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FLORIDA

THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT



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FLORIDA

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NEVIN O. WINTER

Author of

"Texas, The Marvellous," "The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday," "Mexico and Her People of To-day," etc.

*With a map and fifty-six plates,
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PREFACE

Florida has, indeed, been a land of enchantment. It first lured the red man from the more inhospitable North and he was followed by the white man. Latin contended with Latin for its mastery, and, in turn, with the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American. Its seductive shores have drawn to it the flags of three foreign nations, and, for a few years, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy waved in the ocean breezes that sweep across the state between gulf and ocean. For a long time prior to its purchase the United States looked upon this peninsula with covetous eyes. To-day this most tropical of the States, by reason of its charming scenery and health-giving breezes, its bright sunshiny days in the midwinter season, its land sports and deep-sea fishing, attracts thousands of visitors from all parts of the United States each year.

The history of Florida is steeped in romance. It was not the lust for gold that led the first Spaniard to the wave-lapped beach of Florida, as it did to other parts of the New World, but it was the yearning for perpetual youth. The natives of the Bahamas related to the Spaniards tales of the wonderful land of Bimini where there was the fountain of eternal youth, at the touch of whose waters age fell away forever. These tales reached the ears of Ponce de Leon, at one time a companion of Columbus. Hence it was that, in 1512, he set out "to proceed to discover and settle Bimini," and after many months sighted the land which proved to be Florida — the Land of Flowers.

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The story of the discovery of Florida is as fascinating as any story penned by the hand of the romancer. The annals of its conquest by De Soto and De Narvaez are filled with the deepest tragedy. Scarcely less interesting, and no less tragic, are the tales of the unfortunate Huguenot colony established here by a French leader. In the eighteenth century Cuba was exchanged by England for Florida, and civil government was administered here for a time from London. The capture of Pensacola by General Jackson, during the War of 1812, furnishes a dramatic incident of that struggle. A band of Creeks, driven into exile by others of the same tribe, fled to Florida where the swamps and morasses of that land offered shelter, and there became known as the Seminoles, whose resistance to the authority of the United States furnished the costly incident in our history known as the Seminole War.

The modern development of Florida from a neglected land to the prosperous and progressive State of to-day is in itself a captivating story. Thriving cities and resorts now exist where there was naught but sandy waste or tropical jungle a few years ago. Citrus orchards have replaced the tangled growth of the palmettoes and the pines. Agricultural development and the establishment of industries in the towns are bringing a rapid increase in the permanent population of the commonwealth. To-day we find that the Everglades, which have furnished the theme of so many fascinating tales, and which provided a secure retreat for the pirates of the Caribbean Sea in the heyday of their prosperity, are being reclaimed, and, in the near future, may disappear and be succeeded by fertile but prosaic farms. Only a scratching of the surface in the development of the latent resources of this peninsula has as yet been made. But the real Flor-

ida, with her charming lakes and seductive rivers with poetic names, with her splendid coast and health-imparting breezes, with her tropical climate and tropical fruits, with her oceans and game fishes — a State where the sun shines brightly when our Northern States are encrusted with snow and chilled by the breezes of old Boreas — still remains to lure the globe-trotter, the health and rest seeker, the investor, and the sportsman. None of its charm has been lost, while the changes have only made travel throughout the State easier and pleasanter, and comfortable and luxurious accommodations can be secured in every one of the principal resorts.

NEVIN O. WINTER.

Toledo, Ohio.

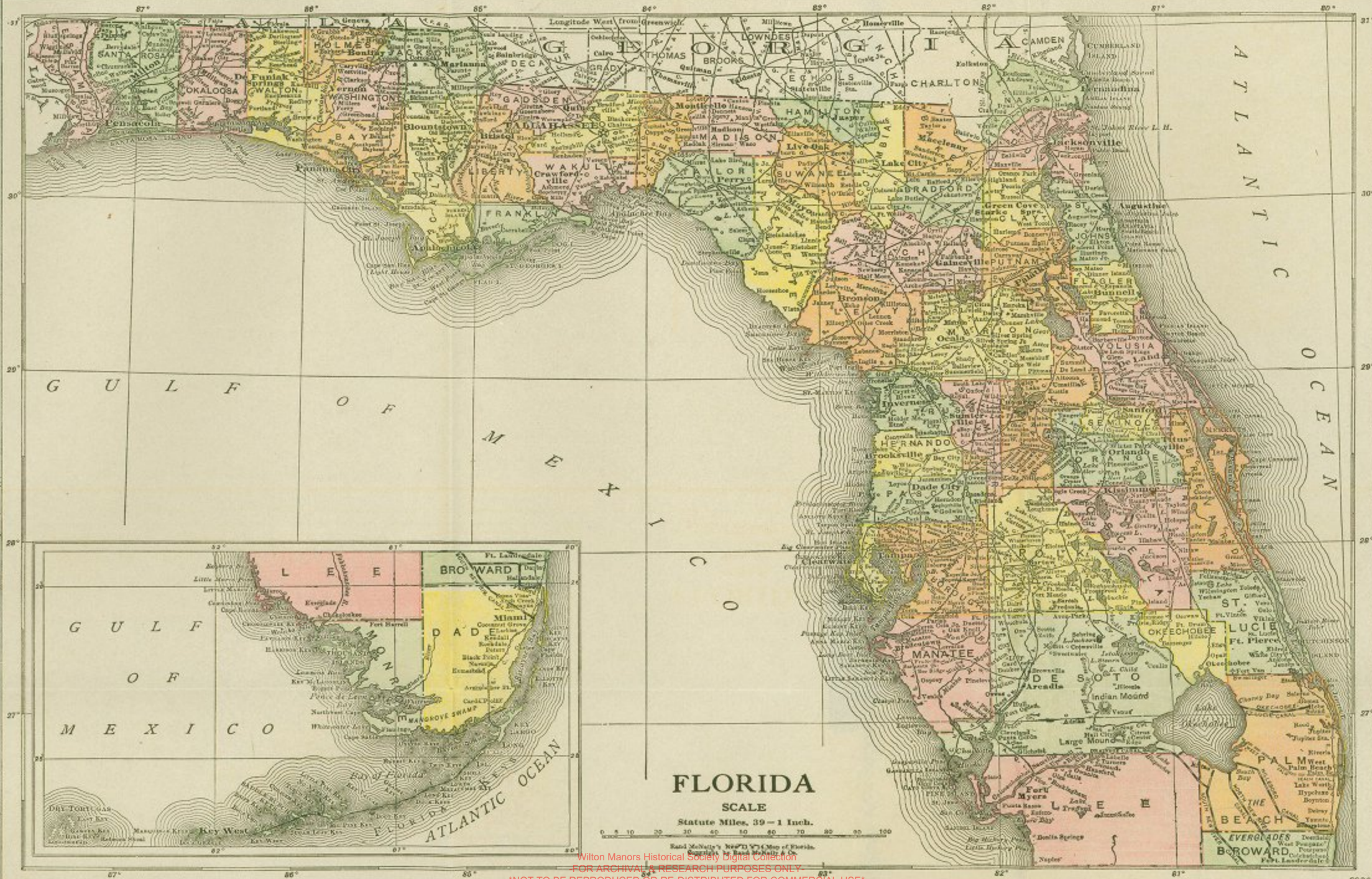
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FLORIDA: THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

CHAPTER I

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

GOING to Florida! Why? It is needless to ask you. The time is anywhere from December to February. The weather is raw and cold. The woodlands are wholly leafless, while the fields are either sere and brown or covered with a blanket of snow. This explains the preparations for departure. You know that in a day or two's journey to the south there are green foliage and bright flowers, while the air is permeated with a genial warmth. After a period of one sleep or two sleeps, as the aborigine would express it, you will awaken some morning under azure skies with a summer sun beating down upon the roof of your Pullman. How delightful it seems to be away from the Frost King. Now you can wear your summer clothes once more, and can indulge in your favorite dip out in the briny ocean.

Florida, it was named — the land of flowers. There are many flowers in the peninsula, but you must look up as well as down, for there are almost as many flowering trees as flowering plants. You may be disappointed, for they are not such a spontaneous product of the soil

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as you might expect. In places the soil is so indifferent in quality that they must be nursed and coaxed along. The aspect of the country may seem rather monotonous, for it appears like an unending sandy and level plain overspread with pine woods underneath which is an undergrowth of palmetto scrub. But there is an abundance of sunlight and balmy air and seductive reaches of water awaiting you there.

Florida has ever been a land of romance. One reason for this has been the lack of accurate knowledge concerning the country. It is interesting to trace through the varying charts of decades and centuries ago the gradual evolution of the map we have today. The coast has changed in outline from time to time, thus proving that the work of the early cartographers was largely guesswork. A map of the World published in Italy, early in the sixteenth century, and known as Leonardo da Vinci's Mappamonde, shows Florida as a large island in a vast ocean that swells on to Japan. Succeeding map-makers copied some of the errors of earlier ones. One map of the year 1760, which was made in France, represents Florida as a wedge-shaped country dotted with mountain peaks here and there. These mountains extend almost to the southern extremity. Our own surveys of the coast region could not be depended upon until within the last quarter of a century, and especially was this true of the region known as the Ten Thousand Islands.

The same ignorance existed with regard to the Everglades, which still remain to some extent a land of mystery. The Great American Desert, once so feared, the wild solitudes of the Rockies and the snowy wastes of the Yukon yielded up their innermost secrets before accurate knowledge of the Everglades was extended to the

world. Its mystery has been a part of our national inheritance. The earliest geographies mentioned this great water-wilderness. It has its distinct place among our nation's other national wonders, such as Niagara Falls, the Mammoth Cave, the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, and even the wonderful Grand Canyon. There will be a feeling of regret with us all if they should finally disappear entirely through the reclamation project. It was not until 1883 that an organized expedition was conducted across the Everglades. Since then there have been several expeditions, and each one has added to our geographical knowledge of this peculiar region. And yet it is quite possible that there are still sections several square miles in area, which have not been profaned by the foot of the white man. On some of the maps, made comparatively recently, one will find portrayed splendid rivers fifty or sixty miles long. This we know to be untrue, as there are no real rivers traversing the Everglades, except near the coast, but there are water courses here and there, which hardly deserve the designation of a stream. West of the Everglades is an almost tractless labyrinth of swamp, fresh-water lagoons and creeks, interspersed with fertile islands, which is known as Big Cypress Swamp. This, likewise, is a land of mystery about which unbelievable tales are told.

One of the real charms of Florida is in its nomenclature. They have departed from Old World names and, instead of a New York and a New London, etc., we have the musical designations of the aborigines. One of these names has been on everybody's tongue at one time or another, for there are few indeed who have not sung that plaintive melody beginning "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber." If you should hear the name Kishimmee pronounced in the natural way by a pretty miss,

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be she six or sixteen, it would be hard to resist the expressed invitation. But the charm is somewhat dispelled by the Florida pronunciation, which is Kis-sim-mee, with a strong accent on the second syllable. The Chattahoochee, Withlacooche, Choctawhatchee, Econlockhatchee, Caloosahatchee, Onoshahatchee, Homosassa, Ocklokonee, Chipola, and Ocklawaha are some of the other seductive and musical names of streams, and their appearance, lined as the banks are with the moss-laden trunks and branches of trees which sometimes intertwine, is fully as charming as the name would indicate. Of lakes, the best known is the famous Okeechobee, in the heart of the Everglades. But Weahyakapka, Thonotosassa, Hatchineha, Istokpoga, Apopka, Miccasukee, Iamonia, Tohopekaliga, Hicpochee and Panasoffkee, also designate little inland bodies of water. In the names of towns it is true that we have a St. Petersburg, a New Smyrna, and a Jacksonville, but we also have a Tallahassee, a Homosassa, a Pensacola, a Wauchula, a Thonotosassa, a Lacoochee, an Okahumpka, etc. etc. These are many of the real delights of Florida. It is not too late for many of our northern cities to rechristen themselves and preserve the musical names of the Indians. It would also add an individuality not possessed by a name reminiscent of the Old World.

Florida is a land of lakes. Little bodies of water are scattered all over the commonwealth from one boundary to another. They are not confined to the better known lake district, down in the central portion of the state, but they are numerous in the northern section and also down in the Everglade region. It has been estimated that there are at least thirty thousand of them. These vary in size from Lake Okeechobee to the picturesque little lakelet with less than a hundred square feet of sur-



A STREET SCENE, TALLAHASSEE.

face. None of them are stagnant, but all are filled with waters fresh, clear and wholesome, even though there is no visible outlet. They constitute one of the distinctive charms of Florida. It is a pleasure to come upon a lake, or lakes, in a most unexpected region. Sometimes there is a slight background of hills to heighten the perspective. There is frequently a fringe of forest surrounding the shores. The blue of the sky is reflected in the water, until its depths seem of azure. Bereft of her lakes, Florida would indeed lose much of her attraction for the visitor in search of beauty and pleasure.

Many people who go to Florida are disappointed with the landscape. They are surprised to find what they term unending monotony and so much unproductive soil. And yet Florida itself is a mountain, for it was once sea bottom in the geology of things. It was probably pushed upward by a fold in the earth's strata by the same giant force that raised the Appalachian mountain range. By the time it reached here its force was nearly spent, and it barely succeeded in getting the state above sea level. The fact is that the Florida soil varies greatly. One stretch may be absolutely useless, while another immediately adjoining it may be teeming with fertility. Why a "hard-pan" may be beneath a one-hundred acre lot and the adjoining soil is of rich red clay or even black loam, it is impossible to explain. It has been said that Florida was built out of the left-overs from the rest of the United States, which were dumped here in a heterogeneous fashion. We only know that next to one acre teeming with fertility there is frequently another acre which it would be as useless to cultivate as it was for Ulysses to plough the seashore. This is the reason why the prospective land buyers had better make

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a personal investigation of their contemplated investment before paying over their hard-earned cash.

Florida is not a small state, for it is the largest commonwealth east of the Mississippi. It has an area larger than that of combined New England. At its most southern point it is six hundred miles nearer the equator than Los Angeles, and it is three hundred miles farther south than New Orleans. It extends a whole degree toward the tropics beyond the latitude of Brownsville, Texas, the next most southern bit of the United States. It is entirely lacking in mountains, for its greatest elevation does not exceed three hundred feet, being less than any other state except Louisiana. The northern portion of the state is a rolling country of red clay and fertile valley, which is heavily forested. The central portion also has hills, but they are of sand instead of clay. Pine-lands cover at least half the state and these are interspersed with "hammocks," upon which grows a more luxuriant forest growth. Then come the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp, and the tail is made of a long extended line of coral sea islands. These keys begin near Miami, and extend south and west for two hundred miles through the warm waters of the Gulf Stream which gives them the climate of Cuba.

The population of Florida is quite varied. From the fine old families of Spanish descent, intermingled with English and French blood, whose estates date back to its earliest history, you will find color ranges from pale white to deepest black of the true African.

The Florida "Cracker" is an interesting subject; the name was formerly applied only to the drivers of oxen. The man who drives these faithful brutes carries a whipstock as tall as himself. On the end is a lash twice as long — long enough to reach to the farthest ox of a four-



A LITTLE GROUP OF FUTURE CITIZENS.

yoke team. On the end is a snapper, which makes a noise almost as loud as a pistol shot when snapped skilfully. Hence the name of "Cracker" became attached to the driver. The "Cracker" is now found only in the backwoods, where he satisfies himself with growing a little cotton and a few vegetables, and only "comes to town" to trade when he has to.

One of the truly marvellous features of Florida lies in the number of wonderful springs. The flow from some of these springs forms a generous stream, and it seems strange to see a stream start off which has as its source only a spring or several springs that flow into a common pool. In some of them the waters are so pellucid that a boat seems suspended in midair. The shadows from the skies above rest in changing beauty in their depths, while the bright sunlight flecks the silvery rocks below with rays of dazzling brightness; an azure tinge encircles every object, and envelops it with a halo of purplish light. It is probably no wonder that fabulous tales were spread about these springs which, after many repetitions, may have led to stories of a Bimini, which lured Ponce de Leon to his discoveries. Many of these springs are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and a number are utilized for medical baths. While of the same general character, the springs of Florida each have an individuality of their own, and each spring possesses its own charm as well. The location, the surroundings and the peculiar climatic condition have their own effect.

One of the most beautiful of the Florida springs is the Wakulla Springs, not very far from Tallahassee. The pool is over one hundred feet deep and of a crystalline transparency. It is situated in the midst of a delightful forest growth of oaks and magnolias, which are twisted around and about with the vines of the jasmine and

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twining trumpet. Not far from Tampa are the Sulphur Springs, which are said to have a flow of fifty thousand gallons each and every minute. The Tarpon Springs are near the town of that name, and they are supposed to be the outlet of Lake Butler. The waters bubble up from a seemingly bottomless hole, in which soundings have reached a distance of two hundred feet. The water ebbs and flows with the rise and fall of the Gulf tide. Blue Springs, along the St. John's River, is also one of the marvellous springs. The water is decidedly blue and the aquatic life, such as the fish and the plants, is colored by this hue. With such force does the water come up that the level in the center is almost a foot higher than around the edges. The hydraulic pressure is so great upward and laterally here that it is impossible to put or keep a boat on this summit. The basin is seventy feet across and about forty feet deep. A broad stream almost ten feet deep flows out from this spring with a current of about five miles an hour. It contains much sulphur in solution. Green Cove Spring is also near the St. John's. From a depth of forty feet the waters reach up to the surface. The spring has been recognized as curative from the earliest days of Spanish settlement, and bath houses have existed here for several centuries.

There are a number of springs in Florida which are claimed to be real springs searched for by Ponce de Leon. The great wonder is that the Adelantado himself could not find the Fountain of Youth when it is so omnipresent today. One is a small spring just outside of St. Augustine, where a great many things are cited as corroborative proof. The De Leon Springs, named after the explorer, are situated a few miles from De Land. Here the water can also be seen bubbling up, and it forms a large pool which is so translucent that a plunge and a

swim in it are a delightful experience. One of the most marvellous of all the springs are the Silver Springs, near Ocala. The deepest place is eighty-five feet beneath the surface. The water is so transparent that the smallest object is plainly visible in its lowest depth. Fish and turtles on the bottom can be seen just as plainly as if they were under so many feet of air. A fish near the bottom will cast a shadow when the sun is shining. The sunbeams are broken up into rainbow colors. It is generally believed that these springs, as well as several others, are the outlet of subterranean rivers. The daily flow here runs into the millions of gallons. The real cause of the phenomena of these many wonderful springs is a difficult one to explain in a satisfactory way. In some places springs can be distinguished rising in the sea itself near the coast.

Are you a sportsman? Then Florida beckons to you. The numbers and varieties of fishes in Florida waters are truly marvellous. To one who has never witnessed such scenes the recital of bare facts is almost unbelievable. In Tampa Bay and in the waters of Charlotte Harbor I have seen the finny denizens not in paltry thousands but by the thousand millions. The waters would be so filled with minnows that they would make dark shadows that were frequently acres in extent. At times the fish would rest quietly in layers, beginning with the tiniest of fish near the surface, while fish several feet long would be observed motionless near the bottom or lazily moving about. Needle fish are always on the surface and propel themselves gracefully along. Deeper down could be distinguished bluefish, ladyfish, Spanish mackerel, the convict-like sheepshead, cavalli by the hundreds, the revella, blowfish, grunts, sea trout, and an occasional small jewfish. At other times there would

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be great commotion among the sea dwellers in the mad strife of devouring and being devoured, and the water would be beaten into surf-like waves. Minnows would leap into the air in the desperate effort to escape their pursuers, and the air would be filled with tinted masses of spray. The surface of the water would be filled with dead and dying minnows and colored with crimson in a short time.

"A small fish," says a writer of his experience here, "which had fallen aboard, was put upon a tarpon hook and as it dropped overboard it was swallowed by a jack-fish which in turn was seized by a tarpon. A great shark took up the trail of a tarpon and a moment later had bitten him in two." Tarpon may be seen leaping by the hundreds, and the fins of great sharks will be observed making a pathway through the frantic fish, while porpoises jump above the surface of the water in their playful gambols. As if there were not enough enemies overhead, scores of pelicans would be sweeping down and gathering up great numbers of the minnows in their capacious pouches. The fact is that the warm water supplied by the Gulf of Mexico on the west and the Gulf Stream on the east, in conjunction with the warm air in the southern portion of the state, and the crystalline purity of the salt water in this latitude, make the conditions for the rapid propagation of marine life almost perfect.

The bird life of Florida is likewise one of her greatest charms. Birds of brilliant plumage and wonderful song will be found everywhere, and the visitor to Florida should keep both eyes and ears alert for the feathered creatures of the woods and groves and waters. Many old and favorite friends will be recognized, but there is also an opportunity to make new acquaintances. In a



BIRDS RISING FROM A FLORIDA ROOKERY.

day's trip out from Fort Myers a friend and myself identified almost fifty species of birds, and this experience can easily be duplicated by anyone else in other sections of the state as well. Birds are numerous all over the state, but especially so in the south where the water birds are so common. This is because of the many little lakes, the coast lagoons and the shallow waterways of the Everglades. In those waters the white ibis makes life miserable for the shrimps and fiddler crabs, its favorite food. The little blue heron prefers the chase of the elusive frog, while the big white heron pursues minnows and the water turkey follows the bream and perch. One may find rookeries where fifty thousand feathered inhabitants have their homes.

A visit to a bird rookery at nightfall is of the greatest interest. The growing specks upon the horizon soon materialize into flocks of birds, which are returning from the rivers and bays, the Everglades and the Gulf. As the parent birds approach, they are greeted by a chorus of unrecognizable screeches from the nests, and a noisy family conversation follows. Sometimes there is sorrow, for a bird hunter has wrought disaster in a particular home, and the young cry for food without avail, since birds have not yet learned to feed the orphans and they die of starvation. One cannot blame the bird hunters so much as some city resident who prides herself on a new plume. The best and most fascinating way to hunt these birds is with a camera, and not with a gun. By night the trees in these rookeries will be heavily burdened by the great flocks of wading birds of gorgeous plumage, while others are of the purest of pure white, as a pleasing contrast to the variety of colors.

Florida has had a fascinating history. The romantic story of Ponce de Leon and De Soto is followed by the

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efforts of the Huguenots to establish a French colony on the east coast. Under American sovereignty occurred the heroic defense of the Seminole Indians against Caucasian aggression. Under Spanish domination Florida advanced only by increments. The red and yellow ensign of Spain had floated over St. Augustine for about two centuries when the province of Florida was ceded to Great Britain in 1763. During that time little progress was made, although the French had made settlements in Louisiana and along the Mississippi up to the falls of St. Anthony, and then eastward along the Great Lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the same period. The English had taken possession of the Atlantic seaboard with her various colonies, where a population of nearly three million were already dwelling. Spain occupied little more than she did two hundred years earlier, and there were probably not more than six or seven thousand Spaniards in Florida at that time. These were gathered together within the towns of St. Augustine, Pensacola and Mobile, for Florida at that time extended to the Mississippi. The rest of the country was almost as much of a wilderness as it ever had been. A very large percentage of these were dependents upon the military and civil governments. Practically no development of the natural resources of the country had taken place. The government had simply gathered around its garrisoned ports a crowd of parasites and dependents, all of whom were contented to live in safety under its protection while drawing their salaries for petty official positions.

The English government immediately divided the country into East and West Florida. Pensacola was established as the capital of the latter, and St. Augustine of the former. Under English rule, which lasted not quite

twenty years, the real growth and prosperity of Florida began, and the settlers rapidly increased. Many came from England, but a large number of Tory colonists also drifted into Florida from the Thirteen Colonies, because they were dissatisfied with the drift of affairs and did not sympathize with the colonial cause in the Revolution. Florida did not really find herself until Uncle Sam took a hand in her upbuilding and the direction of her destinies.

Although so near to the oldest and most settled portions of our great republic, Florida is in the condition of a frontier state. The major part of the development that has taken place has occurred within the last third of a century. The largest towns are newly built, and the map of today shows scores of towns that had no existence a decade or two past. The jungle has receded, but there is an abundance of it still left. The Everglades are now beginning to smile under the efforts of the man with the plow and hoe. But there is yet plenty of opportunity for the pioneer. Without dipping into statistics deeply, a little light can be shed on the conditions. In the county of which the old city of St. Augustine is the seat of government, about one acre in twenty is under cultivation. In Orange County, around Orlando, out of over half a million acres only a few thousand are under actual cultivation, but much of the surface is covered with lakes. Lake County is still larger, but the proportion of tilled acres is only a trifle greater. Polk County is one of the largest subdivisions in the state, and probably one acre in five has received some attention. Each year the number of improved acres increases, but there is still abounding opportunity for the developer.

Florida has the advantage of furnishing all kinds of attractions for the visitor. She approaches closely to being all things to all men. Everywhere there are amuse-

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ments plus climate — but both climate and amusements vary. For instance, Belleair turns up its nose at Palm Beach. The former is interested only in golf, and looks upon the game of golf as played at the latter place as a trifling game. It considers that the idlers at Palm Beach spend a great deal of time talking about clothes and the stock market that might better be devoted to such all important subjects as drivers, mashies and midirons. Many a Palm Beacher would succumb to ennui at Belleair in a week. At St. Petersburg there are many hotels and boarding-houses filled with the same people as you would find in our hustling county seats. The benches on the main street and in the city park are filled with happy and contented people, among whom the middle-aged and older predominate. The women listen to the band while the men play checkers under the palmetto-thatched shelters or toss horseshoes on the sward. Down at Long Key the sole topic of conversation is of fish and fishing. Mashies and drivers are here replaced by tackle and bait.

Florida has an unusual amount of sea coast. The entire length of the shore is considerably more than a thousand miles. The greater part of this immense stretch bordering on the sea is dotted with islands. These are of all sizes, from Santa Rosa Island and Key Largo more than thirty miles in length to mere dots which are large enough only to sun a lethargic turtle. From Amelia Island, at the mouth of the St. Mary's River, at Fernandina, there is an almost unbroken chain of islands clear down to the Florida Keys, and from Key West on to the Dry Tortugas Islands. Going along the west coast the survey includes the Ten Thousand Islands, which really exceed that number, and then hundreds of other small islands up to and including Santa Rosa Island, near Pensacola.



ONE OF THE FINE NEW ROADS IN FLORIDA.

Florida is making wonderful strides in the development of roads. The visitor to Florida of a few years ago, who looked out upon a dreary outlook of sand roads stretching through the pine woods, when the deep furrows looked as though they had been made by giant boa constrictors, will be astonished at the long reaches of splendid brick and concrete roads that bind and cement the various sections of the state today. Millions of dollars have been expended within the past few years, and millions more are provided for the immediate future. The work has been done by the various counties, for it could not be accomplished successfully by local assessment here where there is so much unimproved land. The citizens have entered into the subject of good roads with enthusiasm, presuming, perhaps, that good roads mean increased tourist travel in these days of the almost universal use and ownership of the automobile.

It must be remembered by the prospective visitor to Florida that this state is not a land of perpetual warmth. Northern Florida is naturally much colder than the peninsula farther south, and you will find many days when the morning temperature is below freezing. Every few years the thermometer descends and the oranges freeze, so that the later orange growers are all planting their trees farther south than formerly. Although the cold weather, as a rule, continues only for a very few days, it is very trying upon northern visitors.

The leading hotels are now provided with steam heat, but the older hostelrys and private residences are not so equipped, so that the visitor who is accustomed to weather far below zero shivers and feels uncomfortable during those days. The hardest freeze is most likely to arrive along about the holiday season, but it may come even as late as the earliest days of March. Hence it is essential

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that the visitor should provide himself with warm clothing for just such occasions as these. If the freeze does come, then he is prepared for just such an emergency.

At home we install an elaborate heating apparatus for moderating a temperature that descends below fifty degrees; here the natives scorn such things, depending only upon an open fire, so they occasionally awake some morning and find that all their water pipes are frozen. The winter of my visit the temperature in a number of places far down in the state reached as low as seventeen degrees above zero. The leaves of the orange tree curled up and became crisp with the frost, and thousands upon thousands of boxes of the growing fruit were rendered unmarketable. It was indeed a sad sight to see these trees turned to brown and to view the crumpled stalks upon which beautiful flowers had been blooming only a day or two before. Even the palmettoes had curled up a bit, demonstrative that the cold had even penetrated their tough fiber. All in all, however, the Florida climate has few equals and no superiors in the United States. The air possesses a soft and tranquillizing quality all its own, and the winter season is not marred by the winter rains which are such a drawback to California.

CHAPTER II

THE ROMANCE OF THE DISCOVERY

It was the search for a mysterious land named Bimini that led to the discovery of Florida. The natives of the Bahamas were constantly talking in the presence of the Spaniards of a mysterious land where there was a fountain at the quaffing of whose waters age and its disabilities immediately disappeared. Near it there also ran a river whose waters worked miracles. These stories found their way back to Spain through returning soldiers, in due course of time, and a map was even published about 1511, by Peter Martyr, which showed this Island of Bimini upon which the eyes of the white man had never yet been cast. Martyr affirms in an address to the Pope "That among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola, Cuba, there is one about 325 leagues distant in which is a spring of running water of such marvelous virtue, that the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh the old young again; and here I must protest to your Holiness not to think this be said lightly or rashly, for they have so spread this rumor for a truth through all the court, that not only all the people, but many of those whom wisdom and fortune have divided from the common lot think it to be true." The tales of Bimini and the marvelous fountain fell upon the ears of a former companion of Columbus in his second voyage to the New World and aroused his interest.

The discovery of Florida is one of the most romantic episodes in the world's history. The mainland of South

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America had been reached by Columbus before the southeastern portion of North America had been trodden by the white man, unless the claims of Sebastian Cabot are accepted, and they do not seem to be well authenticated. It is extremely doubtful whether he had ever visited this coast south of Cape Hatteras. Juan Ponce de Leon came from a distinguished family of the province of Leon, in Spain. From his earliest youth he had been given a military training, and he had evinced a special aptitude in that activity. In personal bravery he was excelled by none, for he was one of the bravest of the brave. Columbus recognized his talents and looked upon him as one of the most valorous of the Spanish cavaliers, and he achieved high honors in the conquest of Cuba. Hearing of the island of Bariquen (Porto Rico) he sought permission to explore this island, which was granted very willingly and an expedition was fitted out.

Promising as his career had seemed, the star of destiny seemed to have fallen for Ponce de Leon. Commissioned to conquer and colonize Porto Rico, he had succeeded only after many hardships and much discouragement. At last, however, the island was subjugated and compelled to submit to the authority of Spain, and the conqueror was named as governor. A large personal fortune was his reward but he had quickly fallen a victim to intrigue and had been superseded. Thus it was that at the early age of forty-two years he had become embittered by what he termed injustice and opened his ears willingly to the prospect of a try at the waters of eternal youth. Deprived of his dignity as Adelantado of Porto Rico, the restless soldier aspired to set on foot some fresh expedition which should redound to his honor and profit. Bimini seemed to offer this opportunity. Another far more interesting incident is related of Ponce de Leon and

his desire for a renewed youth. The inevitable woman forms a setting for this other picture. If the tales that are related by his biographers are to be believed, there is a touch of romance attached to the decision of Ponce de Leon to search for the fabled Fountain of Youth. Fate had placed in his guardianship as a ward the daughter of a companion who had died in his arms on the field of battle in the New World. As is always the case, the ward was extremely beautiful; and, no doubt, she was gifted with almost unearthly beauty to this doughty cavalier who had spent so many years wandering over strange and savage lands. She was likewise young, scarcely half the age of De Leon, but she seemed enamored of him and reciprocated his affection. He loved as only youth loves, and wanted to be loved as such in turn. He dreamed of this Fountain of Youth, and so he informed his inamorata that he would conduct one more exploring expedition. Tearfully she pleaded with him not to do so, as he had already achieved both honor and riches and should now enjoy these at home. He could not dismiss the vision of restored youth from his mind, however, so decided to make one more plunge into the unknown wilderness in its search.

No time was lost in seeking permission from the King to explore and subdue for the Spanish crown this new land. He managed to secure, through influential friends, a patent of discovery and permission to colonize. His permission "to proceed to discover and settle the Island of Bimini" was dated the 23rd of February, 1512. His patent was not made so broad as that of the discoverer of America, for the King said that Bimini was a reality (!), whence Columbus had sailed out into the unknown. His patent covered a period of three years, during which time he was permitted to land on any island not belonging to

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the crown of Portugal. With the wealth that had come to him through his public employments, he was enabled to purchase and equip vessels for his expedition. It was not difficult to obtain followers for such a shadowy and chimerical enterprise, for credulity was a common quality in that day of marvelous discoveries.

The troubles that beset Ponce de Leon were many, for Fate seems to have been against him from the very beginning. He touched at Porto Rico and found the authorities there so hostile that his single vessel was seized. He was delayed on this island for a year by order of the home government, and commanded the naval forces operating against the belligerent natives. In March, 1513, the situation on that island cleared and De Leon was ready to start on his new venture. He gathered together his three little caravels, with Anton de Alamines as pilot, and set sail. On the 27th he came within sight of land, which proved to be the mainland of Florida. For several days the vessels cruised along the shores, and a landing was finally effected at latitude thirty degrees and eight minutes, on the 2nd of April. Formal possession was taken of the country in the name of the King of Spain, on April 8th. From the green appearance of the shore, and because he first came upon the coast on Easter Sunday, which is Pascua Florida, in Spanish, it was given the name of Florida. The cross was planted and the royal banner thrown to the breeze, while all once more swore allegiance to His Catholic Majesty.

For two months Ponce de Leon led his little band in discoveries along the shores of Florida, during which time it is generally believed that he visited the site of St. Augustine. They then embarked and turned toward the southwest, along the coast. Less than two weeks later another landing was made near an Indian village. In



JUAN PONCE DE LEON AT THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

attempting to leave here the currents were found to be too swift and one ship was driven out of sight. Seeking to land again, the natives evinced so much hostility that force was necessary to drive them away. In fact, the Florida natives everywhere seemed hostile and exceedingly troublesome. It is quite likely that the attitude of the strangers provoked this attitude on the part of the aborigines. Ponce de Leon was compelled to again put to sea. Continuing his voyage, he sailed around Cape Corrientes and discovered a chain of islands, which he named The Martyrs. Here the natives attempted even to steal the very chains and anchors of the ships in order to secure possession of them. Bimini seemed as far away as ever, but the search was still continued. In the progress of his voyage he also discovered and named the Tortugas and a bay that was known for centuries afterwards as Juan Ponce Bay. He finally set sail again for Porto Rico in the search for the Fountain of Youth, and continued at it until nearly the close of the month of September.

When Ponce de Leon reached the Spanish outposts once more, he brought back with him nothing except the story of his exploration, but he determined to gain whatever credit was possible from his discovery of a new country. In order to enhance its importance, he doubtless made a most flattering report of its riches and value in the highly imaginative style so characteristic of the Castilian. Then it was that the commander decided to return to Spain, leaving one caravel under Juan Perez to continue the search for the land of Bimini and its marvelous fountain. It is said that he was rallied a good deal about the Fountain of Youth by the wits around the Spanish Court.

So glowing was the account given by Ponce de Leon of

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the islands of Florida and Bimini, however, that the title of Adelantado of these islands was given him. A new patent authorizing him to settle "the island of Florida and the island Bimini" was granted to him. He agreed to transport three hundred men thither and to settle and colonize it for His Catholic Majesty. Three years from the date of his commission was the limit of time allowed for this purpose, but this was afterwards extended. It was many years from the time of his initial expedition before he was permitted to embark on his enterprise and continue his explorations. The Caribs were troublesome, and Ponce de Leon was kept busy in the war waged against them and with other matters until the year 1521. By this time he was more subdued and had parted with his former illusions. He had probably abandoned all expectation of finding the Fountain of Youth. Soldiers were promised him to subjugate the new land. His ambition and avarice were aroused by the reports of a late expedition that had visited Florida. Their reports proved that it was not an island, and he now dreamed of founding a great empire which should make his name immortal.

Ponce de Leon absorbed his entire fortune in fitting out, at his own expense, two vessels for the enterprise, and embarked in February, 1521. One of his instructions was that the natives of Florida were to be required to submit to the Catholic religion, and they were to be unmolested unless they declined to swear allegiance to the King of Spain. Since the time of his first visit, Diego Mirvelo, a pilot, had sailed from Cuba with a small vessel and touched the Florida coast. Obtaining some pieces of gold from the natives he gave glowing accounts of the richness of the country. Likewise an expedition, commanded by Fernandez de Cordova, had set foot on the

shore, but he sailed away when attacked by a large body of natives. From wounds received at this time the leader died.

“ I return to that island (Florida), if it please God's will, to settle it, being enabled to carry a number of people with which I shall be able to do so, that the name of Christ may be praised there, and your majesty served with the fruit that the land produces. And I also intend to explore the coast of said island further and see whether it is an island or whether it connects with the land where Diego Valasquez is, or any other; and I shall endeavor to learn all I can.” These are the words that Ponce de Leon wrote to his sovereign when finally permitted to embark on his long delayed mission. About four hundred men accompanied him, including priests and friars, and he also transported a number of cattle, sheep and horses. After encountering severe storms at sea, in which his vessels narrowly escaped shipwreck, he succeeded in landing his expedition. The exact place of his disembarking is not known, but he began at once the work of erecting habitations. While engaged in this work the Spaniards were attacked by hostile Indians, and the gallant leader himself was seriously wounded in the head by an arrow. Sickness spread among his followers, and he quickly realized the futility of remaining longer. Grievously wounded in the body, and sick at heart over the ill fortune that seemed to attend all his enterprises, he decided to forego all its prospective honors. The attempt at colonizing Florida was abandoned by Ponce de Leon, and he conducted his followers to Cuba. He died on this island from the effects of his wound, after a long and painful illness, without having solved the question whether Florida was an island or not. On his tomb was placed a modest epitaph, which read: “ In this Sepul-

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chre rests the bones of a Man who was a Lion by name and still more by Nature." He left a son, Louis, upon whom the title of Adelantado was conferred, but he never attempted to carry out the ambitious designs of his father.

Although Ponce de Leon accomplished no definite results, his name stands at the head of the list of those who visited Florida either for the purpose of exploration or conquest. With the marvelous reports of this cavalier before them it could not be long before some one would take up the work left unfinished by him.

The second man to attempt the exploration of Florida was Panfilo de Narvaez. This man was a trusted lieutenant of the Governor of Cuba and had been sent by that official to supersede Cortez, because he had become jealous of the success of that conquistador in subjugating Mexico. Although De Narvaez commanded a force of almost two thousand Spaniards and Cuban Indians, he was overcome and taken prisoner of Cortez with a force of less than three hundred at his command. With all the combativeness of his nature, the conqueror of Mexico resisted the attempt to have his laurels plucked from him. In the short conflict that took place, De Narvaez was captured and also lost an eye. His followers submitted willingly to the leadership of the gallant Mexican hero.

After being released by Cortez, De Narvaez returned to Spain in order to obtain redress at court. Failing in this, he asked authority of the crown to undertake the conquest of Florida, with the title of Adelantado of all the regions he might discover and conquer. This commission was granted to him, and he was authorized to conquer and govern the province extending from the River of Palms (near Tampico) to Cape Florida. One of the conditions attached was that he was to found two towns and construct an equal number of fortresses.

He embarked on his expedition on the 17th of June, 1527, with five vessels upon which were six hundred men. He halted for a time on San Domingo, where one hundred and forty of his men withdrew from the enterprise. He then sailed for the port of St. Iago (Santiago), in Cuba, to procure provisions. Finding that he could obtain these better at Trinidad, he dispatched two of his vessels to that island, both of which were totally destroyed by a hurricane, together with some seventy souls that were on board. Owing to this disaster, he was compelled to defer his expedition until the following spring. He finally embarked in April, 1529, with a company of four hundred armed men and eighty horses. He anchored on the 14th of April at a place which is uncertain. Some think it was near Charlotte Harbor, while others believe it was Clear Water Bay, north of Tampa. On the following day, which was Good Friday, and which proved to be a day of extremely bad omen for the expedition, the governor took formal possession of the country in the name of Spain and assumed the government of the province. A large Indian village was located here, and the natives received the Spaniards in a not unfriendly manner.

In the name of the King of Spain, the following proclamation was promulgated to the astounded and uncomprehending natives: "I, Panfilo de Narvaez, cause to be known to you how God created the world and charged St. Peter to be the sovereign of all men, in whatever country they might be born. God gave him the whole world for his inheritance. One of his successors made it a gift to the King and Queen of Spain, so that the Indians are their subjects. You will be compelled to accept Christianity. If you refuse and delay agreeing to what I have proposed to you, I will march against you;

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I will make war upon you from all sides; I will subject you to obedience to the church and His Majesty; I will obtain possession of your wives and children; I will reduce you to slavery. I notify you that neither His Majesty nor myself, nor the gentlemen who accompany me, will be the cause of this, but yourselves only." Disinclination of the natives to yield immediately to these demands doubtless led to many acts of cruelty of which this expedition was guilty.

After a consultation with a number of his officers, De Narvaez decided to march along the coast to a large bay, of which the pilot had spoken. This was undoubtedly unwise, but the soldiers were sick of the sea on which they had narrowly escaped shipwreck, and they preferred to proceed by land. A hundred men remained on board the vessels, which were ordered to proceed along the coast. Some three hundred men with forty horses, the only ones left out of the eighty placed on board, comprised the land expedition as it started. Scanty supplies of provisions were provided, as but two pounds of bread and a half pound of meat were allowed to each man. They wandered through the tropical wilderness for fifteen days without seeing a living soul or a human habitation. They soon became in almost desperate straits for food, for game did not seem to be plentiful. They came to a river, which is supposed to have been the Withlacoochee, on the bank of which they encountered several hundred Indians, who conducted them to a nearby village. Hearing of a village in the interior called Apalachee, where there was much gold and rich booty, they decided to search for this place. Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of the expedition, has left an account of their travels. He mentions several rivers which they crossed, and recounts considerable opposition from the Indians. He speaks of the difficulty of

the country traversed, which was frequently obstructed by trunks of fallen trees of great size. Occasionally fields of maize would be found, but at other times they journeyed for several days without any sign of cultivation.

Upon reaching the place represented to them as Apalachee, they were greatly disappointed to find it a rude Indian town of some forty thatched cabins. This was the place which the governor seemed to have believed to be almost a second Mexico. One can picture the sad awakening that came to him and his followers. De Vaca speaks of many animals that they found here, among which were "lions and kangaroos." The Spaniards remained at the Indian town for about one month, during which time the natives maintained a continuous state of warfare against them. As provisions were becoming low, and the hostility of the Indians abated not, they decided to seek the village of Aute, distant several days' journey, where they were assured that abundant supplies awaited them. The march forward was contested at every step by the Indians, who discharged showers of arrows from shelter. Exceedingly powerful were these Indians, according to the narrator, who says that he had himself seen an arrow driven into an elm a span in depth. They were of such great stature, says De Vaca, that at a distance they appeared to be giants, and they discharged their arrows from bows that were eight feet in length.

After nine days' journeying the Spanish forces reached Aute, but to their sorrow they found it abandoned and the huts burned. Neither corn nor pumpkins were discovered, but they were able to procure an abundance of fish and oysters from the sea. It was now August, the hottest season of the year, and many of the Spanish began to be prostrated with tropical fevers. Gold had not been

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found, and the plenty which was promised them at Aute had vanished as had that of Apalachee. Their only hope now seemed to be to save their own lives. Their vessels had been lost sight of, while sickness was daily thinning their ranks and weakening the survivors. The thoughts of the leader at this time, as he saw wealth and honors alike vanishing, and himself a wanderer in an unknown country, surrounded by relentless foes, must have been sad indeed. With sorrow and bitterness of heart he doubtless recalled the bright hopes with which he set out from Cuba, endowed with almost vice-regal powers.

A council of his followers was held by De Narvaez. It was decided to construct boats and endeavor to reach the coast of Cuba or Mexico. This seemed almost a hopeless undertaking, for they had neither ship carpenters nor any tools to build with. A smith of the company, however, constructed bellows from deer skins and forged bolts, nails, etc., from their swords and accouterments. Others cut timber and hewed it into shape. The palmettos were used in place of tow. Thus it was that, with the energy of desperation, they completed within six weeks five boats each one hundred and thirty feet in length. Diligently indeed did they work, spurred on by the joyous hope of speedy delivery. Sails were made from their clothing. Cordage was formed from the fiber of the palmetto and from the tails and manes of their horses, which were twisted into ropes, while bottles to carry water were shaped out of the hides of the horses killed. Two hundred and forty men were left to embark in these boats, on the 22nd of September, 1528. The remaining horses were killed to furnish food.

De Narvaez commanded the first boat. After the men and their supplies were placed on board, the boats were so crowded that they could hardly move and were scarcely

six inches out of the water. It was indeed a desperate undertaking upon which these famished and discouraged men were launching, for none of them had a practical knowledge of navigation. The provisions were scant for a week's needs. They named the bay upon which their boats had been launched the Bay of Cavallos (horses), which was probably the head of the Bay of Apalachicola. Members of De Soto's expedition were afterwards shown this spot, where they found the forge that had been used, together with scraps of iron and the bones of the horses. The boats sailed westward along the coast in search of the River of Palms, from whence they hoped to reach Panuco, the northernmost settlement in Mexico. In this way they could keep closer to the coast, although it would have been much nearer to go to Cuba.

Hunger and thirst overtook the members of the expedition, and they were in constant danger of shipwreck. At one place they landed and were hospitably received by an Indian chief, but the warriors attacked them in the night. At another place they landed, supposed to be Santa Rosa Island, and were treated with great kindness by the natives, who supplied them with fish and an edible root. Here two of their boats were wrecked. A third was lost near Pensacola Bay a short time afterwards. To such extremities were the men reduced that they lived for a time on the bodies of those who died. Of eighty souls on two boats there remained but fifteen. Near the mouth of the Perdido River all of the men from the governor's boat went ashore, excepting the governor himself, the cockswain and a boy. They had on board neither provisions nor water, when at midnight the boat was driven to sea by storm, and nothing more was ever heard of the captain-general and Adelantado of Florida. His courage was unquestioned, but he lacked the prudent

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and calculating foresight demanded of a leader who attempts to tread an unknown wilderness inhabited by a cruel and relentless enemy. The remaining members of the expedition who began the land march were either wrecked or died of disease, or were killed by the savages, except five who are known to have escaped. One of them was Cabeza de Vaca. He was captured by the Indians and kept a slave for six or seven years before he escaped. He owed his preservation to a slight knowledge of the healing art, because of which he was installed as the great medicine man. During his wanderings he traversed the Gulf States, and was probably the first white man to behold the Mississippi and cross the great Father of Waters.

CHAPTER III

THE STORY OF THE CONQUEST

ALTHOUGH a number of years had rolled away since Ponce de Leon made his memorable expedition into Florida in the futile search for the Fountain of Youth, no definite attempt had been made to subjugate the hostile inhabitants by any European power, except the disastrous expedition of De Narvaez. It remained for another Spanish leader to undertake the real conquest of our southernmost peninsula for the sacred cause of religion. It should be noted, however, that in addition to sacred vessels and priestly vestments, with bread and wine for the eucharist, they brought over fetters for prisoners and bloodhounds to hunt them down.

One would naturally think that the unfortunate outcome in the previous enterprises would have discouraged any new adventurer. It must be remembered, however, that the Spaniards entertained a very nebulous idea of the country called Florida. According to their notion it extended for illimitable distances north and west, and no one knew but that the interior might rival in its opulence and splendor both Mexico and Peru. The man who arose to undertake the discovery and conquest of this vast and unknown region was Hernando de Soto. Although still a comparatively young man, De Soto had experienced a remarkable career. The son of an impecunious hidalgo of Spain, for we are assured that he was a gentleman by all four descents, he had nothing to recommend him but his valor and a handsome presence. He had been one of

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a thousand motley adventurers who followed Pedrarias de Avila to Panama. His only estate were a sword and buckler. A score of years later he had returned to Spain filled with honors and endowed with much of this world's goods. He cast his fortunes with Pizarro, in his expedition into Peru, and became one of his leading generals. His conduct was signalized by a rare combination of valor and prudence. In council his judgment was excellent, and in every perilous undertaking he was ever foremost. The leader had singled him out from the many adventurous spirits around him, and it is said that his name stood next after the two Pizarros themselves in the subjugation of the Incas.

De Soto's share of the Peruvian spoils was one hundred and eighty thousand golden crowns, a princely sum in those days. When he appeared at the court of the Emperor Charles V it was in magnificent style with such a retinue of servants as befitted a rich man, and he was accompanied by a goodly company of brave cavaliers. Some of these men had been his companions in the armies in the New World. His personal appearance was in harmony with his great reputation, for he was a handsome man, above the average stature, and gifted with an expressive countenance. He might at this time have purchased an estate and retired to enjoy his honors, for he married a lady of distinguished family soon after his return. But the former companion of Pizarro was animated with an ambition for further distinction and possibly increased riches.

After enjoying the relaxation of society for a time, in which he had been much feted, De Soto heard rumors of the wonderfully rich land of Florida from a returned adventurer. This man was Cabeza de Vaca, who had experienced wonderful adventures in the New World,

and whose tales were even more marvellous than the facts justified. Although his story was one of hardship, he related it in a way that left the impression he had not disclosed it all. To his hearers it seemed that he was concealing some of it for personal reasons, for he always insisted that he intended to seek permission of the crown to further prosecute his discoveries. The curiosity and ambition of De Soto were aroused by De Vaca's story, and he finally decided to throw his fortune into the effort to conquer this promising land. In that event his name would be linked with those of Cortez and Pizarro. Not a doubt existed in his mind that somewhere in the interior would be found fabulous wealth. Others of his former companions backed him with their prize money and their voluntary services. The king had begun to believe that Florida was another Mexico or Peru, and that De Soto was another promising conquistador. He bestowed upon De Soto the office of governor and captain-general, and vested him with the title of Adelantado for life. As a bonus he was granted two hundred leagues of land along the coast and a tract twelve leagues square in the interior, to be chosen by himself. He was also made Governor of Cuba and a knight of the Military Order of St. Iago.

The news of this proposed expedition was spread broadcast throughout Spain with great trumpeting. Little else was talked about in city, town or country. It was reported that De Soto and his companions were about to expend their hundreds of thousands of ducats in a new fleet, and it was not long until cavaliers, soldiers, peasants, laborers and artisans hastened to volunteer their services. Many sold or mortgaged their estates to purchase an interest in the expedition. None seemed to doubt the success of the venture, for they had witnessed with their own eyes shiploads of gold and silver brought from the

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New World. In a little more than a year after the first proclamation of the enterprise, nine hundred and fifty Spaniards, of all degrees and rank, had assembled in the port of San Lucas de Barrameda. Never did a commander have offered to him a more brilliant body of men for such service. Included in the party were twenty-four priests and monks. Seven large and three small vessels had been procured to carry this band of adventurers out toward the setting sun.

The fleet set sail on the sixth of April, 1538, and started out to sea with the merry sound of trumpets. Without adventure they sailed safely into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba late in May. The arrival of a new governor was an event of tremendous importance and the whole city turned out to do him honor. After three months of entertainment, which included banquets, balls and bull-fights, De Soto sailed on to Havana, where a summer and winter were passed while further preparations were made for the conquest of Florida. Juan de Anasco was dispatched twice to locate a favorable place of debarkation for the expedition, and on the second voyage he nearly met with disaster. He brought back with him four natives who were to serve as guides and interpreters. Two additional vessels were purchased and loaded in Havana, and some reinforcements were added.

De Soto now had a thousand men and three hundred and fifty horses enlisted for his enterprise. It was not until the 25th of June, 1539, that the vessels sailed up Tampa Bay, which he named Espiritu Sancto, and sighted land. Barges were sent ashore to search for a landing-place, and they returned with fruits and greens of various kinds. On the following Sabbath, which was Trinity Sunday, formal possession was taken of the shore while the Spanish banner and royal arms were raised and fixed

on the beach. Several hundred soldiers were landed and not an Indian was in sight. All of them thought that they had never gazed upon such a beautiful land. At nightfall, however, after the soldiers had retired to rest, an attack was made by hostile Indians who had surrounded them. The air was filled with their deafening yells. Overwhelmed and confused, these soldiers, unused to the wiles of savages, rushed to the beach and sounded their trumpets for assistance. More soldiers were disembarked and the Indians essayed no further attack. Then the entire party came ashore and the equipment was landed.

