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THE ROMANCE
of
NEW ORLEANS



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of
New Orleans

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no. 1.

The Romance of New Orleans

THE Romance of New Orleans? Open your eyes, *mesdames et messieurs*, upon a picture. A narrow, ancient street. Underfoot, the huge cobbles that came across three thousand miles of ocean, ballast for the tiny craft that men of olden days deemed great. Above, jutting galleries, their iron railings wrought in delicate and intricate arabesques by artisans long dead. On either hand, iron-studded doors with wondrously-twisted grilles, opening into long, tunnel-like passages that lead down a vista of arched roof to hidden Creole courtyards of quaint and breathless beauty. Strewn here and there, queer little shops with quaint, small bow-windows facing the world, serene in the protection of stout wooden shutters such as medieval Paris knew—and Paris-like, those shutters further braced by great bars of hammered iron.

Open your eyes again.

Stained stucco walls, behind which are grouped tiny rooms that blossom unexpectedly into chambers of splendid space. Twisting stairways leading to perilous heights. Buildings incredibly ancient for this continent, still gazing sleepily at the world through gates whence, in their time, sallied soldiers. And such soldiers! Swarthy, bearded men, in morion and breastplate and huge, flapping jack-boots;

girt with long, straight sword; bearing upon caloused shoulders the heavy arquebus that roared beneath the flags of France and Spain. An ancient, hushed cathedral that has known scenes history will never permit to die.

Gaze about you, *mesdames et messieurs*.

On every hand, streets still bearing the names that were given them in 1720, when they were laid out by the 'Sieur Le Blond de la Tour, Knight of St. Louis and military engineer in the armies of His Majesty, King Louis of France. A great square, named today for General Andrew Jackson, but once the Place d'Armes where fighting colonists assembled to march against Indian warriors; where once the Filles a la Casette, those Casket Girls sent by France's king as wives for his Louisiana colonists, stepped daintily across the muddy levee to meet their adventurous bridegrooms.

Close your eyes but a moment, people of today as you wander through that ancient quarter—the Old French Town—that New Orleans knows as the Vieux Carre. Picture the soldier of that earliest Louisiana period, clad in steel and leather, marching down those muddy, narrow banquettes with military stride. View the colorful, silken-clad gallant, ruffles at wrist, rapier at side, stepping delicately along that slippery path. Glimpse on the



STATUE OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON—JACKSON SQUARE
THE MOST REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF EQUILIBRIUM

iron-railed gallery above the slim figure with roguish eyes scanning the street that stretched below. Catch the flare of torches held aloft by slaves of chiselled ebony; the sparkle of fitful light as it glints on the gilded scroll-work of palanquin or the gold and silver embroidery of rich brocade when dame and damosel of Creole days went forth to ball or opera.

Watch the morning stroll of merchants in whose personal and commercial code, so strangely blent, bankruptcy meant a disgrace only to be wiped out by suicide. Smile at the waddling figure whose wrinkled black face beamed from beneath the intricately-wrapped and spotless tignon, as her call: "Bel calas, tout chaud!" announced that beneath the snowy napkin in her basket were piled the crisp, hot cakes that with black dripped coffee spelled breakfast to many a Creole household.

Peer into the moonlit shadows of that tiny plot of grass behind the old Cathedral and let your ear catch the slither of steel, as the Creole "coliche-mard"—the deadly rapier of the time—sought to avenge or defend the honor that in those days was the gentleman's chief concern. Slip quietly into the quaint and crowded coffee house. Listen there to the swift crescendo of talk where gather political refugees, veterans of continental campaigns, planters, privateers whose "letters of marque" but thinly veiled a calling in their swift ships perilously near piracy.

And then, when history has presented to your eyes this colorful and human kaleidoscope, ask, if you can, why Romance in the minds of all who

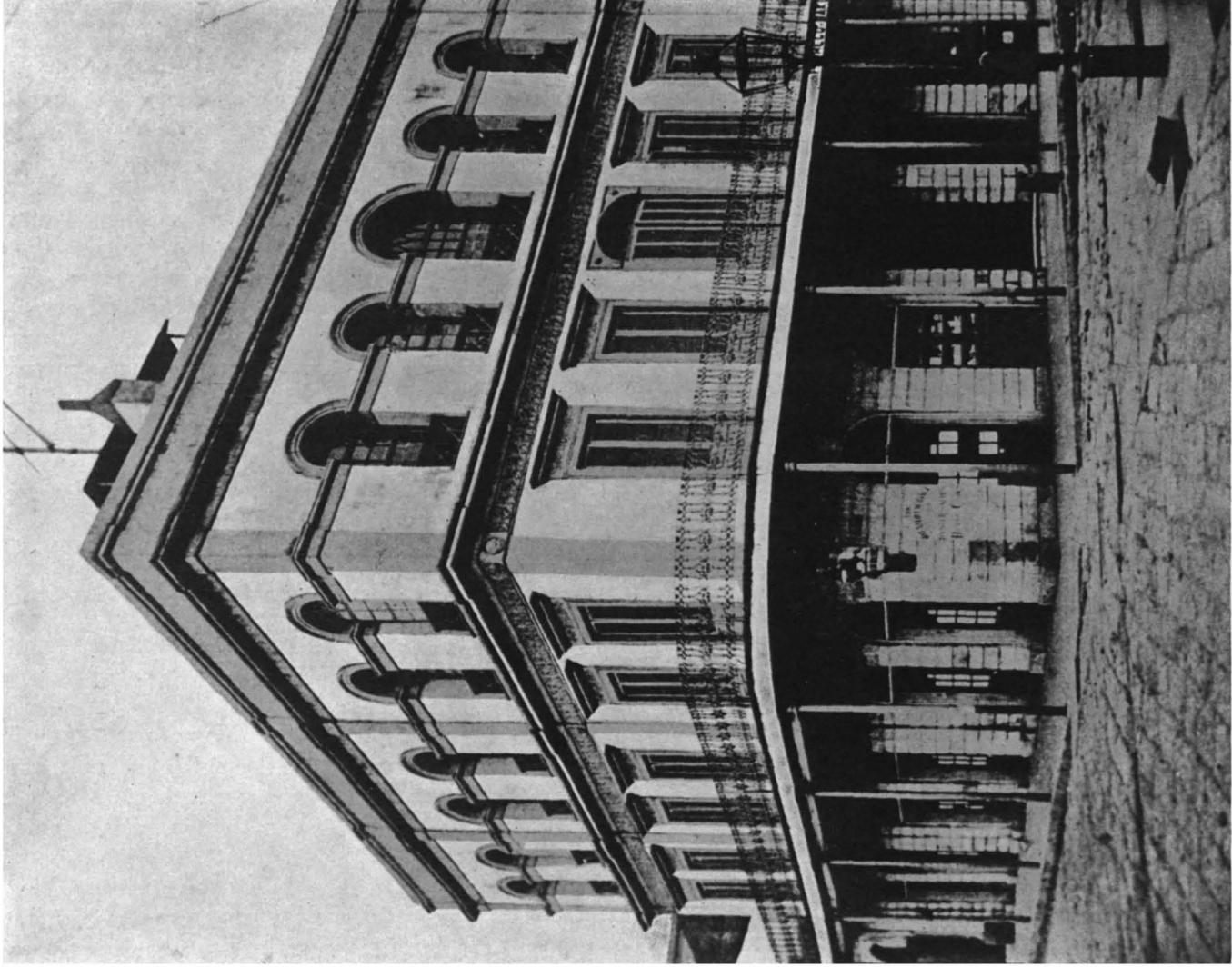
know, is blent imperishably with that magic name—New Orleans.

From the days when, in 1718, the 'Sieur Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville landed his hard-bitten band of adventurer-colonists on that swamp-surrounded bank of the Mississippi River, down the years for more than two consecutive centuries, New Orleans has been a name in the history of the North American continent, wedded to golden tales that are as much a part of humanity's heritage as are the tales of London-town. The flashing light of Romance and Adventure has played about the lives of the generations that have been born, have lived and loved, worked and played, wedded and died, on that historic ground where sweeps the great arc of the Mississippi's mud-brown current.

Under the fleur-de-lys of France that wilderness settlement grew to world-fame. The crimson and gold banner of Spain fluttered above its Cabildo in the days when Don Alexandro O'Reilly—"The Bloody O'Reilly", History knows him—ruled as the viceroy of Madrid, after France's king by secret treaty had given over his loyal province to the rule of a brother-monarch.

Back again under the flag of France the staunch little colony was swept in one of the moves of the game of world-politics as it was played with all the continent of Europe and the far-flung colonies as pawns in the game.

And then the Stars and Stripes rose above that swamp-surrounded huddle of huts, guarded by moat and fort and rampart, covering seventy city squares,



HAUNTED HOUSE

housing three thousand souls. That was in 1803, when a huge, uncouth, sprawling figure that history knows and Democracy worships as Thomas Jefferson, seated in the White House that soon was to know the torch of the British invader, "stretched his power until it cracked," as he himself said, and for \$15,000,000 closed the world's greatest real estate deal. That deal was the immortal Louisiana Purchase. The seller was Napoleon Bonaparte. And Napoleon lost a world-empire for that \$15,000,000 with which he wished to bolster up his drained treasury for further European campaigns.

Gorgeous, colorful days were those that followed, as wealth poured into the southern seaport that Bienville, with uncanny foresight, had selected as the logical water-gate for the great western empire of his dreams. Not Napoleon himself had seen what New Orleans was to mean in that empire-building that France launched and cast away. The city was literally "thrown in" as "lagniappe" for the money with which Jefferson purchased the Province of Louisiana.

Gold and goods surged into the city, and with them a life of leisurely splendor that swept along on the high tide of prosperity until came the crash of the war between the states.

Then, for the fourth time in New Orleans history, a different flag blossomed on the halyards above the city. This time it was the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy that swept to the breeze above scenes that still fill scores of pages in a nation's annals. There they stayed, until the Lost Cause yielded to

the invaders from the North. And ever since that day, the Stars and Stripes have flown uninterruptedly above the same ground on which in 1718 Bienville planted France's banner.

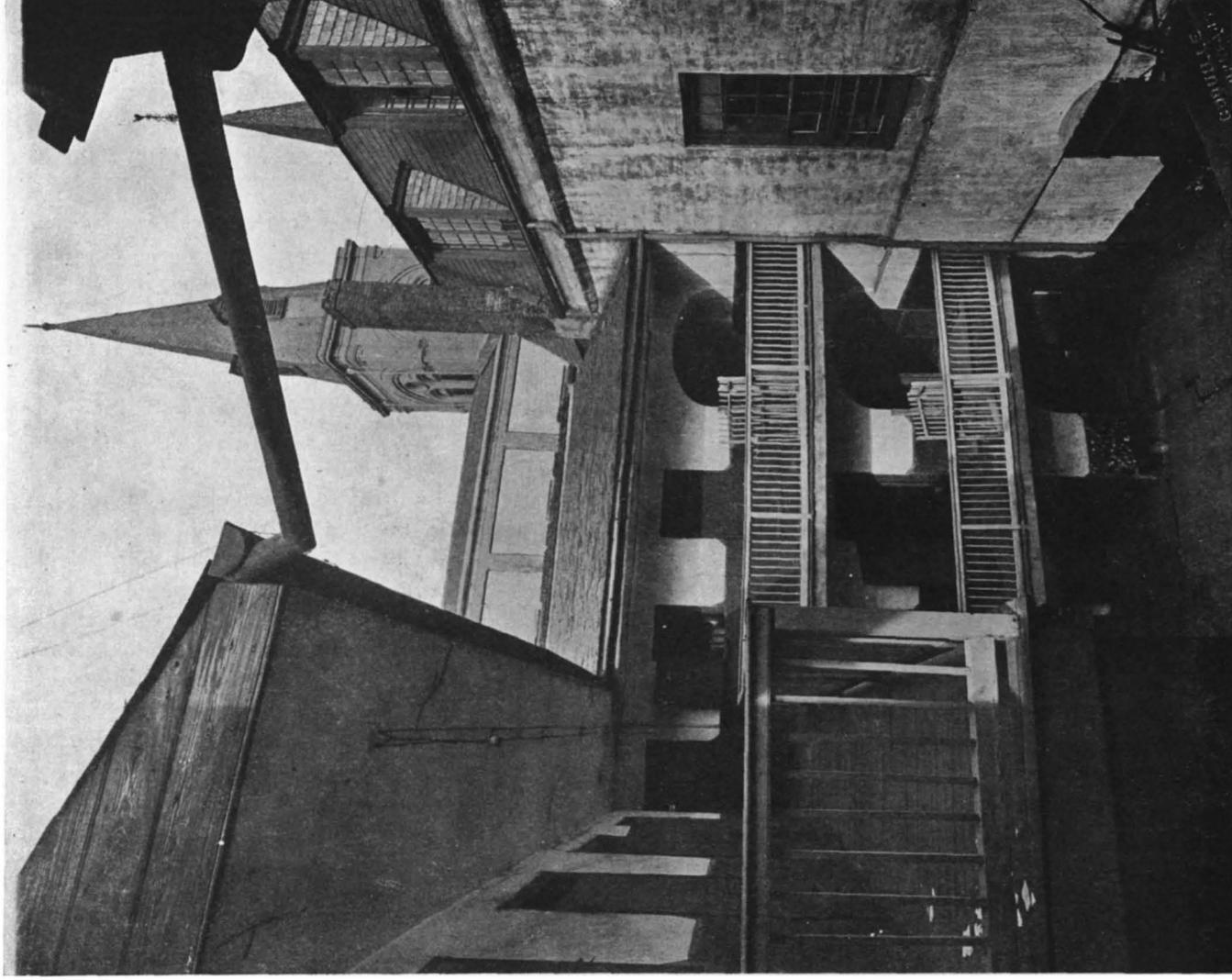
Romance? The very paving stones of those ancient New Orleans' streets breathe it into the soft Louisiana air.

