of their internecine wars, dwelt then on the banks of the bayou. That genial first historian of Louisiana, Le Page du Pratz, who came to the colony in 1718, in the first excited rush after the Louisiana boom, selected his farm on the Bayou St. John, in the neighbourhood of these Indians. It was of them he bought that incomparable slave of an Indian girl, who, from the twilight moment when she rushed out with an axe to relieve the critical situation of her master, face to face with an intrusive alligator, awakes the interest of the reader, even as she did that of her master, and charms us into credulity, even as she did him through all the years of her services, with her marvellous explanations and stories. In truth, she might, with some appropriateness, be called the muse of Louisiana history.

Despite the great mortality at Dauphin Island and Biloxi, the number of emigrants and slaves maintained a steady movement into the colony, and they were not all the nettings of Paris streets. For his concessions on the Arkansas, Law sent out a shipload of frugal, hardy, thrifty Germans; incomparable colonial stock they proved. Entire plantations also were equipped from the best peasant class of France. Concessions along the Gulf shore were filled in; and plantations were cleared on the Mississippi above and below the city; and saw mills and brick kilns and other industries were established at points advantageous for work and transportation. As Bienville had designed, and as he laboured, New Orleans became the centre of all colonial activity, and Biloxi became more and more a mere official bureau. Finally, in 1722, Bienville's repeated arguments and representations to the Company of the West produced an effect, and orders were sent to transfer the

seat of government to New Orleans. They were immediately carried into effect. In June, De la Tour and Pauger, led the way, by sailing a loaded vessel through the mouth of the river. As soon as word was brought to Biloxi that they had passed the bar, other vessels followed with building materials, ammunition, and provisions.

Under De la Tour's supervision, the city took form and shape. The church and government houses were built, levees thrown up, ditches made, a great canal dug in the rear for drainage, a cemetery located, the old St. Louis of to-day, back of Rampart street, and a quay constructed, protected with palisades. Bienville arrived and took up his residence there in August. But, in the midst of the building and transportation, the September storm came on with a hitherto unexampled violence. For five days the hurricane raged furiously from East to West. The church and most of the new edifices were destroyed, and three ships were wrecked in the river. And then, as if to complete the disasters, a fever broke out which devastated the population as the storm had the buildings. The indomitable Bienville himself fell ill, and for a time his life was despaired of. But the momentum once acquired, the city advanced steadily, as over slight obstacles. The prostrate buildings were re-erected, and incoming population filled the vacancies caused by deaths. For still they continued to arrive, those ships loaded with all the human history of France of that day, adventure, tragedy, comedy, lettres de cachet, the Bastile, houses of correction, the prison, with an occasional special cargo of misfortune. Voltaire relates that among the German emigrants sent

by Law to his concession on the Arkansas, there was a most beautiful woman, of whom the story ran, that she was the wife of the Czarowitz, Alexis Petrowitz. To escape from his brutal treatment, she fled from her palace and joined the colonists for Louisiana. Here



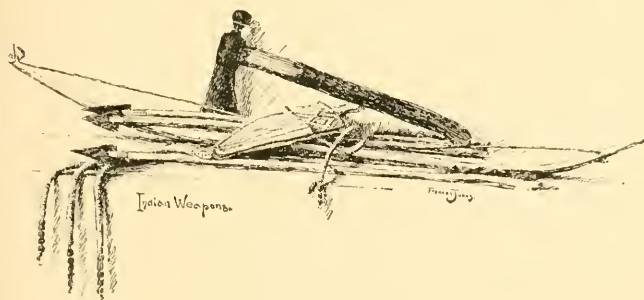
Villa on Bayou St John.

she was seen and recognized by the Chevalier d'Aubant, who had known, and, it is said, loved her in St. Petersburg. She married him, and after a long residence in the colonies accompanied him to Paris and afterwards to the Ile de Bourbon. She returned,

a widow, to Paris in 1754, and died there in great poverty.

It was about this time, 1720, when the Company of the West was still booming its scheme, that occurred the incident which has been so unaccountably neglected by the artists of the bouffe drama. The commander of the French fort in the Illinois country had the inspiring idea of impressing his Indian friends with a real sight of French power, and France by a sight of the Indian "au naturel." He therefore induced twelve warriors, and some women, to accompany him on a visit to their great father across the water. Among the women was the daughter of the chief of the Illinois, who was young, very beautiful, and in love with the French commander. A sergeant, Dubois, joined the party, and all arrived in New Orleans, where with a great flutter of excitement, talk, pow-wow, smoking, feastings, joking, and laughing, and every manifestation of curiosity and fear, and every possible send-off and farewell, they took ship for France. Arrived, they were conducted to Versailles, introduced at court and presented to the king with brilliant success. A deer hunt was gotten up for the warriors at the Bois de Boulogne, a kind of Wild-West show, that entertained the Court immensely. Upon the women, and particularly upon the daughter of the chief, were lavished the caresses of the high-born court dames, for whom they in return performed Indian dances upon the floor of the Italian opera. In a flash, the Indian belles became the sensation of the day. The chief's daughter, or Princess, as she was called, was converted to Christianity, and baptized with great pomp and ceremony at Notre-Dame ; and,

to perfect her patent as Christian and Parisian, she was forthwith married to Sergeant Dubois, who, to be made fit for so illustrious an alliance, was raised by the king to the rank of captain and commandant of the Illinois district. The bride received handsome presents from the ladies of the Court, and from the king himself; and for the occasion the entire savage company was clothed in the gala costumes of the day, the squaws in fine petticoats and trains, the warriors in gold embroidered coats and cocked hats. Very much elated they were, the savage guests, when they re-

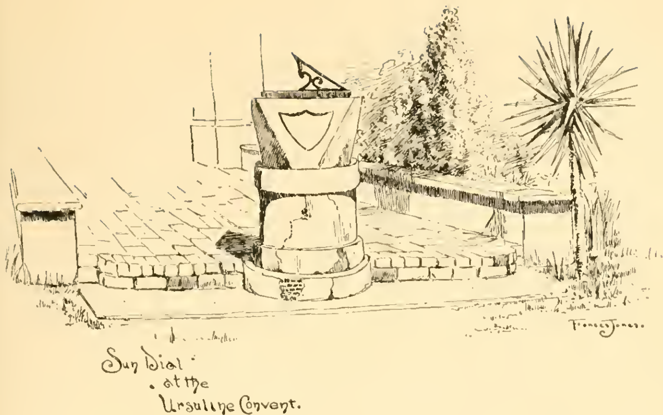


embarked for home. They had another grand ovation in New Orleans, at the expense of the Company, and supplied with boats, rowers, and an escort of soldiers, they proceeded in state up the river. Dubois took possession of his new post and dignity, and it is said, for a brief season, enjoyed it. His wife, however, took to visiting her tribe more and more frequently. At last, one day, she helped her people surprise the fort. The whole garrison, including Dubois, was massacred. She, stripping herself of her fine but cumbersome French dress and religion, gaily returned

to her savage life and companions—her civilization frolic over.

Bienville was none too soon in the incorporation of his city. In 1724, the political cabal against him in the colony secured his recall. Confident in his record, upon arrival in France he answered the charges against him, with the memoir of the services that had filled his life, since the time when a mere stripling he had followed his brother Iberville in quest of the country, for the government of which he was now, a middle-aged man, called to account. He was nevertheless disgraced, deprived of his rank, and his property confiscated.

Perier was appointed to succeed him.



Sun Dial at the Ursuline Convent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE URSULINE SISTERS.

FROM the beginning, the Mobile days of the colony, the emigration of women being always meagre, there had been a constant appeal to the mother country for that requisite of colonial settlement, — wives. The Canadians of position, who were married, brought their wives with them to Louisiana, and many of them had grown daughters who naturally became the wives of the young Canadians, also in good position. The French officers, younger sons of noble families, who could only marry their equals, led their life of bachelorhood in gay and frolicsome unconcern, the absence of wives being, it is feared, by them considered a dispensation rather than a deprivation. But for the rough, the crude human material of the colony, the hardy pioneers of the axe and the hatchet, there could be no possibility of domesticity in their log cabins, unless a paternal government came to their aid. "With wives," wrote Iberville, "I will

anchor the roving coureurs de bois into sturdy colonists." "Send me wives for my Canadians," wrote Bienville; "they are running in the woods after Indian girls." "Let us sanction with religion marriage with Indian girls," wrote the priests, "or send wives of their own kind to the young men." And from time to time the paternal government would respond, and ships would be freighted in France, and sail as in an allegory, to the port of Hymen. Of all the voyages across the ocean, in those days, none so stirs the imagination or the heart of the women to-day. And upon no colonial scene has the musing hour of women been so prolific of fancy as upon the arrival of a girl-freighted ship in the matrimonial haven.

Dumont, who, like Du Pratz, threw his experiences in the colony into the form of a history, describes the arrival of such a vessel, but he looked at it with the eyes of the dashing young officer that he was, and not through the illusions that would have made it sensational to a woman. What heart and brain shadowings must have appeared on the faces of these emigrants, in a double sense of the word; thoughts and plans, fears and hopes, — above all, hopes, for the hopes predominate always over the fears of women sailing to the port of Hymen, — even of the most timid, the most ignorant, the most innocent women. And even, too, of the others who came, for tradition says and we know there was more than one Manon deported for the certain good of one country, and possible good of the other; . . . even these women, whatever shame and disgrace they may have left behind, their hearts must still have hoped, aspired. Here was indeed a new world for them, a new life, a new future, a new chance for immortality.

There would be no past here, that is, no tangible past, and so a forgettable past. "When they were landed," Dumont writes: "they were all lodged in the same house, with a sentinel at the door. They were permitted to be seen during the day in order that a choice might be made, but as soon as night fell, all access to them was guarded *à toutes forces.* It was not long before they were married and provided for.

Indeed, their number never agreed with the number of aspirants that presented themselves. The last one left on this occasion became the subject of contest between two young bachelors who wanted to settle it by a fight, although the Hebe was anything but beautiful, looking much more like a guardsman than a girl. The affair coming to the ears of the commandant, he made the rivals draw lots for her.

Once, one of the girls sent out refused to marry, although, as Bienville wrote, "many good *partis* had been offered to her." And thus, also, this girl has been a fruitful theme for idle feminine musings breeding the still more idle longings to know more of her, her name, her reasons, her after life. And in this connection there comes also to the mind a quaint fragment in the voluminous complaints and accusations against Bienville, written by his enemies to the home government. It is a letter from the superior of the Grey Sisters, who had been sent out in charge of a cargo of girls; and she says that the Sieur de Boisbriant, a kinsman of Bienville's, had had the intention of marrying her; but that M. de Bienville and his brother had prevented him; and she was sure M. de Bienville had not the qualities needful for a governor of Louisiana.

In the course of twenty-five years these women created the need of other women. There were children in the colony now, and wives, home wives, or, as we might say, Creole wives, to be educated for the Creole youths; there were orphans to be reared, the old and infirm must be cared for; so again recourse was had to the mother country, and an appeal made for women, but not wives,—sisters. And the Company of the West, through the Jesuit father in New Orleans, M. Beaubois, contracted with the Ursulines of Rouen for the establishment of a convent of their order in New Orleans.

It is with feelings of the tenderest veneration and pride that the Louisianians tell of the Ursuline sisters. They are the spiritual mothers of the real mothers of Louisiana. It is with intent that their advent in the colony has been chronicled this way, just after and in

connection with those rude pioneer efforts to establish homes and domestic life in a new and still barbarous country; it seems proper that the mission of nature should serve as introduction to the mission of grace. To say that the convent of our good Ursulines of New Orleans is the oldest establishment in the United States for the education of young ladies, that it made the first systematic attempt here to teach Indian and negro girls, that it was founded in 1727 under the auspices of Louis XV., and that the brevet from that monarch is still to be seen among the archives of the convent, — to say this seems to express so little; it is only the necessary, that skeleton, a historical fact. It is not that way that one begins the story of the Ursulines in Louisiana; one always begins with Madeleine Hachard.

Madeleine Hachard was a young postulant in the Ursuline convent of Rouen, who obtained the consent of her father to accompany the mission to Louisiana. On account of her facility with her pen, and, we are quite sure of it, on account of her constant, hearty, and cheerful amiability, she was selected by the superior, Mother Tranchepain, to act as her secretary and write the reports of the mission to the mother convent in France. But while Mother Superior Tranchepain dictated, her mind fixed on her convent and her mission, the young sister Madeleine wrote, her thoughts fixed on her dear father and all her good sisters and brothers in Rouen; and for every letter from the mother superior to her spiritual relations, we have one from Madeleine to her natural ones, — the same letters, with only the interpolations of endearments and careless variations of a mind unconsciously copying. Her good parents in Rouen, pleased beyond measure with

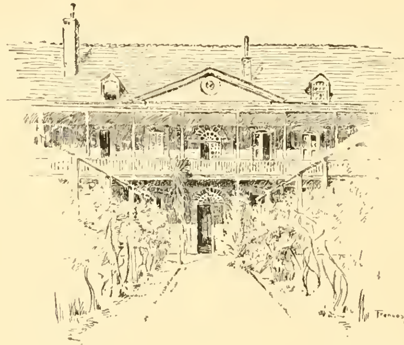
their daughter's epistolary talent, and proud of her wondrous experiences, had the letters published immediately, for the print bears the date of 1728. Mother Tranchepain's letters were published later, and thus Madeleine's innocent plagiarisms were brought to light.

The reverend Mothers Tranchepain, Jude, and Boulanger, chosen respectively for superior, assistant and depository, went to Paris in advance, to sign the contract with the gentlemen of the Company of the Indies. They were joined in Paris by Madeleine Hachard, Madame St. Francois Xavier, of the Ursulines of Havre, and Madame Cavelier of Rouen, from the community of Elbœuf. One cannot forbear the surmise that this latter belonged to the family of Robert Cavelier de la Salle, and joined the mission through hereditary affinity for Louisiana. It was on Thursday, the 24th of October, 1726, when Madeleine took the stage from Rouen, that her mission to Louisiana — that is, her wondrous adventures — began. Nothing but the fear of garrulity can excuse the churlishness of not giving her account of it, — how they arrived in Paris, at four o'clock of the afternoon, at the place where the stage stops, and found the portress of the Ursulines of St. Jacques waiting for them, and that she had been waiting for them ever since nine o'clock in the morning. And how, during their forced stay of a month in Paris, the comforts and interests of the convent life there tempted her almost to feel tempted to accept the invitation of the mother superior of St. Jacques, and give up the mission to Louisiana. But, on the 8th of December, at five o'clock in the morning, the coach for Brittany stopped at the convent door for them, and the sisters took their places in it for Lorient.

The consciousness of the eventfulness of her journey thrills Madeleine through every moment of it, and (this was before her official duties had commenced) her only fear is that she will forget to tell her father some happening of it. It should have been explained that the reverend Father Doutreleau and Brother Crucy, Jesuits, who were also going to Louisiana, accompanied the Ursulines.

To commence with, they dined at Versailles and visited the magnificent palace of the King, and saw so much to glut their curiosity and wonder, that the young novice had a passing thought that she should shut her eyes to mortify the flesh. The next day's adventure was furnished by a good-looking cavalier, who, pursuing the same route as they, proposed to pay for and occupy the vacant seat in their vehicle, in order, as he said, to pass the time more agreeably in such pleasant company. His proposition was not received with enthusiasm by the agreeable company, however, and Father Doutreleau gave him to understand that the ladies observed a three hours' silence every morning and evening. The cavalier replied that if the ladies did not wish to talk, he would entertain himself with Brother Crucy. But, when he made himself known as the president of Mayenne, where their boxes, valises, and packages were to be examined, they all clearly saw that they would have need of him, and not only no more demur was made to his joining the party, but they entertained him so well that, on their arrival at Mayenne, their luggage was put through the customs in a trice. We must not forget to say, — as Madeleine did until the end of her letter, — that the six hours of silence announced by the priest were not scrupulously observed during the episode, by the ladies.

They then passed that dangerous place where, eight days before, the stage from Caen to Paris had been robbed. And after that, the roads becoming more and more impassable, they had to start long before day and travel late into the night. Once, on the road, at three o'clock in the morning, their coach bogged, before they had gone two miles, and while it was being dragged out by a reinforcement to their twelve horses of twenty-one oxen, the party walked on. After three



Back of the Old Ursuline Convent, now used as the Archbishop's Palace.

miles on foot, they found themselves very cold and tired, but not a house was to be seen to grant them warmth and rest; so they were obliged to sit on the ground, and Father Doutreleau, mounting a convenient elevation, began, like another St. John the Baptist, to preach to them, exhorting them to penitence; but, as Madeleine writes, what they needed was patience, not penitence. Resuming their march, they finally, to their great joy, discovered a little cottage in which there was only one poor old woman, in bed, and it was not without many

prayers and promises that she allowed them to enter. She had neither wood nor candle, and the weary, frozen pilgrims were forced to content themselves with a fire of straw, by the light of which the reverend father read his breviary, while the rest waited for daylight. The stage did not come up with them until ten o'clock; and even then, most of that day's journey was performed on foot. But, in spite of their fatigue, Madeleine says they never left off laughing; amusing adventures constantly happening to them. They were mud up to their very ears; and the funniest part of this was the veils of the two mothers, which were spotted all over by the whitish clay, giving the wearers a most comical appearance. And so on: every night a new town, a different tavern, or a different convent to stop in: every day a new page of adventures. During a visit to one of the convents, Father Doutreleau was taken by the superior for a priest of the Oratory, and, as no one corrected the mistake, there was much private merriment over it.

Sister Madeleine here remembers that she has again forgotten to give her father an important detail, — that all the way from Paris, Brother Crucy and she have been at war. When they left Paris, his superior had charged her to be Brother Crucy's director, and the superior of the Ursulines at St. Jacques had charged Brother Crucy to be Madeleine's director, — and so they were equipped for many mischievous sallies at one another's expense, contributing not a little to the general gaiety and amusement. But, to quote Madeleine again, when one travels, one laughs at everything.

They remained at the convent in Hennebon until their vessel at Lorient was ready to sail, and here Madeleine took the veil, her novitiate being shortened

as a special favour. She signs herself henceforth, "Hachard de St. Stanislas."

Three Ursulines joined the mission here, which raised its number to eight sisters, two postulants, and a servant. The Jesuits were taking with them to Louisiana several mechanics; "as for us, my dear father, do not be scandalized, it is the fashion of the country, we are taking a *Moor* to serve us, and we are also taking a very pretty little cat that wanted to join the community, supposing apparently, in Louisiana as in France, there are rats and mice. . . . Our reverend fathers do not wish us to say 'our,' as you know it is used in the convent, because they say the first thing we know we will hear the sailors making fun of us, with 'our soup,' 'our cup,' and so on. And, as it happens, ever since it has been forbidden us, I cannot prevent myself from using 'our' even to saying '*our* nose.' Father Tartarin (one of the Jesuits bound for Louisiana) often says to me, 'My sister, lift up *our* head.'"

At last, "the day, the great day, the longed for day," arrived, when word was sent from Lorient that they must get ready to embark in an hour. The joy of all was inexpressible, but poor Madeleine's grief at leaving her parents breaks out in a sob at the end of her letter. She assures them that the voice of God alone could have separated her from them, and begs them, "in mercy, not to forget their daughter."

Her second letter was dated from New Orleans, and gives an account of the voyage across the ocean. Surely, sailors were never better justified in their superstition of the Jonah luck of priests, and it does seem that Jonah's eventual escape was no more miraculous than that of our band of missionaries. To begin with the

first alarm, the "Gironde" struck on the rocks just outside of Lorient, and almost went to pieces forthwith, in the estimation of the frightened passengers. The winds then commenced their malific contrariness, and beat directly against their route and kept the ship pitching so violently, that the sisters not only could not prevent their food from upsetting at table, but could not prevent themselves from being thrown one against the other. But neither this, nor their sea-sickness, nor their uncomfortable quarters (all six in a cabin, eighteen by six) could destroy their good humour nor arrest their laughter; and in all the trying experiences, still to be endured, the mother superior never once lost her calmness and courage, nor for a moment regretted the holy mission she had undertaken.

A terrible storm caused the death of most of the live stock, and the fare was reduced from the beginning to short rations of rice, beans cooked with suet, as they had no butter, salt meat, and pork so bad that they could not eat it; and even this did not, in Madeleine's chronicle, depress their spirits. In fifteen days, they did not make the progress of three, so the water and bread had to be measured out to them. A short stop was made at Madeira, where the supplies were replenished. But, two days after leaving the island, while the wind beat again directly against them, a pirate was sighted! Immediately preparations were made for a fight. Each man armed himself and took his position; the cannon were loaded. It was decided that during the engagement the nuns should remain shut up below. The secular women, there were three of them aboard, dressed themselves in men's

clothing and pluckily joined the combatants. Père Tartarin stationed himself at the stern, Père Doutreleau at the bow, Brother Crucy on the bridge to pay out ammunition to the men. "All these warriors, armed to the teeth, were admirable in their courage. . . . "As for us, our only arms were the chaplets in our hands. We were not cast down, thanks be to the Lord! and not one of us showed any weakness. We were charmed to see the courage of our officers and passengers, who, it seemed to us, were going to crush the enemy at the first blow." . . . All the doughty preparations, fortunately, were useless, the suspicious vessel, after much circling and doubling, concluding to retire. . . . And they had a similar alarm afterwards. On Good Friday they crossed the tropic, and the usual burlesque ceremonies were deferred. Instead, there was a devout adoration of the cross, observed by the nuns, walking barefoot, the priests, officers, passengers, and crew. On the feast of the Holy Sacrament there was a pretty procession on deck.

As if possessed by a mocking devil, the sea grew more and more violent and threatening, and the sisters had to tie themselves in bed to stay there, and their promised land seemed more inaccessible than ever. It is a surprise that the "Gironde" arrived even at St. Domingo. Here they laid in another supply of provisions, and loaded with a cargo of sugar, the nuns and priests each receiving a present of a barrel. The Gulf of Mexico had its pirates for them also, and to the contrary winds of the Atlantic it added its own contrary currents and deathly tropical calms. Borne out of their course

they came in sight of an island which was taken for Dauphin Island; close upon the mouth of the Mississippi. The sisters were all on deck yielding without restraint to their feelings of joy, when all of a sudden the vessel grounded and with such a shock that "we took our rosaries and said our '*In manus*' believing that all was over and that our Ursuline establishment would be made then and there." In vain every manœuvre was tried to move the ship; she only settled deeper and deeper into the sand. The captain decided to lighten her. The cannon were thrown over, the ballast; the luggage was to go next; the nuns resigning themselves heartily, "in order to endure the greater poverty" — but the sugar was selected as a sacrifice, and the whole cargo, even to the barrels given to the nuns and priests, went into the Gulf. Still, the vessel did not budge, and again the luggage was doomed, and again, with the permission of God and the protection of the Holy Virgin, the liquor belonging to the Company was substituted; and a lot more of ballast found somewhere.

Madeleine understood that they were not to go ashore in the island, except in case of dire necessity, because it was inhabited by cannibals, who would not only eat them, but put them through preliminary tortures. The "Gironde," by the help of the rising tide, was finally eased away; and so proceeded hopefully to its next accident, on another sandbar, against which it beat and thumped so fearfully that there could be absolutely no hope now except in the almightiness of God. Even the captain was astonished that the vessel could stand it, saying that nine ships out of ten would have gone to pieces; that the "Gironde" must be made of iron.

Every one fell to praying, no matter where, each one making vows to no matter whom, — "all being in such a state of confusion and alarm that we could not agree upon any particular saint to recommend ourselves to. . . . Most of us were at the feet of our amiable superior, who represented to us that we ought to have less trouble than the others in suffering death, since before embarking we had made the perfect and entire sacrifice of our life to the Lord. . . ." The vessel was again delivered from the jaws of destruction, but all these delays had exhausted the supply of water, which had to be measured out, a pint a day to each person. As the heat was intense, there was great suffering from thirst.

Five months to a day after leaving France, the "Gironde" anchored in the harbour of the Belize. The nuns, with their luggage, in two barges, proceeded towards the establishment of the commandant, where they were to remain until boats could be procured from New Orleans for them. But their troubles pursued them still; the sea was rough, the wind against them, the barges too heavily loaded, and the sailors drunk. The poor women were glad enough to be put ashore at a little half-acre of an island in the mouth of the river, where Madeleine records that in their lives they had never heard men curse so fluently as these sailors did. The commandant sent his own pirogue for them, and this time they reached their resting-place.

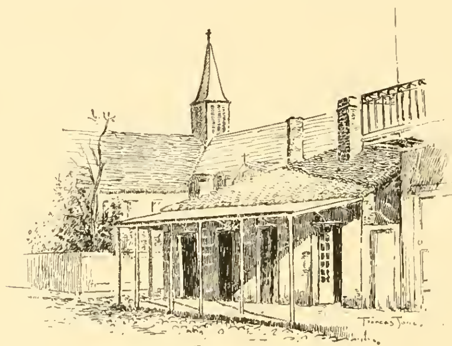
After a week's waiting, boats arrived from New Orleans for them, two pirogues and a barge. They were seven days on the river; and even the intrepid Madeleine confesses that all the fatigues of the "Gironde" were nothing in comparison to those now experienced.

Every day they stopped one hour before sunset, in order to get to bed before the mosquitoes—*Messieurs les Maringouins*—and the *Frappe d'abords* commenced operations. The oarsmen made their mosquito *baires* for them, by bending long canes, fixing the ends in the ground over their mattresses, and covering the frame with a linen which they securely tucked in all around. (*Baire* is still the Creole, *bar* the American, name for a mosquito netting.) Twice the mattresses were laid in mud; and once, a heavy storm breaking out in the night and pouring through their bars, Madeleine declares that they floated. During the day it was barely more comfortable. The pirogues were piled high with freight, upon the top of which the nuns perched in a cramped position, not daring to move for fear of upsetting the boat and going to feed the fish. Their food was trappers' fare, biscuit and salt meat. Madeleine, writing after it was all over, gives the true traveller's sigh of satisfaction, however: "All these little troubles are trying at the time, but one is well recompensed for it in the end by the pleasure one takes in telling of them, each one recounting his own adventures. . . ."

The whole colony was immeasurably surprised to hear of the safe arrival of the nuns, the "Gironde" being given up long ago for lost. As it was five o'clock in the morning when their boats touched the landing, few people were there to meet them.

The convent that was being built by the Company was far from completion, so Bienville's hotel was rented for them. Madeleine describes it to her father: "The finest house in the town; a two-story building with an attic, . . . with six doors in the first story.

In all the stories there are large windows, but with no glass; the frames are closed with very thin linen, which admits as much light as glass. Our town," she continues, "is very handsome, well constructed and regularly built, as much as I could judge on the day of our arrival; for, ever since that day we have remained cloistered in our dwelling. . . . The streets are large and straight; . . . the houses well built, with upright joists, filled with mortar between the interstices, and the ex-



Tiled roof house on Chartres St.

terior whitewashed with lime. In the interior they are wainscotted. . . . The colonists are very proud of their capital. Suffice it to say that there is a song currently sung here, which emphatically declares that New Orleans is as beautiful as Paris. Beyond that it is impossible to go. . . . The women here are extremely ignorant as to the means of securing their salvation, but they are very expert in the art of displaying their beauty. There is so much luxury in this town that there is no distinction among the classes so

far as dress goes. The magnificence of display is equal in all. Most of them reduce themselves and their family to the hard lot of living at home on nothing but sagamity, and flaunt abroad in robes of velvet and damask, ornamented with the most costly ribbons. They paint and rouge to hide the ravages of time, and wear on their faces, as embellishment, small black patches."

In another letter she finds it impossible to realize that she is in Louisiana, there being "as much magnificence and politeness" there as in France, and gold and silver stuffs in common wear, although costing three times as much as in the mother country. As for food, she rattles off an astounding list for the good Rouennais ears: wild beef, venison, swans, geese, fowls, ducks, sarcelles, pheasants, partridges, *cailles*, and fish: cat ('an excellent fish'), carp, bass, salmon, besides infinite varieties not known in France. For vegetables and fruits there were wild peas and beans, and rice; pineapples, watermelons, potatoes, sabotins (a kind of egg-plant), figs, bananas, pecans, pumpkins. . . . They drank chocolate and *café au lait* every day, and were accustoming themselves wonderfully well to the "native food of the country," bread made of rice or corn and mixed with flour, wild grapes, muscadines or *socos*, but principally *riz au lait* and sagamity; hominy cooked with grease and pieces of meat or fish (the original of the Creole *Jambalaya*, in which rice has since been most toothsomely substituted for corn).

Tradition asserts that the Ursulines did not long remain in Bienville's hotel, finding it too small. As soon as a sufficient building could be hastily constructed, they removed to the plantation given them,

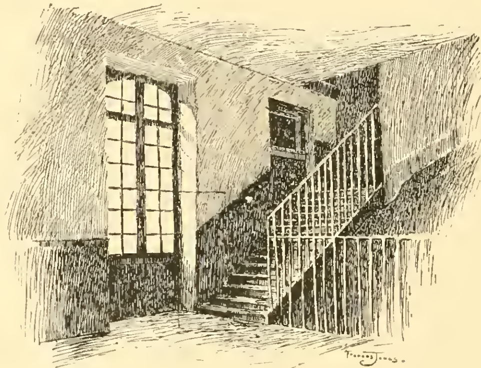
whose location is commemorated by those two quaint straggling thoroughfares in the lower part of the city, Nun and Religious streets.

The colonists, delighted to be relieved of the expense of sending their daughters to France for an education, soon provided the Ursulines with all the scholars they could attend to. Seeing the young negro and Indian girls growing up in ignorance and idleness about them, the good sisters gathered them into the convent of afternoons, formed them into classes, and taught them their letters, catechism, and sewing. The orphanage was opened, and the care of the sick in the hospital immediately taken in hand. And the year following, the governor gave them charge of the last shipment of girls sent by the mother country. This was an interesting lot of sixty, who, intended as wives only for young men of established character and means, were of authenticated spotless reputation, having been carefully selected from good families. They are known as "les filles à la cassette," from the little trunk or cassette, containing a trousseau, given each one by the Company. They stayed in the convent while the young men of character and means availed themselves of the notable opportunity offered. Here and there in the state, tracing up some Creole family, one comes to a "fille à la cassette"; and it is a tribute to the careful selection of the Company that she seems always found maintaining the recommendation of her good reputation and that of her family. Almost at the same time the Natchez massacre sent a boatload of orphans to the asylum. Indeed, as the items and records roll into the convent, and one looks back upon its manifold ministrations, and sees the nucleus of good that it was,

one must conclude that one might as well try to found a city without wives as without sisters.

It took seven years for the company to finish the convent. In the meantime, the administrators of the Company of the West had surrendered the Louisiana Charter, and the colony had once more returned into the wardship of the royal government. Pontchartrain immediately reinstated Bienville in his old position of governor. It was he, therefore, who, in July, 1734, formally handed over the new convent to the Ursulines, and installed them therein. We see his fondness for ceremony and state in the account of it: At five o'clock in the afternoon the convent bells rang forth a merry peal. The colonial troops marched up and ranged themselves on each side of the gate. Bienville, with the intendant and a suite of distinguished citizens, arrived to serve as escort. The chapel doors opened and the procession filed out. First came the citizens; after them the children of the orphanage and day school, followed by forty ladies of the city, all holding lighted tapers and singing hymns. Then came twenty young girls dressed in white, preceding twelve others in snow white robes and veils, bearing palm branches, representing St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, attended by little girls dressed as angels. The young lady who personated St. Ursula wore a costly robe and mantle, and a crown glittering with diamonds and pearls, from which hung a rich veil; in her hand she carried a heart pierced with an arrow. Then came the nineteen Ursulines, in their choir mantles and veils, holding lighted candles; after them the clergy bearing the sacrament under a rich canopy. Bienville, the intendant, and the military officers, all with lighted

candles, walked at the head of the royal troops, which closed the procession, their drums and trumpets blending with the chanting of the nuns and priests ahead of them. As soon as they came in sight of the new building, its bells began a chime of welcome, joining in with the fifes, drums, trumpets, and singing. That new convent is the present Archbishopric,—the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley, the oldest conventual structure in the United States. As much



Interior of the Archbishop's Palace

as a building can, it may be said to be indigenous to the soil. Its sturdy walls are of home-made brick, the beams and rafters are rough-hewn cypresses that grew, perhaps, on the very spot where now they support their ecclesiastical burden; the bolts, bars, nails, hinges, and balustrades are of iron, handwrought in the government workshops by *brute* African slaves, as they were then designated.

Here Madeleine Hachard lived until 1762, when she

returned to France. For ninety years the gentle sisters here pursued their devotional works among the women of the colony, sowing the seeds of education and religion, until, generation after generation passing through their hands, — daughters, grand-daughters, great-grand-daughters, rich and poor, brides for governors and officers, noble and base, bourgeoise and military, —they have become a hereditary force in the colony and state ; and in truth it is not exaggeration to say that there is no Louisiana woman living to-day who, directly or indirectly, is not beholden, for some virtue, charm, or accomplishment, to that devoted band who struggled across the ocean in the "Gironde."

Panics of Indian massacres, and slave insurrections, wars, revolutions and epidemics, have beat about the old convent walls, without power to disturb the sacred vocation within. Through them the sisters heard the shouts of the frantic population huzzaing over their expulsion of hated Ulloa. From their windows they saw his ship pass down the river ; and from the same windows they watched O'Reilly's twenty sail pass up. They saw the banner of France descend from its staff in the Place d'Armes, and the gold and red of Spain unfold its domination to the breeze ; and it was in the sanctuary, behind these walls, that on their knees they heard the musket shots, in the barracks yard near by, that despatched the six patriots out of life. They saw the flag of Spain replaced by the Tricolor of the French Republic, and the Tricolor by the Stars and Stripes of the American Republic. It must have seemed to them — particularly to that one old sister who lived through it all, to shake hands with Jackson in 1815 — that no government in the community was steadfast

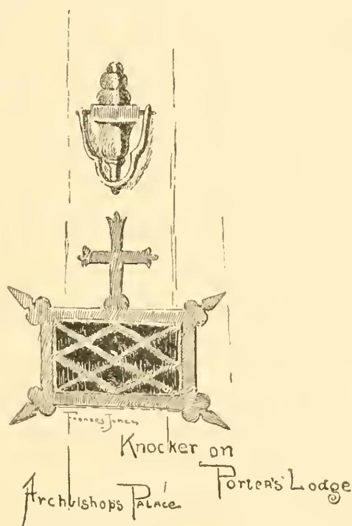
except that of St. Ursula, nothing lasting in life save the mission of wives and sisters.

Here, during the never to be forgotten days of 1814–15, they listened to the cannonading from the battlefields below, where a handful of Americans were standing up against the mighty men of valour of Great Britain, and when the day of Chalmette came, with anxious eyes they watched from their dormer windows and balconies the smoke rising from the battlefield, the rosary slipping through their fingers, their lips muttering vows, prayers, invocations. All night long they had knelt before their chapel altar, and they had brought and placed over the entrance of their convent their precious image of "Our Lady of Prompt Succour." Twice before she had miraculously rescued them, turning back the flames of conflagration burning the *vieux carré* bare. And again she heard them, and preserved their entrance inviolate, and saved the little city, so hard pressed by overwhelming numbers. And when General Jackson left the Cathedral door after the solemn high mass and thanksgiving for his victory, he failed not to go to the convent, and pay his respects to the sisters, and thank them for their vows and prayers. They then had opened their doors wide and turned their schoolrooms into infirmaries for sick and wounded of both armies, upon whom they were lavishing every care.

Every year since, on the 8th of January, high mass is celebrated and a Te Deum sung for the victory, with a special devotion to "Our Lady of Prompt Succour." This annual devotion, erected into a confraternity of Our Lady of Prompt Succour, has spread throughout the United States, and now, in this year of 1895, the

Sovereign Pontiff has conferred the privilege of solemn coronation upon the statue of the divine patroness of New Orleans, a privilege restricted to the most renowned sanctuaries alone of Christendom, and the first of the kind to take place in the United States.

In 1824 the Ursulines removed to their present establishment on the river bank, then three miles below, now well inside, the city limits. With its groves of

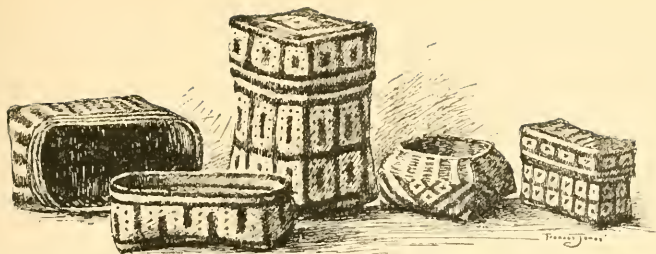


pecan trees, its avenues of oaks, its flowers and palms, its cloisters and terraces overlooking the river, its massive, quaint buildings filled with generous dormitories and halls, its batten doors opening on broad galleries; its chapel and miraculous statue, its historic past and present activity, its cultivated, sweet-voiced sisters, the old Ursuline Convent, as it has come to be called, is still the preferred centre of feminine educa-

tion for Creoles, and a favourite one for all Roman Catholic Americans in the state.

The young girls of 1895, in their convent costume, flit through corridor, gallery, cloister, to schoolroom and chapel, or pecan grove and terrace, continuing the study, the prayer, the romps, the aspirations and fancies, of the young girls of 1727, watching with impatience the shadow that travels around the old dial, now as then, and as young girls will do forever — until it measures their meridian of womanhood and freedom, the prime meridian of all times and places, be it in 1727 or 1895, in Ursuline convent or elsewhere for all young girls.

In the Archbishopric, the Ursuline Convent has been respected. Nothing is changed in its aspect, interior or exterior, none but the necessary repairs commanded by time, permitted. In the convent chapel adjoining, behind the archbishop's chair, are enshrined the hearts of several bishops of New Orleans.



CHAPTER V.

THE revolt of the Natchez Indians against the tyranny and oppression of the French officers, and their massacre of the garrison and settlement, threw the colony into the hitherto unexperienced troubles of an Indian war. The Indians in the upper Mississippi country became openly hostile, those on the lower banks covertly so. Travel on the river changed, from its old time loitering picnic pleasure to a series of hairbreadth escapes from one ambush after another. Every white settlement in the colony trembled and shook with fear, and each plantation became the centre of secret panic, for, to the horrors of Indian attacks, were added the horror of an African rebellion, and the union of the two barbarous nations against the whites, incomparably their inferiors in number. Planters, with their families, abandoned their homes and rushed for protection to New Orleans, which itself lived in a continual state of alarm. One day a woman who had taken too much tafia came running in from the Bayou St. John, screaming that the Indians were raiding the Bayou, and had massacred all the settlers, men, women, and children, there, and were in full pursuit of her. Drums beat the

general alarm, men flew to arms and gathered in the public square, where powder and balls were distributed to them. The women took refuge in the churches and in the vessels anchored in the river. All was wild fear for two hours, when the alarm was found to be groundless.

There seemed to be no alternative for French authority, but its assertion by a bloody supremacy. In such assertions the civilized races, inflamed by their fears, are no better than savage ones under the passion for vengeance.

Perier had an easy opportunity at hand, and New Orleans received its first stigma of blood. Just above the city lived an insignificant group of Chouachas Indians, who had endeared themselves to the citizens by their friendly offices of all kinds. Perier, a newcomer and a Frenchman, and in so far, it is hoped, an alien to the sentiments of the community, inaugurated his campaign against the Natchez by killing forever any possible hope the Indians might have had of a confederacy with the negroes. He armed the slaves of the neighbouring plantations, and, promising them the reward of freedom, he secured as barbarous an extermination of the unsuspecting red men as the latter could ever have inflicted upon their foes. And soon after, a war party having made a capture of four men and two women of the Natchez, Perier had them publicly burned on the levee in front of the city. Soldiers from all parts of the colony were summoned to the capital, and an army was sent against the Natchez. They, however, made their escape across the Mississippi, and put themselves out of reach of pursuit.

When the reinforcements demanded from France

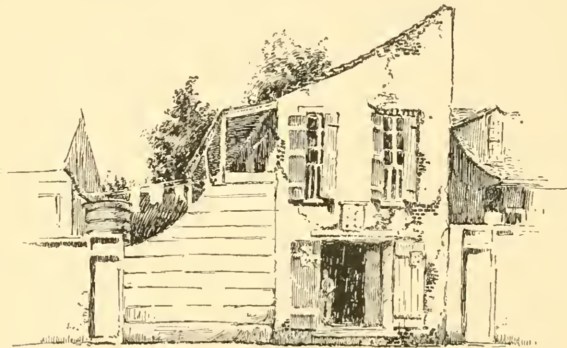
arrived, Perier, with another mustering of colonial troops, embarked them in barges and pirogues and led them up the Mississippi and through Red River, until he came to the country which held the Natchez stronghold. But again the savages proved too wily for the white men, the bulk of them making their escape and seeking refuge with the powerful tribe of Chickasaws. Perier returned with but forty prisoners, whom he sold into slavery in St. Domingo.

It was the depressing effect of these Indian troubles that had forced the Company of the West to remit its charter to the king; and it was his old prestige in governing the Indians that gained Bienville his reinstatement as governor of Louisiana. The first efforts of his administration were therefore directed to punishing the Chickasaws for receiving the Natchez, and forcing them to give up the refugees. His warlike plans turned New Orleans into a camp for seven years. Delegations of Indians, volunteers, Acadians, hunters from Missouri, *coureurs de bois* from all regions, and French soldiers, bombardiers, cannoneers, sappers, miners, such as had never been seen in the colony before — swarmed in the streets; and Perier's embarkation was puny and trifling in comparison to the two expeditions which Bienville led away from the levee in front of the Place d'Armes.

But the Canadian seemed to have lost his old cunning against the Indians, and he was no commander of French troops. His first expedition met with unmitigated disaster, the second with almost as mortifying a failure. He returned to the city with only a humiliating treaty to show for all the brave preparations. Discouragement sapped from his heart all the old

optimistic nerve that had erstwhile vivified his devotion to the colony — his colony, as he had some reason to consider it. Far from his maintaining as of yore his right and his sufficiency to the position of best man for it, in its misfortunes or in its prosperity, he now tendered to the government his resignation. It was accepted, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil was appointed in his place.

One of the last acts of Bienville was to found a charity



Old Slave Quarters.

hospital, from a legacy left by a humble sailor in 1739 for that purpose; it was situated on Rampart street, between St. Louis and Toulouse streets.

With Bienville's departure closed the childhood of the city. The old glad pioneer days of the young Canadian government, with its boisterous, irrepressible officers, and their frolics and quips and cranks and larking adventures, and irreverent bouts with their spiritual directors, their processions, demonstrations

and ceremonies — it all passed away like a hearty laugh. The Marquis de Vaudreuil brought with him the aristocratic exigencies of his title, the sedate state of the middle-aged, and the cultured polish of continental etiquette. The new influx of French and Swiss officers, fresh from the centres of fashion and politeness, more than overmatched, in the estimation of the society of the capital at least, the virile virtues of the first settlers. "Who says officer, says everything," was the growling comment of the old inhabitants. It is needless to say that the women of the city were the first and most enthusiastic converts to the higher standard of the newer and more fascinating gay world; and after a century of death, tradition through the old ladies of to-day still tells of the grandeur and elegance displayed by the Marquis, — his little Versailles of a hotel, his gracious presence, refined manners, polite speech, beautiful balls, with court dress *de rigueur*, dashing officers, well-uniformed soldiers. Even the old negresses — but they are always the rarest of connoisseurs about the standard of manners for white ladies and gentlemen — have trumpeted, from generation to generation, the Marquis de Vaudreuil as a model to be admired by all, and a test to be applied to individual social suspects.

It was during this administration that occurred the episode that inspired Louisiana's first dramatic effort: "The Indian Father," acted in the governor's mansion in 1753. Afterwards it was put into verse by a French officer, Le Blanc de Villeneuve, and was performed at the Orleans theatre. A Colapissa Indian killed a Choctaw, and fled to New Orleans. The relatives of the Choctaw came to the city and demanded the murderer. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, after trying in vain to pacify

the Choctaws, ordered the arrest of the Colapissa, but he made his escape. The father of the Colapissa then came to the Choctaws and offered his life in atonement for the crime of his son; it was accepted. The old man stretched himself instantly on the trunk of a fallen tree, and a Choctaw chief at one stroke cut his head from his body.

Dumont relates another incident of the period, which also, it would seem, might find fitting commemoration in verse. The colony was without an executioner, and no white man could be found who was willing to accept the office. As every well-regulated government must have an official executioner, it was decided finally by the council to force it upon a negro blacksmith renowned for his nerve and strength, named Jeannot, belonging to the Company of the Indies. He was summoned and told that he was to be appointed executioner and made a free man at the same time. The stalwart black giant started back in anguish and horror. "What! cut off the heads of people who have never done me any harm?" He prayed, he wept; but saw at last that there was no escape for him, that his masters were inflexible. "Very well," he said, rising from his knees, "only wait a moment." He ran to his cabin, seized a hatchet with his left hand, laid his right on a block of wood and cut it off. Returning, without a word he exhibited his bloody stump to the gentlemen of the council. With one cry, it is said, they sprang to his relief, and his freedom was given him.

De Vaudreuil being promoted to the governorship of Canada, M. De Kerlerec was appointed to succeed him in Louisiana.

De Kerlerec was an officer of the Marine, a gruff,

bluff old salt, who, carrying on an unceasing war with his subordinates, organized their enmity against himself so well that after ten years they succeeded in having him recalled to France, and promptly lodged in the Bastile on his arrival in Paris.

His administration covered the period of the Seven Years' War, when French and English fought hand to hand for the possession of Canada. Although far removed from the seat of hostilities, New Orleans, as a French possession, suffered her share of incidental damages. The English fleet patrolled the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, over which English privateers swarmed, intercepting and capturing the convoys of supplies from France, and completely destroying her commerce; and France could neither renew the supplies nor protect her commerce.

Curtailed in means, Kerlerec was forced to suspend his yearly tribute of presents to the various important Indian tribes between him and the British possessions. The venal, discontented savages immediately abandoned him and turned to trading and treating with the English. Means failed, also, to pay the royal troops; and the soldiers, disgusted with a service in which there was no money, no food, and no clothing, began also to desert in large numbers to the English.

Kerlerec stoutly did what he could to put the colony in the best state of defence possible with his inadequate resources. A ditch was dug and a palisaded embankment erected all around the city, the batteries at English Turn were repaired. The main reliance, however, in case of fighting, was not upon the French troops, but upon the Swiss mercenaries, who were stationed in all the important posts. These were held firm amid the

general demoralization and defection of the French soldiery, by a pitiless application of military discipline; one of the judicial tragedies of the city.

A detachment of Swiss was quartered at Ship Island, which was under the command of a Frenchman, Duroux. The island is a mere dot of white sand in the Gulf, a veritable pearl, which at a distance dances and plays in the gay blue water. It seems totally inadequate to the amount of human suffering which has been experienced upon it, in later times as a military prison of most cruel hardships, and then as the scene and opportunity for the brutality of Duroux. The isolated spot was his kingdom, and he used his soldiers as if no one before him had fittingly illustrated the meaning of "tyrant." He sold their rations and gave them for food only what they could gather from the wreckage of the Gulf. Instead of performing their military duties, they were forced to till his garden, cut timber for him, and burn the charcoal and lime out of which he drove a profitable private trade. His exactions of work would have been considered beyond human endurance, had he not hit upon a form of punishment which experience proved to be clearly so. He simply stripped his criminals naked, and tied them to trees; and the mosquitoes, those voracious mosquitoes of the Gulf, accomplished the rest. In desperation, some of the soldiers ran away to the capital, carrying their complaints to the governor, and a piece of the bread they were given to eat. Kerlerec, a naval martinet, sent them immediately back to Ship Island. Then the Swiss took the case in their own hands, and had recourse to the time and world-renowned measures of the over-burdened.

One day, as Duroux's boat neared the strand, after a

hunting expedition, the drums beat the salute, the banner of France was raised, and the guard filed-out in arms. But, as the hated commandant put his foot on land, the corporal gave command, and the tyrant fell, pierced, it is safe to say, with a bullet from each musket. His body was thrown into the Gulf. The prisoners, of whom Duroux kept a constant supply in irons, were released ; and one of them, a sea captain, was forced to pilot the rebels to the English possessions. Arrived at a safe distance, they sent him back with a certificate that he had aided them only under compulsion. The party separated ; one band reached the English in safety ; the other was captured, one man stabbing himself to the heart to avoid arrest. They were sent to New Orleans. A court-martial was held by the officers of the Swiss regiment ; the men were condemned, and, according to their regulations, were nailed alive in their coffins, and sawed in two. The ghastly execution of the order took place in the barracks yard. The man who had served as guide was broken on the wheel at the same time and in the same place.

An interesting event connects the first clashing of arms in the valley of the Ohio with New Orleans. This was when George Washington, a colonel in the British army, was sent by the governor of Virginia against Fort Duquesne. On the march he heard of a French detachment coming to surprise him. He surprised it, and in the engagement, Jumonville, the ensign in command, was killed. Jumonville de Villiers, his brother (ancestor of the New Orleans family) obtained from Kerlerec the permission to go and avenge the death. With a band of soldiers and Indians he hastened to the scene of the engagement, and found Wash-

ington entrenched in Fort Necessity. He attacked him, and forced the future Father of his Country to surrender to him. Later, there came down the river the boats bearing the garrison and officers of Fort Duquesne, who, after a gallant resistance, were forced to abandon their post. And later, down the great artery of the continent, came from time to time other

" *Tignon Créole.*"

driftings of the French wreckage going on in the North, —weary, heart-broken bands of Acadian pilgrims.

Finally, in 1763, France was forced to sign the Treaty of Paris, which left in England's grasp all of her possessions east of the Mississippi, with the exception of the Island of Orleans, as it was called, that irregular fragment of land lying between Manchac or Bayou Iberville and the lakes, which belongs, as natural appanage, to the city of New Orleans. This same year Kerlerec was recalled to France, and M. d'Abadie

arrived with the diminished title of director-general, to suit the diminished area of his government. The military force, reduced to three hundred men, was put under command of Aubry, senior ranking captain.

English vessels were soon a familiar sight sailing up and down the river, to and from their new possessions, above Manchac, from which the French inhabitants moved with their slaves, inside the French lines, many of them to the capital. The Indians loyal to France followed them, occupying lands assigned to them by the government about the city and on the lakes.

The increase of wealth and population, and concentration of vitality in the city, produced there a sudden revival of activity of all kinds. New houses sprang up to answer the increased demand, new shops and magazines were opened along the levee, and coffee houses blossomed out from street corners. Deprived for so long a time of so many of the necessaries of life, the colonists, when occasion at last gratified them, could not content themselves with anything less than the luxuries of it. The English shrewdly profited by this epidemic of extravagance, and took advantage of the crippled condition to which they had reduced French commerce. Many of the vessels going up the river, ostensibly to carry supplies to the English possessions, were in reality floating shops, well supplied with goods of all kinds, and furnished inside with the regulation counters, shelves, and clerks. They stopped at a hail, and soon acquired the trade of the entire French coast, a trade which was all the more thriving as it was illicit. For the convenience of New Orleans customers, these contraband boats used to tie up at a tree on the river bank a short distance above the city. As Manchac was

their first lawful landing-place, this place was wittily dubbed "little Manchac," and "going to little Manchac" was long the current expression in the city for shopping excursions to contraband centres.

Now must be told that religious scandal of the time, the war between the Jesuits and Capuchins. For the elements of this famous feud one must go back, if not to the beginning of human nature, at least to the period when the bishop of Quebec, the spiritual head of Louisiana, appointed a Jesuit as his vicar-general.

The Capuchins claimed the territory by right of a contract with the India Company, and therefore opposed the exercise of any spiritual functions by their rivals. In every bout with their burly, physically superior, antagonists, the Jesuits came off victorious. During Kerlerec's administration the campaign had been unusually sharp and brilliant. A new instrument of warfare — an instrument of polite warfare — had been imported, the manipulation of which became a furore with the partisan citizens. Epigrams, pasquinades, squibs, lampoons, burlesques, satirical songs, were posted on the corners of every thoroughfare, and the latter were sung in the coffee-houses. There seemed to be no end to the pleasing variety and abundance of the wit displayed by the citizens, who must have enjoyed the occasion as one of real literary culture; and it may be here mentioned that they became in course of time so addicted to this mode of expressing not only religious, but political and even personal animosities, and became such biting adepts at it, provoking such postscripta of duels, that in the end it was forbidden by law.

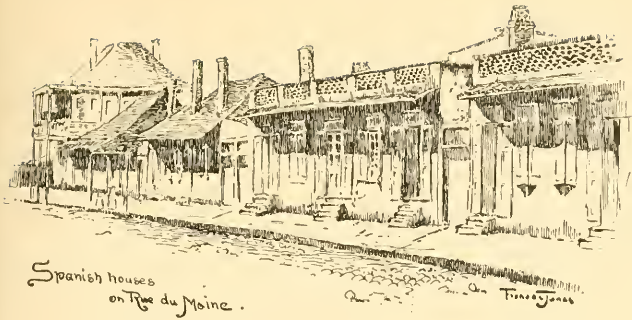
The superior council, although invoked by both

parties, wisely forbore deciding in favour of either, as much in fear of the arrogance of the victorious, as of the hostility of the defeated side; but they patched up a truce, only a seeming, and, as it turned out, an insidious one. Father Hilaire de Génovaux, the superior of the Capuchins, although a priest, was by nature a warrior, to whom defeat meant anything but a discipline for the promotion of patience and resignation. He, one day, left his convent and the city and departed for Europe, saying naught to any one of his intentions or purposes. He returned in the same effective manner, but bearing the high-sounding title and office of apostolic protonotary, which completely outranked the vicar-general of the bishop of Quebec. The surprise of the Jesuits was complete; so was their wrath, and the quarrel flamed on with more brilliancy than ever.

But neither the wit of the partisans of the Jesuits, nor the sharpness of the superior of the Capuchins, brought this memorable campaign to a close. Louisiana had to swing with the great pendulum of the mother country. The Jesuits were expelled from Bourbon Europe, they must be expelled from Bourbon America. A decree to that effect was sent to New Orleans. It is true that Louisiana owed to the Jesuit fathers an irredeemable debt of gratitude. They had been the first missionaries in the colony, and her constant friends at court and in high places. It was they who had obtained the establishment of the Ursulines, and it was they who made the first agricultural experiments; domesticating fruits, vegetables, indigo, and sugar cane in the soil. Nevertheless the decree to expel them was final, and it was enforced. All their property, including their fine plantation, was sold at auction, and they

were made to leave. The Ursuline sisters were broken hearted at the loss of their friends and directors, and the ladies of the city would not so much as tolerate the idea of a Capuchin confessor, and the exaltation of female martyrdom was in the air. Although, in a way, the difficulty had been solved, its settlement seemed further away than ever.

Pomegranates.



CHAPTER VI.

THE *deus ex machina* of Louisiana had always been the prime minister of France. The Duc de Choiseul now filled that office.

Louis XV. neither reigned nor governed; it was La Pompadour who reigned and governed for him. We read of the monarch, sitting like some Dantesque hero of the Inferno, in the secret regions of his gorgeous palaces, with the never-ceasing curse upon him of endeavouring to satisfy the appetite of the monster of his own desires. Not Hogarth himself has better traced for us the road to ruin, the royal road to ruin, than Louis *le bien aimé*. And working thus unceasingly to dehumanize himself, he attracted around him as counsellors, servitors, friends, and companions, only those who made the process smooth and easy for him.

It was not as in the easy-going time of the witty, clever, amiable, dissipated Regent, when pleasure and business, scandal and politics, hustled one another in broad daylight, in the talking, laughing, streets of Paris. With Louis XV. it was all dark, mysterious, underground; one fears to advance a finger in any direc-

tion, for fear of touching the foul. When an intrepid volunteer, like Michelet, venturing into the secret sewers of court records, returns to tell of it, we shrink from him — he bears evidence of putrid exhumations, and we are nauseated.

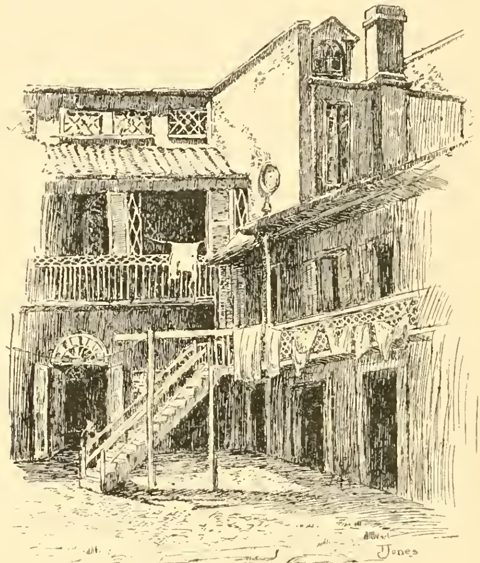
The prime minister was not so much the Duc de Choiseul, as his sister, Madame de Grammont, the man of business, as she was called, of La Pompadour. She was also called "la doublure," the lining of her brother. Her ambition, it seems, was that purely feminine one, of repairing the impoverished fortunes of her family, and in this ambition women can be inflexible, inexorable, and unscrupulous. The best of the patrimony of the De Choiseuls, was, it is said, their capacity for treason, and of the duc Michelet writes: "He did not go to war, *il fit la chasse aux femmes*." The same authority, from the intimacy of his knowledge of this period, describes the De Choiseul he knew: "A little bull-dog face he had, ugly, audacious, impertinent, with a mocking tongue, a deadly weapon feared by the bravest . . . vivacious, brilliant, keen, penetrating, believing nothing, fearing nothing, an easy moralist, an uncertain ally, a hater of priests, light minded, inconstant. First, he worried La Pompadour, then he charmed her, then gave himself to her." "You will be damned, Choiseul," once said the king to him with a smile. "And you, sire?" "I, oh, I am different; I am the anointed of God."