A deserted Indian village was discovered a few miles distant, and here it was that the commander decided to establish himself for the present. This spot is believed to be on the site of the present city of Tampa. The village was a small one, consisting only of a row of low cabins thatched with the palmetto. The dwelling of the chief, which was somewhat more pretentious, was taken possession of by De Soto, while the others were used as barracks for the troops. Horsemen were sent out to patrol the neighborhood. The ground was cleared of trees and underbrush for a distance of a crossbow shot, and sentinels were posted day and night. Several natives were captured for guides, but the absence of interpreters was a handicap. Those brought with them proved of little value. The Spaniards managed to understand, however, that the village belonged to a chief named Hirrihigua. Friendly messages were sent to him, but he flatly declined all overtures. Here information was gathered about the previous expedition by Panfilo de Narvaez, who had landed on this coast. He had performed several acts of cruelty toward the natives, who had then pursued him. He had at first been received

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kindly by the chief Hirrihigua but, becoming enraged for some unknown reason, he had ordered the chief's nose to be cut off and his mother to be torn to pieces by dogs. It is no wonder that this chief was filled with hatred toward all white invaders.

It was learned that one of the followers of De Narvaez was in captivity with a native chief. Troops were dispatched in an effort to find him, and in this quest they were successful. This man, by the name of Juan Ortiz, had been compelled to undergo the most terrible tortures. He was the survivor of four men who had been captured, the other three having been put to death in a most horrible manner. He would likewise have shared the same fate, had it not been for the kindly interposition of the chief's own daughter. To save his life she secretly sent him to a neighboring powerful chief, to whom she had been promised in marriage. The lover faithfully carried out her wishes, but he lost his promised bride as a result. This chief Mucoso, when he heard of the landing of the Spaniards, sent Ortiz with friendly assurances. It was while on his way to the Spanish camp that he encountered the searching party. Great was the rejoicing of all over his safe return. Mucoso remained on friendly terms with the Spaniards and frequently visited their camp.

After De Soto's fleet had been unloaded, and the supplies stored, the large ships were sent back to Havana while the smaller ones were kept for the use of the expedition. This was done so that his followers would dismiss all hope of returning. A proclamation was issued ordering the army to march, and in a few days it advanced into the interior. Pedro Calderon, a hardy veteran, was left in charge of the small garrison. He was instructed to avoid friction with the aborigines and

to cultivate their friendship. With him were left forty horsemen and eighty mounted soldiers. The more the Spaniards saw of the country as they proceeded inland, the better they were pleased with it. After passing through the territory of Hirrihigua, whose friendship it was impossible to win, they entered the domain of his brother-in-law Urribarricaxi, but found his chief village deserted and abandoned. De Soto was unable to enter into any communication whatever with him, but he found considerable provisions at the village. Soon afterwards the invaders began to have their first real experience with Florida swamps. For three days they traveled along the edge of one of the typical Florida morasses looking for some opening or foot path, but none was found. They were constantly attacked by the Indians, but the arrows fell harmlessly against the armor of the Spanish horsemen. A few captives were taken and forced to act as guides, but all proved false. De Soto ordered four of them thrown to hungry dogs when a fifth, terrified at the fate of his companions, offered to conduct them faithfully. He did so, and they were soon able to make a circuit of the swamp.

After passing through the territory of Urribarricaxi, the Spaniards came into that of another chief, named Acuera. Here again it was found that the Indians had mysteriously vanished. A few captives and presents were sent to their chief. Even this bait failed to bring him, for he was too wily to be lured into the power of the Spaniards. He sent word that he would fight them by ambush and stratagem so long as they remained in his domain, by beheading two of them every week. He kept his threat for the three weeks that the Spaniards continued within his boundaries. He more than doubled his threat, for fourteen of the Spaniards fell victims to his

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followers, and all of them were beheaded. A Spaniard could not wander one hundred yards from camp without being struck by an arrow. By the time his companions reached the spot, they would find a headless corpse. The Spaniards killed about fifty warriors, but did no injury either to the fields or villages.

De Soto reached the village of Ocali, supposed to be near Ocala, and found it deserted, but its storehouses were filled with vast quantities of maize, vegetables and fruits, which were very acceptable. Messages were dispatched to the chief, and he was finally persuaded to visit the camp. He was received in the most friendly manner, but he was so suspicious that nothing was gained.

After leaving the Ocali, the Spaniards entered a vast territory through which the army marched for fifty leagues. This was divided among three brothers, and was known as Vitachuco. The oldest and most powerful of the brothers ruled over one-half of it. The youngest and least important of the brothers was captured by strategy and kept a prisoner for a time. Ochile was treated with such distinction and flattery that he was persuaded to send messages to his brothers advising their submission. One of the brothers arrived with a suite of fine warriors and acknowledged submission. The third brother, however, was of a different temperament and would have nothing to do with the Spaniards. He upbraided his brothers for their weakness. He promised to roast one-half of the Spaniards and boil alive the other half. Every day a couple of heralds would approach the camp and proclaim defiance with great bravado. By this means he sought to terrify the invaders. The two chiefs finally went forth and made a personal appeal to the recalcitrant brother. The brother finally pretended to be won by their persuasion, and a day was appointed for

the meeting. The Indian chief marched to the place of rendezvous, accompanied by his two brothers and five hundred warriors, all of the latter being adorned with plumes of various colors and armed with bows and arrows of the finest workmanship. The meeting was cordial and the cacique professed friendliness and good will. On the following day the Spaniards visited the village of Vitachuco, where two days were spent in feasting and rejoicing. On the third day the two brothers departed.

On the fifth day after the meeting, some of the Indian interpreters informed Juan Ortiz of a plot, which he in turn related to De Soto. The plan of Vitachuco was to have a general muster of his subjects who were to be drawn up in battle array without arms. The weapons were to be near at hand, however, and ready for instant use. The Indian chief hoped to lure the white men into his power and then massacre them. The Spaniards were too sharp, however, and being warned, they met treachery with treachery. They proceeded to the review in battle array, with glittering arms and fluttering banners. Before the chief could give his signal, a Spanish trumpet sounded a warning blast. The chief himself was seized and borne away. The Spaniards came out victorious and many Indian warriors fell dead on the battlefield. Those who were captured were distributed among the soldiers as slaves. Rage and hatred rankled in Vitachuco's heart, and he planned another scheme of vengeance. As his captured subjects equalled in number their captors, he conceived it would be possible by a preconcerted movement, to rid themselves of their oppressors. Word was quietly sent around that at the war-whoop each Indian was to grapple with his master and endeavor to kill him. After the dinner he seized De Soto, with whom he dined, and gave the signal. Many of the Spaniards were seri-

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ously injured, but only one was killed. The chief and most of his warriors were killed. De Soto was so badly injured that he could eat no solid food for twenty days.

Resuming their march, the next village through which the Spaniards passed was that of Osachile. This village was deserted and the Spaniards remained only long enough to ambush some slaves, who were taken along with chains fastened to iron collars around their necks. They then proceeded toward Apalache, a great province of which they had heard much. The boundary of this domain was a vast swamp, which was so impassable that the Spaniards simply called it the Great Swamp, for all others dwindled into insignificance by comparison. The Indians encountered were driven back and many were killed. They were brave but their weapons were insufficient against the armor of the invaders. A great battle arose between two hundred picked men who had been ordered to cut a road through the forest and across the water. The jungle was finally passed and dry wood-land again encountered. The fight was not ended, however, for the Indians crept from tree to tree and concealed themselves behind the bushes in order to pick off the Spaniards one by one. For two long leagues they were obliged to toil and fight their way through this forest. The Indians had blocked up the open places with great logs, and had tied branches across from tree to tree in order to impede the horses. The Indians amply justified their reputation for fierceness. Even when captured, they bore themselves with haughtiness and defiance. The Spaniards finally succeeded in reaching a large Indian village, named Anhayea, where they rested for a time and finally spent the winter season there. This is believed to have been in the neighborhood of Tallahassee.

One of the most interesting incidents of the expedition

was the journey of thirty cavaliers back to the base garrison, for De Soto had decided that there was no need to maintain two camps. These men were under the command of Juan de Anasco, who had greatly distinguished himself by his good judgment. He was ordered to choose twenty-nine companions and march back one hundred and fifty leagues. He did not shrink from the commission, but entered upon it with enthusiasm. The men were equipped as lightly as possible, wearing a helmet and coat of arms, carrying their lances in their hands and a small wallet of food hanging from their saddles. They planned to travel at full speed and kill every Indian they met, so that no news could be sent ahead. The first day they covered eleven leagues and killed two Indians. They passed through several Indian villages and left a bloody trail behind them.

Some of the adventures that befell this band of a score and a half of cavaliers approached the marvelous, at least according to the accounts which they have left us. On several occasions they were obliged to swim across the swollen streams when hostile savages were pursuing them. While passing through the province of Acurea one of the men sickened and died in the saddle. About midnight of the same day the comrade of this man also succumbed, under almost the identical circumstances. The belief arose that these deaths were due to the plague, and four of the men ran away panic stricken. All dropped to their knees in prayers that they might be spared by the Death Angel. At one time it occupied them nearly an entire day to get their horses across a stream. By the time this was accomplished the men were almost frozen and spent with fatigue, for they had little food with them to restore their strength. At last they succeeded in reaching their comrades and rode up to the

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headquarters of Calderon in battle array. The camp was then broken up and the entire garrison was started on its march to Apalache. De Anasco took the two ships and sailed along the coast in search of the Bay of Aute.

De Soto himself was not idle, for he was kept on the alert both day and night by the assaults and ambushes of the Indians. His soldiers could not venture outside the camp for fear of death. De Soto employed all his skill to locate the chief of the hostiles, finally learning that he was secreted in the center of a great forest. The governor decided to make the search himself. He set out with a picked body of men and reached the lair of Capafi, the chief. He was ensconced here like a spider in the midst of its web. A little fortified camp had been constructed to which there was only a narrow entrance, and he found the savages ready for him. The fight was not a facile one, but the outcome was inevitable. Seeing that his men were being ruthlessly slaughtered, the chief surrendered. The Spaniards gazed upon him in wonder, for they had never seen a man so fat. Not only was he so corpulent that he could not walk, but he was not even able to hold his body upright on his feet. In public it was necessary for his attendants to carry him, and in private he crawled about on his hands and knees. He was received affably by the Spaniards and was not watched very carefully because the Spaniards thought it impossible for him to escape and, besides, he appeared very submissive. He simulated friendliness for the Spaniards and sent messages to his followers to cease their fighting. As they did not obey he asked De Soto to permit him to go as a messenger of peace. In accordance with this desire, the chief was carried several leagues into the forest, and then the Spaniards retired. After a reasonable delay they



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again went forward, but to their surprise they found that the chief had disappeared.

It was in the last week of December that Juan de Anasco, with caravels, arrived in the Bay of Apalache. Six days later, Pedro Calderon and his detachment marched painfully into the camp, for the men and horses were sore and wounded. They were hailed by their comrades with shouts of joy and as men raised from the dead, for the Indians had brought word that all had been killed. It was a gratification to the leaders of the two expeditions, one by land and one by sea, to know that each had safely reached the camp of De Soto. A week later Diego de Maldonado embarked on the caravels and sailed one hundred leagues to the west. At the end of a couple of months he returned, bringing two captives and the news of a most beautiful port which he had discovered. This port was called by the Indians Achusi, and is now known as Pensacola Bay. This was just what the Spanish commander wanted. A few days later two of the caravels were sent to Havana to announce the new discovery to the wife of De Soto, and to inform her of the success of the expedition. He was ordered to bring back an abundant supply of clothing, weapons and ammunition of all kinds to Achusi, where De Soto himself would meet him in the following October.

The rest of this winter was spent at Apalache without any adventures of particular note. Food was secured by foraging around over the country and some of the Indian villages. The Indians continued hostile, and it was necessary to remain constantly on guard against ambush. During the winter a number of the soldiers were killed and many of the horses, which were almost invaluable, were slain by Indian marksmen.

In the early spring of 1540, after five months in camp,

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the Spaniards under De Soto, left Apalache and journeyed toward the northeast. Foraging here had been an easy matter, for great quantities of beans, pumpkins, maize and fruits were to be obtained within a short distance. Two Indians had been captured during the winter, who came from distant provinces. They told of a remote province, called Cofachiqui, which was ruled by a female chief, who received tribute from all her neighbors. From their reports De Soto understood that the chief traffic of this tribe was in gold and silver. It was therefore determined to march in search of Cofachiqui. They soon left the border of Florida, as we understand that term today, and it will not be within our province to follow their remaining travels in detail. The first Indian town De Soto encountered on his route was Yapuha. Here he was met in a friendly manner and courteously entertained, and De Soto "left a very high crosse of wood sett in the midst of the market place." This part of the country was more thickly inhabited than the land farther south, for one chief is said to have sent in two thousand Indians bearing many presents. Among the goods brought were a number of dogs, for it seems that these Indians were very fond of dog flesh.

Near the Atlantic Coast of South Carolina, De Soto came upon the territory of the Indian queen, who is said to have been endowed with great beauty and loveliness. Upon approaching her capital, he was met by her sister who welcomed the strangers with a courteous speech. The chronicler of the expedition waxes eloquent in his description of the queen and the ceremonies which the Spaniards witnessed. The Indian princess bestowed upon the Adelantado rich presents of the cloths and skins of the country, and many beautiful strings of pearls. She took from her own neck a magnificent cordon of

pearls and placed it about the neck of De Soto. So large was this string that it passed three times around her neck, then descended to her waist. Perceiving that the Spaniards valued the pearls highly, the princess advised De Soto to search certain graves, the location of which was indicated to him, where he would find many pearls. They followed her instructions and found fourteen bushels of pearls, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds. They found little babies and birds made of these gems.

Many of the Spaniards were so wearied with their long marches and the many hardships that they had undergone, and were so pleased with the domain of this princess, which contained more wealth than any they had yet seen, that they urged upon their leader to remain here. He replied that he was not satisfied with a pleasant country, nor with the purest of pearls, but that he was searching for a land abounding in gold, and that they must proceed with him. De Soto compelled the Indian princess to accompany him for a number of days, doing that to insure the good behavior of the Indians, but she suddenly disappeared one day. At the same time one of the Spaniards in his company vanished. It was believed that he joined the fair princess and returned with her to her tribe.

From Cofachiqui to the borders of the Tennessee River, the governor encountered no opposition. At one time he was presented with seven hundred hens; on another occasion three hundred dogs were brought to him for his table. After traveling through the upper parts of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, he changed his course southward and arrived at a town called Mautila, near the present site of Mobile. Here he encountered bitter opposition from the natives. The pearls and the baggage which was being carried by Indian slaves were

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captured by them and carried into the town. In his effort to destroy the Indians De Soto set fire to the buildings, so that his own baggage and the great quantities of pearls were destroyed in the conflagration. His own losses were eighteen men killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. While here De Soto learned that Maldonado was waiting for him at Achusi (Pensacola), according to instructions given him. The governor's pride prevented him turning back, however, while there was still a glimmering hope of accomplishing the main design of his expedition, which was the discovery of gold. Thus it was that he deliberately turned his face toward the setting sun, away from his native land, leaving behind all the wealth and distinction arising from his governorship of Cuba. Maldonado, after waiting a long time for his commander, despaired of ever seeing him again and set sail for Havana.

De Soto changed his course to the northwest, and at every step he was met with demonstrations of enmity, from the natives. Sore of body and wearied in spirit, he moved onward until he finally reached the Mississippi, which the Spaniards called the Rio Grande, or the Great River. They described the river as "about half a league broad. If a man stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or not. The river was of great depth and of strong current; the water was always muddy; there came down the river continually, many trees and timber, which the force of the water and stream brought down. There was a great store of fish in it of sundrie sorts, and the most of it differing from the fresh-water fish of Spain!" From the cottonwood trees on its banks De Soto constructed boats capacious enough to carry three at a time, and crossed over at night without interruption from the

natives. He spent the summer and autumn in exploring the regions beyond the Mississippi and wintered, it is supposed, upon the White River. He then concluded that in the spring he would go to the seacoast and dispatch one vessel to Cuba and another to Mexico, with the view of sending to his wife, the Lady Isabella, who was in Cuba, intelligence of himself, and for another outfit to enable him further to prosecute his expedition. Up to this time he had lost two hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifty horses.

About the middle of April De Soto returned to the banks of the Mississippi and began to make inquiries about the country beyond, but he secured very little satisfactory information. He sent an expedition to the south, but it could make no progress on account of the swampy nature of the land. The gallant chief now began to yield to a feeling of discouragement and to sink into despondency. A slow fever was gradually weakening him, and he felt that his last hour was approaching. He gathered his followers around him in twos and threes to receive his parting words, and named Luis Muscoza Alvarado to succeed him as leader of the expedition. On the 21st of May, 1542, "departed out of this life the valorous, virtuous and valiant Captaine Don Fernando De Soto, Governor of Cuba and Adelantado of Florida"; whom, says the chronicler, "fortune advanced as it useth to do others, that he might have the higher fall. He departed in such a place and such a time, and in his sickness he had but little comfort."

In order that the Indians might not secure the body, it was wrapped in his mantle and was conveyed by the dim light of the stars to the middle of the river that he had discovered and dropped into the stream. "The dis-

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coverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place." The new leader attempted to reach Mexico by land, but, becoming discouraged in this attempt, concluded to construct boats. The Spaniards built seven large boats and floated down the Mississippi. Coasting along the shore, they reached the nearest Spanish settlement in Mexico, Panuco, where they were joyfully received and treated with great kindness. The number arriving at Panuco numbered three hundred and eleven persons, the only survivors of the thousand brave men who had landed at Tampa Bay four years earlier, excepting the few men who had returned to Cuba with Maldonado.

The disasters that befell the conquest of Florida had not yet reached their end with the important expedition of De Soto. In 1545 a treasure-ship on a voyage from Spain to Mexico was wrecked on the coast of Florida. Some two hundred survivors who reached the shore fell victims to the Indians. A few captives were retained by them as slaves, one of whom, Laudonniere, served them for twenty years before making his escape. A few years afterward, a fleet of several boats met disaster on the west coast of Florida while on their way from Havana to Spain. Of the thousand persons on board, three hundred safely reached land. Constantly harassed by the fierce natives, all fell victims to their savagery excepting only one Francis Mercos. He had been abandoned by his companions in a dying condition. Recovering somewhat he crawled along the coast until he was discovered by two friendly Indians, who carried him to Panuco. Four Franciscan brothers sailed from Havana to Christianize the Florida natives. They

landed at Tampa Bay in the year 1549. Two of these set out at once toward the interior and were massacred by the natives. The others remained on board their little boat. While there they were joined by a Spaniard who had been kept a prisoner by the Indians for ten years. One of the two remaining priests, undiscouraged by the fate of the others, determined to try his powers of persuasion upon the aborigines. He landed alone among a dusky throng of warriors assembled upon the shore. Scarcely had his feet reached dry land before he fell a victim to his zeal. The remaining father and his companions then abandoned the expedition and returned to Cuba.

In the year 1559 an expedition on a large scale was prepared to conquer this inhospitable peninsula, where so many disasters had befallen the Spaniards. It consisted of fifteen hundred soldiers, together with a large number of friars and priests, and was under the command of Don Tristan de Luna. It sailed from Vera Cruz amid salvos of artillery and shouts of good will from the assembled multitude. On the 14th of August the fleet cast anchor in Pensacola Bay, which was given the name of Santa Maria. A few days later a terrific gale suddenly arose which destroyed the entire fleet. Fortunately, the party had already been landed and a reconnoitering expedition dispatched into the interior. The loss of the ships was a severe blow in itself, and the reconnoitering parties brought back unfavorable reports. Some of them found only vast deserts and solitude. Supplies ran so low that the soldiers lived partly on acorns, the bitterness of which was relieved by boiling them first in salt water and then in fresh water. They became so reduced that they began to look forward to death itself as a relief from their sufferings.

Hearing of the rich province of Coca, where food was reported to abound, De Luna sent a detachment of two hundred men to find it. Some of the men died of starvation before they reached a land where chestnuts and hickory-nuts abounded. Soon afterwards they reached some Indian villages, where they obtained food. The far-famed Coca proved to be a small village of about thirty huts and a few smaller settlements. The Spaniards were treated kindly, but food was not abundant. De Luna had gone to Baporica (Mobile Bay) but returned to Santa Maria. Here discussions arose. One party wanted to proceed to Coca and the other was unwilling. De Luna's authority was broken because of the violence of the dispute. In the meantime the vessels sent to Havana to procure relief reached there safely and the two vessels were loaded with provisions for the stranded Spaniards. He remained at Santa Maria for five months longer, when an emissary arrived from the Viceroy of Cuba, bearing the appointment of Governor of Florida. Councils were held on the course to be pursued. Most of the Spaniards left, but De Luna and a few followers remained and a communication was sent to the Viceroy of Mexico. Because of the many misfortunes that official was unwilling to pursue the attempt farther and recalled De Luna. Thus ended in absolute failure the best appointed expedition that had ever come to Florida, and it was the last. Under better management it might have achieved success and a colony planted here on the shore of Pensacola Bay.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAGEDY OF THE HUGUENOTS

ONE of the most tragic incidents in the history of Florida is afforded by the establishment of a colony of Huguenots from France. This was also the first practical attempt at permanent colonization of the peninsula, for all previous expeditions had resulted in nothing more than adding to the world's geographical knowledge. Furthermore, the Huguenot colonists became the first martyrs to civil and religious liberty on the North American continent, for they arrived half a century before the Puritans stepped ashore at Plymouth. Driven from their native land by intolerable opposition and persecution, these followers of the new faith sought freedom to worship the Almighty as seemed to them best on the shores of the New World. Their trials and sufferings and the tragic end of so many enliven the annals of Florida history.

The initial French expedition to the Florida shores was led by Jean Ribaut, an excellent seaman and a staunch Protestant, in 1562. This was indeed a troublesome year in France, when a wild rage of fanaticism and hate was sweeping over the land. Father was grappling with son, brother with brother; altars were being profaned and hearthstones made desolate. Ribaut and his band crossed the Atlantic in a couple of antiquated crafts and landed near Matanzas Inlet, on the 30th of April. They then turned their prows northward and reached the mouth of a great river on the following day. Kneel-

ing on the ground they voiced their thanks to God, who had safely guided their voyage. The bright sun, the tranquil air, the woods fresh with verdure and the meadows bright with flowers, the strange and beautiful birds, all appealed to these imaginative Frenchmen. They then anchored at Fernandina and touched at a number of points farther north, suffering terrible hardships before returning to their beloved France. This was but the opening act of a tragic drama in the attempt to plant the banner of France and Protestantism on the shores of the Florida peninsula.

It was on the 22nd of June, 1564, that the Indians of the village called Seloy, on the sandy eastern coast of Florida, descried three strange ships approach the shores and come to anchor a short distance out. Two small boats soon afterwards put out and approached the village, whereon there was a great commotion among the aborigines. Most of them hastened down to greet the strangers, whom they hailed with a warm welcome. It was at the season of the year when the country is at its best, and the delight of the passengers knew no bounds. The ensigns bore the fleur-de-lis of France, and the name of the leader was Rene de Laudonniere, a man of noble birth. Two years earlier he had visited the same coast with Jean Ribaut, and had carried across the seas tales of "the wonderful beauty of the country, the sweetness of the climate, the richness and variety of the fruits and flowers, the game in the forests, the multitudes of fish in the water." On this visit he had established friendly relations with the natives, who now welcomed his return, and he was overwhelmed with the gifts of those simple people of the wilderness. "After they had made much of us, they showed us their paracouffy, that is to say, their king and governor, to whom

I presented certain toys; and, for my own part, I prayse God continually for the great love which I have found in these Savages, which were sorry for nothing but that the night approached and made us retire unto our ships. . . . Before my departure, I named this river the River of Dolphines, because at mine arrival I saw there a great number of Dolphines, which were playing in the mouth thereof." Thus runs an old English translation of Laudonniere's account of his arrival. This is now the harbor of St. Augustine.

From Seloy the French sailed north for a distance of forty miles to a stream which had previously been named River of May. Here a concourse of natives, arrayed in smoke-tanned deerskins stained in sandy colors, likewise welcomed them. They crowded around the voyagers with beaming visages. A pillar of stone, bearing the French coat of arms, which had been erected by the previous expedition, was found wreathed with garlands of flowers and evergreens, while around its base were set baskets of maize, beans and other products of the soil. Another exchange of gifts followed. The natives presented the chief with a "wedge of silver," and a league of perpetual good will was formed. The spirits of the prospective colonists were aroused to the highest pitch. They naturally called each other "friends and brothers."

About five miles up the St. John's River, on the southern bank, is a small hill which is now called St. John's Bluff. A tract of land just above this slight eminence was chosen as the site for the settlement. It was protected at one side by the bluff, on the other by a marsh; in front was the river and at the rear was a forest. A hymn of thanksgiving was sung, and a prayer was offered up for divine protection. Thus was

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Protestant worship celebrated in the New World long before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. All hands now fell to work with a determination in the building of a fort in which the aborgines joyfully assisted, so the chronicler informs me. Noble volunteer labored side by side with the meanest artisan. It was a triangular structure of logs, sand and turf, and was named Fort Caroline, after the little French King Charles the Ninth. At each angle was a bastion, in one of which was a magazine. Within it were erected barracks and a large house with covered galleries for the commandant and his officers,

This was the humble beginning of a French Protestant colony in Florida, which was intended to form an asylum for the followers of the new religion in their home land, for at this time the struggle between Catholics and Huguenots was approaching a crisis in France. It was felt that here they might be secure from persecution and destruction. Two of the ships were dispatched to France for supplies and reinforcements, but they did not return for a long time. In the meantime the little colony suffered greatly in their fruitless search for gold and in conflicts with the Indians. These expeditions led them over a large portion of Georgia and South Carolina, as well as Florida. Cliques arose and sedition was fast springing into life. Hopes of quick wealth and dreams of plenty were alike disappearing under the stern realities of life in an unsettled and savage land. When placed upon decreased rations, many began to inveigh against the commander. Had the Huguenots been practical pioneers they would have avoided many of their privations. But there were no tillers of the soil among them. Many were pure adventurers, some were reckless soldiers, while others were discontented tradesmen.

They were not the proper material to build an empire across spacious and stormy seas for their country and their religion. They did not plant crops to provide sustenance for themselves, but trusted to the generosity of the Indians. Not a square rod of ground had been stirred by the spade, and the Indians were becoming hostile.

In May, Laudonniere himself describes their straits as very desperate. "We were constrained to eat roots," says he, "which the most part of our men pounded in the mortars which I had brought with me to beat gunpowder in, and the grain which came from other places. Some took the wood of esquine (probably cabbage palmetto) beat it and made meal thereof which they boiled and ate. Others went with their arquebuses to kill fowl." Thus the account continues with pathetic descriptions of the weakness and sickness brought on by famine, finishing with reciting how the colonists, not being able to work, "did nothing but goe one after another, as centinals, unto the cliffe of a hill very near unto the fort, to see if they might discover any French ship." In desperation Laudonniere decided to seize an Indian chief because his people would not bring the necessary supplies. Those who could bear the weight of armor put it on, and embarked to the number of about fifty in two barges. Arrived at the village of Outina, they disembarked and captured the chief. As a ransom they demanded a liberal supply of corn and beans. It was finally agreed to release this chief in exchange for two other chiefs, so that the former might go back and exhort his people. He faithfully endeavored to keep his word, but his people were somewhat unruly. They sought to capture the French by treachery, while bringing in the supplies. The French were warned by the chief, but

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were so anxious for food that they did not heed it. As a result, a conflict arose which is known as the Battle of Tagesata. The superior weapons and armors of the French served them well, but more than a score were killed or wounded, and only a little food was secured.

It was found impossible to keep the colonists supplied with sufficient food to maintain them in good condition and cheerful spirits. Because of this mutiny had arisen and Laudonniere narrowly escaped assassination. While building some boats in which to sail back to France, Laudonniere himself beheld a sight which sent a thrill through him. A great ship was standing at the river's mouth, and others were close behind. They proved to belong to Sir John Hawkins, who had thus opportunely arrived on his return from a slave expedition. This rugged British sailor proved to be a friend in need to the French commander. Both hated Spaniards and both hated priests. He sold them a boat and left many supplies. These supplies included "twenty barrels of meal, six pipes of beans, one hogshhead of salt and a hundred cwt of waxe to make candles. Moreover, forasmuch as he saw my soldiers go barefoote he offered me besides fifty paires of shoes which I accepted. He did more than this: he bestowed upon myself a great jar of oil, a jar of vinegar, a barrel of olives, a great quantity of rice and a barrel of white biscuits. Besides these he gave divers presents to the principal officers of my company according to their quality; so that I may say we received as many courtesies of the general as was possible to expect of any man."

Hawkins afterwards wrote of the colony: "Notwithstanding the great suffering and want the Frenchmen had, the ground doth yield victuals sufficient, if they had

taken the pains to get the same; but they being soldiers desired to live by the sweat of other mens brows." Just as Laudonniere was prepared to sail homeward, seven ships arrived with Admiral Jean Ribaut in command, and with him were three hundred colonists. Once more everything looked promising for Fort Caroline, and the spirits of all arose with the hope of a Protestant New France.

Trouble was not far distant for Fort Caroline. Back in benighted Spain, where the monk and the inquisitor were the real lords, an expedition was being prepared under a royal commission, and with the papal blessing, which had been placed under the command of Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who was named Adelantado. It was a truly formidable undertaking, with a fleet of more than a score vessels and a body of twenty-six hundred men, including knights, Franciscan and Jesuit priests, and negro slaves. In a sense it was a crusade. Spain was the citadel of darkness. While day was breaking over the rest of Europe, bringing with it light and hope and freedom, Spain remained a monastic cell and an inquisitorial dungeon. Heresy was an ulcer that must be eradicated from the shores which the Pope had granted to Spain. Menendez was one of the ablest and most distinguished officers of the Spanish marine, and he was descended from an ancient family. He had begged for this commission, promising to finance it from his own heritage, and the royal permission had been graciously extended. "Such grief seizes me," he said, "when I behold this multitude of wretched Indians, that I should choose the conquest and settling of Florida above all commands, offices, and dignities which your majesty might bestow." His commission to conquer Florida really covered the territory from Mexico to

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Labrador, for this was the Florida of the old Spanish geographers.

The expedition is said to have cost Menendez a million ducats. He set sail from Cadiz on the 29th of June, 1565. Despite a furious tempest, which scattered the fleet, calms, and dangerous shoals, about one third the fleet, under divine guidance, as related by the official chronicler, reached the Florida coast, the rest of the transports having been lost or scattered. It was on the day sacred to San Agustin, and a *Te Deum* of praise and thanksgiving was sung. Menendez thought now that he would soon have an opportunity to crush out this new heresy. Sailing north, the lookout one morning early in September descried the French ships at anchor off the River of May. After some maneuvering for strategic positions, the Spanish ships came to anchor. The silence was broken by a trumpet from the *San Pelayo*, which was answered by a French trumpet.

"Whence comes this fleet?" queried Menendez, with much courtesy.

"From France," was the response.

"What is it doing here?"

"Bringing infantry, artillery and supplies for a fort which the King of France has in this country, and for many more which he will build."

"And you, are you Catholics, or Lutherans?"

"We are Lutherans of the New Religion," cried out many voices from among the French.

Menendez informed them that he had strict instructions to behead all Lutherans found on land and sea and he further told them that he would board their ships at break of day. "If I find there any Catholics they shall be spared; but all who are heretics shall die." At this high-sounding reply Menendez was interrupted by

jeers and with taunts that it was not necessary to wait until morning. "If you are a brave man, don't wait till day," they said. Provoked to great fury, Menendez bore down upon the *Trinity*, but the French, who were ill-prepared to resist, were too quick. They had cut the ropes and put straight out to sea. Of this Mendoza, the priest-chronicler, wrote: "Those crazy devils are such good sailors and maneuvered so well that we could not capture a single one of them." Returning at break of day, the Spaniards discovered the French at the fort drawn up ready to receive them. Not wishing to risk an attack, they sailed to the south and entered the River of Dolphines and anchored before the village of Seloy. On September 8th the town of San Agustin was founded, and it was so named because the land had been discovered on the day sacred to that saint.

On the 10th of September, Menendez and his followers were astonished to see French ships coming down upon them. Ribaut had decided that boldness was the safest policy, and so had taken the offensive into his own hands. Helpless because of a calm, it looked as though they were lost. The trembling soldiers prostrated themselves upon the deck in prayers to Virgin Mary. As if by a miracle, says Menendez, a wind arose and enabled the Spanish ships to seek shelter. The French boats were driven helplessly before the tempestuous wind. With sorrow and rage Ribaut was compelled to seek safety for his vessels. "God and the Holy Virgin have performed another great miracle in our behalf," wrote the pious Spaniard.

With the foresight of a real leader, Menendez now foresaw an opportunity to destroy the heretics. In his mind's eye he could picture all or the greater part of the French ships wrecked upon the breakers of the shore.

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Taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, Menendez selected several hundred pikemen and arquebusiers and marched toward Fort Caroline. For four days they threaded the swamps and pursued their way through the almost impenetrable thickets with rain ceaselessly pouring upon them; but the indomitable will and religious fanaticism of the leader knew no check. It was a drenched and bedraggled army that finally reached the mouth of the River of May, but it was an impotent garrison that they found, men who were almost exhausted by their ceaseless vigil. Laudonniere was sick, and those on guard had relaxed their vigil, never dreaming that the enemy would advance in such frightful weather. The rain had been falling in torrents. When the fierce shouts of the charging Spaniards broke the silence, not a single sentry was on the rampart. A trumpeter alone witnessed the onrushing enemy and sounded the alarm. Sick men leaped from their beds, while women and children darted shrieking from the houses. The Spaniards were upon the fort before the brave defenders had reached their ports. Many were slain in the first onslaught, and the banner of Spain soon floated from Fort Caroline.

"Slay, and spare not" was the Spanish leader's cry. A few escaped and a few were spared. Six returned and surrendered only to be hewed down immediately with swords and halberds. The few who remained away reached two boats that had been left and escaped to France; among these was Laudonniere. About one hundred and forty-two were slain, and about fifty women and children were captured. The women and children were spared only to become slaves and servants to the conquerors. Menendez wept with emotion as he offered thanks to the Almighty for the favors he had received.

"Are there any among ye," said Menendez to the captured men, "who profess the faith of the Holy Catholic Church?"

Two of the prisoners answered in the affirmative. He turned them over to Father Salvandi, ordering their bonds to be removed. Continuing, he said to the rest; "Are there any among ye, who seeing the error of their ways, will renounce the heresy of Luther and come into the fold of the only true church? Hear ye—and now say. Do you not comprehend that your lives rest upon your speech? Either ye embrace the safety that the church offers or ye die by the halter."

A dead silence followed. The captives looked mournfully at each other and at the Adelantado. But in his set cruel countenance there was no sign of mercy. Then one sturdy soldier took a step in front of his fellows and, lifting his face proudly, said, "Pedro de Menendez, we are in your power. You are master of our fort and our mortal bodies, but in the face of the death you threaten we say we cannot recant our faith in the true church of Christ. We have naught to do with Rome. As we have lived in our Lord's teachings we will die faithful to them. We ask your mercy on honorable terms only. We cannot take the terms you offer." The cries of the women arose, as they embraced their husbands and fathers. Two hours later the men were hung, and the following inscription in large characters erected: "I do this not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Considerable booty fell to the Spaniards, but they rejoiced most over the fact that they had rid the world of many heretics. The name of the fort was changed to San Mateo.

Ribaut and his men fought against the storm for many hours, but all of his boats were finally driven ashore, and

his followers separated. Unable to launch them again, he headed his command toward Fort Caroline, not knowing its unfortunate fate. They had reached Matanzas Inlet, but could not proceed farther. Menendez had turned back to St. Augustine for fear that the French commander might have attacked it. On the day following his return, while the weary Adelantado was enjoying a siesta, an Indian runner brought word that some white men were a short distance below. They proved, as Menendez surmised, to be a part of Ribaut's command that had been shipwrecked. Menendez immediately started after them with a picked company. After a brief parley, the French, who were indeed a weary and forlorn body of men, were marched unsuspectingly into the Spanish camp. It is difficult to conceive how well men, with arms and able to bear them would surrender, but they were utterly broken in spirit. They were informed of the fate of Fort Caroline. Although Menendez did not promise a safe conduct in so many words, he did say: "If you will give up your arms and banners, and place yourself at my mercy, you may do so, and I will act toward you as God shall give me grace." Such pious words might well mislead honest men.

Menendez greeted the French with courtesy on his lips, but murder was in his heart. Pleading that his own men were few in number and so inferior to the French, he said it would be necessary to march them to his camp, four leagues distant, with hands tied. The hands of the prisoners were bound as they came into the Spanish camp. In small bodies they were marched over a little hill in this way and brutally murdered. Each squad as it approached was stabbed from behind. Neither prayers nor groans nor entreaties, nor the crimson streams of blood, turned the brutal monsters from their work of murder.

After the last heretic, in all a couple of hundred, had been stabbed, Menendez and his band of butchers marched back to San Agustin in triumph. A dozen Breton sailors, who professed to be Catholics, and four carpenters and caulkers, of whom he was in need, were the only ones spared.

The end of the chapter of cruelty has not yet been reached. Scarcely had their weapons been cleaned of gore when, on the following day, another body of shipwrecked men was reported. Once more the Spanish admiral with a picked body of men set forth. This time it was Admiral Jean Ribaut himself, with about three hundred men. A parley occurred when the forces approached. Menendez requested Ribaut, who had drawn up his men in battle array, to cross the inlet which separated the two forces, with eight gentlemen, pledging his word for their safety. He met them courteously, gave them food and treated them royally, urging them to unconditional surrender. He also showed them the corpses of his slaughtered followers. Ribaut asked aid of the Spanish commander to enable him to reach France. A ransom of one hundred thousand ducats was offered. Pretending to accept this, Menendez directed Ribaut to bring his men across.

One of the French leaders, D'Erlach, had his suspicions aroused and refused to surrender, but Ribaut seemed to feel that the fates were against him and hoped for the best. It was indeed a sad parting between the two bands, for each believed that the other was proceeding to certain death. One hundred and fifty thus came across, but the rest, almost an equal number, scented treachery and had retreated. Ribaut was led among the bushes, with his hands securely fastened. He then knew that he had been trapped. The Spaniards closed around

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their victims, but they were first given an opportunity to recant. "Are you Catholics or Lutherans? And is there any one among you who will go to confession?" was asked. "I and all here are of the Reformed Faith," was the answer of the French leader. Upon this answer of Ribaut, another slaughter occurred. Five only were spared. Ribaut himself began to repeat the psalm *Domine memento mei*, and marched unflinchingly to his fate, saying: "From earth we come, to the earth we must return! Soon or late, it is the same final end that comes to all." Menendez again returned to San Agustin, fully satisfied that he had performed his religious duty. He dispatched a glowing account of his success to the King of Spain, and from there the news reached France.

Some three weeks after the last massacre some Indians reported that a great number of Frenchmen were intrenching themselves near Cape Canaveral. These were the members of Ribaut's party who had refused to surrender. With a force of two hundred and fifty men Menendez set forth after them. When the poor Frenchmen saw the approaching Spaniards, they fled in panic. Menendez sent a trumpeter to summon them to surrender, pledging his honor for their safety. Many announced that they would sooner be eaten by the savages than surrender to the Spaniards, and they fled to the Indian towns. The rest surrendered, and Menendez actually kept his word. Their lives at least were spared, and some were induced to recant through the judicious offices of the Inquisition.

A cry of horror and execration arose from the Huguenots, when the news of the fate of Fort Caroline reached France. It even found an echo among the Catholics. But the meek and bigoted son of Catherine de Medicis,

afterwards responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre, gave no response to the cry for punishment.

But the brutal murder of the French was not to go unavenged. The avenger is Dominique de Gourges, a soldier of fortune, and at one time a Spanish galley slave. He felt that the honor of France had been foully stained. Failing to arouse the French government, he sold his own inheritance and fitted out an expedition. Gathering together a picked body of men, whom he embarked on three small galleys, he sailed with a commission to kidnap slaves on the coast of Africa. His true design was locked up within his own breast. When safely out at sea, he rehearsed the atrocious cruelties of the Spaniards to the Huguenots, and outlined his scheme of revenge. The excitable French nature was kindled, and his followers warmly endorsed the project. Their enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch.

De Gourges landed at the mouth of a river about fifteen leagues north of the River of May. Finding a body of natives drawn up with hostile intent, a trumpeter, who had escaped from Fort Caroline, was set ashore and was quickly recognized by the Indians. When the Indians discovered that the strangers were French their hostility was changed to welcome. It was found that the Indians had their own story of wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards. Since the Spanish came, said the chief, they had not seen a happy day. A French boy who had escaped the slaughter was found with them, and he proved an excellent aid as an interpreter. The Indians expressed their willingness to join in an attack upon the Spaniards. The French landed their weapons and supplies, and the Indians went through their customary ceremonies preceding a warlike expedition. Then the French and Indians took up their march together against the common

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enemy. Only a score of men were left behind to guard the ship.

The white and red allies found several hundred Spaniards strongly entrenched at Fort San Mateo (formerly Caroline) and two smaller forts. As the tide was in it was necessary to wait several hours before the crossing of the river could be effected. The French leader could scarcely restrain his impatience. Each man tied his powder flask to his steel helmet and held his arquebus above his head as he waded through the waters. The sharp shells of the oysters cut their feet, and they emerged from the water lacerated and bleeding. Upon approaching one of the smaller forts, a cannon ball was fired at the French. At that the chief Olotaraca bounded upon the platform, scaled the rampart and ran the gunner through with his spike. French and Indians followed the impetuous brave with a rush, and the fort was quickly taken. All but fifteen of the garrison were put to the sword. The garrison of the second fort fled after an impetuous assault and sought escape, but there was no escape. As in the other instance, fifteen were reserved. Then an attack was made upon San Mateo, but a welcome awaited them there. They beset this fortress until not a soldier dared to venture forth.

When the allies retired for a time into the surrounding forest, a force of three score were sent out by the commandant to discover the number and valor of the enemy. Forty-five of these were quickly dispatched. Then the rest of the garrison grew panicky and fled into the woods most remote from the French. Their very terror multiplied the numbers of the enemy. But it was too late, for the Frenchmen and Indians kept up the slaughter until not a Spaniard remained, excepting these reserved. Of these, the chronicler of the expedition says: "The rest

of the Spaniards being led away prisoners with the others, after that the General had showed them the wrong which they had done without occasion to all the French Nation, were all hanged on the same boughs of the same trees whereon the French hung, of which number five had been hanged by one Spaniard, which now perceiving himself in like miserable estate, confessed his fault and the just judgment which God had brought upon him. But instead of the writing which Peter Menendez had hanged over them, importing these words in Spanish, 'I do not this as unto Frenchmen, but as unto Lutherans,' Gournes caused to be imprinted with a searing iron on a table of firewood, 'I do not this as unto Spaniards, not as unto Mariners, but as unto Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers!'"

His mission accomplished, Gournes sailed back for France, as the Spaniards at San Agustin were in too great force. It was on the 3rd of May, 1568, that he set sail for his native land, well satisfied with the success of his exploit, for his losses had been insignificant. His had been a whirlwind visitation, and he bid farewell to his disconsolate allies with genuine sorrow.

CHAPTER V

UNDER FOUR FLAGS

A LARGE part of the history of Florida, after the terrible reprisal inflicted by De Gourgues for the frightful massacre of the Huguenots, presents but little more than a chronicle of the changes of governor and petty details of local affairs. Although the fertile valley of the Mississippi and the productive region of Southeastern United States awaited them, no colonies were planted and no towns founded by the Spaniards in this magnificent domain. After a hundred years of nominal domination, the total results were three small fortified towns in the province and a few scattered missions. It is quite probable that a century after the initial settlement of St. Augustine the Spaniards actually knew less about the country than did Menendez within a decade succeeding his arrival here.

Menendez started on his return to Florida on the 17th of March, 1568, and arrived there a short time after the departure of the French avenger. He had been honored with the appointment as governor of Cuba, as well as of Florida. It must indeed have been a painful blow to him to discover what had happened to his colony during his absence. How his vainglorious spirit must have chafed with impotent rage to think that an insignificant force could have administered so deadly a punishment upon his cherished colony. The garrison had been utterly demoralized and was suffering from an insufficiency of both food and clothing. The Indians had been aroused to

hostility, so that he found ample occupation in restoring order and reestablishing the Spanish posts.

Menendez was intensely interested in the missionary operations among the Indians, and devoted himself with commendable zeal to this work. The results were not promising for, after the zealous labors of four of the fathers in one locality for an entire year, they succeeded in baptizing only seven persons. Three of the converts were children, and the others were at the point of death. The Indians asked many questions, but as soon as presents of food ceased, their zeal immediately abated. Notwithstanding this apparent failure, missions were extended over a very large region. An attempt was even made to establish a mission on the shores of the Chesapeake, which was then called the province of Axiocan. The governor had been accompanied on his return by an Indian who had been carried to Spain and there educated in the Roman Catholic faith. This Indian proposed to guide a band of missionaries to a native tribe of which his brother was the cacique. An expedition consisting of a half-dozen priests and several junior brothers of the Order of St. Francis sailed to Chesapeake Bay, but the Indian proved treacherous and the entire party were murdered with the exception of one junior brother, who succeeded in escaping. In the following year Menendez conducted a retaliatory expedition into the same country, which succeeded in executing a number of those who participated in this treacherous act.

Had it not been for the personal exertions of Menendez, and his contagious enthusiasm, Florida might have been deserted by the Spaniards. As it was, the colony greatly languished. The primary reason was that the rich rewards which had been anticipated had not followed: no gold had been discovered, which was the prin-

cial purpose of all the Spanish conquistadores. Menendez finally returned to Spain, where he was greatly honored and became one of the royal counselors. He contracted a fever from which he died on the eve of assuming command of a powerful Spanish armada. Had it not been for his religious bigotry, the natural talents of Menendez might have brought him great honor and distinction.

Although a colony was not founded, the settlement at St. Augustine progressed very slowly. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, the English freebooter and arch enemy of Spain, sailed along these shores in returning from an expedition, and landed near the entrance to the harbor of St. Augustine. Two small cannon were taken ashore and set up at the nearest point. Two shots were fired, the first of which passed through the royal standard of Spain waving from the fort, and the second struck the ramparts. As it was late in the afternoon, offensive operations were suspended by the English for the day. During the evening a few shots were discharged from the fort at reconnoitering parties, but, at the same time, the Spanish garrison of one hundred and fifty were evacuating the fort, believing that a strong English force was about to attack them. A French fifer who had been with the Spaniards deserted them and approached the English forces in a canoe, playing a familiar English air. The boats were immediately manned and approached the fortress. Two shots were fired at them by some soldiers still left, but they found the place absolutely uninhabited. The Spaniards had left in such haste that the treasure chest, containing two thousand pounds sterling, fell into Drake's hands. They found the fort to be a primitive structure consisting of the trunks of pine trees upraised as palisades, and without a ditch. Upon their arriving at



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

the town all of the inhabitants fled after only a slight resistance. Because an English officer was shot at from ambush the English pillaged and then burned the settlement.

After the departure of Sir Francis the Spanish governor returned to St. Augustine and began the work of rebuilding the town. A dozen friars were forwarded to Florida to continue the missions among the natives, and they were distributed at different points along the coast. For five years they labored patiently and without serious opposition, when a general conspiracy suddenly arose against them. In the suburbs of St. Augustine at this time there were two Indian villages, which were called respectively Tolomato and Topiqui. The priest stationed at each of these villages was murdered by the aborigines; one of them, Father Rodriguez, begging the privilege of celebrating the mass before being put to death. This request was granted, and the Indians then butchered him at the foot of the altar. The priests at the Indian town of Assopo, on the island of Guale, and Asao were despatched. One priest escaped after horrible mutilations. After he had been bound and fire heaped around him, and the torch ready to be applied, an Indian woman begged that he be given to her so that she might exchange him for her son, who was held captive by the Spaniards. A vigorous assault was made on the island of San Pedro, but the savages were repulsed by a friendly chief. Five priests perished in this uprising against the Spaniards. As an exemplary punishment for these acts the Spanish governor burned the villages and the granaries wherever he was able.

Disasters such as the above did not discontinue the work of mission propaganda. A few years later there arrived a fresh influx of priests by whom a score of mis-

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sions were established in the principal Indian villages, and some of the missionaries achieved considerable success. A book, called "La Doctrina Cristina," was printed in the Tiniugua language, which is said to have been the earliest work printed in the language of the North American aborigines. A war broke out between the Spanish colonists and Apalache Indians, in the year 1638. As a result a considerable number of Indians were captured and impressed into work on the fortifications of St. Augustine, where they and their descendants were employed for sixty years. St. Augustine remained the principal town in Florida, but its progress was almost imperceptible. In 1647 there was great rejoicing because the number of house-holders had reached three hundred. About this time the succession of the family of Menendez to the governorship of Florida ended, with Herman de Alas as the last representative.

It should be remembered that the settlement of Virginia was not initiated until 1607, so that for a long time no difficulties occurred between the Spanish and English colonies because of their wide separation. With the granting of the charter of Carolina, in 1663, however, the situation changed, and the hostile feeling quickly developed which lasted for a century and more. This was the period of buccaneers and sea rovers, who sailed over the Seven Seas preying upon Spanish commerce. One of these expeditions, in charge of Captain John Davis, descended upon St. Augustine in 1665, with some seven small vessels, and pillaged the town. The garrison did not resist the attack but fled precipitately upon the enemy's appearance. The Spaniards loudly complained about the English pirates, while the Carolina settlers justly alleged that the Spanish authorities incited the Indians to hostile

acts and caused their slaves to leave. The Spaniards despatched a force against the English colonists on the Ashley River, but it was unsuccessful. A small naval expedition was also sent out against a Scotch settlement, on Port Royal Island, which burned the houses and plundered the settlers. It was accompanied by all the cruelties of savage warfare, and the greatest indignation was aroused. When the Spanish governor, in the year 1661, attempted to remove some of the Indian tribes, an insurrection arose during which many of the Spaniards and some of the Christian Indians were slain.

The spirit of enterprise and discovery seemed to have perished in Spain, but in virile France it was very much alive. France had recently appropriated the expansive valley of the Mississippi through the discoveries of La Salle and other voyagers. This success kindled the jealousy of Spain and aroused her to the latent possibilities of the Gulf Coast, which she already claimed by right of discovery. As a result, in the year 1696, a Spanish colony was planted on that coast, which was called Pensacola. A fort was built, a church established and a few public buildings constructed. Andres de Arriola was named the initial governor of this new province. Within two years there were three hundred Spaniards at Pensacola and in the forts. The French planted a small colony on the shores of Mobile Bay, a couple of years later. Over the interior of Florida the Indians still roamed practically undisturbed, and there was no settlement on the Atlantic Coast, excepting at St. Augustine. The record of more than a century of Spanish domination of the peninsula was barren and almost fruitless.

The friction between Spanish and English colonists increased from year to year, as the English colonies grew in numbers and strength. Each besought the aid of

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Indian tribes. Friendship for the one partisan was looked upon as certain hostility toward the other. Near the close of the seventeenth century Carolina was governed by an ambitious but rather unscrupulous governor, by the name of Moore, who was desirous of augmenting his reputation by some distinct enterprise. He induced the Assembly to authorize an expedition against St. Augustine, which he averred could be easily reduced. He also claimed that treasures of gold and silver would be their reward. As many slaves had fled to Florida, this was not difficult to do, for the colonists were anxious to recover their human property. Some six hundred provincial militia and an equal number of friendly Indians rendezvoused at Port Royal, in September, 1702. It was planned to conduct the expedition both by land and sea, making a combined attack upon the Spanish provincial capital. News of the impending raid reached the Spaniards and they prepared to defend themselves, gathering in provisions for a lengthened siege.

The land expedition under Colonel Daniel reached St. Augustine ahead of the naval contingent, and gained possession of the town, the soldiers and civil inhabitants having fled to the fort. Governor Moore safely arrived with the vessels, but, on account of the lack of heavy guns, was unable to make any impression upon the fort or castle. Colonel Daniel was sent to Jamaica to procure heavier artillery. Before he returned, however, and because of the approach of a couple of Spanish vessels, Governor Moore raised the siege but burned the town. He departed in such haste that he was compelled to destroy much of his own stores and munitions. When Colonel Daniel arrived with the guns he narrowly escaped capture because of ignorance of the turn that events had taken. Not a man was lost in the expedition, so the re-

port was made. But it had cost South Carolina some six thousand pounds, which forced the issue of the first paper money ever circulated in America. After having been kept penned up in the castle for three months, the inhabitants of St. Augustine emerged only to find their homes destroyed and themselves without shelter. Urgent appeals were sent to Spain for help and for increased forces of soldiers as a protection against further attacks. In the following year Governor Moore organized another expedition against the Indians in alliance with Spain, who were living in Northern Florida. His force consisted of about fifty colonial militia and a thousand Creek Indians. He found several of the Indian towns fortified and some Spanish soldiers with them. The expedition was eminently successful. All of the towns, excepting only one, were destroyed, and many of the Indians were carried away to be held as slaves. Everything of value, including the church plate and sacred vestments of the priests, was plundered and carried back. The Indian missions were practically wiped out of existence by this act of vandalism.

