

or lounging round the balconies. I don't believe any of them know what work is.

But I must try to tell you something about the city, for it is so different from any other city I have ever been in. There is the up-town part, where all the finest and most modern houses are, and where most of the Americans live. There are also a great many very wealthy Jews who live in this part. There is the down-town part, which is so different from up-town that when I think of it, it seems like another city altogether. Here all the French, the old Creoles and Italians live. The houses are very old, and most of them are small, with queer little balconies jutting out into the street, and the windows seem like little round peaked holes filled with panes of stained glass. There are some large old French places that at one time must have been very beautiful; they were, I think, the houses of some of the French and Spanish nobles who lived here years ago.

The finest, and perhaps one of the oldest, churches in the city is St. Louis' Cathedral. The paintings on the walls and ceiling are beautiful; but there is another church away out near the marshes at the end of the city which was far more interesting to me. It is the smallest church I have ever seen, hardly fourteen feet wide, and having only four benches on either side of the aisle. It is called St. Roché's, and people from all over the city come here to pray to this saint who, they say, can heal all diseases. In the corner of the church are many crutches, left by those who have been cured.

And now I must tell you something about the gardens and the flowers. It is in the large up-town houses that you see the finest gardens. They are kept extremely neat; the lawns are covered with little flowering bushes and beautiful large palms. The garden walks are of smooth white stone, and the purple strip along the edge of the walk shows how beautiful the violets are. The daisies and pansies are now in full bloom, but the prettiest and most plentiful of all the flowers are the roses. You see them everywhere, some gardens having dozens of bushes, and each bush covered with red, white and pink roses; and then the rose vines which climb up the balconies are simply covered with little yellow buds, which have a delicious perfume. It is delightful to look through the green trees and see the big yellow oranges at the back of the garden. The air here is so soft and balmy, and seems to be filled with the perfume of flowers. One of the strangest things I have ever seen growing is the Spanish moss, which grows on the tops and branches of living trees. It is of a greyish color, and the bunches grow from twenty to thirty feet long. It does not get its life from the tree, but feeds on the malarious elements of the atmosphere. When the tree dies the moss soon turns black, as if putting on mourning for its dead mother.