Those there be who affect to scorn it. Theirs is talk of business and modern progress. And that, too, is a field in which New Orleans has its own vivid history.

But the golden ring of commerce in New Orleans bears, deep-set, a flashing jewel of the romance of long-dead years, to which the heart of man turns instinctively—as it has always in the past—as it will always in the future.

Romance and modern progress? Both have their places in the world. And he is blind who would abolish the one because of the other. Neither iconoclasts nor efficiency experts have yet been able to rob the race of its immemorial playtime privilege of excursionings into the Past. For neither iconoclasts nor efficiency experts have been able to offer that which might take the place—if any such thing exists—of those journeyings into the Past that have been the joy of mankind since the dawn of written history.

There is the reason that the ancient huddle of buildings in New Orleans' Vieux Carre touches a deep and responsive chord in the hearts of unnumbered thousands yearly. Lives of splendid adventurings, deeds of gallant battle, memories of



OLD SPANISH PRISON, CABILDO

great crimes and greater loves, quaintness and beauty, leisure and gentle living, all throng thickly about those few squares of ancient ground that have been consecrated to the race by the lives of those who have gone before.

More than that—they have been saved to the race by some kindly accident whereby the hand of Time has not swept from the earth the ancient structures of that historic spot. So great a grace is ours, thereby, that today we can tread the very pavements those long-dead figures of history once trod. We can see the same narrow streets of foreign facade and out-jutting gallery upon which their eyes once rested. And if, so be it, ours are the minds that can dream beyond the confines of our own years, here are the bricks and mortar and wood and iron that our hands can touch, and that yet are the stuff that dreams are made of.

A spot like that is sacred.

And there abides Romance.

Street by street, block by block, almost building by building, tales that it would require volumes to hold cluster thick about that Vieux Carre of New Orleans. Nor are they all legends of a people's imagination, grown more fanciful with the passage of the years. Authentic history vouches for the great majority of those stories.

Like the glint of moonlight on a rapier-blade; like the flash of a brocaded gown in the glare of slave-borne torches; like the sparkle of darkly-bright young eyes through a blind half-drawn; those

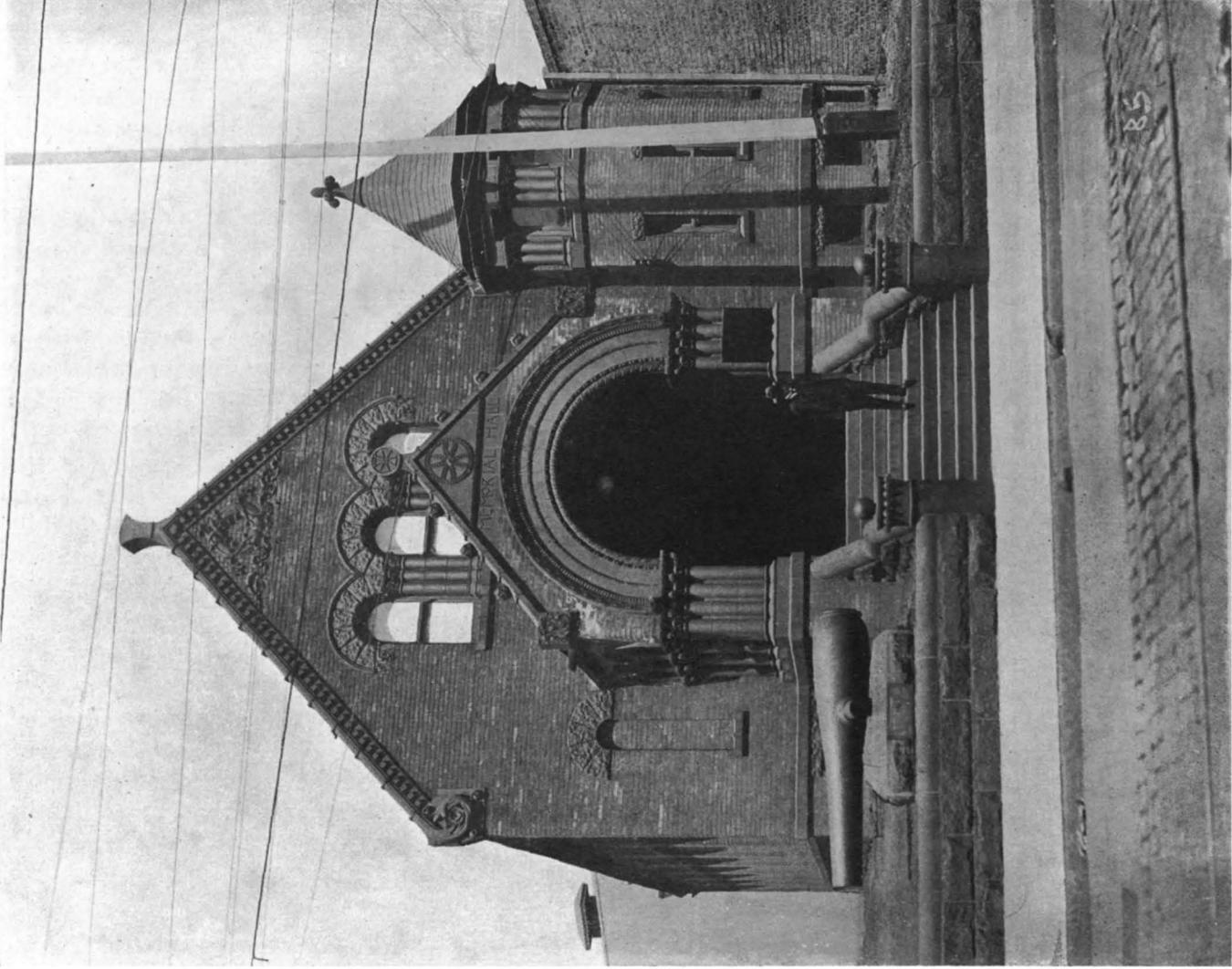
episodes of old New Orleans flash through the somber years of workaday history.

Glamour surrounded the city from its birth. About it center the dreams of empire of men who in tiny cockle-shells of sailing craft dared oceans virtually uncharted. About it, like a faraway purple haze on a dim horizon, rest the deeds of men who in frail canoes threaded magnificent and unexplored rivers; who with moccasined feet wandered strange trails among savage tribes; who with their axes and their own bare hands built the far-flung trading posts of the fur-traders—posts that in those remote days bore the familiar names we know today as St. Louis and Natchez, roaring cities now.

True, it was the lure of furs and gold that drew these men to the shores of the New World and that led to the founding of New Orleans. But deeper than even the thrill of swift gains was the thrill of the Adventure that they wooed in the guise of trading and colonizing. And even today, through that warp and woof of their great Adventure, looms the romance of their dreams of illimitable Empire, like a golden thread.

Amazingly, the environment of their days of work and battle, of love and gaiety, of wine-cup and gaming table, has been saved for our modern eyes to look upon. Those were the days of the boyhood of the New World. In New Orleans the dreams of boyish hearts come to life once more in their ancient setting.

And the American at heart is an incorrigible boy.



MEMORIAL HALL (CONFEDERATE MUSEUM)

That's the real secret of New Orleans' attraction for thousands upon thousands of visitors yearly.

America the Practical in its daily life is America the Romantic the moment the day's task is cast from its supple shoulders. For years New Orleans has fed that hunger for Romance as no other spot in America has been able to feed it.

Those city squares bounded by Canal Street, by Rampart Street, by Esplanade Avenue and by the Mississippi River, are as a magnet to all who have read their country's history. They spell not alone the lure of ancient days and ancient deeds. They blend with that all the wondrous lure of the South. And in the blending they make of that rabbit-warren of ancient buildings a shrine in the history of the North American continent that should be preserved throughout the years to come.

Where begin in that flashing, brilliant tale?

What better point than the street that is the introductory view of New Orleans for so many thousands of visitors, annually—Canal Street. Today it stands, lined with sky-scraping office buildings, and modern department stores, the greatest of their kind in the South, as the street itself is the widest thoroughfare in America.

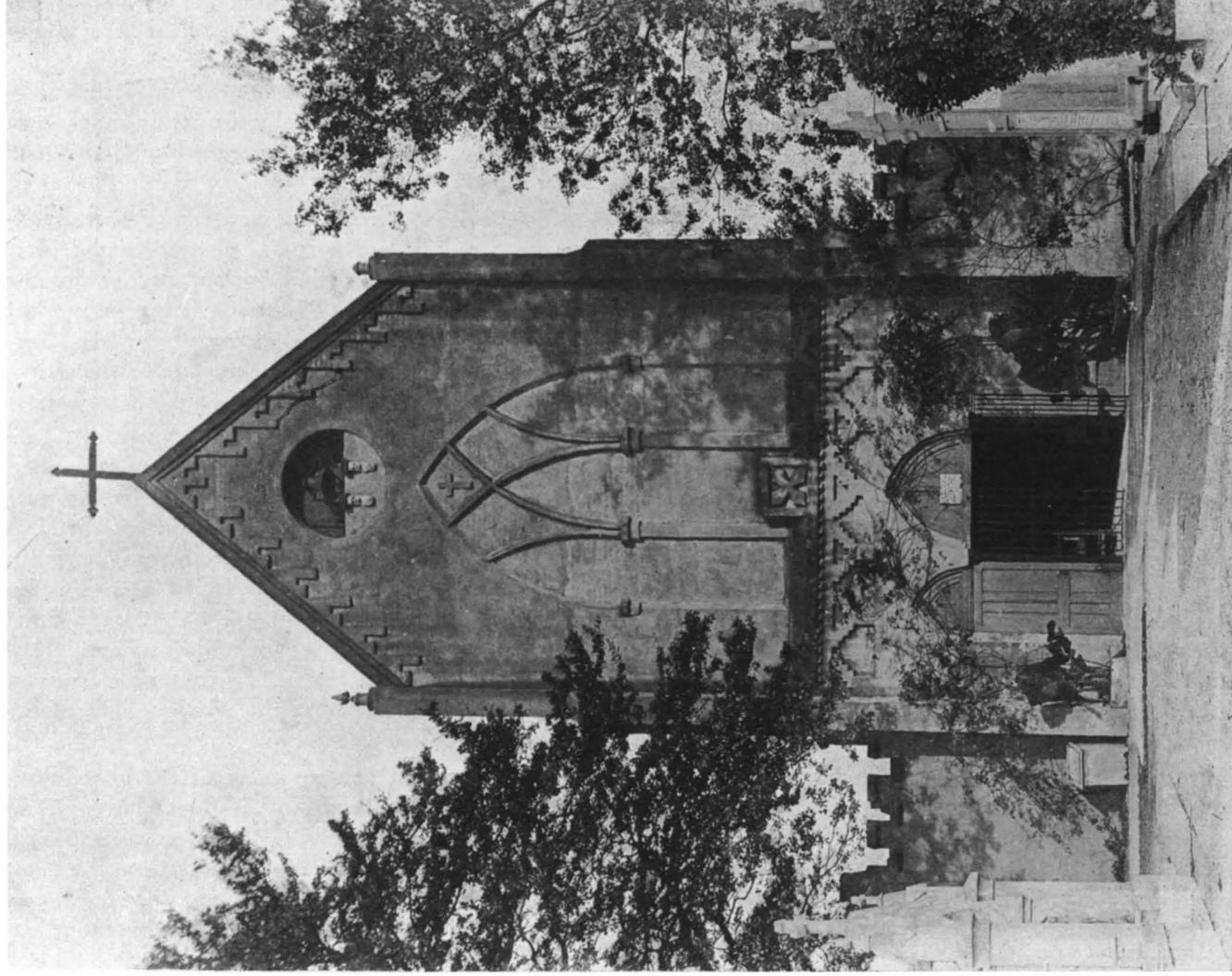
Yet who would recognize today in that paved thoroughfare of shops fronted with plate glass, of clanging street cars and crowded lines of automobiles, the "terre commune" that once bounded the lower borders of the Bienville Plantation of ancient times when the city was merely the colony? Who would dream as he stands on the "neutral

ground" in its center, awaiting the arrival or departure of street cars from or to all parts of a city of 400,000 population, that under his feet is the filled-in canal from which the street wins its name—a canal that once was actually a military moat, part of the fortifications of the rampart-bounded Vieux Carre?