The great war, which was now waged between Great Britain on one side, and France and Spain on the other, finally reached the New World. In the year 1706, an expedition was projected by the French and Spanish upon Carolina. This was repelled by the governor with very slight loss, and he eventually captured one frigate loaded with a large number of the allies. An excursion was made into upper Florida in retaliation, which returned with a number of captives and escaped slaves. In 1714 a general outbreak of the Indian tribes in Carolina arose through the instigation of the Spaniards. It is claimed that the Indians removed their women and children to Florida before beginning their attacks. When defeated

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they fled to St. Augustine, where they were welcomed "with bells ringing and guns firing." At least four hundred South Carolinians lost their lives in this outbreak.

Friction also arose in the west between the settlements at Pensacola and the French colony a little farther along the coast. Each charged the other with encroachments upon their territory. France had carefully fortified her colonies, paternally looking after all their needs, even to the supplying of wives. As a result her possessions on the Gulf Coast had become prosperous. Mobile and Pensacola were too near not to have some collisions. At this time the Spanish governor of Pensacola was greatly disturbed and advised the strengthening of the fortifications of his capital. St. Mark's Fort was then erected and garrisoned by Spain. The French erected a small fortification at St. Joseph's Bay, against which the Spanish governor remonstrated. The fort was soon evacuated by the French and a Spanish fortress constructed at the same place, which was kept for a time.

When hostilities arose between France and Spain, the French commander at Mobile fitted out an expedition against Pensacola by sea, and sent a large force of Indian allies by land. He captured a small garrison on the island of Santa Rosa. A few soldiers put on the Spanish uniforms and overtook a detachment on its way to relieve the post. Still disguised, they passed over to the fort and secured possession of it without firing a shot. The commander was made a prisoner in his bed. Operations were then begun against the Castle de San Carlos, which also capitulated after a few hours upon terms very favorable to the Spaniards. The captors agreed to transport them to Havana, and promised not to destroy private property. While taking the Spaniards to the Cuban capital the two small vessels were seized and their crews made

prisoners. A Spanish expedition was immediately despatched against Pensacola, which was defended by a force of some sixty men, under De Bienville, and it was easily recaptured. The Spaniards also adopted a ruse. A captured French vessel sailed into the port, flying the flag of France. After passing the fort the Spanish banner was hoisted and, being joined by the other vessel, surrender was demanded. Some cannonading ensued when an armistice for five days was granted, after which the French commander surrendered.

The French and the Spanish accounts of all these events greatly differ. The French were sent to the Cuban capital as prisoners. The Spanish commander immediately instituted the work of strengthening the defense for the attack which he felt sure would follow. He was not kept in suspense long. A French force appeared against this town in September, 1719, and it was compelled to surrender to the French a second time. Great difficulty arose in getting the largest ship over the bar. The French say that its resistance was very feeble, except in Fort Principe de Asturias, while the Spanish accounts allege that the troops fought bravely until their guns were dismounted. The surrender took place on the 18th of September. The French fleet sailed for France carrying with them the entire Spanish garrison as prisoners of war. Thus it was that within three months Pensacola was thrice assaulted and thrice captured. The entire town was now laid waste, and it was not disturbed for a considerable period. There was no longer anything to capture, and nothing to defend. To protect the English settlements against attack by the Yemassee, the English had erected a small fort, called Fort King George, on the banks of the Altamaha. Claiming this to be an encroachment, a conference was arranged at Charleston between

the English and Spanish governors. The Spanish official could not sustain his contentions. When accused of harboring criminals, debtors and slaves, he agreed to return them all but the slaves. He said that the Spanish crown was interested in the souls of the black men, but would make compensation.

With the settlement of the new colony of Georgia, in 1732, the strength of the English was greatly increased, and their establishment brought much disturbance to the Florida officials. A settlement of Scotch Highlanders was organized on the banks of the Altamaha. The Spanish government sent a commissioner to Governor Oglethorpe, requesting him to surrender and evacuate all the territory south of St. Helen's Sound. This demand was promptly declined. Fearing an attack by the Spaniards, Oglethorpe decided to anticipate their action, and proceeded to put his province in a state of defense. War was declared by Great Britain against Spain in 1739, and an English squadron was sent to cooperate with General Oglethorpe against Florida. An expedition was at once set on foot against St. Augustine, and assistance secured from Carolina. The expedition was not ready to march until April, 1740, and in the meantime the Spanish commander had greatly strengthened his defenses. It is said that there were enough escaped slaves to form an entire regiment. Several small forts had been located north and west of the Spanish capital.

Oglethorpe proceeded with great energy in his campaign. Indian allies were secured and he had the cooperation of several naval vessels. It was almost a month before the land force reached the mouth of the St. John's River. They marched to Fort Moosa, about two miles north of St. Augustine, which was generally known as the "negro fort." This had been built to protect

negro slaves from Indians. They found it deserted and destroyed the buildings to prevent its reoccupation. A little later Colonel Palmer and a small force of Highlanders, together with some infantry and Indians, were sent to hold it. Considerable delay occurred over the non-arrival of some of the force. The English opened fire upon the town and fort from three batteries, which they had erected on Anastasia Island, on the 24th of June. The three batteries numbered some thirty-four mortars and guns. A Spanish force of three hundred men captured Fort Moosa, which was insufficiently garrisoned. It was also weakened because friction had arisen between the commanders. Colonel Palmer himself was killed. The English forces were unprepared, and had made no preparations for a successful resistance. When General Oglethorpe summoned the Spanish garrison to surrender, the Spanish governor "swore by the holy cross that he would defend the castle to the last drop of his blood and hoped soon to kiss his excellencie's hand within its walls."

The English batteries continued to play upon the town and fort, but with indifferent success, because of the restricted range of the guns and their poor handling. It was found impossible to make any impression upon the stone walls. The balls would penetrate the stone about to their own depth, but could make no fracture. Oglethorpe, knowing that the Spaniards were short of provisions, carefully guarded the main entrance to the town and fort. Not being familiar with the neighborhood, however, he neglected to block the port at Mosquito Inlet some sixty miles south, so that provisions were received from there. As many of the men were sick, and the fleet had been withdrawn for fear of tropical storms, it was now decided to abandon the enterprise for the present. Most of the guns were dismantled on the 6th of July and

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placed on board the ships. The loss had not been great, but the expedition was a failure. This caused great dissatisfaction in Carolina and Georgia, and the disputes were never settled satisfactorily. The season of the year probably had a great deal to do with the failure. The fort at St. Augustine had suffered no material injury, as its walls attest to this day, after a lapse of a century and a half.

The Spanish commander beseeched his home government for reinforcements, for he expected a renewal of the attack. Eight companies of infantry were sent him from Cuba. As the expected attack did not come, he advised the invasion of South Carolina and Georgia. A rather formidable expedition was prepared which proceeded along the Atlantic coast. The Spaniards were landed and began a march against the English settlements. Oglethorpe resisted them energetically and successfully. After several encounters the Spanish commander reembarked his troops and returned to Cuba, greatly chagrined at his failure. In March, 1743, General Oglethorpe made a sudden descent upon Florida and marched to the very gates of St. Augustine. Here he fought a battle, while his Indian allies advanced and captured some forty Spanish troops under the very walls of the fort. The Spaniards refused to fight and Oglethorpe retired. A treaty was finally concluded between Great Britain and Spain, in the year 1748, which caused a cessation of hostilities between the rival colonies. When war was again renewed between Spain and Great Britain, in 1762, Havana fell into the hands of the English. By this action St. Augustine was isolated, and its source of supplies cut off. As England had long desired to complete her American boundaries by the acquisition of Florida, a treaty was entered into by which the provinces of East and West



THE CITY GATES, ST. AUGUSTINE.

Florida were ceded to Great Britain, and Cuba once more placed under the banner of Spain.

The transfer of the sovereignty of Florida from Spain to England was exceedingly distasteful to the Spanish population of the province. In addition to the natural animosity aroused by the long course of hostility and friction between the colonies, there was the religious prejudice, for all the Spanish population were adherents of the Roman Catholic faith. It had been provided, however, in one of the articles of the treaty between the two nations, that the people should be left free to worship the Almighty in their own way, and "that his Britannic Majesty will, in consequence, give the most exacting and the most effectual orders that his Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion according to the rights of the Roman Church, so far as the laws of Great Britain permit." These guarantees, in their liberty and toleration, were far in advance of the practices of Spain under similar circumstances, but the ignorant and bigoted Spanish could not reconcile themselves to living under heretical rule. It was also provided that those who wished to do so could leave the country with perfect freedom and most of them embraced the opportunity to do so.

On the 7th of October, 1763, the King of Great Britain announced the division of Florida into two distinct and separate governments. East Florida extended west to the Gulf of Mexico and the Apalachicola River; to the north it was bounded by a line drawn from that part of said river, where the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers meet, to the source of the St. Mary's River, and then by the course of that river to the Atlantic Ocean. It was also to include all islands within six leagues of the coast. West Florida extended from the western line of East Florida to Lake Ponchartrain and the Mississippi River, and

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north to the thirty-first degree of north latitude. It also included all islands within six leagues of the coast. It will thus be seen that Florida at this time embraced all of the coast of Alabama and Mississippi and a part of that of Louisiana. It was provided that, as soon as possible, the governors of the two colonies should summon general assemblies in the usual form provided for colonial governments. The governors, with the consent of the councils and representatives of the people, were authorized to promulgate the laws for the general welfare and good government in accordance with the general restrictions of the English law. Until such assemblies were established the governors were authorized to establish courts in their respective jurisdictions.

This was the first time in the history of Florida that anything approaching representative government had been authorized or even permitted. This broad policy accounts for the different degrees of success attending the efforts of the two respective governments in their efforts at colonization. Spain had always treated her colonial subjects as being incapable of self-government, and had gathered around her fortified posts a crowd of parasites and dependents. No voice was allowed them even in local affairs. The English government authorized the governors to grant free lands to the reduced officers and private soldiers who had served in America, and who should personally make application for such claims. These grants ranged from five thousand acres for a field officer to fifty acres for a private soldier. After ten years rent was to be charged at the same rate as other lands of the same character. Most of the official Spanish employees withdrew at once to the West Indies or New Mexico. It is claimed that not more than five Spaniards remained in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. Only a

few stayed in Pensacola and Mobile. Had it not been for the efforts of the commanding officers, the Spaniards would have utterly destroyed every house and building in St. Augustine. As it was, the governor ruined his beautiful garden.

General James Grant was appointed the first governor of East Florida, and he immediately began to develop the resources of the province. Through his efforts attention was drawn to Florida and immigration began. Splendid roads were constructed, some of which are still in use, and are known as the "king's roads." Among these was a road from Fort Barrington, on the St. Mary's, to St. Augustine, which was built by private subscription. Pamphlets setting forth the attractions of Florida were circulated in England, and bounties were offered for the production of naval stores, indigo, etc. A considerable number of settlers were induced to come from other English colonies and from their homes in the British Isles. Some forty families migrated from Bermuda in 1776 and settled at the Mosquito Inlet, to engage in the work of building ships, for which the timber there seemed well adapted. The most noted settlement project was that headed by Dr. Andrew Turnbull, a Scotch gentleman. During the eight years of the judicious rule of Governor Grant East Florida received a large accession to its population, among them being some notable personages. Several of the English nobility were recipients of extensive grants, with the condition attached that settlement and development should be made. A Mr. Oswald established a plantation on the Halifax River, which is still known as Mount Oswald. A Mr. Rolle received a grant of forty thousand acres and embarked for Florida with a hundred families. He landed near the mouth of the St. John's and settled on the east side of the river. The place was

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called Pilatka. It was finally abandoned and most of the colony removed to Carolina.

The same spirit of progress permeated West Florida. The English began to rebuild Pensacola, and it was selected as the capital of this province. A large garrison was stationed there, for the accommodation of which extensive barracks were constructed. This made it a place of considerable importance. West Florida did not increase so rapidly as East Florida, because it was more remote from the home land and the other American settlements. There seems to have been the average amount of provincial intrigue and petty politics, for we find that the annals of this province which have descended to us are filled with discussions and backbitings and jealousies. In this respect it did not differ from other pioneer settlements. Many grants of land were likewise made in this province under regulations which had been established by the crown, most of which were along the rivers.

The acquisition of Florida by England was too recent for the growth of revolutionary sentiment there at the time it was overspreading the colonies farther north. Thus we find that upon receipt of the news of the Declaration of Independence effigies of John Adams and John Hancock were burned in the public square of St. Augustine, on the very spot where the monument now stands. A British vessel, called the *Betsey*, with one hundred and eleven barrels of powder on board, was captured in St. Augustine in August, 1775, by an American privateer. In order to avenge this insult the governor immediately ordered an expedition to proceed against the frontier settlements in Georgia. This force was composed of Indians and irregular troops. He wanted to prevent any more infatuated men from joining their "traitorous neighbors," from which one might gather the inference

that some Floridians had joined the Colonials. When active hostilities were begun between the colonies and Great Britain East Florida began to assume increased importance as a base of operations against the revolutionists. The militia were called out to join with the royal troops in resisting the colonists, while many " Tories " fled from Georgia and Carolina to Florida and joined these troops. It is said that during the year 1778 nearly seven thousand of these loyalists moved into Florida from Georgia and Carolina.

After Charleston had been captured by the British forces the commander took some forty gentlemen, whom he believed to be the principal promoters of the Revolution, to St. Augustine, and to this number twenty-one others were added later. This action was in violation of the paroles which had been allowed them. After giving new paroles they were allowed the freedom of the city. One of them, General Gadsden, refused parole, and was kept in close confinement in the castle for almost a year. These colonials were treated with many indignities by the officers and citizens, and were constantly informed of great victories won by the royal troops over the revolutionists. After about a year all of these prisoners were transferred to Philadelphia, where they were exchanged.

Although general assemblies had been provided for in the original letters patent of the king, these instructions were not actually carried out until 1780. The governors during all these years exercised the discretion granted to them, and seemed unwilling to apportion the powers of the government. In 1780 Governor Tonyn, of East Florida, was finally induced to summon an assembly, but he consented very reluctantly. At the first meeting of this body, a few laws of local importance were passed and a militia force was organized. The men elected were the

most substantial and most sensible persons that it was possible to secure, so the governor himself bore testimony. At its initial meeting the governor delivered an address of greeting and congratulations. The conditions of the province at this time seem to have been fairly prosperous, because of the influx of experienced planters from Georgia and Carolina, who were familiar with pioneer conditions. Commerce had greatly increased, and agricultural conditions had so improved that Florida promised to become a valuable English possession. Had Florida remained an English colony, it is quite possible that it would have equaled any of the other seaboard states, for even today we find in many places along the Atlantic coast traces of English cultivation and of improvements made by them. The Florida indigo realized the very highest price of any sold in London, and many thousands of pounds were exported each year. Likewise the production of naval stores increased annually, and some forty thousand barrels were exported in the year 1779. A bounty of ten shillings per barrel was allowed. Slavery was rapidly increasing also. In the year 1771 alone, one thousand negroes were brought in, of whom a goodly proportion were imported directly from Africa. Before the close of the Revolutionary War trouble had again arisen with the Spaniards. The English post at Baton Rouge was captured by the Spanish governor of Louisiana, and Pensacola was invested by a superior force, both by land and sea. Although it was fortified and held by a garrison of one thousand men, under General Campbell, and was protected by the forts of St. Michel and St. Bernard, it was finally captured. The fall was plainly due to an accident in which a shell entered the magazine of Fort St. Michel, when it was opened to take out ammunition. The explosion made a breach which enabled

Spanish troops to enter this fort. General Campbell capitulated on honorable terms, which enabled him to withdraw his whole force upon the promise not to serve against Spain until regularly exchanged. The loss of so important a fort was looked upon by the English authorities as very humiliating.

With the capture of Pensacola all the military posts of West Florida from that town to the Mississippi River remained in possession of Spain until the treaty of 1781, when they were formally transferred to Spain. With the loss of her American colonies, the value of Florida to Great Britain was greatly lessened. The government at London was also disposed to settle the war with Spain, which seemed absolutely fruitless. As a consequence all of Florida was exchanged with Spain for the insignificant Bahama Islands, which had been captured by the British. Thus it was the colonists of Florida again found themselves the victims of a political exchange which vitally affected their fortunes, but in which they were not consulted. The promulgation of the formal treaty by which East and West Florida were ceded to Spain, was the first intelligence that many of them had of the proposed transfer. The former conditions of religious toleration were not reciprocated in this case, and it was simply provided that the English inhabitants were granted eighteen months in which to remove their property or to dispose of their effects. Hard indeed was the fate that seemed to await the English, who had been induced to come here by the home government. Many of them had abandoned the Thirteen Colonies, because of their adherence to the royal cause, and did not think it safe to return. They had no point of refuge excepting the barren islets of New Providence and the Bahamas.

It was in June, 1784, that Governor Zespedez, the new

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Spanish official, arrived at St. Augustine with a few troops to take possession of Florida in the name of the King of Spain. Some transports had been sent by the British government to remove those who desired to leave. Some went to Nova Scotia: some emigrated to the Bahamas, and quite a number sailed to Jamaica, where they were received with considerable jealousy. A few preferred to return to the United States and take their chances in the new republic. Those who went carried with them their slaves. The time of removal was extended four months by Spain, and a decree was issued allowing the former inhabitants to remain, if they would take a solemn oath of fidelity to his Catholic Majesty, and would not change their residence or go away without leave of the government. A few English families remained after the evacuation, and the entire settlement of Creeks and Minorcans, who had composed the Turnbull colony, stayed. As they were Roman Catholics the change was probably welcomed by them.

The prosperity of Florida ceased with the Spanish occupation; the flourishing plantations that had been built up by English planters were allowed to drop into decay and soon reverted to the natural wilderness. A few sporadic attempts were made to induce settlement by proffers of land, but such impossible conditions were attached that few were willing to come. The few planters who remained soon abandoned the struggle in disgust. The boldness of the Indians increased, and a number of depredations occurred. At this time the principal chief of the Creeks was Alexander McGillivray, who was the son of a Scotchman and a half-breed Creek woman. He had been carefully educated, and upon his return to the nation soon acquired great influence with them. During the Revolutionary War he served with the British and re-

ceived the rank of colonel. At its close he entered into a treaty with the Spanish governor, agreeing to adhere to that government. For this he was given the rank and pay of a colonel of the Spanish army, and proved a very useful ally. It was through his efforts that the neighboring tribes were prevented from allying themselves with the Americans. He was not altogether loyal, for he also received pay from the United States government, and at times wore the uniform of a brigadier-general in the American army. He died in 1793 and was buried at Pensacola with Masonic honors.

It was only natural that friction should arise between the Spanish authorities of Florida and the newly-formed United States. About ten years after the change of the flag of Florida, General James McIntosh, who had been a prominent revolutionary officer, settled upon the St. John's River, at a plantation he called Bellevue. Several other American families, who were devoted to his interests, had migrated with him. The Spanish governor, being suspicious of McIntosh, had him arrested and thrown into prison when he was on a visit in St. Augustine. A detachment of soldiers were sent to Bellevue who searched his house and carried away all his private papers. General McIntosh was transferred to Havana and imprisoned in the dungeons of Moro Castle. Although his blind wife made every effort for his freedom, it was a year before he was released. After this experience General McIntosh abandoned Florida and removed to Georgia with his followers, after having destroyed a small Spanish fort at Cowfords, opposite Jacksonville, and several Spanish galleys anchored in the river.

The beginning of the American domination in Florida dates from the retrocession to France of that portion of West Florida lying west of the Perdido River. This

alienated from West Florida the most valued portion of her territory. What was left received very little attention from the home government. Eight years later Napoleon ceded this territory to the United States and France, which at one time claimed all the territory from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, withdrew from the last of her possessions in North America. Her forts and trading-houses had been scattered all along the Great Lakes and the principal rivers of this princely domain: but step by step she had receded from the snow-bound region of the North, and now she yielded the mild and sunny borders of the Gulf of Mexico. Her imprint remains still in the names bestowed during the French possession.

When trouble arose between the United States and Great Britain, in 1811, the Americans believed that the English were about to seize Florida as a base of operations against the United States. A resolution was secretly passed by Congress authorizing the President to obtain possession of Florida, in the event that such an attempt was made. Negotiations were entered into with the Spanish authorities of Florida to procure temporary possession of the province. "Should there be room to entertain a suspicion that a design existed on the part of any other power to seize Florida," the military authorities were authorized to take possession by force. The Spanish government absolutely refused to surrender Florida, as might be anticipated, and protested against any trespass upon its domain. In the spring of 1812, a number of frontiersmen and a few settlers in North Florida assembled near St. Mary's and organized a provisional government to establish a republic in Florida. General McIntosh was chosen Director of the Republic of Florida, and Colonel Ashley was appointed as military chief.

Because of the embargo imposed on trade with Great Britain by the United States, Fernandina became a depot for neutral trade, and scores of vessels might be seen in her harbor at the same time. The town itself was about four years old and contained a population of about six hundred. A small garrison held possession of the place, under Captain José Lopez, when nine American gunboats, under the command of Commodore Campbell, entered the harbor under the pretense of protecting American interests. General Matthews, who was on board, had determined to occupy Amelia Island, and decided to use the patriotic organization as a pretense to secure it. The gunboats were drawn up in a line in front of Fernandina, with their guns trained upon the fort. Colonel Ashley then embarked his patriots in boats and commanded the town to surrender. The Spanish commandant, seeing a number of gunboats before the town, even though not flying a hostile flag, decided to surrender. The Spanish flag was hauled down and articles of capitulation entered into on the 17th of March, 1812. These were signed by the Spanish commandant, for the Spanish Government, and by John H. McIntosh, on the part of the patriots. It was provided by these articles "that the island shall, twenty-four hours after the surrender, be ceded to the United States of America," but that the port of Fernandina shall be open as heretofore to vessels of all countries, including Great Britain. On the succeeding day Lieutenant Ridgley, of the United States army, assumed possession, while Colonel Ashley with his patriotic army of some three hundred men marched toward St. Augustine and were here joined by a hundred men under Colonel Smith. They reached Fort Moosa, but did not attempt to take St. Augustine. When knowledge of these events reached the Spanish minister at Washington he remon-

strated with the authorities. This placed the President in an embarrassing position, for General Matthews was his accredited commissioner, and had simply followed out his instructions. He was compelled to relieve General Matthews from his position in order to avoid serious complications and Governor Mitchell, of Georgia, was designated to succeed him.

Friction was aroused by an attack by negroes upon a detachment of United States troops, most of them invalids, who were on their way from Colonel Smith's camp, at Pass Navarro, to Colonel Briggs' camp, on the St. John's, in which several Americans were killed. Governor Mitchell promptly called for reinforcements to enable him to attack St. Augustine. The governor of Florida in turn demanded that all the United States troops be withdrawn from the province. By order of the President this was done, in order to avoid hostilities with Spain. Because the Indians were carrying on a predatory warfare upon the American settlements Colonel Newman, of Georgia, headed a volunteer expedition against the Indian town of Alachua. Near the foot of Lake Pitchlachocco, a few miles from this town, they encountered a considerable body of Indians under their leaders Bowlegs and Payne. A sanguinary engagement followed in which Payne was mortally wounded, and the Indians fled. They returned a few hours later with reinforcements and charged the Americans. Colonel Newman did not attempt to penetrate any farther into Florida, but retreated on the night of the 8th. He was again attacked by the Indians and compelled to draw up breastworks. The troops suffered greatly before they reached their homes from lack of food and other supplies.

In the early part of the year 1813, the last of the American troops were withdrawn from Florida. Gover-

nor Mitchell was superseded by General Pinkney. As the Spanish forces had been too weak to contest with the invaders, the country for a couple of years was practically in the condition of a conquered country. The American operations had undoubtedly been a serious thing for the province, for the agricultural development had been brought to a standstill. The troops in marching across the country had foraged upon the impotent planters at will, and without tendering compensation. In August, 1814, a British fleet entered the harbor of Pensacola and landed troops, with the consent of Governor Manriquez. The British flag was raised over Forts Michel and Barrancas, and the Indians of the neighborhood were furnished with arms and ammunition to fight the Americans, liberal bounties being promised to them. The American government was not idle, for General Andrew Jackson was directed to proceed against Pensacola. This he did in November of that year, with about five thousand volunteers from Tennessee and a force of friendly Indians, marching from Mobile in three days with his characteristic impetuosity. When a flag, which he sent forward to the Spanish governor, was fired upon, he determined to storm the town at once and advanced his troops for a direct assault. His progress was rapid and the Americans soon entered the streets of the city, despite the fact that it was defended by a fort, several batteries and seven war vessels. The town quickly yielded and Fort Michel was captured. Fort Barrancas was blown up by the English commander, who embarked with his troops on board the vessels lying in the harbor. After holding the town for two days, and having destroyed the forts, General Jackson withdrew his troops and marched to New Orleans, which was then threatened by the British, and where he won the victory that gave

him an enduring place among our national heroes. By this act Jackson put into action what had been theoretically asserted in Washington — the national rights. Jackson's act was added by Spain to her already lengthy list of wrongs which she claimed to have suffered from the United States.

The Spanish governor at once began to rebuild the forts. Colonel Nichols, who had been driven from Pensacola, lingered in the peninsula, even after peace was declared, and endeavored to incite the Seminoles against the border settlements. He landed on the Apalachicola River and built a strong fortification upon a high bluff. A garrison of three hundred British troops was placed in it, and it was made a rallying point for the Creek Indians and a place of refuge for runaway slaves. This garrison was not withdrawn until the close of the War of 1812, when the fort fell into the hands of escaped negroes under the leadership of Garcia. Fort Gadsden was afterwards built on the same site. This fort proved to be a menace to all the settlements above, for it commanded navigation upon the river.

In August, 1816, Colonel Duncan L. Clinch was stationed on the Chattahoochee River, about one hundred and fifty miles above. General Gaines ordered some provisions and ordnance to be brought up the Apalachicola to Camp Crawford. Instructions were given to reduce this fort, if opposition was offered. Colonel Clinch descended the river with one hundred and sixteen men, and they were joined by a considerable number of friendly Creeks. They landed a short distance above the fort. Garcia raised the English Jack. The American vessels approached as near as they could from below and planted a battery on a strategic site. The negroes opened fire with a thirty-two pounder. The Americans replied, and

the fifth shot from a gunboat entered one of the magazines, blowing it up. Of more than three hundred men, women and children in the fort, not more than fifty survived the terrific explosion. Garcia and an Indian chief were condemned to death by a council of friendly Indians and immediately executed.

Scattered bands of Indians continued to harass the American settlements, so that General Jackson led a second military expedition numbering about three thousand into Florida, in the spring of 1818. No doubt he welcomed this assignment, for he had just previously advised the seizing of East Florida "as indemnity for the outrage of Spain upon the property of our citizens. . . . Let it be signified to me through any channel that the possession of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished." On this occasion there were to be no half-way measures. He marched into St. Marks and hauled down the Spanish flag, replacing it with the Stars and Stripes. Two English subjects, named Arbuthnot and Ambrister, were captured and condemned to death by court martial. He destroyed several Mickosukee towns in East Florida and on the Suwanee River. At one town he found three hundred scalps of men, women and children, most of which were fresh. He then proceeded against Pensacola with forced marches, because he was informed the Spanish governor was supplying the Indians with guns and ammunition. All protests of that official were unavailing. The governor immediately retired to Fort Barrancas, and then surrendered with only a slight show of resistance. Jackson then recrossed the border, and a veritable storm broke about his head. Not only were England and Spain aroused, but several other European nations denounced him as a bandit, a murderer and a violater of

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the laws of nations, while in his own country he was the target for unrestrained abuse.

From the moment that Napoleon signed the treaty, which is known as the "Louisiana Purchase," the possession of Florida became essential to the United States. In no instance in connection with our national expansion does the element of inevitable destiny seem so clearly discernible. Its geographical situation gave it command over the marine highway between the old and the new sections of the United States, and broke its continuity of coastline. Furthermore, in alien hands it was a possible menace to American shipments and commerce. It was realized that in time of war it might become a post for military operations by an enemy, and in the hands of a weak nation, like Spain, it offered an asylum for restless Indians, fugitive slaves, sea pirates and outlaws of every sort, who waged a vindictive warfare against the American settlements. There was the further possibility, also, that if the United States did not acquire Florida the ownership might pass to a country much stronger than Spain and thus become still more undesirable as a neighbor.

The question of the acquisition of Florida was immediately raised after the purchase of Louisiana, but was not settled for some fifteen years, after much irritation on both sides. The description was so vague that it gave rise to a natural misunderstanding, and left ample scope for argument on both sides. As France had claimed the coast to the Perdido River, the United States ignored the fact that Spain was in actual possession of the country between the Mississippi and the Perdido and passed an act known as the Mobile Act, organizing that region for customs purposes. Spain resented this act in words that fairly burned with indignation. All

negotiations with Spain proved futile because of the excessive pride of that country, and the American government was hampered by a change of executives and by Congress. It remained for one American to be the leader in the various events which brought Spain to a realization of the necessity and the advantage of transferring Florida to the United States, and this man was "Old Hickory," who was as yet little known outside of his own state of Tennessee. Of the army afterwards placed in his hands, Jackson himself wrote: "They go at our country's call to do the will of the Government. No constitutional scruples trouble them. Nay, they will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and Fort St. Augustine."

Jackson's expedition really brought to a focus the whole question of Florida. John Quincy Adams declared: "Spain must immediately make her election either to place a force in Florida at once adequate for the protection of her territory and to the fulfillment of her engagements, or cede to the United States a province of which she retains nothing but the nominal possession, but which is, in fact, a derelict, open to the occupancy of every enemy, civilized or savage, of the United States, and serving no earthly purpose than as a point of annoyance to them. . . . The duty of this government to protect the persons and property of our fellow citizens on the borders of the United States is imperative — it must be discharged." There was no mistaking this language, and Spain finally announced her willingness to negotiate the subject of ceding the peninsula.

By a treaty entered into between Spain and the United States, on the 22nd day of February, 1819, Florida was ceded to the United States. By this treaty it was pro-

vided that "all the grants of land made before the 28th of January, 1818, by Spain, should be ratified and confirmed to the same extent that the same grants would be valid if the territory had remained under the dominion of Spain." The monetary consideration on the part of the United States was five millions of dollars, to be paid to American claimants against Spain, some of which dated as far back as the first Napoleonic war. The boundaries acquired by the Louisiana Purchase were fixed for the first time. Although the United States had claimed the territory clear to the Rio Grande River, the Sabine was accepted as the boundary by which all claim to the fertile plains of Texas was relinquished. Spain also abandoned her shadowy pretense to the great Oregon country in the Northwest. It was also stipulated that the United States should make amends for losses to Spain by the operation of the American army in Florida. This treaty was finally ratified on the 19th day of February, 1821. The change of flags in East Florida took place in St. Augustine on the 10th of July, 1821. The transfer in West Florida was made at Pensacola, on the 21st of the same month. Colonel Robert Butler represented the United States in the first instance, and General Jackson in the second.

Administration of civil affairs in Florida after the change of sovereignty devolved upon the military authorities until Congress, on the 3rd of March, 1822, passed an act providing for a territorial form of government. Both East and West Florida were united under the name of the Territory of Florida. The legislative power was vested in a governor and in "thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the Territory," to be called the "Legislative Council," which was to be appointed each year by the President. The judicial power



THE STATE HOUSE, TALLAHASSEE.

was vested in two superior courts, one in each division of the territory. The first governor was William P. Duval, of Kentucky, and the first Legislative Council met at Pensacola, in June, 1822. The second session convened at St. Augustine, in the following year. West Florida was divided into two counties, called St. John's and Duval. Dr. William H. Simmons and John Lee Williams were appointed commissioners to select a site for the permanent seat of government. They chose the old Indian fields of Tallahassee, and their choice was approved by the Council in October, 1823. The first house was erected in the new capital in the spring of the following year, and the construction of the state house was begun in 1826. It still stands and is used at the present day.

The later history of Florida has been a record of gradual growth and development, without any particular noteworthy incidents other than those occurring in connection with the Civil War. Before the Legislature of that state had passed the ordinance of secession, troops of the state seized the Chattahoochee Arsenal, which contained several hundred thousand musket and rifle cartridges and fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder. This first warlike act occurred on the 8th of January, 1861. Events began to move very rapidly from that time forward. Troops took possession of Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, and on the fifteenth the American survey schooner *F. W. Dana* was seized. That same month a large gathering of Florida politicians assembled at Tallahassee to consider the establishment of an independent empire on the Gulf of Mexico. The Legislature met to settle the matter of secession, and an ordinance to that effect was adopted by a vote of sixty-two to seven. This ordinance declared that Florida with-

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drew from the Union and became "a sovereign and independent nation." When the governor's signature was attached, on the following day, the event was announced by the ringing of bells and the thundering of cannon. The representatives of Florida in Washington remained in their seats, in order to hamper the federal government. An emission of treasury notes for a large sum was authorized.

Florida did not become the theatre of any great battles either on sea or land during this internecine conflict. Fort Clinch, on Amelia Island, was captured in February, 1862, and Fernandina was abandoned by the Confederates. A flotilla of gunboats captured Jacksonville, but did not hold the city long. On two other occasions it was captured and, in the last instance, was retained until the war ended. St. Augustine was captured early in the war by the Federal troops, and the Confederates also abandoned Pensacola. Fort Pickens was never in the possession of the Confederates. By the middle of April, the entire coast from Cape Hatteras to Perdido Bay, excepting only Charleston, had been captured by the Federal army or navy.

CHAPTER VI

THE SEVEN YEARS' CONFLICT WITH THE RED MAN

ONE of the most heroic struggles in American history is that waged by the Seminoles of Florida in defense of their homes in that peninsula. The Indians dwelling there had roamed throughout the peninsula for many years in untrammelled freedom, and they had enjoyed friendly associations with the Spanish inhabitants. The government of Spain did not interfere with their freedom of action but, on the contrary, treated the Indians with kindness and even distinction. As soon as Florida was ceded to the United States, the American settlers began to infiltrate across the border and trouble soon afterwards arose. It was found by these adventurers that the choicest sections were already appropriated by another race, for whom they had little sympathy and no charity. The change of flags had transferred the aborigines from a nominal and almost timid rule to an exacting government with an ambitious and ever increasing population. The Indians scarcely realized that any authority could be superior to their own, and they understood nothing of any sovereignty over their domain by any alien power, for the Spaniards had never attempted to establish any settlements far from the coast and only on a small portion of that.

To remove the threatened difficulty, it was decided by the American authorities to hold a treaty with the Seminoles and endeavor to induce them to relinquish the territory desired for settlement voluntarily. The liberty

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permitted them was to be greatly circumscribed, and they were to be made to realize that they were only temporary occupants of this soil. In the official supervision, William P. Duval had been named as governor of the Territory of Florida and ex-officio head of Indian affairs, and Colonel Gad Humphreys had been designated as resident agent to the Indians. It was estimated at this time that there was a total of almost four thousand Indians in the territory and about nine hundred negroes were associated with them. They had scattered villages throughout the territory and cultivated an inconsiderable amount of land. Their maintenance was derived chiefly from hunting and fishing.

James Gadsden, Governor Duval and Bernard Segui were appointed commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the Seminoles, the object of which was to accomplish the removal of the Indians to such parts of the territory as would be satisfactory to the white citizens. It is only natural to presume that the Indians were astonished at such a proposition. They were already in possession of their homes, and they claimed themselves to be the rightful possessors of their land. Fort Moultrie, five miles south of St. Augustine, was agreed upon as a desirable place for the proposed conference. On the day appointed a number of chiefs assembled, but it was also very apparent that several of the most influential ones were conspicuously absent. After prolonged negotiations and considerable delay, a treaty was agreed to on the 18th day of September, 1823. The northern line of the Seminole Reserve was about twenty miles south of Micanopy. The government agreed to compensate the Indians for all the improvements they were compelled to abandon, to give a bonus of six thousand dollars and an annuity of five thousand dollars for twenty years.

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This treaty was signed by a majority of the chiefs present, but a half-dozen of the leaders refused to affix their signature. They believed that the land set apart for them was insufficient, and they were doubtless justified in their convictions. This treaty was the first of a number of instances in which the narrow policies of the United States towards the aborigines is revealed.

In a state so large and so undeveloped as Florida was in that day, a far more liberal policy should have been adopted. As General Jesup once wrote in an official report: "In regard to the Seminoles, we have committed the error of attempting to remove them when their lands were not required for agricultural purposes; when they were not in the way of the white inhabitants; and when the greater portion of their country was an unexplored wilderness, of the interior of which we were as ignorant as of the interior of China. We exhibit in our present contest, the first instance, perhaps, since the commencement of authentic history, of a nation employing an army to explore a country (for we can do little more than explore it), or attempting to remove a band of savages from one unexplored wilderness to another."

In order to subdue the feelings of the aborigines, large concessions were made eventually. Hence an additional article was agreed to on the 2nd of January, 1824, which was signed by the chiefs known as Tuske Haju, Mulatto King, Emathlochner and Econchatenico. Two other chiefs, Nea Mathla and John Blunt, refused to give their assent.

The treaty of Fort Moultrie threw a net around the Florida Indians from which there was no apparent escape. Their destiny, happiness and prosperity were now absolutely at the mercy of the United States. Herefore their freedom of action had not been interfered

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with; now they were settled within prescribed limits. It was exceedingly fortunate for the Indians that Gad Humphreys was the Indian agent for, in all his dealings with them, he evidenced his desire to deal absolutely fairly with these wards of his government, and to secure absolute justice for the red man. He established his agency at Fort King, now Ocala, in the midst of the Indian settlements.

Like most of its dealings with the red men, the government at Washington showed itself shortsighted toward the Seminoles. Because the Indians did not immediately perform everything that was expected of them, the government limited their rations, which had heretofore been doled out. Colonel Humphreys resented this and pleaded for justice to the Indians, but his efforts availed little. When an Indian attempted to leave the reservation without a pass from the agency, trouble followed. If an Indian committed a depredation the whites demanded immediate punishment; and yet the paler race were frequently at fault. The savages blocked their way and were looked upon with an eye of unfriendliness. An outbreak almost occurred through the action of a Mr. Salano, who reported to the commander of the United States troops that six Indians had appeared at his house in pursuit of three others, whom they believed to have been murdered by the whites. A squad was sent out to search for these Indians and, when they were discovered, Mr. Salano discharged a pistol which brought about a fight. A couple of Indians were wounded slightly and captured. The missing Indians were afterwards found unharmed and an outbreak at this time was avoided. As the white population of the territory became augmented, the demand for the entire removal of the Indians became more and more insistent. One of

the principal sources of trouble was the persistency with which slave owners in the southern states demanded the return of negroes who had escaped to Florida. The Indians themselves owned a number of slaves, some of whom they had purchased from the whites and others who had been born among them. The Indians, however, had no power to establish their rights. Whenever the whites claimed a negro living among the Indians, the government demanded an immediate delivery of this slave pending adjudication by the court, but the same thing was not permitted when the tables were turned. This distinction made the Indians very dissatisfied.

The Legislative Council of the Territory of Florida passed an act which provided that: "If any Indian of the years of discretion venture to roam or ramble beyond the boundary lines of the reservations which have been assigned to the tribe or nation to which said Indian belongs, it shall and may be lawful for any person or persons, to apprehend, seize and take said Indian and carry him before some justice of the peace, who is hereby authorized, empowered and required, to direct (if said Indian have not a written permission from the agent, to do some specific act) that there shall be inflicted not exceeding thirty-nine stripes, at the discretion of the justice, on the bare back of said Indian, and moreover to cause the gun of said Indian, if he have any, to be taken away from him, and deposited with the colonel of the county, or captain of the district in which said Indian may be taken, subject to the order of the superintendent of Indian affairs."

Colonel Humphreys protested to the governor against this legislative act. He pointed out the injustice of it, and also indicated its probable effect. In a letter to the governor, he says, "And any man who reads the history

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of this inglorious war and its effects, will learn and see much which as an American, a member of a nation calling itself Christian, he must blush at; and I find it a duty to say to you, that upon the subject of this treatment of the Indians the chiefs exhibit great feeling." The Legislative Council also memorialized Congress regarding the Indian claims, and of the outrages that had been committed by them, begging for their speedy removal out of the territory. For a time Colonel Humphreys was able to protect the Indians and prevent decisive action being taken, but year after year the tide kept increasing against them. The people seemed to believe all the allegations made against the Indians, and looked with askance upon everything said in their favor.

In 1827 an Indian who was accompanying Billy Bowlegs and his wife to Tallahassee was shot, and the Indians were very much aroused. It was revealed that this Indian had no pass, but Bowlegs had been given a pass for himself and wife, and the other Indian undoubtedly considered it would be permissible for him to travel with them. The Indian also complained that the annuity granted under the treaty was withheld. This had been retained with the belief that such suspension would induce the Indians to surrender the runaway negroes. Again did Colonel Humphreys protest against the department's action, but his complaint was practically ignored. A white man was murdered by the Indians, and several chiefs were called together to "talk" about the matter.¹

¹Those interested in a more extended account of this conflict will find a very complete history of it in "The Origin, Progress, and Conclusion of the Florida War" by John T. Sprague, published in 1847.

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The Indian chiefs discussed the matter in a very sensible way, and they agreed to the demands of the agent.

On the 29th of October, 1828, a "talk" with the Indians was conducted by Colonel Humphreys, at which a number of chiefs and sub-chiefs were present. The purpose of this conference was to prevail upon the chiefs to send a delegation to examine the country west of the Mississippi to which it was proposed to transfer them and their followers. The chiefs consented to this arrangement, providing that the agent himself would accompany them on their tour, that their expenses would be liquidated, and that no obligation on the part of the nation to remove was to be construed from their journey. Months of delay followed before the Indian Bureau passed upon the proposition, and the Indians became greatly discontented. The years 1829 and 1830 were indeed critical years, for no one knew at what moment open hostilities might commence and the country be devastated by the torch and tomahawk. Colonel Humphreys was accused by the whites of being too partial to the Indians, and influences were brought to bear to accomplish his removal. These adverse influences were successful, and he was succeeded in 1830 by Major John Phagan.

The proposition to send a delegation of Indians west was revived and carried into effect in May, 1832. A number of the influential chiefs gathered near Orange Springs, where they were met by Colonel Gadsden, and the treaty of Payne's Landing, on the Ocklawaha, was formed. This treaty provided for the journey of inspection and recited as follows that: "should they be satisfied with the character of the country and of the favorable disposition of the Creeks to reunite with the

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Seminoles as one people," the treaty, which provided for the surrender of their lands and their removal, "shall be binding on the respective parties." The chiefs spent several months in the West, and on their return an "additional treaty" was made at Fort Gibson, on the 28th day of March, 1833, by the American commissioners and the Indian chiefs. This treaty recited that the Indians were satisfied, which then meant that the treaty of Payne's Landing was in full effect, and both treaties were ratified by the United States Senate. When the Indians returned, the nation was dissatisfied and disowned the acts of their chiefs, who claimed that they had been deceived. This treaty formed the basis of the trouble that followed. The United States insisted upon the Indians living up to its very letter, and measures were at once taken for their removal.

Major Phagan was superseded as agent by General Wiley Thompson. Numerous evidences of fraud and double dealing were found during the former's incumbency. The real crisis was rapidly approaching. In a conference held by the new agent with some of the chiefs at Fort King, Osceola used violent language, in which he is reported to have said, "The only treaty I will execute is with this," at the same time driving his knife into the table. Colonel Duncan L. Clinch was placed in charge of the United States troops and ordered to employ actual force if necessary to effect the removal. Another council was held at the Indian agency, which was attended by Colonel Clinch and General Thompson, as well as a large number of the influential chiefs. Extreme language was again indulged in, but eight chiefs finally came forward and agreed to migrate. Five of them, including Sam Jones, Jumper, Alligator, Black Dirt and Micanopy, refused absolutely. General



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

OSCEOLA.

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Thompson at once struck the names of these chiefs from the tribal roll, and declared them no longer to be counsellors of the nation.

An order was finally issued forbidding the sale of any ammunition or arms to the Indians, and this was regarded by them as an insult. Osceola became so abusive at one time that he was arrested and confined in irons for several days.

"Am I a negro — a slave? My skin is dark, but not black! I am an Indian — a Seminole! The white man shall not make me black, I will make him red with blood and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the world shall smell his bones and the buzzard live upon his flesh!" Thus did Osceola utter his defiance. Pretending to be penitent, he was finally released, but he simply bided his time for revenge. Isolated murders and depredations began to be reported. The chief, Charley Emathla, who had begun his preparations for removal, was shot down in cold blood by his own race. Osceola, with a band of followers, approached the Indian agency seeking for vengeance. On the 28th day of December, while General Thompson and a companion were walking some distance from the fort, they were fired upon and both men fell pierced by many balls. With fiendish whoops and yells, and with knives glistening in the air, the savages rushed out and scalped their victims within sight of the fort. So great was the craving for the first trophies of the war that the scalps were cut into small pieces and distributed among the warriors. They then attacked the sutler's store and secured some additional victims.

Major Francis L. Dade had been ordered from Key West to Fort Brooke, and arrived at Tampa Bay on the 21st of December. With some of his troops he pro-

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ceeded to march to Fort King to strengthen that post, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles through an unsettled country. A negro slave named Louis Pacheo, belonging to a sutler, was taken as a guide. Three days after his arrival Major Dade began his fateful march with a six-pounder gun and ten days' provisions. On the 27th day of the month, while marching along in open order, the troops fell into an ambushade of the Indians led by Micanopy. The Indians did not open fire until the troops were within thirty or forty yards, and almost one-half of the command fell at the first volley. Those who escaped sought shelter behind trees, and a breastwork of pine trees was hastily thrown up when the Indians had temporarily retired. One by one the officers and men were picked off, and at about two o'clock the last man fell. A soldier named Clark finally succeeded in making his way to Tampa, and was the only man out of the command that escaped. This massacre was partly due to the treacherous negro guide, who joined the Indians and remained with them during the war that followed.¹

It was some time before General Clinch learned the tragic fate of Dade's command. The massacre astounded the country. For two companies of trained and disciplined soldiers to be thus annihilated in broad daylight was an incident without a parallel. General Clinch hastily gathered together his regulars and some volunteers and advanced toward Fort Drane. While attempting to cross the Withlacoochee River, the troops

¹ Louis Pacheo subsequently emigrated to the Indian Territory and then to Mexico. More than half a century after the Dade Massacre, longing for the scenes of his youth, he once more returned to Florida. He denied the charge of betrayal. In 1895, three years after his return, he died at the age of ninety-five years.

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were attacked by the Indians. The Indians fought bravely, being stimulated by their victory over Major Dade, but they were now compelled to retreat.

The prosecution of the Florida War involved large expenditures of money and caused serious embarrassments. The climate, the ignorance of the country, the treachery and activity of the enemy, all baffled the skill of the most experienced officers. The warriors were likewise much more numerous than had been anticipated for, including the armed negroes, there were probably a couple thousand men capable of carrying arms. These Indians were divided into several bands, composing Seminoles, Mickasukies, Tallahassies and Creeks. Micanopy was known as the Pond Governor, and was the acknowledged head of the Indians of Florida. He was about fifty years of age, very fat and excessively lazy, and, as a result, was not qualified for active warfare. For this reason he was inclined to advocate peace. In some instances he was carried into action by main force by his followers. Jumper was his sense-bearer, or messenger, and he was a cunning and deceitful Indian. He was very brave and in the prime of life.

Taholoochee, or the Little Cloud, was a brave warrior of about thirty-six, and he hated the whites. Halpolter Tustenugge, or Alligator, was probably the most shrewd, crafty and intelligent chief of the Seminoles. He was about forty years of age, had mingled much with the whites and spoke English very well. He was known as an agreeable companion. King Philip was a good-natured fellow and a sensible sort of Indian, about sixty years of age. He was also inclined toward peace but opposed to the removal. His wish was to avoid the whites, rather than resist them. His son, Coacoochee, or the Wild Cat, was probably the most dangerous chief of

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the tribe. He loved the excitement of the war path and was more vindictive in his cruelties than others, for war became to him a pastime. Sam Jones was the oldest Indian on the peninsula, and his home was near Ocala. He was a chief of the Mickasukie tribe. Thlock-lo-Tostenuggee, or Tigertail, was the chief of the Tallahassee. For many years he had been a common lounge about the streets of Tallahassee, where he begged for whiskey and food. Of the Creeks there were about seventy warriors under a sub-chief by the name of Ostianche.

All of these warriors, however, paled before Osceola, or Powell, as he was generally known. He was the governing spirit of rebellion. Belonging to a branch of the Creeks that was known as Redsticks, he was born in Georgia, in 1804. He was the son of an Englishman, named William Powell, who had been a trader with that nation. His mother was an Indian woman of the tribe. When a feud occurred among the Creeks, in 1808, they separated. His mother preferred to go to Florida. She retained the son, while the father kept the two daughters. The mother was again married. Osceola, whose real name was As-se-se-ha-ho-lar (Black Drink) was about five feet and eight inches high, with an open and a frank countenance. From boyhood he was known for his independence and self possession, and he was always dignified in his association with the whites. Although his rank was humble and obscure, he had the temerity to strike the first blow against the United States Government. Because he had lived with the Seminoles from his youth, he felt that their fortunes were his own. He was more humane than some of the other chiefs, for he instructed his followers to spare women and children. "It is not upon them that we

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make war and draw the scalping-knife. It is upon men. Let us act like men."

The activity and cruelty of the enemy following the Dade Massacre created a panic throughout the territory. Settlers began to flee from their homes in a panic. A number of plantations in East Florida were completely destroyed in the month of January, 1836. The government realized that a sanguinary war with the Indians of Florida was inevitable. General Cass, at the head of the War Department, put forth vigorous measures. Volunteers and militia were called into service. Detachments of regular troops were ordered there. Brigadier-General Clinch was placed in charge for the time being. Major-General Gaines embarked at New Orleans on the 3rd of February with eleven hundred men, all of whom were eager to avenge the cruel murder of their comrades. Three days after his arrival at Fort Brooke the expedition began its march across the country, with seventy friendly Indians as guides. The site of the Dade Massacre was reached in eight days, and the remains of those massacred were buried. The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were thus interred. They proceeded to Fort King without having seen a hostile savage. Because this outpost was so far from his base of supplies, General Gaines, much to his regret, decided that it was best to return to Fort Brooke. When returning to that fort the Indians opened a spirited fire on the troops while they were fording a river. General Gaines threw up a hasty breastwork and sent a messenger to General Clinch for reinforcements. Supplies became so short before these arrived that it was necessary to kill several of the horses and some dogs for food.

General Winfield Scott had been ordered to assume

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charge of the Florida army. He took the field on the 22nd day of February and remained in charge until the 30th of May. He outlined an elaborate campaign on paper, which was never put into operation because of the many obstacles that were encountered at every step. The campaign conducted by him was called a failure, because he did not succeed in crushing the rebellion.

The year 1836 had indeed been a disastrous one. A small blockhouse on the Withlacoochee River had been besieged for several weeks, during which the defenders were driven to the greatest extremities for food. Express riders and isolated settlers had been cruelly murdered in numerous instances. Fort King was abandoned, as also was Fort Drane. Most of the settlements along the St. John's had been destroyed. The fort at Micanopy was broken up. A court of inquiry was called by the President, and General Scott made an extended defense, the result of which was his triumphant vindication. He admitted that the results were not satisfactory, but attributed it to the following: lateness of the order; inefficient means of transportation and insufficient supplies of bread and bacon; climatic causes; lack of bridges and roads; the want of an auxiliary Indian force and guides; the limit of time for preparation and the intrusion of General Gaines.

General V. K. Call assumed authority over the troops in Florida in succession to General Scott, but remained in charge only a few months, during which only indecisive operations were carried out. He was succeeded by Major-General Thomas Jesup, who had been appointed to the supreme command. A regiment of the Creek Indians was formed who were mustered into service and paid as militia. General Jesup was enabled to profit by the misfortunes of his predecessors. The fastnesses of

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the Indians were invaded between the Withlacoochee River and the Wahoo Swamp. Fort Dade was established on that river. They were even pursued as far south as Lake Ahapopka, where the Chief Osarche was killed. Fort Mellon, on the west side of Lake Monroe, had to defend itself against a numerically large force of aborigines, in which several Americans were slain. A number of encounters took place at different places, in which some Indians and a few soldiers were killed. On one occasion the interpreter, Abraham, visited General Jesup by invitation, bringing with him Jumper and Alligator, and two of the sub-chiefs. They brought friendly messages. An arrangement was made for a later meeting at Fort Dade with other chiefs, with the understanding that hostilities should cease in the meantime.

