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A GUIDE

TO THE

LAND OF FLOWERS,

BY H. D. BICAISE,

WITH A

TOUR THROUGH FLORIDA,

BY WM. A. PRINGLE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1878.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PARRY, COOKE & CO., PRINTERS.
1878.

FLORIDA STATE LIBRARY

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INTRODUCTION.

The object of this work is clearly indicated by the title. It is truly intended as a *vade mecum*, and a guide for those on their way to the "Land of Flowers." As the aim of the editors throughout has been to avoid confusion, they concluded to give their attention solely to localities and matters of special and general importance. All places herein described have been visited by the editors in person, and the statements may be relied upon as authentic up to the time the notes were taken. The principal route being along the line of the Charleston, Savannah, and Florida steamers, the book opens with a description of the old historic City by the Sea, followed by detailed accounts of all items of interest incidental to those points touched by the steamers, viz: Savannah, Fernandina, Jacksonville, St. Augustine (by way of Tocoi), Palatka and the minor stations. The St. John's and Oclawaha Rivers are then followed until the head of navigation is reached.

It will be seen that the present work differs from others, bearing a similar title, inasmuch as the descriptive statements are rendered at length, while everything deemed non-essential and calculated to bore the reader, has been carefully eliminated.

The information given regarding the various hotels and boarding houses is furnished with the view of relieving tourists and travelers from the annoyance of hackmen and "runners," who infest the different landings, as a selection can be made long before the place of destination is reached.

That portion of the work devoted to the climate, healthfulness, agricultural resources, and especially to the orange culture, has been carefully arranged, and may be regarded as impartial and correct as far as it is possible to ascertain from observation and information.

The editors are not unmindful of the fact that in a work of this kind there is room for vast improvement, but in justice to themselves, the publishers, and to those who have kindly patronized the enterprise, they deem it necessary to state that neither pains nor expense have been spared to bring it to a standard not yet reached by any of the Guide Books to Florida now extant.

With these preliminary observations, and craving indulgence for whatever imperfections may appear, the work is respectfully submitted to the favor of those whom it may interest and profit.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

As the State of South Carolina once formed a portion of that territory claimed by the Spaniards, under the name of Florida, the sketch will open with a description of the City of Charleston and those portions of the coast first visited by the early discoverers and settlers of the New World.

In the year 1520, Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, a Spaniard, equipped with two ships, sailed from the harbor of La Plata, and landed in South Carolina at the mouth of the present Combahee River. His mission was for the purpose of kidnapping the natives, to sell them as slaves for the Spanish mines. Prompted by motives of curiosity, the unsuspecting and friendly savages were induced to visit the ships; but no sooner was the number desired fairly on board than the anchors were weighed; and, to quote the language of history, "husbands were torn from their wives, and children from their parents; and where before nothing but peace prevailed, the seeds for future wars were now lavishly scattered." While attempting to make port at St. Domingo, one of the ships, with all on board, was lost at sea; and many of the captives upon the other pined away and died.

About twelve years after this, a portion of South Carolina was traversed by the famous Fernando de Soto in his search for gold; but the first settlement in Carolina, and upon the American coast, was made by the Huguenots, under Jean Ribault, in the year 1562. After a circuitous passage, Ribault landed a few leagues south of the present town of St. Augustine, in Florida, and then sailing in a northern direction reached the mouth of a river on the Carolina coast, which, from the "fairness and largeness of its harbor," he called the Port Royal River. Upon an island a few miles up the river, Ribault planted a colony of twenty-five men, and erected a fort, which, in honor of Charles IX of France, he called *Arx Carolina*. It is the prevailing opinion that from this circumstance the country first received the name of Carolina. After much suffering from hunger and sickness, the survivors of this colony returned to France in great distress.

In the year 1670, an English colony, under Governor William Seyle, effected a settlement at Port Royal, but finding that the west banks of the Ashley River afforded better "pasture and tillage," they removed to a site a short distance from its mouth, during the year following. Here the colonists soon discovered that they labored under a new difficulty. Ships of large burden could not conveniently reach them, which greatly retarded commerce. In consequence of this, in the year 1679, the people, under the government of Colonel West, removed to "Oyster Point," at the confluence of the Cooper and Ashley Rivers, and in the subsequent year the foundation of old Charles-town was laid. By an Act of the Legislature it was incorporated in 1783, and called the City of Charleston.

From that time to the dawn of the late civil war, Charleston continued to flourish, and became the wealthiest and most important of the cities on the Atlantic coast south of Baltimore.

As it stands at present, Charleston is about three miles in length, ranging from south to north, commencing at the Battery and ending at the Forks of the Road. In width it extends from river to river, and varies from two miles to less than a mile in some places.

With Charleston commences the low, flat lands of the State, which ascend as you travel westward, until an elevation of near 3,000 feet is reached. The climate is a medium between the tropical and cold temperate latitude, and corresponds with that of middle Asia, China, Italy, and the South of France,

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Up to the period of the Revolution of 1776, nearly a century had passed away since the settlement of Charlestown. Its trade and commerce had reached a standard which could compete with that of any of the cities along the coast. From various sections of Europe multitudes or husbandmen, laborers and manufacturers crossed the Atlantic, many of them taking up their abode in the vicinity of Charleston. The principal buildings and the thickly populated portion of the city, extended from the Battery to Market street, while Calhoun street (then Boundary) formed the limit. A few of the colonial edifices, of which we shall hereafter speak, still remain to be seen. In the cellars of some of these places the tea taxed by the British government was stored away to prevent its sale, while more secure apartments contained the gunpowder and small arms taken from the State House Armory by authority of the Provincial Congress of South Carolina,

held in Charleston, April 21st, 1775. Among the incidents of later life, Charleston is noted as having been the birth-place of the Southern Confederacy and the scene of many of those stirring conflicts which marked that era, known as the "War between the States." The great fire of 1861 destroyed a large portion of that territory, extending from east to west, south of Calhoun street; and this, together with the ravages of war, the military despotism, and the reign of corruption which followed, left the city in an impoverished and almost hopeless condition.

PRESENT CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.

Notwithstanding the trials and difficulties of the past, Charleston, under the present Democratic administration, is fast recovering herself, and will continue to progress according to the energy and disposition of her people, who to their credit, may it be said, have proved themselves equal to every emergency. Being the chief commercial metropolis of the State, the city is thoroughly connected with the interior by means of railway lines, and receives for shipment the greater portion of the rice and cotton crops, together with other commodities raised and cultivated for export. Although there has been a falling off of the country trade during the past few years, still the favorable reports which of late have been and are daily being received by the merchants from their agents, indicate an early revival of business in the mercantile line. The price-lists are very much the same as those of Baltimore or New York, and goods can be transported to every part of the State within twenty-four hours after being ordered.

A GLANCE AT THE CITY.

Charleston, like most other places of the kind, has its quota of steeples, cupolas, etc., which can be seen from afar, towering over the clustering houses and tree-tops grouped together, and forming a city the beauty of which must be judged from observation. Although a majority of the streets are narrow, and, from their irregularity, would convey the impression that the city was planned by an eccentric, still they are generally in a good condition, and at present well attended to. The principal thoroughfares running from south to north, are East Bay, Meeting, King and Rutledge streets; those running across are Cannon, Calhoun, Wentworth and Broad. On King street are found the retail dry goods and fancy stores, where most of the shopping is done; the

* *

(2886.) Can you reprint Father Prout's exquisite poem, "The Bells of Shandon," and confer a favor on

SEVERAL TRANSCRIPT READERS?

[The following is the poem called for:

THE BELLS OF SHANDON. 8.17.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander, 1880
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old "Adrian's Mole" in
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;
Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There is a bell in Moscow, while from tower and kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there is an anthem more dear to me;
'T is the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.]

* *

(2887.) Can any one give me the old song

Transcript
Aug. 17, 80

A GUIDE TO

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from Market to Broad; the offices
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Broad street.
are in the northern and northeast-
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considerable space of ground. The
Carolina Railroad commence with
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out a half mile. The Northeastern
at the corner of Washington and
ssenger depot being on Washington
ht depot on Chapel street. Since
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BLIC BUILDINGS.

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's most gifted orators. It was originally the State House of South Carolina.

CITY HALL.—This building is situated on the northeast corner, has a fine park attached, and is rather to be admired for its massive appearance than for architectural beauty. The apartments inside are spacious, airy, and used for various purposes. The Council Chamber, Mayor's room, Clerk's and City Engineer's offices, are to be found upon the second story. The first floor contains the City Court room, City Assessor's and City Treasurer's offices, while the basement is used by the Detective force for an office and temporary prison.

At the other end of the park, corner of Chalmers street, is the FIREPROOF BUILDING. This place, with its thick walls, stone floors, iron shutters and winding stairs, presents a dungeon-like appearance, and was built as a repository for important papers and records. The County Treasurer, Probate Judge, and County School Commissioners have their offices here.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—Opposite the City Hall, on the southeast corner, stands this famous ante-revolutionary church edifice. We remember the beautiful words of poetry,

"The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The smiling waters of the River Lee."

But there is no grander or more inspiriting sound to the true Charlestonian than the musical chimes of old St. Michael's bells. He remembers them from early childhood, waking him before the dawn of day, and thrilling his very soul with a wild, inexpressible delight. He has heard his father and grandfather tell how they rhymed and chimed as they rang out the glad tidings of victory, and they are doubly endeared to him from associations of the past and as the veteran survivors of two wars. When Charles-town was captured by the British, they were taken to London and sold, but afterwards returned by the purchasers; and during the last civil war were so badly injured by the burning of Columbia, S. C., where they had been sent for safe keeping, as to make recasting necessary. They were shipped to England in the early part of 1866 by Jas. R. Pringle. The cost of recasting, repairing belfry, etc., amounted to $7,000.

The steeple of St. Michael's is noted for its architectural proportions, and is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high. From the piazza, which encompasses the steeple, an excellent view of the city and harbor can be obtained. The body of the Church is rather plain in appearance, but neat and roomy, with lofty ceilings and comfortable pews. The worshippers are of the Episcopal persuasion, and are composed of the *elite* of the city.

The brown rough-cast building on the southwest corner, with colonade in front, is the Main Stationhouse.

POSTOFFICE.—Continuing down Broad street to the Bay, we come directly to the Postoffice, which, although much improved, was built prior to the Revolution of '76 by the British and used as a Customhouse. It is also noted as having been the prison from which the celebrated American patriot Hayne was led to execution; and, previous to the capture of Charles-town, the Provincial Congress of South Carolina assembled beneath its roof.

Opposite to the Postoffice, on the southwest corner, is the large banking house of Geo. W. Williams, and on the northwest corner the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce are held.

NEW CUSTOMHOUSE.—This beautiful structure, built entirely of marble, but yet unfinished, is situated at the

wholesale boot and shoe, crockery, clothing, drug and dry goods houses make up the business portion of Meeting street; the wholesale groceries are stretched along both sides of East Bay from Market to Broad; the offices of factors and commission merchants line the wharves, while the lawyers, bankers, brokers and journalists conduct the business of Broad street.

The railroad depots are in the northern and northeastern portions of the city, are substantially and handsomely built, and cover a considerable space of ground. The buildings of the South Carolina Railroad commence with the passenger depot at Line street, and extend to Hudson, a distance of about a half mile. The Northeastern depots form an angle at the corner of Washington and Chapel streets; the passenger depot being on Washington street, and the freight depot on Chapel street Since the completion of the Ashley River Road, the trains of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad Company arrive and leave from this depot.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Among the public buildings of Charleston noted for their usefulness and importance, none perhaps are more worthy of mention than those forming the four corners of Broad and Meeting streets.

COURTHOUSE.—This building, situated at the northwest corner, forms a square in itself, with doors opening on the south, east and west. It is a three-story brick building, rather dark and clumsy in appearance, but its walls have time and again resounded with the impassioned eloquence of Carolina's most gifted orators. It was originally the State House of South Carolina.

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NEW CUSTOMHOUSE.—This beautiful structure, built entirely of marble, but yet unfinished, is situated at the

corner of East Bay and Market streets. Its cost for completion is estimated at two million dollars, but when this will be accomplished no man knoweth.

THE MARKET.—Crossing from the Customhouse we come to the Market, which extends from the Bay to Meeting street. It is said to be the largest in the South, and shows to advantage on Saturday evenings, when it is brilliantly illuminated.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.—No tourist who stops at Charleston should fail to visit St. Philip's, situated on Church street, between Queen and Cumberland. The original building was destroyed by fire in 1834, which necessitated the erection of the present handsome edifice. The "Old Church" was often attended by Moultrie and distinguished persons of Revolutionary fame; and the grave-yards, which occupy considerable ground space on both sides of the street, contain the remains of some of the oldest families of Charleston. Near the centre of the grave-yard, on the west side of the street, is the tomb of John C. Calhoun.

Towards the west end of Queen street, in the vicinity of Mazyck and Franklin streets, we find the Medical College and Roper Hospital. The latter is a spacious, handsome, and thoroughly ventilated building, with fine gardens and walks in the front and rear, and takes its name from a worthy philanthropist who contributed generously towards its erection.

Passing through Mazyck street to Magazine, we come in full view of the City Hospital, Marine Hospital, and County Jail, all of them staunch buildings and well adapted to the purposes for which they are used.

THE BATTERY.

By walking down King street, or by taking the cars of the City Railway on Meeting street, we can be landed in the space of a few minutes at the Battery, or as it is otherwise called, White Point Garden. This, in the spring and summer time is the most inviting resort in the city, and in point of attractiveness is not surpassed by any place of the kind in the South. That portion south of South Bay street is beautifully laid out in squares, divided by hard shell walks, carefully shaded with trees and bordered with benches; a strong stone sidewall protects it on the east side, forming a wide smooth promenade for several hundred yards. A short distance from the south wall, connected by a bridge, stands the Bathing House. The square facing Church street contains the Jasper Monument, erected by the Palmetto Guard as a tribute to the defenders of Fort Moultrie, June 28, 1776.

The monument is made of South Carolina granite, highly polished with die block and bass-relief, and is surmounted with a life-size bronze statue, representing a Continental soldier with a sponge-staff—to which is attached a flag—in the left hand, while the right is pointing in the direction of the channel. It also contains the following inscriptions and engravings:

North side—Second S. C. Regiment, Army of the Revolution, organized June 17, 1775. Seal of the City of Charleston.

South side—List of wounded. Seal of the State of Carolina.

East side—List of the officers in the fort June 28, 1778, encircled by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. Also, the following inscriptions:

"*To the Defenders of Fort Moultrie, June* 28, 1776:"

"No men ever did and it is impossible for any to behave better."—*Maj. Gen. Chas. Lee.*

West side—Engraving representing the scene of conflict with Jasper restoring the flag to position; also, a list of the wounded and the words of Jasper, "Don't let us fight without a flag."

Most of the buildings on East and South Bay are handsome brick or stone residences, and conspicuous among them on Meeting street, a few doors north of the Battery, is the elegant and costly mansion of Mr. Geo. W. Williams. This palatial edifice has only been recently finished, and is by far the handsomest private dwelling in the State.

Among other prominent buildings of note in the lower portion of the city, are the Hibernian Hall, South Carolina Hall, Mills House, and Academy of Music. The latter is situated in the rear portion of the large building corner of Market and King streets, was built since the war, and is ornamented in beautiful style. It is well patronized during the dramatic season.

Among the old Colonial residences, two houses still stand, as near in appearance to their original construction as time and the elements would permit.

One, No. 59 Church street, was formerly owned by Judge Heyward, and is noted as having been the place where General Washington was entertained during his visit to Charleston in 1791; the other, No. 24 Meeting street, was the residence of Lord William Campbell, the last Royal Governor of South Carolina.

BUILDINGS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The "great fire" which destroyed nearly a third of Charleston, in the year 1861, will long be remembered by those who witnessed the work of destruction. It was a December evening. The good people of the city had gathered around the hearth-stone, thinking, perhaps, of the soldier boy chilled by the keen winter wind as he walked his post on the beach, or imagined him shivering and begrimed over the fading embers of some smouldering camp-fire. It matters not in what direction their thoughts had taken flight, their reverie was soon broken by a cry which moves the stoughtest hearts. The alarm of fire was sounded, and in a few moments engines and reels were rattling over the stony streets. Near the water's edge, in the eastern portion of the city, a heavy smoke could be seen with its huge body moving skyward and bending to the southwest. Little by little, what appeared at first to be an impenetrable mass of thickest gloom, began to change, chameleon-like, until the angry flames burst their confines and shot high in the air. Although the gallant firemen battled manfully with the destroying element, only giving way when half scorched by the intense heat; still their efforts were of little or no avail. Like the folds of an enormous serpent, the fiery fiend wound itself through the archways and windows of adjacent buildings, and then darting from street to street, gaining strength and volume at every bound, united in a sea of rolling flame, which beneath a scintillant canopy moved along the midnight air, forming a panorama of appalling beauty. During the long weary night and day following the work of destruction continued, leaving a gap of smoking ruins, commencing at the foot of Hasel street, and ending at the water's edge, which marks the southwest boundary of the city.

To say nothing of the many fine private residences destroyed by this conflagration, among the churches and public buildings we note

St. Finbar's Cathedral, which was one of the handsomest churches in the South. The ruins are still to be seen at the corner of Broad and Friend streets.

Institute Hall.—This building was situated on Meeting street, east side, a few doors above Queen. In its spacious hall the Democratic Convention of 1860 was held, which was attended by Caleb Cushing, Benjamin F. Butler, and many other prominent men. The Ordinance of Secession was also signed at this hall.

One door north of where the Institute Hall stood, are the ruins of the

Circular Church.—In point of unique attractiveness, this church surpassed all others in the city. Its richly ornamented dome, handsome colonade and circular form, were gracefully proportioned and much admired.

Old Theatre.—This popular resort was situated on the west side of Meeting street, near Cumberland, and in days gone by, from the opening of the theatrical season until the close, was well patronized.

St. Andrew's Hall.—The ruins of St. Andrew's, on Broad street, which yet mark the site where it once stood, bring many recollections back to memory. Although the ceremony of signing the Ordinance of Secession was performed at the Institute Hall, still the Convention which framed it met at this place. Beneath the brilliant gas jets of Andrew's too, the beauty and the chivalry of Charleston were wont to meet and while away the evening hours in the pleasure of the dance. The hall was built by the St. Andrew's Society, a select Scotch association still in existence.

UP TOWN.

In the upper district of Charleston, otherwise known as the "Neck," there are several places well worth visiting, among which are the Charleston College, corner of George and St. Philip streets, to which is attached one of the finest museums in the South; Orphan House, on Calhoun street, a large building with extensive grounds, containing the statue of Pitt; the Arsenal, corner of Ashley and Bee streets; and over in the northeastern portion, the Almshouse, Half-moon Battery, and Hampstead Mall.

MILLS, MANUFACTORIES, Etc.

There are in Charleston at present six large sash and blind factories, and as many more machine shops, representing a capital of about $700,000, and giving employment to between three and four hundred workmen. The Charleston Bagging Factory, situated on John and Hudson streets, also gives employment to about seventy-five persons, the majority of whom are females, and has the capacity for turning out between three and four thousand yards of bagging a day.

The rice mills are three in number, viz: Chisolm's and West Point on the west river front, and Bennett's Mill at the foot of Wentworth street, on the east side. The three mills, when in operation, are said to turn out two thousand and thirty tierces of clean rice a day.

CHURCHES.

Although among the primitive North American colonies, of a permanent nature, South Carolina is the only place which was not settled by refugees from religious persecution,* and while by a constitutional right every man was permitted to worship God in a manner which he in his wisdom and judgment thought most conformable to the divine will, still dissentions would arise among the early pioneers, especially between the cavaliers and Puritans—reviving those prejudices and animosities contracted in England, and which neither time nor the dangers and hardships which surrounded them could obliterate. In good time, however, the wise measures adopted by the government restored order out of chaos, and the last spark of religious intolerance was extinguished forever. A glance at the Churches herein recorded will show that whatever may be our creed, whatever our sect, we will find a temple of worship from which our orisons may arise.

EPISCOPAL.

St. Michael's Church, corner of Broad and Meeting streets; described elsewhere.

St. Luke's, corner of Elizabeth and Charlotte streets; large brick building, Gothic style.

St. Paul's, Coming street, between Vanderhorst and Warren; large brick building, handsomely finished.

Grace Church, Wentworth street, near St. Philip's street; ornamental Gothic style.

St. Philip's Church, Church street: described elsewhere.

Holy Communion, corner of Ashley and Cannon streets; elaborately finished, with large parsonage attached.

St. John's Chapel, corner of Hanover and Amherst streets.

Christ Church, Rutledge Avenue, beyond Line street.

St. Stephen's Chapel, 43 Anson street, west side.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Cathedral Chapel, corner of Queen and Friend streets; built for the temporary accommodation of St. Finbar's congregation.

St. Mary's Church, Hasel street, between King and Meeting; small brick building, with colonade in front.

St. Joseph's, Anson street, near George, built of brick in the style of a cross.

* The temporary sojourn of the Huguenot colony at Port Royal cannot be called a settlement.

St. Patrick's, corner Radcliffe and St. Philip's; ordinary size wooden building, recessed from the street.

St. Peter's, (colored), Wentworth street, two doors west of Anson; small plain brick church.

METHODIST.

Trinity M. E. Church, corner of Hasel street and Maiden Lane; large and airy, with high ceilings, comfortable pews, galleries, basement, etc. The church is constructed entirely of brick, has stone steps running the width of the building and enclosed with an iron railing.

Bethel Church, corner of Pitt and Calhoun; brown rough-cast brick building, recessed and surrounded by extensive grounds. The wooden church in the rear was removed to give place to the present handsome edifice.

Spring street Methodist Church, Spring street; massive brick building, yet unfinished.

BAPTIST.

Citadel Square Baptist Church, corner of Meeting and Henrietta streets; described elsewhere.

First Baptist Church, brick church, situated on the west side of Church street, between Tradd and Water.

LUTHERAN.

St. John's Lutheran, corner of Archdale and Clifford streets.

Wentworth Street Lutheran, on Wentworth street, between Meeting and Anson: ordinary size and plain, but neat and comfortable.

St. Matthew's, King street; described elsewhere.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Glebe Street Church, situated on Glebe street. This church is modestly but gracefully constructed, and numbers among its congregation some of Charleston's most important citizens.

Scotch Church, or First Presbyterian, corner of Meeting and Tradd streets; antique brick building.

Flynn's Church, or Second Presbyterian, situated in the rear of a fine park at the corner of Charlotte and Meeting streets. The burying ground of this church extends to Elizabeth street, and contains some interesting monuments.

Independent (Chapel), built for the accommodation of the congregation of the Circular Church, which was destroyed by fire, situated in the grave-yard close to the ruins.

Central (Third Presbyterian) Church, spacious brick building, handsomely finished, with portico in front, situated on the west side of Meeting street, north of Society.

Ebenezer Chapel, corner of Nassau and Amherst streets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Unitarian Church, situated on Archdale street, near Clifford, and the Jewish Synagogue, on Hasel, between King and Meeting streets, are rare specimens of architectural beauty. The former, although comparatively small, is built in the perpendicular Gothic style, and is well worth seeing.

The French Huguenot Church is situated at the corner of Queen and Church streets.

Bethel, or Mariner's Church, at the corner of Church and Water streets.

THE CITADEL.

The Citadel Academy and park form a complete square, bounded on the north by Hudson street, south by Calhoun, east by Meeting, and west by King. Before the war the Academy ranked among the first military schools in the country, and during the struggle which followed many of its alumni were elevated to high positions in the Confederate army, and their soldierly skill and valor is best told by the few survivors of the present. The building resembles a fortress in appearance, and is quite extensive, with wings upon either side, sally-port, barracks, parade ground, etc. At the close of the war the place was seized by the United States government and held as captured property; but through the exertions of General M. C. Butler will shortly be restored to the State.

The new Artesian Well is located on the Green, near the corner of King and Calhoun streets, which, when regularly in operation, will contribute largely to the water supply of the city.

TWO CHURCHES.

On both sides of the Green, one on King and the other on Meeting street, are two large substantial church edifices, with lofty spires, almost facing each other. The new German Church (St. Matthew's), on King street, was erected only a few years ago, and is quite an ornament to this portion of the city. The Citadel Square Baptist, on Meeting street, presents an imposing appearance, and has facilities for seating a larger number of persons than any other church in Charleston.

COTTON PRESSES.

There are four large Cotton Presses in Charleston, which, during the busy season, are kept in operation day and night, and can compress an aggregate of between nine and ten thousand bales daily. The number of bales compressed by them during the last commercial year was 360,000.

BANKS.

The Banks, representing a capital of over $3,000,000, are located as follows:

Germania Savings Bank, 54 Broad street.
Carolina Savings Bank, corner East Bay and Broad sts.
People's Bank of South Carolina, 9 Broad street.
Union Bank of South Carolina, 139 East Bay.
South Carolina Loan and Trust Company, 17 Broad st.
Bank of Charleston National Banking Association, N. E. corner Broad and State streets.
First National Bank, 133 East Bay.
People's National Bank, 15 Broad street.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The present population of Charleston is estimated to be about 56,000 persons, of whom 28,000 are white and 30,000 colored or black. The customs and manners of the people vary according to caste, but a characteristic which belongs to them as a whole is a generous outflow of hospitality towards those who come among them with worthy motives. Society, especially the higher grade, is noted for the beauty and refinement of its ladies and gallantry of the men, in whose blood still survive the chivalrous virtues of their ancestors. With regard to public morals, Charleston is fully up to the standard, and notwithstanding the fact that a time existed when a partisan government, antagonistic to the intelligent portion of the community, held full sway, acknowledging "no right but might, and no law but power;" still, even during that chaotic period, the calendar of crime was surprisingly light when compared with other cities containing a similar number of inhabitants.

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Besides a number of private schools, and the school of the Christian Brothers for Catholic children, the city appropriates about $60,000 for the support of five public schools, which are attended by both white and colored children, three schools being reserved for whites and two

for the colored children. There is also a High School to prepare boys for their entrance to the Charleston College, which is conducted by an able corps of professors and numbers among its alumni the leading business and professional men of the State. The Medical College, too, le has an abfaculty, and is the *alma mater* of Carolina's most distinguished physicians.

CEMETERIES.

The Enterprise Railway cars run directly to Magnolia avenue, which leads to the burial grounds. The first place we enter while passing down the avenue is

BETHANY CEMETERY, which, from the following inscription on almost every tombstone, "*Hier ruhet in Gott*," we observe to be the German "place of sepulture." The graves and walks are carefully attended to, and some of the monuments are costly and handsome.

MAGNOLIA.—A short distance from Bethany, and facing the avenue, we pass through a large main entrance and find ourselves in the most interesting portion of the cemetery. Conspicuous among the objects of attraction here, are the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers in close proximity to each other, reminding one of the lines,

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting for judgment day,
Under the laurel the blue,
Under the myrtle the gray."

Space will not admit of a description of the many handsome monuments and vaults to be seen at Magnolia. The most prominent are the cenotaphs of the Washington Light Infantry and Irish Volunteers, Firemen's Memento and Vanderhorst Vault. Among the number erected to the memory of private individuals, we note the Washington, Legare, Jones, Taber, and Wise monuments, which are fine specimens of artistic skill and finish.

ST. LAWRENCE CEMETERY.—To the right of Magnolia a large wooden cross marks the consecrated ground of the Catholics. The cross, the emblem of the Catholic faith, is also to be found upon every tombstone. This is truly a woodland solitude, where a remnant of the "silent majority" await in peaceful slumber the angelic trump of the great Resurrection.

THE HARBOR.

The beautiful land-locked harbor of Charleston, large enough to contain the argosies of the world, is the most extensive on the coast of America. The landscape, as far as the eye can see, is pleasing to behold, and every

here and there, as if rising from the sea, are battle-scarred fortresses still standing like grim sentinels of the past. An excellent view of the bay can be obtained from the Battery, but, for satisfactory observation, an excursion on one of the steamers of the Sullivan's Island and Ferry Company Line, is far more preferable. The steamers, of which Mr. H. L. P. McCormick is superintendent, are swift, safe and commodious, and leave from the pier at the foot of Market street. The first point of interest reached is CASTLE PINCKNEY, which has no war record worthy of mention, but was used after the war as a place to imprison those charged with disloyalty. The steamer passes close by the fortress and, fifteen minutes later, stops at the wharf of MOUNT PLEASANT. This is an interesting little village, and well worth visiting. The houses are built in cottage style, and from a distance present an attractive appearance. The remnants of some old fortifications are still to be seen, and the cemetery, which covers about an acre of ground, contains the remains of some of the State troops who died during the war of 1812.

FORT SUMTER.

Leaving Mount Pleasant, we again take the steamer, and, while making the curve for the Island, will occupy a few moments in contemplating the historical renown of the fort just off in the distance. In the annals of war we know of no other military post so long and fiercely besieged and so ably defended as Fort Sumter. From the time that the siege commenced, days rolled into weeks, weeks into months and months into years, and the rain of shot and shell from the Federal batteries and gunboats, continued to fall in and around the walls until they were battered into a mass of crumbling ruins. But it was commanded and manned by men of the stamp of those who fought at Marathon of old. Of this fact the many became thoroughly convinced during the attack of April 6th, 1863. Early in the afternoon the entire fleet, twenty-seven wooden war vessels, nine monitors and the frigate Ironsides could be seen off the bar: at half-past four o'clock the iron clads moved in the direction of the fort, and the battle opened. While the smoke and flashes of the conflict could be seen along the broad expanse from Sullivan's Island to Coming's Point, the heaviest broadsides were poured against Fort Sumter, shattering the walls or ricochetting along the water, dashing the white spray high in air. By this time the brave artillerymen at the fort had become terribly in earnest, and a destructive fire from the barbette guns, which lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, turned the tide of battle

in favor of the defenders. The Ironsides, unable to stand the broadsides directed against her, gave a few parting shots and retired southward, followed by the double turretted monitor Keokuk; the latter having her flag shot away, three holes in her smoke stack, and her bow badly disabled. At half-past five o'clock the firing ceased, and the entire fleet retired from the conflict, leaving another tribute to be added to Carolina skill and valor. It is the proud boast of Carolinians that the enemy was unable to capture this stronghold, which for nearly three years of a siege, stood as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. For some time after the war these portions of the fort not entirely destroyed, were subject to the mutilating homage of relic-seeking travelers, and fragments of Sumter may be seen to-day in the mansions and cottages of rich and poor throughout the length and breadth of the land. The outer walls, as will be seen from observation, have been entirely rebuilt, but from the want of funds, the interior is yet unfinished. While a sight of Sumter always awakens in the mind of the true Southron a sense of vanquished hopes, it also recalls to memory the gallant deeds of noble men, which the impartial historian may some day record with justice to themselves and the cause for which so many of them sacrificed their lives.

MOULTRIEVILLE.

Moultrieville or Sullivan's Island is the next place touched by the steamer, and is a great sanitarium and summer resort. It is in the shape of a crescent, some four miles in length, and was named after one Florence O'Sullivan, who was placed there in the year 1674, in charge of a cannon, to alarm the town in case of invasion from the Spaniards of Florida. The Island, which was lined with earthworks during the war, has been since built up, and at present contains some three hundred and fifty houses. It has a fine hard beach, which is used as a promenade, besides a wide center street running to the myrtles. A ride of about a mile on the street cars will land us at

FORT MOULTRIE.

What glorious recollections crowd into the brain as we prepare to ascend the parapets of this renowned fortress. Not visions of steel-clad gladiators, with glistening shields and spears and all the ancient panoply of war, but rather of the stern yeomanry imperfectly equipped, behind a few logs of palmetto, holding in check a formidable armament. We revert in imagination to the Spring of 1776,

and before our "mind's eye," are stalwart men piling the palmetto logs one upon the other, forming two walls, sixteen feet apart, and filling the intermediate space with sand. After this fashion the fort, then fort Sullivan, was built, nor was it even completed when attacked by the British Fleet, June 28th, 1776. But the various achievements incidental to this engagement have long since passed into history, and are too generally known to require a rehearsal here; besides any attempt to render a detailed account of the facts, would only be to quote or plagiarize from the records of some faithful annotator of the past. We remember the fears and anxiety of Gen. Charles Lee, the firmness of Governor Rutledge, and the intrepidity of Moultrie. We hear again the words of Lampriere, "The men-of-war will knock your fort down in half an hour," and our breasts kindle with enthusiasm as we listen to the patriotic reply of Moultrie: "Then we will lie behind the ruins and prevent the men from landing." We can picture to ourselves the line of vessels under command of Sir Peter Parker, crossing the bar and casting anchor within easy range of the fort. Clouds of smoke arise from the decks, and broadside after broadside is poured against the fort; splinters fly in every direction; but the balls rebound from the spongy palmetto logs, or bury themselves in the sand. But Fort Sullivan is yet to be heard from. Twenty-six cannon belch forth, and, like the voice of deep rolling thunder, when it breaks in all its force from some angry cloud, the iron messengers of death rattle against the hulks of the enemy, sweeping the gunners from the decks and embedding themselves between the timbers. The combatants on both sides now recognize in each other foemen worthy of their steel, and

> "The combat deepens; on ye brave,
> Who *fight for* glory o'er the *wave*."

The crescent flag is shot from the parapet of the fort and falls on the beach directly in front of the enemy; a few moments later the gallant Sergeant Jasper leaps from the walls and restores it to its position amid a rain of bullets from the British. The battle rages fiercely for nine long hours. The loss of the British is two hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded, while the Americans only numbered ten killed and twenty-five wounded. Several vessels are stranded, several disabled, and with ammunition exhausted, the remainder retire from the contest to report the first naval defeat of England for many years previous. This was the first victory gained by the continental soldiers over the regular troops.

During the war between the States, Fort Moultrie also played a conspicuous part, and was the source of considerable annoyance to the enemy. It engaged in the incipient battle of the war, (Fort Sumter, April 12th, 1861), and had one gun dismounted and one man wounded during the monitor attack of April, 1863. Since the war, under the supervision of Mr. Gleason, Fort Moultrie has been almost entirely rebuilt. It covers an area of between four and five acres of ground. The walls are all neatly faced with brick and filled with earthworks of sand. It contains at present eight magazines—one of which, although since much improved, was built with the fort after the revolution. The other seven were built since 1872, and consist of brick and concrete entirely covered with earth, for they are all under ground. There is also a bomb-proof connecting the magazines with the sally port. The open space on the outside forms the parade ground, and two fifteen-inch smooth bore Rodman guns, and two eight-inch Parrot guns command the channel. In an angle just outside the sally port, is a grave containing the remains of bodies taken from the wreck of the Monitor Patapsco, sunk by a torpedo during the late war. Alongside of this, on a simple marble slab, four feet in length and about eighteen inches wide, enclosed by an iron railing, we read:

"OSCEOLA,"
PATRIOT AND WARRIOR,
Died at Fort Moultrie,
Jan. 30, 1838.

This celebrated chief of the Seminole Indians was born in Florida about the year 1803. His father was an Indian trader by the name of Powell; his mother was the daughter of an Indian chief. On the 23d of August, 1837, while holding a conference with Gen. Jesup, near St. Augustine, Florida, under a flag of truce, he and seventy of his warriors were made prisoners. He was confined at Fort Moultrie, where he died a few months afterwards. There is an old story afloat that Osceola remarked, while in captivity, that some red man of the forest would avenge the treacherous act. If this is authentic, we can truly point to Gen. Canby's death, and exclaim, "Osceola thy words are verified." An oil painting of him can be seen at G. C. Seeber's restaurant, No. 300 King street.

MORRIS' ISLAND.

Across the channel is Morris' Island, with its wide, white beach, crumbling fortifications, etc. On its soil the most sanguinary battles around Charleston were

fought in vain attempts to capture Battery Wagner, which was finally evacuated by the Confederate troops just prior to the close of the war. A new lighthouse has been lately erected on this Island. To the west of Morris, is JAMES ISLAND, containing the ruins of Fort Johnson, from which the signal shot of the war was fired. Between Fort Sumter and the city, on the site where Fort Ripley once stood a new iron lighthouse is in construction.

DRAYTON HALL.—This old baronial residence, some thirteen miles from the city, may be reached by a trip on one of the steamers or sailing yachts, which ply up the Ashley River. Although more than a century has passed since it was built, still its massive brick walls are in a state of perfect preservation. Both in the front and rear are stone steps, with iron railings running up, and over the outside doors, and from the walls within are suspended several pairs of stag antlers, which call to mind Scott's description of Ben-venue, where he says:

"Drooped from the sheath that careless flung,
Upon a stag's huge antlers hung;
For all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase."

The interior is gradually falling to decay. The elegant statuary was either destroyed during the war, or taken away by the soldiers as relics of Southern aristocracy. A superbly beautiful flower garden is attached to the grounds.

"Where roses, eglantine and broom,
Waft around their rich perfume,
Close to the walls together twine,
The ivy and the Idæn vine."

THE BAR.—A great drawback to Charleston's commercial interests has been the long sand bar blocking the mouth of the harbor for ten miles, and preventing ships of heavy burden from entering, except at very high tide. By means of the national jetties, however, the construction of which will commence shortly, a depth of ten or twelve feet of water will be gained, forming a channel of a half mile in width, deep enough for the largest vessels to pass through.

THE PHOSPHATES.

For many years past the marl underlying the phosphate beds of South Carolina was known and used as a fertilizer, but, until of late, the rocks or nodules were dug up and thrown aside, not merely as a useless material, but were regarded as an obstruction. The following

extract from a pamphlet published by Dr. N. A. Pratt, will show how the discovery of the usefulness and value of these *corpolites* was made :

"As early as the year 1866, I attempted to establish a company for the manufacture of acids and fertilizers, but without success. In 1867 the attempt was revived with better hopes of success; and while from May to August selecting a suitable location for such works, and as chemist to the 'North Carolina Geological Survey,' I searched in both the Carolinas for native home material which might be turned to profit in the manufacture of acids and fertilizers, I was fortunate enough to discover that a bed outcropping within ten miles of Charleston, contained as large a percentage of the phosphate of lime as any of the phosphatic guanos imported from the tropical islands, and used in this country and abroad in the manufacture of fertilizers. This bed has long been known in the history of the geology of South Carolina, as the 'Fish Bed of the Charleston Basin,' on account of the abundance of the remains of the marine animals found in it; Professor Holmes of the Charleston College, having in his museum no less than sixty thousand specimens of sharks' teeth alone, some of them of enormous size, weighing from two to two and a half pounds each. The bed outcrops on the banks of the Ashley, Cooper, Stono, Edisto, Ashepoo, and Combahee Rivers, but is developed most heavily and richly on the former, and has been found as far inland as forty miles. Near the Ashley River, it paves the public highway for miles—it seriously impedes and obstructs the cultivation of the lands, affording scarcely soil enough 'to hill up the cotton rows;' and the 'phosphates' have been for years thrown up in piles on the lawns, or into causeways over ravines, to get them out of reach of the ploughs; it underlies many square miles of surface continuously, at a depth ranging from six inches to twelve or more feet, and exists in such quantities, that in some localities from five hundred to one thousand tons, or more, underlie each acre. In fact, it seems that there are no rocks in this section that are not phosphates.

"While engaged as above-mentioned, from May to August, 1867, in locating my proposed works, and searching for material suitable to my purposes, on or about the first of August, while examining samples of foreign guano in the laboratory of Dr. St. Julien Ravenel, (who was then engaged in preparations for the manufacture of fertilizers, and expected to import or purchase his materials from abroad,) I was shown by him a rock which he said was from Goose Creek, S. C., and contained, according

to his estimates, from ten to fifteen per cent. of the phosphate of lime. Knowing from Toumey's Geology of South Carolina, and Professor Shepard's analysis, that nine per cent. was not uncommon in the marls of Ashley River, I was not surprised, and at his suggestion that 'as I was interested in such matters I had better analyze it,' I did so. Two days afterwards the result was known, as follows, and immediately communicated to Dr. Ravenel, who was then in my laboratory, with the remark that 'it was well worth looking after :' 'Phosphate of lime, 34.40; sand and insoluble matter, 29.92.' The same day, August 3, (as taken from my laboratory record,) recalling to my mind the 'Fish Beds' of the Ashley River, and the 'nodules' or 'conglomerates' buried there, I applied to my friend, Professor F. S. Holmes, (who, among all my acquaintances, was best informed as to the geology of this section of the country,) for samples of those and similar rocks, and finding in his cabinet a quantity taken twelve years before from his own plantation on Ashley River, was pleased to discover on August 10, 1867, No. 1, phosphate of lime, 55.92 per cent.; No. 2, phosphate of lime, 55.52 per cent. Subsequent analysis made of the rocks taken by myself from the bed, showed averages varying from fifty-seven to sixty-seven per cent., which could be relied on from a very large extent of country; thus having found these phosphates to be identical with the 'marl stones,' 'nodules,' or 'conglomerates,' of the 'Fish Bed of the Charleston Basin,' all the physical characters of which had been known and described twenty years before; and the nodules, of which I was informed by Professor Holmes, were known to contain fifteen or sixteen per cent. of phosphate of lime. Availing myself of Professor Holmes' extended information in regard to the outlines of the bed, which he had many years ago mapped out, I pushed forward my examinations and explorations with flattering results, and in a few weeks extended the limits of the bed far beyond its previously known boundaries. Thus this valuable material was discovered and located."

The following extract from a report of the Chamber of Commerce on the trade and Commerce of Charleston will give an idea of the value of the marl found in South Carolina:

"The extensive marl beds of the low country of South Carolina were known and adverted to from an early period in the history of the country. The economic value of these marls was, however, especially brought to notice by Mr. Edmund Ruffin, who had been very successful in renovating worn out fields in Virginia, by the applica-

tion of the marl found in that State. He therefore naturally concluded that South Carolina marl would effect the same desirable object. With great industry and enthusiasm, he examined numerous localities, determined the percentage of carbonate of lime, and urged upon planters the advantages to be derived from enriching their fields.

"In Virginia, the carbonate of lime is in a condition easily attacked by acid compounds of comparatively weak and solvent power, while in South Carolina it is so combined with and mineralized by silex, oxide of iron, phosphate of lime, and other substances, as not to be applicable to agricultural purposes, until its nature has been changed by burning. When this has been done, the South Carolina marl becomes an improving agent, vastly more effective than that of Virginia." To effect this desirable object, the "Charleston Agricultural Lime Company" have established works at Woodstock, on the South Carolina Railroad, about 18 miles from Charleston, where this marl has been found, after numerous and careful examinations, to be very rich in phosphate of lime." The Charleston agents of this company are Messrs. Ravenel & Co.

Some of the principal phosphate companies are the Etiwan, Wandoo, Pacific, Stono and Atlantic.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Stono Phosphate Company, the following officers were elected: Wm. Ravenel, President; F. L. Frost, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. St. Julien Ravenel, Chemist; J. B. Keckeley, Surperintendent.

NEWSPAPERS.

News and Courier.—This is one of the best conducted dailies in the South, and the leading Democratic journal of the State. The office, large stone front building, is situated No. 19 Broad street, and includes in its departments a business office and reception room on the first floor, editorial and reportorial rooms on the second floor, and composing rooms on the third floor, all well furnished; while in the outer buildings, ranging towards Elliott street, are to be found the steam presses and machine for folding the paper, and the job office in the rear of the press room.

Deutsche Zeitung.—A German paper, published triweekly, by F. Melchers & Son, at 68 Broad street. A sterling Democratic sheet, with extensive circulation.

Sunday Times.—Published every Sunday morning at No. 5 State street. Large and increasing circulation.

Monthly Record.—Episcopalian, by Walker, Evans & Cogswell.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

Charleston Hotel.—On the corner of Meeting, Hayne and Pinckney streets, is a massive building, with double colonnade, reaching to the roof, and forming quite an ornamental exterior.

Pavilion.—This popular first-class hotel, so extensively known throughout the country, is situated at the corner of Meeting and Hasel streets, in the very center of the wholesale and retail business houses. It has been recently renovated, is elegantly furnished, and affords all the facilities and comforts looked for by those traveling for pleasure or on business. On the table everything pleasing to the taste is found, and the celebrated artesian water, so highly recommended by physicians, is supplied for both drinking and bathing purposes if desired. A fine billiard parlor and barber saloon are attached.

Waverly House.—This is third in size among the hotels now open in the city, and has the facilities for accommodating one hundred guests. Its situation is in the bend of King street.

Mansion House.—Located in Broad street, near Meeting, has been recently fitted up, and now offers accommodation for fifty persons. The situation is a most desirable one, and the charges moderate.

Hilbers House, No. 284 King street, is well known as a first class private boarding house, and is now prepared for the winter travel.

The Forest and National houses, both located on King street, are most comfortably furnished, and have the facilities for accommodating either families or single persons.

Hampton House.—This house is conducted by a lady, whose appreciation for the gallant "standard bearer" of the State suggested the illustrious title which it bears. Those who patronize the Hampton House will receive every attention. Its location is on Meeting street, next to the Pavilion Hotel.

MECHANICS HOUSE, fitted up especially for the accommodation of mechanics, is situated on Meeting street, nearly opposite the Market. The prices and energy of the proprietor to give satisfaction, will be found in keeping with the times.

LEMON'S RESTAURANT, on the northeast corner of Hasel and Meeting streets, is always supplied with the best oysters, fish, and game, when in season, prepared in savory style and served by attentive waiters. Meals are furnished at all hours during the day, and up to the closing hour at night.

HOME ENTERPRISES, ETC.

As the Charleston Disinfectant, manufactured by Mr. John Commins is receiving the attention of the medical faculty, we take pleasure in appending the reports of some leading physicians on the subject.

Dr. Lynah, while practising on Sullivan's Island, speaks thus: I have freely used the Fumigator and Disinfectant manufactured by John Commins, and find it one of the most perfect Disinfectants that has been brought into use for the prevention of epidemic and contagious diseases. I would recommend its use in all houses where diphtheria and fevers prevail, as I believe it to have a tendency to prevent the extending of such diseases in the house.

Health Office, Galveston Texas.

I have experimented with the Disinfectant manufactured by John Commins, and find it a powerful Fumigator and Deodorizer. I think it a most valuable disinfectant for vessels, as it gives off no sparks while burning.

W. F. BLUNT, M. D.,
Health Physician.

Office City and Roper Hospitals, Charleston, S. C.

MR. JOHN COMMINS: I have given your disinfectant a good test, and I am much pleased with the result. In this institution it has served our purpose admirably; it has few equals for simplicity and efficacy.

J. S. BUIST, M. D.,
Physician to Hospital.

The Charleston Disinfectant, manufactured by John Commins, has great recommendation for cheapness and easy of application. From its combination it has great claims for recommendation on ships and in houses, we consider it a powerful disinfectant.

J. T. McFARLAND, M. D.,
JAMES HOLMES, M. D.,
E. T. SABAL, M. D.,
Committee on Disinfectants, Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 16th, 1878.

Among the most flourishing industries in the city, is the Sash and Blind Factory of Mr. E. W. Percival, situated at the east end of Columbus street. This is, strictly speaking, a Southern enterprise, and is supplied with all the modern improvements for turning out doors, sashes, blinds, frames, moulding, brackets, mantels, etc., with neatness and dispatch. The saw-mill attached contains the latest improved machinery for planing work. The track of the Northeastern and Savannah Railroads run through the yard, which saves the expense of drayage, as the cars can be loaded at the factory.

INVENTION.—A unique contrivance, which can either be used as a sleeping cot, or parlor lounge, has recently been invented by Mr. R. C. Millings, No. 219 King street. It may be used with or without a net, can be folded up and carried about, and may be used to advantage by hotels or boarding houses. The prices vary according to finish.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD COMPANY.—The trite saying that "nothing succeeds like success," finds an apt illustration in the Holman Liver Pad. That the theory of the application and use of medicine by absorption is, in most cases, the true course of treatment, has been thoroughly demonstrated and conclusively proven to the public mind through the introduction of the Holman Pad, which has done its work whenever and wherever used with extraordinary success.

This pad company have established in the City of Charleston a supply depot for the West and South. They have ample and fine rooms at the corner of King and Market streets, with separate parlor for ladies and gentlemen. Though they have been here but a short time, the sales of over a hundred pads in a single day attest the public intelligence and appreciation. The testimonials of this company are of the highest character, including high and well known names in Europe as well as in America.

Obliging and skilled assistants are in attendance at the rooms to give all desired information.

INSURANCE AGENCY.—The agency of Messrs. Ravenel, Bowen & Co., representing no less than seven of the best companies in England and America, is located at No. 8 Broad street, three doors east of State. It also represents one of the most solvent accident companies in the country, and the term of insurance on dwellings and other property may be carried for periods of three and five years.

STEAMSHIP LINES.

The steamship lines connecting New York with Charleston, are the Adger and Clyde Lines. To the former line belong the steamers City of Atlanta, Charleston, and Champion; to the latter, the George W. Clyde and Gulf Stream. The Clyde Line to Philadelphia, consists of the steamers Virginia and Equator.

The Falcon and Sea Gull belong to the Baltimore Line. The Sappho, Pocosin, and St. Helena, to the Mount Pleasant and Sullivan's Island Ferry Company Line, and a number of smaller steamers run between Charleston and the landings on the Santee and Pee Dee Rivers.

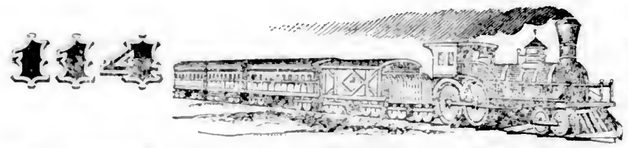
STREET RAILWAY.

Charleston has two street railway companies, viz: the City and the Enterprise, which run through all of the principal streets, with a line of track extending from the Battery to the Forks of the Road.

CONCLUSION.

And now farewell to Charleston and all her greatness! For the present our occupation is gone. The good steamer waits at the foot of Adger's wharf to bear us to the "Forest City." We provide ourselves with a comfortable state room, and as the swift steamer turns seaward, we rapidly pass forts, islands, and lighthouses, which gradually sink from view as we reach the broad ocean and continue our course further into the heart of the "sunny South."

Savannah and Charleston Railroad.



Miles

SHORTEST ROUTE AND QUICKEST TIME VIA A. C. L.

BETWEEN

FLORIDA POINTS

AND

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND RICHMOND,

TIME AS SHORT BETWEEN

FLORIDA POINTS AND THE WEST!

AS BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS, carrying U. S. Mail.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS on all Night Trains.

☞ Passengers go Through between CHARLESTON and SAVANNAH and AUGUSTA, *without change!*

S. C. Boylston, G. P. & T. A. *C. S. Gadsden, Eng. & Supt.*

PAVILION HOTEL

CHARLESTON, S. C.

GEO. T. ALFORD, PROPRIETOR.

BOARD, PER DAY, - $2.00 AND $2.50.

(According to location of rooms.)

This is a First-class Hotel, and has recently been Renovated, Repainted and put in thorough order in every respect.

The Pavilion is situated on Meeting street, one of the widest, handsomest and busiest thoroughfares of the city. It is within a few steps of the largest wholesale houses, and connected by street railway with the R. R. Depots, Postoffice, Banks, &c. The Ladies' entrance is on Hasel street, less than a square from King street, the fashionable promenade and principal street for retail shopping

Clerks competent and polite. Servants quick and attentive.

The Billiard Parlor connected with the house is the finest in the South, containing 5 Collender Tables, fifteen ball pool.

Rooms may be engaged in advance by applying to

G. T. ALFORD, Proprietor,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

1

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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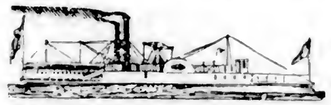
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Mount Pleasant & Sullivan's Island

FERRY  COMPANY

Office and Wharf, Foot of Market St.

STEAMERS

SAPPHO, POCOSIN, AND ST. HELENA

SCHEDULE.

Leave the City daily at 10 A. M., 3 and 6 P. M.
Leave the Island daily at 8 A. M., 12 M., and 5 P. M.

H. L. P. McCORMICK,
SUPERINTENDENT.

MISS S. GRAVELL,

Manufacturer of

WIGS, PLAITS, BRAIDS, PUFFS, CURLS, FRIZETTS, &c.

Will renew and work over all old Braids, Combings, &c., in fashionable styles at low prices; also Dyeing in every shade, either *lighter* or *darker*.

Country Orders promptly attended to.
Ladies' Hair-dressing a specialty.

301 King Street, Charleston, S. C

P. L. GUILLEMIN,

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☞ GAS FIXTURES AND KEROSENE GOODS ☜

Steam Fitting and Ship Plumbing.

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Charleston to Baltimore!

And all points NORTH and WEST, also to all EUROPEAN Ports.

☞ Cheapest, Most Pleasant & Attractive Route!

THE FIRST CLASS STEAMSHIPS,

FALCON, B. F. KIRBY, Commander,
SEA GULL, WM. MARSHMAN, Commander.

Sailing from Charleston and Baltimore weekly,

Offer to the traveling public every Comfort and Convenience.

Tickets to BALTIMORE { Including Meals and Stateroom Berth, } Only $15.00!

Passengers { By THIS ROUTE are AT SEA ONLY } 36 Hours!

Direct Connection is made at Baltimore for all Points North and West.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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DEALER IN

Cooking, Heating, and Kerosene Stoves, Grates, and Ranges,

Plain, Japanned, and Planished Tin, Sheet Iron, and Wooden Ware, House Furnishing Articles, etc.

Roofing, Guttering and Repairing promptly attended to.

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MARBLE AND GRANITE

WORKS.

CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, AND BURIAL VAULTS BUILT AT SHORT NOTICE.

Plans Furnished.

Meeting St., cor. Horlbeck's Alley,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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Importer and Dealer in French China, Glass and Queensware, C. C. Yellow and Rockingham-ware, Kerosene Lamps, Chandeliers and Brackets, Plated-ware, Cutlery, and House Furnishing Goods generally.

The Clyde Steamship Lines

CHARLESTON TO NEW YORK, WEDNESDAYS.

Elegant Deck Staterooms for Cabin Passengers.

CHARLESTON TO PHILADELPHIA!

SATURDAYS—FOR FREIGHT ONLY.

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WM. A. COURTENAY, } Agents,
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HILBERS HOUSE,

No. 284 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

Transient Board, - - - from $1.50 to $2.00 per Day,

ACCORDING TO ROOMS.

CARRIAGES ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE DEPOTS AND HOUSE TO CONVEY PASSENGERS.

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JOHN CORBETT,

(Successor to Geo. A. Bowman,)

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The Charleston Disinfectant!

A POWERFUL

FUMIGATOR, DISINFECTANT, AND DEODORIZER,

Composed of Sulphur, Carbolic Acid, and Iodine: the ONLY KNOWN FUMIGATOR that completely destroys all germs of infection in a house, or in clothing. Should be freely used where Diphtheria, Miasmatic and Contagious Diseases exist.

Endorsed and recommended by the Medical Convention, lately held at Jacksonville, Fla., February 16, 1878, to consider the most effectual Disinfectants, and the best means of preventing the introduction of Yellow Fever, and other contagious diseases into the Ports of the United States.

Price, 10 cts. per package, sufficient to Fumigate a small house.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN COMMINS,

Patented Nov. 28, 1876. Manufacturer,

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"Since the introduction of the Fumigator and Disinfectant, manufactured by John Commins, I have used it freely on all vessels infected or otherwise, quarantined at this station, and believe it has no equal."

Established in 1819.

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PIANO FORTES, ORGANS, MUSIC,

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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

No. 245 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

Pianos to let. Pianos tuned and repaired.

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Amilon's Fifth Avenue Hats.

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HAMPTON HOUSE.

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187 Meeting Street, next above Pavilion Hotel,

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Board and Lodging per day, $1.50; per week, $7.00; and per month, $25.00.

MECHANICS' HOUSE,

121 Meeting St., opposite Market, Charleston, S. C.

GOOD PRIVATE BOARDING,

Can be obtained at this House, with Good Accommodations.

BOARD.....Per Day, $1.00; per week, $6.00.
Permanent Board, $5.00 per week.

CHARLES BERRY.

New York & Charleston

STEAMSHIP LINE!

Sailing every Saturday

Steamship CITY OF ATLANTA, Captain M. S. Woodhull.
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Steamship CHARLESTON, Captain James Berry.

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TABLE FIRST-CLASS!

JAMES ADGER & CO., AGENTS,
Corner of Adger's Wharf and East Bay,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

G. J. THOMPSON & CO.

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STOVES, RANGES, GRATES.

SHIPS' CABOOSES AND OUTFITS A SPECIALTY.
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231 East Bay, North of Market Street.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

House and Ship Plumbing, Roofing, Guttering, and Tin Work generally, promptly attended to.

Wedding Gifts at Allan's.

FINE WATCHES — American and Swiss, of the latest styles. RICH JEWELRY — Of new and elegant designs, and exquisite workmanship. DIAMONDS, PEARLS, CAMEOS — As well as less costly sets, in great variety. STERLING SILVER-WARE — In fresh and beautiful patterns, especially adapted for Wedding Presents. SILVER PLATED-WARE — Tea Sets, Waiters, Ice Pitchers, Butter Dishes, Cups, Goblets, etc. CHOICE FANCY GOODS — French Clocks, Bronzes, fine Table Cutlery, Opera Glasses, fine Glassware, etc.

THE BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

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Sign of Drum Clock, 307 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

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GAS FITTER,

STEAM FITTER & PLUMBER,

No. 447 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

A fine assortment of Gas and Kerosene CHANDELIERS and LAMPS, always on hand.

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ACCOMMODATED

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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Importer and Manufacturer of

BASKETS

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304 King Street,

4 DOORS ABOVE WENTWORTH,

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The *cheapest* Furniture Ware-rooms in Charleston, and none of Adam and Eve's Old Styles either.

E. C. MILLINGS,

Furniture Ware-rooms,

No. 219 King Street,

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Constantly receiving the Latest Styles of Furniture. Coffins and Burial Caskets of the most superb styles and finish.

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BROAD STREET.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

RAVENEL, BOWEN & Co.

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Representing in FIRE DEPARTMENT first class English and American Companies, capital aggregating upwards of $30,000,000.

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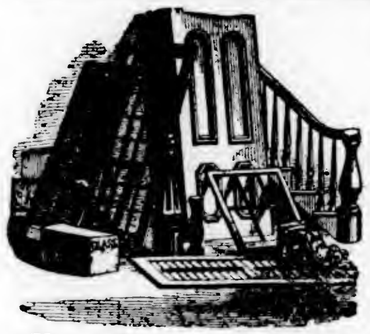
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Fish, Oysters, and Game, in season.



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DOORS, SASHES AND BLINDS,

Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Stair Rails, Wood Mantels, &c.

Competition and quality of work defied. Prices Guaranteed as low as any House South.

East End of Columbus Street, Charleston, S. C.

LOWEST PRICES—BEST WORK.

SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP PORTERS

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

107 EAST BAY 107

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BASS' PALE ALE ON DRAUGHT. MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Lunch from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Dinner from 1 to 3 P. M., 25 cts.

Oysters, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, etc., of best qualities.

BRANCH—Ocean Park Centennial Hall, Sullivan's Island—**HOUSE**

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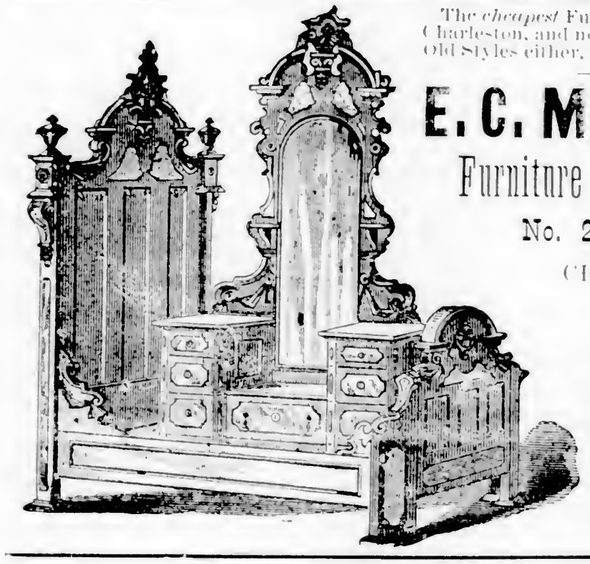

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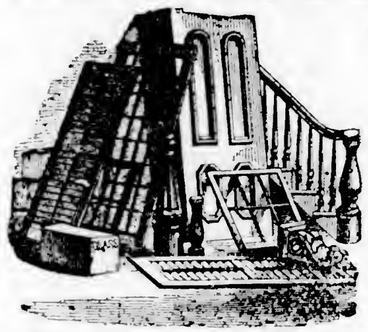

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Oysters, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, etc., of best qualities.

BRANCH—Ocean Park Centennial Hall, Sullivan's Island—**HOUSE**

CURE BY ABSORPTION!

HOLMAN'S

Liver and Ague Pad and Auxiliaries!

All Diseases arising from

TORPID LIVER AND DISEASED STOMACH,

CURED AND PREVENTED

Bilious Disorders, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Jaundice, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Irregular Action of the Heart, Sick Headache, Ague Cake, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc.

Country Fever, Yellow, Bilious, Intermittent, Dumb Ague, Chill Fever, Diphtheria, Small Pox, Diarrhœa, Malarial Fever, Breakbone, Chills and Fever, Bilious Disorders, Pain in Side, Back, Stomach, Shoulders, Muscles, etc.

All these have their origin, directly or indirectly, in the Stomach or Liver; if you doubt it, send for Dr. Fairchild's Lecture.

Regular Pad, $2; Special, $3; Plasters, 50c.; Salts, 25c.

Specials are used in Complicated Cases, sent by mail, on receipt of price, free of charge. Salt is sent by express at expense of the purchaser.

Consultations at our parlors or by letter free. Separate parlor for ladies, in charge of a lady attendant.

Wholesale orders promptly executed. ☞ Beware of imitations. ☞ None genuine but the above.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD COMPANY,

Corner King and Market Sts., Charleston, S. C.

FITZMORRIS & FOSTER, Managers.

JAMES S. HYER,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,

Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants, and Kerosene Lamps,

82 Broad Street, under Carolina Hotel,

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PARRY, COOKE & CO.,

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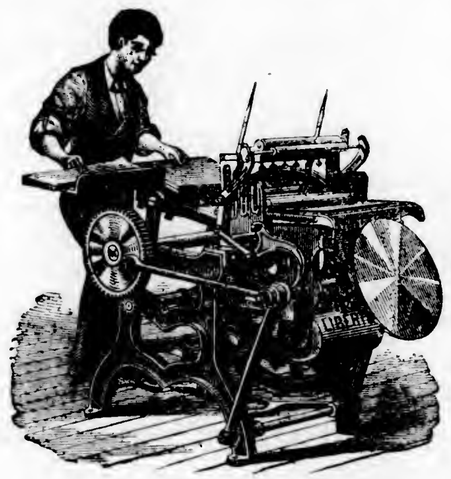

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All Diseases arising from

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Bilious Disorders, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Jaundice, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Irregular Action of the Heart, Sick Headache, Ague Cake, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc

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All these have their origin, directly or indirectly, in the Stomach or Liver; if you doubt it, send for Dr. Fairchild's Lecture.

Regular Pad, $2; Special, $3; Plasters, 50c.; Salts, 25c.

Specials are used in Complicated Cases, sent by mail, on receipt of price, free of charge. Salt is sent by express at expense of the purchaser.

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HOLMAN LIVER PAD COMPANY,

Corner King and Market Sts., Charleston, S. C.

FITZMORRIS & FOSTER, Managers.

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Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,

Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants, and Kerosene Lamps,

82 Broad Street, under Carolina Hotel,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

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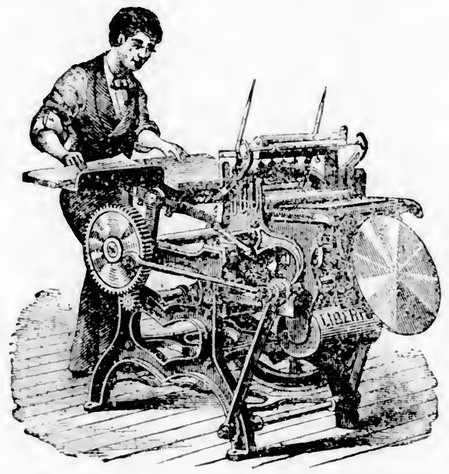

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Mrs. A. J. Kennedy. Walter L. Ruff.

WAVERLY HOUSE,

Nos. 252 to 256 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

This House, having been thoroughly renovated, is *first-class* in every respect; is situated in the bend of King Street, in the most fashionable portion of the city, convenient to all places of business and amusement.

Board $2 per day in all parts of the House.

Personal Attention given to Guests of this House.

Carriages at depots and steamers to convey passengers to the house.

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LACE CURTAINS,

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House Furnishing Goods,

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T. M. BRISTOLL,

250 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

Ladies', Gents', Misses', and Children's

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Sign of the Big Boot. C. O. D. Orders promptly attended to.

SAVANNAH, GA.

The first point of interest that greets the eye on approaching the mouth of the Savannah River is Tybee Lighthouse, situated on an island bearing the same name about eighteen miles from the city. The island is a pleasant summer resort, and is much frequented by visitors during the heated term.

FORT PULASKI.

Passing up the river about three miles from Tybee, we come in sight of Fort Pulaski, which, as long as one brick remains upon another, will perpetuate the glory and valor of Georgia's gallant soldiery. The work of building this fort commenced in 1831, and was completed sixteen years afterwards at a cost of nearly a million of dollars. The walls are seven feet and a half thick and rise twenty-five feet above the water. It has five faces, several of which were badly battered during the war, but have since been repaired. The memorable siege of Fort Pulaski commenced on the morning of the 10th of April, 1862. Previous to the bombardment, an order was sent by the Federal commander for the immediate surrender, but Col. Olmstead, the commandant of the fort, answered "I am here to defend the fort, not to surrender it." After a furious cannonading of a day and a half, from no less than a dozen formidable batteries, which battered the fort into a shapeless mass, the brave garrison surrendered.

We now continue up the river, which winds like a huge serpent, pass Fort Jackson and numerous rice fields, and finally land at the steamer's wharf, foot of Abercorn st.

THE CITY.

Savannah is noted as being one of the most beautiful cities of the South. It is situated on the south bank of the river, on a bluff which rises fifty feet above the level of the sea. It has a population of about forty thousand inhabitants, contains many large handsome buildings, and is divided by numerous wide streets and parks from end to end.

REMINISCENCES.

In the year 1732, King George II of England, granted to James Oglethorpe and others, a charter separating that track of country lying between the Savannah and Alta-

maha Rivers from the province of Carolina, stating, among other things, "that many of his poor subjects were, through misfortunes and want of employment, reduced to great necessities, and would be glad to be settled in any of his Majesty's provinces of America, where by cultivating the waste and desolate lands, they might not only gain a comfortable subsistence, but also strengthen his Majesty's colonies, and increase the trade, navigation, and wealth of his Majesty's realms; and that the province of North America had been frequently ravaged by Indian enemies, more especially that of South Carolina, whose southern frontier continued unsettled, and lay open to the neighboring savages; and to relieve the wants of said poor people, and to protect his Majesty's subjects in South Carolina, a regular colony of the said poor people should be settled and established on the southern frontiers of Carolina." In November, 1732, James Oglethorpe with thirty-five families, about one hundred and twenty-five persons in all, sailed from London, and in January arrived in Rebellion Roads, at Charleston. After a pleasant sojourn at Beaufort, S. C., the colonists sailed for the bluff, which had been previously selected by Oglethorpe, and landed there on the 1st of February, 1733. They were met by a number of friendly Indians, who presented them with gifts, and otherwise assisted them in the work of clearing and settling the place. The following summer one hundred and fifty more settlers arrived, and the wards, streets and squares were designated, and named with appropriate ceremonies. The building up of the town increased with even greater rapidity than could reasonably be expected, and where but a short time previous thick woods and a few wigwams stood, signs of civilization and diversified industry became everywhere apparent. Here, in 1733, Rev. John Wesley preached his first sermon in America, taking his text from the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

During the Revolution of '76, Savannah occupied an important place in the picture.

In 1778, General Robert Howe, the American commander of the post, with one hundred regular troops and a few hundred militia, after a spirited engagement was compelled to yield to superior numbers, and the city fell into the hands of the British. On the 1st of September, 1779, a French fleet under Count D'Estaing, appeared off the coast, and sixteen days later being reinforced by the arrival of troops from Charleston, the British garrison was summoned to surrender. After twenty-four hours consideration the summons was answered in the negative, and D'Estaing resolved to take the city by storm.

On the morning of the 9th of October, the French and Americans moved against the works in three divisions. The garrison having been informed of the plan of attack through a deserter, the advancing columns moved under a destructive fire. Notwithstanding this the flag of the 2d South Carolina Regiment was planted upon the works by Lieutenants Bush and Hume, who were shot down and the colors fell. Lieutenant Gray seized them, but met with a similar fate, and it was here that the gallant Sergeant Jasper received his death wound in bearing them aloft, and from the fatal field. The assault proved a failure, and among the killed was Count Pulaski, and other valuable officers. On the 12th of July, 1782, the town was evacuated and surrendered to the Americans, and was made a city by Act of the Legislature in December, 1789.

PRESENT CONDITION.

Savannah at present is in as prosperous a condition as any city in the South, and besides being the second largest cotton port in the United States, does a large business in the shipment of timber, rice, naval stores, etc. It is connected with the interior and North and West by the Georgia Central Railroad, and with the South by the Atlantic and Gulf Road. There are also steamer lines running to New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, and Florida.

The principal streets running across are Bay, Congress, Broughton, South Broad, and Liberty. Those running from north to south, are East and West Broad, Houston, Habersham, Abercorn, Bull, Whitaker, Barnard, Jefferson, and Montgomery. On Bay street are found the wholesale grocery, liquor and tobacco dealers, commission merchants, customhouse, banks, etc. The dry goods and fancy stores are located on Broughton street, while a miscellaneous collection of hardware, boot and shoe, leather finding and stationery stores, wholesale and retail, flourish on Congress street. The most attractive thoroughfare, however, is Bull street, which leads to Forsyth Park. Here are found many beautiful residences, with cultivated gardens, churches, public buildings, parks, etc.