Yet time was when moat and rampart, with jutting forts at all four corners, piously named after the saints, guarded all that ancient city. And the name "Rampart Street" is still a living monument to the times. It marks the site of the engineer-straight line that once walled that side of the city—a line where now automobiles speed on asphalt.

That open canal yawned in the center of Canal Street until 1795, when the point where it opened into the Mississippi River was blocked by the construction of Fort St. Louis. That ancient fortification rose proudly where now crouches that squat giant of a building—the United States Custom House. And until the year 1838 that wide canal still opened in the heart of the growing city. That year it was filled in as far back as Claiborne Avenue. It was not until 1878 that the whole length of the channel was filled with earth.

From Canal Street start most of the expeditions into the old French town—the Vieux Carre. And by far the greater majority of them lead down Royal Street—the old Rue Royale—directly into the heart of the ancient city. Literally, along that road, one steps from modern America into a period and atmosphere that it seems difficult to believe could sur-



ST. ROCH'S CHAPEL

vive, even in so cosmopolitan a setting as the second seaport of the United States. Let's step over that threshold of Today into the Romance of Yesterday.

That first block of the ancient street laid out with military straightness and precision by the 'Sieur Le Blond de la Tour in itself would fill a volume with names and incidents. It was the first paved street in New Orleans. Narrow as are only the streets of European cities of the same period, today it is a stretch of level asphalt. That first paving, however, was of the huge Belgian blocks one still can see in many sections of New Orleans' wholesale district and the streets leading to the river front. Those blocks of stone, against which the iron-clad wheels of the old cotton floats and other vehicles made such a thunderous volume of sound, were brought from Belgium as ballast in the holds of sailing ships. The story runs that the city made an offer of a certain price for each stone, in order to induce those ship-captains to bring them to New Orleans, and that finally, set in place in the street, each of them cost the city one dollar.

Midway between Canal and Iberville on Royal Street, where now a business man's restaurant stands, once was the entrance to the Cosmopolitan Hotel. For years it was the political headquarters of Louisiana, with its nooks and rooms rivalling in Southern political significance the historic "Amen Corner" of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. But earlier still it was the site of the residence and office of the man who watched close in death the eyes of Napoleon Bonaparte on that desolate isle

of St. Helena—Dr. Antommarchi, personal physician to the great emperor. It was Dr. Antommarchi who with his own hands took the only wax impression of the dead emperor's face that gave history the famous Napoleon Death Mask whereby the exact lineaments of Europe's conqueror have been preserved for all time. And in gratitude for the reception New Orleans gave him as he landed in America, a world exile after his emperor's death, he gave that Napoleon Death Mask to the city of New Orleans. It can still be seen at the Cabildo in Jackson Square.

In that same block of Royal Street, at No. 126, stands the ancient Merchants' Exchange in the building that was the United States Postoffice from 1835 to 1844—the days of Henry Clay. That in itself may seem but a prosaic detail of the city's early history. But the site leaps into renewed life at the memory that in this building, whose second floor housed the United States Court in 1857, the world-famous filibuster Walker stood on trial and faced a federal judge in a case that stirred the nation.

Walker, the Filibuster! What memories and fancies that name stirs to life! The swift craft, weapon-laden, whose safe arrival on palm-fronted beaches made and unmade history in those turbulent lands below the Rio Grande! The game of life and death with governments and revolutionists! The breathless hide-and-seek that was played with Federal agents before the cargo of rifles and ammunition labelled "hardware" or "sewing machines" made



COURT YARD IN OLD FRENCH QUARTER

its way safely out of the port and into the dancing blue of the Gulf of Mexico!

Later that same historic building flashed with the lights of revelry when it became one of the famous gambling houses of the South—a house that entertained without price in princely fashion its hundreds of patrons—a house where the game knew no limit—where fortunes were tossed casually or feverishly across the table in a night's play.

Nor has No. 127 Royal Street, in this same block, any less vivid a history. Here it was that Carter, speaker of the House of Representatives, sought to set up his own legislature when he bolted from the governing body of the State. Those were tumultuous times in Louisiana's political history. United States troops came to the aid of the police under the command of the governor—and the Carter forces were expelled at the point of the bayonet.

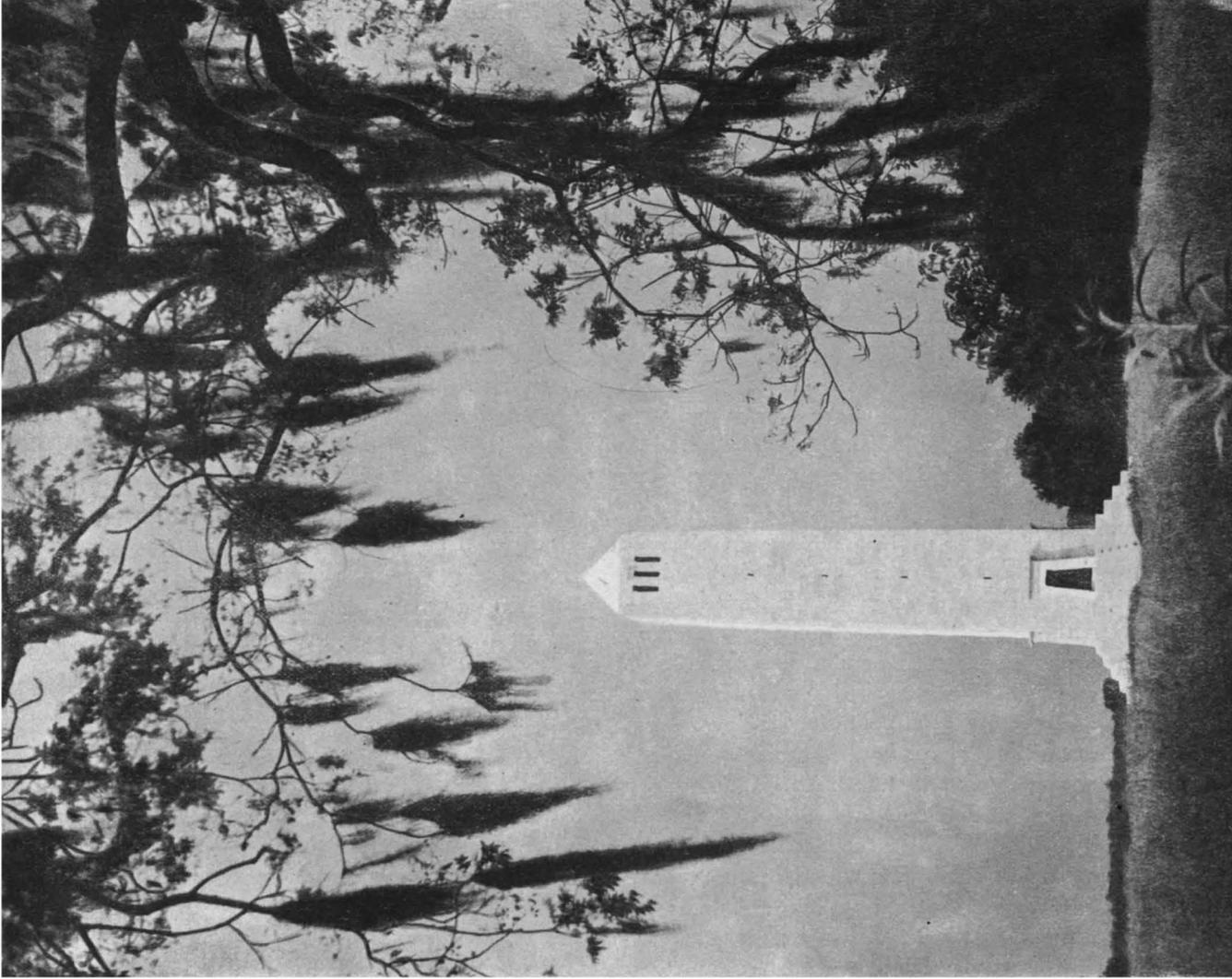
But there are gentler tales that cluster about this short city block, ancient of years. Still stands the Gem Restaurant, where the tables are set along a sanded floor down a long, narrow, hall-like passageway that once was the carriage-drive entering the court-yard of a long-forgotten Spanish grandee. In what was once his court-yard, too, the convivial tables are grouped. And in this historic structure built as the colonial residence of one of Spain's nobles, was born one of New Orleans' most exclusive and world-famous clubs, the Pickwick Club. Over a table at the Gem were wrought the preliminary plans that resulted in the organization of that Louisiana and New Orleans social institution.

Plans for the first Mardi Gras Carnival Ball, too, were evolved over one of the tables at the Gem.

And, in parting from this historic eating place, one learns the interesting fact that it was here that the business habits of New Orleans were revolutionized and brought into step with modern American efficiency in at least one respect. Once, when came the time for the mid-day meal, the business world of New Orleans closed the office door and went home for refreshment. It was the Gem that tried the daring venture of inaugurating a mid-day luncheon for business folk. Like other daring ventures, it was a success. Thereafter, once the new custom of eating the mid-day meal downtown became fixed in New Orleans, the offices of the city knew further hours of activity. That custom has never been lost.

It was at No. 135 Royal Street that for a long period New Orleans enjoyed one of its centers of belles lettres. There was the famous book-shop of A. L. Boimare, historian of Louisiana, who came from France in 1825 and who eventually moved his book-shop and circulating library—founded long before Carnegie or Carnegie libraries were dreamed of—from their first site on Chartres Street.

Today on the corner of Royal and Iberville stands a building within whose walls men group about pool and billiard tables. But the magnificent facade with its towering columns leads the eye inevitably aloft, where still remains the inscription that shows it was once the home of the Union Bank, one of the city's great financial institutions.



CHALMETTE MONUMENT ON FIELD OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

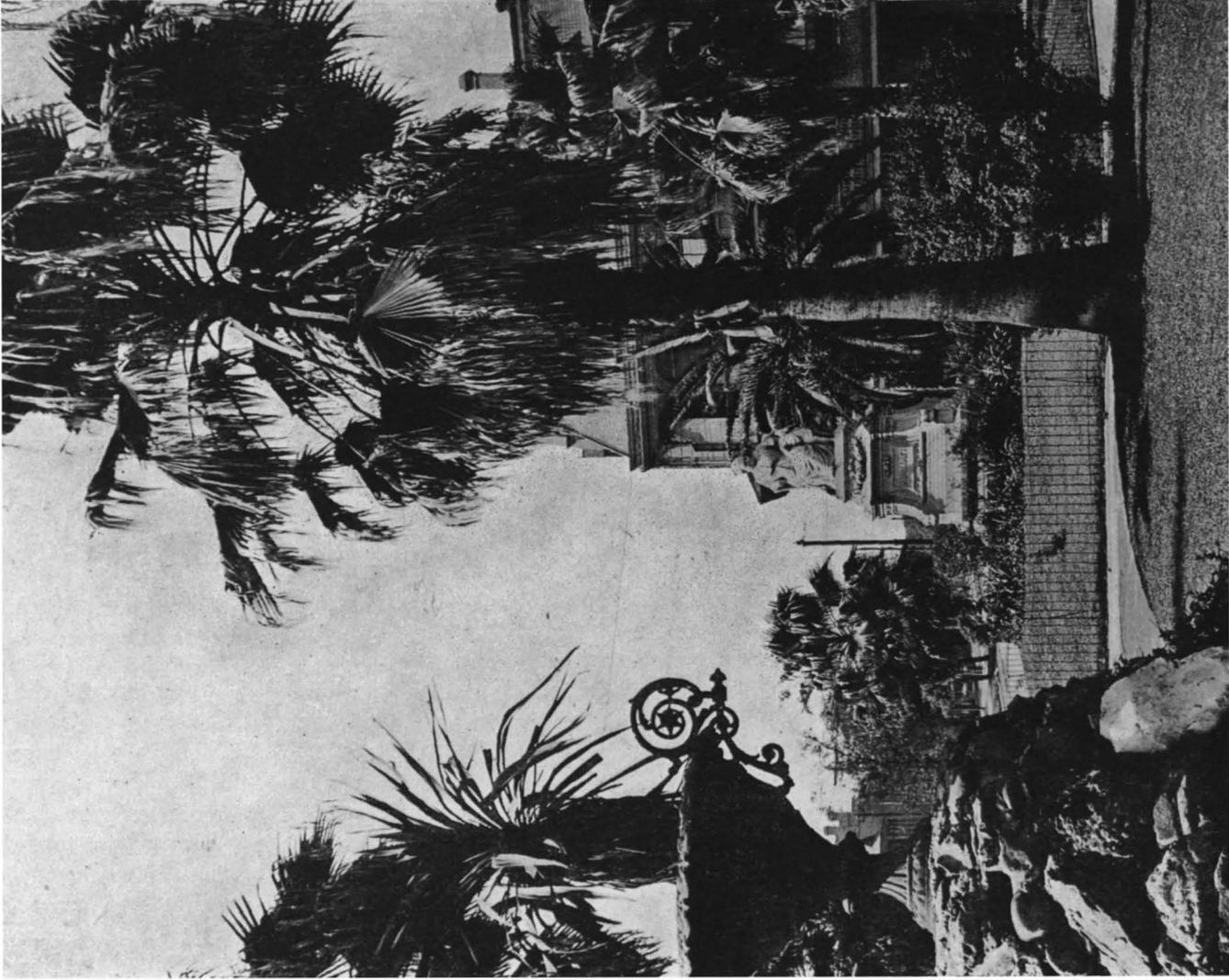
Up the street half a block rises the creamy tile of the Monteleone Hotel. That site once bore the home of the South's most noted jurists and a man of world-wide culture—Judge Alfred Hennen. It was a three-story house, notably large for its time.