In accordance with the previous arrangement, the council was held at Fort Dade on March 6, 1837, where a large number of Indians had assembled. A capitulation was drawn up, by the terms of which the Indians agreed to withdraw south of the Hillsborough River until arrangements would be made for their removal. A place ten miles south of Fort Brooke was agreed upon as a rendezvous. By the middle of May a large number of Indians were assembled there in camp under the direction of the chief, Micanopy, who had acquiesced to the terms. Alligator, Holacoochee, Jumper, Cloud and occasionally Coacoochee came in to Fort Brooke, apparently in the very best of spirits. Provisions and clothing were distributed, and twenty-six vessels were ready for their departure to New Orleans. The time of the departure was delayed from week to week because the chiefs claimed relatives and friends were preparing to join them. The general and chief officers really were

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deluded into believing that the war was at an end. Large numbers of the citizens returned to their homes because the surrender of so many chiefs induced them to believe that the conflict had ended.

Before the last date set for the departure Osceola, at the head of two hundred Mickasukies, came to the camp and soon afterwards the Indians, numbering some seven hundred, fled, for which various reasons were assigned. The real motive doubtless was their unwillingness to leave Florida, and their determination that they never would. Had the delay not been granted, this entire body could have been transported and the war would doubtless have been greatly shortened. Micanopy joined his followers because he feared for his own safety. The Indians had secured new supplies of clothing, the delay had furnished sufficient time for their crops to mature, and the season rendered impossible a fresh military expedition at this time. Nevertheless, vigorous efforts were put forth, and many Indians together with their negro allies were slain or captured. King Philip, or Emathla, was among these.

General Taylor, with a force of eleven hundred men, marched to the Okeechobee country, where he encountered a large force of the Indians. The troops charged and routed the enemy after a stubbornly contested battle. Several of the leading chiefs were in command of the aborigines. This was the last great battle that was fought by them, for they realized that the American troops were too numerous now. They ever afterwards trusted to the swamps and morasses and the natural obstacles of the country to fight their battles for them. General Jesup was condemned by the press without inquiry or investigation, and his removal was demanded. The general himself desired to be relieved of the com-

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mand, but warmly defended his action. This was in July, 1838. General Jesup rendered a detailed account to the Government of the operations that had been carried on against the Indians under his command. He reported that the number of Indians and negroes who had surrendered to the army during that time amounted to nineteen hundred and seventy-eight, of whom twenty-three escaped. The killed, however, numbered more than those escaping. The efforts of General Jesup should have lead to good results, but the Department of War persisted in the same vacillating policy which had characterized it heretofore. General Jesup had strongly advised a more conciliatory policy toward the Seminoles and more tact in the dealings with them.

One officer, in reporting his movements, described the difficulties as follows: "To gain these important advantages, the troops have endured every hardship and privation; they have been exposed to the drenching rains, the noxious vapors, and the scorching sun of an almost torrid climate; they have waded rivers, made long marches over burning sands, traversed almost impassable swamps, and sought the enemy in fastnesses such as American soldiers had seldom penetrated before, and with a perseverance, and energy, and a courage, worthy the best era of the republic."

Colonel Zachariah Taylor, afterwards President of the United States, was given the command of the Florida army. He was the leader in what is known as "the battle of Okeechobee." He had been ordered by General Jesup to lead an expedition against the Chief Sam Jones, and to either destroy or capture this chief. In command of a force of a little in excess of one thousand men, which included a considerable body of Indians, he proceeded down the west side of the Kis-

simmee River toward Lake Istokpoga. It was believed that such a force might overcome the Indians and, as a base, some blockhouses were erected on the river. The Indian chief, Jumper, with a small body of warriors, their families and a few negroes, were met on their way to surrender. A few other Indians were encountered on the march and made captive. Progress was exceedingly difficult on account of the swampy nature of the land and the sawgrass. Sam Jones and his warriors were eventually encountered, and a fight followed from half-past twelve until after three. Twenty-six Americans were killed and more than one hundred wounded.

General Taylor says: "And, here, I trust, I may be permitted to say, that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life, and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been very differently organized from my own. Besides the killed, among whom were some of my personal friends, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position, and who had to be conveyed back through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so. This service, however, was encountered and overcome, and they had been conveyed thus far, and proceeded on to Tampa Bay, on rude litters, constructed with the axe and knife alone, with poles and dry hides, the latter being found in great abundance at the encampment of the hostiles. The litters were conveyed on the backs of our weak and tottering horses." Among the captives were a number of valuable officers. The Indians themselves suffered considerable, leaving

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many on the ground, but most of their killed were carried away. In this battle several of the most important Seminole chiefs participated. Alligator said that three hundred and eighty warriors took part. After the battle, the Indians retreated toward that inhospitable region known as the Everglades, and the American troops returned to Kissimmee.

The military officials, including General Jesup, urged upon the Department of War the advisability of allowing the Indians to remain within a restricted territory in the southern part of Florida, because of the extreme hardship the soldiers were obliged to undergo. The general invited the Indians to visit his camp at Jupiter Inlet. The chiefs were urged to bring their followers in and await the decision from Washington. A large number of Indians and negroes followed his advice. A flat refusal reached General Jesup about the 20th of March, 1838. Knowing that the Indians would immediately vanish when the decision became known, he ordered their detention. More than five hundred Indians and a third as many negroes were thus captured.

Osceola was taken prisoner by General Hernandez, acting under orders of General Jesup, on the 22nd day of October, 1837. The manner of his capture has been criticized a great deal. He was considered the main-spring in the resistance, and had been an active participator in much of the tragedy that had occurred. He had misled the commanders and had disregarded the most solemn obligations. His profession of friendship toward the Americans and assurances of peace were only given to secure delay, either to plant and gather crops or to secure ammunition and supplies. Osceola had come to the camp of General Hernandez in accordance with some of the negotiations that had been entered

into. It is true that he had come in carrying a flag of truce, but the officer contended that he had broken his faith in the Fort Dade capitulation, and must be treated as an escaped prisoner. When he arrived a series of inquiries was made which seemed to arouse the suspicions of Osceola. Osceola was sent to Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, where Coacoochee was also confined. The latter chief made his escape, but proud Osceola refused to join him. He was then removed to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, where he became dejected, refused sustenance and gradually pined away. He became convinced that he was forever banished from his tribe, and all efforts to cheer him failed. He was buried just outside the principal gateway and a monument erected to his memory.

Of his escape from Fort Marion, Coacoochee said: "We were in a small room, eighteen or twenty feet square. All the light admitted, was through a hole about eighteen feet from the floor. Through this we must effect our escape, or remain and die with sickness. . . . In order to reduce ourselves as much as possible, we took medicine five days. Under the pretext of being very sick, we were permitted to obtain the roots we required. For some weeks we watched the moon, in order that the night of our attempt it should be as dark as possible. At the proper time we commenced the medicine, calculating upon the entire disappearance of the moon. . . . With much difficulty I succeeded in getting my head through; for the sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. Putting my head through first, I was obliged to go down head foremost, until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break. At last, safely on the ground, I awaited with anxiety the arrival of my comrade."

Fort Marion.
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It was on the 15th day of May, 1538, that Jesup relinquished his command to General Zachariah Taylor. He had proved himself an able and energetic commander. During his year and a half of service about two thousand Indians and negroes had surrendered or been taken prisoners, and about four hundred had been killed. Many of their villages had been totally destroyed. Never had there been the complaint of a lack of supplies for the troops. The new commander proceeded to divide the territory into military districts, of twenty miles square, in the center of each of which a small post was to be established. No longer did the savages venture any pitched battles, but roamed over the country in small bands. Another peace ambassador was sent out from Washington who was authorized to permit the Indians to remain in Florida. For several months a period of quiet ensued, while the Indians were quietly cultivating their crops.

Many believed once more that the Florida War was nearing an end, and the settlers began to return. That such a condition was not approaching was shown by the events that followed. Colonel Harney conducted a small body of troops down to Charlotte Harbor and on to the banks of the Caloosahatchee River, for the purpose of establishing a trading post for the Indians who were expected to locate there. There were twenty-six dragoons and several civilians in the party. The Indians in the neighborhood visited the camp several times in a very friendly manner. This was in July, 1839. On the 23rd, at dawn, a quarter of a thousand painted Indians under Bowlegs, and a couple of other chiefs, descended upon the camp with their war whoops and murdered all but six of the force. Colonel Harney himself escaped by swimming out to some fishing smacks in the river and

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concealing himself. This massacre occurred about twenty miles from the mouth of the Caloosahatchee.

The campaigns of 1839 and 1840 were no more successful than those of the preceding years. It is impossible within the limited space to detail the various actions, for all were inconclusive. Bloodhounds were purchased in Cuba at one hundred and fifty dollars each and used to trail the Indians. Their attempt was unsuccessful, for the dogs had been trained to hunt negroes, and the scent of the Indian was different. That internal conditions were no better is shown by another tragic incident late in 1840.

On the 28th of December, Lieutenant Sherwood started from the military post at Micanopy with a small company to escort the wife of Major Montgomery to an adjoining post a few miles away. They were attacked by a large party of Indians lying in ambush, in which engagement several of the soldiers and Mrs. Montgomery were killed. One of the leaders of this band of Indians was Cosa-Tustenuggee. Fearing the consequence of this affair, this chief and his band prepared to surrender, and, while on their way, were captured by a detachment of soldiers who brought them in and they were shortly afterwards sent to Arkansas.

At this time the Indians were occupying practically all of the territory from the Okefinokee swamp to the Everglades. Billy Bowlegs, the Prophet, Hospetarkee and Shiver and Shakes were the chiefs of a large party of Seminoles who occupied the country south of Pease Creek. In December, 1840, Colonel Harney led an expedition of one hundred men into this region. They traveled in canoes and created much alarm among the Indians dwelling there. Chekika, a chief, was overtaken and killed, and a half dozen of his companions were

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hung. The summary punishment inflicted by this officer upon the Indians alarmed them, and they resorted to their old expedient of having a "talk." Supplies of clothing and food were granted, while the delay enabled them to plant and harvest their crops. After this was accomplished, they again disappeared. Echo-E-Mathlar, the Tallahassee chief, with sixty of his band were secured by Major Belknap on the Suwanee River and sent west.

Five years had now elapsed since the beginning of the Florida War. The powerful government of the United States was still baffled and almost humiliated by a tribe of Indians numbering not many hundreds. It was only natural that severe criticism and wholesale censure fell upon the officials. Those who knew the least were boldest in their criticisms. It is true that the policy of the government had been very uncertain, for an olive branch was held out at one time and wholesale destruction was threatened at another. Operations were resumed against the hostiles in January, 1841. Colonel Worth who was in command of the Tampa district, sent a message to Coacoochee, the most active and enterprising of the chiefs. The Indian appeared a few days afterwards at Worth's camp near the Kissimmee, arrayed in a gorgeous theatrical costume which had been secured from a company of actors several months before near St. Augustine. He agreed to consult his followers and return in ten days. This he did, but insisted on a personal meeting with General Armistead. He then asked to have a day appointed for his people to assemble. It was agreed that he should bring his band into Fort Pierce, on the Indian River. Before the time appointed, he visited the fort several times and expressed great anxiety to emigrate. He requested large requisitions of whiskey and provisions for a council, which he said was to meet

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at Lake Okeechobee. Scenting a deceptive scheme, Major Childs ordered the chief to be seized and held. Halleck-Tustenuggee, who operated around the Ocklawaha region, solicited food, and upon being refused left in his trail sixty sticks, painted with blood, which represented the number of his band.

The end of the season's fighting left matters in a condition little better than at the close of the previous year. The commanding general, General Armistead, now asked to be relieved of his command, and General William J. Worth succeeded him. This made the eighth change of commanders since the beginning of the war. General Worth proved to be the right man for the place. The Indians had now adopted the plan of concealing themselves in swamps and in the most hidden passes, from which lairs they sallied forth in small bands attacking and murdering whenever it was possible. From the fastnesses of the Everglades they could issue forth upon long expeditions for murder and rapine. General Worth succeeded to the command on the last day of May. This was the period of the year when operations had been halted by previous commanders, because of the summer season. He at once adopted a different policy, and his headquarters were established at Fort King.

Learning that Coacoochee had been sent to Arkansas, General Worth sent an official to New Orleans to intercept the vessel and bring back this chief, whom he desired to make use of. The chief was pleased and promised to bring in his whole band. As soon as he learned that Coacoochee had reached Tampa, General Worth proceeded there to interview him. He found the chief in irons on board a transport. In a flattering way the general complimented Coacoochee on his heroic defense, and declared himself to be the friend of the Seminole.

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He told him to select three or five of his followers to carry a "talk" back to his followers, and they should be granted as much time as was needed for their return. "Unless they fulfill your demand, however," said the general, "yourself and these warriors now seated before us shall be hung to the yards of this vessel when the sun sets on the day appointed, with the irons upon your hands and feet." Coacoochee replied in a pleasant speech, but asked that the irons be removed and he himself be permitted to go.

"Look at these irons!" said Coacoochee, "can I go to my warriors? Coachoochee chained! No; do not ask me to see them. I never wish to tread upon my land unless I am free. If I can go to them unchained, they will follow me in; but I fear they will not obey me when I talk to them in irons. They will say my heart is weak, I am afraid. Could I go free, they will surrender and emigrate." This was firmly refused, and the chief then selected his five men, who were released and permitted to go.

The speech was as follows: "My feet are chained, but the head and heart of Coacoochee reach you. The great white chief (Po-car-ger) will be kind to us. He says when my band comes in I shall again walk my land free, with my band around me. He has given you forty days to do this business in: if you want more, say so; I will ask for more; if not, be true to the time. Take these sticks; here are thirty-nine, one for each day; this, much larger than the rest, with blood upon it, is the fortieth. When the others are thrown away and this only remains, say to my people that with the setting sun Coacoochee hangs like a dog, with none but white men to hear his last words. Come, then; come by the stars as I have led you to battle. Come, for the voice

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of Coacoochee speaks to you." In ten days six warriors, accompanied by a number of women and children, arrived, and small parties continued to come in until almost two hundred had surrendered. Coacoochee was very much relieved when his irons were taken off and he was allowed to go ashore. Three ostrich plumes hung from his turban, while his breast was covered with silver ornaments, and a red sash was wrapped around his waist, in which hung a scalping knife. On reaching the shore he gave a shrill whoop and saluted General Worth, after which he addressed his followers.

The most warlike of the savages were now within the Big Cypress Swamp. In this morass had gathered a large number of desperate characters from all tribes and many escaped slaves. One of the most influential and savage of the chiefs was The Prophet, who was a runaway Creek. Coachoochee was anxious to take his brother Otulkee to the west with him. Messengers were sent to find him, while General Worth went on a transport to Pease Creek. He visited the camp of Hospetarkkee, who was there with eighteen of his followers. Finding that the old chief was disinclined to surrender, General Worth seized him and his followers. Shortly afterwards the remainder of his band surrendered at Punta Rossa. An embassy arrived from Tigertail and his brother, expressing themselves anxious for peace. The larger part of the warriors under Halleck-Tusteenuggee were either captured or voluntarily surrendered. Communication was opened up with other chiefs.

It was now determined by General Worth to organize a large force and attack the Indians in the Big Cypress Swamp, who were under Arpeeka and The Prophet. This expedition was made with great difficulty, for the troops were obliged to march through swamps which

were deep with mud and water. The Indians became alarmed and fled, while all their crops were destroyed and their huts burned. The Indians had heretofore considered their homes in this swamp secure and inaccessible, but they now realized that no retreat was secure under such an energetic commander as General Worth. Bowlegs and Sam Jones, who had been in the neighborhood of Lake Istokpoga, surrendered. In the early part of February, 1842, more than three hundred Indians were transported to Arkansas. The operations against Halleck-Tustenuggee having been unsuccessful, the chief was invited to come to Fort King for a conference. The whole band of some thirty-two warriors were there taken into custody.

In February, 1842, General Worth forwarded a communication to the war department in which he stated that, according to information received, the number of Indians remaining in Florida did not exceed one hundred and twelve warriors, and fewer than two hundred women and children. He suggested that these Indians be allowed to remain temporarily in the peninsula, if they confined themselves to certain limits remote from the white settlements. Because of their weakness he believed that they would continue quiet and inoffensive. Orders were accordingly issued in May, by President Tyler, in accordance with this suggestion. In August, General Worth issued a general order announcing that hostilities with the Indians had ceased; he assigned the Indians for their temporary occupation the territories outlined by a line drawn from the mouth of Pease Creek to the fork of its southern branch to the head of Lake Istokpoga; thence down the Kissimmee, thence to Lake Okeechobee and down through the Everglades to Shark River. A few days later, he gave up this command and

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proceeded to Washington, where he was praised for his conduct of the war and made a brevet brigadier-general. A few isolated attacks by the Indians occurred afterwards, but the war had ended. Tigertail and his followers were afterwards captured and brought in. Pascoffer finally surrendered. Middle and West Florida were thus entirely free from hostile Indians, and none now remained in the territory, excepting the bands under Arpeika and Bowlegs, who were within the limits permitted. It was estimated that fewer than one hundred warriors were included in their bands. The others were all sent west to Arkansas.

The Florida War, which may be said to have commenced with the massacre of the command under Major Dade, on the 28th of December, 1835, ended on the 4th of August, 1842. This sanguinary conflict had lasted almost seven years, and is reported to have cost the United States Government a sum of money ranging from twenty to forty million dollars. During this time the troops in Florida numbered from three thousand to almost nine thousand at one time. The number of deaths among the regular troops aggregated fourteen hundred and sixty-six, of whom two hundred and fifteen were officers, which was an unusually large proportion. More than twenty thousand volunteers had been called into service at various times.

CHAPTER VII

THE SEMINOLES OF TODAY

"Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and 'blood' 'my battle-cry!

"Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the
stream,
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you,—come not
here!

"Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do you seek?—I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good,
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!"

A LARGE part of the romantic and heroic element in Florida's history is contributed by the tribe of Indians known as the Seminoles. The youthful reader is thrilled by the above poem, called "The Seminole's Defiance," written by G. W. Patten, and the adult reader of history

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has his admiration enkindled by the long and bloody defiance of a few hundred Seminoles against the might and resources of the entire United States. Although the Iroquois of history, as portrayed by Cooper in some of his romances, has lost favor somewhat among youthful hero-worshippers, the popular imagination is still inflamed and the pulse quickened by every mention of the name of Osceola.

Formerly members of the great Creek nation, the Seminoles of Florida have lost their traditions and their homes, as well as their tribe. Forgotten by their own people, they have been practically ignored since the Seminole War. While some of the western Indians have become rich through the generosity of the government, scarcely a dollar has reached the pockets of the wandering Seminoles down in the inhospitable Everglades. The history of these Seminoles of Florida dates from about the year 1750. At that time a few hundred Creeks of Georgia, becoming dissatisfied with that tribe, left Georgia and wandered south into the swamps and forests of the Florida peninsula. The name Seminole was given to them, and the word in the Indian dialect means "wild wanderers," or "runaways." Secoffee was their leader at that time, and he conducted them into the Spanish colony of Florida, where they sought the protection of the Spaniards. From that time they absolutely refused to be represented in the councils of the Creeks. They elected their own rulers and became in all respects a separate tribe. They settled first in the rich country around Alachua. This chief left two sons, called Payne and Bowlegs. In 1809 another dissatisfied band of Creeks settled in the vicinity of Tallahassee. Here they became amalgamated with the remaining Mickasukies, who were the legitimate owners of the soil. Secoffee died in 1785



AN OLD SEMINOLE INDIAN.

at an advanced age, and was buried where Fort King was afterwards established. He was one of the very able men produced by that tribe.

Of the country inhabited by the Seminoles, William Bartram, a celebrated botanist, wrote as follows, in 1773: "They possess all of East Florida and a large part of West Florida, countries which, divided as they are by nature into innumerable islands, hills, and marshes, marked with many rivers, lakes, streams, and vast prairies, offer such a number of desirable localities convenient for settlement and inaccessible to enemies. This country, so irregular in its form, and so well watered, furnishes, besides, so great a quantity of the means of subsistence of wild animals, that I do not hesitate to say that no part of the world contains so much game, and so many animals suitable for the support of man.

"Surrounded with this great abundance, guaranteed from all extraneous attacks, the inhabitants of this region possess the two great requirements for men in their union as a society, security for person and for property. With the skins of the deer, the bear, the tiger, and the wolf, they purchase from the traders clothing and other necessary articles. They have no wishes to gratify, or wants for which they are required to provide; no enemies to fear, no disquietudes, unless such as they may entertain from the continual progress of the white settlements. Content and tranquil, they seem as free from care as the birds of the air; like them they are light and volatile, like them they sing and coo. The Seminole presents the picture of perfect happiness. The joy, the internal content, the tender love, and the generous friendship, are imprinted on his very countenance; they show themselves in his demeanor and in his gestures; they seem to form his habitual state of existence, and to be a part of his

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nature, for their impress only departs from him with life."

It was not many years after the Seminole migration to Florida that there arose a great deal of friction between England and her colonists and the Spanish colonial rulers. The wilds of that peninsula lured fugitive slaves from the southern states. These fugitives established friendly relations with the Seminoles. Some of them intermarried with the Indians, and others became their nominal slaves. At any rate, the bonds and ties between the two races became such that afterwards the Indians refused to enter into any treaty, which did not at the same time provide protection for the black people. The Creeks had agreed to restore all the slaves who had taken refuge among them, but the Seminoles refused to recognize this treaty, and considered themselves subject only to the crown of Spain.

When the situation first aroused the American colonists, orders were issued that Great Britain should make a decided effort to rescue the runaway slaves. Some of the colonists attempted to take matters into their hands, but their efforts met with defeat. Hence it was that these Seminoles and their black allies enjoyed prosperity, cultivated their fields and told their traditions around the peaceful camp fires for several decades in comparative immunity. The succeeding events in the relations between the government of the United States and the Seminoles, and an account of the bloody warfare waged between the two, is related at considerable length in the preceding chapter.

If you should attempt an exploring expedition through the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp, you might encounter a Seminole and you might not. A few hundred Indians scattered over a region of several thousand square

miles do not make a very big showing. Furthermore, he would doubtless conceal himself if he sighted you first, which would probably be the case. You might find either an occupied or an abandoned hut on one of the islands, or hammocks, with a woman or two and a few pickaninnies in sight — but that is about as much evidence of occupation as you would discover in the course of an extensive journey.

Today the Seminoles occupy a unique position in the United States. They are still unconquered and subdued, and have never acknowledged formal allegiance to the national government. When the main body was removed west during and at the close of the Florida War, a couple of hundred, or thereabouts, concealed themselves in the Everglades, and refused to yield, and thus lost all legal existence. There are probably five or six hundred Seminoles in Florida today, though one of their chiefs declared to me that there were not more than four hundred and sixty left. A first-class accident on a railroad or steamer, a cave-in of a mine or the burning of a theatre among our own people will show a greater casualty list. During a single hunting season in our northern woods the hunters kill more of their own kind than the total number of surviving Seminoles — bucks, squaws and pickaninnies. One of the greatest enemies of the tribe is the measles — ordinarily a mild disease. Down here, however, where sanitation is unknown, it spreads, and if the disease itself is not sufficient to kill, the medicine man puts in the finishing strokes with his mummery.

Most of the Seminoles show more or less intimacy with the Caucasians. Those who visit the towns will usually talk guardedly and pretend little knowledge of English. They are ever taciturn and alert, and suspicious of the white man. "Me don't know," or some similarly indefi-

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nite expression is the usual answer. After saying that much the Indian is very likely to walk away and leave his questioner wondering. I was especially fortunate in meeting one of the principal chiefs under circumstances which removed all suspicion and having a really good talk with him. He was a young man and spoke English very well, and was even then attending school at Fort Lauderdale. There are four bands or tribes which remain separate, but on the most friendly terms. Those are the Big Cypress, the Miami, the Okeechobees and the Tallahassees. In physical appearance many of the men are splendid types of manhood. They are fairly tall, well proportioned and with good carriage. Their features are regular, the complexion very dark, the eyes black and piercing. Those living near Fort Lauderdale are somewhat more progressive than some of the others. They have been forced by circumstances to seek employment and occasionally work on the truck farms there and at Miami, and it is said that they make fairly good laborers. But most of the tribe still look upon such employment with a haughty disdain.

The dress of the Seminoles is in some respects quite striking. The squaws are generally attired in a very tasteful and modest manner. Their straight and full skirts, made of blue or brown calico and bound with bright red or yellow bands, are stitched in odd designs and reach to the ankles. Their little Zouave jackets are fitted with long sleeves, and are made of bright-colored calico, which sometimes fails to reach the skirt belt by a couple of inches. Their most cherished ornaments are strings of colored beads. Of these they are very particular about the kind. They must be about the size of a small pea, and the colors preferred are turquoise blue and a light red. Nothing else is so valued as these, for they



A SEMINOLE INDIAN WOMAN.

are worn as a badge of distinction. To these dusky maids and dames of the Everglades they mean everything. A string is given to the girl baby on her first birthday, if not earlier. On every great event in her life more strings are added, but in old age some are removed. Some women have been known to carry as much as twenty-five pounds of these beads around their necks, and, as they remain all the time, it must be rather a heavy burden to carry. Even quite little girls wear several small strings of the much-prized beads. No head covering of any sort is worn, and they always go barefooted, even on the occasion of the greatest social affair. Jewelry is sometimes worn, for the desire for personal adornment is not entirely absent. Silver coins are frequently beaten into various designs and fashioned into jewelry.

Although many of the men now dress in hand-me-down clothes purchased at the stores, quite a number still attire themselves in the old Seminole manner. This is a tunic tied on with a bright sash and close-fitting leggings of deerskin. This makes the wearer very gorgeous, with his dried-skin leggings, moccasins, white shirt and red turban. The headdress is one of the most characteristic features of costume of the men. The turban is made of a shawl, or a multitude of handkerchiefs, which is twisted around a frame, and is Oriental in its effect. It is kept in shape by a band encircling the whole, which is frequently made of beaten silver. The more important the occasion, the larger the turban. It is sometimes unwound at night and the shawl used as a covering. The bright colors are said to have a special value in attracting the attention of the deer when on a hunt. Another of the peculiarities quite noticeable is the number of shirts and handkerchiefs that are frequently worn at the same time. A half dozen shirts on his back at one time is noth-

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ing unusual, and as many as a dozen gaudy handkerchiefs may be looped around his neck. A belt of buckskin, in which are suspended a hunting knife, a revolver and ammunition pouch, completes the usual outfit. The hair is generally cut short, with the exception of a straight band. The women, as a rule, wear their hair drawn into a knot, and also have the band. Silver earrings are generally worn by both men and women, and even children.

Each Seminole has his Indian name, which is significant of some family to which he belongs. The names by which they are known among white people are different. Among these we find Billy Bowlegs, Jack Tigertail, Charley Osceola, Little Doctor, Charley Tiger, etc. The language is extremely poetical, as are most Indian tongues. Many of the words are very long, and some of the expressions are exceedingly queer. It is eloquent, however, as has been evidenced by their speeches made to white men in negotiations that have taken place. That the words are picturesque is shown by the names of the rivers, lakes, etc. Okeechobee means "the place of the big water," Withlacoochee signifies "little big river," Alachua "the big jug without a bottom," We-kiva is translated "mystery," etc. Some of their words are very long and in translation make phrases. It would startle some of us to be greeted with the expression Ha-tee-eten-chee-hick-cha-hit-is-chay — and yet it simply means "Glad to see you." It seems to me that the speaker would experience a sense of relief after he had once got it out of his mouth.

It is the characteristic of the Seminoles to establish their homes away in some secluded and isolated spot, where the white man would least expect to find them. The colonies generally consist of five or six families, and there will be four or five buildings. Fertile hammocks



A SEMINOLE HUT AND INDIAN YOUTHS.

are found in the wastes of water and sawgrass, where they have their habitations. A little clearing will be made in which the thatched huts are built and the scanty supplies of corn, squash, sweet potatoes and sugar cane raised. Chickens and razor-back pigs will be seen running wild, for they demand little care. The hum of the sewing machine will also be heard out here in these rudest of huts, which are little more than a thatched roof supported on poles. A Seminole hut consists simply of six upright poles supporting a gable roof of palmetto thatch, which reaches to within a few feet of the ground. A platform a little above the ground is where all the family eat and sleep and live. Here are crowded all their belongings. It is seldom that the sides are enclosed. In the center of the settlement will be the cooking camp. Here is a camp-fire from which logs of wood radiate like spokes from the hub of a wheel. As the ends of the logs are burned away, they are shoved in toward the center in order to keep the fire alive. In these camps they live as their fathers lived before them, little changed from the time of Ponce de Leon and De Soto.

The Indians are very hospitable and will welcome anyone to the dinner table, but the food and manner of eating it will not render it palatable. The standard dish of the Everglades is sofka. It is a meat stew made by cooking meat in a large kettle and thickening it with vegetables and meal. In the kettle is placed the sofka spoon, which is handed around to the diners in turn, each one taking a single mouthful. If you prefer to, you may reach in with your fingers and help yourself. Our ancestors undoubtedly did this, for fingers existed long before knives and forks and spoons, but such a custom certainly does not appeal to the fastidious person of today, and it does not harmonize with modern ideas of sanitation. Al-

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though meal hours are quite generally observed, yet the kettle of sofka may be prepared at almost any time, when food is unusually plentiful. Anyone in the camp is free then to go and help himself as long as there is anything left in it. Few earthen pots will be found in a Seminole camp, for the white man's kettles seem to answer the purpose very well in the eyes of the Seminole cooks. With a very few innovations we find these dark-skinned aborigines little changed from the time when the Spaniards first intruded on their isolation. A "big hunt" is indulged in occasionally, which sometimes lasts several weeks. Syrup boiling is also an occasion for a gathering together and a celebration. At other times they assemble to make a large quantity of flour from the wild cassava root, called by them koonti.

The selling of alligator hides has been one of the chief sources of income for the Seminoles for many years. A seven-foot hide would bring in the neighborhood of one dollar. But the securing of the hides is an easy matter. A searchlight and a gun are all that are needed. With a bull's-eye lantern affixed in his cap, and a man to pole the boat, everything is ready. A big alligator can be distinguished from a small one by the distance between the eyes. The boat is silently propelled to within a few feet of the saurian, and a well-directed shot from the hunter ends all troubles for the clumsy denizen of the Everglades. Otters were formerly very plentiful and their skins added to the Indian's revenue, but they have likewise become scarce. Another profitable occupation a few years ago was the securing of the beautiful plumes of the egret. In this destruction of these beautiful and harmless birds, we cannot blame the poor or needy Seminoles so much as the thoughtlessness of the civilized women who were so willing and anxious to possess them.

The Seminoles have a number of tribal ceremonies. One of these is the corn dance, which occurs at the time of the new moon in June. This is the occasion for the assembling of the entire band. It is largely under the control of the medicine men, who are important personages. Of it, Mrs. Moore-Willson says: "The feast is for sorrowing, rejoicing and purifying. This is the beginning of the New Year when, following the traditions of ancient people, old fires are allowed to go out, not a spark is allowed to remain. New fire is produced artificially; this is the Sacred Fire and must be made with the flint rock of their ancestors. The new fire is presented from one tribe to another, and is received as a token of friendship. Then they assemble around the fires singing and dancing. Gratitude is expressed to the Great Spirit, if the year has been abundant. If death has overtaken the tribe, mournful strains expressive of pity and supplication are invoked. This custom was borrowed from the ancient tribes who worshipped the sun. The Medicine Men arrange the date for the Green Corn Dance, which is governed by a certain phase of the moon, and runners are sent from band to band to announce the time.

"The Ceremony preceding the dance permits all men who have evaded the laws to be reinstated by indulging in certain trying ordeals. The transgressors appear a short time before the dance. They are placed in a closed skin tent where a large hot stone lies on the fire. The famous Black Drink of Osceola's time is administered, water is poured on the stone, and the culprits are shut up in this suffocating heat. If they pass the ordeal, they are forgiven and allowed to join in the feasting and dancing when it occurs. This same Black Drink, which is a nauseating medicine from herbs, is taken by all the tribe on the first day of the dance. This cleanses the system

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and enables them to 'eat, drink, and be merry' to the fullest extent."

One of the most picturesque games enjoyed by the Indians during this festival is the dancing around the festal pole. On the night of the full moon they dance from sunset until sunrise. It is very interesting to see the harmony in running around the circle. As the women throw the ball at the pole in the center the men catch it in their bags that are made around bent sticks, which have bows each about four inches in diameter, with a cross at the lower side. The dancing is very ordinary. That of the squaws consists of little more than a perfunctory rising and sinking motion caused by the bending of the knees. The men vary this by jumping up and down. Divorce is an easy matter, for incompatibility of temper is a sufficient cause. Either party is free to marry again, but the approval of the elders is usually sought and that is easy to obtain.

Parental affection is strong in the heart of the Seminole. The following incident related by a missionary is taken from Mrs. Moore-Willson's "The Seminoles of Florida": "Tallahassee's wife had recently died, leaving him with the care of six boys; but the strong Indian had apparently become mother and father to his children. Especially did he throw a tender care about the little one of his household. I have seen the little fellow clambering, just like many a little paleface, over his father's knees persistently demanding attention, but in no way disturbing the father's amiability or serenity. One night, as I sat by the camp fire of Tallahassee's lodge, I heard muffled moans from the little palmetto shelter on my right, under which the three smaller boys were bundled up in cotton cloth in deer skins for the night's sleep. Upon the moans followed immediately the frightened cry of the

little boy, waking out of bad dreams, and crying for the mother who could not answer; 'Its-Ki, Its-Ki' (mother, mother), begged the little fellow, struggling from under his covering. At once the big Indian grasped his child, hugged him to his breast, pressed the little head to his cheek, consoling him all the while with caressing words, whose meaning I felt, though I could not translate them into English, until the boy, wide awake, laughed with his father and was ready to be again rolled up beside his sleeping brothers."

The tribal organization of the Florida Seminoles is very loose, but it seems to be efficient. The Indians are divided into camps, consisting of only a few families, but in each camp the word of the chief is absolute. The general policy of the tribe is dictated by a few of the older chieftains. So accustomed are the tribes to obey the chiefs that an Indian sentenced to death has been known to be given permission to go to town for a few days, or on a visit to relatives, and he never fails to return on the day appointed for him to be chief figure in the execution. It is true that the Seminole, like the Western Indian, has acquired a great liking for the white man's firewater. When under its influence he is quarrelsome and murders are not uncommon, but the victims are members of his own tribe. If a band is going on a deliberate spree, one of them is selected who must remain sober and stand guard over all weapons to guard against harm coming to any member of the tribe. Notwithstanding this, however, he is a good deal of a man and has preserved much of the dignity of his ancestors. The morals of the tribe are fairly good, for a breach of morality is punished severely.

The nation certainly owes a great deal to its wards down here in the Everglades. It is too late to remedy

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the injustice of the past entirely, but something substantial should be done as a measure of justice to the remnants of the tribe. The Seminole is beset and besieged from all sides. Surveying parties are traversing the Big Cypress Swamp and selling lands off for fruit growers or the cultivators of the soil. Hunters swarm over their preserves in increasing numbers. The state is energetically going ahead with its reclamation projects. The Indian might exist without clothing, but food is just as necessary with them as with the Caucasian.

As the Seminole sees the water in the Everglades slipping away from him through the efforts of the drainage commission, he is disturbed about the future. The lowering of the waters means the eventual disappearance of the game which has heretofore furnished his livelihood. Millions of dollars have been given in one way and another to the Western Indians, but nothing has been conceded to these, because they have been too proud to ask for it. About 1892 an agency was established near Fort Myers, at some distance from the Seminole camps. An appropriation of six thousand dollars was made, but the effort was a failure. They were still afraid of the motives of the government. The general opinion among the Seminoles has been that the white man is ho-lo-wa-gus (no good), and lox-ee-o-jus (lie too much). Now they are in a receptive mood and would gladly accept aid from the government. It should not be a niggardly sum, but should be something commensurate with the great financial resources of the government.

A generous Indian reservation in the Everglades should be set off to these people, which would be simply a measure of justice to the Indians and not be any injustice toward the white man. This should be made to include a section of the Big Cypress Swamp, some prairie land,

and also a bay on the coast which would give them a supply of fish. Out of these boundaries the white hunters and traders should be kept, and the bootlegger should also be advised to give it a wide berth. A grant of money ought to be included to aid the Seminoles in the work of agriculture, or to give them a start in the raising of stock. To remove them from their tropical homes to a land swept by the chilling northern blasts would be an act of genuine cruelty.

CHAPTER VIII

ACROSS NORTHERN FLORIDA

It was on one of the early days of October, 1528, that a fleet of five small and crude vessels might have been seen skirting the Gulf shore in the neighborhood of Pensacola. The sails were a curious patchwork of garments utilized for this purpose, while the tails and manes of horses had formed the necessary cordage. They were probably the first vessels constructed within the limits of the United States. The vessels were loaded so heavily that they stood above the water only a few inches. The cargo consisted of some two hundred and forty human beings, greatly worn by exposure and fatigue and privation. The commander was a tall, one-eyed man, "with a voice deep and sonorous as though it came from a cavern." The name of this commander was Don Panfilo de Narvaez, a captain-general in the Spanish army.

The expedition of De Narvaez landed on Santa Rosa Island, and these Spaniards were doubtless the first white men to set foot on the shores of Pensacola Bay. His improvised fleet had been constructed after the original caravels had disappeared. He was now on his way to Mexico. The commander lost his life at sea, as has been related elsewhere, famine pursued the others, and only four reached Mexico after undergoing untold hardship. It was a dozen years before the white men again invaded Pensacola Bay. On this occasion it was Captain Maldonado, the commander of the fleet that brought De



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT SAN CARLOS AND FORT BARRANCAS.

Soto to these shores. He bestowed upon the harbor the name of Puerta de Anchusi. Upon his glowing report De Soto decided to establish it as his base of supplies. But he was led inland by fabulous tales of gold far to the northeast of Apalachee. Again was Pensacola abandoned for almost a score of years.

On the 14th of August, 1559, the fleet of Don Tristan de Luna, also searching for gold, cast anchor within these sheltered waters, which he named Santa Maria. By him a settlement was begun, the exact site of which is not accurately established. The morning chant and evening hymn now awakened the echoes of the forest and shore. To the perfume of the flowers and the exuberant vegetation was added the odor of burning incense. Excursions were made into the interior in which both priest and friar joined. This settlement was abandoned in less than three years, because of the disaffection of his followers, but it antedated St. Augustine by several years, which is the reason that the Pensacolans assert theirs to be the oldest town in the United States. The name Santa Maria disappeared and Pensacola gradually established itself. Some say this was the name of a tribe of Indians who formerly lived here but had been entirely exterminated, while others attribute the name to an alteration of Peniscola, a small Spanish seaport. The name is evidently Spanish rather than Indian, when compared with other Indian names of this vicinity.

It was in 1696 that formal possession of this bay and coast was taken by Don Andres d'Arriola, with three hundred soldiers. To render his hold more effectual, he constructed a "square fort with bastions," which he named San Carlos in honor of Charles XI of Spain. Some houses were erected near it and also a church. This was near the present Fort Barrancas. The early

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colonists were not exemplary citizens, for many of them were former convicts and malefactors. About this time French settlements were springing up along the coast further to the west, but the relations of the colonies were generally friendly. When war was declared between France and Spain, in 1719, a French expedition under Bienville attacked Pensacola by both land and water and captured it without a struggle. Using some French vessels as decoys, the Spaniards returned and captured Pensacola after a brief cannonade. The Spaniards now erected a new fort on Santa Rosa Island, which they named Principe d'Asturias. A few weeks later Bienville returned with augmented forces and some French navy boats, and it was again surrendered to the French. Pensacola was now burned and San Carlos was blown up with powder. Upon the ruins was placed a tablet announcing: "In the year 1718, on the eighteenth of September, Monsieur Desnard de Champeslin, Commander of His Most Christian Majesty, captured this place and the island of Santa Rosa by force of arms." Then again did Pensacola disappear from the map. A couple of years later peace followed between France and Spain, and Pensacola was restored to her former owner.

Santa Rosa is a long and narrow sandy island separated from the mainland by about three miles of water. Here the next settlement was established, because its isolation seemed to promise security. Within the next quarter of a century this settlement increased considerably, but the town was destroyed by a hurricane in 1754, in which many of the inhabitants lost their lives. The survivors settled on the north shore of the bay, the site of the present city.

The prosperity of Pensacola dates from its transfer to British sovereignty in 1763. On July 6th of that

year, Captain Wills was ordered here with his forces from Havana to take formal possession. Most of the Spanish settlers removed to Mexico. Captain Wills wrote that there were "40 huts thatched with palmetto leaves, and barracks for a small garrison, the whole surrounded by a stockade of pine posts. . . . The country from the insuperable laziness of the Spaniards still remains uncultivated. . . . The Indians are numerous around. We had within a few days a visit from about two hundred of five different nations." As France had ceded to Great Britain that part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, Pensacola was now established as the center of administration for West Florida by royal decree. In February, 1764, the new governor arrived, together with soldiers and other officials. Glowing reports were promulgated which set flowing a tide of immigration. The whites brought in negro slaves to aid in the work of clearing up the forests and building the city.

Pensacola was officially surveyed by Governor Johnston. The main street was named after George III, and the next street was designated Charlotte, in honor of the queen. The lots were generous in size, and a garden lot was permitted to each purchaser. A small fort was erected in the center of the public park as a refuge in case of attack by the savages. Work was begun in the draining of the Titi Swamp, because of the great amount of sickness that arose from it. The surrounding forest now began to give way to smiling gardens. Peter Chester succeeded Governor Johnston as executive in 1772. A fort was built on Gage Hill and named Fort George. It was a quadrangle, with bastions on each corner. A battery and barracks were constructed on Tartar Point, now the site of the navy yard. A popular assembly was instituted by Governor Chester and elections were held.

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It is amusing to read local annals of distant settlements such as Pensacola. Petty gossip and mutual recriminations fill a large space, but they illustrate forcibly the weaknesses and infirmities of poor human nature. Exiled so far from home, they seize upon and exaggerate the little things. An interesting sidelight is thrown upon life in Pensacola in 1770, from a letter written in that year by an English officer: "Affairs in our unlucky province have as yet been upon a very unstable footing. Whether this ill fate is still doomed to be our lot or whether we are about to emerge from such unhappy circumstances, a little time will discover. Pensacola has been justly famed for vexatious lawsuits. It is contrived, indeed, that if a poor man owes but five pounds, and has not got so much ready money, or if he disputes some dollars of imposition that may be in the account, or if he is guilty of shaking his fist at any rascal that has abused him, he is sure to be prosecuted; and the costs for every suit are about seven pounds sterling. I have known this province for a little more than four years, yet I could name to you a set of men who may brag of one governor resigned, one horse-whipped and one whom they led by the nose and supported while it suited their purpose and then betrayed him. What the next turn of affairs will be, God knows."

An eminent naturalist, who visited Pensacola in 1778, says that "there were at that time some hundreds of houses. The palace of Governor Chester was a large stone edifice, surmounted with a tower, which had been built by the Spaniards. The city was defended by a large fortress, the plan of which was a tetragon, having at each corner a salient angle, and a small round tower was elevated one story above the curtains, upon which were placed the smaller cannon. The fort was constructed of timber; there were contained within the walls the council

chamber ; office of records, an arsenal, and magazine, with lodgings for the garrison. There were in the city many merchants and professional gentlemen, who occupied well-built houses. A fort also existed on the point of Santa-Rosa Island which defended the entrance to the harbor."

Pensacola began to grow, and more so as the American Revolution succeeded. Many Tories from the Thirteen Colonies fled to East and West Florida. William Panton, senior member of Panton, Leslie & Co., a wealthy Scotch house, came here and established a branch. The business of the firm increased year by year. Their trade with the Indians extended as far as Tennessee. Their pack horses went out in all directions, carrying goods to the Indian and bringing back skins, honey, beeswax, dried venison, peltries, etc. One driver for ten animals was the usual custom. Companies of five or ten drivers usually traveled together. They were generally brave and jolly fellows, whose visits were welcomed. From 1772 to 1781 are probably the most prosperous years that Pensacola ever witnessed prior to recent years. Because of this prosperity Spain again coveted this harbor and this coast. Great Britain had her hands full with her other colonies. A Spanish fleet approached Pensacola under Admiral Solana, and Fort George was besieged from the land until it finally capitulated. For the siege the Spaniards erected Fort San Bernardo. West Florida once more came under Spanish rule, and the Gulf coast was again under Spanish domination. Most of the British inhabitants left, because Spain did not encourage or even desire Protestant subjects.

With its return to Spain, Pensacola's prestige and prosperity waned. The Perdido River, not far from Pensacola, became the western limit of West Florida. Instead

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of the capital of a vast empire reaching to the Mississippi, she became simply the chief city of a narrow strip between the Perdido and Appalachicola rivers. The population diminished, and its commercial importance dwindled. The merchant, William Panton, remained, and apostacy was not required of him. His houses were awarded a monopoly of the Indian trade. A treaty was made with him which recognized the merchant almost as a quasi-sovereign, because of his great influence with the aborigines. A town was laid out near Fort San Carlos, which was intended to supersede Pensacola, but the attempt did not succeed. The plan of the city was changed, and the great part subdivided into lots. Spanish names were substituted for the English designations of streets. The principal thoroughfare was called Palafox, after José de Palafox. Zaragoza was named after a Spanish city. Baylen is indebted for its title to a small Spanish town, and Romana bears the name of an illustrious Spanish general. Alcaniz is a reminder of Spanish glory — a town where a victory was won over the French. Terra-gona commemorated a great siege. The Plaza was named after Ferdinand VII.

The Spaniards were rather hostile to the Americans in the War of 1812, because of boundary disputes. For this reason Pensacola was permitted to the British as a base of supplies for hostile Indians. A British fleet also made it its headquarters. Then it was that "Old Hickory" marched there and captured the town in November, 1812. After he left to defend New Orleans, Pensacola again became a rallying place for filibusters, runaway slaves, British agents, etc. In every way it was a lawless and disorderly place. Jackson again captured it during the Seminole War of 1818. It was natural that he should become the first provisional governor, after its acqui-



IN OLD FORT PICKENS.

tion in 1819, and it was here that the Spanish Governor publicly transferred its sovereignty to the United States.

Although comparatively few visitors are attracted to Pensacola today, it is, from an historical standpoint, exceeded in interest by St. Augustine only. It is for this reason that I have recapitulated some of the history that appears elsewhere in a more elaborate way. Few reminders of the many vicissitudes through which she has passed will be seen in the Pensacola of today. It is principally a modern city that is viewed. The oldest structure yet remaining is a part of the kitchen and storehouse of the Scotch merchant, William Panton. The new streets are laid out on a generous scale, and several broad boulevards bisect the city, which give it a very attractive appearance. Modern buildings have been constructed to accommodate the offices and business houses.

Pensacola boasts of its harbor, and not without reason. It is said to be the finest and safest harbor on the Gulf, because it is land-locked, since Santa Rosa, a long narrow neck of sand, protects its waters from the storms of the open water beyond. Pensacola Bay is a beautiful stretch of water thirty-seven miles long and with an average width of three miles. The United States has made it a naval base, and many warships are sheltered here at all times. The naval yards are situated a few miles from the city, and just beyond is Fort Barrancas. On the island is Fort Pickens, over which the Confederate flag never flew, although besieged by a strong Confederate force which had possession of the town and naval yard. In all, three forts guard the harbor. Army and navy uniforms are very common on the streets, and especially so since the United States enlisted in the Great War on the side of liberty.

Pensacola is one of the three greatest naval store cen-

ters in the country, and thousands of barrels of these valuable pine products are stored here at all times. It is likewise a great fish market. Scores of boats sail several hundred miles to the red snapper banks near Yucatan. It frequently requires a voyage of over three weeks, but they will bring back a cargo of from fifteen to twenty tons of fish. Then the money flows freely when the men get ashore. Nine men usually make up a crew, and the fish, which weigh from eight to forty pounds, are all caught by hand, for nets are not used. Fishing is sometimes done in fifty or sixty fathoms of water, and it requires real work to pull up so many thousands of pounds of fish hand over hand from so great a depth. They may fish for days without a bite, and then may get several thousand without a halt. The red snapper and grupers run together in schools, but the former is the more valuable. The catches of the two fish will average nearly the same in quantity. The men are pleased if they receive forty or fifty dollars each, which is not very big pay.

"Yes, it is good sport," said one, "especially if you get a big jewfish that weighs several hundred pounds on your hook, but we really get tired pulling them up."

"I suppose you have fresh fish every meal," I said.

"No, indeed, for we prefer beef. We may have fish half a dozen times on the trip. We live on the best of the land."

The journey across Florida from Pensacola to Jacksonville is a long one. If it is the first visit to the state, the visitor's eyes are opened to the fact that distances in Florida are extensive and journeys require time. It is three hundred and seventy miles by railroad, and the trains are not record breakers for speed. But there is much to see and considerable variation is revealed, while schedule time seems to be more or less of a formality.

Much of it is absolutely unimproved, and the timber industry is still thriving. It is the coldest section of Florida. This is due both to the greater elevation and the distance from the Gulf Stream. The climate more nearly resembles Georgia and Alabama, although warmer than either of those states. Snow very seldom falls and the frosts are light, but they do definitely mark the seasons and clear the way for a new spring.

Leaving Pensacola, the road follows the shore for a number of miles, and many beautiful water views are obtained of Escambia Bay. The high bluffs of variously tinted clay are furrowed and worn by the water, while grassy slopes are interspersed here and there, thus adding a pleasing variation to the scene. Then follows a stretch of forty miles through the primeval forest of oaks, magnolias, and pines and the blackjack woods. Very little agricultural development has taken place through here, and only a few unimportant stations are passed.

De Funiak Springs is situated in the midst of an extremely well-forested country and on an elevated tableland. It is only twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico and still less from the Choctowhatchee Bay. This town has been a popular winter resort for many years, and it has attracted many thousands of visitors. The springs are sixty feet deep and almost circular in outline. The circumference measures almost a mile. Around its shores a very pretty park has been laid out. The spring water is clear and sparkling with chalybeate qualities, and is said to be very beneficial to anaemic people and those greatly debilitated through overwork. A vacation can be spent very pleasantly here, for the woods and rivers and lakes provide charming excursions both by land and water.

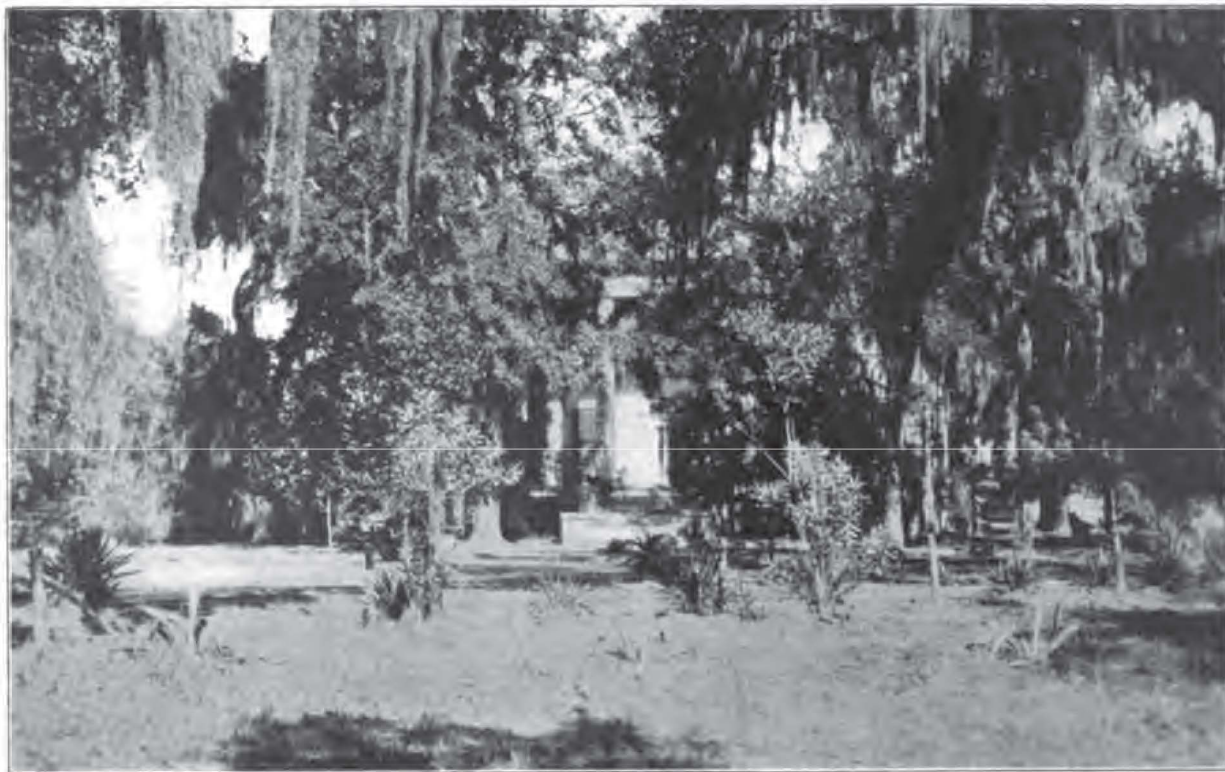
Health-giving springs are numerous in this section of

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Florida, for they are also found at Ponce de Leon and Chipola, on the way to Tallahassee. At Mariana is located the State Reform School. It is situated on the Chipola River, which is classed as a navigable stream by the government. Not far away this stream disappears and runs underground for about a mile. In a country characterized by such a phenomenon it is not surprising to find caves filled with stalactites and stalagmites of wonderful beauty. There is also a great spring of transparent water which forms a vigorous little stream as it flows from the ground. Just a little to the east is a splendid hunting and fishing ground, which is frequented by many camping parties. A day's sport is likely to include duck, turkey and quail, as well as the nimble-footed deer. There are a number of lakes, among them being those known as Dead, Cyr and Ochese. It is these waters that attract the ducks in large numbers in the winter months, after the return from their northern homes.