CHURCHES.

The churches of Savannah are numerous, costly and attractive, and are illustrative of the fact that the various Christian denominations are well represented. The Episcopal religion was established by Henry Herbert, D. D., who came over with the settlers in 1733; the Lutheran,

first by the Slazburgers, in 1774; and afterwards, in 1824, by Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, S. C.; the Presbyterian, by Rev. J. J. Zubly, in 1755; the Methodist, by Rev. Samuel Dunwoody, and other divines, in 1806; the Baptist and Catholic, about the year 1800. The first Jewish Synagogue was built at the corner of Liberty and Whitaker streets in 1815. The most beautiful church edifice in Savannah, and possibly in the South, is the CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, situated at the corner of Abercorn and Harris streets. It is built in ornamental Gothic style, with elegant and spacious interior accommodations, capable of seating one thousand persons. The altars, three in number, are constructed of white marble and elaborately finished. The building is yet unfinished, but when completed will present a rich, roughcast exterior, with pointed towers, iron rail work, etc. The corner stone was laid in November, 1873, and the dedication ceremonies were performed April 30th, 1876.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, situated at the corner of South Broad and Bull streets, is also another costly structure, noted for its architectural beauty. Among others are St. John's, Episcopal; Trinity, Methodist; Baptist, and Jewish Synagogue.

MONUMENTS.

The appreciation of the people of Savannah for valor and true merit, has caused the erection of several beautiful marble memorials, which embellish the city in different places.

GREENE MONUMENT.—This is a plain obeliscal marble shaft, without inscription, placed in Johnson square. It was erected in memory of Gen. Nathaniel Greene in 1829, and is about fifty feet high.

PULASKI MONUMENT.—This costly cenotaph rises from the center of Monterey square, and is also about fifty feet in height. The carving at the corners of the die represents reversed cannon. That on the north side represents a wounded soldier falling from his prancing war steed; the inscription on the south side reads as follows:

"PULASKI, who fell mortally wounded fighting for American liberty at the siege of Savannah, 9th October, 1779;" on the east side, inscribed in large letters, is the name PULASKI. Two sides of the cornice are ornamented with the shields of Poland and Georgia, bordered with branches of laurel, over which is an eagle, the symbolic bird of America and Poland, while the pyramidal shaft is surmounted with the Goddess of Liberty.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.—This beautiful and interesting memorial, erected by the ladies of Georgia, and situated towards the centre of the Park Extension, is in every way suggestive of the touching words:

"There resteth to *Georgia* a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to *Georgia* a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They have gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widowed nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation."

As near as we can describe it, the monument consists of brown frame work, elegantly carved from base to top, with an arching center, in which stands the figure of "Silence." On one of the panels we read,

To the Confederate Dead, 1861—1865.

On another,

"*Come from the four winds of heaven O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.*"

On the side facing the Park is the figure of a woman, sublime in the sadness of her expression, representing the South mourning.

On the top, with trumpet in one hand and scroll in the other, stands the mighty angel "Resurrection."

FORSYTH PARK.

Every one who stops at Savannah should visit this enchanting spot. It is really a terrestrial paradise, but in the center, instead of the tree of life, a gushing fountain sends forth its refreshing streams, which fall in liquid spray to impearl the flowers below. The stately trees on both sides of the central shell walk are survivors of the primitive forest, and form a miniature wood from which the birds of spring pour forth their sweetest hymns of praise. The main entrance is guarded by two bronze sphinxes, and a short distance further to the right is a small statue of the winged god Mercury, with caduceus in hand.

WATER WORKS.

The water works to be found on the western side of the Ogeechee Canal, supply water to the distributing reservoir located on Franklin square, about half a mile distant from the works. The works force the water into the distributing reservoir at an elevation of one hundred feet, and at the rate of over one thousand gallons a minute. By means of pipes running through the streets and houses, the city receives a constant and abundant supply of pure, fresh water.

CEMETERIES.

LAUREL GROVE.—Twenty-six years have passed away since the dedication of this hallowed spot. Beneath its sward lie the remains of Savannah's best citizens, who have been gathered to their final rest by the silent reaper whose name is "Death." The burial grounds cover an area of ten acres, and are conspicuous for the number of costly and elegant monuments which adorn them. In the Confederate soldiers lot, and that portion marked the "Men of Gettysburg," lie side by side in like array; as when the clarion notes bade them rush to glory o'er the grave, the patriot soldiers of a vanquished cause. Here they sleep in sweet oblivion but unforgotten, for at the dawn of each vernal season myriads of

"Beautiful feet with maidenly tread,
Offerings bring to the gallant dead."

BONAVENTURE.—For sublime grandeur of scenery, Bonaventure Cemetery is not surpassed by any place of the kind in the world. The arching and moss-drooping trees, with their long branches trailing over the tombs, are said to have been planted by Col. John Mulryne in 1761, in the form of the letters M. and T., the initials of his daughter Mary, and her husband, Mr. Josiah Tatnall, of Charleston. The cemetery is situated on the Thunderbolt Road, about three miles from the city.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The principal public buildings in the city are the Exchange, Historical Society Building, Courthouse, Poorhouse and Hospital, Medical College, Customhouse, Orphan Asylum, and Bank of the State of Georgia.

BANKS.—The banks now in operation are the Central Railroad, Merchants' National, and Savannah National.

SUBURBAN RESORTS.

The suburban resorts, all of which are well worth visiting, are located as follows:

TYBEE ISLAND is at the entrance to the Savannah River, and 18 miles from the City of Savannah; and from the Ocean House there is a fine view of the hundreds of vessels that are constantly arriving at and departing from the great Atlantic cotton port. A new and fast steamer plys daily between the city and the island, and a tramroad, passing through beautiful groves of palmetto, oak and pine, connects the wharf with the Ocean House, conducted by A. G. Ybanez, and lands the guest at its very

doors. A telegraph line, always in operation, affords facilities for prompt communication with all parts of the world.

BETHESDA, signifying a "House of Mercy," about ten miles from the city.

THUNDERBOLT, containing several hotels and a number of pretty summer residences, five miles southeast of the city.

WHITE BLUFF, on the Vernon River, about ten miles distant.

JASPER SPRINGS, so called on account of a famous exploit of Sergeant Jasper, where, by a well planned stratagem, he, with a single companion, captured a corporal and eight men of the British army, is situated on the Augusta Road, about two miles from the city.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

Among the larger hotels of Savannah are the Marshall, Screven and Pulaski Houses, and Pavilion Hotel.

PAVILION.—This popular hotel is situated at the corner of South Broad and Bull streets, the most desirable location in the city. It is recessed in the rear of a pleasant garden, contains thirty-five sleeping apartments, bath rooms, parlors, etc. The tables are supplied with the luxuries of the season, and are extensive enough for the accommodation of seventy-five persons.

MRS. SAWYER'S BOARDING HOUSE.—This is really a hotel upon a small scale. It contains twenty-three rooms, all handsomely furnished and carpeted, ornamental parlors, dressing rooms, etc. It has a back stairway by which persons could descend in case of fire, and an elevator by which invalids may be conveyed to the third story. There are also furnished apartments for families, a spacious and pleasant dining room and bath accommodations. The situation is on the corner of Broughton and Drayton streets.

MRS. SAVAGE.—In front of Orleans Square, at the corner of Hull and Barnard streets, is the boarding house of Mrs. John Savage. This is rather a unique looking building, and has one of the handsomest shaped dining rooms in the city. The location is pleasant and quiet. It contains twenty-five rooms, a comfortable parlor and out buildings. Everything here is conducted in first-class order.

MRS. ELKINS.—This house is also pleasantly located on York street, three doors east of Barnard. The bed rooms are well ventilated and warm in the winter season. It contains an extensive parlor and dining room, south piazzas on the second and third stories, bath rooms, etc.

MRS. WITHINGTON'S, 108 South Broad street, in easy reach of two lines of city railway, with bath rooms and all the necessary conveniences.

MRS. JONES.—This house, No. 163 York street, is handsomely and carefully furnished throughout. The apartments are spacious and adapted to the comfort of those seeking the mild climate of the South.

FLORIDA HOUSE, located on Broughton street, next to the Marshall House, is under the supervision of Mrs. A. Clay, who thoroughly understands the art of catering to the wants of the hotel seeking public.

MRS. BURK.—This house, No. 132 Broughton street, is well established, and furnishes good, substantial board at reasonable rates.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

QUANTOCK & POURNELLE, booksellers and stationers, No. 132 Broughton street, constant supply of stationery and fancy goods kept on hand.

WYLLY & CLARKE, booksellers and stationers, wholesale and retail, corner of Whitaker and St. Julian streets. Here can be found the largest supply of books, chromos, inks, periodicals, etc., in the city.

W. D. WAPLES, Bay street, rice and commission merchant.

JAS. S. SILVA, 140 Broughton street, importer of crockery, etc.

I. DASHER & CO., 145 Broughton street, jobbers and retailers of dry goods, fancy articles, etc. Tourists will find here everything in the line of dry goods of the best quality, and served by attentive and polite clerks.

JOS. E. LOISEAU & CO., 118 Broughton street, hair store. The attention of the ladies is specially called to this emporium where braids, wigs, curls, hair generally, and toilet articles are kept on hand, and all kinds of hair work executed in the latest styles.

A. L. DESBOUILLONS, No. 21 Bull street, jewelry establishment. Besides all articles in the line of jewelry, many novel Florida curiosities can be seen at this place. Among the specialties are sleeve buttons made of alligator's teeth, shell and fish scale jewelry, orange canes, sea beans, etc.

CUNNINGHAM & HEWES, wholesale grocers and ship chandlers, corner Bay and Drayton streets.

BOHEIM, BENDHAM & CO., dealers in cigars and tobacco, 143 Bay street, Savannah, Ga.

M. F. FOLEY & CO., grocers, corner Barnard and Broughton streets, Savannah, Ga.

JOSEPH B. RIPLEY, commission merchant, 118 Bay st.

R. H. FOOTMAN & CO., insurance agents, 118 Bay st.

NURSERY GARDENS.

NOBLE'S GREENHOUSES.—Here is a place where a pleasant hour may be profitably wiled away. The nursery and garden are situated in the rear of Madison Square, and contain rare specimens of numerous birds, alive and stuffed, gold fish, flowers, hot houses, etc.

SAVANNAH NURSERY.—This place is located just outside of the city on the White Bluff road, a few minutes walk from the terminus of the city railway. Those who are fond of anthology will have ample scope for study and amusement here. About ten acres are planted in tube roses, and under a thousand feet of glass are exotics and domestic plants of every description.

RICE MILL.

On the water front in the western portion of the city is the large steam rice mill of Messrs. Habersham & Co. This place has all the facilities for pounding, cleaning, and preparing rice for shipment. A large number of workmen are kept constantly employed, and the rice, when sold, can be shipped from the large storehouses at the water's edge.

RAILROAD LINES TO FLORIDA.

From Savannah to Florida and Southern Georgia, we find the old established and pioneer line, the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, still up with the times in all that ministers to the comfort and convenience of the traveler, whether tourist or invalid. Its elegant equipment—Pullman palace Sleepers and spacious and sumptuous Parlor cars—its smooth and safe track, extensively renewed recently with steel rails—its double daily train service and lightning speed of trains, all combine to make the last stage in the trip to Florida the pleasantest of all. No weary waiting for the lifting of the fog to go ahead—no "rough weather outside" to stop its passengers, but onward they fly on the wings of the wind, while the ever-shifting and beautiful panorama of the scenery of the Flowery Land unfolds itself before the delighted gaze of those who, in the choice of their routes, have wisely fixed on this.

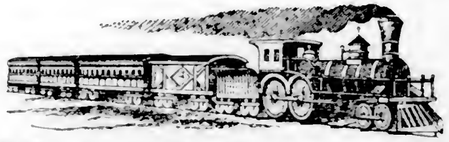
NEWSPAPERS.

THE MORNING NEWS, a large and well conducted Democratic daily, is published at No. 3 Whitaker street. The News has an extensive circulation throughout Florida, is under the management of the proprietor, J. H. Estill, Esq., and edited by Col. W. T. Thompson.

All Rail to Florida!

VIA THE

Atlantic and Gulf Railroad!



Double Daily Train Service

BETWEEN

Savannah and Jacksonville!

PULLMAN Palace Sleepers and Spacious and Sumptuous Parlor Cars, without change, to Florida.

SMOOTH TRACK! SAFETY BRAKES!
STEEL RAILS! FAST TIME!

☞ **SPEED, SAFETY, AND COMFORT!** ☜

☞ **Be sure your Tickets read** ☜

VIA THE

ATLANTIC AND GULF RAILROAD

The ONLY ALL-RAIL Route

To FLORIDA.

H. S. HAINES, *General Sup't.*

JAS. L. TAYLOR, *Gen'l Pass. Ag't.*

J. H. GRIFFIN, *Passenger Agent.*

☞ RICE ☜

W. D. WAPLES,

SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON.

Address,----SAVANNAH, GA.

MRS. P. N. WITHINGTON,

Private Boarding House

No. 108 South Broad Street,

2 doors from Drayton Street,

SAVANNAH, GA

JAS. S. SILVA,

Importer of

CROCKERY, ETC.

140 Broughton Street,

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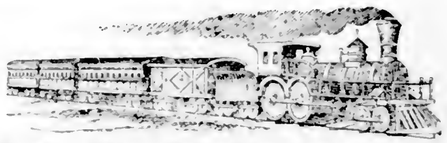

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CUNNINGHAM & HEWES,

SUCCESSORS TO

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WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

SHIP CHANDLERS,

Corner Bay and Drayton Sts., Savannah, Ga.

Israel Dasher. *Joseph P. Germaine.* *Frank W. Dasher.*

I. DASHER & CO.

Jobbers and Retailers of

DRY GOODS

FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY,

SMALL WARES, NOTIONS, ETC.

145 Broughton St., corner Whitaker, Savannah, Ga.

Permanent and Transient Boarding,

MRS. JOHN SAVAGE,

ORLEANS SQUARE,

Corner Hull and Barnard Streets, SAVANNAH, GA.

FLORIDA CURIOSITIES!

ORANGE CANES, SEA BEANS, ALLIGATORS' TEETH—mounted in Sleeve Buttons, Ear-rings, Sets, etc. SHELL and FISH SCALE JEWELRY, ready-made and to order, at the

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT

—OF—

A. L. DESBOUILLONS,

21 Bull Street, opposite Screven House,

SAVANNAH, GA.

SAVANNAH'S

Favorite Route to Florida!

STRICTLY INSIDE ALL THE WAY

GEORGIA AND FLORIDA

INLAND STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

Steamer City of Bridgeton,

H. FLEETWOOD, Commander,

Will leave Savannah EVERY TUESDAY and SATURDAY, at 5 P. M., for St. Catharine's, Doboy, Darien, St. Simon's, Brunswick, St. Mary's, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Palatka, and all points on St. John's River.

STEAMER DAVID CLARK,

J. WHITE, Commander,

Will leave Savannah every THURSDAY at 10 A. M., for St. Catharine's, Doboy, Union Island, Darien, St. Simon's, Brunswick, St. Mary's, Fernandina, and all points on Satilla River.

The above steamers connect at Brunswick with M. & B. and B. & A. Railroads for all points in Southwest Georgia. At St. Mary's with steamers for points on St. Mary's River. At Fernandina with A., G. & W. I. T. Co.'s Railroad for Waldo, Starke, Gainesville, Bronson, Cedar Keys, and all points on this road. Also with steamers at Cedar Keys for Key West, Tampa and Manatee. At Jacksonville with F. C. R. R., J., P. & M. R. R. for Lake City and all points on these roads. At Palatka with steamers for the Upper St. John's and Oklawaha Rivers. At Tocoi with St. John's R. R. for St. Augustine, and at St. Augustine with steamers for New Smyrna and all points on Indian River.

Through bills lading given and through tickets sold to above points. For freight or passage, apply at Office No. 5 Stoddard's Upper Range.

J. S. LAWRENCE,
General Manager.

MRS. H. E. SAWYER'S

PRIVATE BOARDING,

In the New Building fronting South,

Corner of Broughton and Drayton Streets,

SAVANNAH, GA.

☞ Is prepared to furnish Guests with Good Accommodations. ☜

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WYLLY & CLARKE,

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Corner Whittaker and St. Julian Streets, Savannah, Ga.

Agents for WADE'S Printing and CARTER'S Writing INKS.

SAVANNAH NURSERY

WHITE BLUFF ROAD,

G. KIESLING, PROPRIETOR.

Plants, Cut Flowers,

—AND—

GENERAL NURSERY STOCK.

Address 32 Bull Street, Savannah, Ga.

MRS. J. E. ELKINS,

York St., 3 doors South of Barnard,

SAVANNAH, GA.

Permanent and Transient Boarding.

A PLEASANT SEASIDE RESORT.—SAFE SURF BATHING.

OCEAN HOUSE,

TYBEE ISLAND, ... GEORGIA.

(18 Miles from Savannah.)

This new and elegant hotel, fronting the Atlantic Ocean, was opened on the 1st of May, 1878. Since last season additions have been made, which make it much more commodious and pleasant, and the present lessee guarantees that its accommodations and cuisine will be first-class in every respect. With broad piazzas facing the ocean, the waves of which almost touch the threshold of the hotel, and light and airy rooms. Those who are seeking pleasure or relaxation from the cares of business, will find the Ocean House all that can be desired. Tybee beach is pronounced by all who have visited the Island to be one of the finest in the world. It extends a distance of six miles, and is hard and almost level, affording unsurpassed facilities for safe Surf Bathing. Board per day $2.00; per week $10.00. Special arrangements made with excursionists. For further particulars address A. G. YBANEZ,

P. O. Address, Savannah, Ga. Proprietor Ocean House.

HAIR STORE.

JOS. L. LOISEAU & CO.

118 Broughton Street, between Bull and Drayton,

SAVANNAH, GA.

BRAIDS, WIGS, CURLS, SWITCHES, HAIR JEWELRY, AND HAIR FRAMES, MADE TO ORDER.

A large assortment always on hand; also, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Toilet articles. Combings worked in any style, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MRS. E. L. BURK,

PRIVATE BOARDING,

132 Broughton Street, Savannah, Ga.

TERMS REASONABLE.

NOBLE'S GREENHOUSES AND ICE CREAM GARDEN,

MADISON SQUARE, BULL STREET,

Plants, Cut Flowers, Gold Fish, Canaries, and Birds of all kinds.

NOBLE'S Improved Bird Invigorator, and prepared Mocking-bird Food, Bird-cages, Hanging-baskets, etc.

ADDRESS — **G. NOBLE, Savannah, Ga.**

Savannah and Mellonville

STEAMBOAT LINE

INLAND ALL THE WAY.

SEMI-WEEKLY,

For St. Catharine's, Doboy, Darien, Union Island, St. Simon's, Brunswick, and St. Mary's, Ga., Fernandina, Jacksonville, and all points on St. John's River, Fla.

WEEKLY,

For all landings on the Satilla River.

THE LOW-PRESSURE, SIDE-WHEEL

Steamer ROSA!

Captain P. H. WARD,

Will leave wharf foot Drayton street, at 4 o'clock P. M., EVERY TUESDAY, FOR FLORIDA, touching at St. Catharine's, Doboy, Union Island, Darien, St. Simon's and Brunswick, connecting closely at Brunswick, with steamer Carrie, Capt. Joe Smith, for St. Mary's, Fernandina, Jacksonville and all points on Florida Central and Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railroads and St. John's River.

For Satilla every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at all intermediate landings.

CONNECTIONS.

At Darien with steamers for the Altamaha, Ocmulgee and Oconee Rivers.

At Brunswick with Macon and Brunswick and Brunswick and Albany Railroads.

At Jacksonville for New Brittain, New Smyrna and Datona.

At Tocoi with St. John's Railroad for St. Augustine.

At Palatka for Oklawaha River and Dunn's Lake or Crescent City.

At Wekiva River with steamer May Flower for Clay Springs and all points on the River.

At Sanford for Lake Jessup and all points on Upper St. John's and Indian Rivers.

Through low rates of freight and passage and bills of lading given to all points.

Freights for Altamaha, Ocmulgee and Oconee Rivers must be prepaid.

Freight received daily, Sundays excepted.

W. F. BARRY, Agent.

J. H SMITH, Manager.
O. S. BENSON, General Business Agent.

PASCUA FLORIDA.

Passing the mouth of the St. Mary's River, which at the coast divides Georgia from Florida, we enter the waters which lave the banks of the "Flowery Land; the land of the orange tree, the pine and the cypress; the sequestered home of the wily Seminole." While gazing upon its beautiful shores, and drinking in the delicious air which floats athwart the main, as soft and as fragrant as the perfumed gales of Araby, we can almost fancy to ourselves that the veteran cavalier, Ponce de Leon, was right, and that somewhere amid the wild morass is to be found the fountain whose translucent stream will perpetuate youth and health, consign care to oblivion, and open to our longing eyes a joyous future, from which the sunlight of happiness will never depart.

The early history and discovery of Florida, has already been alluded to in the opening of this work.

In the year 1512, Juan Ponce de Leon, then Governor of Porto Rico, actuated by the belief that somewhere in the direction of the setting sun, the fabled Fountain of Perpetual Youth was to be found, fitted out three ships and set sail for its discovery. On the 27th of March, of the same year, he arrived off the coast of Florida, and charmed with the grandeur of its scenery, its rich foliage and clustering wild flowers, and owing to the fact that he discovered it on Easter Sunday, (Pascua Florida,) on the 2d of April he took possession of the land in honor of his sovereign, and gave it the name which it now bears. On his return, he was rewarded by the Crown with the title of "Governor of Florida," and ten years afterwards, while making a second visit, he was attacked by the natives, who drove his men back to the ships, and inflicted upon him a wound, from the effects of which he died after his arrival in Cuba.

DE NARVAEZ.

On the 12th of April, 1528, Pamphilo de Narvaez landed on the west coast of Florida, near Tampa Bay, with a force of three hundred men and forty-five horses, and determined to penetrate into the heart of the country in search of the untold wealth which he believed the country possessed. After suffering great hardships from want of

food and attacks from the natives, who disputed every inch of ground, and losing all hopes of being again able to find their ships, they set to work constructing barges out of whatever material they could gather, and in September set out from a place which they called the Bay of Caballos, and after days of tempestuous weather, the barks became separated, some of them lost, until the number was reduced to one hundred souls. The majority of these, with Narvaez, finally perished from hunger and the arrows of the natives. Of the survivors, De Vaca and three of his companions succeeded in reaching Mexico.

FERNANDO DE SOTO.

This celebrated nobleman of Spain, who had distinguished himself with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, with a splendid retinue of a thousand men and three hundred and fifty horses, landed at Tampa Bay on the 25th of May, 1539. De Soto passed through a large portion of that territory which now forms the Southern States, and after many difficulties and adventures reached the Mississippi River, where he died, and was buried beneath the waters.

THE HUGUENOTS.

Although in the year 1559 the Spanish monarch made another attempt to settle Florida, and entrusted the expedition to Don Tristan de Luna, still this, like the rest, proved a failure: the first permanent settlement was made by the Huguenots under Rene de Laudonniere, a companion of Ribault, who two years previous had attempted a settlement at Port Royal, South Carolina. About the year 1564, Laudonniere landed at the site where St. Augustine now stands, but on the day following entered the St. John's River, and planted his colony on a bluff at its mouth. Here Fort Caroline was erected, the remains of which, it is said, are still to be traced. While arrangements were being made in France to increase and render more permanent this colony, the news reached Spain that the Huguenots were about to seize Florida, to which the Spaniards claimed exclusive right on account of prior discovery, and, to thwart this purpose, Pedro Menendez, encouraged by Philip the Second, fitted out an expedition, and in August, 1565, landed on the coast of Florida, with twenty-four vessels and nearly three thousand followers. Learning that the Huguenot settlement was only a few leagues distant, Menendez set out at once for the fort, and after capturing it murdered the garrison, sparing neither the women nor the children. About three years afterwards, this inhuman act was avenged by Dominic de Gourges, a brave adventurer of Gascony. He

completely surprised the Spanish garrison at the fort, and those who were not slain in the conflict, he hanged to the very trees from which his own countrymen had been executed. Menendez being called to Spain, left the colony in charge of a relative, the Marquis de Menendez, and regarding its increase and success, we shall further speak in our description of St. Augustine.

CLIMATE, ETC.

The following abstract of a report of the Florida Branch of the International Chamber of Commerce of London, furnishes all necessary information with regard to climate, healthfulness, agricultural resources, etc.

CLIMATE AND HEALTHINESS.

"The annual mean temperature of Florida is 70.95 degrees Fahrenheit. The average temperature in winter is 60 degrees, making the climate the most equable of any in the United States. Its peculiar geographical position, nearly surrounded by the ocean and tempered by the gulf stream, makes it warm in winter and cool in summer. Frost occurs seldom even in winter, and in the southern portion of the Peninsula is unknown. The summers are long, but the nights are cool, while the regular sea-breezes, and frequent showers, temper the heat of the day. The distinctive features of the climate is its healthfulness. There are localities which are malarious, but by a judicious selection of location this evil may be wholly avoided. As an evidence of the universal salubrity of the climate, the fact is stated on the authority of a well known physician from the North, and a resident of the State for nearly forty years, *that nearly all the children born here live to maturity.* The diseases which prove so fatal elsewhere, such as consumption, bronchitis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., seldom occur, and when they do occur, are of a very mild type.

AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.

Florida lands are classified into pine lands, hummock lands, "scrubs," swamps and savannas—pine and hummock comprising more than three-fourths of the entire area. Hummock is that which is covered by the different hard woods. The prevalent forest growth is yellow pine, and its soil is light and sandy. These lands, owing to the climate, are far more fertile than the same character of soil elsewhere. The fact is, that the fertilization required at the North to produce forty bushels of corn per acre, on apparently similar soil here, will yield from two to three thousand pounds of sugar. "Scrubs" are high

rolling lands of light dry sandy soil, and of inferior character compared to the pine lands, yet with proper fertilizing yield abundantly many semi-tropical fruits. The savannas are low-lying lands, very rich, but valuable only as they were reclaimed. This can be done easily, when their fertility equals that of any known lands. The swamps are low wet lands, frequently covered by a heavy growth of cypress timber, which makes them very valuable, and when reclaimed they possess a marvellous fertility. Besides, they furnish one of the best fertilizers for the pine lands.

WIDE RANGE OF CROPS.

Usually, whatever may be the attractions and inducements offered by any particular State or section, the immigrant will be confined within the narrow limits of the usual range of crops characteristic of that section; and the prospect of even a light enlargement of that range or scope of crops would be recognized as an inducement of great power. Other things being nearly equal, few inducements could more attract an immigrant than the option of continuing, in a more genial climate, the cultivation of accustomed crops, and simultaneously of reaching out to the cultivation of crops peculiar to a widely different zone.

To a resident of Great Britain, Canada, New England, or the Northwestern States, it seems scarcely possible, in any one locality, and that without the variation of temperature given by mountain elevations, to cultivate successfully within an enclosure of ten acres, the oats, rye and wheat of the North, the peach, quince and sweet potato of the Middle States, the corn, cotton and tobacco of the Southern, the coffee, indigo and ginger of the West Indies, the orange, lime and lemon of Central America, the olive, grape, coffee and spice, the date and palm of the desert, and the sugar cane, pepper and tea of the East, but residents of several portions of the State know that this can be done in Florida. When to these are added the rice, bananas, plantains, guavas, cocoanuts, pineapples, and pawpaws that are actually raised with success, the wide range of Florida productions is strikingly shown.

PRICE OF LAND, ETC.

One-third of all the lands on the Peninsula belong to the United States, but are open to entry only under the Homestead Act. All the Government land on the St. John's River is taken, but two or three miles back plenty remains unoccupied. Every head of a family, under the homestead law, on the payment of $14 and by making a

home on the land, is entitled to a deed from the United States to 160 acres at the end of five years, and that, too, with little further cost. There are also large quantities of land known as State land, which can be bought outright for from 60 cents to $1.25 per acre. These are as valuable as the United States lands. Improved farms or plantations, with more or less improvement, can be purchased all over the State at from $5 to $10 per acre, but immediately on the St. John's River, or on some communicating lake, they are selling at higher figures. These have but few orange trees upon them. There are so few bearing groves for sale that no settled price can be given. A good bearing grove can be raised from the seed in seven or eight years. By transplanting wild orange trees, and "budding" them, they will begin to bear in four years and yield abundantly in six.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Lest the above facts might be construed too favorably, it may be well to refer in general to some of the *dis*-advantages to be encountered in Florida.

The new settler must expect to find a new country, and consequently one that is crude and uncultivated. A person from abroad will see much here that is not inviting and even unsightly. He must come expecting not to find in the newly settled sections school houses, post-offices, churches and the general appliances of civilization and comfort. These, however, will rapidly follow the settlement of the country. The many privations and hardships incident to a pioneer life, can be immediately obviated only by several families coming together, and by thus forming their own community, utilize at once the many advantages which surround them.

To the invalid seeking a winter whose temperature is like the latter half of the Northern May; to the tourist and the person desirous of a mild climate during the winter months; and above all, those who will come here in colonies of from fifteen to twenty-five families, will, with thrift and economy, find in Florida homes of comfort and plenty, and where the greatest and safest possible return will follow the provident expenditure of labor and capital."

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

A pleasant sail of about twelve hours from Savannah, brings us in sight of Fernandina, which is situated on Amelia Island, at the mouth of a river of the same name. The city was built by the Spaniards, has a population of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, and from its increasing trade gives fair promise for the future. The harbor is land-locked, large and safe, and the bar is deep enough to admit the passage of vessels drawing from nineteen to twenty feet of water.

BUSINESS RESOURCES.

Fernandina is connected with points North by means of a regular steamship line, and with the interior by the Jacksonville, Pensacola, and Mobile Railroad. A number of large stores carry on a brisk mercantile business, and several steam saw-mills kept in constant operation, attest the activity of the lumber trade. Large crops of early vegetables are also annually raised and shipped North.

THE CITY.

Among the churches there are two Baptist, two Methodist, one Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, and one Episcopal. This is also the seat of the Episcopal Bishop, who has under his supervision a flourishing academy for young ladies. Several hotels and boarding houses are open at all times to visitors.

DUNGENESS.

This place, once the seat of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, is in easy reach of Fernandina. The estate, consisting of about ten thousand acres, was presented to him by the people of Georgia as a token of appreciation for his services as a commander during the revolution of '76. Several hundred yards from the mansion is the grave of Gen. Henry Lee, ("Light Horse Harry,") who died here in March, 1818, at the age of sixty-three years. The spot is marked by a head stone erected by his son, Gen. Robert E. Lee, the lamented commander of the armies of the Lost Cause.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

Leaving Fernandina, a most delightful excursion of a few hours will bring us to the mouth of the "beautiful St. John's." We cross its bar twenty-six miles from Jacksonville, and come in full view of MAY PORT, a favorite summer resort for the people of the city. Continuing down the river, we pass ST. JOHN'S BLUFF, the site of Fort Caroline, and as we gaze upon this now sylvan solitude, so rich in the possession of natural beauty, and feel that amid the tangled wildwood, one might safely withdraw from the tumultuous bustle of the busy world, become a stranger to passion, avoid temptation, and grow old in virtue, we recoil with horror as we remember that the very trees bear testimony of inhuman butcheries perpetrated by Spaniard and Huguenot.

THE CITY.

Arriving at Jacksonville, we find it to be a pleasant city with a spacious and beautiful harbor, wide streets, large and beautiful buildings, etc. It takes its name from Gen. Andrew Jackson, and the first building, a rude log house, was erected on it by Mr. I. D. Hart, in the year 1826. It is the most important city of Florida, and the largest on the Atlantic coast south of Savannah. Its present standing population is about thirteen thousand, which is more than doubled during the winter by an influx of visitors from all portions of the world. On Bay street are to be found all of the prominent business places, and to the stranger it is an agreeable surprise to find himself, on stepping from this crowded thoroughfare, in what appears to be a large, but quiet and picturesque village, beautifully built up with romantic and cottage-like dwellings, embellished in the front with cultivated flower gardens.

STREETS.

The streets running north and south, are Catharine, Washington, Liberty, Market, Newnan, Ocean, Pine, Laura, Hogan, Julia, Cedar, Clay, and Bridge. Those running east and west, are Bay, Forsyth, Adams, Monroe, Church, Ashley, Beaver, and Union.

BUSINESS RESOURCES.

Taking into consideration its many resources and fast increasing trade, Jacksonville bids fair to become in time one of the most flourishing cities in the South. It is the center of the lumber trade of the State, and no less than nine saw-mills are kept constantly at work to supply the trade demand. A large number of vessels are also employed for the purpose of transporting lumber to various sections of the globe. The city is well connected with the interior by the St. John's River and an extensive railway line, and it is rumored that leading merchants are exerting themselves to give it prominence as a cotton mart.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Conspicuous among the improvements on Bay street, is the block of brick buildings now in construction on the south side, between Laura and Hogan streets. The block will consist of iron front stores, four feet high, which in point of finish will compare favorably with those of our large Northern cities. In the rear will be the new wharf, storehouses, etc., for the Charleston steamers. These places are being built by Mr. Wm. B. Astor, a wealthy Northern gentleman, who has already contributed much towards the improvement of the city.

New Episcopal Church.—The Episcopal congregation of Jacksonville have in contemplation the erection of a fine church edifice, and for which purpose a lot has been purchased at the corner of Adams and Laura streets. The building will be 36 by 64 feet and forty-five feet high, Gothic style, with circular arrangement of seats, elevated chancel, and a tower ninety feet in height.

Odd Fellows' Hall.—This place on Market street has recently undergone a thorough overhauling, and the hitherto contracted hall has been enlarged and now measures 40 by 24 feet. It is handsomely furnished and carpeted, is supplied with gas, and has attached capacious ante rooms, closets, and reception room.

YACHT CLUB AND CLUB HOUSE.

The officers of the Jacksonvlile Yacht Club are: Wm. B. Astor, Commodore; S. Conant, Vice-Commodore; E. W. Stetson, Treasurer; H. D. Browne, Acting Secretary; A. D. Basuelt, Captain, and chief executive officer. The Club House, at the foot of Newnan street, was completed December 27, 1877, and is quite an ornament to the city. It is built beyond the water front, is about 75 by 30 feet and forty feet high. The ceilings and sides of the hall

are handsomely painted and ornamented with chandeliers, while the furniture consists of chairs, tables, and sofas, of fine material. On the roof there is a flat terrace about sixteen feet wide, railed in and supplied with seats, and from which an excellent view of the St. John's River and surrounding scenery can be obtained. There are, also, ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms and a large bathing room attached.

CHURCHES.

The Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, is situated corner of Newnan and Church streets; St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, is at the head of Market street; the Bethel Baptist Church, is on Church street; Ocean street Presbyterian Church, is on the corner of Adams and Ocean streets; Newnan street Presbyterian Church, is on the corner of Newnan and Monroe streets; St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, on the corner of Duval and Newnan streets; Trinity M. E. Church, on Monroe street, near City Park; the Hebrew Synagogue, at the Hall of the I. O. O. F., on Market, near Forsyth street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jacksonville can boast of an efficient fire department, several militia companies, various secret, religious and charitable societies, prominent among which is the Young Men's Christian Association. The principal banking facilities are offered by the Ambler's and First National Banks. The Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish burying grounds, in the northeastern portion of the city, form the cemetery which contains some interesting monuments.

NEWSPAPERS.

Sun and Press.—A leading Democratic daily, was established in 1875. The size is 27 by 42 inches, circulation 2,000. It is published by the Sun and Press Company, corner of Bay and Laura streets, and is under the editorial management of N. K. Sawyer, Esq.

Florida Union.—The Union is a weekly paper, Republican in politics, and has a circulation of 800.

Evening Traveler.—Daily independent evening paper, size 18 by 25 inches, circulation 500. The Union and Traveler are both owned, published and edited by Mr. Sidney T. Bates.

SUBURBAN RESORTS.

The suburban resorts adjoining the city are East Jacksonville, Brooklyn, and Springfield. Those across the river are, Riverside, Arlington, St. Nicholas, South Shore, and Alexandria.

Just aside from the shell road, about three miles north of the city, is MONCRIEF SPRING. The spring flows about one hundred gallons a minute, and the chalybeate properties of the water are said to be highly beneficial to those whose constitutions are weakly.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

FURCHGOTT, BENEDICT & CO.—This large establishment is known throughout the country as the "the Stewarts of Jacksonville." It is one hundred and fifty feet deep, fifty feet wide, has large attractive show windows and a grand entrance. The firm has been established in Jacksonville for many years, and has branch houses in Charleston, S. C., and Atlanta, Ga. Our readers are referred to the advertisement to be found elsewhere.

NEW YORK STORE.—There are but few stores that make a finer display of goods outside of New York, and none in this section, than the New York Clothing Company, Bay street, Jacksonville, Fla. A visitor sees at a glance what he wants, and, more than that, everybody can be sure of receiving a very courteous reception from the manager, Mr. Tischler, and those who have purchased there before, are sure to return for anything they may want, simply because they always find every style of goods just what they are represented to be.

It will repay every visitor to call at this store, 12 W. Bay street, Jacksonville, Fla.

MRS. S. V. LANDAUER.—This lady has entered largely into the business of millinery, fancy goods, black and colored silks, etc. Her goods, which are imported from a leading Paris, and several New York and Philadelphia houses, are of the best quality, and having secured the services of a superior milliner, she is prepared to display a most elegant assortment of Parisian hats and bonnets, at the lowest prices. Particular attention given to bridal trousseaus and morning outfits, and a large assortment of ladies' under-garments kept on hand.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.—At G. H. Gato & Co., 17 West Bay street, fine goods in the shape of full Havana cigars, fine cut chewing, plug, cigaretts, and smoking tobacco, are made a specialty. Lovers of the weed who consult their interest will do well to call at this place.

COHEN BROTHERS.—The popularity of this large dry goods house is attested by the multitude of purchasers who throng the place from morning until the closing hour at night. Everything in the line of dry goods and fancy articles is kept here, and visitors are sure to meet with a most cordial reception. See advertisement.

O. L. KEENE.—At the corner of Laura and Bay streets, we find the large handsome millinery establishment of Mr. O. L. Keene. A glance at the advertisement will show to visitors that it will be to their interest to visit this place and examine the large stock of articles put down at reduced prices.

MAMMOTH VARIETY EMPORIUM.—At S. Ritzewoller's dry goods emporium is to be found the largest assortment of dry goods, hats, boots and shoes, and fancy articles in the city. The house No. 73 West Bay street, was established in 1866, and besides the city trade, carries on a heavy business with the interior.

G. W. CLARK.—At this place, known as the New York Millinery House, 35 East Bay street, the latest novelties in the line can be found. Also, special attention given to the trimming and renewing of ladies' hats and bonnets after the most improved styles.

GAEDE & HALL.—This firm is prepared to sell on commission all kinds of country produce, and also engages in the wholesale business of fruits, groceries and provisions. See advertisement for address.

BOAT YARD.—This place next to the Club House, is under the supervision of Mr. Peter Jones, ex-Mayor of Jacksonville. Tourists desiring a pleasant sail along the St. John's, can be accommodated with a first-class yacht or row boat, with or without attendant, by the hour, day, week or month.

DRESS MAKING.—Parties wishing to have work done in the line of dress making, will inquire for Mrs. S. Barber.

CURIOSITIES.—Mrs. C. E. Mott, who keeps constantly on hand a supply of curiosities, makes a specialty of shell and fish scale work, for which she received the medal of honor and diploma of merit from the Centennial Commission. For further particulars, read advertisement.

J. GUMBINGER.—Tourists may have their curiosity gratified by calling at this place, 37 West Bay street, where everything in the shape of the wonders of the "Flowery Land" can be seen. Mr. Gumbinger is also a first-class watchmaker, jeweler and optician, and gives personal attention to the adjustment of spectacles and eye-glasses to the eye.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

The larger hotels of Jacksonville, are the St. James, Carleton, Nicholls, Grand National, Windsor, Elmwood, Metropolitan, and Moncrief. With a few exceptions, these are closed during the summer, and several of them

will remain closed during the coming winter. The list below will direct our readers, looking for home comforts, where they can best be accommodated.

MATTAIR HOUSE.—Large brick building, No. 11 Forsyth street, built especially for a boarding house; has thirty-two rooms, double piazzas facing south, large furnished front rooms for families, large ventilated dining room, etc. The house is carpeted throughout, and on the table will be found the best that the market affords.

ELMWOOD HOUSE.—Location corner of Forsyth and Hogan streets, in close proximity to Wm. B. Astor's new iron front frame block, and to the railroad depot and wharf, which is to be the landing of the Charleston steamers. The Elmwood is regularly on the hotel plan, with facilities for comfort and convenience. There is a large sewer running to the river through which all waste matter is carried off. The *bonhomie* of the proprietor, Mr. G. Anderson is proverbial, and guests receive every attention.

ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, No. 41 Forsyth street. The St. John's is centrally located and convenient to the cars, steamers, banks, and postoffice. The rooms are all large and well furnished, and the table is supplied with the luxuries of the season. Attaches of the house will be found at all of the depots and landings to take charge of baggage.

MRS. S. A. DAY.—This place is pleasantly situated at No. 44 West Adams street, has large front and back piazzas facing north and south, large handsomely furnished parlor, twenty sleeping rooms, comfortably fitted up, and can accommodate from forty to fifty boarders.

OCEAN HOUSE, corner of Ocean and Adams streets, contains nineteen rooms, and can accommodate twenty-five boarders. This place has the largest dining room of any boarding house in the city, and at the tables can be seated from eighty to ninety persons. Its location is near the principal business houses, and its accommodations are first-class.

MRS. E. A. HENDERSON.—This is a handsome residence, situated on the corner of Pine and Monroe streets, is elegantly furnished throughout, and contains an extensive parlor. Among the sleeping rooms, sixteen in number, there are furnished apartments for families.

MRS. C. FREELAND.—Large two story building on the corner of Pine and Duval streets with double piazzas, extensive halls on the first and second floor, and dining room 30 by 20 feet, capable of seating fifty persons. The

house is heated by large stoves, kept burning night and day, and contains twenty-five well furnished single and double rooms. This place was built expressly for a boarding house, and the *table d'hote* is fully up to the standard.

O. P. KNAPP.—Pleasantly located, No. 71 Forsyth street, in easy reach of the postoffice. Piazzas on both sides, eight rooms comfortably furnished and carpeted, and no pains are spared by the proprietor to render those home comforts so much looked for by visitors.

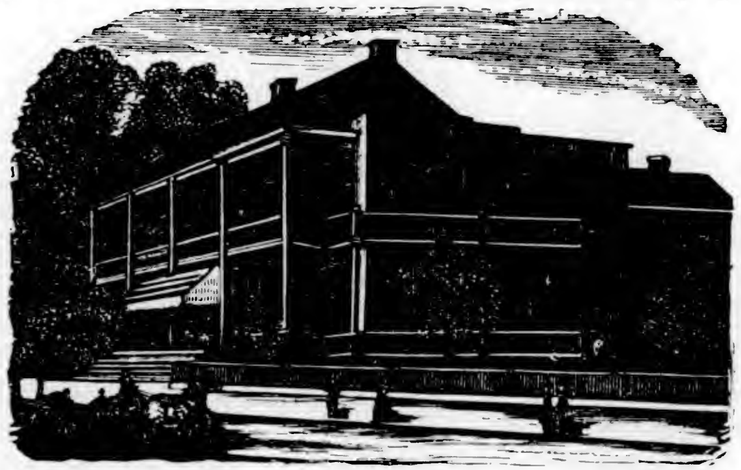
MRS. ROSA D. HARN.—Towards the east end of Bay street, we find the popular and favorite resort for tourists, superintended by Mrs. Rosa D. Harn. Concerning the attractions of this place, nothing further need be said than to allude to the fact, that those who patronize it always carry away with them the most pleasing recollections.

F. G. TIBBETS.—This house is located in the northwestern portion of the city, and is a quiet, rural retreat, beautifully laid out with gardens, shade trees, etc. It has piazzas on the front and rear, eight sleeping apartments, some of which are on the first floor, handsome parlor and dining room, and is furnished with fine walnut furniture. Everything about the place is indicative of refinement and good taste.

MRS. T. Y. CHASE.—This is a small but comfortable house, located on Adams street, between Laura and Pine, is free from all noise, has pleasant apartments, and furnishes substantial fare.

MRS. R. G. SLAGER.—First-class Jewish boarding house, at the corner of Adams and Pine streets.

ST. JOHN'S HOUSE



No. 41 FORSYTH ST., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

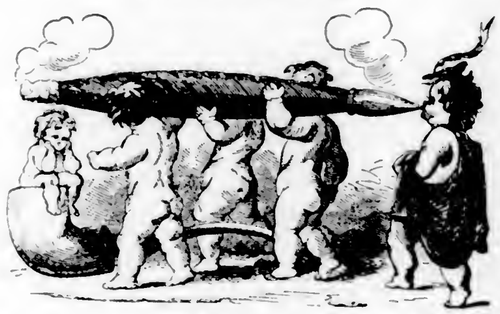
Mrs. E. HUDNALL, Proprietress.

☞ Board from $1 to $2.50 per day. Special rates to Families. ☜

G. H. GATO & CO.

Manufacturers of

17 West Bay Street,



Jacksonville, Florida.

Full Havana and Fine Seed Havana

CIGARS

Dealers in

FINE CUT CHEWING, PLUG, SMOKING TOBACCOS, CIGARETTES, AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

Fine Goods a Specialty.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

S. RITZEWOLLER'S
DRY GOODS EMPORIUM.

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS HOUSE IN THE STATE.

DOMESTIC AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

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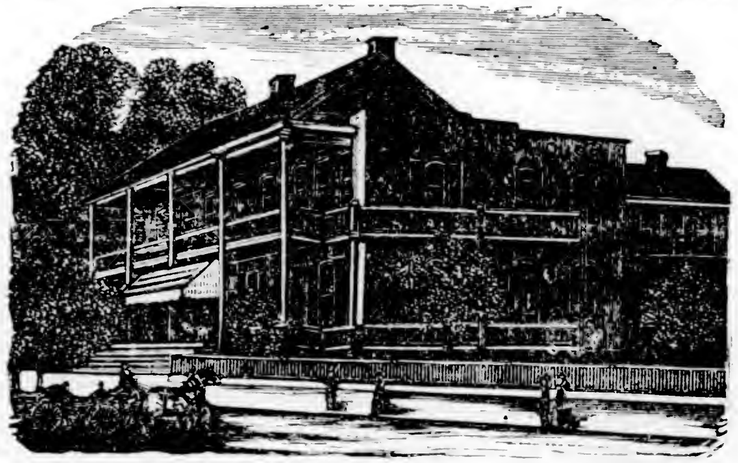

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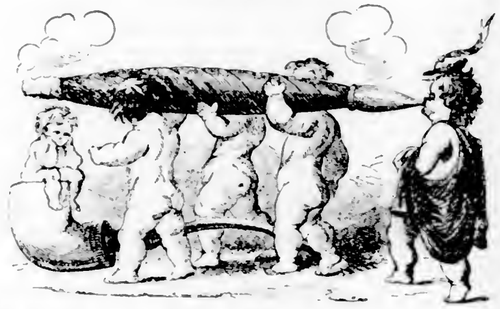

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Upper St. John's River & Salt Lake!

THE STEAMER VOLUSIA!

Leaves Jacksonville for the above, connecting with Tramway leading to Sand Point, on Indian River.

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Adjoining the Jacksonville Yacht Club House, foot of Market St.

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TO RENT BY THE HOUR, DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

Pleasure seekers and those looking for land to settle, will always find good guides ready and willing to furnish them any information concerning the lands on the St. John's.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES

Will find it to their interest to give us a call and examine our stock of Boats. Those wishing to sail or row for pleasure, will find first-class Boats and competent men to take charge. Boats for sale, repaired and built to order. PETER JONES, Proprietor.

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Board from $1.50 to $2.00 per Day. Per Week $7.00 to $10.00. Table Board $5.00.

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On and after Wednesday, the 22d of May, 1878, the

STEAMER HATTIE

Will leave S. G. Searing & Co's Wharf, foot of Pine St.,

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Will leave S. G. SEARING & CO.'S WHARF, foot of Pine street, every THURSDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock.

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By the Day or Week.

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About 2 blocks from Steamboat, Railroad, and Postoffice.

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FURCHGOTT, BENEDICT & CO.

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Dry Goods, Carpets, &c.

Positively the Largest and most Attractive Store in Jacksonville.

Large Facilities enable us to Sell

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At Strictly Northern Prices!

Our Assortment of Goods comprises the very LATEST STYLES, and BEST QUALITIES. A visit will amply repay.

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One Block from the Railroad Depot and the principal Steamboat Landings.

TERMS:

$2.00 PER DAY,

$7 to $12 per week, according to location of rooms.

WM. G. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

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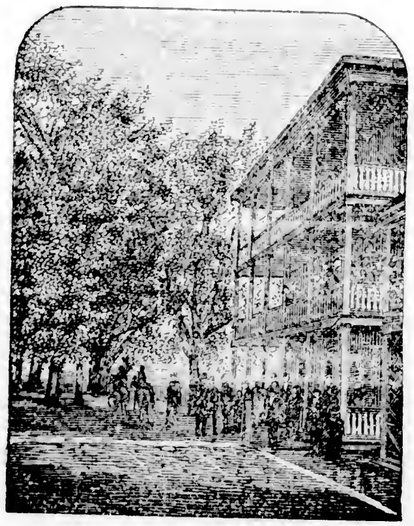

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THE WONDERFUL PERFUMED SHELLS OF CEYLON.

A large variety of Small and Ornamental Shells, Small Shells and Fish Scales for Shell and Fish Scale work, Shell Necklaces, and a great variety of rare and beautiful Shell Jewelry and many other Curiosities.

BEAUTIPUL FLORIDA SCENES ON SHELLS—ENTIRELY NEW.

Sea Beans, Alligator Teeth, Shells and Fish Scale Jewelry and Walking Sticks made to order.

Medal of Honor and Diploma of Merit awarded to Mrs. C. E. Mott by the Centennial Commission, September 27th, 1876.

Hard times compel us to offer the above stock at very low prices. We intend to sell. Give us a call. Remember the place.

MRS. C. E. MOTT,
25 Laura street, near Bay,

OF INTEREST TO ALL WHO WISH GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

O. L. KEENE,

No. 67 West Bay Street, dorner of Laura, Jacksonville, Fla.

Has now in stock a fine line of Millinery Goods, including Pattern Hats and Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, and the Latest novelties in Millinery.

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Including a fine line of Black Dress Silks, Cashmeres, Drab D'Ete, Henrietta Cloth and Fancy Suiting, with Galloons and Fringes to match.

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Fancy Hosiery, Ties, Scarfs and Handkerchiefs. Ladies' and Children's Merino and Gauze Vests, Children's Worsted Socks, Mittens and Waists. Silk Umbrellas and Parasols. A fine Line of Kid, Undressed Kid and Lisle Gloves. Corsets—including the celebrated "Cork Corset." Table Linen—Napkins, Towels, Tidies and Lace Curtains.

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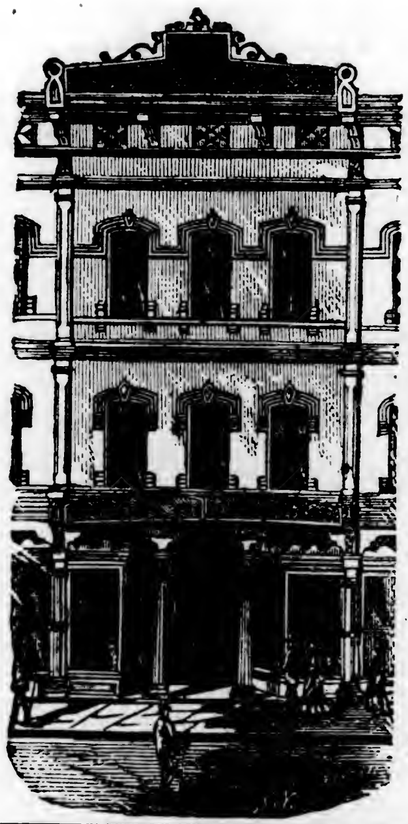

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Our facilities for getting these up are UNSURPASSED by any House South; hence, we *can* and DO sell at *low* prices, and yet make a profit.

With the above we keep a well and carefully selected line of

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HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,

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Garments made to measure in latest style.

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We warrant all goods as represented.

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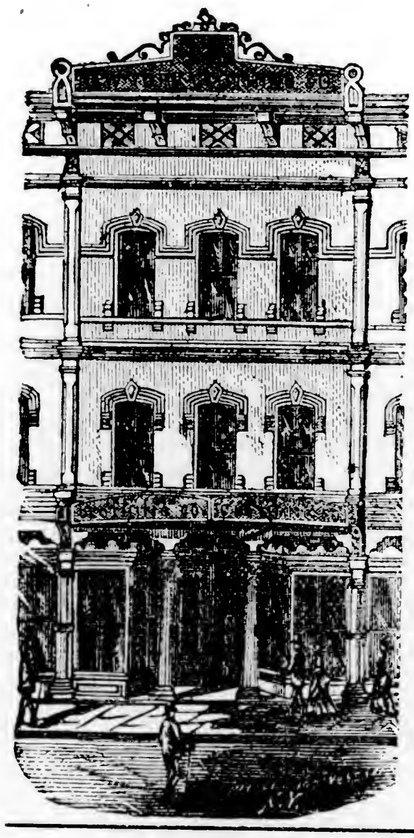

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TOUR THROUGH FLORIDA.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, ST. AUGUSTINE, PALATKA AND CRESCENT CITY.—A TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER AND LAKES GEORGE AND MONROE.—A BRIEF SKETCH OF INDIAN RIVER, INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF A VOYAGE UP THE OKLAWAHA RIVER, SILVER SPRINGS, LAKES GRIFFIN, EUSTIS AND HARRIS, AND OF THE ORANGE GROVES ALONG THE ROUTE.

BY WM. A. PRINGLE.

Ever since its discovery Florida has been the land of romance and fable. The land where nature assumes her brightest garb, and where every object is pleasing to the eye and soothing to the senses, has a history that is one series of vicissitudes and misfortunes. From the time that its soil was baptised by the blood of its first discoverer to within a very recent period, its annals have been stained by violence, contention and blood shed, and it has been the apple of discord between contending races and nations. The bloodthirsty Seminole, the adventurous Spaniard, the fiery Frank, and the irrepressible Anglo-Saxon, have in turn shed their blood for its possession, and left their bones to whiten on its soil, while the remorseless hand of bigotry has stained its history with some of the foulest crimes. Race animosity, religious intolerance, political hatred and sectional strife have all in turn visited its smiling shores with their baneful influences.

Its wars and misfortunes are for the present at an end, and a new era of peace seems to be dawning on it, while its shores are yearly visited by the invalid and tourist in pursuit of health and recreation, and by the impoverished with a view of mending their broken fortunes. On its past history we will not dwell, but shall confine ourselves to giving an account of its present condition and resources and a description of the cities, towns and settlements in the eastern part of the State, as well as of its rivers and streams, lakes, springs, forests, swamps, orange, lemon and fruit groves, and of its fishing and hunting attractions. We will describe the old Spanish city of ST. AUGUSTINE, around which cluster so many past associations; the city of PALATKA and CRESCENT

CITY, the home of the orange grower. We will take the tourist along with us on a TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER and the lakes beyond, and point out the attractions of INDIAN RIVER and its vicinity, the "Eden" of Florida.

We will wind up with a voyage up the OKLAWAHA RIVER, SILVER SPRINGS RUN, SILVER SPRINGS, and lakes GRIFFIN, EUSTIS and HARRIS; and will take a glance while passing at the orange and lemon groves, banana plantations and flower gardens along the different routes.

THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

The St. John's River, called by the French the River May, and by the Spaniards the San Mateo, is a large, bold and beautiful stream, which, taking its rise among the swamps and springs of Southern Florida, flows directly north for a distance of more than 400 miles, and turning eastward, 25 miles north of Jacksonville, empties into the Atlantic ocean. The shores on either side are low and flat, and the fall of the river from its source to its outlet is very gradual, rendering its course slow and sluggish, thus making the ascent remarkably easy and safe. For the same reason the ocean tides are felt up its course as far as Lake George, a distance of 150 miles. Besides its sources in Southern Florida, it has numerous tributaries, such as Deep Run or Dunn's Creek, the Oklawaha, Alexander Springs Creek, the Wekiva, and others. These tributaries, which are navigable, and connect with large lakes or springs, help to swell the volume of water in the lower portion of the river, until it surpasses in bulk the waters of the Rio Grande. It is in many respects unlike any other river, and from its mouth to Palatka, a distance of 100 miles, varies from one mile to six miles in width, and is a succession or chain of lakes, dotted with beautiful and well wooded islands. Its shores, where not cultivated, are for the most part deeply wooded with forests of oak, cypress, sweet gum, pine, palmetto and magnolia, which are draped in hanging grey moss, while the trunks of the trees, 15 or 20 feet from the water's edge, are clothed with vines, jessamines, woodbines, and other parasitic plants which hang in festoons, wreaths, garlands, and drapery of the most beautiful verdure, until they kiss the water, and frequently taking possession of a stump or old decayed and prostrate tree trunk, spread out over it and into the water, forming a rich carpet of green on the very surface of the stream along the river's edge for the distance of five or six feet. Throughout the entire length of the river this is one of the most striking and beautiful features of the shore scenery. Sometimes in their upward growth these vines embrace

at the top and form the most perfect arches, and assume every variety of graceful and fantastic form. Where the banks have been cleared and are under cultivation, the shores are lined with beautiful groves of orange and lemon trees, and during the winter, when they are loaded with their brilliant fruit, present a succession of shore scenery of surpassing loveliness, and call to mind the famous Greek legend of the Gardens of the Hesperides with their golden apples, while here and there at intervals between the numerous groves, the handsome dwellings buried among groves of live oaks, or situated on the brows of commanding hills, or nestled among the orange trees, enhance the general beauty of the scenery.

The river from its mouth to Jacksonville has already been described in the earlier part of this work, and we shall confine ourselves to giving an outline of a trip up its course to Lakes George and Monroe, and shall note as we pass along its banks the principal objects of interest and beauty that strike the traveler's eye, as well as its towns, settlements and landings and the plantations and orange groves that line its shores, thus endeavoring to assist the tourist in recognizing and appreciating the numerous attractive and beautiful points along his line of travel.

Leaving Jacksonville on the steamer Hattie, and under the care of its courteous and attentive commander, Capt. L. M. Coxetter, we start south and up the river, inhaling the soft and balmy breeze, rendered mild by its passage over vast sheets of water—lakes and streams that have their rise in the warm and semi-tropical clime of Southern Florida. A quarter of a mile south of Jacksonville and on the western shore, we behold the picturesque little village of BROOKLYN, located on a beautiful, gently sloping bluff near a bend in the river bank; and just beyond this and on the outskirts, the settlement of RIVERSIDE. These may both be considered as suburbs of Jacksonville, and will some day be included within its corporate limits. They present a beautiful appearance from the river, and resemble a collection of villas, containing many handsome dwellings. Beyond these places the river expands into a lake three miles in width, the borders being dotted here and there with country residences overlooking the stream. The river channel is marked out by a series of buoys from a quarter of a mile to a mile apart. These buoys extend from the mouth to Palatka, a distance of 100 miles.

On the eastern bank, situated about three miles from Jacksonville, is the handsome cross-shaped two story dwelling of Mrs Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukie, with

a pretty garden and fine orange grove. Our little steamer speeds up the river, and soon brings us in sight of PHILIP'S POINT, or Point Lavista, where there is a magnicent grove of live oaks. We do not stop here, but continue our voyage, and catch a passing glimpse of BLACK POINT on the western shore, and the settlement of MULBERRY GROVE on an elevation on a curve of the river. The stream here maintains its lake like character, while the deeply wooded shores form a succession of bays, coves, and small peninsulas jutting out into the river. Numerous settlements appear along the banks, breaking what would otherwise become a monotonous scene, and imparting variety to the landscape view. The shores in some places are so low that the forests appear at a little distance off to spring from the water. We speed along and pass the settlement of ORANGE GROVE on the west side, a thriving place laid out by the Orange Park Company, of which Mr. G. W. Benedict is the moving spirit. We now reach the village of

MANDARIN,

On the east of the river, near which are several valuable orange groves; among others that of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. This is a settlement of two hundred and fifty inhabitants, and is a popular resort for travelers. There are two or three good stores here. Leaving this place and turning a bend in the river, we approach a fine bay called FRUIT COVE, where oranges, lemons, grapes, bananas, and other fruits are successfully cultivated. Several prominent merchants from Jacksonville have country seats and groves here, and the place promises to be a wealthy and thriving neighborhood. We pass this place and plough our way up the river, and next land at

HIBERNIA,

On the western bank, a settlement of a few houses, containing a hotel kept by Mrs. Fleming, and is a favorite resort for invalids during the winter season. We start again and skirt along the shores and pass NEW SWITZERLAND and REMINGTON PARK, settlements on the east of the river, and only a mile apart. Without stopping we leave these two miles behind us, and stop at

MAGNOLIA,

Also on the west of the river, and 29 miles by water from Jacksonville. This is also a great winter resort, and boasts a fine hotel, called the Magnolia Hotel. Two miles more of traveling bring us to

GREEN COVE SPRINGS,

On the west of the river. This is a picturesque little village, with a few business houses and two large hotels—the Clarendon, kept by Messrs. Harris & Applegate, and the Union. There is a spring here of beautiful clear water, impregnated with sulphur and of a temperature of 75 degrees. The bathing is considered beneficial to invalids, and all necessary bathing facilities can be obtained, such as hot, cold, and swimming baths. Those afflicted with rheumatism, gout, or Bright's kidney complaint, have been known to derive great benefit from the use of the water. We next pass ORANGE DALE, HOGARTH'S LANDING, and

PICOLATA,

On the eastern shore. The last named place was formerly a Spanish settlement, and the landing place on the St. John's for the city of ST. AUGUSTINE, but it has now fallen to decay, and TOCOI is at present the point of access from the St. John's to St. Augustine. We are again in motion steaming up the river, and after a run of 49 miles from Jacksonville, find ourselves at

TOCOI,

A settlement on the eastern shore of the river, containing about ten or twelve houses and two stores, which are scattered about without any regard to regularity. This place is fifteen miles from St. Augustine, with which it is connected by a steam railway. This road was built and run some years ago as a horse tramway. In the year 1874 it was purchased by a new company and converted into a steam railway. Mr. D. G. Ambler, a banker of Jacksonville, was at that time the President. In 1877 Mr. Ambler's interest was purchased by Mr. W. B. Astor, of New York, who now owns a controlling interest in the road. The present officers are R. McLaughlin, President and Superintendent; Col. Henry Gaillard, agent at Tocoi and Paymaster and Auditor; J. M. Hallowes, agent at St. Augustine and Treasurer. During the winter season there are trains running from each terminus four times a day, and connecting on the St. John's with the river steamers plying up and down. This road also connects with the Charleston and Florida steamers and with the line from Savannah to Florida. There is also telegraphic and postal communication here with all points north and south. Taking passage on this railroad we set out for the famous old Spanish city of

ST. AUGUSTINE,

The oldest in the United States by more than forty years, and founded at a period when Spain was at the height of her greatness, and when she was the most formidable naval power in the world, and her possessions were so vast and extended, that she boasted that upon her possessions the sun never set. On the evening of the 8th of May, 1565, Pedro Menendez, at the head of the Castilian chivalry, landed on the shore of Florida, and planted the banner of Spain, and proclaimed Philip II the sovereign of the whole Continent of North America, and laid the first foundation of this city.

The *old* city is now chiefly attractive on account of its age, and the old associations connected with its past history, but is gradually disappearing year by year, so that in half a century more little will be left of it, except the old fort and cathedral, and a few of the ancient Spanish buildings, which will remain as landmarks of the history of its first founders. A fire recently swept over it, destroying a large number of the old coquina houses in the eastern part of the town, and had the wind been blowing freshly at the time, little would have been left of the old city, owing to the narrowness of the streets and the buildings being so closely crowded together.

The most *attractive* part of the city is the new portion, which occupies the southern and western sections and the suburbs, and which is built after the style of modern towns. Its history has been full of incident and vicissitude. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, then engaged in waging war upon the Spanish commerce on the high seas, attacked and burnt the town.

In 1638, the Indians attacked the place but were repulsed, and the prisoners taken by the Spaniards were compelled to work on the fort.

In 1665, pirates under the notorious buccaneer Davis, plundered the town, and the citizens only saved themselves from destruction by taking refuge under the walls of the fort.

In September, 1702, an expedition was led against it under Gov. Moore, of South Carolina, which succeeded in capturing the town, but the fort was again resorted to by the inhabitants as a place of refuge. The siege was

finally raised by the arrival of two Spanish men-of-war, which compelled the Carolinians to retreat and abandon their ships and stores.

In 1712, the vessels bringing in supplies from Spain were delayed by the weather, and the inhabitants were on the brink of starvation.

In 1740, Gov. Oglethorpe, of Georgia, at the head of one thousand men, marched against St. Augustine, and captured the suburbs and a part of the town, but was finally forced to retreat and abandon the enterprise. The fort again proved the salvation of the town. During the siege, General Oglethorpe established a sand battery on the northern extremity of Anastasia Island, at a distance of about six thousand yards, and opposite, but after forty days bombardment, the fort was found to be impregnable, and the Spaniards were left in peaceful possession of their town, not a house having been burnt, nor a garden destroyed, by the chivalrous Georgians. Some of the traces of the bombardment may still be seen on the eastern wall of this grim and weather stained fortress.

The city, in 1763, was ceded to England in exchange for Havana, which had been captured sometime previous by the British. On this occasion numerous Spanish families abandoned the town, rather than live under English rule. The city was garrisoned by the English during the revolutionary war, and reinforcements were organized and sent from here to Savannah during the siege of that city by the Americans. During the same war fifty or sixty leading citizens from Charleston, S. C., were detained as prisoners in the town, and General Gadsden was imprisoned in the fort.

In 1784, it was again transferred to Spain, and the English settlers were allowed eighteen months to move away. Many removed to South Carolina, Jamaica, Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and England. Finally, in 1819, it passed into the possession of the United States.

At the outbreak of the Spanish war, St. Augustine was threatened by the Indians, the plantations in the neighborhood burned, and the planters obliged to fly and take refuge in the city, thus overcrowding the place and causing a threat of famine, as there was only one sailing vessel on the line between this place and Charleston, and postal communication with the outside world was interrupted. The citizens were compelled to act as soldiers, and were on duty every third night, until relieved by the arrival of troops and militia from South Carolina and the United States.

During the late war between the North and South, it changed hands several times. Since then it has enjoyed

the blessings of profound peace. It is situated on the eastern coast of Florida, thirty-five miles below Jacksonville, and fifteen miles from Tocoi, the nearest point on the St. John's River, which is connected with it by a steam railway as before stated. It is on a peninsula, bounded on the north by the mainland, on the east by North River, the harbor channel and the Matansas River separating it from *Anastasia Island*, on the ocean, and on the south and west by the San Sebastian River.

It is built in the form of a parallelogram, a mile in length and about three-quarters of a mile wide. It contains about two thousand three hundred inhabitants, but during the winter season the population is tripled and quadrupled by the influx of strangers.

The climate is admirably adapted to invalids and to those in the early stages of pulmonary complaints, but is too exciting for those in the more advanced stages of the disease. The interior of Florida, near the rivers, is much more desirable as a place of residence for the last named class of sufferers. Its ancient coquina houses, narrow streets, and grand old fort facing the channel, and affording an admirable sea view; its town hall, city gates, and, above all, its cathedral, and sea wall, a mile long, and all built of coquina, attract the curiosity of all visitors. To go to Florida without visiting St. Augustine, would be as bad as visiting France without seeing Paris.

STREETS.

There are four principal streets running north and south, and three of them not more than twelve or fifteen feet wide. The first and widest is Bay street, on the water front, and west of this Charlotte street, next St. George street, and west of this Tolomato street. The principal cross street is King street, running from Bay street at right angles through the center of the town and westward, and terminating in the causeway which leads across the San Sebastian out of the city to the railway station.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

The city government consists of a Mayor, President of Council, City Physician, Clerk, Tax Collector, Assessor, five Aldermen, and Town Marshal.

In the new section of the city can be found some of the handsomest residences, and largest and finest orange groves, in any town in this land of the sun. We will now proceed to point out the objects of interest as they present themselves. The first on the sea front, at the north east end of the city, is the

FORT,

Formerly Fort San Marco, now Fort Marion, commenced in 1520, and completed in 1756, and situated on a high bluff directly facing the channel and the northern end of Anastasia Island. This is a venerable massive fortress, built of coquina. This ancient time-worn and battle-scarred fortification, towers above the town and country around as well as the harbor, frowning defiance on everything in the vicinity, and when new must have been one of the most formidable structures of its kind in any land. It is now mouldy and decayed, and gradually and slowly crumbling into ruin, and remains but as a monument of the past grandeur and military prowess of the once haughty and adventurous Spaniard. There are several cracks in the western wall, but though condemned by military engineers, in case of a foreign war it would yet prove a formidable obstacle to vessels entering the channel, and would stand a longer bombardment than many a newer fortress of brick and mortar now armed and garrisoned. It is square shaped, with four large bastions of immense thickness at the corners, and is twenty feet in height, and surrounded by a moat five or six feet deep, which at one time could be flooded through a ditch connecting it with the San Sebastian River. There is on the outer edge of the moat a wall or battery, behind which infantry or artillery could be posted and used with great effect. At the entrance is the lunette or outer defense, from the parapet of which a hundred men could fire with small arms upon approaching foes, and could afterwards retire along the drawbridge in the rear and leading into the fort. There is a belief that an underground communication could be discovered between this outer defense and the main fort.