A little further down the street comes the corner of Royal and Conti. That was once the financial center of the city. On all four corners of the intersection stood banks. Today the corners occupied by the United States Shipping Board Building, by a pawn-shop under the quaint French name of "Mont de Piete", by an antique store and the magnificent New Court House. That Shipping Board Building has known variegated history as it stands, with beautiful, dignified architectural lines and marvellous iron grille-work in fence and entrance. Built in 1826 as the Bank of Louisiana, it has been successively concert hall, criminal court, mortgage office and court of record, before it was given by the city to the Shipping Board for headquarters of the Gulf district. Diagonally across from it, now an antique shop, is the building that was once the town-house of Etienne de Bore. That name is probably unrecognized by millions. Yet on his plantation that is now Audubon Park, Etienne de Bore made the first granulated sugar in Louisiana and laid the foundations for an industry that to-day in America is worth untold millions.

Costing \$1,000,000, the New Court house next door fills an entire city block. Yet the huddle of ancient structures that were torn down to clear the site for courts ranging from the Juvenile Court to

the Supreme Court of Louisiana were rich with historical associations. One of the houses in this block was once the headquarters for General Andrew Jackson. One of them once housed Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, brilliant author, to whose famous literary salons came rejoicing men like Eugene Field and Charles Dudley Warner.

One block further down that historic Rue Royale. And there, with stucco facade and twisted iron grille about the door that opens, by way of a tunnel-like passage, into the quaintly beautiful courtyard in the rear, is the house that once was the home of Paul Charles Morphy, chess champion of the world, at whose marvelous game chess players will wonder for centuries to come. Son of a Louisiana Supreme Court justice and Mademoiselle Le Carpentier, of an old New Orleans French family, the child at 10 was a chess phenomenon who had been taught by his father the elementary moves of the game. Lowenthal, the renowned Hungarian chess player, fell before him, when the 13 year old boy played him as the Hungarian was visiting New Orleans. When he was but 20, Morphy entered the First American Chess Congress at New York, and won 97 of 100 games. His marvelous play won world-renown for him in Paris and London. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Agassiz and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were among the guests at a banquet in his honor, on his return to Boston. New Orleans, city of his birth, presented him with a set of chessmen in solid gold and silver. But the intense concentration sapped his mental strength, and at last



MARGARET'S MONUMENT. ONE OF THE FIRST MONUMENTS ERECTED
TO A WOMAN

he abandoned the game in which he held world-supremacy. He died in this old house on Royal Street, his body-servant finding his body in the bathroom in this picturesque old courtyard, where he had expired after taking a cold bath when overheated.

The fact that this building housed Morphy has completely overshadowed in historical interest the fact that it is also the second bank building ever reared in Louisiana. The structure was originally built to house the Louisiana Bank in 1816, and the ancient monogram of the institution can still be seen in the twined design of the gallery railing.

Today billboards front the vacant site on the corner of Royal and St. Louis Streets. Yet but a few months ago the ancient gray walls of the Old St. Louis Hotel, known also as the Hotel Royal, rose as a monument to the sparkling social life of a period that will never come back to Louisiana—a sparkling social life that was shot through with the flash of pistol and rifle, the gleam of cold steel and the struggle of battle, alternated with the hoarse voice of the auctioneer as at the slave-block in the ancient lobby the plantations hands for scores of broad estates were sold to the planters visiting the city.

It was in 1836 that this structure was built by the Improvement Bank. The largest hotel of the New World at the time it was built, it sprang instantly into the center of the social spotlight for the entire South. Here came the planters and their families. Here gathered the best of the city's life in functions the memory of which will be handed down from generation to generation for uncounted years to

come. The clean-cut lines that were designed by Architect Depouilly were beautiful in their simplicity and dignity. The great dome of the ball room—America's largest unbroken dome, by the way—was a sight that drew architects from all over the country. It was the first dome ever built in America of hollow tile—a form of construction necessitated by the marshy character of the site. Casanova came from Italy to paint the wonderful mural frescoes that were recently torn down by a house wrecking firm. And so wonderful was his work that to the eye of one standing on the floor, those paintings had all the appearance of designs carved deep in the wooden panels.

Originally known as the City Exchange, the building was destroyed by flames and in 1851 was built once more. From 1874 until 1882 it served Louisiana as the State House. And on the ground floor, beneath a high-curving arch, was the slave-block from which uncounted thousands of slaves were sold to their plantation owners.

In this ancient hotel it was that the famous banquet was given Henry Clay in 1843. The "check" for that banquet topped \$20,000—a figure notable even in the days of connoisseurs and of lavish wealth. Within those ancient walls New Orleans has entertained besides Henry Clay such notable figures as Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil; Louis Kossuth, Adelina Patti, General Boulanger, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and William McKinley during the period of his governorship of Ohio. It was here in reconstruction times that the hotel stood a siege



AVENUE OF OAKS COVERED WITH SPANISH MOSS, AUDUBON PARK

of weeks. It was from its doors that the bayonets under General Sheridan's command drove forth the Louisiana legislature.

In the next block of Royal Street are rare landmarks of the ancient days. Next to the Old St. Louis Hotel is one of the first types of the ancient Spanish townhouses in which the *grandees* of colonial times resided. At No. 505 Royal Street is the residence where died Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, author, after she had moved from the house in the block now covered by the New Court House. The ancient *Commandancia*, the headquarters whence sallied the old Spanish mounted police, still stands at No. 527 Royal Street. It was built by Governor Miro in the days of 1769. Ancient cannon, imbedded deep in the sides of the archway of the entrance, mark the spot.

The Court of the Two Sisters can still be seen at 613 Royal Street, and the charmingly ancient entrance to the Crawford-Bienvenu homestead patio can still be seen across the way. It is one of the amazingly beautiful courtyards of the old New Orleans type, and visitors are granted the privilege of inspecting its cool charm.

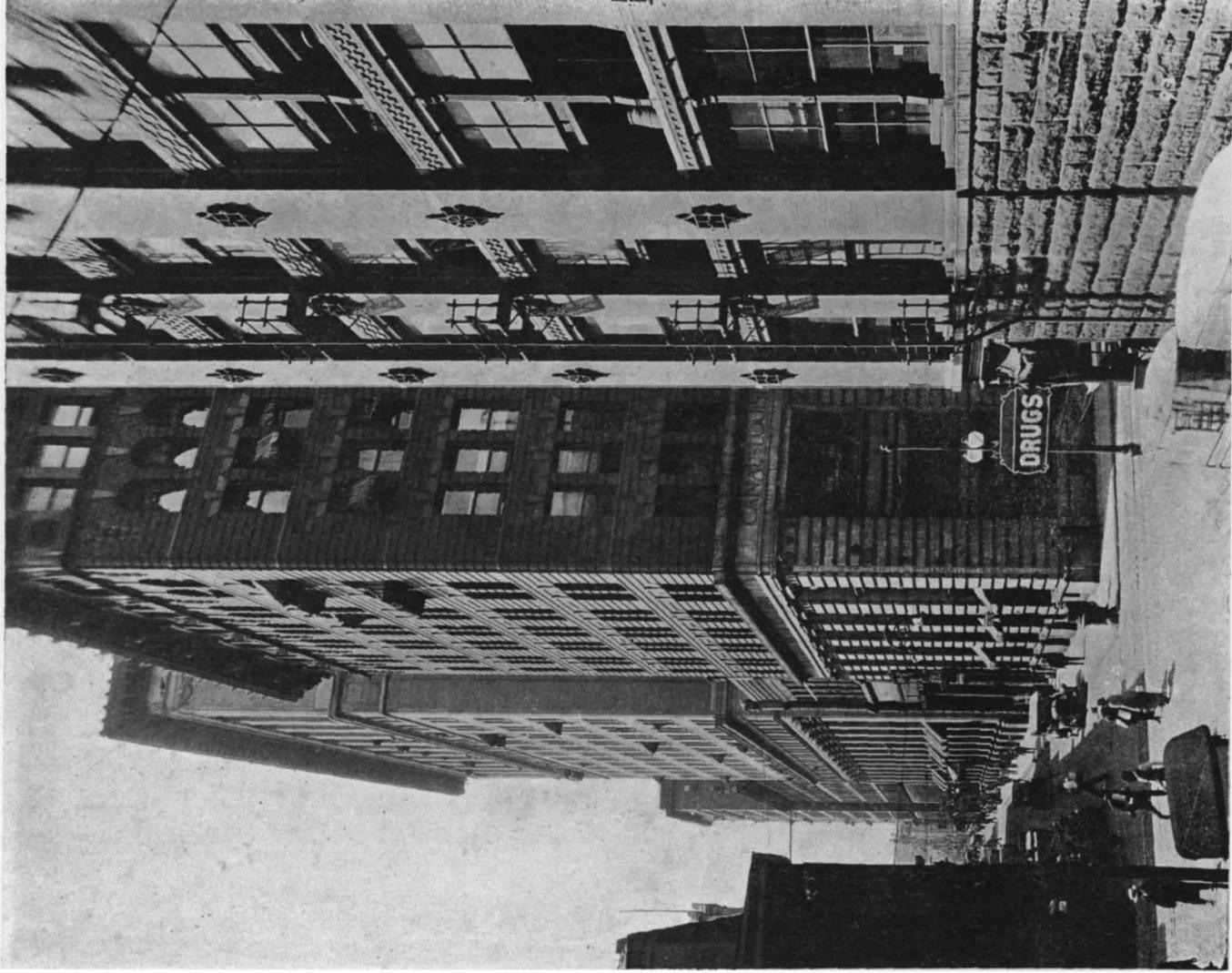
The "600-block" of Royal Street is notable in that, as the residence of the Labatut family, it contains one of the few ancient homesteads where the descendants of the founders still occupy the old home, living the life of old-time New Orleans behind their walls and blinds—a life that for most of the New World is laid away in the lavender and

rosemary of memories. This residence is at 624 Royal Street.

It was just across the way, at 627 Royal, that Adelina Patti, whose golden voice was stilled so short a time ago, once made her home throughout the entire winter of her engagement at the Old French Opera House. There the singer resided with her brother's family, in the ancient home of the Laroussinis, and there are many yet living in the French quarter who recall her evenings, seated on the quaint, narrow gallery overlooking the street, when her engagement did not call her to that historic stage.

New Orleans has her skyscrapers today in Canal Street, and more are being planned. But the first "skyscraper" of the ancient city is still to be seen on the corner of Royal and St. Peter Streets. First it soared toward the heavens—a full three stories high! And when in 1814 the fourth story was added, neighbors watched it with a wary eye, lest the structure of unprecedented height should topple of its great size! Here, clustered about this "skyscraper" that is the Le Monnier house, are the scenes that were indelibly etched in the world of literature, when George W. Cable wrote the immortal "'Sieur George" of Old Creole Days. Here are the gallery railings of wrought iron that have no equal in the world, say architects.

And it was in this setting that Lafcadio Hearn, then a reporter working on *The New Orleans Item* for a magnificent ten dollars a week, roomed in a tiny cubbyhole in which there was only space for



BUSINESS BLOCK IN WHOLESALE SECTION

high-piled books, for a truckle-bed, and the charcoal brazier on which he cooked his irregular meals.

Down Royal Street still further, at the corner of St. Ann, in 1835 stood one of the most picturesque resorts on the continent. Here opened the Cafe des Refugies. And it needs but the closing of the eyes today, at the name and one sight of the surroundings, to picture the swarthy, swift-spoken men who gathered there—filibusters, revolutionists against this or that saddle-skinned dictator, fugitives from the Antilles—all the colorful jetsam of Latin America.

On the corner of Royal and Dumaine, farther down, stands the house of Monsieur Poree. And it lives in history because Gayarre, the historian, when a child saw from its galleries the Creole ladies in a tense group waving farewell to the warriors who were marching out to Chalmette field under General Andrew Jackson, to give battle to the British under General Sir Edward Pakenham, in 1815.