It was a ghastly prologue to our own little Louisiana tragedy as we read it now, that played by the king, the favourite, and the prime minister, with his shadowy controller-general Silhouette. Morally, for France there was but one proportionate drama to follow, the

Revolution. Politically, there was but one thing for France to lose, "simply the world," as Michelet says. From truckling to Austria, Choiseul turned to truckling to Spain, and he created and put into shape his famous Pacte de Famille in 1761, which federated the blood of the Bourbon, and united into a combined trust the thrones of France, Spain, Turin, Naples, and Sicily. Thence the international war upon the Jesuits, and thence the transfer of Louisiana to Spain by a secret clause in the Treaty of Paris. The clause remained a secret until October, 1764, when M. d'Abadie received official notice of it, with the copies of the acts of donation and acceptance, and instructions to hand the colony over to the envoy of the king of Spain, who was to arrive.

Upon publication of the fact in the city, the inhabitants were transfixed with consternation. This was an old world and a middle-age eventuality, the giving away of a country, with its people, to a foreign master, as a planter might hand over his land and slaves to a purchaser — that had never occurred to the Louisianians. They had no need of recourse to tradition to animate their feelings. Men were still alive among them who had taken possession of the country in its wild state of nature, who had founded it, established it, and held it firm to France, with but little help or encouragement, too, from the mother country, against both Englishman and Spaniard. Nay more, they had dominated the Gulf of Mexico itself, and had France but held out a finger to them, even surreptitiously, they were prepared to prove at any dinner-table or coffee-house in the city, that Iberville and Bienville, Chateauguay, De Serigny, and themselves, could have

solidified Central America, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea, into an indestructible French power. Rude fighters themselves, and accustomed to rude stakes, they could have understood the cession to England — that would have been according to the fortunes of war. England had whipped in the contest for supremacy,



Courtyard of the "Old Baths"

and Frenchmen of Louisiana, as well as Frenchmen of Canada, must stand to the terms of defeat. But to be tossed without the asking, from Louis XV. to Carlos III., to be made over, in secret bargain, to the Spaniards, — to the not so much hated as despised Spaniard, who had never ventured a blow or fired a shot for them,

whom they had overmatched with half their wits and half their strength, in every contest! That was a fate that no Louisianian was craven enough to be resigned to!

Cities act like individuals in a crisis. Stupor followed the shock in New Orleans, and excitement followed the stupor, mounting quickly into temper, fury. The streets hummed and throbbed with it. The cabarets exploded with indignant denunciatory eloquence. The king could not mean it! The king did not know what he was doing! He was ignorant of the true facts of the case! He had no idea of Louisiana or the Louisianians! He must be informed, expostulated with, petitioned. The citizens, the colonists, must speak; they must express their sentiments, the will of the people must be evoked! The will of the people! The word was out, and the idea! The word and the idea that were to be made flesh a decade hence in the revolted American colonies.

A convention was called to meet in New Orleans, and each parish in the state was requested to send delegates. Every parish responded with its best and most notable; the city did likewise. A large and impressive assembly met. It was opened by Lafrénière, the attorney-general, than whom no man could with better credentials represent the colony in spirit and in letter. His father was one of four Canadian brothers, pioneers under Iberville and Bienville, who had distinguished themselves in every field of danger and enterprise offered by the rough times and rough country. Crumbling parchments of marriage contracts and land sales show them to have acquired wealth and honours and to have formed alliances with the families of what, in feudal times, would have been called Louisiana's nobility. The

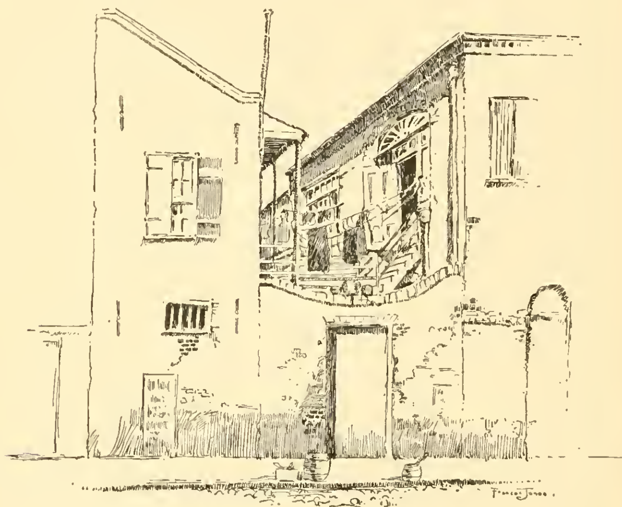
attorney-general was a man of winning address and fiery eloquence, in character and acquirements one of the best growths of Louisiana from Canadian seed. He opened the convention with a strong, stirring speech, proposing the resolution that the colonists, *en masse*, supplicate the king of France not to sever them from their country. It passed unanimously. A delegation of three citizens, Jean Milhet at the head, was appointed to carry it to France and lay it at the foot of the throne. They left by the first vessel.

Arrived in Paris, the delegation sought out Bienville, the old father Bienville, for he was still living in Paris, an octogenarian now, with long white hair. One has only imagination to supply the details of the interview, the questions, explanations, reading of the petition, names ; what the Louisianians had to say of Louisiana, Bienville of France, Paris. Louisiana was so much more the country of the white-haired patriarch, than of the king or the duke, or of any man or woman in France. Surely he would be received, listened to. He consented to accompany Milhet to the Duc de Choiseul. Their primitive idea was to throw themselves on their knees before the king and present the petition, which reads to-day more like the passionate appeal of a lover to his mistress. And they would add their voices in supplication not to be cast off ; they themselves would implore from their sovereign the proud satisfaction for the Louisianians, of being able to die as they had lived, Frenchmen, not Spaniards. It would indeed have been a scene and an interview worth recording. For the picturesqueness of history it is a pity that it did not take place. De Choiseul listened with perfect politeness, promised the interview with the

king, promised his influence; promised everything, like a modern politician, and — never kept his word. It was not that he paid his royal master the compliment of supposing that this white-haired pioneer, the son and brother of the best pioneers France could make out of her flesh and blood — that these new specimens, these Frenchmen from the new world, could stir a memory of Louisiana, or arouse a patriotic thrill in that enfeebled, exhausted, diseased heart. But the Pacte de Famille was De Choiseul's own master-stroke of policy, the cession of Louisiana his own paraph on the margin of it. The delegation came again and again, always meeting politeness and promises. The others returned to the colony, leaving Milhet in Paris. He, after a year of effort, deceived, thwarted, betrayed in every verbal way by the brilliant prime minister — he also returned home with the incredible report that he had not been able to see the king, had not presented the petition.

In the meantime, in New Orleans, d'Abadie had died and Aubry was put in command for the short interval before cession to Spain. But no Spanish envoy presented himself. With their delegation and petition at work at court, the optimistic citizens reacted from the excitement of dejection and despair, to buoyancy of spirits. When, at the landing-place in front of the Place d'Armes, a boat load of gaunt, haggard Acadians arrived, and told their story, how their country had been ceded away, their churches, their allegiance, how they had tried to live under foreign masters, but at last, under exactions and suspicions, and despair of all kinds, they had been forcibly ejected from their fields and homes, the citizens, overflowing with hospitality, generosity, and sympathy, drew no warning from it,

but rather encouragement of their own sense of security and self-sufficiency. So ill-prepared were they, that like a thunder clap in a cloudless heaven, came an official letter in July, 1766, announcing that the Spanish envoy, Don Antonio de Ulloa, was on his way to take possession of the colony. There was another cataclysm of excitement; but as the envoy did not make his



In the French Quarter.

appearance, and Milhet did not return, the minds and hearts of all again rebounded to hope and courage.

In February Ulloa arrived at the Balise in a frigate of twenty cannon, with two companies of Spanish infantry, three Spanish Capuchins, and the personnel of his administration, a commissary of war, Loyola; an intendant, Navarro; and a comptroller, Gayarré. He reached the city in March. An ominous storm

of wind and rain was raging. Aubry did what he could in the way of a reception. The militia and regular troops were drawn up on the levee, the cannon fired a salute, and there was, stimulated by Aubry, a faint attempt at acclamation. But the citizens stood in groups to one side, silent, sullen, and cold as the rain pouring over them.

In appearance the Spanish envoy was middle-aged, grave, haughty, severe, and petrified in Spanish etiquette and ceremony. He was no inconsiderable personage, but a man of repute, both in the military and scientific worlds, and was just then returned from an expedition in which he had formed one of a commission to determine the configuration of the earth at the equator. He seems to have approached Louisiana in the same cool, calm, critical spirit of scientific investigation, and he was about as much prepared to hear that the equator had risen up and protested against the results of his commission, as to find that other purely theoretical factor, the will of the people of Louisiana, in opposition to his presence and functions. He expected the country to change its flag and allegiance, the soldiers their service, the people their nationality, as a thing of the most commonplace of course. The superior council of the colony requested him to show his powers and authorities. He refused curtly, and sent for Aubry to confer with him. When he learned that the French soldiers refused to enter the Spanish service, he agreed that the formality of taking possession should be deferred until more Spanish troops were sent to him, quartering his own force in separate barracks, apart and distinct from Aubry's. But, as if that formality had been duly and legally observed,

he proceeded to the clerical work of his office, taking the census, issuing new rules and regulations, and rendering decrees of trade and commerce. The existence of the civil authorities was ignored, and Aubry was made the official mouthpiece of the envoy and organ of communication with the people. The various military posts were visited, new ones established, the French flag being informally replaced by the Spanish. In New Orleans, however, the French colours floated as ever, and the externals, at least, of French domination were not infringed.

The inhabitants of the country parishes chafed and fumed. The citizens of New Orleans seethed and boiled. If no opportunity offered, they must inevitably have created one, for the expression of their feelings. But the opportunity was offered by Ulloa. Apart from patriotic sentiments, what the people of Louisiana most feared from Spain, was the imposition of those narrow-minded trade regulations, framed for the Spanish colonies, which would ruin their commerce and port as they had ruined all the commerce and every port in the Spanish possessions. Ulloa issued a decree which in this respect realized their worst fears. The merchants in a body presented a petition to the superior council, praying for a suspension of the decree until they could be heard upon it. The signatures attached to the petition represented the most influential names in the colony. To-day they still distinguish the *élite* of Creole families. The memorial was forwarded to Ulloa, who, in an official report, expressed his opinion of it as: "A kind of manifesto, of people who pretend to nothing less than to make terms with their own sovereign, and whose

expressions, far from being supplicating and respectful, take on the imperious and insolent tone of a menace." Paying no heed to it, he proceeded in September to the Balise, to await the coming of his affianced bride, the Marquise d'Abrado, one of the richest heiresses of Peru, and, according to report, beautiful even beyond the usual fortune of heiresses. She kept him waiting seven months, and for that time the Balise became the centre of government, Aubry making periodical visits to it. During one of these he signed a secret act putting Ulloa in possession of the colony, and authorizing him to substitute the Spanish flag for the French whenever he wished.

Relieved from the hated presence of the Spaniard, the citizens had a breathing spell, and strange to say, began to hope again that the mother country had reconsidered her act or would do so. Ulloa returned with his bride, married to him by private ceremony at the Balise. There had been some social expectations entertained from the advent of the Marquise in the city. She, however, immured herself in her hotel, associated only with her own attendants, repulsed all advances from society, shunned the Creole ladies publicly, ignored them privately, and would not even worship in a common church with them, attending mass only in her private chapel. In short, she proved herself, in her treatment of the ladies of the place, only too apt an imitator of her husband's hauteur and arrogance with the men, and so added the last straw to the burden of the intolerable.

Milhet arrived at last! He gave an account of his humiliating failure. Popular disappointment and chagrin flamed into a fury of passion, which swept discretion and judgment before it. There was to be heard

in the streets nothing but loud voicings of the hatred of Spain and the loathing of the yoke about to be put upon them. Calm was completely destroyed from one end of the colony to the other; the wildest excitement prevailed, meetings were held everywhere, in which heated addresses inflamed still more the violence of feeling. As in every other revolution, a woman furnishes the nucleus of action. In the upper outskirts of the city about where Common and Carondelet streets cross to-day, was the elegant villa and spacious gardens of Madame Pradel, a widow, beautiful, rich, and intellectual. She was attached, it was whispered, in a secret love to Foucaut, the royal commissary, one of the most ardent of the revolutionists. The establishment had all the privacy of isolation and seclusion, and was a most charming gathering spot for the leaders of the people, Lafrénière, the two Noyans, De Villeré, Masan, Marquis, Foucaut, and others. After a luxurious supper, they would leave their hostess and retire to the garden, and there, in the fragrant obscurity of the magnolia groves, discuss the situation, and prepare, point by point, the policy to be adopted. Their first move was to invite the country again to send delegates to another grand meeting to be held in the capital.

This second assembly was in all respects the same as the first. As before, Lafrénière took the lead, or had it assigned to him. He made a speech with his characteristic power and eloquence, and was ably seconded by the delegate Milhet and his brother, and by Doucet, a young lawyer recently arrived from France. The proceedings culminated in an address to the superior council calling upon it to declare Ulloa an usurper for having exercised authority without exhibiting his powers to

Old Plantation House.

the superior council, registering them, or otherwise promulgating them in a public manner, and, as such, ordering him out of the colony. The paper was signed by over five hundred names. It was printed by the public printer, on the order of Foucaut, and distributed throughout the parishes. The superior council took it under consideration, and ended in rendering the decree prayed for, ordering Ulloa to produce his authorities before the civil tribunal of the colony, or to take his departure from it, within a month. To such a man, and to such a dignitary, there was no alternative; he prepared for the immediate departure of himself and household.

Aubry, whose ideas of independence lay strictly within the limits of military subordination, did what he could at first to prevent, then to mitigate, what he considered an outrageous breach of discipline. He expostulated with the citizens, enlightened them about the inviolate majesty of kings, warned them of retributive consequences. In vain. The citizens would not, or could not, understand him. To all of his representations they had a legal answer, and they stood firm in their position, their feet planted on their incontestable theory of the supremacy in the colony of the civil tribunal. Aubry then did what he could to throw a semblance of dignity around the expulsion. At the head of his soldiers he escorted Ulloa and his household to the levee, saluted his embarkation, and stationed sentries to guard his ship.

That night there was a wedding feast in one of the wealthiest houses of the city. Banqueting and dancing had filled the hours and prolonged the revels, and day was about to break before the last of the guests stepped

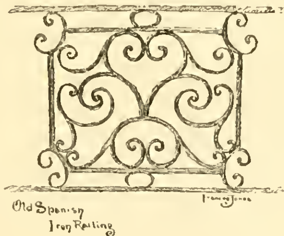
into the street; a noisy band of merry youths;—frolicking, singing, laughing, as they passed along by the silent houses. They came to the levee. In the silver light of dawn, the river lay veiled in mist, out of which, grim and ugly and forbidding, arose the frigate containing the Spaniard and his people.

"See," cried one, "the morning star! It heralds the last day of the Spaniard's rule." The band stopped and looked. The temptation was irresistible to young madheads. The cables of the frigate were stealthily cut. After one thrilling moment, the great bulk began to move, yield to the current, which, as if the Mississippi too were French and factional, stronger and stronger urged its way, until it bore the vessel out to midstream, and started it triumphantly down the river. Then the watching crowd threw caps in air, and broke into wild huzzas. The victory seemed brilliant, the joy of it was radiant.

Still acting in their representative character, the committee of citizens who had addressed the council published a manifesto to their constituents, giving the account of what they had done. It was scattered broadcast throughout the colony. A copy of it and of all the proceedings and addresses, with an explanatory and propitiatory letter from Aubry, was sent by special despatch to France, to the Prime Minister. Ulloa also received a copy, which he enclosed to his government with his report of the rebellion, as he called it. He named the "conspirators:" Lafrénière, Foucaut, the two Noyans, the two Milhets, and Villeré, summing them up contemptuously enough as "most of them children of Canadians who had come to Louisiana, axe on shoulder, to make their living by the work of their hands;" and he

mentions Madame Pradel's villa as the place of their meeting and consultation, with the gossip of Foucaut's love for her.

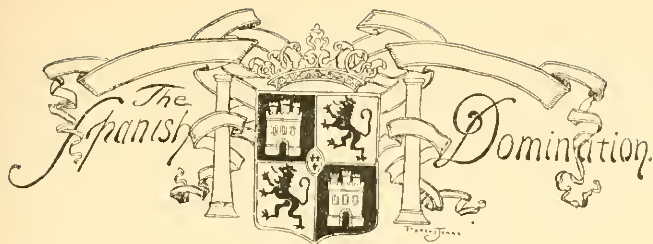
A momentary calm, like the still pause between the blasts of a hurricane, fell over Louisiana and the Louisianians while awaiting a response from France. Surely the king would now reconsider! They had proved their mettle, shown that they would not, could not, pass under Spanish rule. They had committed no violence, but in an orderly, legal manner expelled the intruder, keeping among them, for the better regulation of the financial accounts between the two nations,



the three Spanish officials, Gayarré, Loyola, and Navarro. France, at any rate, could not but stand by her sons.

But there was some uncertainty in their hope, and some uneasiness in their calm. There was much private discussion and prognostication, and the leaders must have had more and more frequent deliberations in the gardens of Madame Pradel. It was in that place and in that emergency of doubt and anxiety, that they considered the proposition of defying both European powers, and erecting Louisiana into a representative government of the people, after the manner of the Swiss republic. One of the De Noyans, Bienville's namesake

it was, Noyan de Bienville he was called, undertook a secret mission to Pensacola, to sound the British minister there on the attitude he would assume in such an eventuality. A British governor, however, at that period, was the last one in the world from whom encouragement might be expected by revolting colonies. He not only rebuffed the republican missionary, but hastened to transmit the confidence to Spain. The republican idea once launched, however, gained such headway in the city and country, that the monarchists became alarmed and an elaborate memorial was printed, combating any such change of government.



CHAPTER VII.

ON the morning of July 24th, 1769, a private messenger came post haste from the Balise, announcing the arrival there of a great armament under the command of Count O'Reilly, lieutenant-general of the armies of Spain. The midnight following, a Spanish officer, Don Francisco Bouligny, landed, bringing from Count O'Reilly the official announcement that he was coming up the river to take possession of the colony for Spain.

There was no further doubt about the matter now. Nothing was to be expected from France. She had abandoned the colony without advice or warning, to the punishment of Spain. The will of the people, conventions, speeches, memorials, manifestoes, plans, conspiracies, theories of government, . . . it all lifted like a mountain mist from the minds of the revolutionists, and left them staring at the bare reality, — a defenceless city of three thousand inhabitants, called to account by Spain, — Spain, the pitiless avenger of her majesty!

Lafrénière, with his partisans, hastened to Aubry. After a hurried consultation, it was decided that a deputation of them should go to O'Reilly and personally make the best explanation possible of the expulsion of Ulloa. As there had been no blood shed, it seemed to

Aubry that a prompt apology and subjection would be accepted as a settlement of the matter. Lafrénière, Milhet, and Marquis accompanied the Spanish officer down the river, and by him were presented to O'Reilly who received them courteously. Lafrénière, as spokesman, boldly charged Ulloa with the blame of what had occurred, for not having presented his credentials, and not taking official possession of the colony before exercising authority in it. He stated that he now appeared as a representative from the Louisianians, bearing their professions of respect for the king of Spain, and their submission to him.

O'Reilly responded kindly, and in general terms. The word "sedition" passing his lips, Marquis interrupted him: "That word," he said, "is not applicable to the colonists." O'Reilly kept the Creoles to dinner with him, and sent them away full of hope as to the past.

Aubry, at midday, assembled the panic-stricken citizens in the Place d'Armes, and tranquilized their fears by an address, counseling prompt submission to the new authority. He also sent messages throughout the parishes, warning the colonists there against excitement or action. The report made by the deputation of their interview with O'Reilly, was calming, and the city, after forty-eight hours of extreme agitation, sank the following night into the much-needed repose of sleep.

The dawn of the 18th August revealed the Spanish fleet at anchor, in front of the city, the frigate bearing O'Reilly surrounded by twenty-three other vessels. At noon the drums beat the general alarm, and the troops royal and the militia marched from their barracks to the Place d'Armes, and formed facing the river.

Count O'Reilly, in all the pomp of representative majesty, heralded by music, preceded by silver maces, and followed by a glittering staff, descended the gangway from his ship to the levee, and, advancing to Aubry, presented his credentials from the king of Spain and his orders to receive the colony. Three thousand Spanish soldiers filed after him from the other vessels to the levee, and formed on the three sides of the Place. The credentials and powers were read aloud to the citizens assembled, an anxious, nervous crowd. Aubry, after a proclamation releasing the colonists from their allegiance to France, presented the keys of the city to O'Reilly. The French flag was lowered, the Spanish raised; the Spanish vessels saluted with their guns, the soldiers fired off their muskets and shouted "Viva el Rey!" The French guards were relieved by Spanish guards. The Spanish and French officers then in procession crossed the open space to the Cathedral, where a Te Deum was celebrated.

The ceremonies terminated with a grand parade of the Spanish troops, whose stern bearing, rigid discipline, and glittering equipments awed the crowds on the banquettes of the streets through which they passed.

O'Reilly installed himself in one of the handsomest houses of the place, and maintained his viceregal assumptions. Seated on an elevated canopied chair of state, he gave audiences, held receptions, and received what he regarded as the submission of the people. The old half tender patriarchal pomposity of De Vaudreuil was rude and savage in comparison. Acting upon the hint of Aubry to pay their respects promptly, the colonists flocked in numbers to the receptions, accompanied by their wives and daughters, who, with the responsi-

bility and secret apprehensions upon them for their husbands and brothers, lavished, with the feminine prodigality of such emergencies, personal charms, taste in dress, witchery of manners — everything to throw the seductive glamour of a social function over the grimness of a military ceremony.

Count O'Reilly maintained a graciousness of demeanour that surpassed even the most sanguine expectations. He had, however, on the day of his arrival, privately written to Aubry, demanding entire information, with all pertaining documents, respecting the expulsion of Ulloa; and the French captain, cringing with instinctive soldierly subjection, under the whip-hand of military authority, was furnishing all, and more than the Spanish general required, to justify the predetermination with which he sailed from Havana. The "chiefs of the criminal enterprise," as Aubry designated it, were the richest and most distinguished men of the city, — Lafrénière, Attorney-General Masan Chevalier of St. Louis, Marquis, retired commandant of Swiss troops Noyan, retired captain of cavalry, Bienville, brother of Noyan and son-in-law of Lafrénière, ensign of marine, Villeré, brother-in-law of Lafrénière, captain of the militia of the Côte des Allemands. The lawyer Doucet was named as the author of the manifesto. Aubry made some attempt to exculpate Foucaut.

On the 21st of August a grand levee was held in the viceregal hotel. All the above-named gentlemen presenting themselves by invitation, were received with more than usual courtesy by O'Reilly, who suavely invited them to follow him into an adjoining room. It was filled with Spanish bayonets. Throwing off his mask, O'Reilly then denounced his Creole guests as

rebels and conspirators against the king of Spain, and ordered the guards to march them to the various places of imprisonment he had selected for them. Caresse, joint author with Lafrénière of the address to the council, the two Milhets, Petit, who had participated in word and deed with the revolutionists, Poupet, the

treasurer of the conspiracy, Hardy de Boisblanc, one of the council who commanded the departure of Ulloa, and Braud, the royal printer, who had printed the various documents, were also arrested and lodged in prison.

Villeré, at the time of O'Reilly's arrival, was on his

plantation at the Côte des Allemands. His first impulse was to throw himself under the protection of the British flag, at Manchac, but a letter from Aubry quieted his apprehensions and advised him, on the contrary, to come to New Orleans. As flight seemed a confession of guilt, this course was more acceptable to Villeré, and he set out at once for the city. At the Tchoupitoulas gate he was arrested by the Spanish guard and carried aboard the Spanish frigate lying in the river. Madame Villeré, a daughter of the Chevalier d'Arensbourg, hearing of her husband's arrest, hastened with all speed after him, and taking a skiff, had herself rowed out to the frigate. She was ordered away by the sentinels. Villeré, confined below, hearing the supplicating voice of his wife, and fearing some insult, attempted to rush past his guard and get on deck. He fell, transfixed with a bayonet. It is a tradition that to convince the wife of her husband's death, his garment, wet with blood, was thrown into her skiff, while a sailor cut the rope that held it to the frigate.

O'Reilly's assessors conducted the trial in a room of the barracks. Foucaut's plea that as a royal officer of France he was accountable only to her laws, was allowed. The charge against Braud, the royal printer, was also similarly remitted.

The other prisoners attempted no defence. They denied the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which they were arraigned, and protested that the offences with which they were charged were committed while the flag of France was waving over them. The trial being conducted to a close, satisfactory to the judgment at least of O'Reilly, he, on the 24th day of October,

rendered the sentence in the presence of three of his lieutenants, officiating as witnesses. Lafrénière, Milhet, and Marquis (his guests at the Balise), Noyan de Bienville, and Caresse were condemned to be conducted to the place of execution on asses with ropes around their necks, to be hanged, and their bodies to remain hanging until otherwise ordered; Petit was to be imprisoned for life; Masan and Doucet for twelve years; Hardy de Boisblanc, Poupet, and Jean Milhet, for six. The property of all was confiscated to the crown. Villeré, being dead, was represented at the trial by an "avocat à sa mémoire" — and his memory, all that was left to Spanish jurisdiction, was, in conformity to his sentence, condemned to perpetual infamy.

The whole city, men and women of every rank and class, threw themselves before O'Reilly, in an appeal for at least a suspension of the sentence until royal clemency could be invoked. He was inexorable. On the representation of the Spanish assessors that there was no executioner but a negro who was disqualified from officiating upon whites; the sentence was modified to shooting, with the stipulation, however, that it was to retain the infamy of hanging. For a similar reason, perhaps, the clause about the asses was ignored. The sentence was carried into effect the next day, 25th October, 1769, in the barracks yard. The only eye-witnesses were the Spanish soldiers, officers, interpreters, and the sheriff, whose official account furnishes the only description we have of it. He testifies that at three o'clock of the afternoon the prisoners were taken from their place of confinement in the quarters of the regiment of Lisbon, and, tied by the arms, were conducted under a good and sure guard of officers and grenadiers to the place of

execution, where a large body of troops stood formed in a hollow square; the sentence was read to them in French and English; they were then put in position, and fired upon. It was said that Noyan de Bienville, young, handsome, and but recently married to a daughter of Lafrénière, awoke enough compassion in O'Reilly to be offered his life, on condition that he would abandon his companions; he refused. Lafrénière, firm and heroic to the end, exhorted his son-in-law to send the scarf he wore to his young wife, that she might preserve it and give it to his son when he became a man. All protested against being tied to the stakes. Lafrénière gave the command to fire.

From daylight, guards had been doubled at every gate and station in the city. The troops were kept in the public places and along the levee under arms and prepared for action. Those of the citizens who could, fled in horror and anguish to the country. The rest remained inside closed doors and windows. All signs and sounds of life were suppressed. The explosion of musketry that announced the end reverberated as through a death chamber. It was the blackest day the city had ever known. It is still a day that lies under a pall in memory. No historian with French blood can review it unmoved. Martin breaks through his studied calm and impartiality, after his account of it, with: "Posterity, the judge of men in power, will doom this act to public execration. No necessity demanded it, no policy justified it," and De Vergennes, the cool-headed sage of Louis XVI., cannot in writing of it forbear the cry to his sovereign: "Ah, Sire! perhaps the names of these five unfortunate Frenchmen who were executed never came to the ears of your majesty; deign to throw a few

flowers on their tomb; deign to say, 'Lafrénière, Noyan, Caresse, Villeré, Marquis, and Milhet, were massacred by the orders of barbarous O'Reilly for having regretted leaving my service and for having wished to sustain my laws.'"

O'Reilly wrote truly to the Spanish minister, the Marquis de Grimaldi, that the remembrance of the sentence would never be effaced. He extolled the necessity, justice, and clemency of it, and declared that it amply atoned for the insult offered by the province to the dignity and authority of the king of Spain.

The capital now lay crushed and stunned in his hands. When consciousness returned, the Spanish yoke had been securely fastened upon it, and Spanish reconstruction was an accomplished fact. Instead of a superior council, there was a cabildo, with regidores, alcaldes, alguazils, alferez, and all the framework of justice and laws prescribed by the Rècopilacion de los Indios; including the Spanish oath of office, swearing: "before God and the Holy Cross and the Evangel, to sustain and defend the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady the Virgin Mary."

The Spanish language was made the official organ, not only for earthly, but for spiritual intercourse; and the Ursuline sisters, it is on record, shed bitter tears at having to make their devotions in a foreign tongue and from foreign prayer books. Spanish postulants were sent to them from Cuba, and French ones were not allowed to join the community, without previous permission from Madrid. Spanish priests were imported to serve in the churches; the Santa Hermandad was established and Spanish names filled all of O'Reilly's appointments.

Notwithstanding the enduring sobriquet of "Bloody,"

affixed to his name, there are some items in the civic memory to O'Reilly's credit. By taxes on hotels, taverns, coffee-houses, etc., and on spirituous liquors, he assigned a regular revenue to the city. The butchers, and this is never omitted in local chronicles, voluntarily engaged to pay the city three hundred and seventy dollars annually, solemnly pledging themselves not, therefore, to increase the price of beef, except in cases of absolute necessity. A levee fund was obtained by a tax upon shipping; and O'Reilly donated to the city, in the name of his royal master, all the vacant lots on each side of the Place d'Armes, between the levee and Chartres street, the land that was afterwards rented in perpetuity to Don Andres Almonaster.

The Creoles met with a stern and cutting coldness any attempt at social intercourse on his part. He gained access only to those houses whose doors were forced open by official obligation or private interest. It was to such a house that his carriage, escorted by dragoons, was seen driving frequently up the coast. One day, when his manner or temper had provoked his hostess into a repartee too sharp for his courtesy, he lost self-command so far as to say: "Madame, do you forget who I am?" "No, sir," answered the lady, with a low bow, "but I have associated with others higher than you, who, never forgetting what was due to others, had no occasion to remind others what was due to them." The count instantly and curtly took his leave, but returned the next day with a good-humoured smile and an apology.

It was not the only rebuff received by Don Alexander in good part. Among the slaves left by Noyan de Bienville, was one who had a local celebrity as cook.

O'Reilly sent for him. "You belong now," said he, "to the king of Spain, and until you are sold I shall take you into my service." "Do not dare it," answered the slave; "you killed my master. I would poison you." O'Reilly dismissed him unpunished. It was with a heartfelt sigh of relief that the colony saw O'Reilly take

his departure, just a year and three months after he came to it.

Don Luis de Unzaga y Aurenzago, colonel of infantry in the Spanish army, took command. Under his mild and easy administration, the city recovered from the despair into which O'Reilly's severity had plunged it. Indeed, O'Reilly's severity had produced among his own officers a reaction of compassion towards the un-

fortunate Louisianians, with whom they soon entered into friendly relations. They were not O'Reillys and O'Reilly was not a Spaniard; and so it was not difficult to direct public animosity towards the Irishman, and when he sailed away he carried it with him.

Creole names soon began to appear again in the official lists. St. Denis, and De la Chaise, a brother-in-law of Villeré, accepted the appointment as alcaldes under the cabildo. Social intercourse completed in its best manner the work of conciliation. Unzaga married a Creole, a Maxent, relative of Lafrénière. His officers followed his example: Gayarré, the son of the royal comptroller, married a Grandpré; the intendant Odoardo, her sister; Bouligny, a d'Auberville; Colonel de Piernas, a De Porneuf. National and political differences became not only obliterated, but amalgamated (as we have more than once seen since) in a common Creolism; and by the time a few years had passed, all could co-operate with a healthy unanimity in the war between the Spanish and the French Capuchins.

The triumph of Father Génovaux over the Jesuits will be recalled, and his warrior character. His triumph, however, though brilliant, was brief, for the superior council, finding him opposed to their decree against Ulloa, expelled him from the colony as a disturber of the public peace, which, in the state of the public mind at that time, any friend of the Spaniard must necessarily have been. Father Dagobert, therefore, became superior of the Capuchins. One can hardly describe Father Dagobert, without plagiarism, for in our local literature, in poetry, in prose, in song, and in history and in romance, he has been so worthily celebrated and so daintily rhymed, that his

eulogist can invent no new phrases. He was, in practical parlance, the spiritual director, of all others, for the community committed to his charge. The very testimony of his enemies proves this. He had come into the colony when very young, and, christening, confessing, marrying, and burying year after year, he had founded in the hearts of the community that jurisdiction which only the friend and pastor can create for himself, and one in comparison with which any appointment of bishop is insignificant. He was not only beloved of all, but he loved all, in the city and its environs. It was a notable fact, and of common remark, that the spiritual and temporal affairs had never agreed so harmoniously as under Father Dagobert's care. No ceremony, public or private, was complete without him, no feast a true festivity unless his jovial face and figure appeared among the guests. And, it must always be remembered, no one knew better than he what real feasting was. And so, living along with his flock for half a century, Father Dagobert looked forward with equanimity to an old age of ease and comfort, — that ease and comfort which he would have been the last to destroy, even to disturb, in others. But there is a day of reckoning for the good as well as the bad. A short time after the Spanish possession of the city, the Capuchin convent was astounded by the appearance of its old superior, Father Génovaux, — Father Génovaux, and yet not he; so humble and patient and penitent he appeared, with eyes cast to the ground and voice barely raised above it, to beg admittance as an humble servitor of the Lord. into the house which he had once ruled as superior, from which he had been so tyrannously expelled.

Father Dagobert gave what welcome he could to a Capuchin so far removed from his own ideals of grace, for, good-natured and tolerant as he was, there must have entered into his debonair life some irksomeness from the presence of the returned brother, who went about with such meekness and asceticism, discharging his duties with such painful exactitude, when not wrapt in prayer or in study of the Spanish language. There were also disquieting rumours in the community that Spanish Capuchins were to be sent to New Orleans. It is to be hoped that the good men prepared themselves for the worst, for it happened. In 1772 a band of Spanish Capuchins arrived, under charge of Father Cirilo, who was also charged by the new spiritual authority of Louisiana, Don Santiago de Hecheverria, bishop of Cuba, to investigate the affairs of the Church and the state of religion in the colony.

Father Dagobert, at the head of his Capuchins, dutifully went in procession to the levee landing, to receive the new comers, and escorted them to his hospitable convent. Then, as the Gayarré chronicle proceeds to relate, Father Génovaux doffed his garb of humility, and, raising his head in his old pride and dominance, spoke, in castigating severity, of the reformation in store for the convent; how that ignorance, profanity, wickedness, and senility would now be driven out, and virtue, learning, zeal, and religion reinstated. And forthwith he betook himself to the Spanish Capuchins, that his influence might make good his threats.

He must have been of great assistance to Father Cirilo in his task, at least so we think as we read the Spanish Capuchin's report to his diocesan at Havana: —

"The people of this province are, in general, religiously disposed, and seem anxious for the salvation of their souls. They observe a profound silence during divine worship, and when the Most Holy Ghost is brought out, which is on the principal holidays, both sexes prostrate themselves on the ground. With regard to the women, they are more honest than in Spain, and live more in accord with the principles of the Church. . . . But the deportment of these . . . how shall I designate them? For I certainly cannot call Capuchins those whom I consider unworthy this holy name. In a true Capuchin . . . there is naught to be seen but austerity and poverty. But such is not the case with these men. In their dress, their shirts, breeches, stockings, and shoes, they resemble laity much more than members of their religious order. They say they have a dispensation from the Pope . . . it could never go so far as to authorize a watch in the fob, a clock striking the hour in the bedchamber, and another one, which cost two hundred and seventy dollars, in the refectory. Nor do I believe that they have permission from our sovereign lord, the Pope, to possess so many silver spoons and forks that it is doubtful whether your grace owns the like. Not only have they silver spoons of the ordinary size, but they have smaller ones to take coffee with, as if wooden ones were not good enough for Capuchins. I will not speak of the furniture of their rooms, nor of the luxury of their table. (The French Capuchins ruled teal duck as fish and ate it on fast days.) Since our arrival, and on our account, they have somewhat modified their good living, but their table is still reputed to be better than any other in the capital. Very often they do not eat at the common refectory, but invite one another to dine in their private apartments. . . .

The confessionals, in shape and construction, are more decent and better than ours in Spain . . . but none of the priests confess in the confessionals, but in the vestry, where they sit in an armchair, by the side of which the penitent kneels. On witnessing such an abuse, I could not help asking for the cause, and I was told it was owing to the heat. . . . As to their going to balls, I do not see any probability of it, as the youngest of them is fifty years old, but they frequently attend dinner parties, particularly when they perform marriage ceremonies. The report is that these Capuchins play cards. . . ."

Father Génovaux was not one to forget the loyal friendship of the Ursulines for the Jesuits; and so the report proceeds! —

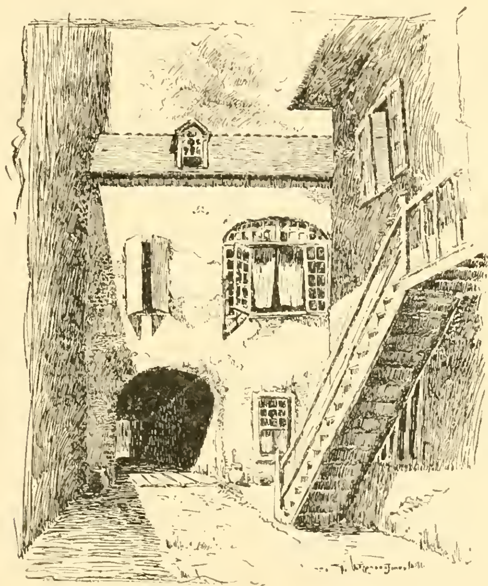
"With regard to the nuns, they live as they always have done, without being cloistered, and as if they were not nuns at all."

Then, after these general shots over the whole target, he aims at the bull's eye: —

> "Father Dagobert forgot to notify the faithful of the coming of ember week. His attention being called to the omission, he solved the difficulty by transferring the observance of the sacred days to the following week . . . arrogating to himself more power than the Pope. . . . He made light of the Bull of the Santa Cruzada (granting indulgence to Spaniards contributing money or service towards fighting against infidels). This is how Father Dagobert lives . . . rises at six o'clock in the morning, says, or does not say, mass . . . takes his three-cornered hat, a very superfluous and unworthy appendage for a Capuchin, and goes to a somewhat suspicious house, where he plays until dinner, — that meal over, he resumes his occupation until supper-time. . . . So great (in short) is the detestable negligence of these men, that I think they are the disciples of Luther or Calvin. Not only ought Dagobert to be deprived of his charge, but he ought also to be expelled from the colony, to be punished according to his deserts, and sentenced to a proper penance for his personal faults and the enormous sins he has caused some of his flock to commit, and for which there are the gravest reasons to believe that those who have died are now in hell."

Unzaga, who was accused of partiality to the French, wrote to the captain-general of Cuba that the difficulty was all a struggle for power, and that the Spanish priests were as bad as the French. The whole controversy was submitted to the home government, which wisely temporized in the matter, signifying that concessions must be made on both sides. The hint was taken.

Father Dagobert, although he spoke of retiring to France with his brethren, was persuaded to remain in the province as vicar-general — it must be inferred with a reformed community. Certain it is, that the innocent third party suffered, as it always does in a compromise between rival factions, for we read now of



Old Spanish Courtyard

the colonists' being threatened with excommunication, temporal confiscation, imprisonment, and discipline of the Inquisition, if they did not take the sacrament at Easter.

Across our civic panorama now dashes the brilliant figure of young Bernardo de Galvez. The son of the

viceroy of Mexico, nephew of the secretary of state and president of the Council of the Indies, he had all the prestige of family influence behind him, and although but twenty-one years of age, he had the genius of the young for happy indiscretions. He it was who, profiting by the war between Great Britain and her colonies, not only aided the latter secretly, by allowing supplies of ammunition and food for them to pass through New Orleans, but even allowed the use of the river for American incursions into British territory. And when the longed-for opportunity came; a declaration of war between Spain and England, he it was who, burying all thought of O'Reilly in the memory of the brave, assembled the citizens of New Orleans in the public square, made them a speech, drawn sword in one hand, and royal commission in the other, and so aroused their martial ardour that he gained a little army of volunteers from them, by popular acclamation, whites, blacks, and Indians enlisting. And with them he conquered the river country as far as Natchez, swept Lake Pontchartrain of English vessels, captured Mobile by a brilliant *coup de main*, and closed the campaign by a last triumph at Pensacola . . . driving the English everywhere before him — and fixing forever his own reputation and the military prestige of the Louisianians.

It is an episode for Calliope, not Clio, and the muse of the lyre has not disdained it. Fortunately she had a votary in Louisiana, Julian Poydras de Lalande, a young French Protestant, who emigrated from St. Domingo to Louisiana, in time only to witness its transfer to Spain, sealed with the blood of the five patriots. He exemplified the dictum in the time of Law, that for a Frenchman to make a fortune in Louisiana, he must

arrive there shipwrecked. He furnished himself with a pedler's stock in New Orleans and started up the coast on foot, his pack strapped to his back. This was the beginning of great commercial connections all over the Mississippi Valley. Into his pedler's pack (if the fanciful figure be permitted) Poydras put all the favour of his handsome face and pleasing address, and all the unswerving morality, indefatigable energy, unimpeachable honour, the generosity, the charity —all the virtues, in fact, which distinguished his long after-life and all the picturesque and poetical impulses that made him the lover of Clio and the bard of Galvez. Out of it came plantations, slaves, palatial houses, honours, wealth to his family, and princely charities to his state and city. There may be those who would criticise the poetry or the poem; but they are not Louisianians. And, at any rate, who would criticise either Galvez or Poydras? Do we not remember him, the latter, through our great-grandparents, in his venerable and rather melancholy old age, dressed always in his Louis XV. costume, dispensing the kindly hospitality of his sumptuous plantation to all, from the duke of Orleans, stopping in 1798 to visit him, to the pedler trudging along the coast, as he had done, pack on back; or voyaging up and down the river in the flatboat that he had furnished and equipped in such wondrously luxurious comfort; or posting to Washington, to confer, by invitation, with the president about the state of Louisiana. He died as no man had yet died in Louisiana, leaving an endowment in perpetuity to charity; founding an asylum for orphan boys in the city, bequeathing forty thousand dollars to the Charity Hospital, thirty thousand dollars to establish a college for orphan boys

in his parish of Pointe Coupee, thirty thousand apiece to the parishes of W. Baton Rouge and Pointe Coupee, the annual interest of which was to be given to the young girls without fortunes, married within the year; and making the attempt, unfortunately it proved abortive, to set his slaves free.

As for Galvez. In the poem, the God of the Mississippi sends Scesaris, the nymph, to find out the cause of the tumult which, assaulting his ears, has broken into his slumber. Scesaris reports: —

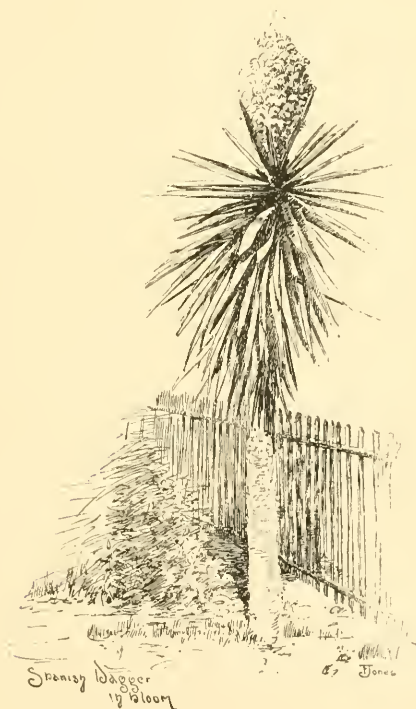
> "Je l'ai vu ce Héros, qui cause tes allarmes,
> Il resemblait un Dieu, revétu de ses armes,
> Son Panache superbe, alloit au gré du vent,
> Et ses cheveux épars lui servoient d'ornement.
> Un maintain noble et fier annonçoit son courage,
> L'héroïque vertu, brilloit sur son visage,
> D'une main il tenoit son Sabre éblouissant,
> De l'autre il retenoit son Coursier bondissant."

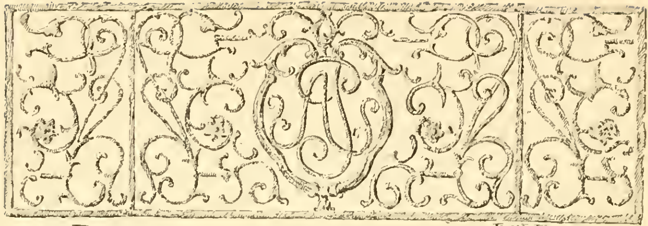
Scesaris' description of the intrepid army of Louisianians, white and coloured, and their brave deeds, under such a leader, excited the God of the Mississippi, even as it does us to-day. He interrupted her and "laisse éclater sa joie" promising in admiration of Galvez, —

> "Je dirai à mes Eaux, de modérer leur cours,
> Et de fertiliser le lieu de son séjour,
> Par des sentiers de Fleurs qu'il parvienne à la Gloire.
> Que son nom soit écrit, au Temple de mémoire."

To the great distress of the Louisianians, and particularly of New Orleans, Galvez was promoted to succeed his father as Viceroy of Mexico. He, too, had

married a Creole, a sister of Unzaga's wife, and her surpassing loveliness of face and character is always mentioned as a factor in the reputation her husband acquired as being one of the most popular viceroys that Mexico ever had. He died at the age of thirty-eight, from a fall while hunting at his famous fortress Château which he had built for himself on the rock of Chepultepec. He was succeeded in Louisiana by Don Estevan Miro.




Iron Railing on the Pontalba Building

CHAPTER VIII.

AND now our city, like a woman who has been won to love her conqueror, began to assume the reconstruction that she had shed blood to resist. It was a time one loves to recall, picturesque, romantic, rich in all poetical growths of population and custom. It was this time that has most impressed its character on the external features of New Orleans.

Don Estevan Miro, too, married a Creole, a De Macarty of a noble Irish family which had followed James II. to France. He continued the gentle, familiar administration of Unzaga and Galvez. One of his first acts was to free the streets from the lepers, who, gravitating to the city from all parts of the colony, infested the alleyways and corners, darting out like hideous spectres, demanding, rather then begging, charity of the passers-by. He collected them all in a hospital which he built for them in the rear of the city, on the high land between the Metairie ridge and Bayou St. John, still designated by old authorities as "la terre aux Lépreux." It is said that under his humane treatment the pest almost disappeared, the patients in the hospital dimin-

ishing until none were left, and the useless building finally fell into decay. Ulloa had made an attempt to confine the lepers at the Balise ; but the popular indignation at what seemed the heartlessness of the measure forced him to desist.

The conflagration, which in the history of every city furnishes the ashes for its Phœnix rise, occurred in New Orleans on Good Friday, 1788. It started on Chartres street, near St. Louis, in the chapel of the house of Don Vincento José Nuñez, the military treasurer of the colony, from a lighted candle falling against the lace draperies of the altar. Everything went before the flames, — church, schoolhouse, town-hall, watchtower, convent of Capuchins, dwellings, shops ; the heart of the *vieux carré* was as bare as when Pauger first laid line and rod to it. We can feel the disaster as though it happened but a month ago, through the medium of a quaint historical fragment in the Howard Memorial Library, the Gazette des Deux-Ponts of August, 1798, which curiously, and fortunately enough for us, had a correspondent on the spot : —

"All the vigilance of the official chiefs and the prompt assistance which they brought to bear, were useless, and even the engines, many of which were burned by the heat of the flames at an incredible distance. In order to appreciate the horror of the conflagration, it suffices to say that in less than five hours eight hundred and sixteen buildings were reduced to ashes, comprising in the number all commercial houses except three, and the little that was saved was again lost, or fell prey to malefactors, the unfortunate proprietors barely escaping with their lives. The loss is valued at three millions of dollars. In an affliction so cruel and so general, the only thing that can diminish our grief, is that not a man perished. On the morning of the morrow, what a spectacle was to be seen : in the place of the flourishing city of the day be-

fore, nothing but rubbish and heaps of ruins, pale and trembling mothers, dragging their children along by the hand, their despair not even leaving them the strength to weep or groan ; and persons of luxury, quality, and consideration, who had only a stupor and silence for their one expression. But, as in most extremities, Providence always reserves secret means to temper them, this time we found, in the goodness and sympathy of the governor and the intendant, all the compassion and all the assistance that we could expect from generous hearts, to arrest our tears and provide for our wants. They turned themselves to succouring us with so much order and diligence, that we were immediately relieved. Their private charities knew no limits, and the treasury of H. M. was opened to send away for assistance."

There is an editorial comment on the communication, which throws some light on the progress made in what Father Cirilo would have called religion and morals, under the Spanish regime. The comment is this : —

"The person who sent us these details adds that the fire taking place on Good Friday, the priests refused to allow the alarm to be rung, because on that day all bells must be dumb. If such an act of superstition had taken place at Constantinople, it would not have been astonishing. The absurd Mussulman belief in fatality renders sacred to them all the precepts drawn from the Alkoran; but a civilized nation is not made to adopt maxims so culpable towards humanity, and this trait of fanatical insanity will surely not be approved by sensible people."

What lay in the ashes was, at best, but an irregular, ill-built, French town. What arose from them was a stately Spanish city, proportioned with grace and built with solidity, practically the city as we see it to-day, and for which, first and foremost, we owe thanks to Don Andres Almonaster ; and may the Angelus bell from the Cathedral, which times the perpetual masses for his soul, never fail to remind us of our obligation to him.

Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas was an Andalusian of noble birth, who, coming to Louisiana at the beginning of the Spanish domination, received the appointment of escribano publico, or notary public, an office rich in salary, perquisites, and business opportunities. He soon acquired wealth in it, or through it. He became an alcalde, and afterwards bought the honourable rank of alferez royal, or royal standard bearer, a distinction which lasted for life, and gave him a sitting at all the meetings of the council board. He was middle-aged when he came into the province, and, devoting sixteen years to making his fortune, he was past sixty before he married the beautiful young Creole girl, Louise de Laronde, in the parish church of New Orleans, in 1787, the year before it was destroyed by fire.

Standing amid the ruins and ashes of the town, that had been kind to him with money, honours, and a beautiful young wife, Don Andres had one of those inspirations which come at times to the hearts of millionaires, converting their wealth from mere coin into a living attribute. His first offer to the cabildo was to replace the schoolhouse. This was the first public school in New Orleans; it was established by the government in 1772, to teach the Spanish language, with Don Andreas Lopez de Armesto as director, Don Manuel Diaz de Lara professor of Latin, and Don Francisco de la Celena teacher of reading.

After finishing the schoolhouse, Almonaster offered to rebuild the parish church, and did it, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and continuing his benefactions he replaced the old charity hospital of Jean Louis with a handsome building which cost one hundred and fourteen

thousand dollars, changing its name to the one it now bears, Charity Hospital of St. Charles. He then filled in the still open space on each side of the church, by a convent for the Capuchins and a town hall, the Cabildo, and he added the chapel to the Ursuline convent.

Nine years after his marriage, and as if indeed to reward the pious generosity of so good a Christian and citizen, Heaven sent a child to Don Andres, a daughter, who was christened, in the grand new Cathedral, Micaela Leonarda Antonia. Two years later, in the plenitude of his happiness and honour, Don Andres died and was buried in front of the altar of his Cathedral, where his name and lineage, and good deeds, coat of arms and motto, "A pesar de todos, venceremos los Godos," are cut as ineffaceably into the stone over his resting place, as, we trust, his remembrance is in the heart of his city.

After the death of Don Andres, his story still went on. His beautiful young widow chose a second husband, and the charivari that was given her is historical. The charivaris of New Orleans are historical, in that we read of them from the very beginnings of the city; but this one is called the historical charivari, for it was greater than any that had gone before, and none that came after ever could surpass it. Three days and nights it pursued the beautiful widow and her husband up and down the city, to and fro, across the river. Finally, to get rid of it, they had to run away.

Besides his largesse to the city, Don Andres had still wealth enough to dower his daughter with millions, so that Micaela, inheriting also the beauty of her mother, was an heiress such as the city could never even have hoped to possess. It is said, one may add. naturally,

The Cabildo.

that she fell in love with a young man in the city, but was not allowed to marry him. Instead, at sixteen, in 1811, her hand was bestowed upon young Joseph Xavier Celestin Delfair de Pontalba, son of the Baron de Pontalba; and this carries us still further along in our chronicle. The old Baron de Pontalba had, under French rule, been commandant at the Côte des Allemands. His city residence was on the corner of St. Peter street and the levee. Returning to France and joining his star to that of the great Napoleon, he had been ennobled by him, and his son had been taken into the royal household as page to the emperor. When Napoleon Bonaparte first took Louisiana into his schemes, he ordered his ministers to collect information on its resources. M. de Pontalba submitted a masterly memorial to him on the subject; fifteen days afterwards Napoleon had negotiated its cession from Spain. The marriage of his page with the Creole heiress was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and the young couple proceeded immediately to Paris and took up their residence in a style so elegant that it became and is still a matter of local pride and great boasting to the good folk of Micaela's native place.

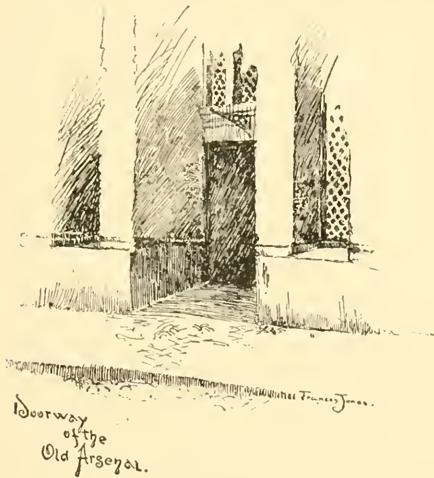
The old Baron de Pontalba, haughty, severe, inordinately proud of his good French blood and of his devotion to the great emperor, lived in a magnificent chateau called Mont l'Eveque, outside of Paris, in as great a style as his daughter-in-law inside, and, to touch lightly on the gossip of that day in Paris, the two found more subjects of difference than agreement, in their dispositions. It was at Mont l'Eveque that occurred the sensation and mystery of a moment in Paris, — where no sensation lasts longer than a moment, — Madame de Pontalba was

found one morning weltering in her blood on the floor of her chamber, her body torn with pistol shots — the old Baron sitting in his arm-chair in his room in the tower, dead. . . . By a miracle, Madame de Pontalba recovered carrying to her death the bullets in her body and maintaining to the end the prestige of her wealth, position, and indomitable will. Frequenting, and frequented by, the Faubourg St. Germain, she escaped none of the horror and excitement that filled the minds of the *ancien régime*, when it became rumoured that the beautiful palace built by Louis XIV. for the Duc du Maine, on the rue de Lille, was to be bought by the "Bande Noire," and razed to the ground; the site to be filled with smaller buildings. With her Louisiana millions she bought the palace herself, and even attempted, with the vaulting ambition of women, to live in it. Only royal wealth and attendance could, however, properly fill the pile, — four hundred rooms, it contained, — so the new proprietor, submitting, as even royal personages must, to circumstances, demolished the palace herself, but reserved all its artistic wealth of carvings, columns, ornaments, marbles, for the new hotel which she built; a hotel of magnificent state, but more in proportion to her position and means. It was sold afterwards for five million francs to one of the Rothschilds.

And here — her princely revenues from Louisiana being vastly increased, by profitable investments in France, — the daughter of the alferez real continued her rôle until it seems only the other day, in 1874, death rang down the curtain. And what a drama, what rôles had she not seen acted on the stage round about her! The fall, the double fall, of Bonaparte, the

Restoration, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Revolution, Louis Philippe, Second Republic, Second Empire, German triumph, Third Republic.