On entering, you find yourself in the square or parade ground, measuring one hundred feet each way. Inside there are twenty-seven casemates, thirty-five feet long and eighteen feet wide. In former times, during the Indian wars, and in cases of attack by sea, the citizens would flock to this stronghold, and take up their abode in these bomb-proofs. The casemate in front of the sally-port, has on each side, as you enter it, a niche that was used for holy water vessels, and at the end is an altar, and above the altar a niche, where was at one time an image of some saint or martyr of the early church. This was the chapel where service was held. In another bomb-proof is a raised platform; this is supposed to be the judgment hall where courts-martial were held. Above this platform is an aperture or embrasure through

which "Wild Cat," one of the Seminole chiefs escaped, but was afterwards recaptured. In an adjoining bomb-proof Oseola was confined.

In a neighboring casemate is an opening which was cut for the purpose of discovering an underground passage, which was supposed to connect the cathedral and the fort. In another casemate, formerly the kitchen, is a bake oven. Under the northeast bastion we find a dark, gloomy dungeon, twenty feet long and six feet wide, where not a ray of light can penetrate. This was once built up and cut off from all communication with the rest of the fort. We will here quote from the Florida Pathfinder of 1877, page 23:

"The terre-plein of the northwest bastion in 1846 fell in, revealing a dark and dismal dungeon. We have heard from the lips of a reliable person, still a resident of St. Augustine, and who was present at the time of the above accident to the fort, the following facts: I stood upon the edge and looked down into this dungeon, and there saw the complete skeleton of a human being lying at full length, apparently on its back, the arms were extended from the body, and the skeleton fingers were wide open; there appeared to be a gold ring on one of the fingers. Encircling the wrists were iron bands, attached to which were chains fastened to a hasp in the coquina wall, near the entrance to the dungeon. The military engineer having charge of the fort descended into this dungeon, when his curiosity was excited by the discovery to the northeast of a broad stone, differing greatly in dimensions and appearance from those of which the wall was built. He noticed, moreover, that the cement which held this stone in its place differed in composition, and appeared to be more recent. On the removal of this stone, the present dark, dismal, and fearful dungeon was disclosed. On entering with lights, there were found at the western end two iron cages suspended from hasps in the wall. One of the cages had partially fallen down from rust and decay, and human bones lay scattered on the floor; the other remained in its position, holding a pile of human bones. The latter cage and contents may be seen in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington."

This second dungeon is about the same length as the first, but wider, with a low arched roof from eight to ten feet high. Here not a breath of air can be obtained when the entrance is sealed up. It is the opinion of many that there are like dungeons under the other three bastions. Whether the story of the skeleton and cages be true or not, we are unable to say, but we can imagine no more horrible death than one inflicted in this manner.

Ascending a broad stairway of two flights, we reach the top or parapet of the fort, from which can be obtained a superb view of the channel and the ocean beyond. On this battlement were formerly mounted heavy guns that commanded the channel and surrounding country. On the corner of each bastion there was a circular tower, but one of them has recently fallen. The fort sustained a heavy bombardment from batteries erected on Anastasia Island by General Oglethorpe in 1740, but received no injury beyond a few scars on its sea front, the marks of which are yet visible. There are twenty old fashioned Spanish guns in the fort. In front of the sea wall of the fort is a low battery, about five feet high and fifteen feet wide, which forms a fine promenade connected with the

SEA WALL,

Which is the next object of interest. This was originally a Spanish structure, but was rebuilt by the United States Government in 1837, and was six years in building, and cost one hundred thousand dollars. It extends from Fort Marion along the River Matanzas, and in front of the town for a distance of nearly a mile, to the barracks south of the city, and is ten feet above low water mark, seven feet thick at the base, and three feet wide on top, and capped with granite. It forms a fine promenade, just wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, and is a favorite resort for lovers or those who are sentimentally inclined. Near the plaza the wall is recessed, and forms a basin two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet wide, where the fishermen bring in their boats.

THE FISH MARKET

Is at the end of this basin. At the southern extremity of the wall is a similar basin, where pleasure boats and yachts are harbored. In the center of the old city is the

PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUTION,

Or public square, which is furnished with seats and surrounded by a row of Pride of India trees. In the center is the *monument* erected in 1812, in honor of the liberal Constitution granted to the colony by Spain. It is a marble pyramidal shaped shaft, about twenty feet high, with an inscription in Spanish commemorative of the event. The following is the translation taken from the Pathfinder:

"Just before the cession of Florida to the United States, the King of Spain granted a liberal Charter to the citizens of St. Augustine and of Florida, and this monument

is a memorial erected by the Spanish citizens of St. Augustine. The date of this Constitution was the 17th of October, 1812."

On the north side of the plaza is the old

CATHEDRAL,

An oblong coquina building, erected in 1793, at an expense of about $17,000. It has a quaint Moorish belfry, in which are three niches in a row, containing each a bell, and above these, and in a line with the clock, is a fourth niche, also containing a bell. The oldest bell is dated 1682. On the north side of the city, and west of the fort, is the

CITY GATE,

And on either side a portion of a wall. The coquina pillars and towers, with sentry boxes and loop holes, are still in good preservation. At the southern end of the sea wall are the

BARRACKS,

Formerly the Convent of St. Joseph, but now used as the officers' quarters. On the top of the building is a terrace along its entire length, one hundred and forty feet long and five feet wide, and railed in. From this there is a splendid view of the islands and the ocean, and also an excellent birds-eye view of the city and the country beyond for a distance of six or eight miles. Back of the Convent is the new building, the barracks proper, where the privates are quartered, and south of the Convent the

HOSPITAL,

A fine two and a half story building, with piazzas on each floor, extending entirely around it. We next approach the

CEMETERY,

Or military burying ground. There are two others besides this; the CATHOLIC CEMETERY on Tolomato street, and the HUGUENOT CEMETERY outside the city gate. In the MILITARY CEMETERY are three mounds or pyramidal shaped tumuli, marking the place where are interred the remains of Major Dade, and his one hundred and seven comrades, who were massacred by the Indians when on their way to the Withlacoochee River to join Gen. Clinch. These were sent from Fort Brooke, at Tampa, to reinforce Gen. Clinch, and on the 28th of December, 1835, were attacked by eight hundred Indians in ambush. At

the first fire more than half the soldiers were killed or wounded, but the remainder returned the fire, and a small six-pounder cannon was used with some effect until the artillerymen were all killed or wounded. The Indians then showed themselves, leaving their ambush and thus disclosing their numbers, of whom one hundred were mounted. The fight was kept up for an hour, when the Indians slackened their fire, and the soldiers felled trees and erected a triangular fortress as a protection. The respite, however, was temporary. The Indians again rushed on with whoop and yell to complete the fearful butchery, and a desperate hand to hand conflict was maintained, until all but three of the soldiers were killed or wounded. These three managed to escape and tell the sad tale. During the conflict the soldiers used their bayonets and clubbed their muskets, and the Indians made use of their knives and tomahawks.

After the battle the wounded were killed and scalped, and the victors danced a war dance over the battle ground, and at length left the field of carnage with the dead unburied, lying in the postures in which they had fallen.

A dog belonging to Capt. Gardner escaped and returned to Tampa, giving at that place the first intimation of the bloody work that had been perpetrated. When fresh troops arrived on the scene, they beheld their dead comrades lying where they had fallen, with the stern expression of battle still on their faces, which were turned in the direction of the quarter from which their savage foes had attacked them. They were buried on the battle field, and the six-pounder cannon was placed upright in the ground to mark the spot. Their remains were afterwards removed to this place. There is here a monument, consisting of a marble shaft, with inscriptions on the four faces. On one we read,

"This monument, in token of respectful and affectionate remembrance by their comrades of all grades, is committed to the care and preservation of the garrison of St. Augustine."

On another is the following:

"A mute record of all the officers who perished, and are here and elsewhere deposited, as also a portion of the soldiers, has been prepared and placed in the office of the Adjutant of the Post, where it is hoped it will be carefully and perpetually preserved."

On another is inscribed:

"This conflict, in which so many perished in battle and by disease, commenced 25th December, 1835, and terminated 14th of August, 1842."

On the fourth we find:

"Sacred to the memory of the officers and soldiers killed in battle, and died in service during the Florida war."

THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY is on Tolomato street, and is quite a contrast in appearance to a more modern cemetery. The graves are mostly marked by black and white wooden crosses, along which the inscriptions are written. This place is very little used at present. THE NEW CATHOLIC CEMETERY is on the shell road, some distance from the city gate, where the first Catholic Church formerly stood.

THE HUGUENOT CEMETERY is on the shell road, just outside the city gate.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Back of the plaza towards the west, is the old Spanish Governor's mansion, which has been repaired and remodelled, and converted into a postoffice. The front or main building is of coquina, but the western extension, which is of wood, is new, having been added to the old building in 1873. In this section are the public library rooms, and the customhouse rooms. Capt. T. T. House is collector of the port here. At the east end of the plaza is the

OLD SPANISH MARKET,

An ordinary coquina structure, remarkable merely for its antiquity. The market will shortly be removed to a new building on Hospital street, and the Spanish building will be repaired and converted into a *Pagoda* or pleasure resort.

HOTELS.

Near the Cathedral and facing the plaza, is the *St. Augustine Hotel*, kept by Capt. E. E. Vail. This is one of the largest hotels in the South, and can accommodate more than four hundred guests. On St. George street, north of the plaza, is the *Magnolia Hotel*, of which Mr. W. W. Palmer is the proprietor. At the corner of St. George and Treasury streets is the *Florida House*. On Treasury street is the *old Florida House*, which is attached to and part of the new structure. There are also the *Marion House* on Charlotte street, and the *Atlantic Hotel*.

BOARDING HOUSES.

On the corner of King and Tolomato streets, and back of the Postoffice, is the SUNNYSIDE HOUSE, kept by Capt. T. T. House. This is quite a handsome building, in the shape of a double M, and divided into sections, with private balconies on each story. On top of the house is a tower, with mansard roof, from which floats a flag in winter. The house is admirably arranged for boarding families.

On Charlotte street a few doors north of the plaza, and near the St. Augustine Hotel, is the boarding house of Mrs. J. V. HERNANDEZ, one of the oldest and very best private boarding houses in the city. It is a three story building, containing sunny rooms, a commodious dining room, pleasant sitting room for gentlemen on the first floor, and ladies' parlor on the second story. There are eighteen bed rooms, all carpeted in winter. The table is first class, containing all the delicacies of the season, while every attention is paid to the comfort and convenience of boarders and invalids. The house has been newly furnished throughout, and contains rooms suitable for single persons or families. It is one of the largest and most popular private boarding houses in the city. There are five or six other boarding houses in the town, where board can be had on reasonable terms.

CHURCHES.

On the south side of the plaza is the EPISCOPAL CHURCH, built of coquina, a plain structure, with a quaint spiral steeple, shingled the whole length. On St. George street, west side, and near Bridge street, is the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, a plain coquina building, without ornament of any kind.

CONVENTS.

The old Convent of St. Joseph, now used as officers' quarters, has been already mentioned. Besides this, on St. George street, on the east side, and near the Presbyterian Church, is the

NEW CONVENT OF ST. JOSEPH, a handsome, large building, three stories high, with a fine court, facing north, while along the building are rows of Gothic windows. This building is also of coquina, the favorite building material in use here. This was erected in 1874. Attached to it is a flower garden. The old Convent of St. Mary's is on St. George street, near the cathedral.

Back of St. Mary's Convent is the Bishop's residence. On St. George street, west of the plaza, and near the Presbyterian Church, is the

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT,

Erected in 1872, to the memory of the martyrs of the *Lost Cause*. This is also of coquina, and consists of a broken shaft, on a pillar or pedestal. On the back of the pillar is inserted a white marble slab, with this inscription :

"Erected by the
Ladies' Memorial Association of St. Augustine, Fla.,
A. D. 1872."

In front, on a white shield-shaped marble tablet, surmounted by a cross, is the following:

"In Memoriam,
Our loved ones who gave their lives in the Service of the Confederate States."

While on either side of this is a plain marble slab, with the names of the fallen heroes.

"How blest is he who draws
His sword in freedom's cause!
Though dead on battle-field,
Forever to his tomb
Shall youthful heroes come,
Their hearts for freedom steeled,
And learn to die on battle-field."

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

On King street, corner of Bronson street, is the COLORED HOME, a fine large two and a half story building, with a mansard roof and piazzas on both stories, north and south of the building. This was built by Dr. Bronson, and endowed by Mr. Buckingham Smith.

THE BATHING HOUSE

Is situated on Bay street, and built out over the water. This is a wooden building of one story, on a circular coquina foundation, which forms the swimming bath. Here can be obtained warm or cold baths, at the option of the visitor. The building was erected in 1872.

NEWSPAPERS.

The *Florida Press*, is a weekly six column sheet, established eight years ago, and has 800 subscribers. Mr. J. F. Whitney, publisher of the *Florida Path-Finder*, is also the editor and proprietor of this paper.

A ramble through the city among the private residences, gardens and orange groves:

BAY STREET.

On this street, and opposite the Bathing House, is the residence of Mr. Daniel Edgar, built of coquina, and cemented and painted. On this street, opposite the plaza, is the

CLUB HOUSE,

A tasty building, handsomely furnished with piazzas running around it. Further on, and one door south of the plaza, is the residence of Mr. Aspinwall, of New York, a neat dwelling, with front porch and piazzas on both

stories, extending around the house. Attached to this is a flower garden, with a hedge of Cherokee roses. South of this, and of the favorite building material, is the residence of Miss Worth, a daughter of General Worth, of Mexican war fame. In front of Mr. Aspinwall's is the Boat House of Commodore Douglass, of the St. Augustine Yacht Club.

TOLOMATO STREET.

On this street, south of the old Catholic Cemetery, is the residence of Mrs. Ball, one of the largest and handsomest private dwellings in the city, with a square tower on one side of it and a cupola on top. The grounds are laid out on a grand scale, and upon entering the premises the visitor feels as if he had suddenly stepped from the city into the country. The approach to the house is an avenue with rows of orange trees on either side, beautifully arched overhead, and the foliage of which is so thick that the sun cannot penetrate. There are numerous other well shaded avenues, drives and walks throughout the grounds, and a very large and old orange grove, completely shading the ground. There is also a fine flower garden here, carefully laid out, and containing choice selections of native and foreign plants and flowers. Along the shady walks, at intervals, are arbors, rustic chairs, settees and sofas. Near the house is a wind mill, and within the enclosure are too picturesque cottages. In front of the dwelling are four gigantic trees, in the trunk of one of which is a gas lamp attached and facing the avenue. This lamp is kept lighted at night when the family reside here. These grounds cover more than fifteen acres.

Further south, corner of Tolomato and King streets, is the residence of Dr. Andrew Anderson, a handsome two story building, of the favorite material. The grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns and parterres, avenues, drives and walks. The lawns are carpeted with turf, and intersected with numerous paths. There is a splendid orange grove of 1,500 trees, covering over fifteen acres in the enclosure which contains in all twenty acres. The two last named places are well worth visiting, and a few hours could be delightfully employed in wandering over the grounds. On King street, opposite Dr. Anderson's is Mr. Gilbert's residence. There are fine grounds and an orange grove here.

ST. GEORGE STREET.

On this street, one door south of King, is the residence of Dr. Bronson, brought from Philadelphia fifty years ago. Back of this is a flower garden and a date tree in

bearing. On the west side of the same street, and further south, is Mr. Amidon's residence, a neat wooden building, with mansard roof. The beautiful flower garden around this is artistically laid out, and contains a great variety of flowers, while throughout the grounds there are fountains scattered at intervals. On the same side of the street, still further south, we reach the dwelling of Mr. J. P. Howard, of New York, with grounds tastily arranged and the lawns beautifully turfed and carpeted with verdure the entire year. The walks and paths are cemented, and groups of statuary are found here and there in the enclosure.

Continuing southward, we arrive at the residence of Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Kentucky. On the St. George street front of the house there is a handsome bay window, and on the grounds are a fine orange grove and picturesque English garden, with the lawns covered with turf. On the southwest corner of Bridge and St. George streets, is the abode of Mr. Robert Bronson, with a neat garden and well turfed lawns in front, while back of the house the garden extends westward, and contains choice varieties of roses and other plants. Further south is the cottage shaped dwelling of Mr. J. L. Wilson, where there are handsome gardens. Within the grounds are three neat cottages and a wind mill and tank for watering the garden. On the north side of the house is a square carpeted with turf, which is kept as a croquet ground.

KING STREET.

This street leads out of the city to the causeway and bridge over the San Sebastian River. The end near the causeway is completely arched with magnificent oaks, and forms a splendid avenue.

THE SHELL ROAD.

Outside the gate is the Shell Road, or drive, leading to the new Catholic Cemetery. On this road is the residence of Mr. H. P. Kingsland, of New York, a large two story building, with eliptical shaped mansard roof. There is a large and flourishing orange grove as well as a fine flower garden on the premises, the whole enclosure covering fourteen acres. There are several other fine residences and grounds on this road, extending to the cemetery. There is a fine drive on the BEACH along the San Sebastian River.

ANASTASIA ISLAND

Is opposite the city and on the ocean, and extends from the channel southward, for eighteen miles to Matanzas Inlet. The island is well wooded, and its average width is about three-fourths of a mile. On this island is found

the COQUINA, which extends along the greater part of the island, and continues to grow, being formed by the action of the sea water upon the sand and shells. On the island is an old Lighthouse, built by the Spaniards in 1760. A new LIGHTHOUSE was erected by the United States Government in 1874, and is 165 feet high, from the summit of which the view is superb.

AMUSEMENTS.

The facilities for boating and yachting are very good, and in the winter season frequent visits are made by tourists to *North* and *South Beach*, *Anastasia Island*, and the sand fort of General Oglethorpe, the lighthouses and coquina quarries, and FISH ISLAND, while picnic parties frequently go as far as MATANZAS INLET, where an agreeable day can be spent. On the

OUTSKIRTS

Is the settlement of RAVENSWOOD, comprising a tract of 1,000 acres, the property of Mr. J. F. Whitney. We now take our leave of the city, and cross the causeway and bridge on our way to the railway station. On the other side of the bridge we pass the dwelling and grounds of Mr. Daniels, of New York, and finally reach the train, and stepping aboard bid a last adieu to the old Spanish city, with its associations of the past.

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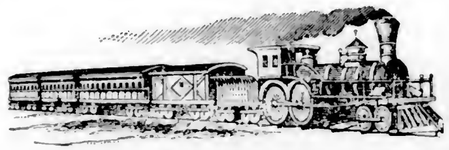

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MRS. J. V. HERNANDEZ, Proprietress.

TOCOI.

An hour's ride brings us to Tocoi, where we again embark on board the steamer and pursue our journey up the St. John's River. Our route lies through the same series of small hummock lands, alternating with orange and banana groves. We pass *Federal Point*, and a mile higher up come in sight of

ORANGE MILLS,

On the eastern shore, and sixty miles from Jacksonville. Numerous orange groves are at this landing and in the vicinity, one of the oldest of which is that of Mr. T. Sumter Mays, which dates back to a period long prior to the war. Two miles beyond this we pass *Dancy's wharf*, and steaming on our way up the river arrive at

WHITESTONE'S LANDING,

On the western bank. We make but a short stay, and our vessel is again bounding on, and brings us in a short time in sight of

RUSSELL'S LANDING,

Three miles higher up, on the eastern bank. We take but a glimpse of this in passing, and hasten onward, and at length reach

PALATKA,

A thriving and picturesque town, situated on the western shore, on an inlet or cove, and 100 miles up the river, and 75 by water from Jacksonville. This is the terminus of the Charleston and Florida, and the Savannah and Florida Steamers.

It has been settled since 1837, the period of the termination of the Seminole war, before which date the country in the neighborhood was occupied by the Indians. Its name is of Indian origin, and signifies Cow ford. Next to Jacksonville it is the largest town on the St. John's River, and is a thriving and growing place, with a population of 1,300 souls, and is in postal and telegraphic

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

ST. JOHN'S RAILROAD,

CONNECTING WITH THE

Charleston and Savannah Steamers.

Leaves TOCOI and ST. AUGUSTINE Four Times a Day

DURING THE TRAVELING SEASON.

FARE $2.00 EACH WAY.

R. McLAUGHLIN, President and Superintendent.
H. GAILLARD, Agent at Tocoi.
J. M. HALLOWES, Agent at St. Augustine.

R. L. IRWIN & BRO.

OMNIBUS & CARRIAGES

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

THE HERNANDEZ HOUSE,

CHARLOTTE STREET,

TWO DOORS FROM TREASURY,

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

This House is strictly First Class, and Guests will find good attention, particularly Invalids.

☞CHARGES MODERATE.☜

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communication with the rest of the United States. It boasts also a flourishing weekly paper, issued every Saturday, and owned by G. W. Pratt, Esq. This is the *Eastern Herald*, a lively six column sheet, with a list of 500 subscribers, and is sent to all parts of the country to Northerners during the summer. The TOWN GOVERNMENT consists of a Mayor, five Aldermen, Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Collector, Town Marshal and Police Force. This town is the outlet for the upper portion of the St. John's and the Oklawaha Rivers and the upper lakes, from which boats bring down large quantities of fruit, cotton, cane and other produce, which is landed and reshipped on the Charleston and Florida and the Savannah and Florida Steamers for points further north. A large number of steamers ply up and down the St. John's and its tributaries and the Oklawaha Rivers, and during the winter season are leaving or arriving almost hourly. Palatka is also the distributing depot for supplies for the whole of Southeastern Florida, and is destined to become an important place. A considerable retail business is done here, and there are many fine stores, while every year at least a half dozen new buildings are added to the town. Last season the shipments North from this point were 7,000 bags of long cotton and 30,000 boxes of oranges, besides a large quantity of sugar and syrup. The climate is salubrious, the temperature equable, and the air singularly beneficial to those suffering from pulmonary complaints. The town is regularly laid out with wide streets at right angles to each other, and bordered on either side with wild orange trees, which, in the winter season, with their green foliage and golden fruit, give the locality a picturesque and semi-tropical appearance, while its green, grassy streets add to the general aspect of the place, and render it a charming resort for invalids. It is nearly square, and covers an area of about a square mile, while the country west of it, which will one day form a part of the town, consists of a succession of high hills, some of them eighty feet above the level of the river, presenting excellent views of the St. John's and of the vicinity, as well as a fine bird's-eye view of the town itself, with its neat and tasty dwellings, fine large hotels, and handsome gardens and orange groves. When the town shall have spread out in this direction, these hills will form some of the finest building sites in the place.

STREETS.

The principal streets running north and south are the following: on the river front is Water street, and through the center of the town runs Front street, while First, Second and Third streets intersect the town in the same direction. Those extending east and west, are Madison street at the north end of the town, Lemon street in the center, the principal business street; and on the south side of the town, River street, where are located many fine residences, and the *Park and Wild Orange Grove.*

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE COURTHOUSE is a tasty square two story wooden building, with a square tower on top. It occupies a square corner of Lemon, Second, and Fifth streets.

THE POSTOFFICE is situated on Front street, two doors north of Lemon street, and opposite the Putnam House.

CHURCHES.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH is situated near the Larkin House, and is a small wooden structure, with belfry and bell, and was during the Seminole war the government powder magazine, but has since been converted into a peaceful edifice, and devoted to a more pious service. The pastor is the Rev. E. H. Driggs.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH is at the northwest corner of Second and Oak streets. The Rev. Felix Ghione is in charge.

ST. JAMES' METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH will be found on the northeast corner of Second and Oak streets, and opposite the Catholic Church. It has been recently repaired and painted through the efforts of its energetic pastor, Rev. F. M. Hauser.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH is situated on Front street, near the western part of the town, and is a tasty brown wooden building of the Gothic style of architecture, with windows of stained glass. The rector is the Rev. R. T. Roche.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH is located on River street. The pastor is the Rev. W. E. Stanton.

BETHEL AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH is found on Second street, and adjoins the park. It was built in 1875 by Northerners, with the assistance of the white natives. It is lighted at night by a handsome bronze chandelier, and also contains a fine organ. Rev. J. J. Sawyer, colored, is the pastor.

NEW CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND CONVENT, will be found on Lemon street, half way between Second and Third treets, and is a handsome wooden building three stories igh, the last story being a very high attic. It is the argest building in Palatka, except the hotels.

HOTELS.

THE LARKIN HOUSE is a large and imposing three story building, with fine piazzas on the first and second floors, running the entire length of the building, while in rear of the house are also piazzas; on top of the south wing is a tower. This is the handsomest building in Palatka, and is situated on Water street, and directly on the river front, and is the most striking object as you approach the town from the water. Mr. E. F. Larkin is the proprietor.

THE ST. JOHN'S HOTEL

Is at the corner of Lemon and First streets, and is a two story building with porch in front. It is kept by Messrs. P. & H. Peterman, and contains fifty rooms, a large dining room capable of seating seventy-five persons. The hotel can accommodate one hundred guests. The rooms are handsomely furnished and carpeted during the winter. The table is first-class, and supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and every attention is paid to the interests and convenience of guests. It is only one square from the postoffice, and three minutes walk from the steamer landing. There is a separate ladies' entrance, and a handsome ladies' parlor well furnished, as well as a music room recessed. We cannot refrain from quoting from another's experience, who paid this hotel a visit during the traveling season.

Arriving at Palatka, he found the steamer so crowded that no stateroom was to be had. "This apparent misfortune proved our greatest happiness; for lying over at Palatka at the *St. John's Hotel*, we obtained delicious food wherewith to assuage the pangs of hunger. Think not, good reader, this is an unnecessary exhibition of feeling over a small matter, for great had been our suffering, and great was our delight. Delicious waffles, noble wild turkey, (nobly served,) tender lamb, adolescent chicken, light sweet bread, potatoes, green peas, and other delicacies that ravished the heart and made glad the digestive apparatus."

Attached to the house and across the street is the *Billiard Saloon* of the Messrs. Peterman, the only first-class establishment of the kind in the town, containing two handsome Griffith & Co.'s tables, nine feet long by four and a half feet wide. Near this is the *bar*, where the materials for a punch can be had at all seasons, as the visitor has only to stretch his hand out of the window into the grove and pluck a lime, and proceed to mix his punch.

THE PUTNAM HOUSE is situated on Front street, opposite the postoffice and corner of Reid street, a large three story wooden building, one hundred and fifty feet front and sixty feet deep, with large piazzas on both stories; the center of the front is recessed, forming a court, and the piazzas are enclosed on the sides, and thus protected from the weather. This hotel is kept in first-class style, well furnished and carpeted throughout, and the table is supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Mr. F. H. Orvis is the proprietor.

THE CARLETON HOUSE is situated on Fifth street, near the courthouse, and three minutes walk from the steamer landing, and is a large roomy building facing north, with piazzas in front. This is kept by Mr. Andrew Shalley. In the language of another tourist,

"The Carleton House is within three minutes walk of the steamboat wharf, and is convenient to the business center of the town; its rooms are spacious and comfortable, its table substantially furnished. The moderate charge of $2 per day, with reductions to families or parties remaining a week or longer, makes it a most desirable stopping place for settlers or for parties seeking business or homes in Florida. Mr. Shalley has been a resident of Palatka for many years, is thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country, and is capable of giving advice and information to guests, and intending settlers, in relation to location, etc. Passengers and baggage carried to and from the wharf free of charge. Pleasant rooms for permanent boarders for the season, can be secured at very moderate rates. Address by mail or telegraph above."

BOARDING HOUSES.

MRS E. M. HAUGHTON'S boarding house is on Lemon street, one square from the St. John's Hotel, and half a square from the Courthouse. This is a neat building with front piazzas on both floors, and contains fourteen rooms, well carpeted and furnished, a comfortable parlor and commodious dining room, capable of seating thirty guests. The table is first-class and bountifully supplied with every luxury, and served by polite waiters. The proprietress, Mrs. Haughton, is the daughter of ex-Governor Wm. D. Moseley, of Florida. Boarders will find that they will be received and entertained as guests of the family, and will have every attention paid them, particularly invalids. The terms are quite moderate.

MRS. C. D. ESTABROOK'S boarding house is situated in the western part of the town, in a quiet and secluded locality, and on one of the highest ridges in the town

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limits on Oak street, a block and a half west of the Catholic Church, and in rear of the Park. This is a neat commodious building, containing ten rooms, a small snug parlor and pleasant dining room, and is neatly furnished, the best rooms being carpeted during the winter. The table is well kept, and boarders receive every attention. The terms are quite reasonable for permanent and transient boarders.

MRS. SEALS' boarding house is on Fifth street, near the Carleton House. Here boarders can be accommodated on terms that are quite moderate.

THE PARK

Is a fine natural grove of venerable live oaks, and occupies a square four hundred feet each way on River street and facing the Bay, and is the coolest and shadiest spot in the town, and a delightful resort in the middle of the day.

A glance at the town, its streets, private residences, gardens, and orange groves:

WATER STREET.

At the north end of Water street, and foot of Madison street, on the river bank, is the handsome residence of *Mrs. E. J. White*, a two and a half story building, with piazzas east and south of the house. It is situated in the midst of a fine grove of live oaks, concealing it almost entirely from view. The grounds cover a space of more than ten acres, and the grove consists of orange and lemon trees, planted with great regularity. Cherry, pear, guava, and banana trees, are scattered throughout the grounds. Towards the south is a lawn, with avenues diverging to the right and left, while on the east side of the house there is a broad avenue leading down to the river side. The bank along the river is lined with a row of beautiful weeping willows, while the garden and lawns are covered with geraniums, verbenas, roses, and other choice plants. In front of the house near the street, is an enclosure surrounded by an orange hedge, where rest the remains of Judge Isaac H. Bronson, and of Mr. Robert Emmet, of New York. This spot is piously kept in complete order. The tourist will be able to spend a few hours very agreeably rambling through these grounds. On this street farther south, are the grounds and residence of Mr. Burt, containing a fine orange grove. South of this we find the grounds of Major H. R. Teasdale, occupying almost an entire square, and containing a fine grove of orange, lime, and lemon trees, as well as pine-apples and

other fruits in large quantities. The dwelling is a plain neat wooden structure. Further on are the grounds of Col. H. L. Hart, covering a square four hundred feet by one hundred and fifty feet. The residence is a two and a half story building with front piazzas, and facing the river. In the rear of the building are piazzas on both stories, and running back along a wing of the building, extending west into the grounds. These western piazzas are covered up to the top with choice grape-vines. In front is an orange grove, and the grounds are laid out in lawns and shell walks. In the rear is an arbor three hundred feet long, covered with grape-vines. There is also a fine flower garden laid out in English style, and containing numerous varieties of choice plants. There are two very large cactus trees to be seen here.

RIVER STREET.

On this street, the first place of importance is Mr. Quarterman's. Attached to this is an orange grove. West of this is the *sour orange* grove of about thirty-five trees, the property of Mr. Jas. F. Burt, and is an object of much curiosity to travelers who desire to see the orange growth in its natural state. Next west is the residence of Mr. W. M. Badger, a tasty dwelling with piazzas on the river front. Around this is a handsome orange grove. Adjoining is the residence of Mr. Chas. Underwood, a low one and a half story dwelling, situated on a bluff and back from the street, but facing the river. It is surrounded by a large orange and lemon grove, covering a space four hundred feet square, and extending west and north across the adjoining streets. On the grounds is a small grove of live oaks. Next to Mr. Underwood's, and at the west end of River street, is the dwelling of Dr. N. H. Moragne, with a fine orange grove in front and rear of the house. There are some very large orange trees here, one thirty-three feet and another thirty feet high. There is also on this place a Tangierine orange tree, whose fruit is regarded as a great delicacy. In the enclosure are several scuppernong grape-vines, one of which covers an arbor sixty feet long by twelve wide. Adjoining is another lot belonging to the doctor, called the red water branch lot, of three acres. Here are found sand pears, early and late peaches, the wild-goose plum, Japan plum, Japan persimmon, one hundred tea plants, and also quinces, cherries, bananas, and other fruits.

The street we have just described is densely shaded by rows of live oaks and resembles an avenue, and is the handsomest in the town.

FRONT STREET.

On this street back of the Episcopal Church is the *Parsonage*, where Dr. R. T. Roche, the rector, resides. At the northern extremity of this street, and bordering on the country, is the residence of Capt. R. R. Reid, a handsome two story building, with an attic and piazzas on both stories on the east, south and west of the house. The piazzas on the west are covered with grape-vines, running up to the eaves of the roof. The house contains handsome front rooms and large and airy halls, and eight sleeping apartments. In the winter boarders are accommodated here and well cared for. From the second story south piazza, a fine bird's-eye view of the town can be obtained. The enclosure around the dwelling contains ten acres. There is a flourishing orange grove on the grounds, and a splendid growth of banana trees. Grapes, Japan plums, pine-apples, lemons, and other fruits, are raised here. The place contains a handsome hedge of lime trees, which attracts a great deal of notice. From the house to the river is an avenue 600 feet long, lined on either side with orange trees, and at the end of the avenue is a pretty circular croquet ground. A handsome drive winds around the outer border of the enclosure. The whole place resembles a miniature park, and easily accommodates the hundreds who resort here for recreation during the winter season. From the wharf, on the river, can be obtained a fine view of the groves that line the opposite banks. There is a specimen here of the myrtle orange, with the fruit growing in clusters like grapes. These are the finest grounds in Palatka. On Front street, south of Lemon street, is the residence of Dr. Lent, with a pretty flower garden and a neat iron railing in front. Further south and back of the Larkin House is the office of DR. GEORGE E. HAWES, a resident of this place since 1854, and a practicing physician for thirty years, being a graduate of the University of the City of New York. He has had a long experience in treating lung diseases and pulmonary complaints, and is regarded as one of the most successful and reliable physicians in the whole neighborhood.

LEMON STREET.

On the northeast corner of Lemon and Front streets, is the drug store of Dr. N. H. Moragne, two doors from the Postoffice, and a half square from the Putnam House. He has on hand drugs, medicines, perfumery and fancy articles, and also manufactures a delightful orange flower water and orange wine, which have taken premiums at the Centennial and numerous State and County Fairs.

Opposite, corner of Lemon and Front streets, are Messrs. Ackerman & Jackson, druggists, who pay special attention to prescriptions, and keep open in the winter season, until a late hour, to suit the wants of invalids. Here, also, can be procured Florida beans and jewelry; also alligator teeth studs, sleeve buttons, whistles and other varieties of the same class of jewelry, tastily gotten up.

NEW TOWN.

This is a suburb, included in the corporate limits of Palatka, and entirely inhabited by negroes, where there are several thriving, though small orange and banana groves. The houses are neat and tasty, and indicate a degree of thrift and enterprise not usual among this class of persons. A Baptist Church is here, of which the Rev. Wm. Bell, colored, is the pastor.

STEAMBOATS.

Among the steamers that ply up and down the Oklawaha is the Marion, of which Captain H. A. Gray is the owner and commander, and Mr. M. H. Rogero the agent. This steamer leaves on Mondays and Thursdays for this river. Strangers should not neglect visiting this romantic stream, or they will miss one of the most novel sights in all Florida. Capt. Gray has been traveling this route more than thirty years. We would here recommend also the steamer Tuscawilla, (the Indian name for Whippoorwill,) which also plys up and down this stream. Capt. Edwards is the polite commander, and the Messrs. Bouknight are the agents of this boat. The Osceola, of which Capt R. J. Adams is the agent, also runs up this river. Capt. Adams is the agent of the Charleston and Florida Line of Steamers here, and is the owner of the Adams Grove across the river.

SAW MILL.

There is a mill of this kind on the river southeast of the town, and owned by Mr. D. A. Boyd.

AMUSEMENTS.

Among these, boating, yachting, fishing and hunting have a prominent place. On the river front, opposite the Larkin House, is the BOAT HOUSE of Messrs. Thos. Dardis & J. E. Lucas, capable of accommodating twenty row boats. It is covered on the sides with lattice work, and a good shingle roof. Here the tourist and sportsman can procure sailing boats, pleasure yachts, rowing and fishing as well as ducking boats, and every convenience for pleasure or picnic parties to the groves and country seats across and up and down the river for any distance. This

little fleet contains some very expensive boats, among which we would mention their steam yacht, capable of seating fifteen persons. This craft can be hired to take out ladies on picnic or pleasure excursions in the neighborhood, or may be chartered by hunting or fishing parties to carry them to any distance on the river. When chartered by sportsmen she has in tow a small sharp ducking boat that can go up into the creeks or inlets along the river, where the game take refuge when closely pressed. There are the *Minnehaha* and the *Orange Grove*, which are the ladies' favorites for large pleasure parties. The *Florie* and the *Mollie* are smaller, but equally popular boats. There are, besides these, sixteen more good boats. These boats are well carpeted and cushioned, the larger ones quite handsomely. Besides boats, rifles of all sizes, shot guns and ammunition, and every convenience for sportsmen are supplied on reasonable terms, as well as fishing tackle of every description. Among the

PLACES OF INTEREST

That may be visited by means of these boats, are *Colonel Hart's Grove*, on the point across the river, and one of the oldest on the St. John's River, and also the fine Orange Grove of Mr. Lozier, of Brooklyn, N. Y. These two occupy about fifteen acres of ground each. We would mention in this connection the Adams' Grove in the neighborhood, which is equally as large. Near Palatka, ten miles up and down the river, there are excellent

FISHING GROUNDS

And *Hunting* localities, with which the owners of these boats are perfectly familiar. Sportsmen, desiring alligator or duck shooting, will find good sport in *Rice Creek*, which abounds in game.

DUNN'S CREEK is the favorite resort of fishermen. The black bass, perch, bream, and other fish, are found in abundance here.

On Murfrees' Island, ten miles up the river, is an INDIAN MOUND and another fine orange grove, also the property of Col. Hart. Messrs. Dardis & Lucas are the only gentlemen regularly engaged in the boating business, and are the most reliable.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF PALATKA.

A mile from the town towards the west, the country rises to a height of eighty or one hundred feet above the river, and there are some young but fine orange groves in the vicinity, among others that of Mr. H. Peterman.

This contains five and a half acres and eight hundred trees. The residence is on the top of a hill, eighty feet above the river level. South of this is the young grove of Mr. A. W. Rollins, of Chicago. Beyond are the groves of Mr. Quarterman and of Mr. Lilienthal. In this neighborhood is WHITE WATER BRANCH, a natural spring of pure drinking water, situated in a circular dell eighty feet below the hill tops, and twenty feet above the level of the town, a beautiful and romantic spot, and the resort of picnic and pleasure parties during the winter and spring. Near this spring are several fine drives. There was a project started to bring the water from this spring through pipes into the town, but it was never carried out.

REAL ESTATE.

The town of Palatka is growing steadily, and the country around is gradually being settled up, and property here is likely to advance. We would advise persons coming here and desiring to purchase, to apply to Mr. Jas. Burt, who has also a number of good tracts on the river for sale. We would also call attention to Mr. T. T. Harrison's card. He is the agent for lands near EUREKA, on the Oklawaha River. Persons desiring to purchase there would do well to consult him.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Waldo House, kept by Capt. H. H. Williams, in Waldo, Alachua County, Florida, which is a delightful and healthy resort.

ST. JOHN'S HOTEL,

CORNER LEMON AND FIRST STREETS,

PALATKA, FLORIDA,

P. & H. PETERMAN, Proprietors.

This hotel is within three minutes walk of the steamer's landing. Accommodations and Table first-class. Terms reasonable. Open all the year round.

P. & H. PETERMAN,

Billiard Saloon,

Lemon Street, opposite St. John's Hotel,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

The Putnam House!

St. John's River,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Open from December to May.

Palatka is situated on the west bank of the St. John's River, seventy miles south of Jacksonville. It is at the head of navigation for Ocean Steamers, and near the mouth of the celebrated Ocklawaha River. Hart's famous Orange Grove is immediately across the St. John's River opposite the town. Florida Tourists should visit Palatka, and make the trip to the upper St. John's and up the romantic Ocklawaha.

Palatka can be reached by Steamers daily from Jacksonville, and by Steamers from Charleston and Savannah, which run in connection with Steamers from New York, and lines of Railroads from the North, Steamers leave Palatka daily for Sanford and Enterprise, via the St. John's River; also for Silver Springs via the Ocklawaha River.

Address by mail or telegraph, F. H. ORVIS.

GREEN MOUNTAINS,

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

EASY OF ACCESS.

Four Trains Daily from New York, Albany, and Troy!

6½ Hours from New York, H. R. R. R.
2 Hours from Troy, T. & B. R. R.
3½ Hours from Saratoga, via Troy.
7 Hours from Boston—Tunnel Route.
8 Hours from Montreal, C. V. R. R.

Manchester, the leading summer resort of the Green Mountains, is two hundred miles north of New York, fifty miles north of Troy, forty-eight miles east of Saratoga and thirty miles south of Rutland, on the Bennington and Rutland Railway.

It has three miles of white marble sidewalks finely shaded by elm and maple trees, and is the most charming summer resort in New England.

The Village is situated at the foot of Mt. Equinox, from the summit of which an extended and magnificent view can be obtained. The road is in fine order, and four horse mountain wagons run to the top in two and a half hours.

The Equinox House,

Foot of Mt. Equinox,

Manchester, Vermont,

Open from June to October.

Address by mail or telegraph, **F. H. ORVIS.**

ST. JOHN'S HOTEL,

CORNER LEMON AND FIRST STREETS,

PALATKA, FLORIDA,

P. & H. PETERMAN, Proprietors.

This hotel is within three minutes walk of the steamer's landing. Accommodations and Table first-class. Terms reasonable. Open all the year round.

P. & H. PETERMAN,

Billiard Saloon,

Lemon Street, opposite St. John's Hotel,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

The Putnam House!

St. John's River,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Open from December to May.

Palatka is situated on the west bank of the St. John's River, seventy miles south of Jacksonville. It is at the head of navigation for Ocean Steamers, and near the mouth of the celebrated Ocklawaha River. Hart's famous Orange Grove is immediately across the St. John's River opposite the town. Florida Tourists should visit Palatka, and make the trip to the upper St. John's and up the romantic Ocklawaha.

Palatka can be reached by Steamers daily from Jacksonville, and by Steamers from Charleston and Savannah, which run in connection with Steamers from New York, and lines of Railroads from the North. Steamers leave Palatka daily for Sanford and Enterprise, via the St. John's River; also for Silver Springs via the Ocklawaha River.

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GREEN MOUNTAINS,

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

EASY OF ACCESS.

Four Trains Daily from New York, Albany, and Troy!

6½ Hours from New York, H. R. R. R.
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INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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FOR

OKLAWAHA AND SILVER SPRINGS!

THE

Steamer  MARION

Captain H. A. GRAY,

Will leave Rogero's Wharf every

MONDAY AND THURSDAY,

CONNECTING WITH

CHARLESTON, SAVANNAH, AND FERNANDINA

STEAMERS

For the above named places.

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CARLETON HOUSE

PALATKA, FLA.

A. SHELLEY, PROPRIETOR.

Board, $2 per day, and no charge for baggage.

MRS. E. M. HAUGHTON,

FIRST-CLASS

PRIVATE BOARD,

LEMON STREET,

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Above St. John's Hotel, two squares from the Steamboat Wharf.

N. H. MORAGNE, M. D.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c.

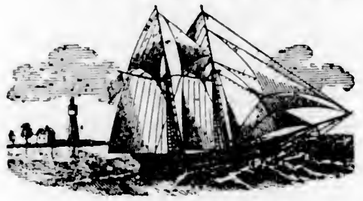
Corner of Front and Lemon Streets,

PALATKA, FLA.

Manufacturer of Orange Flower Water and Orange Wine.

☞ Oranges put up in neat packages for shipment from my own grove.

THOS. DARDIS AND J. E. LUCAS,



Steam Yacht, Sail & Row Boats

Of every description and size

For hire on reasonable terms by the hour, day, or trip.; also

RIFLES, GUNS, FISHING TACKLE AND LINES.

Boathouse opposite the Larkin House,

Palatka, Florida.

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Mrs. SEALS, Proprietress,

Opposite the Court House, Palatka, Florida.

For Lake Crescent & Crescent City!

The Fast Sailing — **FLORA** — Mail Steamer

Makes three trips per week between Palatka and the above points.

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AGENT FOR FLORIDA LANDS. WILL ASSIST IN PURCHASING PLACES FOR PARTIES DESIRING TO IMMIGRATE TO FLORIDA.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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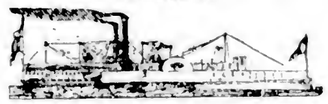
Steamer  MARION

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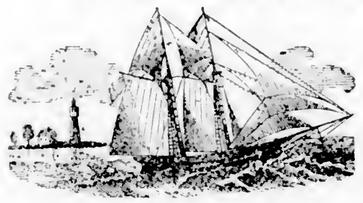

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GARDINER HOTEL,

CRESCENT CITY, FLORIDA.

Crescent City the Grove City of Florida, is situated on the east side of Fruitland Peninsula, fronting the now famous Lake Crescent or Dunn's Lake, one hundred miles south of Jacksonville, and twenty-five miles south of Palatka. It is located on a High Pine Bluff, overlooking the great lake from bold, handsome shores, seen no where else in Florida. It is a favorite resort for invalids as well as sportsmen and pleasure seekers in general. In the vicinity of the town are numerous bearing Orange Groves, as well as young groves recently set by wealthy Northern gentlemen, who have erected and are erecting fine residences on this extensive bluff.

No one seeking a winter home should fail to visit this rapidly growing place, where they will find a first class Hotel as well as several Boarding Houses, with good fare, at prices ranging from Seven to Twenty Dollars per week.

We have daily mails and daily communication with Jacksonville and Palatka. All St. John's River Steamers connect at Palatka with Steamers for Crescent City. Steamer Flora runs through from Jacksonville to Crescent City on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, returning on alternate days. Through Fare $2.50. As a pleasure trip, the route from Palatka to Crescent City has no equal. Up the St. John's, eight miles and you diverge to the left into Deep River, the home of the Alligator; thence ten miles through this wierd and beautiful stream and you suddenly emerge into the broad Lake Crescent, 5 miles wide and 20 long.

JOSEPH W. GARDINER, Crescent City, Florida.

The reader of this card is solicited to subscribe for

"The Florida Fruit Grower,"

A new and interesting eight page journal, published monthly, in Florida, that great winter resort of health and pleasure. Terms $1 per year in advance.

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WALDO HOUSE,

Waldo, Alachua Co., Florida.

The only first-class Hotel between the Atlantic and Gulf that is open to guests the year round. This Hotel has been leased by Capt. H. H. Williams, of the Clifton Hotel, Mankato, Minn., (formerly of Boston, Mass.) and will be kept in such style as to make the guests feel at home in this beautiful, healthy and attractive "Lake Region." Waldo is situate on the Transit R. R., eighty four miles from Fernandina; seventy-one miles from Cedar Keys, and only four miles from the great Santa Fe Lake and rolling Lake Region by canal.

The rate at the Waldo House is $2.00 per day.

"Viator," a New York correspondent, who has visited all parts of Florida, writes as follows: "I am best pleased with Waldo. It is emphatically the best climate for consumptives. The air is pure and dry, and the climate most genial. Invalids will not be misled by what I say, for I have seen many sufferers relieved and entirely cured by a sojourn at this place. The Hotel has all the quiet, comfort and luxury of a Private Home, and the rates are very reasonable.

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Also, Special Agent for Dwellings, Real Estate, etc., etc.

LAKES CRESCENT AND COMO,

AND

CRESCENT CITY.

The sojourner at Palatka, or in the vicinity, will find himself repaid for the expense entailed by a visit to Deep Run or Dunn's Creek, Lake Crescent, Crescent City, and the vicinity. The small fast sailing *mail steamer Flora*, of which Capt. John F. Rhoads is the owner and commander, leaves Palatka Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for these places, and returns on the following days. The accommodations on board are good, and the fare excellent. Embarking on board the steamer, we start up the St. John's, and eight miles up, and three miles beyond San Mateo, enter DUNN'S CREEK or DEEP RUN, as it is most generally called. This is a stream four hundred yards wide at its mouth, and one hundred and fifty at its narrowest point, eight miles long, and deep enough to float any vessel that plys on the St. John's. It leads into Lake Crescent or Dunn's Lake. On the right of Deep Run at the entrance, we come to MURFREE'S ISLAND, where there is a flourishing grove of orange trees, owned by Col. Hart, and elsewhere mentioned. A half mile up the creek is the fine orange grove owned by Mr. John Wells. Three miles further we reach HORSE LANDING, where is the large Indian mound previously referred to, where tourists are wont to resort in the winter and spring, while sportsmen and fishermen also seek its neighborhood for game or piscatorial sport. Sailing on we enter

LAKE CRESCENT,

A remarkably dark sheet of water, but perfectly free from weeds or water flags, and a beautiful inland lake, fifteen miles long and from three to five miles wide. On the western bank of the lake, and four miles from the entrance is FLORENCE LANDING, which leads back to

LAKE COMO,

An inland lake two miles back from the landing, three miles long, and from a half to one and a half miles wide. This is a lovely expanse of water, with no visible outlet, and embosomed among the hills. It is eighty feet above

the level of Lake Crescent. Its banks slope up from the shore thirty to forty feet above the water, and the shores are sandy, and admirably adapted to bathing purposes. The bathing facilites are very good. The country around is a high rolling pine ridge, and there are more than one hundred settlers in the neighborhood, all owning young orange groves. The settlers are for the most part Northerners, who have established themselves here within the past two years. In the neighborhood are two stores, a Baptist Church, and a new town hall. One of the stores here is owned by Mr. C. B. Smith, who also owns a flourishing grove of one thousand seven hundred orange trees. The climate is healthy and the country fertile. Leaving this landing we continue up the lake, and a mile further up reach PORT COMO, which also leads back to the lake of the same name. At this place, as well at Florence Landing, there is a postoffice. At this landing is a young grove, the property of Mr. Shipes, who also owns the banana grove here. Two miles further up, on the same shore, is OAKWOOD LANDING, where is the orange grove of Mr. Chas. Hutchinson, containing three hundred trees. Adjoining is the grove of Mr. R. F. Breen, of Alabama, containing five hundred trees, and alongside of this the *Forest Grove*, the finest on the lake front or on the peninsula, and which contains one thousand two hundred or more trees, and sold last year $5,000 worth of oranges. This is the property of Mr. W. M. Newbold. Adjacent to this is the *Sheffield Grove* of eight hundred orange trees, all bearing, and beyond, the grove of Mr. Thos. N. Gautier, of more than six hundred trees. Passing up the lake, we reach Dr. J. L. Newsome's grove of eight hundred trees, a picturesque and beautiful grove, on a high hill overlooking the water.

THE PENINSULA alluded to above is called *Fruitland*, and is between Lake Crescent and Deep Run River on the east, and the St. John's River and part of Lake George on the west and south, is twenty-five miles long, and averages sixteen miles in width, and is thickly settled on the lake shore as well as on the St. John's River and Lake George. The St. John's River settlements are Buffalo Bluff P. O., where are fine orange groves, and south of this and further up the river, *Wells' Landing*, where is located the ST. JOHN'S COLONY, which came out from New York in December last, and consists of one hundred and sixty souls. The tract purchased was ten thousand acres. This is called the *Hernandez Grant*, the neighborhood of which is quite healthy. Next in order, are *Nashua*, *Rodgers*, *Welaca*, and *Lake George* settlements, which will be more fully described when we again start

up the St. John's. Most of these places are quite prosperous, and contain large and flourishing groves. We now resume our route, and arrive at

CRESCENT CITY,

On this peninsula, situated on a curve of the lake shore, in the shape of a crescent, and on the western side, nine miles up the lake and twenty-five miles from Palatka. It is on a beautiful high bluff, from thirty to sixty feet above the lake, and in a healthy neighborhood, and contains more than sixty houses, four stores, an Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. C. S. Williams is the rector, a colored Baptist Church, a postoffice, and a fine hotel, owned by Mr. J. W. Gardiner, of Providence, R. I., which contains twenty-two rooms, and has first-class accommodations. There are besides three boarding houses here. The northern end of the town is laid out in lots of five acres for orange groves. Wandering through the town, we come to the Gardiner House, a tasty building in the shape of a cross, with a cupola on top. A square beyond this is the residence of Mr. Conard, of Washington, D. C. On Edgewood Avenue is the attractive residence of Rev. C. S. Williams, rector of the Episcopal Church, and circuit pastor for the country around, who has accomplished a great deal of good work here during his ministry. On Oakwood Avenue is the *Episcopal Church*, a small but neat Gothic edifice, erected at a cost of $6,000. A square south of this is the *Baptist Church*, on the borders of

LAKE STELLA,

A small sheet of water, three miles long and one mile wide, and buried in the bosom of the high hills a quarter of a mile west of Lake Crescent. It is thirty feet above the level of the larger lake, and has no outlet above ground. South of the colored Baptist Church, we come to the abode of Judge Patchin, of Michigan, on one of the highest and handsomest situations on the lake, and full seventy feet above the water level. At the southern extremity we reach the grove and residence of Major J. L. Burton, a "Florida cracker," *par excellence*, and an oracle on the subject of Crescent City. His residence is a neat frame building, on a high bluff facing the lake. This grove consists of eight hundred orange trees, of which five hundred are bearing. Here can be seen a patch of guava trees, an eighth of an acre in extent, and the trees all laden with fruit, while pine-apples, limes, lemons, and other tropical fruits are also among the productions of this place. The greatest rarities, however,

are his sugar custard apple tree and his ginger plants. The ginger plants resemble young canes, with a slight difference in the shade of color of the leaves. There is published here the

"FLORIDA FRUIT GROWER,"

A new and interesting eight page monthly journal. This is a readable paper, and aspires to the position of the largest non-partisan paper in Florida. It is edited and published by Mr. Joseph W. Gardiner. The terms are only one dollar per year, in advance.

Back of the town are the groves of Mr. Harp, of five hundred trees, and of Judge Morrow, of seven hundred trees. On the east side of the lake, which is low and flat, is but one settlement, that of Mr. A. M. Grimsley, who owns a young orange grove, containing two hundred and fifty bearing trees. In the centre of the lake opposite the town, is "BEAR'S ISLAND OR LOPEZ ISLAND, as it was from this place that Lopez set out on his fillibustering expedition to Cuba.

On this island are a small orange grove and fine flower garden, the property of Mr. John Long, an Englishman. At the south end of the lake is

THE HAWK CREEK COUNTRY,

The finest cattle range in the whole county, and also a splendid game country, abounding in bears, deer, wild turkeys, coons, 'possums, snipe, quail, wild ducks, and other game, while occasionally a panther is encountered by the sportsman.

HAWK CREEK

Is a splendid body of water for fishing purposes, the trout fishing here being particularly fine. We now take our leave of this neighborhood, embark on board the Flora, and wend our way back to Palatka.

UPPER ST. JOHN'S

A TRIP ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN'S, LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE MONROE.

Leaving Palatka and taking passage on the steamer Hattie, we start out on a trip up this beautiful river and proceed to catch a passing glimpse of its shores, orange groves, and other objects of interest that present themselves along the route. The river, which has heretofore been from a mile to six miles in width, now changes its lake-like character and assumes the appearance of a narrow winding stream, but extremely beautiful. At some sudden turn we come in sight of groves of oaks and other trees, so thick and deep that the sun is unable to penetrate their silent shades, while their shadows are flung far into the stream, and reflected deep down on the surface of the placid waters. Again, on turning a bend, the woods suddenly disappear and give place to shores lined with flourishing groves of banana and orange trees, the latter laden with their golden fruit, presenting a panorama of unrivaled beauty. The river between Palatka and Welaca is considered by tourists the most romantic and picturesque along the entire route. Immediately on leaving Palatka we approach the flourishing grove of Col. Hart, on the east of the river and opposite the town, and beyond this Capt. Adams' grove, younger but equally as large and attractive in appearance. A few yards further up is the settlement of the Fertilizer Company of Palatka, engaged in the manufacture of fish manure. On the building is the following quaint device:

"Our country seat,
Hotel de Paris."

Passing on and turning what is called the "Devil's Elbow," we come in sight of a picturesque settlement and orange grove on the east of the river, and passing it proceed up a straight reach a mile in length, with densely wooded shores. We pass a small live oak grove, and arrive at RAWLES TOWN, on the east side. Making but a short stay here, we speed on our way and reach the village of SAN MATEO, where there is a large packing house as well as a fine orange grove. In this neighborhood is the *Riverdale Hotel*, offering all necessary accommoda-

tions for travelers who resort here during the winter. Back of this place are numerous valuable orange groves. A quarter of a mile higher up is the landing of Mr. Bean, with a packing house. The Charleston and Florida steamers stop here during the winter for cargoes of fruit. We will not detain the reader, but will continue our journey. We next pass Mr. Lyle's packing house, and a mile further south the *Edgewater grove*, the property of Mr. C. F. Fuller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and one of the finest and most picturesque, being situated on the water's edge, whence its name. Almost adjacent to this are the handsome residence and flourishing grove of Mr. Evins, of New Hampshire. The whole shore here for more than a mile in length is one succession of orange groves, and the view from the river is superb. As we journey along, the next object that greets the eye is

MURFREES' ISLAND,

Where is the orange grove of Col. H. L. HART, an *ante bellum* grove, and one of the finest on the river front. The residence is almost completely hidden from view by the orange trees. There is also a fine growth of banana trees here. Our boat is again in motion, cleaving the water, which it dashes aside as it makes its way up the stream, and brings us next in sight of

BUFFALO BLUFF,

On the western side, and eighty-three miles from Jacksonville, where is the grove of Mr. WHITE, who also owns a truck farm alongside, and on whose place some of the best honey on the river can be obtained. The residence is situated on a bluff in a clump of live oaks. We find ourselves again ploughing our way through a narrow and straight reach, presenting to the eye a long vista of river scenery. After traveling for three or four miles through unvarying scenery of shores lined with oak and cypress woods, we reach

HORSE LANDING,

And pass on and arrive at *Wells' Landing*, where is a strawberry farm and orange nursery. This is a lovely spot. There are twenty acres of land here under fruit culture. Along the shores of the river here the banks have become washed, and for a quarter of a mile on either side many of the trees are uprooted and continue to grow in an almost horizontal position along the water's edge. Numerous terrapins are seen sunning themselves along the trunks, but disappear with a splash at the approach of the steamer or the report of a pistol aimed at them from the boat's deck. Occasionally a white crane or

heron is seen, and sometimes the pink curlew, as we skirt along the river shores. A quarter of a mile beyond, on the eastern bank, is *Old Nashua*, and a half mile further up, on the same side,

NASHUA LANDING.

This is a pretty bluff, in the midst of a grove of oaks. The oak, pine and cypress trees along the shores here are draped in moss. We pass along up the stream through a straight reach, but soon get into a narrow part of the river, which is quite beautiful. The next place we come to is

WELACA,

Near which is a fine grove of moss covered and venerable oaks, on a high hill sloping down to the water. This was quite a village in *ante bellum* times, and is said to have once rivaled Palatka. It was burnt during the war, and has never been rebuilt. There is a small store here under the oaks, while below is the pretty cottage of Mr. Bryant. The whole neighborhood by Welaca is a picturesque locality, and with its venerable oaks presents a striking appearance from the river, and would make an excellent picnic resort. Adjoining is an orange grove, with a dwelling back on a hill, amid a grove of oaks. A quarter of a mile south we reach *Mr. Hall's Wharf* and orange grove on the eastern bank. Leaving this we pass the mouth of the OKLAWAHA, which will be described in due time, and enter

LITTLE LAKE GEORGE,

Seven miles in length and four wide, and on one side of the river, which skirts along its edge. At the entrance along the eastern shore are rows of large and stately palmettoes. On a high bluff is the settlement of *Beecher*, which is on a fine situation. An orange grove is found here, but it is not well cared for, as the place has been abandoned. Midway on the eastern shore is a large orange grove, the property of Major H. R. Teasdale, Mayor of Palatka, on which are some very old trees, a dozen of which are fifty years old, and some of them have been known to produce as many as 8,000 oranges. In this grove are a thousand young orange trees, just beginning to bear. Again we enter the river, which narrows to about three-fourths of a mile, and arrive within close view of the low banks, bordered with forests of oak and cypress, and a succession of rows of palmetto trees, giving the shores quite a tropical appearance. The palmettoes in some places are dense enough to form groves, which are extremely picturesque. We now come in sight of

MOUNT ROYAL,

On the eastern side of the river, and 105 miles south of Jacksonville. At this place is the handsome country seat of Mr. E. Kirby. The orange grove contains 1,000 trees, most of them laden with their golden fruit. There are also a few banana trees and quite a large flower garden on the place. The residence is a neat two story building, with an attic and mansard roof, and piazzas facing the river. Beyond are Mr. W. P. Wright's residence and orange grove of 2,000 trees, some of which are bearing. Next on the eastern bank is the plantation of Mr. John Varnum, of Portland, Maine, which contains an orange grove. The dwelling is a two story building, with piazzas on the river front, and is worth six thousand dollars. On the same shore, further south, is

FRUITLANDS,

A landing on the river, back of which are some valuable orange groves. South of this is the grove of Mr. Hammond, of Cincinnati. The dwelling house is a fine new edifice, two and a half stories high, and built in Swiss cottage style, and one of the handsomest on the river. On the western bank, near this place, is the settlement of

FORT GATES,

Which was a military post during the Seminole war. The grove near here is owned by Mr. Hemingway, of Boston. The eastern side of the river is the most densely wooded, and also the most thickly settled, as the prevailing winter winds, are from the northwest, and the air is rendered milder by passing over the warm water of the river. We now leave the river and enter

LAKE GEORGE,

A magnificent sheet of water, eighteen miles long, and from ten to twelve miles in width. At the entrance is

DRAYTON ISLAND,

Containing 1,600 acres, and well wooded. This is quite a resort for tourists during the winter, and the *Drayton Island Hotel*, owned by Mr. Crosby, is kept in first class style. On the island are numerous fine orange groves, the most noted of which is the one owned by Mrs. Rembert, one of the oldest in the State, having been planted more than thirty years ago, and formerly the property of *John C. Calhoun*, of South Carolina. It produced last year more than 150,000 oranges. On the eastern shore of the island is also the grove of Mr. Rogers, as well as sev-

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eral others. On the western bank is Mr. Wright's grove, which yielded last season more than 50,000 oranges. The vegetables raised on the island are remarkably fine. Near the entrance to the lake is another island, called

HOG ISLAND.

These two islands are separated from each other by a narrow strip of water, and fronting each other, and facing the river, stand like sentinels guarding the entrance of the St. John's into the lake. On the

MAIN SHORE OF THE LAKE,

On the eastern side is a line of orange groves, which we proceed to mention in the order in which they come. The first is Mr. Higley's grove, and adjacent to this are the orange and banana groves of Mrs. Hawkins. Leaving these, we come to Mrs. Manville's and Dr. Crill's groves, and further on the grove and plantation of Dr. Peters. There are 800 orange trees in his grove, and in his nursery 25,000 seedlings, while limes, lemons, bananas, guavas, figs, pine apples, and almost every variety of tropical fruits are found on his place. He has also a fine nursery garden and hot house, where garden plants of all descriptions are grown. We would recommend travelers to pay a visit to this lake and neighborhood. Beyond this is

LAKE GEORGE LANDING,

Where is the postoffice, of which Mrs. Peters is the Postmistress. This whole group of groves and dwelling houses forms one of the most beautiful spots on the lake border. The tuberose, pomegranate and other plants grow luxuriantly here, while variety is imparted to the landscape by palmetto trees, interspersed here and there among the orange and lemon trees. On this shore is the extensive orange grove of Mrs. Hinds, originally a wild grove, but which has been budded, and last season yielded more than 100,000 oranges. This season the crop will exceed 200,000 oranges. On this shore and opposite Drayton Island is the settlement of

GEORGETOWN,

One hundred and twenty-three miles from Jacksonville. There is a lumber mill at this place. The shores along the lake are quite tropical in appearance. We arrive next at Mr. Cosgrove's, from whose wharf we obtain a fine view of the groves. On the western shore of Lake George is a high bluff, in the vicinity of which is *Spring Grove*. Mr. W. K. Lent also owns a fine orange grove and farm on the eastern side of the lake. Before leaving

Lake George we cast our eyes over its broad expanse of waters. It resembles an inland sea, and is the largest of the chain of lakes that constitute the lower St. John's River. There are storms here occasionally which rival those of the Atlantic Ocean, when the waters rise in waves as high as the billows of the sea, and when it is unsafe for steamers to navigate its angry tides. We take our leave of the lake, and after an hour and a quarter spent in crossing it, arrive at the *Volusia Bar*, and passing over the same, emerge from this inland sea, and reenter the St. John's, which again becomes narrow and winding, with shores covered with stately forest trees and luxuriant undergrowth. At the entrance on the eastern shore, is the settlement of

LAKE VIEW,

The property of Mr. Rope's, where is an orange grove, and also a beautiful cluster of palmetto trees on the extreme point. Here water lilies, flags or bonnets and water cresses cover the surface of the river in large patches or squares, resembling floating fields of verdure, some of them several acres in size. The river from this point to Volusia is unsurpassed in natural scenery and in wild luxuriant growth along the shores. It winds and bends in a series of gentle curves around densely wooded shores of a semi-tropical appearance. On the eastern shore for the distance of a mile there is a grove of palmetto trees of the largest growth, and the shores are not more than 400 yards apart. We have now arrived at

VOLUSIA,

One hundred and forty-four miles from Jacksonville, situated on a high hill, sloping down to the water. It is on the east side, and on a bend, and was formerly an old Spanish town, which long since fell into decay. During the Seminole war there was a fort here. From this point facilities are offered for visiting *New Smyrna* and *Indian River*. The settlement now consists of the store and residence of Mr. L. H. Eldridge, who owns the orange and banana grove on the bluff. Three miles south we reach

MANHATTAN,

On the western bank, where is a wharf, and also a storehouse. Standing on this wharf the river view is very fine, especially the lower portion. In the middle of the stream is a beautiful islet, covered with trees, and almost circular, and within rifle shot of

ORANGE BLUFF,

Which we next reach. This is on the eastern shore, 147 miles from Jacksonville.

Near this place is a packing house. The oranges in this neighborhood are some of the choicest and sweetest in Florida. There are also numerous fine orange groves of sour oranges in the vicinity, and near by is a small handsome wooden dwelling, situated on the brow of a beautiful, steep cone-shaped hill, while along its slopes is a grove of orange trees planted in regular rows. On the right of the dwelling is a fine grove of palmettoes. This is one of the most picturesque spots along the river. Our Steamer is ploughing her way through the rippling waters of the river, and we are again en route for the sunny south. The river here widens into a small lake covered with bonnet plants, while along the eastern shore is a row of palmettoes. We are now in sight of

LAKE DEXTER,

A small but beautiful lake, completely bordered with forests, and at the present moment as smooth as a mirror. This is considered one of the loveliest lakes on the river. In our course we pass a number of small well wooded islets that dot the surface of the water, and add variety to the river scenery. We are now traversing a pretty stretch of the river, which winds and curves like a serpent when in motion. As our steamer pants on her way up, we pass the mouth of

ALEXANDER SPRING CREEK,

A tributary of the St. John's, which runs back into the country for thirty miles or more, and whose waters are remarkable for their clearness and purity. There are fine springs along the banks. The waters are so clear that objects can be seen at the bottom, a distance of twenty feet. Its source is a *large boiling mineral spring* of an acre in extent, comprising numerous small sulphur and other springs. We twist and turn with the curves and bends of the river, while numerous water fowl, such as white cranes, herons, grey and white and beautiful pink curlews, and occasionally a pelican flies over the stream or skims along its surface, or an alligator may be seen with his head above water. He is not unchallenged, however, for the sharp crack of a rifle, or the report of a pistol, admonishes him that foes are at hand, and down goes his head, while the balls flatten on the water around. The width of the stream here is not more than one hundred and twenty yards. We emerge occasionally from the woods into a part of the river that flows through fields of bonnets, which are here called prairies. The river has dwindled into a small winding creek, with low flat banks lined with canes and water willows, clothed with a luxuriant growth of vines and parasitic plants, while occasionally a few clusters of trees are seen in isolated groups. Again, we find ourselves embosomed among wooded shores. We have now reached

ST. FRANCIS,

On the western bank, and twenty-five miles from Orange Bluff. Here we see one dwelling, a group of fine oaks and a small orange grove. We wend on our way, the dark green foliage of the oak and cypress here mingling with the lighter verdure of the sweet gum and water willow on the river, while the woodbine, jessamine, and other vines, line the water's edge. We enter a straight reach three-fourths of a mile long, and turning a bend come in sight of a row of tall palmettoes on the western shore. Near this place is a tall dead cypress, on top of which is an eagle's nest, which stands out like a beacon point. We next pass CROW'S BLUFF, and continue on our way through the same succession of wild natural scenery. We enter a reach with rows of palmettoes on both sides, and finally arrive at HAWKINSVILLE, on the western bank, one hundred and seventy-four miles from Jacksonville. This place is owned by Judge Bryson, who is also the proprietor of the store here, and of the fine grove of orange and banana trees that line the shore. Back of this landing are many fine orange groves. The trees here are covered to the very topmost branches with parasitic plants and vines. We leave this place, and a mile further come to CABBAGE BLUFF, on the east of the river, where we find a store, a few orange trees, and a grove of palmettoes. Our boat is again in motion, scudding along like a thing of life, and we pass an island of some extent, and turning a bend reach DE LAND'S LANDING, where can be found a large warehouse and flourishing orange grove. We leave this place, and in a short time find ourselves in

LAKE BERESFORD,

And reach ALEXANDER'S LANDING, on the lake. The lake is a mile and a half wide, nearly circular, and bordered with palmetto trees. The settlement of

BERESFORD

Is also on this lake. Leaving this we continue our way up the river, which is not more than fifty feet wide here, and emerge from the woods into the prairie country. We have now reached BLUE SPRINGS LANDING, on the east of the river, and one hundred and eighty miles from Jacksonville. There is a cove near this landing, which can be seen from the deck of the steamer. This is *blue spring*,

a small sheet of water, and one of a series of springs of dark blue clear water, in which you can see the fish and other objects for a considerable distance down. Near the wharf is a thriving orange grove of several hundred trees, the property of Mr. Thursby. This landing is the depot for

ORANGE CITY,

Two and a half miles back in the country. There are a good class of settlers here, and the town boasts a large commodious hotel, a church, schoolhouse, blacksmith and wheelwright shop, two stores, and a postoffice. Steamers arrive at and leave the landing daily during the winter. The country around is fine, rolling and healthy, while there are many valuable orange groves in the vicinity. The lands around are quite fertile, and tracts can be purchased at from $10 to $25 per acre.