Then, at the corner of Royal and Hospital streets still rears its walls the Haunted House that was the scene of one of New Orleans' most atrocious series of crimes—the more atrocious because of the culture and breeding of the woman who committed them—Madame Lalaurie. Carvings and mural paintings enrich its walls. In one of its rooms slept Louis Phillipe, as did also in their time the Marschal Ney and Lafayette. The house was found with fire breaking through the roof, in the absence of the master and mistress. Citizens quelled the flames—and then found that they had been start-

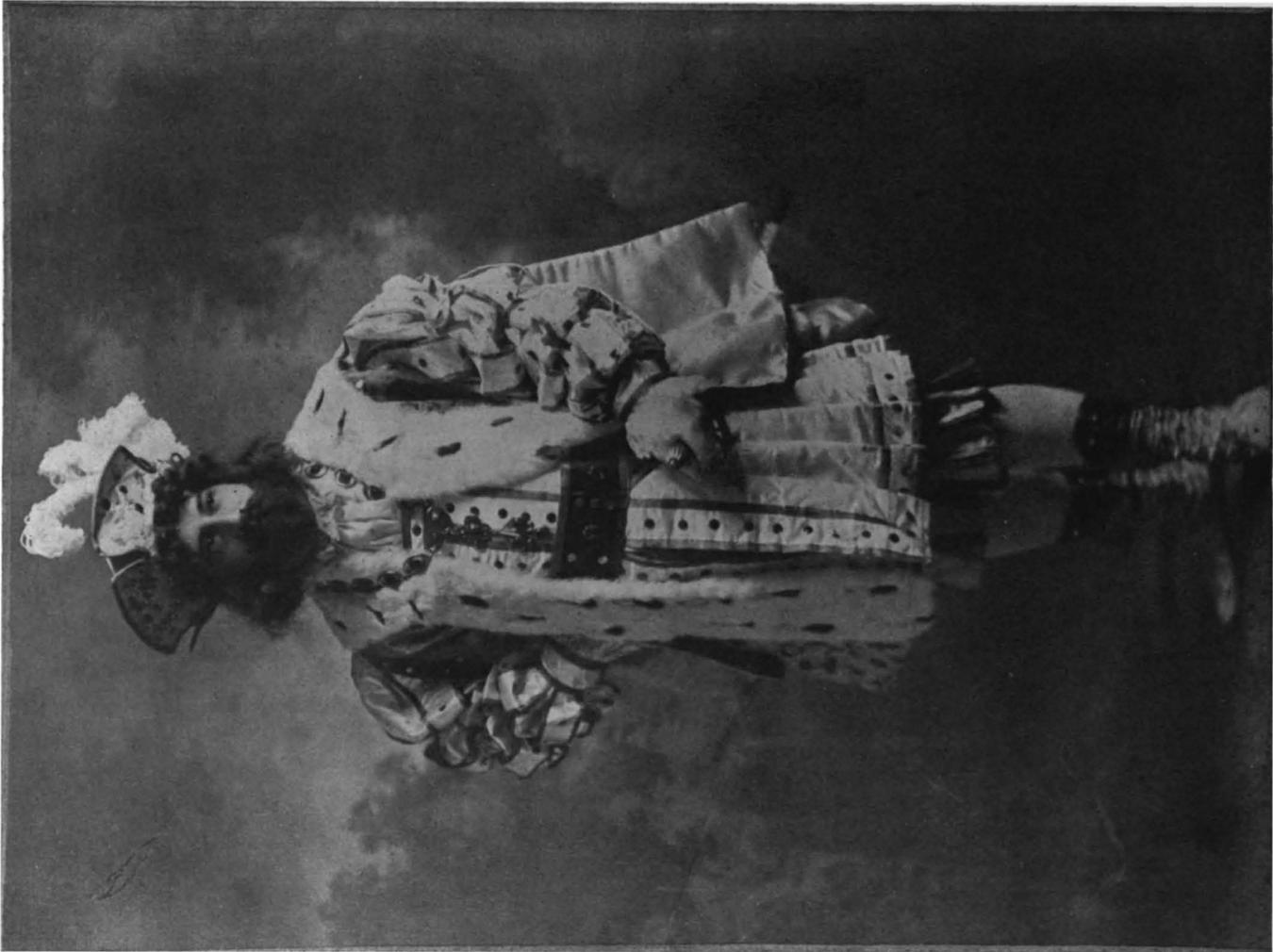
ed by a despairing slave who saw no chance of surcease of torture save by death. The investigation showed that all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition were being practiced on the Lalaurie slaves by their aristocratic mistress. A group of shattered wrecks of black humanity were found, pinioned by ears or thumbs to wall or floor, burdened with sharp metal collars that cut deeply into the flesh. Warned by a faithful coachman, Madame Lalaurie escaped by boat to France, while indignant Orleanians sacked the accursed house, piled its treasures high in the street and applied the torch.

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Parallelling Royal Street, and in similar fashion piercing from Canal Street straight into the heart of the Vieux Carre, is Chartres Street, which in colonial days shared with Royal the distinction of being one of the chief thoroughfares of the ancient town. The great, irregular cobblestones that came as sailing ship ballast in the old days still pave its surface.

At the corner of Chartres and Iberville, where now stands the Morgan Bank, is the site of the clothing store in which Paul Tulane, founder of the great Tulane University, laid the foundations of the fortune that later enabled him to found the South's great educational institution.

It was as a commercial thoroughfare that Chartres shone. Here at No. 36 was the store of D. H. Holmes, founder of the South's great department store. And quaint were his business practices. Six



KING OF THE CARNIVAL

months he kept his shop open. Then, turning key in lock, he took ship and for six months wandered Europe, buying for himself the importations with which he entranced the Creole shoppers the remaining six months of the year.

A block farther on is the corner of Chartres and Bienville. It was on the north corner of this intersection that were reared the temporary quarters for the Ursuline nuns, arriving from France in 1727, and filled with the high hopes of service that in their commission from the court of France permitted them to nurse the sick and open a school for girls.

Just one block below this point, toward the Mississippi River, by the way, is the site of the home of Bienville himself in 1728. The rude house of the colony's founder knew no glass in its windows, says a contemporary chronicle. Cotton cloth filled the spaces where the panes would normally be set. But it was the best the colony afforded, and is the house that Bienville turned over to those same Ursuline nuns for their habitation while the Ursuline convent was being built at the corner of Chartres and Dumaine streets. The ancient roof that housed Bienville on the downtown lake corner of Bienville and Decatur streets, long since has vanished. But memories of that gallant explorer still cluster thick about the spot.

But it is at 514 Chartres Street where Romance clusters thickest. There, on the corner of Chartres and St. Louis, rises the structure that stands today a battered monument to French loyalty—the house that was built to shelter Napoleon Bonaparte. It

was in 1821 that Nicholas Girod, wealthy merchant of New Orleans, launched the plan to rescue the fallen emperor from his exile on the barren rock of St. Helena. He built the house and furnished it in sumptuous fashion. Then he set about having built the swiftest ship that the expert Louisiana craftsmen could fashion. And Louisianians were mighty builders of ships in those days of sailing craft. The "Seraphine" was the result. She could outsail anything that hoisted canvas, assured her builders.

Captain Bossiere, famous mariner of the time, was commissioned captain of the Seraphine. Dominick You, long-time buccaneer and expert gunner of the privateer-pirate-smuggler Jean Lafitte, was signed on as mate of the vessel. The crew was engaged—hard-bitten adventurers all and loyal both to their emperor-hero and their New Orleans master. Word of the plot had been conveyed to Napoleon, and he had approved. The plan was to sail stealthily to St. Helena, slip in past the cordon of British frigates after nightfall, scale the cliffs, overpower the guards, and rescue Napoleon by means of a rope ladder. Then, once aboard the Seraphine, the New Orleans craft, said Captain Bossiere, could show her heels to any British-built keel afloat.

Chuckling at the perfected plan, Nicholas Girod checked the final details in his residence diagonally across from the Napoleon House, where now the close-shaven lawns of the New Orleans Court House stretch their green velvet. Enthusiasm ran wild



OLD PRALINE WOMAN

throughout the colony. Frenchmen made ready to greet "Our Uncrowned King."

And then—a greater power than all stepped in to mar the plan. Three days before the appointed time for the Seraphine to up-anchor and sail for St. Helena, word came to America that Napoleon had died on May 5, 1821.

The Seraphine, destined to immortality as the rescue-craft of the great Napoleon, became an ordinary craft of commerce. The crew disbanded, with Bossiere and Dominick You inconsolable. And today the Napoleon House still stands, fallen from its high estate as an Emperor's refuge to the sordid usage of petty trade.

Across the street from it stands the structure that once housed Maspero's Exchange—a fine old type of building that has played its part in history. Here was the first "press room" in the continent—a corner where the reporter-editors of the early colonial times met to exchange the news that seeped into the coffee-house from all corners of the earth with the arrival of every ship in port. This, too, is the building in which Andrew Jackson planned his strategy for the defense of New Orleans against Pakenham's Peninsula veterans. And when, in the gruff old soldier's tangle in the complexities of civil life after the battle, he was fined \$1,000 for contempt by Judge Hall, it was to Maspero's Exchange that he was borne in triumph by his admirers.

About this historic juncture of Chartres and St. Louis streets throng memories in endless ranks. On one of the corners stood Hewlett's Exchange, cele-

brated in early history. Here was in its time the city's finest bar-room. Here was the auction mart where plantations, stocks, real estate and slaves were sold by an auctioneer who in three tongues—English, French and Spanish—cried his wares from noon until 3 p. m. daily.

Nor was commerce the only activity of the building. The times demanded quick action. Hewlett gave it to his patrons. In the upper stories were richly-furnished gambling quarters and billiard rooms for their entertainment. And on the St. Louis side, of the exchange the hot-blooded sports of the time could wager without limit on the fighting powers of trained birds in the cock-pit that was run by Hicks, reputed to have been Hewlett's partner.

Near St. Louis Street, too, on the woods side of Chartres, can be seen today the site of the old Strangers' Hotel. Here it was that Dr. Antommarchi, personal physician to Napoleon, who closed the emperor's eyes in death and made the only death-mask of Napoleon extant, first found refuge in the new city. And here it was that he made formal presentation of that death mask to the City of New Orleans, in gratitude at his reception, before he moved to Royal Street, where, on the site of the present Cosmopolitan Hotel he practiced for years.

Following down Chartres to the point just above Toulouse, one finds a modern ice factory. The walls of that house were once the walls of the old Orleans Hotel—once the finest caravansary in the whole Mississippi Valley.



OLD SLAVE BLOCK, HOTEL ROYAL

At the corner of Chartres and Toulouse stood the residence of the paymaster of the old Spanish garrison—Don Nunez. His was the piety that is credited with the almost total destruction of the city. For in the private chapel of his house, in 1783, started the great fire of that year when a curtain stirred by the breeze fluttered into the flame of a votive candle. It was Good Friday, says tradition, and the pious Don Nunez would not send for a secular fire department upon so holy a day.

* * * * *

And so one wanders down Chartres Street, rich with the memories of ancient years, until the arrow-straight old thoroughfare opens upon a wide space that today men know as Jackson Square.

Could the spirits of the men and women who have trod that open space but return—what a wondrously rich array would crowd the ground enclosed by the levee and the River, by the long red lines of the Pontalba Buildings on either hand, and at the head, the gray old St. Louis Cathedral, the Cabildo and the Presbytere. For here was the Place d'Armes of colonial history.

And the Place of Arms it was, literally, in the days of the colony—even far later. Laid out originally by the same 'Sieur Le Blond de la Tour who designed the whole plan of the Vieux Carre, the open space it afforded was to serve as a drill ground for colonial soldiery and a meeting place for open air public gatherings of the colonists.

Here in the early years rang out from day to day the crackling commands of officers and drill sergeants as the heavily-burdened ranks of the soldiery of that time went through the complicated evolutions of European drill-tactics. Here assembled under arms the whole body of the colonists in the days when it was necessary to march out in open warfare against the Indians after the tribes had staged the savage massacre at the tiny trading post of Natchez, far up the river.

Today the greensward and shrubbery of a modern fenced-in park set off the towering bronze equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, for whom the square was re-christened. But in the old colonial days the Place d'Armes knew nothing of heroic statues of granite and bronze. When it was not wet and muddy it was dry and dusty, say the ancient chronicles. A fence of wooden palings surrounded it. And in the center, where now rises that heroic figure by Clark Mills, American sculptor, once rose raw and hideous the rough planks of the official gibbet. Those timbered gallows, too, bore their fruit full often. Fastened in chains, from the jutting shaft in the old times, pirates and criminals swung there for days, silent warnings of the penalty of a law that slew for a score of crimes.

That open block of ground has seen, probably, more vital history than any equivalent space in the United States. The spirit of Romance breathes over it like a benediction. And today, when at night-fall the children of the Vieux Carre romp and play about the grass, when here and there from the



SCENE ON LEVEE, ABOUT 1875

Cathedral pass figures in black cassock and biretta, it needs small strength of imagination to people that square with the innumerable crowding figures of New Orleans history.

Here in this open square of ground first landed the Ursuline nuns in those far-off days. Here were grouped, their faces eager with the thought of their great adventure, the Filles de la Cassette—those Casket Girls who came from France with a King's dowry-gift, as wives for the colonist husbands on whose faces they looked for the first time as they landed from the tiny sailing craft moored at the levee's side. Here, with the doors of the old Cathedral thrown wide in welcome, General Andrew Jackson himself was greeted after his victory at Chalmette. Here the white-clad maids of Orleans cast flowers about the grim-faced old hero, and in that same Cathedral the priests, soldiers and populace sang a mighty Te Deum at their deliverance from the conquest of the invading British.

In the rear of the great Cathedral spreads the small confines of St. Anthony's Garden. In that tiny plot of ground the Creole rapiers have clashed in combat to the light of torches or of the moon; here colonial ladyfolk have gathered while refreshments were served, and here still stands the monument reared to the memory of the French sailors who died in 1858 on board their ship in the Mississippi's mouth, when epidemic swept the coast.