But to return to Don Estevan Miro and his century. He also put his hand to rebuilding. Behind the Cabildo, filling all the space on St. Peter street, to within a few feet of Royal, a calaboza, "calaboose," was erected, a grim, two-story construction surrounded by walls of



massive thickness, and filled with little cells and dungeons, dark, fast, terrible beyond all possibility of need, it would seem, for the criminal capabilities of the place and the people. It was shut in by a huge iron gateway and ponderous doors, crossed and barred and checked with formidable handwrought iron bars. Flanking the calaboose, almost as fierce and imposing, was the Arsenal, opening into St. Anthony's alley. And, the march of improvement once started, the handsome

French barracks, begun by Kerlerec, on the old site, near the Ursuline convent, was completed with the addition of a new military hospital and chapel. And a wooden custom-house was built on the square filled to-day by its granite successor; then, however, it stood on the river bank, just inside the public road. On the open levee space on the lower side of the Place d'Armes, where, from time out of mind the market venders, Indians, negroes, hunters, trappers, had exposed their vegetables, fruits, skins, game, herbs, and baskets for sale, a shed, or butcher's market, was put up, the beginning of the arcades of the French market of to-day.

A hotel for the governor arose on the corner of Toulouse and the levee, as we call it to-day, Old Levee street. And all over the burnt district the old residences reappeared in their new Spanish garb, bricks and stones, arched windows and doorways, handwrought iron work, balconies, terraces, courtyards, everything broad rather than high, broad rooms, corridors, windows, doorways — some of them still standing entire, as their Spanish architect left them, others represented only by vestiges, a wall, window, or door, balcony or quadrangle, but all, to the very last segment, a benefaction to the eye, and a benediction to the Spaniard's domination, and, as has been said, first and foremost to Don Andres Almonaster.

In the midst of the activity and bustle of the new energy, came the news of the death of Carlos III. and the accession of Carlos IV., and pompous memorial obsequies for the one event, and rich festivities for the other, were celebrated with great form. Hardly had Don Estevan and the city settled again into the comfort-

able routine of their respective habits, when the former received a reminder from the Old World that a change of sovereigns represented something more than a ceremony, even to a distant province. Padre Antonio de Sedella, a Spanish Capuchin arrived lately in the city, called upon the governor and exhibited a commission to establish the Holy Office of the Inquisition in the city. He had made, he said, all of his preparations with the utmost secrecy and caution; they were now complete and he was ready for action. So he notified the governor that he would soon, at some late hour of the night, call upon him for guards to make the necessary arrests. Don Estevan was courteous and deferential as a Spaniard should be to the priest and to his commission; but he made up his mind, and, like Padre Antonio, made his preparations with the utmost secrecy and caution, and they also were complete. The following night, while the priest was enjoying the slumbers of a good conscience before a pleasant future, he was aroused by a heavy knocking on his door. Opening it, he saw an officer and a file of grenadiers. Thinking that they came to assist him in his holy office, "I thank you, my friends," he said, "and his excellency, for the promptitude of this compliance with my request; but I have no need of your services at this moment. You can return, with the blessing of God. I shall warn you in time when you are wanted." He was informed that he was arrested. "What," he exclaimed, stupefied, "will you dare lay hands on a commissioner of the Inquisition?" "I dare obey orders," replied the officer; and the Padre Antonio, with the efficiency of his own holy office, was stowed away in a ship in port, which sailed the next day for Cadiz. "When I read the com-

munication of that Capuchin," wrote Miro to the Cabinet of Madrid, "I shuddered. The very name of Inquisition uttered in New Orleans would be sufficient not only to check immigration . . . but would be capable of driving away those who have recently come here. And I even fear that, in spite of my having sent Father Sedella out of the country, the most fatal consequences may arise from the mere suspicion of the cause of his dismissal."

A half century later, when the old calaboose was demolished, secret dungeons containing instruments of torture were discovered, which were supposed to be some of the preparations for the disciplining of the colonists, announced as complete, by Padre Antonio.

But the serious responsibility of the Spanish governors of Louisiana, was the attempt to mew up the commerce of the Mississippi in the colonial tariff regulations of Spain. Honest foreign commerce, as expected, had been nigh driven away from the port; what trade remained was in the hands of smugglers and contrabands. But there was another trade, the volume and force of which neither the French nor the Spaniards had fully estimated. After the war of Independence, the great Middle States, the great West they were called then, burst, as it were, into their full rich development. There were then no railroads; rivers furnished the only outlet for the teeming harvests; and the Mississippi, gathering up the waters of its affluents and their freight, bore down upon its currents to New Orleans a continuous line of flatboats laden to the edge with the rich produce from above. "As many as forty boats at a time," wrote Miro, could be seen coming in to the landing. The cargoes found ready sale, and

were soon the main source of food supplies to the city; the flatboats, after being unloaded, were broken up and sold for timber. But the sturdy flatboatmen, from Ohio and Kentucky, on their return, had always a long list of seizures, confiscations, imprisonments and vexations, and interferences of all kinds by the Spanish authorities, to report. The people of the States were too strong and bold in their new liberty to brook such treatment. They claimed that the Mississippi river belonged to the people of the Mississippi Valley, and they determined to have the use of it, to its mouth. The violent invasion of Louisiana, and capture of New Orleans, became a common threat with them, although the peaceable element among them applied to Congress for relief.

Miro, impressed with the importance of the Mississippi as the artery of trade to the country, and fully alive to the critical temper of the Americans, and to the defenceless condition of his province, did what he could to relieve the tension, by relaxing his restrictions upon the river trade. To fill up the country, he encouraged emigration from the west itself, into the Spanish side of the Mississippi Valley. The Acadian emigrants that came into the country were settled along the river bank, and, to increase the Spanish population, a number of families from the Canary Islands were imported and settled in Galvezton, near Manchac, and in Venezuela, on Bayou Lafourche. The descendants of these people are still called Islingues, Islanders.

A brilliant effort was also made to secure the friendship of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, still a formidable and always unreliable power, to the north and east of Louisiana. Miro invited thirty-six of the

nost influential of the Chickasaw chiefs, to the city, nd exerted himself to give them a royal entertainnent, receiving them with the pomp and ceremony they o delighted in; gave them rich presents, harangued hem, was harangued by them, smoked the calumet vith them, had a military parade for them, decorated hem with medals. The Chickasaw regent, however, vho attended in place of the king, a minor, would not ccept his medal. Such distinctions, he said, might onfer honour on his warriors, but he was already sufficiently distinguished by his royal blood. The gala wound up with a grand ball, which delighted the dusky visitors mightily. They could not keep their eyes off the beautiful ladies, wondrously radiant in their ball dresses, and it is on record that, with the true gracefulness, if not the graceful truthfulness, of compliment, one of the visitors was heard remarking (what, indeed, many visitors have since remarked at New Orleans balls) that he believed the ladies were all sisters, and had descended just as they were from heaven.

The mutterings from the north still continued, and at every rise of the river, Miro feared a filibustering army of indignant Westerners in flatboats. Then, from suggestions from dissatisfied Americans, there crept into Spanish calculations a ray of possibility that the Western States might, for commercial advantages, be seduced away from the new republic, which seemed apparently a union only for the advantage of the east and north, and formed into an independent republic, friendly to and even dependent upon, Spain. And out of Miro's surmises on the subject, and the fosterings of them by American discontent,

there arose a bit of political intrigue which runs through the rest of the Spanish domination.

Don Estevan, being permitted, at his own request, to retire to Spain, the province and city were, for the next five years, confided to the Baron François Louis Hector de Carondelet. The Baron was a native of Flanders, a short, plump, choleric, good-hearted middle-aged gentleman. At the time of his appointment he was serving as governor of San Salvador, in Guatemala. Like Miro, he found himself in Louisiana wrestling with the question whether, practically, New Orleans was to control the Mississippi for Spain, or the Mississippi to control New Orleans for America; and like Miro, he wisely submitted to the violation of tariff regulations which no power could have enforced. The Western trade multiplying in volume and value, the Western boatmen, traders, merchants, increased in numbers, audacity, and independence, continued to pour into the city. Sometimes, in the wild boisterousness of their night frolics, their brawling and skirmishing with the Spanish guard, the peaceable citizens, awakened out of their slumbers, would wonder if they were not in truth making good their threats of literally capturing the place. In the wake of these pioneers came merchants from Philadelphia, establishing branch houses in the new business centre, and they drew after them from all over the country the rank and file of their offices, young Americans, keen for new chances at quick fortunes. The first dottings of American names, queer and foreign they seem, appear now among the French and Spanish, on signboards, in society, in families.

Timely warning had been sent from Madrid, in

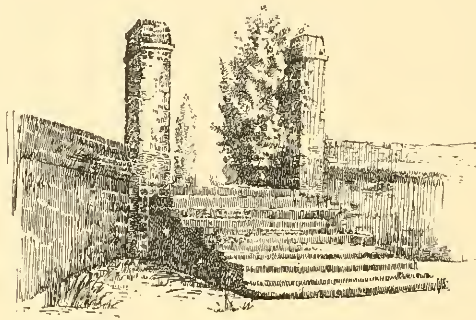
Miro's term, prohibiting the introduction of any boxes, clocks, or other wares stamped with the figure of the American goddess of liberty. It hung together with the Madrid idea of establishing the Inquisition in New Orleans, and putting the Mississippi in leading strings. But the American goddess of liberty was not the only one to be feared; there was the much more deadly French goddess of liberty, or of revolution, and every paper or letter that came from the old country brought, if not her figure, the breathing of her spirit. It was electricity to the atmosphere. In vain came the bloody details of the Reign of Terror, the fugitives from France, the boat loads of terror-stricken women and children, in their blood-stained clothes, from St. Domingo and the other revolted West Indian islands; the Phrygian cap was in, if not on, every head; the "Marseillaise" and the "Ça ira" on every Creole tongue. The proclamation of the republic, the execution of Louis XVI. were hailed with enthusiasm. The excitement reached its climax with the declaration of war by Spain against France. Then the Spanish reconstruction was shaken off, like a dream, from the Creoles; they started to their feet, proclaiming themselves Frenchmen, Frenchmen still in heart, language, and nationality. As for the republic, even the most monarchical among them had been republican since Louis XV. had cast them off and abandoned them to the vengeance of O'Reilly.

They saw a chance now of reasserting their will as a people and being re-annexed by liberty, to those rights of country from which an act of despotism had cast them out. One hundred and fifty of them signed a petition praying for the protection of the new republic. At

the theatre the orchestra was compelled to play the revolutionary songs. The French Jacobin society of Philadelphia distributed through secret agents their inflammatory address from the freemen of France to their brothers in Louisiana, calling upon them to rise for their liberty, promising that abundant help would pour down the Ohio and Mississippi to them, a promise that the machinations of the French minister at Washington, and the well-known dispositions of the Western people, rendered only too plausible. Auguste de la Chaise, grandson of the former royal commissary (nephew of the confessor of Louis XIV.), and one of the most influential and distinguished of the young Creoles, threw himself heart and soul into the movement, and was sent by the French minister to Kentucky to recruit the forces he was chosen to lead into Louisiana.

But the baron was equal to the emergency. To offset the French petition, he had another paper signed by an equal number of citizens who pledged themselves to the king of Spain and the actual government of Louisiana. The gates of the city were closed every evening at dark ; the militia was mustered ; the orchestra at the theatre was forbidden to play martial or revolutionary music ; revolutionary songs were prohibited in the streets and coffee-houses ; and six of the most ardent republicans were arrested and sent to Havana, to cool their heads by a twelvemonth's quiet and seclusion in the security of the castle fortress there. And the city was fortified as it never had been before and never has been since ; the baron himself going every morning at dawn on horseback to superintend the works. The maps of the time show running around

the *vieux carré* a tight little palisadoed wall, fifteen feet high, with a fosse in front seven feet deep and forty feet wide. On the corners, fronting the river, were two forts, St. Louis (Canal street) and St. Charles (Esplanade street), pentagon shaped, with a parapet coated with brick, eighteen feet high, armed with a dozen twelve and eighteen pounders. Before the centre of the city was a great battery, which crossed its



Gateway at Spanish Fort.

fire with the forts, and commanded the river. The rear also was protected with three forts, Forts Burgundy (Esplanade street), St. Joseph, and St. Ferdinand (Canal street). The batteries on the river were strengthened, and a fort was built on Bayou St. John.

A distinguished French general, Victor Collot, who visited the province in 1796, studying its military resources, gives, in his written report of his observations, an elaborate and rather amusing description of the baron's fortifications.

"It cannot be denied that these miniature forts are well kept and trimmed up. But . . . they look more like playthings intended for babies than military defences. For . . . there is not one that five hundred determined men could not carry, sword in hand. Once master of one of the principal forts, either St. Louis or St. Charles, the enemy would have no need of minding the others, because by bringing the guns to bear on the city, it would be forced to capitulate immediately, or be burned up in less than an hour. We believe that M. de Carondelet, when he adopted this means of defence, thought more of providing for the obedience of the subjects of his Catholic majesty, then for an attack of a foreign enemy, and in this point of view he may be said to have completely succeeded."

The baron himself confesses in his after reports to his government that this was his point of view, and said, moreover, that if New Orleans had not been awed by his forts, its people would have rebelled and a revolution taken place.

However deficient the baron may have appeared to the general as a military engineer, he was not so lacking in strategical shrewdness as to allow so competent a critic within his lines. He sent a file of dragoons to the De Boré plantation above the city, where the general was staying, arrested him, seized his papers and maps, and lodged him in Fort St. Charles, whose value as a prison at least he had an opportunity to test. Later he was sent to the Balise, and deposited in the house of Ronquillo, the chief pilot there, situated in a swamp from which there was no escape except by boat. After six weeks' sojourn here, Collot succeeded in getting passage in a brig to Philadelphia.

As for De Boré (grandfather of Charles Gayarré, the historian), who was an ardent Frenchman, the baron thought seriously of arresting him also, and sending

him to Havana; but he was deterred by the thought of De Boré's influential family connections, and the great benefit he had conferred upon the colony by his successful experiment in sugar making.

The United States, in the meantime, had asserted its authority, checked the intrigues of the French min-

Dago Boats at the Old Basin.

ister and prevented the use of its territory for an invasion of the Spanish possessions; and, by the treaty of Madrid, 1795, Spain allowed the free navigation of the river to Americans, and granted them a place of deposit, free of duty, in the city.

Within the city walls, the rebuilding and improvements continued. As there had been another disastrous

conflagration, the roofs, instead of being shingled, were terraced or covered with round tiles of home manufacture. The dark, ill-guarded streets, a haunt for footpads and robbers and evildoers, were lighted by eighty hanging-lamps, and a regular force of night watchmen was formed, serenos they were called, from their calling out the state of the weather and the hour of the night. But the great, the monumental, work of the baron, was the Canal Carondelet, which not only drained the vast swamps in the rear of the city, but, by bringing the waters of the Bayou St. John to a basin close to its ramparts, immensely facilitated and increased its commerce. The cabildo in acknowledgment gave his name to it.

Louisiana having been detached from the Bishopric of Havana, and erected into a distinct see, the city received, in 1794, a high and worthy addition to its population and dignity. Her new bishop, Don Luis de Peñalvert y Cardenas, arrived with two canons and took up his residence in the convent of the Capuchins, and the parish church of St. Louis was advanced to the rank of Cathedral.

The first newspaper of the colony, "Le Moniteur de la Louisianne," made its appearance also in this year. A Free Masons' lodge was established.

The establishment of the French theatre, however, antedated all these events. In 1791, among the first refugees from St. Domingo came a company of French comedians. They hired a hall and commenced to give regular performances. The success they met, it may be said, endures still, for the French drama has maintained through over a century the unbroken continuity of its popularity in the city.

The Cathedral, the Cabildo, the theatre, that is how they were ranked then — and are ranked now by the Creoles. The hired hall in course of time became the "Théatre St. Pierre," or "La Comédie," on St. Peter street, between Bourbon and Orleans streets, and, barring a two months' respite, regular performances were given on its boards winter and summer for twenty years — classic drama, opera, ballet, pantomime. In 1808 the new and progressive "Théatre St. Philippe," in St. Philip street, between Royal and Bourbon was opened with a grand programme: ballet, pantomime "Le Sourd," and "L'Écossais à la Louisiane." And in its repertoire during the year, there was more local drama "Le Commerce de Nuit," a Creole comedy with songs and patois, and "L'habitant de la Guadaloupe." The two theatres kept up a fine company of actors and musicians, many of them marrying in the city and having representatives of their name still among us. In 1811 the "Théatre d'Orleans" was opened on the square now occupied by the Convent of the Holy Family. When one said the "Théatre d'Orleans," in those days, and for forty years afterwards, in New Orleans, one expressed a theatrical excellence second only to Paris. If any one doubts this, there are plenty yet alive to tell of its glories, and have we not the great prima donna still with us, the beautiful and bewitching Calvé? And he who can hear of her as La Norma and La Fille du Régiment without irrepressible longings to be three score and ten — has not the heart of a New Orleanian.

In 1797 the Baron and Baroness de Carondelet left the city and province, the baron having been appointed president of the Audiencia Real of Quito. They were

French Opera House.

the most estimable of government representatives in all the relations of official and social life. They left behind them in the city, to remember and regret them, a large circle of friends, who, although now also passed into the remembered and regretted, have left chronicled, in many a cradle and fireside story, the sayings and doings of the good, domineering little baron and his amiable wife.

Brigadier-general Gayoso de Lemos followed in the Hotel du Gouvernement. He had been educated in England, and there, it is seriously apprehended by French and Spanish historians, acquired those habits of conviviality which carried him off suddenly, at the age of forty-eight, — to be definite, after an over-generous supper with a distinguished American friend and visitor.

Still the Americans and the Western commerce came down the Mississippi, and still from the Gulf side flowed in the immigration from the West Indies and from France. There could be no criticism now of the birth or blood of the immigrants. The class which had scoured the cities and kidnapped the villagers of France for human stock for their concessions in Louisiana, were now themselves driven into the New World by their own game, now turned into hunters. The Marquis de Maison Rouge, the Baron de Bastrop, M. de Lassus de St. Vrain came, the *avant coureurs* of what would have been, had their ideas realized, a whole provincial nobility for Louisiana. And, with the unexpected picturesqueness of circumstance or accident that sometimes groups dancers at a masked ball, there came across to New Orleans in 1798 the royal fugitives themselves, the Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais, the sons of Philippe Égalité. They were cordially welcomed by the Spanish authorities, and hos-

pitably received by the citizens, among whom they found faces and names that had once, like Louisiana, belonged by every right to France. They were the guests of that Creole and provincial magnate, Philippe de Marigny (who had once been a page at Versailles), at his plantation, then below the city, now just below Esplanade street. Costly entertainments were given them; they became familiar figures in the streets, and frequented the houses of the prominent citizens. They visited the plantation of Julien Poydras and of M. de Boré, who had been, in his youth, a *mousquetaire noir* in the court of their grandfather, — everywhere professing themselves charmed with the city, pleased with the Creole men, and as enchanted with the ladies as the Choctaw and Chickasaw chiefs had been. In fact, the young royal brothers left an impression of pleasure behind them in the city, not only ineffaceable but inexhaustible; reminiscences of the most miraculous origin spring up everywhere to commemorate the glory and honour of the visit. Houses built half a century afterwards, and in regions they never visited, show rooms which they occupied. There are enough beds in which they slept to fill a whole year of nights; and vases, tea-cups, and snuff-boxes for a population.

Philippe de Marigny, it is said, placed not only his house, but his purse, at the disposition of his guests, and their needs forced upon them a temporary use of the latter as well as of the former. In time the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe, the bourgeois king of France. Philippe de Marigny died, and his son, Bernard, the historical spendthrift of Louisiana, fell into evil days, having pleasured away the large fortune left him by his father. He bethought him of his father's

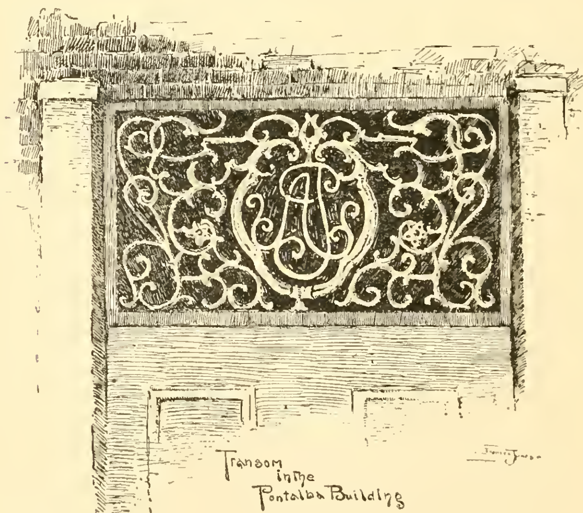
royal friend and guest, and went to France, hoping for a return, not only of the hospitality, but of the purse of his father. But, bourgeois though he was in other respects, Louis Philippe had a royal memory. He returned the hospitality, however, and offered young Mandeville, the son of Bernard, an education at St. Cyr and a position in the French army. The young Creole became lieutenant in a cavalry *corps d'élite*, but found that an obligation had been shifted, rather than a debt paid ; and at any rate, as he used to relate in his old age, he was too much of an American and a republican for life in France. He fought a duel with a brother officer who cast a slur upon the Americans, resigned his commission, and returned to the colony.

Upon the news of Gayoso's death, the captain-general of Cuba sent over the Marquis de Casa Calvo to be governor *ad interim* of the colony. Sebastian de Casa Calvo de la Puerta y O'Faril, Marquis de Casa Calvo, was a connection of O'Reilly's, under whom he had served as cadet in Louisiana thirty years before, when he had witnessed the execution of the five patriots. Curiously enough, Napoleon was just now consummating his retaliatory supplement to that affair, and, by the treaty of Ildefonso, putting France again in possession of Louisiana. But, as before, the cession was a secret.

Don Juan Manuel de Salcedo, brigadier-general in the armies of Spain, arrived in 1801, to relieve the Marquis de Casa Calvo. Salcedo made a vigorous defensive effort against what he considered the designs of the Americans. Their immigration into the province was practically prohibited by a decree forbidding the granting of any land in Louisiana to a citizen of the United States ; and, in order to put an end to the

influx of Americans into New Orleans, the right of deposit was suspended by proclamation, and no other place, as provided in the treaty of Madrid, was designated. The Western people saw themselves deprived of an outlet without which they could not exist. They arose in their resentment, and addressed, not only Congress, but the whole country: —

"The Mississippi is ours," they said, "by the law of nature. Our rivers swell its volume and flow with it to the Gulf of Mexico. Its mouth is the only issue which nature has given to our waters, and we wish to use it for our vessels. No power in the world should deprive us of our rights. If our liberty in this matter is disputed, nothing shall prevent our taking possession of the capital, and when we are once masters of it we shall know how to maintain ourselves there. If Congress refuses us effectual protection, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the Union and our connection with the other States. No protection, no allegiance."



CHAPTER IX.

"LOUISIANA is the only place on the continent, the possessor of which is the natural enemy of the United States."

The interesting and highly creditible display of American diplomacy by which President Jefferson forced Napoleon Bonaparte to accept this conviction of his as an ultimatum, and sell him for fifteen millions of dollars, not only New Orleans, but one million square miles in the heart of the Continent, must be passed over. The treaty of sale was signed in Paris on the thirtieth of April, 1803.

Bernadotte was selected to take command of the colony by Napoleon, who thought thus to rid himself cleverly and profitably of a suspected rival. Bernadotte, however, had not only a Bonaparte training, but a certain amount of Bonaparte shrewdness himself. His exaction of men and money for his command were such that, as Napoleon said, he would not do as much for one of his own brothers. He therefore substituted General Victor, with a prefect, Laussat, and changed the form of Bernadotte's exile by appointing him minister plenipotentiary to the United States. Bernadotte

accepted this, but before he could complete his preparations for sailing war was declared between France and England, and he returned to Paris, declaring that he would perform no civil function so long as it lasted; and it was some time before the First Consul would be reconciled to him. General Victor, preparing also to sail for New Orleans, did not take his departure for the same reason. Laussat therefore sailed without him, but as General Victor alone was authorized to receive the colony from the Spanish government, the colonial prefect, upon arrival, found himself without authority and without functions.

The news of its reannexation to France was welcomed by the city with the wildest excitement and rejoicings. Laussat was received with an enthusiastic ovation, and his proclamation in the name of the French Republic, to quote the words of the address returned by the citizens, "filled their souls with the delirium of extreme felicity. . . . But," continued the address, in answer to Laussat's republican denunciation of the Spanish government, "we should be unworthy of what is to us a subject of so much pride . . . if we did not acknowledge that we have no cause of complaint against the Spanish government. We have never groaned under the yoke of an oppressive despotism. It is true that the time was when our unfortunate kinsmen reddened with their blood the soil which they wished to preserve for France. . . . But the calamities which were inflicted upon us were due to the atrocious soul of a foreigner and to an extreme breach of faith. . . . Long ago we proved to the Spaniards that we did not consider them as the accomplices of these atrocities. We have become bound together by family connections and by the bonds of

friendship. Let them have the untrammelled enjoyment of all the property they may own on the soil that has become the land of freedom, and let us share with them, like brothers, the blessings of our new position."

Five weeks after Laussat's arrival, the Marquis de Casa Calvo landed in the city, sent by the captain-general of Cuba, to act with Governor Salcedo in turning over the colony to France. During his administration the marquis had borne the reputation of a man of haughty disposition and violent temper, but with manners so courtly and elegant as to gain the heritage of many of those anecdotes which form the stock illustrations of good manners from time immemorial ; *exempli gratia*, that well-remembered one, which George Washington shares with him, representing him as returning the bow of a negro with a "Shall I be outdone in politeness by a negro ?"

It was not such a man who would permit the outgoing monarchy to be put to shame by the incoming republic. Attended by a staff and a pompous guard, he gathered around him the most brilliant representatives of Spanish blood in society, with all of their connections and affiliations, and, by a lavish expenditure of money, he turned his official mission into a triumphant apotheosis of his government in Louisiana. It could not but discompose the French prefect, who, however, with his wife, maintained with equal brilliancy the credit of his government. Entertainment followed entertainment: balls, concerts, dinners, and the theatre in full blast. It was a dazzling rivalry and a campaign of sociabilities such as no city could better enjoy, and one which, in the gay memory of the irrevocable, has never been obliterated.

But there was one element of the community that could not even in sympathy participate in the general gratification. With the sacrilegious, bloody, French Revolution fresh in their minds, the Ursuline nuns could only feel terror at passing under the government of the republic. It had closed the religious houses in France, why should it not do the same in French colonies? The mother superior therefore petitioned his Catholic Majesty to permit her and her community to retire with his power, and establish themselves elsewhere in his dominions. Their request was granted, and they decided to return to Havana. In vain Laussat exerted himself to the utmost to calm their apprehensions and persuade them to trust the new government. One of the elder women, breaking through conventual restraint and habitual timidity, poured forth upon him a fierce denunciation of the power he represented. In vain the deputations of citizens added their supplications, the mayor going upon his knees to the mother superior, beseeching her not to abandon the city and the city's children. Only nine out of the twenty-five could be induced to remain under the Tricolor. The annals of the convent tell how, on Whit Sunday, 1803, when the evening gun from Fort St. Charles had fired its signal, the sixteen nuns, shrouded in their veils and mantles, walked in procession out of their chapel, followed by the little band of sisters who had decided to remain. The convent garden was thronged with their old scholars who pressed around them for a farewell embrace. At the gate were grouped their slaves, who threw themselves on their knees before them. The nuns paused on the threshold, weeping, irresolute; then, throwing themselves into the arms of those whom they

were to leave forever, they tore themselves away and passed into the street. Slaves bearing lanterns walked before them. The vicar-general, Governor Salcedo, the Marquis de Casa Calvo, and a long cortege of citizens, followed them to their vessels and saw them embark.

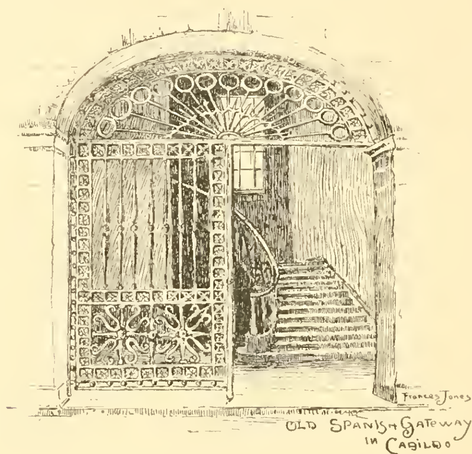
Everything was in readiness for the ceremony of the transfer, and the arrival of General Victor was hourly expected, and every one, according to a local chronicle, had his tricoloured cockade ready to be stuck in his hat as soon as the Spanish flag was lowered and the French raised, when a vessel from Bordeaux brought the account of the sale of the province by Napoleon to the United States. Such a report had drifted into the city, but Laussat, perfectly ignorant of the negotiations on the subject, and wholly given over to his plans and projects for a glorious French republican administration of Louisiana, treated it as calumnious, until he read his appointment by Napoleon as commissioner to receive the colony from Spain and hand it over to the United States authorities.

The first ceremony, an elaborate but uninteresting formality, took place on Wednesday, November 30, 1803. On the same day the Spanish municipal government was abolished, and a French one substituted. In the city a mayor was appointed, M. Étienne de Boré, and a municipal council of ten, composed of the most distinguished among the colonists and all prominent in their devotion to France. Among them was Villeré, the son of the companion of Lafrénière. The Spanish commander of the militia was replaced by a Creole.

Seventeen days later the American commissioners, with their escort of troops, arrived and camped two miles outside the city walls. Three days afterwards,

on December 20th, was consummated what the Louisianians must most devoutly have hoped would be their last change of government. It was the third in the memory of a living generation. The ceremony could not be otherwise than funereal to the natives.

At sunrise the gay folds of the Tricolor spread in the breeze, from the top of the flagstaff. It was noted as a good omen that, instead of the rain and clouds that had attended both Spanish ceremonies, the day dawned

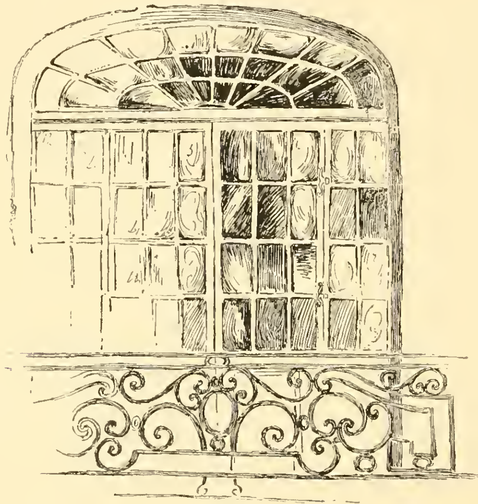


OLD SPANISH GATEWAY IN CABILDO

clear and bright. A faultless sky shone overhead. At nine o'clock the militia mustered and marched into the Place d'Armes, and the crowd began to mass in the streets. A cannon shot signalled that the American troops had left their camps and were marching towards the city. A salute of twenty guns from Fort St. Charles announced that they were passing through the Tchoupitoulas gate, and being admitted into the streets of the city. At noon the column made its appearance in

the Place d'Armes. General Wilkinson and Governor Claiborne, the American commissioners, on horseback at the head, were followed by a detachment of dragoons in red uniform, four pieces of artillery, cannoneers, two companies of infantry, and one of carabineers. The troops formed in the square opposite the French and local soldiery. The commissioners, dismounting, proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, as the Cabildo was now called, where they were received by the officers of the municipality, the French commissioner and his suite, and a large and notable assembly of citizens. Laussat, leading the way to the great hall, took his place on an elevated chair of honour, Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson seating themselves on his right and left. The legal formalities of three weeks before were repeated. Laussat delivered the keys of the city to Claiborne, changed places with him, and publicly absolved from their oath of allegiance to France, all colonists who wished to pass under the new domination. The commissioners then arose and walked out upon the balcony. What met their eyes was not the small, pretty, fenced garden of to-day, shut in by the sordid ugliness of railroad buildings in front, and hedged on each side by serried walls of brick. Then the waters of the Mississippi rolled in untrammelled view of the cross of the Cathedral, rippling its currents around the long line of decorated ships lying at the broad, tree-shaded levee. The open space, then a parade ground for an army, double its present size, to the right and to the left, holding off the advance of streets and houses by noble avenues of trees. In the centre arose the great flagstaff, bearing that flimsiest of fabrics and strongest of symbols that has ever held the hearts of mortals to a coign

of earth. About the staff were grouped the military, a vivid spot of steel and colour, and around them, and as far as eye could see, human faces, eagerly looking up in the bright December sun, a motley of colour, and expression, white, black, yellow, red, Frenchman, Spaniard, African, mulatto, Indian, and, most visible of all by his



Window & Balcony in The Cabildo.

height and boisterous triumph on the occasion, the tall, lanky Westerner, in coon-skin cap and leathern hunting shirt.

At the appearance of the commissioners, the Tricolor began to flutter gently down, and the great new flag, the Stars and Stripes, to mount the staff. When they came together midway they paused a moment. A can-

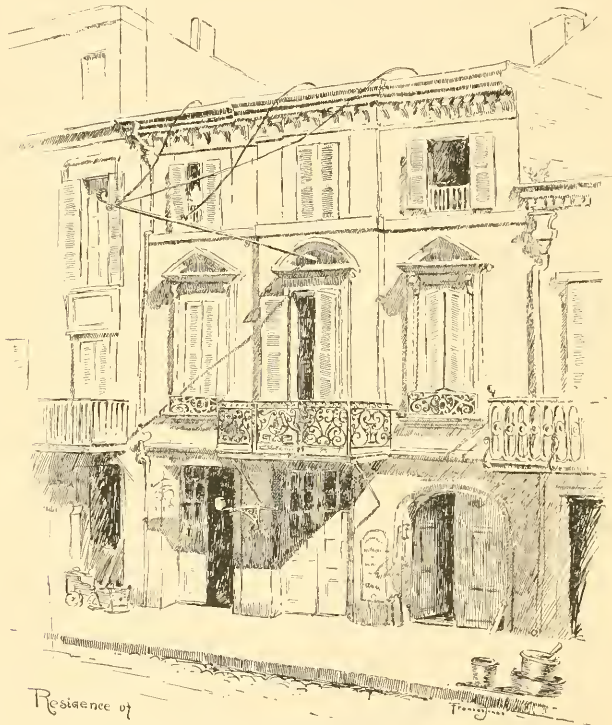
non shot fired, and every gun in the city, from fort, battery and ship, answered in salute ; the bands played, the Americans shouted. The rest of the crowd looked on, silent. When the reverberation had died away, the Stars and Stripes were waving from the top of the staff. After an inaugural address by the American governor to the "Louisianians, my fellow citizens," there was a review of the troops and the American companies defiled out of one side of the square, the French out of the other.

When, twenty-one days before, the French flag was flung to the breeze, for its last brief reign in Louisiana, a band of fifty old soldiers formed themselves into a guard of honour, which was to act as a kind of death watch to their national colours. They stood now at the foot of the staff and received in their arms the Tricolor as it descended, and while the Americans were rending the air with their shouts, they marched silently away, their sergeant bearing it at their head. All uncovered before it ; the American troops, as they passed, presented arms to it. It was carried to the government house, and left in the hands of Laussat.

Governor Claiborne was appointed to preside over the territory of Orleans until Congress should legislate the proper government for it. While awaiting this, and subsequent action of Congress, admitting them into their full rights of citizens of the United States, the Louisianians and Governor Claiborne both passed through experiences, than which none can be conceived more trying to human, and, we may add, national nature.

The American reconstruction went harder with the Creoles than the Spanish had done. A thousand common traits congenialized the French and Spanish

character. Intercourse with the Americans, barbarians they were called, revealed only antagonisms. The Louisianians not only felt the humiliation of being sold by their mother country, but of being



Residence of First Mayor of New Orleans.

bought by the Americans; and every American who walked the streets of New Orleans, did it with the air of a personal purchaser of the province, an arrogance unbearable to the Creoles, who resented it with

an arrogance still more galling to the Americans. They refused to take office under the new government, and held obstinately to the autonomy guaranteed them in the act of cession. Making English the official language of the government naturally made French the only language in use outside of it. There was no attempt on the part of the natives to master the foreign idiom, which, through popular affectation, was ignored, or was used, when it could not possibly be avoided, strictly for business purposes. The governor, who did not understand or speak either Spanish or French, surrounded himself, naturally, with men with whom he could communicate, the new-comers; and the discontent increased as the native population saw the inevitable rising importance to these last. The delay in admitting the territory into the Union, the debates in Congress over the qualifications of the Louisianians for self-government, were a personal irritation and provocation to every Creole. A Creole and an American could not meet without a dispute and an affray. The animosity involved all; the governor himself and the United States general actively participated in it. At night, insurrectionary placards posted on the corners of the streets attracted crowds around them, reading them aloud, copying them, preventing their being torn away. Every day produced its crop of duels; the governor's private secretary and brother-in-law, attempting to refute a slander, was killed in one. The old militia was disorganized, and there was too much jealousy and distrust, too distinct a line drawn between the two populations, to hope for any new, common, efficient force.

The panicky sensationalism crept into the very walls

of the convent, and the nine faithful sisters who were willing to confide themselves to the godless French republic found their courage fail them before the American. France, at least, had once been a child of the church, but the United States had been founded, so to speak, on its religious orphanage ; and it was openly asserted that the property of the Ursulines was to be confiscated and they themselves expelled by the Protestant government. All that their most sympathetic friends ventured to hope for them was that, forbidden to receive novices, they might remain undisturbed in their convent until death naturally extinguished the community, and thus the property would revert to the nation. Despite the assurances of Governor Claiborne, the mother superior wrote to President Jefferson himself, and was only tranquilized by the handsome letter of reassurance, written with his own hand, which is one of the treasures of the Convent archives.

Even the negroes, free and slave, had their prejudices and superstitions to foster dislike against the "Mericain Coquin," as they called the American negro. In short, the Americans were contemned, despised, and ridiculed, and their advent in the city was the current reason even for any deviation, or degeneration, as it was considered, from the usual course of nature. It is related that at a public ball, which had been interrupted by an earthquake shock, an old beau was heard muttering to himself : "Ce n'était pas du temps des Espagnols et des Français, que le plaisir des dames était ainsi troublé."

The Spanish officers and officials professing themselves too much attached to the people did not withdraw

from the city. Casa Calvo, with his Spanish guard, distinguished address and winning manners, still lingered, a social lion, meeting with an effusive admiration, and gaining a popularity at the expense of the rough Americans, which made him particularly obnoxious to them. He and his companions now had the opportunity, which they seized with gusto, of returning a cherished compliment, and, by their intrigues and their intimations of Spanish invasion, kept Claiborne in as constant a state of anxiety as ever Spanish governor had been kept by Americans. And just at the moment when internal commotion and Spanish suspicion were at their height, who should arrive in the city but that man of the iron mask in American politics, Aaron Burr, in an elegant barge fitted out by the United States military commandant of the district, with sails, colours, ten oars, and an escort of soldiers; Aaron Burr, glittering in all the reptilian fame of his duel with Hamilton and supposed traitorous designs against his government!

The first American governor of Louisiana, it must be confessed, had not a holiday task before him, and he felt it. But, while his spirits yielded to panics every now and then, when he thought of the Spaniards outside and Spaniards and French inside his ship, and while he multiplied military precautions with the enterprise of a Carondelet, his letters, official and private, grave, eloquent, conscientious, and diffuse, breathe a determination to succeed and the personal sense of patriotic responsibility and Christian obligation that belong to an alumnus of the school of Washington.

A French traveller, M. Robin, who was in the city at the time of its transmission to the United States, has

kindly left a description of it. Journeying leisurely by that pretty route through the Lakes, and up the Bayou St. John, he notes on the banks of the Bayou villas in the Italian style, with pillars supporting the galleries, surrounded with gardens and approached through magnificent avenues of wild orange trees.

It was the rainy season when he arrived, and the streets were as impassable as they are now, a century later. In many quarters they were overflowed, and, he says, held abysses, in which carriages went to pieces. The sidewalks, or *banquettes*, as they are still called, were great planks, usually gunwales from the broken flatboats, fastened flat in the mud. Only an expert could walk upon them without damage to boots and clothing. The ditches intended for draining were often subjects of consternation, as they overflowed into lakes, and foot passengers had to make long detours to get around them. Names, of course, were not inscribed anywhere on the streets, so they went by an alias, usually given by the largest house on it. The houses were generally handsome, built of brick and some of them several stories high; those along the river front were the most desirable. As the city was filling every day with emigrants from France and fugitives from St. Domingo, lodgings were very dear. The population consisted of French, Spaniards, Anglo-Americans, Bohemians, negroes, mulattoes. The money-makers of the place were the wholesale merchants; the retailers, cabareteers, and pedlers were for the most part Catalans. The tailors, dressmakers, and bakers were French; carpentering was almost a monopoly of the coloured. "Winter is the gay season, balls are frequent. Indeed, in a place so bare of the means of

education, and where the privileges of religion are so curtailed, there is an abundance of amusement. . . . But in no country of the world is there practised such religious toleration." Our traveller found the elegance of France displayed in the entertainments, and the import of luxuries out of keeping with so small and so new a place: Malaga, Bordeaux, Madeira, olive oil (a most important article of consumption), brandied fruits, liqueurs, vinegars, sausages, anchovies, almonds, raisins, prunes, cheese, vermicelli.

"Women, dressed in calico and muslins, and never wearing those that are faded and used, often changing colours and patterns, have the art of appearing only in fresh dresses. But it must be remembered that the Louisiana women are French women. In general they are tall and dignified, and the whiteness of their skin is set off by their dress. Silks are worn only for balls and grand occasions. Headgear is not much used, the women having the good habit of going bareheaded in summer, and wearing in the winter only Madras kerchiefs.

"The men show themselves more enslaved to fashion than the women, going about in the heavy clothing of Europe, heads sunk in high collars, arms and hands lost in long sleeves, chins buried in triple cravats, legs encased in high boots, with great flaps. Play, or gaming, is the recreation of the men. In the evening, when the business of the day is over, fortunes are lost over and over again by it. All indulge in it. The ship captain, even the most esteemed one, games away the profits of his last voyage, sometimes pledging the cargo committed to his care. The pedler games away all that he has crossed the seas to earn.

The trapper or voyageur games away the fruit of his long marches and perilous adventures. The planter coming to the city to purchase supplies for the year from the sale of his crop, games away his entire account,

and returns to his plantation without provisions or clothing.

"The women are different; with all their beauty they are without coquetry, and are devoted to their

children and their husbands, who, *par parenthèse*, easily tire of the monotony of their society, and seek amusement elsewhere."

The recreation of the Creole ladies was dancing, and throughout the season they met regularly at the public balls, which in reality were not public, as only the one circle of the best society was admitted, and the guests were all friends and intimate. The refreshments consisted of orange flower syrup and water and *eau sucré*. Carriages were never used, presumably on account of the danger from the streets; ladies walked to the balls, preceded by slaves bearing lanterns, and followed by maids carrying their satin slippers. When the weather was too bad for the ball to take place, its postponement was announced by a crier through the streets, to the sound of a drum. It was always understood that the postponement was until the next fine evening.

Looking back upon it, across nearly a century's progress and sophistication, the *beau-monde* then appears a social Arcady. The refugees from France, St. Domingo, and the other French West Indian Islands, landed in the city generally without a cent, but with all the beauties, charms, education, and customs, of generations of culture. The men became overseers, managers of plantations, clerks, teachers, musicians, actors, anything to make the first bare necessities of life. The women did sewing, embroidery, dress-making, millinery, living or lodging, not in the new brick houses, but in the little two-room cottages opposite or alongside. But, as a biographer of the time explains, thankful for the escapes they had had from unmentionable horrors, all were contented, satisfied, happy, and more charming men and women than ever. The evening come, the St. Domingo

belle laid aside her day's task of sewing, donned her simple gown of muslin, and accompanied by a chaperon and slave, went to the ball, where, in the dance she met and made the most delightful society. Ah! the refugees from St. Domingo! Families are still pointed out in the city as refugees from St. Domingo, and there are still old negroes, here and there, who can relate how they were clinging to the breast when their mothers escaped with masters and mistresses from St. Domingo.

It is still a current opinion in the city, that it was the refugees from the West Indies that brought the love of luxury into the colony, the Creoles before that time, many believing and maintaining, being simple in their tastes and plain in their living. It would seem, from the constant mention made of it in family legends, that the tropical ease and languor of the West Indian women were indeed as much a novelty then in the feminine world as the always emphasized distinction, the literary tastes and accomplishments of the West Indian men were in the masculine world.

What tales of their escapes the St. Domingo ladies had to tell, and how entrancingly they told and acted them, hovering always so exquisitely over the vanishing point between romance and reality as to confound the two inseparably for generations of auditors. Always, as *point de départ*, the wondrous marble-terraced plantation home, with its palm-groves overlooking the sea. Then the alarm, the flight, the cries of the blood-infuriated blacks in pursuit, the deathly still hiding-place in the jungle; and always, in every tale, the white sails of an English vessel out in the Gulf, watching for signals for rescue, the approaching relief boat, the rush to embark, the discovery, the volley of

musketry, and a grandmother spattering with her brains the child in her arms, — or a child shot away from a

"Mammy."

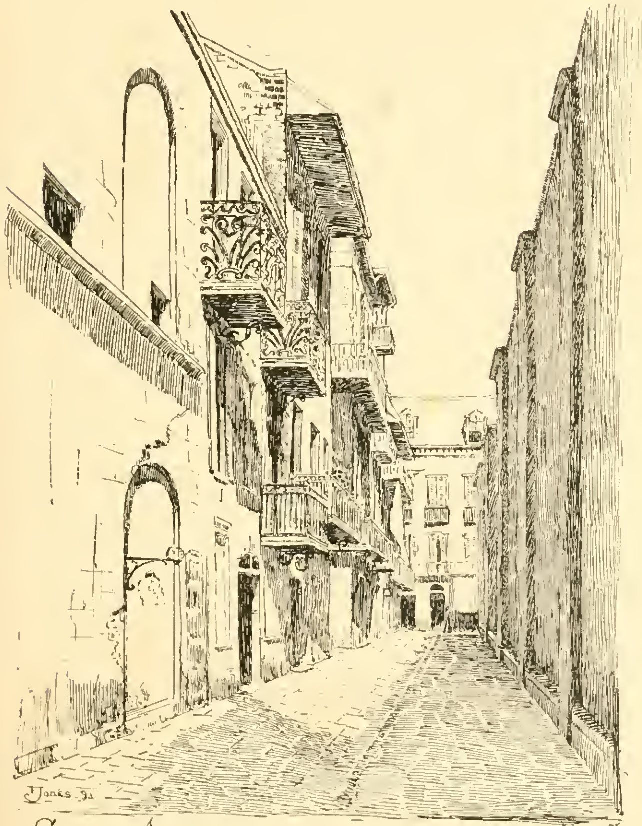
mother's breast, or a faithful slave expiring with her arms clasped about her mistress's knees, or — every combination of heart-breaking horrors. There were

always in each family, God be thanked, faithful slaves. And then, the adventures on the crowded schooner, beating, through gale and calm, across the Gulf, famishing for water, decimated by fevers, pursued by pirates! It was something of an education in itself to hear all that over and over again in one's youth, . . . to know the narrator, to play with the blood-sprinkled babes, to be petted and scolded by the faithful Dédé, Sophie, or Féliciane.

The city was incorporated in 1806, and the voters had the privilege of exercising their first right of suffrage in the election of aldermen; but the privilege, as an Americanism, was received with apathy, and a complete indifference was manifested as to the result of the election.

The reconstruction now was to come in contact with the church, and produce one of the old-time religious excitements in the city. Louisiana had passed under the spiritual jurisdiction of the bishop of Maryland, whose vicar-general, an Irish-American, ventured in the first flush of his authority to suspend the parish priest. This priest was none other than the Padre Antonio de Sedella, who, with his Inquisition, had been so summarily put out of the city by Governor Miro. The padre had returned, and by his unenforced zeal and devotion had gained an authority over his parishioners as absolute as could have been conferred upon him by the powers of the Holy Office. The sacraments, and even the church itself, grew, in the eyes of the faithful, into a monopoly of which Père Antoine was the possessor; and they themselves became, not the Church's, but his, faithful. When one Sunday morning, he did not appear as usual in the pulpit, fear seized the assembled congregation that he might be ill. The church was immediately deserted, all rushing in a mob

to the little cabin in St. Anthony's alley, in which Père Antoine lived. He tranquilized them as to his bodily



Cathedral Alley.

welfare, but informed them that he had been suspended. Suspended! The vicar-general suspend Père Antoine! This was a piece of American arrogance beyond even

the usual extravagant display of it. Indignation sped from word to deed, and the Americans were given a dose of their own specific. Père Antoine was *elected* parish priest by popular vote, with all the hurrahs of a political expression; and he stood by the results of the count. The vicar-general, reduced to second rank in the diocese, appealed to law to enforce his authority. The quarrel grew apace. The lordly Casa Calvo, with his retinue of Spanish officers, became partisans of their candidate as against American authority. This moved the vicar-general to invoke the aid of the chief executive, against "the ambition of a refractory monk, supported in his apostasy by the fanaticism of a misguided populace, and by the countenance of an individual (Casa Calvo) whose interference was to be attributed less to zeal for religion, than to the indulgence of private passions and the promotion of views equally dangerous to religion and civil order," and he informed Claiborne that two emissaries had gone to Havana to secure a reinforcement of monks to sustain Père Antoine in his schismatic and rebellious conduct.

The governor judiciously declined to interfere in the religious part of the squabble, but the political hint struck home. During his next fit of apprehension from a Spanish invasion, he summoned Père Antoine before him, and, in spite of his protestations of loyalty, made him take the oath of allegiance to the United States, in the presence of witnesses. To his religious executive, however, Père Antoine remained non-compliant and independent, and was a terror ever to succeeding bishops. His little cabin cell, on the corner of St. Anthony's alley and Bourbon street, with its bare floor and pallet lying on a couple of planks, and rough

table, crucifix, and chair, was the rock of spiritual authority in the city. Ladies thronged it during the hours of audience. Betrothals, marriages, ill-favoured daughters and ill-moraled sons, contumacious slaves and light husbands, baptisms, funerals, and first communions, litigations about property, and dissensions about gossip ; all the *res disjectae* of family affairs, were brought there to him by white and black, and by counsel he held and directed all as with consciousness of the infallibility attributed to him. At sight of his venerable appearance in the streets, with coarse brown cassock, rosary, sandaled feet, broad-brimmed hat, white beard, eyes cast down, — all uncovered. He died in 1829. His funeral procession included the whole city, and was a grand and momentous parade, the Free Masons attending by a special order of the Grand Lodge of the state. He was the last survivor of the old Capuchin mission in Louisiana, and he is still regarded as a saint by the secular world ; but the clerical still remembers a story about an early love and a duel, and his defiance and insubordination, and the suspicion that he was not only a Free Mason, but one in high standing.

The old Spanish enforced respect for the church was sorely missed, not alone by the vicar-general. The lady abbess of the Ursulines, as the governor called her, was driven by the rising spirit of levity, if not of godlessness, to solicit the interference of the civil authorities to prevent the repeating of a performance at the theatre, in which her community was held up as an object of derision, the last act being marked, she said, with peculiar indecency and disrespect. Tradition says that the play was that one, still a favourite in the city, "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent." The governor

called upon the mayor to check the license of the stage, but the play was repeated the following year, and called forth another complaint from the mother superior and another appeal from the governor to the mayor.

One cannot but feel that it was a heroic triumph for Governor Claiborne, under the circumstances, to have secured a Fourth of July celebration in 1806. It was most grandiosely observed. All the stores and places of business were closed, salutes were fired from the forts; there was high mass, at the Cathedral, attended by all the civil and military functionaries, in the forenoon; a parade of the militia; in the afternoon, a Te Deum; at night a new and original tragedy, "Washington, or the Liberty of the New World," performed to an enthusiastic audience, and, ending it all, a grand ball.

It was a timely inspiration of patriotism, for during the following autumn the Spaniards and Aaron Burr gave the United States their last flurry of a scare. The cry was that Burr was coming down the river to capture New Orleans, and make it the capital of that separation from the Union for which he, according to public clamour, had been long conspiring. The city was thrown into one of its wild excitements. Old defences were hurriedly patched up, naval and land forces mustered, an embargo was laid upon shipping, and the habeas corpus practically suspended. The crisis proved not only harmless, but beneficial. Out of the tornado of suspicion and distrust that swept over the country, the Creoles of Louisiana came unscathed. Not they, but the Americans, were accused of traitorous designs, and their promptitude in tendering their service to the country called forth a special tribute from the President

in his annual message. In 1812, its probation being finally ended, the Territory of Orleans was admitted into the Union, as the State of Louisiana. Claiborne received the handsome compliment of being elected governor.

The population of the city had now advanced to twenty-four thousand ; but, increased as it had been by immigration from the French possessions, it was more preponderatingly foreign to America than ever. The English language filtered so slowly into use, that the necessary concessions to the French amounted practically to the recognition of two official tongues. This was most apparent in the administration of justice. The code itself was a transcription from the Napoleon Code, but on its adoption by the legislature, the former laws were only partially repealed ; it was found in practice that the Fuero viejo, Fuero juezgo, Partidas, Recapilaciones, Leyes de las Indias, Autos accordados and Royal schedules, remained parts of the written law of the State. To explain them, Spanish commentators and the *corpus juris civilis* were consulted, and (particularly by the French lawyers) Pothier, d'Aguesseau, Dumoulin, and others. Every court had to be furnished with interpreters of French, Spanish, and English. The jury was generally divided as equally as possible between those who understood English and those who understood French, and to maintain this national equality was the great feat of lawyers, as it was commonly accepted as the only sure guarantee of justice. The case was usually opened in English, during which the French part of the jury was excused, to be summoned when their language appeared in the argument, and the English-speaking ones were granted a recess. All went

together in the jury room, each man contending that the argument he had listened to was the conclusive one, each disputing about it in his own vernacular, and finally compromising upon some Volapük of a verdict, which, however arrived at, does not seem to have been any more unsatisfactory to justice than the verdicts reached today by a common comprehension of the argument.

One of the first steps in the American reconstruction was the establishment, the incorporation rather, by the Legislature, of an educational institution, the college of Orleans. The church of St. Augustin, at the corner of Hospital and St. Claude streets, stands where, in an open stretch of land in the rear of the city, once arose the famous college of Orleans. Famous, of course, locally; but is not the truest fame local fame? And who can remember in the city any octogenarian gentleman of aristocratic manners and classical attainments (Greek and Latin quotations to throw away in any conversation or correspondence), aye, and even of superior stature, who did not in his youth pass through the college of Orleans? No generation since, so the octogenarians say, and so we believe, compared in any respect with the college of Orleans generation. And to filial and sympathetic listeners it always seemed a social and educational calamity, never to be sufficiently deplored, that the college should have disappeared so soon, leaving behind nothing of its material existence, save a fragment of its long dormitory fashioned now into a tenement row. Young gentlemen were entered at the age of seven, as boarders; the only day scholars were those whose parents were too poor to pay board There was a still lower grade, a file of charity boys, selected by the trustees.

At the French Market.

It was an encouraging proof of the durability of good impressions, to hear a school-boy of 1812, Charles Gayarré, tell of the first director of the college, M. Jules D'Avezac, an *émigré* from St. Domingo, and how the boys called him Titus because he was their delight. They never forgot his courtly manners, nor the tenderness and kindness in his face whenever he spoke to them. In the expression of the day, they could not tell which predominated in him, the gentleman or the scholar, for he was a distinguished scholar; he had translated Marmion into French and sent it to Walter Scott, and received from him a letter expressing how pleased he was with the muse who had repeated his verses in another hemisphere. But it was the second director, Rochefort, another St. Domingan, who, perhaps, most profoundly impressed the collegians. His lame foot naturally gained him the sobriquet of Tyrtæus. He made elegant translations from Horace, and when his scholars saw him walking his gallery, excitedly stamping with his lame foot, drinking cup after cup of black coffee, his long silky locks of dark hair tossed back from his pale temples, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming, they knew he was possessed of the divine afflatus, and watched him in awed curiosity. He distinguished the best scholars by allowing them apartments on the same floor with him, which released them from obedience to other authority than his. And occasionally he distinguished some of them supremely, by inviting a select few to dine with him, when, after dessert, he would read his poetry to them; and what with the good wine and the good dinner, the verses never failed to elicit the sincerest and most rapturous applause. But the great event in the curriculum of these distinguished young

gentlemen was when the director invited them to the Théatre d'Orleans, and marched at their head through the streets. On the way back he would test their judgment of the play and acting by asking their opinions, and as the collegians were at the tender age when actors and actresses were divinities whom they could not sufficiently extol and admire, it was a shock to them, as they trudged home from Elysium, to have the calm criticisms of their chief dashed like buckets of cold water over the flames of their enthusiasm.

The professor of mathematics was not to be forgotten either, a passionate naturalist, going through the streets with his new-found specimens pinned to his sleeves, hat—anywhere, so absent-minded that he never knew in which direction he was walking, and walking always with his eyes shut. He was the delight of the street gamins, who used to lie in wait for him.

"Ho! Ho! Papa Teinturier, where are you going?"

"Little devils, you know very well I am going to the college."

"But you are running away from it, Papa Tienturier. Ho! ho! You are turning your back upon it."

