

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Negroes not Attacked by Yellow Fever.—History of Mr. Wilde's Poem.—The Market, New Orleans.—Motley Character of Population.—Levee and Steamers.—First Sight of Mississippi River.—View from the Cupola of the St. Charles.—Site of New Orleans.—Excursion to Lake Pontchartrain.—Shell Road.—Heaps of Gnathodon.—Excavation for Gas-Works.—Buried Upright Trees.—Père Antoine's Date-palm.

BEFORE we left New Orleans Mr. Wilde received a message from his negroes, whom he had left behind at Augusta, in Georgia, entreating him to send for them. They had felt, it seems, somewhat hurt and slighted at not having been sooner permitted to join him. He told us that he was only waiting for a favorable season to transplant them, for he feared that men of color, when they had been acclimatized for several generations in so cool a country as the upper parts of Alabama and Georgia, might run great risk of the yellow fever, although the medical men here assured him that a slight admixture of negro blood sufficed to make them proof against this scourge.

"No one," he said, "feels safe here, who has not survived an attack of the fever, or escaped unharmed while it has been raging." He mentioned the belief of some theorists, that the complaint was caused by invisible animalcules, a notion agreeing singularly with that of many Romans in regard to the malaria of Italy.

The year following this conversation, our excellent friend was himself carried off by this fatal disease. He is well known to the literary world as the author of a work on the "Love and Madness of Tasso," published in 1842, and perhaps still more generally by some beautiful lines, beginning "My life is like the summer rose," which are usually supposed to have derived their tone of touching melancholy, from his grief at the sudden death of a brother, and soon after of a mother, who never recovered the shock of her son's death. As there had been so much contro-