A large and imposing stream is crossed by a long bridge and trestle, which is the Apalachicola River. The town of the same name, located on the bay of the same name, is about eighty miles below. It can be reached by steamers from here and by railroad from River Junction. It is a rather prosperous town because of its lumber and fishing industries. It is only a couple of miles above River Junction that the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers unite to form the broader Apalachicola. From here to Tallahassee the way is through a farming country, which is interspersed with lakes and woodlands. There are groves of the oaks and magnolias, and tobacco plantations will be seen in many places. It is the principal tobacco growing section of the state.

"Tallahassee is a delightful old place," said a Pensacolan to me. He was right. It is indeed filled with de-



A HOME IN TALLAHASSEE.

light and charm, and it has the added delight of antiquity. The capitol itself shows that. It was finished before Florida was admitted as a state, and is still doing duty as the capitol, despite its four-score years of age. There is little more that is new about the capital city than there is about the capitol building. Even the great Leon Hotel might date from "befo' de wah," so far as outward appearance goes. And yet there is an air of comfort about its great halls and spacious verandas that pleases, and there is life, too, when its spacious rooms are filled with legislators and lobbyists.

It was in Tallahassee that I first became interested in the birds of Florida,—out by the "Home of the Tallahassee Girl." It was only a common bluejay, or the Florida jay, but there were so many of him. He is just as sassy and just as unmusical here as in the North, but the bluejay certainly is a pretty bird. His coat of many colors seemed even brighter and more resplendent than usual down here beneath a brilliant Florida sun, and the blues and whites of his regulation uniform scintillated wonderfully as he (and she) flew back and forth from the ground to the trees. There were evidently babies with hungry mouths up there in the Spanish moss. I thought it was a wise bird that made its home down here where the Spanish moss hung in festoons from the limbs of the live oaks, thus making a most inviting place for a home. There were comfort and seclusion, as well as distinctive charm.

Robins were scarce in Tallahassee, but bluejays were everywhere. Their characteristic cries floated down from every tree and every lofty perch. But their two or three musical notes could be distinguished, also, and these compensated for the less musical and discordant ones. Their bright colors and saucy topknots cause one

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to forget that this bird is a robber and a thief. They are very approachable, these Florida bluejays, and their confidence in man is remarkable. It is said that they are readily tameable and become rather interesting pets. But bluejays were not the only birds. The cardinals were likewise there, and "The Tallahassee Girl" must have listened to their cheery notes as they sat in the oaks and the pines that surround the old mansion in which she had her home. The scene would have made a good setting for "The Kentucky Cardinal." Saucy little wrens perched themselves haughtily on limbs and objected to intrusion, when they were not too busy picking up a free lunch. The modest little song sparrow poured forth his song as if to dispel one's prejudice against the name sparrow in general, because of his obnoxious English cousin. Little bluish birds and thrushes flitted here and there through the green foliage, and the scarlet bonnet of the red-headed woodpecker was visible, even if one failed to hear his rat-tat-tat on the dead limb of a neighboring tree. The scarlet tanager is a frequent visitor to Tallahassee, while warblers of several kinds are perfectly at home here. The ruby-crowned kinglet also mingles his beautiful voice with those of the other singers, as well as the charming bluebird and the vireos and the orchard orioles in their elegant dress. All of these things added to the charm of Florida's capital, and the time was early in the month of February.

The expansive live oaks, about which the birds flit and in which they nest, are a symbol of stability and even virility, but they invariably appear rather somber. They drop their leaves one by one in a rather grudging manner, and they put out their new ones in the same way. Because of this they always retain their cloak of dark green. They are the great and overspreading glory of Florida's

capital, furnishing wide coverlets of verdant green and canopies of the coolest shade. An ordinary street would be too restricted for their giant arms and spreading branches. They are venerable patriarchs and can look back upon generations of time when you and I were not, neither were our fathers. Under one of them Robin Hood and all of his merry men might have camped in comfort. It is the delicate lace hanging from its limbs that furnishes the greatest beauty to the live oak. The profuse draperies that droop from every branch and every twig envelop the scene with a glamour of wonder and mystery. And yet even this clinging moss impresses people differently.

"I think it is nice," said a lady, "but that ragged moss over everything reminds me too much of untidy house-keeping."

The capital of Florida occupies one of the highest elevations in the state. It is charmingly situated on a hill, and is sometimes called the "hill city." It is a typical old southern town, where the inhabitants are thoroughly at home. The houses and lots do not all have "for sale" signs ornamenting them. Many beautiful views are obtained across the valley toward the distant hills. The massive live oaks with their delicate foliage form a beautiful sky-line. The scenery is semi-tropical and semi-mountainous. In the Indian tongue Tallahassee meant "old field," and a village had long been established near the site of the present city. At one time, also, about the year 1638, the Spaniards erected a fortified camp on a hill west of the town. An old plantation mansion, which was built there, is still called Fort San Louis. When the Indians were driven from this section, the country began to develop. It is the one section in Florida which resembles the old plantation districts in the South, and it was

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settled by an aristocratic and cultivated society in the ante-bellum days. There are still a number of old mansions modeled after the favorite colonial style of architecture which line the streets, and which date from those prosperous days of the long ago. This was the chief city of the state in slave-holding times, and wealthy planters thronged here from far and near because of the beckoning hand of social pleasure. They came to enjoy "the season" and "the season" was when the Legislature met, which was once in two years. It was a period of fashionable balls, as well as of great debates.

It is an interesting experience to be in Tallahassee on a market day. Scores of negroes from the surrounding country troop into the city for a day of rest and shopping. Dilapidated horseless conveyances drawn by the long eared mule or still slower ox bring them into the capital. Negro "mammies," with heads covered with a bandanna handkerchief, will be seen standing in groups on almost every corner. The men congregate in convenient places to visit and talk over the gossip of colored circles. Much laughter pours forth unchecked by the thought or fear of an empty larder at home, for possibilities of the morrow are not permitted to interfere with the untrammelled enjoyment of today by these dusky children of the southland.

Tallahassee was selected for the site of the capital by commissions appointed in 1821, soon after the territory had been ceded by Spain to the United States. It was not incorporated until 1840. It is one of the smallest capitals in the Union. It is not a strenuous commercial city, but its trade is confined to the immediate districts surrounding. The streets are laid out so wide that the wagons wander uncertainly from side to side. There is room for a double trolley line, but the trolley is not there. They



“GOING TO TOWN.”

add an air of stateliness to the city which is pleasing. The State House is an old structure of brick and stucco, standing at the brow of the hill at one end of the main street. The stately portico bestows an air of grandeur, and it stands in the midst of a beautiful grove of trees. There is a college for young women, and also a state educational institution for young women in the suburbs. There are a number of attractive lakes within a few miles, among which are Lakes Bradford, Jackson, Iomonia and Lafayette. Lake Lafayette is situated on an estate of twenty-three thousand acres, which was granted to General Lafayette by the United States as a recognition of his service during the Revolutionary War.

The long residence of Prince Louis Napoleon Achilles Murat, the son of the famous Marshal of France, who married one of the sisters of Napoleon and was for a time established on the throne of Naples, contributed an interesting chapter to Florida's capital — for princes and princesses have ever interested democratic Americans. It is one of the points of interest to which guide-books and the inhabitants point with interest. The prince came to the United States about the time of the Napoleonic exile, and he settled in Tallahassee. This was a number of years before it had been chosen as the territorial capital, although it was already becoming a center of southern aristocratic society. He married a daughter of a Mr. Willis, who had come to Tallahassee from Virginia. Her mother was Mary Lewis, a niece of George Washington. Although still a young woman, she was already a widow. The courtship of the young Murat was short but passionate; they were married in 1826 and removed to his plantation near the town. Upon this he had bestowed the name of Lipona, after his mother's title, which was Countess Lipona. At one time the prince

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and princess returned to Europe with the intention of making their homes there. The prince entered the military service of Belgium, but was dismissed because he was a Napoleon, for the authorities feared the influence of his name. For a time they lived in London, where both became very popular. It is said that a warm friendship arose between them and Washington Irving. Then they returned to Florida, and lived for a time at St. Augustine.

The prince was a brilliant but erratic man, and finally decided to follow the law as a profession. He owned slaves, but was a good master. As one of his former slaves expressed it: "He never was for barbarizing a poor colored person at all." He practiced for a time at New Orleans and also at Baton Rouge, but returned to Tallahassee, where he died in 1847. When Louis Napoleon became Emperor of France, he did not forget his charming cousin in America. He urged her to visit Paris, where she took part in court life. She returned to Tallahassee and bought an unpretentious home, where she lived until her death in 1866. This home is a story and a half cottage sitting amidst flowering shrubs. It is an old house and the journey out there is a pleasant journey over a winding road. It has now fallen into a rather unfortunate state of neglect. It was never a palace, but it has poetry and sentiment enwrapped around it, which is sufficient charm for the American traveler with a little sentimentality in his make-up.

The climate of Tallahassee is much colder than the sections farther south. This is due both to its more northerly location and also to its elevation. And yet Spring comes much earlier as compared with our northern states, for the gardens sometimes beam with roses as early as February or March. Yet there is a

chill that lingers about the evening when a fire feels very comfortable. There is no fire more pleasant, however, than that furnished by a Florida pine fire, which sends forth an aroma filled with perfume. To me the smell of this pine wood smoke is always delightful. It makes one think of camp fires, of the open road, and of blankets spread over one beneath the bright stars. This perfume is born of the pine wood which has gathered all the spices of the forest unto itself.

The roads around about Tallahassee are almost unsurpassed in beauty. There are long stretches where the trees almost intertwine overhead, where beautiful mosses, ferns, wild flowers and tangled vines clamber to the top of the gigantic trees. At times they lead past lovely lakes dotted with pond lilies and reflecting the glory of the southern skies. The white sand of Florida is here replaced by red clay. It affords rather a pleasing relief, too, to see the land rising, gently as it does, and reach out toward the horizon. Groups of negroes will be observed at work on the slopes of the hills, and one seems to be gazing upon a bit of the old south — a land of cotton and negroes — rather than a land of northern tourists and visitors, such as are encountered farther down in the peninsula. The negro farmer generally uses only one mule, or probably his faithful ox, which also takes him to town on market day. The Tallahassee negro is always respectful in his manner, and he never fails to address the stranger in a deferential way. He is neither forward nor servile, but has a gentleness of speech and a kindly manner that is pleasing. He will talk with you until you break off the conversation, as if that was a point in good manners. In most of the negro yards one will see the calabash hung from a pole — these are the colored man's martin boxes. They say there is no

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danger of hawks carrying off the chickens when the martins are around, and the colored man always has a use for chickens, as all of us know.

Florida is probably no more a land of flowers than many of our northern states, only they bloom more months in the year. Flowering shrubs and climbers will probably be seen in greater abundance, but not the smaller flowers of our northern woods. One will travel through long stretches of the flowering dogwood and pink azalea. There are veritable masses of lantana and the white honeysuckle. The bignonia hangs its shining bells just out of reach in the tree tops. Thornbushes and the blueberry are very plentiful, the latter being a real thing of beauty with its flaring white corollas. Around Tallahassee there are as many flowers as anywhere else in Florida, and the capital itself is a city of flower gardens. But one does miss the hepaticas, the anemones, the spring beauties, the buttercups, the Dutchman's breeches, the trailing arbutus and a dozen other blossoms which cover the northern hills and valleys in the month of May.

A drive of fifteen miles brings the traveler to beautiful Wakulla Springs. The water exceeds a hundred feet in depth and is crystalline in its transparency. It has wonderful magnifying qualities, which renders the most minute objects plainly visible on the edges of the limestone rock far down near the edge of the abyss. The water gushes upward with great force and volume, and forms a river which will carry boats of considerable size to the Gulf. Merchant boats used to ascend as far as the spring. A beautiful forest growth encompasses it, in which the twining trumpet and fragrant jasmine and the clinging Spanish moss augment the natural beauty of the oaks and the bays and the magnolias. One of the established institutions of the Tallahassee neighborhood is an

organized fox hunt, which has been conducted each year for a quarter of a century. Legend located a smoking volcano, named Wakulla, in an almost impenetrable jungle south of Tallahassee. Although assertions have been made that smoke has often been seen issuing from there, no explorer has ever yet discovered any subterranean opening from which it could have issued.

On the railroad journey from Tallahassee to Jacksonville, there is little of particular interest for the tourist. There are a number of villages and small towns and a few places of considerable importance, such as Live Oak, Houston and Lake City. The least interesting section is that nearest to the metropolis of the state. There one will find long stretches of endless pine woods, with the curious scrub palmetto growing rather sparsely over the ground. Here and there will be encountered a cypress swamp, while an occasional road will be observed among the pine trees. It impresses many travelers as though it would be next to impossible to imagine anything more uninteresting or more uninviting. The highways do not tempt the pedestrian, for the sand is deep and the sun is generally rather hot. The landscape is open and parklike, level as a floor and flooded with sunshine. A shady place tempts the pedestrian to establish himself temporarily, and there are occasional shady spots even in a Florida pine forest. There he can listen to the birds or watch for some strange and unusual butterflies. The beautiful pileated woodpecker is not uncommon, for one will occasionally catch a glimpse of his scarlet cheek patches far up in the branches of a tall pine. Wide awake he seems to be, as he stretches his rather scrawny neck this way and that way, with his long crest erect and aflame. Then he suddenly disappears from view,

but a succession of sharp raps prove that he has not entirely deserted your vicinity.

At Lake City is located the State Agricultural College as well as an experiment station of the Department of Agriculture. White Springs, a few miles to the northwest, is another of the many health-giving resorts of Florida. Before reaching Live Oak we cross the famous Suwanee River, made popular by the famous song, whose simple sweetness and the genuineness of its pathos have held for many decades. It is indeed a stream of wondrous beauty whose waters mirror its banks almost perfectly. The Suwanee is fed by a number of beautiful springs, and the name is claimed to be a corruption of the Spanish name San Juan. Suwanee Springs, not far from Live Oak, is one of the most famous springs of Florida. It is noted for its healing qualities, while the river itself is most charming with its wooded banks. This famous river, so famed in the south, has its origin in the great Okefinokee swamp of Georgia and winds its devious way down through Florida to the Gulf of Mexico. One expects much and is not disappointed if he takes a canoe or row-boat and paddles over a few miles of water, "Way down upon the Suwanee River," where the darky's heart is wandering ever.

It is not wholly a southern paradise through which the Suwanee passes, as one might infer from the longing expressed by the negro. There are a number of negro villages along its banks, and some white people live there also. The little cabins of the blacks are poor tumbledown affairs, with glassless windows, and they are destitute of either lath or plaster. Primitive fireplaces are depended upon for heating purposes. The humble dwellings are upraised upon wooden blocks, eighteen or twenty inches above the ground, under which



“WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER.”

barnyard fowls and the razorback hogs are perfectly at home. Out in the yard there is always a big black kettle in which the water is heated for the washings. You will likely see a "cullud" woman there at work with a long-stemmed pipe in her mouth. If she does not smoke then she will dip snuff, a habit that many of the Caucasian women have acquired also. One end of a twig is chewed into a swab, dipped into the snuff can and then thrust into the awaiting mouth.

The negroes do not work hard, and they always have time to loaf. "Why," said a white man, "if thar was a train through hyar every half hour, the darkeys 'd be thar to see hit. They stan thar an look an look like they hadn't never seen a train befo'. I tell yuh, the niggers here is utterly no good at all." I smiled, but I thought that maybe it was some pleasure to the poor darkies, and there certainly was not much pleasure in life for them down there. Likewise it occurred to me that many of their white neighbors did not set a very good example of the strenuous life.

The metropolis of Florida is Jacksonville. It is the chief commercial city and the railroad center, and the county seat of Duval County as well. It is also the most important seaport on the South Atlantic. It is situated on the St. John's River, about twenty-five miles from its mouth. In the early days there was a ford here called by the Indians "Wacca Pilatka" or "the cows' crossing over"; from this fact it was spoken of as the "Cowford." The first settlement dates from a period just about a century ago. Its inception was due to Lewis Z. Hogan, who had married a Spanish widow, the Donna Maria Suarez, who owned a couple hundred acres of land on this site. It was on the line of travel then followed into the peninsula, and a ferry was estab-

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lished in 1820. Thirteen years later the town was incorporated and was named after General Jackson, the popular hero of that day, who had likewise been intimately associated with the history of its acquisition from Spain. The original of the many hotels of which Jacksonville can boast was opened to the traveling public in 1822. This primitive hostelry would make a very poor showing in comparison with the magnificent hotels of today. Jacksonville was a place of refuge for fugitives from the interior of the state during the prolonged Florida War.

There is not much history worthy of note in Jacksonville's later existence, except during the Civil War. On four different occasions it was captured by the Union forces. The first time was when several gunboats sailed up the St. John's and captured the unresisting town on the 11th of March, 1862. This force was withdrawn in the following month. Six months later it was again seized and occupied for a time. In the spring of 1863, it was captured by colored troops of South Carolina, who were under the command of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Colonel Montgomery. The citizens objected strongly to the presence of negro troops, which led to considerable bad feeling. When abandoned this time, there was considerable looting and much of the town was burned. In February, 1864, it was taken once again by colored troops and retained until the close of the war.

The greatest event in history since that time was a terrible conflagration that occurred in May, 1901. Nearly three thousand buildings of all kinds were destroyed at this time, with a loss of many millions of dollars. It has been rebuilt in a much finer way than it was then, so that the fire was not an unmixed calamity.



A VIEW OF JACKSONVILLE FROM THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

Its growth has been so rapid that it is difficult to find a native of Jacksonville, for the vast majority have come in from other sections of the states. Today it is a busy city, with an attractive business and residence section. There are well-paved streets and attractive parks and open squares. Hemming Park is a spacious square in the center of the city which affords a convenient outing place for residents and visitors alike. Jacksonville is the leading gateway to Florida, and is an outlet for its products as well. It will naturally retain these advantages just as long as all the leading railroads to the North pass through it. They bring tens of thousands of visitors to the city each year, most of whom spend a day or two, or many weeks, in the splendid hotels which cater to their needs and comfort. If the growth of manufactures maintains the present pace and makes the progress that the inhabitants prophesy, then the expectations of the most hopeful may be realized. The civic pride and enthusiasm of the citizens is large, and they look forward to a great city in the not-distant future.

To the northern visitor there is a charm in the semi-tropical vegetation. Palms will be seen in Jacksonville and many other trees that are not found where the Frost King rules. Likewise outdoor flowers are common in midwinter, except when an unusually severe frost has dropped down without warning and left its blight. The visitor is entertained royally at the splendid hotels, and he can pay according to the capacity of his pocketbook. A few days' stop here is a splendid introduction to the more tropical scenes that await the visitor farther south. On the return journey many halt here for a short time in order to make the change of climate gradual.

There are a number of bathing resorts not far from Jacksonville. About twenty miles distant is Atlantic

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Beach, quite a popular resort, and a few miles nearer lies San Pablo Beach. Both of these resorts are on the ocean, and they are visited a great deal by tourists on their return north, because the temperature is a little cooler than farther south. Two smaller beaches are also known as Manhattan Beach and Burnside Beach. Mayport is at the mouth of the St. John's River. It is an old settlement, and the name is a reminder of the French designation of this stream. It was named River of May by the French Huguenots, whose unfortunate settlement, antedating St. Augustine, was near here.

CHAPTER IX

THE ANCIENT CITY

WAY down in Florida, where the sun is generally warm and cheering, lies "The Ancient City," as St. Augustine is generally called. It is true that perpetual summer does not reign here, for the morning sun occasionally awakens only to look out upon fields that are white with frost. He discovers his favorite palms crisp with the cold and the broad banana leaves wilted under the icy touch of the Frost King. Fortunately these frosts do not come frequently, and even then the roses generally hold up their petals bravely and bear the ordeal without wilting.

When the white men first reached the spot on which St. Augustine now stands, they discovered a village of several hundred Indians. Sir John Hawkins visited here about the time the new town arose, and a member of his expedition wrote of it as follows: "The houses of the Indians are not many together for in one house a hundred of them do lodge. They being more like a barn and in strength not inferior to ours, for they have stanchions and rafters of whole trees and are covered with palmetto leaves; having no place divided but one small room for their king and queen. In the midst of this house a hearth where they make great fires all night, and sleep upon certain places of wood hewn in for the bowing of their backs, and another place made high for their heads." Clothing was one of the least of their

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cares, for they wore but little, but they proved to be a highly intelligent race of aborigines. That they were not naturally hostile to the white man is shown by the account given of them by Rene de Laudonniere, the Huguenot commander, who wrote: "For mine own part I pray God continually for the great love I have found in these savages." The Spaniards succeeded in arousing the hostility of the Indians almost from the very beginning.

St. Augustine claims to be the oldest city in the United States, but Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, also asserts its pretentious claim to this same distinction. It was with an elaborate display of military grandeur and with all the solemnity of the sacred mass that San Agustin was born on the 8th day of September, in the year 1565. Long before dawn of that day the crews of the Spanish ships had inaugurated the work of landing artillery and stores. Possession was taken of the great council house of Seloy, and negro slaves began the work of throwing up earthworks around it. The priests, of whom more than a score had been brought, erected a cross, set up an altar, and provided the sacred utensils of the mass.

Menendez donned his knightly uniform, with hose and doublet, and pinned the cross of Santiago on his breast. A great plume waved from his hat. Thus caparisoned and duly announced by the roll of a drum, and salvos of artillery, he rowed in state from his flagship to the shore. A procession was formed, at the head of which walked the chaplain Mendoza, carrying aloft the crucifix. After him followed the priests in their churchly robes, and behind them marched the soldiers in measured step, with armor glistening in the sunlight. Over all the scene waved the red and yellow banner of Spain. The priests

Old St. Augustine.



chanted the *Te Deum laudamus*, and the other solemn ceremonies of the mass followed. Holy water was sprinkled on the site, and the air was perfumed with the odor of burning incense. The Adelantado and all his company kneeled and kissed the crucifix. Round about in picturesque fashion were gathered wondering groups of natives, who looked upon the scene in mute bewilderment.

Menendez took formal possession of Florida in the name of Philip II, and the newly-born town was named San Agustin, in honor of the saint upon whose day the fleet had first sighted the Florida coast.

Oaths of allegiance were renewed by the members of the expedition, and Menendez was saluted by them as the Adelantado of Florida. A cheer arose from the throats of the men, and a thundering salute belched forth from the mouths of the cannon on the ships. When the sun finally disappeared behind the river of pines, a new town had arisen in the western world. This was forty-two years before the English landed at Jamestown, and more than half a century before the first Pilgrim Father had set his foot upon the bleak and rocky coast of New England. For centuries its history was practically the history of Florida, at least of East Florida. As originally planned, it was to be three squares one way by four the other. The stockade was followed shortly afterwards by the parish church and a hall of justice. As the pageantry of the natal day fades from view the stern realities of a pioneer settlement in a new land amidst a hostile race begin. Enemies without and disease within, both made inroads upon the population. Before succor came, Menendez had been obliged to pawn his jewels and the precious cross of his order in Cuba to succor his colony. The De Gourgues expedition so

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lowered the spirits of the colonists that Menendez was obliged to return again, and he died in the mother country in 1574.

San Agustin was conquered and occupied for a time by Sir Francis Drake, the great English freebooter. He had been commissioned by Queen Elizabeth to capture and destroy all Spanish property in the New World. The buccaneers of this age waged a retaliatory war against everything Spanish, because that nation claimed divine right to the greater part of the Americas, which was sanctioned by the Pope's Bull. Drake carried out his instructions to the letter and succeeded in enriching himself at the same time, causing his name to become a terror to all Spanish commanders. One of his followers wrote of San Agustin, as follows: "When the day appeared we found it built of all timber, the walls being none other but whole mastes or bodies of trees set upright and close together in manner of a pale, without any ditch as yet made, but wholly intended with ~~some~~ more time; for as yet they had not finished all their worke. . . . The Platforme whereon the ordinance lay was whole bodies of long pine trees, whereof there is a great plenty, layd across one on another and some little earth amongst. There were in it thirteen or fourteen great pieces of brass ordinance and a chest unbroken up, having in it the value of some two thousand pounds sterling of the King's treasure, to pay the soldiers of that place who were a hundred and fiftie men. The fort thus won which they called St. John's fort and the day opened we assayed to goe to the town but could not by reason of some rivers and broken ground which was between the two places; and therefore being enforced to embark again into our pinnaces, we went thither upon the great maine river, which is called as also the

town by the name of S. Augustine. At our approaching to land, there were some that began to show themselves, and to bestow some few shots upon us, but presently withdrew themselves and in their running thus away, the Sergeant-Major, finding one of their horses ready saddled and bridled, tooke the same to follow the chase' and so over-going all his companie was, by one layd behind a bush shotte through the head, and falling down therewith, was by the same two or three more stabbed in three or four places of his body with swords and daggers before any could come neare to his rescue."

Taking whatever valuables they could locate in the town Drake's followers burned San Agustin and also the fort. It was on his return from this expedition that Drake carried the first consignment of tobacco to England. A second time, in 1665, an even century after its foundation, San Agustin was captured and sacked by another English freebooter, Captain John Davis. He also burned the town but did not uncover in it much booty, as the town was poor. He was even more of a pirate, or buccaneer, than Drake. The troubles of this struggling Spanish settlement seemed to be without end. In 1702, Governor Moore, of South Carolina, conducted a successful expedition against the settlement and carried away much booty, but he did not gain possession of the fort. Again was the town burned. They had been there for several weeks, and there was great rejoicing among the inhabitants upon their departure. A few years later the fort was greatly strengthened by engineers placed in charge. The ramparts were heightened and case-mated. Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia besieged San Agustin for thirty-eight days in 1749, but he was compelled to return without success. His naval force consisted of six small vessels. Some of the marks of the

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cannon balls fired from his batteries on Anastasia Island may still be identified, but they failed to make a breach in the infrangible walls.

In 1763 San Agustin passed under the control of the English by treaty, and became the seat of government. It now became known as St. Augustine. During the War of Independence Florida remained loyal, and the revolutionary patriots, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, were burned in effigy on the plaza. Many distinguished colonial prisoners were held in confinement in the fortress here. In 1784 it again reverted to Spanish rule, and remained so until the Stars and Stripes were uplifted over the old fort in 1821. The first American governor lived here until the capitol was removed to Tallahassee. St. Augustine was an important fort during the Seminole War, and massacres by the Indians took place near the town. The following notice gives some idea of the unsettled condition at this time:

December 1840.

Notice to Travelers St. Augustine and Picolata Stage: —

The subscriber has commenced running a comfortable carriage between St. Augustine and Picolata twice a week. A military escort will accompany the stage going and returning. Fare each way, five dollars. The subscriber assures those who may patronize this undertaking that his horses are strong and sound; his carriage commodious and comfortable; that none but careful and sober drivers will be employed; also every attention will be paid to their comfort and convenience. Passengers will be called for when the escort is about leaving the city.

At the opening of the Civil War the Stars and Bars replaced the Union emblem, but the city was captured by the Federal armies in March, 1862, and held by them

until the close of that internecine conflict. This ends the list of epochal events in the history of the oldest town in the United States proper.

Although St. Augustine continued to be the chief town during the Spanish occupation, its progress was slow, in spite of government aid and patronage. By 1647 the number of householders had reached three hundred, of which the inhabitants boasted, and they likewise rejoiced in the fact that the Convent of St. Francis housed fifty members of that order. A century later it had grown to be a town in excess of two thousand inhabitants. When cession was made to Great Britain, the city boasted of three thousand souls. The city was three-quarters of a mile in length and about a quarter of a mile in breadth. Four churches had arisen, which were ornamentally built of stone in the Spanish style. One of these was pulled down during the English occupation. Most of the houses were constructed of stone, also, with windows that projected into the street. None of the houses were supplied with either chimneys or fireplaces, but stone urns were filled with coals to moderate the temperature when it was cool. The governor's residence had piazzas on both sides, and there was a grand portico decorated with Doric pillars and entablatures. Two fortified lines, consisting of ditches and small redoubts running from St. Sebastian River to St. Mark's River, protected the town, in addition to the castle, or fort.

When St. Augustine was ceded to Great Britain the majority of the Spaniards left, but the population was increased by the arrival of some English immigrants and those colonists who escaped from the Turnbull plantation at New Smyrna. The governor laid waste his fine gardens, and the Spaniards would have destroyed every building had they been able to do so. Under English

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rule the settlement greatly prospered. The Spaniards again returned when the royal banner of Spain once more floated over Florida, and the present town was doubtless generally built during that period. The Spanish character persisted for a considerable time after the transfer to the United States, for the carnival was celebrated in truly Spanish fashion down as late as the Mexican War. A decade after this event most of the inhabitants spoke English and Spanish with equal facility.

St. Augustine exhibits its antiquity in its appearance. As it was in constant danger of attack from an enemy, the city was condensed within a short radius. Hence no part of the original town is far removed from the Plaza, from which everything radiated. Unlike most Spanish plazas, which are usually square or rectangular, this one at St. Augustine is irregular in shape, but the streets run out from it with the compass to the four directions. A pyramidal monument of coquina stone stands in the center of the Plaza de Constitution, which was erected in 1813. The inscription is in Spanish, and its translation runs as follows: "Plaza of the constitution, promulgated in the City of St. Augustine in East Florida on the 17th day of October in the year 1812; the Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor. For eternal remembrance, Constitutional City Council erected this monument, under the superintendence of Don Fernando de la Maza Arredondo, the young municipal officer, oldest member of the Corporation and Don Francisco Robira, Attorney and Recorder. In the year 1813." A few years afterwards the Spanish government ordered all monuments erected to the Constitution of 1812 to be torn down. The inhabitants of St. Augustine were un-

willing to do so, and then simply removed the tablet bearing the inscription. This was restored in 1818 without objection.

Under the rule of Great Britain the Plaza was known as the Parade, for the soldiers drilled and performed their evolutions on this open space. The dress parade of the United States garrison also took place here until the close of the Civil War. The Cathedral, as it is called, was originally built about the middle of the eighteenth century, but was not completed until 1793. It was given the name of St. Joseph's Church. The building was almost destroyed by fire in 1887, but it has been completely restored. There is an old bell in the tower which bears the following inscription: "Saint Joseph Ora Pro Nobis A. D. 1682." It was taken from an older church, and is one of the oldest bells in the United States. The church building has been reconstructed with some rather inharmonious additions.

The Plaza also contains a structure, which is generally known as the slave market. It is at the east end. There formerly stood on this site an old frame building which was used by the Spaniards as a general market. The wooden building finally collapsed in 1883, and the present building was then erected. Although not built especially as a slave market, it is claimed that slaves were actually sold there. It has also been restored since the destructive fires of 1887. The postoffice is an old building erected under the Spanish rule, and was the Governor's Palace. Its former quaint and interesting appearance has been lost in renewing its balconies and handsome gateway. The little park surrounding it was once walled in and formed the private garden of that official. Today the Plaza is a loafing-place for northern tourists, who spend the cold season here in the mild climate of St.

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Augustine, and the benches are generally well filled on a sunny day. It is a good place to watch and study the people. At one end men may be seen engaged in that thrilling occupation known as pitching quoits, or the more familiar horseshoes.

Old St. Augustine, as it exists today, is replete with attraction for the tourist who has an eye for the quaint, the historic and the picturesque. A number of the narrow streets of the "Ancient City" are still the principal thoroughfares of business. One can still stumble upon a contracted street with overhanging balconies, which makes him think that he has been suddenly transferred into some half-forgotten city of the long ago. Treasury Street, the narrowest of all, has been eradicated by fire. It was so incapacious that if a normal man fell across it he would have bumped his head on the opposite side. St. George's Street has for three centuries been the main business thoroughfare, and it is pleasant to walk along it in a wealth of winter sunshine. This street still retains its original width of only nineteen feet, and many quaint old buildings with overhanging balconies still remain. One building, called the "Old Curiosity Shop," is one of the oldest and best preserved specimens of the Spanish architecture. On St. Francis Street is a building which lays claim to being the oldest building in the United States, but this distinction is disputed by one or two other buildings in St. Augustine, not to mention the claims of Santa Fé. It is a curious old-world structure with low ceilings and large fireplaces. It is said to date from 1590, and was occupied for a time by the monks of St. Francis. For a quarter of a century it has been occupied as a museum and contains a valuable collection of antiques. The United States barracks, now abandoned, occupy the site of, and include some bits of



A NARROW STREET IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

the original wall of the old monastery of St. Francis, when St. Augustine was the center of the religious life and missionary activity in Florida. Near it is the Military Cemetery, where are buried many who lost their lives in the Seminole War. A monument has been erected there to the memory of those who died in the ambush of Major Dade's command, near the great Wahoo Swamp, on the 8th of August, 1835.

One of the great sights in the former days was the sea wall, which extends from Fort Marion to the south for a considerable distance. It is also built of the coquina rock, with a topping of granite. It was erected by the United States in 1835-42, during the stirring period of the war against the Seminoles, and replaced a protecting wall of Spanish days. This wall affords an opportunity for a very pleasant promenade. In the days when St. Augustine was simply a sleepy little town with few visitors, the wall was considered a wonder by the inhabitants.

Modern St. Augustine has changed wonderfully in recent years, for it has developed into a resort town where there are thousands of visitors during the winter months. Its awakening was due to H. M. Flagler, for he aroused the sleeping city from its lethargy and transformed it into one of the showplaces of the country. In general, the buildings have followed a design in harmony with the history of the city. By adopting the Spanish or Moorish style of architecture the builders have attempted to preserve an individual note, which is praiseworthy. Here wealth has built huge domes and pinnacled minarets; it has frescoed the walls and arches of quaint stone buildings with every cunning device of the builder's art. The Ponce de Leon Hotel has long

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been considered one of the sights of Florida. Other hotels in the peninsula are just as luxurious and just as expensive, but this hotel is an elaborate example of the Spanish renaissance architecture. All of the details have followed a fixed design and they compel appreciation. There are flattened-down towers, eaves projecting under red-tiled roofs, court-yards filled with luxuriant tropical plants and ornamented with flowing fountains, heraldic and symbolic designs here and there, making a picturesque whole. The details are well worthy of study. The entrance gate is even provided with a portcullis, in imitation of the feudal strongholds of old. The Alcazar is also in the Spanish style, with patios and fountains, but it is in a somewhat sterner type of architecture. At night, however, the *patio* with its rustic bridge and fountain flowing into a pool is a favorite promenade.

Across the waters from St. Augustine is Anastasia Island, with which it is connected by a long bridge. It is an island of white sand dunes, overgrown in part with scrub pine and the palmetto. Here are the bathing beaches. Nowhere has nature more closely imitated the drifting snow. The snow is dazzling in its whiteness, and as fine in its texture as the drifting snows of the bleak Northwest. The wind drives it along the shore and piles it up in drifts, which increase and decrease as the winds shift. Looking out in a dreamy sort of way, one can imagine himself in the North and find himself listening for the merry sleighbells. Although the roar of the surf might be mistaken for the North wind, in a retrospective mood, the warm sun soon awakens one to the fact that he is far away from the land of snow and ice. But the tropics and arctics do meet here during the migrating season, when the Arctic terns on their way to

the Antarctic seas meet the warblers and the tropical birds on their way north.

The most prominent object on Anastasia Island is the lighthouse, with its queer black and white spiral stripes, which make it a distinguishing feature of the landscape. This was built of coquina by the Spaniards. In 1769 it was raised sixty feet higher with framework, and it had a cannon placed on top which was fired when a vessel was sighted. The curious coquina rock is quarried on this island. It is a composition of shells and fragments of shells, which is comparatively soft when first quarried but hardens upon exposure to the air. It makes a very satisfactory and substantial building material. A dozen miles to the south there are the ruins of an old Spanish fort which guarded the approach to the river and town. It was here that Menendez captured and executed the shipwrecked Frenchmen of the Huguenot expedition. Although the fort did not exist at that time, the site will help to bring back many sinister memories.

The old city gates, which are still standing, are a striking reminder of the fortified nature of the old St. Augustine. They are all that remain of the wall that once partly encircled the town. Lying between two rivers, now called the Sebastian and the Matanzas (river of blood), it was not difficult to defend. The wall on this one side guarded the land approach. Compared with the great gateways of old-world cities, these gates are very modest indeed. But in the United States gates of any kind are rare, and these gates are well worthy of distinction. The date of their construction is unknown, although it is quite probable that they were constructed about the middle of the eighteenth century.

There is a photographer down there near the city gates who is always waiting to entrap the unwary visitor. If

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you have a weakness for photographs you will not get by his place without making an impression on the sensitive film. I yielded myself — almost. An old ox tied to a cart appealed to me, and I thought my likeness in this setting would be a splendid souvenir to send back home. Another favorite environment is to have yourself photographed with real alligators. You can hold one of the live babies on your knee, if you want to. There is a real orange tree there with the golden fruit wired upon the branches. With a little adjustment you can transmit your likeness to the friends back home, as you stand there supremely happy, with your hand on an orange in the act of plucking it just as if that was as natural an occupation for you as digging potatoes. These resort photographers have studied human nature, and they know some of its weaknesses.

Looking out from the city gates and toward the water, one beholds the real defence of St. Augustine. When danger threatened, the inhabitants felt that they had a secure retreat within the walls of impregnable Castle San Marco, whose walls face you here like the gray stone walls of so many fortresses of the Old World. For more than three centuries a fortress has occupied this spot. When the Spaniards first landed here in 1565, they discovered an Indian fortified camp which they immediately converted into a log fort for temporary protection. This was succeeded by a more pretentious fort, which was given the name of San Juan de Pinos, St. John of the Pines, and it was this fort that was taken by Sir Francis Drake. Less than a century later work was begun on a substantial stone fort and Apalachian Indians, captives of the Spaniards, were set at work upon its walls. For sixty years these aborigines labored and sweated here. It was only after a century of un-

requited toil by unwilling laborers, Indian captives, black slaves and convicts, that the imposing fortress was considered completed in the year 1756. Upon it was bestowed the name of San Marco (St. Mark). So remarkable had been the cost of San Marco that the Spanish monarch is said to have exclaimed that the curtains and bastions must have been built of solid silver pesos.

The castle, as the Spaniards termed San Marco, was constructed of the famous coquina rock, which is quarried opposite the town. The blocks of quarried stone were carried on cross-bars, resting on the shoulders of slaves, over a long causeway to a landing where they were loaded on barges. An escutcheon bears the arms of Spain, and the inscription sets forth that "Don Fernando the VI, being King of Spain, and Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernandez de Hereda, being Governor and Captain General of the city of San Agustin, Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the captain-engineer, Don Pedro de Brazas y Garay."

The old fort is an imposing gray pile reminiscent of the days of feudalism. It conjures up pictures of splendor and cruelty that one is apt to associate with the mediaeval castles of Europe. It is a square, with bastions at each of the four corners, which were originally named after the four apostles. It has a record of never having been taken by a besieging enemy. The walls enclose an open court, which is a little more than one hundred feet each way. The only entrance is through the sallyport, in the middle of the south curtain. At each outer angle is a sentry box, but the one on the northeast corner is much higher than the others and was used as a watch tower. From it the sentinel could dis-

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cern every approaching vessel in time to give warning. With the other three sentry towers, every possible angle of approach was guarded against. The sentinel could remain unobserved and fire through the opening left for the purpose. It is a complete mediaeval fortress, with all the customary parts. A moat forty feet wide surrounded the walls, and this could be flooded from the river at high tide. Automatic gates opened when the tide came in and closed when it went out. This moat has now been filled to the depth of several feet with sand. A barbican, or fortified gate, protected the entrance, which could only be entered by passing over a drawbridge and under a heavy portcullis. Here there was a hole through which melted lead could be poured upon invaders.

The walls of Fort Marion are nine feet thick at the bottom and half as thick at the top, and they are twenty-five feet above the moat level of today. Around the court are a series of rooms which were intended for the ordinary needs of the garrison. In the north wall is the chapel, of which the altar and the niches still remain. Prisoners were brought up to a barred door to hear mass, but they could not be brought inside, for there they could claim the right of sanctuary. Another room was used for punishment, and prisoners were chained to the walls so that they were compelled to maintain an upright position, being able neither to sit or lie down. Near the torture chamber is a dark room that remained undiscovered by the Americans until 1839, when the falling in of some masonry led to its disclosure. The guides relate very touching tales of starved and tortured prisoners who were incarcerated here, and walled up to await death. The story seems plausible enough, and the visitors listen almost with

blanched faces to the harrowing stories. Plain truth says that this was originally intended as a powder magazine, but when it became too damp for this purpose it was walled up as a sanitary measure. An incline formerly led up to the terreplane, which is almost forty feet wide, and here there were mountings for sixty-four guns. The plane has recently been converted into steps.

It was on the 10th day of July, in the year 1821, that the guns of the fort thundered their parting salute to the old flag, and the Spanish troops marched for the last time across the drawbridge. Then these same guns thundered forth a rousing welcome to the new banner, and the Stars and Stripes were unflung to the breeze. The name of the fortress was changed to Fort Marion, after General Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame. A hot-shot furnace was built on the water front in 1844, and still remains. It was intended to heat shot to a white heat and then discharge them from mortars at an approaching enemy. Near it will be observed the place where the Spaniards executed their prisoners, and the marks of the fatal shots are still to be seen on the walls. Cannon were also mounted along the sea wall. The last use of these cannon were as a quarantine signal to incoming vessels. The last shot was fired in 1867 from one of these guns at a little schooner which failed to heed the first signal. It was taken possession of by Florida troops, on January 7, 1861, by order of the governor. This was before the ordinance of secession was passed. It remained in the hands of the Confederates for several months before being surrendered to the United States.

The visitor to St. Augustine should wander out to old Fort Marion by himself, and, if possible, at night, when the moon is flooding the landscape with its silvery light. Then the changes in the surroundings are not so notice-

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able, and the walls seem even more grim and terrible. The moon throws a broad pathway of silver across the Matanzas River toward the opposite shore. Then one's imagination can rehabilitate the scene as it was in its earliest days, with booted and mailed Spanish cavaliers walking or strutting around. One can picture the dark outlines of boats loaded with stone from the quarries, and with the most motley of crews toiling laboriously at the oars. There are convicts from Spain and Mexico, political prisoners, slaves and even Seminole braves who are prodded to effort by the sabers and bayonets of old Spain in the creation of this acme of mediaeval forts, which stands here almost unscarred today. In places the moonlight seems to touch the bastions and towers with a glow of silver, as if in an attempt to soften its grimness and austerity.

In the moving panorama the lordly Briton succeeded the Spaniard, and within its walls have been imprisoned scores of colonial patriots from Charleston and Georgia, and the crews of ships taken by privateers. We are still shown the cells where Coacoochee and Osceola were confined, and from which the former made his celebrated escape. Osceola proudly refused to accompany him. The last prisoners confined here were also Indians, of the Comanche, Kiowa and the Cheyenne tribes, in 1875. One can almost distinguish the clanging bolt and bar and hear the shutting of the doors upon manacled wretches who were never again to look upon the smiling face of the sun. One can almost see the burning lamp before the tabernacle, and restore the images to their niches, bringing back the pageantry of ceremonial rites and the chant of the solemn mass.

This fortress has seen one band of intruders after another set foot on the shores here, and has witnessed all

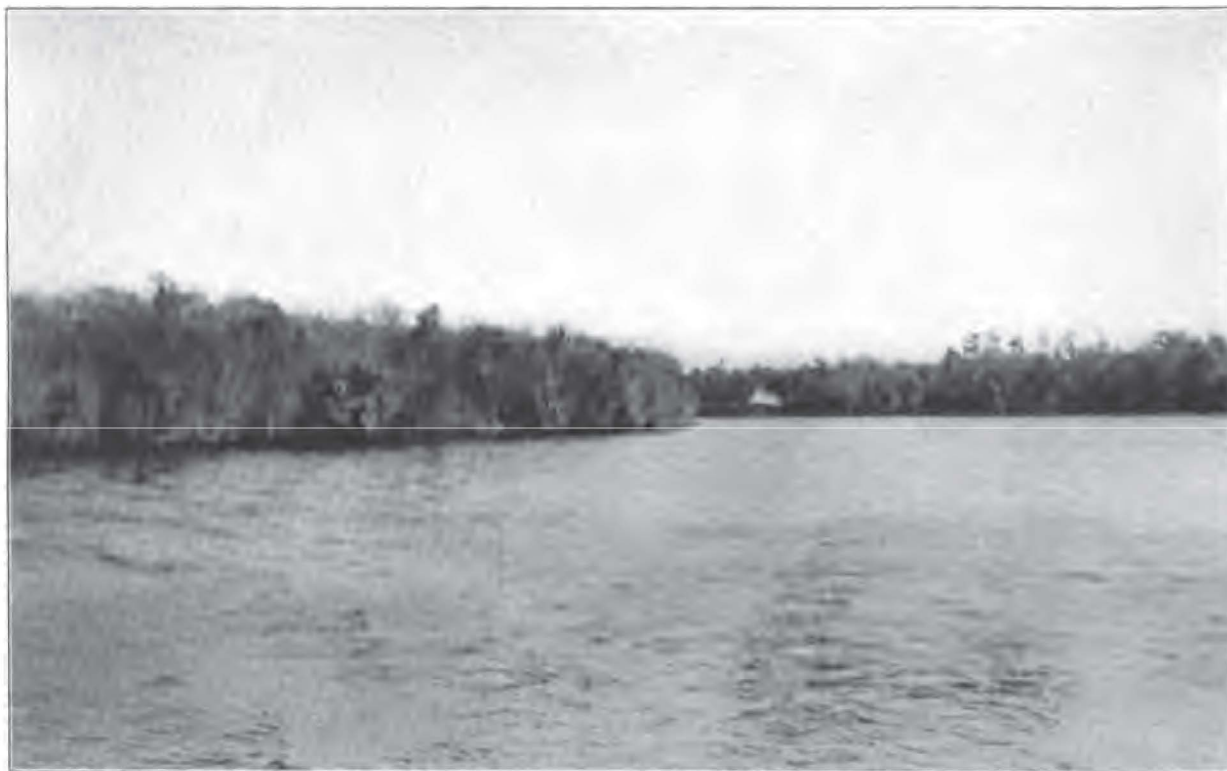
the changes through which these United States of America has passed. Its outlines have been tenderly softened by time and the elements, and its moat has been choked with drifting sands. The drawbridge long ago disappeared, and the legend on the escutcheon is barely legible. Ponderous doors have been demolished, and bars have in places given place to window panes — but the imagination restores all these things, and one is soon lost in reverie. Thus it is that old Fort Marion, somewhat neglected but still clothed in dignity, awaits the obliterating hand of the oncoming centuries.

CHAPTER X

THE ST. JOHN'S AND OCKLAWAHA RIVERS

GREATEST and most imposing of all the rivers of Florida is the St. John's which, reversing the almost universal rule of streams in the United States, flows north in a course almost parallel with the shore line, and not a great distance from the sea. For centuries after the Spanish settlement this river was practically the only avenue of approach to the interior of the peninsula. On its banks were planted some of the earliest attempts at colonization in Florida, and many old and romantic legends are related concerning these early settlements. The dense tangle of vegetation overspreads many a ruin, the very existence of which has sunk into oblivion. The St. John's is the river that was named by the French River of May. The Indians had bestowed upon it the name of Yivlado, or Walaka, meaning the "river of many lakes." The Spaniards conferred upon it the name of Rio Picolato, before the final name of Rio San Juan, or St. John's River, was imparted.

There is much of intense interest in this great river of Florida, and the traveler by one of the many steamers that ascend it will never lack for entertainment, if he is interested in natural beauty and in nature as a whole. At Jacksonville the St. John's River is a broad and expansive stream, resembling a lake more than a water-course. It is three miles here from shore to shore and the current is extremely sluggish, because of the very slight fall. A hundred miles above the wide mouth of



THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

the river the elevation above the sea level does not exceed seventy feet and the influence of the tides is still perceptible. One soon leaves the skyscrapers and drawbridges, tugs and lighters of the city, and sails out to where there has been little mutation since the days of Ponce de Leon.

There is very little indication of plantations or villages on the shores of St. John's for miles. The banks are lined with the varied greens of the centuries — old live oaks and the long-leaved pines, added to which are festoons and dangling draperies of the Spanish moss that fairly smothers some of the trees. The sweetgum tree may be distinguished wherever there is swampy land. It parts with its leaves in December, and it can readily be recognized by the soft gray of its twigs. This deciduous tree is one of the few reminders to the visitor from "up north" that it is winter down here in Sunny Florida, although there are several other trees which also have the shedding habit well established. The sight brings back a "homey" feeling to one many hundreds of miles from home and fireside. In the upper recesses among the branches the mystic mistletoe hangs its yellowish green leaves and its pearl white berries. The scene is almost primeval, for it has been transfigured little by the hand of man. It is a journey through a sub-tropical wilderness where the chill of midwinter seldom leaves its mark. The entire setting reminds one of the description of the primeval forest by the poet Longfellow;

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

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Occasionally a tiny road is outlined winding its way down through the sand to a long pier which bridges the shallow water near the shore. Only near the middle of the stream is the water deep — for the floating rafts of water hyacinth sometimes get stranded far from shore. In the distance may be heard at times the tinkle of cow-bells, and, as the sound fades away, it becomes a liquid tone that is truly delightful. Sometimes the sound comes from the shores, where the cattle have waded out for several hundred yards into water as deep as they can stand without swimming after this tender herbage of the aquatic plants.

The steamer stops at a number of stations along the banks of the St. John's in its upward journey, but the first place that would interest the general traveler is Mandarin, fifteen miles above Jacksonville. Here it was that Harriet Beecher Stowe, more than half a century ago, occupied for many years a quaint little rambling house with a large veranda built about a great oak tree. In her book, entitled "Palmetto Leaves," she describes the beautiful country round about her home and the three monstrous live oaks that sheltered it. She also tells us of a caged cardinal that used to sing with great enthusiasm "what cheer." The splendid old house has long since disappeared, and its very foundations have been obliterated by the tangle of wild verdure that has grown up. Of the school and the work which Mrs. Stowe so nobly intended to do, no traces can be found. The towering oaks alone remain, and they reach out their wide-spreading arms as if in a benediction. The cardinal is still here, and his whistle is as merry as ever. The work which was upon her heart, however, and which resulted in the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," some of which was penned here, has been accomplished, and the negro's manacles

have been removed. Furthermore, it is now unlawful to even cage a wild bird, no matter how sweetly it may sing for its owner.

Many years ago an experiment was attempted by an English colony which settled here in the jungle and planted orange groves. They brought with them to the American shores their sturdy English thrift and English ways and, in a few years, the scent of orange blossoms filled the air round about with rich perfume. The gardens bloomed with English roses and lilies and violets, and even the ivy was climbing over the porches in a familiar way, thus making a rather somber background for the prodigal vegetation of the tropics. For half a century no serious disaster befell these English colonists but, in February, 1886, a frost came which turned the orange trees brown. But life was left in the roots, and the trees arose once more to fulfill their destiny and contribute to the sustenance of man. Again, in 1895, the chill of the frost came and brought more discouragement for orange growers in this vicinity. During my own visit in February, 1917, the orange trees were again brown and lifeless in appearance, owing to a destructive frost of the previous month. As a result of the several frosts the growers of oranges have experienced much discouragement. In traveling through Florida one will find that the date of the last big freeze is a sort of a landmark to every Floridian. Everything dates from or before that event. It is, indeed, an outstanding historical fact.