His other passion was horticulture, and he was to be often seen working the whole of a moonlit night through, in his garden, in the suburbs of the city, and, to prove his theory that a white man could stand the sun as well as a black, he would work in it nude through the dog days.

The professor of drawing, also from St. Domingo, a superb figure, with imposing countenance and majestic blue eyes, cherished the illusion that he would have been the finest actor in the world had his gentle birth

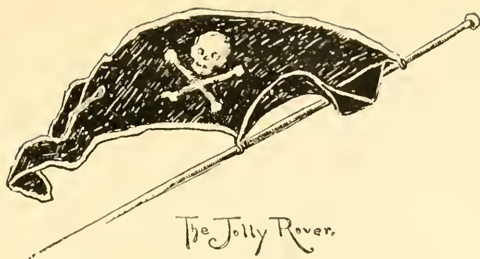
only permitted his going on the stage, and his scholars could always switch him off from themselves into entrancing declamations from Racine and Corneille, by asking how Talma recited such and such a passage. Georges, the proctor, had a Socratic face, and wore his hair powdered, in a cue. Bruno was the mulatto steward, who, at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, handed out through his pantry loophole the cup of coffee and piece of dry bread that formed the entire menu of the boarders' breakfast; Vincent, the doorkeeper, was wry necked and doleful faced; Marengo, the cook, ugly and ferocious. . . .

The pleasant memories and chronicles of this auspicious institution come to an end in an untimely encounter, with a historical bit of the revolutionary wreckage of the period, Joseph Lakanal. Is he now a vivid recollection anywhere outside the family and society archives of New Orleans? The position of director of the college falling vacant, the trustees could think of no one more fitted to fill it than so illustrious a representative of learning and republicanism, then a refugee from the Bourbon restoration, and living within call, on a farm on the banks of the Ohio. A *ci-devant* priest and professor of belles-lettres, an ex-member of the National Convention, of the Committee of Public Education, of the Council of Five Hundred, one of the active founders of primary schools in France, a member of the Institute, and appointed by Napoleon superior of the Bonaparte Lyceum, — a man known in all positions for brilliant intellect and indomitable energy, — his qualifications for the position of director of the College of Orleans seemed indisputable to the trustees. To the good mothers of New Orleans, and to the vast ma-

jority of Creoles, however, anti-Christ alone was represented by the ex-priest and regicide ; and the foul fiend would have been considered as good a director of youth. The trustees persisted in their choice ; the citizens in their opposition. The scholars were withdrawn from the college, until too few remained to warrant the opening of its doors, which were finally and definitely closed.

Lakanal, however, remained in New Orleans until the revolution of 1830 permitted him to return to France. He left behind him in the city numerous descendants, and a memory of his striking personality, which, like his brilliant intellect, although always interesting, was never estimable.

The City Seal



CHAPTER X.

THE BARATARIANS.

WE read that, on the 11th of March, 1766, the sensibilities of the inhabitants of New Orleans were very much excited by the arrival in port of a Madame Desnoyers, a lady of St. Domingo, who, with her child and servant, were picked up by a French brig in the Gulf, where they had been cast away by pirates. They had been on the open sea seven days when they were rescued. The lady's husband had been murdered, with the crew of the vessel in which she was sailing. "Ah, those pirates!" We can imagine the volubility of the excited sensibilities when Madame Desnoyers related her sad adventures. What a rummaging of memory and experience must have followed! What a fetching forth of other harrowing adventures! No one went to France or to the Islands, in those days, or came from them, safely, but did it by divine grace, and under the protection of the Virgin and all the saints. For the black flag ruled the Mexican Gulf with the impunity of the winds of heaven, and to walk the plank was one of the legitimate terrors of the deep.

We get the bloody horrors of the Spanish Main now

in books, thrilled, mayhap, with the realism of illustrations. Then, the grim facts were handed from memory to memory, with the red stains fresh upon them, and L'Olonoise, Morgan, and Black Beard were as fresh to the tongue as the news of yesterday, and it was as if, overliving their century, they, *in propria persona*, and not their progeny, were roaming the Gulf, with the skull and cross bones at their mastheads.

The palmy days of piracy in the Gulf had really ended with the seventeenth century, by which time the rich towns of the Mexican and the Central American coast had been sucked dry, and the gold-freighted caravels had taken to travelling in convoy, or armed like men-of-war. But the old waters still offered opportunities not to be despised by the enterprising and lawless sea-folk. Spain, France, and England were ever at war one with another, and a commission could always be obtained at any one of the little islands they had grabbed in the Caribbean, and privateering included much that even a pirate could rejoice in, and if any one ever overstepped the limits of a commission, who was to testify to it?

In the days of the first settlement of Louisiana there had been some cordiality between Mobile and that privateer's nest, Carthagena, and a proposition had even been made by the enterprising leaders of the latter place to transfer themselves and their business to Mobile, to make it the Carthagena of the Gulf in fact. There is no doubt that there was a promise of profit in it that dazzled Iberville, for it was at the end of his great schemes, as we have seen, to become a privateer, to capture islands for France, and establish himself in Central America. His enemies were even

then accusing his brother Chateauguay, the sea courier of Mobile, of being a pirate, and the suspicion was general that Bienville and all the Lemoyne connection formed a privateering company, under cloak of their official position.

New Orleans was ever a favourite port of the privateers. They could so easily run into the river, sail up to the city, auction off their cargoes, deposit their prisoners, and, if the authorities were amenable, and they generally were, be off again with the quick despatch of regular liners, to the blue waters and bluer skies of their freehold. But privateers found more and more difficulties thrown in their way by international law and order, more and more trammels cast around their pursuit, as it might well be called, by advancing civilization. When Louisiana became the property of the United States, it seemed as if the whole live industry must cease. But in this, as in other emergencies, only a genius was needed, to cleave a way through circumstance.

The genius made his appearance, and bade fair, for a time, not only to be the benefactor of the privateersmen, but of the whole country, by inventing a good working bridge over the chasm, that has always been a yawning problem in the ethics of the United States, the chasm between personal and public morality.

The conditions in the city were most favourable for any such experiments. The sudden growth of its population, the heterogeneous mass of it, the national partisanship that prevented any unification in a common public opinion, the easy morality of the dominant classes, and the spread of luxury through all classes; these were all factors, made as if to the order of Jean Lafitte.

The impression is that Pierre and Jean Lafitte came from Bayonne. Whatever their origin, they were men of attractive personality, with a great business capacity, which had evidently been thoroughly trained during their past unknown life and experience. Jean, the younger but more conspicuous of the two, is described by a kind of general authority as a man of fair complexion, with black hair and eyes, wearing his beard clean shaven from the front of his face. He spoke English, French, Spanish, and Italian fluently, and possessed in a high degree that shining substitute for education, and invaluable gift to the unscrupulous money maker, the art of making phrases. He could, at any time, or in any circumstance, phrase a disinterested patriotism and a lofty morality that shamed as flimsy pretensions the expressions of the professional leaders and upholders of it.

After their arrival in New Orleans, the Lafittes were soon surrounded by a wide circle of friends and dependants. They evidently had means, for they owned the large force of slaves which they worked in their blacksmith shop, on St. Philip street, between Bourbon and Dauphine ; they themselves lived on the north corner of St. Philip and Bourbon. As it is left to the imagination or reason of posterity to infer the process by which they changed their methods of money making, imagination or reason suggests that from the first the blacksmith shop was but a stalking horse for a more profitable speculation, and that their large circle of friends and dependants were linked together and to them by other than the primitive ties of sociability and sympathy.

Smuggling, as well as privateering, had been always a regular branch of the commerce of Louisiana. In

the old French colonial days the uncertainty of supplies from the mother country had rendered it almost a necessity of existence: under the ironclad tariff policy of Spain it was quite a necessity. By the time of the cession of the territory to the United States, smuggling prices and smuggling relations had been so long established in the community that they had become a part of the habits of life there. The prices of smuggled goods were far cheaper than they could possibly have been if the customs duties had been levied upon them, and the relations with the purveyors of cheap goods were, what they will always be between consumers and purveyors of cheap goods, confidential and intimate; and there was in addition a general feeling that a laudable principle of conservatism and independence, rather than otherwise, was shown in ignoring the American pretensions of moral superiority over the old standard.

And from time immemorial, Barataria had been associated with pirates, privateers, contrabandists and smugglers. It will be remembered that Barataria was the name of the island presented by the frolicsome duchess to Sancho Panza, for his sins, as he learned to consider it. How or when the name came to Louisiana is still to be discovered, whether directly from Don Quixote, or from the source which supplied LeSage with it, the etymology of the word; *Baratear*, meaning cheap, *Barato*, cheap things. The name includes all the Gulf coast of Louisiana between the mouth of the Mississippi and the mouth of the Bayou LaFourche, a considerable stream and the waterway of a rich and populous territory. A thin strip of an island, Grand Terre, six miles long and three wide, screens from the Gulf the great Bay of Barataria, whose entrance is a pass with a con-

stant, sure depth of water. Innumerable filaments of stealthy bayous running between the bay and the two great streams, the Mississippi and the LaFourche, furnished an incomparable system of secret intercommunication and concealment. The shore of the bay is itself but a concourse of islands, huddling all around, as if they too, like the vessels of the first discoverers of Barataria, had been driven in there by a storm and had never cared to sail out again. On the islands are those inexplicable mammoth heaps of shell, covered by groves of oaks, *chênières* they were called, which were selected by the aboriginal inhabitants as sites for their temples. A prominent group of these heaps, on one of the larger islands, was the notorious Great Temple, the privateers' chief place of deposit and trade. It is a land of promise for light o' law gentry, and when the British fleet finally cleaned the islands of the Gulf of them, and broke up their nests, they trimmed their sails for Barataria. They soon found that, disguised as necessity, a brilliant stroke of fortune had been dealt them. They were in the easiest and safest reach of the great mart of the Mississippi Valley, where thousands of their kith and kin, driven also out of the islands by the English, walked the streets of the city, looking for a livelihood.

From his first subordinate relation as agent and banker, Jean Lafitte increased his usefulness to the Baratarians, until, through success in managing their affairs, he obtained a complete control over them, and finally ruled them with the authority of a chief. This was when his genius had compassed their complete organization, had united all their different and often rival efforts and interests into one company, or, as we would say to-day, formed one vast "concern" of all the pi-

rates, privateers, and freebooters of the Gulf. Lafitte, however, did not gain his supremacy by purely logical and business methods. An old survivor of the Baratarians, "Nez Coupé," who lived at Grand Terre, used to tell that among them was one, Grambo, who boldly called himself a pirate and flouted Lafitte's euphemism of privateer, and his men were so much of his kind,

that, one day, one of them dared an opposition to the new authority. Lafitte drew a pistol and shot him through the heart, before the whole band.

Although during the embargo of 1808, Lafitte opened a shop on Royal street and assumed the insignia of legitimate trade, there was no serious attempt to deceive any one. He took and gave orders for merchandise at Barataria, as he would have done for Philadelphia. As

a business venture his scheme became so brilliant a success that it made its own propaganda; and it, not the law, became a converting power in the community.

It was in 1813 that the Baratarians reached such a pinnacle of prosperity that not only the United States felt its loss of revenue, but the shipping in the port diminished, commerce languished, and the banks weakened under the continual lessening of their deposits from the draining off of the trade to Barataria. There the blue waters of the bay were ever gay with the sails of incoming and out-going vessels; there the landing-places bustled and swarmed with activity, and capacious warehouses stood ever gorged with merchandise, and the cargoes of slaves multiplied, for the contraband slavers were always the keenest of the patrons of Barataria. The farms, orange groves, and gardens of the family homes of the privateers transformed Grande Terre and the islands around the Grand Pass into a pastoral beauty which, with the marvellous witchery overhead and about, of cloud and sea-colouring, might be truly called heavenly. A fleet of barges plied unceasingly through the maze of bayous between the LaFourche and the Mississippi; under cover of night their loads were ferried over the river and delivered to agents in New Orleans and in Donaldsonville, the distributing point for the upper river country, and for the Attakapas region. And, *en passant*, as there must, in every place and time, be a form of suspicion against the purity of rapid money making, many a notable fortune of that day was attributed to an underhand connection with Lafitte. So perfect had the system and discipline become under Lafitte's extraordinary executive ability, that it was a mere question of time

when he would hold in his hands the monopoly of the import trade of Louisiana, and, in a great measure, that of the entire Mississippi Valley.

The national government made several attempts to assert its authority, but the few seizures it made damaged the privateers very little, if it did not benefit them directly by advancing the prices of the goods that escaped. Every now and then a revenue cutter was sent to surprise Barataria, but it always found that a timely warning had preceded it, and not a trace was to be discovered of the rich booty expected. And as each expedition returned discomfited, the government agents themselves began to be suspected of a secret partnership with Lafitte.

During the spring of 1813 the scandalous notoriety of the prosperity of the Baratarians drew from Governor Claiborne a proclamation against them. He qualified the business roundly as piracy, and cautioned the people of the state against any commerce with it. But the governor only gained the experience of the naïve in attempting the unpopular experiment of raising public morality to a personal standard No one paid so little attention to his proclamation as the Lafittes themselves. They made their appearance in the streets as unconcernedly as usual, surrounded as usual by admiring friends; their names appeared as usual among the patrons of the public entertainments, and, as usual, auctions of slaves and goods were advertised to take place at Barataria.

During the summer the British patrol of the Gulf tried a hand against the Baratarians. One of its sloops of war attacked two privateers at anchor off Ship Island; but it met with such a spirited reception,

and suffered such loss, that it was glad to beat a retreat with all haste, the prestige as ever remaining with the privateers.

Claiborne launched another proclamation, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest of Lafitte and his delivery to the sheriff of the parish prison, or to any sheriff in the state. Notwithstanding this, the cargoes of the privateers' prizes and slaves, four hundred and fifty at one time, were still auctioned at Grand Terre, and still the goods were delivered in city and country. The agents went now, however, well armed, for although Lafitte deprecated and deplored violence, force was met with force, and in one attempt to execute the law, a revenue collector had one of his men killed and two wounded.

The governor, owning himself baffled, appealed to the legislature, then in session, to take some measures to vindicate the outraged law of the State and of the national government. He asked the necessary authority and appropriation to raise a volunteer company to send against Barataria. Lafitte only strengthened his guards, and made his deliveries with his wonted exactitude. His confidence in the legislature seemed well founded. They deferred all action in the matter for want of funds.

The governor then, as the only satisfaction possible, secured the criminal prosecution of his adversaries. Indictments for piracy were found against Jean Lafitte and the Baratarians; and Pierre Lafitte, charged with being an aider and abettor, was arrested in New Orleans and lodged in the Calaboose without bail.

Jean Lafitte snapped his fingers at this, by retaining at a fee of twenty thousand dollars apiece, two of the

most distinguished members of the bar, for his defence; Edward Livingston and John R. Grymes. Grymes, at the time, was district attorney, but he resigned his office for the fee, and when his successor taunted him in open court with having been seduced out of the path of honour and duty by the blood-stained gold of pirates, Grymes defended his honour by sending his arraigner a challenge, shooting him through the hip and crippling him for life.

When the two eminent counsellors had cleared their

client, and brushed the cobwebs of the law out of his future path for him, Lafitte invited them to visit him at Barataria, and personally receive their honorarium. Grymes, a Virginian, an easy moralist and adventurous, accepted readily and heartily; Livingston, the conventionally correct New Yorker, excused himself, deputing his colleague, at ten per cent commission, to collect his fee for him. Old diners-out of the time say that it was ever afterwards one of Mr. Grymes's most delec-

table post-prandial stories, the description of his trip to Barataria, and the princely hospitality of the innocent, persecuted Baratarians. Lafitte kept him through a week of epicurean feasting and conducted him to the mouth of the Mississippi in a superb yawl, laden with boxes of Spanish gold and silver. "What a misnomer," Grymes would exclaim, "to call the most polished gentlemen in the world pirates!" *Par parenthèse*, there is always added to this the reminiscence, that by the time Mr. Grymes reached the city, running the gauntlet of the hospitality of the planters of the lower coast, and of their card-tables, not a cent of his fee remained to him.

Whether prompted by a hint from his counsel, or by his own confidence in the inflexibility of Governor Claiborne's purpose against him, Lafitte was preparing to change his base and establish his Barataria in some more secure coast, when his good fortune threw another rare opportunity across his path.

On an early September morning of 1814, Barataria was startled by a cannon-shot from the Gulf. Lafitte darting in his four-oared barge through the pass, saw just outside in the Gulf a jaunty brig flying the British colours. A gig, with three officers in uniform, immediately advanced from her side towards him, and the officers introduced themselves as the bearers of important despatches to Mr. Lafitte.

Lafitte, making himself known, invited them ashore, and led the way to his apartments. The description of the entertainment that followed vies with that of Mr. Grymes. It was such as no one but Lafitte knew how to give, and, without irony, no one could afford to give so well as himself, — the choicest wines of Spain and

France, tropical fruits, game, and the most tempting varieties of Gulf fish, all served in the costliest silver. And the host displayed as lavishly all the incomparable grace and charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which, among the appreciative people of Louisiana, had been accepted as legal tender for moral dues. Over the cigars, the rarest of Cuban brands, the packet of despatches was opened. The letter addressed to Mr. Lafitte, of Barataria, from the British commander at Pensacola, contained, without periphrase, an offer to Lafitte of thirty thousand dollars, payable in Pensacola or New Orleans, the rank of captain in the British army, and the enlistment of his men in the navy, if he would assist the English in their proposed invasion of Louisiana. Enclosed with the letter was a printed proclamation addressed to the natives of Louisiana, calling upon them to "arise and aid in liberating their paternal soil from a faithless and imbecile government."

Lafitte, affecting to consider the proposition, asked permission to go and consult an old friend and associate whose vessel, he said, was then lying in the Bay. During his absence, a band of Baratarians, who had been on watch, seized the officers and carried them to a strong place, where they were kept prisoners, under guard, all night. The next morning Lafitte returned, and with good dramatic surprise was loud in indignant blame of his men; releasing the officers, instantly with profuse apologies, he escorted them himself through the pass, and left them safe aboard their brig.

But the English letter and proclamation were already on their way to a friend, a member of the legislature, with an epistle conceived in the privateer chief's best style: —

"Though proscribed in my adopted country, I will never miss an opportunity of serving her or of proving that she has never ceased to be dear to me. . . . I may have evaded the payment of duties to the custom house, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen, and all the offences I have committed have been forced upon me by certain vices of the law. . . . Our enemies have endeavoured to work upon me by a motive which few men would have resisted. . . . A brother in irons, a brother who is very dear to me and whose deliverer I might become; and I declined the proposal, well persuaded of his innocence. . . ."

He did his brother and himself injustice. Pierre Lafitte, as Jean knew, had long since given leg-bail, the other having been refused him, and was even then enjoying his wonted security and comfort in New Orleans.

A few days later Lafitte sent, in a second letter to his friend, an anonymous communication from Havana, giving important information about the intended operations of the British. He also enclosed a letter to Governor Claiborne: "In the firm persuasion," he wrote, "that the choice made of you to fill the office of first magistrate of this city was dictated by the esteem of your fellow citizens, and was conferred on merit, I offer to you to restore to this State several citizens who perhaps in your eyes have lost their sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you would wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defence of their country. . . . The only reward I ask . . . is that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto. . . . I am the stray sheep wishing to return to the sheep-fold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offences, I should appear to you much less guilty and still worthy to discharge the

duties of a good citizen. . . . Should your answer not be favourable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I shall instantly leave the country, to avoid the imputation of having co-operated toward an invasion on this point, which cannot fail to take place, and to rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience." The governor, to whom the entire correspondence was forwarded, submitted it to a council of the principal officers of the army, navy, and militia; they recommended no intercourse nor correspondence whatever with any of the people. Governor Claiborne alone dissented.

One of the many Lafitte episodes, transmitted through feminine memories of the time, may be inserted here. It was related by a grandmother, whose grandmother lived on a plantation through which Lafitte, called by her a *flibustier*, always passed on his route between Barataria and New Orleans; and he seldom passed without taking supper with Madame: "I assure you he was a fascinating gentleman of fine appearance, and although described by the Americans as a pirate, was in reality a privateer, furnished with letters of marque from the French government. The fact that my grandmother received him as a friend, is a sufficient answer to any doubts as to his qualifications. The very day of Claiborne's proclamation putting a price upon Lafitte's head, in fact it was a reward for his arrest, he made his appearance at the plantation of my grandmother. She, with extreme agitation and anxiety, told him of the governor's act. 'You must not go to the city. You must return at once after supper. Your life, I tell you it's your life that is in danger.' Lafitte laughed her fears to scorn. In the midst of her arguments and his gay expostulations, the servant announced another ar-

rival, another guest. My grandmother turned her head, and at the instant was embraced by her most intimate friend, Mrs. Claiborne, the wife of the governor, the most beautiful of Creoles, the most coquettish, the most charming woman in the city. In great perplexity, but conquering nevertheless all traces of it, my grandmother, with quick presence of mind, introduced Monsieur Lafitte as Monsieur Clément, and then hurriedly went out of the room, leaving her guests together. She called Henriette, her confidential servant. 'Henriette,' she said, looking straight into the eyes of the devoted negress, 'Henriette, Governor Claiborne has put a price upon M. Lafitte's head. Any one who takes him prisoner and carries him to the governor will receive five hundred dollars, and M. Lafitte's head will be cut off. Send all the other servants away, all the children. Do you set the table and wait upon us yourself alone, and remember to call Monsieur Lafitte Monsieur Clément — Monsieur Clément, and be careful before Madame Claiborne.' The woman responded as was expected of her, and acted with perfect tact and discretion.

"The supper passed off brilliantly. The beautiful, fascinating woman instantaneously made an impression on the no less handsome and fascinating man, who never appeared bolder, more original, more sure of himself. The repartees were sparkling, the laughter continuous, the conversation full of *entrain*, and so pleasing to both as to render them oblivious of all my grandmother's efforts to put an end to the meal. And afterwards she could not separate the new acquaintances until late bedtime.

"'My friend,' she then said to Lafitte, 'return,

return immediately. Indeed, your life is in danger. Go where you can defend yourself.' "

Lafitte promised and took his leave, but it was always supposed that he spent the night on the plantation, held by the glamour of the presence of the wife of the governor, his great enemy.

The next day, Madame Claiborne returned to the city, voluble in praise of the most remarkable man she had ever met as she called him. She was sitting in her boudoir, which opened on the corridor leading into her husband's office, when raising her eyes from her sewing at the sound of a step, she there saw passing the object of her thoughts, her conquest of the evening before. "Ah! Monsieur, I am charmed to meet you. . . ." After a moment's effusion on both sides, he asked permission to go into her husband's office. "Certainly, Monsieur, certainly." She led the way herself, and, piqued by curiosity, she remained not out of eyesight or earshot of the interview.

On crossing the threshold, Lafitte put his hands to a concealed belt, and drew two pistols, cocked them, and holding them in readiness, introduced himself: —

"Sir, I am Lafitte."

"Sir. . . ."

"One moment, Sir. You have put a price upon my head."

"Upon the head of a pirate."

"Wait, Sir, I have come voluntarily to you, to make a personal offer of my services in repelling the British. I have a company of men, brave, disciplined, armed, and true to the death. Will the State accept of their services against the enemy or not?"

The governor looked at the man, and considered. Madame Claiborne who, as you may believe, had rushed in from the corridor, was standing by her husband, darting her brilliant black eyes anxiously from his face to that of her handsome conquest.

"Sir," said the governor, "I accept."

"The men, Sir, will at daylight to-morrow be awaiting your orders at Madame ——'s plantation."

Saluting deferentially, he walked proudly out of the room.

At that very time, as it happened, the national government had at last managed to organize an expedition against Barataria, which had some prospect of success. It was commanded by Commodore Patterson of the U. S. Navy, and Colonel Ross, of the army, stationed at New Orleans, awaiting the British invasion, and they, the gossip goes, were lured to energy by the glittering booty of gold and silver and precious treasures known to be at the pirates' retreat.

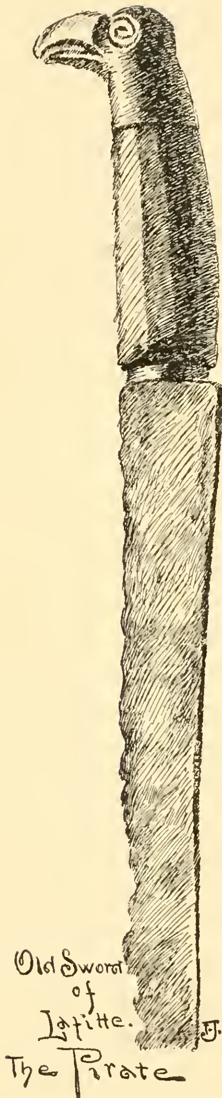
Supposing that the military and naval preparations were intended for the British, the Baratarians were for once completely surprised. Only the two Lafittes and a few followers escaped, fleeing to the German coast, where they found refuge. The settlement at Barataria was destroyed, and the two United States officers returned to New Orleans in triumph, with a large number of prisoners, who were lodged in the Calaboose, and a fleet of vessels loaded with the rich spoils, which they claimed as prizes. In the booty was some jewelry which was identified as the property of a Creole lady who had sailed from New Orleans seven years before, and had never been heard of afterwards. This circumstantial evidence was the only

proof ever produced that a rigid line had not always been drawn between piracy and privateering by the Baratarians.

When Lafitte's letters, documents, and offer were forwarded to General Jackson, then at Mobile, he spurned them with scorn, having already by proclamation denounced the British for their overtures to "robbers, pirates, and hellish bandits." Nevertheless, on the General's arrival in New Orleans, Jean Lafitte waited on him in person, and firmly renewed his offer. By this time Jackson was conscious of the feebleness of the resources at hand to defend the country, and the strength of the armament coming against it ; and he saw the man. The offer was accepted. Jackson's general orders of the 21st of January, 1815, after his victory, give the sequel : —

> "Captains Dominique and Beluche, lately commanding privateers at Barataria, with part of their former crews . . . were stationed at batteries Nos. 3 and 4. The General cannot avoid giving his warm approbation of the manner in which these gentlemen have uniformly conducted themselves while under his command, and the gallantry with which they redeemed the pledge they gave at the opening of the campaign, to defend the country. The brothers Lafitte have exhibited the same courage and fidelity, and the General promises that the government shall be duly apprized of their conduct."

On the part of the government, so apprised, the President, in his message on the Battle of New Orleans, issued a full and free pardon "to the violators of revenue, trade, and commerce by the inhabitants of the Island of Barataria," concluding handsomely, as became the President of the United States after so glorious a victory: —



"Offenders who have refused to become the associates of the enemy in war upon the most seducing terms of invitation, and who have aided to repel his hostile invasion of the territory of the United States, can no longer be considered as objects of punishment, but as objects of generous forgiveness."

During the rejoicings and festivities over the victory the two Lafittes made a last brief appearance in the social life of the city, in token of which there are two anecdotes. In an affair of honour between two noted citizens, Pierre Lafitte was selected as the second by the one, M. de St. Gème by the other. The latter, who had distinguished himself during the recent campaign as captain of one of the Creole companies, had no social superior in the city, and on points of honour was looked upon by the whole population as a Chevalier Bayard. His consenting, therefore, to act with Lafitte, was accepted as recognition ample and complete, of the latter's social rehabilitation. At a ball given by the officers of the army, General Coffee and Jean Lafitte were both among the guests. On their being brought together and introduced, General Coffee showed some uncertainty, or hesitation, of manner. The Baratarian, lifting his head and ad-

vancing haughtily, repeated with emphasis, "Lafitte, the pirate."

At this propitious moment, the Lafittes left New Orleans forever, and nothing so well as this leaving of it proves their verbal assurances of love for the city, and their desire to stand well in the estimation of the community. They formed a settlement at Galvezton, and, under letters of marque from some South American state, they preyed, for a brief space, right royally upon the commerce of Spain. Summoned by the United States to produce the national authority by which he occupied the harbour of Galvezton, Lafitte answered that he had found the port abandoned, and had taken possession of it with the idea of preserving and maintaining it at his own cost. His words are not unworthy quotation : —

> "In so doing I was satisfying the two passions which imperiously predominate in me; that of offering an asylum to the armed vessels of the party of independence, and of placing myself in position (considering its proximity to the U. S.) to fly to their assistance should circumstances demand it. . . . I know, Sir, that I have been calumniated in the vilest manner by persons invested with certain authority, but, fortified by a conscience which is irreproachable in every respect, my internal tranquility has not been affected, and, in spite of my enemies, I shall obtain the justice due me."

Shortly afterwards, a United States cruiser having been attacked in the Gulf and robbed of a large sum of money, the Galvezton settlement was broken up. Beyond a stray indication that they were going to attach themselves to the government of Buenos Ayres, nothing further is definitely known of the Lafittes. But tradition still cherishes them, and there has been no

lack of stories about their after career. Until 1821, pirates were the terror of the Gulf, and every pirate was feared as a Lafitte; and, without any apparent authority whatever, it is still fondly believed that the beautiful Theodosia, the daughter of Aaron Burr, who met an unknown fate in the open seas, was made to walk the plank under his command.

Grave of Dominique You

About 1820, a United States revenue cutter, after a rattling engagement, captured a pirate schooner, with her prize, in the lakes. They were carried through the Bayou St. John, to New Orleans. The crew were tried, and three of them hanged in the Place d'Armes, as the oldest inhabitant of not so long ago saw, and ever afterwards loved to tell about.

Dominique You held to his regenerated citizenship

in New Orleans. When Jackson paid his ever memorable visit to the city seven years after the battle, one of his first inquiries was for his friend Dominique, and it is said that no feature of that triumphal re-celebration more gratified him than the breakfast given him, with true privateer's hospitality and cheer, by the whilom "hellish bandit."

When, after a rare old age, Dominique You died, he had a funeral procession which, for years, was a local standard for size and impressiveness. His tomb can be seen in one of the St. Louis cemeteries, and if one doubts the virtues, respectability, of Dominique, or General Jackson's esteem for him, one can do no better to fortify one's convictions than make a pilgrimage to his tomb and read his epitaph. It is from no less source than Voltaire and "La Henriade:" —

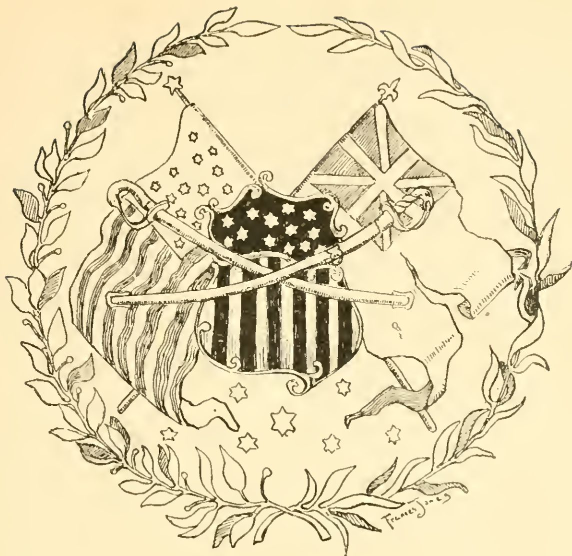
> "Intrépide guerrier, sur la terre et sur l'onde,
> Il sut, dans cent combats, signaler sa valeur
> Et ce nouveau Bayard, sans reproche et sans peur
> Aurait pu sans trembler, voir s'ècrouler le monde."

Captain Beluche, who was a Creole by birth, passed into the service of Venezuela, as commander of her navy.

The Baratarians drifted back to their old haunts, became fishermen and oyster men; and, bandits though they ever appeared in face and dress, peddled their Gulf delicacies peaceably enough through the streets of the city to the cry of "Barataria! Barataria!" Their descendants still live in the "Chênières," a hardy, handsome race of men and women, speaking a strange mixture of Spanish, Portuguese, and French. Over and over again, cyclonic Gulf storms have swept them

with their habitations, a wild ruin of drift and corpses, far out into the Gulf; and over and over again they have seemed to resurrect; a year or two and Barataria would be once more peopled and rebuilt.

Lafcadio Hearn describes the Grand Terre of to-day, "a wilderness of wind-swept grasses and sinewy reeds waving away from a thin beach, ever speckled with drift and decaying things; — wormriddled timbers and dead porpoises. Sometimes, of Autumn evenings, when the hollow of heaven flares like the interior of a chalice, and waves and clouds are flying in one wild rout of broken gold, you may see the tawny grasses all covered with something like husks. . . . But if you approach, those pale husks will break open to display strange splendours of scarlet and seal brown with arabesque mottlings in white and black; they change into wondrous living blossoms, which . . . rise in the air and flutter away by thousands to settle down farther off, and turn again into wheat-covered husks once more . . . a whirling flower drift of sleepy butterflies."



CHAPTER XI.

THE GLORIOUS EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

IN the early summer of 1814, the reverberating news of the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of his abdication at Fontainebleau, shook the city to its foundations; and the first instinctive impulse of the people was a passionate outbreak of love to the mother country. The city became French as it had not been since the days of Ulloa. Popular feeling frenzied and raved in talk. In the family, in the coffee-houses, in the new exchanges, the refugees from every nation and every political party, the new Americans and the ancient Louisianians, as they were called, assembled in their different coteries, to throw, very much as they do now,

their tempers, prejudices, and passions into political opinions.

There was no doubt that victorious England, her hands at last liberated, would give the United States a demonstration more characteristic of her military ability than she had exhibited up to this time in the war between them. The report came that, as a condition of peace with France, England would demand the retrocession of Louisiana to Spain, who had indignantly protested at Napoleon's sharp sale of it to the United States; and, trailing after this report, came from Spanish officers in Havana and Pensacola, to friends in Louisiana, and even from the governor of Pensacola, and from the Spanish minister in Washington, expressions of belief that Spain would take up arms to repossess herself of her former colony.

Hardly had this been digested colloquially, when tidings arrived of the presence of British ships in the Gulf, and the landing of British regulars at Pensacola and Apalachicola, where, with the passive, if not active, assistance of the Spanish authorities, they were rallying the Indians, enlisting and uniforming them into companies. Then came Lafitte's communications from Barataria.

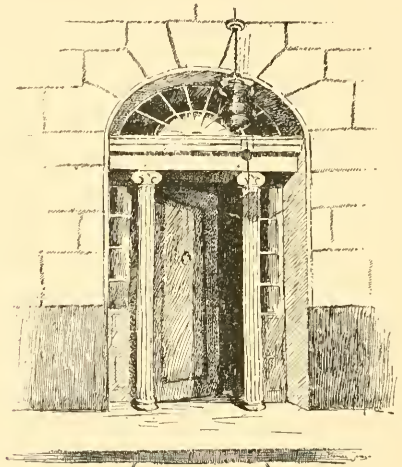
It must be acknowledged, if ever there were dreams to give a city pause, New Orleans had them then and there. Even now one is chary of publishing all the national weaknesses that, in this crucial moment, the city's examination of conscience revealed. There were no friends of England in the community, but there were many and ardent ones of Spain, and as for the French Creoles, the United States had been at best, in their eyes, but a churlish and grudging stepmother to

Louisiana, apparently intent only on getting back the worth of her money paid for the colony. And besides, the government at Washington, with its Capitol burnt and its neighbourhood ravaged by a force not one-fourth as large as the one preparing against New Orleans, offered anything but an inspiring example. And there was slavery. The English, by a mere proclamation of emancipation, could array inside the State against the whites an equal number of blacks and produce a situation from which the stoutest hearts recoiled in dismay. The neighbouring South was too weak in population and resources to count upon for any appreciable help. There was only the one hope, but it was a good one, in the West, the brawny, indomitable West! So long as the Mississippi flowed through its great valley to the Gulf, New Orleans felt confident that the West would never leave her without a companion in arms to fight against foreign subjugation.

The federal government stationed four companies of regulars in the city, ordered out the full quota of the militia of the State, one thousand men, to be held in readiness, put Commodore Patterson in charge of the naval defences, and appointed Major-General Andrew Jackson to take command in the threatened section. After that, it washed its hands of the whole affair.

In September the British opened their campaign, as the military *quidnuncs* in the city had predicted they would, by an attack upon Fort Bowyer, which, if taken, would give them command of Mobile Bay, a solid position on the Gulf, and an invaluable basis of operation against New Orleans. But the new general-commandant, who, so far from being a military *quidnunc*, had only the military training of rough and tumble, hand-

to-hand fighting with Indians, forestalled the design of the British with all the prescience of the most practised tactician. He threw a handful of men into Fort Bowyer, one hundred and thirty, with twenty pieces of cannon, and these held it against the four British ships, with their ninety guns and the six hundred marines, and regulars, and two hundred Indians that came against it. The elated Jackson sent the news of this success from



Door of Villa on Bayou St John

Mobile with two ringing proclamations to the Louisianians, one to the white and one to the free coloured population, treating his foes with fine and most inspiring contempt: —

"The base, perfidious Britons have attempted to invade your country. They had the temerity to attack Fort Bowyer with their incongruous horde of Indians, negroes, and assassins; they seem to have forgotten that

this fort was defended by free men," etc., etc. After which, to give the Spaniards a lesson in the laws of neutrality, he attacked and took Pensacola.

It was on the morning of the 2nd of December, 1814, as our preferred chronicler of this period, Alexander Walker, relates that General Jackson and escort trotted their horses up the road that leads from Spanish Fort to the city. On arriving at the junction of Canal Carondelet and Bayou St. John, the party dismounted before an old Spanish villa, the residence of one of the prominent bachelor citizens of the day, where, in the marble-paved hall, breakfast had been prepared for them; a breakfast such as luxury then could command from Creole markets and cooks, for a guest whom one wished to honour. But, the story goes, the guest of honour partook, and that sparingly, only of hominy. This reached a certain limit of endurance. At a whisper from a servant, the host excused himself, left the table and passed into the antechamber. He was accosted by his fair friend and neighbour, who had volunteered her assistance for the occasion.

"Ah, my friend, how could you play such a trick upon me? You asked me to prepare your house to receive a great general. I did so. And I prepared a splendid breakfast. And now! I find that my labour is all thrown away upon an old 'Kaintuck' flatboatman, instead of a great general with plumes, epaulettes, long sword, and moustache."

Indeed, to female eyes, trained upon a Galvez, a Carondelet, a Casa Calvo, Andrew Jackson must have represented indeed a very unsatisfactory commandant-general. His dress, a small leathern cap, a short blue Spanish cloak, frayed trousers, worn and rusty high-

top boots, was deficient; and, even for a flatboatman, threadbare. But his personality, to equitable female eyes, should have been impressive, if not pleasing: a tall, gaunt, inflexibly erect figure; a face sallow, it is true, and seamed and wrinkled with the burden of heavy thought, but expressing to the full the stern decision and restless energy which seemed the very soul of the man; heavy brows shaded his fierce, bright eyes, and iron-grey hair bristled thick over his head.

From the villa the party trotted up the Bayou road to its intersection with the city, where stood a famous landmark in old times, the residence of General Daniel Clarke, a great American in the business and political world of the time. Here carriages awaited them and a formal delegation of welcome, all the notabilities, civil and military, the city afforded, headed by Governor Claiborne and the mayor of the city, a group which, measured by after achievements, could not be considered inconsiderable either in number or character.

General Jackson, who talked as he fought, by nature, and had as much use for fine words as for fine clothes, answered the stately eloquence addressed him, briefly and to the point. He had come to protect the city, and he would drive the enemy into the sea or perish in the attempt. It was the eloquence for the people and the time. As an interpreter repeated the words in French, they passed from lip to lip, rousing all the energy they conveyed. They sped with Jackson's carriage, into the city, where heroism has ever been most infectious, and the crowd that ran after him through the streets, to see him alight, and to cheer the flag unfurled from his headquarters on Royal street, expressed not so much the conviction that the saviour

of the city was there in that house, as that the saviour of the city was there, in every man's soul.

That evening the "Kaintuck" flatboatman was again subjected to the ordeal of woman's eyes. A dinner party of the most fashionable society had already assembled at a prominent and distinguished house, when the host announced to his wife that he had invited General Jackson to join them. She, as related by a descendant, did what she could under the trying circumstances, and so well prepared her guests for the unexpected addition to their party, that the ladies kept their eyes fixed upon the door, with the liveliest curiosity, expecting to see it admit nothing less than some wild man of the woods, some curious specimen of American Indian, in uniform. When it opened and General Jackson entered, grave, self-possessed, martial, urbane, their astonishment was not to be gauged. When the dinner was over and he had taken his leave, the ladies all exclaimed, with one impulse, to the hostess: "Is this your red Indian! Is this your wild man of the woods! He is a prince."

From now on the city was transformed into a martial camp. Every man capable of bearing arms was mustered into service. All the French *émigrés* in the community volunteered in the ranks, only too eager for another chance at the English. Prisoners in the Calaboose were released and armed. To the old original fine company of freemen of colour, another was added, formed of coloured refugees from St. Domingo, men who had sided with the whites in the revolution there. Lafitte, notwithstanding the breaking up and looting of his establishment at Barataria, made good his offer to the State, by gathering his Baratarians from the Calaboose

and their hiding places, and organizing them into two companies under the command of Dominique You and Beluche. From the parishes came hastily gathered volunteers, in companies and singly. The African slaves, catching the infection, laboured with might and main upon the fortifications ordered by Jackson, and even the domestic servants, it is recorded, burnished their masters' arms and prepared ammunition, with the ardour of patriots. The old men were formed into a home guard and given the patrol of the city. Martial law was proclaimed. The reinforcements from the neighbouring territories arrived: a fine troop of horse from Mississippi, under the gallant Hinds; and Coffee, with his ever-to-be-remembered brigade of "Dirty Shirts," who after a march of eight hundred miles answered Jackson's message to hasten, by covering in two days the one hundred and fifty miles from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. At the levee, barges and flat-boats landed the militia of Tennessee, under Carroll.

On the 10th of December, eight days after Jackson's arrival in the city, the British fleet entered Lake Borgne. In the harbour of Ship Island, in the pass between it and Cat Island, out to Chandeleur Islands, as far as the spyglass could carry, the eye of the look-out saw, and saw British sails. Never before had so august a visitation honoured these distant waters. The very names of the ships and of their commanders were enough to create a panic. The Tonnant, the heroic Tonnant, of eighty guns, captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and Rear-Admiral Codrington; the Royal Oak, seventy-four guns, Rear-Admiral Malcolm; the Ramilies, under Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend; the Norge, the Bed-

ford, the Asia, all seventy-four gunners; the Armide, Sir Thomas Trowbridge; the Sea Horse, Sir James Alexander Gordon, fresh from the banks of the Potomac,—there were fifty sail, in all carrying over a thousand guns, commanded by the *élite* of the British navy, steered by West Indian pilots, followed by a smaller fleet of transports, sloops, and schooners. It seemed only proper that with such ships and such an army as the ships carried, a full and complete list of civil officers should be sent out, to conduct the government of the country to be annexed to His Majesty's Dominions,—revenue collectors, printers, clerks, with printing presses and office paraphernalia. Merchant ships accompanied the squadron to carry home the spoils; and even many ladies, wives of the officers, came along to share in the glory and pleasure of the expedition. "I expect at this moment," remarked Lord Castlereagh, in Paris, almost at the exact date, "that most of the large sea-port towns of America are laid in ashes, that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi Valley and the Lakes, and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners in their own country."

The city must indeed have appeared practically defenceless to any foe minded to take it. There was no fortification, properly speaking, at the Balise. Fort St. Philip, on the river, below the city, was small, out of repair, badly equipped and poorly munitioned. Back of the city there was pretty, picturesque, Spanish Fort, a military bauble; a hasty battery had been thrown up where Bayou Chef Menteur joins Bayou Gentilly, and further out, on the Rigolets, was the little mud fort of Petites Coquilles (now Fort Pike). As

every bayou from lake to river was, in high water, a high road to the city, these had been closed and rafted by order of the government, and, by the same token, Bayou Manchac has remained closed ever since.

Vice-Admiral Cochrane promptly commenced his programme. Forty-five launches and barges, armed with carronades and manned by a thousand soldiers and sailors, were sent to clear the lakes of the American flag.

What the Americans called their fleet on the lakes consisted of six small gunboats, carrying thirty-five guns, commanded by Lieutenant T. Ap Catesby Jones. These had been sent by Commodore Patterson to observe the English fleet, and prevent, if possible, the landing of their troops. If pressed by a superior force, they were to fall back through the Rigolets, upon Fort Petites Coquilles. In obeying his orders, Jones in vain tried to beat through the Rigolets, with the current against him; his boats were carried into the narrow channel between Malheureux Island and Point Clear, where they stuck in the mud. Jones anchored therefore in as close line as he could across the channel, and after a spirited address to his force of one hundred and eighty-two men, awaited the attack.

It was about ten o'clock of a beautiful December morning. The early fog lifted to show the British halting for breakfast, gay, careless, and light-hearted as if on a picnic party. The surface of the lake was without a ripple, the blue heavens without a cloud. At a signal the advance was resumed. On the flotilla came in the beautiful order and in the perfect line and time with which the sturdy English oarsmen had pulled it through the thirty-six miles without pause or break, from Ship Island, each boat with its glittering brass

carronade at its prow, its serried files of scarlet uniforms and dazzling crest of bayonets, and the six oars on each side, flashing in and out of the water.

The American boats lay silent, quiet, apparently lifeless. Then, a flash, a roar, and a shot went crashing through the scarlet line. With an answer from their carronades, the British barges leaped forward, and clinched with the gunboats. It was musket to musket, pistol to pistol, cutlass to cutlass, man to man, with shouts and cries, taunts and imprecations, and the steady roar throughout of the American cannon, cutting with deadly aim into the open British barges, capsizing, sinking them; the water spotting with struggling red uniforms.

Two of the American boats were captured, and their guns turned against the others, and the British barges closing in, the American crews one by one were beaten below their own decks and overpowered. By half-past twelve the British flag waved triumphant over Lake Borgne.

The British troops were forwarded in transports from the fleet to the Ile des Pois, near the mouth of Pearl River, a bare little island and a desolate camp, where, with no tents, the men were drenched with dew, and chilled with frosts during the night, and, during the day, parched with the sun ; many died from it. From some fisherman it was learned that about fifty miles west of Ile aux Pois there was a bayou that had not been closed and was not defended and which was navigable by barges for twelve miles, where it joined a canal, leading to a plantation on the river, a few miles below the city. To test the accuracy of the information, Sir Alexander Cochrane despatched a boat under charge of

the Hon. Captain Spencer, son of the Earl of Spencer, to reconnoitre the route. Arrived at the Spanish fishermen's village on the banks of Bayou Bienvenu, the young captain and a companion, disguising themselves in the blue shirts and tarpaulins of fishermen, paddled in a pirogue through the bayou and canal (Villeré's), walked to the Mississippi, took a drink of its waters, surveyed the country, interviewed some negroes; and returned with the report that the route was not only practicable, but easy.

Sixteen hundred men and two cannon were embarked immediately for the bayou. The sky was dark and lowering; heavy rains fell during the whole day; the fires of charcoal, which could be kept burning in daylight, were extinguished at night; and the sharp frost cramped the soldiers into numbness. A detail sent in advance on a reconnoissance surprised and captured four pickets, who were held at the mouth of the bayou until the flotilla came up to it. One of the prisoners, a Creole gentleman, was presented to Sir Alexander Cochrane, the British commander, a rough-looking, white-haired old gentleman, dressed in plain and much worn clothing, and to General Keane, a tall, youthful, black-whiskered man in military undress. Their shrewd cross-questioning extracted from the Creole only the false statement that Jackson's forces in the city amounted to twelve thousand men, and that he had stationed four thousand at English Turn. As the untruth had been preconcerted, it was confirmed by the other prisoners, and believed by the British officers.

At dawn the barges entered the bayou. The English sailors, standing to their oars, pushed their heavy loads through the tortuous shallow water By nine

o'clock the detachment was safe on shore. "The place," writes the English authority, an officer during the campaign, "was as wild as it is possible to imagine. Gaze where we might, nothing could be seen except a huge marsh covered with tall reeds. The marsh became gradually less and less continuous, being intersected by wide spots of firm ground ; the reeds gave place by degrees to wood, and the wood to enclosed fields."

The troops landed, formed into columns, and, pushing after the guides and engineers, began their march. The advance was slow and toilsome enough to such novices in swamping. But cypresses, palmettoes, cane brakes, vines, and mire were at last worried through, the sun began to brighten the ground, and the front ranks quickening their step, broke joyfully into an open field, near the expected canal. Beyond a distant orange grove, the buildings of the Villeré plantation could be seen. Advancing rapidly along the side of the canal, and under cover of the orange grove, a company gained the buildings, and, spreading out, surrounded them. The surprise was absolute. Major Villeré and his brother, sitting on the front gallery of their residence, jumped from their chairs at the sight of redcoats before them ; their rush to the other side of the house only showed them that they were bagged.

Secured in one of his own apartments, under guard of British soldiers, the young Creole officer found in his reflections the spur to a desperate attempt to save himself and his race from a suspicion of disloyalty to the United States, which, under the circumstances, might easily be directed against them by the Americans. Springing suddenly through his guards, and

leaping from a window, he made a rush for the high fence that enclosed the yard, throwing down the soldiers in his way. He cleared the fence at a bound and ran across the open field that separated him from the forest. A shower of musket balls fell around him. "Catch or kill him!" was shouted behind him. But the light, agile Creole, with the Creole hunter's training from infancy, was more than a match for his pursuers in such a race as that. He gained the woods, a swamp, while they were crossing the field, spreading out as they ran to shut him in. He sprang over the boggy earth, into the swamp, until his feet, sinking deeper and deeper, clogged, and stuck. The Britons were gaining; had reached the swamp. He could hear them panting and blowing, and the orders which made his capture inevitable. There was but one chance; he sprang up a cypress tree, and strove for the thick moss and branches overhead. Half-way up, he heard a whimpering below. It was the voice of his dog, his favourite setter, whining, fawning, and looking up to him with all the pathos of brute fidelity. There was no choice; it was her life or his, and with his, perhaps the surprise and capture of the city. Dropping to the earth, he seized a billet of wood, and aimed one blow between the setter's devoted eyes; with the tears in his own eyes, he used to relate. To throw the body to one side, snatch some brush over it, spring to the tree again, was the work of an instant. As he drew the moss around his crouching figure, and stilled his hard breathing, the British floundered past. When they abandoned their useless search, he slid from his covert, pushed through the swamp to the next plantation, and carried the alarm at full speed to the city.

The British troops moved up the road along the levee, to the upper line of the plantation, and took their position in three columns. Headquarters were established in the Villeré residence, in the yard of which a small battery was thrown up. They were eight miles from the city and separated from it by fifteen plantations, large and small. By pushing forward, General Keane in two hours could have reached the city, and the battle of New Orleans would have taken place then and there, and most probably a different decision would have been wrested from victory. The British officers strongly urged this bold line of action, but Keane believing the statement that General Jackson had an army of about fifteen thousand in New Orleans, a force double his own, feared being cut off from the fleet. He therefore concluded to delay his advance until the other divisions came up. This was on the twenty-third day of December.

"Gentlemen," said Jackson to his aids and secretaries, at half-past one o'clock, when Villeré had finished his report, "the British are below; we must fight them to-night."

He issued his orders summoning his small force from their various posts. Plauche's battalion was two miles away, at Bayou St. John, Coffee five miles off, at Avart's, the coloured battalion, at Gentilly. They were commanded to proceed immediately to Montreuil's plantation below the city, where they would be joined by the regulars. Commodore Patterson was directed to get the gunboat "Carolina" under way. As the Cathedral clock was striking three, from every quarter of the city troops were seen coming at a quickstep through the streets, each company with its own vernacular music,

Yankee Doodle, La Marseillaise, Le Chant du Depart. The ladies and children crowded the balconies and windows to wave handkerchiefs and applaud ; the old men stood upon the banquettes waving their hats and with more sorrow in eyes and heart over their impotence than age had ever yet wrung from them.

Jackson, on horseback, with the regulars drawn up at his right, waited at the gate of Fort St. Charles to review the troops as they passed. The artillery were already below, in possession of the road. The first to march down after them were Beale's rifles, or, as New Orleans calls them, Beale's famous rifles, in their blue hunting shirts and citizens' hats, their long bores over their shoulders, sharp-shooters and picked shots every one of them, all young, active, intelligent volunteers, from the best in the professional and business circles, asking but one favour, the post of danger. At a hand gallop, and with a cloud of dust, came Hinds's dragoons, delighting General Jackson by their gallant, dare-devil bearing. After them Jackson's companion in arms, the great Coffee, trotted at the head of his mounted gun-men, with their long hair and unshaved faces, in dingy woolen hunting shirts, copperas dyed trousers, coonskin caps, and leather belts stuck with hunting knives and tomahawks. "Forward at a gallop!" was Coffee's order, after a word with General Jackson, and so they disappeared. Through a side street marched a gay, varied mass of colour, men all of a size, but some mere boys in age, with the handsome, regular features, flashing eyes and unmistakable martial bearing of the French. "Ah! Here come the brave Creoles," cries Jackson, and Plauche's battalion, which had come in on a run from Bayou St. John, stepped gallantly by.

And after these, under their white commander, defiled the Freemen of colour, and then passed down the road a band of a hundred Choctaw Indians in their war paint; last of all, the Regulars. Jackson still waited until a small dark schooner left the opposite bank of the river and slowly moved down the current. This was the "Carolina," under Commodore Patterson. Then Jackson clapped spurs to his horse, and, followed by his aids, galloped after his army.

The veteran corps took the patrol of the now deserted streets. The ladies retired from balcony and window, with their brave smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs, and, hastening to their respective posts, assembled in coteries to prepare lint and bandages, and cut and sew, for many of their defenders and Jackson's warriors had landed on the levee in a ragged if not destitute condition. Before Jackson left Fort St. Charles, a message had been sent to him from one of these coteries, asking what they were to do in case the city was attacked. "Say to the ladies," he replied, "not to be uneasy. No British soldier shall ever enter the city as an enemy, unless over my dead body."

As the rumoured war-cry of the British was "Beauty and Booty," many of the ladies, besides thimbles and needles, had provided themselves with small daggers, which they wore in their belts.

Here it is the custom of local pride to pause and enumerate the foes set in array against the men hastening down the levee road.

First, always, there was that model regiment, the Ninety-third Highlanders, in their bright tartans and kilts, men chosen for stature and strength, whose broad breasts, wide shoulders, and stalwart figures,

widened their ranks into a formidable appearance. The Prince of Orange and his staff had journeyed from London to Plymouth to review them before they embarked. Then there were six companies of the Ninety-fifth Rifles; the famous Rifle Brigade of the Peninsular Campaign; the Fourteenth Regiment, the Duchess of York's Light Dragoons; two West Indian regiments, with artillery, rocket brigade, sapper and engineer corps — in all, four thousand three hundred men, under command of Major-General John Keane, a young officer whose past reputation for daring and gallantry has been proudly kept bright by the traditions of his New Orleans foes. To these were added General Ross's three thousand men, fresh from their brilliant Baltimore and Washington raid. Choice troops they were, the gallant and distinguished Fourth, or King's Own, the Forty-fourth, East Essex Foot, the Eighty-fifth, Buck Volunteers, commanded by one of the most brilliant officers in the British service, Col. William Thornton; the twenty-first Royal, North British Fusileers, — with the exception of the Black Regiments and the Highlanders, all tried veterans, who had fought with Wellington through his Peninsular campaign from the beginning to his triumphant entry into France.

Only the first boat loads, eighteen hundred men, were in Villeré's field on the afternoon of the twenty-third. They lay around their bivouac fires, about two hundred yards from the levee, enjoying their rest and the digestion of the bountiful supper of fresh meat, poultry, milk, eggs, and delicacies, which had been added to their rations by a prompt raid on the neighbouring plantations. General Keane and Colonel Thornton paced the gallery of the Villeré house, glancing at each

turn towards the wood, for the sight of the coming of the next division of the army.

The only hostile demonstration during the afternoon had been the firing of the outpost upon a reconnoitering squad of dragoons and a bold dash down the road of a detachment of Hinds's horsemen, who, after a cool, impudent survey of the British camp, had galloped away again under a volley from the Rifles.

Darkness gathered over the scene. The sentinels were doubled, and officers walked their rounds in watchful anxiety. About seven o'clock some of them observed a boat stealing slowly down the river. From her careless approach, they thought she must be one of their own cruisers which had passed the forts below and was returning from a reconnoissance of the river. She answered neither hail nor musket shot, but steered steadily on, veering in close ashore until her broadside was abreast of the camp. Then her anchor was let loose, and a loud voice was heard : "Give them this, for the honour of America." A flash lighted the dark hulk, and a tornado of grape and musket shot swept the levee and field. It was the "Carolina" and Commodore Patterson ; volley after volley followed with deadly rapidity and precision ; the sudden and terrible havoc threw the camp into blind disorder. The men ran wildly to and fro, seeking shelter until Thornton ordered them to get under cover of the levee. There, according to the British version, they lay for an hour. The night was so black that not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. The bivouac fires, beat about by the enemy's shot, burned red and dull in the deserted camp.