The whistle is blowing, and our impatient little steamer is already in motion. We continue our upward course between well wooded banks, but soon emerge from them and again find ourselves in the open swamp or prairie country. The stream is narrow, deep and rapid, but quite safe and easy of navigation. Palmettoes line the shores. The country twelve miles back of this rises to one hundred feet, and is a magnificent cattle range. Our boat glides in the bosom of the stream in her upward course, and we pass along a thin row of palmetto trees, which are in a straight line, and stand like sentinels along the eastern shore. After passing numerous groves of palmetto, we reach EMANUEL'S LANDING, and a little beyond the mouth of the

WEKIVA RIVER,

A tributary of the St. John's, which runs through *Clay Springs*, a sheet of mineral water. The river is navigable and picturesque, and romantic in the extreme in appearance, and the resort of travelers and tourists during the winter.

Passing this stream the St. John's again changes its *protean* shape, and widens into the size of a small lake, and becomes quite straight, its eastern shore being bordered by a row of palmettoes, succeeded by a line of live oaks, overhanging the stream. A little beyond and to the right and west, we come to a grove of palmettoes, which, seen by moonlight, present a novel and imposing appearance. We now enter

LAKE MONROE,

A large sheet of water, twelve miles long and five miles wide, and abounding in fish, while numerous water fowl, such as the crane, heron, grey, white and pink curlew

and pelican, feed on its shores. The country around is quite fertile, and contains many valuable orange groves. We now arrive at

SANFORD,

On its western shore, 204 miles from Jacksonville. This place was settled some years ago by Mr. Henry S. Sanford, at one time Minister to Belgium, and is an incorporated town of about 300 inhabitants, and contains eight stores, a town hall, an Episcopal church and three hotels, the *Sanford House*, kept by Mr. J. B. Wistar, of Philadelphia; the *Monroe House*, kept by Mr. Blunquist, and the *Poyntz House*, by Mr. Geo. A. Sawyer, and a Postoffice. There is a fishing company established here, who ship large quantities of shad and shad roes to the North in the winter, and convert the inferior fish into manure, for the use of the orange groves in the neighborhood.

In the country, two and half miles back, is the *Belle Air Grove*, of 100 acres, containing foreign orange and lime trees of the finest quality, and also a magnificent garden of foreign and native roses, geraniums and tropical hot house plants, and flowers of every variety. This property is owned by General Sanford. The town leads back to a level rolling country, to which there are several fine avenues and drives. The neighborhood is principally settled by Northerners, and is planted in orange groves. Among the oldest and most noted is that of Mr. Speer, as well as the Hayden and Markham grove, and many others containing from 50 to 80 acres each. From Sanford and Mellonville were shipped last season 4,000,000 of oranges, about 24,000 boxes. Lemons, limes, pine-apples, guavas, grapes, bananas, etc., abound here. A mile beyond, on the same side of the lake, is the town of

MELLONVILLE,

Two hundred and five miles from Jacksonville. This is an incorporated town of about the same number of inhabitants as Sanford. It is the oldest town of the two, and contains three hotels, the *Mellonville Hotel*, owned by Mr. T. A. Hewit, of this place; the *Mellonville House*, kept by Mrs. J. J. Hill, and another one, also well kept. It contains also a Methodist church, two stores and a postoffice. There are several drives and a large avenue leading back into the hilly country. In this neighborhood are also to be found flourishing orange groves. This was formerly the site of *Fort Mellon*, erected during the Seminole war. As this is a large orange producing section, we will hazard a few remarks on

ORANGE GROVES.

A grove budded on sour stocks, in a favorable locality, will commence to pay in five or six years. When seedlings are planted, the trees rarely begin to pay before the tenth year. An acre contains eighty trees, sometimes more, and after it has been set out or planted, one man, with a little extra help in the grassy season, can attend to a grove of eight or ten acres. One man suffices to cultivate the *Speer Grove*, mentioned above. This contains seven acres, and yielded last year 350,000 oranges, which netted $18 per 1,000, amounting to about $6,000. The grove is thirty years old. During the picking and packing season extra help has to be hired. Those who have invested here in this enterprise, and have failed, have either neglected their groves, have been lacking in judgment and business knowledge, or have selected localities totally unadapted to the orange culture. One and a half miles back of Mellonville is the village of

FORT REID,

Of one hundred inhabitants, and containing thirty or forty houses and two small hotels, one of which is called the *Orange House*. There was also a fort here during the Seminole war. On the eastern bank of Lake Monroe is the town of

ENTERPRISE,

Situated on a high bluff, and 210 miles south of Jacksonville. This is the county seat of *Volusia County*, and contains about forty houses, two stores and one large hotel, the *Brock House*, and a postoffice. This town leads back to a splendid sporting country, where deer, bear, wild turkeys, coons, 'possums, snipe, quail and every species of game are in great abundance. Along the lake water fowl are very abundant, as before stated, and the fishing is excellent. In the vicinity is

GREEN SPRING,

A body of sulphur water, eighty feet in diameter, and 100 feet deep. From Enterprise steamers run to SALT LAKE, and from this lake there is a *horse tramway*, six miles long, which leads to SAND POINT, on the Indian River. The steamer Volusia runs to Salt Lake and the vicinity.

INDIAN RIVER.

This is a salt lagoon or bay, separated from the St. John's River by a narrow strip of land, six miles wide at its narrowest point, and from the sea by a mere strip of sand. It is ninety miles in length, and in width varies

from ten miles to less than two in some places, but averages two miles. It runs from north to south, slightly inclining eastward, and is parallel with the Atlantic coast, and is connected with the ocean by three inlets, the southernmost being Jupiter Inlet, and the northern Indian River Inlet. It is quite shallow, but has a channel in the center from eight to ten feet deep, and is a magnificent sheet of water for yachting or boating. The water is clear and of a sky blue color, and in calm weather, when its surface is unruffled, the bottom can easily be seen, and the fish can be perceived sporting in its pellucid waters a long distance off. The banks, in some places, are high and steep, and from twenty-five to thirty feet above the water level, while the growth along the shores is the *only real tropical growth* in Florida, consisting of bearberry, gumelema, box tree, india rubber tree, cocoanut, sour orange and lime, and the mangrove. It abounds in fish of all descriptions, and is the best fishing region in the whole State. In its waters can be found in immense numbers the mullet, red fish or bass, sheephead, jew fish, salt water trout, the angel fish, a great delicacy, sailor's choice, blackfish, whiting, and almost every species of salt water fish. Here can be found the largest and finest oysters on our coast, and in great abundance. Numerous species of water fowl frequent its shores. Here may be seen the beautiful roseate colored spoon-bill or pink curlew, as well as the white and gray, the ganut and every variety of crane and heron, as well as every species of wild duck and the white and gray pelican. The country around is chiefly pine land, and the northern end is being gradually settled up and planted, principally in oranges, lemons, pine apples, bananas, and other tropical fruits, and also in sugar cane. The climate is the most delightful and salubrious in the United States, being equally fine in summer and winter. It is as invigorating and bracing in summer as the more northern seaside resorts, and much more soft and bland, and therefore more suitable for invalids and winter tourists. This locality may be called the sportsman and fisherman's paradise. In the country can be found in abundance game of every description, bears, panthers, wolves, deer, otters, foxes, 'possums, coons, and also wild turkeys, snipe, quail and other wild fowl. On its shores is also found the celebrated coquina for building material. Boats are sometimes run from St. Augustine to this river, but can always be chartered at

NEW SMYRNA,

An old settlement on the Atlantic coast, where, in 1767, Andrew Turnbull landed 1,500 Minorcans. Formerly

large indigo crops were raised here. It is situated on Mosquito Inlet, which is the opening of the Halifax and Hillsboro' Rivers, into the Atlantic Ocean. The southern end of Hillsboro' River is called Mosquito Lagoon, which is connected with Indian River by the

HAULOVER CANAL,

Dug by the United States Government six years previous to the opening of the late war, under a contract with Dr. George E. Hawes, of South Carolina, now a physician at Palatka. The canal cost five thousand dollars.

THE OKLAWAHA RIVER.

Twenty-six miles south of Palatka, and 101 miles from Jacksonville, the traveler leaves the broad, bold stream of the St. John's, and plunges at once into the heart of a deep and densely wooded swamp, and enters through an opening sixty or seventy yards wide, a narrow, dark and winding stream, whose borders are lined with tall, gigantic cypress trees of virgin growth, towering eighty feet above the water, and draped in hanging grey moss, while the edges lower down are fringed with the white maple, ash, magnolia and palmetto, whose trunks are clothed with drapery of parasitic plants and creeping vines of the most beautiful and luxuriant growth. The river flows through an impenetrable swamp, whose shores on either hand are beneath the surface of the water, and completely submerged for a distance of half a mile or more back from the stream to the right and left. It is merely a narrow channel way through a swamp of immense extent, which follows the course of the stream for a distance of more than 180 miles before the scenery changes, and the river emerges into an immense water prairie, stretching as far as the eye can reach, for a distance of rather more than sixty miles, when it finally enters Lake Griffin. The cypress is the principal growth, diversified by maple, ash, oak and palmetto, and when the river is traveled on a beautiful, still, clear moonlight night, it assumes a sombre and weird-like appearance, and the dimly lighted vista that presents itself to the eye of the approaching traveler, resembles the aisle of some ancient Gothic cathedral, or the hall of a venerable and ghost-haunted castle of Mediæval times, as seen in the reflection of the moon's pale beams. During the day time the smooth, tall green capped cypresses, raising their

umbrella-shaped summits to the sky, and almost meeting above, cast their shadows over the entire width of the stream, and contribute to render the scenery along the river romantic, picturesque and beautiful beyond description. While the view by daylight is beautiful, novel and picturesque, and by moonlight sombre and weird-like, yet nothing equals the appearance which it presents, nor the impression it produces when it is traversed on a dark night, lighted up by the fire which burns on the deck of the steamer which ploughs its way up its narrow and tortuous course. The vista is dark, deep and gloomy, while the cypress swamps around, shrouded in impenetrable blackness, resemble the dimly lighted vault of some old church of the middle ages. If at the same time the organ on the Tuskawilla be touched by some skillful hand, the solemn strains and the gloomy scenery around produce an impression upon the mind at once mysterious and solemn.

The Oklawaha takes its rise in Orange County, from Lakes Dora and Apopka, and from thence flows through Lakes Griffin, Eustis and Harris. Its largest source of supply, however, is Silver Springs Run, a beautiful transparent stream of water, nine miles in length, from where it empties into the Oklawaha to Silver Springs, which is its source. The Oklawaha is navigable for 275 miles from its mouth, and flows through a rich and fertile country, comprising Marion, Sumter and a portion of Putnam Counties, and is the highway to one of the most productive sections of the State. It is from ten to twelve feet deep, and quite rapid, while the waters are dark and muddy. The name Oklawaha is of Indian origin, and means *crooked water*, and the river well deserves the title, for it is the narrowest navigable stream in the world for its length, and is a succession of bends and turns. Sometimes the bends are less than seventy-five feet apart, and if the steamers were not especially constructed for the purpose, steam navigation along its course would be an impossibility. It was originally navigated by flat or narrow boats, which were poled up, and the problem of navigating it by steam has only been solved within the last twenty-five years.

We will now proceed to give some description of a voyage up its course until we emerge into the beautiful lakes beyond. Steaming up the river for a distance of eight miles, we reach

DAVENPORT LANDING,

Which leads back into a fertile pine land region, opened up and settled within the last four years, and cultivated in cotton and corn, and containing many thriving young

orange groves, while all the tropical fruits are easily raised here. In the neighborhood are twenty-five or thirty settlements, while the country five or six miles back rises into a hilly and healthy region. Most of the lands in the vicinity are owned by the Government, and are called homestead lands, and can be purchased for a merely nominal price, by complying with the homestead law.

Our steamer is again in motion, up a narrow stream, not more than thirty feet wide, while the vines and branches on either hand brush the sides of the vessel as it passes along. We turn a bend and enter a wider part of the river, but are soon again in the narrows, and in a short time arrive in sight of

FORT BROOKE LANDING,

Thirty-six miles from the mouth. Two miles back of this is

ORANGE SPRINGS,

A settlement so named from the sulphur spring in the vicinity, possessing fine medicinal properties, and the resort of tourists during the winter. There are two well kept hotels, one quite large containing 140 rooms. There are several fine orange groves in this neighborhood. A little higher up the river is Orange Springs landing, also leading back to the settlement of the same name. A journey of thirteen miles further brings us to

IOLA,

Some distance back of which is a thriving settlement. We pass along and next. come in sight of a high bluff, which for a moment breaks the monotony of the swamp scenery, but are soon again surrounded by forests and water. Occasionally an islet or peninsula appears covered with trees, whose trunks are enveloped in vines and creeping plants. We now pass Log Landing. Our next landing place is

EUREKA,

Sixty-eighth miles up. The vicinity is cultivated in cotton, corn, sugar cane and rice as well as oranges and tropical fruits, while further back is a rolling pine region fertile and healthy.

We leave this place and follow the course of the river, which is twenty feet wide, and reach two cypress trees so close together that the bark is rubbed off in some places by the boats passing between; our craft grazes in passing, and pursues its narrow winding course. The hands on board are now stationed at the bow, pole in hand, to assist in turning the vessel.

We steam along twisting, turning and winding through scenery of wild romantic beauty, and rounding a bend

come in sight of a bluff sixty feet high, sloping down to the water, on which is the settlement of Mr. McLure. This is called

SUNDAY BLUFF,

Seventy miles up the river, a lofty height, towering above the river. Our little steamer glides along the surface of the river, and we are again in the swamp and, turning a curve, catch sight of a natural curiosity in the shape of two cypress trees, which have inclined towards each other until they have united and form a single tree. Along the route is another freak of nature, in the shape of a double headed palmetto. Wending our way under the over-arching trees and passing a handsome cluster of palmettoes, we reach

PALMETTO LANDING,

Seventy-six miles from the mouth. We take a fleeting glance, at this and pass on. A half mile higher up is Gore's Landing, eighty-six miles up. We now come in sight of a bank six or eight feet high, but are soon again surrounded by water and woods, and six miles higher up reach Deurisosa Landing, but make no stay here, and continuing on, pass a grove of tall palmettoes on our left; and a mile further enter a reach barely wide enough for our little craft to pass, but succeed in bumping our way through. Emerging we find ourselves in a wider and more navigable part of the stream.

In this neighborhood the fishing is very fine, the river abounding in trout, bream, etc. Trout are frequently caught here weighing twelve pounds. Deer, wild turkeys, quail, etc., abound on the high lands and among the scrub oaks, while wild ducks, curlews, herons, cranes and water turtles are found in great numbers along the river banks and in the swamps.

We have now reached

LONG'S LANDING,

Ninety-three miles up the river, back of which is a thriving settlement, while in the vicinity are numerous cotton, corn and cane plantations and many orange groves. Last winter there were 50,000 oranges shipped from here. A mile beyond we come to GRAHAMVILLE, a high bluff, on which is a neat cottage. Journeying on we pass LIMPKIN BLUFF, ninety-six miles up.

Our little craft speeds along up the narrow winding river, while the crack of a rifle or the report of a pistol, leveled at some sleeping alligator, which invariably goes off unharmed, breaks the silence of the forests around. Sometimes an unoffending limpkin or water turtle is the object of the sportman's notice. Occasionally, at the re-

port of a pistol, a water turtle is seen to drop from a projecting limb of a tree into the water, and while the marksman exults in his own skill, behold he disappears *under* the water, and his long neck and snake-like head are alone seen a few minutes later, far out of gunshot. We turn a bend, pass a bluff and again bury ourselves in the swamp. We now reach a point where two streams meet, and turn to the right, where the water is as clear as crystal, and we are in

SILVER SPRINGS RUN,

Which is called the BRIDE OF THE OKLAWAHA, at the mouth of which can be seen where the clear and the muddy waters meet. Fifty yards further up we can see the bottom, which is more than twenty feet deep, as well as the whole formation of the river bed and smallest fish swimming below, and the minutest pebble, shell or fern, at the bottom.

The whole course, for nine miles up, is surpassingly beautiful. At certain places the bed of the river deepens to forty feet, at the bottom of which a five cent piece can be seen. Again large portions of the bed are covered with a luxuriant growth of waving weeds, resembling wild oats, which oscillate to and fro with the motion of the water, as fields of grain would wave at the sighing of a summer breeze. In other places the bed is free from weeds, and consists of white sand, which assumes an emerald tint, and is covered with multitudes of beautiful shells, which flash back through the clear waters the reflected rays of light, producing a shining silvery appearance, thus giving rise to the name of the run and spring beyond. In some spots the bottom resembles a sheet of chased silver, strewn with thousands of emeralds, rubies and diamonds which reflect the rays of the midday sun in all the hues of the rainbow. The whole bottom is of a delicate green tint, sometimes changing to a deep blue, and a glance below resembles a glimpse into fairy land. In other localities there are overhanging boulders of sparkling rock, forming submarine caves, caverns and grottoes, whose silvery walls appear to be covered with gems and sapphires, and whence the imagination might readily cheat itself into the belief that some water sprite or undine was about to issue forth to assert its supremacy over the fairy realms below. In these submarine caves can be seen fissures from which the water bubbles up from the bottom, producing the impression that under the river bed, exists an immense cavern, through which the water courses under ground and forces its way up and forms the river. The water is so limpid and clear

that our vessel appears suspended in air above the bottom, and it is difficult to realize that it is resting on any more substantial element. The fish are seen crossing each other's tracks, and the whole length of the run resembles a submarine street, teeming with animal life.

About five miles up we arrive at the landing of Col. Rodgers, where we find a flourishing orange grove, and one of the largest banana groves we have yet seen.

This creek flows through a rich and fertile section of country, producing grain, cotton, cane and fruit, in large quantities. We have at length reached

SILVER SPRINGS, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

After which the old war-worn Spanish leader sighed, and which he lost his life in vainly attempting to discover.

This is a beautiful circular basin of the clearest water, nearly three hundred feet in diameter. Towards the head of this basin is a circular spring, seventy feet deep, with a bottom of a deep blue color, sandy, and covered with small shells, which flash and sparkle as above described. From this spring the water boils up with immense force and velocity, and a heavy body dropped into the water when half way down, is seized by the current and whirled aside and down the stream as though it were a feather.

Fifty yards below the spring, is a semi-circular bay or cove, whose bottom is free from weeds or growth of any kind, and of a sky blue color, which is called the

LADIES' PARLOR,

While within a few feet is a *natural well* beneath the water, sixty feet deep and four feet wide at the top. The surface of the spring when undisturbed is smoother and more transparent than the finest glass.

SILVER SPRINGS SETTLEMENT

Is spread out at the head of the spring, and consists of a dozen houses, a store, and a hotel, kept by Mrs. Rodgers. The settlement is the depot for

OCALA,

The county seat of Marion County, and an incorporated town of one thousand inhabitants, containing twenty-five stores, a fine hotel, the Ocala House, capable of containing one hundred and fifty guests, a white and a colored school, and two colored churches. It also boasts a well conducted daily paper, edited by Mr. F. E. Harris, called the *East Florida Banner*.

Between Ocala and Silver Springs, a tramway six miles long is in course of construction. This town is the outlet of the whole belt of country twenty miles around, and of

MARION COUNTY,

Which is a cotton and cane producing section, while fruit is also raised in considerable quantities. Last season there were shipped from this county seven thousand bags of long staple cotton by this route. Corn is plentiful and cheap, the current price being from twenty-five to thirty cents per bushel. The country is high, well drained and fertile, abounding in cool clear springs of good drinking water, and admirably adapted to white farm labor. The health of the neighborhood is excellent.

Leaving Silver Springs we proceed down the river and re-enter the Oklawaha by sweeping around a bend, and immediately, as if by the touch of a magician's wand, the waters resume their dark and turbid appearance.

We next pass *Sharpe's Ferry*, the crossing place of the road between Ocala and Volusia, on the St. John's River, and continue our journey on the Tuskawilla, under the care of Capt. Arthur Edwards.

We have now reached an opening, where on our left is an immense field of water flags or bonnet plants, terminating in a splendid row of palmettoes, behind which again rise cypress and other trees, of a still taller growth, This is called PALMETTO PATCH.

We at length emerge from the wooded swamp and bid it a final adieu. What the river has lost in picturesqueness and beauty of scenery it has gained in novelty, while the vision so long confined is free to roam to its widest range. Northerners are especially attracted by this portion of the river. The stream has assumed the appearance of a narrow and crooked canal, winding and twisting like a serpent through wide and unbroken fields of water cresses, which cover the surface of the water on either side of the river. This is the prairie country.

The bonnet plants completely cover the surface of the open swamp with their broad flat leaves, and the surface of the prairie country is as smooth as a newly mown hay field. This prairie extends along the river's edges for a distance of sixty miles, the edges of the prairie being walled on either side a quarter of a mile back of the stream by forests of cypress and palmetto trees.

We wend on our way and pass a solitary tree called *Lone Oak*, and continue on, the river by moonlight resembling a silver thread winding through an immense and interminable green field. We now stop at *Lake Ware* landing, one hundred and twenty-five miles up the river, and leading back to

LAKE WARE,

In Marion County. This lake is nearly circular and varies in width from five to nine miles, and is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills from forty to sixty feet in height, while the surrounding country is high, rolling and salubrious. The settlement along its shores is only six or seven years old, and consists principally of Northerners who own numerous young orange groves in the vicinity. It contains three stores and more than four hundred families. It is proposed to connect the lake with the landing by a canal three miles in length. We resume our journey and next stop at

MOSS BLUFF,

On the east side and one hundred and twenty-eight miles up. The country for fifteen miles back of this is well settled, chiefly by natives. The productions are corn, cotton, cane, oranges, and other fruits. Large shipments were made from this place last season. We speed on through the prairie and pass

STARK LANDING

On the east and sixteen miles up. This section is chiefly cultivated in cotton and cane, though there are some fine orange groves in the vicinity. Our next stopping place is

SLIGHVILLE,

Which leads back to one of the most fertile regions along this river, and takes its name from the gentleman settled here, who owns a large tract of land and an orange grove of fourteen acres, containing one thousand two hundred trees, which will yield this season one hundred thousand oranges. The estates of several wealthy gentlemen from Alabama and Georgia, are also under his care. There will be from twenty-five to thirty millions of oranges shipped from this vicinity during the winter. The country is also largely planted in corn, cotton and cane. The river from Stark Landing to Slighville is perfectly straight, and from one hundred to two hundred yards wide. Leaving this place, we soon after enter

LAKE GRIFFIN,

A fine expanse of water, ten miles long, and from four to five miles in width, and one of the sources of the Oklawaha, which flows through it. The entire shore is planted in orange and fruit groves. We will mention some of them as we pass along the shores. On the edge of the lake is the *Whitehall* grove, the property of Dr. Bouknight. The handsome dwelling is almost hidden from

view by the orange trees. Mr. Hobson's grove of six acres is on a fine situation on the western shore, on which is a fine residence. Beyond is the six acre grove of Mr. Wilbers, and further on we reach Col. Lanier's fine residence and grove, fronting the lake, from which will be shipped this winter four hundred guavas. We next pass Mr. Allen's estate, containing a grove of four hundred and fifty orange trees, and a handsome residence on a bluff sixty feet above the water. and considered the finest situation on the lake. Further south is the property of Mr. Reeve, who owns a young orange grove of ten acres, containing also a few lemon trees. We have now reached

LAKE GRIFFIN LANDING

And postoffice, and passing on come to Mr. J. E. Borden's orange grove of five acres and banana plantation, with a few pine apples on it. Next in order is the residence of Mr. Bishop, and also his grove of about twenty acres; while beyond is Dr. Fretwell's grove of ten acres, and also his handsome residence on a high bluff. Beyond is Dr. Bouknight's grove, already noticed, and south of this Mr. Chaplin's residence, on a high hill, near which is a young seedling grove of six acres. Near by is Mrs. Edwards' place, and in the vicinity Capt. Edwards' young grove. Further on is the property of Mr. James Condray, who owns a small grove on the lake front. Judge Gross' grove of five or six acres next strikes the eye of the traveler, who has at length reached

LEESBURG,

On the north side of the lake, and on a peninsula between Lake Griffin and Lake Harris. It contains about thirty-five dwellings, six stores, and a good hotel that can accommodate fifty people, and kept by Mr. Lee.

In the neighborhood are some very extensive orange groves, ranging in value from $5,000 to $40,000. All tropical fruits are here largely cultivated. From Mr. Harris' place will be shipped this year five hundred pine-apples.

Lands can be purchased here at from $2.50 to $5 per acre. In the vicinity are two flourishing orange groves owned by the Messrs. Lee, after whom the place is called. Our little steamer is again in motion, and we next arrive in sight of

ORANGE BEND,

As it is called, along which is a line of orange groves of more than ninety acres, and a mile and a quarter in length. From this bend last season were shipped a half

million of oranges. On the north is an island surrounded by palmettoes, on which is the five acre grove of Messrs. Lovell & Adams. We next enter

HAINES' CREEK,

Which connects Lake Griffin with Lake Eustis. The first landing place is

LOVELL'S LANDING,

Near which is Mr. Harris' grove. Messrs. Lovell & Vail also own a large grove here, and last season shipped one hundred thousand oranges. On the creek are several other fine groves. The grove of Mr. Alserbrooks, opposite the landing, yielded last year three hundred thousand oranges. The situation of this settlement is very picturesque, the dwelling being set back among the pines. Leaving the creek we enter

LAKE EUSTIS,

Very nearly circular, and eight miles in diameter, the shores consisting entirely of pine growth. The first landing on this lake is

FORT MASON,

Where are found a lumber mill and store, owned by Mr. Owens.

This will be the present terminus of the projected railroad from Lake George to Lake Eustis, the distance being only twenty-three miles. This is called the

"ST. JOHN'S, LAKE EUSTIS AND GULF RAILROAD,"

And has a capital of $25,000, subscribed by a company from Montgomery, Ala., who have arranged to borrow in New York the balance necessary to complete the road. The total cost will be $60,000, and later it will be extended from Fort Mason, on Lake Eustis, to some point near Tampa, on the Gulf of Mexico. The road will be the highway to a rich farming country back of Lake Harris. Leaving Fort Mason we speed on and reach

PENDRYVILLE.

On the east of the lake, and containing a hotel that can accommodate forty persons. From this point there is a stage line to Sandford, on Lake Monroe a distance of thirty miles. By this route the trip can be made up the St. John's, and crossing can be continued down Lakes Eustis and Griffin and the Oklawaha. Beyond are the grove and residence of Col. Lane, of Alabama, and further on, the grove of 500 trees owned by Mr. Bryant. We now enter

DEAD RIVER,

Which connects Lake Eustis with Lake Harris. This river is about a mile long and 100 yards wide, with shores lined with immense cypresses, covered from their tops to the water's edge with grey moss. We have reached

LAKE HARRIS,

or Lake Astatula, an Indian name, which means lake of sunbeams. This is a lovely sheet of clear water, and when in repose merits the beautiful name conferred on it by the Indians. It is eighteen miles long, and varies from six to nine miles in width, and is surrounded by forests, alternating with beautiful dwellings and orange groves, while the banks slope up from thirty to forty feet in height.

Passing a grove of moss covered live oaks, we reach Capt. Haines' grove, on a lofty hill, containing twenty-five acres under orange and fruit culture, and two or three thousand pine-apple plants. Beyond is Mr. Haines' grove. At the head of the lake is the village of

YALAHA,

The Indian name for orange, a picturesque settlement on a rising slope twenty-five feet high, and containing two stores, a school-house and a church for all Christian denominations. The inhabitants number forty souls. The back country is high and healthy, containing numerous settlements. Besides oranges and tropical fruits, sugar cane, corn, potatoes, etc., are raised here. Numerous families from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Virginia are located in this vicinity and engaged in the orange culture. One party last season shipped 100,000 oranges. Behind the village is a high hill, from which can be seen five lakes—Griffin, Eustis, Harris, Dora and Apopka—the sources of the Oklawaha River. The wild orange grows luxuriantly here, and is indigenous to the soil, and one grove of sour orange trees here contains twenty-seven acres. The whole neighborhood is quite healthy, there being hardly any frost here, not enough to injure the guava, the most sensitive of all fruits to its effects. The railroad being built from Lake George to Lake Eustis will also tap this country. Passing down the lake, we catch a glimpse of Mr. Eady's grove and residence. Across the lake, on the northern shore, is one of the finest groves in this section, that of Col. Marshall, who will ship this season more than 2,000,000 oranges, while on his place all tropical fruits are found. We next note Dr. Gaston's grove, and then reach Judge Stone's residence and grove, on one of the handsomest sites on the lake shore. The dwelling is on a hill 200 feet high, which

commands a fine view of the lake, Leesburg and the surrounding country. The grove contains 800 trees.

We now pass Mr. Hooks' place, at the mouth of Opahumkee Creek. The grove contains 1,200 trees. The country back of this lake is high, rolling, hummock land, adapted to cotton, cane, grain and fruit culture, while in the interior the pine lands are studded with small, clear water lakes that swarm with fish. The new railroad will put this section within fourteen hours communication with Jacksonville. We now enter

OPAHUMKEE CREEK,

And three miles up reach the postoffice of the same name. This is the Indian name for muddy water, the character of the water of the creek. We pass a draw bridge, and continue on. To the left of the creek is a cove or circular basin and spring of the most transparent water of a deep blue color. This covers two acres, and has no bottom, and is called

BLUE SPRING,

As beautiful as the more famous Silver Spring. We now enter

LAKE DUNHAM,

The head of navigation of the Oklawaha,' on which is situated

OPAHUMKEE,

A settlement containing about a dozen houses. About thirteen miles south of Yalaha is the settlement of

PALATKAHA,

Which is a fertile grain section, from which the lake settlers obtain their corn, and which they call their Egypt.

We now return into Lake Harris, on our way back. On the western bank we pass the grove of Mr. Thatcher S. Johnson. The next is the young grove of Mr. J. F. McLendon, three miles from Leesburg, on which are some very fine lemon trees. This estate will ship this year 50,000 oranges. Viewed from the water it is one of the most picturesque settlements on the lake. Separated from this, by a strip of woods, is the grove of Mr. T. R. Milam, and also another grove near the water front. We now pass Col. Marshall's place, before mentioned, valued at $30,000. The situation of the dwelling is excellent, and there is a fine avenue, forty feet wide, sloping down from the piazza steps to the water's edge. On the adjacent bluff is Dr. A. A. Stivender's grove, of sour orange trees, twenty-seven acres in extent. These will all be budded in time.

This vicinity may be called the garden spot of Florida, and is one of the most romantic and beautiful in appear-

ance. On the eastern shore of the lake is Capt. A. J. Phares' place, on a bluff thirty feet high. The grove contains 1,000 orange and 400 lemon trees, while tropical fruits of every description are cultivated. In the grove is a curiosity in the shape of a sour orange tree, which has been freely budded, until it bears seven different kinds of fruit—the citron, lime, lemon, sweet and sour orange, grape fruit and shaddock. East of this is the estate of Dr. Drake, one of the most fertile on the lake. The residence is a tasty low structure, with a high pitched roof, and situated in the midst of the grove, which contains 500 trees, while every variety of tropical fruit is raised here, and along either side of the avenue is a hedge of pine-apples. This fruit arrives at great perfection here, and is as mellow and juicy as a pear.

Adjoining we find Mr. Paget's place, which is beautifully laid out in walks diverging from the house like the radii of a circle. The grove contains 500 orange trees and other tropical fruits. We next come to Grecian Bend, the property of Mrs. C. B. Drake, with a young orange grove on it, and adjacent to this Mr. Cottrell's small grove of young orange trees. In the neighborhood is the grove of Dr. J. Marion Sims, and next Pine Solus, the property of Mr. C. W. Spicer, while further on is Bendemere, owned by Mr. W. A. Hucker, of Virginia, on which place is a handsome cottage. Next in order is Dr. Thomas' small grove, and last comes Mr. Joiner's property.

There is no more beautiful and romantic trip anywhere in Florida than this one up the Oklawaha, Silver Springs, and Lakes Griffin, Eustis and Harris, the Lake of "Sunbeams." The last is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in all Florida, while the shores and surrounding country are lovely and picturesque in the extreme. The air is soft and bland, the nights are cool and bracing. Along the shores of the lake water fowl of all descriptions, are found among which are the white crane, heron, grey and white curlew and the beautiful pink curlew, while in the country are numerous flocks of wild parrots of brilliant plumage, which are easily domesticated. The settlers are genial, hospitable and courteous, and extend a warm welcome to all new comers.

We must now bid adieu to the "Land of Flowers," of sunny skies, and soft and balmy breezes; of noble rivers, romantic streams, silver springs, and lovely lakes; of magnificent forests, of the evergreen, oak, and cypress; of the woodbine and jessamine; of orange groves and flower gardens; of tropical fruits and birds of the brightest plumage—a land where nature assumes her most pleasing and smiling aspect, and where she is robed in her most beautiful and gorgeous attire.

APPENDIX.

The favorite route to Florida by water is from Pier 27, New York, where the fine and popular line of steamers, of which Mr. Geo. W. Quintard is President, leaves twice a week. A voyage of fifty hours brings them to Charleston, S. C., and upon their arrival passengers are transferred to the splendid steamers of the Florida line, which will be found at the wharf awaiting their arrival. Pleasure seekers or invalids will find this route the most agreeable and attractive, and less expensive than any other. It is the only route by which the beautiful scenery of the lower St. John's River can be viewed. Those traveling with invalids, ladies or children, will particularly appreciate the trouble and inconvenience avoided by being carried direct to their destination without change or transfer of baggage, except from one steamer to the other lying at the wharf at Charleston. A splendid new iron steamer just completed, and the finest steamer of her class ever South, and commanded by the favorite and popular officer Capt. Leo Vogel, formerly of the steamer Dictator, so well known to all Florida tourists, will soon be on the route from Charleston to Florida. This steamer, built expressly for the service, splendidly fitted up with every comfort and convenience, has a table supplied with every luxury of the Charleston, Savannah and Florida markets. Passengers by this route will reach Jacksonville, Florida, the morning after their arrival at Charleston ahead of the Railroad time, and will not fail to find this route a delightful one.

The steamers proceed up the St. John's River to Palatka, stopping at all points along the route. They connect at Tocoi, on the St. John's River, with the St. John's

Steam Railway Company for St. Augustine, and at Palatka with steamers plying on the beautiful Upper St. John's River, and running to Sandford, Mellonville, Enterprise, and Indian River or the vicinity, and also with steamers to the romantic and beautiful Oklawaha River and Silver Springs. The choicest state rooms can be secured by notifying the agents at Charleston by letter or telegram. Further information can be obtained by application to Ravenel & Co., agents, corner of Vanderhorst's wharf and East Bay, Charleston, S. C.

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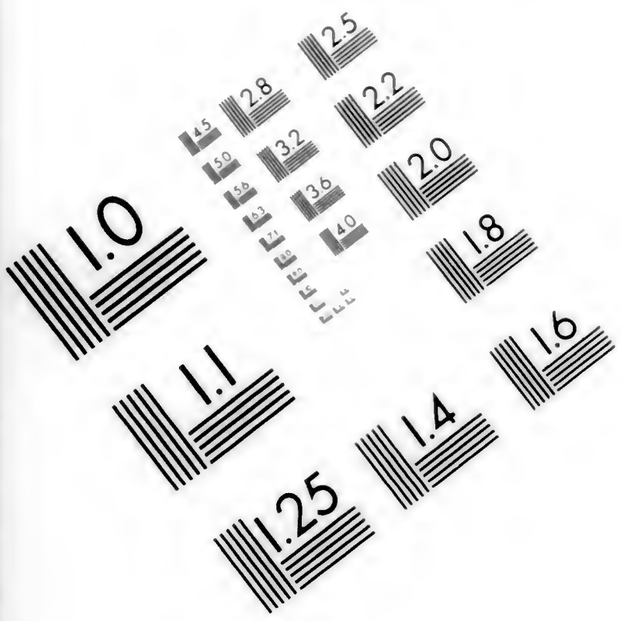

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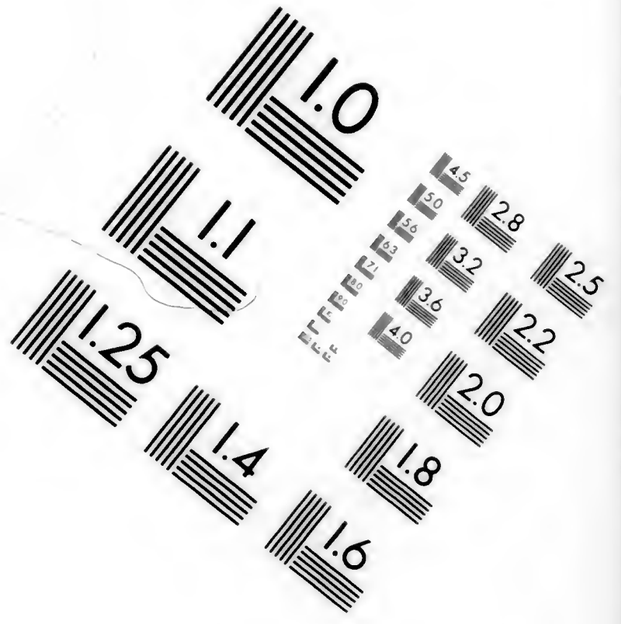

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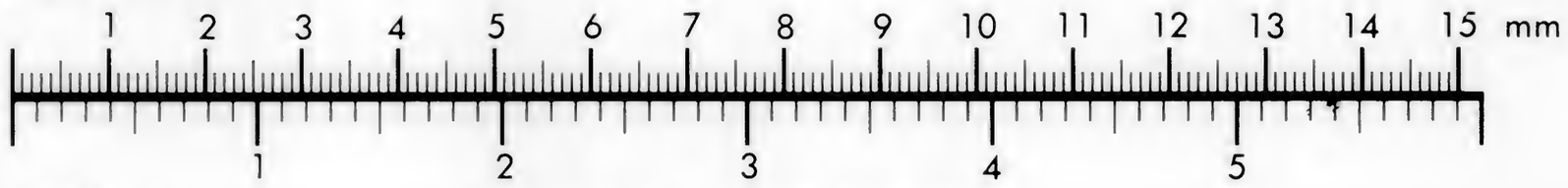

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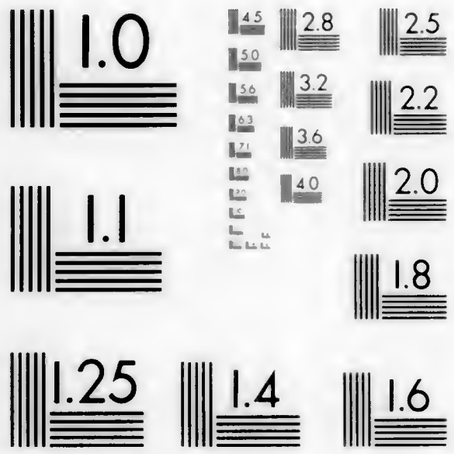

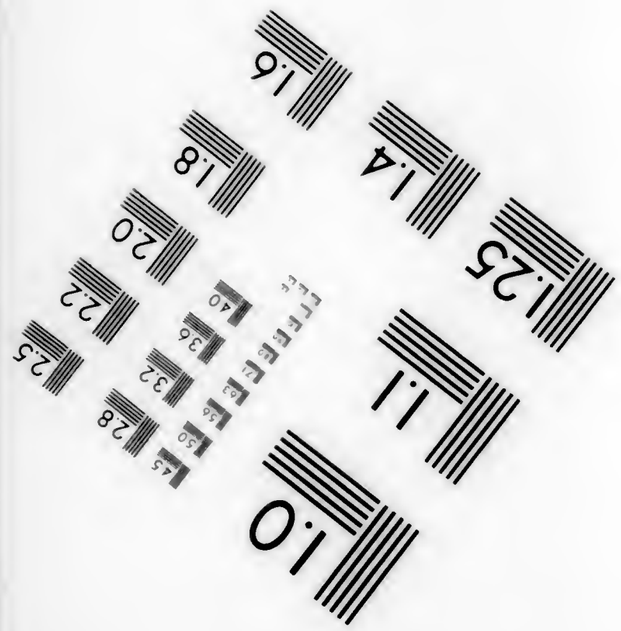

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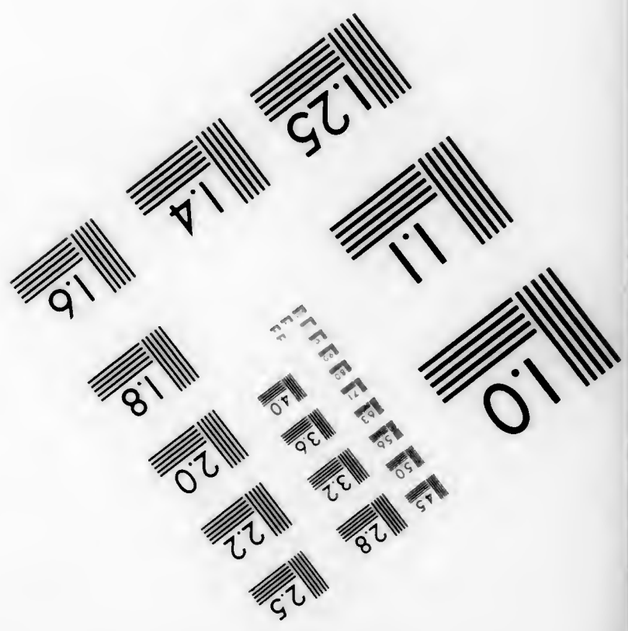

LET'S GO TO FLORIDA

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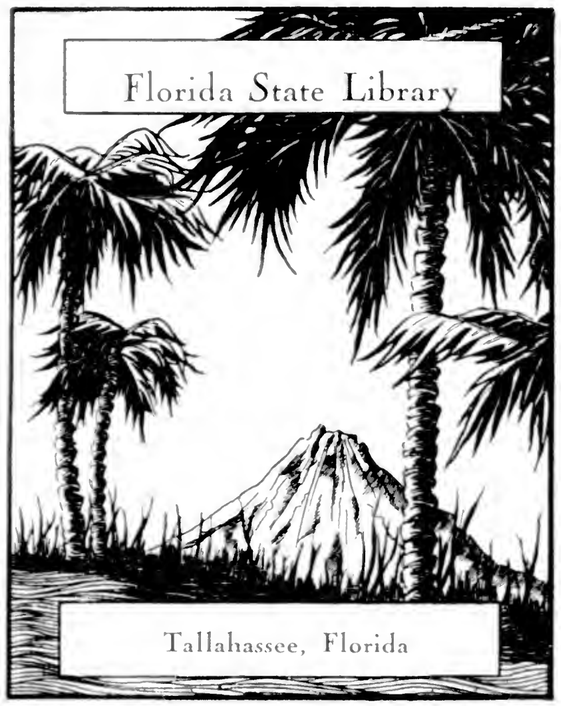

LET'S GO TO FLORIDA!

Photo. from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

FLORIDA PALMS

LOOKING TOWARD WEST PALM BEACH FROM PALM BEACH

LET'S GO TO FLORIDA!

INFORMATION FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T BEEN BUT ARE GOING, THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN AND ARE GOING BACK, AND THOSE WHO DON'T EXPECT TO GO BUT WILL

BY

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
1926

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Photo. from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

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PREFACE

THIS is neither guide-book nor gazetteer. Nothing so orderly or ambitious. It is, rather, an effort to tell what Florida is really like, in the hope that some persons, having read it, will decide to act on the suggestion contained in its title. No attempt is made to depict Florida as a modern Garden of Eden. The state is still in the making and has the usual faults and shortcomings of youth. But it also has its virtues and merits. The writer has sought to present each impartially, although he unblushingly confesses that a warm liking for Florida has sometimes made it difficult. Still, he believes he has hewn pretty close to the line, unconcerned with the chips.

He has drawn on a knowledge of his subject gained from more than forty years of acquaintance, and has written from the point of view of neither the Floridian nor the outsider, but as one who, born in the North, has visited the state many times and resided in it frequently for varying periods. He has eked out first-hand knowledge by recourse to the works of many writers who have preceded him on the ground; has, in fact, in the reprehensible fashion of his kind, taken what he wanted wherever he could find it.

Inaccuracies may be discovered; figures, especially, have a pestiferous way of changing between the time they are first set down and when they appear in print; and if mistakes occur in the spelling of geographical names the writer will not be surprised. Compositors and proof-readers are only human. And so, needless to say, are writers. But they needn't be ungrateful, and so the present writer hastens to acknowledge the courteous assistance afforded him in the preparation of this book by various State and municipal officials and organizations. And now, if you are quite ready,

"Let's Go to Florida!"

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CHAPTER I

FLORIDA: AN AWAKENING STATE

Florida is at once the oldest and newest state in the Union. At St. Augustine was effected the first settlement in the territory that is now the United States, and yet, despite that, Florida's development has all taken place within a mere handful of recent years. She is out of the chrysalis stage but still in the pupa. She is in the throes of growing-pains and, like anything on its way to maturity, is at once confused, self-conscious and rather awkward. It is embarrassing to discover, after having remained a grub for so many years, that you are about to develop wings!

If a commonwealth may be said to have a soul, then Florida has only recently begun to realize hers. She is still a bit incredulous. So many things happening at once are sufficient to confuse any conscious body. Ripping her way out of the pupa-case and, at the same moment, finding herself in sudden acquaintance with impulses, conscience qualms, doubts, desires and all the inner stirrings resultant on the functioning of a brand-new soul, leaves her in a sort of "Where-am-I-at?" condition. Florida is shooting up fast, physically and spiritually; so fast that she is out-

growing both her clothes and her mental equipment. Fortunately those can be enlarged, but meanwhile she is aware of the neighbors' incredulous stares and scoffings and tries to cover her embarrassment with a fine show of ease, some posturing and a good deal of noise.

Youngsters all have to undergo the process of adolescence before attaining man's estate. Every grub must remain a pupa for a time before it becomes a butterfly. Self-consciousness and awkwardness are only natural phases.

A great many persons discovered Florida, from Ponce de Léon down to Henry M. Flagler, Morton F. Plant and Mrs. Potter Palmer. But their discoveries went unacclaimed by the rest of the world. Recently Florida discovered herself, and this time it "took." She awoke to the fact that she had climate, soil, natural beauty and a lot of other things, and began to make a noise about it. If one person starts to shout, others invariably join in. Florida commenced to advertise herself and very soon every one was doing it for her. She made the snowball and the rest of the country got behind it and pushed. Now you can't see over it.

In 1920 the state's population was 968,460. Five years later it was 1,263,549, a growth of well over a quarter of a million. A census including the winter population of Florida during the season of 1924-25 would show a figure close to

2,000,000. What the combined permanent and transient population will be for the winter of 1925-26 is anybody's guess. What is certain, however, is that Florida can comfortably accommodate and maintain a permanent population of at least six millions. It seems probable that she will be doing it before many years have passed.

Florida is a pleasant place to live in. It has a delightful winter climate, is comfortable for eight months of the year and no more uncomfortable during the other four than many states much farther north. It has good soil in a vast variety of kinds, it has more days of sunshine than any other state and an unfailing and generous rainfall. As an agricultural state its future is assured by its present. A state from which a thousand, fifteen hundred, even two thousand dollars are being taken from an acre of ground doesn't have to base its self-laudations on visions. It is rich in minerals, besides, and it is fast becoming commercially important. It has no bonded indebtedness. Valuations for purposes of taxation are extremely low. It does not levy taxes on either incomes or inheritances, and by a recent act of its legislature is forever prohibited from doing so. It is only a few hours distant from the bulk of the population of the country and is easily accessible by rail, water and highway. Its markets are close at hand. Florida is operated efficiently and at little cost

without the usual mass of governmental bureaus and boards. The Governor and his cabinet are elected by popular vote and perform practically all the duties of government at an immense saving in time, labor and money.

As a place to live in, either for the winter or all the year, Florida offers more, the writer believes, than any other state. Its scenery is never magnificent, for it has no mountains, but it is frequently beautiful, always attractive. Sunshine spells health, and in Florida it is possible to live out of doors continually. Florida is a fine land to play in and a fine land to work in. One may be either a millionaire or a man of little means and still get more out of life in Florida than in most places. Necessities cost no more than in most other states, while a home in Florida costs less to build than in the North, and much less to maintain.

Since this volume is dedicated to a fair and truthful exposition of facts it becomes incumbent on the writer at about this point to say frankly that in spite of its merits and attractions Florida is not yet the perfect residential state for some persons. This is not a very hard slap, though, for the same may be said of rather more than half the states of the Union. The persons the writer has in mind are those accustomed to intellectual interests and pleasures. There are, to be sure, communities in which such persons may

find the things they crave, but as a whole Florida has not yet had time to develop her mind. She has been and still is far too busy clearing and plowing, planting and building. The same thing has been true of every state, and no criticism is implied. The improvement of the land must come before the improvement of the mind and the soil must be cultivated before the graces.

Like all states emerging from the wilderness Florida for a long while made her appeal almost solely to the sturdy and adventurous pioneer. When he had cut paths in the wilderness and made his plantings he was followed in due time and in yearly increasing numbers by a class of visitors not specially desirable as constructive citizens. This class was composed of the invalid, the poverty-stricken and the shiftless who hoped to find in Florida a cure for body or condition or qualities. For a considerable number of years the pioneer and the basker in the sun had the newer parts of the state to themselves. This may sound as though the writer were leaving out of consideration the native Floridians, but he isn't. The native-born residents of the state were few in number; not over half a million, probably, of whom practically a half were negroes. They were occupants of the northern counties almost exclusively and had little contact with the newer population. After a while the workers began to invade the state, clearing the land and planting

and building their modest dwellings, and were followed by tradesmen, artizans and others who tread on the heels of the settlers. But there was still no call to the thinker. Nor has there been until very recently. With the development of the schools and colleges Culture made a timid appearance. Culture is still far from boisterous or even assertive. In the several college towns there is to be found an atmosphere of intellectuality, and the arts and sciences hold up their heads bravely enough. And in the larger cities clubs and coteries are sowing the seeds. By and large, however, the daily paper still substitutes for the World's Best Literature and the sale of books is by no means a leading industry. Music is encouraged in many ways, and in several communities it rules in high favor. This is especially true where a considerable Latin population exists. The drama fares badly, not so much because of lack of support as by reason of Florida's situation off the main highways traveled by theatrical attractions. Theaters other than those devoted to moving pictures are few. Of moving pictures and canned music, of Sunday supplement literature and rotogravure art there is no dearth.

There are many who will take exception to the foregoing statements. It is possible that the writer will be shown numerous examples of local developments along the lines of music and drama and literature and painting. Which will please

him very much. He has been, however, speaking of the state as a whole and in general, and not of this or that community in particular. He would dislike very much to be considered disparaging of the considerable and steadily increasing number of persons who realize that intellectual pursuits and enjoyments are necessary to the well-being of a people and to the perfect development of a commonwealth.

What is lacking will come; is coming. And if those who demand these things will, instead of remaining away because they are not yet to be had in full measure, go and do their part in the encouragement of them, they will come sooner.

Florida as a place in which to invest has been written of so fully and exhaustively in the daily press and in the magazines that it seems scarcely worth while to go into the subject here. So many men far better qualified to speak with authority than is the writer have given their opinions that what the latter may say will possess little value. Still, it is possible to mention a few established facts of interest to one contemplating putting money into Florida land or Florida enterprises without assuming the rôle of sage.

Florida as an investment is not something of to-day or of yesterday. Men of discernment have been investing in the state for many years. For fifteen years past the advance in prices of Florida real estate has been steady, especially of land in

and about larger cities and towns and along the shores. Florida's growth has been never spectacular, but it has been fairly rapid and always substantial. That is true, at least, until the Spring of 1925. Even what happened then cannot fairly be said to affect the state's growth. "Booms" are ephemeral things that do not concern the investor save in that they put a temporary and largely factitious value on what he may wish to buy. When they are past the pendulum swings back, sometimes not quite all the way, sometimes a little further. Whether the present is a propitious time to invest in Florida land is a question to be answered by a more enlightened person than the writer. If the intending investor is convinced that present real estate prices nearly represent values, he will be wise to purchase now rather than later. One should rely on his convictions, whether investor or speculator. On the other hand, if he believes, as many do—the writer among them—that certain classes of real estate are now priced beyond their productive values, he can afford to wait a while and watch developments. Addressing the Florida realtors in convention in November last, Charles M. Edwards, president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, stated a recognized but too frequently disregarded truth very pithily as follows: "The mere fact that a piece of real estate can be sold at a certain figure, due to the

public state of mind, is no criterion of its true value. Any piece of real estate finds its level of sound value only when it passes into the hands of the ultimate consumer at a price which can be justified by earnings."

It is improbable that the pendulum in this particular case will swing back all the way. Prices will always remain well above what they were in the winter of 1924-25. This is true of city, suburban, shore and acreage property. Acreage will probably more nearly return to its pre-boom prices than the other classes. There is far too much of it to allow any sudden increase in value to take place.

How long the boom will last is another question. One man's guess is as good as another's. This man's guess is one more year. But when he says "boom" he means the hysterical phase of the thing; such a phase as was seen all over Florida in the months of July and August of 1925. The Standard Dictionary defines "boom" as "sudden activity or prosperity," a lamentably weak and uncolloquial definition. Any one who witnessed the Alaskan rush or the overnight birth of an oil town could do better than that on the back of an envelope with a tooth-sharpened pencil stub. If "boom" means no more than prosperity the present affair is likely to continue indefinitely. If, on the contrary, it means a sudden and hysterical activity on the part of speculators, it is,

in this writer's opinion, more likely to peter out by the summer of 1927, if not before. When it does peter out some values are going to be imaginary. At least for some considerable time.

Booms are natural. Nearly every new state has had one or more. In some cases they have been decidedly beneficial, in no case have they materially hurt the state in the long run. The worst they can do is delay the natural and substantial development by a period dependent on their length and intensity. The present boom in Florida was bound to come sooner or later, and it's just as well to have it now and get it over with. It won't affect the sane, solid growth of the state very noticeably, and it need not deter investors from putting their money into the state's lands and enterprises. They do not depend on a quick turn-over and are not looking for instant and enormous profits. Like a child with the measles, Florida will be the same Florida when the rash is gone; only a bit better for having got something unhealthy out of her system.

Florida is not particularly keen about speculators, while realizing that they are natural and even necessary phenomena, but she does hanker for investors. And she has a clean set of books to open for their inspection. She can show figures in the right columns. Florida's future as an agricultural state is assured, and she could rely on agriculture alone and still be prosperous. But

she will never have to. There are many other sound factors in her success: minerals, exports, industries, fisheries, lumber and so on. But the one big, never-failing factor is climate. So long as she has that she will prosper, and prosper amazingly, for in her climate she has what no other state has to quite the same degree of perfection and what millions of persons throughout the land want and will travel far to enjoy. An investment which is based on Florida's climate is a safe one. Thousands have found this true and thousands will yet discover it.

But, whether you contemplate buying a town lot or an acreage, don't do it with your eyes shut. You wouldn't purchase a piece of property at home, even an old barn, without looking at it. When you buy in Florida see what you're getting. Don't do your shopping by mail, no matter how attractive the offer may sound. If you can't find the time to go to Florida and see for yourself, don't buy. The Chambers of Commerce and reputable citizens are glad to advise you, but their ideas and yours may be miles apart. You may take their words as to the value of the property you are contemplating purchasing, but no Chamber of Commerce or reputable citizen knows as well as you do what sort of a home you want. If you are buying for speculation, why, that's another matter. Go ahead and take a chance. That's all real estate speculation is, anyway.

CHAPTER II

GETTING THERE

Going to Florida has become so ridiculously simple that those who must have the element of adventure in their journeying had far better remain at home and cross Main Street once or twice at the height of traffic. There was a time when making the trip to Florida called for a fair degree of daring and fortitude and a deal of patience. This was specially true of a journey all the way by rail. One performed it by a series of jumps. Having landed from one jump, the succeeding take-off was more or less conjectural. One might jump again that day or he might remain poised for several days. On one trip made many years ago the writer stayed so long in Waycross, Georgia, between trains that he has ever since felt guilty for not having paid a poll-tax. In those days roadbeds were sketchy affairs beyond Jacksonville, the little locomotives, with their huge stacks, burned wood, and all schedules were "subject to change without notice." The fuel supply for the engines was stacked beside the track. If, as sometimes happened, the woodpile wasn't where it should be, you were out of luck. Water tanks, too, had a

way of disappointing one. Sometimes they held no water. The writer still vividly recalls his feeling of helplessness when, left marooned in the heart of a cypress swamp, he watched the engine fade into the distance down the long straight track. There was, it seemed, sufficient water in the tank to take the locomotive to the next supply, but not enough to make the steam required to drag the train, too. Of course one hoped that the engineer, having refreshed the boiler, would remember the three cars left behind in the darkening forest, but there was no assurance of it. The hour or so that passed before a faint glare on the rim of the world heralded rescue was filled with anxiety and foreboding—and the discouraging predictions of a million pessimistic frogs.

One wouldn't willingly return to those conditions of transportation, of course, yet it must be acknowledged that there was a fascination in them. Uncertainty holds attraction for most of us. Then one started forth at morning not knowing where bedtime would find him, and many persons accustomed to the luxury of hair mattresses and fine linen sheets became adept in the art of sleeping curled up on a dusty red velvet car seat. As for meals—why, one simply didn't trouble to figure about those. Often enough dinner came at dusk and supper was eaten by the light of a smelly oil lamp at some ungodly hour of the early morning, the passengers' heads nod-

ding sleepily above their grits and biscuits and cane syrup. But what a heartening camaraderie was engendered by the tribulations of the journey! Talk about the friendships formed on shipboard—Shucks, a trip from New York to Tallahassee in the old days had an ocean voyage beat right from the start! Adventure made for equality, a three-hour delay at a junction was as good as a formal introduction. And, speaking of junctions, what has become of them all? One used to reach a junction every so often, if memory serves, and, having reached it, waited. What one waited for was not always clear, but wait one did. Had they been placed a bit closer together it would have helped, for there was always food of a sort to be purchased at them; oranges if no more. Some one—doubtless a scientist—has said that odors remain in the memory longer than sights. Perhaps they do. At all events the writer's most vivid recollection of several trips to Florida in the early days is concerned with the mingled smells of oranges and burning fatwood.

There are three ways of reaching Florida today; three if we exempt walking and flying; by train, by boat, by automobile. By train the time from New York to Jacksonville is thirty hours, to Miami thirty-six hours, to Tampa forty hours, to Key West fifty-one hours. From Detroit the time to Jacksonville is thirty-five hours by "The

Flamingo." The "Dixie Limited" and the "Dixie Flyer" go down from Chicago and St. Louis and connect with East and West Coast points. From New York run the "Havana Special," the "Everglades Limited"—the latter in two sections, one of which starts from Boston—the "Florida Special," making but one passenger stop between Richmond and Jacksonville and serving the East Coast as far as Miami, the "Florida Gulf Limited"—a de luxe flyer—the "West Indian Limited," the "Palmetto Limited" and the "Florida Mail."

From the West, besides the "Flamingo" and the "Dixies," are the "Seminole Limited," the "Floridian," the "Suwanee," the "Southland" and the "Land of the Sky Limited," the latter running between Cincinnati and Jacksonville by way of Asheville, North Carolina. Perhaps there are still others. Not much like the old days the writer has been reminiscing about!

Railroad fares from some of the principal points to Florida follow. One way, New York City to Jacksonville, $36.55; to Tampa, $44.15; to Miami, $49.72; Chicago to Jacksonville, $38.95; Detroit to Jacksonville, $38.90; St. Louis to Jacksonville, $33.93.

Proving, of course, the superiority of St. Louis as a place of summer residence, since from it Florida can be reached at a saving of more than two and a half dollars!

The writer would like to be able to say that the journey from, say, New York to Florida is one of unalloyed pleasure. Occasionally it may be, but generally it's a bit monotonous as to scenery—you know how railways love to go through the most uninteresting sections of a state and how they almost never enter a city save by way of the slums—and extremely dirty as to atmosphere. This applies mainly to the southern portion of the trip. Unless there has been a recent and abundant rain one exhausts the towel supply in the Pullman long before his destination is reached, and that without encouraging evidences of bodily cleanliness. Of course a certain amount of dust and soft coal smoke is to be expected, but Southern railroads, in the opinion of one occasional traveler, are much too generous in the distribution of those things. On a hot day travel south of Mason and Dixon's line is likely to prove a sharp reminder of what lies ahead of us if we don't behave ourselves!

Florida railroads mean well beyond a doubt, but they haven't quite discovered that the war is over; the Civil War, that is; and roadbeds and equipment are still far from the sort calculated to win prizes at a state fair. Some of the roads —one in particular, and the writer would love to name it right out in meeting!—seem to be just a wee bit aggrieved over the growth of the state and the consequent necessity for improvements.

Oh, they're doing things, but they're doing them late and almost, one might say, on compulsion. However, all things come to him who waits, and even a Florida train gets there eventually. From this latter cruel jibe you may jump to the conclusion that the thirty-hour "Limited" doesn't always arrive in exactly thirty hours, or the forty-hour "Flyer" in forty. Well, it's your jump; and they don't. Schedules are one thing and performances are another. Single tracks instead of double, obsolete signal systems, dirt ballast and antiquated rolling equipment pertain to many railways and account in part for failures to make schedule times.

And there may be another reason. The writer advances it for what it's worth. The southern engine is equipped with an extremely powerful and raucous whistle which it takes almost childish pleasure in sounding. It is a painful, earsplitting soprano of a whistle, and is warranted to bring one from sound slumber at the distance of a mile. Now whistling is, it is understood, performed by forcing a current of steam through a tube. Well, doesn't it stand to reason that if an excess amount of steam is devoted to arousing passengers from sleep there is a consequent lack of it for making the wheels go round? Remember the Mississippi River steamboat that stopped whenever she whistled for a landing? Well, there you have the writer's theory, which is that south-

ern engines spend so much steam whistling that they haven't enough left in their boilers to get where they are going on time. Of course a certain amount of whistling is necessary, especially on roads which would almost rather go into bankruptcy than erect a warning device at a grade crossing, but it can be vastly overdone. If you don't believe it travel across Florida.

If you are a fair-to-good sailor, and don't mind spending another day or so en route, the steamers offer pleasanter conveyance. You have your choice of several lines, all of which seem more or less willing to accept your patronage. You will, probably, miss the courtesy shown passengers on trans-Atlantic boats, but since your trip is brief you can do without it. With the increase of competition in coastwise territory it is quite likely that patrons of the steamship lines will note a corresponding increase in affability on the part of the Mighty Ones who have it in their power to sentence you to an inside, lower deck stateroom over the screw, or to one amidship and outside on the promenade deck.

The Clyde Line runs boats from New York to Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., and from New York direct to Miami. Boats in the Jacksonville service sail from New York on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:00 P.M., due at Charleston two days later and at Jacksonville the forenoon of the third day. Sailings for Miami

are on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3:00 P.M., due to arrive in Miami early in the morning on Saturdays and Tuesdays. With one or two exceptions the boats are new, the "Seminole," "Cherokee" and "Mohawk" having been launched within the past year. These are sister ships of 8,140 tons displacement, 402 feet long, 54 feet beam, carrying 446 passengers each. They have excellent deck room, something missing in the older boats, and glass-enclosed promenades and deck verandas in addition to the usual lounges. The minimum fare from New York to Jacksonville is $36.54 on all boats, which fare includes a berth in an inside room on the lower deck. Berths in other locations cost from $2.25 to $9.25 extra. Suites with double bed and private bath may be had for $17.00 and $20.00 extra, according to location. For these at least two tickets must be purchased. On the "Seminole" and her sister ships one may even spend $47.41 extra for a suite of parlor, bedroom and bath. If you are traveling alone and don't crave the society of a stranger, you may pay two fares and have a stateroom or bedroom to yourself.

The fare to Miami from New York is $49.71, minimum, and beyond that you may go as high as $76.71. It does seem that the extra cent might be knocked off, but there's doubtless a reason.

On all boats children under two years of age are carried free but are not entitled to seats at

the dining table. From the age of two to five children pay a small charge for meals. That is, the parent does. A child between five and twelve is charged half-fare; above twelve full fare. One steamer trunk not exceeding thirteen inches in height may be placed under a lower berth. Dogs, irrespective of height, are not allowed in staterooms but must be either housed in crates or muzzled and leashed. They are then confided to the care of the Chief Steward, a gentleman with an apparent aversion for being bitten. We are informed that "the same general regulations apply to birds, cats and other pet animals." Probably, however, the matter of the muzzle is waived in the case of canaries.

Automobiles are carried at the rate of $2.32 per hundred pounds from New York to Jacksonville and at the rate of $3.73 per hundred from New York to Miami, released. Insurance may, however, be purchased. Reservations should be made well in advance of sailing date. Touring cars must have tops folded down and will be accepted on any boat. Closed cars can be handled on certain boats only, wherefore it is well to make inquiries regarding car shipment very early in the game.

The Merchants and Miners Transportation Company operates four steamers between Baltimore and Jacksonville, Fla., three between Philadelphia and Jacksonville and one between Phil-

Photo. from Brown Bros.

IN MIAMI

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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IN MIAMI

adelphia and Miami. All boats save that for Miami touch at Savannah, Georgia. Baltimore sailings are made Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays; Philadelphia sailings, Wednesdays and Saturdays. For Miami the steamer sails every ten days. Baltimore boats sail at 6:00 P.M. and arrive at Jacksonville 7:00 A.M. on the fourth day. Philadelphia boats sail at 4:00 P.M. and arrive at Jacksonville 7:00 A.M. of the fourth day. Boats for Miami sail at 4:00 P.M., arriving at 7:00 A.M. of the fourth day. Minimum one-way fares are as follows: Baltimore and Jacksonville, $30.96; Philadelphia and Jacksonville, $34.38; Philadelphia and Miami, $46.48. Winter excursion rates are from about five to seven dollars under the price of two one-way fares, and have a return limit to June 15th. Regulations as to preferred space, children, baggage, automobiles are about the same as on other lines.

The Pacific Steamship Company's Admiral Line runs the "H. F. Alexander" from New York to Miami direct on a forty-eight hour schedule. This boat, 525 feet in length, accommodates 585 first cabin passengers and offers ocean-liner comforts and luxuries. Sailings are made every ten days. The minimum fare is $60.00.

The Savannah Line of the Ocean Steamship Company offers an excellent service from Boston and New York to Savannah, Georgia, with sail-

ings from Boston on Tuesdays and Saturdays and from New York on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The fare from Boston is $36.65, from New York $30.38. The freight rate on automobiles from Boston is $2.09 per hundred pounds, from New York, $1.98. An added charge of $1.00 per car is made for wharfage at Savannah. The time between Boston and Savannah is four days, between New York and Savannah, three days.

At Savannah railroad connections for Florida points are convenient. One or two days spent in that city before continuing the trip will, however, add enjoyment. It is a pleasant city, chock-full of historical interest but modern enough to satisfy the exacting demands of the visitor.

The American Line will probably have one boat at least in service between New York and Miami by the time this is being read.

Another thoroughly enjoyable method of reaching Florida is to take a Mallory Line steamer from New York to Key West, returning to the East Coast by railway or reaching the West Coast by one of the Peninsular and Occidental Line boats to Tampa. The voyage to Key West takes four days, and under ordinary weather conditions is a most pleasant and interesting one. The traveler can do worse than to pause a day or so at Key West before seeking the mainland again. The fare to Key West is $36.00.

Florida may be reached from New Orleans by

boats of the Gulf and Southern Steamship Company, sailing twice weekly.

For the owners of shoal draft boats, either motor or auxiliary, a cruise to Florida by the Inside Route is a pleasurable adventure. A craft drawing four feet or less can make the trip all the way to the Bay of Florida inside of land or reef protection, excepting for one open stretch below Beaufort, N. C. From Barnes Sound to Key West the navigator may keep his course north of the Upper Keys as far as Bahia Honda or he may go by way of Hawk Channel, to the south. Distances are as follows: New York to Jacksonville, 1,185 miles; Jacksonville to Key West, 538 miles; total, 1,723 miles. These distances are, however, subject to constant shortening as old channels are dredged and new ones opened. From New York to Jacksonville the trip requires from twenty to thirty days. The course is well buoyed and marked, but owing to the shifting of sands because of tidal or current influence, care should be exercised. Charts and sailing directions may be obtained for the whole distance.