There are many springs along the St. John's, as there are in other sections of Florida. Magnolia Springs, on the right bank of the river, has for a long time been a favorite resort for many tourists. Green Cove Springs, not far distant, is a sulphur and a chalybeate spring of wonderful beauty. The waters bubble up from a depth

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of forty feet and discharge thousands of gallons daily. It has been famous as a curative bath ever since Florida was ceded to the United States. More than a hundred miles up the stream is Blue Spring, one of the most wonderful of the many springs in Florida. It is so named because of the exceedingly clear water, which is a dark blue, while the aquatic plants and fishes also partake of different shades of blue. The water here bubbles up with such force that it is almost a foot higher in the center than on the edges, and it makes a stream that is five feet wide and ten feet deep.

One of the oldest settlements along the river is Palatka. Until the year 1869 this port was the head of ocean navigation, all the steamers coming up here instead of halting at Jacksonville. It is still an important railroad and steamboat center, and is the beginning of the trip up the Ocklawaha River. The elevation is only about seventy feet above the sea level, and the trade winds temper the heat of the sun. This vicinity was one of the old centers of the orange industry, but this distinction has been yielded to sections farther south. Palatka is a pleasant town with a good climate, and yet it has no distinctive features that appeal to the traveler. It is a favorite spot with the birds, however, and they will be heard singing in many places. One of the birds found in this neighborhood is the pinewood sparrow. He is not the greatest singer in the world, but this little finch can entertain the bird lover with his song, which is frequently rendered in a dreamy sort of way. It has not the quality of the mocking bird, which abounds here, but it has feeling, if one may use such a term in connection with a bird. His song is quite varied, although within a rather narrow compass. The song always begins with a long full introductory note and then drops into soft and low tones that

are inexpressibly tender, seeming to come from a long distance.

Above Palatka the St. John's River begins to narrow, and its beauty is intensified. The small steamer winds its way under the experienced eye of a thoroughly trained pilot, following the navigable channel that winds about through a vegetation of the most picturesque and wonderful sort conceivable. Not for two consecutive minutes is its outlook the same, and you are traveling through a tropical forest. It is in the spring that everything appears to the best advantage, and this is the time the average tourist sees it. The pines have then commenced to put out new buds at the ends of their clusters of dark needles, and even the mosses which drape the trees are putting forth shoots of the tenderest green. The vines are at their very best, and at the foot of many of the trees will be seen the azaleas. The scent of the loquat, one of the sweetest of the trees in Florida, permeates the air with its pungent odor. Although of foreign birth, it has been here long enough to be fully naturalized. It is a handsome tree, somewhat like the horse chestnut, but its yellow fruit is edible, so that it is generally called the Japanese plum.

One will find veritable banks of wild cherokee roses, which make a most excellent hedge when properly planted. Even in the coldest weather in Florida it pushes out its white buds with their five broad petals of pure white enclosing a golden center. Its interlacing stems are protected with hook thorns implanted so closely together that it would be almost impossible for the toughest-hided animal in existence to force its passage. It has a most delicate perfume, but one must press his face close down to the bloom to catch it. In and out of the thorns of the cherokee rose climbs the jasmine. It crawls along

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the sand, creeps under the porches and through the cracks of abandoned buildings. It ascends the trees where its yellow trumpet-like blossoms exhale a penetrating perfume which permeates the air. The oleanders crowd upward in their struggle for light and air, until their trunks at the base are as large as a man's thigh. Upon them appear scattered sprays of fragrant blooms.

The water of the St. John's is clear but dark, and it is also brackish, because of its mixture with the salt water. At its source, in sand-bottomed lakes, the water is beautifully transparent and pure. But this condition of clarity does not last long, as the voyager quickly learns. Wherever one sees it, from Jacksonville to Sanford, it is a dark and murky stream, winding and twisting through a continuous succession of swamps. Although one knows that there are settlements not far from the banks, on the higher land, one sees little of them from the river. In most places the aspect differs little from what must have been its appearance in the days before the white men came, when its waters were navigated only by the picturesque dug-out canoes of the Seminoles and other Indians. It would not be pleasant to be lost along these banks, for there are too many creatures that chirp and croak and scream and howl after night has fallen.

A Florida night has its charms. There are so many more creatures to make noises than in the North. There is a long-horned grasshopper that has a vibrant night song. It is not so loud as its northern counterpart, for the dampness of the night air probably alters the tension of his wings. At times, at the full moon season in spring, the sounds make up a sonorous orchestra with scores of quavering songs giving vent to the joy in the insect heart. The hoarse voice of the northern bullfrog is missing, but his southern relative takes his place with a grunt not



A YOUTHFUL FISHERMAN, HIS CATCH AND HIS WEAPON.

greatly dissimilar to that of the razorback. The diminutive screech owl launches his quavering song through the night air, and the Florida barred owl's voice reminds one of goblins and spooks until better acquainted with him and his "hoo hoo."

The waters of the St. John's are fairly alive with fish, which can be seen everywhere. The mullet will sometimes leap as much as six feet in the air from the surface of the water, with their silver scales gleaming in the sun. Crabs are very plentiful here, and they may be seen scuttling from the margin of the river toward the deeper water. They always move with the left side foremost, and their dark blue clothes are always conspicuous. They are easily caught by tying a piece of tainted meat to a string. Fishing for the channel catfish is very common in the St. John's, and boys will be observed strung along the docks with their hooks in the water baited for the cat, which sometimes weigh as much as thirty to thirty-five pounds. At night the trawlers can be located by lanterns hung upon poles, where they lie in wait for the unwary felines of the water. The fish bring a low price, but even then the returns are good. Another industry is the catching of the shrimp, which frequent this river in countless numbers. The negro fishermen inveigle them in rather primitive circular nets, which have lead weights about the circumference and are held by a rope in the center. When the nets are drawn up they are sometimes filled with these curious bug-like creatures of which so many people are passionately fond.

It is almost opposite Welaka, which was the original name of the river, where the mouth of the Ocklawaha is located. From here St. John's contracts and expands on its way down into the very heart of Florida. It passes through Lake George, which is a beautiful sheet of water,

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twelve miles long by seven miles wide. Farther up it again widens into Lake Monroe, where is located the town of Sanford. Sanford is generally known as the "celery city," a name which it has attempted to take from Kalamazoo. Even the atmosphere seems permeated with the odor of celery—but it is a pleasant smell. You may stroll for one mile, two miles, three miles, or even four miles, and see nothing else but celery and lettuce. As fast as one crop is pulled another is planted. Irrigation is secured in the form of flowing wells by boring or digging from twelve to twenty feet. One would think that the whole country was a floating island. It is a thriving little town, with modern improvements, which has grown rapidly because of the celery cultivation. It is also the head of navigation on the St. John's. The lake is nothing more nor less than the river that has greatly expanded, for its waters have the same tint of amber. Above Lake Monroe, the river is even more interesting, because it becomes narrower with the profuse vegetation forming green walls on both sides. It is not pleasant to turn back when amid such beautiful scenes, but the river becomes impassable for navigation long before its source in Great Sawgrass Lake is reached.

It is a wonderful revelation to a visitor from the North to make a trip on one of Florida's tropical rivers. None is more interesting than the Ocklawaha, which for scores of miles contorts and intorts its way through the tangled growth of pristine forests, all the while seeking a lower level, until at last it pours its clear flood in the murky waters of the broad and imposing St. John's at Welaka. It may be that the Ocklawaha originally intended to be straight, but, if so, it does it by a most wonderful series of windings and contortions. "On the Ocklawaha"—there is euphony in the name alone. Had we but a frac-

tion of the rhythm of the ancient Indians who bestowed the names upon Florida's lakes and rivers, the decadence of poetry in this country need not be deplored. You will face all points of the compass in the bewildering Ocklawaha. Many times it appears to the traveler as though the boat must stop, for no avenue of exit seems to offer. The pilot knows where he is going, however, and steers straight ahead. One learns that where the river seems to end is merely a very sharp turn. In two or three places it is almost a complete reversal of direction, the two channels of the river being separated by only a few rods of forest. It is a letter S all the way from the start to the finish. It is so crooked that it reminds one of the Irishman's remark about the streets of Boston. "Be jabbers," said he, "I started out one morning to see a friend and the turns were so sudden that I met mesilf coming back."

It is the unexpected turns that add to the charm of the Ocklawaha trip, for each aberrance opens up a new and entrancing view of tropical growth, each one being more or less unlike any other. The large boat swings around clumsily and starts on its new course with a little sputtering and spattering. There is no monotony on this trip, for the novelty never ceases. Although an all day trip, the traveler is just as eager for the new scenes at the end of the trip as at the beginning. The farther up one ascends, the narrower becomes the stream and the closer it is hedged by the overhanging vegetation. It arches overhead, and in a few places almost, but not quite, interlaces with the growth on the opposite bank.

Although most of the forest has been cut over, there is a stretch or two of virgin forest where the giant cypresses still stand as the monarchs of these realms. It is a place of a singular silence. The great cypresses are so

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weighted and surplined with vestments of gray moss, which has the appearance of priestly robes, that "they seem like weird priests with swaying gray beards." Dead trees, enormously swollen at the base, they sometimes appear in winter, light colored and with apparently no bark to cover them. At the top, however, one will see in early spring fresh green leaves just being put forth. A cypress swamp is a frightful place to get into — it seems to be the very abode of snakes and everything evil. This useful wood thrives best in stagnant black water, and the slaves who chose these swamps for concealment in their efforts to escape were certainly driven to desperation.

Giant palmettos rear their heads, with their branchless trunks running up for fifty or sixty feet to the overhanging crown of broad leaves. The water maples, pink almonds, and bay trees, with leaves a glossy green on one side and sea-green on the other, will be seen. In February the dogwood blooms, and the trees become covered with star-like flowers. The long-leaf pines rise majestically in the dense growth for sixty feet or more, and the live oaks are covered with the Spanish moss until the branches are almost hidden from view. The mistletoe will be seen in great green bunches on the trees, and orchids are not uncommon. At certain seasons the air is fragrant with the odor of the jasmine, the rhododendron and the sweet-scented woodbine. The shallow water near the shore is filled with the water lilies and the water hyacinth, which, although beautiful, is the bugaboo of the navigator. It is only when the hyacinth is in the full glory of its purple bloom that it is appreciated. Then the beauty of these beds of hyacinth can hardly be described. The unfamiliar shrubbery and dense undergrowth, the fans of the palms, the trailing gray mosses,



A CYPRESS SWAMP ALONG THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER.

all of these make an indescribable picture in the eye of the northern visitor to this semi-tropical region.

The water hyacinth is in its glory on the St. John's and Ocklawaha. Little green rafts of it are continually floating down stream toward the open seas beyond. It grows so dense that it becomes a real nuisance to navigation. But the traveler thinks only of the wonderful beauty. Little air bulbs enable the hyacinth to remain afloat, even when separated from its moorings. When undisturbed by cattle, which seem so fond of the leaves that they will wade far out for these dainty luxuries, or the boats, this aquatic plant covers the creek from bank to bank with serried ranks of leaves, whose intense green gives a very beautiful color, but whose stems will effectually halt all navigation. Most visitors to Florida fail to behold the hyacinth at its best, in the blossoming season, for its blue flowers look for all the world like a translucent blue orchid, and the surface of the stream bears a beautiful sheen of the daintiest shade. Its deep blue is relieved only by a splash that resembles a yellow fleur-de-lis.

The wonderful charm of the water is almost indescribable. The passenger can peer into its transparent depth for hours and discover fresh interest continually in the life within its depths. It seems fairly alive with the finny tribe, and the disciple of old Izaak Walton wants to stop the boat and venture his luck with a hook and line. Bright-colored trout will be observed energetically pushing their way against the current. Mullet make their presence known in a spectacular way by leaping out of the waters as though shot from a catapult. They will leap up half a dozen feet and then fall back upon their sides with a great splash, as though they enjoyed the sharp contact with the water. Striped bass and the al-

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most black giant catfish can readily be distinguished in the pellucid stream. But the giants of the waters here are the savage-looking garfish with a long sharp snout. Occasional specimens will be distinguished swimming majestically along, as though they realized that they were monarchs of all the fish around. They are said to be the oldest of the extant fishes which have remained unchanged and "unevolved" these hundreds of thousands of years. They are not palatable, so I am told, but there are plenty of others that will furnish not only splendid sport but good eating after a proper introduction to a treatment in the frying-pan over a rousing hot fire.

The birds of the forests and streams also help to enliven the scene. These are many and varied. The most strikingly beautiful of all, and the monarch of these solitudes, is the majestic blue heron which frequents these waters in his hunt after fish. Sometimes he will arise in his dignified flight just a few feet ahead of the boat. Again, he will poise near the boat long enough for a photo to be snapped. It is a truly beautiful and noble specimen of the wading birds. It was here that I caught my first glimpse of the water turkey, or snake bird, one of the oddest of birds to be found in Florida. Its neck and head curiously resemble a snake, and it is more curious than attractive to the eye. One writer compares it to a "crow that has had its neck pulled." Its glossy black is relieved by the silver tracery on its wings. It can dive like a loon and lives principally upon fish. It pushes its sharp-pointed bill this way and that, when there is nothing more important to do, for it seems to be a nervous bird. It is interesting to watch the twistings and inter-twinnings of its slender neck, as it preens its feathers. It might be classed as a contortionist among the feathered creatures, for its neck seems to twist like a corkscrew.

When rising, its short wings flap energetically, but, once in the air, it sails round and round with the grace of a hawk. It will dart into the water with a monstrous splash, and then come up to the surface and poke its slim head above while walking around with its body submerged, looking for all the world like a snake. Then it is that one realizes why this name was bestowed upon the water turkey.

A common but interesting bird seen here is the turkey buzzard. No doubt the swamps contribute greatly to his support, as it is not uncommon for an animal to become mired in them. Did you ever notice how majestically he sails along without a flap of his wings? The eagle is scarcely more majestic in his flight. He sails and sails, going with the wind for a time and then buffeting his way against it. He appears to be propelled by thought alone, without either a flap of his broad wings or a quiver of his wide-spread primary tips. Stretching forth his bald neck, he wishes himself in some place, and immediately sails forth for it, always passing onward in beautiful circles. Scavenger though the buzzard is, he seems to have a genius for being graceful. The kingfisher is visible by the score, and his hoarse rattle frequently disturbs the silence of the forests. He will generally be seated on a limb overlooking the stream, rising and dashing into the stream after his victim with a tremendous splash for so small a bird.

"There is a 'gator!" is the excited shout that draws everybody to one side of the boat or the other. It is curious that such an ugly and repulsive denizen of this region should attract more attention and be the object of more watching than either beast or bird or fish. One old fellow, who was frightened from his favorite lair, opened his cavernous mouth and floundered down the bank to-

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ward us, striking the water with a resounding splash. It may be true that the alligator never bothers man, but this one looked as though he might easily take several of the steamer's passengers into his cavernous stomach. The timid deer is occasionally seen, but even this beautiful creature does not share the interest centered upon the repulsive reptile known as the alligator, a strange left-over of an era millions of years in the past. Sluggish as they are, these creatures slide quickly into the water as the boat approaches, but occasionally one will be lying flat on a log and absolutely decline to budge as the boat glides swiftly by. There they lie basking on the bank, and the hotter the day the more will be visible. To lie basking in the sun all the day long appears to be the ideal of an alligator's existence. It is seldom that a trip is made on this river, when the weather is real warm, that travelers do not catch a glimpse of several of these creatures. We sighted twenty, the largest of which was about twelve feet long. This grandfather might be seen almost any day, for he had his own favorite and exclusive sunning spot and seldom moved as the steamer passed by. On the preceding day the passengers reported forty-nine alligators in sight — but the steamship companies wisely forbid shooting at any creature from the boats.

The partly submerged trunks of trees provide ideal sunning places for the turtles, many of which are of goodly size, a foot across or more. They sit in silent and solemn rows, six, eight, a dozen, with their heads tipped back so that the sun can strike their necks. When the noise of the approaching boat is heard, or its vibrations felt, they will be seen plunging and swimming beneath the surface. But it is not long until they might be observed clambering up again on the same log in their awkward and lumberly way.

At long intervals we come upon a clearing with a house or two planted in the midst of a lovely wilderness, each with its own orange grove. There are remains of former lumber camps where logs have been brought for miles to float down this crooked river. At times one's heart almost aches at the sight of thousands of feet of lumber in abandoned logs which are allowed to rot right by the water's edge. There are a few landings at which an occasional human shows himself, and a raft or two of logs may be encountered in some narrow place in charge of a couple of gentlemen of color who are skilfully piloting it to a saw-mill down below. In general, however, there is little to detract from the wild and primeval character of the stream. Many tragedies were enacted along and near to Ocklawaha during the protracted struggle with the Seminoles. Some of the stops have curious names, among them being Needle Eye, Forty Foot Bluff, Hell's Half Acre, and Rough-and-Ready Cut.

The entire distance from Palatka to the Silver Springs is about one hundred and thirty-five miles. If the daylight trip is made, which is preferable, night is sure to have fallen before the end of the journey is completed. The other route includes a night on the water during which the weird scenes are illuminated by torches of the pitch pine. When night descends it is the most impenetrable blackness, and all is gloom. Great black walls seem to rise on either side, and it is impossible for the eye to penetrate the gloom. Stillness and an Egyptian darkness encompass the entire scene like a vampire's wings.

Before the end of the journey is reached, there is a parting of the waters. The Ocklawaha is left behind with many regrets and continues its way a hundred miles farther into the interior. The boat turns into the bluish

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and transparently clear flood of the Silver River. This river has its origin in the famous Silver Springs, which is one of the largest springs in the world, and is said to flow some millions of gallons of water hourly. The head of the spring, from which issues a stream forty to fifty feet wide, is more like a diminutive lake than anything else, for it exceeds an ordinary city block in size. The water is so pellucid that the smallest object is distinctly visible on the bottom, which is in one place eighty feet from the surface. It seems as though one should be able to walk out upon it without getting wet. It is almost a surprise to observe boats sailing its surface, for it seems so light and airy that one would expect a boat to sink.

On a clear and calm day, after the sun has attained sufficient altitude, the view from one of the glass-bottom boats is beautiful and entrancing, almost beyond description. The impression left upon the mind of the visitor is wonderful, for every feature on the bottom of this gigantic basin is as clear and distinct as if the water had been removed and atmosphere substituted in its place. It is like looking down from some lofty perch upon a fairy scene of beauty and magic. Far down little geysers will be identified bubbling up, and the force of this geyser is considerable, because an object sinking to the bottom is diverted from its course as soon as it strikes the neighborhood of one of them. The composition of lime and other minerals at the bottom present many shades of silver and phosphor-bronze, as well as other tints.

The terminus, or beginning, as the case may be, of the Ocklawaha trip is at Ocala, the county seat of Marion County. It is also one of the most prosperous and attractive of the smaller towns of the state. Situated on elevated ground, drainage has been easy and the city is healthful. The surrounding country is fertile and this

has brought wealth. There are many who think Ocala the ideal place to live. Large herds of cattle roam the pine forests of the country, and improved stock is being rapidly introduced. Phosphate mines are one of the sources of wealth. The Ocala Forest Reserve, consisting of two hundred thousand acres, is in the eastern part of the county. It is a finely wooded section and contains a number of lakes. In the northern part of Marion County lie Orange Lake and Lake Weir, beautiful sheets of water, and there are great numbers of smaller bodies of water scattered here and there.

CHAPTER XI

THE CENTRAL LAKE DISTRICT

"OH! there's a lake," said a youthful passenger on the train. "Here's another," exclaimed a companion, who was looking out on the other side of the train. "Oh! lookie, here are three lakes," excitedly spoke up the first little girl. And so the contest was continued for some time.

Lakes abound all over Florida from its northernmost boundary to the Everglades, but they are much more numerous in the central part of the state. This most charming section of Florida has been well named the "Lake District." Here are a thousand and one and then a few more bodies of water, ranging from mere ponds to large inland lakes that are several miles both in length and breadth. They are of many shapes, but all are filled with wholesome fresh water and are fed by springs. The lakes are an undoubted aid in maintaining an even temperature. In Lake County alone there are fourteen hundred lakes large enough to have distinguishing names. Orange County contains seventeen hundred of these fresh water lakes and lakelets. Your map may not reveal many of these lakes, but they exist just as surely, and they have been designated by distinct appellations.

From a little elevation a dozen of these watery islands in the midst of a sea of land may be witnessed at times. They are so numerous that even a map drawn on a large scale will contain only a portion of them. The smallest

ones must even then be eliminated. In a flat country, like Florida, these bodies of water are more than welcome. They take the place of hills and relieve the perspective from monotony. They soften the landscape, conceal ugly details and heighten the color as with an artist's touch. Add the blue of the lakes to the dark green of the pines and the unnamable hues of the celestial canopy, with sunshine flooding it all, and one has a picture that is truly enchanting. On the shores of these lakes will be found many towns, tourist resorts and hotels. It is a favored region, and a favorite as well with the winter visitors.

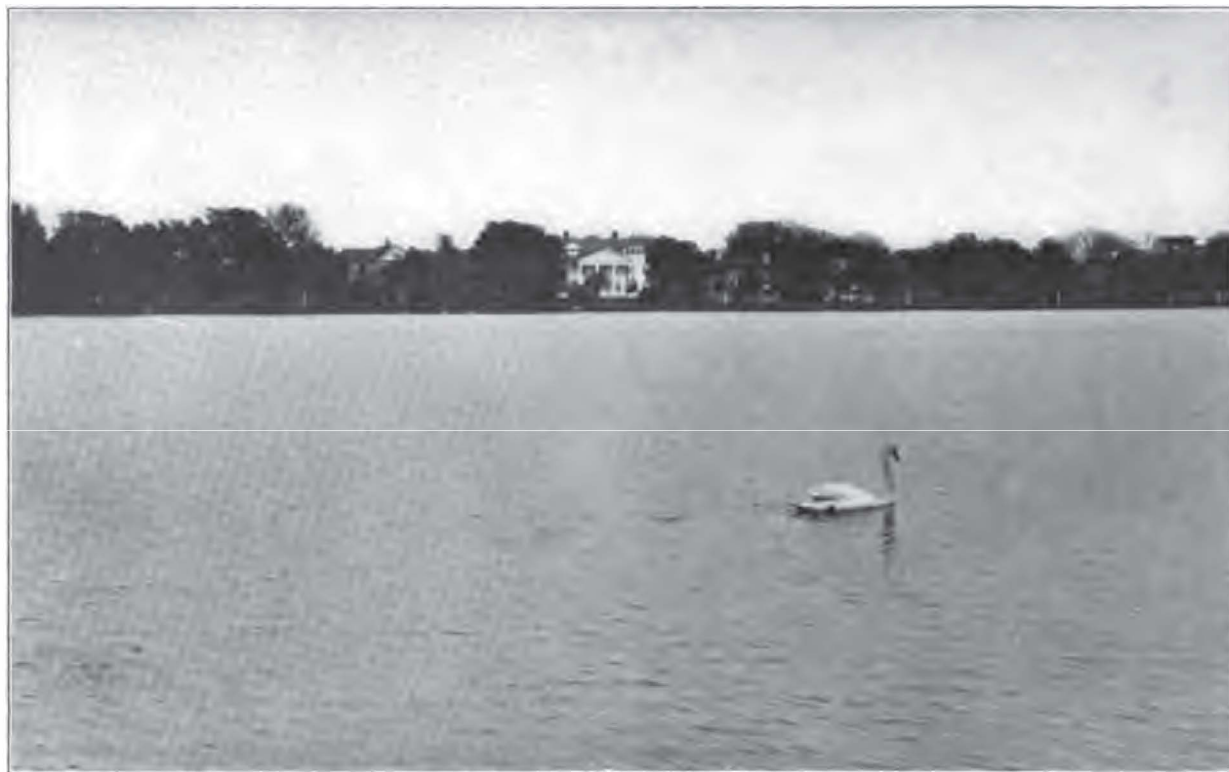
There is abundant sport for the enterprising angler in any of the lakes. The Florida fresh-water fish may not be so gamy as those in our northern lakes; but the waters are fairly alive with them, and it is not difficult at any time to capture a nice mess of the finny tribe. A Florida bass will generally take the hook with an almost painful deliberation. Your float goes down a little and then a trifle more. You pull up and you are surprised to find that you have a real fish on your hook, instead of a provoking bait robber. You had expected a bass to grab the bait with a mighty rush and leap above the water in a supreme effort to free his mouth from the thing that hurts. When once impaled, however, and he feels the sting of the barb, the large-mouthed bass will make a vigorous fight, but it is his bite that is a disappointment. It seems as though some of the southern languor has gotten into his system.

How one does miss the good old-fashioned angleworm for which we used to dig up the paternal lawn and receive blows from the maternal slipper as a slight token of appreciation.¹ Now, you and I well know that an angleworm dwells in rich loam, and of this kind of soil there

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is a noticeable lack down here. Here the soil is composed of sand and a peaty black substance that is formed by decayed vegetable matter. This accounts for the lack of the favorite bait of our boyhood days, with which we used to lure the sunfish and the suckers and the catfish, and, sometimes, the wary bass — and cause the girls to scream as a side diversion. I really pity the boys who have been so unfortunate as to be obliged to grow up in Florida. They are deprived of the pleasure of impaling a fat and wriggling angleworm on a bent pin or the more prosaic hook. As a substitute here they generally use minnows, which are comparatively easy to secure. The bass spawn in June, in all the little sandy-bottomed streams that lead from lake or river. By the winter season the minnows are from an inch to three inches in length and fairly swarm in the shallow places, so prolific are these Florida fish. A scoop-net and a pail are practically all that you need, and the Cracker manages it with a piece of bagging fastened onto a barrel hoop. With a score or two of such bait one is fairly well equipped for a tryout of one of these lakes.

Among the largest of these inland bodies of water are Lakes Apopka, Harris, George, Griffin, Tohopekaliga and Kissimmee. Lake George is a dozen miles long and seven miles wide. It is a beautiful body of water with densely wooded shores. The names of the lakes are legion, and their contour is just as diversified. In traveling across the country by automobile, upon the splendid roads which now connect the principal towns, the eye is constantly gladdened by the sight of these little patches of blue amidst a setting of palms, deciduous trees or citrus orchards. Sometimes a half dozen or more may be within the range of vision at the same time. Many a land owner possesses a whole lake, or more than one, for



ORLANDO, LOOKING ACROSS LAKE LUCERNE.

some are so dainty in outline that a good baseball pitcher would have no difficulty in casting his leather-bound sphere across it. Little or big, circular or elongated, deep or shallow, however, these lakes are a wonderful asset to this charming region of Florida. The principal lakes are comprised within Lake, Orange, Polk, Osceola, Sumter and Marion counties, although a number of the lakes are in the counties immediately adjoining.

The bird life of this lake region is truly marvellous. In the trees that rim the lakes and ornament the towns there are ever-changing flocks of birds that dart and chatter without ceasing. The blue-jays clang their tinnabulations, while the woodpecker tribe peck the trunks and utter their unmusical notes. The sparrows chirp and the flycatchers dart about in their uncertain flight, but the warblers are also there with their varied songs. Way over yonder there comes a clear whistle which sounds like "what cheer," "what cheer," and a brilliant patch of red almost makes you think that the thicket is on fire. The call is so loud and clear and has such a note of cheeriness in it, that it seems to drive old melancholy away. The gray moss or the green leaves of the live oak are not sufficiently opaque to conceal the familiar scarlet of the cardinal or even of his more modestly clothed spouse. In one instance I heard a cardinal singing and on investigation found it to be Mrs. Cardinal, a custom of which I had read but never before had experienced. It was as soft and as pretty a song as her mate could possibly have rendered. There are wrens and melodious song sparrows and the "teakettle, teakettle, teakettle" of the titmouse is not uncommon.

One of the most important and most charming of the smaller cities of the state is Orlando. Although not at a great elevation, Orlando is situated on the very backbone

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of the state. It is the capital of the county which has the greatest number of orange and grapefruit trees growing, and leads in the number of boxes of these fruits that are shipped. Any of the splendid roads leading to the city pass by and through and around great groves of these delicious fruits, and at certain seasons the perfume of the blossoms is most delicious. With all the development, however, only a small portion of the land has yet felt the touch of the agriculturist or fruit grower. There are still jungles of the scrub palmetto awaiting the magic touch of the farmer, gardener and fruit grower.

Orlando is a live and enterprising town, and is possessed of what is generally termed northern energy. There is an atmosphere of enterprise present in the business section that is commendable, and the northern element seems to predominate. I chanced to arrive there during the great annual fair, which had drawn thousands of visitors from the surrounding country and neighboring towns. The appearance of the main street with its bright illuminations, together with the throngs of people and congestion of automobiles, suggested a much larger city. The appearance of the retail stores is superior to what one generally finds in a town of its size. The natural location of Orlando is really delightful. There are more than half a dozen little lakes within the corporate limits. Thus nature has given this little city what many larger municipalities have expended thousands of dollars to create in an artificial way. They form a natural setting for a beautiful park system. The idea has been grasped to a limited extent, so that we find a boulevard has been built around the charming lakes, known as Lucerne and Eola, which lie in the very heart of the city. They lie blue and sparkling in natural depressions, without visible outlet,



A VIEW IN WINTER PARK.

and the sloping shores lend themselves to artistic adornment. Splendid homes have been, and are being, erected along the shores, which are almost circular in outline. Several other lakes within the city are only awaiting a like development to become the centre and radiating point of other residence sections. With the present rapid growth of the city, this will not long be delayed. Splendid country homes are also springing up in the immediate vicinity of the city, and the cultivation of the soil is increasing each year.

Winter Park, only five miles distant from Orlando, is one of the best known and most popular of the resorts in the lake region. The country surrounding it is rolling, and the air is redolent with the balmy fragrance of the pines. In the spring the woods are fairly carpeted with the many wild blossoms. The magnolias and many flowering bushes contribute to the charm of the place. The air is filled with the songs of the many song birds, for this seems to be a favorite resort with them, as well as the human kind. A couple of charming little lakes offer the delights of boating. Rollins College is a well known educational institution, in which many boys and girls from northern homes are enrolled.

Lake Apopka, on the western border of Orange County, is the largest lake in the county. It is so large that at times the wind stirs up considerable storms on it. There are no large towns on its banks, but there are a number of small resorts, such as Oakland, Winter Garden, and other places on or near its shores.

A little to the northwest is the lake region of which Leesburg is the centre. This pleasant little town is situated between Lake Harris and Lake Griffin, in the midst of orange groves and gardens. Great palmettoes flourish here and the water scenes reveal one picture after

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another. An educational institution known as the Florida Conference College is located here. Lake Eustis is not far distant, and it is possible to make a triangular tour of the three lakes. Eustis is a thriving little town which is the home of a Presbyterian college. These lakes, and others connected with them, are the headwaters of the scenic Ocklawaha River, described elsewhere, and many large alligators are to be found in their waters. It is also a great hunting centre, for in the pine woods will be found countless numbers of quail. The woods are also the home of many flocks of wild turkeys. In the waters of the lakes the bass grow to large sizes, and there are countless numbers of smaller game fish. A number of smaller lakes, such as Yale, Silver, Dora, Milton, Beauclair and Little Harris, will be found in the same vicinity.

Many of the birds hereabouts are singers, and some think they can warble. The fish crow has a frog in his throat so often that it has got into his voice and made his croak catarrhal. But the most humorous attempt at singing that I have ever heard was by one of the boat-tailed grackles along the shore of Lake Harris. He was earnestly trying to essay a spring song, which certainly was not Mendelssohn's, but it was hardly a success. He opened his mouth wide — set it, one might almost say. It opened with a shrill call, several times repeated, which could hardly be termed musical. Then he evidently attempted the trill of a canary, but without any notable resemblance. He could not have been more enthusiastic in his performance had he been making the sweetest music in the world. The effort ended with a sort of deprecatory chirp, after which he was obliged to stop for a moment to recover from his exertion. The grackle worked honestly, but his performance was so grotesquely awkward

and so ludicrous a failure that I burst out laughing, which so offended him that he flew away. It was the first but not the last time that I heard this grackle, for it became almost too familiar in after days, and it was the one bird of which I grew rather weary.

Spring blossoms make their appearance here in February. The landscape is not ablaze with floral color, as many anticipate, in a state named Florida, but there are many flowers. Violets will be found in abundance, while the yellow star-flower adds a different shade. The yellow oxalis and creeping white houstonia will also be identified in some localities. In boggy places there will be a profusion of the blue iris, and some of the pools will be yellow with the bladderwort. The Judas-tree, or redbud, is quite common, the yellow variety here being called Valentine's flower by many of the natives. One learns to admire the beautiful creeping blackberry, whose blossoms are almost like white roses, with their central ring of dark purplish stamens. There is a yellow daisy, with a single big head, which grows at the top of a leafless stem. It is one of the most abundant of the spring flowers. One will also find a dainty blue lobelia and a pretty coreopsis with a purple center. These are only a few of the flowers growing here and in other parts of Florida, and a careful student would enumerate and identify scores of others.

Less than twenty miles from Orlando, on the way to Tampa, lies Kissimmee, the county seat of Osceola county. Although some distance from the ocean, it is elevated only sixty-five feet above the level of that great body of water. It is on the watershed, as it is called, and from here the drainage is by the Kissimmee River into Lake Okeechobee, and from there into the Gulf of Mexico. Kissimmee is on the border of Lake Tohopeka-

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liga, which tempers the atmosphere both winter and summer. It is a large, but rather shallow body of water, containing several islands. How I did love to practice the pronunciation of its name. I asked every inhabitant how to pronounce it, just to hear him repeat it, and finally I got so I liked to rattle it off myself. "To-ho-pe-kali'-ga," they say. There is no accent, except on the next to the last syllable and that is brought out with a long drawn-out "eye." The lake is filled with fish and thousands of pounds are marketed from it each season. At one time Kissimmee was the outfitting point for sportsmen, and from here they started their expeditions into the rich and almost unknown hunting-grounds farther south. Visitors began to come and with them investors, and the population eventually began to increase.

Kissimmee cannot be called a tourist resort, in the sense that numerous towns in Florida are; but there are many visitors here during the entire winter season. The cultivation of the soil round about is beginning and is reaching increased proportions each year. The principal industry is the raising of cattle, and many thousands of head will be found scattered throughout the country. The Florida cattle do not compare favorably with the splendid stock that feed on the luscious grass of the Texas plains. They are small and rather scrubby looking and, as a rule, are not fat; they are not fed, but are compelled to eke out their own living, being usually shipped farther north, and even to Texas, to be fattened for the market. A few stock men are now endeavoring to improve the standard by introducing blooded bulls. They are beginning to realize, as did our western ranchers, that large-framed animals will eat no more than the smaller ones, and the possibilities of returns are much greater. Heretofore the stock have been allowed to run wild as the owners felt



ON LAKE TOHOPEKALIGA.

that, since the land was almost valueless, every animal marketed was practically clear profit.

Wherever there is a pool of water in Florida, there you will find fishermen. Patience has actually become a virtue, and fishing has developed into a favored avocation. Day after day one will stumble upon the same fishermen down on the piers at Kissimmee, holding their poles out over the water. Some of them will patiently wait for hours without catching anything more than a mosquito bite. I watched one of these anglers for a long time and he did not even get a nibble. Along came a fat, red-headed boy, and I said to the old man as the boy cast his hook into the water only a few feet away, "Now watch this boy catch the first fish." It was not five minutes until his cork submerged and he drew out a wriggling captive upon the bank. But the hook had been swallowed. The boy possessed no more hooks, and the old man rather grudgingly shared his own stock. Petty soon "Brick Top" (I know the boys must have called him that) landed another fish. The old man abandoned the field and went away.

It is fortunate for the man who hibernates down here to have a hobby of fishing; it helps beguile the time, and also keeps him out in God's quiet and health-giving out-of-doors. Taken long enough, and with an admixture of enthusiasm, it has a value superior to medicine for almost any complaint. It cannot cure old age, for instance; but it will lengthen it, and for any other trouble or human weakness it is as near a panacea as has yet been discovered.

Navigation extends from Kissimmee to Fort Bassinger, a hundred miles distant. By means of dredged channels, boats pass to Cypress Lake and Lake Kissimmee, a body of water fifteen miles long, and from there down the river

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of the same name. Fort Bassinger and Fort Kissimmee were both occupied during the Seminole War, but they are unimportant places today. The Kissimmee is an intimate little stream that meanders through vast fields of water-hyacinth and lily ponds. It is certainly one of the crookedest rivers in the world. One may see a hammock in the distance and head for it; but the river makes a violent turn, and goes north, east, south and west before reaching it, although you never quite lose sight of it. One wonders why the Kissimmee ever chose such a ridiculous channel. As far as the eye can see at times, there is a vast sea of vivid green rolling onward toward the horizon. The banks are lined with small trees and shrubs, which in spring burst into flowers and new foliage, and it is a very paradise of gorgeous, if unmusical, birds that fill the air with their croaking and screaming.

Leaving Kissimmee, on the way to Tampa, the route passes through a very pleasant country. It is dotted with lakes and is fast becoming popular with the winter visitors. Florence Villa is the home of a large winter colony, and Winter Haven, a little off the main line, is an attractive little town. This is in the large county of Polk, the surface of which abounds with lakes on every hand. The land is more elevated than its neighbors, and the lakes lie in deeper depressions, which greatly add to the natural beauty. The chief town of this county, although not the political capital, is Lakeland. It is a delightful little place, at the junction of the line that branches off to Fort Myers. Forest trees of striking beauty enhance the landscape of the neighborhood. Lakeland is the center of a famous strawberry section. They are planted from August to October, and some of the earlier varieties will furnish a limited supply for Thanksgiving. There are nine lakes within the incorporated limit of the city and



A PHOSPHATE PLANT, NEAR LAKELAND.

they augment greatly the beauty of the town. The advantage of these natural lakes is just beginning to be realized, and the work of parking the banks has only fairly begun. The opportunity is here to create Lakeland into one of the most beautiful inland cities in Florida. Many visitors winter in and around Lakeland, and all of them seem charmed with the surroundings.

Lakeland is also the chief center of the phosphate industry. Florida is the greatest producer of this important fertilizer of any country in the world, and there are scores of the mines in this section. Some are quite close to Lakeland, one being almost within the corporate limits. Phosphate is found only a few feet beneath the surface, in layers eight to ten or twelve feet thick. After the mining has been done, the hole remaining is very much like that of a limestone quarry. The debris and refuse from one excavation are poured into an older one, otherwise lofty heaps of this discarded product of the mining operations would soon create great mountains on the level landscape. It is said that this district produces more than one-third of the phosphate of the world, and three-fourths of the Florida production. Many millions of dollars are invested in the phosphate plants here, and the industry furnishes employment to several thousand men. From here it is shipped to all parts of the world, the foreign shipments generally being made from Port Tampa.

The Central Lake Region of Florida produces more oranges and grapefruit than any other section of the state, and these two citrus fruits are the greatest products of the peninsula. A good year means millions of dollars to the producer, and a severe frost means a tremendous loss. The most of this region is practically free from frost, and only a very unusual freeze makes its presence

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felt. Oranges grow wild in places, and the handsome fruit may be seen glowing like lamps amidst the green foliage. The wild fruit is much sourer than the cultivated varieties. Some are so bitter-sour that they taste almost like a lemon that has been flavored with quinine — not so bitter as the Peruvian bark nor so sour as the lemon, but an agreeable compromise between the two.

There are few things in the world finer to look upon than a large orange grove. We must admit that an apple orchard or a cherry orchard is beautiful, but, under the ardent skies of Florida, the orange takes their place. The orange is the choicest product that the sun and soil can grow down here, and the charm of the groves grows upon one the longer he remains. It is most delightful in the blossoming season. Just picture in your mind several hundred trees, which are literally one solid mass of densely crowded orange blossoms. The volume of fragrance emanating from such a grove is almost indescribable. It rolls in invisible clouds before the trade breezes, and a single grove will perfume the air with ineffable sweetness for a quarter of a mile on every side. You do not have to go to the flowers, as you do with the rose, but the perfume comes to you. It is no wonder that every tree is alive with the honey gatherers and they seem to be almost drunken with the perfume, for it is said they do not secure as much honey from these blossoms as from common weeds.

An orange orchard consists of rows of trees, with round tops which are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. By the modern method only about seventy trees are planted to the acre, placed in rows twenty-five feet apart. For the first two or three years the young trees do not take up much room but they require constant cultivation, fertilization and careful attention. During this

period other crops are planted between the rows in order to pay for the upkeep of the grove. In a good season the golden globes literally cover the trees, and the green leaves project themselves here and there just enough to create a proper setting. The ground is covered with the fallen fruit for several months, just as apples lie on the ground in our northern orchards. Those which have fallen are the richest and sweetest fruit, if they have not been allowed to lie too long. The early oranges are picked in November, and from that time onward there are oranges ripening until April. Some varieties will hang to the trees for several weeks longer and grow sweeter each day. Those intended for shipment to northern markets are invariably plucked before they are thoroughly sweetened on the trees. Hence it is that northern buyers do not usually experience the delicious flavor of the perfected orange. The grower goes up and down his grove with shears and a bag and cuts enough of the choicest fruit to fill his orders for the day. These are placed one by one in a sorter in the packing house, down which the orange rolls until it finds just the slide that fits its size. It then rolls to one side and drops into its own box. At least ten different sizes are sorted by this mechanical method.

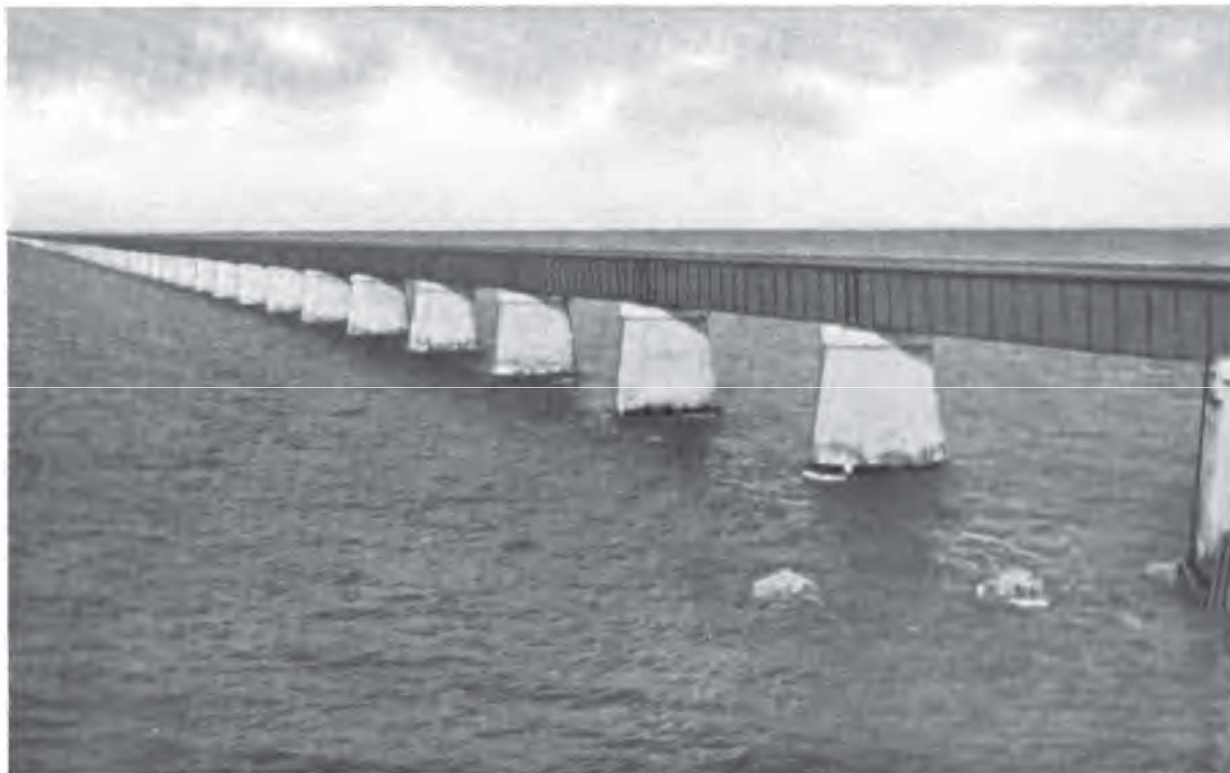
A quarter of a century ago the wild grapefruit grew at random in Florida. It was not cultivated, except for the shade of the tree and the beauty of the great spheres of yellow fruit which hung upon it. This fruit was brought to Florida by the Spaniards and was left by them as a heritage to Americans, but it was not considered edible. This seems almost incredible to us today, knowing the great demand that exists for it throughout the north, and even in Florida itself. It is a tree that is very particular about the soil in which it is planted, even more

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particular than the orange. Florida soil differs greatly in its quality. While grapefruit may flourish lustily in one place, a half-mile away it cannot be cultivated even with the greatest care.

A grape fruit grove is a beautiful sight, almost indistinguishable from the orange, and it is a delight to wander around in one. It is surprising to see the number of grapefruit that will grow upon a single tree. You may find a single limb, no larger than the wrist, upon which a hundred may be counted. All of them are great globes that look almost like pale gold. It does not seem possible that a tree can assimilate enough material from the soil and the air to produce so many hundreds of these fruit, and it also seems marvellous that a tree can sustain the weight of them. Although the fruit can be plucked earlier, they are usually allowed to remain on the trees until March. Then it is that the blossoms are beginning to appear which make the grove a scene of peculiar beauty. Out of the green foliage shine these golden globes, while the edges of the branches are tipped with the beautiful white flowers from which arises a scene that is almost overwhelming. No beverage is more refreshing than the juice of the grapefruit as it is plucked from the tree. One end is cut off and the juice drank from it as the pulp is crushed with one's two hands.

The Seven Mile Bridge.



CHAPTER XII

THE AMERICAN RIVIERA

THE east coast of Florida has already developed into one of the famous playgrounds of the world. Because of the influence of the Gulf Stream, it enjoys unusual natural advantages, and there is a splendid equability of temperature. There is a general absence of foggy and rainy days, a preponderance of sunshine, and an opportunity for sea bathing every day in the year without joining the "polar club." Although the summers are long, the extreme heat is less than would naturally be expected, and the nights are almost invariably pleasant.

Regardless of the fact that this delectable climate of the east coast has existed ever since the Caucasian discovered the New World, its development has come about only in recent years. A third of a century ago its attractions and advantages were practically unknown in the North, and the number of people scattered along this coast were negligible. In fact, in the whole state the entire population was only a little in excess of a quarter of a million. A visit to Florida in 1884 by Henry M. Flagler was epochal. The story goes that he was sent there for his health, and it was at St. Augustine that he first began to appreciate Florida. Little did people dream what the advent of this captain of industry meant in the future for that commonwealth. It was on that occasion that he made his initial investment when he purchased some marsh land within the city gates of St. Augustine,

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filled it up, and began the work of erecting the palatial Ponce de Leon Hotel.

A couple of years later Mr. Flagler obtained possession of a narrow gauge railroad that was already in operation between St. Augustine and Jacksonville. This short stretch of track became the initial section of the future Florida East Coast Railroad, to which the eastern coast of our most southerly state owes its marvellous development as a winter playground. A steel bridge was constructed at Jacksonville and, for the first time, St. Augustine, the "ancient city," was linked by continuous iron rails with the rest of the United States. This was in the year 1887, and it was in that year that the Ponce de Leon Hotel opened its doors to the traveling public. For St. Augustine Mr. Flagler built a number of blocks of houses, erected several churches and schools, and made many other improvements. In fact, whenever a town was platted, arrangements were contemporaneously made to supply a church and a school — and he was not particular as to the denomination of the religion to be supplied. The new St. Augustine practically dates from that year.

The severe periodical frosts of Northern Florida set Mr. Flagler to thinking. He concluded to extend his railroad far enough south to be beyond all frost danger. In company with his surveyors he investigated nearly three hundred miles of the east coast. At Lake Worth he halted. Although the bare little island across the lake held out no promise to the engineers, Mr. Flagler looked upon it with the eye of a prophet. He soon initiated his plans for a railroad to extend much farther along the Atlantic coast. A short railway was already in existence, in the direction of Palatka, and this was purchased from the owners. Another unimportant line from San Mateo to Daytona was added to the growing system. The

Hotel Ormond was purchased and operated by the railroad, in the effort to bring visitors farther toward the tropics. In 1892 a charter was obtained for an extension to Miami and Key West, and the road was begun shortly afterwards. Within two years trains were running as far as Palm Beach, where land had already been secured for hotel sites and a town plat. In that same year the Royal Poinciana was opened, and West Palm Beach was ready for inhabitants, with paved streets, water works, and a public school building already prepared for the anticipated population. In the following year the steel rails were extended to Miami, where another city was laid out and the Royal Palms Hotel constructed.

With the completion of the railroad to Miami the railroad construction halted for several years. In 1905 it was extended to Homestead, and two years later the real work of construction out over the Keys to Key West was initiated. The first through train to Key West reached that city on the 22nd of January, 1912, completing a system of more than five hundred miles through an undeveloped country, and including a length of viaduct construction that is unrivaled in the entire world. It was the energy and prophetic vision of this one man to which the east coast owes its rapid progress and prosperity. He opened up to the continent a new pleasure ground and a field for useful labor.

There are many towns on the east coast that extend welcoming hands to the tourist. The principal amusement provided for them is golf, and good courses will be found at all the principal resorts. Many new ones have been and are now being constructed. Miami and Palm Beach glory in two courses each, while St. Augustine has three, including a fine new eighteen-hole course. Golf courses will also be found at Atlantic Beach, Ormond,

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Daytona, Rockledge, Melbourne and Hobe Sound. Tennis enthusiasts are also given the opportunity to play on good courts, while horseback riding, bicycling and croquet also have their numerous devotees, for the tourists are not satisfied to idle away all their time on the porches and upon the beaches.

Daytona has a real charm. Built in a veritable forest of oaks, palmettoes and the glossy magnolias, the houses appear only an incidental feature of the whole. Daytona is becoming a residence city, as well as a resort town. It is not such a place for fashionable pilgrimage as are some of the other resort towns, but many northern people spend almost the entire winter season here. The city dates from 1870, when it was founded by Mathias Day, of Mansfield, Ohio. It was at first named Tomoka, but the name Daytona was afterwards bestowed upon it. The site has many natural beauties. The streets are in many places overarched with the live oaks, from which hang festoons of the beautiful Spanish moss. The vista down some of the streets is one that the northern visitor will not quickly forget, for it is both curious and beautiful. The many attractive houses give Daytona the appearance of a home city, although hotels and boarding houses will be found scattered all over the town. Beach Street, that parallels the river, is the principal thoroughfare, and Ridgewood Avenue is the show street.

Just across the broad Halifax River from Daytona are Seabreeze and Daytona Beach. It would be impossible for the visitor to distinguish where Daytona Beach ended and Seabreeze began, but they are distinct corporations. They are situated upon the rather narrow peninsula, averaging only half a mile in width, which separates the river from the ocean, and both towns are growing rapidly. The peninsula is a succession of ridges rising from twenty

to thirty feet above the ocean. Both palmettoes and oaks fringe the river banks, while gigantic oleanders, roses and orange trees will also be found growing there. Where the surface has not been cleared, it will be found covered with a veritable jungle of rather dwarfed trees. Where clearings have been made, it is surprising to find the success that follows planting even on the sandiest dunes. Three long toll bridges connect the peninsula with the mainland, and ferries also run at frequent intervals.

It was at Daytona that I first began to love the mocking bird. Everywhere, throughout Florida, the air is vibrant with bird voices, both of those making their permanent homes and of others migrating north or south; but it was here that I learned to distinguish and identify the beautiful mocker. At first I thought it was a cardinal singing, for he was imitating a few notes of that bird, but the song soon convinced me it was a different bird. A little search revealed the modest little mocker singing as if his heart was overflowing with melody. Thereafter I was on the lookout for this charming songster. It seemed to me that, everywhere I went, a mocking bird quickly perched himself nearby and rendered a concert for my especial benefit. The mockers were as numerous and familiar as robins in a northern yard.

The first sound heard in the morning was a mocker seated on the topmost limb of a tree, or perched upon a roof or chimney, whence he filled the air with golden notes of melody which floated into my room. If I rested myself in a seat in the business section, it was not long until a mocker perched himself on a telephone pole or wire and began to warble. His beautiful song reminds me so much of the better-known catbird of the North. His tail is a trifle longer, and the slate color has shaded

into gray, with white bars on wings and tail. As the sun was going down in a flame of red, as brilliant as the color of the scarlet tanager, I would still hear the mocking bird's notes from some place not far distant. Sometimes a half dozen might be audible at the same time.