A straggling fire of musketry in the direction of the

pickets gave warning of a closer struggle. It paused a few moments, then a fearful yell, and the whole heavens seemed ablaze with musketry. The British thought themselves surrounded. Two regiments flew to support the pickets, another, forming in close column, stole to the rear of the encampment and remained there as a reserve. After that, all order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he succeeded in collecting twenty or thirty men about him, plunged into the American ranks, and began the fight that Pakenham reported as: "A more extraordinary conflict has, perhaps, never occurred, absolutely hand to hand, both officers and men."

Jackson had marshaled his men along the line of a plantation canal (the Rodriguez Canal), about two miles from the British. He himself led the attack on their left. Coffee, with the Tennesseeans, Hinds's dragoons, and Beale's rifles, skirting along the edge of the swamp, made the assault on their right. The broadside from the "Carolina" was the signal to start. It was on the right that the fiercest fighting was done. Coffee ordered his men to be sure of their aim, to fire at a short distance, and not to lose a shot. Trained to the rifle from childhood, the Tennesseeans could fire faster and more surely than any mere soldier could ever hope to do. Wherever they heard the sharp crack of a British rifle, they advanced, and the British were as eager to meet them. The short rifle of the English service proved also no match for the long bore of the Western hunters. When they came to close quarters, neither side having bayonets, they clubbed their guns to the ruin of many a fine weapon. But the canny Tennesseeans rather than risk their rifles, their own property, used for close quarters

their long knives and tomahawks, whose skilful handling they had learned from the Indians.

The second division of British troops, coming up the Bayou, heard the firing, and, pressing forward with all speed, arrived in time to reinforce their right; but the superiority in numbers which this gave them was more than offset by the guns of the "Carolina," which maintained their fire during the action, and long after it was over.

A heavy fog, as in Homeric times, obscuring the field and the combatants, put an end to the struggle. Jackson withdrew his men to Rodriguez Canal, the British fell back to their camp.

A number of prisoners were made on both sides. Among the Americans taken were a handful of New Orleans' most prominent citizens, who were sent to the fleet at Ship Island. The most distinguished prisoner made by the Americans was Major Mitchell, of the Ninety-fifth Rifles, and to his intense chagrin he was forced to yield his sword, not to regulars, but to Coffee's uncourtly Tennesseeans. It was this feeling that dictated his answer to Jackson's courteous message requesting that he would make known any requisite for his comfort; "Return my compliments to General Jackson, and say that as my baggage will reach me in a few days I shall be able to dispense with his polite attentions." The chronicler of the anecdote aptly adds, that had the major persisted in this rash determination, he would never have been in a condition to partake of the hospitalities which were lavished upon him during his detention in New Orleans and Natchez, where the prisoners were sent. On his way to Natchez he became the guest at a plantation famed for its elegance and luxury. At the supper table he met

the daughter of the house, a young Creole girl as charming and accomplished as she was beautiful. Speaking French fluently, he was soon engaged in a lively conversation with her. She mentioned with enthusiasm a party of Tennesseeans entertained by her father a few days before. Still smarting from his capture, the major could not refrain from saying: "Mademoiselle, I am astonished that one so refined could find pleasure in the society of such rude barbarians." "Major," she replied with glowing face, "I had rather be the wife of one of those hardy, coarsely clad men who have marched two thousand miles to fight for the honour of their country, than wear a coronet."

To return to the battlefield. The Rodriguez Canal, with its embankment, formed a pretty good line of fortifications in itself. Jackson, without the loss of an hour's time, sent to the city for spades and picks, and set his army to work deepening the canal and strengthening the embankment. For the latter, any material within reach was used, timber, fence-rails, bales of cotton (which is the origin of the myth that he fought behind ramparts of cotton bales). His men, most of them handling a spade for the first and last time in their lives, dug as they had fought a few hours before, every stroke aimed to tell.

General Jackson established his headquarters in the residence of the Macarty plantation, within two hundred yards of his entrenchments.

The British passed a miserable night. Not until the last fire was extinguished, and the fog completely veiled the field, did the "Carolina" cease her firing and move to the other side of the river. The men, shivering on the damp ground, exposed to the cold,

moist atmosphere, with now none but their scant, half-spoiled rations, were depressed and discouraged, and the officers were more anxious and uncertain than ever, and more completely in error as to the force opposed to them. From the intrepidity and boldness of the Americans, they imagined that at least five thousand had been in the field that night. Other observations strengthened this misapprehension; each volunteer company, with its different uniform, represented to military minds so many different regiments, a tenfold multiplication of the Americans. Besides, in the din of commands, cries, and answers, as much French was heard as English. The truth began to dawn upon the British, that, much as the Creoles hated the Americans, they were not going to allow a foreign invader to occupy a land which they considered theirs by right of original discovery, occupation, and development, whatever might be the flag or form of government over them.

The dawning of the twenty-fourth disclosed in the river another vessel, the "Louisiana," in position near the "Carolina," and all day the camp lay helpless under their united cannonading. A gloomier Christmastide, as our genial chronicler Walker puts it, could hardly be imagined for the sons of Merrie England. Had it been in the day of the cable, they would have known that their hardships and bloodshed were over, that at that very date, the twenty-fourth of December, the peace that terminated the war between the two contending countries was being signed in Ghent. The unexpected arrival, however, on Christmas day, of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, accompanied by a distinguished staff, sent through the hearts of the British a thrill of their wonted all-conquering

confidence, and the glad cheers of welcome that greeted Sir Edward from his old companions in arms and veterans of the Peninsula rang over into the American camp.

Well might Jackson's men, as they heard it, bend with more dogged determination over their spades and picks. Sir Edward Pakenham was too well known in a place so heavily populated from Europe as New Orleans was, not to make the thrill of joy in his own army a thrill of apprehension in an opposing one. It is perhaps from this thrill of apprehension, at that moment in their breasts, that dates the pride of the people of New Orleans in Pakenham, and the affectionate tribute of homage which they always interrupt their account of the glorious eighth to pay to him.

The son of the Earl of Longford, he came from a family which had been ennobled for its military qualities. From his lieutenancy he had won every grade by some perilous service, and generally at the cost of a wound; few officers, even of that hard-fighting day, had encountered so many perils and hardships, and had so many wounds to show for them. He had fought side by side, with Wellington (who was his brother-in-law) through the Peninsular War; he headed the storming party at Badajoz; actually the second man to mount one of the ladders; and as brigadier of the Old Fighting Third, under Picton, in the absence by illness of his chief, he led the charge at Salamanca, which gained the victory for England and won him his knighthood. An earldom and the governorship of Louisiana, it is said, had been promised him as the reward of his American expedition, an expedition which the government had at first seriously contemplated confiding to no less a leader than the Iron Duke himself.

Sir Edward's practised eye soon took in the difficulties and embarrassments of the British position. His council of war was prolonged far into the night, and among the anxiously waiting subalterns outside, the rumour was whispered that their chief was so dissatisfied after receiving Keane's full report that he had but little hope of success, and that he even thought of withdrawing the army and making a fresh attempt in another quarter. But the sturdy veteran Sir Alexander Cochrane, would hear of no such word as fail. "If the army," he said, "shrinks from the task, I will fetch the sailors and marines from the fleet, and with them storm the American lines and march to the city. The soldiers can then," he added, "bring up the baggage."

The result of the council was the decision, first, to silence the "Carolina" and "Louisiana," then to carry the American lines by storm. All the large cannon that could be spared were ordered from the fleet, and by the night of the twenty-sixth a powerful battery was planted on the levee. The next morning it opened fire on the vessels, which answered with broadsides; a furious cannonading ensued. Pakenham, standing in full view on the levee, cheered his artillerists. Jackson, from the dormer window of the Macarty mansion, kept his telescope riveted on his boats. The bank of the river above and below the American camp was lined with spectators watching with breathless interest the tempest of cannon balls, bursting shells, hot shot, and rockets pouring from levee and gunboats. In half an hour the "Carolina" was struck, took fire, and blew up. The British gave three loud cheers. The "Louisiana" strained every nerve to get out of reach of the terrible battery now directed full upon her, but with wind and

current against her she seemed destined to the fate of the "Carolina," when her officers bethought them of towing, and so moved her slowly up stream. As she dropped her anchors opposite the American camp, her crew gave three loud cheers, in defiant answer to the British. That evening the British army, in two columns, under Keane and Gibbs, moved forward, the former by the levee road, the latter under cover of the woods, to within six hundred yards of the American lines, where they encamped for the night. But there was little sleep or rest for them. The American riflemen, with individual enterprise, bushwhacked them without intercession, driving in their outposts and picking off picket after picket, a mode of warfare that the English, fresh from Continental etiquette, indignantly branded as barbarous.

Jackson, with his telescope, had seen from the Macarty house the line of Pakenham's action, and set to work to resist it, giving his aids a busy night's work. He strengthened his battery on the levee, added a battery to command the road, reinforced his infantry, and cut the levee so that the rising river would flood the road. The Mississippi proved recreant, however, and fell, instead of rising, and the road remained undamaged.

The American force now consisted of four thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery, not counting the always formidable guns of the "Louisiana," commanding the situation from her vantage ground of the river. The British columns held eight thousand men.

The morning was clear and frosty; the sun, breaking through the mists, shone with irradiating splendour. The British ranks advanced briskly in a new elation of spirits after yesterday's success. Keane marched his

column as near the levee as possible, and under screen of the buildings of the two plantations, Bienvenu's and Chalmette's, intervening between him and the American line; Gibbs hugged the woods on the right. The Ninety-fifth extended across the field, in skirmishing order, meeting Keane's men on their right. Pakenham, with his staff and a guard composed of the 14th Dragoons, rode in the centre of the line so as to command a view of both columns. Just as Keane's column passed the Bienvenu buildings, the Chalmette buildings were blown up, and then the general saw, through his glasses, the mouths of Jackson's large cannon completely covering his column, and these guns, as our authority states, were manned as guns are not often manned on land. Around one of the twenty-four pounders stood a band of red-shirted, bewhiskered, desperate-looking men, begrimed with smoke and mud; they were the Baratarians, who had answered Jackson's orders by running in all the way from their fort on Bayou St. John that morning. The other battery was in charge of the practised crew of the destroyed "Carolina." Preceded by a shower of rockets, and covered by the fire from their artillery in front and their battery on the levee, the British army advanced, solid, cool, steady, beautiful in the rhythm of their step and the glitter of their uniforms and equipments, moving as if on dress parade, — to the Americans a display of the beauty and majesty of power such as they had never seen.

The great guns of the Baratarians and of the crew of the "Carolina" and those of the "Louisiana" flashed forth almost simultaneously, and all struck full in the scarlet ranks. The havoc was terrible. For a time

Keane held his men firm in a vain display of valour, under the pitiless destructive fire, no shot or bullet missing its aim or falling short. Then the Americans saw the heaving columns change to a thin red streak, which disappeared from view as under the wand of an enchanter, the men dropping into the ditches, burying head and shoulders in the rushes on the banks. Pakenham's face grew dark and gloomy at the sight. Never before, it is said, had a British soldier in his presence quailed before an enemy or sought cover from a fire.

Gibbs had fared no better. He who had led the storming party against Fort Cornelius, who had scaled the parapets of Badajoz and the walls of St. Sebastian, could not but despise the low levee and the narrow ditch of the American fortifications; but after one ineffectual dash at the enemy's lines, his men could be brought to accomplish nothing, remaining inactive in the shelter of the woods until ordered to retire. As the American batteries continued to sweep the field, the British troops could be withdrawn only by breaking into small squads and so escaping to the rear. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, dashing forward with a squad of seamen to the dismounted guns, succeeded, with incredible exertion, in tying ropes to them and drawing them off.

The British army remained on the Bienvenu plantation. Pakenham and his staff rode back to their headquarters at Villeré's. Another council of war was called. Pakenham's depression was now quite evident, but the stout-hearted Cochrane again stood indomitably firm. He showed that their failure thus far was due to the superiority of the American artillery. They must supply this deficiency by bringing more large guns from

the fleet, and equip a battery strong enough to cope with the few old guns of the Americans. It was suggested that the Americans were intrenched. "So must we be," he replied promptly. It was determined, therefore, to treat the American lines as regular fortifications, by erecting batteries against them, and so attempting to silence their guns. Three days were consumed in the herculean labour of bringing the necessary guns from the fleet. While the British were thus employed, Commodore Patterson constructed a battery on the opposite side of the river, equipped it with cannon from the "Louisiana" and manned it by an impressment of every nautical-looking character to be found in the sailor boarding-houses of New Orleans, gathering together as motley a corps as ever fought under one flag, natives of all countries except Great Britain, speaking every language except that of their commander.

On the night of the thirty-first, one-half of the British army marched silently to within about four hundred yards of Jackson's line, where they stacked their arms and went to work with spades and picks under the superintendence of Sir John Burgoyne. The night was dark; silence was rigidly enforced; officers joined in the work. Before the dawn of New Year, 1815, there faced the American lines three solid *demilunes*, at nearly equal distances apart, armed with thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, furnished with ammunition for six hours, and served by picked gunners of the fleet, veterans of Nelson and Collingswood. As soon as their work was completed, the British infantry fell back to the rear and awaited anxiously the beginning of operations, ready to take advantage of the expected

breach in the American works. The sailors and artillerists stood with lighted matches behind their redoubts. A heavy fog hung over the field, so that neither army could see twenty yards ahead. In the American camp, a grand parade had been ordered. At an early hour the troops were astir, in holiday cleanliness and neatness. The different bands sounded their bravest strains; the various standards of the regiments and companies fluttered gaily in the breeze. The British had one glance at it, as the fog rolled up, and then their cannon crashed through the scene. For a moment the American camp trembled, and there was confusion, not of panic, but of men rushing to their assigned posts. By the time the British smoke cleared every man was in his place, and as the British batteries came into view their answer was ready for them. Jackson strode down the line, stopping at each battery, waving his cap as the men cheered him.

During the fierce cannonade the cotton bales in the American breastworks caught fire, and there was a moment of serious peril to that part of the line, but they were dragged out and cast into the trench. The English were no happier in their use of hogsheads of sugar in their redoubts, the cannon balls perforating them easily and demolishing them.

In an hour and a half the British fire began to slacken, and as the smoke lifted it was seen that their entrenchments were beaten in, the guns exposed, and the gunners badly thinned. Not long after their batteries were completely silenced and their parapets levelled with the plain. The British battery on the levee had, with their hot shot, kept the "Louisiana" at a distance, but now the Americans turning their atten-

tion to it, that battery was reduced to the same condition as the redoubts.

The English army again retired, baffled, and during the night, such of their guns as had not been destroyed were removed. The soldiers did not conceal their discouragement. For two whole days and nights there had been no rest in camp, except for those that were cool enough to sleep in a shower of cannon balls. From the general down to the meanest sentinel, all had suffered in the severe strain of fatigue. They saw that they were greatly overmatched in artillery, their provisions were scant and coarse, they had, properly speaking, no rest at night, and sickness was beginning to appear.

Sir Edward had one more plan, one worthy of his bold character. It was to storm the American lines on both sides of the river, beginning with the right bank, which would enable the British to turn the conquered batteries on Jackson's lines, and drive him from his position and cut him off from the city.

By the 7th of January, with another heroic exertion, Villeré's Canal was prolonged two miles to the river, and the barges to transport the troops to the other bank carried through. During the delay a reinforcement arrived, two fine regiments, Pakenham's own, the Seventh Fusileers, and the Forty-third, under Major-General John Lambert, also one of Wellington's apprentices. Pakenham divided his army, now ten thousand strong, into three brigades, under command respectively of Generals Lambert, Gibbs, and Keane. His plan of attack was simple. Colonel Thornton, with fourteen hundred men, was to cross the river during the night of the seventh and steal upon and

carry the American line before day. At a signal to be given by him, Gibbs was to storm the American left, whilst General Keane should threaten their right; Lambert held the reserve.

Jackson steadied himself for what he understood to be the last round in the encounter. He also had received a reinforcement. A few days before, the long expected drafted militia of Kentucky, twenty-two hundred men, arrived, but arrived in a condition that made them a questionable addition to his strength. Hurried from their homes without supplies, they had travelled fifteen hundred miles without demur, under the impression that the government would plentifully furnish and equip them in New Orleans. Only about a third were armed, with old muskets, and nearly all of them were in want of clothing. The poor fellows had to hold their tattered garments together to hide their nakedness as they marched through the streets. The government of course did nothing. The citizens, acutely moved, raised a sum of sixteen thousand dollars and expended it for blankets and woolens. The latter were distributed among the ladies, and by them, in a few days, made into comfortable garments for their needy defenders.

The American force now amounted to about four thousand men on the left bank of the river. One division of it, the right, was commanded by General Ross, the other by General Coffee, whose line extended so far in the swamp that his men stood in the water during the day and at night slept on floating logs made fast to trees; every man "half a horse and half an alligator," as the song says. The artillery and the fortifications had been carefully strengthened and

repaired. Another line of defence had been prepared a mile and a half in the rear, where were stationed all who were not well armed or were regarded as not able-bodied. A third line, for another stand in case of defeat, still nearer the city, was being vigorously worked upon.

Owing to the caving of the banks of the canal, Thornton could get only enough boats launched in the river to carry seven hundred of his men across: these the current of the Mississippi bore a mile and a half below the landing-place selected, and it was daylight before they reached there.

Gibbs and Keane marched their divisions to within sight of the dark line of the American breastworks, and waited impatiently for the signal of Thornton's guns. Not a sound could be heard from him. In fact he had not yet landed his men. Although sensible that concert of action with the troops on the right bank had failed, and that his movement was hopelessly crippled, Pakenham, obstinate, gallant, and reckless, would, nevertheless, not rescind his first orders. When the morning mists lifted, his columns were in motion across the field.

Gibbs was leading his division coolly and steadily through the grape-shot pouring upon it, when it began to be whispered among the men that the Forty-fourth, who were detailed for the duty, had not brought the ladders and fascines. Pakenham riding to the front and finding it was true, ordered Colonel Mullen and the delinquent regiment back for them. In the confusion and delay, with his brave men falling all around him, the indignant Gibbs exclaimed furiously: "Let me live until to-morrow, and I'll hang him to the high-

est tree in that swamp!" Rather than stand exposed to the terrible fire, he ordered his men forward. "On they went," says Walker (who got his description from eye-witnesses), "in solid, compact order, the men hurrahing and the rocketers covering their front with a blaze of combustibles. The American batteries played upon them with awful effect, cutting great lanes through the column from front to rear, opening huge gaps in their flanks. . . . Still the column advanced without pause or recoil, steadily; then all the batteries in the American line, including Patterson's marine battery on the right bank, joined in hurling a tornado of iron missiles into that serried scarlet column, which shook and oscillated as if tossed on an angry sea. 'Stand to your guns!' cried Jackson, 'don't waste your ammunition, see that every shot tells,' and again, 'Give it to them, boys! Let us finish the business today.'"

On the summit of the parapet stood the corps of Tennessee sharp-shooters, with their rifles sighted, and behind them, two lines of Kentuckians to take their places so soon as they had fired. The redcoats were now within two hundred yards of the ditch. "Fire! Fire!" Carroll's order rang through the lines. It was obeyed, not hurriedly, not excitedly, not confusedly, but calmly and deliberately, the men calculating the range of their guns. Not a shot was thrown away. Nor was it one or several discharges, followed by pauses and interruptions; it was continuous, the men firing, falling back and advancing, with mechanical precision. The British column began to melt away under it like snow before a torrent; but Gibbs still led it on, and the gallant Peninsula officers, throwing themselves in front,

incited and aroused their men by every appeal and by the most brilliant examples of courage. "Where are the Forty-fourth," called the men, "with the fascines and ladders? When we get to the ditch we cannot scale the lines!" "Here come the Forty-fourth!" shouted Gibbs, "Here come the Forty-fourth!" There came, at least, a detachment of the Forty-fourth, with Pakenham himself at the head, rallying and inspiring them, invoking their heroism in the past, reminding them of their glory in Egypt and elsewhere, calling them his countrymen, leading them forward, until they breasted the storm of bullets with the rest of the column. At this moment Pakenham's arm was struck by one ball, his horse killed by another. He mounted the small black Creole pony of his aid, and pressed forward. But the column had now reached the physical limit of daring. Most of the officers were cut down; there were not enough left to command. The column broke. Some rushed forward to the ditch; the rest fell back to the swamp. There they rallied, reformed, and throwing off their knapsacks advanced again, and again were beaten back; their colonel scaling the breastworks and falling dead inside the lines.

Keane, judging the moment had come for him to act, now wheeled his line into column and pushed forward with the Ninety-third in front. The gallant, stalwart Highlanders, with their heavy, solid, massive front of a hundred men, their muskets glittering in the morning sun, their tartans waving in the air, strode across the field and into the hell of bullets and cannon balls. "Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" Pakenham cried to them, waving his cap in his left hand. Fired by their intrepidity, the remnant of Gibbs's brigade

once more came up to the charge, with Pakenham on the left and Gibbs on the right.

A shot from one of the American big guns crashed into them, killing and wounding all around. Pakenham's horse fell; he rolled into the arms of an officer who sprang forward to receive him; a grape-shot had passed through his thigh; another ball struck him in the groin. He was borne to the rear, and in a few moments breathed his last under an oak. The bent and twisted, venerable old tree still stands, Pakenham's oak, it is called.

Gibbs, desperately wounded, lingered in agony until the next day. Keane was carried bleeding off the field.

Near the Battle-Ground.

There were no field officers now left to command or rally. Major Wilkinson however, — we like to remember his name, — shouting to his men to follow, passed the ditch, climbed up the breastworks, and was raising his head and shoulders over the parapet, when a dozen guns pointed against him riddled him with bullets. His mutilated body was carried through the American lines, followed by murmurs of sympathy and regret from the Tennesseeans and Kentuckians. "Bear up, my dear fellow, you are too brave to die," bade a kind-hearted Kentucky major. "I thank you from my heart," faintly murmured the young officer; "it is all

over with me. You can render me a favour. It is to communicate to my commander that I fell on your parapet, and died like a soldier and true Englishman."

The British troops at last broke, disorganized, each regiment leaving two-thirds dead or wounded on the field. The Ninety-third, which had gone into the charge nine hundred men strong, mustered after the retreat one hundred and thirty-nine. The fight had lasted twenty-five minutes.

Hearing of the death of Pakenham and the wounding of Gibbs and Keane, General Lambert advanced with the reserve. Just before he received his last wound, Pakenham had ordered one of his staff to call up the reserve, but as the bugler was about to sound the advance, his arm was struck with a ball and his bugle fell to the ground. The order, therefore, was never given, and the reserve marched up only to cover the retreat of the two other brigades.

At eight o'clock the firing ceased from the American lines, and Jackson, with his staff, slowly walked along his fortifications, stopping at each command to make a short address. As he passed, the bands struck up "Hail Columbia," and the line of men, turning to face him, burst into loud hurrahs.

But the cries of exultation died away into exclamations of pity and horror as the smoke ascended from the field. A thin, fine red line in the distance, discovered by glasses, indicated the position of General Lambert and the reserve. Upon the field, save the crawling, agonizing wounded, not a living foe was to be seen. From the American ditch, one could have walked a quarter of a mile on the killed and disabled. The course of the column could be distinctly traced

by the broad red line of uniforms upon the ground. They fell in their tracks, in some places whole plătoons together. Dressed in their gay uniforms, cleanly shaved and attired for the promised victory, there was not, as Walker says, a private among the slain whose aspect did not present more of the pomp and circumstance of war than any of the commanders of their victors.

About noon, a British officer, with a trumpeter and a soldier bearing a white flag, approached the camp, bearing a written proposition for an armistice to bury the dead. It was signed "Lambert." General Jackson returned it, with a message that the signer of the letter had forgotten to designate his authority and rank, which was necessary before any negotiations could be entered into. The flag of truce retired to the British lines, and soon returned with the full signature, "John Lambert, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces."

On the right bank of the river it was the British who were victorious. The Americans, yielding to panic, fled disgracefully, as people with shame relate to this day. It was on this side of the river that the British acquired the small flag which hangs among the trophies of the Peninsular War, in Whitehall, with the inscription: "Taken at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815."

The bodies of the officers were first delivered. Some of them were buried that night in Villeré's garden by torch-light; the rest were hastily interred in the rear of Bienvenu's plantation; the remains of Gibbs and Pakenham were conveyed to England. Of the six thousand men who made the attack on Jackson's lines, the British report a loss of nineteen hundred and

twenty-nine. The American estimates increase this to two thousand six hundred. The Americans had eight men killed and thirteen wounded.

The prisoners and wounded were sent to the city. Some of the little boys of the time, now in their nineties, who watched the slow, sad cortege, tell of their childish pity and sympathy for them, and their admiration for the great, tall, handsome prisoners, in their fine uniforms.

The citizens pressed forward to tender their aid for the wounded. The hospitals being crowded, private houses were thrown open, and the quadroon nurses, the noted quadroon nurses of the city, offered their services and gave their best skill and care at the bedside of the English sufferers.

As soon as the armistice expired, the American batteries resumed their firing. Colonel Thornton with his men recrossed the river during the night of the eighth. From the ninth to the eighteenth a small squadron of the British fleet made an ineffectual attempt to pass Fort St. Philip. Had it timed its action better with Pakenham's, his defeat might at least have cost his enemies dearer.

On the 18th of January took place the exchange of prisoners, and New Orleans received again her sorely missed citizens. Although their detention from the stirring scenes of the camp formed in their lives one of the unforgivable offences of destiny, their courteous, kindly, pleasant treatment by the British naval officers was one of the reminiscences which gilded the memories of the period.

Sir John Lambert's retreat was the ablest measure of the British campaign. To retire in boats was im-

practicable; there were not boats enough, and it was not safe to divide the army. A road was therefore opened, along the bank of the bayou, across the prairie to the lake, a severe and difficult task that occupied nine days. All the wounded, except those who could not be removed, the field artillery and stores, were placed in barges and conveyed to the fleet, the ship guns were spiked, and on the night of the eighteenth the army was stealthily and quietly formed into column. The camp-fires were lighted as usual, the sentinels posted, each one provided with a stuffed dummy to put in his stead when the time came for him to join the march in the rear of the column. They marched all night, reaching the shores of Lake Borgne at break of day.

Early in the morning of the nineteenth, rumours of the retreat of the English began to circulate in the American camp. Officers and men collected in groups on the parapet to survey the British camp. It presented pretty much the same appearance as usual, with its huts, flags, and sentinels. General Jackson, looking through his telescope from Macarty's window, could not convince himself that the enemy had gone. At last General Humbert, one of Napoleon's veterans, was called upon for his opinion. He took a look through the telescope, and immediately exclaimed: "They are gone!" When asked the reason for his belief, he pointed to a crow flying very near one of the sentinels.

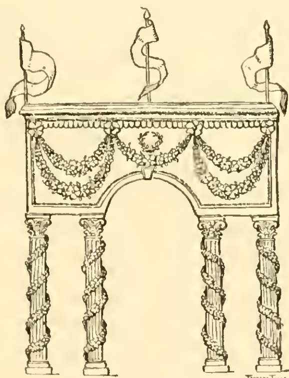
While a reconnoitering party was being formed, a flag of truce approached. It brought a courteous letter from General Lambert, announcing the departure of the British army, and soliciting the kind attentions of General Jackson to the sick and wounded, whom he was compelled to leave behind. The circumstances of these

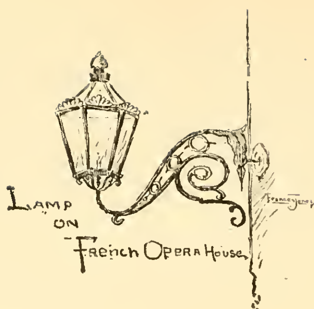
wounded men being made known in the city, a number of ladies drove immediately down the coast in their carriages with articles for their comfort.

The British fleet left the Gulf shores on the 17th of March. When it reached England, it received the news that Napoleon had escaped and that Europe was up again in arms. Most of the troops were at once re-embarked for Belgium, to join Wellington's army. General Lambert, knighted for gallantry at New Orleans, distinguished himself at Waterloo.

A handsome tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, commemorates Pakenham's gallant life and heroic death.

Walker relates that the Duke of Wellington, after the battle of New Orleans, always cherished a great admiration for General Jackson, and when introduced to American visitors never failed to inquire after his health.





CHAPTER XII.

JACKSON entered the city the 20th of January; on the twenty-third was celebrated the public thanksgiving for the victory. This was the proudest and happiest day in the life of the city. A salute of artillery greeted its sunrise, a sunrise as radiant as the one that ushered in the day of the victory.

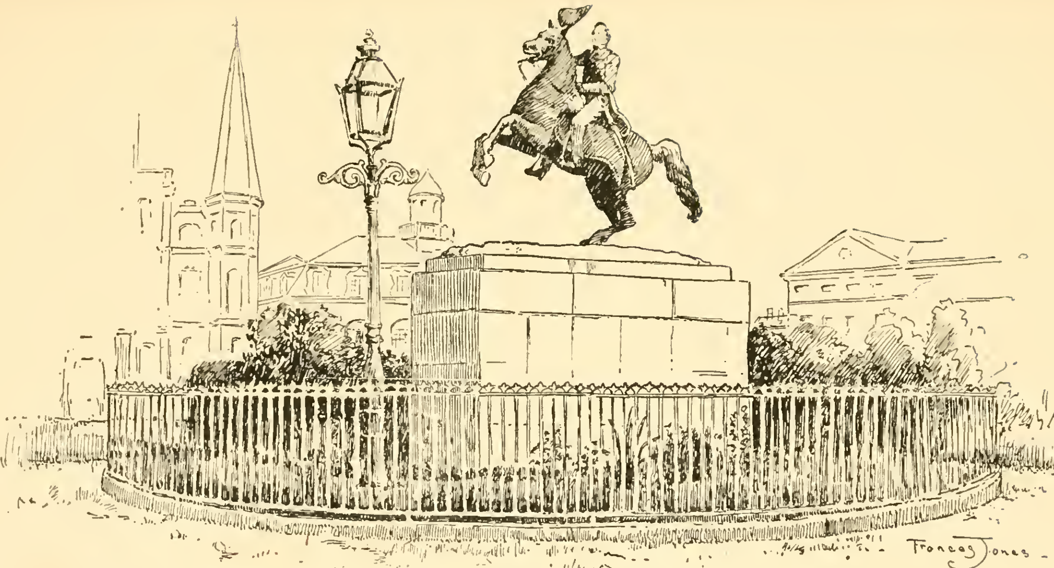
In the Place d'Armes — would that Bienville and his Canadians might have seen it! — arose a great triumphal arch, supported on six Corinthian pillars festooned with evergreens and flowers, its entrance guarded by Liberty and Justice, in the blooming forms of two beautiful young girls. Beside them, posed on pedestals, two cherubs, or children, held outstretched a laurel wreath. From the arch to the cathedral stood facing one another the states and territories, the loveliest young ladies of the city, dressed in white, with blue veils fastened by silver stars on their brows, each one holding in one hand a banner emblazoned with her national title, in the other a basket tied with blue ribbon, filled with flowers. Behind each a lance stuck in the ground bore a shield with the motto and seal

of the state or territory represented, and the lances were festooned together with garlands of flowers and evergreens, extending over the street to the wreathed and decorated door of the cathedral.

The crowd gathers until every place is packed. As the cathedral clock strikes the hour appointed, General Jackson, followed by his staff, appears at the river gate of the square. Salvos of artillery, bursts of music, and wild huzzas greet him; he crosses the square and mounts the steps of the triumphal arch. At the entrance, he is arrested, while the cherubs, with blushing faces and timid hands, place the laurel wreath upon his head; and wilder acclamations from the crowd drown the music, as it would have drowned the artillery had it continued. So crowned, the hero passes through the arch, and is met, not by Venus, but by Louisiana, dazzlingly radiant in all her youth, beauty, and Creole grace and charm. She recites a speech as glowing as herself with gratitude and emotion, to which the general replies with no less emotion, that his merits have been exalted far above their worth. As he descends the steps and proceeds down the path to the cathedral, the states and territories shower their flowers through the air, and the ground blossoms under his feet. At the cathedral door stands the Abbé Dubourg in full pontificals, at the head of his priests. He also addresses a speech to Jackson, praising him for the victory, but solemnly reminding him of the Giver of all victories, to which again Jackson replies modestly and humbly. He is led through the crowded church to a seat of honour before the brilliant high altar, the gallant Battalion d'Orleans, in full uniform, files into the aisles, the majestic Te Deum rises from organ and

choir. At night the whole city is illuminated, and balls and festivities hold the hours until dawn.

The celebration, however, ended not with that day; the victory seemed only to have begun in New Orleans. For half a century afterwards the city appeared ever on a passage through triumphal arches, with states and territories throwing flowers in her path. There was no discussion thereafter over the question of her eligibility to a place in the Union, nor of the political equality of her citizens with the Americans. Year after year travellers from all over the continent and from Europe came to view the spot where the conquerors of Napoleon had been conquered, and to meet the heroes who had accomplished it. The glorious 8th of January eclipsed every other fête day in the city; its annual parade is one of the great memories of the happy childhood before the civil war. Not a negro nurse but, with face as bright as her Madras kerchief, could name the heroes of the Battalion d'Orleans as it passed, and tell of the great battle they had won, always linking in the company of the freemen of colour, with the heroism and patriotism of the whites. They were all Hectors and Achilleses to the proud children! And Jordan — but no one, not even the grand officers nor grander visitors in the parade, ever fired the childish heart so much as he — the young mulatto drummer, who beat his drum during all and every fight, in the hottest hell of the fire, and was complimented by Jackson himself after the battle. Long after the civil war, childhood can remember "Old Jordan" as he was then called, an aged mulatto in uniform, beating his old Chalmette drum in the parade, at the head of the white-haired, bent-backed, feebly-stepping veterans of 1812.



Jackson's Monument.

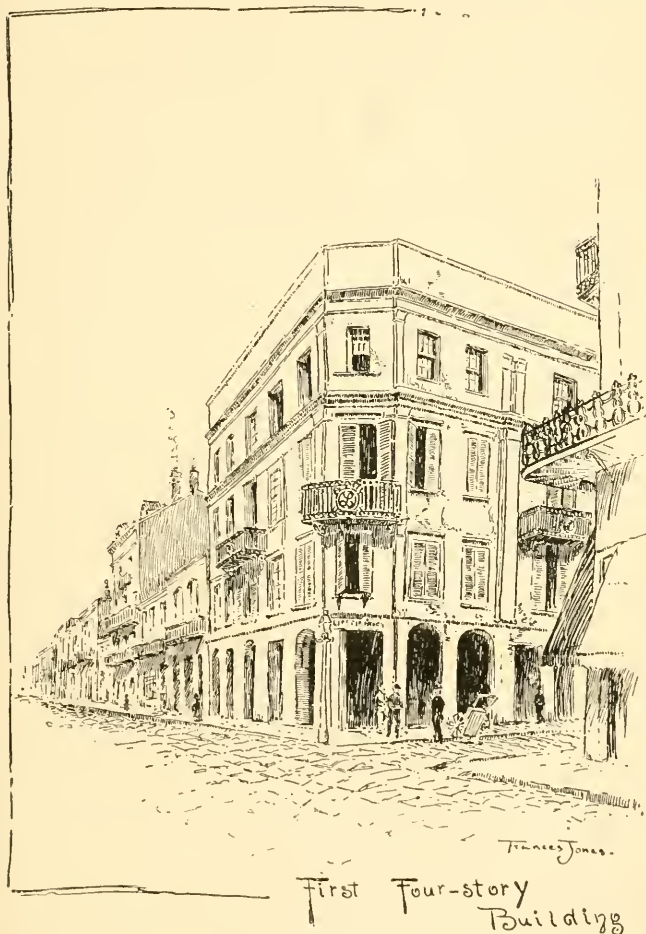
Even prosperity fails to obliterate such memories! And the prosperity that gilded the prophetic vision of Law now showered upon the city, — just one century too late for Law and for the city's royal godfather. Statistics alone are the proper chroniclers of it. From eight thousand at the time of the cession, the population of the city arose to thirty-three thousand the year after the battle; by 1819 it was forty-one thousand, ten years later fifty thousand, in 1840, one hundred thousand, and New Orleans ranked fourth in the Union, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore alone outnumbering her. In 1812 the first steamboat came down the river to the city; in 1821 there were two hundred and eighty-seven arrivals of steamboats. The year after the battle the harbour was white with sails, and fifteen hundred flatboats and five hundred barges tied up at their landing. As many as six thousand flatboatmen at a time trooped in the streets. The city walls were thrown down, the forts demolished, the moat was filled and made into boulevards: Canal, Rampart, and Esplanade. The old Marquis de Marigny turned his plantation into blocks and streets: Love, Greatmen, Good Children, Piety, with a few fixed names, Mandeville, Marigny, Kerlerec, Champs Elysées, Enghien. This section of the city is still called by the old-fashioned, Faubourg Marigny, or the "third" municipality.

The landing for flatboats and barges had been located by the Spanish government outside the city walls, along the willow-grown bank in front of the Tchoupitoulas road, which fixed it as the quarter for American settlement. This was in front of the old Jesuits' plantation, extending from the *Terre Commune*,

or government reservation, outside the walls, to the line marked by Delord street, which was then owned by Bertrand and Marie Gravier. In the business reaction after the great conflagration of Miro's time, they divided their tract of land into lots and streets, and found ready investors in it. It was called Ville Gravier, until Jean Gravier changed it to Faubourg Ste. Marie, in honour of his mother. The Tchoupitoulas road became Tchoupitoulas street. The government storehouses for Kentucky tobacco, just outside the Terre Commune, gave Magazine street its Spanish name, Calle del Almazen. The Campo de Negros, or Negro Camp, named Camp street, beyond which, stretching out to the swamp, were the truck gardens that supplied the markets. The first street crossing the Faubourg Ste. Marie was Gravier street, running into the swamp. At the end of it, about the rear of the Poydras market, stood the old plantation house and home of Jean Gravier. Poydras, Girod, and Julia, a free coloured woman, named the streets which defined their investments on the river front. The Terre Commune became Common street; the Faubourg Ste. Marie became the second municipality of the city, and, ever attracting the American settlers, it stretched upwards, taking in, one after another, the old historic plantations.

The electric car of to-day speeds through the cane-fields, negro quarters, gardens, parks, and pastures of these old plantations. Every now and then, in the Garden District, the eye lights upon a venerable oak or a great solitary pecan tree, which stands amid the spick and span improvements about it, the last of a great grove or avenue of a century ago. The Garden District proper covers the old De Boré plantation, which had

been the property of the patriot Masan, condemned by O'Reilly to ten years' imprisonment in Moro Castle,



First Four-story Building

Havana. It was the first place in the state upon which sugar was made, and, the childhood home of Charles

Gayarré, it was that "Louisiana sugar plantation under the old regime" of which he has written so charmingly and to which he loved, in his old, old age, to take his friends in conversation. There was not one of his intimates but could, with easy imagination, substitute personal for oral knowledge of it; the avenue of pecan trees that lead from the high road to the great moat, alive with fish, with on its farther bank a thick hedge of yucca, or Spanish dagger, — a transcendent sight in the spring, when every staff bore its spike of ethereally beautiful waxen white flowers, swinging and swaying in the breeze; the grass-covered rampart crowned by its formidable brick wall; with its hedge inside of wild orange; the avenue to the house, shaded with sweet orange trees, also in spring and autumn redolent and beautiful beyond description; and the house itself, — a veritable treasure-house of anecdotes, historical and convivial, with its archetypal master and Louisiana planter, M. de Boré, whom we, see as his grandson loved to picture him, in the dawn at the beginning of the day's work, and at the afternoon close of it, with his slaves kneeling to their prayers before him.

Indigo was the staple and profitable product of the Louisiana plantations until a worm made its appearance and destroyed crop after crop. Ruin stared the planters in the face. Cane grew as well as indigo in the soil, but all efforts to make sugar out of it had failed. The syrup would not granulate, and at last popular belief would have it, that syrup made from cane grown in Louisiana soil could not granulate. It was a sort of popular reasoning that has spurred many a sensible man to a successful experiment. De

Boré invested his and his wife's fortune in seed cane; planted, prepared his mill, and engaged Cuban sugar-makers. The day of the *roulaison* a crowd of planters gathered in his sugar-house, standing along the side of the kettles, turning their eyes from the boiling juice to the sugar-maker, with the strained interest of players looking from the cards to the dealer, at a *rouge-et-noir* table. Would it granulate? would it not granulate? The sugar-maker tested — tested; "Not." "Not." "It granulates!" at last he called in triumphant voice. It was, to the colonists, as if the gold mines hoped for by La Salle had been found.

Of M. de Boré's wife, a Des Tréhans, daughter of the Royal Treasurer and a pupil of St. Cyr, old beaux of her day used to say that it was worth a fifty-mile journey merely to see her take a pinch of snuff.

The plantation above, which extended over Audubon Park, belonged to Pierre Foucher, a son-in-law of M. de Boré; the next place above, taking in Carrollton, had belonged to the unfortunate Lafrénière; it was at that time the property of Mademoiselle de Macarty, who was Madame de Boré's intimate friend as well as neighbour, and, like her, had been educated at Madame de Maintenon's institution for the proper education of proper young ladies. It certainly was worth travelling fifty miles to hear Mademoiselle de Macarty described by the nonagenarian historian and see one of her visits to his grandmother acted. Her carriage, a curiosity unique in the colony, was called a chaise; it was like a modern coupé, but smaller, with sides and front of glass. There was no coachman; a postilion rode one of the spirited horses, a little black rascal of a postilion, who always rode so fast and so wildly that his tiny cape

stood straight out behind like wings. When, in a cloud of dust, the vehicle turned into the Pecan avenue, the little darkeys stationed there as lookouts would shriek out in shrill excitement, to get the announcement to the great gates ahead of the horses: "Mamzelle Macarty a pé vini!" And there would be a rush inside, to throw the gates open in time. And his cape flying more wildly than ever, his elbows beating the air more furiously, the postilion would gallop his horses in a sweeping circle through the great courtyard and bring them panting to a brilliant *finale* before the carriage step. M. de Boré would be standing there, ready, with his lowest bow, to open the carriage door and hand the fair one out, and lead her at arm's length, with a stately minuet step, up the broad brick stairs and through the hall, to the door of the salon, where they would face each other, and he would again bow, and she would drop a curtsey into the very hem of her gown — her Louis XIV. gown, for from head to foot she always dressed in an exact copy of the costume of Madame de Maintenon. That is, all to her arms, which were in Mademoiselle de Macarty's youth so extremely beautiful that she never overcame the habit, even in extreme cold weather and old age, of exhibiting them bare to the shoulder. The mystery why, with her great wealth and great beauty, she had never married, remained a vivid one — even when old age had effaced everything except the fame of her radiant youth.

The De Boré town house was on Chartres and Conti streets, a massive brick building, with a large courtyard opening on Conti street, a true Spanish building; broad doorways, windows, rooms, hall, a staircase fit for a palace and beautiful enough for one, with its elaborate,

fantastic, handwrought iron railing; the roof was a solid terrace, surrounded by a stone balustrade. It was afterwards owned by Madame de la Chaise. The Des Tréhans hotel stood opposite. Both have been demolished to make room for business buildings. But the house of Madame Porée, another member of the same family, still stands on the corner of Dumaine and Royal streets, looking just as it did on the brilliant December day when the little Charles Gayarré saw its iron-balustraded balcony filled with ladies, waving their handkerchiefs to the Creole troops hurrying down to the plains of Chalmette; or when, on the 8th of January, the roar of the cannon subsiding, hearts were beating every instant more fearfully and anxiously, the clatter of horses' feet was heard and women and children rushing out upon it as they did upon all the balconies around, — "Victory! Victory!" was shouted to them by a young Creole galloping through the streets.

The old Spanish building opposite the side of the Cabildo, on St. Peter and Chartres streets, was, at this time, the restaurant "La veau qui téte," famed for its wine and cooking and its patronage by the *élite*. Below, on Chartres, between Dumaine and St. Philip, was the old Café des Emigrés, the headquarters for the St. Domingans, where their favourite liquor, "le petit gouave," was concocted.

In passing along the streets to-day in the French quarter, one can understand with a sigh of regret, the easy sociability which then made the whole *beau monde* one and a congenial set, the ideal of all society and an impossible one now, with the accumulation of population, the great separation of distances, and the segregative

rules of neighbourhood. In the gay season then the whole city was one neighbourhood, what one really could call a neighbourhood, courtyard doors all open, balcony touching balcony, terrace looking on to terrace. Society was close, contiguous, continuous. There were no summer trips then beyond the atmosphere of Louisiana, none of the periodical separations which, year after year, like the effective dropping of water upon a stone, break through the union of families and friends, *non vi sed saepe cadendo.* Then, when after the *voyage de rigueur* to France, not one year, but a series of years, held families fixed in the same place, with the same surroundings, in touch with the same affections and interests, friendship became a habit and an inheritance in what are called the old families (and so distinguishing them from the new ones), as can be shown by many an heir, to this day, among blacks as well as whites. In spite of epidemics, summer was then so far away from the disfavour of to-day that in the accounts that come to us, it seems as attractive as winter; the early rising and morning cup of coffee; the great courtyard, stretched open for all the breezes and all the world that choose to enter; the figs, pomegranates, bananas, crape myrtles and oleanders, glittering in their dew; the calls in the street, musical negro cries, heralding vegetables, fruits, and sweets: "Belle des figues!" "Belle des figues!" "Bons petits calas!" "Tout chauds! Tout chauds!" "Barataria! Barataria!" "Confitures coco!" "Pralines, Pistache! Pralines, Pacanes," the family marchande, coming into the courtyard swaying her body on her hips to balance the basket on her head, sitting on the steps to give the morning news to the family sitting around the breakfast-table on the gal-

lery; the dining-room on the *rez de chaussée* and opening into the street for all passers-by to see, if they would, the great family board (there were no small families in the ancient regime), and the pompous butler and the assistant "gardienne," in bright headkerchief, gold-hook earrings, white fichu, and gay flowered gown; the promenade after dinner, on the tree-shaded levee, to enjoy the evening breeze and meet with every one one knew . . . and see the constant wonder of new ships arriving . . . at night the chairs on terraces and balconies brought close to boundary lines, for the ladies to exchange those confidences which keep family secrets from dying out, while the men, as the phrase was, are enjoying themselves. . . . These were features of the summer life in the city in those days.

The travellers of that time in the United States, the European ones, especially, liked the place, and were fond of comparing it with the cities of the North. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, who visited New Orleans, in 1825–26, publishes quite frankly: "It was naturally agreeable to me, after wandering a long time in mere wilderness, once more to come into a long civilized country." He landed at Bayou St. John, and finding that a boat to the city would cost six dollars, he walked in. After three miles, "We found ourselves quite in another world, plantations with handsome buildings, followed in quick succession, noble live-oaks, orange trees, mansions with columns, piazzas and covered galleries. . . . We saw from a distance the white spires of the cathedral and masts in port . . . passed the canal upon a turning bridge to strike into the city by a nearer way . . . the road led between well-built

mansions; over the streets were hung reflecting lamps. . . . Ships lay four or five deep in tiers along the river. In a line with the bank stood houses two or three stories high, also ancient mansion houses known by their heavy, solid style."

The Duke visited Mr. Grymes (who had married the beautiful widow of Governor Claiborne). They lived, he says, in a large massive and splendidly furnished house, and they made a great display at a dinner party given him. "After the second course, large folding doors opened and we beheld another dining-room in which stood a table with the dessert, at which we seated ourselves in the same order as at the first."

The Duke made up his mind to pass the season in the city. "No day passed over this winter," he writes, "which did not produce something pleasant and interesting . . . dinners, evening parties, masquerades and other amusements followed close on each other." "There were masked balls every night of the Carnival at the French theatre, which had a handsome saloon, well ornamented with mirrors, with three rows of seats arranged *en amphithéâtre*. Tuesdays and Fridays were the nights for the subscription balls, where none but good society were admitted. The ladies are very pretty, with a genteel French air, their dress, extremely elegant, after the latest Paris fashion; they dance excellently. Two cotillions and a waltz were danced in quick succession; the musicians were coloured and pretty good. The gentlemen, who were far behind the ladies in elegance, did not long remain, but hastened away to other balls, and so, many of the ladies were condemned to 'make tapestry.' . . . On Sundays, shops were open and singing and guitar playing in the

streets, for which in New York or Philadelphia one would be put in prison." . . .

He goes to the coffee-houses to hear Spanish songs with guitar accompaniment, and to the theatre regularly, both to the French and American. At the former, among other dramatic performances, he saw "Marie Stuart" played in masterly style to an enthusiastic audience, in which the Columbian commander in port was a conspicuous figure, with his brilliant uniform and hat with long white feather; he also met an old friend, the Comte de Vidua, there. At the American theatre he saw "Der Freischütz," the "Kentuckians" cracking nuts during the performance. . . . On Mardi-Gras all the ball-rooms of the city were opened. There was a grand masked ball at the Théâtre d'Orleans. . . . Many of the ladies were in mask, but curiosity soon led his Highness elsewhere. On the 22d of February there was a splendid ball again at the Théâtre d'Orleans . . . and there is mention of a children's ball for the benefit of the dancing master, in which the little ones gave proof of their inherited beauty and grace. The taste and splendour in the mansion of the Baron de Marigny are especially commented upon, and the coffee-set sent by the Duke of Orleans, the cups ornamented with portraits of the royal family, the larger pieces with views of the Palais Royal, and castle and park at Neuilly. It was with the Marigny ladies that the Duke went to see the "Cosmorama," and returning from accompanying them home, saw the prettiest picture he has penned in his book: "It was eight o'clock as we descended the levee, the evening was clear, with starlight, the bustle in the harbour had ceased, one only remarked on board of some

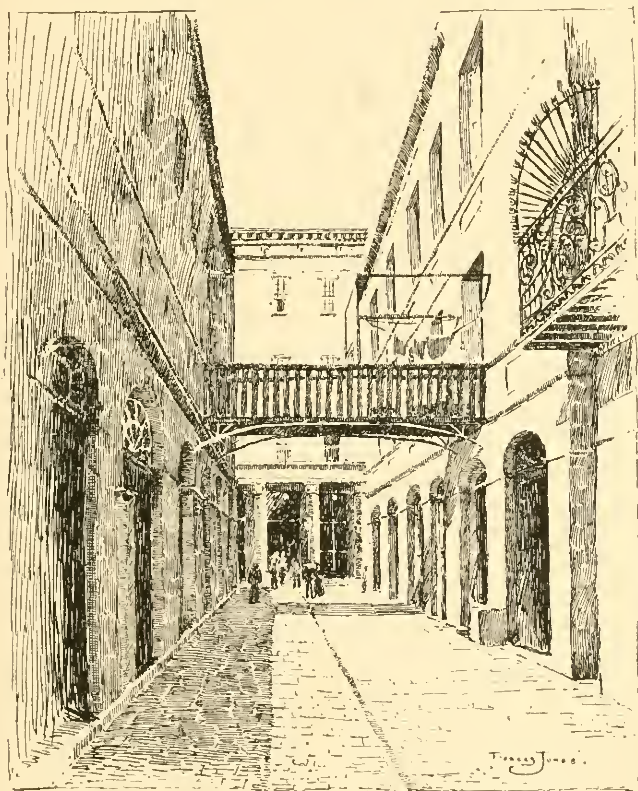
ships the sailors collected on deck under an illuminated awning where the captain held evening service. Precisely at eight o'clock the retreat gun fired at the city hall . . . immediately afterwards the two Columbian brigs fired; their drums and bugles sounded retreat, while those in the barracks did the same. All this, added to the lighted ships and the solitary gleams from the opposite side of the river, made an impression upon me which I cannot describe."

After a stay of nine weeks he left New Orleans, "with the most grateful feelings towards the inhabitants, who had received me in a friendly and affectionate manner, and had made this winter so extremely agreeable to me. . . . The Creoles are, upon the whole, a warm-hearted generation; the people with whom I was least pleased here were the Americans, who are mostly brought here by the desire of accumulating wealth."

In 1824, the illustrious Lafayette paid his historical visit to the city, and was accorded a reception and triumphal arch, which almost vies in memory with the glorious triumph of Jackson.

It was a hare and tortoise race between the Americans and the Creoles, and in the United States it is always the hare that wins. Before the Creoles were aware of it, the Faubourg Ste. Marie was not only a commercial rival of the *vieux carré*, but was proving a close competitor over her undisputed birthright, the expression of the religious and social life of the place; claiming separate churches, cemeteries, fine residences, and theatres. In 1805, as soon as the cession granted them freedom of worship, the Americans built a Protestant Episcopal church, Christ Church, on the outskirts of the city, the corner of Canal and Dauphine streets.

Governor Claiborne worshipped in it, and, after his death, received a marble memorial in its churchyard. A truly venerable Gothic building it was, and so filled



Exchange Alley,
Looking towards the Hotel Royal.

with memories and encased in sentiment, that when its vestry, after three-quarters of a century's resistance to enterprise, finally sold it and its churchyard, to

remove into a more progressive and American part of town, the old residents, Catholics as well as Protestants, shed tears; and it is only the great American compeller — financial necessity — that can, even to-day, secure any popular submission to the demolition of the first Protestant landmark in the community.

1823 is the illustrious date that begins all English theatrical memories in the city, when the Americans opened their theatre on Camp street, between Poydras and Gravier. The new enterprise offered all-year-round, legitimate drama, with a fine stock company of English players, and such regular annual luminaries as the elder Booths, Macready, Forrest, Barrett, the Placides, and above all, there was that incomparable owner and manager, accomplished English scholar, actor, reader, gentleman, *bon vivant*, Caldwell, whose suppers, *bon mots*, readings, criticisms, repartees, are a regular part of the make-up of any pretender to dramatic criticism of to-day. It was the convivial contact with such a stage, such a company, such actors, and such a Caldwell, that fostered the pleasant illusion which lasted so long among the gentlemen of New Orleans, that upon the drama and acting, they spoke *ex cathedra*. And even now, in the "old families," the heritage of *obiter dicta* from the "old Varieties" are given and taken as arguments of current exchange. Even the old slaves, the most enthusiastic of theatre-goers, by frequenting the Camp Street, and afterwards the St. Charles Street theatre, felt themselves authorized to laugh any modern theatrical pretensions to scorn, and the barbers and hairdressers of the old time made Shakespearian criticism and theatrical gossip a regular part of their colloquial accomplishment.

But, with all her enterprise, Faubourg Ste Marie was outvoted by the city below Canal street, which always elected the mayor and the majority of the council. The consequence was that the revenues of the city were all expended upon improvements in the Creole section, and every effort of nepotism was made by the city government to assure its superiority over its upstart rival; besides its Canal Carondelet, a railroad was given it in 1825, to connect it with the lake trade; the Pontchartrain railroad, noted as the second one built in the United States.

Faubourg Ste. Marie retaliated by constructing its own canal, which brought the lake trade to the foot of Julia street. The rivalry between the two sections was now inflamed to antagonism. In the midst of it the country members of the legislature, jealous of the preponderiug influence of the city on its body, removed the capital to Donaldsonville, a small town on the Mississippi. It was, however, transferred again to New Orleans in 1831, when the property holders of Faubourg Ste. Marie, after a most exciting struggle, forced through the legislature an amendment to the city charter, dividing the city into three municipalities, with Canal street and the Esplanade as boundary lines, and giving each section a separate government — in reality making three separate cities of it. The controller of its own finances, the Faubourg Ste. Marie, in one dash, left its Creole rival so far behind in the race as to settle the contest forever. Streets were paved, warehouses built, quays constructed, and blocks filled with residences. The truck gardens were shoved into the swamp. An unsightly quagmire was filled in to furnish the site for a palatial hotel, the St. Charles; two

other hotels were built, on the ground of the old cattle pens on Camp and Magazine streets. A wretched waste was converted into Lafayette Square; the City Hall, First Presbyterian Church, Odd Fellows Hall, were grouped with fine effect around it. Banks, newspapers, railroad companies, warehouses, compresses, multiplied; commercial firms sprang up like mushrooms; property rose by leaps in value.

The Faubourg Marigny built also her compresses, warehouses, quays, and blocks of residences, these last with more architectural generosity, broader spaces, longer vistas, ampler gardens, than Faubourg Ste. Marie, with more sacrifices to the picturesque, and therefore not with the same resultant accumulation of wealth.

The *vieux carré* built, too, her St. Louis Hotel, with a great exchange, under a magnificent rotunda. A jail, the "Calaboose," strong as a Bastile, was erected back of the town near Congo Square. Banks and business rows, and finer and finer houses, crowded out the old Spanish structures, which the Creoles, unlike the thrifty Americans, filled with finer furniture, mirrors, pictures, from Europe. The enriched Americans now buy it second-hand for their fine houses; the Creoles selling it — some of them for bread. Secure in the prolific wealth of their plantations and city rents, the enterprise of the Creoles, in inverse progression from the Americans, seemed applied rather to the dispensing than to the acquiring of wealth.