The confirmed motorist will, of course, prefer to reach his Florida destination over the highways, and, when all is said, perhaps that is the best way to make the journey. Certainly it is to be preferred to traveling by rail so long as time is not a serious consideration. The writer has

tried all methods and speaks from experience. Every year witnesses a notable improvement in highway conditions, and the day is not far distant when the motorist will be able to roll all the way from New York to Key West over hard pavement. At present there are many stretches of dirt, ranging from bad to good, yet these, save after protracted spells of bad weather, are nothing to worry about. Detours you will find, of course; these, like the poor, are always with us. And some of them, like the poor, are *poor!* But they are growing scarcer each year. It is no longer any trick to make the journey from New York to Jacksonville in five days, although that time is a bit too brief for enjoyment. A six-day schedule leaves one better off as to hotels and allows one to finish the day's run before dark. The distance is approximately twelve hundred miles, and, of course, if you're that sort, you can cut that time down considerably by punishing the driver, disregarding traffic rules and taking chances. It is best, though, to allow for unforeseen delays and not promise yourself to get to the end of the journey at any specific time on any fixed date. If you're in an almighty rush, you'd much better take the train.

From New York your route, whichever you select, lands you ultimately at Richmond, Va. From Richmond you travel by way of South Hill, Clarksville, Oxford, Durham, Greensboro, Charlotte, Spartanburg, Greenville, Hartwell, Athens, Madison, Macon, Perry, Tifton, Valdosta to Lake City, Fla.

An alternate route preferred by many—the writer amongst them—is from Durham to Columbia, Augusta, Macon and as above to Lake City.

From Detroit and Chicago use the eastern and western branches of the Dixie Highway respectively. The first goes through Cincinnati, Lexington, Mt. Vernon, Corbin, Barbourville, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Perry, Tifton, Valdosta, Lake City. The second goes to Danville, Terre Haute, Evansville, Clarksville, Nashville, Monteagle, Chattanooga and on as above. From Lake City, which is the more western of the two main gateways into Florida, the East Coast traveler crosses to Jacksonville, while those on their way to the West Coast or The Ridge continue south to Gainesville, Ocala and so on. Highways within the state will be dealt with later. Some of them will be dealt with severely, since they need it.

Having reached Macon, Ga.—and a most desirable place it is to reach, too—the East Coast traveler has the option of sliding down to Jacksonville by way of Waycross.

California visitors travel by way of Yuma, Douglas, El Paso, Dallas—but what's the use? No patriotic Californian would go to Florida. Besides, he'd miss his morning earthquake.

CHAPTER III

FLORIDA UNDER THE SPANISH—

THIS chapter and the following may contain nothing not already known to you, in which case you are cordially invited to pass them over. In the event, however, that you are not acquainted with the occurrences which resulted in the Florida of to-day, or that they are no longer fresh in your mind, it will be well for you to clench your hands and take the dose. It isn't very bitter. Even a slight knowledge of the history of the state, if kept where you can get at it, will make the balance of the volume of more interest to you, and when you come to Florida—as it is hoped you will sooner or later—it will add understanding to your pleasure. You will, for instance, take more zest in seeing the old narrow streets of St. Augustine if, in your mind, you can picture them filled with a colorful coming-and-going of Spanish cavaliers, swashbuckling sea-rovers, negroes, Indians, and, swaying in their gilded palanquins, those ladies "deservedly celebrated for their charms." Pensacola's old fortifications and the Spanish names to be read on its street corners will have more interest for you if you know something of the "whyfor." The many

mounds to be found from one end of the state to the other will mean more to you if you are able to recall a little of the story of those who built them, and the queer, vowel-filled names of rivers and lakes and towns will say something more to you than just "Matanzas" or "Miccosukee" or "Withlacoochee." Besides, consider the advantage you will hold over your traveling companion who, having skipped this chapter and the next, believes Ponce de Léon to have been the first proprietor of a famous hotel and Gasparilla a spring tonic!

The history of Florida is rich in romance, its discovery, conquest and settlement a colorful picture. Prior to its possession by the United States in 1821, the standards of three kingdoms waved over it. The world-old lure of gold brought the first adventurer to its shores in the person of Juan Ponce de Léon, who, having conquered Porto Rico for Spain, had been made its governor and had managed to do very well for himself. According to the natives, there lay to the north a wonderful country called Bimini wherein, besides much gold, was a spring possessing the power to restore youth to him who immersed in it. In fact, the legend seems to have gone even farther than that and guaranteed eternal juvenility to the fortunate bather. The spring was supposed to be the source of an equally marvelous river which flowed to the sea and which, in the

belief of the Spaniards who heard the tales and carried them back to Spain, could be no other than the Jordan of Biblical fame. At the beginning of the sixteenth century a Fountain of Eternal Youth was a small morsel to swallow, and Ponce de Léon's credulity was not strained in the least. If, however, he hadn't lost his job as Governor of Porto Rico about that time it is likely that he would have left the discovery of the famous fountain to another. Perhaps time hung heavy, perhaps playing second-fiddle to Diego Columbus, his successor in favor, went against the grain, or perhaps the old spirit of adventure reawakened. In any case, he obtained from his King a patent of discovery and duly set forth for Bimini.

To say that Ponce de Léon had in view mainly the finding of the Fountain of Youth is merely a pleasing assumption. Without doubt the quest for that fabled wonder was part of his plan during his first expedition, but as he was then but forty-two years of age, healthy and vigorous, it is not likely that he felt any consuming personal interest in it. If there had been no rumors of gold in Bimini it is very doubtful that he would have financed the adventure. However, on the occasion of his second attempt he appears to have been animated by more altruistic sentiments, for he wrote to the King: "I now return to that island, if it please God's will, to settle it . . .

that the name of Christ may be praised there and your Majesty served with the fruit that land produces."

Ponce de Léon's patent was received in 1512, but a delay ensued and it was not until a year later that he finally sailed from Porto Rico with three caravels. On April 2nd of that year he landed on the coast of what is now Florida well below the mouth of the St. John's River, and six days later took possession of the "island" in the name of the King of Spain. The natives, though, didn't cotton to the King, nor, it seems, to Juan, for they made it pretty hot for the little party, and, after spending nearly two months along the coast—it is doubtful if he ever got very far away from it—the explorer headed homeward without having found either the Fountain of Youth or any sign of gold. He had just about as much chance of discovering the latter as the former, since Florida is one of the few states of the Union whose geological formation prohibits the existence of that interesting metal!

Ponce de Léon made his second attempt in 1521. During the intervening eight years he had worked at his trade of soldiering in the process of converting the Caribs to the Catholic religion and to allegiance to the King of Spain; a task to which he applied himself with courage and diligence. He had also found time to visit Spain and play the rôle of Florida's first "booster," giving

such an enthusiastic account of the land that the King came across with a new patent and bestowed on him the sounding title of "Adelantado of the Isles of Florida and Bimini." There is, however, no record to the effect that his Majesty gave him any more substantial aid, and so it is to be supposed that the indefatigable Ponce de Léon dipped again into his own pockets. This time he took with him four hundred soldiers, a number of priests, horses for his troops, cattle and sheep, and made a landing probably not far distant from the scene of his first effort. Once more the natives interfered with his plan of settlement and so harried the party that the attempt was again abandoned and the caravels set sail for Cuba. There is a present-day saying that once you get Florida sand in your shoes you will surely return. Perhaps the rule held good back in those times and accounted for Ponce de Léon's second arrival there. And perhaps, if there is truth in the saying, he would still have persisted and, since he was of stout heart, eventually succeeded had he not received an arrow wound in one of the skirmishes with the Indians and ultimately died from the effects. So ends the first chapter of the conquest of Florida. Ponce de Léon's practical accomplishments were nil, yet he showed the way to those later and far less admirable adventurers and supplied Florida's history with its first romantic pages, pages unsullied by crime or

cruelty. He did more than discover Florida, though, for he also named it—*Terra de Pascua Florida!* Only a Latin could have attained such a flourish. Not that much imagination was entailed, for he had sighted land on Easter Sunday, March 27, and the name of Flowery Easter probably presented itself readily enough, but the point is that he didn't turn it down in favor of Ponceland or Sand Island! Yes, we owe more to him than just the little matter of discovery. He was buried in San Juan, Porto Rico, where his tomb bears the Spanish equivalent of: "Here rest the bones of the brave Lion whose nature was greater than his name." Yes, they had the gift of words, those Spaniards!

After Ponce de Léon came Diego Miruelo, 1516, landing supposedly in what is now Pensacola Bay; Hernández de Córdoba, 1517, landing on the east coast; Alonzo Alvarez de Prieda, 1519, skirting westward and establishing the fact that Pascua Florida was not an island; Garay and Vásquez de Ayllon, 1520-1526; and then Panfilo de Narvárez, 1528. The latter, at the head of a hundred men, reached Apalache, but, being continually beset by Indians and short of food, soon retreated to the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, where he constructed rude boats and put to sea. De Narvárez and all but four of his men were drowned by the overturning of their craft. The survivors at last made their way to Mexico and

from there returned to Spain, where the treasurer of the ill-fated expedition, Cabeza de Vaca, wrote of his adventures, picturing Pascua Florida as a veritable Land of Gold.

De Vaca's tales soon reached the ears of a gentleman adventurer who had aided Pizarro in the conquest of Peru and who was now looking for new fields. This was Fernando—Hernando if you like it better—de Soto. De Soto had acquired fame and, some historians assert, fortune, and when he made known his intention to conquer this land of riches he didn't have to advertise for companions. His chief task was to refuse applicants. Nobles, peasants, soldiers, artizans, flocked to his standard, many adventurous gentlemen selling or mortgaging their estates in order to purchase interests in the enterprise. Eventually seven large and three small ships set sail for Cuba. There two more were added and sail was set for Pascua Florida. In May or June of 1539—let others settle the date—the expedition, consisting of more than six hundred thoroughly equipped men, dropped anchors in what is now Tampa Bay and was then named Espiritu Santo, and once more the royal standard of Spain was raised. Trouble at once ensued with the Indians, who, as a result of De Narvárez's visit, had no liking for visitors. De Soto took possession of a deserted native village where the present city of Tampa stands and opened negotiations with the

chief, Hirrihigua, but neither he nor any other of the chiefs encountered in the explorations would consent to a truce. Wherever the expedition journeyed it encountered only hatred and malice. Warfare was continuous, Indian and Spaniard opposing treachery to treachery and brutality to brutality. Eventually De Soto reached the land of the Apalache, in the vicinity of the present Tallahassee, where the winter was spent. Early in the spring he led his forces northeastward into what is now Georgia, and from there westward to the Mississippi. So far as Pascua Florida was concerned he had accomplished nothing save to increase the enmity of the Indians. His search for gold continued for more than three years, terminating in his death and the burial of his body in the Mississippi River. Of six hundred and twenty who had started hopefully forth with him on that quest for riches, but three hundred and eleven remained when the expedition finally reached the Gulf of Mexico and founded a settlement on the Panuco River. Unlike that other romantic adventurer, Ponce de Léon, De Soto left a trail of blood behind him, but, like him, he met death in his enterprise.

But others were ready. First, Cancello, a Dominican monk, led a number of his faith to death at the hands of the Indians. Then, in 1558, came Guido de las Bazares with many ships, supplies and men, only to encounter terrific storms that

finally spelled disaster. In 1559 Tristan de Luna explored the western part of the present state, but perfected no settlement. Doubtless there were others unknown to the historians. That as may be, Spain continued to hold title to a vast territory on which she had so far failed to establish one permanent or considerable settlement. By virtue of the discoveries of Columbus, the grant of the Pope and such expeditions as those of De Léon, De Narvárez, De Soto and others, Pascua Florida was a vast land of unknown extent that stretched from the Atlantic to approximately what is now New Mexico and ran northward to the frozen seas. To the north, however, Spain's title was contested by England as a result of Cabot's discoveries; and by France, as well, although the latter's claim was less solidly based.

Nevertheless it was France who first took steps to make good her claim. In 1562 Captain Jean Ribaut arrived at the mouth of the St. John's River, which he called the "River of May." He then coasted northward and finally began the erection of a fort near the present Beaufort in South Carolina, leaving there a handful of his men to hold it for King Charles. Ribaut then returned to France for the purpose of recruiting Huguenot colonists and a second expedition sailed for the New World in three vessels under command of René de Laudonnière in the Spring of 1564.

Landing was made a few miles up the St. John's and a log fort was built which was called Fort Caroline. The site is now known as St. John's Bluff. Meanwhile the garrison left behind at Fort Charles had deserted, put to sea in small boats which they had fashioned and, after almost perishing of hunger, been rescued by an English ship.

The new colony had troubles aplenty. The Indians, at first friendly, turned enemies, lack of food produced illness and part of the garrison mutinied. The timely visit of Sir John Hawkins with an English fleet, however, supplied them with provisions, and before their determination to return to France could be put in force Captain Ribaut arrived with his second expedition. Joy over this event was short-lived, though, for squarely on the heels of the French ships came Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, with eleven Spanish vessels, determined on the extermination of the French Protestant colony. Menéndez attacked the larger of Ribaut's ships at the mouth of the river, but they, four in number, cut their cables and made their escape. Menéndez took his flagship up the St. John's, found the French well prepared for resistance and, returning to his fleet, led it southward and debarked at St. Augustine, named so by him because of his arrival on St. Augustine's Day. Here Menéndez took possession of an Indian village, erected fortifications

and set up his banner with much pomp and ceremony.

Ribaut promptly followed and attempted an attack, but a gale of more than common intensity dispersed his ships southward. Whereupon, quite as promptly, Menéndez decided to surprise the small garrison left behind at Fort Caroline. This he did with a force of some five hundred warriors, being guided across the intervening forty miles of swamp and forest by friendly Indians. From the Spaniard's point of view the enterprise was a vast success. Of the less than two hundred occupants of the fort only a handful possessed guns; the rest were artizans, camp followers, women and children. Menéndez had no difficulty in capturing the fort nor in slaughtering nearly all the adult males. A few escaped, reached two of three small vessels lying in the river and eventually arrived safely in France. Menéndez returned to St. Augustine and "gave the Lord a thousand thanks for the great favors received."

Ribaut's fleet was wrecked along the coast to the southward, but all but a few of the party reached land in safety and started northward for Fort Caroline in two parties. The first party numbered about one hundred and fifty, and these were killed to a man close by the inlet now known as Matanzas, "Place of Slaughter." The second party appeared a few days later, mustered close

to three hundred and fifty and was in command of Ribaut himself. After a parley Ribaut offered Menéndez a ransom of 100,000 ducats in behalf of those of his men ready to surrender. Menéndez agreed and about a hundred and fifty French gave themselves up. The others retreated southward again. Those who had surrendered were offered their lives on condition that they recant Protestantism. The offer was refused and all save five were put to death, Ribaut among them. Most of the two hundred who had retreated were later captured and brought to St. Augustine where they were set to work as slaves.

The Spaniards put in a difficult winter, the Indians who had first proved friendly soon turning against the colonists and killing well over a hundred of their number as chance permitted. Many others, tiring of conditions at St. Augustine, returned to Spain or Mexico. Menéndez himself soon went back across seas to bask in the favor of his King, but not before he had seen to the erection of a new fort, Fort St. John, and the restoring of Fort Caroline. The latter he newly named San Mateo.

The news of the catastrophe to the Ribaut expedition soon reached France, and in August, 1567, Dominique de Gourgues, a gentleman of ancient family and a soldier of much renown, set forth with three ships and a force of two hundred and fifty men to avenge France. In

order to procure the wherewithal for this expedition De Gourgues sold his inheritance. He made a landing north of the St. John's, gathered a large force of Indians to him and attacked Fort San Mateo. After slight resistance the garrison fled into the forest where the Indians made short work of them. Only a few were taken alive, and such as were were haled to the scene of Menéndez's butchery and hanged. The Spaniard had left the inscription "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." De Gourgues set up a new legend above the dangling corpses: "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, thieves and murderers." He was, it would seem, not only a noble gentleman and a gallant soldier, but a master of the retort courteous. Vengeance secured, De Gourgues sailed back for France in May, 1568, unregretful, one is sure, of his lost inheritance. To have attempted an assault on the heavily fortified St. Augustine with so small a force would have been useless.

Menéndez presently returned to his followers and set about converting the Indians to Catholicism. But the natives were still antagonistic to the Spanish and the efforts of his priests met with ill success. He established a few missions, but each, because of continued depredations of the Indians, was as much a block house as a mission. Meanwhile, at home in Spain interest in the new possession fast dwindled. The expected

stores of gold and precious jewels had failed to materialize, and the King displayed scant enthusiasm for this distant and uncivilized land. Settlement continued but slowly. Nearly a score of years passed subsequent to the brief but hectic visit of De Gourgues before Florida provided a new sensation in the arrival at St. Augustine of Sir Francis Drake. Drake bore Queen Elizabeth's commission to play hob with the Spanish whenever and wherever found, and after the famous English freebooter had discovered that a settlement of Spaniards lay beyond Anastasia Island there was just one thing for him to do. So he went right ahead and did it, and did it with British thoroughness.

He captured, plundered and burned the village, and sailed merrily off with a treasure chest containing two thousand pounds.

After his departure the inhabitants returned to St. Augustine and rebuilt. Indian outbreaks were numerous and life in Florida during the next century was far from monotonous. The Indians killed the Spaniards and the Spaniards killed the Indians in retaliation. Or, maybe, it was the other way about. In 1638 an outbreak resulted in a punitive expedition against the Apalachees, and a large number of prisoners were brought back to the settlement and put to work on the forts, they or their descendants remaining as slaves for sixty years. In 1647 there were

about three hundred families in the town. In 1665 the pirate Davis made a call and the garrison retired to the woods. Davis took what he wanted, burned as much of the town as was burnable and rollicked off again.

CHAPTER IV

AND AFTER

Feeling between English and Spanish grew more bitter, and in 1676, in retaliation for the continued attack on Spanish ships by English pirates, the Spanish marched on the English colony near what is now Charleston, but, finding the defenders too well entrenched, returned without attacking. Later they sacked and destroyed settlements on Port Royal Island.

Juan Marquez Cabrera took over the government of the territory of Florida in 1650, or thereabouts, which up to that time had been vested in the Menéndez family, and in 1692 sent an exploration party to explore the western coast. As a result the village of Pensacola was subsequently founded. From the time of Ponce de Léon's first landing to 1700, close to two hundred years, Spain accomplished almost nothing in the matter of settlement. Meanwhile the English colonists in the Carolinas were prospering and increasing yearly in strength and numbers, and in 1702, England and Spain then being at war, Governor Moore of South Carolina fitted out an expedition to capture St. Augustine. It cost South Carolina six thousand pounds and resulted in the issuing of the

first paper money to appear in this country. The attack, approaching the Spanish stronghold by land and sea, laid siege to the new stone fort of San Marco, into which the townspeople had fled with their movable possessions, but after a month's investment were obliged, coincident with the arrival of two enemy ships, to retire after burning the town. Their haste was so great that they abandoned their transports, stores and munitions.

In 1718 the scene of conflict shifted to Pensacola. War having been declared between France and Spain, three ships from Mobile surprised the garrison at Pensacola and took the recently erected fort. Later it was retaken by the Spanish, and, in the following year, once more captured by the French who, unable to spare sufficient troops to hold it, burned it to the ground. When peace was restored in 1722 Pensacola was returned to Spain. Continued and growing enmity between the English and the Spanish at length resulted in the expedition of Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia against St. Augustine. Oglethorpe had been given a patent in 1732 and had built a fort at Frederica, on the Altamaha River, in territory claimed by Spain. Anticipating an offensive by the Spanish, following the failure of an effort toward arbitration, Oglethorpe led four hundred soldiers and several bands of Creek Indians against the enemy, sailing in a number of

small vessels in the spring of 1739. He captured several outposts along the St. John's River, ravaged the country around St. Augustine and finally placed three batteries on Anastasia Island and commenced the bombardment of Fort San Marco June 24th. Iron, however, proved no match for coquina stone, and the cannon balls did small damage to the defenses beyond burying themselves in the walls. One of Oglethorpe's souvenirs is still to be seen imbedded in the stone. On July 7th Spanish vessels approached and the siege was raised.

In 1762, after peace had existed for fourteen years under the treaty of 1748, war broke out afresh and the English captured Havana, cutting St. Augustine off from its base of supplies. Great Britain offered to exchange Havana for Florida and the Bahamas, the offer was accepted, and in 1763 Spain's possessions on the continent of North America passed to the enemy. Many, indeed nearly all, of the Spanish residents of Florida removed to Cuba, in some cases destroying or defacing their homes before leaving. England set to work with a will to colonize her new possession, and in 1769 the first attempt at colonization on a large scale was made by Andrew Turnbull, who brought a band of fifteen hundred Greeks to a locality some eighty miles south of St. Augustine, which he named New Smyrna, for the purpose of growing indigo. Roads were built

and both West and East Florida, into which the territory had been divided for purposes of administration, enjoyed an era of prosperity and quiet which continued until the beginning of the Revolutionary War. For that matter, the war can be said to have interfered but little with the normal life of the Floridas, for the inhabitants were almost invariably loyalists and war itself never penetrated within the borders save on two occasions. After Spain had once more gone to war with Great Britain in 1779, De Galvez, then Governor at New Orleans, led an expedition into West Florida, then composed of Louisiana and parts of bordering states, and took several fortifications. Later, in 1781, he made a second visit and took possession of Pensacola. The latter invasion constituted Spain's last act of aggression on this continent.

Having lost her other colonies in the New World, Great Britain had small use for the Floridas, and in 1783 they were ceded back to Spain. Several years later Spain passed West Florida over to France, retaining only so much of the territory as lay east of the Perdido River, the present boundary between Florida and Alabama. Then, three years later still, came the Louisiana Purchase, bringing with it the problem of where United States ownership began and Spanish ownership left off. Spain still claimed West Florida, while the United States considered it a

part of the Louisiana purchase. An effort to purchase the disputed territory met with failure. In 1810 troops were sent to West Florida to protect it from aggressions of both France and Great Britain. Subsequent to the War of 1812, the necessity of acquiring East Florida became thoroughly apparent to the United States. The territory had become the rendezvous of pirates, renegades, fugitive slaves and hostile Indians, and the Spanish Governor was utterly unable to cope with a situation which, especially during the recent war, had caused the United States infinite trouble. Consequently, on July 27, 1816, General Gaines crossed into Spanish territory and captured the fort on Amelia Island at Apalachicola. Open hostilities ensued, and a year later Andrew Jackson led his forces into the troublous territory. Near Lake Miccosukee, just over the line from Georgia, he found the fresh scalps of three hundred men, women and children. He took swift vengeance, hanging several Miccosukee chiefs, burning the village and even executing two Englishmen who he found guilty of supplying the Indians with arms and fomenting trouble. For the latter somewhat drastic action he found himself in disfavor at Washington. His conduct was disavowed, his success largely nullified and he narrowly escaped censure at the instigation of Calhoun. However, Spain was becoming fed up with her property by now, and in 1819, in payment

of damages inflicted on United States commerce estimated at five millions dollars, ceded West and East Florida to this country. Thereupon General Jackson was appointed Military Governor of the new Territory.

Trouble with the Seminoles continued. These Indians—the word Seminole means "outlaw"—must not be confused with the original native inhabitants of Florida. The latter, according to the accounts of the early explorers, were a particularly fine race, intelligent, self-respecting, dignified, and, at least before the designs of the foreign invaders became known to them, courteous and friendly. Of stalwart build, light complexion, frequently tattooed, they were an agricultural people, although when necessity called they proved themselves bold navigators and courageous fighters. The Seminoles had their origin when, in 1703, the English drove the Creek Nation from their holdings farther north and many of the Indians emigrated to Alabama and Florida. About the same time dissensions among the Alabama Indians resulted in the secession of a large number of them and their invasion of north central Florida. From the Carolinas came a scattering of Yemassees. To this mixture was added as time went on many negroes who had escaped from their masters, an occasional captive or volunteer from a surrounding tribe and a certain leavening of whites; and, also, what was left of

the native Florida Indians after their strength had been broken and their numbers decreased by the Spanish. Within the century the Seminoles were to be found in all parts of the state, and of the Florida aborigine no trace remained. The total number of these "Outlaws" at the time of Spanish withdrawal was believed to be close on five thousand, of which perhaps one thousand were negroes. Although the name of Osceola is that prominently associated with the Seminole Wars, yet it was another who prepared the ground for him. Early in the eighteenth century Alexander McGillivray, half-breed chief of the Creeks, formed an alliance with Spain to check the tide of immigration then commencing to flow into southern Georgia and Florida and, aided by the Florida tribes, waged warfare for some years against the settlers.

Doubtless fighting the Seminoles was hard enough, but think what it must have been to attempt to pronounce their names; such names as Chitto-Tusteemuggee, Catsha-Tustmuggee, Gaha-Hadjo, Hola-ata-mico, Gahaemartla-Chupko and Mokehisshelarni! No wonder the war lasted so long. It's sufficiently difficult to catch up with a foe who doesn't want to be caught up with when you are quite certain of his name and can say it nonchalantly, but imagine stopping on the march to make inquiries for Gahaemartla-Chupko! Of course G. C. would add a couple more

miles to his lead while you were struggling with his name. Sometimes a chief was amiable enough to answer to a nickname, either to whittle down the odds a bit or in the interests of economy, and Arpiuki was known as Sam Jones and Coacoochee as Wild Cat. But no matter what they were called, they didn't come, and they didn't behave, and not until 1832, after many conferences had been held between them and the government, was a treaty at last negotiated—largely by coercion—with fifteen of their number, who, as presently transpired, did not speak with authority for the balance of their tribe. By this treaty the Seminoles were to be removed, lock, stock and barrel, to a reservation in Arkansas. Two years more passed, however, before the treaty was ratified, and by that time many of the Indians had experienced a change of heart and affairs dragged along through a third year. When the government would have put the treaty into effect it was found that a large majority of the Seminoles, including the negroes, the latter particularly opposed to the plan, would have none of it. Those who were in favor of avoiding trouble with the government gathered at Fort Brooke, where Tampa now stands, while the rest, under the leadership of Osceola, prepared to resist.

Osceola—the word means Rising Sun—was the offspring of an English trader and a woman of the Red Stick tribe of the Creek Nation. Born

in Georgia, about 1800, he removed as a youth to the neighborhood of Fort King, now Ocala, Florida, and married a squaw who was a descendant of a fugitive slave. When one day Osceola took his wife to visit the trading station at Fort King she was seized and returned to slavery. Osceola, crazed with grief and anger, made desperate attempts to rescue her, but failed. Naturally, his liking for the white men was not strengthened by that incident, and he was always one of the bitterest opponents to the government plan of removal. When ordered by General Wiley Thompson to place his mark on the emigration list he instead slashed the document with his knife, and for punishment was put in chains and imprisoned in Fort King. In order to obtain his freedom he agreed to gather one hundred warriors and bring them to General Thompson to sign the paper. At liberty, however, although he gathered his warriors, it was with no intention of having them sign the emigration list, and he disappeared for some time.

Actual hostilities in the Second Seminole War began in June, 1835, when a party of Indians were apprehended butchering a stolen beeve and were flogged on the spot. Two Indian hunters witnessed the flogging and fired on the white men with the result that two Indians and one white were killed. A little later a despatch rider on his way from Fort Brooke to Fort King, the only

garrisons then maintained in the whole state, was shot to death and his body hidden in a swamp. The first considerable affair, however, came on December 28th, 1835, when regular troops to the number of one hundred and ten, in command of Major Dade, were fired on from ambush close to the Withlacoochee River, about midway between Forts Brooke and King, and exterminated almost to a man. Unaware that hostilities had begun, the command had taken no precautions beyond loading their guns, and the sudden attack of the enemy, numbering close to two hundred and led by Chief Jumper, came as a total surprise. Major Dade and about half of his men fell at the first volley. The others rallied, drove the Indians from cover and then erected a breastwork of trees from behind which they fired until the last of their number had been killed. But two members of the expedition survived. One, wounded in the first encounter, bribed his captor to release him, lay hidden in the palmetto scrub until darkness and then crawled nearly sixty miles back to Fort Brooke on hands and knees. The second survivor was a negro guide who, knowing what was to happen, absented himself from the force beforehand and remained uninjured. When hostilities began he joined the Indians and took part in the massacre.

That same day, at Fort King, Osceola struck his blow. With a score of Miccosukee warriors

he watched the fort until, after the midday meal, General Thompson and a lieutenant left it to walk to the sutler's store, about a mile distant. The Indians, concealed in the woods, fired and killed both men instantly. They then went on to the store, killed five others there, robbed and set fire to the building. Tidings of the two events astounded and dismayed the country, and war, one of the costliest in lives and money in our history when the end to be attained is considered, began in earnest.

General Winfield Scott took the field against the forces of Osceola in 1836 with negative success, and was followed by Governor Call, whose vigorous tactics drove the Indians into the southern part of the state. A year later the rebellious Seminoles again consented to the exodus only to once more reconsider. During the negotiations Osceola was taken captive by the United States forces and imprisoned in Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, opposite Charleston, South Carolina, together with his second wife and her child. There, in January, 1838, being ill and refusing medical aid because he feared poison, he arose from his pallet, dressed himself in chieftain's garb, and, again laying himself down, died within a few minutes. He was buried outside the fort, where a monument now stands to his memory.

The loss of Osceola's leadership did not, however, deter his followers from continued resistance to the military authorities. Desultory fight-

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ing went on for three years longer, the Indians hiding in the Everglades, from whence they came forth at intervals on sudden and stealthy raids. All efforts to dislodge them from that wilderness were unavailing until, in 1841, Colonel Worth took command of the military and, after conducting a campaign which cost thousands of lives and an immense amount of money, finally succeeded in penetrating the fastness and compelling the enemy to surrender. The government had placed a bounty of five hundred dollars on Indian warriors, three hundred on women and two hundred on children, something which may have expedited the pursuit. When, at Big Cypress Swamp, a small detail of soldiers on scouting duty surprised a party of Seminoles and took captive eighteen men and women it is probable that the Indians' astonishment was no greater than that of the soldiers, for the occasion was the only one occurring during the long warfare when the surprising was not done by the savages! One of the prisoners taken was Old Tommy, and he and his fourteen-year-old son were sent to Fort Myers. The boy later escaped, and so keen was Old Tommy's chagrin that he committed suicide by eating glass. Colonel Worth's campaign finally ended the Seminole War and all save a few hundred of the subdued foe were removed to the Indian Territory. A recent estimate of the number of Seminoles now in Florida places it at about seven hundred, but it is likely that the original number,

immediately subsequent to the exodus, was much smaller.

Florida became a state in 1845. In 1861 she joined with the other southern commonwealths in seceding from the Union, and St. Augustine, Fernandina and Pensacola, in 1862, and Jacksonville, in 1863, were captured by Union forces. A year later an attempt to invade the interior failed when Northern troops were defeated at Olustee, some fifty miles west of Jacksonville. Subsequent to the restoration of peace a new state government was organized and a provisional governor took office in 1865. Florida remained under military rule until 1868, when the electors ratified a new state constitution. For many years the growth of the state was slow but steady, its possibilities as a region for the growing of citrus crops gaining increasing recognition and bringing each year new settlers from adjoining states—particularly Georgia and Alabama—and from the North. The fame of its climate likewise attracted both visitors and settlers. Capital, at first extremely wary of the South, followed. Flagler brought the lower east coast of the state into prominence by the building of his railroad and Plant performed a like service for the western part of the peninsula. Hotels arose with mushroom-like celerity and other enterprises started up. About 1880 a new and vast source of revenue came to light with the discovery of phosphate rock deposits.

CHAPTER V

GEOGRAPHY AND PLANT LIFE

Because of its peculiar outline Florida has been likened to a pistol, the peninsula forming the butt, the western stretch of the state the barrel and Nassau County, which jogs up into Georgia along the coast, the trigger. The resemblance is strong, and especially so when the outline of the state is reduced to pistol size as it is on the motor license plates. It was the sight of such a plate on the rear of a Florida car passing through a northern town which awakened in one beholder recollections of a month spent in a high-priced East Coast hostelry and caused him to announce dryly: "I know who's in that automobile. It's the fellow who runs the hotel down there where I stayed!" However, if it sometimes happens that a Florida hotel proprietor metaphorically holds a pistol to the head of a guest, the state itself cannot be accused of seriously threatening the rest of the country, since, with the pistol pointing as it does, an explosion would do no more than furrow a neat swathe through Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The bullet would miss California entirely, regrettable, since it was a Californian who said of Florida:

"It's Uncle Sam's appendix, and only God Almighty knows its purpose!"

More recently a more polite if no less facetious person referred to the state as "Uncle Sam's chin whiskers." A glance at the map will reveal the appropriateness of the simile. But pistol, vermiform appendix or chin whiskers; Florida! There she stands! Only it would be better to resist the temptation to paraphrase a Massachusetts statesman, and say: "There she lies!" For when a state persists in keeping as close to sea level as Florida does, and is nowhere more than about four hundred feet high, it is difficult to think of it as standing.

Florida is about 450 miles in length, north to south, and at its broadest and northern width is some fifty miles less. It had an area of 58,666 square miles a few years ago, making it the second largest state east of the Mississippi River. But so much submerged area has been and is being reclaimed that who knows but that very shortly it will be the largest? At present it equals the combined areas of New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Florida also boasts, and with pride, the longest coast line of any state; approximately 1,150 miles, from the St. Mary's River on the north, down along the Atlantic coast, around the tip of the peninsula, back up on the Gulf coast and finally westward to the Perdido. And if the shore lines of the

various islands and keys, which are so numerous that no one yet knows the exact number of them, were added on—well, one can only guess at the result. Florida is the most southerly of the states, Tampa, lying approximately midway, being some five hundred miles nearer the equator than San Diego, California. The east cape of Cape Sable is the southernmost point of the mainland of the United States. Key West lies about thirty-five miles below Cape Sable.

The Florida peninsula owes its existence to a folding of the earth's crust at a remote geological period by which a large plateau was raised from the ocean floor. This plateau is roughly three hundred miles in length and width, sloping abruptly on three sides to abysmal depths. The highest portion of the plateau is along the eastern edge, emerging from the sea as the Florida peninsula, and this represents about one-half of its width. The lower half of the peninsula is of more recent growth than the upper, but the surface of the state as a whole is comparatively new, dating back according to geologists no further than the Upper Eocene period. Still later, about the day before yesterday to speak geologically, there was a general subsidence of the entire peninsula, the lower portion—from the region of Lake Okeechobee south—sinking below the surface. This sunken area was later built up again under water, as the rock attests, for all over the

A COUNTRY CLUB IN FLORIDA

Photo. from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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lower end of the peninsula are beds of water limestone; the "Miami limestone" of the southeast coast, the "Lostman's River limestone" of the southwest coast and the Everglades. While the tip of the mainland was building, the present coral reef known as the Upper Keys was also in process of formation. Followed at a still more recent time—yesterday, to continue the geological style—an elevation, thrusting the previously submerged portion of the peninsula once more into the air and presenting to view—only, of course, there was no one to view it—South Florida very much as we know it to-day. Other lesser subsidences and elevations occurred without greatly altering the topography of the section, and by the action of wind and wave the coastal islands were gradually formed and the tiny coral builders performed their slow and patient work on the Keys.

Generally speaking, Florida consists of a top covering of sand over limestone or clay. This sand when found north of the extreme southerly end of the peninsula is siliceous, formed of quartz rock, or of older rocks, far to the northward and deposited in its present location by the rivers of the Appalachian mountains or tossed up by the southward ocean current and distributed landward by the winds. In places, however, this sand is mixed with disintegrated limestone rock. The beaches of the tip of the peninsula, as well as the soil adjacent, are composed of tiny frag-

ments of shell and coral. The popular notion that the state consists of only sand and swamp is not far wrong. What is not always appreciated is the fact that the sand, when combined with sunlight and moisture, will grow about everything that can be grown anywhere, and that the swamp when drained becomes soil as rich and productive as the famous lands of the Nile valley. The erroneous belief that Florida contains a large amount of worthless land has long existed; even Floridians have held it. The plain truth, however, is that, although Florida has a greater percentage of undeveloped territory than any state east of the Rockies, such a thing as worthless land does not exist. The most unpromising looking stretch of dry sand may be capable of producing the finest grapefruit or oranges, the most hopeless appearing swamp may be converted into amazing truck land. Even the shallow deposits of sand on the Keys and along the lower coast, where limestone outcrops continually, will raise wonderful pineapples. There is no place where something at least will not grow and grow remarkably well. The land is not always ready for the harrow; some of it must be drained; some of it must be cleared of forest or palmetto scrub; and either operation demands patience and labor and expense. But, once ready for planting, the land will reward the toiler.

Although it has been stated that the soil is

generally sandy, yet there are many varieties throughout the state, each having qualities making it especially valuable for certain purposes; as, for instance, the red clay lands of the northern, or mainland, portion, where cotton, corn and tobacco are staple crops; the stretch of country in the neighborhood of Hastings where white potato grows prodigiously—and to the extent of nearly one million bushels a season; the land in certain sections of Marion County, as well as in other places throughout the state, where the orange reaches perfection. The clay lands just mentioned deserve a word more. That portion of them known as the Red Hills of Leon is fairly unique. It covers an estimated territory of three hundred and forty square miles on all sides of Tallahassee, the state capital, and is peculiar to itself as regards geology, soil, topography and vegetation. Jefferson and Madison Counties, to the eastward, situated in the Middle Florida hammock belt, show an occasional small area of similar character, but nowhere else in the United States, nor, say geologists, in the world, does a like area exist. Even the red hills of southern Georgia, while superficially similar, are fundamentally different. This territory is rich in large lakes, having the character of sink-holes, in which the water level is freakishly variable.

Florida's formation is peculiar in that nowhere is the coast more than seventy-five miles distant,

a fact which has its bearing on climatic conditions. Laid upon a limestone foundation, the state is netted by innumerable underground streams which appear on the surface in almost every locality in the shape of lakes and springs. It is doubtful if all the former are yet known, but some one has guessed their number as close to thirty-two thousand. In combined area they form about one-fifteenth of the state. The largest is, of course, Okeechobee, some 1,250 square miles in area. Smaller, but by no means to be sneezed at, are George, Apopka, Kissimmee, Istokpoga, Tohopekaliga, Orange, Miccosukee and others. Of springs there is no end, of which the best known are probably Green Cove, in Clay County, and Silver, in Marion County. There are, however, many more equally worthy of acquaintance; among them Espiritu Santo at Safety Harbor, in Hillsborough County, near where De Soto landed, a spring which is said to possess curative, or at least palliative, properties for many of the ills to which we are heir. Some of these springs are of immense volume, as, for instance, Silver, which have a flow of 368,000 gallons a minute and which generate the picturesque, winding stream known as the Ocklawaha River. Throughout the Everglades the underground streams penetrate the eroded lime rock and help supply the water that in most seasons overlies that immense tract. In many parts of the state flowing wells can be

secured by going only a short distance into the ground, while deeper boring usually supplies water free from mineral taste.

As though the multitude of lakes and sinks and all the many tinier ponds which result from the rains of summer and sometimes last well into the following spring were not sufficient, Florida has another and immense area of water in her rivers. These form a veritable network over the whole state and with their tributary creeks and branches add considerably more to what may be termed the state's water content. In the mainland portion the rivers lie generally north and south. There are the Escambia, Choctawatchee, Apalachicola, Ocklocknee, Aucilla, Steinhatchee, and Suwanee, all of which have their origin above the state's northern border and empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Down the West Coast the Withlacoochee, Peace and Caloosahatchee are the main streams, draining the western slope of the peninsula and winding and twisting in a generally western direction to the Gulf. On the East Coast the only considerable rivers, the St. John's and the Kissimmee, stretch their lengths north and south, the latter rising in the lake of the same name and emptying into Lake Okechobee, and the St. John's, with odd perversity, having its headwaters in Brevard County, close to the sea, and flowing northward almost to the border of the state. Nowhere in its last seventy-five miles

of travel is it less than a mile wide. Above that stretch it is more than once six miles across. It is one of very few rivers in our country which flow northward. The St. John's is navigable for about two hundred and fifty miles, and, since headwaters and mouth are only some one hundred and forty miles apart in a straight line, it will be understood that the stream doesn't exactly flow as the crow flies! Two other "rivers" which may come to mind, the Halifax and Indian, are really sounds. These and similar narrow river-like bodies of water follow the East Coast, with an occasional interruption, all the way from just above St. Augustine to several miles below Palm Beach, varying in width from a fraction of a mile to several miles, and include, besides the Halifax and Indian, the North, Matanzas and Jupiter Rivers, St. Lucie Sound and Lake Worth. They are connected with the ocean by various narrow inlets through the islands and reefs which confine them. Those guardian reefs begin again in the vicinity of Fulford, in Dade County, in the shape of the first of the Florida Keys, and enclose Biscayne Bay and Card and Barnes Sounds. But now the protected waters no longer have any semblance to rivers, for Biscayne is a good eight miles across at its widest.

Once "around the corner," past Cape Florida, the coast loses its simple contour of long, graceful curves and becomes all sort of mixed up and

haphazard. Elliott's Key and Key Largo, as well as an assortment of smaller islands, start the confusion, and after that a bird's-eye view of the peninsula's end would show such a mixture of keys and rocks and shoals as to daunt the bravest cartographer. Which is probably why, even to this moment, neither chart nor map exists on which all the features of the south and southwest Florida coast are to be found in their correct positions—if found at all! Key Largo, the grandfather of them all, swings down and out to the southwest for some thirty miles, while the mainland proceeds practically due west in a series of sounds and inlets and bays so confusing that even the crocodiles must have difficulty in navigating that shore. The Upper Keys end at a point directly south of Cape Sable, and some thirty miles distant, and the intervening space is Florida Bay, a shallow expanse dotted with keys of all sizes from nothing at all to many acres. One might easily conclude that these had been left over from the main job and chucked aside.

Once past the bold sand heap known as Cape Sable, confusion again presents itself in the vicinity of the Ten Thousand Islands. It is especially there that the map maker gives a loud shriek of despair and casts his implements into the sea. No two maps agree on the configuration of that section of the coast. Starting at about the town of Marco and following the mainland as it dips

to the southeast lies an unbroken chain of sand bars scarcely deserving the name of islands. Few if any of these are above water at all tides, although practically all are thickly grown with mangrove, "black jack" and similar trees and shrubs. The average width of the chain is perhaps eight miles. It finally terminates southward just north of Cape Sable in what is called on some maps the Shark River Archipelago. Hereabouts islands and mainlands come together so conflictingly that not until this portion of the state has been surveyed with the aid of airplanes can the true shore line be determined. Indeed, the same is true of the whole stretch of the shore as far as Marco. The islands are separated by hundreds of channels, wide or narrow, deep or shallow, through which the overflow from the Everglades, to the westward, makes its escape, and through which the tides sweep. The actions of winds and tides are continually altering the topography, wearing down old islands, throwing up new, although the process is in the main a slow one. Sometimes, however, after a heavy gale new channels are found and old ones have disappeared. An interesting if somewhat monotonous bit of Florida; often attractive, as often depressing.

The Gulf Coast is blessed with several excellent harbors, conveniences far scarcer on the other side of the peninsula. Charlotte Harbor, Tampa and Hillsboro Bays, Clearwater Harbor, Apalachicola, St. Joseph's, St. Andrew's, St. Mark's, Choctawhatchee, Pensacola and Perdido Bays are strung at intervals along the shore, and there are other natural harbors wanting only the dredges to make them useful. Long sand islands which parallel the shore are not confined to the East Coast, for they occur at several places on the West as well; notably opposite and below Charlotte Harbor, in the vicinity of Sarasota and Bradenton, off the shore of Pinellas County, about Apalachicola, and, finally, off Santa Rosa County, near the extreme western end of the state, where Santa Rosa Island forms an unbroken barrier for forty miles, a notable example of the guardian reef.

The plant life of Florida is enormously interesting, although it is in the extreme southern portion of the peninsula and on the Keys that it exists in greatest variety. Northward there is an apparent monotony to the natural growth of trees and plants. The long-leaf pine (*Pinus palustris*) of the Southern states holds sway in the "flatwoods," various oaks and a few other hardwood trees are found and the cypress grows thick in the swamps. And, of course, the cabbage palm or palmetto stands up like a great feather duster here and there. The mangrove and "black-jack" rim the sea pools and brackish streams, and magnolias and bays hide in the moist forests. If one will leave the beaten road and

take to wood roads and paths he will discover much more than this, for there is really quite a wealth of tree and shrub in Northern Florida, especially in certain favored localities in the western reach of mainland, but nevertheless as viewed from the train window or hurrying automobile the growth appears to lack variety. In late March and April, when the yellow jasmine is in bloom, there are few lovelier sights than a wood road in the vicinity of Tallahassee or Monticello. So, too, when the Cherokee roses are at their height. And nothing is more breath-taking than a mammoth magnolia come suddenly on in the silent forest, laden with its great fragrant, creamy-white blossoms. Perhaps when all is said, the rolling hills and valleys of the mainland are every whit as interesting as the tropic portions of the state. Certainly they are more easily viewed! Up there the growth shows fewer surprises, since the flora is much the same as in Georgia and Alabama and South Carolina, but the unusual does occasionally happen, and the botanist will find plenty to interest him.

To casual observation the name of Land of Flowers, somewhat erroneously applied to Florida, seems a greater misnomer than it really is. So much of the state consists of pine woods, wherein such flowers as exist are extremely modest in appearance, that the visitor is quite likely to express disappointment. With a few exceptions, Florida's flowers are not aggressively brilliant. Neither are they usually large of blossom. Yet there are many of them, and it is necessary to go but a short distance from the highroad to find them. Dr. Charles Torrey Simpson has said that he has never seen a time when on any extended walk he could not gather at least fifty varieties of wild blooms. Many of them are familiar friends, yet you will notice that they have suffered a change of one sort or another. In some cases the change is so great as to cause the botanists to list them as new varieties. Many others will be strange to you, since they are purely sub-tropical or tropical; unless, that is, you have seen them in countries south of ours. The pine barrens are well worth exploring, for numerous attractive flowers grow there. In damper spots, up between the palmetto scrub, shoot tall spikes of terrestrial orchids in late winter, lavender and white. Wild yellow cannas stand sentinel beside the brooks and the lovely—if unwelcome—water hyacinth spreads itself in acres of pinkish-violet beauty. Our northern white water lily is omnipresent, too, in the placid waters. Another denizen of the damp spots is a large-flowered, deep-blue flag, worthy of any garden. Huge blue violets, odorless like so many of the Florida flowers, grow in abundance through the middle latitudes of the peninsula. Blue lupins and yellow-blossomed cacti flower side by side. Golden-rod and

asters and erigerons hold the sunny places, and many kinds of ferns are found.

Once down toward the southern part of the state the long-leaf pine becomes the Caribbean or slash pine, although the difference is not readily noticeable. Palmettos are more numerous now, cabbage, saw and sabal, and the comptie disputes their territory. Live oaks grow to gigantic proportions, and smaller oaks—the holly-leaved among them—border the hammocks. In the hammocks, too, grow the wild figs, the poison wood, the blolly, the prickly ash, the sweet bay, the hog plum, the gumbo limbo and many more. The wax myrtle grows to tree size under favorable conditions and the lantana of the northern part of the peninsula becomes an imposing shrub.

In the larger hammocks of the really tropical territory which exists only below a line drawn across the peninsula slightly north of the 26th parallel and is only contiguous to the coast, so many things strange and unusual to the northern beholder are found that no attempt can be made here to mention more than a small portion. Doubtless to the stranger to the tropics the orchids are of first interest. Of these there are more than twenty species, of which only a few are especially attractive as to blossom. The green-and-brown Cyrtopodium (*C. punctatum*) grows to huge size, forming basket-like masses of stems crowned with hundreds of medium-

sized flowers, and when so witnessed is a remarkable sight. Vying with the orchids in interest if not in attractiveness are numerous varieties of air pines. A peperomia, usually an erect growing plant, here climbs and clings to the tree limbs and throws out a tongue of greenish florets. Of ferns there are many; the beautiful sword fern, the grass fern, the serpent fern, at least one tree fern, the bootlace fern and a host of others, among them the odd resurrection fern which, seemingly sere and dead in dry weather, awakens to life and loveliness at the touch of the rain. There are all sorts of cacti, too, both of the Opuntia and Cereus tribes. One, *Cereus pentagonus,* generally called by less polite names, is probably the most villainous plant ever met with. Its angled stems are armed with inch-long spurs and it grows like Sam Hill, into and over and about everything, until there's literally no getting past it without a machete. Barbed wire is a thing of no consequence beside it, although it may well be that the inventor of barbed wire got his idea from old Pentagonus. A brother pest is *C. eriophus,* but Eri lacks some of the pure cussedness of Pent. He doesn't hog things quite as badly, even if his nails are just as sharp. Some of the cacti present very pretty blossoms in season, and one or two of the opuntias bear edible fruit.

On mainland and Keys the trees include many

sorts unfamiliar to the visitor. Of these the West Indian Birch seldom fails to interest. This is the gumbo limbo, a rather crooked tree with glossy leaves and a smooth bark in color not unlike that of a copper beech. The name birch is sometimes applied to it because its outer bark will peel off in sheets just as does the paper birch of our northern woods. The poison wood (*Metopium metopium*) while not a Rhus is, nevertheless, a first cousin of our northern poison oak. The satinwood is a tree with intensely green, burnished leaves which, on their under surfaces, are covered with russet-gold down. When the wind stirs it the tree seems to glow with life and color. The soapberry tree, the paradise tree, the mahogany, the fiddlewood, the toothache tree, wild lime, ironwood, inkwood, whitewood, yellowwood, calabash, Surinam cherry, papaya, red bay, several wild plums, the seaside grape (cocolobo or cocobolo), holly, tamarind, lignum-vitæ, bamboo, the "mangle" or mangrove, and still others; all these inhabit hammock or river bank or ocean's edge, and most are found in the natural state nowhere beyond the northern rim of the limited Florida tropics. With these, fairly a part of them, are numerous "lianas," their stout rope-like branches thrust up and around and over the trees to heights of forty and even fifty feet from where they frequently loop downward again and again ascend. Some of these are vines, like two

varieties of wild grape, the woodbine, or Virginia creeper, and others; as many more are plants which appear to elevate themselves by leverage, thrusting themselves over branches and ever reaching upward for the next shelf on which to place a knee and lift again. The two cereus already mentioned have this habit, and so has the infernal "pull-and-haul-back" (*Pisonia aculeata*). And one of the grapes, too. As may be imagined, travel through such vegetation is not a recreation for an idle afternoon, and in consequence few casual visitors to southern Florida ever really view the tropical forests. These forests—"hammocks," as they are called in the only aboriginal word known to be extant—will not last many years more, for the soil in them is black and rich and the settler will eventually work his will with it. Privately owned hammocks, of course, will survive, for which those who love nature unimproved by man will be thankful; and the state too has helped by setting aside a considerable territory midway of the peninsula end known as Royal Palm Park where much of the natural beauty and interest of the tropical hammocks may be seen without inconvenience.

Royal Palm Park is forty-two miles southwest of Miami, and is reached by an excellent hard-surfaced road. It consists of four thousand acres of virgin forest hammock lying between the "glades" and the lowlands along the coast. Par-

adise Key was the former name for the locality. The existence of the Park as a state reservation is due to the foresight and hard work of the Federated Women's Clubs of Florida, and the title is held by them. The original holding of 960 acres, secured in 1915, was added to by the gift of a like territory from Mrs. Henry M. Flagler, and finally, in 1921, the state loosened up and deeded the remaining 2,080 acres. The state must loosen up considerably more before its entire duty is performed, for there is much to be done there yet and money is badly needed. The Park presents to the visitor an opportunity to satisfy his craving for tropical vegetation, for here are found most if not all of the trees and plants natural to the lower Florida hammocks. The Royal Palms—one unthinkingly writes the words with capital letters after viewing them here—rise to astounding heights in the jungles, mammoth oaks are draped with long festoons of gray moss, ferns of many kinds grow from ground or branches, orchids are abundant and birds and butterflies and moths are on every hand. The Park is a mecca for naturalists, and among the thousands of names inscribed on the register in the Park Lodge are many notable in the world of Science. The Lodge provides comfortable rooms and good meals for those who desire to tarry, and the warden and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock, know how to make the stranger welcome. What income

is derived from this source goes toward—though not very far toward—the expenses of the reservation. A second source of income is the sale of Royal Palm seedlings grown by Mr. Wheelock. As many as twenty thousand persons have visited the Park in one year, a number that will be greatly augmented when its fame becomes more widely known. At the present time there is but one road through the Park, and, while it is possible to explore the inconsiderable northern portion afoot without getting lost for more than a few minutes, more traversable highways must be laid out before the full beauty of the reservation can be realized and enjoyed. These, however, as well as a surrounding moat to minimize the ever-present danger from forest fires, must await the pleasure of the State Legislature.

CHAPTER VI

"WHAT'S THE CLIMATE LIKE?"

One of the questions most frequently asked of the writer is: "What's the Florida climate really like?" It's a difficult question to answer to the inquirer's satisfaction, for what he generally wants to hear is that, once over the state line, he can discard his overcoat and change the clothes he has worn on the southward trip to flannels and a straw hat, this irrespective of the month or weather conditions in the north. When he learns that the overcoat will frequently feel very comfortable during January and February, and that, while the straw hat may prove just the thing for Miami or Fort Myers, something a bit less tropical will answer better in the upper part of the state, he is likely to sniff and say that he always suspected it was a sight colder down there than folks let on!

Temperatures vary considerably over the state. Latitude, elevation and proximity to gulf or ocean are factors. It can and does get annoyingly cold in Northern Florida in the winter months; yes, and in central Florida, too; and even Miami has had the mercury down to 29°. Still, save for a few days during the winter, perhaps ten or a

dozen altogether, the weather ordinarily behaves itself very well; and it is quite likely that Miami will not again see a temperature as low as that just mentioned for many years. Fort Myers, considerably north of Miami, on the West Coast, reports that for the last seven years the lowest temperature recorded by the official observer was 32°.

The best course for the winter visitor to pursue is to assume before he leaves home that he will encounter some cold days and so arrive provided with medium weight clothing for ordinary occasions, outer wraps for the chilly days and evenings and, especially if he is going well down the peninsula, light attire for the warm, even hot, days which will come more certainly. Remember that, after all, Jacksonville lies only thirty hours from New York by railway and that you can't plunge into the tropics in any such time as that! And be assured of this; whenever the North is chattering with cold, Florida is seeking the sunny side of the house! Every really severe cold spell "back home" reaches Florida to some extent, although it may not penetrate all the way down the peninsula. Don't expect miracles and you'll not be disappointed. Florida's all-year climate is excellent, and her winter climate is better than can be found elsewhere within the confines of the United States, but no climate is perfect.

From the first of December to the last of Febru-

ary Florida offers June weather, such June weather as, barring much rain, is normal in southern New England. Sometimes, though, there's a slip, just as there is in New England, and frost warnings are issued, orange growers light the smudges in their groves, gardeners wrap their tender shrubs in yesterday's newspapers and the thermometer goes sliding down from around seventy to forty or even thirty. When that happens the wind comes from some quarter in the north; and it blows with a breath that would seem but mildly chill "back home" but that feels laden with icicles when it scampers into Florida. Fortunately, such conditions seldom last more than two or three days at a time, or come more than twice or thrice in a winter; and, fortunately, too, the cold snaps are not often accompanied by cloudy weather, and, having donned the overcoat or the sweater which you brought along against your better judgment, you need only to keep to the unshaded spaces to be comfortable. In short, so long as the sun shines—and it seldom misses a day—you should worry if the mercury says 40!

Sunshine is Florida's biggest asset when all's said and done. It's the one crop that never fails. You're not to take that as meaning that cloudy days never occur, for they do; in some parts of the state more often than in others. But they're so few that, after a winter in Florida, you're likely to return north and solemnly affirm that the sun

never stopped shining once; and mean it, too! Whole days of cloudiness are infrequent, whole days of rain almost unknown. In Marion County, typical of the northern half of the peninsula, the record over a number of years gives 73 days of sunshine out of 90 in the winter. In locations further south the number of sunny days is greater. Most every one has heard of the newspaper in St. Petersburg which distributes its whole issue free when the sun doesn't shine at some time during the day, and which, in consequence, has indulged in that sort of philanthropy but 81 times in 15 years. Then there's the hotel man down the Ridge who agreed to charge his guests no rent on sunless days. At last accounts he was still far from bankruptcy.

Florida's average annual rainfall is 55 inches, the highest of any state in the Union, but most of that water falls during the rainy season which extends from June to September. Of the 55 inches, only about 9 fall during December, January and February. Therefore the winter visitor is likely to encounter only an occasional rain during his stay, and, since the porous soil quickly soaks up the heaviest downfall, he may leave his rubbers in the north with perfect impunity.

Since this book is not designed solely for the information of winter visitors, something must be said of Florida's year-round climate. The winters have already been spoken of. March is ap-

preciably warmer than February, but it is not until May that the hot weather makes itself felt. June and July are ordinarily the hottest months of the year. August is but little cooler. September may drop the mercury a few degrees more, but November offers the first real relief. Florida's summer may, therefore, be said to last a full six months. The sun is intensely hot during that period, and one finds small temptation to stand about in it. Yet as soon as one has moved into the shade he is usually comfortable. Look again at the map and you will see why. All around is water, nowhere more than seventy-five miles away, and from ocean or gulf the air is continually stirring even when the sun is blazing its hottest.

Perhaps the best idea of what the Florida climate is like through the year can be obtained from a résumé of one year's records at Tampa. Tampa is fairly typical of the central part of the peninsula, although slight differences exist between Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Mr. Walter J. Bennett, in charge of the weather bureau at Tampa for many years, is the authority quoted. Beginning with September, 1924, then, it is shown that high temperatures continued to the 8th of that month, when the mercury went to 93 degrees. (Remember that these are weather bureau figures, not those of street level.) The first drop came September 30th. In October the highest temperature was 88, on the 9th, and the lowest 56, on the 23rd.

In November the mercury jogged up to 83 on the 7th, and never got that high again during the month. On the 30th light frosts were reported and the thermometer sank to 39. In December the highest was on the 10th, 82 degrees, and the lowest on the 2nd, 43 degrees. December held no frost. In January, 1925, the temperature was 81 on the 10th, the highest for the month, and 45 on the 31st, the lowest. February brought a heavy frost when the mercury went down to 38 degrees on the 13th. February's high mark was 82, on Washington's Birthday. The February frost was the second of two occurring during the winter, and, while the citrus fruit was nowhere affected, temperatures close to freezing were experienced in a number of nearby localities and tender crops, such as sweet potatoes and beans, were killed. March remained about like February, but in April the mercury started upward and reached 91 on the 21st, the record for the month over thirty-five years. To be quite fair, however, it receded to 52 on the 2nd. May was moderate, as Florida Mays go, with a high of 91 on the 15th. June was a bit above normal, ranging from a low of 68 to another high of 91. The rainy season started about the 8th of May, but the fall was not heavy until June, when nineteen showers occurred. Temperatures in July were about normal, ranging from 68 to 93, the latter on the 24th. In August the mercury did one degree better on its highest performance

and went as low as 69. Showers continued as usual through July and August; twenty-four days of rain in July and twenty-two in August. On July 14th and 15th the record rainfall of 5.53 inches in twenty-four hours was recorded. Again, on August 28th and 29th, another deluge fell; or, rather, two of them. On the first day it rained 4.59 inches in the record time of two hours, and on the 29th 4.69 inches fell during the twenty-four hours. The rainy season ended September 3rd.

That, the writer believes, gives a very fair notion of what may be expected in the general latitude of central Florida during the year. The winter of 1924-25 was rather warmer than the average, perhaps, but not sufficiently so to affect the dependability of the record given.

The writer has no wish to influence any person accustomed to really cool summers into spending the months of July, August and September in Florida. Such a person would find the conditions extremely trying in all probability. Florida in summer is hot. It isn't as hot as many believe it to be, nor as hot as it might be, but there's no blinking the fact that the temperature during the three months mentioned is too high for comfort. Life is perfectly endurable, may be thoroughly enjoyable under the most advantageous circumstances, but it is necessary to adapt oneself to conditions.

If you are a man you lay aside your coat

in June and attire yourself in light-weight clothing; if you are a woman you take to tub dresses for day wear and thin cottons or silk for evening or "occasions." Excessive humidity is rare, and the air hasn't that breathless, enervating quality which "takes the sap out of a fellow." Heat prostrations are unknown and no death from sunstroke has ever occurred, which seems to infer that excessive heat of itself is not the cause of *coup de soleil.* In fact, as regards summer temperature Florida can point with pride! Frequently when northern cities are sweltering with the mercury at 98 and 100, Floridians are comfortable at 88 and sleeping under cover at night. One doesn't have to come to a dead stop during the hot weather, but one certainly does need to slow down. Northerners are likely to poke fun at the Floridians, Floridians either by birth or adoption, because they compromise with labor once the summer has set in. Perhaps the compromise can be too great; it frequently is; but some compromise is necessary. Strenuous tasks must be performed in the early morning hours or left over for the evening. It doesn't do to undertake the same amount of work, indoors or out, that one has been accustomed to in the North or that one can perform in the winter months.

This is being written in Florida at 11:00 A.M. on October 15th. The thermometer in the shade of the porch on the west side of the house stands

at 85. The sun is intensely hot. There is, however, a light southeast breeze brisk enough to push the Spanish moss out from the branches of the pines to a thirty degree angle and to lift the loose sheets from this desk to the floor—and, of course, out of reach! In breeze and shade life is comfortable enough, but no one save a "tenderfoot" would deliberately go out and, say, transplant the hibiscus that needs it so badly or amuse himself with an ax at the woodpile. Moderation is the watchword in summer; moderation in both working and eating. If Florida summers were but three months long, or even four, it would be different. But when the hot season begins in late May and holds through October you are likely to get pretty well fed up with it. Cool nights are a blessing and summer showers help, but there's a ten-hour or so spell of hot sunshine every day and one can be thoroughly wilted by the time the first norther comes along. A favorite expression is "The summers aren't awfully hot, but they last so long!" A bromidic remark, but one which puts the truth in a nutshell.

Naturally, if you are fortunate enough to occupy your own home, and that home isn't closed in by surrounding buildings, you will have a different story to tell than the person who has to live in a hotel or boarding house. A hotel room in summer, even with an electric fan, is no Arctic igloo! The writer realizes that he is incurring the

wrath of a certain type of Floridian who won't acknowledge, even to himself, that his—usually adopted—state is a whit warmer in summer than Maine. There are undoubtedly places much farther north than Florida which are inferior to the latter as summer resorts, and it must be that the gentleman just mentioned came from one of them. If you can get away for a few weeks into cooler latitudes, the North Carolina mountains for example, you will break the monotony of the heat, which, after all, is the most trying feature of a Florida summer.

Daily relief from the excessive attentions of the sun comes in the form of a shower. At least, Floridians like to speak of those blessings as being daily, but the truth is that they aren't absolutely infallible. Still, they do occur frequently enough to deserve their reputation. They come suddenly, presaged by snowy mountains of clouds against the blue of the sky. A clap of thunder, and the heavens open. A driving sheet of water blots out the world. Wind may or may not accompany the deluge, but thunder and lightning are usual concomitants. Pedestrians duck for shelter, motorists scurry to harbor under the wide-spreading oaks; not infrequently discovering to their dismay when the rain is over that wet insulation will keep them there some time longer. In the cities the streets become rushing streams. To cross them one would need either rubber-boots or

the stilts of the Chinese workers in the paddy fields. The shower may last twenty minutes, an hour, two hours. Once over, the sun shines forth again, the trees and shrubs drip with moisture and life takes up where it left off. One must experience a Florida summer rain to appreciate the meaning of the word deluge. The afternoon is the recognized time for these welcome visitations, and usually they arrive at about the right time to break up a ball game or to keep one from a five o'clock appointment. Infrequently they forget to stop for two days. Even a brief downpour can deposit a lot of water on the ground. In the summer of 1925 at several localities along the West Coast a two-hour rain accounted for 4.59 inches! Fortunately precipitation speedily disappears by drainage, seepage and evaporation.

While the rains send the temperature down magically and are wonderful aids to comfort, it is really the cool nights which are the state's greatest blessing. Once the sun has called it a day, Florida, from sea to gulf, sighs, smiles and takes a nice deep breath of the refreshing evening air. The same breeze that has been stirring all day, perhaps too languorously for you to be aware of it, now begins its nightly task of undoing the work of the sun. From ocean or gulf it comes, bringing an odor of salt from the sea and spice from the pine forests. Watch the thermometer on the front porch now. Down goes the silver column, slowly

perhaps at first, but faster as the stars brighten in the purple-black sky. The breeze may be no more than a wide, steady movement of cooler air from the sea covering the heated land, too faint to rustle the leaves of the bougainvillæa or stir the fans of the palms, but it's there and you know it. Or it may wake you in the night by fluttering the papers on the table, and when it does you reach sleepily for sheet or blanket, or both. Often enough the evening relief doesn't make itself really felt until nearly midnight, but it comes always in time to give you a full night of comfortable and refreshing sleep. Always? No, for there are exceptions to every rule, and occasionally, not frequently enough to be remembered, there will be a still night when the aforementioned sheet will remain draped over the footboard. Or perhaps just before the dawn an exploring hand will reach for it. Florida nights, whether of Spring or Summer, Winter or Fall, whether moonlighted or only starlit, are wonderful, and if no poet has yet sung them the fact should be noted by the Legislature or the State Chamber of Commerce and instant steps taken to repair the omission. Poets have rimed on so many less worthy themes!

Now to summarize. Florida weather, winter, summer or all-the-year-round, has its flaws, but the flaws are like the little inconsequent faults of a friend, and only make you love it the more.

In Florida one can live outdoors practically every day of the year, the sea breezes making it possible in summer and the sunshine in winter. You can't arrive in January and go to sleep on a bank of roses attired in your pajamas; or you can't do it and get away with it; and you can't spend a summer in Florida and rush around in the daytime full-tilt; although you can go as fast as you like—up to forty-five miles an hour—in a car. If you experience a two-day rain storm with the thermometer hovering around forty, you can comfort yourself with the knowledge that further northward your friends are having a nice blizzard, with the mercury a good many degrees lower than forty! And you get quite a kick out of reading in the next day's paper that the surface lines in your city are out of commission, that the Street Department is advertising for snow shovelers and that trains are running from two to twelve hours late. And by the time the surface lines up there are operating on schedule again you are once more out in the sunshine, playing golf or tennis, taking your morning dip or merely basking and letting the other fellow attend to the strenuous things of life. Remember that Florida isn't tropical, save for its Keys and a narrow border around its lower tip, and don't expect to find equatorial conditions awaiting you. Not until you reach the Keys do you escape the possibility of frost, although the farther south you go the less

likelihood there is of it following you. Don't believe too implicitly in the gaudily-covered pamphlets issued by the various cities and towns when it comes to the matter of climate. Doubtless there's no intent to deceive; possibly there's no deception; yet after perusing some of those pamphlets it's quite an easy thing to start south in the winter with a wardrobe consisting entirely of Palm Beach suits and solar topees!

If you are considering a permanent home in Florida you will do well to remember that localities in proximity to ocean, gulf or large lakes are more equable; that is, they are slightly warmer in winter, slightly cooler in summer. But since the climate of the state as a whole is remarkably even, that point is not worthy of great attention. The lack of extreme temperatures in Florida is due mainly to two things; first, the fact that the state lies for the most part surrounded by warm seas; second, that it has shorter days of sunshine in summer and longer days of sunshine in winter than the northern states. As to which portion of Florida is climatically superior the writer is silent. One reason for his silence is that he doesn't know. Northern Florida and Southern Florida are quite different and yet each has a fine climate. The question narrows down to: What do you want? If you wish in the winter to get utterly away from any suggestion of real cold, go as far south as you can. If you want some bracing days

interspersed with the warm ones, choose a location anywhere in the northern counties. Wherever you are you'll find plenty of Florida's best gift, golden sunshine.

It is not within the province of this volume to discuss Florida as a health resort. An invalid should consult a physician before deciding on a sojourn in the state. However, it is permissible to state that the Florida climate is not a panacea for all ills, and that it has been conclusively proved that advanced pulmonary affections are not benefited. Throat troubles, though, can be greatly aided, and rheumatic patients usually find the winter conditions very beneficial. Nervous patients and convalescents can probably do no better than seek the tranquillizing and yet invigorating air and sunshine of the state, while as for children—well, maybe God made Florida just for them!

CHAPTER VII

AGRICULTURE

With a total area of more than thirty-five million acres, Florida has less than two and a half million acres under cultivation. Yet from this cultivated area was produced in 1924 more than ninety million dollars worth of products; almost twenty times the price paid to Spain in 1819 for the territory. The Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that of the uncultivated thirty-two and a half million acres rather more than twenty million are adapted for farming purposes. These lands are still to be purchased at prices varying from thirty to two hundred dollars an acre, and, as has been demonstrated, are capable of producing crops to the value of from five hundred to two thousand dollars.

Soil and drainage are important factors throughout the state. Taken as a whole Florida may be said to be level, although its surface is rolling or broken in certain parts. Except along the coasts the natural drainage is good, and this is particularly true of the western arm of the state and of the peninsula as far south as the northern

limits of Lake Okeechobee. Exceptions occur, however, in scattered localities.

As has been said, more than a hundred kinds of soil are found in the state, but the recognized and named varieties are not so many. Upland soils are generally of the Norfolk series, the top sandy and gray, the subsoil yellow and friable. Fruit, farm and truck products grow well in it. Much like the Norfolk soils are the Orlando, Hoffman and Tifton. The Orlando are a trifle more fertile than the Norfolk, are dark in color and smooth in texture. The Hoffman group comprises the gray soils of the peninsula above a compact subsoil, and the Tifton is found principally in the western counties and has a pebbly surface. Soils having a limestone origin are always fertile, although the degree of fertility depends on the presence of other components. Of these are the gray sands containing sea shells found near Palm Beach, the Orangeburg soils, the Greenville soils, the Brown Hammock and Red Hammock and the limestone subsoil lands of Dade County. The Orangeburg, Greenville and Hammocks mentioned are particularly good farming soils. Certain gray and brown hammock lands called Hernando and Fellowship are excellent for fruit and truck. Black swamp lands with a light sandy subsoil are known as Portsmouth, and a similar surface but with a black subsoil is called Hyde. Artificial draining is necessary to make either of these very

fertile. The grass-covered flatwoods, of gray surface and darker gray subsoil, are either Bladen or Coxville and are well adapted to general farming. Plummer or "crawfish" land is of small agricultural value. The same is true of the loose, light-hued surface sands known as Leon unless they are drained. No soil, however, is hopeless for the raising of some kind of crop so long as it can be fertilized or drained, or both. It would, of course, be folly for a man intending to raise citrus fruits to purchase land suitable only for truck, or for one meaning to specialize on celery to invest in a tract of scrubby sand. Having decided on your crop, investigate the subject of soil thoroughly. Or, having purchased your land, select the crop to suit it. The State Department of Agriculture will gladly afford you invaluable aid in such matters.