The more I saw of the mocking bird the more I loved him, for the better your acquaintance the greater your admiration. While singing, he sits so soulful and demure, and so oblivious to everything around him, that you can not help but admire his modesty. His gray throat swells and he keeps his tail flirting like a pump handle. He seems to be singing almost heavenly melodies, without any thought other than that of the pure joy of living. Many times have I approached within ten or twelve feet of his perch, and even walked around it, without disturbing his song in the least. I found that he loves to pour forth his full-throated song from the tip of an orange tree, when the scent of the bloom overpowers all other odors. He is also by nature a public performer, and seems to love an audience. He becomes less musical as the place grows wilder, so that his best performance takes place in the villages and cities. It is in the crotch of some orange tree that he frequently builds his nest, which is made of twigs and stalks of weeds rather roughly placed, which are lined with silky or cotton fibre from roadside weeds. This he does in March when the fervid sun of that month is pouring forth its resplendent heat. In this are laid the pale green eggs with brownish blotchings.

On the ocean side of the peninsula, from Mosquito Inlet to Ormond, are about eighteen or twenty miles of the hardest, smoothest and broadest beach that can be found anywhere. As a rule beaches are much the same the world over, but this beach is unique in itself. In



ON THE FAMOUS ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH.

the busy season, one will find many things of interest on the beach. At low tide it forms the most perfect automobile road, for no road builders can construct such a perfect roadway as is prepared here each day by the outgoing tide, and perfectly renewed twice daily. During the winter season it is traversed by motor vehicles of all kinds, from motor cycles to the most powerful automobiles ever constructed by the ingenuity of man. Racing cars thunder by here, breaking the world's records for speed, so that an occasional horse-drawn vehicle seems strangely out of date in this day of swift-moving things.

The beach is a most delightful place for bathing. There is not usually such a heavy surf as at Atlantic City, but for this very reason it has the advantage that it is easier for the swimmer who has neither the skill nor the courage to dash through the breakers in his swimming attempts. There is scarcely a day in the winter when the swimmers will not be found here by the scores, although the water is colder than at Palm Beach or Miami. The white beach itself, shimmering away in the distance under the bright sunlight, with a long and graceful curve, is a sight not easily forgotten, and is the greatest attraction of all here at Daytona. It is a scene that the visitor will return to day after day, even if he does not plunge into the surf or ride along the beach under gasoline propulsion. Ormond is a half dozen miles farther north than Daytona, and is built also upon the peninsula between the Halifax River and the Atlantic. Automobiling is naturally one of the chief sports here, because of the beach road, and golf is played by many on the excellent course to be found here. The Hotel Ormond is one of the resorts of fashion on this coast.

The Halifax River is not really a river — it is a salt

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lagoon lying between the mainland and the narrow strip of land that follows the outline of the shore. It is rather shallow, and is connected with the ocean at intervals. At low tide sand-bars and oyster beds occupy much of its breadth. Oysters are found there by the billions. Their use was certainly well known to pre-historic races, if one is to judge by the great heaps of shells found on or near the banks of the river. Some of them form miniature hills here in this flat country. How those aborigines must have feasted to leave such heaps of shells behind them! Had they continued here long enough, they might have transformed the shores of the Halifax and Hillsboro rivers into a veritable hilly country. The shells from these mounds have been employed in making roadway for many scores of miles, and no appreciable diminution has yet been made on the available supply.

The Halifax is a national bird reserve, and the feathered creatures seem to realize it. Wild ducks of all the kinds that tempt sportsmen swim along almost unconsciously, and will sometimes permit a boat to approach quite near. It may be tempting to a professional bird hunter, but it seems to me far greater sport to watch them swimming along and feeding in their own natural way. Many other birds will be seen, among which the most conspicuous are doubtless the several species of herons. One or more of them is almost constantly in sight. Like most fisher birds, the herons are generally alone, seeming unwilling to share with others, even of the same family, thus revealing a rather unsocial nature. The term stateliness certainly applies to the great blue heron. In patrolling an oyster bar, which is one of his favorite occupations, he does not seem to take more than two or three steps a minute. When rising to his wings or settling down into the water, every movement

seems studied and deliberate. He carefully inspects the entire scene, as if looking to see whether or not some enemy may be lying in wait. He is a model of patience, for he seems to stand for hours at a time, with water half way up to his knees, leaning forward expectantly for a choice morsel to approach within his range.

The Tomoka River affords a delightful excursion here, and steamers are run daily for those who cannot afford a special launch. The entrance to the river is about three or four miles north of Ormond. This river was named after a tribe of Indians who inhabited this region in the early days. Tomoka is the common spelling, but it is also spelled in early manuscripts as Timagua, Timuaca, and Tomoca. One of the first books ever translated into an Indian dialect was a version of the catechism into the language of this tribe. From its mouth the river very slowly winds inland in long and easy curves, and is confined within wooded banks. It is generally a narrow stream, and the swash of the waters will be heard along the shore as the little boat pushes its way along. An occasional alligator will be sighted along the bank, for this is one of the streams in which these ugly creatures are found. As the boat ascends, the river becomes attenuated and vegetation becomes more and more of a tangle, as well as more tropical. Palmettos and live oaks overhang the banks, while the dark waters flow sluggishly along underneath. The variety of coloring in the vegetation is unusual and astonishing to one who is making his first trip to this semi-tropical land.

A short distance inland from Daytona, and just far enough for a delightful automobile trip, is Deland. The route is over an undeveloped country, but these lonely stretches of rather desolate pine lands have a

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charm all their own. It does not seem monotonous to me, for there is ever a freshness and a beauty in the scene. About Deland there has been much citrus development. This city is a popular place with hundreds of winter visitors, and many have established their winter residences here. The streets are shaded with beautiful trees which add to the charm of the place. It is the home of the John B. Stetson University, a Baptist institution, founded by the man whose name it bears, and who had his winter home here for many years. The university has a number of departments, and its standard is high. Not far distant are the De Leon Springs, where a considerable stream flows out from a pool in which these springs bubble forth.

It was here at these springs that I saw an incident which reveals the combative nature of the bluejay. I was attracted by a commotion in the woods and the evident excitement of a number of bluejays. They seemed to be flying around another bird, which occasionally moved its position. Approaching nearer, I found that this other bird was none other than a small owl. What the owl had done, I know not. It may have robbed a nest or taken a young bird, but the excitement and resentment were unmistakable. They would dart at the owl and take a peck at his head, and fly around him, uttering their harsh cries. At least a score of the bluejays were there, and all of them were making life miserable for the poor owl, which seemed to stare around hopelessly. Its great eyes were even more staring than usual, for it was evidently frightened. At last it flew away and disappeared in a convenient hole in a tree. The jays flew around the entrance, and one of them perched himself near it; but none ventured inside. I watched the scene for sometime, and when I left they

were still on guard awaiting the appearance of the hated owl.

New Smyrna (pronounced Suh-myr-na) is about fifteen miles south of Daytona, and is situated in a dense oak hammock. It is one of the oldest settlements in Florida. It is even claimed to antedate St. Augustine. Of its early history little has been discovered in authentic records. Likewise scant information has ever been unearthed of the aborigines' occupation, although there are many shell mounds in the neighborhood, from which pottery, weapons and other traces of early occupants have been unearthed. These shells have been used to construct some splendid roads.

The largest of these mounds is known as Turtle Mound, and is a dozen miles south of New Smyrna. It is sixty feet high and three hundred feet long. One can trace the annual accumulation of shells in the various layers. There are shells of both univalves and bivalves. By loosening the shells here and there, the visitor will occasionally uncover some rude bone implement. This mound is in a thicket of Spanish bayonet and has been visited by few travelers. It lies in an isolated position by reason of which its natural height is accentuated. I wonder if the present rush of tourists to these shores will leave such a striking memento behind them for future explorers to uncover and speculate about.

During the Civil War New Smyrna came into the lime-light again, for the Mosquito Inlet was frequently used by the blockade runners. Two United States gunboats entered the inlet and attacked New Smyrna. The wharves and many buildings were totally destroyed in order to ruin everything that might be of advantage to the blockade runners.

A few miles from New Smyrna are some remains of

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a Spanish mission. They are undoubtedly ruins of an old church and a cloister, but it is not generally believed that they antedate the latter part of the seventeenth century. They are hidden way back in the green forests, and are difficult to find without the assistance of someone who is familiar with the country. The road runs out through a splendid semi-tropical forest of live oaks, magnolias, palmettos, sweetgums, maples and hickories, with here and there a long-leaved pine overtopping all the rest. Great air plants grow from every available space, as it seems. In some places the ferns almost completely cover the upper surface of many of the large branches, while huge vines are twisted about the trunks or dropped straight from the treetops to the ground. One could almost believe himself in the heart of a limitless forest.

At one time, probably by the English, the buildings were used as a sugar mill. There are some fragments of wall built of coquina, and there are two or three arched windows, as well as an arched door. One's imagination adds to the interest of the scene and supplies the missing links. The ruin stands in the middle of what was once a splendid orange grove and is generally known as the old sugar mill. Today it seems like a place to linger and dream dreams, while the birds make a mighty effort to entertain the visitor. One of these is the brown-headed nuthatch. Its notes are pleasing and musical, and it is such a cheerful and thrifty bird that one loves its very presence. The nuthatches are sociable, and may be seen in small flocks at which time they maintain an almost incessant twitter as they flit hither and thither through the woods.

There are also some ruins of an old sugar mill between New Smyrna and Daytona, near Port Orange, which are

visited by many, but their true history is likewise undetermined. They are situated in a clearing in the woods. The mill probably dates from the period of English occupation, near the end of the eighteenth century. Quite a bit of the machinery is still left, and the boiling kettles are in a good state of preservation.

It is a long ways from the island of Minorca, on the eastern coast of Spain, to Florida, and there seems to be no natural connection between the two. Nevertheless one of the many romantic incidents in Florida history is intimately associated with that little white-cliffed island and the olive-embosomed villages that nestle on the slopes. When a province of England, a colony of the famous shepherds of Minorca, long famed for their skill with the sling, were brought to Florida by Andrew Turnbull, an English physician and gentleman of fortune, associated with whom for a time was Sir William Duncan. Turnbull and his associates had been granted a tract of sixty thousand acres of land on condition that certain improvements should be made upon it within a designated time. By the payment of several hundred pounds, he was also granted the privilege of bringing colonists to his new enterprise.

Having a Greek wife, Dr. Turnbull named his new settlement New Smyrna after Smyrna, her birthplace. He sailed for the Mediterranean regions to obtain his needed colonists, and succeeded in securing a few Greeks and Italians, but on his voyage toward the west stopped at Minorca. He intended to embark in the cultivation of indigo and other English planters had successfully utilized the inhabitants of this island. In all, about fifteen hundred men, women and children were brought over to the New World by the Turnbull syndicate in 1767

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and settled on the tropical shores of Florida, where the prosperous town of New Smyrna is now located. The place chosen for the settlement was well selected. It was a fertile ridge of land where the magnolia bloomed and the orange grew in its wild state by the side of the jasmine. Their indentures required them, in consideration of the sums paid for their passage and support, to labor for the proprietors a certain number of years. At the end of this time they were to receive grants of land in proportion to the number of persons in their families. The expectant Minorcans built their huts of the palmetto that abounded, and planted cuttings of the vine and fig which they had brought from their native island. With hopeful hearts and willing hands they began the work of clearing the wilderness and preparing the soil for the crops of indigo and sugar that were to follow. A great deal of labor was expended in making various permanent improvements, among which was the stone wharf which still remains.

Only too soon the Minorcans and their associates learned of the duplicity that had been practiced upon them. They had been indentured by articles that guaranteed their support and a liberal allowance of land at the end of three years. Unrequited toil and patient suffering were met by tyranny and cruelty born of cupidity. They complained that insufficient provisions were allowed them, and that they were otherwise treated with injustice. As a result of their hard labor canals were dug, some of which still stand to this day. There are also faint traces of ridges and furrows, which are said to have been associated with the culture of indigo. A palace, or rather a castle, was erected, the foundations of which still stand, and this was the residence of Dr. Turnbull. Within a few years several thousand acres

were under cultivation, and the value of the crop had grown to a considerable sum.

Little regard was shown by the syndicate for its promises to the poor colonists, who had been alienated from their homes and kindred by seductive promises. A man by the name of Cutter seemed to be the most heartless. In 1769 the first insurrection arose, on account of severe punishments inflicted upon some of the colonists, and a number of them attempted to escape. For this purpose they seized several small craft and fitted them out from the company's stores. As they were embarking for Havana a detachment of English soldiers inopportunely appeared, just in time to intercept the flight. The leaders were arrested and brought to trial. As Dr. Turnbull was a man of great influence, it was not a difficult matter to convict several men of alleged crimes. One was found guilty of shooting a cow, which at that time was punishable by death. Another had chopped off Cutter's ear and two of his fingers. One was convicted as the leader of the conspiracy and two others for raiding the storehouse. These five were condemned to death, but two were pardoned. A third was granted clemency on condition that he execute the other two. "Long and obstinate was the struggle in this man's mind," wrote one of the jurors, "who repeatedly called out that he chose to die rather than be the executioner of his friends in distress. . . . At length the entreaties of the victims themselves put an end to the conflict in his heart by encouraging him to act. Now we beheld a man, thus compelled to mount a ladder, take leave of his friends in the most moving manner, kissing them the moment before he committed them to an ignominious death."

In this way was the revolt at New Smyrna suppressed.

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The colonists returned to their taskmasters and once more toiled for them in the indigo and cane fields. Although the wrongs of the Minorcans were well known in the other colonies, no one had the courage to interfere in their behalf. Worn out by their incessant toil, and longing for their distant homes, many perished. In nine years it is said that the original number had dwindled to about six hundred. If any attempted to escape, they were returned by negro slaves for the sake of a reward. In 1776 revolt was in the air everywhere. Three of the men requested permission to go down the coast to hunt for turtles. Once safely away they immediately started with all possible speed for St. Augustine. Here they appealed to Mr. Yonge, the attorney-general, by whom they were kindly received. Encouraged by their reception, these men returned to New Smyrna. It was not long until the colonists armed themselves with rude weapons and made preparations for flight. They started for St. Augustine under the leadership of one Pellacier, a carpenter. Forming the people into a hollow square, with the weak and infirm in the center, the band of fugitives bid farewell to their palmetto huts. When Turnbull returned and found his helpers gone, he ordered pursuit. Legal proceedings were begun which were decided in favor of the colonists. Their indentures were cancelled, and they were released from all obligations to the proprietors of the colony. Lands were allotted them in the northern part of St. Augustine, where some of their descendants still dwell. Others returned to New Smyrna, when they found out that there was no danger of further enslavement. The indigo fields and sugar mills fell into decay, and kindly nature drew a mantle of green over the scenes of the unhappy experiences of the Minorcan immigrants. The loss to the

syndicate must have been enormous, but no one sheds any tears over that fact.

It is about one hundred and seventy-five miles from New Smyrna to Palm Beach, and in recent years considerable development has taken place along the route. A number of small towns have arisen, as if by the touch of Aladdin's lamp, some of which seem to promise a prosperous future. It used to be that everyone glided by here on Pullmans, peering through the windows with road-weary eyes that saw little, or they sailed down the Indian River through its sparkling waters. Now the splendid roads lure many, and the spiteful toot of the warning horn is a very common sound. Titusville is an old town which used to be the head of navigation and was the marketing place for the famous oranges grown on Merritt's Island. Cocoa is now the station for this island, which took its name from a man who once had thriving plantations on it, but which were later abandoned by him. Fort Pierce dates from the time of the Seminole War. It has now developed into a fairly thriving town, and is a prominent fishing point. Many strange and unusual members of the finny tribe will be found in the catches.

We are here in the pineapple country, which extends almost to Miami. They are planted on the sandy ridges next to the Indian River. In some places they are protected by sheds, and in others the broad lagoons of water shield them. But winter sometimes sets his mark on them as, when I saw them, the prickly green lances had turned into a sickly straw yellow. This stretch of country is said to be the best adapted to the cultivation of this delicious fruit, and the ripened fruit are ready for the table generally in May.

Leaving Palm Beach, the road, going south, passes

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through a new country, where a number of towns have sprung up within recent years. Lantana lies near the lower end of Lake Worth. Boynton is situated only a mile from the ocean, of which there are many beautiful views, and many hedges of bananas will be seen here. Delray began with a settlement of Michigan people. Yamato is a Japanese settlement.

Forty miles south of Palm Beach lies the town of Fort Lauderdale. Considerable development is being made along the coast in the growth of citrus fruits and pineapples. In some of the rich hammock lands one will find a veritable riot of semi-tropical vegetation. Fort Lauderdale derives its name from the fact that it was the site of a fort during the Seminole War. Even to this day it is a trading-post for the remnants of that once-warring tribe. It was, in early days, the home of men who were somewhat of the wild western type. Fort Lauderdale is a prosperous town and growing year by year. Motor cars now spin along this road at forty miles or more an hour, where formerly it took two days to travel between Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay.

Fort Lauderdale is situated near the mouth of the New River, and is growing to greater importance as the reclamation work of the Everglades advances, for it lies at the mouth of one of the drainage canals of that immense project. It has become a center for truck farming. While northern farmers are resting, the gardeners at Fort Lauderdale are preparing to supply northern markets with beans, tomatoes, peas, eggplant, peppers and other table products. The river forks above the town, but the main drainage canal continues up toward the head of the North Fork. The Seminole Indians are still frequent visitors to Fort Lauderdale, and there is gener-



BISCAYNE BAY, MIAMI.

ally a small encampment of them very near the city limits.

Proceeding south from Fort Lauderdale, one will find such thriving settlements as Dania, Hallandale, Little River, Lemon City and Buena Vista. At Arch Creek is a natural bridge of coral rock, which is a curious arch formation.

A journey of twenty-five miles brings the traveler to Miami, which claims the distinction of being the most southerly city on the mainland of the United States. The site is well chosen at the mouth of the river of the same name, and on Biscayne Bay. The bay stretches away in front of the town to the keys that separate it from the ocean, making an attractive body of water. It has been called the "Magic City," for there was only a hamlet here at the advent of the railway. Fort Dallas, a relic of the Seminole War, was there, and is one of the buildings still in use by a private club, which caters to those having Monte Carlo tastes.

Many tales are related of life in the pioneer days of this neighborhood, but it is difficult to distinguish between legend and truth. Being out of touch with all the world, excepting the Indians, the early settlers were as isolated as if they were on an island. Stories of wrecking operations and treasure buried by sea rovers, who came here when hard pressed, are still related. The coming of rail connection with the outer world changed things in Miami, as it did all along the coast. This was not accomplished until 1896. In that same year Miami was incorporated as a city. Its growth has been so rapid that it never passed through the preliminary village stage. If not so picturesque a place as Palm Beach, it impresses you as infinitely more useful. It is a business town, as well as a winter resort; but its business is fruit growing. There-

fore you see no smoke-belching factory chimneys. Where nothing was a few years ago, you now see great brick buildings, commodious hotels, splendid banks, churches, schools and residential houses.

Since its incorporation, Miami has grown marvellously. It is today one of the most delightful cities in Florida. It bids well to become a white city, for buildings with white façades facing the street predominate in the business section of the city, and the streets are almost white. This custom is indeed commendable for a city so new. The residence section is extending out in every direction. There are many splendid hotels, and more of them constantly in course of erection. The oldest, and still the most noted, is the Royal Palm, built by the railway promoters. In it centers to a great extent the social life of the winter visitors. It is set in the midst of extensive gardens, where the landscape artist has exerted himself in attempting to please the eye. Splendid roads offer attractive excursions, and the blue waters lure many yachts to Miami. The yachting life centers around the beautiful home of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club. With its many attractions and good climate, this city is one of the really desirable winter resorts of our land. Boat after boat goes out each day after the fish that abound in the surrounding water. When the boats return the docks will sometimes be fairly covered with the denizens of the deep that have fallen victims to the fisherman's "bunco" and bait. A record of the large catches for each season is carefully kept. Sea bathing can be indulged in at all times on the keys across the bay, on which are located some of the finest homes in the city.

The Miami River runs up into the Everglades, and there are boats that carry excursionists up there. It is a small tide-water stream that flows slowly. The shores

Cape Florida Light House, Miami.



are lined with mangrove trees, and their tangled branches have nearly as many pendant roots as they have twigs. Openings will be seen in the surrounding forest growth where farmers have begun their work. Each farmer has his own little dock and a boat or two with which he carries his produce down to Miami. On the upward journey the stream continues to narrow until it is hardly wide enough to row a boat. After a while the Everglade marshes are entered, with little wooded knolls standing out from the level of saw-grass.

Just a little south of Miami, and near the ocean, is growing up a charming residence section known as Coconut Grove. It has already become a literal succession of villas, many of which are extremely beautiful. The free growth of tropical foliage enables the owners to render the surroundings most charming. One villa owner prefers the royal palm, and he has arranged these in majestic rows. His neighbor prefers the coconut; hence his walks and drives are bordered by these trees. And so it is that each owner has followed his individual taste. One man is spending a fortune in creating a great and exclusive estate bounded by a high wall on all sides. It looks more like an Italian villa on a large scale than anything else. A number of well-known literary people, as well as those prominent in other walks of life, have established their homes here. There is a path between the houses and bay front that affords an enchanting view of the coconut grove colony.

CHAPTER XIII

PALM BEACH

PALM BEACH and West Palm Beach are separated only by the waters of Lake Worth. West Palm Beach was probably intended only as an adjunct to its more noted *vis-a-vis*, in which the necessary commercial enterprises of a busy community might be located. It still supplies these wants, but it has also, through the enterprise of its citizens, built up both a commercial and tourist business of its own. Those who cannot afford, or do not care for, the luxury of Palm Beach hotels remain in West Palm Beach at a much less expense, while still near to all the life of the rival place. Frequent ferries pass between the two towns across Lake Worth, while there are also bridges for foot passengers and vehicles.

A score of years ago the sandy island called Palm Beach was almost a barren waste. Today it is as well-established an institution as Niagara Falls or Yellowstone Park, or any of the famous show places north of Mason and Dixon's line. Its very name conjures up in the mind of the northerner a vision of hours and days of lazy luxury and brightness and of nights that are scarcely less brilliant. There is hardly a city of any size in America that is not represented at some time during the season here at Palm Beach. Nice old gentlemen and ladies from Kankakee or Kalamazoo rub elbows with gay and chattering Cubans and Mexicans.

How enchanting it is to think that, while it is winter at home in Minnesota or New York, down here the

citrus groves are white with fragrant blossoms. Here one can gaze upon the palmetto's pluming crest outlined against the blue of the subtropical sky, or the gold of the orange nestling close to the glossy green of its foliage. Garbed in a linen suit, one can read complacently of the blizzards that emanate from Medicine Hat. If anything is lacking to enamour one with the climate, one need only peruse a letter from "the folks back home" telling how they are shivering with the cold. It will even help to compensate for a day or two when one cowers over a lukewarm radiator in a hotel built for warm weather.

Palm Beach is unquestionably the most noted of all Florida resorts. It did not grow like Topsy; it was created. You can still see on the outskirts of West Palm Beach how little nature had to do with the building of this beauty spot. Here is the same sandy and barren ridge, upon which grow the rough-barked pine trees of low stature. They are all bent westward in regular arcs from root to top, for such has been the effect of the steady blowing of the easterly trade winds. About their roots grow the saw palmetto and little else.

Palm Beach has now existed long enough for one to have some faith in its permanency. Its reputation extends far beyond the boundaries of the American continent. Almost anyone who has heard of Florida has also had some intimation of Palm Beach. Its reputation as a fashionable resort for pleasure-loving people is world-wide. In addition to the migratory crowd that flit in and out for a few days' stay, there is a more permanent element who occupy villas and beautiful homes which have sprung up along the lake shores where scarcely a blade of grass grew before. Its gay seasons have a truly individual note—more so than any other

winter resort in these United States. During the season many individual yachts are moored in Lake Worth, while private cars are almost as common as public coaches.

Palm Beach was created after a plan, and it was not a haphazard development. It was created solely for expected visitors, and to accommodate them palatial hotels rose over the sandy soil. Yesterday a desert was here — today you see the wizardry of the dollar. It has the greatest hotels and entertains the most fashionable visitors. Hither come the ultra-fashionable from the great cities to wear their summer gowns six months ahead of time, for it is next summer's and not last summer's gowns in which they appear. The Royal Poinciana is claimed to be the largest hotel for tourists in the world. It is almost a fifth of a mile long, and rises to a height of six stories. Accommodation can be furnished for two thousand people — as many as a fair-sized town. It is almost a city under roof, for there is a corridor lined with fashionable shops and a number of restaurants. If the hotel does not awe you by its size nor charm you by its architecture, the grounds are sure to delight you. A gaily dressed crowd throng the corridors and broad piazzas. It is truly a cosmopolitan assemblage. Not only will people be found from every part of our country, but, in normal times, many wealthy inhabitants of Europe and rich persons from the Latin-American countries will be encountered. Many foreign diplomats like to spend a short season at Palm Beach. Its season is preposterously short and perfervid, but its prices are as high and as exhilarating as they used to be in Monte Carlo. There is sport in the neighborhood for both rod and gun, but the greatest sport is social diversion. Palm Beach is essentially a society resort, although golf and tennis receive a fair

amount of attention from the visitors. Practically all the social activities are out of doors.

The social tide sways back and forth across the island almost as regularly as the ocean tides ebb and flow. The official day begins with the bathing hour at eleven-thirty, at which time two or three thousand people may be assembled before the casino on the beach. Golfers will appear earlier than this, and fishermen will be out in their boats looking for sport. Officially, however, the real day begins at this hour and with this event. A few men, and possibly women, who are attempting to experiment how near a white man can approach the color of a mulatto will be out earlier. It is surprising how closely some of these enthusiasts approximate the appearance of the "afromobile" propellers. They are probably ambitious to take back with them a triple-plated coat of tan as an indisputable evidence that they have passed the entire winter at Palm Beach. A few of the women take the opposite view and regard the whiteness of their skin as their chief glory. Rather than be disfigured by tan, they even deny themselves the pleasure of the surf. They arrive at the beach beneath parasols, which are not lowered until they are safely established under the green and blue striped canvas tops of their beach chairs. To this protection they add that of wide hats and thick veils, which mask their faces up to the eyes — harem-veils they are called. The beach is a study in color, for it is splashed with spots of brilliant shades. The colors are blue, purple, pink, green, yellow, orange and scarlet, and the objects are parasols, bathing suits and canvas shelters — all mingling and vibrating together in the bright sunlight. Here is a Venus who comes out to the water wearing a brilliantly colored satin wrap over her bathing suit. Following her comes

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an aristocratic sister wearing high-heeled slippers with her bathing costume, who steps gracefully to the water's edge under the shade of a brightly colored Japanese parasol.

After the bathing hour comes dress inspection, and in few places will more elegant costumes be seen. The afternoon tea out on the hotel lawn has become a quasi-ceremony. There are dances, bridge parties and other affairs at both hotels, and the "afromobiles" are kept busy carrying the guests back and forth. Each one carries an electric light, and at night it looks almost like a fairy scene with these lamps flashing among the trees. The height of the season extends from about Christmas time to early in April. When at its height Palm Beach wakes to a whirl of gaiety that is rivaled nowhere else on this continent. The winter passes swiftly, but it is a winter in name only, for it has no suggestion of ice or snow.

One of the institutions of Palm Beach is the Beach Club. Although its restaurant is famous, it is primarily a gambling club and is run on strict lines. For instance, no resident of Florida is permitted to belong. Why? It is far more difficult for non-residents to bring suits for damages against the proprietors and, besides, few Floridians are wealthy enough for a recommendation. No man under twenty-five will be admitted to membership. Even a millionaire is sometimes rejected, although a non-resident, for an occasional action of this kind renews the clamorous demand for admission. As one watches the members toy with stacks of money idly and unthinkingly as with the sands of the sea, it is difficult to refrain from considering what these dollars would do for humanity — for the submerged tenth. It would be impossible for a person who has spent all his life at manual



AT PALM BEACH.

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labor to earn during all those years as much money as is thrown away here in a few hours of careless amusement. People will part with fabulous sums with a mere shrug of the shoulder. The aggregate wealth of the crowd here on a typical February night is almost unbelievable—it would purchase a kingdom. The visitor almost stumbles over millionaires. One will see here those whose names are familiar the world over, because of their wealth and social prominence. One might find a couple of score of persons gathered around the tables of chance who claim membership in the multi-millionaire class. Marvellous gowns sweep the soft carpets of the casino, and priceless diamonds glitter from well-powdered necks, or from uncalledous and dainty fingers.

The blueness of the sky at Palm Beach is striking, and so is the blue of the water. Then there is the vivid green of the foliage, besprinkled as it is with many colored blossoms, for the deserts have disappeared except along the ocean shore. The deep purple of the violet, of the beautiful bougainvillea, the butterfly-like flowers of the hibiscus and the pure white of the oleanders are all seen in profusion. At times there is almost a symphony of perfumes, mixed with which is the aroma of the pine and scent of salt breeze blowing in from the leagues of sapphire sea. It makes one glad to be alive and be able to breathe deep and long.

The barren sands of the peninsula have been enriched by the addition of fertilizers, and a veritable tropical garden has arisen as if by magic. Great waving palms of many species greet you on every side and lend their grateful shelter on a hot day. Flowers of many varieties greet the eye in every direction here in midwinter. The greatest beauty is on the Lake Worth side. A beautiful garden extends from the Royal Poinciana to the lake.

but most visitors leave before the trees of that name are aflame with their brilliant scarlet flowers. You may do, as Adam probably did before you, pick the ripened cocoanuts from the ground, beat the husk away, bore a hole in the one soft spot and drink the cool and refreshing milk for your refreshment. Thousands of nuts fall upon the ground which await the thirsty passer-by. You will observe that seed time and harvest are contemporaneous, for young nuts no larger than acorns will be seen above you at the same time that the matured nuts are dropping. The stately royal palms are much different. They stand far apart, and they are as erect as if built of unpolished gray granite instead of wood. They might well grace the marble palaces of the old world, and even of the Pharaohs. Within the grounds of the hotel is Whitehall, a colonial style residence built by Mr. Flagler for his own use. Down toward the beach runs a palm-shaded path for those who walk and a pine-bordered path for the wheel chairs and slow-moving horse-car still found there.

You will probably want an automobile without delay. None? Then a carriage will do. What! no carriage either? There are wheeled vehicles, however, and you will soon learn that the general means of conveyance is a horseless carriage propelled by a motor with a smiling charcoal face, such as you have met at Atlantic City, which has been termed an "afromobile." There are whole squadrons of the chairs. They will be seen flitting here and there under the tall cocoanut palms and beneath the avenue of pines. Here is a gliding turn into a narrow tributary of traffic, and you are quickly lost in a labyrinth of green, which is called the Jungle Trail, that winds its devious way across the island. Through tunnels of strange vegetation and past

weird trees one flits to emerge finally upon the sea itself. At the beach end is located The Breakers, another capacious hotel. In any other place it would be an imposing hostelry in itself. Near this hotel is the bathing beach. Here the swimmers make the days gay with their splashings and shoutings, while a deep row of interested spectators line the pier or the sands during the bathing hour. About midday is the most animated scene here, for the bathers do not enter the water until about eleven o'clock and by one it is again deserted. It is a splendid beach and the water is always warm, for the Gulf Stream is not far distant from this shore. The great ships that pass up and down this coast are always visible from the shore, and it would be rare indeed for a day to pass without a sail being sighted.

Palm Beach is fantastically rich and idle and gay — but absolutely useless, many would claim. Even the golfers, who dot the green, appear to do this in order to make the wheel chair idleness and porches seem the more attractive. Games of chance are discreetly provided to further distract one's mind from serious things. One of the chief recommendations is that all its gaiety is in the open. About the only thing private there is the private car or private yacht, in which some of the more fortunate have come. Life is lived practically in the open, except for the six or eight hours devoted to sleep. One will meet the representatives of the real leisure class here in large numbers. One hates to leave, for there is a fascination in the spot, and most people do depart too soon. As soon as the magnolias blossom they bid farewell, but are likely to find pneumonia flourishing at home. It would be better to wait until the cypress has put forth its green fringes and all the deciduous trees of the

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woodlands of Florida have announced in unmistakable terms that "spring has come"; until the barren sand-dunes have grown gay with the wild morning-glories and the soft yellow flowers of the spring cactus.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INDIAN RIVER

THE most interesting thing about the Indian River is that it is not a river at all. As a matter of fact, it is only a salt water sound which varies in width from one mile to five miles. In one place it expands to eight miles, and continues that dilation for about the same distance. It is a strip of the ocean that has been isolated from the main body by the long and narrow island which has been built up by the coral insect and the action of the sea, which rolls in with tireless energy and laves the sands with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The Indian River is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and it is fringed on either side by a thousand and one points, bays, harbors, coves and islands. To those who dwell along its banks, it is the great highway of the country, and to them this waterway is exceedingly useful. Each house boasts its own small pier, and each family possesses its own boat.

A long and narrow peninsula extends over three-fourths of its length and beyond this is the far reaching Atlantic, with the Gulf Stream flowing only a few miles beyond. This peninsula, or rather ex-peninsula, has been constituted an island by the construction of a canal connecting the Hillsboro River with the Indian River. In some places this strip of land is only a few yards in width, and in the widest place it does not exceed a mile from river to ocean. For a long distance by the side of the river lies Merritt Island, which is also an elongated

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island and contains some of the finest and oldest orange groves in Florida. To the east of this island lies the Banana River. It is thirty miles in length, and its greatest width is five miles. By many travelers it is considered one of the most attractive sections of this great inland waterway.

The Indian River is connected with the ocean by two inlets, which are known respectively as Jupiter Inlet and the Indian River Inlet, also called Lucie Inlet. By means of the canal above mentioned, however, it really has a third connection with the ocean through Mosquito Inlet. Were it not for these inlets, the saltiness of the waters of the Indian River would partly disappear, because of the inflow of fresh waters, but these passages keep the water almost as salty as the ocean itself. There is very little tide in the river, and it does not rise or fall at the tidal periods more than a few inches. The fishes that one finds here are all salt water fishes, and a considerable part of its bottom is covered with oysters. Although these oysters are small, they are extremely palatable. Many of them lay out on the shore, where they are covered with water only during the tides. It is very easy then to look after one's oyster farm.

The Indian River is a charming stream which one learns to love, with its chain of linked bays and coves and its long stretch of sapphire waters. Its shores are clothed with palms and many other tropical trees, and in many places with a veritable tropical jungle. Morning is beautiful here, although sometimes there is a mist that obscures the light. On a clear winter morning, however, the sun rises out of a cloudless sky, as a rule, and falls upon a flat land. It is usually daylight all in a moment, but there are times when the sky in the east grows golden, to be followed by crimson. In the spring these shores

are a mass of flowers and blossoms of many kinds, which, with the varied shades of green of the vegetation, give it an entrancing appearance. In many places the waters are usually so translucent that objects twenty feet below the surface are as clear as if not submerged a foot under water. Through this ethereal-like water one can plainly observe the curious denizens of the deep. There are fish of many hues to be seen here in nature's aquarium. It is a delight to boat over the surface of the water at such times. The bow of the boat breaks the mirror-like surface, and behind trails the ever-widening wake as the tiny waves make for the shore. The protection of the water makes this river one of the splendid fishing grounds of the Florida coast. Nearly all of the species of fish common to these waters can be snared at certain seasons in large numbers, so that the Indian River is a favorite locality for sportsmen.

The Indian River is a resort for ducks of many kinds and in almost countless numbers. Among these will be found mallards, bluebills, scarps and canvasbacks. Raft ducks abound in almost as great numbers on the surface as do the mullet underneath, for in places the river will oftentimes seem almost covered with them. Flock after flock fly up as a boat approaches and trail off to another settling place not far distant. They are secluded by the many bays and inlets and numerous little islands. Other water birds will also be seen in great numbers.

One of the curious creatures to be found here, and especially near the mouth of the St. Lucie River, is the manatee. Neither wholly animal nor wholly fish, it partakes of the character of both. It is generally known as the sea cow, and is a warm-blooded animal that suckles its young and yet lives entirely in the water. It is absolutely necessary for this animal to come to the surface

every few minutes to breathe, and this necessity generally proves its undoing when a hunter is in pursuit. Sometimes the manatee becomes a monstrous creature, and is almost as shapely as a fattened pig ready for exhibition at the county fair. It has a large ugly mouth, and its flappers are used both in swimming and in feeding itself. Just picture to yourself one of these ungainly creatures a dozen feet long and weighing a good long ton. It is found generally only in the rivers that indent the southern coast and the bays at their mouth. Seldom is a manatee seen in captivity, for it is an exceedingly difficult animal to keep alive. It lives on the vegetation that grows in the rivers and is strictly vegetarian in its habits. It is another of those anomalous creatures where nature seems to have been uncertain whether to adapt her new creations for life on land or under water. This same water animal is found in the Amazon River where its flesh is highly esteemed, but its habitat is very limited indeed. A large manatee is big enough and strong enough to make life interesting and furnish sufficient thrills to satisfy the most enthusiastic actor of the moving picture family.

An inland waterway extends all along the coast of Florida, from its northern boundary to the Keys. This has long been a delightful cruising ground for small craft. In many places the water is shallow, and therefore the draft of boats is limited. From November until May, the season of cruising for winter visitors, these waters are dotted with craft of many kinds. Some of these are attracted by the boating itself, and others are drawn by the sporting advantages of fishing and shooting. As a matter of fact, one can go almost from New York to the southernmost part of Florida by inland or protected waterways. This includes inland canals across New Jersey to the Delaware River and then by another

canal to Chesapeake Bay. From the mouth of this bay clear to Fernandino there is almost a continuous fringe of islands and sand bars that provide a sheltered channel for craft of shallow draft.

In recent years canals have been dug by various co-operative agencies, so that now it is possible for a boat drawing four feet of water to make this journey along the Florida coast, although a boat of three feet draft is preferable. Too much cannot be said of the interest and beauty of the cruise along the Florida coast, and it is doubtful if there is a more ideal winter yachting ground in America. The smiling river, with its seductive trees and grass-covered banks and silver shore, extends a welcome to all. Each year improvements are made in the channels and additional markings are placed, so that it becomes decreasingly necessary to employ special pilots in order to make the journey safely. As it is, however, in many places the channel markings are lacking, and the navigator is obliged to be exceedingly careful in selecting his route, and especially so if his boat's draft is near the utmost limit permitted.

The Florida East Coast Construction and Canal Company has constructed a number of the necessary canals, and it is obligatory to pay toll at a number of places, but the amount of the toll is not very large. These canals are most primitively constructed, and they are without locks. In some instances the banks are entirely submerged, and in others they are barely visible above the water. In places the debris has been piled up on the banks, where it has become overgrown with dense tropical vegetation. A regular service of steamers will be found running all the way from Jacksonville to Miami, so that the person who is so unfortunate as not to own a yacht is still not deprived of making the trip, which

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takes about a week. It is a delightful journey, especially for one who is susceptible to sea sickness, to steam along the coast no farther than a few hundred yards from the broad Atlantic, on water that is as quiet and steady as the Mississippi itself.

This Indian River country is famous for its fruits. Chief of all are the oranges, and the Indian River orange has acquired a reputation all its own. It is also a land of pineapples. The plantations of this delicious fruit cover the ridges next to the Indian River, clothing it in prickly green lances extending from the banks of the river to the cities behind, in some places a distance of several miles. The freezes generally do not affect the fruits so much here, for the wide lagoons of water protect them from the sudden changes. When I saw them, however, the full flood of the cold had worked upon them. The guava has a trunk which resembles the sycamore, but its leaf is like that of the chestnut. Some say that there should be a button on this bur, according to our northern standards. This tree bears blossoms, however, that are very sweet scented and resemble the orange blossom. The seed vessel then passes through a stage resembling a green ball, finally developing into a fruit somewhat lemon-like. On the same tree will be found all the stages of development from the bloom to the matured fruit.

The cocoanut is also cultivated here to some extent, but it is a transplanted fruit, and not a native of the country. The custard apple is a wild fruit, which is really delicious. At least that is what those say that have acquired a liking for it. It grows out in the open, and is a fruit which closely resembles the paw-paw. The blossoms are a creamy white, seeming to hang from the lower twigs, and send out a delightful fragrance in the soft

summer breeze. This fragrance has in it something of the orange blossom, as well as the fruit odor of the guava. It is an odor which suggests good things to eat, and makes you think of banquets of delicious fruits. The opossum long ago acquired a liking for the custard apple, while the raccoons and the foxes are not far behind in their admiration for this fruit. The paw-paw is a sort of muskmelon that grows upon the trees. The thick and green rind becomes yellow upon ripening, which heightens the muskmelon resemblance. Many people become very fond of the paw-paw, which is eaten in about the same way. It is a peculiar tree that grows up almost like a great weed until higher than a man's head, and the fruit appears in the axils of the leaves, which look almost like those of the milkweed.

Nowhere in Florida will one find the butterflies more plentiful than along the Indian River. All day long these bright creatures of the sun flit in and out among the flowers and the trees. The species are many, and the individuals are innumerable. At times literally millions of them will pass by in a single day. They come in eddies and swirls, if one may use that expression. At times they seem like marshalled hosts. The aggregate number reaches a total that would be staggering. They will generally be seen flying against the wind, for they hunt their food and locate their mates by scent alone. When the gentle trade winds are blowing quietly, as they generally do during the summer, the butterflies will be seen beating their way down the coast. There is a little white butterfly that specks the road, almost like snowflakes sometimes, as the diminutive creatures are buffeted here and there by the winds. They are as white as snow, except for a tiny black marking on the margin of the wings. There are gaudily colored butterflies, which al-

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most put to shame the rainbow in their colorings. They are not all yellow, for there is one with a black foundation spotted with peacock blue and touched with crimson on each wing. Great swallow-tails brighten the air with their wonderful beauty, and these seem to vanish in the air almost before your very eyes. Then there is the zebra, with his wings rippled with black and yellow bars, and red dots as a part of his color scheme. The student of butterflies will find an abundance of opportunities to study these beautiful creatures.

The Indian River region is a favored one with feathered creatures. There are water and cover and food in abundance for both the land and water birds. There are weeks in February and March when the palmettoes are fairly alive with bird life. In the former months robins will sometimes be encountered by the thousands. At this time they stay together in flocks sometimes numbering hundreds, and one might truthfully say in thousands. They roost together, generally near the ground on the scrub palmettoes, and in the morning the air will be filled with their fluttering and their good-morning cries. Their plumage seems a little duller than it will be later on our northern lawns, and they have not yet tuned up their vocal cords for the melodies which enliven our neighborhoods. The bobolinks follow this route on their way to and from Central America. It offers the most land surface and the shortest sea flight, for there are islands to be visited on the way over. Other small birds which will enliven our northern woods and groves a little later tarry here for a time. An occasional rookery of herons will be encountered, and it is generally on a small island. It is there, where the myrtles grow almost breast high, and among the ferns, that arise the palmettoes and other trees, on which the nests will be found. If you approach this

shelter there will be a crashing sound in the tree tops as the great wings flap against the broad leaves of the palms, and the birds take to flight with their characteristic harsh croaks. One will see myrtle warblers flitting in and out among the low branches, and then among the oleander and hibiscus and the scarlet clusters of the bignonia. The meadow lark is about the only one of the northern birds that sings freely down here. They do not appear in flocks, but, in twos and threes, will distribute themselves over the landscape. They sing from lowly stations almost wholly. This may be a short dead stump out in a lovely savannah, or from a fence post, or the low ridge-pole of the farmer's hut.

In that long and narrow lagoon along the coast of Florida, known as the Indian River, there is a muddy island of some three or four acres called Pelican Island. For some unknown reason this island has been the family home of all the pelicans of the east coast of the United States. The pelican naturally nests in low trees or bushes, on which it builds a sort of platform nest from small sticks and seagrass. As many as seven nests have been counted on a small tree. In this island the trees have been killed by the continual nestings, but the birds have preferred to build their nests in the shifting sands rather than desert the island for some of its wooded neighbors. It lies so low that a high tide often wreaks disaster.

Year after year these birds return to Pelican Island. This regular return to the same little island, which is no different and no more attractive than dozens of other islands along the same coast, is one of the curious things in bird life. It may be that they come here for sociability, just as humans congregate in cities. It may be that some instinct tells them this is a safe place to rear their

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families. At any rate, they are not easily frightened and will permit a cautious visitor to approach quite close to the nests.

Only on two occasions have the pelicans been known to be absent from Pelican Island. One season so many pelicans were slain by hunters, who desired the wing-quills, that the others were frightened away by the dead bodies. The United States Government then took charge of the island and made it a reserve. A big sign was erected conveying this information. The following season the birds did not come; they seemed either to be frightened by this sign, or had some aversion to the words on it. The sign was then removed and the birds immediately returned. But the protection still remains, and a government warden is stationed there to see that the birds are not disturbed during the nesting season. The only danger to the birds is from the seas, which sometimes overflows a part of the island and drowns their young birds. They might take a lesson from the Biblical story of the man who built his house on the sands.

No one ever saw a pelican off his guard or without his dignity. Flocks of ten or a dozen will be seen alternately flapping and sailing. Their wings beat time with those of the leader, as though the drill had been carefully practiced. When they settle on the water, it is always in orderly rows. At times they seem to group themselves together as if in conference, and one can almost imagine them as nodding their bald heads in approval of the subject of deliberation. Every movement of the pelican is so stately that even the courtship of the pelicans must be a very solemn affair; and yet a study of the life on the island reveals no domestic trouble. Scarcely a sound will be heard, except for the chatter of the young birds, for the pelicans are anything but noisy.



PELICANS.

The ordinary breeding season for pelicans is in the spring, but here it is in the winter. Regularly in November the birds begin to appear on Pelican Island and prepare their nests. They gather near by and then swoop down upon it, literally taking possession. The first ones arriving monopolize the few trees, and the later ones then build in the sand. When all have arrived, there are about two thousand of these nests. In places they are so close that one great grass nest almost touches another. The first egg is regularly laid on December first. No more than three eggs are ever deposited, pure white in color and a little smaller than a goose egg. If the eggs are lost or destroyed, three more will be laid. When the female is hungry, the male takes her place while she departs to seek food. It is difficult to distinguish one from the other.

At the end of four weeks the young birds begin to appear, and it would take a long search to discover an uglier little bird than the baby pelican. It has a black skin, with neither feathers nor down. It will quickly die of cold, if left alone for a short time. For ten weeks the parents have a busy time feeding their family, for the young birds are just as voracious as their elders. The two birds seem to share equally the duty of sitting on the nest and searching for food for the babies. After the birds have grown large enough to walk around, it must be difficult for the parents to distinguish their own young and see that the luncheon they have brought finds its way down the right neck, for the young birds would not object to palatable food even if brought by some other birds than their parents. It requires several trips every day to the fishing grounds. The parents swallow the fish, and then disgorge them into the baggy pouch in the bill, from which the little pelicans help themselves. In March all the pelicans desert Pelican Island, and it is practically un-

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inhabited for the next seven months. The keeper then has his vacation.

Along the coast here, as well as all over Florida, the pines are always present, and yet the forest seems ever retreating. They stand so far apart that all about you is open space while beyond, dwindling into the distance, the trees draw together and group themselves into a forest which you never reach—it is always just beyond. It slips away in front and closes in behind as you pass. That frame house in which you live, and the other one in which I have my habitation, have taken their toll from the great pine forests of the South. Other public buildings, stores, bridges, etc., have demanded other portions. Turpentine has exacted its full share of the work of destruction, and fearful conflagrations have completed the work of demolition. As the turpentine is extremely inflammable, the breaking out of a fire is indeed a serious matter. Thousands of acres are frequently burned over and fearful losses entailed before the spread of the flame is checked. At least one-fifth of the entire producing territory is said to have burned over more or less—a terrible toll for the fire fiend.

Southwestern Virginia, as well as the eastern part of North and South Carolina, used to yield vast quantities of turpentine, rosin and pine tar. The amount secured there is now negligible, and it is practically out of the producing belt. The center of production shifted for a time to Georgia, and now it is in Florida. Mississippi and Louisiana are now developing the industry, and practically the only unworked territory now left in the South is the great long-leaf pine section of East Texas. As the consumption of rosin and turpentine increases, the sources of its supply seem to dwindle. Some set the day for the disappearance of turpentine at five or ten years,



A TURPENTINE GROVE.

but this same prediction was made a dozen years ago, and has proved false. The amber tears of rosin still pour forth from fresh wounds.

Young trees grow where the old ones have been taken out, and it does not take more than fifteen years for a tree to reach a size large enough to be profitable. A few years ago a stimulus was given by a process to extract the turpentine from the old pine stumps, but the stump land is limited, and the future of the industry does not appear very rosy. It almost looks as though fifteen or twenty years hence the problem of securing an adequate supply of these products will begin to be serious. It may be that science will step in and solve this problem by a discovery of substitutes. If not, it would seem as though the forward march of the world's progress would be retarded. For that reason conservation must take the place of destruction, and methods devised which will prolong the life of the tapped tree.

One of the most pleasing remembrances of Florida is the resinous aroma of the pines which clothe the peninsula from the Keys to its northern boundaries. It greets one in the earliest morn, and lingers after the sun has sunk into the western seas. Crude rosin and turpentine are obtained by tapping living trees in a somewhat similar way to the tapping of maple trees for sap and rubber trees for the caoutchouc, from which commercial rubber is made. The very life essential is withdrawn for man's use. In the case of the maple and rubber trees, however, care is taken not to withdraw enough to threaten the life of the trees. The method of tapping the pine tree is far more destructive. You may have noticed in certain kinds of pine board how full the grain is of rosin, of which there is a pungent odor. In the live tree this is liquid and flows slowly like a curdy white cream. A wound must

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first be made in the tree, however, to collect the crude rosin. But this wound is generally so large that it eventually saps the life itself of the tree. A deep pocket is incised at the base of the tree, which holds a pan into which the sap flows. It will hold about three pints. At first the slash, as it is called, might be ten or twelve inches long. The second season it will be almost three feet long, and eventually the bark will be cut off the tree for a space of five or six feet high. Each week during the flowing season fresh slashes are made in order to stimulate an increased flow of the rosin. Otherwise the rosin hardens over the grains of the wood and seriously interferes with its flow.

The flowing period extends from March to September, after which it no longer runs readily. Each year a fresh slab from an inch to two inches thick is cut off, and from eight to twelve inches wide. This same process may be followed on two or three sides of the tree. In this way large trees are frequently stripped of their outer layer of living, or "sap," wood. From a third to two-thirds of the thickness of the base is sometimes cut away by the process. In such a case the tree becomes so weakened that it is frequently blown down during severe wind storms.

Teams of long-eared mules in charge of negroes are driven around, and the pitch is poured into barrels. These are hauled to the still, and barrel after barrel is poured into the great copper kettle. It requires the pitch from thousands of trees to make one run. The fire is lit, and as soon as the pitch is well warmed, the chips that have been gathered up rise to the surface and are dipped out. As the heat increases, the very spirit of the pine tree begins to bubble forth and is carried to a condenser, while the floating turpentine is siphoned off from the

waste with which it has been mingled in the refining process. The dark and rather viscid fluid that remains in the kettles hardens into a brittle mass, which is known everywhere as rosin.

Turpentineing the trees is a process that decreases the value of the timber. Hence the owner of a forest must frequently decide whether he prefers the profits arising from that product, or would choose the trouble of gathering the turpentine and the rosin. Four or five years is about the life of a tree that has been vigorously subjected to the turpentineing process. Some do not push the process to the limit and thus save their trees, for they will again thrive when the draw on their vitality is stopped. The sun leaves behind a seal of hardened pitch, which covers the wound and permits the sap still to run and nourish the tree. It used to be that only the fully matured trees were tapped, but now trees only four or five inches in diameter are subjected to the process, with the inevitable result that there will be no future forest on that tract, as the young and growing trees will decay together with those fully matured. The sap of the tree does not flow in cold weather, even in Florida, but the flow is at its best in early summer or late spring.

A simpler and more scientific process of turpentineing trees has been devised within the past few years, which yields almost as much of the rosin without injuring the tree nearly so much. It is known as the "cup" and "gutter" system. The secret of it is a shallower chipping, and the attachment of a cup instead of gouging out of a deep receptacle for the flowing rosin. These cups look almost like flower pots. A special tool has been devised by which the chipping can be made as small as is possible to secure a flow of the rosin. Instead of beginning with a gash more than a foot long, it is less than an

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inch in height, and this is increased a little each week the same as by the old way. This method is said to yield an even greater flow, and there is much less evaporation. The evaporation by the old method, when the slow-moving rosin is compelled to flow several feet exposed to the air, is very great. The lighter turpentine would sometimes almost disappear. For the same reason the rosin is gathered every two weeks instead of every four weeks after the old method. Furthermore, there is no danger of the tree being blown down during a wind storm. There is also less danger from fire, for the fire cannot get down into the heart of the tree and destroy it. The deeply-boxed trees will hold the fire until it has eaten out this heart, and the stately old pine falls, a blackened ruin. It has been only within the past few years that the idea of conserving these pine forests and providing for the "naval stores" of the future has met with any real response from the owners of the pines.