Travellers came to visit the 1830 "Chicago" and wrote all kinds of flattering things of it. The English traveller, Buckingham, who was in the city in 1839, says that below Canal street everything reminded him

Parish Prison.

of Paris: the lamps hanging from ropes across the streets, the women in gay aprons and caps, the language, the shops, particularly the millinery establishment on Royal and Toulouse streets, "La Belle Creole," with its beautiful oil-painted sign, representing a lady in *costume de bal* and another in *costume de promenade ;* the winning persuasiveness of the shop-keepers; the style of living; the love of military display, and the amusements, operas, concerts, ballets, balls and masquerades, without intermission, from November to May ; persons coming from theatres at midnight, remaining at masquerades until daylight. The ball-rooms of the St. Louis hotel were, he said, unequalled in the United States for size and beauty. The banks were "noble buildings." The St. Charles hotel he pronounced not only the handsomest in the United States, but in the world, even the handsomest of London and Paris falling short of it. In his enumeration he specially pauses at the wonder of the city, the magnificent chandelier of the newly built St. Charles theatre, made especially in London, thirty-six feet in diameter, with hundreds of gas jets and thousands of cut-glass drops. Our traveller found the Creoles "frank, warm-hearted and impassioned, with manners more interesting than the Americans . . . the roundness and beauty of shape in the women also contrasting with the straightness and angularity of American figures ; in complexion they are like Italian women, and they combine the attractiveness of the women of Cadiz and Naples and Marseilles ; with a self-possession, ease, and elegance which the Americans seldom possess, although the latter, by contact with the Creole population, have worn off much of the stiffness which characterizes the New England States, while

a long residence in the sunny South has both moulded their forms into more elegance and gracefulness and expanded their ideas and feelings into greater liberality. They have lost that mixture of keenness in driving a bargain, and parsimoniousness in the expenditure of its fruits, as well as that excessive caution in opening themselves to strangers, lest they should commit themselves, which is so characteristic of the people of the North. At the same time, they retain in the fullest vigour the philanthropic spirit which is also a characteristic of the North" . . . *apropos* of which may be added the Englishman's surprise at finding in New Orleans so many charitable institutions, after so many accounts and descriptions of the profligacy there.

At the St. Louis hotel that winter, Mr. Buckingham met a piece of social rococo, in the shape of a visitor; the handsome and distinguished-looking Mademoiselle America Vespucci, the lineal descendant of the great navigator, and an advanced woman even for this day; a member not only of secret political societies, but an actual combatant in man's clothing on the battle-field, where she had received a sabre cut on the back of the head. Her mission to the United States was to obtain a grant of land, in recognition of her name and parentage. Mr. Buckingham says he had never witnessed in any other except Lady Hester Stanhope, "so noble a union of high birth and mental powers."

In 1843 Henry Clay paid his memorable visit to the city. Lady Wortley paid hers in "'49," and could not "but think what a wonderful place this same New Orleans will be in the future. She came by the favourite route then from the North, down the river; and how

she writes of it! With an enthusiasm as obsolete now as the steamboat that called it forth: "By night the scene is one of startling interest and magical splendour. Hundreds of lights are glancing in different directions, from the villages and plantations on shore, and from the magnificent floating palaces of steamers that frequently look like moving mountains of light and flame, so brilliantly are these enormous leviathans illuminated outside and inside. Indeed, the spectacle presented is like a dream of enchantment. Imagine steamer after steamer coming, sweeping, sounding, thundering on, blazing with thousands of lights, casting long brilliant reflections on the fast rolling waters beneath. (There are often a number of them, one after another, like so many comets in Indian file.) Some of them are so marvellously and dazzlingly lighted, they really look like Aladdin's palace on fire (which it, in all likelihood, would be in America) sent skurrying and dashing down the stream, while perhaps just then all else is darkness around it."

There were other scenes described by visitors, scenes that read as strange to the community now as they appeared then to travellers. Fredericka Bremer, who came to the city in 1852, writes: —

"I saw nothing especially repulsive in these places (slave marts) excepting the whole thing; and I cannot help feeling a sort of astonishment that such scenes are possible in a community calling itself Christian. It seems to me sometimes as if it could not be reality, as if it were a dream. The great slave market is held in several houses situated in a particular part of the city. One is soon aware of their neighbourhood from the groups of coloured men and women, of all shades between black and light yellow, which stand or sit unemployed at the doors. I visited some of these houses. We saw at one of them the slave keeper or owner, a kind,

good-tempered man who boasted of the good appearance of his people. The slaves were summoned into a large hall, and arranged in two rows. They were well fed and clothed, but I have heard it said by the people here, that they have a very different appearance when they are brought hither, chained together, two and two, in long rows, after many days' fatiguing marches. The slightest kind word or joke called forth a sunny smile, full of good humour, on their countenances, and revealed a shiny row of beautiful pearl-like teeth. . . . Among the women, who were few in number in comparison with the men . . . there were some pretty, light mulattoes. A gentleman took one of the prettiest of them by the chin and opened her mouth to see the state of her teeth, with no more ceremony than if she had been a horse. . . .

"I went to witness a slave auction — it was held at one of the small auction-rooms which are found in various parts of New Orleans. The principal scene of slave auctions is a splendid rotunda, the magnificent dome of which is worthy to resound with songs of freedom. . . . A great number of people were assembled. About twenty gentlemenlike men stood in a half circle around a dirty wooden platform, which for the moment was unoccupied. On each side, by the wall, stood a number of black men and women, silent and serious. The whole assembly was silent, and it seemed to me as if a heavy grey cloud rested upon it. One heard through the open door the rain falling heavily in the street. . . . Two gentlemen hastily entered, one of them, a tall, stout man, with a gay and good-tempered aspect, evidently a *bon vivant*, ascended the auction platform. I was told that he was an Englishman, and I can believe it from his blooming complexion, which was not American. He came apparently from a good breakfast, and he seemed to be actively employed in swallowing his last mouthful.

"Taking the hammer in his hand, he addressed the assembly, stating briefly that the slaves were home slaves, all the property of one master, who having given bond for a friend who afterwards became bankrupt, was obliged to meet his responsibilities by parting with his faithful servants, who therefore were sold, not in consequence of any faults or deficiencies. After this, he beckoned to a woman among the blacks to come forward, and he gave her his hand to mount upon the platform, where she remained stand-

ing beside him. She was a tall, well-grown mulatto, with a handsome but sorrowful countenance, and a remarkably modest, noble demeanour. She bore on her arm a young sleeping child, upon which, during the whole auction ceremonial, she kept her eyes immovably riveted, with her head cast down. She wore a grey dress made close to the throat, and a pale yellow handkerchief, checked with brown, was tied around her head.

"The auctioneer, after vaunting the woman's good qualities, skill, ability, character, good disposition, order, fidelity, her uncommon qualification for taking care of a house, her piety and talents and the child at her breast, which increased her value, obtained a starter of five hundred dollars for her, and finally the hammer fell at seven hundred. She was sold to one of the dark, silent figures before her. Who he was whether he was good or bad, whether he would lead her into tolerable or intolerable slavery — of all this the bought and sold woman and mother knew as little as I did, neither to what part of the world he would take her. And the father of her child, where was he? . . . All were sold, — the young girl who looked pert rather than good, the young man, a mulatto with countenance expressive of gentleness and refinement, who had been brought up by his master and was greatly beloved by him . . . and last of all, the elderly woman whose demeanour or general appearance showed that she too had been in the service of a good master, and having been accustomed to gentle treatment, had become gentle and happy . . . all bore the impression of having been accustomed to an affectionate family life. . . . And now, what was to be their future fate? How bitterly, if they fell into the hands of the wicked, would they feel the difference between then and now! How horrible would be their lot! . . . The master had been good; the servants good also, attached and faithful, and yet they were sold to whoever would buy them, sold like brute beasts."

All travellers, however, did not write so gently of such scenes as Fredericka Bremer, nor accept slavery as philosophically as Buckingham did and Lady Wortley, who frankly confesses that she saw "only the *couleur de rose* of the business." Mademoiselle America Ves-

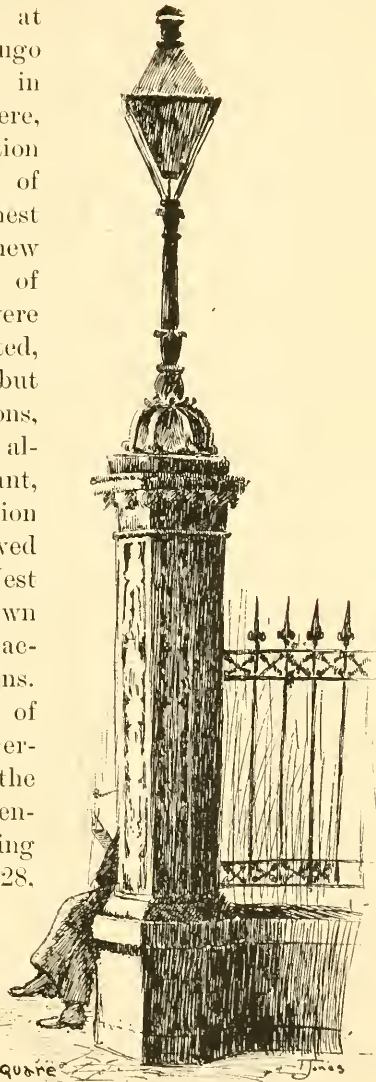
pucci, for instance, to quote still from foreign visitors of the same period, could see nothing rose coloured about it.

The improvements and renovations took at last a disastrous turn. Almonaster's cathedral was torn to the ground, and rebuilt with what was intended to be far greater art and magnificence; Mansard roofs were added to the Cabildo and convent. The Baroness de Pontalba, who was in the city at the time, improved her father's old pointed, red-tiled roofed Spanish buildings into the present French row, to be in harmony with the mansarded Cabildo and convent. The old Place d'Armes itself was improved into Jackson square, all vestige of grim-visaged war smoothed from it, planted in flowers and shrubs and (save the mark!) laid off in trim walks and neat bosquets; its old flag-staff taken down to give place to the equestrian statue of the hero of Chalmette.

In 1852 the three municipalities came together again into one city; that is, the other two came into the Faubourg Ste. Marie, for it now was New Orleans, the American had conquered the Creole, and the Cabildo yielded precedence to the City Hall.

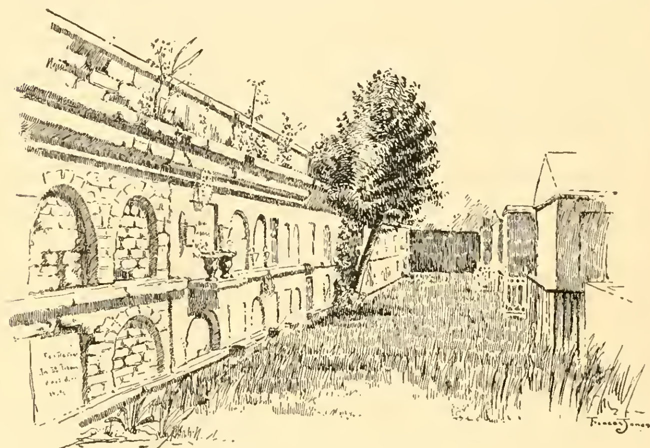
The next year came the great epidemic of cholera and yellow fever. Although no mention has been made of it; during and accompanying all these years, when prosperity flushed the city, and wealth piled in banks, or ran in pleasure . . . there was at the rout and feast not any conventional, suggestive *memento mori*, there was Death itself, Death, as palpable, visible, audible, as a stolid official executioner; and not as a fleeting presence but functioning steadily, regularly for days, weeks, months, year after year. In the colonial

days, vessels stopping at Havana and St. Domingo would invariably bring in the epidemic raging there, and the little population would pay its tribute of lives, — always the freshest and healthiest of its new comers. The survivors of the fever, however, were immunized, or acclimated, not only in themselves, but for succeeding generations, and the yellow fever, although a regular visitant, had, when the immigration was scant, rather a starved run in the city. The West Indian, inured to his own climate, was of course acclimated to New Orleans. With the great inflow of American, Irish, and German immigrants came the great epidemics of the twenties, increasing in raging violence through '27, '28, '29, to the fatal '32. In September of that year, yellow fever, as usual, broke out, but in



Lamp Post at Jackson Square

October it was reënforced by Asiatic cholera. Five thousand died during the ten days following, and these are only the recorded deaths. In twelve days a sixth of the population was buried. Egress from the city was impossible; families stayed at home within locked doors, and awaited the death signal. From the tales that survive of the visitation it would seem that human

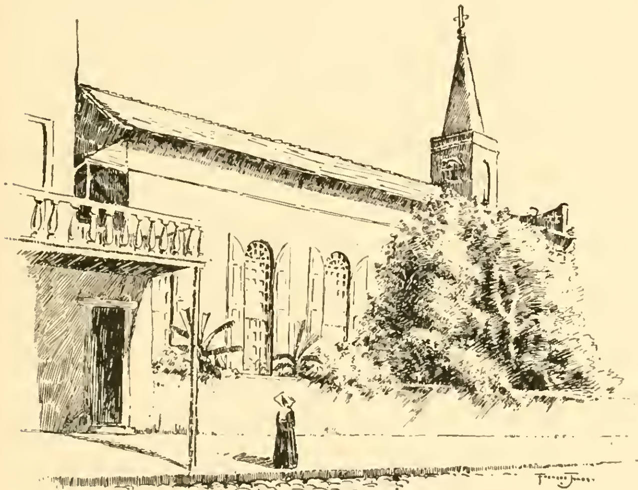


In the St Louis Cemetery.

experience must have reached its limits of suffering by bereavement — and such a form of bereavement! There are recollections of that time — buried in the graveyard — to exhume which is to revive the horrors of the plague of bygone centuries.

A young Protestant minister, Dr. Clapp, who came to the city in 1822, and by a miracle survived all the epidemics, afterwards published the segment of his experience. In '32 he was kept performing funeral services all day long; sometimes he did not leave the cemetery

until nine o'clock at night, when the interments were made by candle light. Attending a funeral one morning at six o'clock, he found at the cemetery more than a hundred bodies without coffins, brought during the night and piled up like cord wood. Trenches were dug, into which they were thrown indiscriminately. The chain gang were pressed into service as gravediggers



Mortuary Chapel on Rampart St.

and undertakers. A hospital being found deserted, physicians, nurses, attendants all dead or run away, and the wards filled with corpses, — the mayor had the building and contents burned. Persons of fortune died unattended in their beds, and remained for days without burial. In every house there were sick, dying, and dead in the same room, often in the same bed. All

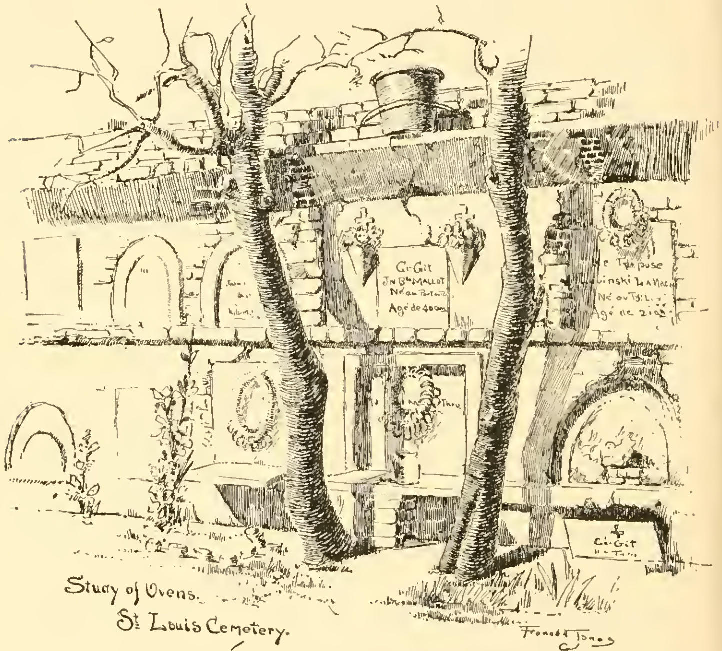
places of business were closed; drays, carts, carriages, hand-carts, and wheelbarrows were kept busy carrying loads of the dead through the streets, dumping them at cemetery gates. Before the mortuary chapel on Rampart street there was ever a file of them, waiting for a sprinkle of holy water and the sign of the cross, the only burial service possible. Protestant ministers, priests, Sisters of Charity, died standing at their posts. Multitudes who began the day in perfect health were corpses before night; carpenters died on their benches; a man ordered a coffin for a friend and died before it was finished. A bride died the night of her marriage, and was buried in her veil and dress cast off a few hours before. Three brothers died on the same day in a few hours of one another. A family of nine supped together in perfect health; by the end of the next twenty-four hours eight had died. A boarding-house of thirteen inmates was absolutely emptied, no one left. Corpses were found all along the streets, particularly in the early morning.

A thick, dark atmosphere hung over the city, neither sun, moon, nor stars being visible. A hunter on Bayou St. John related that he killed no game; not a bird was to be seen in the sky. Tar and pitch were kept burning at every corner, the flames casting a lurid glare over the horrors of night; during the day cannon were fired, like minute-guns along the streets, frightening the dying into quicker death; great conflagrations were of daily occurrence, adding to the general dread. The frightened negroes thought the day of judgment had come; the enlightened thought it was hell. People stopped sending to market and cooking: they were afraid to eat anything substantial.

The pious redoubled their fervour; the pleasure lovers their desperate gayety, supping with dare-devil luxury, betting on one another's chances of death and the trenches, of which ghastly tales of burial alive were told. One, the wildest of a gay supper party, extracted a promise from his friends that he at least should not be buried alive. He did not appear the next evening, and his friends, organizing a searching party for him, traced him to a cholera trench; had it opened; he was found dressed as he had left the supper, just under the earth, his handsome face stiff in its dead convulsion of horror, his hands outstretched in the effort of crawling and struggling through the putrid dead towards life above. Those who did not believe died with their ruling passion on their lips; a passionate novel reader towards the end sent a friend out to buy the last novel of Sir Walter Scott's, which had been daily expected. It was placed in his hands . . . his cold fingers could turn the leaves, but his eyes were growing dim. "I am blind," he gasped, "I cannot see. I must be dying, and leaving this new production of immortal genius unread." Another one died uttering the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. The same epidemics returned the following summer, killing in the twelve months ten thousand out of a population of fifty-five thousand. In 1847, 1848, and 1849, eight per cent of the people died.

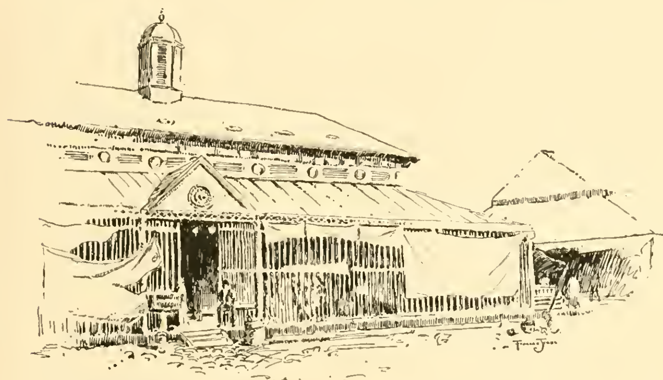
In the summer of 1853 the climax of death was reached. Over five thousand raw emigrants, Irish, English, and German, had landed during the year, and the city was in a state of upheaval — canals being widened and deepened, ditches dug, gas and water mains extended, new road beds constructed. Street cleaning being yet in an experimental condition, the

levees, back streets, slums, were foul and swarming with demoralized, filthy humanity. In May the yellow fever broke out on an English ship freshly loaded with Irish emigrants, and spread through the shipping in port; only twenty-five deaths were reported for the closing week of June, the disease prowling still in



obscure corners. By the middle of July the week's deaths were two hundred and four. Thousands left the city in the panic that ensued, blocking every route and mode of travelling. The weather changed to daily rains and hot suns. The floors of the Charity Hospital were covered with pauper sick. For a week, one died

every half hour. Every day the death rate rolled up higher, and on the 22d of August, from midnight to midnight, the city yielded a fresh victim every five minutes. The horrors of 1833 were repeated. Out of a sixty thousand population, forty thousand were attacked, eleven thousand died. In 1854 and 1855 the fever returned with cholera, with a death rate of seventy-two and seventy-three per thousand. In 1853 it was one hundred and eleven per thousand. The



A corner of the French Market

young Protestant minister, now an old one in the community, writes, in answer to certain charges, and being from the North his statement is usually accepted as impartial: "In these epidemics, instead of the usual accompaniments of lawlessness and depravity, an extraordinary degree of benevolence prevailed, persons in every rank in life sacrificing time and money to care for the sick."

But despite all this the forward march of the city

was not interrupted: even the memory and grief of it were passing shadows. The great financial crises of the decade swept over the place; banks and fortunes were demolished, but only for a moment; the very stones of the street seemed to cry out wealth and prosperity, and higher and higher figures end the statistical columns, — more emigrants, more imports, more exports, more trade, more cotton, sugar, plantations, slaves; and to off-set, the more death, the more life, the city's gayety, like the city's gold, mounting in the flood tide over it. To look back merely upon the printed account of it, — one can only repeat that it was the delirious reality of Law's delirious idea; the fates and furies of old Paris's rue Quincampoix, by a touch of the golden wand, turning into muses and graces and pleasure purveyors for the little Paris in the New World. It was just such an orgie on a minute scale as old Paris had known under the Regency, and the *nouveaux riches* here as there came from the aristocracy, and well prepared by ancestral seasoning, for the enjoyment of wealth. There were more and more theatres, operas, balls, hotels, clubs, cards and horse-racing, cocking mains, even bull-fights. . . .

If New Orleans were the woman she is figured to be, she would interrupt here with her uncontrollable eagerness: "Ah, yes! Tell about my races, my famous races, and my track, my beautiful Metairie track! And my spring meetings. . . . My great last Saturdays — my four-mile race day — and the famous, yes, the famous Lexington-Lecompte matches. Describe that! Do describe that!" But what woman, even New Orleans herself, could describe that? Who would want to read it when one can hear it told? And when the memory of the

race takes in, as it always does in New Orleans (for the turf was then a pastime for gentlemen and ladies, not a business for professionals), the crowds in the hotels, the noted men and women from all over the South who had come to the match, the whirl of carriages, and cabs, and vehicles of all kinds along the shell road, a kind of race track itself, the grand stand, exclusive as a private ball-room, glittering with ladies in toilets from the *ateliers* of the great modistes, Olympe and Sophie, and the ladies glittering with all those charms of beauty and conversation, which, in default of higher education, Heaven used then to supply women with . . . and the men, from all over the South glittering too in all the pride, arrogance, and self-sufficiency which their enemies, the moralists, supplied them with ; . . . the field packed . . . as the field must be always packed where the grand stand is not part of the gate receipts ; and all round about, trees, fences, hedges, tops of carriages, crowded with every male being that could walk, ride, or drive from the city. "By the Lord Harry ! Not a nigger left to wait around a table ;" the track — that superb track of old Metairie — the jockeys petted and spoiled like ballet-girls — and the horses! A volume would not hold it all before we even get to Lexington and Lecompte, and after that a library would be needed to contain it.

One must hear, not read, about how "the sun was dropping behind the trees, and the sky was all a glory, when Lecompte passed the grand stand on his first heat in 7.26 ! And the glory of the sky was simply nothing, sir ! when Lecompte won the race, beating the best heats on record !" And the next year, when Lexington ran against the record, and beat it! That, as

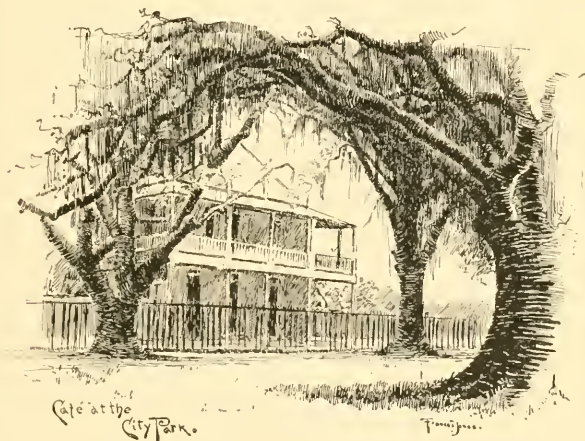
the old gentlemen now — the young bloods of that day — say, was *horse*-racing.

And the dinners afterwards, at Moreau's, Victor's, Miguel's, and the famous lake restaurants, with their rival chefs and rival cellars! And after that again the grand salons of the old St. Louis and St. Charles, filled with everybody; and all enjoying themselves, as the phrase well puts it. That was what horse-racing meant then. Who thought of epidemics or financial panics? Alas! the old Metairie is expiating its sins now as a cemetery, and its patrons, its beaux and its belles and its horses, — they are expiating their sins too, in cemeterial ways.

Within sight of the cemetery, a part of the same ridge of land, sinking into the same stretch of swamp, lies another relic of past time and civilization — the old duelling ground, now a park, a cemetery, too, in its way, although but one tomb stands there, that of its last owner, who, infatuated with love for his beautiful oaks, requested to be buried under the shadow of their branches. In the childish days of the city, when disputes were scarce, we hear of the officers drawing their swords and fighting for pastime in the moonlight on the levee; for other humours there were always quiet and retirement to be found anywhere outside of the city walls. When the *emigrés* from France and the islands arrived with their different times and different manners, and when the disbanded soldiers from Bonaparte's armies dropped into the population, there was as great a renaissance in duelling, as in the other condiments of life, so to speak. Fencing masters flourished, and "salles d'escrime" were the places of fashionable culture for young men. In Paris, gentlemen would step

The Duelling Oaks at the City Park.

out and fight *à l'impromptu* "sous le fanal de la comédie." Young blades, returning from Paris, sharpened by encounters over there with blades noted in the whole European world, must therefore fight also *à l'impromptu* "sous le fanal de l'opéra," otherwise the great lantern of the Orleans theatre, whose circle of light on a broad, smooth pavement furnished as pretty conditions for the settlement of a question about a soprano's voice or a ballet dancer's steps as could be desired anywhere. The weather not permitting this, all adjourned to Ponton's,



Café at the City Park.

the fashionable fencing room, just below the theatre. "When we fought at Ponton's." "Oh, he gave me a beautiful thrust at Ponton's." . . . This was the beginning of many a good friendship, and of many a good story of the fathers, uncles, cousins, and elder brothers of the young gentlemen at the Orleans college.

The stories of another generation take in the Oaks. What a trooping of ghosts under the old trees, if all

the votaries of honour who had fought or assisted others to fight there could revisit the place in spirit! What a throng would mine host of the restaurant opposite have to welcome, if all who quaffed a glass, in a happy reprieve from death or wounds, at that bar could return again! And he was the man of all in the city, it was said, who could, if he would, tell as much as the old oaks. Everybody fought with everybody then ; the score of duels was kept like the score of marriage offers of a belle. Individuals counted up eighteen, thirty, fifty of them. Mandeville Marigny fought with his brother-in-law. A father and a son fought duels the same day. On one Sunday in 1839 ten duels were fought. "Killed on the field of honour!" The legend is a common enough one in the old cemeteries.

Besides the great national differences between the Americans and Creoles, which were settled in a great national way, with shot-guns and rifles, there was every other imaginable difference settled under those trees, — politics, love, ball-room etiquette, legal points, even scientific questions. A learned scientist, an hydraulic engineer, permitting himself to say (in justice to him, it was to exaggerate the importance of some personal theory) that the Mississippi was a mere rill in comparison to rivers in Europe, a Creole answered him : "Sir, I will never allow the Mississippi to be disparaged in my presence by an arrogant pretender to knowledge." A challenge followed, and the mouth of the defamer was cut across from one cheek to the other. In a ball-room a gentleman petitioned a belle: "Honour me with half this dance?" "Ask monsieur," she answered, "it belongs to him." "Never," spoke her cavalier, bearing her off in the waltz, and just catch-

ing the softly spoken, "Ah, vous êtes mal élevé." Not a word more was said. The next morning the critic received a challenge and in the afternoon a neat thrust. Almost every day for years the Gascon cowherds in the neighbourhood would see pilgrims on foot or in carriages wending their way to the Oaks; and the inquisitive would peep, and in the cool green light under the trees, witness the reparation of honour as required by the code; a flashing, pretty sight from a distance, when the combatants were lithe and young and the colichemardes worthy of their art.

There is an episode (it may or may not be true) when the looker-on was not a cowherd; but the seconds, the surgeons, the one principal standing, might well start, as they did, in surprise: a woman, young, beautiful, and courageous as any of them. She had waited until one fell and did not rise, and then rushed forward.

She was still in her opera cloak, with her white silk gown trailing in the grass, her satin slippers wet with dew, her arms and neck bare. In truth, she had not thought to change her dress. There had been the opera, and then a long supper, filled with gayety; he (the fallen duellist) as reckless, daring, and devoted, as usual, proffering his love with every eye glance, and she, refusing it as coquettishly as she had done for a year past, for almost the best part of love to a great belle is having it constantly offered, that it may be refused. The coachman (coachmen hear everything that a carriage is needed for) held her back as she was entering the house with her party, to whisper what he had heard. She gave a whispered order in return. And the supper, as has been said, was gay, gay until daylight. He was more himself, she more herself, than

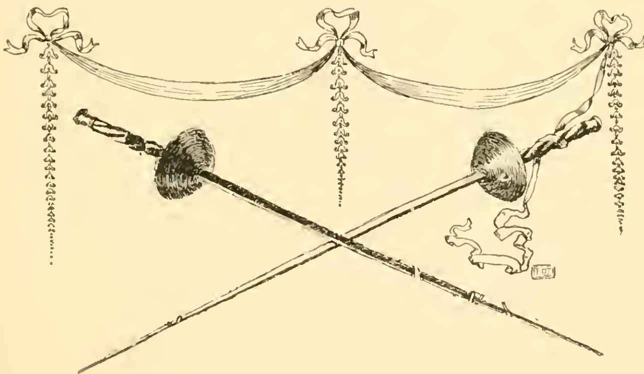
ever, and the guests were more interested than ever in the duel between them; he ever thrusting, she parrying.

He had left with the others. She waited as she was until the house was quiet in sleep, and then slipping out to her carriage in the grey dawn, drove to the Oaks, and chose her position, and waited alone under the trees; her carriage, of course, driving off to come up after the other carriages.

She was without doubt a great beauty, a type, an absolute type (one may well say it, it was a commonplace in the city), — like a sunrise or sunset, or the moonlight. And the men on the field knew her well; but they declared that never had she appeared so beautiful as when, throwing her opera cloak back, her white gown trailing, her satin slippers wet with dew, her hair falling from its stately coiffure over her neck, she rushed forward like a Valkyrie and picked up the form of her cavalier; his blood dropping over her hands, cloak, and gown. She could have borne him off alone, she was strong enough, and quite as tall as he. She did bear him off in her carriage when the surgeons had finished, they telling her pretty plainly that he, her cavalier, was finished too. And she drove with him to his house, and sent the coachman for her confessor, and . . . married her cavalier as soon as he was conscious . . . and men were ready to maintain on the field of honour, and elsewhere, that under no other circumstances would she ever have married him, which is a curious fact, about women and about duels.

There were other duels under the oaks, which men pause in their reminiscences of the past to describe, but which women care not to tell nor to hear about. These were the duels with broadswords; particularly that

noted series during the spring of 1840, when the *maîtres d'armes* themselves were the opponents; Creole, Frenchman, Italian, German, and Spaniard, fighting not for their personal honour, but to prove their art. There were also duels on horseback with broadswords. The historic one of this kind was fought on the "Plaine Raquette," in the Faubourg Marigny, between a young Creole and a French cavalry officer. Our chronicler gives the account of an eye witness: "It was a handsome sight. The adversaries, stripped to the waist, were mounted on spirited horses. They rode up, nerved for the combat; the Frenchman, heavy, somewhat ungainly, but with muscles like whip-cords, and a broad, hairy chest, which gave every evidence of strength and endurance; the Creole, lighter in weight, admirably proportioned, counterbalanced with youthful suppleness his adversary's rigid strength. A clashing of steel, and" — omitting the details — "the Creole, by a rapid half-circle, and by a *coup de pointe à droite* plunged his blade through the body of the French officer."



CHAPTER XIII.

THE children who, in 1804, looked from the balconies around the Place d'Armes to see the American flag raised in it, vaguely hearing their grandparents behind them tell of the different flags they had seen raised to that staff, were not grandparents themselves much before they saw another flag officially raised to proclaim another domination over the city. From grandparent to grandparent, three memories contained the whole history of the place: the incredible, for that is what history stores memory with, and so the grandmother of to-day passes on to the grandmother of the future tales of as open-eyed wonderment as she herself listened to at her grandmother's knee.

To give them as they are thus being transmuted in their homely human erudity to tradition,— New Orleans abandoned herself, heart and soul, to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. The reasonableness of a man's self-sacrifice to a cause, or a woman's to a love, may be questioned, but not the sublimity, surely not. While the city, as blind in her passion as when she defied Spain, was giving herself up more and more to her new devotion, pouring out, as if from inexhaustible sources,

her men and her money, forgetting Jefferson's dictum about the mouth of the Mississippi, two expeditions were fitted out against her by the United States, one to come down the river, one to ascend from the Gulf. The latter was successful. On the morning of the 25th of April, 1862, seventeen gunboats and a flotilla of smaller vessels rode at anchor in the river before her, and she lay as helpless under their guns as she had lain under the guns of O'Reilly. To the populace it was the incredible that had happened, just as in the time of O'Reilly.

The rain was pouring, as at the advent of the Spanish avenger, and, as then, the levee was lined with a despairing crowd. Some of the ships bore evidences of fighting, that was the only alleviation to the popular feeling. There had been some fighting done. Courage was in fact the only thing that seemed ready in the emergency, everything else was incomplete, unprepared, disorganized, through shameful, disgraceful, — the people even whispered, — traitorous, neglect and carelessness. What, they growled, were seven hundred men apiece in two badly equipped fortifications? a straggling battery or two? an improvised, patched-up flotilla of gunboats, manned by ignorant, undisciplined crews? rafts? iron chains, against the superb strength and equipment before them? And these were only half; as many remained behind to bring the forts to terms. What availed against such a force the six thousand men given by the Confederacy to protect the city? And even now they were evacuating the city with their general! The curses were not muttered when the crowd on the levee spoke of this army and its commander.

The sky was hidden by a canopy of smoke, streaked with flames. Heaps of burning cotton, sugar, salt meats, spirits, provisions of all kinds lined the levee. In the river the shipping, tug-boats, and gun-boats, floated down the current in flames. Molasses, running like water, flushed the gutters. All night the city had glowed in the lurid light of her own incendiarism. The little children, seeing the gleams through the closed windows, and hearing the cannons from the forts, trembled in their beds in terrified wakefulness. Deserted by their parents, and shrinking instinctively from their negro nurses, they asked one another in whispers: "Will the Yankees kill us all?"

The next morning, from old Christ Church belfry, on Canal street, the bell tapped the alarm. Mothers called their children to them, and, sitting behind closed doors, listening, counting, cried, "The Yankees are here!" The children, horrified to see a mother weep, cried aloud, too, despairingly, "The Yankees are here!" Slaves, rushing out, leaving the houses open, disordered, behind them, shouted triumphantly to one another, "The Yankees are here!"

The rabble, holding riot in the streets; men, women, and children, staggering under loads of pilferings from the conflagration, cried, too, "The Yankees are here!"

Early in the morning officers came from the flag-ship, bearing a summons to surrender. The mayor deferred to the military authority in command. The Confederate general, evacuating the city with his army, put the responsibility back upon the mayor. During the colloquy in the city hall, the populace surged and raged in the streets outside, hurling insults, imprecations,

threats, through the open windows, at the Union officers. A wild hurrah heralded some new outburst. There was an expectant pause in the mayor's parlour. Through a window a ragged bundle was thrown into the room ; a mutilated, defiled, United States flag ; the flag that had just been hoisted over the United States mint by a barge crew. Some wild-spirited lads had instantly climbed the staff and torn the flag down, to drag it, followed by a hooting mob, through the street. The open window of the city hall and the uniformed officers inside were, in the temper of the moment, a heaven-sent opportunity for insult.

Sustained by his council, the mayor refused to either surrender the city or lower the state flag over the city hall. The Federals could take the city if they wished, no resistance was possible. "We yield," he wrote, "to the Federal commander, to physical force alone, and maintain our allegiance to the government of the Confederate States. Beyond this a due regard for our dignity, our rights, and the flag of our country does not, I think, permit me to go." The Federal commander then notified the mayor to remove the women and children within twenty-four hours. "Sir," wrote the mayor to this, "you cannot but know that there is no possible exit from the city for a population that exceeds one hundred and forty thousand, and you must therefore be aware of the utter inanity of such a notification ; our women and children cannot escape from your shells. . . . You are not satisfied with the peaceable possession of an undefended city ; you wish to humble and disgrace us by the performance of an act against which our nature rebels. This satisfaction you cannot expect at our hands. We will stand your bombardment unarmed and defence-

less as we are. The civilized world will condemn to indelible infamy the heart that will conceive the deed and the hand that will dare to consummate it."

It was finally decided that the Federals should take possession of the city, and themselves lower the state flag from the city hall.

The mayor issued a proclamation requesting all citizens to retire to their homes during these acts of authority which, he said, it would be folly to resist, reminding them that at least their own authorities had not been forced to lower their flag. The people, notwithstanding, filled the streets about the city hall, a lowering, angry crowd that shook with wrath at the sight of the detachment of sailors and marines in United States uniform, which, with bayonets fixed, and preceded by two howitzers, crossed Lafayette square. They were halted facing St. Charles street ; the howitzers were drawn into the thoroughfare and pointed at the crowd, up and down.

An officer with attendants mounted the steps of the city hall and informed the mayor that he would proceed to haul down the flag. The mayor, a son of the people himself, and not schooled in the niceties of etiquette, answered, his voice trembling with emotion : "Very well, sir, you can do it ; but I wish to say that there is not in my entire constituency so wretched a renegade as would be willing to exchange places with you."

The mayor then descended the steps of the hall and placing himself in front of the crowd and close to the mouth of the cannon pointing down the street, he stood there immovably with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the gunner, who, lanyard in hand, held himself in readiness for action. The crowd preserved a breathless

silence. The state flag was lowered and the United States colours hoisted.

The United States officers returned, the guns were withdrawn, the uniformed squad moved again across Lafayette square. As they passed through the Camp street gate they heard hurrahs behind them ; it was the crowd cheering their mayor.

The naval authorities now handed the city over to the land forces, and General Benjamin Butler took possession with his army of fifteen thousand men.

The regiments marched triumphantly through the streets to their quarters, banners flying, music resounding ; the negroes, in possession of the banquettes, gave themselves up to the celebration and exhibition of their new freedom. It was their hour of victory — and retribution. Men, women, and children — all, all were free alike, free and equal, for that was the way the phrase ran then. The white men looked on from windows and balconies ; the women still sat in doors, holding their children together, and as the tread of the passing soldiers, the blare of the music, the guffaw of the banquette crowd struck their ears, — they thought, not in the scientific truisms, political axioms or logical sequences, which since have taught them resignation, — and they did not shed any more tears.

Their grandmothers had heard the shots by which O'Reilly murdered (as they called it) six as noble patriots and gentlemen as ever lived, but their grandmothers had never felt — O'Reilly never dared — the insulting, degrading humiliation of this moment. Free, free and equal! And it was not the rich mother, the lady mother alone, who felt this, her look instinctively singling out her little daughters — the poorest mothers,

the commonest scrub of a white working woman felt the same humiliation put upon her gutter children — and cursed the power, the flag, the music, the soldiers that were doing it.

It is all archaic now, and sounds ridiculous. But, however advanced and progressive a woman's brain may become, in an emergency she always seems to feel in archaisms. Negro soldiers, in uniform, ordering them!! White men putting negro soldiers over them!!! That was as far as their hearts and minds went then.

It seems a trifling consideration in a great war what women feel; how the men fight is the important fact. But is it not what the women feel, in a war (the children feeling as the mothers feel), that dictates history in advance? Or, as it might be said, if to the men belongs the war, to the women belongs the peace after the war. At least it was so in New Orleans.

The little children in Béranger's song beg about Napoleon, —

> "Parlez nous de lui, Grand'mère, parlez nous de lui."

The little children in New Orleans, when they are very good, are treated by their grandmothers not to the thrilling adventures of Blue Beard and Jack the Giant Killer, but to tales of the Federal general in command of the city during the war. And not only the children enjoy these tales, any one, and — as the Creoles say, meaning Northerners — even the Americans, when they want (or want a visiting friend) to hear a good story well told, ask a New Orleans woman to tell her experiences after the capture of the city by the Federals; and wherever she be, in Paris, on the Nile, or seated in her own parlour or on her own balcony, she tells it,

always with the same verve, and always, if possible, with more and more burlesque. "But the improbability! The indiscretion!" Oh! that is another matter. If women are to tell only probable and discreet stories the Constitution had better be amended forthwith.

Nothing less than official dates can convince one that the regime in question lasted but little over six months; it seems inconceivable that so much could be packed into so short a time. And it was not laughable then. As Madeleine Hachard says, one laughs over one's adventures afterwards. From the first day, sentinels were stationed at suspected doors, and domiciliary visits made for arms, papers, flags, and other treasonable matter. Every runaway negro could carry charges of high treason and concealed treasures to the provost marshal, and have ladies' armoires promptly searched and bureau drawers run through by soldiers' hands, as, in old days, a dishonest servant's room was searched; yes, and the lady, too, spoken to as if she were the negro servant and the theft had been proven. It was something to make children open their eyes, to hear mothers and grandmothers ordered about and told that they were untruthful, and see their pretty things tossed and kicked upon the floor. Oh! the provost marshal! What terror that name struck to the childish soul; it was so unintelligible, and it meant such almightiness of power!

It is related by one of the Federal officers present at the time, that, when flag-officer Farragut reported to General Butler the tearing down of the United States flag from the mint, the latter said: "I will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." The naval officer smiled as he remarked: "You know you will

have to catch him and then hang him." "I know that, but I will catch him and then hang him." It was as easy for him to do both as it had been for O'Reilly to execute his predetermination.

The lad, Mumford, was arrested, tried by court-martial and condemned to be hung. A cry of horror arose from the city, and, as with O'Reilly, every means to obtain mercy was tried. It was represented and urged that the city had not surrendered at the time; that the hoisting of the flag over the mint was itself unwarranted; the youth of the victim was pleaded; the ignorance, the irresponsibility of the foolhardy act, the frenzied, delirious state of the public mind. In vain. An example must be made; the insult to the flag must be avenged. The lad was hanged, and with fine dramatic effect, on a gallows in front of the mint, under the very flag-staff; serried ranks of soldiers guarding the street. But see how unreliable a thing an example is, how it may turn and rend that very principle which it was begotten to illustrate. In vain, now, do historians plead and military authorities represent, in vain are explanations, denials, extenuations. Forever, in local eyes, will the front of the mint seem to bear the Cain mark of the gallows; forever will that flag-staff seem to be draped with the anathemas that were uttered by every mother's heart, the day of the hanging of the lad. And for twenty years after that day there wandered through the streets of New Orleans a thin, wrinkled, bent, crazy woman, wandering always, it seemed, as if by command, across groups of children on their way to and from school. The children never ran and shrank from her as from most lunatics. "Hush!" they would say; "she is Mumford's mother." And

they would tell the story to one another, with all the improbable variations and versions, which madden historians, but which the sympathetic heart never fails to add. "But she is not Mumford's mother," many would insist. "She only thinks she is Mumford's mother." "She is Mumford's mother, all the same," would be the reply. During the school hours, the poor old woman would wander in the business thoroughfares, and when tired out she would crouch in the corner of some house-step and sleep, and the passers-by would slip a coin into her lap (she never begged awake). "That is Mumford's poor mother," they would explain.

The doughty but unmannerly mayor was sent to the casemates of one fort, his young secretary to another, his legal advisers were shipped to Fort Lafayette. It was hard for the citizens of New Orleans to believe that these two great French lawyers, Soulé and Mazureau, could be sent off like common felons. But that was in the beginning, when one could be surprised. First and last, over sixty prominent citizens were sent to the forts, or to that other well-proved place of imprisonment, Ship Island, where the contumacious were fastened with ball and chain, and made to fill sand bags under a negro guard. With all the patriotism in the world to sustain their hearts and to preserve their dignity, the luxurious gentlemen of New Orleans sometimes, when the sun was more unbearably hot than usual and no one was in earshot, were not above making an appeal occasionally to their black drivers, using old-time cajoleries. "Come now, uncle, let up a little." "Don't call me uncle ; I ain't no kin o' yourn." The stern rebuke has passed into a proverb.

Everybody was arrested ; clergymen for refusing to

pray for the President of the United States and all others in authority, editors for publishing Confederate victories, doctors for refusing fraternal recognition of Union doctors, druggists for selling drugs to persons going into the Confederacy, storekeepers for refusing to open their stores, a bookseller who exhibited a skeleton marked "Chickahominy," any one possessing treasonable pictures or papers (illustrated papers favourable to the Confederacy). The commandant's system was so perfect, that he boasted he had a spy behind the chair of every *rebel* family head in the city. The result was, that no man arose in the morning with any certainty that he might not spend the next night in jail.

Even women were arrested. A lady was sent to Ship Island for laughing while a Federal funeral procession was passing her house. An old lady teacher was sent to a prison in the city for having a Confederate document in her possession; young ladies were arrested and carried before the provost marshal for singing "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." "The venom of the she-adder is as dangerous as that of the he-adder" was the legend General Butler had printed and hung up in his office; it was adopted as the watchword of his emulative subordinates. Every day women were brought to his Star Chamber by scores, to stand before him, while he sat cursing the men of the Confederacy and lecturing them on their want of respect to the United States; a Confederate flag had been found in their houses; a miniature one had been worn in their hair or stuck in their fichus; the flowers in their bonnets were arranged to represent Confederate colours; they had their dresses fastened with Confeder-

ate buttons; they had refused to enter a car or omnibus in which they saw a Federal soldier; they walked out in the street to avoid passing under the United States flag hanging over the banquette. The general however, bethought him of a correction of this disrespect; flags were hung not only over the sidewalks of the principal streets, but strings of them were stretched entirely across the street, and guards were placed to seize the women who tried to avoid passing under them, and compel the ordeal; but even as they were being dragged under, the women would manage to draw their shawls over their heads or put up their parasols. And then General Butler launched his Order No. 28 against the ladies of New Orleans, the order that can only be alluded to in polite society; that was condemned in the House of Lords as without precedent in the annals of war, and denounced in the House of Commons as repugnant to the feelings of the nineteenth century; that drew from the "London Times" the comment that it realized all that had ever been told of tyranny by victor over the vanquished, and that no state of negro slavery could be more absolute than that endured by the whites in the city of New Orleans.

A passing stranger, an alien, relates that he was caught on a street corner in a shower of rain one afternoon, and saw two curs fighting. The whipped one ran away, and he remarked that the cur was simply "making a change of base," which was a Federal newspaper's explanation of a recent defeat of one of the Union armies. The stranger was immediately arrested, conveyed to the custom house, imprisoned all night, and taken before Butler in the morning. "The general," so his account runs, "sat dressed in full uniform, with sword;

on the table before him lay a loaded revolver, sentinels stood at the door, orderlies and soldiers crowded the anteroom. An Irishwoman was asking for a passport to go to her son in the Confederate army. After much billingsgate on both sides, 'Well, now, General Butler,' she said, 'the question is, are you going to give me a passport or are you not?' He coolly leaned back in his chair and with a provoking smile slowly replied: 'No, woman, I will never give a rebel mother a pass to go to see a rebel son.' She gazed at him a moment, and then as coolly and deliberately replied: 'General Butler, if I thought the devil was as ugly a man as you, I would double my prayers night and morning, that I might never fall into his clutches;' and, bolting past the sentinels, she disappeared."

It was at this period that the gentlemen among the Federal officers found their position under their commander intolerable, even for soldiers. Not being disciplined to his mode of warfare, they had, from the day of their occupation of the city, been overstrained by their secret anxieties and their efforts in behalf of the vanquished. Like the Spanish officers under O'Reilly, they found a thousand common feelings to counterbalance the one great political difference; past friendships, ties, relationships, if other reason were needed than the one that they were gentlemen, and their enemies women and children; fearfully and restlessly they haunted the streets, swarming with arrogant negro and white soldiers, quaking much more before an application of their general's order than the women themselves did; hence volumes of delicate episodes and pretty romances, which the women of the period love also to relate.

The foreign consuls exerted themselves in every way; the French consul exercising, as French consuls always will in New Orleans, a *quasi*-paternal authority over the citizens, soothed, advised, helped. The captains of foreign vessels in port offered their friendship and assistance. It was needed under so energetic a conqueror. In September, all persons, male and female, who had not renewed their allegiance to the United States, or who held sympathy with or allegiance to the Confederate States, were ordered to report themselves to the nearest provost marshal, with a descriptive list of all their property, real, personal, and mixed, their place of residence and their occupation, signed by themselves, to receive a certificate from the marshal as claiming to be enemies or friends of the United States. Neglect to register subjected the delinquent to fine or imprisonment with hard labour, or both, with his or her property confiscated. The form of the oath of allegiance prescribed was an "iron-clad" one. Another order required every householder to return to the nearest provost marshal a list of inmates, with sex, age, occupation, and a statement whether registered alien, loyal, or enemy to the United States, with the usual penalty for neglect. Policemen were held responsible for returns on their beats. It was a virtual sentence of transportation against the families of Confederate soldiers.

The women and children, the registered enemies to the United States, allowed but little more than the clothing on their bodies, were put across the lines into the Confederacy. These were the fortunate ones who had means and connections in the Confederacy, but the majority, the widowed mothers whose sons were

in the army, the wives of clerks and workingmen whose husbands were fighting, these were forced to the perjury of the iron-clad oath; and of all the exigencies of the war, this was unqualifiedly the saddest, the costliest.

Then followed the carnival of confiscations and auction sales.

The commandant-general had seized one of the handsomest residences in the city for his personal use. Those of his subordinates who cared to follow his example, selected each his house, ordering the owner out and taking possession; and after these came the great number of civil employees, who had to be housed, and with them it was also a mere question of taking and having. But after these there were the camp followers, those who came, as the Duke of Saxe-Weimar would say, for the mere accumulation of wealth. It was for them a land of Canaan, such as they knew Providence would never repeat. Seizures and confiscations threw opportunities of a lifetime upon the market; and while no man was sure when he arose in the morning that he would not spend the night in jail, no woman now when she arose in the morning was sure that she would not spend that night in the streets.

The property of the registered enemies was not confiscated, but the alternative was little better. Not allowed to take anything but necessary clothing, and the time of preparation for departure being short, families of limited means were forced to sell everything at auction. The auctions were in the hands of a "ring." The sales were a mockery. A woman who considered her effects worth a thousand dollars might, it is said, if she were exceedingly meek and humble, and paid all commissions, receive a balance of twenty or thirty dol-

lars. The auction marts, as may be expected, were crowded. Houses, horses, carriages, jewelry, wardrobes, silk and satin gowns, filmy articles of ladies' underclothing, family portraits, silver, were put up every day. A man with a thousand dollars bought ten thousand dollars' worth. A soldier's pay would purchase a family outfit. Camp followers, washerwomen, and cooks, wore velvets; real laces sold for the price of calico; negresses went around blazing in jewelry. The treasure heaps of a Barataria were scattered broadcast in the city for two months. Entire libraries and sets of furniture, horses and carriages, pictures, pianos, clocks, carpets, cases of bric-a-brac, were packed and sent to distant homes. Silver, in banks or in table service, was always treasonable if in the possession of a Confederate sympathizer, as it was called, and it seemed at times that the sympathy was only treasonable in proportion to the silver possessed. But there was a way of ransoming the silver and property, as there had been a way of ransoming delicate old gentlemen from Ship Island and the forts; and if the women of the house were nervous, and their imaginations easily influenced by terror for themselves or their relatives, they did not haggle over terms or means, and the profit was the same to the avengers of loyalty.

All this, as every one has explained since, until every one knows it, was only according to the fortunes of war. Even the children in their rudiments should have known it then, for what had their *a*, *b*, *c*'s served them unless to spell out how, in the past, this nation or man had conquered that nation or man, at this place and at that, and what had happened afterwards? and if even the women had considered, what they endured was

infinitely easier warfare than history or romance had pictured, in many instances, even since the Middle Ages. But history and romance never disappear so completely from the memory as when experience *in propria persona* makes her appearance.

"The fortunes of war" was also proven during these rare opportunities not entirely an allegorical expression; and in its other sense, the practical, it had chapters of enlightenment for the military novice as well as for the civil, for the conquerors as well as for the conquered, a truth which the following sufficiently illustrates. The Englishman, the alien in the Confederate States, as he calls himself, whose experience under the Butler regime has been quoted, relates that some years after he left New Orleans he happened to be on a steamer at Nassau, and observing some negro boatmen alongside throwing over meat to an enormous shark which they called Butler, he asked them why they applied such a name to an honest shark. They said it was because he kept away all other sharks from the bay, so as to have all the prey for himself.

In December, General Banks superseded General Butler. The populace which, in the exercise of its infallible prerogative as populace, branded the first conqueror of New Orleans as "Bloody O'Reilly," has sent the second conqueror of the city down to posterity marked as "Beast Butler."

Some civil organization of the place was now attempted on the new political basis. The military authorities had courts opened and appointed magistrates, "Union" magistrates. The President of the United States appointed Union judges of the Supreme Court. An election was held, and a Union governor

elected, a Union constitutional convention was held, and a Union constitution of the state adopted, a Union legislature elected. The closed Protestant churches were unbarred and services were conducted in them by Union ministers, and there was even an effort made at social gayety; balls and receptions were given by the military authorities to Union guests, who practised social equality with the negroes. For long years, after all this was over, a coloured barber, famous in local circles (as all good barbers everywhere are famous) for his inimitable loquacity, used to tell how he once opened such a ball with the wife of the general in command (with what truth the word of a barber guarantees). But the story was a good one, and told most delectably, and the old seedy Confederates were glad enough to hear it, and laugh away some of their chagrin over it, and carry it home to their wives and children, who found it vastly amusing too.

But to the natives, that period, to the close of the war, is vague and confused like the last hours of a long vigil at the side of a death-bed. The newspapers published their Union versions of the battles outside, with lists of killed, wounded, and missing, until every other woman of the old New Orleans that walked the streets was in mourning. Gunboats steamed ever up and down the river on mysterious expeditions; armies passed and repassed through the city, as if there were no end of men in the world to fight against the Confederates. The hospitals were filled with Confederate wounded, the prisons with Confederate captives.

The Confederate women in the city (those who had signed Butler's register, doubly perjuring themselves) now worked with desperate energy, besieging provost

marshals' offices, — bribing, deceiving, flattering even the negro sentinels on duty, — lying desperately if need be, to gain admittance to the prisons and hospitals; to get to the pallet of a dying boy, or to help an able-bodied soldier to escape. And they did escape, the able-bodied ones, by hundreds. And news had to be sent into the Confederacy, and medicines and surgical instruments. There was one woman contrabandist who distinguished herself above all, a young handsome Irish woman, who feared, as she said, naught and nobody; her confession once made and the sacrament received, and a package of medicine for the Confederates outside hidden about her person, if the night were only dark or stormy enough for her skiff to get by the sentinels and out into Lake Pontchartrain. Once she was sighted and fired into, but she rowed her twelve miles over, with a bullet in her leg, and got back into the city the next day, with her return mail.

The surrender of the Confederacy, the end of it all, is the one watershed at which all good stories, voluble resentments, gay denunciations, and humorous self-confessions turn back. It is the one item of their past over which the women of New Orleans shed tears.

The rest is usually run into a hurried summary, one-sided, perhaps — most probably, but where there are two sides of a thing or a question, the other side is always procurable, and one tells best the side one has learned personally. "C'est souliers tout seuls qui savent si bas tini trous" is a proverb of Creole mammies which can be understood; "Shoes are only called upon to know the holes in their own stockings."

There was one year of simple existence and endurance of the new condition of things: negro soldiers,

negro policemen, negro officials, and hired negro menials; with United States soldiers in garrisons all around about and aides-de-camp in glittering uniforms galloping through the streets; and the new poverty, new toil and stress, changed society; the old sense of ownership of the city, which the very children possessed, gone forever. It was a year of stupor and, as it seems now, of grace. And after that there is more, much more, to tell. It must be given here briefly.

In 1866, Congress enacted that no seceding state could be re-established in its old representative rights in the Union until it had reconstructed its constitution by a ratification of the fourteenth amendment, making negroes citizens of the state and of the United States, forbidding legislation to abridge their rights and excluding a certain class of ex-Confederates from office.

As such a reconstruction was optional, but one of the Confederate States availed itself of the privilege of qualifying for representation. Congress therefore determined upon a forced reconstruction, and by the "iron laws," as they have been well called, of 1867, put the Confederate States under military rulers, who were charged with the power and authority to work the machinery of constitutional government and *reconstruct* the states according to the plans laid down.