From one to four crops a year may be produced in Florida, according to the region, rainfall and the kind grown. At present Florida's production from her cultivated area is roughly as follows: Fruit crops, $20,000,000; field crops, $15,000,000; trucking crops, $11,000,000; root crops, $4,000,000; miscellaneous crops, $3,000,000; live stock, $3,-250,000; poultry and eggs, $8,000,000; milk and butter, $7,100,000.

Florida's market is close at hand, she is well supplied with transportation facilities and her future as an agricultural state is secure. At pres-

ent the state's surface has been little more than scratched; what Florida is capable of doing in the supplying of food products to the rest of the country is something that can be only guessed at. Already she leads in the production of winter-grown vegetables,—more than 100,000 car loads yearly,—in the number of growing days, and in variety of crops, estimated at over two hundred and fifty. She stands at the head of all states in the production of grapefruit, winter tomatoes, celery, cocoanuts; second as to oranges and watermelons; third as to lettuce—$1,892,000 worth annually—fourth as to cabbage. She produces more potatoes than Maine and more celery than Michigan. In short, she ships at present one-tenth of the fresh fruit and vegetables of the country.

The growing of citrus fruit is still the leading agricultural industry. While every county in the state will produce them, only thirty-five are at present engaged in the commercial growing of oranges and grapefruit. From these counties come nearly one-half of the citrus fruits of the country. Some 260,000 acres are given over to this crop; about 20,000,000 trees, of which 12,000,000 are bearing. At that, from five to ten million acres of land suitable for citrus crops are still available. Marketing is largely done through a coöperative organization known as the Florida Citrus Exchange, although the independent packer still exists in considerable numbers. In

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THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL AT PALM BEACH

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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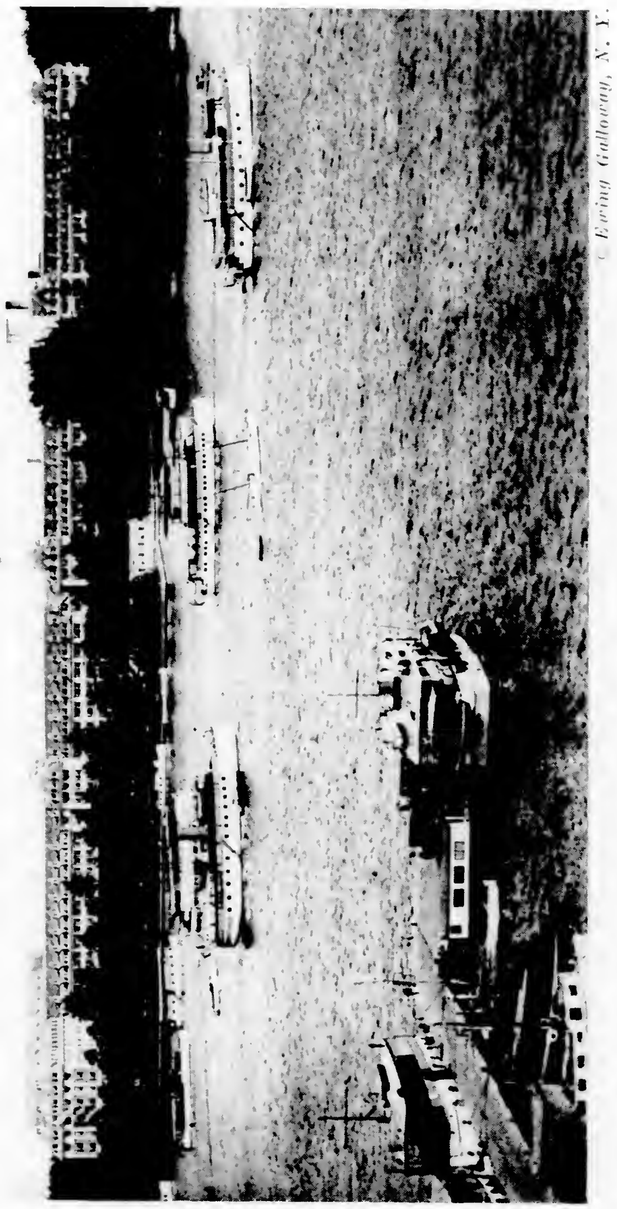

Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL AT PALM BEACH

1924 more than 8,600,000 boxes of grapefruit and 13,400,000 boxes of oranges were shipped from the state.

Field crops include corn to the amount of 17,000,000 bushels, peanuts to the amount of 5,000,000 bushels, velvet beans to the amount of 2,000,000 bushels. Commercial truck crops comprise lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, peppers, strawberries, celery and many others. St. John's County produces more than a million dollars worth of white and sweet potatoes annually, while Volusia, Flagler and Alachua each raise about $200,000 worth. Marion, Seminole and Suwanee Counties each grow more than $2,000,000 worth of field and truck crops annually. Polk County leads in the production of citrus fruit with 4,000,000 boxes a year. Hillsborough, Pinellas, De Soto, Orange and Volusia each grow more than one million boxes. Marion, Alachua, Gadsden, Madison, Okaloosa and Jackson each raise $100,000 worth of sugar cane a year. Polk County leads in the commercial growing of grapes. Two-year-old vineyards are yielding close to four tons per acre, the selling price of which is from twenty to sixty cents per pound.

The growing of winter tomatoes is a large and ever-increasing industry, the shipments during the 1923-24 season amounting to 4,276 car loads. The yield per acre varies from seventy-five to three hundred crates, and the cost of production

from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. The cost on the market is estimated at about one dollar per crate. The commercial varieties grown are the Livingstone Globe, which is planted to the extent of nearly ninety per cent of all acreage, Stone, Early Detroit, Florida Special, Earliana and Beauty. The growing time averages between sixty and ninety days except for the Livingstone Globe which generally requires about one hundred and fourteen days. The season starts the middle of December and continues well into June, the bulk of the shipping occurring from March 20th to May 1st.

Of lettuce Florida shipped during the above season 2,087 carloads. The crate value was $1.23. The average yield is around 254 crates or hampers an acre, although a figure largely in excess of this is common in specially favorable localities, as around Bradenton and Sanford. Nine hundred hampers per acre has been set up as a record. The best prices for the Florida product is obtained in November, February and March. Seminole, Manatee, Orange and Marion Counties are at present the principal producers of lettuce. Big Boston, Cream Butter, Iceberg and Romaine are the varieties preferred. Florida Iceberg, however, is not equal to the California lettuce of that variety, since the Florida winter nights are not sufficiently cool to allow it to head-up well. Big Boston matures in from fifty to sixty days from

the seed, Iceberg in from sixty to seventy. California is Florida's strongest competitor in the marketing of lettuce, with Texas next.

Back in eighteen hundred and something an Atlanta, Georgia, seedsman named Hastings came snooping around St. John's County. What he found convinced him that the lower end of the county was an ideal place for the raising of Irish potatoes, and he said as much. The assertion occasioned about the same degree of hilarity as would to-day meet the prediction that Nova Scotia is destined to be the world's principal banana producing country. No one had tried to grow a white potato in a country where the yam flourished, and newspapers and individuals held the prophet up to good-natured ridicule. But some one did try to grow white potatoes eventually, and now the immense territory around Hastings, St. John's County, is one of the finest Irish potato sections in the world. From 800,000 to 1,000,000 bushels a year is the result of Hastings' folly. Some ten years later Senator A. S. Mann occasioned more incredulity when he advocated the growing of celery. No one would laugh at him to-day in the vicinity of Sanford. More recently, although bananas have been grown in Florida gardens from the days of the first settlement, folks in general grinned when the project of commercial plantings of that fruit was mentioned. In 1924 Lee County produced 28,000 bunches and Hillsborough

County nearly 16,000. Avocado pears were practically unknown to Florida twenty-five years ago. To-day, although the enterprise of growing them is still in its infancy, upwards of $800,000 worth are marketed. Hillsborough County produced over five million quarts of strawberries last season, representing the tidy sum of a million and a half dollars.

Crop diversity is certainly something to cheer about in a state where the merry little radish and the golden pineapple go to market side by side! At the risk of tiring the reader—who perhaps is no more interested in agriculture than the writer is in theosophy—here are a few, only a few, of the two hundred and fifty things which are profitably grown in Florida: oranges, grapefruit, bananas, peaches, figs, pears, plums, avocados, grapes, watermelons, cantaloupes, berries of many sorts, tomatoes, beans and more beans, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, cabbage, collards, asparagus, beets, rutabagas, peas, dasheens, celery, corn, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, cowpeas, cassava, castor beans, cucumbers, eggplant, okra, lettuce, mustard, onions, parsnips, peppers, kale, pumpkins, radishes, kohlrabi, spinach, squashes, turnips, peanuts, guavas, sugar cane, cotton—long and short staple—carrots, lemons, limes, pineapples, rape, tobacco, cocoanuts, persimmons—but what's the use? If you have something you want grown fetch it along! Anything, that is, save bread-

making grains. And, at that, wheat can't be said to be outside the possibilities, since already Mr. Raymond M. Champ, experimenting with Burbank wheat at St. Petersburg, has grown a satisfactory crop—and without fertilizer.

But all this is only a beginning. Next year there will be many more farms, little farms of from ten to twenty acres, likely, and many more carloads of produce will go rolling northward to feed the hungry; such of them, that is, as aren't already in Florida! It is said that with but half the fertile land in the state put under cultivation Florida could feed sixteen of the—well, whatever number of states there are now. And perhaps in another ten years she will be doing it.

It mustn't be thought, however, that one can go to Florida, purchase land and then merely sit down and await his profits. The farmer or truck gardener or fruit grower must work, just as he must work anywhere else. Florida offers no prizes to the idle. What she does offer is certain and generous rewards to the industrious. The man who has made a failure of everything he has undertaken will probably be no better off with a piece of Florida land on his hands than he was before. The man who arrives with two or three hundred dollars for capital will surely go broke; unless, that is, he is fortunate enough to find an occupation that will enable him to live while his grove or patch is developing and that

will allow him sufficient time each day to develop it. And such occupations are hard to find. Some men who are now owners of profitable farms or groves did reach Florida with not much more than enough money to make an initial payment on a piece of land and a determination to win. If the determination to succeed is strong enough, well and good; this advice is not for the infrequent possessor of that brand of determination. Others, however, should go to Florida prepared to labor and spend. Remember that if you are going to raise oranges a wait of from six to eight years is ahead of you, since it will be that long before your trees will reach the stage of commercial bearing. If you intend to plant truck your wait will be shorter, of course, but your expenses will be heavy. Clearing the land is a slow and earnest business, unless, of course, you are fortunate enough to purchase a tract already cleared; for which you will pay a good round price. In some parts of the state, localities where the revenue from established farms and truck patches is very large, clearing the land is only the first and least expensive step. Winter rainfall is too small to be depended on and so irrigation must be used, and irrigation means one or more artesian wells. Not infrequently it is necessary to drain the land by open or blind ditches, the latter, of course, tiled. In short, there are places where the cost of preparing an acre of ground for seed or trees

will amount to as much as four hundred dollars. However, lest this sound unnecessarily discouraging, you are reminded that in such sections a ten-acre tract is a money-maker and that three crops annually are taken off.

Sanford, in Seminole County, one of the state's busiest and most thriving cities, is a fair example of what can be done with the right conditions of land and soil and the application of scientific principles. Sanford's prosperity is chiefly due to the successful growing of celery. Other crops are produced; lettuce, escarole, peppers, strawberries, corn; but celery is what the Sanford district banks on; and, as there has never been a crop failure since 1899, when the first carload was started northward, it is pretty safe banking. Sanford—and by Sanford is meant a considerable section of the country round about the city—is fortunate in having the essentials for celery culture: abundant water, level land, hardpan at the right distance under the surface to form a water table, a coarse subsoil and a surface soil of sandy loam of the proper porosity to allow the distribution of moisture. About three thousand acres of land are now in cultivation, from which, in 1924, seven thousand carloads of produce were taken. Sub-irrigation is used, the water coming from a depth of approximately one hundred and sixty feet through artesian wells. Practically every acre of truck land in the district is tiled for irrigation and

drainage. As many as four crops are frequently taken off this land, but the usual number is three, peppers or lettuce following the celery and corn serving for the final crop. Coöperative marketing is well established. This instance has been cited to show that in Florida, as in all other places the world over, the grower must put money into his land before he can take money out. Every acre of Sanford truck land now producing crops represents the expenditure of much money as well as labor. Clearing, fencing, irrigating, draining, fertilizing, spraying—all these things cost. It is idle for any one to hope to win real success in any branch of agriculture in Florida unless he is willing and able to buy that success not only with the efforts of mind and body but with hard coin of the realm. There are, of course, other crops than celery, and such intensive farming as goes on about Sanford is not always necessary, but nevertheless the rule holds good for any line of agricultural endeavor. But, to return to the optimistic side of things, it is perfectly possible to start off in a small way; take a small bite before you tackle the whole pie; and there is certainly no state where a greater interest on the invested principal can be obtained.

The Florida State Experiment Station has been and is doing excellent service for farmers and fruit growers. Located at Gainesville, it has branches at Quincy for experimental work in

tobacco, at Lake Alfred in the interests of citrus fruits, and at Belle Glade for general agriculture. It also conducts six laboratories throughout the state for the study of various plant diseases. At Gainesville one hundred and twelve lines of investigation are being pursued.

Another aid to Florida growers is the State Marketing Bureau located at Jacksonville. Established in 1917, and supported by the tax on fertilizer, it keeps in touch with market conditions throughout the country and can at once supply reliable information as to prices at any locality, the names of dealers in fruit and produce and advice on shipping matters. Its services are free.

CHAPTER VIII

INDUSTRIES

Aside from agriculture, which term is used here to include the fruit industry and, by special poetic license, the dairy, poultry and livestock industries, Florida's income is derived from quite a variety of sources. In round figures, manufactures bring in $150,000,000; lumber $30,000,000; naval stores $20,000,000; minerals $13,000,000; the fishing business $14,000,000. And, last but by no means least, visitors leave more than $100,000,000 behind them each year.

Just at first it is difficult to think of Florida as a mining state, but, while she is bare of precious ores, she is doing a very considerable business in the mineral line. Eight millions of dollars was the yield of her phosphate mines in one year, and more than a million was derived from the mining of fuller's earth. In 1923 the state supplied eighty-five per cent of all phosphate rock sold in the country. Phosphate rock is a legacy from the Pliocene age, occurring principally in Polk and Hillsborough Counties, in the form of land pebble phosphate, and in Alachua, Levy, Citrus, Marion and Sumpter Counties as hard rock phosphate. A third variety, soft rock, is found with

the others, but so far has not been commercially recovered. Low-grade phosphates are found in various other counties throughout the state and will doubtless come into use eventually. At present practically the entire output of hard rock and about one-fourth that of pebble is exported. The balance is used within the United States, and several companies in Florida are engaged in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers.

Fuller's earth is a marl clay which, having been freed from impurities, is crushed and sifted into four standard grades used for clarifying mineral oils, for refining vegetable and mineral fats, for removing the grease from woolen goods after manufacture and as a basis for paints and cosmetics. It was discovered in this country for the first time in 1895 at Quincy, Gadsden County, Florida. Since then it has been found in several other localities, notably in Manatee County. Kaolin or china clay has a wide distribution throughout the state, but is mined only in Lake and Putnam Counties. Florida kaolin is of superior quality and is shipped in the raw state to the whiteware potteries of the North. Clays suitable for the manufacture of brick, tile, drain pipe, stoneware and common pottery are found in large deposits. Florida manufactured 20,000,000 brick in 1923 from her own clay.

Infusorial earth, or fossil-meal—diatomite is its scientific name—was found a few years since at

Tavares, in Lake County, by Charles Lindley-Wood, dispatched to this country by the English Admiralty in the hope that he would be able to discover deposits of the valuable mineral at a time when England's own supply on the Isle of Skye was depleted. The deposit was, however, never worked, since the armistice was signed and the need of the material passed for the time. The death of the heaviest investor, in the last days of the War, placed the Tavares plant in chancery, and hence the deposit still remains where Nature placed it. However, persistence on the part of Mr. Charles Lindley-Wood, Junior, led to the discovery of a second deposit some two years later a dozen miles from Clermont, also in Lake County. Diatomite is now being successfully mined there on a seventy-five-acre tract and is selling at from two hundred to three hundred dollars a ton. It is 99.3 per cent pure as against the 92 per cent of the California article. No matter what extravagant claims California may choose to make for her climate, her mountains, her raisins or her motion-picture stars, she must forever remain silent on the subject of diatomite.

Probably you are wondering why so much fuss is being made about something you never heard of before. The writer, from his superior—and very lately acquired—wisdom, will proceed to enlighten you. In its way infusorial earth is just about as valuable as gold. Perhaps more so, for

gold won't stand up in front of a blow-torch for forty-eight hours without even getting warm, which is what a brick of diatomite will do—and like it. It's the most perfect insulating material known, resisting both heat and cold as nothing else will. And it's quite as handy for insulation against sound, and the writer would like very much to bring that fact to the attention of the builders of modern apartments. It is also extremely light in weight. As a fire brick it has all the other fire brick faded, one of its kind doing the work of twenty-nine of the other sort. (It would have been easier to have written thirty, but twenty-nine is the correct number.) It does this at a saving of two dollars and fifty-one and one-half cents, and, of course, if you save that much every time you lay a fire brick—well, figure it out for yourself. But insulation and fire-proofing aren't diatomite's only uses, not by a long shot. It might well be called the hairpin of the mineral world. It is utilized in making all sorts of things from rubber, including automobile tires and phonograph records; it is useful in the manufacture of explosives, insulating felt, fireproof paint, glass, porcelain, pottery, filtering material, grinding stones, safety matches, fireworks, calico, tooth powder, face powder, dental cream and numerous other things; and it can polish glass and lenses and refine sugar. In brief, diatomite is an extremely useful thing to have around.

The deposits occur in marsh-life formation, having been stowed away there many hundreds of thousands of years before the dawn of history. The diatom is a double-celled organism which, under proper conditions, grows in fresh spring water and multiplies with a rapidity that is quite scandalous. All you have to have on hand when you want to see a diatom is a 1,200-multiple microscope, and it takes only a couple of billion of them to make an inch cube. Naturally, it took quite a while for the diatoms, as busy as they were, to form a deposit from five to twenty-five feet deep over an area of probably forty acres. What is left of them to-day, what is being dried in kilns and pulverized and sifted, are the skeletons and bony outside wear of the tiny chaps. You are to understand, of course, that the diatoms themselves are quite dead, dead these thousands of years, and that their little insides have long since disappeared, leaving only billions and billions—and then some—of tiny hollow shells. It is this peculiar hollow form of the shells which gives to diatomite its porosity and lightness, and it is the porosity which makes it so remarkably non-conductive. Scientists tell us that in this particular region the diatoms went out of business hundreds of thousands of years ago, and there is no evidence to indicate that other diatoms are anywhere back at their trade. In short, then, young Mr. Lindley-Wood and his associates—one

of whom is a woman; you just can't keep 'em out of anything nowadays—have a mighty good thing at Clermont, and the writer grows green with envy every time he draws a mental picture of Mr. Lindley-Wood laying fire brick as fast as he can lay them and making two dollars and fifty-one and one-half cents with every brick!

Ilmenite is another out-of-the-way mineral that is being produced in Florida. Ilmenite is an iron-titanium oxide found with the beach sand at Mineral City, south of Pablo Beach, Duval County. It is used extensively in the making of white titanium oxide, a paint pigment, and also has a place in the manufacture of high-grade steel. With ilmenite are found rutile, zircon and monazite, all of which have their uses in spite of the fact that the writer never heard of them until the other day.

Limestone exists in Florida, or under it, from one end to the other; all sorts of limestone; such as Ocala, the oldest of all, occurring in western and west-central portions of the state and being the most extensively used stone for road-building purposes; Chattahoochee, Marianna Glendon, Palm Beach, Miami—popularly called Ojus after the town where it is mined—Jacksonville, Key West oölitic, Key Largo coralline, phosphatic and coquina. And, maybe, others. Shell marls should be included, too, and there are several

recognized varieties of those, all useful in highway construction. Coquina, a shell limestone peculiar to the East Coast in the vicinity of St. Augustine, was the first building stone used in America. Old Fort Marion and various of the early buildings of our oldest city were constructed of it, and it is still being used as a building material. There is, apparently, no wear-out to it. Many of the other limestones are equally useful for building purposes, while the lime industry uses thousands of tons yearly. In 1923 more than a million and a half tons of limestone products were produced with a value of $1,572,000. Gravel and sand together account for another half million of the state's income. Recently experiments conducted with the peat of which extensive deposits are found in and about the Everglades region have proved it to be rich in fuel value. Doctor Robert Ransom, of Miami, is certain that the Glades contain sufficient peat to light every home and factory and electrify every transportation line in the state without really making a dent in the deposit. And his experiments have shown that ammonium of sulphate to the value of sixty-five dollars can be recovered from Everglades peat at a cost of twenty-two dollars. Maybe something doing there!

Among resources still practically undeveloped are deposits of bog iron, ocher and gypsum. On the whole, you see, Florida is not to be sniffed

at as a mineral state even if Ponce de Léon didn't find his gold!

The lumbering business is important. In spite of the fact that much of the forest has already disappeared, hundreds of sawmills still turn out well over a billion feet of lumber each year. Reforestation is something that must engage attention before long. Naval stores—turpentine and rosin—are produced to the extent of twenty millions of dollars. Fishing is an immense and growing industry, including the taking and export of both fresh and salt-water food fish, turtles, oysters and sponges. More than six hundred varieties of fish, not all used for eating, however, inhabit the Florida waters. Along the Gulf coast are numerous companies engaged in commercial fishing who control large fleets of vessels and maintain docks and packing plants. Punta Gorda alone does a business of approximately one million dollars a year. The fish when caught are taken to the nearest icing station, many of which are scattered along the coast, and are then re-iced at Punta Gorda and shipped to the northern markets in refrigerator cars. The shipments total in the neighborhood of ten million pounds a year. About two thousand fishermen make their headquarters at Punta Gorda. The market there includes mullet, king and Spanish mackerel, pompano, trout, red bass, grouper, pike and blue runner. Sarasota also goes heavily into commercial

fishing, while inland at Lake Okeechobee immense hauls of catfish are made and shipped northward. The oyster industry is largely settled about Apalachicola Bay, although edible oysters occur in all coastal waters around the state. The sponge fisheries are pretty well concentrated at Tarpon Springs, although the industry still persists at Key West.

Florida is not yet a manufacturing state, but she has close to $200,000,000 invested in factories. Some of the things turned out are fertilizers, cigars, fruit and vegetable containers, cigar boxes, brushes and brooms, syrup, canned fruits and jellies, tapioca, paper, motor trucks, perfumes, cement products, brick, tile, furniture and candy. The cigar business is practically statewide, although Tampa has long had a monopoly of it. Nearly fifty millions cigars are produced in the latter city alone every month—82,000,000 a year, in fact—by more than fifteen thousand workers who were paid in 1924 just $15,821,382. The canning industry is growing at leaps and bounds, and, if the making of jellies and preserves and fruit syrups be included, accounts for a considerable part of the state's revenue from manufactories. Numerous lesser industries, many of them novel, the latter including the utilization of palmetto for lumber, paving blocks, brushes, brooms and soap, are still in their infancy. The production of tung oil has been started in Alachua

County and may become one of the great industries. Tung, or Chinese wood-oil, is obtained from the nut of the tung tree and is of great value to the paint and varnish industry. And there are those who hope, Mr. Edison among them, that Florida will one day produce the bulk of the rubber used in this country. An excellent paper has been made from the saw grass which abounds all through the Everglades, and whenever, or if ever, those who control the paper business see fit another and notable industry will be added.

One more infant industry deserves a word. Bees in Florida yield more honey than the same critters do in other states. The Agricultural Department says so, and it ought to know. Mr. E. J. Blaine, of St. Petersburg, says so, too, and he ought to know even better. Mr. Blaine came from Michigan—Grand Rapids, to be precise—and turned from making furniture—is anything made in Grand Rapids save furniture?—to keeping a bee, or, rather, a considerable number of bees. He started in a very small way; a tiny shack and a wheelbarrow were his principal equipment. That was more than ten years ago, which doubtless explains why Mr. Blaine kept a wheelbarrow instead of a Ford. Being a cabinetmaker by trade, making beehives was a simple matter to the reformed Michigander, and he soon had his small farm dotted with the contraptions. Naturally, having a lot of beehives on hand he thought

of putting bees in them. Or perhaps he thought of the bees first. Anyhow Mr. Blaine has five hundred colonies of busy workers now and they are turning out for him twenty-four thousand pounds of honey every year. Which just shows how Florida bees will respond to kindness and appreciate real good homes. Mr. Blaine has given up the wheelbarrow and to-day his product is sent to shipping points in motor trucks. In a book of this sort it is very necessary to abstain from even the suspicion of advertising, and so the fact that Mr. Blaine's honey is widely and favorably known as "Orange Blend Honey" must remain a secret. Although, if it should somehow get out the ensuing publicity would probably not be begrudged to a person of Mr. Blaine's courage and industry. Both Mr. Blaine and the aforementioned Agricultural Department are authority for the statement that in an average year eighty pounds of honey per colony is the usual yield. This is more than twice as much as is produced per colony in any other state. Two varieties are recognized, tupelo and orange blossom, and in quality they rank with the best in the country.

Other industries which, if they scarcely may be called any longer infants, are certainly no more than juveniles, are the nursery business and the growing of bulbs, ferns and cut flowers. There are several large and successful nurseries in the state, notably at Oneco and Glen Saint Mary, and

numerous lesser ones, but there is still room for many more. The growing of bulbs is a promising field, especially since the United States has shut down on the importation of plants and bulbs from abroad. It has already been demonstrated that the so-called Bermuda lily can be profitably raised in Florida as well as practically all other members of the lily family. At St. Petersburg Mr. Raymond Champ has gone extensively into the business of raising lily and gladioli bulbs, as well as iris and dahlia roots, for market. He also ships cut flowers. He is doing well, so well that the original fourteen acres is soon to become thirty. The "asparagus fern" industry is well established at several points, some three hundred acres being devoted to the growing of this climber for the Northern florist trade. Sword ferns are also grown for market.

Mushrooms may be grown out of doors in Florida, under shelters, or in above-ground sheds. A three-acre enterprise is already under way at Palatka.

CHAPTER IX

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

EDUCATION in Florida began with the Spanish missions, but it is a far cry from those rude efforts to the schools and colleges of to-day. Florida's educational growth has been surprising when one considers that it has all taken place in a comparatively brief time. Scarcely more than a century ago the state, or territory as it was then, established an educational system when every sixteenth section of land in the newly organized territory was reserved by act of Congress for the maintenance of schools. But the possession of thousands of acres of forest and swamp unclaimed by the settler was not a great source of income, and the establishing of free schools went slowly. For that matter, so did the settling up of the territory, and not until after the Civil War did the state's educational system become a practical factor. Since then its growth has been almost startling. To-day, Florida's public school system, while still capable of improvement, is fully equal to that of many far older states; and improvement is taking place steadily.

Florida is particularly proud of her state-supported colleges, the University of Florida and

the State College for Women, both approved by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States, and the former by that national accrediting agency, the Association of American Universities. The University of Florida is but twenty years old, and to have attained equal standing with colleges of five and six times its age is surely something to boast of.

The University of Florida began in 1905 with an enrollment of 136 students, a faculty of fifteen and buildings to the number of three. To-day the enrollment is 1,747, the faculty number 123 and the buildings sixteen. Located at Gainesville, Alachua County, near the northern end of the peninsula, the University's large campus and handsome buildings add to the beauty of one of the state's most attractive towns. Instruction in arts and sciences, agriculture, architecture, business administration, commerce, engineering, journalism, pedagogy, law, military science, physical training and music is given under the experienced direction of one of the South's most notable educationalists, Doctor A. A. Murphree. Residents of the state pay no tuition fees, save in the Law College. Nonresidents are required to pay $20 per semester. Expenses are extremely moderate.

The Florida State College for Women, at Tallahassee, was established in 1905 in a very small way, having then but four buildings set in a campus of thirteen acres. To-day the campus has

expanded to fifty acres, there are thirteen buildings, of which eleven are modern structures of brick, and there is also additional land to the extent of two hundred and thirty acres, largely used as a dairy and truck farm to supply the wants of the college. The present plant is valued in excess of a million and a half dollars. The four dormitories accommodate more than eight hundred students and a large dining hall is capable of seating eleven hundred. Other buildings are the administration and education buildings, science hall, library, training school, gymnasium, infirmary and primary training school, the latter now used for general purposes. In spite of these facilities the college is still unable to accept all applicants for admission. At the present time the enrollment is just under one thousand. Its faculty numbers forty-seven members. In addition to the standard courses in liberal arts, the college offers the advantages of a normal school and a school of home economics; and in summer conducts a summer course for two months for the accommodation of teachers in service in the public schools. The campus is a very lovely expanse of oak-shaded and well-landscaped ground near the old Capitol.

Besides the state institutions for learning, Florida maintains a number of endowed or privately supported colleges. Of these Rollins College, at Winter Park, is the oldest and most important. It was organized in 1885 and has prospered exceedingly ever since. It enjoys a superb location on Lake Virginia, its buildings following the curve of the shore and facing the water. With such a situation, and with a climate which allows outdoor work almost constantly, it is not surprising that Rollins draws half its attendance from the North. It offers a four-year academic course leading to A.B. and B.S. degrees, and has besides departments of Business Administration and Music. Rollins College has recently honored herself and one of the country's foremost citizens by inviting to the presidency Hamilton Holt, former editor of *The Independent,* lecturer of note and, in 1924, candidate for the Governorship of Connecticut. The new president began his incumbency at Rollins last September.

Stetson University, at De Land, was founded and endowed by John B. Stetson—naturally, the football team is known as the "Hatters"—and is the official Baptist college of the state. Its campus, sprinkled with moss-draped oaks, contains many fine modern buildings which accommodate some five hundred students. It offers liberal arts courses and courses in law and engineering. Other departments are being developed with the aid of an income close to a million dollars yearly.

On Lake Hollingsworth, at Lakeland, is Southern College, supported by the Methodists. This

institution is being rapidly developed along all lines, and its newer buildings are admirable. Twenty-two states are represented in the enrollment.

Palmer College, at DeFuniak Springs, has the support of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and, while it grades as a junior college, it is fast taking its place amongst the state's worthy institutions.

At Madison is the Florida Normal Institute, at which many of the public-school teachers are trained.

Among preparatory and secondary schools may be mentioned the Florida Military Academy, at Magnolia Springs, near Jacksonville, offering courses in university preparation and in business training. It is a member of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools. Another military school is at Sutherland, the South Florida Military Academy. Although in only its third year it is already well established and prosperous. The Captiva Island Preparatory School, near Fort Myers, has been in successful operation for a number of years, and because of its location fairly on the edge of the tropics affords splendid opportunities for outdoor study and recreation, opportunities seized by many youths from other states. The Aitkin Open Air School, at St. Petersburg, conducts only elementary classes at present, but expansion is forthcoming. A sec-

ondary school that specializes in vocational instruction is operated at Montverde, Lake County. Other established private schools are to be found in Miami, Tampa, Jacksonville and several more cities.

The Catholic Church maintains a number of excellent institutions of learning, as the Sacred Heart College, at Tampa, the Saint Leo Academy, at Saint Leo, in Pasco County, and convent schools at Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Augustine, Orlando, West Palm Beach, Fernandina and Key West.

The Florida Educational Association, a citizen organization, is proving of great value in the state's movement for securing improved schools and conditions.

CHAPTER X

HOME BUILDING AND HOUSEKEEPING

FLORIDA wants home-builders, needs them; and a lot of home-builders need Florida. Many of them are discovering the fact, too. Indeed just now one might think that about every one was building there, but after the tap of hammers has ceased and the dust of mortar has blown away it will doubtless be found that quite a good many persons who might own homes in Florida with benefit to their health, happiness and pocketbooks are still absent—a deplorable state of affairs that will ultimately be remedied. The country contains a vast number of folks whose offices are under their hats, as the phrase is; persons whose profession or trade allows them to pursue it as well in one place as another as long as they are within communication with their market, wherever that may be. Also the country contains a still larger population whose business does not require their presence in the North during the winter months. Mr. Roger Babson, who graces Florida with his presence when the snow is flying in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and whose utterances anent the state are always sane and well considered, has recently invited us to take a map

of the United States and draw on it three lines as follows: one from Chicago to Portland, Maine, one from Portland to Florida and, completing the triangle, one from Florida to Chicago. The space so enclosed, he informs us, contains a farming population of over six millions. No place in that triangle is more than, let us venture, sixty hours by train from Florida, none more than a few days by automobile. At some time between November and March, the farmer within that triangle is free to take a well-earned vacation, and what simpler or more sensible way to take it than by going where he will find a complete change from the life he leads during the other eight or nine months? Why should he stay housed up and idle at home when, by stepping into his car or onto a train or a boat, he can in a very short time reach a place where he can be outdoors every day and take his choice of any number of pleasant activities? Or where, for that matter, he can stay just as idle as at home, but do it under blue skies and in warm sunshine. Another portion of the population of the states outside Florida is composed of persons who, while their duties require them to remain at home during most of the winter, are yet able to absent themselves for a month or six weeks or even two months so long as messages still travel by wire—or without wire—and Uncle Sam continues to conduct his post-office business in no worse fashion than at

present. All these classes are potential winter dwellers in Florida. Many of them will be content with hotels or boarding houses if their time of sojourn is brief. Many of them will be content with such accommodations even if they remain South all through the winter; that is, for the first winter. After that, if history continues to repeat herself, they will look around for a place to build.

Florida needs most of all citizens who will make their permanent homes within her territory, become interested in her and owe undivided allegiance to her, and she is getting such citizens and will continue to get them in increasing numbers as her merits as a residential state become more widely known. Failing year-round dwellers, however, she welcomes those who like her well enough to spend a part of their time with her, and especially those who will build homes. Such part-time citizens she is acquiring in vast numbers. And why not? A Florida home, be it never so humble, beats any hotel, be it never so luxurious, for solid comfort and contentment. And certainly it beats sharing your patrimony with the coal dealer to secure warmth and with the family physician to insure health. A Florida bungalow, even if it doesn't look like one of the Spanish palaces that get their pictures in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers, has several things in its favor. For instance, it

doesn't cost much to build. And, as there is no cellar, it has no furnace to consume coal from October to May. And its eaves may become festooned with bougainvillæa and bignonia, but never with icicles!

To those considering building in Florida a few hints may be welcome. Lots are almost universally fifty feet wide in the newer additions to towns and cities, although one sixty- or sixty-odd feet wide may occasionally occur. Depths are ordinarily one hundred feet. One can build a bungalow on a fifty-foot lot and have room at one side for a drive, but he will find himself disconcertingly close to his neighbors on either hand, and in a land where windows are almost continuously open and phonographs or radios a part of the furnishings of nearly every home that claims consideration. Two fifty-foot lots, with the house centered, is the better proposition. It is impossible to tell you what your lots will cost, for, of course, residence property varies widely in price and to-day's price may not be to-morrow's. However, if one doesn't insist on being too close to a rapidly growing town he may still, at this writing, obtain lots as low as $750.00 each. From that figure he may advance to almost any sum he pleases. If one wants the best as to proximity to town, with improvements such as paved streets, sidewalks, telephone service, electricity, gas and water he may pay from $1,500 up.

Moorish gateways, swimming pools, palms and so on add another thousand or two. Again, if one is willing to locate well away from town and wait for it to grow out to him, he may purchase an acre for the price of a lot farther in. Shore property is becoming prohibitive, although still not as high as it will go. As some one said, the Lord made a lot of land, but only just so much seashore.

In buying look for elevation. Elevation is merely relative along the coast, where a development lying twenty-four inches above the surrounding land will probably bear some such name as "Overlook" or "Pineland Heights," but even the matter of an added foot may make a difference. It isn't sea-water that you need to avoid, but the water left by the torrential downpours of the summer rains. It is just a bit inconvenient to have to take off one's shoes and stockings to reach the garage! A lot which allows the house to face east or west is preferred if the resident intends to remain into or through the hot weather, but that isn't an important item, since the advantage of sunshine in winter and the avoidance of it in summer may be secured by planning the house correctly.

You may build your house of any one of a number of materials, but if you want stone you will have to pay well for it unless you happen to locate in one of a few favored spots. All kinds

of clay and concrete brick are to be had, as well as hollow tile, concrete blocks and poured concrete. Since freedom from the extremes of heat and cold is an advantage, hollow tile, with its splendid insulating properties, is a most satisfactory material. But it comes from a distance, and freight charges added to the original cost make it high. Brick builds a house that resists the weather almost as well, and brick is less expensive. Frame and frame-and-stucco are favorites and, when a really good insulating material is used in the walls, answer very well. Stucco must, however, be backed with a waterproof surface if the house is to be dry in summer. When, that is, it is applied to a frame building.

Stucco has the advantage of accommodating itself well to the Spanish-Moorish style of architecture now so popular in Florida, and may be treated in any one of a wide variety of fashions as to surface texture and color. It may be laid smooth, slap-dashed, pebbled or left roughened by the trowel in several ways. As for color, you may choose anything you please and still probably not succeed in striking a new note. Already the state is picked out with blue houses and pink houses and yellow and buff and brown and green and lavender and purple houses. And you need not restrict yourself to one shade alone. If the plaster is put on with a sort of "cow-lick" effect the background may be one tone and the protuber-

ances "high-lighted" with another. There is, of course, the danger of having your bungalow mistaken for a filling station, but that is nothing if the bizarre is what you seek.

The Spanish-Moorish house is much more Moorish than Spanish; "more-or-less-Spanish" might be a fair name for this style of architecture. Purely Spanish houses in Florida one can understand, but, to paraphrase the late H. A. W. Tabor, of Leadville and Denver, what the this-and-that did the Moors ever do for Florida? One becomes just a bit weary of these houses with their weird colors and combinations of colors, their iron-grilled balconies, glazed tiles, oddly shaped—and often useless—windows and tiny patios. True, the Spanish-Moorish house may be of white, in which case it is at its best, but it so seldom is! Give the average architect in Florida a stucco surface to work on and he becomes color-mad. Some developments insist that only this particular style of architecture may be used inside their confines, and the results are sometimes a trifle monotonous. However, the Florida law doesn't yet require you to build any special sort of a house, and you can do pretty much as you please.

Various versions of the California type bungalow are popular, some with the airplane sleeping room atop, some without. The main thing, whatever style or period you decide on, is to have your

roof tight, your walls insulated, your ceilings fairly high, your porch space generous and your doors and windows arranged to secure cross-draughts. Strange as it may sound, a water-tight roof is about the last thing a Florida builder will give you. See that he specifically guarantees your roof for at least one year. The material he will use will probably be the best of its kind, but Florida rains are calculated to get through almost anything short of processed steel and it's dollars to doughnuts your roof will be laid by a smart lad who until a few months before was guiding a plow in Indiana. (Why it is that so large a proportion of the citizens of Indiana go to Florida and, irrespective of previous lines of endeavor, insist on posing as carpenters or masons or painters is an unfathomable mystery.) Flashings about chimneys and angles should be laid carefully and all valleys should be widely tinned. After that almost any kind of tile, asbestos or felt shingle will serve. Although if your amateur roofer can be persuaded to refrain from leaving exposed nail-holes your chance of spotted ceilings and streaked plaster will be lessened.

You may have hardwood floors to your heart's content, but you are hereby informed that whoever has to look after them will rue them daily. If you must have them, let them be nothing less than oak. Hard pine is a mockery. Most of Florida is surfaced with sand, and no matter how

careful you are you will bring it into the house on your shoes, and it plays hob with polished floors. Soft pine flooring covered with cork linoleum is the best bet. Non-rustable hardware should be used, indoors and out; and the nearer the salt-water you are the more you will need it. All windows and doors should be screened with small-mesh copper screening. Like any other subtropical land, Florida is rich in insects. Mosquitoes, unless you locate near stagnant water, will trouble you no more than "back home"; probably less, since the almost constant breezes discourage what there may be. You will need awnings on the south and west sides of your house, may want them also on the east and will be well advised if you have them on all sides. When the rains come you can keep your windows lowered at the top, which you can't safely do with no awning to deflect the torrents.

Your garage may be of the sketchiest sort, since all you really need is a roof above the car and sufficient wall to keep the hottest sun off it and strangers out. You may build the sides of lattice if you want to save money.

It is almost as difficult to talk building costs as the prices of land. Materials and labor both fluctuate. Fortunately Florida produces enough pine lumber for its present needs, although, due to transportation difficulties, it isn't always available when needed. Neither is it always as satis-

factory as northern fir or pine, partly because it is weather- and not kiln-dried. This is reflected in the finished product of the mills. Nevertheless it answers ordinary requirements. Brick, lime, building stone and sand are also home products, and, although much of what will enter into the construction of your house will be shipped in from the North, with heavy freight charges attached, you will build your house for far less than a similar residence would cost you "back home." On a basis of 1924 prices, a five-room-and-bath bungalow of frame or frame and stucco, together with a one-car garage, may be built for $4,500, this price including plumbing, gas and electric fittings; also incidental concrete work, as automobile runway, steps and walk. This figure may be a thousand dollars less for a house with interior walls of builder's board instead of plaster, fewer windows, soft pine floors and so on. Or it may be increased by another thousand without much effort. And, of course, from four or five thousand you may range skyward as high as your fancy dictates and your purse allows. Remember that you have no cellar to dig and almost no foundation to build, no heater to install and no system of pipes or flues to be carried throughout.

Your house will, of course, have a chimney to accommodate one or more fireplaces unless it is very far south indeed. Even at the end of the peninsula or on one of the Keys you will be

more comfortable for an occasional blaze. Over most of the state a fire is a necessity at intervals during the winter months. Your fireplace may be fitted with one of those good-looking and efficient improvements on the old-time gas-log, or you may put a basket in it and burn coal, or you may have a few dollars' worth of pine and oak piled in the back yard and watch the sparks fly up your chimney on a cool evening. In any case your fuel bill will be small! In your bathroom a gas or electric heater—the latter has the call—will add to the comfort of cool mornings, while for rooms not affected by the warmth from the fireplace one of those gas heaters that may be moved about at fancy will prove convenient.

Keeping house in Florida has its difficulties, just as, nowadays, it has everywhere. The servant problem is quite as acute there as in New York or Portland, Oregon. White help is extremely hard to obtain and colored servants are notoriously trifling. Unless you can provide a room on the premises for your cook or general house-girl you might almost as well do without. Those who come in by the day observe many holidays not set down on your calendar, are subject to untimely and mysterious maladies necessitating varying periods of abstinence from labor and recognize no duties after 5:00 P.M. If you have your dinner at midday, get your own supper and

are satisfied to leave a sinkful of soiled dishes overnight you can manage after a fashion. Male help may serve you a trifle better, for your yard man, whom you will share with most of your neighbors, may be depended on to show up with some regularity; unless, of course, he manages to accumulate several dollars at once, in which case he will remain a stranger to you—suffering from "a touch of fever"—until the excess wealth has been dissipated.

Your laundry will either go to a steam laundry, most of which are particularly destructive and generally unsatisfactory as yet, be entrusted to a colored woman, or, all else failing, be done at home by the housewife in sheer desperation. If the aid of a laundress is resorted to, one of two things will ensue. You will provide a large iron kettle for boiling the clothes, a few bricks to keep it off the ground, some wood for a fire, three or more wash-tubs and a bench to set them on, plenty of water, soap—which has a way of disappearing mysteriously the next moment—and the other usual concomitants. Also you will somehow provide sufficient space on the premises for the accommodation of this paraphernalia and one —usually—stout colored lady. Or else you will place your week's washing in the automobile and bear it, with due humility, to the residence of the laundress. Since laundresses invariably live on unpaved streets, the task is less simple than it

sounds. At the end of the week you will return for the laundry. If you are wise, you will, having reached home, take the clothes from the basket or bundle before entering the house, since not infrequently more comes back to you than you sent. The reference is to cockroaches, however, and not to that more dreaded insect.

Unless you like cockroaches, and few persons seem to, you will need to be alert if you are to keep the house free from them. Eternal vigilance is the price of peace. The cockroach, of which several varieties are either indigenous to the state or have recognized its advantages as a place of residence, is forever to be reckoned with. Your house, it is to be hoped, will have been built with a view to the exclusion of both rodents and roaches, with no adits for their convenience and with all outer doors fitting closely. But you can't faze the cockroach by a show of inhospitality. He thrives on snubs. If he can't get into your house through a crack or under a door he will do it in a fold of paper at the bottom of a basket or concealed in a bag, disguised as a potato, or in some other stealthy and ingenious way. Never allow the groceries farther than the back porch without an inspection, and never put potatoes, onions and vegetables generally away in the containers they arrive in. Once well established, the cockroach, either the big, handsome lustrous-brown chap or the little so-called Cuban fellow, is precious hard

to exterminate. But he can be kept out if you try hard enough. Even if you don't suspect him, an occasional offering of roach paste or powder left in the corners will do no harm; and you needn't give way to surprise and mortification if one or more victims of your generosity is found the next day. Cockroaches are splendid waiters and will remain concealed for days at a time in the hope of lulling you into a state of false security. It's best to take it for granted that there is always at least one on the premises, and go after him.

About the only other things that may bother the housewife are moths and ants. Moths are plentiful in the South and nothing should be put away in the spring that hasn't been sprayed with one of the patent moth-proofing liquids. This is advisable even when cedar chests or bags are to contain the article. Ants are not likely to trouble unless you deliberately tempt them. If you leave an uncovered syrup can around, however, or anything equally delectable from the ant point of view, they will flock to it even if they have to cross the street and climb the rain-spout! Only the tiny red—or, let us say, blonde—ant is so enterprising. They, too, may be controlled, however, without undue exertion.

You will cook on a gas stove or, if you prefer it, an electric range, and hot water will be supplied by means of an auxiliary gas heater. You will, probably, find the water hard and so have

recourse to soaps and washing preparations specially suitable. You will discover, to your dismay, that the Florida sun is destructive on certain curtain materials and that silk draperies are short-lived. But you will also discover that that same sun has wonderful cleansing and bleaching properties. On the whole, you'll forgive it its few misdemeanors for the sake of its many virtues; just as you will soon forget the inconveniences and trivial annoyances in the feeling of restfulness and well-being that will be yours.

CHAPTER XI

SPORTS AND RECREATIONS

Probably every game or amusement not dependent on the presence of snow or ice is to be found in Florida. And, while skiing and tobogganing will forever remain impossible, ice-skating may soon be indulged in on an artificial rink in Miami. With the exceptions noted, a list of sports pursued and games played in the North will answer for Florida in the winter time. Golf is preeminent, and the state is dotted from end to end with courses, most of them of excellent quality. Golf is one sport not limited to the winter months, for even in the hottest weather you will find the links well occupied. Tennis is played everywhere, and, like golf, draws many competitors to winter tournaments. Polo is restricted to a few localities. The seemingly gentle, but really rather strenuous, game of roque counts its devotees by the thousands, while lawn-bowls and the democratic pitching of horseshoes vie in favor. The National Pastime has fairly adopted Florida, and major and minor league teams descend upon it in February and occupy training grounds all over the central part of the state. A State Baseball League flourishes in summer and an East

Coast League in winter. Football between college and school teams lasts from September to December.

Florida waters are beautifully adapted to sailing and motor-boating, and each season sees an increase in the number of visiting and home-owned boats. The protected sounds and harbors of the East Coast and the Gulf are ideal waters for small craft, and Florida winters provide ideal weather. Speed-boat races are held each season on both coasts and inland, too, and are contested by the fleetest craft of the country. One scarcely thinks of automobiling as a recreation any longer, yet there are many who have the leisure to make it such, and for them Florida offers a wealth of excellent paved roads. Motor racing on Daytona's wonderful beach is a frequent event.

Many there are who derive their greatest pleasure from bathing, and to them the state is generous in the matter of superb beaches. The East Coast, from Pablo Beach on the north to Miami Beach on the south, is an almost unbroken succession of smooth white strands, while scarcely an island of size from the latter place to Key West does not offer surf facilities. The West Coast, too, has a number of fine beaches, but their number is more limited. Many of the inland lakes provide excellent conveniences for enjoyable bathing, and where nature has overlooked the matter artificial pools supply the deficiency.

Lovers of horse-racing may enjoy their favorite sport at both Miami and Tampa, and, when the season there is over, may find excitement in watching the greyhounds run. And, of course, they may wager to their hearts' content on either.

Florida is the fisherman's paradise, has been for years on end and always will be. Fish are to be caught in numbers not only in the deep waters off the coast but in every harbor, channel, canal, bayou, river and lake in the state. To list them would be impossible. Dr. James Henshall states that he has collected close to three hundred species from the salt and fresh waters of Florida, and not even as canny and indefatigable a fisherman as the good Doctor could possibly come by all of them. Of the fresh-water fish the big-mouth bass, or "trout" as the native Floridian calls him, is king. He is taken in about every lake and stream throughout the state, and while some localities claim preëminence for size of fish taken, others excel in the abundance of smaller prey. It is only fair, however, to give credit where credit belongs and say that what the writer believes to be the largest big-mouth on record was taken with hook and line from Lake Moody, in Pasco County. It weighed twenty pounds and two ounces. Various lakes on the Ridge are favorite resorts for the enthusiastic bass fisherman, and some very large specimens have been taken there. Lakes and streams also yield various sunfishes,

the crappie, the catfish and, infrequently, the pickerel.

What the big-mouth bass is to the Florida lakes, the tarpon is to the sea, but he is a game, hard-fighting king while the big-mouth is a good deal of a quitter in warm waters. Tarpon fishing is at its best on the West Coast and along the Keys, although it is pursued on the ocean side of the peninsula. The bays and estuaries that line the West Coast seem to be very much to the tarpon's liking, and St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Punta Gorda and Fort Myers are the tarpon fisherman's headquarters on that side. Special mention must be given to Useppa Island, off Punta Gorda, for there is where every real dyed-in-the-wool tarpon enthusiast gets at some time during the season. That season lasts from May to August inclusive. But tarpon aren't the only big fish to be caught, for you can get a pretty hard tug from a jewfish and, if that isn't large enough, you may, with luck, catch a two-ton rhynodon, or "devil-fish"; although it's a fair bet you won't land him with hook and line! Anglers with light tackle find pleasure and excitement enough, however, in smaller if no less sporting captures. Sailfish, tuna marlin, barracuda, bonito, sheepshead, lady fish, Spanish mackerel, pompano, channel bass, grouper, drum fish, jack, snook, king fish—the Southern, not the Northern chap—sea trout, red snapper, mangrove snapper, all

Photo. by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A WINTER SPORT IN FLORIDA

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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A WINTER SPORT IN FLORIDA

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await you in Florida waters. Fishing clubs are many along both coasts and down the Keys. The Miami Anglers' Club alone numbers close to four hundred members. Then there is the Sailfish Club at Palm Beach, the Fort Lauderdale Club, the Long Key Club, and, select and exclusive, the famous Cocolobo Cay Club. And so on up the West Coast as well; not omitting another exclusive association of sportsmen at Clearwater, the Stone Crab Club.

And that naturally brings the question: Have you ever eaten stone crabs? Other crabs, yes, and probably crayfish, but stone crabs? If you haven't, please do so before you die. Make a pilgrimage to the place where they are best, Passa Grille, and confine your efforts to them. Don't mar your palate or clutter up your internal workings with anything else. Just say "Stone crabs!" and keep on saying it until you've had enough. After that, quite at your leisure, you may drop a few fervid expressions of gratitude to the writer.

For the hunter Florida still supplies a quantity of game. Excellent quail shooting exists in almost all sections north of Okeechobee, wild doves are numerous and turkey can be found in the backwoods. Geese, duck, plover and snipe are to be had. Game animals include cottontail and marsh rabbits, cat and fox squirrels, opossums, raccoons, foxes, wildcats, deer, bears, panthers, alligators

and crocodiles. And, if your tastes run that way, rattlers! Perhaps, however, rattlers aren't game animals. While on the subject of snakes, it may be well to state that poisonous reptiles do exist in Florida, although you might remain in the state all your life without seeing one. Several varieties of rattlers and at least one moccasin do business there. Unless, however, you disregard the simplest precautionary measures when hunting in scrub, hammock or swamp you are in no danger. There are undoubtedly far more rattlesnakes in many of the western states than there are in Florida. Moccasins, fully as poisonous, inhabit the waters of swamps and slow-moving streams or, on occasions, sun themselves along the banks. Sometimes they "hang themselves up to dry" on a bush. Don't interfere with the drying process. Leather boots or leggings reaching well toward the knee are "good medicine" for the hunter, although there are plenty of "crackers" who have spent most of their lives in the woods and clearings and have never known the feel of a shoe.

Another inhabitant of the water, this time a harmless one, is the Florida otter, which abounds in the southern part of the peninsula, especially in and about Big Cypress Swamp in the Everglades, where he is trapped in great numbers both by the Seminole Indians and by professional trappers. Contrary to the general impression, which credits the far northern otter with the finest

pelt, the Florida otter has his cold country brother beaten. His fur is longer and of better quality, and there is more of it for the reason that he is considerably larger. A particularly fine otter pelt has brought as high as twenty-five dollars more than once. Buyers from the fur exchanges make regular visits to the Everglades, leaving the trappers considerably better off.

The ownership of game is vested in the counties. Persons may hunt free on their own premises, but all others must have licenses. A nonresident hunting license good only for the county in which issued costs $25.25. Each additional county license costs $5.25. Resident licenses cost $1.25 for county of residence and $3.25 for each additional county; or a state-wide license may be obtained for $10.25. Nonresident fishermen pay $2.25 for a license permitting them to fish in the fresh waters of one county, or $5.25 for a state-wide permit. Residents do not require licenses, nor do children of thirteen years or less. Bag limit: two deer, five turkeys and three hundred of any other game birds per year: one deer, two turkeys, twenty quail, twenty-five ducks, coots and gallinules, eight geese, eight brant, twenty-five doves, six woodcock, twenty-five Wilson snipe, fifteen in all of plovers and yellow-legs, twenty-five in all of rails, coots and gallinules per day. The sale of all reedbirds and all protected game is prohibited. A nonresident hunter may carry

out of the state game as personal luggage, but not more than a two days' limit of migratory game birds may be exported in any one week.

The season on deer, turkey, squirrels, quail, doves, duck, geese, etc., opens November 20th and extends to January 31st, inclusive, on all save deer, turkeys, squirrels and quail. On these the season ends February 15th. Certain exceptions exist, and the visiting hunter will do well to provide himself with full information covering the districts he intends to hunt over. An attempt is being made through the Legislature to give the control of game to the state, but the matter is still in process.

The subject of golf cannot be disposed of as summarily as in a sentence or two. Golf in Florida is a vastly important factor in the upbuilding and progress of the state, a fact already well recognized by those interested, either financially or altruistically, in Florida's growth and prosperity. Ten years ago there was a different story to tell, for then golf was still looked on as the rich man's hobby, and the idea of developing a town site about a golf links would have been unthought of. Yet to-day more than one suburban development has seen the building of a course and an elaborate club house thoroughly completed, has even seen the course played on, before the grading and paving of streets was completed and lots

were offered for sale. Public golf courses have been or are being provided by all the cities and larger towns. Some of these are even starting their second or third courses. Privately owned links are everywhere. In short, Florida is teed and greened and bunkered from the Georgia line to the tip end of the far-flung Keys, and it is doubtful if more than a half-dozen other states can offer as many really excellent golf courses. To dwell in detail on all that deserve it would take far too much space, but a few are fairly entitled to special mention; as, for instance, the fine municipal course at St. Augustine, the long eighteen holes at Ormond, the Palm Beach Country Club's links, the excellent course of the Gulf Stream Golf Club, at Del Ray, the Cloister and Ritz Carlton Golf Clubs' links at Boca Raton, the Coral Gables course and the Miami Country Club and the Flamingo Golf Club links, the latter at Miami Beach. On the West Coast the justly famous Belleair courses at Clearwater demand mention, as do those of the Coffee Pot Golf Club at St. Petersburg. Tampa's Rocky Point links and the course at Temple Terrace, a short distance from Tampa, are equally notable. Bradenton's thirty-year-old course deserves a word if only because it is the progenitor of all Florida courses. Inland are the Lakeland Golf Club links, the new Cleveland Heights, in the same city, the sporting Mountain Lakes, at Lake Weir, the "Dubsdread," at Or-

lando—worthy of its name—and the course at De Land. Doubtless there are many others of all the scores unmentioned fully as deserving of record; and the writer is at this moment covered with remorse for having neglected the College Arms course at De Land, one of the oldest and still one of the finest in the state, occupying an ideal situation amongst pines and palms and fragrant orange trees.

As nearly perfect as many of the private courses are, there are at least two municipal layouts which seldom fail to arouse the admiration of all who play on them. These are the courses at Jacksonville and at Hialeah, outside Miami. The Jacksonville course has few superiors in the country. It was designed by Donald Ross and combines in its eighteen holes about every test of the golfer's skill with conditions adjustable to the plodding game of the duffer. The turf is always in excellent condition and even in the driest weather does not become baked and hard. It is undoubtedly one of the best tended courses in the United States, and in spite of the purely nominal fee charged—fifty cents—it has proved a paying proposition to the city. Rates by week or month are proportionately lower, and for twenty-five dollars one may play there for a year.

Low fees are also in vogue at Hialeah, where, likewise, the golfing visitor will find fairways and greens, service and surroundings, equal to the

best. Here, in December of last year, was staged a notable tournament in which, during two brilliant days, such golfing masters as Duncan and Mitchell, the British stars, Bobby Cruikshank, Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Leo Diegel and others of like caliber fought their way to a decision.

Over on the West Coast, Belleair possesses the only 36-hole course in the state, and it is the winter Mecca of thousands of golf enthusiasts, many of whom return there for play year after year with never-failing regularity. The course is delightfully situated on a rolling terrain overlooking the waters of the Gulf, and its fairways are marvels of texture and color and its greens like stretches—and good generous stretches—of emerald velvet. Verily, a joy to the disciple of old John B. Golf.

The Boca Ciega Country Club, at St. Petersburg, called on Walter Hagen when it came time to consider a golf layout and the Boca Ciega course is the result of the combined resources of Hagen and Wayne Stiles. It is still new, but it takes its place among the best. If one likes water hazards—and what true-blue golfer doesn't at the bottom of his soul?—they are to be found to perfection at Boca Ciega, for the course not only borders the bay but is indented and crossed by the lazily winding inlets of blue water.

The list of golf courses in Florida which follows is by no means complete since golf courses, like

subdivisions, are being opened up with amazing and confusing persistency. The list is, however, correct to within a few months. The writer is able to include it here through the courtesy of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce.

GOLF COURSES IN FLORIDA

Name	*Number of holes*	*Total Length in yards*	*Par*
ALTAMONTE SPRINGS			
Altamonte Springs Golf Course	9	1,825	34
ARCADIA			
Arcadia Golf Course	9		
ATLANTIC BEACH			
Atlantic Beach Country Club	18	6,000	72
AVON PARK			
Scenic Highland Golf Club	9	3,152	34
(Building) Lake Shore Country Club	18	6,400	
BABSON PARK			
Crooked Lake Golf and Yacht Club	9	3,240	35
BARTOW			
Bartow Golf Club	9	2,855	34
BELLEAIR No. 1			
Belleair Country Club	18	6,218	71
BELLEAIR No. 2	18	5,763	69
BOCA GRANDE			
Gulf Shore Golf Links	9	2,900	34

Name	*Number of holes*	*Total Length in yards*	*Par*
BRADENTON			
Bradenton Golf and Country Club	9	3,008	36
Palma Sola Golf and Country Club	9		
CLEARWATER			
Clearwater Country Club	18	6,305	71
COCOA			
Poinset Golf and Country Club	18	6,280	73
COCONUT GROVE			
Coconut Grove Country Club	18	5,685	69
CROOKED LAKE			
Yacht and Country Club	9	3,100	35
DAYTONA			
Daytona Golf and Country Club	18	6,287	75
DE LAND			
College Arms Golf Club	18	6,600	74
ENTERPRISE			
Municipal Golf Course	9	3,000	36
EUSTIS			
Lake County Country Club	9	3,250	37
FLORENCE VILLA			
Florence Villa Golf Club	9	2,538	37
FORT LAUDERDALE			
Fort Lauderdale Golf and Country Club	9	2,770	37

Name	Number of holes	Total Length in yards	Par
FORT MYERS			
Golf and Yacht Club	18	6,388	74
FORT PIERCE			
Fort Pierce Golf and Country Club	9	3,007	36
FRUITLAND PARK			
Golf Club	18	6,125	69
GAINESVILLE			
Gainesville Golf and Country Club	9		35
GREEN COVE SPRINGS			
Qui Si Sana Golf Course	9	2,321	35
HAMPTON SPRINGS			
Hotel Hampton Golf Course	9	3,100	
HIGHLAND PARK			
Highland Park Golf Course	9	3,100	
HOBE SOUND			
Jupiter Island Golf Club	9	2,821	
HOMESTEAD			
Homestead Golf and Country Club	9	3,079	35
HOLLYWOOD			
Hollywood Golf and Country Club	18	1,100	72
HOWEY			
Chain of Lakes	18	6,200	73

Name	Number of holes	Total Length in yards	Par
JACKSONVILLE			
Municipal Golf Course	18	6,282	72
Florida Country Club	18	6,098	72
Timuquana Country Club	18	6,500	71
KEY WEST			
Key West Municipal Golf Course	9	3,201	35
KISSIMMEE			
Golf Club	9	3,030	38
LAKE CITY			
Lakeview Country Club	9		
LAKELAND			
Country Club	18	6,113	71
Cleveland Heights Golf and Country Club (under construction)	18	6,400	71
LAKE WALES			
Mountain Lake Club	18	6,580	73
LEESBURG			
Leesburg Municipal Golf Course	9	3,015	37
Silver Lake Golf and Country Club	9	3,184	36
MELBOURNE			
Golf and Country Club	9	2,751	35
MIAMI			
Coral Gables Clubhouse and Golf Course	18	6,385	72
Miami Country Club	18	6,250	72
Hialeah	18	6,275	72

Name	*Number of holes*	*Total Length in yards*	*Par*
MIAMI BEACH			
Bay Shore Golf Club	18	6,300	71
Flamingo Golf Club	9	3,133	35
Miami Beach Golf Club	18	6,168	72
MOUNTAIN LAKE			
Mountain Lake Club	18	6,240	71
NAPLES			
Naples Golf Club	9	2,900	40
NEW SMYRNA			
New Smyrna Golf and Country Club	9		
OAKLAND			
West Orange Country Club	18	6,565	76
OCALA			
Ocala Country Club	9	2,852	37
ORLANDO			
Orlando Country Club	18	6,392	70
"Dubsdread"	18	6,365	72
ORMOND BEACH			
Ormond Beach Golf Links	18	6,006	75
PALATKA			
Palatka Municipal Golf Course	18		
PALMETTO			
Palmetto Country Club (Jan. 1)	9	3,400	

Name	*Number of holes*	*Total Length in yards*	*Par*
PALM BEACH			
Palm Beach Country Club	18	5,025	63
PENSACOLA			
Pensacola Country Club	9	2,638	35
PERRY			
Hotel Hampton Golf Club, Hampton Springs, Florida	9	3,100	35
PORT SEWELL			
St. Lucie River Country Club	18	6,140	71 and 86
PUNTA GORDA			
Punta Gorda Golf Club	9	3,800	38
ROCKLEDGE			
Rockledge Golf Club	9	2,548	34
RUNNYMEDE			
Golf Course	9		
SANFORD			
Sanford Municipal Golf Course	18	6,005	70
SARASOTA			
Sarasota Golf Holding Co.	9	6,890	38
Nokomis Golf Links (Villa Nokomis Hotel)	9		
SEABREEZE (DAYTONA)			
Clarendon Golf Course	18	6,217	74

Name	*Number of holes*	*Total Length in yards*	*Par*
SEBRING			
Kenilworth Lodge Golf Club	18	6,250	70
ST. AUGUSTINE			
St. Augustine Links	36	12,776	
ST. PETERSBURG			
Country Club	18	6,080	75
TALLAHASSEE			
Tallahassee Golf Club	9	3,090	35
TAMPA			
Palma Ceia Golf Club	18	6,106	
Rocky Point Golf Club	18	5,764	69
Temple Terraces Golf Club	18	6,581	
TARPON SPRINGS			
Tarpon Springs Golf Club	9	3,200	37
USEPPA ISLAND			
Useppa Golf Club	9	2,330	33
VERO			
Reomar	9	3,000	36
Royal Park	9	3,200	
WEST PALM BEACH			
West Palm Beach Country Club	18	6,252	71
WINTER HAVEN			
Lake Region Country Club	18	6,320	72
WINTER PARK			
Winter Park Country Club	18	6,021	72

CHAPTER XII

GETTING ABOUT IN FLORIDA

FLORIDA railroads have been very busy of late. During the year of 1924 more new trunk line railroad was under construction in that state than in all the other states of the Union combined, and in 1925 building fell off but little. The most spectacular railway feat of recent times was the construction by the Seaboard Air Line within ten months of two hundred and seven miles of road connecting the East and West Coasts. At present the Atlantic Coast Line is double-tracking its main line within the state, building an extension at the tip of the peninsula, and preparing to lay down a connection between Monticello and Perry. The East Coast Railroad is also double-tracking its main line. The Seaboard is busy on the West Coast with a new north-and-south road, an extension from Sarasota south to Fort Myers and several cut-offs. In February, 1925, there were twenty-nine railroads in Florida, practically all, however, controlled by three main systems, the Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line and the East Coast Railroad. These with their leased lines and connections cover the state very thoroughly.

Various steamboat and motorboat lines serve

travelers along the coasts and on the principal lakes and rivers. Of these the principal one is the Clyde St. John's River Line, operating a daily schedule between Jacksonville and Sanford. This trip is one that should not be missed by the visitor to Florida, since the St. John's River is a really beautiful stream and travel in either direction, by day or by night, is thoroughly enjoyable. The southbound or northbound tourist will do well to break the monotony of railroad travel by connecting with steamer at Jacksonville or Sanford; or, if going north on the East Coast Railroad, at Enterprise. The service is good, the staterooms excellent and, since the boats are oil-burners, you will not be required to dodge cinders. The fare is $7.57 between termini, and the trip requires nineteen hours, leaving time at Jacksonville being 4:00 P.M., and at Sanford 12:15 P.M. The sixty-mile stretch from Jacksonville to Palatka consumes about ten hours and is made over the widest part of the river. Shores are frequently too far away to be readily disassociated from the water. At Mandarin, fifteen miles above Jacksonville—remember that your stream is flowing north!—is the site of Harriet Beecher Stowe's winter home. Near by the Marquis de Talleyrand lived nearly three years after his banishment from England. The old settlement of Hibernia shows on an island, and not far above it, at the right, Black Creek empties. Black Creek is navigable for nearly ten miles inland. Magnolia Springs, twenty-eight miles from Jacksonville, has long been in high favor with winter residents, both on account of the abundance of fine trees and because of the alleged healing properties of its springs. That word "alleged" is put in there just to be on the safe side. The writer guarantees the healing properties of no spring in Florida, the United States, Europe, Africa or any other land. However, lots of folks drink the waters at Magnolia and Green Cove Springs, just beyond, and profess to be benefited. Green Cove has so much more water than can be drunk that a whole lot of it is flowed into a pool and used for bathing purposes. Farther along comes Picolata, where, some two hundred years ago, the Spanish erected a fort. It was taken from them by the British, later used as a military post during the Seminole unpleasantness and finally played its part in the Civil War. At Picolata, then Picolati, was the home of Colonel John Lee Williams, distinguished authority and writer on Florida in the first part of the last century. He was a firm friend of the Indians, and when St. Augustine, and Picolati, too, were burned, and settlers killed or driven away, he remained unmolested and died peacefully in 1859 at eighty years of age. Opposite West Tocoi is the older settlement of Tocoi from which nearly forty years ago a little railroad ran—no, plodded—to St. Augustine, twenty miles east. Travel in

those days was a real adventure, for the train ran on no hard-and-fast schedule and stopped wherever a passenger put in an appearance along the track. Federal Point and Orange Mills follow, and then you reach the orange-groved and still refreshingly old-fashioned town of Palatka. Once on a time you could come right to Palatka from Charleston and Savannah, all the way on an ocean liner; although it must be conceded that ocean liners of those days weren't either as large or as sumptuous as those of the present.

Above Palatka your river narrows suddenly and the scenery becomes more tropical. The boat frequently pushes through acres of water hyacinths in bloom. Occasional clearings, groves and villages hold back the jungle, but for the most part the river turns and twists through unspoiled Nature. The turns are often so abrupt that further progress upstream seems impossible. Giant oaks and wild olive trees bend outward almost to the steamer's decks. Turtles splash from cypress knees and floating logs, herons whir away in pretended panic and songbirds fill the hammocks. At night this part of the journey is weirdly beautiful, either when flooded by moonlight or by the big searchlight of the steamer. Suddenly Lake George lies before you, a truly lovely expanse of water seven miles across at its widest point and about twelve miles long. At Volusia is the site of an early Spanish mission.