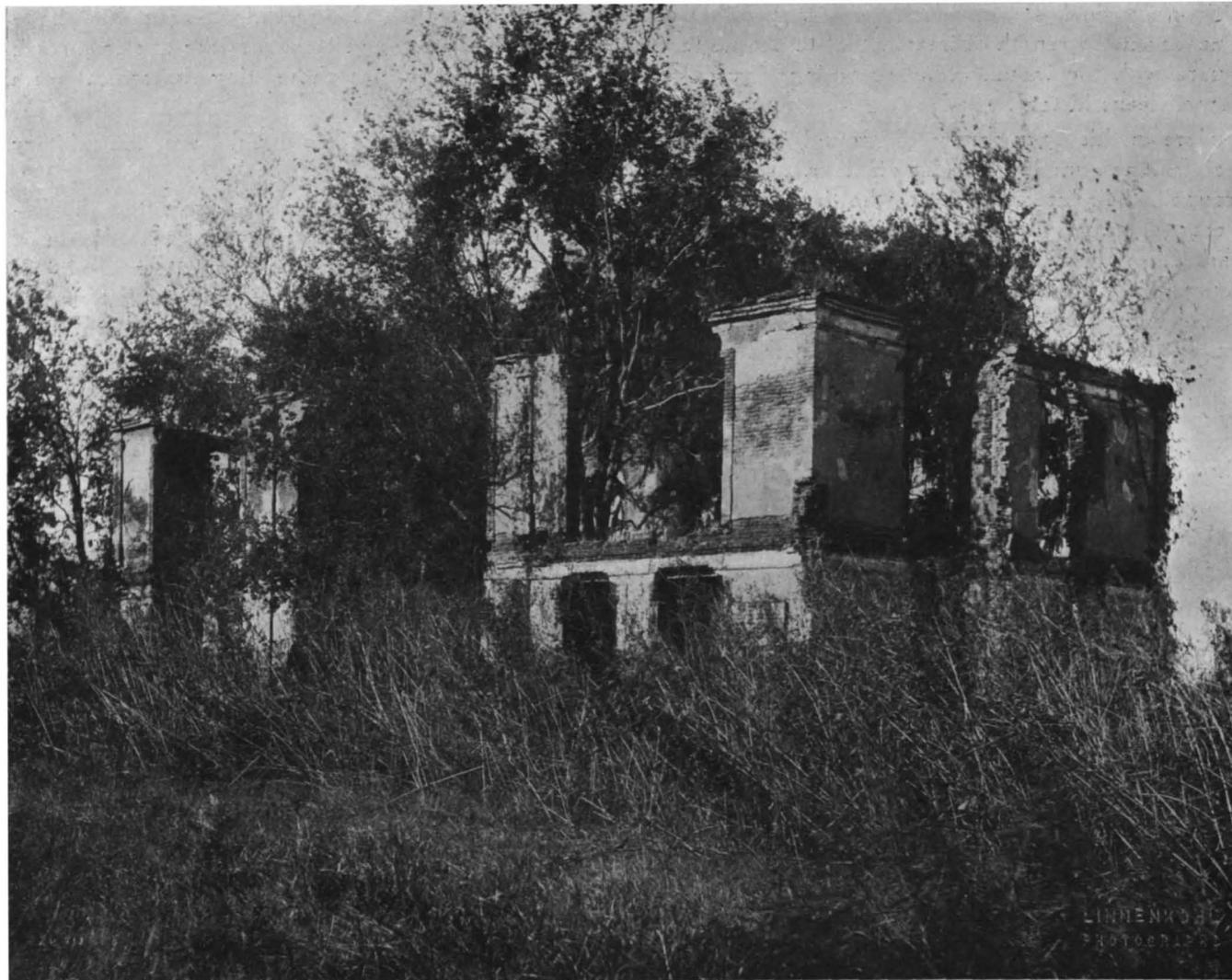
And but a few steps away there leads back to the great open square Orleans Alley, a by-street as quaint and picturesque as any ever found in medie-

val town of the Continent. Thousands have sketched its jutting galleries of lace-like iron-work—the "miradors," as those tiny balconies were known.

There, too, is the age-old Calabozo, the military prison of Spanish times.

But, once more in the Square, one enters the Cabildo, built in 1795, and today a treasure-house of relics of the colonial days. The roster of world-famous men who have passed beneath that arched entrance, through the door of Spanish wrought iron, and up those marble stairs is like a roster of forgotten courts and salons. The feet of Louis Philippe, of Aaron Burr, of Lafayette, of Audubon have trod that path. Thither have stepped the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay, the Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Czar; General Boulanger, Roosevelt, Taft, McKinley, Mark Twain, Admiral Schley, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Joseph Jefferson, Barrett, Booth and Mansfield. And the marble steps show in their deep groovings how many feet have trod the pathways that have known such noted foot-falls.

The building itself was built by Don Almonaster y Roxas, during the days when Carondelet ruled as Spanish governor. In its rooms sat the rulers of the Spanish province of Louisiana, and here were made the laws of the colony. Here, too, in the Sala Capitular, as the main chamber is known, sat the grave-faced men who signed the papers whereby the province, shifted from France to Spain and back again to France, was in 1803 transferred to



GENERAL PACKENHAM'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE BATTLE OF
NEW ORLEANS

the United States. Those men represented Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, on the other. Some fourteen states of the union were formed out of the land which for \$15,000,000 came to the new republic. And while these signatures were being laboriously affixed to the ancient parchments, outside roared the volleys of the troops as the French flag fluttered down from the staff, and over the Place d'Armes rose the Stars and Stripes.

In this building was held the first Protestant Church service in Louisiana, by the Episcopalians. And the whole structure, drafted from its executive and clerical uses, in April, 1825, was re-furnished as the residence of the Marquis de Lafayette. From the balcony that overlooks the square today, the immortal hero reviewed the troops marched past in his honor, and addressed in French the thronging thousands who cheered him, from the Chartres Street balcony.

Balancing the Cathedral's other flank-guard of the Cabildo stands the Presbytere, built in 1813. It is an architectural copy of the Cabildo, but not of the same substantial construction. And around the corner on St. Peter Street is the Spanish Arsenal, built in 1770 but now dedicated by the Louisiana State Museum as a battle abbey.

Out in the center of the Square, where rises the General Jackson statue—which, by the way, is said to be the first equestrian statue ever cast in bronze in a rearing attitude without support for the horse—there is still to be seen a relic of the times when

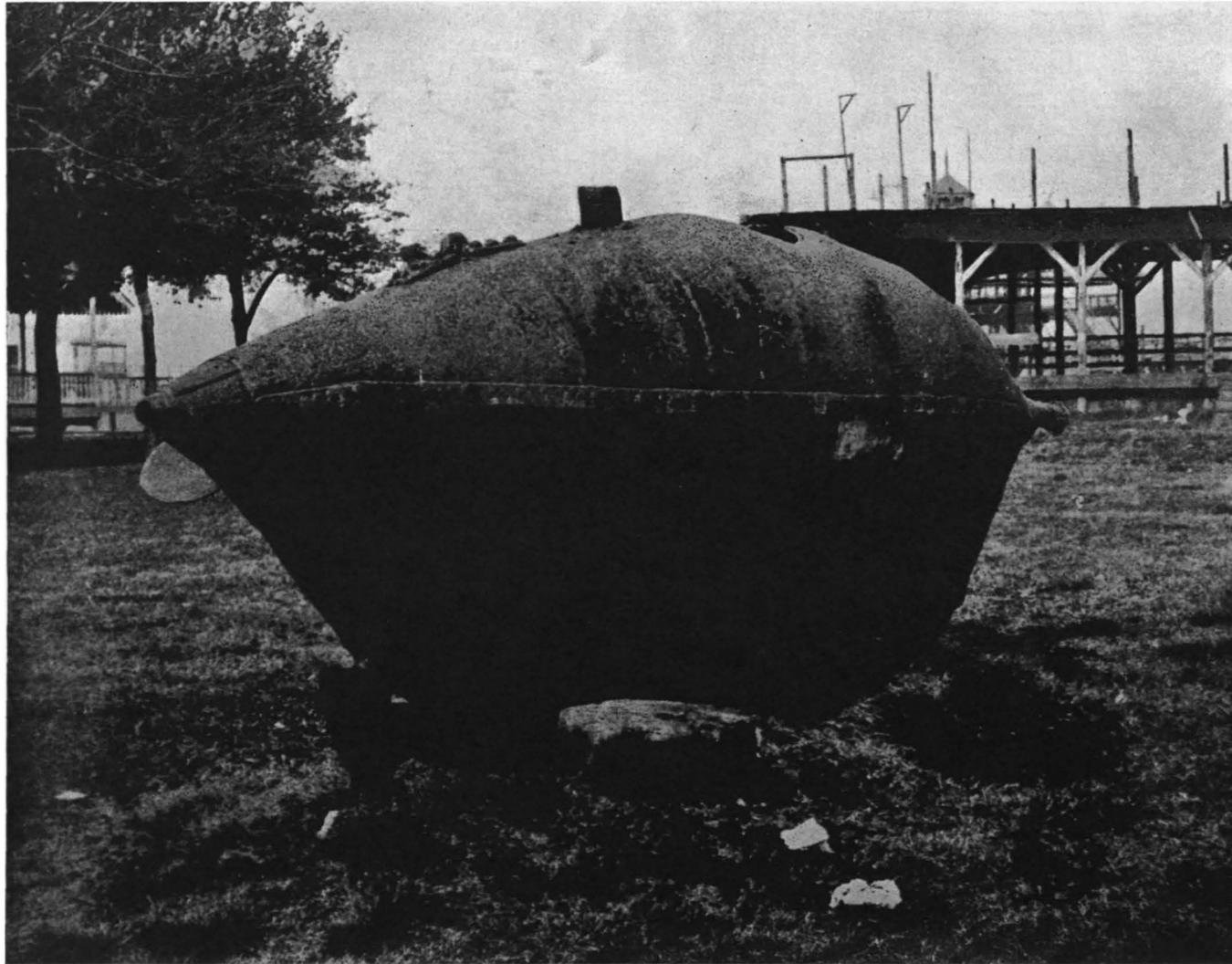
New Orleans was occupied by a Federal army of invaders.

Cut clearly on the base of the statue are General Jackson's own words at his inaugural speech: "The Union Must and Shall be Preserved." They were carved there by order of General Ben Butler—and their irritating effect upon the heart of the Confederacy at that time can well be imagined.

It was in 1849 that the two fine rows of brick buildings that flank the square today were erected by Michaela Leonarda, Baroness de Pontalba, the only child of old Don Almonaster y Roxas, who gave so lavishly to the community. And so well were they builded that today their lines stand straight and clean-cut, sagging not a fractional inch out of plumb.

Today they house Italian and Syrian families—and the revenues of the estate still go annually to the heirs of the Baroness Pontalba in France. The wonderful grill-work of the galleries' iron railings still bears the interwoven "A. P." monogram of the united noble houses of Almonaster and Pontalba.

But, though fallen from their high estate as exclusive apartments, those ancient buildings breathe romance and history. Once they spelt in the New Orleans residential world what Riverside Drive and Central Park West have meant in New York. Once, as guest of Madame la Baronne, they housed Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale who visited New Orleans and sang from the stage of the old French Opera House.



FIRST SUBMARINE EVER CONSTRUCTED. BUILT BY THE CONFEDERATES.

And here it was that Boudro, the cook, he who made the bouilleabaisse at his Milneburg restaurant over which Thackeray enthused, also made a record of New Orleans cookery over which Jenny Lind often mused regretfully in the days when her New Orleans visit was history.

Just around the corner of the Square, toward the river, stands one group of stalls that is famous wherever good eating is esteemed throughout the world—the French Market. The passage of the years has left the old fish market the same, with its heavy roof supported by ancient, huge columns, and its stalls bearing the treasures of gulf and river, lake and bayou.

No longer do the Indian vendors come to crouch at the foot of the huge columns, their stock of sweet herbs, sassafras and gombo file spread out for buyers at their feet. Much of the ancient market was rebuilt after the destruction wrought by the storm of 1915, and is now a scene of modern screens and tiling. But still in the early hours of dawn can be seen the thrifty housewives, baskets in arm, worn purses tightly clasped, on their way to bargain with the keepers of the stalls much as the bargains were conducted in those early days when first the market rose on this self-same site. Only there's a change. No longer can one feed a family on a "quarti" of red beans and rice. No longer does the "lagniappe" thrown in for good measure make a substantial addition to the family's menu. But at that, the quality of the food sold at the French

Market for present-day prices is amazing, compared to the prices that greet housewives in other cities.