The vote was registered in Louisiana; 46,218 whites to 84,431 negroes, and a constitutional convention was called. It met in what was then the Mechanics' Institute (now old Tulane Hall). The students in the neighbouring Medical College and Jesuits' College, who were just beginning, with the happy ease of youth, to forget their childhood horrors of war, were startled one

day over their school-books by pistol-shots, screams, and cries in the streets near them. Those who ventured to look out saw a wild, infuriated mob in the streets, and heard the cries of a hell in the great ugly building in front, from which negroes trying to escape were climbing out of windows, and over the roof, dropping down wounded, bleeding, dead, in the surrounding court. This was the beginning of reconstruction, as middle-aged men and women now recall it, the response of the whites to the test oath and governing negro vote. To the children of the city, trembling and anguished, sent home from school after dark, under careful escort, it was a never-to-be-forgotten day. It has never been forgotten.

But the negro vote nevertheless remained, and the test oath, and behind both the coercive power of the triumphant army of the United States. The era of the "carpet bag" government set in; the golden era for American enterprise, which, it may be said by an American, is never so brilliantly displayed as in politics.

With an iron-clad oath barring every state and federal office, every court of justice, every jury, with the whole machinery of government framed for the one purpose of keeping them in power, with a registered vote of 84,000 negroes behind them, and the white population disfranchised into civil impotence, with the United States army always garrisoning their polling places, counting their votes and doing police duty for them — and with a returning board of their own to certify their elections, it is impossible to conceive of a more perfect millenium for the aspiring Republican politicians of the day — and they recognized it. Crowds, carpet bag in hand, flocked from North, East,

and West; hundreds, nay thousands, had not even to travel to it; soldiers disbanded from the army one day became political leaders the next, stepping into office and fortune the following week. An ex-soldier became governor of the state, with a negro lieutenant-governor, and so on, black and white, Union soldiers and negroes, through every department down to the end. There was no end to the offices, nor to the office seekers for contracts, awards, monopolies, and grants and privileges carried what should have been the end of patronage or greed, — around to the governor again; and so, the fingers of one touching the palm of the other, the circle was completed. The state debt was increased over forty millions of dollars. To quote a recent publication:[1]

"The wealth of Louisiana made the state a special temptation to carpet-baggers. Between 1866 and 1871 taxes had risen four hundred and fifty per cent. Before the war, a session of the legislature cost from $100,000 to $200,000; in 1871 the regular session cost $900,000. Judge Black considered it 'safe to say that a general conflagration, sweeping over all the state, from one end to the other, and destroying every building and every article of personal property, would have been a visitation of mercy in comparison to the curse of such a government.' This statement is not extravagant if his other assertion is correct, that during the ten years preceding 1876, New Orleans paid in the form of direct taxes more than the estimated value of all the property within her limits in the year named, and still had a debt of equal amount unpaid."

The old St. Louis hotel became the state house. George Augustus Sala, not then, but later, when affairs

[1] "A History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," E. Benjamin Andrews, Scribner's Monthly, March-June, 1895. The author, in the foregoing and following, is indebted to these articles for much beside the quotation.

were much improved, visited the House of Representatives assembled in the ball-room, and describes the forlorn appearance of the colossal pile which had once been the resort, as he says, of wealthy planters, their stately spouses and their beautiful and accomplished daughters. . . . "Wherever you turned, the spirit of dismalness seemed to have laid its hand. . . . New Orleans, I have more than once remarked, offers among all American cities pre-eminently a feast of picturesque form and bright and varied colour to European eyes; but within the walls of the state house a universal monochrome pitilessly reigns, or rather the negation of all colour — black and white. But I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was addressing the house. It was somewhat of a variable and capricious voice, at one time hoarse and rasping, at another shrilly treble, and the orator ended his periods now with a sound resembling a chuckle, and now with one as closely akin to a grunt. So far — being rather hard of hearing — as I could make out, the honourable legislator was remarking: 'Dat de gen'lm from de parish of St. Quelquechose was developing assertions and expurgating ratiocinations clean agin de fust principles of law and equity,' upon which the orator sat down. . . . What was the precise mode of catching the speaker's eye I could not exactly discern, for more than one honourable gentleman seemed to be on his legs at the same time. When the contingency seemed to be imminent of everybody's addressing the house at once, the dull measured sound of the president's hammer, or 'gavel,' as in Masonic parlance the implement of order is called, was audible. Ere the orator who had apostrophized the gentleman from St.

Quelquechose had resumed his seat, I had ample time to make a study of his facial outline, for there was a window close behind him, against which his profile was defined as sharply as in one of those old black silhouette portraits which they used to take for sixpence on the old chain pier at Brighton. The honourable legislator had a fully developed Ethiopian physiognomy, but when he sat down I found that in hue he was only a mulatto. There were more coloured members in the house, some of them 'bright' mulattoes and quadroons, very handsome and distinguished looking. . . . A Southern gentleman pointed out to us one of the coloured representatives who, prior to the war, had been his, the gentleman's, slave and body-servant." . . .

The returning board appointed by the governor to go over the returns as they came from the commissioners at the polls and count the votes, decided, and it might be said awarded, the elections, or, as the people called it, counted in the candidates. Every year the test oath became less prohibitive, white youths attaining their majority and political disabilities being removed from elders by the pardoning power of the United States. To liberate the state from the machinery of negro and carpet-bag government, to put an end to the plundering of public finances, and to the making of laws and the distorting of courts of justice into political copartnerships with the ruling powers, and to free themselves from the military tutelage forced upon them, became the absorbing ambition of every Southern voter in the Southern state. This ambition effaced the issues of the war and the grinding necessities of the moment, and it united the men into a "Solid South," which

was the Confederate postscriptum of the war, to meet the Federal postscriptum of reconstruction; and the children, as they grew, grew into solidity against the military and civil tyranny over their country. In the passionate fervour of young hearts, they saw themselves as a generation consecrated by parental blood and ruin and desolation to the holy service of redeeming the South from negro supremacy, and removing her neck, as they said then, from under the foot of her conqueror. This was the generation who had not fought but who were old enough to have seen the misery of their parents through defeat. It was such a generation, under the leadership of the old soldiers and the great hero generals of the war, that the reconstructionists attempted to reconstruct. In New Orleans the inherent political irascibility of the people made the place a volcano of political passion. The carpet-bag and negro party, despite its superior military and political power, saw itself becoming hopelessly overmatched by the civil and social power organized against it; and, as in every other community in the South, the Southern whites and the negroes trembled on the brink of a racial war.

Meanwhile, the reconstructionists quarrelled among themselves over the spoils, according to the monotonously regular experience of spoilsmen. The leaders — carpet-baggers no longer — over-rich in every form of wealth that Louisiana could give or negro votes legislate to them; lands, bonds, and cash, monopolies and trusts, excited the jealousy of adherents in their own class and the distrust of the negroes.

Our authority previously quoted heads his account of what followed: "Anarchy in Louisiana."

To borrow his succinct statement[1] of the facts and of the resultant situations: —

"The election of 1870 gave Louisiana to the Republicans by a substantial majority, but almost immediately the party began to break up into factions. The governor was opposed by the leading federal officers, who succeeded in gaining control of the Republican state convention. . . . On the death, during the previous year, of the coloured lieutenant-governor, a coloured adherent of the governor had been elected president of the Senate, but the Administration leaders declared his election illegal. . . . There was a bitter struggle in the House, during which the governor and a number of his supporters were arrested by the federal authorities; and the speaker was deposed. A congressional committee investigated the quarrel, but could not quiet it. . . .

"The governor and his coloured president of the Senate became estranged; the governor headed a *Liberal* Republican movement, which after much manœuvring united with the Democratic party in a fusion ticket. The coloured president of the Senate was nominated for congressman-at-large by the Republicans, whose ticket was headed by a new carpet-bag candidate for governor.

"The result of the election was hotly disputed. Two returning boards existed — one favouring the governor, the other the coloured politician's ticket. The governor's board declared his ticket elected by seven thousand majority; the coloured politician's board declared his ticket elected by nearly nineteen thousand majority: and each board made up its own list of members for the legislature." . . .

The members of the two Legislatures arrived in the city, determined to meet. At midnight, before the day appointed for meeting, the Republican leaders secured from a federal judge an order enjoining the Liberal legislators from meeting, and directing the United States marshal to take possession of the state house.

[1] Not entirely verbatim; designations have been substituted for proper names, and some sentences slightly changed, in order to compass necessary abbreviations.

President Grant favoured the coloured Republicans' claimants and ordered the federal troops to support him. On the morning of the day for the meeting of the legislature, a federal officer, therefore, stood at the door of the state house with a list in his hand, and admitted only those members permitted by the midnight order. A week later both governors took their oath of office. A congressional committee investigated the dispute. It found that the Liberal candidate was entitled to the government *de jure*, but that the Republican candidate, supported by the army, was *de facto* governor, a re-election was recommended. The recommendation, very naturally, was not adopted by the Washington executive. The Liberal governor and his supporters strongly protested against this decision, and although submitting to federal authority and deprived of power, retained their organization as a *de jure* government.

The campaign of 1874 was inaugurated. In September the registration offices were thrown open. The usual multiplication of negro registration papers followed, with the usual difficulties and impediments thrown in the way of white voters. The Republican governor had provided himself with a local army of his own, a body of metropolitan police, mostly negroes, paid by the city of New Orleans, but under his personal command and forming a part of his militia. Over against this force the citizens had organized themselves into a militia of their own, a "White League," with military organization, drill, and discipline.

The metropolitan police were armed with breechloading rifles supplied by the United States, as the state's quota of arms. The White League, save a

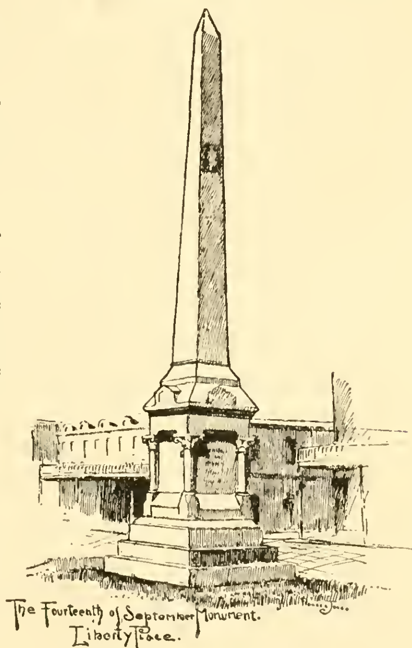
few fowling-pieces and pistols, was practically without arms. The governor's attempt to prevent the White League from arming itself precipitated the struggle. An order was issued forbidding the citizens to bear arms or keep them in their houses ; the police disarmed the citizens when arms were detected upon them, and houses were searched. In the first week of September two boxes of second-hand rifles were seized by the Metropolitans as they were being conveyed to a gun store. The owners claimed their property, and instituting legal proceedings obtained a decision from the court in their favour. The chief of police, ordered to surrender the guns, refused. Threatened with punishment for contempt, he produced a pardon signed in advance by the governor. The attorney-general of the state, by virtue of a statute of the reconstruction legislature, against a crime defined as state treason, arrested and held the owners of the guns. Other guns were seized in a gun store, and another attempt was made to seize a shipment by rail.

On Sunday, September 13, a steamer was expected with a supply of arms for the citizens. On Saturday night a large force of police, armed with Springfield rifles and one cannon, was stationed at the landing to seize the arms when they arrived. Monday a mass meeting was called at Clay's statue to protest against the seizure of the guns and assert the right of the citizens to keep and bear arms. The streets and sidewalks were filled for several squares, and there was a general suspension of business. A committee was appointed to wait upon the governor and request him to abdicate. He had fled from the executive office to the custom house, a great citadel, garrisoned at that

time by United States troops. From his retreat he sent word declining to entertain any communication with the citizens. Their leaders then advised them to get arms and return to assist the White League in executing plans that would be arranged.

About three o'clock the White League, mustering eight hundred men, formed on Poydras street, from St. Charles street to the levee. A company was stationed at St. Charles and Canal streets; the street crossings to Canal street were barricaded with overturned cars. The Supreme Court building had been turned into an arsenal for the Metropolitans. They formed in Jackson square, six hundred and fifty men with six cannon, two Gatling guns, three Napoleons, and a howitzer. A force of six hundred of them held the state house. The report arriving that the citizens were in march to the steamship to protect the landing of their guns, five hundred Metropolitans, under command of the chief of police, were marched, with the cannon, to Canal street and halted in front of the custom house, and their cannon pointed toward St. Charles street. The main body of them, with three cannon, then advanced to the levee and took their station there. Upon this, three companies of the White League moved out Poydras street to the levee, and took their position opposite the Metropolitans. The Metropolitans opened fire with their cannon and rifles. The White League attempted to reply with their one cannon, but it worked unsatisfactorily. Abandoning it, two companies advanced rapidly down the river bank, and under cover of the piled-up freight fired upon the Metropolitans at the cannon, with such effect that the negroes among them wavered and retreated. One of their Gatling guns was

turned to fire upon the levee. Taking advantage of the confusion among the Metropolitans and the lull in their firing the White League at Poydras street made a dash down the open levee and charged the battery. The Metropolitans broke and fled behind the custom house, abandoning their guns and leaving the chief of police wounded on the ground. A rally was made, and desultory fighting continued in the streets for a short while, but in an hour all was over. When the Metropolitans returned to their arsenal, but sixty or seventy remained of the army of the morning. Fearful of the vengeance of the citizens, they had thrown down their arms, torn off their uniforms, and escaped to hiding-places. It was never known how many were killed; the published account acknowledges fifteen killed and seventy-five wounded. The citizens lost sixteen.



The Fourteenth of September Monument.
Liberty Place.

The next morning the state house was in the citizens' hands; two hours later the whole Metropolitan force surrendered, the barricades were torn down, the street cars resumed their trips. The *coup d'état*

roused delirious enthusiasm throughout the state. The Democratic officials were everywhere installed in office. The Democratic governor had now repaired the flaw in his title. He was *de facto* as well as *de jure* governor of the state. As the three thousand citizens marched by the custom house to install their government, the United States troops crowded the windows and gave them three hearty cheers.

But the triumph was cut short. President Grant commanded the insurgents, as he called them, to disperse in five days ; troops were ordered to New Orleans, gunboats were anchored in the river, their guns aimed to sweep the streets of the city. The military commander received positive orders under no circumstances to recognize the citizens' governor ; United States soldiers, in default of the Metropolitans, policed the streets. The Republican governor issued from his asylum of the custom house and resumed his office. The citizens submitted even cheerfully. They had proved their point ; the carpet-bag government could be placed and kept in power by the United States soldiery, and in no other way whatever. The citizens who fell were honoured with the obsequies of patriot martyrs. A monument has since been erected to their memory on Liberty place where the Metropolitans' cannon stood. On the 14th of September — considered after the 8th of January the proudest date of New Orleans — their graves are decorated, and the local journals and orators never pass the commemoration by without those words of praise and gratitude which would seem to be the noblest and only pension for true patriots.

The election of 1874 passed quietly. The Demo-

cratic success was a foregone conclusion. The returning board, with its usual manipulations of counting out and counting in, gave the treasury to the Republicans and allowed them a majority of two in the legislature, leaving five seats contested. After recounting instances of illegal action and fraud on the part of the returning board, the Democratic committee issued an address to the people of the United States : —

> "We, the down-trodden people of once free Louisiana, now call upon the people of the free states of America, if you would yourselves remain free and retain the right of self-government, to demand in tones that cannot be misunderstood or disregarded, that the shackles be stricken from Louisiana, and that the power of the United States army may no longer be used to keep a horde of adventurers in power."

The congressional investigating committee "unanimously found itself constrained to declare that the action of the returning board was arbitrary, unjust, and illegal." Nevertheless a few days before the assembling of the legislature, General Grant put General Sheridan in command of the department. The legislature convened on January 4th. As our authority states, the events of that day were memorable and unprecedented. "The state house was filled and surrounded by Metropolitans and federal soldiers, and no one was permitted to enter save by the Republican governor's orders. The clerk of the preceding house called the assembly to order. Fifty Democrats and fifty-two Republicans answered to their names. A Democratic temporary chairman was nominated ; the clerk interposed some objection, but the Conservative members disregarding him, the motion was put and declared carried by a *viva voce* vote. The chairman sprang to

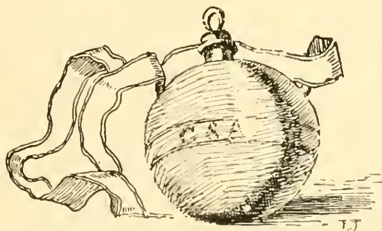
the platform, pushed the clerk (a negro) aside, and seized the gavel. A justice then swore the members in *en bloc* . . . a new clerk was elected, also a sergeant-at-arms; then, from among gentlemen who had secured admittance, assistant sergeants-at-arms were appointed. . . . The five contesting Democrats were admitted and sworn in. The Republicans now attempted to adopt their opponents' tactics . . . but the organization of the house was completed by the Democrats. . . . Pistols were drawn, and the disorder grew so great that the federal colonel in command was requested to insist upon order. This he did. . . . The house proceeded with the election of minor offices. . . . At length the federal colonel received word from the Republican governor, which his general orders bound him to obey, to remove the five members sworn in but not returned by the board. The speaker refusing to point them out, a Republican member did so, and in spite of protests they were forcibly removed by federal soldiers. The Democratic speaker then left the house, at the head of the Conservative members; the Republicans remaining, organized to suit themselves."

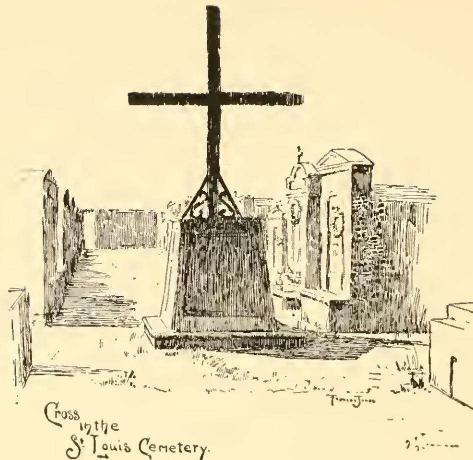
General Sheridan reported the matter, as his war reputation warranted that he should. He suggested that Congress or the President should declare the leaders of the White League banditti, so that he could try them by military commission. A public protest of indignation arose from the city. All the exchanges and the Northern and Western merchants and residents of the city passed resolutions denying the truth of the federal general's report, and, in an appeal to the nation, a number of New Orleans clergymen condemned it as "unmerited, unfounded, and erroneous."

A special congressional committee investigated the affair. It effected a "readjustment" by which the state was given to the Republican governor, but the decision of the returning board was reversed by seating twelve of the contestants excluded by it.

The last act of the reconstruction drama was the election of 1876, when the returning boards of three Southern states threw out enough Democratic votes to give the states to the Republican candidate for President; but in Louisiana the state was, as it was called, returned to the Louisianians, and they, for the first time since 1862, entered into possession of the government.

President Hayes withdrawing the federal support, the carpet-bag government collapsed.





CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

IT epitomizes a great section of the city's past, this Convent of the Holy Family. And in no other place of the city do the heart and the mind seem to be working together so reverently to spell from its past indications for its future. And, it would seem, in no other place to the historian, sociologist, or may we simply say humanitarian, does the future appear, not so bright, not so purely hopeful, but so providentially directed as in this institution.

It was on New Year's day, 1888, that the news spread through the community that the Mother Superior of the Coloured Convent of the Holy Family was dead. It was an occasion for the inquisitive to satisfy curiosity, as well as for the friends and well-wishers of the

convent to pay the respect of a call; for those of the Catholic faith to do more.

The body had not yet been transported to the chapel. She lay on the cot on which she had died a few hours before. Can one ever forget the sight? So small, so shrunken, so withered, such a mummy of a human figure, with a face, under the glitter of the burning candles, so yellow, wrinkled, sunken, so devitalized, so dehumanized, of all the elements of earthly passions. All around the bed were kneeling figures from the street, from the market, servants, beggars, sisters, orphans, and white ladies, the latter predominating, not by their number but by the elegance and distinction they cast over the assemblage. It was the time and the opportunity of all others to ask who was she, this Mother Juliette — and what is this Convent of the Holy Family?

During the *ancien régime* in Louisiana, the pure-blooded African was never called coloured, but always negro. The *gens de couleur*, coloured people, were a class apart, separated from and superior to the negroes, ennobled, were it by only one drop of white blood in their veins. The caste seems to have existed from the first introduction of slaves. To the whites, all Africans who were not of pure blood were *gens de couleur*. Among themselves, however, there were jealous and fiercely guarded distinctions; mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, griffes, each term meaning one more generation's elevation, one degree's further transfiguration in the standard of racial perfection; white blood. It was not a day of advanced science or morality in any part of the European world, and it must be remembered that New Orleans was, until recent years,

a part of the European world, not of the American. Crudely put, to the black Christian, God was a white man, the devil black; the Virgin Mary, the Saviour, the saints and angels, all belonged to the race of the master and mistress; white, divinized; black, diabolized. Is it necessary to follow, except in imagination, the infinite hope, the infinite struggle, contained in the inference?

From the first appearance of *gens de couleur* in the colony, dates the class, *gens de couleur libres*. By the census of 1788, their number amounted to fifteen hundred, and in the same year their aspirations began to be noticed. An excessive attention to dress, on the part of a mulattress or quadroon, was considered, according to an ordinance of Governor Miro, "an evidence of misconduct, which made her liable to punishment." A woman of that class was forbidden to wear jewels and plumes, and ordered to cover her hair with a kerchief, called by the Creoles a "tignon." They were also forbidden to have nightly assemblies.

These *gens de couleur* represent the first crest of the waves as the tide bears them in to curl rippling over the beach at our feet; but the eye involuntarily looks

further out, to the expanse beyond, the great black, mysterious mass, the race, out of which the tide comes to us. It is at first sight but a black, mysterious mass of brute labour, brought in shiploads, by brute capital, so to speak; the huddling, reeking, diseased, desperate catchings of a naked black humanity, without a filament of the clothing, language, or religion of the white humanity above them. Out of the inchoate blackness individual experience alone could make assortment and classification; features, expression, size, and the doctor's certificate were the quotable values at first, until Banbaras, Congoes, and smaller tribes became known, and figured on change. The damaged lots, the crippled and infirm, were sold for a trifle, and these bargains were eagerly seized upon by the poorer classes, so that a poor man's slave was not the mere term of social reproach which it is supposed to be.

The negroes made their own segregations on the plantations. They are described as singing in unison in the fields; incoherent, unintelligible words, in one recurring, monotonous, short strain of harmony, eddying around a minor chord, as they may in fact be heard in any field or street gang to-day. In the winter, when they were clad in their long capots of blanket, with the hood drawn over the head, they looked like a monastery of monks in the field; their shoes, called "quantiers," were pieces of raw-hide, cut so as to lace comfortably over foot and ankle.

These were the first cargoes, the African *bruts*, as they were called, going through their first rudiments of religion, language, and civilized training. Le Page du Pratz gives interesting information as to the proper management of them in this stage. The whites' fear

of insurrection, prevented it; every plantation was a camp; the discipline maintained was military, and military as it was understood and practised at that day. The one serious uprising of slaves in the history of the state took place when this patriarchal, despotic system had given place to the easy-going American regime. The evolution of these barbarians into skilled

labourers and Christian men and women was miraculously rapid; a generation sufficing to overleap centuries of normal development, to differentiate succeeding *brut* arrivals in the colony from one another by degrees of superiority and progress, mentally and physically, which can only be tabulated by using, as the negroes themselves did, shades of colour as expressions of measurement. The minute paternalism of the

French and Spanish domestic systems was peculiarly favourable to such development; the harmonious results from it can still be traced in the families of Spanish and French coloured Creoles; they themselves base aristocratic pretensions upon their French and Spanish antecedents, and at the time were the first to despise and contemn the laxer regime of the American domestic service.

One of their field songs which they sang in the early part of the century commemorates the feeling. D'Artaguette was a royal comptroller and commandant at Mobile in the time of Bienville: —

> "Di temps Missié d'Artagnette,
> Hé! Ho! Hé!
> C'était, c'était bon temps!
> Yé té menin monde à la baguette,
> Hé! Ho! Hé!
> Pas Nègres, pas rubans,
> Pas diamants
> Pour dochans,
> Hé! Ho! Hé!"

("In the time of Monsieur d'Artaguette, it was, it was a good time! The world was led with a stick. No negroes, no ribbons, no diamonds for [*dochans — des gens*] common people.")

They improvised their songs as they went along, as children do; picking up any little circumstance in the life about them, and setting it afloat on the rill of music that seemed to be ever running through the virgin forest of their brain. And their language, known only through the ear, became itself a fluent doggerel of harmony; the soft French and Spanish words, with the consonants filtered out by the thick, moist, sensitive lips, falling in vowel cadences, link upon link, hour after

hour, through the longest day's hardest task. Their songs, their music, their *patois*, still remain to soothe children to sleep; to lighten the burdensome hour, and to fill many a lazy one; and how little could it all be spared from the life of the place! And in fact, how much of the noted events of the old life of the place do the songs preserve for us; Master Cayetane, who came from la Havane to Congo square with a circus (a dozen stanzas of wonders); the battle of New Orleans; the fine balls, the names of masters and mistresses and police officers; and always the biting sarcasms about the free quadroons and the mulattoes whom they called "mules"; the rogueries of this scamp, the airs and graces of that one, and a whole *repertoire* of garbled versions of love and drinking-songs picked up from the masters' table, as now they pick up politics and business gossip. Under the *ancien régime*, it was a favourite after-dinner entertainment to have the slaves come in and sing, rewarding them with glasses of wine and silver pieces. Louis Philippe (that ever glorious and appropriate Louisiana memory) was thus entertained. It seems almost impossible for a true child of New Orleans to speak without emotion of the Creole songs, they run such a gamut of local sentiment and love, from the past to the present. And as for the Creole music, it is quite permissible to say it in New Orleans, that no one has ever known the full poetry and inspiration of the dance who has not danced to the original music of a Macarty or a Basile Barès. And it is a pleasure to own the conviction, whether it can be maintained or not, with reason, that America will one day do homage for music of a fine and original type, to some representative of Louisiana's coloured population.

No relation of the city in the first quarter of the century is complete without Elizabeth, or "Zabet Philosophe," who was as much a part of the *vieux carré* as the Cabildo was. She always maintained her age at the current standard of a hundred. She was born in the house of the widow of an officer who had served under Bienville; and, a pet of her mistress, had been freed by will, and since then had made her living as hairdresser to the aristocratic ladies in the city, her last patron being Madame Laussat. No Frenchman in the community suffered more than she did when the French flag was lowered to the American. She wept bitterly. Being told that the new government had proclaimed that all white men were free and equal, she ceased to be a menial, and took to selling pralines on the steps of the cathedral, or under the porch of the Cabildo, where she could see her friends, the judges and lawyers, as they passed on their way to court; and they seldom failed to loiter around her tray to provoke from her the shrewd comments, piquante stories and picturesque tales which won her the surname of Philosophe. She could neither read nor write, but she spoke pure, elegant French, as the court of the Grand Monarque did, by ear, and to her blue-blooded patrons she used her best language and all the high-flown courtesy of the old regime, and was profuse in well-set phrases of thanks when their silver pieces fell in her tray; common customers she treated with careless indifference. When court and cathedral closed, she would take up her place in the Place d'Armes, and pass the evening promenaders in review, recalling aloud this about their parents and grandparents, reminding them of one story and another, complimenting the ladies and petting the

children of her old people, as she called them. General Jackson, in 1815, shook hands with her and gave her a dollar. She was very pious at that time, but tradition hinted that she had not been pre-eminently so when she was young; to be reminded of this, however, only called a good-natured laugh to her face. "Why not? Pleasure and balls when one is young, church and prayer when one is old; that's my philosophy."

The great holiday place for the slaves in those days was Congo square, then well outside the city limits. People are yet living who remember what a gala day Sunday was to the negroes, and with what keen anticipations they looked forward to it. On a bright afternoon they would gather in their gay, picturesque finery, by hundreds, even thousands, under the shade of the sycamores, to dance the Bamboula or the Calinda; the music of their Creole songs tuned by the beating of the tam-tam. "Dansez Calinda! Badoum! Badoum!" the children, dancing too on the outskirts, adding their screams and romping to the chorus and movement. A bazaar of refreshments filled the sidewalks around; lemonade, ginger beer, pies, and the ginger cakes called "estomac mulattre," set out on deal tables, screened with cotton awnings, whose variegated streamers danced also in the breeze. White people would promenade by to look at the scene, and the young gentlemen from the College of Orleans, on their way to the theatre, always stopped a moment to see the negroes dance "Congo." At nightfall the frolic ceased, the dispersed revellers singing on their way home to another week of slavery and labour: "Bonsoir, dansé, Soleil, couché!"

A word, "Voudou," changes the gay, careless Sunday scene into its diabolic counterpart, a witches' sabbat, the

evening to midnight, the open square to hidden obscure corners, the dancers to bacchanals; the gay, frank music to a weird chanting, subtly imitative of the yearning sighing of the wind that precedes the tropical storm; rising and swelling to the full explosion of the tempest. Among the African slaves, under any applications or assumptions of Christianity, there was always Voudou superstition, lying dormant, with their past, but in the early days of slavery there was little chance or opportunity to practise the rites of Voudouism, as they were called. Their formal introduction in the city can be plausibly traced to the immigrant St. Domingo slaves. The accessories and ceremonies followed the description given of Voudou meetings in the West Indian Islands. There was the same secrecy of place and meeting, the altar, serpent, and the official king and queen; the latter with much profusion of red in her dress, the oath to the serpent; a string of barbarous epithets and penalties, the suppliants to the serpent coming up, one by one, with their prayers, always and ever for love or revenge, the king with his hand on the serpent, receiving from it the trembling of the body which he communicates to the queen, and which she passes on to all in the room; the trembling increasing to movement; the movement, to contortions of the body, convulsions, frenzy, ecstacies, the queen ever leading; the low humming song rising louder and louder; the dancers whirling around, faster and faster, screaming, waving their red handkerchiefs, tearing off their garments, biting their flesh, falling down delirious, exhausted, pell mell, blind, inebriated, in the hot dense darkness; — when the sheer lassitude of consciousness returns with daylight, retaining but one thing firmly

fixed in their minds, the date of the next meeting. An attempt of recent years to revive the annual Voudou celebrations, on St. John's Eve, with nothing of the old rites preserved but the dance, has been rigidly suppressed by the police authorities. The last Voudou queen, dead within the decade, was still an object of popular terror and superstition, and there are yet secret dispensers in the city, of Voudou magic; the black and white pepper, chicken feathers and minute bone combinations that still are used to charm love or send sure revenge of death; and there is still more belief in Voudouism among ignorant blacks and whites than one likes to confess.

Besides the white and slave immigrations from the West Indian Islands, there was a large influx of free *gens de couleur* into the city, a class of population whose increase by immigration had been sternly legislated against. Flying, however, with the whites from massacre and ruin, humanitarian sentiments induced the authorities to open the city gates to them, and they entered by thousands. Like the white *émigrés*, they brought in the customs and manners of a softer climate, a more luxurious society, and a different civilization. In comparison with the free coloured people of New Orleans, they represented a distinct variety, a variety which their numbers made important, and for a time decisive in its influence on the home of their adoption.

The very thought of Miro's regulations seems absurd, as we hear of them in their boxes at the Orleans theatre, rivalling the white ladies in the tier below them, with their diamonds, Parisian head-dresses, and elegant toilets; and of the tropical splendour with which they shone at their weekly balls. These were the celebrated

quadroon balls, that divided the nights of the week with the balls given to the white ladies, where none but white men were allowed, and where strange gentlemen were always taken, as to the amusement *par excellence* in the city. Robin, in 1804, remarked slily, as we have seen, that the gentlemen of New Orleans society were fond of seeking distractions elsewhere than in

their own sphere, so that the brilliancy of their balls was much diminished by the number of ladies condemned to be wall-flowers. And the travellers after him, with the licensed indiscretion of travellers, write admiringly of the piquante fascinations of these entertainments. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar confesses himself not indifferent to the tempting contrast offered by

the two balls only a few blocks apart, and he constantly notes in his Journal how he, in the interests of science or amusement, flitted between them. He writes, that the quadroon women who frequented these balls appeared almost white and that from their skins no one would detect their origin; they dressed well and gracefully, conducted themselves with perfect propriety and modesty, and were all the time under the eyes of their mothers. Some of them possessed handsome fortunes, but their position in the community was most humiliating. They regarded negroes and mulattoes with unmixed contempt. Of a quadroon masquerade at the Théâtre St. Philippe, that he left a white *soirée* to visit, the Duke says: "Several of them" (the quadroon ladies) "addressed me and coquetted with me in the most subtle and amusing manner." To an English traveller, the quadroon women were "the most beautiful he had ever seen, resembling the higher order of women among the high class Hindoos: lovely countenances, full, dark, liquid eyes, lips of coral, teeth of pearl, sylph-like features, and such beautifully rounded limbs and exquisite gait and manners that they might furnish models for a Venus or a Hebe." Those brilliant balls, in their way, are as incredible now as the slave marts and the Voudou dances; which, in their way, they seem subtly, indissolubly connected with.

The free coloured men, *per contra*, were retiring, modest, and industrious. The following notes are taken from an unpublished manuscript of Charles Gayarré on the subject: —

"By 1830, some of these *gens de couleur* had arrived at such a degree of wealth as to own cotton and sugar plantations with numerous slaves. They educated their children, as they had been

educated, in France. Those who chose to remain there, attained, many of them, distinction in scientific and literary circles. In New Orleans they became musicians, merchants, and money and real estate brokers. The humbler classes were mechanics; they monopolized the trade of shoemakers, a trade for which, even to this day, they have a special vocation; they were barbers, tailors, carpenters, upholsterers. They were notably successful hunters and supplied the city with game. As tailors, they were almost exclusively patronized by the *élite*, so much so that the Legoasters', the Dumas', the Clovis', the Lacroix', acquired individually fortunes of several hundred thousands of dollars. This class was most respectable; they generally married women of their own status, and led lives quiet, dignified and worthy, in homes of ease and comfort. A few who had reached a competency sufficient for it, attempted to settle in France, where there was no prejudice against their origin; but in more than one case the experiment was not satisfactory, and they returned to their former homes in Louisiana. When astonishment was expressed, they would reply, with a smile: 'It is hard for one who has once tasted the Mississippi to keep away from it.'

"In fact, the quadroons of Louisiana have always shown a strong local attachment, although in the state they were subjected to grievances, which seemed to them unjust, if not cruel. It is true, they possessed many of the civil and legal rights enjoyed by the whites, as to the protection of person and property; but they were disqualified from political rights and social equality. But . . . it is always to be remembered that in their contact with white men, they did not assume that creeping posture of debasement — nor did the whites expect it — which has more or less been forced upon them in fiction. In fact, their handsome, good-natured faces seem almost incapable of despair. It is true the whites were superior to them, but they, in their turn, were superior, and infinitely superior, to the blacks, and had as much objection to associating with the blacks on terms of equality as any white man could have to associating with them. At the Orleans theatre they attended their mothers, wives, and sisters in the second tier, reserved exclusively for them, and where no white person of either sex would have been permitted to intrude. But they were not admitted to the quadroon balls, and when white gentlemen visited

their families it was the accepted etiquette for them never to be present.

"Nevertheless it must not be imagined that the amenities were not observed when the men of the races met, for business or otherwise; many anecdotes are told to illustrate this. The wealthy owner of a large sugar plantation lived in a parish where resided also a rich, highly educated sugar planter of mixed blood, a man who had a reputation in his day for his rare and extensive library. Both planters met on a steamboat. When the hour for dinner struck, the white gentleman observed a small table set aside, at which his companion quietly took his place. Moved by this voluntary exhibition of humble acquiescence in the exigencies of his social position, the white gentleman, escorted by a friend, went over to the small table and addressed the solitary guest: 'We desire you to dine with us.' 'I am very grateful for your kindness, gentlemen,' was the reply, 'and I would cheerfully accept your invitation, but my presence at your table, if acceptable to you, might be displeasing to others. Therefore, permit me to remain where I am.'

"Another citizen, a Creole, and one of the finest representatives of the old population, occupying the highest social position, was once travelling in the country. His horses appearing tired, and he himself feeling the need of refreshment, he began to look around for some place to stop. He was just in front of a very fine, large plantation belonging to a man of colour, whom he knew very well, a polished, educated man, who made frequent visits to Paris. He drove unhesitatingly to the house, and, alighting, said: 'I have come to tax your hospitality.' 'Never shall a tax be paid more willingly,' was the prompt reply. 'I hope I am not too late for dinner.' 'For you, sir, it is never too late at my house for anything that you may desire.' A command was given; cook and butler made their preparations, and dinner was announced. The guest noticed but one seat and one plate at the table. He exclaimed: 'What! Am I to dine alone?' 'I regret, sir, that I cannot join you, but I have already dined.' 'My friend,' answered his guest, with a good-natured smile on his lips, 'Permit me on this occasion to doubt your word, and to assure you that I shall order my carriage immediately and leave, without touching a mouthful of this appetizing menu, unless you share it

with me.' The host was too much of a Chesterfield not to dine a second time, if courtesy or a guest required.

"The free quadroon women of middle age were generally in easy circumstances, and comfortable in their mode of living. They owned slaves, skilful hairdressers, fine washerwomen, accomplished seamstresses, who brought them in a handsome revenue. Expert themselves at all kinds of needle-work, and not deficient in taste, some of them rose to the importance of modistes, and fashioned the dresses of the elegantes among the white ladies. Many of them made a specialty of making the fine linen shirts worn at that day by gentlemen and were paid two dollars and a half apiece for them, at which rate of profit a quadroon woman could always earn an honest, comfortable living. Besides, they monopolized the renting, at high prices, of furnished rooms to white gentlemen. This monopoly was easily obtained, for it was difficult to equal them in attention to their tenants, and the tenants indeed would have been hard to please had they not been satisfied. These rooms, with their large post bedsteads, immaculate linen, snowy mosquito bars, were models of cleanliness and comfort. In the morning the nicest cup of hot coffee was brought to the bedside; in the evening, at the foot of the bed, there stood the never failing tub of fresh water with sweet-smelling towels. As landladies they were both menials and friends, and always affable and anxious to please. A cross one would have been a phenomenon. If their tenants fell ill, the old quadroons and, under their direction, the young ones, were the best and kindest of nurses. Many of them, particularly those who came from St. Domingo, were expert in the treatment of yellow fever. Their honesty was proverbial."

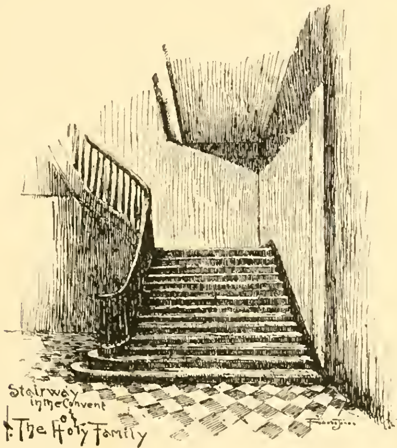
The desire of distinction, to rise from a lower level to social equality with a superior race, was implanted in the heart of the quadroon, as in that of all women. Hence an aversion on their part to marrying men of their own colour, and hence their relaxation and deviation from, if not their complete denial of, the code of morality accepted by white women, and their consequent adoption of a separate standard of morals for them-

selves, and the forcing it upon the community and upon the men of their own colour. Assuming as a merit and a distinction what is universally considered in the civilized world a shame and disgrace by their sex, their training of their daughters had but one end in view. Unscrupulous and pitiless, by nature or circumstance, as one chooses to view it, and secretly still claiming the racial license of Africa, they were, in regard to family purity, domestic peace, and household dignity, the most insidious and the deadliest foes a community ever possessed. Many of the quadroon belles, however, attained honourable marriage, and, removing to France, obtained full social recognition for themselves and their children.

The great ambition of the unmarried quadroon mothers was to have their children pass for whites, and so get access to the privileged class. To reach this end, there was nothing they would not attempt, no sacrifice they would not make. To protect society against one of their means, a law was passed making it a penal offence for a public officer in the discharge of his functions, when writing down the name of any coloured free person, to fail to add the qualification "homme" or "femme de couleur libre." But the officers of the law could be bribed, even the records of baptism tampered with; and the qualification once dropped, acted inversely, as a patent of pure blood.

It was in 1842, in the very heyday of the brilliant, unwholesome notoriety of the quadroon women, that the congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family was founded. Three young women of colour, descendants of three of the oldest and most respectable free coloured families in the city, came together resolved to

devote their lives, education, and wealth to the cause of religion and charity among their own people; to succour the helpless and old, to befriend friendless young coloured girls, to teach the catechism to the young, and prepare young and old for the sacrament of communion. They were afterwards joined by another young woman, like themselves of good family, education, and means. Their vocation, under the circumstances, seems sublime; their name a divine inspiration.



Mother Juliette was the oldest of the four young women. Of their history and personality, beyond their having possessed, in a marked degree, the beauty of their class, little is known. They concealed their past, with their features, under the veil of their order But it would seem that, in their case, the imagination is a safe means of approach to the story of their lives. And the imagination prompted, it may be, by the impulsive sentiment of sympathy; picturing them making proof

of their faith in their environment of race, time, and circumstance, sees them in the similitude of those barbarian virgins of primeval Christianity who made proof of their faith in the blood-stained arena of the amphitheatre; wild beasts springing around them, a pampered, luxurious world looking on. — In their renunciation, they at least, of their race, found the road to social equality. No white woman could do more; none have done better.

Like all beginners in a new field, they had many obstacles, trials, and tribulations to overcome; but their perseverance never faltered, and they could always count upon the support and sympathy of the Archbishop and his Vicar-General. Their first establishment was an obscure one on Bayou road. A few years later, they took charge of a home for old and infirm women; later, they built their house on Bayou road, between Rampart and St. Claude streets.

As may be foreseen, it was after the civil war that the sisters received the impetus of a new life, and felt the true prophetic bidding of the vocation that first sent them into service. Such a wave of want and misery from their own race rolled in upon them, that they battled merely to keep head above it. But nevertheless they managed to establish a school, open two branch houses in the country, and take charge of an orphan asylum. In 1881 they felt the ground under their feet once more, and looking up saw the promise of a new era dawning upon them. The old Orleans street ball-room was in the market for sale. They bought it. When they are asked "What were your means?" they answer simply: "Prayer and begging." When it is asked in the community, "Which are the sisters

to whom one listens and gives with the most pleasure?" the answer is unhesitating, "The little coloured sisters."

The community consists of forty-nine sisters, a superior, and an assistant. They follow the rule of St. Augustine, the novitiate lasting two years and six months; vows are renewed every year until after ten years' profession, when they become perpetual. They receive orphans, not only from Louisiana, but from every state in the Union; from South America, Central America, and Mexico. Their pay scholars come from every community, it would seem, in the New World to which Africans were brought as slaves, and they represent every possible admixture of French, Spanish, English, Indian, and African blood. There are few pure Africans among them.

Adjoining the Orleans ball-room, as we know, stood that social cynosure, the Orleans theatre. Long since burned down, its site was filled by the most blatant of circuses about the time that the ball-room became converted into a convent. The ring of the circus was separated only by the necessary width of the wall from the ball-room — that is, from the chapel of the convent, and from the very altar which filled the end of the ball-room; and the ribald noises of the ring made most demoniacal irruptions into the chapel, disturbing the devotions of the sisters, profaning their most sacred ceremonies. Indeed, as related by the sisters, it seemed at times, such was the din that poured in from behind the altar and over the head of the pale virgin, as if the old mocking spirits of the room, infuriated into a ten-thousandfold fury of maliciousness, were determined to regain possession of it. The discouraging thought

more than once came to the sisters — it was of course the malicious suggestion of the evil spirits — that neither prayer nor exorcism would ever prevail against the *genius loci*, that the ball-room could never become a chapel, but must remain according to its original character, a ball-room, aye and forever. And so twelvemonth succeeded twelvemonth, and circus and convent, in their inevitable antagonism, waged their war, each after its kind; the convent, silent, resigned, firm; the circus, bold, brazen, and triumphant, as no doubt circuses cannot help being. But the circus, foredoomed (as circuses also inevitably seem to be), went the way of the theatre: it was consumed one night.

The convent, by the usual miracle of convents, escaped. And it did more than escape; for, before the dawning of daylight, a scheme to buy the ground under the smouldering ruins of her antagonist began to formulate itself in the brain of the mother superior. The scheme was imparted to the community after service; by noon the prayers and the begging to accomplish it were at work. The orphan asylum to-day fills the site of the circus; and, covering the ring of the circus — not to say that the measurement is exact, over the once noisy, brilliant little hippodrome (it was never more wicked than that), extinguishing forever even the memory of its departed glories of spangles, stockinette, clown, trapeze, trick horse, and learned dog — rises a chapel, the new public chapel of convent and asylum.

This chapel, it must be emphasized as a necessary finish to the relation, was built from a legacy left the sisters, just at the moment they needed it for the purpose, by one of their own colour and class, Thomy Lafon, a philanthropist who (this must also be added

to the relation and to his memory), seeing no colour nor sect in his love for his city, distributed his life's earnings, by will, indiscriminately among white and black, Protestant and Catholic. The state legislature has ordered his bust to be carved and set up in one of the public institutions in the city. Like the statue to Margaret, it will be the first memorial of its kind in the country. It will be the first public testimonial by a state to a man of colour, in recognition of his broad humanitarianism and true-hearted philanthropy.

"This," said the sister, stopping at the chapel door, "is the old Orleans ball-room; they say it is the best dancing floor in the world. It is made of three thicknesses of cypress. That is the balcony where the ladies and gentlemen used to promenade; on the banquette down there the beaux used to fight duels."

CHAPTER XV.

THE present brings us to ourselves, which is quite a different point of view from our ancestors and the past. To look into to-day is to look into a mirror; and a mirror, except to the dim-visioned, affords mostly only ocular verification of secret apprehensions. Thank Heaven, it is only we who, looking out of our own eyes into the mirror, and seeing the thousand proofs that we are not what we would be, can know the reason for it; others guess and infer; we know. But reasons, after all, are only a satisfaction in the abstract life of science. Nothing is more discouraging in real life than reasons; — the great inevitable in broken causes. Sometimes it almost seems that it is the irrational alone that can hope for tranquility here below, for their logical deficiency cuts them off, not only from the inherited responsibilities of the past, but emancipates them from those of the future.

However, if there be secular consolation for our personal mortality as citizens, in the sentiment of the continuity of the life of the city itself, there is the same consolation for our limited morality in the sentiment of the moral continuity of the city, as a recent French writer expresses it, in "the sentiment of the city itself;

of the incessant need we have of her, and the immense part she has had, and will never cease to have, in the formation of our spiritual as well as material security and well-being; of what laborious efforts it has cost anterior generations to constitute her what she is . . . of the gratitude and consideration she deserves, notwithstanding her imperfections." . . .

With this sentiment in one's mind in regard to one's city, the most inadequate expression of her present condition seems to be that furnished by official figures, fertilized though they be into ever sturdier growth, annually, by statistical reports; the blessedness of knowing that a mother is increasing in health and wealth would be poorly conveyed by quotations from her physician's report or her bank account.

Sitting on the balcony, in the starlight of a mid-July night, thinking over the incompleteness of the task accomplished — and the brave effort of the task begun — when everything that should have been put in seems left out, and so much put in that might have been left out, as a journey which delighted in its actuality appears in retrospect only a vast series of regrets for what one did not see. On such an evening, looking up at the dim heavens above, there seem very few stars for very much sky, and it occurs then, that in the America of to-day, and city for city, figures are, after all, better media than letters.

Ah! Rockets suddenly break and spangle the dim heavens above with miniature constellations, comets, and meteors and there are at times more stars now in the sky than space to hold them; — showering in their splendid whirl through the Milky Way, across Scorpio, the Dipper, the Cross, Corona. — We remem-

ber that it is one day short of mid-July, that it is the fourteenth of July, "le quatorze, de France," that the thoroughfares are arched with the colours of the French Republic, that the Tricolor flutters from the car-heads, that the "Marseillaise" is the national hymn of the hour, and that patriotism is again speaking French, to commemorate the fête of the old own mother country of Louisiana. It is a timely interruption to recriminating thoughts, and they flash after the fire-works, from suggestion to suggestion and person to person, until they, too, spangle the dark interstices of retrospection and collect their fantastic groupings of constellations.

Moreau Gottschalk's "Danse Nègre" falls upon the ear. Moreau Gottschalk! how completely he had been forgotten in the account of that brilliant American period of the city! That any one could ever have forgotten him! He who carried the music of New Orleans into the great European lists, and won name and fame for himself and his city there. Yes; at that day it was called fame. It is a Creole pianist who is playing the "Danse Nègre" now. All the Creole pianists play Gottschalk's pieces, one can hear them at any time in the Creole portion of the city. And may they never cease to be played in the city of his birth and inspiration, for no music, imported by money from abroad, can ever speak to the native heart as it does. It is the atavism of the soil in sound. What can be written about his place and his people, that is not to be felt in his Danses, Berceuses and Meditations? and in him, in Gottschalk, too; one of the best of Creole blossomings, the purest French, Spanish, and good old Holland blood, ripened by all the influences of the place, into the

Benjamin Franklin.

efflorescence of music. And what a ripening influence he has been for others! How many little Creole boys and girls since his triumph have been spurred to the daily routine practice at the piano by stories of how little Moreau Gottschalk at seven years accomplished his six hours a day. And ah! what meteoric visions of a Moreau Gottschalk future have cheered the five-finger exercises and the long sittings on the hard, round, haircloth stool, so inexorably out of reach of the pedals. And later, when another age had succeeded to the five-finger exercise age, when all the glamourous details of the artist's life (until then so carefully concealed, which made them all the more seductive) became known, with his tragic death in South America, the fervid hearts of the young pianists beat for all that too, as for the only life and death for an artist.

Another meteor flamed into view shortly afterwards — Paul Morphy. It really appeared at that time as if the Crescent City were going to provide the United States with celebrities. She thinks still, in her pride, that she would have done so had not her most promising youth been drafted, since the Civil War, into the menial service of working for a living. It was not very long ago that, at opera, theatre, concert, ball, or promenade, or at celebrations at the cathedral, the figure of Paul Morphy was instinctively looked for. Dark-skinned, with brilliant black eyes, black hair; slight and graceful, with the hands and smile of a woman, his personality held the eye with a charm that appeared to the imagination akin to mystery. He belonged also to what is called the good old families, and dated from what is called the good old times, and lived in one of the old brick mansions on Royal street,

whose pretty court-yard ever attracts the inquiries of the passing-by stranger. And as young musicians of the day strummed after the star of Gottschalk, so young chess-players played with Morphy's glittering triumphs and the chess championship of the world before them. They are old chess-players now, meeting in a great club of their own, entertaining distinguished visitors, and holding their local and international matches; but that which most prominently characterizes these old gentlemen to the foreign and to the home chess world of to-day is not, as they imagine, their personal prowess at the game, undisputed as that is, but the perpetuating in their club of the Morphy tradition and sentiment; the Creole tradition and sentiment, it may be called, which give picturesqueness, not only to the individuals but to so many of the institutions of New Orleans, localizing them, narrowing them, perhaps, but infinitely poetizing, and, we may say, enhancing them.

Out of that period, however, there is no man who strikes the taste of the present with so fine a flavour of the old-time dramatic vicissitudes as he whom the children of the public schools are being taught to-day to love as their greatest benefactor, to whose bust they bring flowers, and for whom commemorative exercises are held once a year,—John McDonogh. The life that he acted out here might have been composed by a great novelist, it seems so well adjusted to its round of circumstance. It was lived, however, and not merely written; otherwise the criticism would be that it was too realistic, and that it was weakened by that absurd adjunct, a moral; and the story begins in the commonplace way that no modern self-respecting novelist would deign to employ.

McDonogh was born in Baltimore, of worthy and and good Scotch parentage, and came to New Orleans in 1800, in his twenty-second year, on a commercial venture. Tall, fine looking, liberally educated, refined, polished in manner, with the best social credentials, he had all the qualifications necessary at that time in the community to make an American *persona grata* in society — in society, which, in reality, was the community. He was, as is always carefully explained (a very antique explanation it is nowadays), a gentleman first, a keen, shrewd, commercial genius secondarily. In ten years he had made his fortune, a fortune, as it was understood then, counted by the hundreds of thousands, not by the millions; and he enjoyed it as gentlemen were then expected to enjoy fortunes, in a handsome establishment (on Chartres and Toulouse streets), with a rich gentleman's retinue of slaves, carriages, horses; giving balls, receptions, dinner-parties, entertaining; leading the life, in short, of a wealthy young gentleman of good birth, breeding, and manners, who was fond of society. He was, in the authoritative judgment of prudent mammas, the *parti par excellence* in the city. Micæla Almonaster was then in all the belle-hood of her fortune and sixteen years, and society — or the Almonaster faction in society — would have it that he had asked the hand of Micæla, as all the young beaux were then doing, but was refused because he was a heretic, and not of birth noble enough for a union with the daughter of the Alferez Real. But this is only a report, to be buzzed between women in balcony gossips.

During the invasion, and at the battle of New Orleans, McDonogh distinguished himself by his gallantry

and liberality, as all young men in society were in honour bound to do, his name and his person figuring conspicuously in all functions. Then — this is the fact, although balcony talkers run over it in that perfunctory, uninterested way they have of treating facts — there came to New Orleans a Baltimore merchant of wealth and distinction. As has been noted, wealth at that day was not essentially the distinction of merchants. He brought his wife and young daughter with him. It is one of the prettiest of pleasures to a listener to hear old beaux talk about this young Baltimore girl. She was extremely beautiful and an heiress, but — this is never insisted upon — she did not impress by means of it at all, but entirely by her grace, her modesty, her dignity, seriousness, ineffable charm, and the old-fashioned virtues of truth, candour, and high principles. The old beaux say with conviction, and their assurance begets conviction, even in a woman now, that for all in all, they have never in a long life since seen a woman to compare with her. The *parti* of New Orleans loved her, without hesitation, at first sight — but they say all men did that — and she, when she knew him, loved him. He made the formal *demande en mariage*. The father, a fervent Roman Catholic, exacted a change of religion. This was categorically refused by the Scotch Presbyterian lover. The young girl made no terms about religion: she could not, knowing his love and her love. So they agreed to wait, and trust to time and persuasion to change the father's determination.

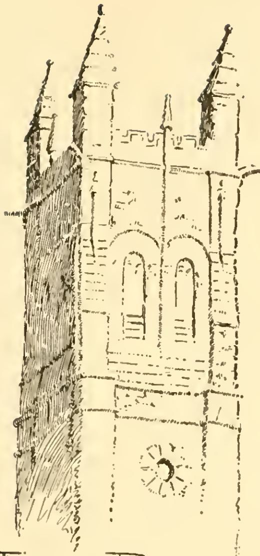
They waited and hoped in vain. Another formal demand was made for the daughter; it was again rejected. The young girl then announced that, as she

could not marry the man she loved, she would become a nun. She took the veil in the Ursuline chapel. He as effectually, in his own way, took the robe and tonsure. He broke up his establishment in the city, abandoned his elegant social life, and retired to a solitary and isolated existence on his plantation across the river, at the little town whose lawlessness had even then earned for it the title of "Algiers." Every morning, except Sunday, he would cross the river in his own skiff, rowed by his slaves, land, walk to his place of business, remain there until afternoon, return on foot to the levee, cross the river again to his sequestered home. This was all that his former friends ever saw of his life.

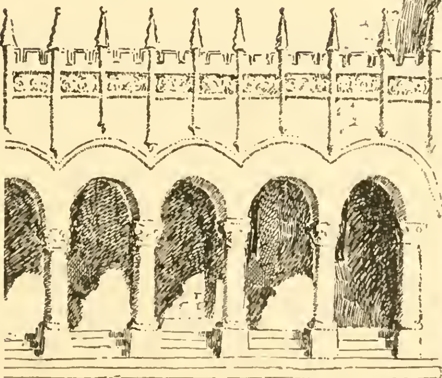
As the young girl had renounced all but religious communication with the world, he appeared to have renounced all but business communication with it; and, as she laboured in her faith for one expression of a purpose, he laboured in his faith for another expression of it. Money-making was still in a primitive state of development. It was really money-making; laying up, piece by piece, filing bill after bill; it was buying and selling a commodity itself, not the wagerable values of it; it was bargaining upon the earth, not speculating in the air. The gay, easy society of the place, reckoning as gentlemen and for gentlemen, owned but two capital sins, — cowardice and avarice; it was pitiless to both. The rumour started that the whilom leader of society was making money, not for the enjoyment it could buy for him and his fellow-creatures, but for its own sordid sake; that he was hoarding it; women began to grow cold to him; men to avoid him, except for business purposes. Thirty

years afterwards, a long period of time reckoned humanly, a bent, grey, meanly clad figure, with stern, compressed face, was pointed at on the street as McDonogh the Miser.