The river again narrows and continues slender and winding to the end of navigation. De Land is reached early in the morning on the southward trip. Enterprise lies a few miles on and at last Sanford, on Lake Monroe, is reached and the trip is over.

Southbound along the St. John's, you will see the mouth of the Ocklawaha River around a point to the right soon after passing Welaka; which will doubtless remind you that the most picturesque voyage of all is still ahead of you. Of course you have heard of the Ocklawaha River and Silver Springs, so why should you have to hear it again? But don't be satisfied with hearing about them. Go and see them. You'll not be disappointed. You may make your start from Jacksonville by steamer and spend a day in Palatka before embarking on the next stretch if you are a leisurely soul, or you may reach Palatka by train or automobile in time for a close connection with the boats which leave at 7:00 A.M. daily. The one-way fare is $10. The round trip $15.

Wise folks secure accommodations in advance.

The Ocklawaha is the turningest river in the world. That it was laid out by the man who platted the city of Boston is a theory advanced but never proved. The story of the man who met himself coming back originated on this stream, however, at the Needle's Eye. The Indian name for the river means "dark and winding stream." The

Indians were pretty good namers. However, the river is only dark in places, and it is more than the name suggests; for it's one of the loveliest streams in the world. But don't take the writer's word for it.

It will take you about twenty hours to make the trip to Silver Springs, at the end of the route, and fifteen hours to come back. You don't have to come back if you don't want to, since Ocala is only six miles away. If possible tarry at Silver Springs long enough to bathe in the gorgeous water; for it is gorgeous; any water is through which you can see to a distance of over eighty feet. And, too, try a glass-bottomed boat and have a glimpse of fairyland. There are five basins here, as well as a subterranean river which comes flowing up with millions of gallons daily, and much to interest the visitor for several hours.

Other trips may be made from Jacksonville up the St. John's, and most of the larger rivers offer pleasant trips, that up the Caloosahatchee and across Lake Okeechobee being one of the best. Daylight trips are also possible on several of the larger lakes. On the West Coast boats ply between various shore ports and the near-by Keys. From Tampa you can go by steamer to St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Bradenton, Palmetto, Anna Maria, Cortez, Fort Myers, Marco, Everglade, Chokoloskee and Key West. And if you want to adventure farther toward the tropics, steamers

will take you from Tampa or Key West to Havana or from Miami to Nassau. Or if you wish to see New Orleans before returning north—if you must return—the Gulf and Southern Steamship Company offers you the choice of two good boats. These steamers sail from Tampa on Tuesdays at 3:00 P.M., and land you in New Orleans in just under two days.

One means of transportation was almost forgotten. You can get from hither to yon—almost any hither and practically every yon—all through the state by comfortable motor busses. At least, most of them are comfortable; those that aren't are few and will soon be replaced by the other sort. It would be impossible to list the motor-bus lines, since new ones are starting almost every week, but it is already safe to say that one may travel from one end of the state to the other and from one side to the other by this means. From Tampa alone, over the White Stage, the Gulf Coast Motor and the Blue Bus Company Lines, you can journey as far north as Lake City and Jacksonville and as far south as Fort Myers and Palm Beach. You can reach Brooksville and Leesburg and Eustis, Orlando, Sanford, Daytona and St. Augustine. You can go up and down the Ridge, across the bay to St. Petersburg, Clearwater and Tarpon Springs, and down along the coast to Palmetto and Bradenton and Sarasota. You can, in short, go almost anywhere.

Florida has been at the business of road building in a large way for about four years. She isn't through, by any manner of means, but she is well along on the job. In the year 1923 she expended just short of twenty millions on this work. In 1924 the figure was approximately the same. In 1925 it was some three millions larger. The result is a series of paved and semi-hard highways from Tallahassee on the west to Jacksonville on the east and from the Georgia state line to Fort Myers on the West Coast and Florida City on the East. There are, besides, eight well-defined cross-state routes, of which four are already paved or semi-hard, one not quite as good, and three in process of building and traversable for parts of their distances. North and south, four main systems of excellent highways cover three-quarters of the peninsula. Besides these principal constructions there are, of course, numerous connections and branches. One may now start at Tallahassee and journey to Fort Myers, to Arcadia, to Okeechobee, to Fort Pierce, to Palm Beach, to Fort Lauderdale, to Miami and to Florida City without leaving paved roads, save, perhaps, where repairing operations are going on.

However, the word "paved" in Florida is used to include much that is no longer really deserving of the name. That is, some roads paved with brick several years ago are now so worn out that an ordinary sand-clay surface would be more acceptable. An example of this type of road is that between St. Augustine and Bunnell on the East Coast highway. Other examples of it exist throughout the state. Such roads were hurriedly and unwisely built, the bricks laid on a sand base without cementing and the law of gravitation relied on to keep them there. In such cases the law of gravitation runs out in a very few years. However, even these roads, most of them only nine feet in width, are practical. Of course when you meet another car both you and the other chap have to turn out, and since the sand outside the bricks is generally loose and deep it sometimes happens that one or another of you gets stuck. To avoid that possibility, don't slow down in passing. Keep on the pavement as long as possible and then turn off as fast if not faster than you were running before. With luck you'll flounder back to safety. These narrow brick roads are doomed, but just now the demand for paving where there is only improved road, and the demand ~~for~~ improved road where there is only sand has delayed the rebuilding of them. One scarcely has a right to kick about these infrequent stretches of loose and up-ended bricks though, for Florida has many hundreds of miles of really excellent roadway over which journeying is a pleasure.

From Tallahassee westward, Highway Number 1, the Old Spanish Trail, is being hard-surfaced

or paved all the way to the Alabama line. Some portions of it are now ready, and the completion of the undertaking is looked for during the spring of 1926. Travel by automobile west of Tallahassee is possible in good weather at present, but not to be advised as a pleasure. The East Coast Highway is generally good, although there are stretches of worn-out pavement and a section of a few miles south of New Smyrna still only in the "improved" stage. Still, road work goes on so fast in Florida that by the time you read this the exceptions may be out of date. It is now possible to cross from one coast to the other in comfort from Bradenton to Fort Pierce or Palm Beach by way of Arcadia, Okeechobee and the Conners Highway. The latter is the recently completed toll road along the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee. The toll rates are two cents per mile per car and one cent per mile per passenger. The much advertised Tamiami Trail is still in the making, although it has seen considerable progress within the past year. At present the "farthest south" is near Bonita Springs on the West Coast, while a considerable stretch of road has been built due west from Miami and another section is nearing completion about midway in Lee County. It is likely that 1927 will witness the completion of this important and difficult task.

The highway through the lake district and southward along the Ridge is in generally fine

condition. The same is true of the St. John's River route as far as DeLéon Springs, below which place a short stretch of sand-clay is encountered. The much needed connection between Palatka and Ocala is still lacking. In the vicinity of Haines City, Lakeland, Bartow and Lake Wales there is a veritable network of paved roads, and the visitor is afforded a variety of routes over which to see that section. Between Tampa and Bradenton two paved highways are afforded. Eastward, Arcadia finds herself the meeting place of five paved or semi-hard roads. Fort Myers may at last be reached without unpleasant experiences. On the whole Florida need offer no apologies to the motorist. She has done well in the matter of roads, is doing better and won't be satisfied until she has the finest system of state roads in the country. And that means in the world.

The Florida Automobile Association of the A. A. A. has its headquarters at Orlando and maintains more than three hundred service stations and information bureaus throughout the state. The visiting motorist is accorded every courtesy and should refer to the nearest bureau for information regarding state laws, local regulations and conditions of highways. A road map of Florida is published yearly and may be had free of charge. If one can disregard the much unnecessary and uncalled-for detail on the latest

production he will find the information regarding the roads up to date and authentic. The Automobile Association can do better another time.

Residents of Florida are not yet required to be licensed in order to drive an automobile, and the result is rather dismaying to strangers. A car on which a registration fee of fifty cents per hundred pounds of weight has been paid may be driven by any person able to reach the wheel, irrespective of age, color, mental or physical capacity. In a state where a speed of forty-five miles an hour is legal outside of communities, this condition of affairs does not make for safety. Nor does it add greatly to the pleasure of driving in the towns where a careening delivery vehicle may be "manned" by a twelve-year-old colored boy, a four-ton truck by a gin-fuddled negro or a bounding "flivver" by a deaf-and-dumb paralytic. Florida's automobile laws will stand revising.

The short-term registration has been abolished, and nonresident motorists operate under a "reciprocity" clause which entitles them to use their cars for such a period as is allowed nonresidents by their home states.

Tourist camps are frequent throughout the state, although the free camp is on the decline.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EVERGLADES

When the writer was very young and studied geography from a large thin book his youthful imagination never failed to be inflamed by three features appearing on the blue and green and pink and yellow maps therein. One was indicated by the magic legend "Llano Estacado, or Great Staked Plains," which, by some odd perversion of mind, was always mentally associated with a full meal; one was known as the Dismal Swamp, and one as the Everglades. In later years he passed over the Staked Plains in a train of the Santa Fé Railroad, and discovered once more that romance is always a jump ahead. Still later he viewed the Dismal Swamp, or some of it, at least, from a hurrying, bumping automobile and found it no more dismal than a hundred other flooded regions. And eventually he beheld the fabled Everglades. In each case he was disappointed. Life is like that. Nothing pans out just as imagination pictures it. There was, for instance, the famous elephant, Jumbo. A breathless juvenile world was led to believe that Jumbo was something colossal and awe-inspiring. In fact that great fictionist, Mr. Barnum, regaled us with

posters showing the "Behemoth of Holy Writ" being led through the streets of New York, or possibly it was London, between throngs of cheering citizens, his head about level with third-story windows. And then he came to town and we saw him, and—oh, what's the use? Big, yes, he was big, all right enough, but he wasn't so darn big!

The writer's preconceived idea of the Florida Everglades, with the big wiggly-lined spot at the top called Lake Okeechobee, was of a vast, dense, Amazonian jungle filled with mammoth trees and giant ferns and tropical beasts, birds and blossoms. In brief, the sort of thing that Captain Mayne Reid, of revered memory, would have provided if he had had the managing of things. Youthful imagination crowded it with apes and boa constrictors, panthers and crocodiles. Perhaps there were even some of those trees which poisoned the intrepid explorer with their deadly exhalations. Anyway, the Everglades when the writer dreamed over his big geography-book were all right! They're all right still, but they aren't the same Everglades they were then.

What they are now is a vast prairie about 130 miles long by 70 wide, containing in the neighborhood of 8,000 square miles, an area nearly the size of the state of New Jersey. The region is a coralline limestone basin, its rim broken down in places and allowing water which collects therein from the rainfall and from numerous springs to

flow into ocean and gulf. The general elevation is some sixteen feet above sea level, the rim reaching a height of several feet more. The region is sprinkled with wooded islands (hammocks) varying in size from mere knolls a few square yards in extent to expanses of large acreage crowded with luxuriant vegetation. Most of the territory, however, consists of level glade, traversed by hundreds of watercourses and containing numerous small, shallow lakes. In the rainy season the entire surface is covered with water, save for the hammocks, and depths of from a few inches to twelve feet are found. This condition may prevail throughout most of the year when the summer rains are excessive or when a comparatively rainy winter ensues. Much of the overflow from Lake Okeechobee also makes its way into the Glades, although as the present extensive drainage project progresses this supply will be lessened. The water of the Everglades is clear and pure and never stagnant, since it is forever in motion in a general southerly direction.

Properly speaking, Lake Okeechobee is not a part of the Everglades, but forms their northern boundary. The eastern boundary consists of pinelands along the Atlantic coast, the southern of mangrove swamps lining the Bay of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, the western of Big Cypress Swamp, which extends to the gulf coast. The foundation of coralline sandstone frequently pro-

trudes above the surface and as frequently drops away in pot-holes and springs. Over the rock there is generally a deposit of muck from a few inches to several feet deep. Peat, referred to elsewhere, occurs over a large territory. The air is fresh and the wind blows constantly, usually from the southwest. The principal growth of the Glades is saw grass, a sedge with three toothed edges which will cut as easily if not so cleanly as the tool it is named for. According to water depth, the saw grass attains a height of from four to ten feet, and makes more than an inch of such growth in twenty-four hours. The temperature in the Glades is extremely equable, because of accessibility to winds from ocean and gulf. In winter it ranges from 70 to 80 degrees.

Although waterways admitting flat-bottomed boats and canoes wander practically all over the Glades, navigation is difficult in more ways than one. Saw grass must almost constantly be avoided, shoals appear unexpectedly, necessitating short carries, and the sense of direction is easily lost. To attempt the winding creeks and courses without a competent guide is not advisable. The Everglades have never yet been authentically mapped, nor have more than two or three expeditions succeeded in crossing them. Trappers and hunters well experienced with the streams occasionally penetrate to the interior in canoes, however. Hammocks dot the surface like islands

in a lake, large ones and small ones, by their similarity at a distance adding to the difficulty of orientation. Under the care of a good guide a trip into the Glades is an interesting and enjoyable adventure. The hunter will likely be well repaid for a week or so spent there, for deer still make their home in the Glades, as do bears and wildcats and a few panthers. Smaller game abounds. The Glades are one of the last fastnesses of the disappearing 'gators, and, theoretically at least, crocodiles may be found there, too, although these latter are more at home along the seacoast.

Alligators prefer fresh or brackish water to salt and moving water to stagnant. They inhabit burrows along streams, but seem to spend most of their time away from home, lying partly or wholly out of water. A 'gator slide is easily recognized when seen and always indicates a favorite swimming hole near by. A 'gator may grow to be eighteen feet in length, by which time he has attained a ripe old age of well over a hundred years. He feeds on fish, turtles, birds, snakes, lizards, frogs and not infrequently on his own young. To shoot one, aim for just above an eye or close up behind a foreleg. Sometimes a shot at the junction of head and neck will turn the trick. Shoot at any other place and you waste ammunition; one reason why alligator bags wear so well!

The 'gator defends himself with jaws and tail, and makes a good job of it, too. It is still possible to catch sight of a 'gator in his native haunt, but it won't be much longer, for his extermination goes on apace. Those who vision Florida as a region teeming with alligators and crocodiles must revise their picture. The chance of seeing a 'gator outside an "alligator farm" or in the shape of a traveling-bag is getting mighty slim. If you should be lucky enough to come on one taking a siesta just keep quiet and he will let you gaze your fill. Disturb him, however, and he will slide out of sight into the water or waddle quickly into his burrow. A 'gator will fight like Sam Hill if you insist, but, like nearly every wild animal the world over, he will let you severely alone so long as you don't start anything.

Your chance of seeing a Florida crocodile is practically nil unless you make a business of hunting him up. The *Crocodilus Americanus* probably never did exist on this continent in as large numbers as his cousin the alligator, and to-day he is pretty nearly extinct. If you do see one you will readily identify him for what he is, for he doesn't resemble the alligator more than superficially. He has very narrow, pointed jaws and long teeth, whereas the 'gator's nose is broad and round and his teeth shorter. Not, of course, that it is advisable to examine the teeth

of either animal too closely. The 'gator dresses in black and dark brown on top and wears a yellowish waistcoat, while the crocodile attires himself in greenish-gray, with an occasional blotch of black, as to his top-side, and is much lighter beneath than the 'gator. If every other means of identification fails, however, you can always differentiate the crocodile from his fellow reptile by the presence of tusk holes in the upper jaw which accommodate the two front lower teeth. If those particular teeth don't protrude through the upper jaw your crocodile is an alligator, no matter what he tells you.

The Florida crocodile ranges along the coast from south of Miami to Cape Sable and, to some small extent, along the Keys. He likes salt water lagoons and ponds and must have a sea beach handy for nesting. Unlike the alligator, who lays her one to two hundred eggs on a built-up arrangement of sticks, leaves, sedge and mud, the lady crocodile makes a nest like a sea turtle's. That is, she scoops a hole in the sand at the water's edge, deposits perhaps sixty or seventy eggs therein, covers them up, smooths the sand down and forgets all about the whole affair. When the baby crocodiles hatch out and emerge from the warm nest they have to fend for themselves, and no favors asked or given.

It is always open season on alligators and crocodiles, and various lizards whose skins look well

when made up into bags, purses and so on, and it won't be many years before they, like the manatee, or sea-cow, will be just a memory. Of course a few hundred will remain to be viewed with curiosity by incredulous visitors to private "farms," but they'll be missing from the wild life of the state, just as the parakeet is, and the flamingo and many another beautiful or picturesque former denizen of Florida forests and shores. Considering that there will always remain—at least for a great many years—portions of the lower end of the state which cannot be turned into groves, truck patches or subdivisions, it would seem only fair to future generations to save a few crocodiles and alligators. It isn't, you know, as if they were dangerous citizens, for they aren't. No one was ever pursued along a country road by an enraged 'gator or chased up a tree by a maddened crocodile. Of course, the writer doesn't recommend them for household pets or even as farmyard animals, but in their own haunts they are picturesque and peaceful and add largely to the interest of the wilderness.

Another inhabitant of the Everglades and the adjoining regions deserves as much space as the alligator, surely. The reference is to the Seminole Indian.

To the writer the Seminole of to-day seems a rather pathetic figure, although there is no evidence that he considers himself such. He appears satisfied and contented enough. He is a composite of the Creek and other Indian nations, the negro and, possibly, the Spaniard. In fact, there's no telling what racial strains may flow through the veins of the present-day Seminole. Occasionally the Indian characteristics of countenance are much in evidence; occasionally the features have a distinct negroid cast. However, they are as honest as their white neighbors, peaceable, and self-respecting. For some years following the Seminole War they remained very chary of showing themselves to the settlers. Then, as villages sprang up along the coast, they began to venture forth in their dugouts to sell and barter. To-day they are believers in publicity, and several Indian villages on the East Coast have become money-making propositions by reason of the thousands of visitors who pay admission to them. Quite a few have become caddies and carry the golfers' bags over the Hialeah links, outside Miami. Still others are traveling the country with circus troupes. However, the home life persists in localities removed from the paths of travel and the old customs are tenaciously clung to. Some of these are novel and interesting. That, for instance, which decrees that a widow shall garb herself in black after her husband's death and never take her clothes off. Eventually they drop off of their own accord. When a wife dies the husband must wear the same shirt for

four months. He is also restricted from visiting white settlements. A Seminole man is buried with his bow and arrows, gun if he has one, hunting knife and rations for a three-day journey to "Hopie," the Happy Hunting Ground.

A Seminole encampment generally consists of from four to six families, a family comprising father, mother, dependent relatives, children and sons-in-law. A Seminole maiden doesn't go off and set up housekeeping after marriage. She brings hubby home to the paternal palm-thatched roof. The houses are elevated some two feet above the ground, a wise arrangement in a country subject to summer inundations, and have no walls. Perhaps the term house isn't deserved. Covered platform would be more descriptive. The storehouse is under the roof, and there such treasures as blankets and provisions are kept. Cooking is done in the open air over fires of logs placed like the spokes of a wheel, the flames being at the hub and the logs advanced as the inner ends are consumed. One fire serves for the whole village, and, since a fire is never allowed to go out save when the villagers travel, there's no congestion of cooks. They have practiced dehydration for many years, since long before an agitated Government brought it to the attention of a war-time public. They dry their vegetables thoroughly in the sun, pack them away until needed and then soak them for several hours be-

Photo. from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

MOTORING ON THE BRICK ROAD BETWEEN ORMOND AND DAYTONA

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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fore cooking. Being excellent hunters, the Seminoles seldom want for meat. Occasionally they make purchases of it, salt pork especially, at the white men's stores. Their favorite dish, "sofkee," consists of boiled corn meal, or mush, and strips of pork or bacon cooked therein. "Sofkee" is eaten with a large wooden spoon which is dipped in the iron pot and then handed from one to another. When one is really hungry, "sofkee" is palatable and satisfying.

Permanent villages raise their own pigs and chickens and keep oxen for hauling and plowing. Usually, indeed almost invariably, there is a sewing machine under one or another of the thatches, and on this the women fashion the colorful costumes worn by both sexes. The men wear knee-length skirts and blouses, sometimes adding as a final touch a gay handkerchief around the neck. Sometimes, too, that badge of civilization, the derby hat, is donned, in which case the Seminole considers himself about perfect. A few have abandoned the native costume altogether, but these are men who have, as well, practically abandoned tribal villages and customs. Each village has its own distinctive costume so far as color is concerned, with red the favorite and yellow, black and blue following in that order. Clans are named for animals and birds, as "Turtle," "Otter," "Eagle" and so on. The women take pleasure in dress and especially in adorning them-

selves with as many strings of glass, shell or metal beads as their means afford. These are seldom removed. For that matter, the Seminoles don't bother themselves much with robing and disrobing. When bedtime comes they spread their blankets and crawl in, and that's that. When they bathe, which they do with commendable frequency, they walk into the water with clothes on and kill two birds with one stone, washing their bodies and their garments in the same operation. They are governed by medicine men who call councils and preside at them, performing marriage ceremonies, settling disputes and meting out justice.

There are two distinct Seminole languages, so utterly unlike that the Indians inhabiting the northern parts of the Everglades cannot talk with their brothers of the southern swamps. That is, not without the aid of some accomplished linguist acquainted with both tongues. However, either language is simple and easy to speak and understand—if you happen to be a Seminole. Otherwise, you might far better try your tongue at Chinese. The Seminoles work the letters of the alphabet to death, showing, however, little favoritism between consonants and vowels; except that an E, wandering into a Seminole village, would last about ten minutes! Some of their words are delightfully short, like "Chee," corn, but most of them go the limit, as: "Och-chee-lo-wat-kee,"

green corn; "Och-chee-tot-o-la-go-chee," corn bread; "Chit-ko-la-la-go-chee," rattlesnake; "E-lit-ta-pix-tee-e-fa-cho-to-kee-not-ee," instep, and —take a good, deep breath!—"In-tee-ti-pix-tee-e-toke-kee-kee-tay-gaw," wrist.

Title to the Everglades formerly was held by the Federal Government, but it eventually deeded to the state of Florida twenty million acres with the understanding that they were to be drained. In 1881 a private concern started on four million acres and attempted to construct canals from Okeechobee to Hicpochee and beyond. Intense summer rains put a quietus on that undertaking, and one or two other private ventures fared scarcely better. In 1905 the state itself took hold, prompted by the forceful Governor Napoleon B. Broward, a Florida "Cracker" by birth, who, although lacking education, nevertheless had vision and foresight and indomitable courage. Broward made his campaign on a platform of "Dry Land in the Everglades," and won. Having been elected, he got busy and real work of reclamation began. A Drainage Board was formed and six canals projected, and for a while digging went forward well. But the project was a huge one, unforeseen difficulties were met and the work slowed up. The Florida public, outside of a small number of land owners to whom the draining of the Everglades meant financial salvation, became apathetic. The whole project began to take on the

semblance of a vision. Money was not forthcoming when needed and legislature after legislature found other uses for state funds. But the work never actually ceased, and to-day there is much to show. About twelve million dollars have been expended and four thousand square miles have been made fit for farming purposes. The Conners Highway has been built, although not under the Drainage Board, through the heart of the Everglades, connecting West Palm Beach with Okeechobee, on the edge of the lake of that name, and opening up to settlement a large territory of rich muck lands. To-day the undertaking is enjoying a new lease of life, with the present governor, John W. Martin, forcefully behind it. About 19,000,000 million acres remain to be dried up, and of this number some four and a half million are expected to be ready for the plow in 1927.

CHAPTER XIV

MAINLAND FLORIDA

It is not intended in the following chapters to mention even in passing, much less describe, all the towns and places of interest on the way. Nor is it intended to deal at length with those that are mentioned. Instead the writer proposes to arbitrarily divide the state for his present purpose into four sections and seek to convey a general impression of each section as a whole rather than report on its communities. Exceptions will be made, of course, of the larger cities, but for detailed information regarding the general run of towns the reader is referred to local authorities. No Florida town will refuse to enlighten the thirster after knowledge; in fact, most of them are armed and lying in wait for the thirster; armed with facts and figures and highly tinted pamphlets so excellently prepared as to put the present writer to shame.

The western part of the state as far to the east as a line drawn from the mouth of the Suwanee River through Lake City shall comprise the section called Mainland Florida. The rest of the state naturally divides itself into the West Coast, the East Coast and the Ridge sections.

Let us travel the mainland portion first, entering the state by the Old Spanish Trail and crossing Perdido Bay to Pensacola. After all, it is only fair to start with Pensacola, for that old city is said to be the outcome of the first real settlement on the American continent. While Pensacola itself was not founded until 1696, Pensacola Bay was visited as early as 1536 by De Soto, and either he or another established a rather sketchy settlement on Santa Rosa Island. This was destroyed by the storm of 1754, or so the story goes. Pensacola is as full of history as a northern Florida pecan is of meat. Spaniard and Frenchman fought for her possession, as did, later, Spaniard and Briton and then Briton and American, and finally American and American. The transfer of West Florida from Spanish to American rule took place here on the site of the present City Hall, and the first governor of the new Territory of Florida lived for a while there and presided over the first session of the Legislature. Consequently to Pensacola belongs the honor of having been the first capital of Florida. During the Civil War the Confederate forces held Fort Barrancas and Fort McRae, and the Union forces held Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, directly opposite the town and across the channel from Fort McRae. The Confederates made several determined attempts to capture the Union stronghold, but they were unsuccessful and the Stars and Stripes continued to fly from the island ramparts all through the war.

Pensacola to-day is a prosperous and pleasant city charmingly situated between bay and bayous, with nine miles of water front bounding her on three sides and a wonderful view from her well-elevated position of bay and sound and far-stretching gulf, of tree-bordered bayou and river and guarding Keys. Atop Palafox Hill one is well over a hundred feet above sea level, and the city is rightly proud of such an elevation. She comes by it naturally and honestly, too, for just across the bay at Town Point the Appalachian Range has its modest beginning—or ending. Pensacola is a city of fine buildings, comfortable residences and well-shaded streets. Her harbor is one of the best in the country, the only natural deep-water harbor on the Gulf Coast, and an immense import and export business is done here. In 1924 the port industry amounted to more than fifty million dollars. Here are the marine terminals of two large railways, coal tipples, oil terminals, naval stores warehouses, ship-building plants and great fish wharves. (Pensacola leads the country in the red snapper fish industry.) Three miles of wharfage is what the city offers to vessels of the deepest draught, alone sufficient, it would seem, to account for her steadily growing importance as a port.

Pensacola's population is 25,305, but these fig-

ures won't stand long. Western Florida—the whole of it, from the Perdido to the Apalachicola —is entering into a new era of development and prosperity second in importance to that of no other section of the state, and the next decade will witness a marvelous industrial and agricultural advance of that rich territory of which Escambia County forms the westernmost limit. As a resort for the sportsman, Pensacola is to be heartily recommended. Fishing both in the deep waters and in the many streams and bayous is a pleasure always rewarded. Deer are still to be found, as well as some turkey and many quail, within a day's comfortable range of the city. The surrounding waters, open as well as landlocked, offer fine opportunities for sailing and motor-boating; and bathing, either in the gulf surf or in the quieter waters of the bays and lagoons, is of the best. Fortunately, too, one may reach the beaches over fine concrete highways. For the golfer there is the Pensacola Country Club's eighteen-hole course at hand and a 9-hole layout at Valparaiso for a change. A municipal course is in construction.

The visitor whose tastes lie along less strenuous lines will find Pensacola a satisfactory place to rest and enjoy a mild winter filled with sunshine. The hotel accommodations in the city are good, while at Gulf View and Walton and at a number of near-by localities adequate hostelries

offer entertainment. The city holds many places of interest, both historical and modern; the old forts—San Carlos, Redoubt, Pickens, McRae, Barrancas—St. Michael's Cemetery, Seville Square and the old house of worship there, the Naval Air Training Station on the site of the old Navy Yard, and others. Many beautiful drives are possible over excellent roads.

The country about Pensacola, northward and eastward, is a fine agricultural and horticultural section, with good all-purpose and fruit-raising soils, fifty-six inches of rainfall and a growing season of 290 days. Add to those features natural drainage and you have something to bank on. Besides the usual crops common to the northern tier of counties, corn, cotton, oats and cane, Escambia and her neighbors raise the Satsuma orange to perfection. Perhaps the writer is in error in calling the Satsuma an orange since it has been lately gravely decided by the powers whose duty it is to guard against the marketing of unripe oranges and grapefruit that oranges are oranges but Satsumas are something else. They don't say what else, however, so you are at liberty to think of the Satsuma as a plum or a watermelon or a quince or anything you please. Of course the mortifying fact is that the person writing this had theretofore always thought a Satsuma ora—that is, a Satsuma fruit—was an orange. Curses on his ignorance!

The best of the Florida blueberries come from this section of the state, too, and the pecan is another crop that seldom fails. Sweet and Irish potatoes thrive, and so do peanuts and watermelons and cantaloupes and a hundred other things. These conditions extend all the way along the western part of the state, although soils vary here and there. What doesn't vary is a fine equable climate. Continue along over the rolling country past DeFuniak Springs—there's a good 9-hole golf course there—to Marianna and the scenery shows little change. It's all good country, destined to far better things than it has yet known. Western Florida has played the rôle of Cinderella until recently, but now the Prince is hastening to her, magic slipper in hand. See what happened just last summer to good old Innerarity Island, off Pensacola, that rendezvous in olden times of the jolly pirates of the Spanish Main. Sold, and to a handful of Northern millionaires: Arthur Brisbane, Dr. Albert Shaw, Will H. Hays, Charles H. Christie and John H. Perry. Well, perhaps they aren't all actually millionaires, nor all they all Northerners, but it makes a better story to say they are. Anyway, five fine homes will soon loom up on the island, and if that doesn't disgruntle the ghost of old John Innerarity he's a heap better natured as a spirit than he was in the flesh. The purchase of this island by the gentlemen mentioned isn't so much in itself, but it

shows which way the millionaires blow; and one millionaire leads to another and before Pensacola can say "John Innerarity" she will be all littered up with the things. Of course millionaires aren't what you might call productive, but their money is; and the main thing is that Western Florida has been discovered at last as a proper place for a gentleman of wealth and leisure to build his winter home. Pensacola and Western Florida don't care how many others follow the example of Messrs. Brisbane, Perry, Shaw et al.

Marianna, well along on the road to the State Capital, has a population of just over 3,000 and implicit faith in her future. Considering that she added 570 persons to her roster between 1920 and 1925, or an increase of 25 per cent, why shouldn't she have faith? Every one has it around there, in Jackson County and Calhoun and Washington and all the others. Jackson County has both Alabama and Georgia as neighbors, and with so many folks looking on she's just got to hump herself. And she's doing it. Meet the county that leads all the rest of the state in the production of cotton, Satsumas—you know, those plums that look like oranges—corn, peanuts and a lot more stuff. And, especially, shake hands with the town of Graceville, which in one recent year shipped 7,072 cars of watermelons and 500 of cucumbers, and ginned and shipped 6,000 bales of cotton. Other towns of 1,000 inhabitants which

have equaled that record will please raise their hands! She's a great live-stock county, too, and one that is free from that infernal pest, the cattle tick. Forty or fifty dollars will still buy an acre of good Jackson County soil, and the money might be put to a worse use. Marianna is a live and progressive town—beg pardon, city—well paved, well lighted and well elevated. In fact, together with several other communities, Marianna claims to be the highest municipality in the state. Here Andrew Jackson had his headquarters during the Seminole campaigns and here the Battle of Marianna was fought in the Civil War. Near here, too, are two natural wonders well worth viewing. The Chipola River is accountable for both. One is the Natural Bridge that crosses the stream high in air and the other is the Natural Bridge Cave found where the Chipola gets tired of fresh air and sunlight and the incessant chatter of mockingbirds and ducks out of sight. Rivers have a way of doing that in Florida. It's their natural modesty. The cave is a whole lot like other caves of its kind, being filled with the usual stalactites and stalagmites, but it's a very good example of that kind. Blue Springs, too, are worth a visit.

Apalachicola is a much smaller city than Marianna, having a population of 3,003 to the other's 3,069. If they were closer together Apalachicola might have borrowed some sixty-six of Marianna's citizens for census purposes, but the way is long and roundabout, and one doesn't take the journey by land without the most pressing reason. Say "Apalachicola" anywhere within the confines of Florida and your hearers instantly prick up their ears and smile. Sometimes their mouths water. That's because the words doesn't mean Apalachicola as much as it does "oysters." The Apalachicola oyster is the blue point of the South, and, while it is a larger and less rotund delicacy, it is most excellent. Oystering and fishing are the city's principal industries; almost the only industries if we except lumbering and the entertainment of visitors; but they are quite sufficient to maintain the city in a thriving condition. Steamers run from here to Pensacola, St. Andrew's Bay points and Carrabelle, while towns up-river may be reached by water.

Practically midway between Pensacola and Jacksonville stands Tallahassee, third and present capital of the state since 1824. The word stands is used advisedly, for a city built upon a hill cannot be hid, and Tallahassee is all of two hundred feet above the level of the Gulf, no more than twenty miles distant. The capitol itself is of brick, a prepossessing structure in spite of having been built by piecemeal over a space of more than eighty years. The original unit is the central structure, north and south wings having been added in 1902 and east and west wings

in 1922. A more modern building houses the Supreme Court and the Railroad Commission. Not far away is the Executive Mansion erected by the state in 1907 and at present occupied by Governor John W. Martin. Tallahassee is a pleasant, rather sleepy old town of 6,415 population, so far not seriously disturbed by the raucous cry of the realtor. Handsome oaks shade its streets and parks and many examples of antibellum architecture survive among the handsome residences. One of the best is the Call mansion, built in the early days of the last century by General Richard Keith Call, territorial governor for two terms, officer under General Jackson and constructor of the old St. Mark's Railroad, the third track built in the United States. Those who recall a novel which had much vogue some forty years since, "The Tallahassee Girl," by Maurice Thompson, will find interest in the fact that the heroine was supposed to have lived in this house. At Tallahassee is the State College for Women, its grounds and buildings inviting the visitor's inspection.

The site of the present city was long used by the Indians as a place of temporary villages, and Tallahassee is the name of the tribe which formerly foregathered there. The meaning of the word can be only guessed at. "Old Field" and "Sun Village" are the favorite guesses. General Jackson, when he drove the Indians away, neglected to inquire into the matter. Some two miles west of town is Fort San Luis Hill, where the last stronghold of the Spanish in this part of Florida stood until it was razed by the English in 1704.

Not far from this spot is Bellevue Plantation, for some years the residence of the Princess Murat, who was Catherine Willis, a grand-niece of George Washington. After a first marriage of short duration, she came to Tallahassee to live and met Prince Napoleon Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples and Caroline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon. Prince Achille had come to America following the Napoleonic exile and had settled in Tallahassee, becoming one of the leaders of the aristocratic society of the early territorial capital. The Prince's courtship was brief, and Catherine Gray, née Willis, became the Princess Murat within a few short months of her arrival. The Prince and his bride went to live at Lipona, the Murat plantation below the town. After travels abroad, the Prince returned to this country, studied law and presently practiced it in New Orleans in partnership with a countryman named Garnier. Later, however, he was again back in Tallahassee, where he died in 1847. The Princess after her husband's death benefited by an allowance made her by Emperor Louis Napoleon, and made one or two visits to the Court of France. She survived her husband nineteen

years, passing away in 1866 at the Bellevue home, which she had purchased shortly after the Prince's death. The graves of the Murats are in the Episcopalian Cemetery and are objects of interest to all visitors.

Below Tallahassee, on the St. Mark's River, is Belleair, now only a memory of the aristocratic gathering place it was in territorial days. Here were the summer residences of Tallahassee's haut ton, and here Prince Murat indulged in many of the amusing eccentricities for which he was famous. Hospitality was bounteous and gayety filled the pleasant, gracious days. Although few traces of the old mansions remain hereabouts, the old spirit of hospitality still survives in the city, together with a certain tranquillity that was learned in the days when Tallahassee was the center of government, of culture and of aristocracy. Some, too, of the quaint customs are not wholly lapsed. The city is a place of traditions, although one must dwell in it awhile before they can be learned.

A fire which swept the town in 1843, during the incumbency of Mayor Eppes, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, obliterated practically all the structures dating back to territorial days. Only the capitol and the ancient Presbyterian church building survive, and the latter is doomed. A more recent fire destroyed, in September, 1925, another landmark, the old Léon Hotel in which

succeeding legislators were housed for many years and in whose rooms more government was transacted than in the capitol itself. A new and expensive hostelry is rising on the ashes of the old.

Tallahassee has good roads for short trips about the city and many interesting and lovely scenes await the explorer. A number of large plantations are still being worked and the oak- and moss-hidden homes are worth seeing. Several lakes are nestled in the surrounding hills, one, Lafayette, lying in the township which, beginning in the city itself and extending six miles east and north, was presented by the United States Congress to General Lafayette in 1824 in gratitude for the part played by him in the War of the Revolution. Southeast of the city, sixteen miles away on the St. Mark's River—above it, to be more correct—is another natural bridge, and here the state has set up a monument in honor of the old men and beardless boys who met the Union forces on the spot during the Civil War and saved the capital from capture. The old earthworks are still to be made out and several tablets set up by patriotic societies tell the story of that little battle by which Tallahassee won the distinction of being the only state capital in the South to fly the flag of the Confederacy all through the struggle.

The famous St. Mark's Railroad, already re-

ferred to, is still doing business, now a part of the Seaboard System. In the old days Tallahassee was one of the world's great cotton centers, and St. Mark's, on the gulf, was a notable port. Who can say that its glory has departed forever, though? It would be a rash premise.

Wakulla Springs deserves a visit if time permits. It is some fifteen miles south of town, set in a fine growth of gray-bearded oaks and magnolias about which the flaming trumpet vine and pale golden jasmine twine and clamber. The water of the springs is of wonderful clarity and flows from an aperture nearly a hundred feet below the surface. Not far away begins the swamp country which extends most of the way to the gulf and is threaded by various small streams. Or so it was in the writer's earlier days when the famous "Wakulla Volcano" was situated in the heart of the impenetrable jungle there. Today, probably, no one believes in the "volcano," but there was a time when its smoke was always discernible against the hazy blue sky and when the credulous—of which the writer was, thank Heaven, one—could, by the exertion of an eager imagination, smell the brimstone! What accounted for the column of smoke is still a mystery. Some persons believed it only steam from a boiling spring—although no other boiling spring was known to exist thereabouts—and others attributed it to the fires of an Indian village. The

latter explanation seemed the better, for Indians never let their fires out and the smoke was always visible from some point. And being then at a romantic age, the writer preferred the Indian-fire version to the hot-spring variation. But he liked the "volcano" explanation best of all!

Going east from Tallahassee the traveler finds a fine new road which takes him through Monticello, Madison and Live Oak, and from there either onward to Lake City or southward to Branford and the West Coast. Monticello, of about 2,000 inhabitants, is the county seat of Jefferson County. So far as any one knows to the contrary, Monticello has always had "about two thousand" population. It is one of those towns all the better for staying just as it is. If Monticello has ever had a "boom" the writer has never heard of it. If it has ever desired a boom the writer is surprised. More, he is incredulous. But, of course, that two thousand doesn't include the number of winter visitors who have been returning to Monticello for so many years, returning in a somewhat secret fashion in order that too many others won't surprise them doing it and try to "butt in." Those winter residents show a marked proclivity to act on the advice of the old saying, "If you have a good thing, keep it to yourself." That, indeed, is what at least two groups of associates not classable as winter resi-

dents are doing. One is the Mutual Pecan Groves Company whose holdings east of town comprise some of the best pecan groves in a county where the growing of that particular kind of nut has been going on for thirty years or more. This enterprise is of the nature of a close corporation, its stockholders being members of the various railway brotherhoods. If you want to purchase land from the Mutual Company you've got to be recommended and vouched for by some fortunate fellow already in. Then northwest of town lie the preserves of an association of long-headed and far-seeing sportsmen. There, bordering Lake Miccosukee, one of the state's biggest and fairest bodies of water, they control many acres of excellent hunting ground, and here they congregate each winter and shoot birds and ducks and fish. That is, they don't shoot the fish, of course. They shoot birds and ducks, and then fish. Or they fish first and then—but never mind. What is being got at is that they, too, having a good thing, are keeping it to themselves.

Pecan culture isn't the only form of agriculture pertaining to Jefferson County, although it is one of the most successful. The good red soil is still underfoot, and it raises its unfailing crops here as elsewhere along the northern border. One industry in especial deserves mention. In Monticello is a warehouse from which is shipped each year 82 per cent of the world's commercial watermelon seed crop. The number of seeds is not

known to the writer, but their combined weight is scarcely short of five hundred tons.

Madison, county seat of Madison County, comes next, and then Live Oak. Just short of Live Oak the Suwannee River, famous in song and story, is crossed. It is not an especially beautiful stream just here, however, perhaps because it has been discovered too close to its source in the Okefenokee Swamp. Live Oak is a busy place of nearly 3,000 inhabitants and a railway "six points." Here the locomotives of several lines congregate and have a rare good time blowing their screechy whistles. However, Madison has more than railways to recommend it, for it is the county seat of Suwannee County and a live and prosperous young city. The good road continues on to Lake City, a pretty town of 4,279 population through which a large number of the southbound visitors to the state pass. Sometimes they stop in passing, however, a habit the city is doing its best to encourage. When they do they find good accommodations as to lodgings and are told how the city has jumped forward since the new paved road to Jacksonville has been completed. Lake City is attractively located and well named, and on the whole it answers very well as the stranger's first port of call in Florida. From there the motorist can turn east, west, or south, or, and this is heartily recommended by the bustling citizens of the community, he can stay just where he is.

CHAPTER XV

DOWN THE WEST COAST

Passing Romeo and Juliette, adjacent settlements on the highway in Marion County, the traveler by car reaches Dunellon, a favorite winter resort for many fleeing the snow and ice of the Northland. Although boasting as yet but eleven hundred inhabitants, Dunellon is making the grade steadily. By the time this is being perused that eleven hundred may be two thousand. That sort of thing is happening frequently these days, and perhaps it will be well to explain that all population figures given here are those of the 1925 State census, and that the writer is not responsible for anything happening subsequently. This is slipped in to forestall the protests of indignant Chambers of Commerce.

The Withlacoochee River flows past Dunellon, and, presently turning southeast, forms a pocket for two attractive lakes, Apopka and Panassofkee. Apopka appears to be a favorite name for lakes in Florida; just as Main is for streets back north. This particular Apopka is in Citrus County, but it has a big brother some thirty miles westward in Lake County. For all the writer knows there are others of the Apopka family

sprinkled about. Of course there are so many lakes in Florida that it is doubtless extremely difficult to find a different name for each. Inverness and Floral City sit close to the lake shores, and then comes Brooksville, a homelike place of just over 1,700 folks in the rolling hills of Hernando County. It is a beautiful country hereabouts, a bit of the Highlands of the central ridge of the state wandering toward the gulf. Forest-clad hills, sparkling streams and quiet lakes cast their spell on the visitor. Brooksville slumbered long before railroads and traversable highways discovered her to the rest of the world; slumbered and dreamed, too, and now her dreams are coming true. You'll like Brooksville, whoever you are, for the quiet beauty of her. The quiet won't last a great while longer, perhaps, but it is to be hoped that the beauty will remain. Hernando's soil is extremely good and raises to perfection among other things the tangerine orange. (It is hoped that it is proper to call the tangerine an orange, although it has all the characteristics of the Satsuma.) The tangerine you will find in Brooksville will upset your previous ideas of the fruit. It may eventually be even finer than it is now, for over in Annutalaga Hammock, a few miles out of town, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, he who has so carefully looked after our health these many years, is conducting experiments with the variety that lends its name to the grove, "Tan-

geria." Hernando County already has made a remarkable start in the dairying industry and several fine herds of milch cattle crop its hillsides.

Before leaving Brooksville mention should be made of Weekiwachee Spring. Water untainted by salt, sulphur or some other perfectly good but not especially palatable chemical is not always easy to find along the Florida coasts, but Brooksville has it in plenty. Weekiwachee Spring flows 144,000,000 gallons a day from a natural spigot a hundred and thirty feet below ground.

Some eight miles south of Brooksville along Highway No. 5 has been started an interesting experiment in colonization. Here around a little settlement named Masarycktown in honor of the Czecho-Slovakian President, twenty thousand acres of land in Hernando and Pasco Counties have been purchased by a group of his compatriots, which are being divided into small farms for the use of Czecho-Slovakians desiring to escape from the mines and factories in which so many are confined. The land is to be sold without profit on easy payments and for the most part will be devoted to the growing of grapes. Four hundred acres are already planted in vines. The undertaking gives every present promise of success.

Southwest of Brooksville, over a good hard road, is Dade City, county seat of Pasco County, and, like the previous place, perched on the pleasant hills. Dade City is a good-looking, self-respecting community with comfortable homes, excellent buildings and all the requirements for a rapid and substantial growth into a city of importance.

Striking westward, the Dixie Highway is regained at Hudson and the gulf shore is followed past Port Richey, a growing resort of many attractions, to Tarpon Springs in Pinellas County. Tarpon Springs—"the Venice of America" in local phraseology—lies between the gulf, the charming Anclote River and Lake Butler. Not only is it fairly surrounded by water—it claims fifty miles of water front—but it is also invaded by it. The ornamental bayou that lies in the heart of the older residential section is a feature many cities may well envy. On the whole, the poetic appellation of "America's Venice" is quite deserved. Tarpon Springs has a population of 2,685 and is on the way to double that number in a short space. A well-paved city, with wide streets, modern buildings and all the up-to-date advantages sought by progressive communities. A place of fine homes, too, and fair gardens. The city is supplied with water from Lake Butler by a new waterworks plant and is well sewered. It also boasts an excellent eighteen-hole golf course, bathing and fishing piers that extend into the gulf on one side and into Lake Butler on the other and good hotels. As a resort city Tarpon Springs is

already well and favorably known, but she is still only at the beginning of her fame.

It was here that the master landscape artist, George Inness, lived and painted for so many years. And here his son, George Inness, Junior, still resides.

To mention Tarpon Springs without mentioning the sponging industry would be like alluding to Detroit and saying nothing of automobiles. For sponging is the city's biggest enterprise. The visitor will, of course, take the road to "Little Athens," down by the shore where the Greek spongers live, without being told, since the interest and picturesqueness of that quaint hamlet are well known. The industry started on this side of the world many years ago at Key West. Today Florida sends forth about 90 per cent of the world's supply of this necessary article. Apalachicola and then St. Mark's had their fling at sponging back in 1870, and then the best reefs were discovered about the Pinellas County shore and a settlement speedily sprung up there. Now Tarpon Springs has succeeded Key West as the country's sponge market. The Tarpon Springs fishers are Greeks and they brought with them a surer knowledge of the art of detaching the shy zoöphyte from his rocky home than was possessed by the Bahamans at Key West. The "Conchs" depended on the water-glass to locate the prey and on long poles terminating in hooks to bring

it up, and since the sponge contrarily insists on growing in water not only thirty and forty feet deep but a hundred and a hundred and seventy-five and even more, their purlieu was extremely limited. Their thirty-foot poles were too short to reap the richer harvest of finer sponges growing at the greater depths. The newcomers, the divers from the Mediterranean, didn't "hook"; they went down for what they wanted, picked it from the reef and sent it up in rope baskets to the deck of their queer lateen-rigged, gaudily painted boats. However, legislation was passed to protect the "Conchs," and diving was prohibited within all waters of the state on the assumption that the divers trampled and destroyed the baby sponges while gathering the grown-ups! Consequently the Key West sponging business was saved and the Greek fishers are obliged to ply their trade beyond the three-mile limit; which disgruntles the Tarpon Spring fleet not a whit, since with modern diving apparatus, they can descend to depths of a hundred and seventy-five feet and get the finer grades of "glove" and "small wool." Let those who are satisfied with the small pickings dabble about in the shallows!

A crew of a Tarpon Springs sponger consists of from four to six men besides the master, and they work on shares. One by one the divers get into helmet and suit, the air-pump is manned and they go over the side. According to the depth

worked at, the diver remains down from five to ten minutes. When he comes up another takes his place. The Tarpon Springs fleet consists of nearly a hundred and fifty schooners, mostly supplied with auxiliary power. These are the parent boats, and out to the reefs with them go a multitude of smaller craft, four, five and six to a schooner, each having its quota of skilled divers. Sway-decked, lateen-rigged, built as their kind were built and rigged in the far-off days of Christ's presence on earth, only the puffing of a gasoline motor or the presence of an air-pump beside a taffrail shows these little boats to be modern. They are gaudily painted craft; yellow and blue and red and orange and white; and each bears its name in Greek characters on bow and stern. One such "outfit" means the outlay of considerable money, but the rewards are commensurate.

The sponges go from schooners to water-pens for the soaking stage, blackish, rubber-like masses of all sizes and shapes from the tiny "silk" to the biggest "loggerhead," the latter looking like a round life-preserver and sometimes four feet in diameter. Finally they are carted to the Sponge Exchange, a big brick building surrounding a wide concrete courtyard in which the buyers congregate. In 1924 about nine million sponges went through the Exchange, passing to the possession of the various companies which maintain head-

quarters in the town. The value of these was close to one million dollars in the raw stage, several times that when ready for the retail trade.

At present there are upwards of a thousand members of the Greek colony at Tarpon Springs. They speak their own language and keep to their own customs, yielding to Americanization but slowly. Yet they have built homes, many of them, invested in local enterprises and are good citizens. They maintain their own schools and churches, have their own theater and support their own stores and coffee houses. They are deeply religious, and combine joy and devoutness on the occasions of their several church festivals in a manner that is at once naïve and admirable. "Greek Cross Day," as the other citizens of Tarpon Springs call it, or the Feast of the Epiphany, as it is known to the Greeks, falls on January 6th. It commemorates the baptism of Christ and is gorgeously celebrated by the return to port of the entire fleet of boats from whose rigging fly the Greek and American flags and all the other bunting obtainable. The Greek village of St. Nicholas is festooned from end to end and the decorations continue all the way into the town and about the bayou where, viewed by a throng of several thousand spectators, many of whom have journeyed far for the occasion, the waters are blessed by the Greek Patriarch, a symbolic white dove is released and a gold cross is cast into

the bayou's clear depths to be dived for by a dozen or more slim, straight, bronze-skinned lads. The festival is impressive and interesting and, above all, colorful. After the public ceremony the Greeks march to their church and the festival continues throughout the day with religious devotions.

Clearwater lies some fifteen miles south of Tarpon Springs, a thriving, steadily increasing community of 5,000. It is one of Florida's most popular resorts and, including Belleair, draws each year a large number of visitors to its handsome homes and splendid hotels. The city is well placed on a ridge overlooking a broad arm of the sea known as Clearwater Bay and a line of narrow keys beyond with which communication is open by bridges and causeway. Clearwater is a fresh, clean-looking city, notable for fine business buildings, churches and residences. Wide streets, well paved and nicely shaded, make sight-seeing a pleasure. Here is the well-known Belleair golf course with its two eighteen-hole layouts; and here, too, is the 6,305-yard course of the Country Club. Fishing is excellent, and tarpon bite nowhere any better than in the warm waters along the near-by Keys. Clearwater is a most appealing place to the home-builder; one of the dozen or so towns in which, if there were a dozen or so of him, the writer would surely live. Over on Clearwater Island is one of the best beaches of the

West Coast for bathing, and farther down, Haven Beach. Clearwater is the winter home of a small but doubtless select literary colony which includes Mr. George Ade, Mr. Sewell Ford, Mr. Clarence Buddington Kelland and others whose names are familiar to the readers of our best literature. This fact, from some obscure motive, is frequently mentioned by Clearwater's Chamber of Commerce.

Some twenty miles farther south, at the tip end of the Pinellas Peninsula, tall buildings against the blue sky inform the motorist that he is about to reach "The Sunshine City." However, if he has been reading the signs along the road for the past hour or so he has already had an inkling of his fate. St. Petersburg is one of the "big towns" of the state, with a population of 26,847, of which 12,610 were added in the five years between 1920 and 1925. A young city, St. Pete, but a lusty one. It set out with malice aforethought to make itself a winter resort city par excellence, and so it has no one but itself to blame for what has happened. Take it in January, and the sidewalks are so thronged with persons milling around, the streets so crowded with automobiles scraping bumpers and mudguards and the parks and playgrounds so filled with children—from one to eighty—that a stranger from some quiet place like Chicago, Philadelphia or New York feels confused and nervous. The hotels, of which there are already

enough to serve three or four cities, with new ones always in process of building, are crowded, too. And so, it seems, are all the big and little and medium-sized houses and bungalows and bungalettes facing the Bay in haughty grandeur or nestling under their vines and camphor trees over Boca Ceiga way. Yes, sir, St. Petersburg certainly went and did it, and she ought to be satisfied if what she was after was a full house.

St. Petersburg talks climate a lot, and maybe she has a right to. Set down on the tip end of Pinellas County's tongue, she's bound to wag. Certain it is that, with water on three sides of her, she can fairly lay claim to ideal winter conditions, since sunshine and proximity to gulf waters and bays are what allow West Coast resorts to assume a certain suggestion of arrogance when the subject of climate is mentioned. St. Petersburg's average mean temperature from November to April is 66.3 degrees, and the average monthly rainfall for the same period is 2.52 inches. So, you see, the Sunshine City is a place for parasols and not galoshes.

The winter population of the city is somewhere around ninety thousand. You have to sort of guess at this, for St. Petersburg visitors come and go to make room for others and it's difficult to count them. But ninety thousand's a conservative estimate. The city offers about everything possible for the amusement of her guests, from

checkers and horseshoes and roque in picturesque, moss-draped Williams Park, and sand boxes on the Mole, to golf on her three courses, tarpon fishing in near-by waters or yachting on the smooth stretches of her many bays. The Yacht Club has a fine clubhouse and a membership of six hundred. St. Petersburg is the ideal play city, but, just to show that she has her serious side, let it be said that she has a million and a half invested in school grounds and buildings, a host of beautiful church edifices, municipal and commercial buildings worthy of any city in the Union, excellent shops and a fine system of boulevards and streets throughout her twenty-seven square miles of territory. If you want to play or merely rest and listen to the band play, St. Petersburg will welcome you. If you want to invest or build a home your welcome will be still warmer.

From St. Petersburg to Tampa the way lies over the recently completed Gandy Bridge, this route eliminating about twenty-four miles of the former distance between the two cities. Mr. George S. Gandy is one of the Miracle Workers of Florida, one of the vision-and-do coterie which includes Flagler and Plant, Fisher and Merrick and Davis. Gandy looked across Old Tampa Bay and dreamed of a six-mile causeway and bridge. Then he went ahead and built it. Not without difficulties, since few others could see his vision as he saw it, and not right away. Twenty years

elapsed between dream and actuality. But it's done at last, a straight over-water highway from Hillsborough County to Pinellas, from the outskirts of Tampa to the environs of St. Petersburg, a route bringing the automobile running time between the cities down from two and a half hours to about one. St. Petersburg and her larger sister across the bay are getting better acquainted every day.

Tampa is built on the site of old Fort Brooks of Seminole War days and her settlement dates back to 1823 when four companies of the United States Army from Pensacola, under command of Colonel Brooke and Lieutenant Gadsden, landed at what is now Gadsden Point and, marching along the peninsula, established a permanent log fortification beyond the Hillsborough River in the locality at present known as "The Garrison." It became an incorporated city in 1855. The name of Tampa was taken from an Indian settlement which occupied a site close to the old fort and is believed to mean "Split Wood for Quick Fires." Tampa was originally in Benton County and later in Alachua. In those days a Florida county was a piece of land! Two or three of them included most of the peninsula. Making new counties is even to this day one of the principal indoor sports of the Legislature, and just as fast as a new map is published a county is split into two or more

parts and the map maker tears his hair and starts to work again. Whether there is at present a map of Florida showing the new counties evolved in 1925 is doubtful. Tampa finally found herself in Hillsborough County, and there, although the eastern part of said county has since been sliced off and called Pinellas, she still resides.

Tampa may be said to have come to life when Henry B. Plant bought the South Florida Railroad and pushed it to the gulf in 1884. He followed that by building the Tampa Bay Hotel and placing it in a fine park of tropical trees and shrubs along the Hillsborough River and across from the city proper. Hotel and park came into the limelight during the War with Spain, when Tampa became the port of embarkation for southern troops bound Cuba-ward and Theodore Roosevelt's famous Rough Riders foregathered in the hostelry and Richard Harding Davis, lovable romancer of that romantic time, posed for his picture against a background of Moorish architecture gone a little bit mad. Somehow, that row with our neighbor on the south seems to have given a decided fillip to Tampa's development. She started right out after the Spanish War was over and grew and kept on growing. And now look at her!

A big city both as regards area and population; at least, big as Florida cities go. Still second to Jacksonville as far as the counting of noses is

concerned, but ahead of the East Coast metropolis in many other ways. (The last census gives Jacksonville 95,450, Tampa 94,743.) Within the past few years Tampa has made gallant strides forward. She has adopted the commission-manager form of government and taken at least one public utility, the waterworks plant, under municipal ownership. She has built hotels and apartments and homes in a breath-taking fashion, placed a bank on almost every available corner of her downtown district and developed all sorts of new industries to add to her old ones. Her taxable property to-day is eighty-six million dollars, an increase of thirty-seven millions in the last year.

Tampa is first of all a commercial city, and such she will continue to be. That is her destiny. Nevertheless she offers the tourist most of the attractions, if not all, to be found elsewhere. Her waters contain as good fish as ever were found; her hotels, though still too few in number, are modern and excellent; she has three fine golf courses and a fourth under construction; sailing and motor-boating enthusiasts could ask for no better opportunities than Tampa affords; she has theaters, race courses, swimming pools, tennis and roque courts and, in short, the usual conveniences looked for by the winter visitor. Tampa's climate is of the best, with few cool days in winter and few excessively hot ones in summer. (The matter of her climate has been touched on in a former

Photo. from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

OCEAN BOULEVARDS AND SHORE WITH PALMS, NEAR MIAMI

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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chapter.) So she deserves considerable consideration as a place for temporary sojourn. Nevertheless, Florida's west coast metropolis is a big and busy and bustling commercial city, with her thoughts set on serious matters. She takes time to play, but she observes very strict business hours, as befits the state's leading manufacturing and industrial center with a total invested capital of nearly thirty-two millions of dollars. Tampa is the market place for a large and exceedingly rich territory; practically all of the state's phosphate passes through her gates and her port business is already tremendous. To accommodate the shipping interests new municipal terminals are being built and occupied as fast as completed. Being the nearest port of size to the Panama Canal, her imports and exports grow yearly in volume and value.

Tampa is the world's headquarters for Havana cigars, producing more than the City of Havana herself and far more than any other city. Her yearly output is approximately 500,000,000 cigars and she has fifteen million dollars invested in the industry. She manufactures numerous other things, too, with more than fifteen hundred concerns engaged.

She is, as Florida cities go, a cosmopolitan community, having a large Spanish population which includes many of her foremost and estimable citizens, a good many Italians and a

sprinkling of other nationalities. The Spanish have influenced the city considerably, and in the localities principally occupied by them—the former separate municipality of West Tampa and that portion of the city known as Ybor—their presence has added an interesting and picturesque atmosphere. The Spanish residents have their own clubs and institutions, continue to speak the language of the homeland and lead as well as may be possible the life they were accustomed to there. Their clubs—*centros*—are important social factors, with handsome buildings and large memberships. One, the Centro Español, oldest of all, maintains two clubhouses. All conduct educational, mutual-aid, musical and artistic departments, and membership includes the privilege of medical treatment and hospital accommodation. Amateur histrionic and musical talent produce plays, operas and concerts each winter, while not infrequently professional opera troupes present themselves in the well-appointed auditoriums. The Italian citizens likewise have their national organizations and clubs and provide excellent musical features to which the general public is welcomed.

Tampa has many handsome homes, notably bordering her Bayshore Boulevard, which hugs the rim of Hillsborough Bay for several miles, and throughout the newer additions developed between that body of water and Old Tampa Bay on the

west. She has well paved and well lighted streets, a good water supply, excellent transportation by trolley lines and busses and most other advantages demanded by the temporary visitor or permanent resident. She has not yet perfected herself, certainly, for her recent growth in population and commercial enterprises, the expansion of her residential territory toward all four points of the compass, have been so sudden and so rapid that the city has scarcely yet caught up with herself. But Rome wasn't built in a day, and before long Tampa's streets will be wide enough to accommodate her traffic, she will adopt zoning regulations, her new and much needed bridges will be thrown open, she will have more hotels and more first-class restaurants and, possibly, she will crawl out from under the domination of the railroads which plow through her main streets and skirt her parks. This latter, however, if accomplished will be no mean feat, for railroads are proverbially difficult to legislate against. But in the meantime Tampa, bursting out of her clothes as she is, is bending all her energies to solve the many sudden and ofttimes unforeseen problems that beset her, and when she finally succeeds, as she surely will, she will be a city to be proud of, whether one is a Floridian or—unfortunately—just a resident of some other part of this big country. And, anyway, you can get a good five-cent cigar in Tampa, and that ought to be glory enough for any city!

CHAPTER XVI

DOWN THE WEST COAST (*Concluded*)

It would be hardly fair to leave Tampa without mention of the recent activities there of D. P. Davis, already mentioned as one of the state's Miracle Men. Those who more than two years back saw the three scrubby sand islands just off the mouth of the Hillsborough River in the bay of the same name—Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders camped on them while awaiting transportation to Cuba—would never know them to-day. A fleet of dredges has built them into one big tract of some fifteen hundred acres, and hotels and apartments, residences and clubs, winding waterways and wide boulevards, tennis courts and swimming pools have already taken the place of sedge and mangroves. What no more than a year and a half ago was still only a desert waste of sand is to-day a thriving and beautiful community distant from Tampa's Bayshore residence section only the length of a bridge. There's an eighteen-hole golf course building, too, out there at the farther end of the island. You just can't perform a miracle these days without evolving a golf course as part of it. Not a great many years ago, since he is still a young man, "Dave" Davis was

running errands for a Tampa grocery concern. Six years ago, perhaps, he was opening the eyes of Miami real estate operators by his sleight-of-hand development and disposal of additions and subdivisions in the then awakening "Magic City." Now, having brought Davis Island within sight of completion, at an estimated expenditure of thirty millions of dollars, "Dave" is off to St. Augustine to turn the trick again.

Hillsborough County is proud of her good roads. She has to date three hundred and sixty miles of paved highways outside the corporate limits of her cities and towns and some two hundred more of rock or shell roads. It is on one of her good roads that the southbound traveler sets forth for Bradenton, Sarasota, Fort Myers and way stations. One can, at the expenditure of little time and gasoline, go by way of Plant City, a thriving place of 6,600 inhabitants twenty-two miles eastward. Plant City is widely known as the home town of the Florida strawberry, and from it in 1925 were shipped more than one thousand carloads of its specialty. This is in addition to the two boxes bought by the writer along the wayside. (They were good berries.)

Bradenton, basking in the sunlight on the bank of the Manatee River, is another of the places where, were it physically possible, the writer would spend his declining years. But, as Hurree Babu said, "You cannot occupy two places in

space simultaneously. That is axiomatic." Bradenton calls herself "The Friendly City." One can believe that she deserves the self-conferred title, for she *looks* friendly. So many places, you know, don't. Bradenton has a year-round population of just over 7,000 and a winter population of—you may write your own ticket. If it isn't double 7,000, though, it ought to be. Bradenton is so plumb full of good-looking, homelike homes that the visitor spends his first day there in just walking around and looking at them and coveting about every second one he sees. They all have the look of being lived in, and not just put up on speculation, with the occupants hiding behind the curtains of the front room on the watch for possible buyers! And never were handsomer gardens than here. Bradenton is apparently chockfull of civic pride. Otherwise her streets would never be so clean, her private estates so well cared for, her public buildings so fine. Oh, you'll like Bradenton. Can't help it!

Across the broad Manatee, more a bay here than a river, lies one of Bradenton's good neighbors, Palmetto. There's a fine new bridge stretching its length from town to town, and when that's finished the two will be practically one. In fact, before long beyond a doubt Bradenton and Palmetto and Manatee, her neighbor up the river, will all be one municipality. Economy demands it. When it happens it is to be hoped that the

present Bradenton will lose none of its individual charm.

Bradenton is not without some history, for all of her modernness. Not far away, up-river, is the old Gamble Mansion, recently purchased by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and presented to the state to be preserved as a memorial. The old house will be restored and the once attractive grounds replenished. Meanwhile this excellent specimen of typical Southern colonial architecture overlooking the beautiful Manatee River is worth a visit. Here Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy, hid from the Union authorities during the Civil War, and from here, with his aides, he took flight down the river and so made his escape to England.

Bradenton is in Manatee County. Manatee County, when it was sliced off some other county, was named after the Manatee River, and the Manatee River was named after the manatee. All quite simple, isn't it? The manatee, or sea-cow, is still extant, but you are challenged to find one. Unfortunately the present law prohibiting the taking of manatees was not passed early enough. Now, if you see one at all, it will very probably be quite dead and stuffed full of sawdust or tow or whatever dead manatees are stuffed with. The sea-cow is a large, ponderous, phlegmatic animal which sometimes weighs as much as twelve hun-

dred pounds. It lives in salt or brackish water and feeds on the bottom growth. The Indians used to think a whole lot of manatee steaks, chops and cutlets, and, since the animal has about as much sense as the other kind of cow, and not a whit more, it was easily killed. All the hungry Indian did was sit on the bank and wait for the sea-cow to heave out of the water in its leisurely way for an occasional breath of air and then shoot an arrow into it where it would do the most good —to the Indian. Later the rifle supplanted the bow and the manatee soon became conspicuous for its absence. What the writer wants to know is what Mr. Manatee was called. If Mrs. Manatee was a sea-cow was he a sea-bull? He has never heard of a sea-bull, but any theory to the effect that manatees were or are always of the tender sex isn't a bit of good for the reason that young manatees have frequently been seen accompanying Mother Manatee, which would infer that somewhere about was a sea-cow, or bull, of the opposite sex. However, since little of the manatee save its name is left to-day, why worry over such a trifling point? Just the same, any one will readily see that a sea-cow can't be a sea-cow when he's a bull!

The name of Sarasota is all sort of tangled up with that erstwhile better-known name of Ringling. It used to be a case of think of a circus and you thought of Ringling. Now if you think of a

circus you think of Sarasota. It takes two jumps, but you do it. John Ringling, of the Greatest Show on Earth, now prefers to be known as John Ringling of Sarasota. As far back as 1912 Mr. Ringling saw the possibilities of Sarasota and promptly annexed a hundred and fifty acres of shore property. That was the beginning. Now there is under construction at Shell Beach a million-dollar palace of Ferrara marble—well, there may be a few brick or tiles used—which, when completed, will be the top-hole show place of the West Coast. (Until some one sees Mr. Ringling and goes him a million dollars—and a few shiploads of Italian marble—better.) While the palace was still no more than white lines on blue paper, perhaps not even so much, Mr. Ringling got to hankering for something to occupy his waiting moments. Probably he had just finished watering the last of his several hundred beautiful palms and was drying his hands on the seat of his trousers, which is the way the writer invariably dries his, and looking off into the sunset when the idea came to him. Out there, along the horizon, stretched any number of islands not doing a thing in the world but just stretching. Why not make them at least earn their keep? No sooner said than done! Mr. Ringling got a lot of money together—maybe he sold an elephant or a couple of camels—and bought the whole caboodle of Keys; Longboat and Worcester and Sarasota and

Coon. Then he started in to buy alongshore. Now, although he may possibly be shy a couple of elephants, he has thirty-six miles of water front, the whole southern end of Sarasota County and all the islands north of Big Pass. After all, what's an elephant?

John Ringling made Sarasota what she is to-day and you can hope he is satisfied. But he isn't. He's just started. Wait until he has developed all that back country into truck farms and groves, as he means to; wait until that thirty-six miles of shore front is dotted with handsome homes; wait until the new "Million-Dollar Causeway" from Golden Gate Point to Longboat is open for its whole four miles! Just wait.

But at that you won't have to wait long. They not only do things in a big way in Florida, but they do them in short time. And they do them with mighty little fuss. To-day you drive along and see a stretch of sand occupied by two mangrove trees, a blue heron and a fiddler crab. Two months from to-day you pass the same way and rub your eyes. The two mangrove trees have become forty-eleven palms, the blue heron is a pink hotel with lavender trimmings and the fiddler crab is racing sidewise over an eighteen-hole golf course!

"John Ringling of Sarasota" is correct, but so is "Sarasota of John Ringling." Mr. Ringling doubtless still loves his elephants—what few he

has left—his camels and his anteaters and all the other attractions of the Biggest Show on Earth, but it's dollars to doughnuts he loves Sarasota more. He couldn't very well help it. Why, it's his own city and he just about made it himself. Others have come along and helped, a lot of them, but it was John Ringling who pointed the way and cut the first path. Sarasota now has a population of 5,529 citizens and about a thousand real estate salesmen who run around too fast to be counted. She has fine buildings, fine water and good sewerage. She has good schools, too. The Bank of Sarasota has deposits of more than $2,200,000. And it's not the only bank there, either.

Rather a lively, up-and-coming place, Sarasota. Of her present authentic population, 3,380 persons have arrived on the scene since the Census of 1920. Several more have arrived since the Census of 1925. If you are still interested in climate after all you've had to read about that subject, you will forgive mention of the fact that over a period of twenty-seven years Sarasota's average maximum temperature was 90.5, her average minimum 63.5 and her average mean 71.9.

Near Sarasota the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has started a large development by the purchase of the town of Venice and 27,000 acres of farm land. The latter will be sold in small tracts to members of the organization. Venice, already well started, faces the open gulf some

twenty miles below Sarasota. This town was planned by John Nolan, who has brought to reality so many dreams of fair cities, and should soon resolve itself into one of the beauty spots of the West Coast. The development plans include a canal of several miles to connect Venice with the Myakka River, which parallels the coast inland, and the building of a second town on the acreage property along that stream to the south. Who wouldn't be an engineer, live in Mr. Nolan's idea of a proper city and commute by motorboat down the tropical Myakka to a neat ten-acre orange grove or radish farm?