And the French Market leads naturally enough to thoughts of eating. The romance of New Orleans' incomparable restaurants has been a part of English literature since Thackeray sang the praises of Boudro's bouilleabaisse, and since Eugene Field and O. Henry raved of the breakfasts at Madame Begue's—once a breakfast place for the butchers and other employes of the market. Those restaurants have a history of their own that would fill volumes. Who has heard of New Orleans without also hearing of the family Alciatore, chefs for generations? Who but has dreamed of that meal he was to eat at Maylies in the Poydras Market, where the only limit was the eater's capacity? Those New Orleans restaurants are still more than plain eating places. Tradition has raised them to the dignity of institutions. As are blent with the political history of the city certain names, so with the epicurean side are imperishably blent the names of the Alciatores, the Begues, Galatoire, Anouilh, Tujague, Bernisson and a score of others. The Vieux Carre is dotted with their restaurants. They range from places like La Louisiane on Iberville, where "Papa" Alciatore holds sway, and Antoine's in St. Louis Street, through to the places where meals can be obtained at a price far lower. And over them all Romance has cast its mantle.

But back to the other institutions of the Vieux Carre. Still standing on the corner of Bienville and Bourbon is the squat outline of the Old Absinthe



MADAME BEGUE'S—FAMOUS OLD FRENCH RESTAURANT

House, for more than 120 years the gathering-place of those who wished their Creole aperitif before dinner. Built in 1798, this structure is notable for the courtyard, winding stairs and second-story cellar of the old Spanish type. And in the low-beamed old bar, dusky with age, visitors still can see the heavy marble block with its polished taps rising above it, where the absinthe of countless patrons has been dripped for so long that the drops of water, falling on the stone, have carved deep into its substance a lacy pattern as if cut with a chisel and mallet. Here it was that Jean Lafitte, pirate and privateer, whose Baratarian headquarters were in the marshes of the lower coast about Grand Isle, for a time maintained his city headquarters.

No theatre-lover but treasures his memories of E. H. Sothern and Robert Edeson. How many know that both were born in this same Vieux Carre—Sothern at 719 Bienville Street, and Edeson on the upper woods' corner of Royal and Toulouse, where marble lions still mark the gates. Sothern's father, by the way, a struggling actor in the Varieties Stock Company, had been discharged but a few days before his son was born.

And things theatrical lead inevitably to the Old French Opera House, on Bourbon at the corner of Toulouse. Here in 1859 rose the massive structure that is still used for French opera—and that was the first opera house worthy the name on the North American continent. James Gallier was the architect. Another notable work of his draughting

board is the City Hall fronting Lafayette Square, with its magnificent columns.

The Opera House was the result of the French Opera Association, organized by Boudousquie, the Orleans Theater impressario. "Guillaume Tell" opened the great house in December, 1859, and here drama and opera shared honors until the Civil War darkened the stage until 1866. One of the great tragedies of the period was the sinking of the *Evening Star*, en route from France to New Orleans, with James Gallier, his wife, the new director and the entire troupe for the scheduled re-opening.

Here it was that an opera-loving public gathered at 6 p. m. for unabridged scores that lasted until midnight or later. And from boxes to "troisieme" not a patron but knew the score by heart and could criticize with sure knowledge. And here it was that Adelina Patti made her debut, while her brother, Carlo Patti, was second violin in the orchestra.

Here, too, was formed the still-existent "Pompier de l'Opera Francaise"—a fire-fighting organization unique in history. Down to the present day it has continued, the members serving without pay, but with the proud privilege of attending free any performance in the house, and of revelling at the Pompier's annual banquet. Their fire-fighting uniforms are the conventional evening dress.

The theatrical history of New Orleans goes back to the early days of the colony. The city supported an imported French Opera troupe in the days when George Washington was President of the United



CABILDO

States. From 1791 to 1807 there was Tabary's Theater at 716 St. Peter Street. And the stately brown structure that is now the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Family, colored nuns, in Orleans Street, adjoins the old Orleans Theater site. This Orleans Theater was burned to the ground in 1816. Prior to that, ancient files refer to it as the only complete and regular opera house in the United States. The present structure, erected in 1819, was the scene in April 12, 1825, of a ball in the honor of Marquis de Lafayette. The Legislature met here in 1827, when the State House had been razed by flames. And here it was that the world-famed quadrone balls were given—events over which many a duel was fought in St. Anthony's Garden, behind the old St. Louis Cathedral, on Metairie Ridge, and under the spreading duelling oaks of City Park.

At 229 St. Philip Street, nearby, lived Gregorio Curto, who goes down in musical fame as the man who without charge trained the voice of Minnie Hauk, world-famed "Carmen," whose performance in Brussels in 1878 created a furor in the musical world.

And who is there who, having heard of New Orleans, has not heard also of Congo Square? The name no longer survives save in ancient annals. Today it is Beauregard Square, where open-air gymnastic apparatus is installed, and the children know it as Beauregard Playground. Trees, grass and the swirling groups of childhood make it a city attraction. But in the old days of the colony it was a place

of ghastly revelry for the black slaves and the flotsam and jetsam of the Latin-American riff-raff that drifted into the city. Planted in the great square, a cannon nightly boomed the curfew warning. And the custom maintained until General Ben Butler, at the head of an invading Northern army, abolished it. Here, too, were the bull-fights staged under Spanish rule.

But worst of the orgies to which Congo Square gave birth were the Voudou dances and incantations in which the witchcraft of the African jungles found firm foothold among the blacks of the colony. Here reigned Marie Le Veau, longtime acknowledged Queen of the Voudous, whose rites in the worship of "Gran' Zombi," the snake god, at last brought police interference.

Vivid was the contrast between the debaucheries and the devotion of those times. But a short space from Congo Square and its unholy memories there rises at the corner of Barracks and Rampart streets the convent of the Discalced Carmelites. It is the most rigid Catholic order to which a woman can devote her religious life. Tiny, bare cells house the women of the convent. They sleep on planks covered with straw over which a sheet of serge is drawn. They drink only when permission is given by the Mother Superior, and eat meat never. They practice self-flagellation, and never look upon the faces of their kin after taking to the cloister. Unstockinged, they wear coarse brown garb.

Another building that has naught but holy memories in its history is the oldest in the Mississippi



OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE

Valley, as it was the largest when completed. This is the Ursuline Convent, begun in 1727 and completed in 1734. Here were schooled the daughters of colonial families for years. Next door stands the church built in 1787 for the Ursulines, now known as St. Mary's Italian Church. The present structure was built on the ruins of the old in 1846. Legend runs that behind its altar are buried the hearts of all archbishops of the Catholic archdiocese of New Orleans.

With the transfer of the Ursuline nuns to their newer convent far below the city, the building was converted into an archepiscopal palace, and there prelate after prelaté resided until the erection of the present palace at St. Claude and Esplanade Avenue.

And across the street stands the home of General Beauregard, last of the great generals of the Confederacy to survive. One of the world's greatest military engineers, second in his class at West Point, when the Lost Cause tottered to collapse he was offered the post of commander in chief of the armies of Roumania. He refused the honor.

There's a distinct military flavor to much of this history of the Vieux Carre. Hospital Street still bears its name from the fact that the old French Royal Hospital stood at the juncture of Hospital and Chartres Street. And on the block from Hospital to Barracks Street stood in olden times the French army barracks constructed by Governor Kerlerec in 1758.

Down Esplanade Avenue to the River, where once stood Fort San Carlos at one of the four corners of the Vieux Carre, stands the ancient United States Mint, built at a cost of \$3,000,000 and completed in 1838. The ancient plant no longer turns out coin. It rose on the site where General Jackson sat his horse and watched pass in final review his troops marching down to the battlefiel of Chalmette. Here also, in front of the lowering old gray structure, William Mumford, who tore down the American flag from the Mint after General Butler took possession of the city, was hanged by Butler's order.

It is over the ancient cemeteries of New Orleans that Romance seems to have spread her special benediction. And by the oldest of them, the old St. Louis Cemetery, rises "The Dead Church" as the Mortuary Chapel is called, at the corner of North Rampart and Conti streets. St. Louis Cathedral alone antedates this chapel. It was built in 1824 to receive all funerals, as the people feared the possible contagion of yellow fever should the ceremonies be held in the Cathedral.

In the rear, with its picturesque, lichened tombs rising high in air, the old St. Louis Cemetery tells its story of the silent passing of the years. Here rest the bones of such figures as Dominick You, pirate mate of Jean Lafitte; Etienne de Bore, who first made granulated sugar in Louisiana; Gayarre, noted historian, Charles Benoist La Salle, brother of the immortal explorer who laid down his life to the treachery of his men in the New World;



MASPERO EXCHANGE WHERE GEN. JACKSON PLANNED THE BATTLE OF
NEW ORLEANS

Francois Xavier Martin, chief justice of Louisiana in 1815 and noted historian—but the list is long. French and Spanish inscriptions in the marbles are varied by an occasional German lettering. For it was to New Orleans that scores of the duped immigrants from Europe came when the Mississippi Bubble burst and John Law's wonderful schemes proved an iridescent dream.

Another famous chapel in New Orleans is St. Roch Chapel, easily reached by street car service. There go unwed maids to pray for husbands. There, too, are offered the prayers of the childless for babies. And there also prayers for health ascend daily. The chapel was built by the hands of Father Thevis to evidence his gratitude to St. Roch that not a single one of his parishioners perished in the great yellow fever epidemic of 1866-67, runs the story.

Thus the tale goes on indefinitely. Hardly a house in a block of the Vieux Carre but has its story. Who save historians remember that "Maryland, My Maryland" was first published in New Orleans, and written by James R. Randall, then a teacher of English in Poydras College, Louisiana, who writes of his days in New Orleans when he was editor of The Morning Star and resided in an "obscene, hot little room in the garret amid the unholy environs of North Rampart Street."

Who recalls that "Dixie," the thrilling battle song of the Lost Cause, was first published on Canal Street, New Orleans, by a New Orleans music house still open?

What child but has read the stirring juvenile fiction of Mayne Reid? Yet how many know that his first story was dashed off as the Irish wit and adventurer was a guest at the home of Donn Piatt, his friend, in New Orleans?

How many know that in New Orleans the first commercial steam railroad in the United States was operated—the old Pontchartrain Railroad? And but few of the thousands of railroad men who daily use the raised platform know that it was invented and placed in operation for the first time in the world's railroad history in New Orleans—built, by the way, over the protest of the president of the road at his superintendent's extravagance and foolish, visionary notions.

Today one can take an Esplanade Avenue Belt car and roll swiftly out to City Park. That broad and shady street they travel is the self-same trail down which the Tchoutchouma Indians led Bienville to the sight of the Mississippi River, and the point where he founded the city destined to be so great. Where now a steel bridge bears the cars across Bayou St. John is the exact spot where Bienville landed.

Just below that bayou crossing is another ancient cemetery, which in Bienville's time was a Choctaw Indian village, and which was for a time seriously considered as the first site of the city.

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Thus runs the tale of Nouvelle Orleans, filled with the thrill of Romance of men who dared and



THE HOUSE PREPARED TO RECEIVE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

conquered in the New World. Down through colonial times it weaves a golden thread of love and battle and the quaint commerce of those ancient days.

But the time came when the surroundings that had been sufficient for the colonist, the grandee and the planter, were not to be tolerated for the newer American city.

Wrecked by the Civil War, New Orleans, like the rest of the South, started to rebuild. And in the tale of the rebuilding is woven another Romance that is not equaled by any other city of America.

First came the battle against flood. Yearly the Mississippi pours the drainage of a freshet-swept continent down past New Orleans to the Gulf. Once those days of flood were days of terror and watchfulness. Today, when the Spring-time floods are on, none but the casual sightseers or the routine levee patrol tread the crests of the great levees that fortify the city against the floods of all North America, as they go roaring down to salt water. More than \$10,000,000 is represented in those levees about New Orleans—but the yearly floods have lost their menace.

And then, once the city was walled with the high-banked levees, came another problem. It was a problem aggravated by their very presence. Those high walls circled the city like veritable fortifications—and drainage ceased. For the level of the city became lower than the level of the river—and the city was flat. So New Orleans, having barred

out the floods, exiled, too, the water the heavens poured into her borders. Huge syphons, pumps and drains were built. Today, within a few hours after the heaviest semi-tropical rains have descended, the last vestige of standing water has been pumped out into the river.

Thus was solved the problem of the unwanted water. There remained the greater problem of the city's drinking water. A city of 400,000 cannot drink from cisterns. The Mississippi River water is so thick with silt that United States engineers estimate that every 24 hours the river carries past the city sufficient silt to fill Canal Street to a height of 300 feet for eight city blocks—and Canal Street is the widest in North America. ✓

The silt, too, was conquered. Huge filtration plants take that muddy Mississippi River water. It leaves them for storage as soft and clear and healthful as any other water in the United States.

For that victory New Orleans paid \$35,000,000. But yellow fever has never since visited New Orleans.

Bubonic plague was the city's next battle. It was traced directly to the rat. Picture the problem of exterminating rats in a seaport city of 400,000 souls—and then making that 200-year-old city ratproof. Block by block New Orleans with Federal supervision took up the task. It was done—at a cost of \$10,000,000. There has been no bubonic plague in New Orleans since.

New Orleans' victory over pestilence is told in her death-rate. That rate is 17.54 annually for



SCENE IN OLD FRENCH QUARTER

each 1,000 of the population. It is lower than Washington's—far lower than Richmond's—and New York's rate is 17.06. The Crescent City has risen from the swamp mud to become one of the most healthful cities of the nation.

