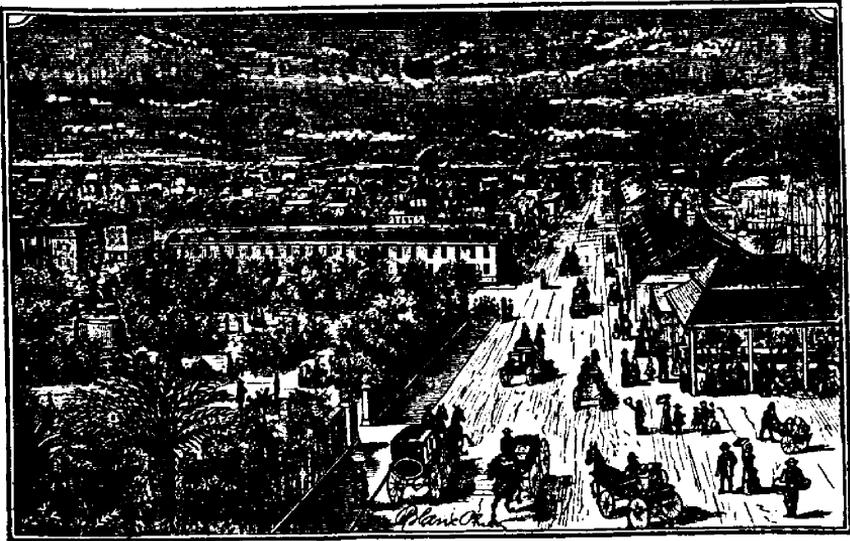


approached these gardens seems to be the favorite place of residence for the substantial business men of the city, which had more or less of lawn and garden attached; and it was to us a new sight indeed, to see Oleanders fully fifteen feet high, and Camellia Japonicas laden with flowers, Crape Myrtle, Pittisporum, Spanish Bayonet, and such like plants as can be grown here only in conservatories, flowering in the open

ground. Roses too, of the tender, ever-blooming kinds, which we shelter with so much care during the winter months, were here climbing over fences, trellis and walls in great profusion and laden with flowers. Marshal Neil seemed to be at home here, displaying its magnificent half open buds in size and abundance quite astonishing to us who have to train it under glass. There was one peculiarity that struck us as quite



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novel in the structure of their cisterns for holding rain water. These were all above ground, from which we infer it is impossible for the people to have cellars beneath their houses. Indeed, at this time the city was below the level of the water in the river, so that if the banks of the Mississippi were to give way, at least the first story of the dwellings would be wholly submerged. We found too, on visiting the cemeteries, that instead of burying their dead beneath the surface of the ground, they built brick and stone vaults in long avenues, wherein the bodies of their

dead were deposited. One of the public squares of the city, near the famous French market, is known as Jackson square, and we were surprised to find the gardener trimming hedges of the evergreen *Euonymus*, which did not shew the least injury from the winter. Camellias were laden with bloom, the fragrant Olive mingled its odors with the opening flowers of the orange; the bananas were putting forth their new leaves, and the *yucca aloefolia* was in full bloom. Verbenas looked as though they had remained in the borders all winter, and the *Alternanthera*