

New Orleans, August 7th. 1841.

My Dear Cousin Mary

A few days after the receipt of Fanny's last letter I had the pleasure of receiving yours of July 14th.

I can promise you at the beginning of this letter that you will find it both short and uninteresting for the reasons that there is nothing transpiring in the city worth writing about, and the weather is so almighty hot that it has dried up every idea my "very fertile imagination" might otherwise present. I might, I acknowledge, spin a long yarn about pirates, negro insurrections, and yellow fever; but I expect you have read all about these subjects in the newspapers, beautifully embellished by the pens of panic-manufacturers and the lovers of fiction; consequently, any thing I could write, bearing the semblance of truth, about these affairs, would appear dull in the extreme. True, there is at this moment a captain, of what is supposed a piratical vessel, lying in jail awaiting his trial at the next term of the United States Court; and while I am writing they are hanging a slave, outside the city, for striking a white man. As to yellow fever, the doctors, the editors, and the public in general, all say there is yellow fever in the city. But as I am not a physician, I will ^{not} contradict what every body believes to be true—although I can assure you I have not seen a single case.

[Handwritten flourish]

Mary Loe,

Sister of Mr. C. Loe,

Mayville,

Kentucky.



Via Baltimore.