But it is in the development of New Orleans, the port, that is found the greatest epic of the New Romance. Nature made New Orleans the valley's water-gate. The almost uncanny foresight of Bienville swooped upon this spot in a swamp and forest-tangled wilderness. And today the activities of modern business have centered at this port of the long-dead explorer's choosing the terminals of eleven trunk lines of railroad, meeting the mooring-places of 45 lines of steamships.

And to serve these giant transportation interests, is a waterfront scientifically developed with fire-proof concrete and steel warehouses waiting—three miles of them, with a floor area of 6,500,000 square feet—to receive and deliver merchandise that they handle with the last word in mechanical port facilities.

More than \$100,000,000 have been or are being applied to fit this ancient port for the up-surge of commerce that is following the War of Wars. That huge sum isn't an affair of Chamber of Commerce hopes or of blue-print plans. Today it rises on the New Orleans serried skyline in great grain elevators and cotton warehouses and warehouses for general merchandise. It is linking the Mississippi River with Lake Pontchartrain in the \$25,000,000 Inner Harbor project that includes the great

Industrial Canal and Ship Basin. It makes the air vibrant with the echoing clangor of the riveters' chorus as the 10,000-ton steel freighters rise on the ways of shipyards within the New Orleans city limits.

Once the light-draft sailing-craft of the old-world crowded the tiny wharves across a muddy levee. Today 80 ocean-going steamships each 500 feet long, can dock at New Orleans wharves—and none worry about their draft. There are four and a half miles of publicly-owned modern wharves ready for cargoes and handling them daily.

The world's most modern concrete fireproof grain elevator handles 2,600,000 bushels and loads four ships simultaneously. The world's greatest cotton warehouse, also fireproof, equipped with the latest handling devices and high-density presses, has a handling capacity of 2,022,000 bales.

And for future development along the same lines, the people through their Dock Board—the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans—control 41 miles of river frontage.

Remarkable in themselves as are these port facilities, they are connected with each other and the eleven trunk lines of railroad that feed New Orleans wharves the traffic of 145,288 miles of steel track, by the Public Belt Railroad—the only municipally owned and operated steam railroad in the United States.

But the greatest of all the projects this New Romance of New Orleans has grappled, is the \$25,000,000 Inner Harbor. Straight through the levee



FRENCH OPERA HOUSE

it opens, by a huge lock with a 35-foot depth over the sill. It links the Mississippi River with Lake Pontchartrain, and when the dredging of the whole project is completed will shorten the distance from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico by 40 miles. The work already done on that project has brought \$45,000,000 in investments to the port. When completed, that project will enable the port of New Orleans to handle the greatest export and import trade in the world—and to develop unnumbered industrial plants where rail and deep water meet. This port of New Orleans may not get the greatest port business in the world. But the significant fact is that New Orleans of this New Romance is paying for it and building for it in her campaign to go out after it and get it if possible.

Over those publicly-owned wharves in 1918 their arrivals \$124,296,869 in imports. The 1918 figures for exports are not yet completely compiled, but in 1917 the port's exports were \$319,767,772.

Cotton and wheat and flour and steel, gasoline and naphtha and lard and sugar were in those cargoes—every one of them an item that far surpassed in value the \$15,000,000 for which the United States bought the whole empire of Louisiana from Napoleon.

Sugar and coffee and sisal for twine and bananas came piling in over those wharves. And on the endless automatic conveyors of the Dock Board equipment those fragrant banana ships from the tropics unload 150 carloads of ripening fruit into

iced cars that are speeding northward within ten hours of the time shipside has touched wharf apron.

Close to those wharves of this New Orleans of the New Romance, are more than 500 factories that have an annual payroll estimated at \$20,000,000—that have an annual output of goods worth \$150,000,000.

As an industrial and jobbing center last year New Orleans distributed commodities worth \$1,128,000,000.

And yet—in all this swirl of industrial, commercial and maritime activity, New Orleans in the past few years, battling, with the glow of that New Romance about her like an aura, has found time and money to make 520 miles of open streets, paving 330 miles of them; to lay 592 miles of water mains to her residences and factories, to maintain 84 of the most beautiful parks in America with 906 acres of close-cropped lawns dotted with tropical and flowering beauty; to maintain 88 public schools, a score of the South's best private schools, three universities and a dozen colleges and academies. Her medical, art and musical schools are national in scope and reputation. Her Delgado Museum, out on the City Park, whose broad acres were once the Allard plantation, is an international gem of art and architecture, gleaming jewel-like in the setting of the park's green acres.

And financially, New Orleans banking resources in 1918 were \$217,000,000, with clearings of \$2,660,460,335.



PLACE D'ARMES (JACKSON SQUARE)

Indefinitely the story of New Orleans, her Romance old and new, her battles and her growth, could be prolonged. There are libraries-full of unwritten volumes about this city that has shined her Old Romance in her bosom like a jewel, and has built about it like a golden setting a municipality that is surging to its destiny.

One word summarizes that destiny. It is Service.



Service to the United States. More directly, Service to the great Mississippi Valley of which New Orleans is the water gate.

Working steadily toward that goal, New Orleans stands today, home of Old Romance and New, her name imperishably blent with the destiny of America as it has been throughout the passing of two centuries of history upon this continent.





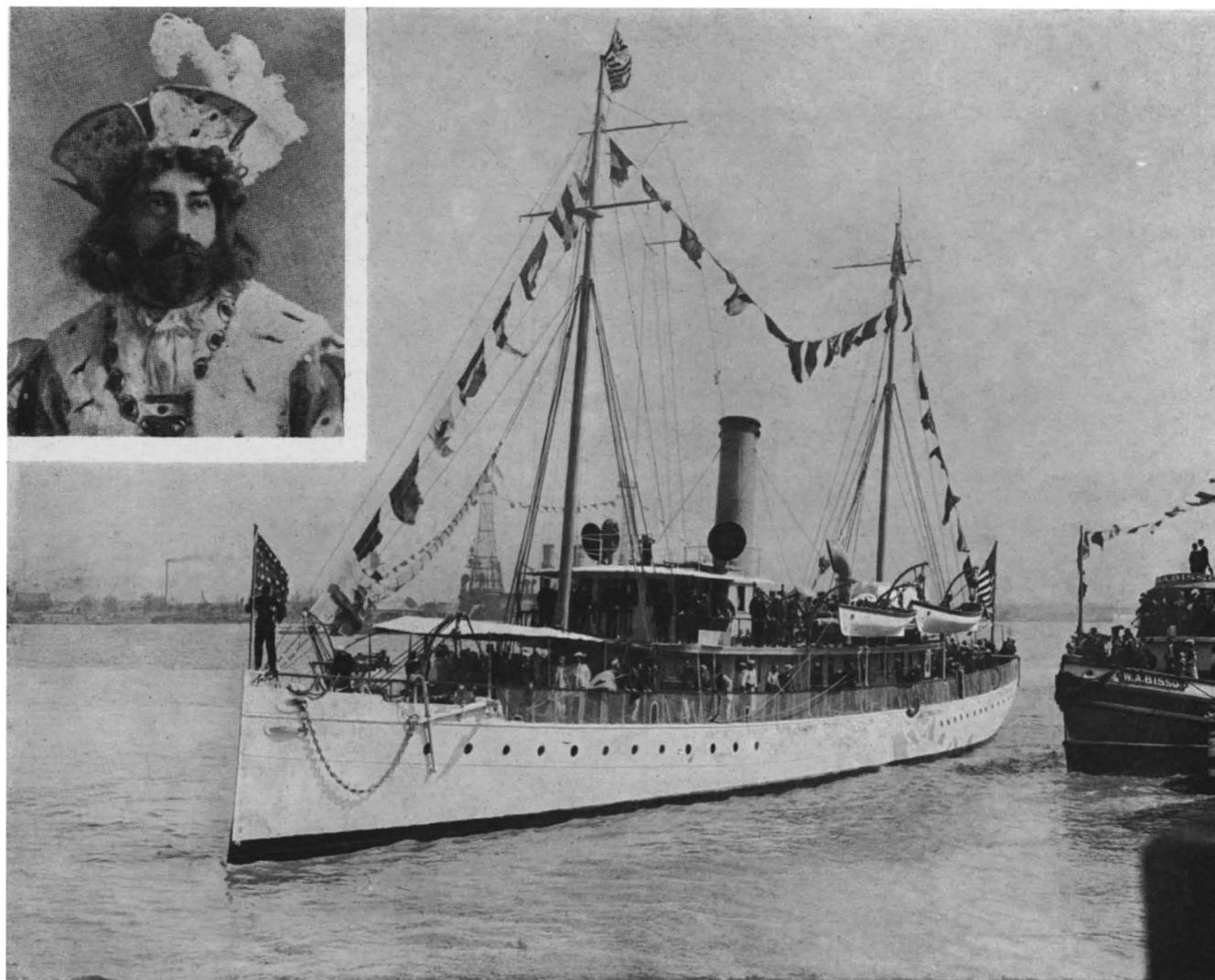
FAMOUS DUELLING OAKS, CITY PARK



AVENUE OF PALMS IN CITY PARK



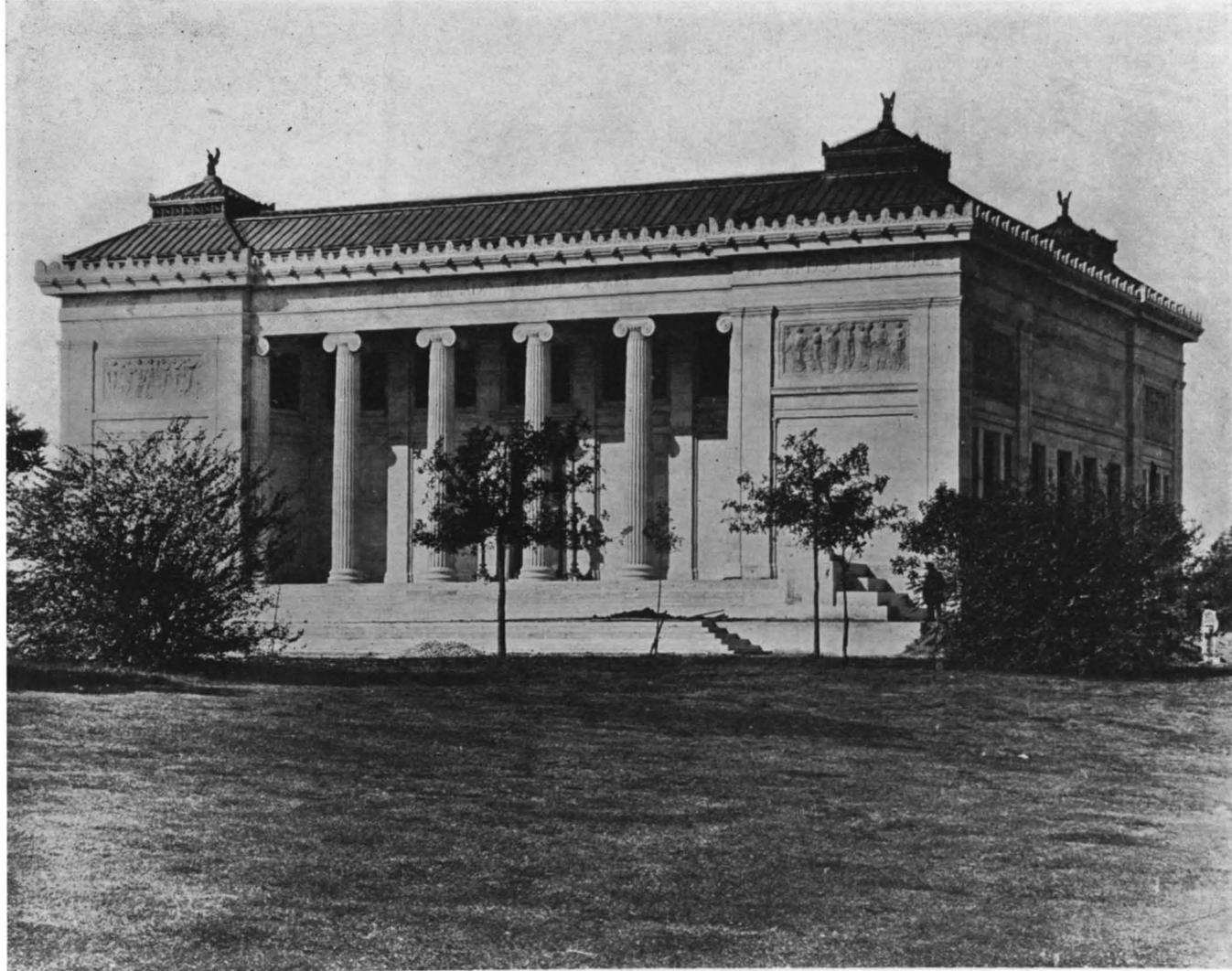
ST. CHARLES AVENUE



REX ROYAL YACHT. INSET—KING OF THE CARNIVAL



SCENE ON CANAL STREET DURING MARDI GRAS



DELGADO ART GALLERY, CITY PARK



AVENUE OF PALMS, AUDUBON PLACE



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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