So it came to be; McDonogh, nothing else that any one cared to remember, but McDonogh the Miser. In fact, everything else about him had been forgotten. As, during one period of his life every circumstance fawned to him, and suggested to his courtiers more and more titles of respectful, even loving, admiration, now every circumstance produced some discredit to turn upon him ; and, from the highest to the lowest in the city, no one seemed ever to know him, except to hate his insufferable meanness ; and all seemed conscience-free to spy upon him and report about him. The market-people would relate the miserable pittance he expended every two or three days upon soup-meat and potatoes ; the ferryman how, for thirty years, summer and winter, in rain or shine, he had crossed the river in an open skiff, rather than pay five cents to the ferry, except once during a furious storm. The newspaper boys repeated that he was never known to buy a newspaper ; the hackmen, that but once in the long thirty years he took the omnibus; — the day before his death, when he was seized with a faintness in the street. He sued a widow and an orphan on a note, and was vilipended in open court for it. He could never have been otherwise than of imposing appearance; his face, from mere feature effect, must ever have been fine . . . yet it was used as an abhorrent symbol of avarice and nothing but avarice. He had no blood in his veins, it was said, and as much heart as a ten-dollar gold piece. Most pathetic of all was the way the children knew him, despised him, and



Tower & Portico
of
St Paul's Church.



shrank from him, and repeated all the parental accusations against him. Had he been a proven villain, he could not have been treated, in the hearts of people, more cruelly. Nay, there were even then, as there always will be in society, rich villains who were treated well by all; but they were not *stingy.* Common people said he was even too mean to be immoral.

It was a generous, free-handed time, as we must remember, every one making money and spending it. There was even some emulation among the rich to link their names to the city by some deed of gift, and so gain at least a momentary dispensation from the oblivion of death. McDonogh buying and selling and shaving paper, accumulating his land and property, reducing even his business relations with men to the barest necessities, revealed, during the long thirty years of his after life, but one touch of humanity. When the Ursuline sister, after her thirty years of work, became superior of the convent, he availed himself of the privilege she possessed, of receiving visitors, and called upon her every New Year, and it was noted that he dressed carefully and appeared not at all the old man he was, but the old man that his youth promised to become.

Death took him at last one day in 1850, and people laughed to think how much it was like Death taking himself. He was buried the next day, Sunday afternoon, in the tomb he had prepared on his plantation. His will was probated. And then, to the eyes of the city, it was as if the heavy dull clouds of a winter's day had suddenly cracked, showing through innumerable fissures glimpses of brightness above and beyond; the brightness which had always been on the other side.

Little real money was left; the hoardings had been of

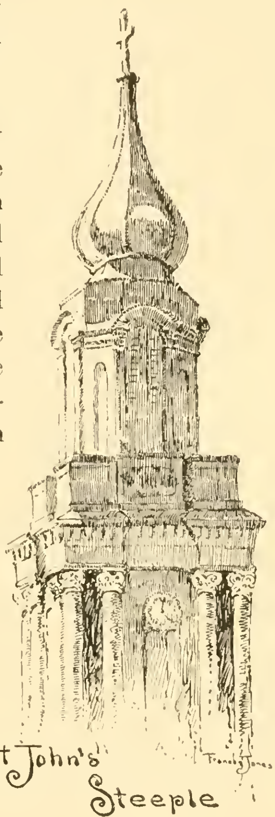
land and city property. "I have preferred," he wrote in his will, "as a revenue, the earth, as part of the solid globe. One thing is certain, it will not take wings and fly away as gold and silver and governmental bonds and stocks often do. It is the only thing in this world that approaches anything like permanency." He bequeathed it all to the two cities, Baltimore and New Orleans, for educational purposes, asking "as a small favour, that the little children shall sometimes come and plant a few flowers above my grave." It is a pathetic document, this long, rambling will, and in reading it one quivers involuntarily at the harsh, rude speeches that dogged the man's old age, and one shrinks away from the presentment by imagination of the long, lonely evenings that filled the thirty-five years of the solitary plantation home, — and one wishes — ah! how one wishes! — that the little children had not mocked and pointed at him, and that at least one in his life had proffered him the flowers he craved for his grave. "I feel bound to explain," he wrote; "having seen and felt that my conduct, views, and object in life were not understood by my fellow-men. I have much, very much to complain of the world, rich as well as poor; it has harassed me in a thousand different ways. . . . They said of me: 'He is rich, he is old, without wife or child, let us take from him what he has!' Infatuated men! They knew not that that was an attempt to take from themselves, for I have been labouring all my life, not for myself, but for them and their children."

The last clause reads: "The love of singing, given me in my youth, has been the delight and charm of my life throughout all its subsequent periods and trials. Still has its love and charm pervaded my existence and gilded

my path to comparative happiness below, and I firmly believe led me to what little virtue I have practised."

A woman's faded, gold-embroidered slipper was found hidden away among his papers.

Descendants of his slaves tell how kind he was to them, and how comfortably he housed them. He built a church for them, in which he often read the Bible and preached to them. He introduced among them a scheme of gradual emancipation, by which each one could purchase freedom in the course of fifteen years, on condition of returning to Africa when freed. It worked so well that chastisement became unknown on the plantation, and eighty self-freed men and women left Algiers for Liberia in 1841. "They had something to look forward to," he explained in his will, "a spark glowed in their bosoms. Take hope from a man's heart, and life is not worth living." His theory was that white and black men could not live harmoniously, side by side, in freedom, and in his last counsel to his negroes, he urged them, "as their friend, should freedom ever come to them, that they separate themselves from the white man; that they


Saint John's Steeple

take their wives, their children, and their substance, and depart to the great and ancient land of their fathers." According to the provisions of his will, a second cargo of freed slaves sailed for Africa in 1858.

In 1855, after a tedious and costly litigation, the two cities took possession of their inheritance. Despite the usual mismanagement of a money trust by a city's official guardians and the depreciation in value of the property and other losses, in consequence of the Civil War, over half a million of dollars remained to carry out the purpose of McDonogh. They have bought or built over twenty handsome public schoolhouses, and under the present most worthy administration of the fund, a goodly fortune still rests to the credit of the school-children of the state. In each schoolhouse has been placed a bust of John McDonogh, and, as has been said, the little children are now being taught, among other lessons, to reverence and love him. . . . But a bad name dies hard, and love is a difficult thing to learn theoretically.

At the same time with John McDonogh, and side by side with him, lived his contrast, one whose name is a synonym for all that is charitable, loving, and broad-minded, the Israelite, Judah Touro. He also came to the city in the first year of the century, and made his venture in commerce. He was at Chalmette, and, physically incapacitated from fighting, he volunteered to carry shot and shell to the batteries, and fell wounded, it was thought mortally. For thirty years he devoted himself exclusively to business, and was never seen on the streets except on his way to and from his office; and he, too, from an early disappointment in love, never married. But it is estimated that during

his lifetime he gave away over four hundred thousand dollars in charity. For his own people he built a synagogue, an almshouse, an infirmary, purchased a cemetery, and contributed forty thousand dollars to the Jewish cemetery at Newport. He built a Christian church for a minister whom he greatly admired, and contributed to every Christian charity in the city. He subscribed twenty thousand dollars to the Bunker Hill monument. Of his private benefactions, particularly during the epidemics, the only record is, that he not only never refused and never stinted, but that he was always the first and most generous giver. He was niggardly only to himself, gratifying only the strictly necessary personal wants. His clerk once bought him a coat, and on the same day a friend bought a similar one two dollars cheaper; he made the clerk return his purchase; but a few hours later he gave five thousand dollars to the sufferers from the Mobile fire, before any demand had been made upon him.

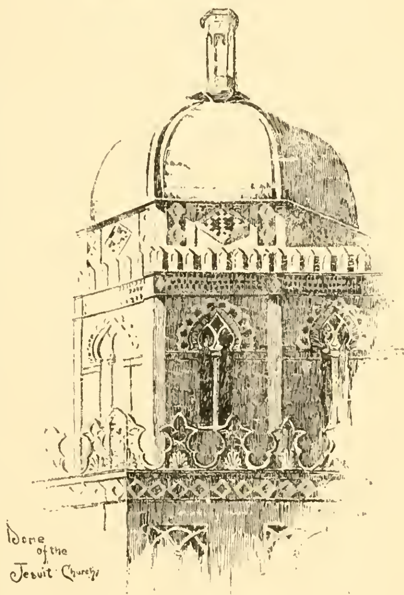
He died in 1854. His will distributed one-half of his fortune in charity; every Hebrew congregation in the country was remembered, and a legacy was left to the project of restoring the scattered tribes of Israel to Jerusalem.

There is another figure, another story, perhaps the most original of all, that comes to us out of this little past just behind us, to which our little present played the rôle of vague, distant future. By the rush light of our reality, how clear and distinct appear to us its ideals, problems, mysteries, its enigmatical destinies! What a game of blindman's-buff our grandparents seem to be playing! What stumblings! What gropings! What irrationality! We wonder as naïvely at their

unconsciousness of their foolishness as Iberville did at the young Indian girls who, he wrote in his journal, went naked without knowing it. And *à propos* of this, fancy has often suggested: suppose some Cagliostro had entered one of the vaunted, dazzling assemblages of the society of the time, and, looking upon all the beautiful and charming and distinguished women about him, had predicted to them that one woman living then in their city would be the first woman in the United States honoured by a monument; what a thrill of excitement would have passed through the beautiful faces, what a glance of expectation leap into the lovely eyes! For, in their youth and beauty, flattered by the adulation around them into the momentary immortality of belle-hood, women (intrinsically simple as the sex is about itself) might easily be startled at a ball into pretensions to the permanent immortality of a monument. Suppose that under challenge and badinage, Cagliostro had volunteered to lead them to the woman in question, with what a titter of expectation and excitement the gay rout, bursting like a Mardi Gras procession into the dark street and night outside, would have followed him. Through all the best streets, by all the best houses, away from all the good families, churches, charitable institutions, farther and farther from every possible precinct or neighbourhood of their own, to the *terra incognita* of back streets, alley-ways and servants' passages, winding up at last, oh, climax of the absurd! in the laundry of the St. Charles hotel, where a short, stout, good-faced young Irishwoman was finishing her day's task.

There is not much to tell. Margaret Haughery's story is simple enough to be called stupid, with im-

punity. A husband and wife, fresh Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore of yellow fever, leaving their infant, named Margaret, upon the charity of the community. A sturdy young Welsh couple, who had crossed the ocean with the Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child. They were Baptists, but they reared her in the faith of her parents, and kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank in life. Failing health forced the husband to remove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterwards, Margaret, in New Orleans, lost her baby. To make a living, she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for her monument.



The sisters of a neighbouring asylum were at the time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was becoming daily more necessary to them. The childless widow, Margaret, went to

the superior and offered her humble services and a share of her earnings. They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings at the laundry, Margaret bought two cows, and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. It was during those deadly periods of the great epidemics, when children were orphaned by the thousands. The new, larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years Margaret's dairy, pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum — her baby-house, as Margaret called it — was built, and then the St. Elizabeth training-asylum for grown girls. With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest. One of her debtors, a baker, failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for his debt. She therefore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread for the milk cart. She drove one as well as the other, and made her deliveries with the regularity that had become as characteristic of her as her sunbonnet was. She furnished the orphan asylums at so low a price and gave away so much bread in charity that it is surprising that she made any money at all ; but every year brought an increase of business, and an enlargement of her original establishment, which grew in time into a factory worked by steam. It was situated in the business centre of the city, and Margaret, always sitting in the open doorway of her office, and

always good-humoured and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her, and, as it was said no enterprise that she endorsed ever failed, she was consulted as an infallible oracle by all; ragamuffins, paper boys, porters, clerks, even by her neighbours, the great merchants and bankers, all calling her "Margaret" and nothing more. She never dressed otherwise than as her statue represents her, in a calico dress, with small shawl, and never wore any other head covering than a sunbonnet, and she was never known to sit any other way than as she sits in marble. She never learned to read or write, and never could distinguish one figure from another. She signed with a mark the will that distributed her thousands of dollars among the orphan asylums of the city. She did not forget one of them, white or coloured; Protestants and Jews were remembered as well as Catholics, for she never forgot that it was a Protestant couple that cared for her when she was an orphan. "They are all orphans alike," was her oft-repeated comment. The anecdotes about her would fill a volume. She never parted from any one without leaving an anecdote behind her, so to speak.

During the four years of the war she had a hard task to maintain her business; but she never on that account diminished her contributions to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the families of Confederate soldiers.

When she died, it seemed as if people could not believe it. "Margaret dead!" Why, each one had just seen her, talked to her, consulted her, asked her for something, received something from her. The news of the death of any one else in the city would have been received with more credulity. But the journals all

appeared in mourning, and the obituaries were there, and these obituaries, could she have read them, would have struck Margaret as the most incredible thing in the world to have happened to her. The statue was a spontaneous thought, and it found spontaneous action. While her people were still talking about her death,

Cloister at Christ Church Cathedral.

the fund for it was collected; it was ordered and executed; and almost before she was missed there, she was there again before the asylum she had built, sitting on her same old chair that every one knew so well, dressed in the familiar calico gown with her little shawl over her shoulders, not the old shawl she wore every day, but the pretty one of which she was so proud, which the orphans crocheted for her.

All the dignitaries of the State and city were at the unveiling of the statue. A thousand orphans, representing every asylum in the city, occupied the seats of honour; a delegation of them pulled the cords that held the canvas covering over the marble, and, as it fell, and "Margaret" appeared, their delight led the loud shout of joy, and the hand-clapping. The streets were crowded as far as the eye could see, and it was said — with, no doubt, an exaggeration of sentiment, but a pardonable one — that not a man, woman, or child in the crowd but knew Margaret and loved her. And there is an explanation of this exaggeration that might be excusably mentioned, that as the unveiling of the monument took place in the summer, when the rich go away for change of air, the crowd was composed of the poorer classes, the working people, black as well as white. As the dedication speech expressed it for them for all time: "To those who look with concern upon the moral situation of the hour, and fear that human action finds its sole motive to-day in selfishness and greed, who imagine that the world no longer yields homage save to fortune and to power . . . the scene . . . affords comfort and cheer. When we see the people of this great city meet without distinction of age, rank, or creed, with one heart, to pay their tribute of love and respect to the humble woman who passed her quiet life among us under the simple name of 'Margaret,' we come fully to know, to feel, and to appreciate, the matchless power of a well-spent life. . . . The substance of her life was charity, the spirit of it, truth, the strength of it, religion, the end, peace — then fame and immortality."

Out of same period came, also, Paul Tulane, who endowed the city with a university.

"Gesta dei per francos," as the device went of the *preux* chevaliers of France among the Crusaders: we must credit this great benefactor to the mother country and mother blood of Louisiana. The family of Tulane figures in the earliest records of Tours, in which, for one hundred and fifty years, various members of it held an eminent judicial office. The immediate family of Paul Tulane were Huguenots; his father emigrated to St. Domingo, where, as a merchant with business connections in the United States and France, he accumulated great wealth. He lost it all there in the revolution. Barely escaping, with his family, the massacre in which most of his relatives and friends perished, he sought refuge in the United States, and established himself near Princeton, New Jersey. The straitened circumstances of his father could grant but a meagre education to young Paul Tulane. At sixteen he was working on the family's farm, and assisting in a small grocery at Princeton. His cousin, the son of the probate judge at Tours, travelling in the United States through the South and West, took him as companion. The journey lasted three years and was filled with all the adventures and experiences with which travelling in that day was replete. Two incidents of the journey were ever afterwards outstanding in Tulane's memory: a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage and meeting on a steamboat in Kentucky some French-speaking gentlemen, Creoles from New Orleans, who were taking their sons to college. This struck him, coming from Princeton, as most strange. "Is it true," he asked, "that there is no college in New Orleans where the young men can be educated?" These words and his surprise recurred to him again and again in after life.

Attracted, doubtless, by the nationality of the place, he came, in 1822, to New Orleans. An epidemic of yellow fever was raging at the time, but he needed to work, and found it easier to secure a good situation then when there were so many vacant from death and abandonment than at a pleasanter season. Industrious, prudent, frugal, and unquestionably honourable in every transaction, he soon rose from a subordinate position and engaged in business for himself, making, in course of time, not only a living, but a fortune, alongside of the older McDonogh, Touro, and the many other great fortune makers of the day. Paying a visit, fifteen years later, to France with his father, the latter took occasion, as they were passing through Nantes and Bordeaux, to call his attention to the depressed commercial situation of the once prosperous cities, the deserted harbours, empty, rotting warehouses; brought about by the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. He predicted a like fate for New Orleans, and reminding his son of the ruin of his own fortune in St. Domingo, warned him against investing his money in the South. The young merchant, therefore, placed the bulk of his profits in New Jersey, although for a quarter of a century afterwards he realized princely rentals from his investments in New Orleans.

There are no dramas, no romances, tragedies, nor passions told of Tulane, although he never married. His life was that of a merchant intent on business; of a man of dignity, distinction, refinement, and means. The newspapers did not publish such things then, therefore there is only private testimony to establish it, but it was always said of him, from the beginning of his career in New Orleans, that in proportion to his

means, he gave away more in charity than any other man in the United States. The only anecdotes extant about him relate to his love for New Orleans and for its people. He was fond of boasting that he had eaten fifty-one Fourth of July dinners in the place.

The day predicted by his father came to pass; the question of slavery brought revolution and ruin into the city. A strong sympathizer with the South, Tulane gave liberally to the families of Confederate soldiers in the city, and was the ever ready helper of Confederate prisoners. His personal losses by the war were great, but they were naught in comparison with those who, losing only thousands, lost their all; with families turned upon the world as destitute as his own had been by the revolution of St. Domingo. Commonplace as such things are in print, they strike with an awful originality into one's own experience, and the old merchant felt keenly the change in the fortunes about him. After his fifty-first Fourth of July dinner, he returned to his family in New Jersey to end his days, being then past his three-score years and ten.

This was in 1873, the darkest period of the city's social and political disorganization. Tulane could not, perhaps, in the whole prosperous triumphant North, have found a more striking contrast to his "beloved Crescent City," as he called it, than was offered by Princeton; the opulent little college town, with its fine old buildings, libraries, and museums, its distinguished society of resident professors, its shaded streets swarming with handsome, happy students. In the old days Princeton had been a favourite college with the South. In the arrogant spirit of the time, it was con-

sidered *aristocratic* and the best place North for the education of a gentleman's sons, and its rolls had carried generation after generation of the best families from every Southern State. Crowded as were the streets of Princeton then, few Southern faces were to be met; from New Orleans it was doubtful if one could be found.

And the old question and exclamation in Paul Tulane's mind had become now a melancholy confession, with an addendum. There was no college in New Orleans for the education of her boys, and there was no money to educate them elsewhere. Had all the revenues of Louisiana been turned into the public schools after the close of the Civil War, it would not have more than sufficed for the urgent needs of the moment. Besides the white children, there was now another entire population of the State, the negroes, to be taught, and of these not merely the children, but the grown men and women, clamouring, in their new freedom, for the school rudiments, the alphabet, spelling-book, and arithmetic. But the public schools, with the other branches of the state government, had been made a factor in politics by the Reconstructionists, and with all the millions wrung from the taxpayers to meet the misappropriations of factional legislatures, a mere pittance had been granted to the cause of education. Northern philanthropy came to the rescue of the negro race; colleges and universities for their benefit, handsomely equipped and well endowed, were soon in full operation all over the South. In New Orleans two universities were established for them. For the whites, there was the shell of the old University of Louisiana; and it retained a corporate ex-

istence only through the Schools of Medicine and of Law.[1]

The School of Medicine, established in 1835, had made a brilliant record for itself before the war; not only for the ability and distinction of its faculty, but for the advantages in practical instruction it offered, through its Charity hospital. It maintained itself during the war and disorders following the disaster; and now, the only institution of its kind in reach of the impoverished students of the Gulf States, overstretched its dimensions and capacity to fulfil the demands made upon it. The Law School, founded in 1847, with a record only less brilliant than the medical department, had also survived its trials, to throw open its lecture-rooms to a swarm of eager aspirants. The Academic department, organized at the same time as the Law School, could not, in a community wholly in favour of a foreign education for its youth, have had other than an apathetic career. Kept up before the war only by the strenuous exertion of a few public-spirited citizens, it went under completely in the floods of war and reconstruction.

When the Louisianians came into possession of their own government again, in an effort to retrieve the past and to restore to their children their rightful opportunity of education, the Academic department was reorganized; but the State, overloaded with debt,

[1] An explanation seems here due to the reader, that a chapter containing the history of the Charity Hospital, an account of the New Orleans Bench and Bar, the return of the Jesuits and their educational work in the community, and summary of various charitable institutions and libraries, has, for fear of immeasurably prolonging the volume, been omitted.

Tulane University.

could do little more than provide a building and a poorly paid faculty. The professors, young Southerners who had thrown themselves into the work with the zeal and devotion of patriot missionaries, found their time and strength more and more hopelessly over-matched by the increasing number of students; who, in their brilliant achievements of study, in their noble emulation to relieve parental responsibility and retrieve their political birthright, were as fine a body of students, their professors say, as ever responded to instruction. The very fact of their being so overmatched, however, fortified the determination and courage of the young professors, and they battled strong-heartedly in their class-rooms, fighting only for time, only to hold their Thermopylæ until help should arrive. Their students speak of them to-day as the students of the old college of Orleans speak of their professors.

Friends from New Orleans visiting Tulane describe the old Creole merchant as a hale, hearty man of medium height, with broad shoulders, compact figure, shrewd, kind face; energetic in speech and nervous in action, always sitting on the balcony of his great mansion, or walking in his spacious gardens and parks; and always asking questions about his old home and the friends left behind. This was his favourite theme of conversation; the city and the people, — going, with the insistence of the old, over and over the old names and old events, with all the comments suggested by his wisdom, sympathy, and experience. There was but one answer possible to his questions, as the old man himself knew: hard times, suffering, and want; very few, that is, very few of the rich citizens of his early days, but were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for existence;

widows giving lessons, boys and girls put to shop work. There were, of course, some rich people, and fortunes were still accumulating there; but the exceptions only heightened the contrast of the change that had come over the others.

To such a man, it was not the loss of fortune, the turning of luxurious aristocrats into wage earners, that counted; it was the apparent hopeless condemnation of a proud generation to a penalty of illiteracy from which even their former slaves were being reprieved; the depriving the young irrevocably, for lack of money, of the only means of preserving their autonomy in the face of money and of a money-ruled community. He was told of the young professors in their college, holding their defile, thinking every moment must end the struggle, and he bought the building and presented it to them, that, at least, no students should be neglected for want of room. This building, selected on account of its proximity to the School of Law and Medicine and the Academic department, was none other, by strange historic coincidence, than the blood-stained hall that held the Constitutional Convention of 1868, since known as Tulane Hall. And then the thought of a university began to work in the only quarter from which it seems relief could come to the white youth of New Orleans: in the brain of Paul Tulane. Two years later, in the spring of 1882, he made his donation in the following letter, addressed to a committee of gentlemen of the city: —

"A resident of New Orleans for many years of my active life, having formed many friendships and associations there dear to me, and deeply sympathizing with its people in whatever misfortunes or disasters may have befallen them, as well as being sincerely desir-

ous of contributing to their moral and intellectual welfare, I do hereby express to you my intention to donate to you . . . all the real estate I own and am possessed of in the city of New Orleans . . . for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, and industrial education among the white young persons in the city of New Orleans . . . for the advancement of learning and letters, the arts and sciences." A sudden memory of the old times, the gay ante-bellum period, must have occurred to him. "By the term education, I mean to foster such a course of intellectual development as shall be useful and of solid worth, and not merely ornamental or superficial. I mean you should adopt the course which, as wise and good men, would commend itself to you as being conducive to immediate practical benefit, rather than theoretical possible advantage. . . .

"With devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for enabling us to form these plans, and invoking his divine blessing upon you and your counsels, and upon the good work proposed among the present and future generations of our beloved Crescent City, I remain with great respect,

"Your friend and humble servant,

"PAUL TULANE."

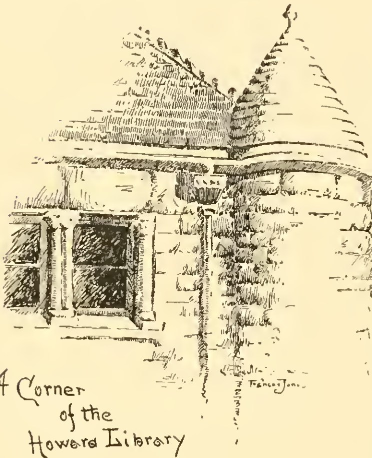
It was just two centuries and a few weeks from the date of La Salle's *Prise de Possession* and project of founding a city on the banks of the Mississippi. The city's grand climacteric may now be said to have been reached, — her history, to have entered a new era.

The endowment made amounts to one million and fifty thousand dollars. By a contract with the State, the administrators of the Tulane fund were made the administrators of the University of Louisiana, which became the Tulane University of Louisiana, and as such went into organization in 1884. After ten years' life in the old location, a nobler site has been provided for it, opposite the historic grounds of Audubon Park, upon which buildings have been erected worthy of the

purpose and design expressed in the letter of their founder.

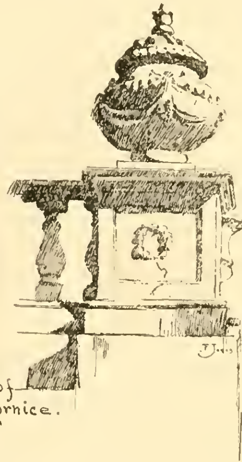
The good man lived only long enough to see his great gift started on its mission, for it may be said of such gifts what Milton said of books, that they "do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are."

Following close upon Tulane University, and made a department of it, came the H. Sophie Newcomb College for young women, established in 1886 by the widow of another successful New Orleans merchant. The Richardson Medical Building, the new home for the old medical college, commemorates the name of a distinguished and honoured physician and professor, and of his widow, who erected the building. The Howard Memorial Library, a reference library, making towards a rare and most valuable collection of Louisiana bibliography, is the pious tribute of a daughter to the memory of her father. These are all children of the spirit of Paul Tulane. It is only the respectful silence, imposed by the living presence of the donors among us, that closes the lips of the eulogist of to-day; the praise, however, can safely be confided to the future.



A Corner of the Howard Library

It was on the last Monday of the carnival, Lundi Gras, 1699, you remember, that Iberville made his way through the formidable palisades and superstitious terrors that guarded the mouth of the Mississippi. As he lay that evening on the rush-covered bank of the river, reposing from his fatigues and adventures, the stars coming out overhead, the camp-fires lighted near him, the savoury fragrance of supper spreading upon the air, he thought, according to his journal, of the gay rout going on at that moment in Paris, and contrasted his day with that of his frolicking friends. And he exulted in his superior pleasure, for he said it was gallant work, discovering unknown shores in boats that were not large enough to keep the sea in a gale, and yet were too large to land on a shelving shore where they grounded and stranded a half mile out. The next morning,



on Mardi Gras, he formally took possession of the country, and the first name he gave on the Mississippi was in honour of the day, to a little stream — Bayou Mardi Gras, as it still is printed on the last, as on the first map of the region. After such a beginning, and with such a coincidence of festivals, it is not surprising to find traces of Mardi Gras celebrations throughout all the early Louisiana chronicles. The boisterous buffooneries of the gay little garrison at Mobile generally made Ash Wednesday a day for military as well as clerical

discipline, and the same record was maintained in New Orleans. As for New Orleans, it is safe to say that her streets saw not the sober qualities of life any earlier than the travesty of it, and that since their alignment by Pauger, they have never missed their yearly affluence of Mardi Gras masks and dominoes; nor from the earliest records, have the masks and dominoes missed their yearly balls.

Critical European travellers aver that they recognize

by a thousand shades in the colouring of the New Orleans carnival, the Spanish, rather than the French influence, citing as evidence the innocent and respectful fooleries of street maskers, the dignity of the great street parades, the stately etiquette of the large public mask balls, the refined intrigue of the private ones. These characteristics naturally escape the habituated eyes of the natives. The old French and Spanish spirit of the carnival has in their eyes been completely de-

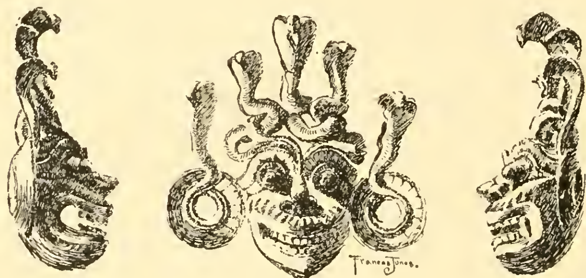
stroyed by the innovation of American ideas, as they are still called. For it was an American idea to organize the carnival, to substitute regular parades for the old impromptu mummery in the streets, and to unite into two or three great social assemblages the smaller public mask balls that were scattered through the season, from Twelfth Night to Mardi Gras. The modification was a necessary one in a place where society had so rapidly outgrown the limiting surveillance of a resident governor and of an autocratic court circle; and if much seems to have been lost of the old individual exuberance of wit and fun, specimens of which have come to us in so many fascinating episodes from the always socially enviable past, the gain in preserving at least the forms of the old society through the social upheaval and chaos of revolution and civil war has been real and important.

The celebration of Mardi Gras is an episode that never becomes stale to the people of the city, however monotonous the description or even the enumeration of its entertainments appears to strangers. At any age it makes a Creole woman young to remember it as she saw it at eighteen; and the description of what it appeared to the eyes of eighteen would be, perhaps, the only fair description of it, for if Mardi Gras means anything, it means illusion; and unfortunately, when one attains one's majority in the legal world, one ceases to be a citizen of Phantasmagoria.

There is a theory, usually bruited by the journals on Ash Wednesday morning, that Mardi Gras is a utilitarian festival; that it *pays*. But this deceives no one in the city. It is assumed, as the sacramental ashes are by many, perfunctorily, or merely for moral effect upon

others, upon those who are committed, by birth or conviction, against pleasure for pleasure's sake. To the contrite journalist, laying aside mask and domino, to pen such an editorial, it must seem indeed at such a time a disheartening fact that money-making is the only pleasure in the United States that meets with universal journalistic approbation.

There is a tradition that the royalties of the carnival show a no more satisfactory divine right to their thrones than other royalties; that the kings are the heavy contributors to the organization, and that a queen's claims



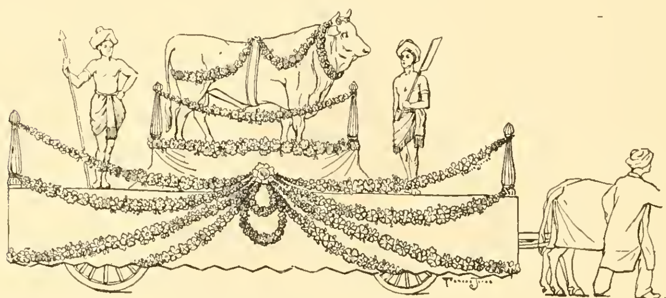
upon the council boards of the realm of beauty are not entirely by reason of her personal charm. There is such a tradition, but it is never recognized at carnival time, and seldom believed by the ones most interested; never, never, by the society neophyte of the season. Ah, no! Comus, Momus, Proteus, the Lord of Misrule, Rex, find ever in New Orleans the hearty loyalty of the most unquestioned Jacobinism; and the real mask of life never portrays more satisfactorily the fictitious superiority of consecrated individualism in European monarchies than, in the Crescent City, do these sham faces, the eternal youth and beauty of the carnival royalties.

There is a tradition that young matrons have recognized their husbands in their masked cavaliers at balls; and that the Romeo incognito of many a débutante has been resolved into a brother, or even (beshrew the suspicion!) a father; but at least it is not the débutante who makes the discovery. Her cavalier is always beyond peradventure her illusion, living in the Elysium of her future, as the cavalier of the matron is always some no less cherished illusion from the Elysium of the past. As it is the desire of the young girl to be the subject of these illusions, so it is the cherished desire of the young boy to become the object of them. To put on mask and costume, to change his personality; to figure some day in the complimentary colouring of a prince of India, or of a Grecian god, or even to ape the mincing graces of a dancing girl or woodland nymph; to appear to the inamorata, clouded in the unknown, as the ancient gods did of old to simple shepherdesses; and so to excite her imagination and perhaps more; this is the counterpart of the young girl's illusions in the young boy's dreams. A god is only a man when he is in love; and a man, all a god.

Utilitarian! Alas, no! Look at the children! But they nevertheless have always furnished the sweetest delight of Mardi Gras, as Rex himself must acknowledge from his throne chariot. It is the first note of the day, the twittering of the children in the street, the jingling of the bells on their cambric costumes. What a flight of masquerading butterflies they are! And what fun! what endless fun for them, too, to mystify, to change their chubby little personalities, to hide their cherub faces under a pasteboard mask, and run from house to house of friends and relations, making people

guess who they are, and frightening the good-natured servants in the kitchen into such convulsions of terror! And they are all going to be Rex some day, as in other cities the little children are all going to be President.

Profitable! Ah, yes! Ask the crowd in the street; that human *olla podrida* of carelessness, joviality, and colour; more red, blue, and yellow gowns to the block than can be met in a mile in any other city of the United States. Ask the larking bands of maskers; the strolling minstrels and monkeys; the coloured



The Boeuf Gras.

torchbearers and grooms; Bedouin princes in their scarlet tunics and turbans (no travesty this, but the rightful costume, as the unmasked, black face testifies). Even the mules that draw the cars recognize the true profit of the Saturnalian spirit of the carnival, and in their gold-stamped caparisons, step out like noble steeds of chivalry, despite their ears.

The day is so beautiful, so beautiful that it is a local saying that it never rains on Mardi Gras. It were a better saying that it never should rain on Mardi Gras.

And yet, if it were granted a native in exile to return

to the city upon but one day of the year, that day would be All Saints, *le jour des morts*, the home festival of the city, for it comes at a season when there are few, if any, strangers visiting the place. The denizens from other regions, without the sentiment of the day in their hearts, make it a holiday for out-of-town excursions; hunting parties, country jaunts. They have not their dead with them. They do not travel, as people of old did, to a new habitation, with the bones of their ancestors, to consecrate the spot for them with a past, a memory; to localize it in their lives with a

Chapel of St Roche.

sentiment instead of a profit. To people of the city, the real people of the city, as they like to be called, not to observe the day means to have no dead, no ancestors.

It is heralded well in advance. For a month before its advent the bead *ex-votos* and tissue paper crowns hang in the shop windows, and local gossip busies itself as to whether the chrysanthemums will bloom in time, and what their price will be; and the dressmakers prepare against the annual rush for new mourning for the day, as, later on, they prepare against the Mardi Gras rush for ball dresses.

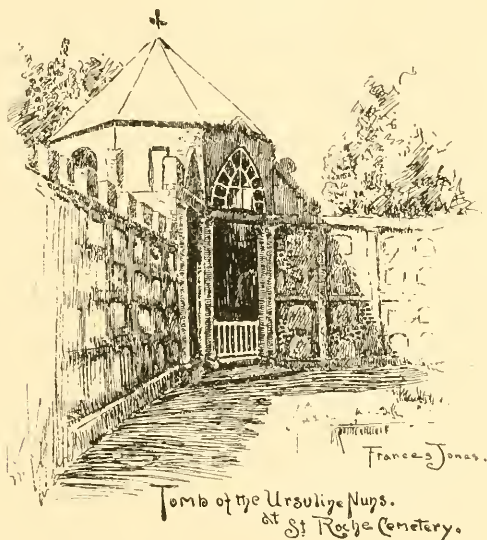
The cemeteries, as the day nears, become more like cities of the living than of the dead, from the noise, bustle, and activity around their dread gates and through their solemn pathways, of gardeners, masons, and cleaners making ready the tombs for their anniversary. Judgment day itself could not be more excitingly prepared for. Outside, the banquettes are turned into a market place for every requisite of sepulchral cleanliness and ornament; hillocks of sand and shell, plants in pots or hampers, flowers in baskets, trays of plaster images, and, hanging on the wall, wreaths, hearts, crosses, and anchors of dried immortelles, artificial roses, or curled, glazed, white, black and purple paper. Close along the gutters, the perambulating refreshment booths are ranged; and the coloured marchandes, in tignons and fichus, with their baskets of molasses candy, pralines, and pain-patate—all crying their wares at once.

On the last day of October, the flower venders come, filling the banquettes all around the churches and markets, securing stations at the corners of the streets, where, under the flare of torches, they sell their white chrysanthemum crosses, crowns, and baskets late into the night. There are never flowers enough, despite season, nature, or artifice; how can there be when everybody, even to the beggars, must have some; for even the beggars have their dead somebody to remember, their grave somewhere to decorate. By daylight of All Saints, the early church-goers say in quaint figure of speech, that the city smells like a cemetery, meaning the fragrance of it from the flowers everywhere.

It is a day that begins very early on account of the

crowd. The little orphans, under charge of Sisters, or Matrons, basten betimes from their asylums, to take their positions inside the gates, behind tables, where they chink pieces of silver on plates to remind the passing throng that they are orphans and represent a double interest in and claim upon the day.

Although the city, on no other occasion, affords to



the eye an assemblage of its populace that can compare in interest with the concourse in the streets and cemeteries on this day, consecrated to memory of the dead; and although there is, also, none so inherently appealing to the heart, how can one describe it? To speak of it at all is to speak of it too much. The external, the obvious features of it, are but as the undertaker's paraphernalia to the sentiment of death. The

aged ones, themselves so close to death, white-haired, bent-backed, clasping their memorials in palsied hands; the little ones tripping gaily along with carefully shielded bouquet; the inmate from the almshouse hobbling among the pauper graves: the wrinkled negro mammies and uncles with their tokens; the coloured people going to their cemeteries; the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, around their gaudily draped mausoleums; — one can only enumerate details like that.

When De la Tour made the plan of the city, and allotted the space for church purposes, he allotted also space outside the city ramparts for a cemetery; and so long as the city lived and died within sound of the bells of the parish church of St. Louis, this one cemetery — the old St. Louis cemetery as it is called — sufficed. It is the mother cemetery of the city, the *vieux carré* of the dead; as confused and closely packed a quarter as the living metropolis, whose ghostly counterpart it is; with tombs piled in whatever way space could be found, and walls lined with tier upon tier of receptacles, "ovens" as they are termed in local parlance; the lowest row sunken into a semi-burial themselves, in the soft earth beneath. The crumbling bricks of the first resting-places built there are still to be seen, draped over with a wild growth of vine, which on sunshiny days are alive with scampering, flashing, green and gold lizards. On All Saints a flower could not be laid amiss anywhere in this enclosure; there is not in it an inch of earth that has not performed its share of kindly hospitality to some bit of humanity.

Block after block in the rear of the first cemetery has been walled in and added to the original enclosure, the effort always being made to keep on the outskirts of

habitations. But the great continuous immigration of the "flush" times ever extending the limits of the city, the outskirts of one decade grew into populous centres of the next, and the cemeteries became enisled in the dwellings of the living.

The festival of the dead might be called the festival of the history of the city. Year after year from under their decorations of evergreens and immortelles, roses and chrysanthemums, the tombstones recall to the All-Saints pilgrims the names and dates of the past; identifying the events with the sure precision of geological strata. On them are chronicled the names of the French and Canadian first settlers; the Spanish names and Spanish epitaphs of that domination; the names of the *émigrés* from the French revolution; from the different West Indian islands; the names of the refugees from Napoleon's army; the first sprinkling of American names; and those interesting English names that tell how the wounded prisoners of Pakenham's army preferred remaining in the land of their captivity, to returning home. The St. Louis cemetery for the coloured people unfolds the chapter of the coloured immigration, and by epitaph and name furnishes the links of their history.

The first Protestant cemetery (very far out of the city in its day, now in the centre) bears the name of the French Protestant mayor and philanthropist, Nicolas Girod. It belongs to the Faubourg Ste. Marie period, and in it are found the names of the pioneers of her enterprise; of the first great American fortune makers, the first great political leaders, the brilliant doctors of law, medicine, and divinity, who never have died from the memory of the place. In it is to be found the tomb

of that beautiful woman and charming actress, Miss Placide, with the poetical epitaph written for her by Caldwell; the lines which every woman in society in New Orleans, fifty years ago, was expected to know and repeat. The Mexican war is commemorated in it by a monument to one of the heroes and victims, General Bliss. The great epidemics make their entries year after year; pathetic reading it is; all young, strong, and brave, according to their epitaphs, and belonging to the best families. The epidemics of '52 and '53 date the opening of new cemeteries, in which the lines of the ghastly trenches are still to be traced.

The Metairie cemetery (transformed from the old race track) contains the archives of the new era — after the civil war and the reconstruction. In it are Confederate monuments, and the tombs of a grandeur surpassing all previous local standards. As the saying is, it is a good sign of prosperity when the dead seem to be getting richer.

The old St. Louis cemetery is closed now. It opens its gates only at the knock of an heir, so to speak; gives harbourage only to those who can claim a resting-place by the side of an ancestor. Between All Saints and All Saints, its admittances are not a few, and the registry volumes are still being added to; the list of names, in the first crumbling old tome, is still being repeated, over and over again; some of them so old and so forgotten in the present that death has no oblivion to add to them. Indeed, we may say they live only in the death register.

Not a year has gone by since, on a January day, one of the bleakest winter days the city had known for half a century, a file of mourners followed one of the

city's oldest children, and one of the cemetery's most ancient heirs, to his last resting-place by the side of a grandfather. The silver crucifix gleamed fitfully ahead, appearing and disappearing as it led the way in the maze of irregularly built tombs, through pathways, hollowed to a furrow, by the footsteps of the innumerable funeral processions that had followed the dead since the first burials there. The chanting of the priests winding in and out after the crucifix, fell on the ear in detached fragments, rising and dropping as the tombs closed in or opened out behind them. The path, with its sharp turns, was at times impassable to the coffin, and it had to be lifted above the tombs and borne in the air, on a level with the crucifix. With its heavy black draperies, its proportions in the grey humid atmosphere appeared colossal, magnified, and transfigured with the ninety-one years of life inside. It was Charles Gayarré being conveyed to the tomb of M. de Boré, the historian of Louisiana making his last bodily appearance on earth — in the corner of earth he had loved so well and so poetically.

Woman and mother as she ever appeared in life to the loving imagination of her devoted son, it was but fitting that New Orleans should herself head the file of mourners and weep bitterly at the tomb; for that she lives at all in that best of living worlds, the world of history, romance, and poetry, she owes to him whom brick and mortar were shutting out forever from human eyes. As a youth, he consecrated his first ambitions to her; through manhood, he devoted his pen to her; old, suffering, bereft by misfortune of his ancestral heritage, and the fruit of his prime's vigour and industry, he yet stood ever her courageous knight, to defend

her against the aspersions of strangers, the slanders of traitors. He held her archives not only in his memory but in his heart, and while he lived, none dared make public aught about her history except with his vigilant form in the line of vision.

The streets of the *vieux carré*, through which he gambolled as a schoolboy, and through which his hearse had slowly rolled; the cathedral in which he was baptized, and in which his requiem was sung; and the old cemetery, the resting-place of his ancestors, parents, and forbears, and the sanctuary in which his imagination ever found inspiration and courage — they gave much to his life; but his life gave also much to them. And the human eyes looking out through their sadness of personal bereavement from the carriages of the funeral cortège, saw in them a thousand signs (according to the pathetic fallacy of humanity) of like sadness and bereavement.

Thus it is, that one beholden to him for a long life's endowment of affection, help, and encouragement, judges it meet that a chronicle begun under his auspices, to which he contributed so richly from his memory, and of whose success he was so tenderly solicitous, should end, as it began, with a tribute to his memory and name.

A rear View of the City

WORKS BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE:

DANTE, GIOTTO, SAVONAROLA, AND THEIR CITY.

With illustrations from Drawings by Professor DELAMOTTE, and a Steel Portrait of Savonarola engraved by C. H. JEENS. New and Cheaper Editions, Crown 8vo, $2.50. Also in 4 vols. 16mo, Cloth, $3.00, or sold separately at 95 cents per volume.

Édition de Luxe, with 20 additional Plates reproduced from Line Engravings after Pictures by Florentine Artists. Medium 8vo, $6.00.

"The studies of character are lifelike and fair, and the narrative portions are full of picturesque touches. . . . The book is beautifully illustrated with woodcuts after drawings of Florentine buildings, statues, and paintings." — *The Athenæum.*

A COMPANION VOLUME.

THE MAKERS OF VENICE:

DOGES, CONQUERORS, PAINTERS, MEN OF LETTERS.

With numerous Illustrations by R. R. HOLMES, F.S.A. New and Cheaper Edition, Crown 8vo, $2.50.

"Mrs. Oliphant's hand has not lost its cunning. 'The Makers of Venice' is even more delightful than 'The Makers of Florence.' The writing is bright and animated, the research thorough, the presentation of Venetian life brilliantly vivid." — *Blackwood's Magazine* (Edinburgh).

ROYAL EDINBURGH:

HER SAINTS, KINGS, AND SCHOLARS.

With numerous Illustrations by GEORGE REID, R.S.A. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

Édition de Luxe, Super Royal 8vo, with proofs of the Illustrations, $18.00.

"History and tradition, fact and romance, the changing characteristics of the old and new town, and the personality of the women of distinction and the men of power and genius whose lives centred there, — all get a place in Mrs. Oliphant's enticing pages." — *Boston Beacon.*

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY:

ITS HISTORY AND HOPE.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. $2.50.

IN THE PRESS.

ROME.

Uniform with "The Makers of Florence," "The Makers of Venice," etc. With Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL and RIVIÈRE, engraved on wood by OCTAVE LACOUR. Medium 8vo.

Also an **Édition de Luxe,** on hand-made paper, Super Royal 8vo. Buckram.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

HARVARD COLLEGE BY AN OXONIAN.

By **GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L.,**

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD; EDITOR OF "BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON"; AUTHOR OF "WRITERS AND READERS," ETC.

Illustrated with New Frontispiece Portrait in Photogravure of President Eliot, and with Views of the Principal Buildings, including the oldest Picture of the College.

12mo. **"Crimson" Cloth, gilt top.** pp. 329. $2.25.

The accomplished and scholarly editor of Boswell's Johnson, Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, records in this volume his impressions of Harvard in a very entertaining series of chapters, touching upon such subjects as, for instance, The Growth of Harvard — Cambridge in England and Cambridge in New England — The College Chapel — Fagging and "Hazing" — Odd Characters — After-dinner Speeches — Class-day — The Athletic Craze — Signs and "Shingles" — Harvard and Yale — The Elective System — The Law School — The Lawrence Scientific School — Radcliffe College — The Library — The Faculty — Oxford and Harvard.

"Harvard has found a worthy foreign chronicler in Dr. Hill, the learned editor of 'Boswell.'"

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES:

A VIEW FROM THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY.

By **GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.**

With Illustrations reproduced from photographs.

18mo. **Cloth, gilt top.** $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE WRITINGS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"*Taken altogether he has in my judgment no equal.*"
— LORD COLERIDGE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The Letters of Matthew Arnold.

1848-1888.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth. $3.00.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

// ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

FIRST SERIES.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICE.

"There is no Englishman who has conceived a more exalted idea of the functions of the critic or kept more faithfully in view his own definition of the business of the critical power 'in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is,' or exercised that power with a more fascinating clearness, a more elegant and charming urbanity." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.

SECOND SERIES.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Some of his ripest, best and most interesting writing." — *N. Y. Observer.*

"Qualities of the poet's soul are understood by the critic in full measure, and his elegance of style adds to the beauty of the interpretation. In these essays, Matthew Arnold will find a longer remembrance than in any of his controversial writings. They are uplifting and masterly." — *Boston Journal.*

"All of these have the same high quality which marked the critical work of their distinguished author, and many of them embody his ripest and richest thought."—*The Week.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

// LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A BETTER APPREHENSION OF THE BIBLE.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICE.

"This is perhaps the most characteristic of Mr. Arnold's publications. It shows his keenness as a critic, his pure and incisive use of English, and his attitude towards revealed religion, . . . with many noble thoughts expressed in memorable sentences." — *Zion's Herald.*

GOD AND THE BIBLE.

A REVIEW OF OBJECTIONS TO 'LITERATURE AND DOGMA.'

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

"In revising the present volume, the suspicion and alarm which its contents, like those of its predecessor, will in some quarters excite, could not but be present to my mind. I hope, however, that I have at last made my aim clear, even to the most suspicious. Some of the comments on 'Literature and Dogma' did, I own, surprise me; . . . but however that judgment may go, whether it pronounce the attempt here made to be of solid worth or not, I have little fear but that it will recognize it to have been an attempt conservative and an attempt religious." — *From the Author's Preface.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ON THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICE.

"Mr. Arnold's writings so abound in impressive and suggestive passages which bear separation from the text in which they appear, and are worthy of frequent rereading, that his works may be said to lend themselves in a peculiar and unusual degree to this sort of anthological treatment." — *Evening Post.*

St. Paul and Protestantism.

LAST ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND RELIGION.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICE.

"He has established courses which have become the basis of all intelligent criticism, — he has shown that conduct is more than creed, that liberality is not inconsistent with piety, and that a 'sweet reasonableness' is better than pugilistic dissent."

— *Boston Traveler.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MIXED ESSAYS.

IRISH ESSAYS.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Matthew Arnold never puts his pen to paper except to write something trenchant and original. He is a deep, careful thinker, and deals with the problems of the present in a manner so vigorous, and yet so candid, as to command respect and consideration from all readers. In his Irish essays he considers the whole Irish question in a very candid, philosophical manner." — *Boston Post.*

"Written in the Essayist's most delightful style, and would repay perusal simply by the pleasure there is in reading them, even if we had no special interest in the topics discussed." — *Boston Journal.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

DISCOURSES IN AMERICA.

12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Whatever the future may say of Mr. Arnold's views, to the present, his book is an inestimable boon."

— *Brooklyn Union.*

"No one who is hungry for truth, reasonableness and intellectual justice will be disappointed in his 'Discourses.'" — *Boston Beacon.*

"Every sentence is a text for thought."

— *Toledo Post.*

"Fresh, outspoken and sincere; and if one does not always agree with them in all points, one can yet take pleasure in them." — *Churchman.*

"The purity and clearness of his style render them delightful reading." — *Argonaut.*

"Treasures — the best thought in the choicest English of our time." — *Buffalo Times.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

// POETICAL WORKS.

IN 3 VOLS.

12mo: Cloth. $5.00.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Matthew Arnold's poetry is essentially the poetry of the scholar, and it is, we may say, poetry for the scholar; . . . his poems certainly belong among the finest of the century, and will last so long as good poetry is read and enjoyed." — *The Critic.*

"One of the best and wisest writers of our age . . . Arnold's poetry reminds one somewhat of Emerson's. Its lofty intellectuality takes us, as it were, to the clear, rare atmosphere of a high mountain peak whence we can look down on the comings and goings on earth and see things in their true relations and light."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

"No other poet of the age has expressed with more perfect truth or greater beauty of form the thoughts and the feelings that lie deepest in the souls of thoughtful men." — *Dial.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

PLATO AND PLATONISM.

A Series of Lectures.

By WALTER PATER, M.A.

Third Edition. Globe 8vo. Cloth, $1.75.

"Many will read the book because Pater wrote it, and all will have some good from it, though in various degrees; in any case, valuable service has been done for the study of Plato, and a valuable contribution to higher English prose. . . . As might be expected from the nature of Pater's genius, he has much to say on the Æsthetics of Plato — in fact, it is this side of Plato, as above remarked, that offers most attraction to the author. In Plato he finds the first philosopher who speculated at all about the beautiful. So it is as an art lover that Pater comes to Plato, and it is this side of Plato's philosophy that receives most attention at the hands of the author. One is very glad, too, to have so masterly and sympathetic a spirit to interpret for us this aspect of Platonism. Jowett's Introductions have done much, but we have no volume which sets forth in such clear and charming way the literary, æsthetic, and political features of this philosophy." — *Philosophical Review.*

MACMILLAN & CO., Publishers, New York.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.

By WALTER PATER,

Fellow of Brasenose College

Globe 8vo. $1.50.

'The subtle appreciation, and the infinite number of small touches in the rendering of what he sees, which lie at the heart of Mr. Pater's literary individuality, and give to his style its extraordinary distinction, lift the work out of the range of the common, and set it apart as unique with his other work, to the refined thoughtfulness of which we have hitherto endeavored to do some justice." — *Nation.*

"The portraits are of incomparable perfection and beauty, and are educational of art and literary taste." — *Boston Globe.*

"Whatever his subject-matter, the mere flow of his words and sentences has the enchanting power of a richly musical voice. His command of the qualities of grace and beauty in English prose seems to us seldom to have been equalled. . . . We do not know of another fiction-writer of to-day — certainly not more than one — who would do such purely artistic work in the line of drawing characters of a bygone day." — *Critic.*

"Mr. Walter Pater is one of the few — the very few — living English authors who have never published anything which the most fastidious lover of pure literature cannot read with pleasure as well as profit, and to which he is not certain to return in his leisure hours for a renewal of that pleasure." — *Mail and Express.*

"It is impossible to make adequate extracts from such a book as this. It is full of the finest insights into life and art; of pictures and suggestions; of delicate fancies so harmoniously strung that the reading is like the passing of exquisite music." — *Boston Traveller.*

MACMILLAN & CO., Publishers, New York.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

THE RENAISSANCE:

Studies in Art and Poetry.

By WALTER PATER,

FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Globe 8vo. $2.00.

This edition has been carefully revised and, to some extent, enlarged. The 'Conclusion,' which was omitted from the second edition, has now been replaced with some slight changes which bring it closer to the author's original meaning.

"The appearance of Mr. Pater's Essays — one of the most characteristic and epoch-marking books of our day — in a third edition is a welcome proof of the power of good literature to win its way in the long run, however remote and unfamiliar its form may be. The text has been touched here and there in the successive remaniments which it has undergone, but Mr. Pater has been wisely careful to lay no irreverent hands upon cadences which linger in the memories of many readers of that beloved first edition, with its deep-ribbed, hand-made paper, and dark green cover. Such a reader will turn to the well-known passage on Lionardo's *Mona Lisa*, and will come under the old charm with great satisfaction. It is of course possible to have different opinions about a style so studied, so subtle, and so minutely wrought, but no one who can taste books at all will fail to feel its charm, while no student of art can turn over the essays on *Botticelli* and *The School of Giorgione* and *Winckelmann* without seeing how deep a mark Mr. Pater has left on the best criticism of our day." — *Manchester Guardian.*

"Among English authors who have identified themselves with the modern art movement in England, no one holds a higher position than Mr. Walter Pater, a thorough scholar, a man of strong artistic feeling, trained in literature as well as in art history. Mr. Pater has brought to the work of expressing some modern English ideas in art all the resources of a gifted and accomplished writer. In his delightful volume on the *Renaissance* he discloses many of those qualities which characterize what has been called modern pre-Raphaelite art." — *Christian Union.*

MACMILLAN & CO., Publishers, New York.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

APPRECIATIONS,

With an Essay on Style.

By WALTER PATER, M.A.

Globe 8vo. Cloth. $1.75.

" Will charm by the beauty of its literary workmanship, as well as by the depth and fineness of its criticism." — *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

" They will be read with interest as a finished expression of the opinions of one of the most earnest and widely cultured of living English critics." — *St. James' Gazette.*

" He has something to say; he says it in English undefiled, and his sentences caress the ear, and linger like music in the memory. But, in addition to these, he has another gift, to the last degree individual — he has the power of illumination. In a single phrase he flashes a new light on the subject he is discussing, and yet what he says is so inevitable that we all wonder we have not thought of it before." — *Boston Herald.*

MARIUS, THE EPICUREAN:

His Sensations and Ideas.

By WALTER PATER, M.A.

Second Edition. Globe 8vo. $2.25.

" A style of perfectly finished beauty, full of an exquisite restraint, and, after all, only the fitting and adequate expression of the exactest thinking." — *Athenæum.*

" Any one who cares to think on counsels of perfection for man's life will find profound and original thought about the ideal elements still at hand in modern days for use, and many wise reflections, sown along these pages. It is a rare work and not carelessly to be read. Some exquisiteness of taste, some delight in scholarship, some knowledge of what is best worth knowing in the historic expressions of man's aspiration, and, above all, that ' inward tacitness of mind ' the reader must bring to its perusal." — *Nation.*

" The polish of the style, the depth and refinement of the thought, the picturesque descriptions, and the lofty sentiment of the book as a whole, together with the beautiful gravity and impressiveness that mark it generally, make it a work far out of the ordinary current of fiction." — *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

MACMILLAN & CO., Publishers, New York.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

GREEK STUDIES.

BY

WALTER PATER,

Fellow of Brasenose College.

Globe 8vo. $1.75.

"These essays appear to fall into two distinct groups, one dealing with the subjects of Greek mythology and Greek poetry, and the other is the history of Greek sculpture and architecture. The author was a consummate master of style, and the essays are as perfect in literary form as they are replete with information."

— *Indianapolis Journal.*

"Nowhere in literature does the idea of Greek art seem more intimate than through these papers, or is a reader more flatteringly induced into a belief in his extraordinary perspicacity in divining the meaning of the remnants of the ancient world." — *The Scotsman.*

"These essays are not only examples of the author's literary grace, but of the seriousness of his studies and the fine penetration of his genius." — *Philadelphia Press.*

MACMILLAN & CO.,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 540 852 0