

and as men do all over the world, when they hear of what they don't wish to know. Except the epidemics, say the inhabitants (which is about equivalent to the tragedy of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out), there is not a more healthy place in the world.

The streets of this place are narrow and dirty, the gutters filthy in the extreme. There are few fine buildings. The St. Charles Hotel, with a white portico of Corinthian columns, is one of the finest; and another is the City Hall, in Lafayette Square, of white marble, with a portico of Ionic columns.

I visited here the parish prison, where culprits undergo sentences of short duration, and found in it a total number of 207 prisoners; of these, 187 were whites, 13 slaves, and 7 free coloured. In the police prison, which was only divided from this by a high wall, there were sixty slaves, sent there for correction by their masters. One poor wretch, as I went round, came and expostulated with the gaoler—lean and withered he looked, and worn down by misery. "He is to have twenty-five lashes more," said the gaoler, "for striking a white man." What the white man had done to deserve it, could not be known, as the evidence of a slave is not received. I could obtain no further information from the keepers of these prisons, which did not appear to be kept up with the order and cleanliness they are in the North. However, as there are four police prisons in New Orleans, we must multiply the above item of 60 by 4 = 240, for the total number of slaves under correction from their masters. Perhaps this estimate will not appear extravagant, when it is added that, from an account of the arrests in the city