Something should have been said while we were still "up the road a piece" about the Indian mounds of Sarasota and vicinity. Several of these have already been found and excavated, and more doubtless still await discovery. The builders were that "lost race" which we call the Abanaki, the tribe which baked its pottery from the inside instead of from without. Bits of the pottery, stone implements, beads and portions of skeletons have been frequently unearthed. Any one with a "bug" for archeology and a spade can have an awfully good time around Sarasota, so long as he respects the "No Trespass" signs.

You've gone about a hundred miles from Tampa when you catch sight of the broad waters of Charlotte Harbor and roll across the mile-and-a-quarter, steel-and-concrete bridge into Punta

Gorda. Here is one of the pleasantest spots on the gulf coast. Sea and rivers and sounds, offshore keys and barrier reefs, mingle in interesting confusion. The waters abound in fish and Punta Gorda is one of the big commercial fishing ports. The city has 1,635 inhabitants and does well by them. It maintains its own water and lighting systems, has a good sewerage system, plenty of well-paved streets and sidewalks and excellent hotels. Charlotte County, the result of a major operation performed four or five years ago on De Soto County, is, for a Florida county, only a baby in size. But it's a particularly healthy baby. Its development is hardly more than started and thousands of acres of its rich soil await the plow. The main industries at present are trucking, citrus fruit growing and pineapple culture. Some of the best pineapples produced in the United States are grown around Punta Gorda and handsome profits are made. The initial outlay is fairly great, however, and the man who goes in for "pines" must be prepared to put many dollars into the soil before he takes his reward. Both open-field and lattice-shed growing is done, according to the variety planted. Charlotte County is well down toward the tropical region of the state, and such fruits as dates, sapodillas and papayas grow to perfection. Punta Gorda and the Charlotte Harbor islands have already been spoken of as fishing re-

sorts for the sportsman. Hereabouts the "Silver King" and the less kingly but weightier jewfish are to be found in abundance. A jewfish of five hundred pounds can, they say, give you quite a tug!

A run of twenty-seven miles over the Tamiami Trail brings the traveler to Fort Myers, and when he has reached Fort Myers he has arrived somewhere. Here is a real tropical city just beginning to awaken to her possibilities. Until three years back Fort Myers was the Sleeping Princess of Florida towns. Lacking an adequate bridge over the Caloosahatchee River and traversable roads to the north, she might almost as well have been set down on one of the Florida Keys so far as intercourse with the rest of the state was concerned. Not, however, that she was greatly worried. In fact, she didn't mind her isolation a bit. She had been isolated for some three-quarters of a century, had become used to it and rather liked it, probably. Indeed, you'll find plenty of old residents who view the recent sudden impetus toward enlargement and a metropolitan status with deep suspicion, and who even speak a trifle bitterly about it. Well, there is no doubt that Fort Myers before the world came to it was a pleasant, leisurely place to live in; no doubt that growth and development will do away with much of its former charm. But enough of the latter will be left to keep the city wholly desirable from the

point of view of winter visitor or year-round resident.

Fort Myers came into existence in the days of the Seminole unpleasantness when a military post was established a few miles up the Caloosahatchee River under the name of Fort Harvie. Later the post was strengthened, regarrisoned and rechristened Fort Myers in honor of the then Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Florida, Brevet-General Abraham C. Myers. In 1856 General Hancock was stationed there. After the termination of the Indian troubles the fort was practically abandoned and the location was taken up under the Homestead Act by a Virginian named Evans. He had his residence in a log house which had been part of the fort and which occupied a site about where the present Royal Palm Hotel stands.

Naturally enough, a town in existence fully eighty years acquires a settled look, and this Fort Myers has. She has her streets shaded by truly magnificent trees, and the traveler from the North, after crossing the river on the mile-long bridge, proceeds along the winding river shore on an avenue arched with fine specimens of that most regal of all trees, the Royal Palm. All of the city's other attractions aside, a walk or ride along one or another of her shaded streets is sufficient reward for a visit to Fort Myers. She has more than 50 varieties of palms, besides interest-

ing specimens of tropical and sub-tropical trees and shrubs of other species, and her gardens are delightful. But she's awake now, and taking on a slightly different aspect. The tree-bordered streets remain, but business buildings are poking their upper stories above the masses of foliage and the erstwhile quiet is broken by the *honk* of the motor bus and the pleading cry of the salesman with a new subdivision on his hands.

To-day—or yesterday, that is—"The City of Palms" had a population of slightly less than 7,000, but she is undoubtedly in for a tremendous growth, and that figure won't answer for long. An ambitious development is planned and already under way. This includes the dredging of the river for deep-draught vessels and the building of municipal docks. Already the city has many of the comforts and conveniences to be expected of a modern and progressive place; really good schools, paved streets and sidewalks, sanitary and storm sewers, an artesian well supply of good water, electric lighting, public parks, a pleasure pier and last, but certainly not least, a thoroughly attractive as well as commodious railway station that looks a whole lot like a picturesque, sprawly old Spanish mission. The city is well served by two newspapers, it has three prosperous banks and the start of an excellent public library. It also has a handsome new hospital. Not, of course, that there was really any need of a hospital in so healthy a place, but you know how it is. These beginning cities think they have to have all the frills of older communities, whether they're really required or not. What hotels there are are good, but more are needed. Oh, yes, and there's a nice eighteen-hole golf course!

Lee County, of which Fort Myers is the seat, is a rich section of the state, and while its present population is only around 13,000—of which 267 are Seminole Indians—its resources are such that within the next two or three years that population will without the shadow of a doubt be more than trebled. A part of the county is included in the Everglade country and will not be ready for cultivation for a while, but there's plenty of land easily accessible at present. Lee County's position at almost the tip of the peninsula is good insurance against killing frosts, and plenty of sunshine and rainfall account for the remarkable crops raised. Here is veritably the hunter's and fisherman's paradise, for big and small game are to be found and the fishing is far-famed. Guides and outfits for trips inland or along the passes may be obtained. By boat one can travel up the river to Lake Okeechobee and thence by canal to Miami, and find good sport and plenty of interest all the way.

Fort Myers is the winter residence town of two distinguished citizens, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, whose comfortable but modest homes are

situated companionably close. Here, too, John Burroughs was a frequent visitor during the later years of his life. Although the city is a good fifteen miles back from the gulf, the fact is not regretted since the Caloosahatchee is so broad as to be a miniature gulf in itself. To reach the coast, however, is only the matter of a few minutes by way of the palm-bordered McGregor Boulevard, past groves and attractive winter homes. Punta Rassa is the terminus of the boulevard; and also the terminus of the cable to Havana.

Not far from Fort Myers, at Estero, is the seat of the Koreshan Unity, or "Universology," the unique religious and intellectual cult founded by the late Dr. Cyrus R. Teed. Dr. Teed, whose voluminous writings were signed "Koresh," held the view that the world is a sphere and that we live on the inside instead of the outside of it. And he proved it, at least to his own satisfaction, in a volume published some years ago entitled "The Cellular Cosmogony." After his death his body was entombed in a huge sepulcher on the bank of the Estero River, where a guard was always on watch by day and where a lantern burned by night. The high water occasioned by the storm of 1921, however, swept away all trace of the mausoleum. His disciples engage in fruit raising and truck growing, and their products are always of the finest. They believe in common ownership,

have prospered exceedingly and are now a wealthy and esteemed community.

When, a few years ago, Barron G. Collier, of New York, bought the lower half of Lee County an obliging Legislature used the knife again and Collier County came into being. Barron Collier is lord of a vast domain down there, and what he has done and is doing gives him every right to a niche in the Hall of the Miracle Workers. Thus far, though, his affairs are strictly private, none of his vast holdings have passed from his hands and it is only fair to respect his reclusion. At some not far distant date Collier County will, so to speak, burst onto the world and into publicity, but until it does let it live its own life. Not, of course, that the visitor is barred. Nor that he doesn't get down that far. The Tamiami Trail is good as far as Bonita Springs and practicable to Naples and even beyond. Naples, a small town awaiting the coming of the railroad, was a favorite spot in the winter of the late Henry Waterson, of Louisville and the rest of the world. Here, in a fine old house set in a mass of tropical luxuriance, he was wont to visit his friend and business associate, Colonel W. N. Haldeman. Sitting there on the veranda of the comfortable residence, with the long silvery beach and the quiet gulf before them, the two Kentucky colonels must have enjoyed many rare hours of reminiscence and

prophecy. Let us hope that among the many other things that grew in the big garden surrounding the house was that fragrant herb known as mint, for the picture of the two accomplished, old-world gentlemen seated there at their ease seems somehow incomplete unless we can vision at their elbows two tall frost-encrusted glasses topped with what was, or should have been, the state flower of Kentucky.

CHAPTER XVII

THROUGH THE RIDGE COUNTRY

Moore Haven, on the west shore of Lake Okeechobee, is at the end of an interesting run from Fort Myers that follows the picturesque Caloosahatchee River, past Buckingham and Labelle; but, having reached that destination, there is nothing for it as yet but to turn around and come back, since the road to the north is not tempting. Moore Haven, a young but thriving town in the center of the rich Okeechobee farming district, can best be reached by boat from Fort Myers or by trains of the Atlantic Coast Line. The boat trip is not to be missed, in any case, for the voyage up the tropical Caloosahatchee River is a series of lovely views. (The word Caloosahatchee means "crooked river"; so, of course, it is unnecessary to add "river" to it, but, equally of course, it is done.) Above Fort Myers the stream narrows suddenly and never exceeds a quarter of a mile in width until it broadens into Lake Hicpochee. The traveler may still obtain a better idea of the tropical jungles here than on any other of the navigable streams, although the banks are being rapidly cleared for groves and farms and villages are springing up on each side.

Steel motor vessels sixty-five feet in length and nineteen feet in width make the trip thrice weekly in each direction between Fort Myers and West Palm Beach. These boats are new and well appointed, with accommodations for 110 passengers. An observation deck sixteen feet above the water allows a fine view of the scenery.

A good road runs by way of Fort Ogden, a Seminole War settlement, to Arcadia, and from the latter place the traveler can cover the Ridge and Lake sections very thoroughly on his northward trip. Arcadia has a few more than 4,000 inhabitants and is a fast-growing community. It is the county seat of De Soto County, one of the state's best citrus fruit districts. Arcadia has particularly good water from artesian wells, a fine system of schools and many attractions for the home seeker. Northward, past Zolfo Springs, the road reaches Wauchula, seat of Hardee County, one of the most productive counties in the peninsula. The Peace River flows past on its way down from the lakes, forming the valley of that name which has a state-wide reputation for fertility. Citrus fruits, truck and general farm products are raised. Wauchula is well supplied with paved streets, municipal lighting and water plants, sewerage, good schools and many creditable buildings. It is a particularly progressive city with a present population of 2,600.

Sebring lies eastward, on the shores of beautiful Lake Jackson, fairly in what has come to be known as the Scenic Highlands. It is a lovely town set in a lovely place, and, although still an infant in years, has already won distinction as a residence city. It has 1,300 inhabitants, thirty miles of street pavement, parks, schools, churches, banks, a public library, at least one good hotel and much more on the way. It is that same hotel, elsewhere referred to, which accepts no money from its guests for lodgings on such days as the sun fails to shine. George E. Sebring, the proprietor, is seldom out of pocket. The lake fishing in the neighborhood is famed.

The Scenic Highlands consist of a ridge about sixty miles in length fairly in the center of the peninsula, a district of rolling hills, sun-flecked blue lakes and pine forests, a kind of country surprisingly different from that along the coasts on either side. Having considerable elevation, the Highlands receive the benefit of the winds from both ocean and gulf and form, without doubt, a particularly healthful section of the state. Certainly it is a beautiful section and a revelation to those who go there laboring under the misapprehension that Florida is just one huge expanse of level sand. Wherever the eye travels a charming vista of hill and lake, of grove and forest, of winding roads and pleasant homes is waiting. This is comparatively new country, dating back scarcely beyond 1915. Then Frostproof, about thirty miles

north of Sebring, was the southern terminus of the railroad along the Ridge. Frostproof wasn't much at that time; just a reminder of old Fort Clinch of Seminole War days. Few towns have had more names, by the way, for it was successively Lakemount, Keystone and Frostproof. The present name will undoubtedly stick. It's a good name, whether its implication is wholly truthful or not. Probably it is, though, for the old residents of the section assert that it hasn't known a real frost in forty years. And they ought to know. Frostproof to-day is a thriving town of a thousand citizens and many more winter residents, with every indication of becoming in a short time a model community. It is just about surrounded by lakes whose waters supply the best of fishing and whose sandy shores lure the bather. One is 230 feet above the sea here and the air is delightful.

To the west, a few miles distant, lies Fort Meade, another reminder of Seminole War times. Fort Meade boasts the widest business street in the state, Broadway, whereon ten automobiles may stand abreast—or pass, if they'd rather. It is in the center of a large phosphate district and surrounded by some of the best groves and farms in Polk County. Bartow is a short run to the north, a city of nearly 5,000, and one of the fastest growing communities in the state. Polk is one of the big and prosperous counties, containing a

number of large towns: Lakeland, Haines City, Winter Haven, among them.

The Ridge might well be called Millionaire's Row, or something equally impressive, but it wouldn't be fair to that part of the state, since, while it is true that a number of wealthy men have built their winter homes amongst the hills and lakes there, the Ridge holds forth a welcome to all the world and his wife, and although some of the largest and fairest estates are found in that part there are thousands of smaller and humbler homes as well. Wealth is represented by such names as Havemeyer, Westinghouse, Curtis, Bok, Cadwalader, Gunther, Montgomery, Starrett, Heckscher, Crocker, Hemphill, Bush, Jennings, Bedford, Warner, Babson and still others. Mr. Babson, statistician extraordinary and good friend of Florida, selected a spot about halfway along the Ridge, not far south of Lake Wales, for his home and for the winter quarters of his statistical laboratory, and, incidentally, for development as a residence town now known as Babson Park, one of the aspirants for the honor of being the highest town site in Florida.

Edward Bok, of Mountain Lake, after he had settled down to the enjoyment of a charming home, purchased some 2,200 acres near Lake Wales and east of Babson Park, called in Frederick Law Olmstead, landscape architect, and gave Trexel Jungle to the world as a reservation

of wonderful beauty. Mr. Bok was born on Trexel Island in the Netherlands; hence the name. This tract has been deeded to the state of Florida for the use of the public. The natural beauty of the reservation will be unmolested, and Mr. Olmstead's labors are concerned chiefly with the establishing of roads to best exhibit the attractions of the park, these to connect with the near-by highways. Wild life will be protected and for this purpose the reservation will be placed in charge of a warden and several deputies. Walk-in-the-Water Lake and the connecting creek of the same name are within the confines of the park. Walk-in-the-Water Creek is unique in that its bed is frequently fifty feet below the surface. Mr. Bok has also established a park and bird sanctuary on Iron Mountain, one of the high spots of the state. In fact, it is claimed for the summit of Iron Mountain that it is the highest elevation on the Atlantic and gulf coast between New Jersey and Mexico, but every now and then some one takes the joy out of life by discovering a more elevated place. Anyhow, Iron Mountain is 324 feet above sea level, and that ought to be high enough for any bird, even an eagle.

Lake Wales looks on Iron Mountain and Mountain Lake as her own, though she has plenty of other attractive features and could get along nicely without them; Lake Caloosa, for instance, ten miles of beautiful forest-lined water that is

not only wonderful to look on but is equally wonderful to fish on or bathe in. Lake Wales was a turpentine camp twelve years ago and you could have purchased all you wanted of it for a dollar and two-bits an acre. The same land is being snapped up now at the rate of about $100,000 an acre. Not all of it, of course, just some that happens to be well within the business section of the city. Nice if you had known in time, eh? Lake Wales had a population of 2,747 in the spring of 1925, but the writer suspects that that figure won't answer to-day. It's a great little town. A busy one, too, and a wealthy one. Its assessed valuation is $4,500,000; not at all bad for a town that isn't much more than ten years old. You'll find good fishing there, and good golf, too. The Mountain Lake course is known from Maine to Mexico. You've got to own property there to join, however, although if you happen to be a personal friend of Mr. Hecksher or Mr. Bedford or of one of the other members you can hint for visitor's privileges and probably get them. They have a clubhouse there that they think rather well of. Some folks, probably envious, call it the "Millionaire's Club"; which isn't fair since there aren't any more millionaires belonging to it than belong to the Metropolitan in New York.

Winter Haven calls itself "The City of a Hundred Lakes." Quite a pretty name, and doubt-

less deserved, although no one to the writer's knowledge has actually counted the lakes thereabouts. Many of the lakes are connected by canals, anyway, which would cause confusion to one engaged in checking them up. Those canals, though, are certainly clever contraptions, since one may get into a launch and go for fully fifty miles through one lake after another. Maybe one can do the whole hundred that way. Boating is a popular sport at Winter Haven, and a new clubhouse on Lake Eloise will, when completed, make it more so. They've gone in for speed-boat racing there lately, and, although some one is always getting dumped into the water, they keep right at it. Winter Haven is a good-looking city —by this time you've fallen to the fact that any place in Florida with more than three hundred permanent residents is a city—and is one of the wide-awake communities of the Scenic Highlands. There are lots of groves around and the fruit is some of the best raised in the state. Winter Haven has "Social Security" for its motto. Whatever it means, the writer is certain that the city is living up to it. As for inhabitants, it has 3,500 of them, and more, a whole lot more, are expected.

Lakeland is one of Polk County's big burgs, and possibly its finest. With a population of 17,000, Lakeland is proud of her progress. Of course population isn't everything, but any one knows

that 17,000 persons—to say nothing of hundreds of smart real estate men—aren't going to settle down in a place unless that place has lots to offer. And Lakeland has. Why, even its self-selected nickname, "The City of Heart's Desire," proves that. By this time you've probably concluded that communities along the Ridge are inclined to be a bit—is sentimental the word? Or fanciful? A bit fanciful in the matter of their selection of nicknames or slogans. But it isn't confined to the Ridge, that failing. It's all over the state. There's something about Florida that makes you just a trifle romantic. Lakeland is a well-arranged city, well paved, filled with a multitude of comfortable, generally handsome and frequently imposing residences, supplied with about all the conveniences looked for in much larger communities and on the way to becoming a power among Florida cities. She has, by the way, exceptionally good hotels.

The highway turns eastward now, passing Auburndale and Lake Alfred and several other attractive towns that are set down by the shores of the lakes and fairly embowered in orange trees, and leads to Haines City, a fast-growing community of slightly over 2,000 persons recognized as one of the healthiest spots in the state. Its elevation is 221 feet. The traveler cuts across the northwest corner of Osceola County on his way to Kissimmee, that town with the famous,

much-punned-on name (accent on the "sim," please). Kissimmee isn't situated on Lake Kissimmee, as every one knows it should be, and the large body of water yonder is, instead, Lake Tohopekaliga, which is much more difficult to say than Kissimmee. A clean, much alive town—that is, city—of just under 4,000, Kissimmee is the shipping point for a large territory devoted to citrus fruits and banana culture and the growing of truck and general crops. There are large packing houses here. Lake Tohopekaliga is a fine body of water interspersed with numerous islands. Connection with Lake Kissimmee is made by canals, and from there navigation is possible all the way to Lake Okechobee and thence to the Atlantic or the gulf. Eventually water communication will be secured to the St. John's River, when Kissimmee will occupy a unique position on an inland waterway reaching from Jacksonville the entire length of the peninsula to Fort Myers. This city has a remarkable future. Which, however, is not to say that she isn't enjoying an excellent, prosperous present.

Orlando is a place of 22,000 inhabitants, a city so well and favorably known that it is scarcely necessary to speak of it here at any length. It fully deserves the name of "The City Beautiful," lying as it does in the midst of many lakes, with its well-shaded streets, its handsome buildings and residences and its lovely parks. Any

one happening into Orlando on a midwinter morning might suppose that he had inadvertently wandered from his course and reached Cleveland or some other metropolitan city. (This is intended as a compliment to both Cleveland and Orlando.) Orlando has several modern transient hotels, several large and well-arranged apartment hotels and accommodations of the humbler sort for its visitors. And the visitors know it and go there. Orlando is a much-visited place, which, since it is on the way to practically everywhere, is not surprising. But it isn't just a resort city, for it has a large and growing commerce and is a manufacturing town of some importance. It is the outlet for an extremely prosperous farming and fruit country, and nearly three-quarters of the state's citrus crop is marketed through concerns with headquarters there. At present Orlando is enjoying its share of the Florida "boom" and pushing out rapidly in all directions.

Winter Park, not far away, is called "The City of Homes," and has lots of them. It also has Rollins College, beautiful streets shaded with moss-draped live oaks, its attractive lake and an air of welcome quite its own. A number of persons who supposedly know what they are doing have chosen Winter Park for season or permanent residence. Wise folks are they.

Sanford is called—but never mind. Let's forget the slogans. It's a fine city of 7,000 inhabitants

placed in a farming community second to none in the state for achievements. Sanford is the Celery Center of the South. (If one could spell it Selery Senter it would look much better.) It is on Lake Monroe, one of the large lakes of the St. John's River, and so has the advantage of water transportation for its goods. Five years ago its citizens numbered less than 2,000. In four years its population increased eighty-six per cent, its assessed valuation 121 per cent and its bank deposits 48 per cent. So, you see, Sanford is what may well be called a growing and substantial community. Being a deep-water port has a good deal to do with the city's prosperity, for ships may come to its docks from all over the world in spite of the fact that it lies twenty-five miles away from the ocean. Seminole County, of which Sanford is the seat, is sharing the city's prosperity.

Mount Dora, Tavares, Eustis, all lie on the road to the west and north, attractive residence towns amongst the lakes of Lake County. Mr. Waterman makes some of his pen points at Eustis. Lives there, too. Leesburg, farther west, is a place of 3,000 residents lying between Lakes Griffin and Harris, about midway between ocean and gulf. It is a pleasant city, well liked as a winter residence by many from the colder parts of the country and forging ahead rapidly.

Ocala, in Marion County, is in the hunting

grounds of Chief Osceola. At Old Fort King, which stood some two miles distant from the site of the present city, Osceola playfully murdered General Thompson. Hereabouts, too, roamed the Spaniards, and the "Ocali" mentioned as one of De Soto's camping spots gave its name to the city which has grown up near by. Ocala lies in a beautiful country, with the famous Ocklawaha River handy and the equally famous source of that stream, Silver Springs, only five and a half miles distant. Lovely drives extend in many directions. The city contains 6,721 inhabitants and is one of the worth-while communities of the state, with many miles of excellent paved streets, modern public buildings, fine homes and a nice atmosphere of comfort and contentment.

Gainesville is a real city beautiful to the writer's thinking, no matter how many other places claim the title. It is old enough to have grown beautiful slowly, and the beauty that Time lends has a distinction of its own. No gardens in the state are fairer than those of Gainesville, and no broad avenues and streets are more wonderfully shaded. There's a homelike air about the place that wins the visitor at once, and, although frosts are far from unknown there, Gainesville has its own clientele of winter sojourners who wouldn't trade its sunny briskness for all the languorous mildness of the farther south resorts. The city is the hub of numerous

highway spokes along which one may go in at least six different directions. It is the seat of Alachua County and has 8,400 inhabitants; and this doesn't include the young gentlemen of the State University located there. By all means see the University campus, visit the buildings and don't miss the Museum. It's very much worth while.

From Gainesville—though don't hurry off—your way lies to Starke, and from there to Baldwin, where you connect with the Dixie Overland Highway—State Road Number 13—that takes you—safely, it is hoped—into Jacksonville.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOWN THE EAST COAST

FERNANDINA is the Eastport, Maine, of Florida. Not, of course, that it specializes in boiling herring fry in oil and so turning out "sardines," but, like Eastport, it is tucked away in a remote corner of the state, and the tide of travel flows past rather than to. And, like Eastport, it is an interesting and picturesque place, and worth the side trip necessary to reach it.

You'd never suspect, viewing Fernandina to-day, that it was once a vastly important seaport, but back in 1812 and thereabouts it was made a neutral port by the Embargo Act, and, during war time, its excellent natural harbor was as full of vessels as a Christmas pudding of raisins. To-day it leads a far quieter life, although it is by no means a dead town. It still has a considerable maritime trade and sends naval stores and lumber and phosphate up the coast and over the seas. To-day's population in 3,078. It has its own clientele of winter visitors, and many of the near-by islands are privately owned. On Cumberland Island, close by, stood the home of Colonel Nathaniel Greene, of the Continental Army, presented to him by the state of Georgia. It is

now the property of the Carnegie family. From Fernandina excursions by boat amongst the Sea Islands are pleasant experiences. Fernandina's winter climate is healthful and no more chill than that of east coast towns many miles to the south.

Jacksonville, the Gateway of Florida, is likewise its metropolis, in spite of the best efforts of Tampa and Miami, its chief commercial city and its principal railroad center. It also claims the distinction of being the farthest west of all Atlantic ports, being practically due south of Cleveland, Ohio. Still, whether a city may rightfully call itself a seaport when it lies twenty-five miles inland by river is at least a subject for debate. Its first settlement was about 1816, but it was not incorporated until 1833. It was, of course, named for General Jackson. It experienced rather a hectic existence during the Civil War, since the Federal forces, when not otherwise engaged, invariably went and captured Jacksonville. One can imagine the Union general pushing his coffee cup away at the breakfast table, stretching and asking: "Well, boys, what's on the tapis for to-day?" "Not a thing, General." "Zat so? Well, better go down and take Jacksonville, I guess. Won't do to let those folks think we're neglecting 'em."

About the only thing of real note happening to Jacksonville from the time the Union colored troops burned and looted it on their way out in

'63 to more recent years was the big fire of 1901, which cost the city about $15,000,000. Even that was rather a blessing in disguise, since it gave an opportunity to rebuild in the proper way. To-day Jacksonville is a fine, clean city, which it wasn't before the conflagration, and well worthy its post of commercial capital. The majority of persons entering Florida make Jacksonville their first stop, and when they do they are likely to receive a very good impression of the state. Jacksonville is well laid out, has broad streets, fine parks, handsome buildings, attractive residences and many admirable hotels. Being fairly experienced as a city, it goes about its duties with little lost motion and impresses the stranger as being well governed. Jacksonville acts as a clearing house for the rest of the state, supplies information to inquiring travelers and sets them on their way again with courtesy and good-will. Of course a very considerable number who reach the city don't go on. Why should they? Jacksonville offers about everything that any other Florida community can offer, with the exception of the warmer climate in winter. Not that Jacksonville's winters are anything to strike fear into the heart of the Northerner, however, for while she may and does have some nippy days, the sun goes on smiling most of the time and a little cold doesn't do worse than set one up. Besides, it kills the insects! One naturally isn't greatly

troubled by insects in Jacksonville, but the point occurred to the writer and he threw it in. Many attractive residence sections, both inside the city proper and on the outskirts, offer themselves to the home-builder, while, if the intending resident craves the ocean, he may take his pick of several fine developments along the shore. As a gateway Jacksonville's title is secure. An average of more than five thousand automobiles, containing eighteen thousand passengers, enter the city by the St. John's River bridge daily.

The city is a popular resort for wintering Northerners, and for such supplies several hotels which specialize on season or monthly rates. In the way of recreation Jacksonville has about all there is. Her golf courses have been referred to elsewhere. A number of good theaters supply a program of dramatic, musical and moving-picture attractions. Band concerts in Hemming Park are held daily. The stores are rather better than might be expected after experiences in other southern cities, and prices, probably because Jacksonville merchants are exempt from the heavy freight tolls exacted of dealers farther south and west, are reasonable.

Jacksonville's population increases at a steady and healthy pace. In 1920 it was about 91,000. In 1925 it was 95,450. If the city carries out its expressed purpose of taking in adjacent territory the 1926 figure will be about 40,000 larger. Jacksonville is the largest naval stores port and shipping point in the world. Its total exports in 1924 were $7,762,693 in value; its imports $7,448,831.

It is a manufacturing place of importance, with more than four hundred plants turning out a product valued at close to $100,000,000. The city's industrial pay roll is about $20,000,000 annually. Duval County, of which Jacksonville is the seat, is one of the most prosperous in the state.

Leaving Jacksonville—regretfully, perhaps—one starts southward on what is the longest shore drive in the world, almost 420 miles in length. One may stop practically anywhere along the way and be certain of comfortable accommodations, excellent sea bathing and a delightful climate. Oh, other things, too, but these come first to mind. The danger in stopping before you have reached the end of the route, though, lies in the possibility that you'll like the pause so well that you won't go on! Any one of fifty spots along Florida's gold-and-blue east coast might well hold you captive. Why, the writer knows a man who started six years ago to get to a certain place down in Palm Beach County—I won't mention its name since it doesn't need the advertising—and made the mistake—if it was a mistake; he thinks not—of spending the night in St. Augustine. He's been spending the night there ever since.

But St. Augustine certainly has a charm that's

hard to resist. It's such a delightful mingling of the ancient and the modern, of the quaint and the practical; such a wonderful place to loaf in and such a fine place to be energetic and up-and-doing in. And, of course, it's just about as lovely a town as all Florida can show. And then—for, after all, there are a few of us old fogies left who don't crave being crowded and pushed and walked on every minute—it's small enough, with its 10,000 inhabitants, to allow the visitor room to stretch his arms. But St. Augustine keeps on growing and adds a thousand or so every year, and so, pretty soon, when the writer wants to stretch he will doubtless have to go farther.

In case you've forgotten it after hearing it all your life, St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. One always has to begin any sort of an account of the place with that statement. Having it off his chest, the writer may go on to remark that St. Augustine continues to look the part owing to the rare sense and good judgment of Henry M. Flagler. What would happen to St. Augustine to-day if one of our modern developers got hold of her in the condition in which Flagler found her is something to make one shudder. The city dates back to 1565, when Pedro Menéndez de Avilés—Menéndez to his friends—defeated Jean Ribaut's fleet for the glory of God and settled down on the site of the present city to start a New World colony for the King of Spain.

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OLD CITY GATE AT ST. AUGUSTINE, BUILT IN 1702

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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Menéndez had his troubles, but the colony has continued to this day. It is likely that if he came back now he wouldn't know the place! Of course he might recognize an ancient landmark here and there; the old bit of the city wall that is left, the ancient house in which the monks lived; but that's about all. Perhaps, though, he wouldn't feel himself quite a stranger, for there's the Hotel Alcazar looking a little bit like the Alhambra of his own country, and the Ponce de Léon so unmistakably Spanish-Moorish in style and coloring. And he would find other suggestions, if no more, of the old St. Augustine he ruled over.

Even if this were a guide book, which it isn't, and had twice as much space as it has, there wouldn't be a bit of sense in trying to set down here all the things and places to be seen in and about the ancient city. There are far too many of them. Besides, there are numerous volumes devoted to the subject and readily obtainable in the town. Only, please don't travel through without a stop, and please don't stop without doing the city justice in the way of sight-seeing. Of course it isn't necessary to stay there if you're bound elsewhere, but the writer will suffer no pangs of remorse if you do.

Southward ho! But here's a chance of a side-trip worth the making. Turn westward at Hastings, where the white potato vines—or is it plants?—stretch for acres and acres on every

side, cross the St. John's River again and see Palatka. "The Industrial City" they are calling her now, but the writer knew her when! He liked her "when," too. Folks went there in numbers in the old days when Palatka was the outpost of civilization—nearly—and took adventurous steamers up the river, writing their wills beforehand and bidding tearful farewells to traveling acquaintances. But some stayed right there and grew to love the quiet old town and kept on coming there year after year, or else forgot to go back North at all. All that was before you had to park your car at an angle, though.

Still, Palatka has retained many of her former virtues in spite of the march of Progress, and the river still flows lazily past her front door and the fragrance of quiet gardens does its best to make amends for the "pond odor" from the water. Of course when you've been in Palatka a day or two you don't know anything about that flat, brackish smell, but just at first it's a bit cloying. A deeper channel to her wharves and new state highways are among the blessings expected from the near future, and Palatka is on the way to recognition as what she pleases to name herself, "The Industrial City." Oh, well, perchance it's all for the best. One can't wear rompers forever. One has to either grow up or die. And Palatka has no intention of dying.

Southward on Number 3 Highway, through

Pomona, Seville and DeLéon Springs, takes you to De Land, one of the state's loveliest inland cities. De Land is really a community of homes, and the nicest sort of homes, too. Stetson University is here, lending a pleasant intellectual tone to the place. De Land has a population slightly short of 6,000, which is just about right for a residential city. But the population very nearly doubled during a recent five-year period, for folks are finding out what a wholly charming place it is, and so what is just about right isn't going to stay right long. However, the writer will trust De Land to be just as nice when she has twenty thousand as she is to-day with her six.

From De Land a twenty-three-mile run brings the traveler to Daytona Beach, Daytona Beach that was just recently three places instead of one. Northward a few miles, missed by reason of your inland route, is Ormond Beach, a residence and hotel colony which has the distinction of having John D. Rockefeller as a winter citizen. Mr. Rockefeller's home, "The Casements," is a sightly but unornate dwelling situated conveniently close to the big hotel. Probably Mr. Rockefeller's cooks have a way of leaving suddenly, like other folks', in which case he has only to cross the street for his meals. A few blocks to the east lies the golf course which is the scene of his favorite diversion. Beyond the links stretches the far-famed Ormond-Daytona Beach, where

there are no motor cops and where on a smooth, dustless, hard but springy course of twenty-five miles the speed maniac may "step on it" to his heart's content. On this speedway, from five hundred to a thousand feet wide, your foot may be as heavy as lead on the accelerator and no sign says you nay. Three miles a minute has been made here, and the end is not yet.

It is her really beautiful residences that make Daytona Beach so eminently attractive. Those and a goodly number of excellent hotels. The Halifax River runs along her garden wall, so to speak, but similar bodies of water do the same for various other towns up and down the coast, and many of them lack Daytona's appeal. Some thirty to forty thousand persons spend their winters here and seem to enjoy doing it. There are superb motor roads around, fine fishing, delightful sailing and boating and plenty of hunting if one will go afield but a short distance. Captain Clark's eighteen-hole golf course is one of the best along the coast. Of course it isn't really his; it belongs to the Daytona Golf and Country Club; but the Captain is the *deus ex machina*. There is a second course of eighteen holes over in the Seabreeze section of New and Greater Daytona Beach, besides. Something deserves to be said of the trees and the gardens, but the writer is entirely out of adjectives. His advice is Go and see for yourself. If you do go, try and find the

time for a trip by boat up the tropical-looking Tomoka River.

When you reach New Smyrna you are on historic ground, even though the history dates back only to the seventeenth century. A local historian, John Y. Detwiler, contends that his town was settled before St. Augustine, and has collected much data to prove the contention. If Mr. Detwiler is correct the beginning of New Smyrna's history must be set back another century. It was to New Smyrna that Dr. Andrew Turnbull, an English physician, brought his colony of Greeks for the cultivation of indigo. With Sir William Duncan, he secured a grant of 60,000 acres of Florida land and subsequently expended well over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the venture. Drainage canals were built—these still exist—the fifteen hundred emigrants were housed and the work of cultivation was started. All went well for a time, and by 1772 some three thousand acres had produced a crop valued at over fifteen thousand dollars. But the promises made to the settlers were not kept, dissatisfaction at first and then open rebellion ensued and the venture ended in disaster. Turnbull's treatment of the emigrants has been pictured as cruel and even inhuman, as perhaps it was. However, his side of the story is less well known than the other, and he may have had much provocation. He was a highly respected citizen,

a member of the Colonial Privy Council and was even considered for governor. At the outbreak of the Revolution he cast his lot with the Colonies, thereby forfeiting his estates. A son, Robert J. Turnbull, was born at New Smyrna and later practiced law in Charleston, S. C. He was widely known as a political writer and was a strong "Nullification" advocate. A monument to his memory stands in that city. Descendants of Andrew Turnbull are numerous throughout Florida and the South and many have served with distinction in the legislatures and at the Bar. After the collapse of the New Smyrna colony the remaining emigrants were allotted lands in St. Augustine, from where they spread in time to several other localities in the state. In the Civil War New Smyrna had the distinction of being destroyed quite completely by Union gunboats in the effort to discourage the blockade runners.

The remains of the Spanish Mission, situated a few miles from the present town, are worth seeing, although little is standing to-day. Tradition says that the mission was used as a sugar mill during the eighteenth century. Relics of the Turnbull colony are to be seen in the form of an old stone jetty by the river and "Turnbull's Castle," the ruins of what was presumably a Spanish fort. At present New Smyrna is a prosperous and growing community of 4,300 inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIX

DOWN THE EAST COAST (*Concluded*)

THE Indian River begins at New Smyrna and keeps the traveler company all the way down the coast to just above Fort Pierce, past Titusville and Cocoa and Rockledge and Melbourne and Vero and dozens of other pleasant, attractive places, each with its bridge across the water and its palm-fringed beach beyond. You've got to hand it to the east coast for beaches. Indeed, it's practically one long beach, from the famous Pablo, where all Jacksonville disports in the surf, down to Coconut Grove, below Miami. A wonderful coast in all ways, this, enjoyed alike by the rich and the poor and the in-betweens. The Gulf Stream flows not far away, and its warmer waters make bathing a pleasure all through the winter months.

Fort Pierce is an interesting town of some 3,300 persons, the junction of the East Coast Highway and the cross-state road to Arcadia and Bradenton and a fishing place of importance. The settlement dates back to Seminole War days, and the Seminole Indian is still to be glimpsed there, although he now comes on a peaceful er-

rand. The accompanying ribbon of water at your left is now St. Lucie Sound, and a few miles farther along is the little town of Eden, not so illy named, either, where some fifty years ago Captain Thomas E. Richards, of Newark, N. J., settled down to grow pineapples and show the world that the fruit could be grown commercially with profit. He succeeded and became fairly wealthy, although his efforts to popularize a specific for the cure of indigestion, made from pineapple juice, dug into his earnings. The Captain had a very comfortable home and was noted for his hospitality; was, in fact, what in those days folks called "a character." That his faith in the pineapple as a commercial crop was not mistaken was later proved by the extensive plantations around the shores of the St. Lucie River where, near Jensen, the crop has become well established. Stuart, reached after crossing the St. Lucie River by bridge, used to be patronized by President Cleveland when he couldn't fish in Buzzards Bay.

Here begins the St. Lucie Canal, the main control canal of the Everglades drainage project. When completed it will have a bottom width of 140 feet, a top width of 240 feet and, by a system of locks, will maintain a depth of twelve feet of water. Although Stuart is a good seven miles inland, vessels drawing as much as ten feet will be able to reach her docks when the canal is opened for traffic. This waterway will form the

final link of an almost straight route across lower Florida from Fort Myers by way of Okechobee and Hicpochee Lakes and the Caloosahatchee River. Stuart is getting ready for things to happen.

Presently another arm of the sea juts in in the shape of Jupiter River. Jupiter Light is in sight at the left, together with the wireless and cable station. Here is the scene of Constance Fenimore Woolson's novel of Florida life, "Jupiter Lights," written some time ago but still well worth reading if for only the atmosphere the writer creates. For a time the ocean looks after the shore itself, instead of deputizing a subordinate body of water to the task, but it presently tires and Lake Worth goes on duty. And with Lake Worth come the Palm Beaches, the two communities separated by a narrow ribbon of blue water.

Palm Beach is much too well known to demand description here. The city has a present population of over 19,000 and the beach of 1,100. West Palm Beach is a bustling, thriving place with hard-surfaced or paved streets, good natural drainage and most of the factors desirable in a residence or business community. West Palm Beach caters to the thinner purse, while her somewhat more haughty sister across the water likes them bulging. As a market town for the immense and fertile back region of Palm

Beach County the city will, since the completion of the West Palm Beach Canal, soon have her hands full.

Nature first, Art later, have made Palm Beach a really magnificent pleasure resort. Nature supplied the foundations; a fine soft climate, a stretch of creamy-white sand washed by the ocean waves on one side and laved by the quiet waters of Lake Worth on the other, a hazy blue sky above. Art took hold and, with Wealth opening her money-bag, supplied the rest: hotels, estates, casinos, pools, smooth boulevards and paths, country clubs and golf courses. Flagler had his vision, but it is doubtful if it encompassed all the marvels and beauties of the Palm Beach of to-day. Nowhere else in the state has the landscape artist yet performed his work so well. Nowhere are the possibilities of Florida's tropical plants so well shown. Here are the spreading, scarlet-blossomed poinciana, the vivid poinsettia, the vari-hued hibiscus, the croton of a hundred shades and patterns, the traveler's tree, the Royal and cocoanut palm, the flaming bignonia, the soft-blue paradise vine, the purple bougainvillæa and the crimson, the rose of many colors and a score of other delights to the senses. A fitting scene for the yearly pageant of wealth and luxury which fills the monster hotels to overflowing, jams the shops, fills the dancing floor of the Coconut Grove and sprinkles the big lagoon with white

and gold and mahogany pleasure craft. Palm Beach is perhaps the most famous winter resort in the world to-day, and she well merits her fame.

Delray succeeds Palm Beach on the southern journey, facing the ocean about midway between the resort and Fort Lauderdale. Here is excellent hunting and fishing territory for the sportsman and fine citrus and farming land for the settler. Proximity to the Gulf Stream, hardly three miles offshore, and the numerous lakes to the westward give Delray a particularly fortunate climate as regards the possibility of frost. Delray has about 1,500 inhabitants and is a busy shipping point for pineapples, citrus fruits, tomatoes and other vegetables. The Gulf Stream Golf Club has a fine course along the ocean front.

Yamato is an interesting town beyond Delray where a successful effort to colonize with Japanese has been made. Many of the residents are growing not only American crops but are trying their skill with the vegetables of their native land. Farther along is the Hillsboro River, the beginning of the drainage canal of like name which connects with Lake Okechobee. Not to be confused with the Hillsborough River of the West Coast. Another example of paucity of imagination in the naming of Florida lakes and rivers.

Fort Lauderdale is on the New River. In fact, it is astride it, for the river flows right along Main Street, so to speak, through the heart of the city.

Below the city the river has a width of 140 feet and forms an ideal anchorage for yachts. New River isn't long, perhaps six miles only, but it makes up in depth, for in times past the overflowing waters from the Everglades have chiseled down the bed ninety feet in places. Fort Lauderdale has 5,625 population and an area inside corporate limits of twenty-one square miles. The real tropic section of Florida can fairly be said to begin here, and the climate is unusually equable. It is an up-and-coming young city, with much already accomplished and a deal more in prospect. You will find fine business buildings and many beautiful residences, excellent streets over most of the city, good hotels and an atmosphere of friendliness; the latter not the least of a city's attractions. Fort Lauderdale is rapidly becoming a favorite winter and all-year resort. Las Olas Beach, at the end of a fine concrete boulevard, and inside the city limits, is one of the East Coast's most attractive bathing places, the trees forming a fringe of welcome shade along the sands. The tarpon fishing is as good here as at any place on the East Coast, and the back country still abounds in game. The golfer will find a good nine-hole course.

Hollywood, although a recent development, is a thriving resort community with an estimated winter population of 4,000. There are, however, many all-year residents and the town makes

some claim already as a business place. It has many notable features designed for the comfort and amusement of its residents and visitors.

Little River, at the northern end of Biscayne Bay, is set down in a place where the soil, a rich hammock loam, is particularly fertile and where things grow without being asked. There are said to be more than 200 kinds of palms in Florida, and if there are they're all growing somewhere or other in Little River. If the traveler is interested he will enjoy a visit to the estates of John Soar and Professor Charles Torrey Simpson, where the palm flourishes in perplexing variety and wonderful luxuriance. Professor Simpson knows the southern end of the peninsula and the Florida Keys better, perhaps, than any one else alive and has written about them interestingly and authoritatively in "In Lower Florida Wilds" and "Out of Doors in Florida." He has an estate of fifteen acres at Little River on which he has experimented with hundreds of native and introduced plants, including palms and orchids and tropical fruits. He has a collection of upward of 75,000 specimens of sea, fresh-water and land shells. Of tree snails alone the Professor has some 5,000 specimens from Florida, the West Indies and Honduras.

Miami owes its presence on the map to Henry M. Flagler and the coming of the East Coast Railroad to the edge of the jungle. Last spring

the "Magic City" had a population of 69,000, a pretty fair growth for a period of thirty years. Miami Beach, across Biscayne Bay, and connected by causeways, had slightly over 2,000. Miami—let us lump both towns together under the name—is well deserving of the adjective "magic." Not only because she has accumulated a permanent population of the size stated but because she has made herself in every sense a beautiful and wonderful city in a space of time ridiculously brief. Some clever magicians worked at her unfolding, and yet nowhere else, the writer is persuaded, could their legerdemain have produced such astounding results as in Florida. Florida herself is the Mother of Magic, and no one realizes it better than those who have practiced their sleight of hand under her soft skies.

Miami, the city, is not only a pleasure ground. In fact, she is beginning to look askance on mere pleasure, leaving that frivolity to the Beach. Miami herself is on the way to bigger things than just amusement. She talks about having a million population in—oh, well, a few more years, and perhaps she will. She is becoming a port of consequence, for one thing. Her port traffic increased in two years from 206,000 tons to 1,105,000. She is on her way to great things as a commercial city. She already has just about everything a great city should have in the way of municipal conveniences and refinements, but her

growth has scarcely more than started and her magic has been so far only hinted at.

Up to the time of going to press, as the newspaper phrase has it, Miami is the most southerly of all mainland cities in the United States. What may happen between the moment of writing this and the arrival of the volume in the reader's hands there is no saying. It isn't at all difficult to conceive in these days of miracles of a rival city springing up overnight like a mushroom and wresting Miami's title from her. It isn't likely, but it's possible. Just now almost anything seems possible in Florida. A stretch of flatwoods or jungle and a blueprint may be a three-million-dollar subdivision in sixty days, with paved roads, granolithic sidewalks, a stucco gateway looking like a section of a Spanish fortress, street lights, palm trees and, almost certainly, a Roman Bath or a Pompeian Pool. Sixty days more and the ground has blossomed with Moorish palaces, Spanish castles and Italian villas, hibiscus and philanthus and crotons blaze against patio walls and Mrs. Jones of "Palmhurst" is hobnobbing across an incipient hedge with Mrs. Smith of "Mandarin Lodge." But the possible new and more southerly city must forever stay far behind Miami in size, for the latter city has a start that can't be overcome.

When Miami's population was stated as 69,000 it wasn't for an instant intended that the reader

should accept that figure as representing her present muster. A lot has happened since the state took the 1925 census, away last spring, and the writer's estimate of Miami's population at this moment is around 110,000. And the trains and steamships haven't stopped running, and, while there's an embargo on certain classes of freight, there's none on passengers. Nor have the automobiles ceased speeding southward along the six national highways whose final terminus is the Magic City. The Chamber of Commerce is advertising for a hundred more hotels and thrice that many apartment buildings, assuring us that all can be sold or rented before they are completed. Just now all roads lead to Miami.

Of course life there is a bit hectic during the "boom." Prices of real estate double between breakfast and luncheon and treble before bedtime. The voice of the realtor is heard in the land and every fifth person has concealed somewhere on his person the map of a subdivision. It's Los Angeles at the height of her oil-lands boom all over again, and then some, for the profession of the realtor has not stood still since then and many new and startling trimmings have been added. It's all very amazing and breath-taking and just a trifle disturbing, too, for one can't help wondering where the thing will stop, and whether, when the music has died away and the merry-go-round has ceased swirling, every

one is going to be quite, quite happy. For, of course, it will cease sooner or later, and not all who have ridden the prancing steeds will have been so fortunate as to have captured the brass ring!

But why think of to-morrow? Building goes on at a feverish pace, the banks are still full of money, prospects continue to arrive daily and not all the barren spaces have been yet platted. Anyhow, thought of to-morrow doesn't worry Miami. The hullabaloo may quiet down and the drifters drift off again, and she will still be sitting pretty. She's on a firm and solid foundation, and she knows it. Long after the last real estate salesman has folded his knickers and stolen away Miami will keep right on growing bigger and finer and more prosperous. Gnats don't mean a thing in the life of an elephant, either present or absent.

Just the same, one sometimes longs for a fly-swatter in Miami; a fly-swatter with a very fine mesh, suitable for gnats.

Of course no one visits Miami without also seeing Coral Gables. This development has progressed to a stage where it may be considered as a community rather than a privately owned project. The writer is glad of that because he wants to add his modest bit of praise to all that has gone before, although it is the developer more than the development he has in mind. George E.

Merrick has already been referred to in these pages as one of the Miracle Men. He might with justice be called the Dean of the Miracle Men, for, if he was not the first, he is at least at the head in the performance of beautiful miracles. Merrick's creations have not only magnitude and scope but possess imagination, art and poetry. Coral Gables is said to have called so far for an expenditure of thirty million dollars, and the figures occasion no side looks. What is far more important is the fact that these thirty millions have paid not only for buildings and pavements and landscaping but for beauty worth many times that sum. Mr. Merrick is known as a practical and nose-to-the-grindstone business man, with a head for figures and a passion for getting the value of his money. He may be all that, and yet, even giving all the credit they deserve to the architects and artists of all sorts who have created Coral Gables, he must be far more. No man without a fine knowledge of the fitness of things, without a keen love for beauty, without just a touch of the poet and dreamer, could have sponsored Coral Gables no matter what assistance was rendered him.

The Merricks came from Pennsylvania in 1898. Young Merrick was twelve then. His father bought 160 acres about eight miles from Miami and planted grapefruit. He prospered and added more land to his original holding. George Merrick was sent to Rollins College, at Winter Park, Florida, and later to New York to study law. His father's death brought him back to Miami and to raising grapefruit. Miami, only a village in 1898, was coming to life now, and Merrick put on his thinking cap. He started in developing subdivisions, high-class ones always, and sold off four or five with profit before the idea of turning the old homestead into a Miami suburb occurred to him. He had some capital and borrowed more, and he started out to create not merely "another one of them things" but something distinctly worth while. He had traveled during his college days and after and had seen what architecture could be when it had a soul. And he had seen the buildings and gardens of Spain and Mexico and South America. And so what emerged from his dreams was Coral Gables.

It has been four years in the making, but today there are close to 10,000 acres of it and it extends for several miles on four sides of its growing business center. The buildings are not all pure Spanish, though the Spanish influence is everywhere retained, and the result is that the danger of monotony has been avoided. There are nearly a hundred miles of street, almost a thousand residences finished and six hotels completed or under way. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened soon after the beginning of 1926. The University of Miami, the University High School,

a Woman's College, a conservatory of music, theaters and other projects are assured. The city is incorporated and governed by a commission. You will see it without being told to, so here's an end to the subject. Only, when you do see it, credit the man who dreamed it and formed it for giving the world one more beautiful thing.

But neither Miami nor Coral Gables is the end of the world, for the big road goes on invitingly and here is Coconut Grove. (Observe, pray, the elimination of the A; correct but unusual.) Coconut Grove was, not so very long ago, the last settlement toward the Keys. To-day it is one of the handsomest and smartest of the Bay communities. Coconut Grove seems to possess the community spirit to a greater extent than many other towns of the state, perhaps because it had to fend for itself so long that its citizens got to know each other. Now, however, there are more than 3,000 of those citizens, and if they don't watch out their town will soon become like other places and life won't be nearly so much fun. One of those three thousand and odd inhabitants is Kirk Monroe, who not so long ago was writing the finest stories for boys that ever have been written. Perhaps he is still doing it, though at seventy-five years of age even an author has the right to rest. If you who read this were ever a boy you'll surely recall "Raftmates" and "Canoemates" and a host of other wonderful

stories that doubtless kept you wide-eyed long after the light should have been out, and you'll be glad to know that one who has given so much pleasure—yes, and instruction, too, in a nice sugar-coated form—to you and thousands of other eager-eyed chaps is spending his autumn years in so fair a spot as "Kirkland House," in Leafy Way, Coconut Grove.

Southward still now; to Perrine, named after Dr. Henry Perrine, who was killed by Indians in 1855, and where the government has an experimental station for tropical plants; to Goulds, which ships enough tomatoes in one season to make ketchup for all the world; to Homestead, outlet for the growers of the Redlands and Cape Sable districts and proud possessor of a fine new hotel and golf course; and finally to Florida City, a small place with a big civic spirit. And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, brings us to the end of the paved highway and of the present discourse. However, if you have the price of the fare, there are more worlds to be conquered, a whole raft of worlds stretching crescentically out into the warm seas. Who's for the Florida Keys?

CHAPTER XX

THE FLORIDA KEYS

No one can say he has "done Florida" unless he has made some acquaintance with the Keys. It won't be necessary for him to go all the way to Key West, although the trip will be well worth the time and expense, but he should at least get as far as Long Key. There are those who consider the seagoing portion of Monroe County the most fascinating part of Florida, and the writer is more than half inclined to agree with them. The Keys aren't all within Monroe, however, for, properly, they begin in Dade County, with Soldier and Sands and Elliott's Keys, and sweep downward around the corner and so out over many miles of deeply blue water to terminate at last in the Dry Tortugas, a hundred and sixty miles southwest as the gull flies. There are thousands of them, how many thousands no one knows, and they range in size from little lumps scarcely larger than a barrel head to Key Largo, thirty miles in length. Geographically as well as geologically they belong in three groups: the Upper Keys, which end at Knight's or, possibly, Bahia Honda; the Lower Keys, terminating practically with Key West; and the keys beyond, including

the Marquesas and the Tortugas. The Upper Keys are the visible evidence of a coral reef built along the rim of the peninsular plateau. The Lower Keys are the remains of what was once a considerable island. The islands west of Key West are of more recent origin, several of them, notably the Marquesas—Maronesas according to some maps—being atolls. Islands of the latter group are still in process of growth, forming, with adjacent reefs, the only example within the continental limits of our country of growing coral. Running parallel with the entire chain of keys, and extending from Key Biscayne to the Marquesas is an outer reef of living coral which only awaits a slight upheaval to develop into a second chain of keys. This reef encloses Hawk Channel, which has a width of from three to six miles and an extreme depth of six fathoms. North of the Upper Keys, Florida Bay is a shallow expanse of water as thickly sprinkled with islets as a pudding with plums. Here navigation save with the lightest of light-draught craft is something to be attempted only by the initiate.

The Keys vary in elevation from practically nothing to eighteen feet, the average height above mean high tide being about ten feet. On the smaller ones the surface is coral rock in process of disintegration, although occasionally a pocket of soil is found. On such islets the growth is sparse and stunted, usually consisting of a patch

of mangroves. Larger islands, however, generally boast a considerable flora. Dense hammocks are frequent in which truly tropical vegetation holds forth, often in company with the more familiar flora of the northern mainland. Mahogany grows in abundance, as does satinwood. At least two scarce species of palms are found. Fiddlewood, lancewood, ironwood, gumbo limbo, poisonwood, wild rubber, lignum vitæ, tamarind and bamboo are some of the jungle dwellers, and with them are several orchids, the wild vanilla one, and numerous cacti. Along the edge of the beaches turnfortia, seaside morning glory and one or more other creepers range. The omnipresent buttonwood edges the further growth and the pernicious wild grape, bête noire of the planter, takes possession wherever possible.

A great number of the Keys, even those of fair acreage, are so slightly above water that they are drowned during the high tides of spring or when a gale comes along. Others are sufficiently above sea level to be cultivated and used as homes; in fact, some sixty or seventy are so used. Pineapples do well, and so, in certain localities, do cocoanuts, bananas and limes. Without doubt many other fruits are capable of commercial cultivation on the larger Keys, for the factor of frost has never to be considered, and, while the soil, save in occasional spots, is lacking in humus, that lack will eventually be scientifically

remedied. Where protection is afforded from the winds, oranges, grapefruit, sapadillos, custard apples, lemons, papayas and tamarinds are found growing luxuriantly. In short, with study and patience any tropical or sub-tropical fruit may be, and eventually will be, produced on these coralline islands.

To the visitor the beaches are a never-failing source of delight, for shells of endless forms and colors are forever being cast ashore for his inspection. And with them come all sorts of interesting flotsam; bits of sponges and fragments of coral, sea-spiders and horseshoe crabs, purple-blue Portuguese men-o'-war, spiral egg cases of the conchs, sea-beans of many shades, scores of intriguing objects many of which have been floated from far-away South American shores. And, of course, if you're looking for conch shells here they are in number, since the conch, king conch and queen conch, are brought up in abundance from the waters and eaten in chowders. It is that same pleasantly flavored but rather leathery shell-fish that gives name to the natives of the Keys. The "Conchs" are from the Bahama Islands, and are still more English than American in manners and speech. There is more than a suggestion of the cockney in the latter. They sponge, fish, "turtle" and find time to do a bit of wrecking; although the wrecking isn't what it used to be in the good old days. The

grandsires of the present generation could tell you tales worth listening to! Back in the days of the pirates and even down to Civil War times wrecking was a paying business. So frequently did ships come ashore on the reefs that the stretch of islands was known as "The Martyrs." Not all of the wrecks were fated, for in the good old days above referred to wrecking was a profession, an art, and the use of a cunningly displayed lantern was only one of several methods devised to lure unfortunate ships to destruction on the reefs. History has it that even in fairly modern times one serviceable West Indian hurricane has driven more than twoscore vessels, big and little, where they would do the most good to the inhabitants of the Keys. But now a far-flung line of lighthouses and beacons has taken much of the "kick" out of the ancient and worthy pursuit of wrecking, and, while disasters are still frequent, the "Conch" works alongside the legal authorities in the matter of rescue and salvaging. And works well, too, we're told. Some of the countenances seen might well belong to pirates of the old régime, but the "Conchs" are well behaved today; not, perhaps, so much from choice as from a deep respect for the Federal authorities. When not engaged in swarming over a stranded schooner or other craft, or in pulling fish or turtles from the water, the "Conch" invades the mainland for boatloads of wood for fuel or clears a patch of

sand and plants a crop of pineapples. When the weeds or grapevines take possession of the patch, which soon happens, he clears a new one. There are two things he doesn't believe in. One is weeding and the other is fertilizing. But, after all, why should he? There's plenty of land. The "Conchs" are very religious and seldom miss a church service unless a wreck is "in." As there are no roads save on one or two large Keys, they travel generally by boat.

To visit the Florida Keys the traveler by automobile leaves his car at Miami and boards a train of the East Coast Railway. The time is coming when he won't have to do that unless he chooses to, but that time is not yet. The "Over-Sea Railroad" begins at Homestead, some twenty miles below Miami, and traverses the edge of the Everglades to Jewfish Creek, past Everglade, the last station on mainland, from whence water is conveyed to Key West in tank cars. Once across the drawbridge over the creek you are on the Keys, although, to be sure, there's nothing much to indicate the fact. The particular Key on which you are traveling is Largo, the one "whopper" of the lot. Largo is in for a rather spectacular metamorphosis, for developments said to aggregate ten million dollars are already under way. At the northern end of the island Mr. W. M. Butler is sponsor for an undertaking that includes a mammoth hotel, a fishing pier, a golf course

and club house, yacht anchorages and, finally, building sites for, so rumor has it, millionaires exclusively. Other developments are well started at Rock Harbor, Plaza and Tavernier. Water is now available from the mainland by means of pipes; an ice plant, without which life in the tropics is scarcely ideal, and an electric plant are under construction. And, just to prove that Key Largo, which only a very few years ago was considered even more undesirable as a residence locality than Miami Beach, has really come into its own, let it be added that a newspaper has been established. Even as it was before capital discovered it, Key Largo was a pleasant place, and it wasn't by any means unpopulated, although the bulk of the population was composed of natives whose houses, surrounded by groves of limes, bananas and cocoanuts and patches of "pines," clustered, and still cluster, along the ocean side of the narrow island. Largo has much mahogany, although not of a size to render it commercially valuable, and much gumbo limbo, that picturesque and persistent tree which after being cut into post lengths and placed in the ground will at once come to life again and become just so many more trees. It is quite as great an opponent of race suicide as our own northern swamp willow.

Long Island and Windley's Key succeed Largo, the track crossing the narrow channels between,

and then comes Upper Matecumbe, signifying that the journey to Key West is half done. This island, too, is undergoing change. It was lately purchased by Miami capital for $750,000, not an excessive price in these hectic times for 873 acres. Matecumbe is well grown up to cocoanut palms and other trees and presents a distinctly attractive appearance from the car window. Closer inspection will repay the visitor, and he will find the best of fishing there. This key, Lower Matecumbe and Long Key—not to be confused with Long Island already passed—are fairly in the center of the fishing grounds. Long Key is best known for its famous Long Key Fishing Camp maintained by the East Coast Railway. Perhaps you had best not stop off at Long Key, after all, unless you are a fairly ardent fisherman, or, at least, have the making of one, for fishing is the main subject of conversation from gray dawn to purple dusk. If, however, you're agreeable to that, you'll find the island a charming place and the accommodations comfortable. The Gulf Stream passes your back door, so to say, only a mile away, and there's much to interest one in the passing of the ships, the coming and going of the fishing launches and sailboats, the catches of the day. The bathing is excellent if one is not an enthusiastic fisherman and can find time for it!

Here the famous Long Key Viaduct begins, at the time of its building a unique undertaking. It

is of concrete, 11,957 feet in length and consists of 180 arched spans. Once well onto it one gets for the first time the impression of being at sea on land. Knight's Key, well on the way toward the end of the Upper Keys, was formerly the embarking port for Cuba, and here the longest over-water section of the road commences, ending at Little Neck Key, just under 7 miles away. Big Pine is the next large Key and owes its name to the handsome forest of that tree still remaining. Silver palms, too, abound, and the island has some attraction for the hunter as deer are believed to still hide in the hammocks. Ramrod, Summerland, Cudjoe, Sugarloaf; viaduct after viaduct; sea and channel; the interest begins to wane. But before boredom can start the last concrete span is crossed and Key West Island is under the wheels and the end of the journey is in sight.

Just a few words here about the railway which has done the trick. Just over a half century ago Henry M. Flagler made his first visit to Florida. Evidently he liked what he saw, as so many have done since, for he started in immediately to develop the East Coast. At that time there were fewer than 300,000 persons in the state and only some four hundred miles of railroad. Below St. Augustine the East Coast was practically terra incognito. At least, it was seldom visited, and then only by means of small steamers plying the St. John's and Indian Rivers and at the cost of

vast discomfort. But Flagler had vision. The Ponce de Léon Hotel at St. Augustine was his first step. A narrow gauge railway connecting the old Spanish town with Jacksonville was purchased and turned into the first unit of the Florida East Coast System. A steel bridge was then built across the St. John's River at Jacksonville, and a year later, in 1887, the first through train from New York to St. Augustine rolled into the latter town. St. Augustine was rapidly transformed by the erection of more hotels, a hospital, a church, a school, a casino, light and water plants, carshops and many homes. He likewise laid two miles of excellent streets. And all this without destroying or even marring the historic qualities. St. Augustine's fame spread and visitors flocked to see. More railroads were bought and more built, and in 1895 the Florida East Coast Railroad had reached Miami. Here, as at St. Augustine and, later, at Palm Beach, he built a new city. Ten years later the road building began again and progressed as far as Homestead, where it paused for a long breath before taking its final leap. In 1907 the Key West Extension was begun to the incredulous amazement of many Doubting Thomases, and on New Year's Day, 1908, the line was opened as far as Knight's Key, from whence steamers made the trip to Key West and Havana. The completion of the undertaking was attained in January, 1912, after five years dur-

ing which many discouragements and some disaster were met. On one occasion a hurricane cost the lives of one hundred and thirty men. The road from Homestead to Key West City is 128 miles long and cost approximately one hundred thousand dollars a mile. Twenty-eight islands are utilized and seventy-five miles of the track are over water, water that is in places thirty feet deep. There are four principal viaducts: Long Key and Knight's Key, already mentioned, Moses Channel, 7,800 feet, and Bahia Honda Channel, 4,950. There are, also, several smaller viaducts, as well as numerous fills and embankments. As a feat of organization and engineering the Over-sea Railroad is notable. As an example of creative imagination it is even more so. It stands and will continue to stand for many centuries as a fitting memorial to its creator.

With the completion of the Over-sea Railroad Key West became no longer an isolated settlement a hundred miles from nowhere but, to all intents and purposes, a part of the mainland of Florida. Not so long since St. Augustine was practically "farthest south." Then the railroad followed on the trail of a few adventurous pioneers and Miami took title. For years, however, Miami was the jumping-off place. Nothing was considered to exist beyond it until Key West was reached. The railroad changed that, and new groves and settlements and, finally, towns sprang

up. Railroad development will continue important for many years, but when the first creaking flivver lunged through the pine woods and palmetto scrub of Florida it inaugurated a new order of things. Now, as for several years past, the automobile is the real covered wagon, and the present-day explorer clings to a steering wheel instead of a whip. Farther and farther toward the mangrove-clad tip of the peninsula the motors are chugging, following the main roads first and then the wagon trails and at last pushing forward over untrod ground; branching off at intervals, to be sure, but in the main pushing the frontier back mile by mile toward the south. Faster and faster they are coming, an almost steady stream of them, and although many turn back, as many more stay. The ax rings and the grub-hoe thuds, the acrid odor of burning palmetto roots fills the air, hammer and saw drown the song of the mocking birds and presently, magically almost, a new home appears in the wilderness. Presently another laden car bumps over the rough trail and a neighbor has arrived. And so it goes, month after month. Clearings become truck gardens or orange groves, a school house appears, and a church, and a new town is well in the making. Florida is still called the Last Frontier, but the name will stand but a short time longer. The automobile will see to that. How very different the history of the state would read

to-day if Ponce de Léon had brought a flock of Fords with him!

The automobilist demands roads, and he gets them. States and communities all over the country now realize that the paved highway is the most attractive feature they can offer. It's all well enough to make loud talk about a new sewerage system or electric lights or school houses or a wonderful climate, but there's a quicker way to build up your community. Lay a paved road, my friends. That is what the Florida Keys are doing. Within two years from the time of this writing you will be able to step into your car in Maine and roll all the way to Key West on your own tires.

Already the first unit of the Over-sea Highway is under construction. Dade County is building from Florida City, just below Homestead, to Card Sound and the Monroe County line. Monroe County is erecting a causeway and bridge there to connect with the Key Largo highway, thirty miles in length. At the same time the latter county, which contains all the Keys from Largo to the Marquesas, and has long been wondering what use they were, has also started at the other end and is building from island to-island under a recent bond issue of two million dollars. The motor highway will parallel the railroad for most of its distance. Here, of course, is the secret of

the present activity in real estate development all down the line, from Largo to Key West itself. And the development has only begun. The Florida Keys have wonderful possibilities, and within the ensuing decade many of them will be realized. Down there lies indeed a veritable land of enchantment, a land of blue skies and bluer sea, of a climate nowhere surpassed, of tropical foliage and glowing flowers, a land where every day may be spent out of doors. All of which, while it sounds a good deal like a real estate company's "blurb," is still as true as gospel. Even Key West, so long immune to the raucous chant of the realtor, has fallen into line. Recently about half the island was purchased by Northern capital and the erstwhile placid citizens of the Farthest South City are scratching their heads and wondering a whole lot. Wouldn't it be a heap of fun to occupy the front seat of the first automobile to roll into Key West over the new highway? And what price the concession to operate "hot-dog" stands all the way from Key Largo to the city limits?

Key West occupies—at present—only the farther end of the island of the same name. The Spanish was *Cayo Hueso,* meaning Island of Bones, but, of course, it was easy, and not inappropriate, to turn *Hueso* into West. When the island was first discovered so many human skele-

tons were found there that they just couldn't call it anything else. Whom the skeletons belonged to originally is a matter for conjecture. Some believe that a party of pirates was done to death there—in which case it must have been an exceedingly large party!—and others that the bones were those of natives who had been exterminated by their mainland foes. As none of the bones are known to exist to-day for scientists to mull over, the truth will probably never be known. Key West is still a Spanish settlement to all appearances; although the Chamber of Commerce will be up in arms if it sees this. Let us change that to read: Key West still retains much of its picturesque foreign atmosphere. The inhabitants include Cubans, Greeks and negroes, the latter mostly Bahamans. Early in the last century a number of Minorcans, survivors of Turnbull's unsuccessful venture at colonization, came to Key West from the district around New Smyrna and St. Augustine and many of their race still survive.

Key West has quite a history of her own, quite a romantic one, too, but it will suffice now if only the high lights are touched on. During the Mexican War permanent fortifications were begun and military and naval stations established, but the present Martello towers were not built until 1862. Key West had one engagement during the Civil War when Secessionist sympathizers attempted

to seize the place and were defeated by the courage of the commander of the fort and the timely arrival of reënforcements. Thus was Key West saved to the Union! In 1868 and 1869 the Cuban revolution sent many new citizens thither and these refugees from Spanish rule brought encouragement to a faltering cigar-making trade. To-day the cigar business occupies numerous factories and employs thousands of workmen. Key West has experienced two great disasters, the hurricane of 1846 and the two-day fire that in 1886 almost destroyed the town. In spite of the lack of certain municipal advantages enjoyed by other cities—a lack that is rapidly being supplied—Key West is a remarkably healthful place. As for the climate—well, some maintain that Heaven has still a lot to learn from Key West. Certain it is that the winds mitigate the summer heat wonderfully, so that, although the island is a hundred miles farther south than the lowest corner of Texas, it is cooler in the hot months than many more northerly cities. As for the winter weather, it really is splendid. There has never been a frost there; never can be, probably; and 41 degrees is the lowest the mercury has ever reached.

From Key West freight for Cuba is handled by carloads, the trains being split up and run onto huge car ferries. From Key West, also, comfortable passenger boats proceed daily to Havana, that charming city as yet unenlightened by Mr.

Volstead. A trip across is a pleasant experience, and, of course, you don't have to drink the wine of the country while there if you have scruples. So, what's to prevent? Go, by all means, and let your conscience be your guide!

THE END

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