Commercially these products of the pine forests, which we call turpentine, rosin and pine tar, are known as "naval stores." This is because pine tar, or "pitch," was once the principal agent used in rendering the old wooden vessels water-tight. In these days of steel vessels this process is not used, but the old term still applies. It was originally obtained by charring or burning the wood of the pitch pines in rudely constructed pits, or kilns, by which process the volatile turpentine was released and the rosin remained. A crude sweating process was next employed, but now, since turpentine is equally valuable, every effort is made to preserve it. A distilling process is now employed by which the turpentine is driven off in steam into a copper still, and then afterwards condensed. The residue is pure rosin, which is relieved of all possible impurities by straining. The pine tar is now

a very unimportant feature of the industry, as there is very little demand for it.

The workers in the pine forests are a picturesque lot, and are usually as black as the product of their work. One will often hear them singing or crooning some song that seems to have neither beginning nor end, but appears to fit in with the music of the swaying tops. A couple of decades ago much injustice was shown toward them. Ignorant as they were, and employed in the dense forests remote from towns and civil authorities, the poor negroes were subjected to many indignities. They were practically at the mercy of the overseer. Today, however, this condition has practically passed away, and one will find these tar-colored workmen in the turpentine camps as happy a body of workers as will be encountered anywhere.

CHAPTER XV

ALONG THE WEST COAST

THE west coast of Florida has not yet developed into such a marvellous playground as the east coast, and yet its beauties and advantages are multitudinous. From Homossassa, on the north, to Naples, on the south, there are delightful spots, charming towns and splendid hotels. The waters are fairly alive with fish, the forests are filled with game and the advantages offered to the sportsman are irresistible. The trees and swamps are brightened with a multitude of birds, and the charms for the student of nature are manifold. There are rivers to ascend and bays to explore, and the fact that someone else has preceded you need not detract from your own enjoyment in the slightest degree. Sportsmen, naturalists, scientists, authors and teachers, all of national and many of international reputation, have subjoined their measure of praise, each from his own particular standpoint.

All the way from Pensacola Bay there are delightful bays, harbors and mouths of bays, each with its own peculiar charm, but most of them are inaccessible except by water. For that reason they are seldom visited by visitors to Florida.

Cedar Keys is an old town and has a good harbor. It is not far distant from the mouth of the storied Suwanee River. The town is situated on an island, one of the many small keys stretched along this coast. The chief industries are fishing, turtling and sponging. The

sponge beds here are of excellent quality, and the primitive sponging outfit of the former days has been supplanted by modern equipments that are manned by the Greeks. Another industry here is the making of the red cedar used in the manufacture of lead pencils. It is quite likely that the cedar casing for the lead in your pencil came from this Florida seaport.

The mouth of the Homossassa River has long been a favorite spot with the lover of rod and gun, and one in search of outdoor pleasures. The town of the same name is situated about ten miles up from the Gulf. In the winter countless thousands of ducks dot the surface of the water on all sides, and the salt-water mullet, which are larger than those in fresh water, will be glimpsed far up above the water in their playful evolutions and also in their attempts to escape some pursuing enemy. The river itself is rather sluggish, because the fall is inconsiderable. The shores for miles are covered with a dense growth of cabbage palms and hummocks on which grow the hard woods. In places the river winds its way through islands whose shores are studded with oyster beds. Great black rocks and oyster bars in places imperil navigation. Before the war there was quite a prosperous plantation life around Homossassa. One of the noted men of this neighborhood was Senator Yulee, whose real name had been Levy, and this county was named Levy in his honor. The town is attractive and entertains many transient visitors.

At the head of the Homossassa River is the Homossassa Spring, out of which the river has its beginning. It is a circular pond about a hundred feet in diameter and probably sixty feet deep. Down through its translucent depths the tiniest of fish are plainly visible, as well as diminutive aquatic plants. The rainbow hues of all the

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submerged objects render them a very curious and beautiful sight. Many believe that this is the marvellous spring for which Ponce de Leon sought long and in vain. One does not need to go far from here to discover the repulsive alligator, and a rifle will furnish an abundant supply of game, if in the hands of some nimrod with sufficient skill.

A little farther down the Gulf coast lies the picturesque port of Tarpon Springs, another center for hunting and fishing. The town is located a mile and a half from the Gulf, and receives its name from a mountain spring, or springs, which bubble up from an apparently bottomless pit. In sounding, a depth of more than two hundred feet has been reached, but an obstruction has made it impossible to estimate the actual depth. The surface of the water ebbs and flows with the fall and rise of the tide. Tarpon Springs and Sponge Harbor, nearby, have long been one of the important centers of the sponge industry in Florida. It is now almost entirely in the hands of the aggressive Greek divers and merchants. These spongers of the near-Orient used to be at Key West, also, but they were driven out from there by the Americans who resented their methods, which were looked upon as lawless and destructive. The Greek spongers operate by diving and take the entire sponge from the rock so that nothing remains to propagate a new growth, which is entirely contrary to the plan pursued by the Americans.

Around and about Tampa Bay there has been much recent development, and a number of thriving towns have sprung up. Some of these are industrial towns, while others are prepared solely for the pleasure of the tourist. It bids fair to become the most populous section on the west coast, for so many different agencies are contributing to its growth. It is a section famous for the production of vegetables which are marketed at a period of the



A TROPICAL FLORIDA RIVER.

year when most of the country is in the grip of winter. Tampa is situated at the head of Tampa Bay and about twenty-five miles from the Gulf. It has developed into the second city of the state, and is now growing at a rapid pace. The first settlement here was founded by a lieutenant of the wanderer, De Soto, whose expedition had landed near here. Prior to that time it had been a Seminole camp, and the name Tampa in their language means "split wood for quick fires." When Coacoochee left here with his painted and plumed red followers, a fort was established by General Worth. The officers' quarters of old Fort Brooke are still standing. Even up to the time of the Civil War Tampa had not developed much; but was still little more than a village. Its great growth dates from about the time of the Spanish-American War, when Tampa was made the port of departure for the troops destined for service in Cuba, whence Uncle Sam's boys sailed forth to plant the Stars and Stripes on a foreign shore. Almost forty thousand men were encamped here during that war and the fame of the city was sung by them on their return to their homes. The removal of many cigar factories here from Havana also brought prosperity. During the succeeding decade its growth was marvelous, and it more than doubled in population. Tampa has been made a deep water port. It is by dredging the Hillsboro River that a channel has been completed permitting a draft of twenty-four feet for vessels. The docking space is owned by the city, which is most commendable foresight, and the city also owns a large hotel which is surrounded by a magnificent park. This is the Tampa Bay Hotel, which was built by Henry Plant, also a great railroad builder, as a rival for the luxurious Flagler hotels of the east coast. Costing millions, this palatial hostelry was sold to the city for a paltry

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sum. The architecture is Moorish, with minarets and towers that might belong to Northern Africa. They give a peculiar oriental setting when viewed from the proper angle. In the surrounding park there are some magnificent old trees.

There is an air of business and prosperity about Tampa that is most pleasing. The fact that it is a commercial center is quickly impressed upon the visitor. There are a number of factories and more are constantly coming. A drive out through the residence section is interesting and one finds that Tampa is becoming a city of bungalows like the California cities. Fort Dade and Fort De Soto are both of interest to the traveler who "has a hankerin'" to inspect fortresses. A trip that is very much taken is up the Hillsboro River to Sulphur Springs — another of the large boiling springs of Florida. The strongly impregnated sulphurous water pours out at the rate of fifty thousand gallons each and every minute, so it has been estimated.

The visitor to Florida, who is unacquainted with the conditions, will be surprised to see so many foreign-looking residents at Tampa, and to hear them speaking a strange language. These are Cubans, and if he should go out to the suburb known as Ybor City, he would discover a little Havana right here in the metropolis of Southern Florida. There are some twenty thousand Spanish-speaking inhabitants of Tampa, and nearly all of them are employed in the making of cigars, of which the average production is practically one million for each working day in the year. The custom of living in public by means of open doors and windows, with cafés opening to the street, is followed here just the same as it would be in a Cuban town. The women and men will be seen standing on the street or on the little porches, talking ex-



THE CITY HALL, TAMPA.

citedly with each other, and using their hands and shoulders almost as much as their tongues. Several large clubs, which have amusements and sociological adjuncts, are maintained by these immigrants from Cuba.

A visit to one of the many cigar factories in Tampa is an interesting experience to one who is not familiar with the life and customs of these people. It also reveals how carefully and under what splendid sanitary conditions the cigars are now manufactured here. Each cigar is inspected time and again, and is almost perfect in shape and color before it is finally sealed in a box with the government revenue stamp placed thereon. The most interesting feature to the American is the employment of a reader by the cigar makers. In a conspicuous place, in the center of a large room, sits a man who reads for the benefit of the workmen and the workwomen, for at least half the day. The workmen listen to him as the cigar grows into shape under their busy fingers. He is paid by their contributions and not by the management. This seems a waste of money, and yet to the Cuban it is an economy. He knows that he cannot sit in a room filled with other workmen without talking, and he is also aware of the fact that he cannot freely talk without using his hands and elbows. His hands are very necessary in the making of cigars, which are wholly handmade, and in which machinery has no part. It is to his own advantage to save this time and devote it to the raising of his paycheck, for employment is on the piece-work system. A reader will be found in all the larger cigar factories, and the employers are well pleased because, in this way, the output of cigars is largely increased.

The port from which the various ocean steamers sail is called Port Tampa, and is about eight miles down the peninsula from the city proper. The wharf was built in

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1889 and is about four-fifths of a mile in length. During the Spanish-American War many steamships were berthed here at one time. The wharf runs out into Old Tampa Bay to reach deep water, and at its end is a unique hotel where one may fish from the veranda of the hostelry. It is not difficult here to imagine oneself on shipboard.

Across Tampa Bay, and down near the end of the Pinellas Peninsula, is the new town of St. Petersburg. The growth of this town has been wonderful. A quarter of a century ago it was a mere hamlet of three or four hundred people, but now it has a permanent population of several thousand and a winter population of many more thousands. There is no other town on the west coast that is so completely given up to the entertainment of winter visitors. St. Petersburg is a place in which the "homey" feeling abounds, where everybody seems glad to meet everybody else. The main street is lined on both sides with a multitude of benches, and in the middle of the day they will generally be found comfortably filled. Uncle John and Aunt Mary from Oshkosh greet Brother Jim and Sister Susie from Kansas with genuine heartiness — and, by the way, there are many persons here each year from the Sunflower State. Unlike some of the east coast resorts, St. Petersburg has not catered to fashion and frivolity, but it attracts those who seek quiet and rest. It is laid out on a magnificent scale, and the country for miles around has already been platted into town lots.

St. Petersburg has annexed a strip of land over a mile wide that stretches clear across the peninsula, a distance of five miles, to Boca Ceiga Bay. A splendid boulevard has been laid out and Central Avenue promises to develop into a real show street when the contemplated improvements of parking and planting trees have been com-



A STREET SCENE, ST. PETERSBURG.

pleted. This enterprise illustrates the ambitious scope of the plans of those who are the head of St. Petersburg's affairs. In the park, in the central part of the city, are found a dozen or more quoit grounds, and they are well patronized at all times. Hour after hour the winter visitors will be seen here pitching quoits and, sometimes, the still older fashioned horseshoes, such as one used to see on the village green. A few play croquet, on the splendid court, while the public checker-boards are also well patronized. The inhabitants call St. Petersburg the "Sunshine City." A newspaper has gained a great deal of notoriety for it by offering free its entire edition on every day that the sun fails to shine. It occurred once during my own stay, and the newsboys were busy passing out papers to anyone who would accept one. A sunless day is said not to average more than about half a dozen times in a year. Even on this particular day the sun broke out brilliantly toward evening, but after the paper was off of the press.

It was down in St. Petersburg that I really became acquainted with the pelican and his amiable qualities, until I almost felt as if I had acquired a speaking acquaintance with this solemn and dignified bird. I have developed a great respect for him, and this respect increases each time that I see him. Even in the enclosure of a zoo, his dignity does not desert him. Likewise, when flying, the pelican's movements look studied. Whether there are two or an even dozen together, they always fly in Indian file. Something terrible would happen if two traveled abreast. They advance a short distance with slow and stately flappings, then, as if by a preconcerted signal, all spread their wings and sail for a distance, when the wing strokes are again resumed.

The study of the pelican would be sure to present some

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new suggestions in solemnity for church ceremonials. No celebration in a cathedral is more solemn than the ordinary movements of a pelican. His solemnity is so great that it seems almost ridiculous at times, and yet he is so good-natured and overlooks petty annoyances so nobly that one cannot help but admire this bird. I have seen thousands of them around the Gulf of Mexico and along the west coast of South America, but never before had I been introduced into such intimate association with them as down in our southernmost state. Never before had I been where the pelican seemed to be so friendly and so sociable; and yet, with all this unbending, he had lost none of his natural dignity of demeanor. Along the docks these birds will be observed perched upon piles either waiting upon digestion or watching for a choice mouthful of small fishes to present themselves to view. There were brown and white pelicans.

The pelican has very little tail and his huge bill, a dozen inches or so in length, seems to overweight him forward. By all the laws of gravitation he ought to tumble headlong into the beckoning waves. With his six or seven foot spread of wings, and a not very heavy body, however, he is absolute master of the art of flying. Neither does he deign to waste any time in frivolous gyrations, but makes a business of the work of flying as he does of eating.

It is most interesting to watch a pelican dive for a fish. Rising up above the water some twenty or twenty-five feet, he dives down into it with a sounding splash and with mouth wide open. Upon emerging, a great pouch will be seen stretched out until it is almost as large as a small balloon, such as one sees on circus days. It will actually hold two gallons of water when fully inflated. When a pelican makes a dash for the water, the little

noisy gull watches his opportunity and lights near him, sometimes even alighting on the pelican's back or neck. If the tail or head of a fish is visible, he grabs it and waits for the movement which he knows is sure to follow. The act of swallowing necessitates the opening of the pelican's mouth, which enables the gull to secure his prize. The larger bird absolutely ignores the robber, paying no more attention to him than if he were a thousand miles away. I have never yet seen a pelican show any signs of resentment or anger or impatience. Humans might take a lesson from this trait. Occasionally the pelican will grab a fish that is on a hook, which must be rather painful for him. The fishermen do their best to avoid injuring the pelican, but these accidents will sometimes happen. The pelican looks almost like a feathered caricature of the human. His dignified solemnity suggests a fruitful experience with life. If you have never observed this characteristic, then take advantage of the first opportunity that presents itself.

The center of fashion for the Pinellas Peninsula is at the Belleview Hotel, at Belleair, about twenty miles above St. Petersburg. It occupies a beautiful site, and affords one of the most pleasing vistas in Florida. The specialty here is golf, and the hotel caters especially to the most skilled enthusiasts. The principal topic of conversation is of drivers and putters and the other irons, and the different methods of playing. Its course has received praise from the most skilled devotees of the game, and many championships have been played off here. It is the golf course *par excellence* of Florida. I really think that the Crackers and negroes wonder why northern folk spend so much time and energy at this game. As one "cullud" man said: "Good gracious alive! See whar that tall man sen' that li'l ball. Well, I do declar; now

he gwine see if he c'n find it. Yes, suh, when they done knock the ball once they foller it an' knocks it some mo'. I look at that thar game as much as one hundred time, an' I never make out whar de fun com' in."

All around Tampa Bay, Boca Ceiga Bay and the many keys on this coast are splendid fishing grounds. The lover of rod and reel will find congenial company and sufficient occupation. The great "silver king," as the tarpon is called, comes into these waters late in the spring and until the end of summer is caught around the keys. Kingfish, mackerel, weakfish, amberjacks, robalo, black sea bass, channel bass, redfish, and a host of others of the finny tribes are caught here.

The broad and imposing Manatee River pours its waters into Tampa Bay. Near its mouth the river is several miles in width, forming what might be termed a bay, but its banks gradually contract until at Bradentown and Palmetto they are about a mile apart. All of this is in Manatee County, where considerable development is now going on. Some of the settlements are old, and yet most of the progress has been quite recent. There are groves of orange trees, still producing, which were planted half a century ago and more. Citrus fruits thrive as this county is below the usual frost line. Cane will also be found growing from the plantings made almost as many years ago. This county has been a paradise for sportsmen in times past and good sport is still to be had. In the eastern part of the county there are great tracts of splendid pine trees and massive cypresses.

In going up the river, Palmetto is the first town of any size, and is situated in the midst of beautiful hammock groves. Bradentown is almost opposite, on a slight bluff overlooking the river. Many of the yards run down to the river, with private piers for pleasure vessels. From

At George's Gate.



the town unbroken pine forests stretch away to the waters of the Gulf. It owes its name to a family named Braden, who lived here, and it is now the county seat of the county.

Palmetto is a growing town on the north bank of the Manatee. A score of years ago there was scarcely a mile of railroad track in this country and the river was the only outlet, but this has now been remedied. An historical incident of interest is the fact that Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State for the Confederacy, was hidden here for two months at the Davis Plantation, after Jefferson Davis had fled from Richmond. Benjamin passed under the name of Charles Howard. After several hairbreadth escapes he safely reached London, in which city he became a very prominent barrister and made his residence until death.

A mile farther up the river is Manatee, where the river forks. It is older than either of its two rival towns. The three towns are so close together that they are practically one. Manatee is on the same bank as Bradentown. All around these three towns there is arising a great development in citrus fruits and also in the cultivation of vegetables for early markets. Celery, lettuce, cauliflower and cabbage, grown out of doors, can be marketed here in December, while beets, onions and peas, planted in October, are ready for market in February and March. Beans, cucumbers and potatoes that have been planted in January are ready for shipment in April. Eggplant grows to great size, but is late in maturing. Several crops can be grown in a single season from the same land. Artesian wells are obtained almost anywhere at slight expense, and the water provides irrigation when needed.

The coast all along here is protected by a series of keys.

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These narrow islands form a series of inland waterways which are connected with the Gulf by little passes. Terra Ceia is an island of about a thousand acres, located about eight miles below Palmetto. The name means "Heavenly Land," and those who live there unblushingly say that it is well named. It is only a few feet above high tide, but the soil is carefully cultivated and a number of farmers dwell on it.

Sarasota is a considerable town, on what is known as Sarasota Bay, and is less than a dozen miles directly south of Bradentown. Starting exclusively as a resort for fishermen, it has developed into a thriving little city.

The bay is about fifteen miles long and three wide, and is almost land-locked by the series of keys that shelter it. Most of the keys are crescent in shape and are covered with hard and white sand upon which grow the palms and palmettoes. In the long stretches of scrub palmetto and woods it is still easy to find quail, rabbits and doves, and even the bear, deer and wild turkey. The legends of big catches of fish and great bags of game of a couple of decades ago are almost unbelievable. The scream of the wildcat is common and alligators inhabit the streams. The bay is capacious and is well protected by the sheltering keys, and the waters are filled with fish of many kinds.

One of the common birds here is the cormorant. A fierce fisherman he may be, but he is generally seen at rest. There is hardly a river buoy or a post that has not its cormorant, which sometimes looks more like a black carving on a totem pole than aught else. Usually he is absolutely motionless, and sometimes will permit a near approach without flying away. He may stretch his slim neck as the boat goes by, or move about a little uneasily, but he maintains a statuesque pose. One would think



A VIEW AT FORT MYERS.

that he lacked energy more than anything else. He probably selects his point of observation to aid in his fishing, but it is seldom that one will see him dive for a victim. If he does lift his ungainly black body and plunge for a fish, he is met by a curious grunt from his mate or companions.

About eighteen miles from the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River lies the town of Fort Myers. It is the largest town on this coast, south of St. Petersburg. It comes by the name of Fort legitimately, for Fort Myers was the scene of stirring events during the Florida War. It was here that the brave chief, Billy Bowlegs, finally yielded his submission, which ended the hostilities of this virile tribe. During the long struggle General Winfield Scott Hancock was stationed here and planted a date palm, which has the distinction of being one of the largest date palms in these United States. It was set out near the house which had been his home. Only one of the original buildings of the fort is yet standing. Fort Myers is readily accessible by water from Tampa, and also by the branch of the Atlantic Coast Line which leaves the main line at Lakeland.

After leaving Lakeland the traveler soon reaches Bartow, one of the older municipalities of the state. It is an attractive town, with many of the characteristics of a small northern city. One of the educational institutions of the state, the South Florida Military Educational Institute, is located here. Eleven miles farther is Fort Meade, which brings back memories of the Seminoles and their heroic defence, for this was one of the frontier camping grounds. Arcadia is a favorite place with many tourists. The sportsman locates game and the invalid finds blue skies and warm temperature awaiting them here. Punta Gorda, at the mouth of the Peace River,

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and overlooking Charlotte Harbor, is also a favorite stopping-place for the sportsman. The river and bay are at all times filled with freight and pleasure boats.

Fort Myers is a truly delightful town of the subtropical district. That it is more tropical than districts farther north is shown by the vigor and size of the palms. It lies four hundred miles south of the southern limits of California, and yet is only a day and a half's journey from our metropolis. It is the farthest south of the Gulf coast cities of the United States. More than half a hundred varieties of palms have been identified here at Fort Myers. Some of the lawns are rare tropical gardens and are fragrant with the perfume of many flowers. The red and the pink hibiscus grow here to mammoth size and fill the yards with beautiful blossoms, while the bouganvillea climbs up in a very riot, adding its purple hues as a relief to the dark green of the trees. The garden allamanda and a multitude of other flowers furnish their quota of charm. The royal palm attains a goodly height here, and many of them will be seen growing. The poinciana, with its small leaves, ornaments many streets. Of the fruit trees tamarinds, sapadilloes, avocados, mangoes, guavas, figs and the sea grape are abundant. Camphor and green bay trees are fairly common, while citrus trees of all kinds especially thrive, as this section seems to be practically outside the frost limit.

Great development is now taking place in the fruit culture around Fort Myers. There is plenty of room for expansion, with so much unimproved land on every side. Hundreds of artesian wells have been dug and many remarkable water flows will be seen. It is generally believed that all of the county, of which Fort Myers is the county seat, is underlaid with a subterranean reservoir

which will provide flowing wells at a depth of four or five hundred feet.

Fort Myers is not yet a large city, but it undoubtedly has a much greater future. It is situated where the incoming tides from the Gulf meet the outgoing waters of the palm-fringed Caloosahatchee, and the river has been expanded into a veritable bay two miles wide. A well-built sea wall adds to the attractiveness of the water front, while the several piers lined with boats are evidence of the marine business. It is one of the great centers of the fishing sport of Florida, and is a great outfitting place for piscatorial excursions. Fishermen and sportsmen from all over the world come here for their favorite recreation. It is the county seat of Lee County, the largest subdivision of the state. Over its four thousand square miles are scattered a population of about two and a half persons to the square mile. Traveling in any direction one will find thousands of acres of unimproved land. There are rich hammocks and fertile plains, as well as much wooded land. The vegetation is truly marvellous. Of the carnivorous plants, there are the pitcher plant and the mimosa. Along the shores will grow the vivaparous mangroves, with oysters clinging to the roots by the thousands. The vegetation ranges from the lofty trees which are covered with long vines and lianas to the cacti that thrive in some of the more arid sections. The water is covered in places with the wonderful hyacinth, which seriously interferes with navigation, but looks most beautiful when in bloom and covered with blue flowers. On every hand there is a continuous succession of things that interest the mind and please the eye of the traveler.

There are many excursions that can be enjoyed from Fort Myers. The sea coast has many indentations which are several miles deep. The Caloosahatchee River near

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its mouth is expansive, but it loses this character long before its source is reached. At Fort Myers it is a mile or more wide, and farther down its breadth increases still more. Sailing over it is a delightful experience, for its shores are wooded and present many seductive vistas. One will frequently find a boat anchored along its shores where the occupants are getting back to the simple life, which is not a difficult matter here, for, if one desires, he can practically live by his own exertions, as did the primitive man. You can catch your own fish, gather your own oysters in the shell, and shoot your own game at certain seasons. If you can cook, and live principally on a fish diet, then you need not journey to market very often. You can sometimes gather your own fruit in the wild, and might discover some savory vegetables, if familiar with woodcraft. Some of the houseboats are literally floating palaces, fitted with every convenience, while others with fewer luxuries are really better adapted for the primitive existence. Some of these are moved about only by tugs, and they are anchored for months at one place where the occupants get close to nature's heart.

With an abundance of sea trout, channel bass, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel and other food fishes, it is not a difficult matter to keep the larder well supplied. The shores in certain places are lined with oysters, and you can get the material for a stew or roast or nice fry with little exertion. Although small, these oysters have a splendid flavor. An ordinary landing-net will quickly furnish you with the choicest of crabs, if you crave this food. It is not unusual to see turtles ambling along the shore on a moonlight night ready for the stewing pan. A little search may reveal the hiding-place of ten or fifteen dozen of freshly-laid turtle eggs, which are very



ALONG THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER.

palatable eating. A stroll back into the brush will reveal to you some quail, and, if you are a good shot, you might possibly be rewarded with a fine bronze turkey. At any rate, there is only the remotest danger indeed that you will ever experience the pangs of hunger. For amusement you will find all kinds of game fishes, and you can chase the silvery tarpon to your heart's content.

There are many excursions that can be made from Fort Myers. One of these is to Sanibel Island, out in San Carlos Bay. This is a long and narrow bit of land, fourteen miles long by three wide, which is raised but slightly above the level of the sea. At one end is a lighthouse, and there are several hotels to cater to the wants of the tourists. It is a rare place indeed to search for sea shells, for some extremely beautiful specimens are washed in by each inflowing tide. Pine Island is another oasis in the watery waste, and there are several settlements upon it. Captiva Island also harbors a small population, but Useppa Island is a still more favorite resort for anglers. In extent it is about one hundred acres, but it is well wooded and a little higher than its neighboring islands. It is one of the great gathering places for fishermen, as it lies near to some of the favorite feeding-grounds of the tarpon. A short distance away is Big Gasparilla, on which is the town of Bocagrande. These islands shelter the mouth of the famous Charlotte Harbor, which is noted among seekers after game and fishes. The tarpon grounds in this vicinity are the best to be found anywhere, but the best season is after the winter visitors have departed for their northern homes. There are many other fishes besides the tarpon that abound in these waters, however, and the angler will find plenty of the finny

tribe both to try his mettle and furnish him exciting sport.

South of Fort Myers there is the little settlement called Naples, which was started by some Kentuckians, among whom is "Marse" Henry Watterson. It is now a little resort of the unconventional sort, where many find just that rest and seclusion and opportunity for recreation that they desire. Below that there are only a few settlements, including the town of Marco, on the key of the same name, and some plantations on Howe's Island and Caxambas Island. Further south one soon enters the region of the Ten Thousand Islands. Here is an ideal cruising ground for anyone who desires to separate himself just as far as possible from the conventional.

Bird life around Fort Myers is wonderful. By a little observation and study one may identify several score of distinct species of feathered creatures. These will not only include many common land and water birds, but also a number of rarer species. In late spring many of the land birds doubtless migrate farther north and the number would be fewer. The mocking bird has a double down in Florida, and this double is rather an interesting bird, although much different from the mocking bird. Many times was I deceived at first glance. At a distance the resemblance is striking, but nearer view shows considerable more of white upon the loggerhead shrike, which is generally known in the south as the "butcher bird." At certain seasons of the year he essays a song, which is not altogether unmusical, but it is a pleasant little shrill whistle of only a few notes. He is at all times either loquacious or dumb. It may be because of the resemblance that he attempts to imitate the mocking bird in song. If so, it is a foolish effort, and his

absurd failure might well account for periods of discouragement and consequent silence. The shrike seldom warbles for long at a time until it sees a grasshopper or some other little creature which it wishes to add to its collection. Never have I seen so many of these birds as in the neighborhood of Fort Myers. It seemed as though one was perched upon the wire between every two telephone posts along the road and never more than a solitary individual. There he would sit and wait patiently until some prospective victim attracted his attention, and then he would make a sudden dash for his prey.

The name of "butcher bird" is well applied to the shrike, for it sometimes feeds upon young birds and small rodents. Never does he stop because his immediate wants have been supplied. The surplus is carefully impaled upon a thorn and may be eaten afterward, if a fresh supply fails. Many small birds have doubtless been decoyed to their death because of the resemblance of the shrike to the mocking bird. Knowing that the mocking bird is harmless, they flit back and forth in the morning when they hear the mockers singing, but they soon find themselves in the crooked beak of the loggerhead, to be impaled on a thorn and dissected at leisure by their captor.

CHAPTER XVI

THE EVERGLADES

CROSSING the Everglades has now become a favorite trip with travelers to Florida. It not only affords novelty, but also furnishes a short route from the lower west coast to two of the most famous resorts of the east coast. With the level of the water of Lake Okeechobee raised by the dams now being constructed, the danger and inconvenience of sand bars will disappear, and the trip can be made without discomfort, for a comfortable hotel awaits the tourist for the one night included in the trip. The eastern terminus, or starting point, as the case may be, can be made either Fort Lauderdale or West Palm Beach, but the former is the longer route and necessitates an extra night, for which a stop is made at Rita Island. The boat on the Caloosahatchee River is usually taken, although the trip by automobile can be made to La Belle or Moore Haven. If so, the prettiest part of the journey — the river — is missed.

Leaving Fort Myers the little launch turns its prow up the broad and imposing Caloosahatchee. It is some time before the river narrows appreciably. A few islands then project themselves into the channel, but the boat picks its way through them without any difficulty. At certain seasons the river is a veritable flower garden, where wind and tide are the gardeners. At one hour it may be almost covered from bank to bank with the lovely water hyacinth; again, it is broken up into



WATER HYACINTHS.

islands and banks of flowers, of many sizes and forms, which arrange and rearrange themselves with kaleidoscopic effect and suddenness. The boatman may heap anathema after anathema upon them, but the visitor simply drinks in their beauty of design and color. Great flocks of wild ducks will be observed swimming on the surface of the river. They are much tamer here than they will be a few weeks later on our northern waters, where guns by the hundred are trained upon them filled with deadly loads of shot ready to take their lives. Here they are almost fearless, and frequently will not take to wing until the boat is within easy gunshot, since, as no one disturbs them, they do not mind its approach. It does seem fine to think that these poor, hunted creatures of the wild possess one retreat where they can feed and rest in peace without fear of the hunter and his murderous weapon. A few drowsy-eyed alligators may be surprised while sunning themselves on the top of the high banks, but they generally drop off with rather unusual haste for such deliberate creatures, as the noise of the oncoming motor is heard.

Some cultivated fields and many citrus plantations are passed on the way, and a few homes will be seen along the river, but there is also very much unimproved land. Clumps of cedars are visible, mingled with the pine and palmetto. As a rule, the little landings serve only a few families. None of the bank has the appearance of an undiscovered country, except some stretches farther up where the river grows narrow and tortuous. In most places the water is not swift, for the fall is almost imperceptible; but there are many snags, caused by submerged logs, which must be looked out for. The ends of palmetto trunks will sometimes be seen bobbing up and down with the current and swells from the

launch, and they are frequently so hidden as not to be visible at first sight.

As the river narrows, the scenery becomes far more fascinating. Tall ferns and a regular jungle of bushes and the palmetto line the banks in many places. Here, of course, the stream is entirely of fresh water, but it is brackish for many miles above Fort Myers, for the tide is still in evidence. The boat travels a dozen miles or more to advance half that distance. There are instances when there are two or three loops separated by only a few dozen yards. Scrub palmetto is either mixed or alternated with the more stately palmetto. In some instances the current has undermined the banks, and the long, slim bodies of the palmettos thrust themselves out at an angle that sometimes almost interfere with navigation. Where the river has washed the banks the entire system of roots is exposed, but the trees are still held upright by the myriads of tiny rootlets which spread out for many yards. A palmetto of forty feet will frequently stand in a dignified attitude by the side of a pine that reaches up in the air to an altitude twenty or thirty feet higher.

The growth of the palmetto is decidedly peculiar. Whereas a pine, for instance, nine feet tall, boasts a trunk not over three inches in diameter, a palmetto has its greatest diameter at an early age. As the tree grows taller, the diameter of about a foot does not increase, except that the bases of the yearly stems stick to the trunk for a number of years. This rough surface makes an ideal trellis for all climbing things. When these fall off, a clean and barkless trunk is left. A few measure from seventy to eighty feet up to the feather-duster top. As age creeps upon the palmetto, the trunk dwindles in size, being worn away by both wind and weather, until

the oldest trunks become thin and gray, too frail to support the superstructure. Then along comes a strong wind, and the aged palmetto is leveled to the ground, where it quickly decays and returns to its constituent elements.

The palmetto is undoubtedly one of the most striking and most pleasing features in Florida landscapes. One does not see this graceful tree to the best advantage until he has reached about the center of the state. In the northern part, the palmetto hardly seems acclimatized. One will find them set out along the walks and in formal gardens, where they seem to stand out stiffly and primly and to be rather self conscious.

About half way up the St. John's River, the jungle increases in its stateliness, until in places there is an almost impenetrable bank of jasmine and green brier and gray moss. The interminable regularity of the pines is alleviated by groups of palmettos, which dot the landscape, standing together or rather leaning together in groups, some of them looking almost like the plumed Seminole chieftain of the days long gone by. They add a beauty and coziness to the landscape, while losing nothing in the way of dignity. Along the banks of the streams, they lean their plumed heads far out over the water, and sometimes extend almost parallel with its surface.

The presence of the picturesque and sociable palmetto oftentimes softens the dull level of the land and superimposes a loveableness to the most barren plain. It always seems ready to stroll on, for a group of them always gives a semblance of motion. It is probably because their erect trunks are never quite perpendicular, but they seem poised as if ready for a step. Of all the trees of Florida, the palmetto seems to possess the most person-

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ality, and one learns to love it far beyond all the others. The ferns love them also and climb clear to the tops, where they continue to grow when the trunks have aged. Quite frequently, through some strange trick of nature, the feathery fronds look like they were set in vases, with the trunks as lofty pedestals. Although not accounted of much value, the palmettoes are certainly not useless. The trunks are occasionally cut into appropriate lengths for fence posts, and are sometimes set up for telephone poles. They do make specially good wharf piles, as the borers do not attack them as they do most woods.

The palmetto's vitality is centered in the heart of its growing bunch of leaves. Fire may consume half the trunk, but if the central bud is not injured, the setback is only temporary. The soft enfolding of new leaves that surround the head somewhat resemble a cabbage in quality. From this resemblance comes the name cabbage palm, so frequently applied to it. Natives declare that this palmetto cabbage is very palatable. It is tender and has a slight nutty flavor. It is sometimes cut up raw and used as a cold slaw by those who are fond of it, and it is boiled the same as our garden cabbage.

Great live oak trees a yard in diameter, occasionally guard the bank with their massive spreading arms, with long gray ears of moss hanging from them, and the branches overgrown with parasites of many kinds, including the brilliant orchids. Other growths more familiar to the northern visitor, such as the maple, hickory, and the graceful willow, are also included within the perspective. A few razorbacked hogs are sure to be seen on the banks, but they seem wilder than the so-called wild animals. If you should encounter one of these creatures in the jungles, you would be frightened

at his weird and ferocious aspect. His own "woof" of surprise at seeing you would not tend to alleviate your feeling of fear and terror. Herons of all kinds are encountered, from the great blue to the little green species. Sometimes they will fly up the stream ahead of the boat until again disturbed by its approach, and then they will take wing with emphatic cries of protest. The cry is neither the quack of the duck nor the croak of the raven, but may be said to range somewhere between the two. A sudden splash might indicate the drop of a water turkey. If so, a long snake-like neck and head, ornamented with a couple of bright eyes, will soon appear above the water to take note of the surroundings and decide whether the fancied danger has passed.

Thus it is that the way continues up to where stop is made over night, with not a dull moment for an observant traveler. Some of the bends double back so sharply that it seems almost impossible for the pilot to turn his thirty-five foot boat. You might take a stone and cast it over the narrow bit of ground intervening between the new and the old course. A few rods more in the onward journey and another turn may become necessary. The river becomes so narrow that a good pole-vaulter might easily jump across it, if he could find a solid place in the stream to plant his pole. But the twisting of the stream is one of its charms. Although one would not want it to continue forever, the tourist is usually sorry when the end of navigation on the Caloosahatchee has been reached, for it has been a delightful and profitable experience.

Stop is generally made at the La Belle over night, and here one will find a thriving little village that has grown up within a few years. It is almost on the edge

of the Everglades, but is in a good cattle country, and one sees herds of cattle feeding in the woods and out on the plains, called savannahs. Islands of timber are interspersed with larger stretches of untimbered land. Occasionally one will see a little, but dense, clump of palmettoes standing out on the plain in isolation, with no other trees near. Denser forests of pines are encountered in other places. Roads are now being made passable, but few homes will be encountered, for the ownership is generally in large tracts. The soil differs greatly, and this accounts for the varied growth. In places the sand on the roads is deep, and an automobile could not traverse it were not for pine needle branches thrown into the ruts, which enable the rubber tires to secure traction.

On the way from La Belle to Lake Okeechobee, another small lake, called Lake Hicpochee, is crossed. It is not a large body of water, as compared with its more impressive rival, but it is fairly alive with bird life. Two or three large flocks of the white ibis, frequently called the curlew, were circling overhead in graceful gyrations as we sailed over these waters, while flocks of ducks and coot, numbering hundreds, swarmed over the level surface. In the grass along the edge were seen hundreds of blackbirds, both red wings and others. A few herons stood in the shallow water with a superb dignity of pose, looking like statues of frozen alertness.

Just where the drainage canal connecting Lake Okeechobee with the Caloosahatchee River emerges from the lake, is situated the village of Moore Haven. It is a recent town, with all the newness of a western boom place. A moving picture auditorium was built before there were enough inhabitants to fill the orchestra seats. But this is only an indication of enterprise. Around it is



FLORIDA CATTLE.

one of the most extensive attempts to reclaim the Everglades, and pioneers are coming in to aid in the work. Little temporary shacks are erected, and then the man with the hoe and the grub get to work. In a short time crops are growing and it only needs the completion of railroad connection with the outside world to create a good market for his products, and this is promised before long.

Ever since childhood the name of Okeechobee has had a fascination for me. It has been inseparably allied with romance. Hence it was that I eagerly awaited my first view of this great inland sea. In some respect it was a disappointment. The lowering of the water by the drainage canals had left a broad border of exposed bottom, and the water was so shallow that it was possible for a six-footer to wade out for miles without reaching water hip deep. We had no sooner passed out of the canal than our boat became stranded on a sand bar. But there it was, old Lake Okeechobee, stretching away toward the distant horizon and almost reaching it. At several places little lighthouses have been erected to guide the mariner across its stormy surface. Above was a cloud specked sky, which added greatly to the beauty of the scene. The lake originally covered an area of almost half a million acres, and the watershed which drained into it covered an area of approximately four million acres. At its maximum height, during the rainy season, the lake was not over twenty-two or -three feet above sea level. Without a natural outlet the surplus water at this season, which is in the summer and fall, overflowed into the Everglades to the south. The most prominent stream emptying into it is the Kissimmee River, which winds back and forth in a tortuous course. As the level of the water of this river during normal times is almost

the same as the muck land on the banks, during the rainy season the lake became greatly expanded by reason of the overflow.

Sunset came, and the lake became a flood of crimson glory. The sun, a great ball rimmed with fire, sank behind the saw grass of the Everglades. As darkness fell and the searchlight was thrown out into the enclosing walls of saw grass, we began to amuse ourselves by hunting for alligators. It was a harmless sport — for the alligators — for, although there were many victims, there were no casualties. The searchlight would be flashed along one bank and then along the other until it was answered by a gleam like a coal of fire. Then the light would be kept steadily on this gleam. When the boat was almost opposite the gleam, an alligator would be seen swimming away or sinking beneath the surface. On two or three occasions as many as three alligators were seen together. In this way we passed two or three hours and the “bag” was no fewer than fifty victims of the hunt, with the searchlight as a weapon.

The Everglades have ever been wrapped about with mystery. The fables related about them have drawn to that region thousands who loved adventure. The historians of early Spanish days began the relation of fables. All of these seem to us like fairy tales. Add to this the stories of the pirates and buccaneers, who ventured along the Florida shores with their ships laden with rich booty, chased here by hostile pursuers. They would quickly disappear within the mysterious fastnesses of the Glades, and were absolutely lost to pursuit. Hence it is, that to this day there are innumerable tales of treasures existing in scuttled boats and of buried wealth in these winding streams. Numerous islands are the reputed burying places of these lost treasures, and many thousands of dol-



LAKE OKEECHOBEE.

lars have been spent in attempts to discover the hoards of the old sea-rover days.

Stories used to be told, also, of a sinking mountain that arose in the very center of this land of mystery — legends which formed the basis of many wonderful tales of novelists, for which there was not the slightest basis of truth. They were founded entirely on misinformation and misconception, for exploration has demonstrated that there is not anything that can be called a hill in the Everglades.

The total area of the Everglades is estimated at from five to eight thousand miles, a territory the size of Connecticut or New Jersey. It is about one hundred miles long and seventy miles wide, according to the outlines generally ascribed to it. Its northern boundary is Lake Okeechobee, while its southern limits are the mangrove swamps facing the Gulf of Mexico. On the west is the Big Cypress Swamp, while, on the east, five or six miles of pine land separates it from the Atlantic Ocean. It is a vast Glade region, covered during the rainy season with water, through which flow channels of water, but is interspersed with grassy spaces and wooded islands. The region is not exactly land, and it is not exactly water. You cannot travel by land, because of the presence of so much water, and, on the other hand, you cannot journey freely by water, because of the prevalence of the close-grown, saw-edged grass, which effectually bars the progress of a boat.

Some one has suggested that an amphibious motor-car, with a scythe-bearing attachment, would be the proper equipment for the traveler in this region. Nature had certainly fortified herself well in the effort to guard the secrets of the Everglades from prying eyes, for the gentle waters and waving grasses were more effective than steep precipices or Saharan wastes. It suggests silence

and repose and has a peculiar charm somewhat like the monotony of the sea, with its interminable growth of grass through which water is seldom seen. None of it exceeds twenty feet above the level of the sea, and there is a slight depression towards the interior. In general, the slope will not exceed about three inches to the mile. Near Miami the elevation above sea level is not more than six or eight feet. There are several outlets through rivers such as the Caloosahatchee, Harvey, New, Miami and Shark's rivers. Through these flow the excess of rainfalls and the outpouring from the many subterranean springs.

"The Great Landscape Gardener," says a writer, "to ease the monotony of so much sameness, dotted it with islets — hammocks they are called — heavy with tropical growth and plumed usually with one or two palmetto palms which rise smooth for thirty feet and then burst into a bouquet of long waving branches. To give it color the birds were placed here, covered with feathers of every shade and tint,— herons and ibises and many other, the bronze ibis with a design on his back like a Turkish rug. Add to this many strange but beautiful flowers and fragrant perfumes, and you will see that not even the most maligned Everglades have been neglected." The islands are covered with luxuriant virgin forests. The bays and live oaks will be found, as well as the wild cucumbers, wild lemon and orange, the cabbage palmetto and the pine. Wild rubber trees grow on some, and everywhere there is a phenomenal growth of vines. The morning-glory and honeysuckle attain a great size and are seen everywhere, and there is a remarkable profusion of wild flowers. There are giant ferns, the fronds of which are ten feet in length.

Generally speaking, the water of the Everglades is

fresh and palatable. It is undoubtedly fed largely by subterranean springs. The air is also pure, wholesome and practically free from disease germs, for stagnant pools are practically unknown. Sea breezes blow over the region, so that the air is filled with ozone. The health of the Seminoles is proof of this fact. During the summer season the islands are not overflowed, but hold just enough moisture to promote a luxuriant tropical growth. Here it is that the self-exiled Indians cultivate their little gardens. Here they can drink in the beauty of sun and sky, of flowers and meadows. The open flower-covered channels, leading between walls of waving grass, dividing and subdividing, call to them. The surface soil which covers the coral substructure is muck and humus deposited by the vegetation.

"There is nothing quite so aggravating as to get sewed up in one of these pockets," says a traveler, "in the open saw-grass with deep water in plain view and fair shady trees to welcome you, but tired and disgusted you stand as high as possible in the canoe and see only one chance in a hundred to find the right channel to go through." There is no use for a compass, and it is a waste of time to think about it. In order to go north you may have to take the other three points of the compass. The traveler can "lay aside his Bible, quote a chapter from Dante's *Inferno*, and plough through the mud until his energy is exhausted and wonder if Dante ever heard tell of the Everglades."

The most striking feature to the visitor is the luxuriant and the ever present growth of saw-grass, as it is called. It is well named, for the edge of the grass will cut the hands badly if handled carelessly. Rooted in the soft soil, it grows with wonderful rapidity. It develops in places to a height of ten feet, and it is almost impossible

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to make one's way through it, for it is almost as tough as bamboo. What makes this grass so formidable is the saw-like edge which it has on three sides. Its serrated edges will cut to the bone with a jagged gash that will take long to heal. When very thick it is almost impossible to push your way through. It is better to beat your way a dozen miles around it, where the growth is thick, than push your way through a half mile of it. Toward the western edge it is mingled with the wild myrtle. The little narrow and tortuous canals frequently terminate in an impassable barrier of grass and even quicksand. But these conditions vary according to the season, for there is a difference of two or three feet between the highest and the lowest level. Fully one-half of the total area has no water upon it at most seasons.

The first white man to invade this region, of whom we have a record, was Escalante de Fontenada. Having been shipwrecked in the Florida Straits, he was captured by the Indian chief Calos, who was at the head of the tribes inhabiting this region. By these aborigines it was called La Mayaimi, which name is still preserved in Miami River. By him it was named Laguno del Espiritu Sancto. He was held captive here for seventeen years in practical slavery, and has left us some account of his various experiences. He was interested only in the search for gold and the fountain of perpetual youth. No gold was discovered, so he tells us, and although he "bathed in every pool and spring," he was unable to stop the onward march of age, and he paid his debt to nature in the due course of time. For centuries after the experiences of Fontenada, the Everglades remained a real *terra incognita*.

Up to a few years ago, the Everglades were almost unknown, and there are still goodly sized tracts that

have not been trod by white men. The Indian name for them is Pah-hag-o-kee, or the "grassy water." During the Seminole War, several incursions were made into this vast region by detachments of American troops, but they were looking for the *genus homo* and were not seeking knowledge, although their reports did convey valuable information. The principal expeditions were led by Lieutenant Commanders Marchand and Rogers in 1842, and Lieutenant Martin in 1847. Captain Dawson, with a considerable party and an Indian guide, made a reconnaissance in 1855. They found direct advance impossible for any great distance. Sometimes the head canoe would be a mile in advance by the trail, while the actual distance separating them would be but a few yards. Their log showed that they had actually traveled one hundred and twenty miles in an advance of fifty-three miles.

In 1833, an expedition was dispatched here by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, under command of Major A. P. Williams. It started from Fort Myers and proceeded to Lake Okeechobee. After much hardship it managed to reach the gulf by way of the Shark River, spending in all fifty-one days in exploration. Another expedition was made under the auspices of the Florida East Coast Railway and in charge of J. E. Ingraham, in 1892. The party numbered twenty-one men in all. It started at Fort Myers and pursued a circuitous route across the Everglades to Fort Shackleford, at the mouth of the Miami River. It explored the very heart of this region where the Caucasian had never before penetrated, so far as is known. The explorers were unable to maintain an average of five miles a day. Because of the difficulties and handicaps that were encountered, the main purpose of the expedition, that of surveying, had to be abandoned,

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although its journey was completed after many hardships. The chronicler of the expedition wrote:

“Locomotion is extremely difficult and slow. The bog is fearful, and it sometimes seems as though it would be easier to stay in than to go on. Both legs up to the waist frequently become inbedded in the same hole in the mud, and to extricate one's self with from thirty to fifty pounds weight on the back requires strength and time. Packing for any distance is impracticable. A man by himself, carrying nothing, would probably fail to reach the timber from this point. The boats are very necessary to enable one to pull himself out of the mud, and even then the labor is most exhausting.”

Surveying had to be abandoned because the help of every man was needed in the work of moving forward, and provisions ran short. Six years later, Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby crossed the Everglades with only one companion, and added considerable to our knowledge of the region. He was an experienced camper, and had made his preparations with great care. The two men entered by way of Harvey River, west of Cape Sable, and worked their way in a northeasterly direction. They reached Miami in fifteen days. Since then there have been a number of persons who have crossed the Glades. Mr. Dimock has given us an interesting account of his experiences and the difficulties encountered today. There are so many little canals that the uninitiated may easily become lost and might perish.

The Indian hardly understands the use of the paddle, but employs the pole almost entirely in moving about through this region. He uses the pole with a skill that can only come of practice from early childhood. His canoe is made of hollowed-out cypress logs, and is quite narrow when compared with its length. Although cy-

press wood is rather light, a canoe will weigh from two hundred to three hundred pounds. The poler stands up when he is at work, and the extra elevation aids him in seeing through the tall grass. The canoe is generally colored black, with little or no ornamentation.

There is romance in every square mile of the Everglades. During the Civil War the swamps were filled with deserters from the Confederate service and refugees. Since then there has never been a time when fugitives from justice, or injustice, moonshiners or murderers, criminals of the chain gang or mere honest smugglers, have not been present. Many of them have a price set upon their heads, which is sufficient to induce a man hunt by the officials of the country. Down in the mazes of the Ten Thousand Islands, one will sometimes meet men who turn their faces away and will merely smile if you ask them their names. Sometimes they kill men whom they fear are after them, and occasionally they slay each other either in a drunken quarrel or for the purpose of robbery.

While I was in Florida, two men became lost in the Everglades and aeroplanes were sent out to locate them and Seminoles employed to search for them. After more than a week, they finally appeared, but their sufferings had been terrible. I mention this only as an incident proving that danger still lurks in the Everglades for the uninitiated. This great wilderness is now mostly included in three counties. These are Lee, of the Big Cypress Swamp, Dade, of the Everglades proper, and Monroe, of the ten times Ten Thousand Islands. The population of these counties will probably not average three-quarters of a person to the square mile outside of the county seats.

It would be possible for an experienced hunter to live

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in the Everglades for there is game, such as deer and alligators, many birds and fish, while turtles and large snails can be captured almost anywhere. The leaves of the sweet bay tree make an excellent tea which is quite refreshing, and, besides, there are wild fruits of several kinds, such as figs, avocado pears, grapes and plums growing in many places.

"Limbkings taste like young turkeys," says Mr. Dimock. "All members of the heron family are likely to be found in the Glades, and most other birds are fair food. Snails, which abound, are delicacies, when called perinickles; you will pay a dollar a portion in New York for the frogs that are yours for the catching in the Glades. There are plenty of turtle, which possess all the good qualities, except cost, of the green turtle, or the terrapin. A few fruits can be had for dessert — cocoa-plums, custard-apples and pawpaws — while the leaves of the sweet bay make a fragrant beverage."

Snakes are frequently encountered in the Glades, many of which are poisonous. They do not pose themselves in artistic festoons, as sometimes pictured in old wood engravings, but they exist in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most exacting tourist to these regions. One of the United States officials in charge of the subsistence during the Florida War recommended in one of his reports: "That the enlisted men be taught how to broil snake, which was good enough for any one to eat." Although the Seminoles are habitually barelegged, they escape the venom of these reptiles with an antidote which is known to few persons outside the tribe. Stories of immense snakes that have either been seen or killed are frequently circulated. There are many water moccasins and rattlesnakes, both of which are among our most poisonous reptiles. There are records of diamond-

backed rattlers that are seven feet from head to tail, while the thick and clumsy and stubby-tailed moccasins, which are scarcely less venomous, reach a length of four feet.

It is surprising how fearless many men become in handling the deadliest reptiles. They will approach a coiled rattlesnake with seeming impunity, and grab the snake by the back of the neck. His rattle may whirl violently and he will look in as threatening a manner as a snake can, but it is said that the rattlesnake will seldom strike if there is a possibility of escaping, unless he is shedding. As for myself, I believe in "safety first," and am willing to give his snakeship the very widest berth possible on each and every occasion. There are also large snakes of eight feet and proportionately thick, which are perfectly harmless. People look upon them with consideration, because they eat rats and other vermin, and are reported to destroy the poisonous snakes. "The tenants of the upper story (the birds) are beautiful and most fascinating. But the folks of the lower flat! Br-r-r, wur-r-r, ugh!"

At times it is difficult to find a dry place to camp in the Glades, and the boats must occasionally be dragged for considerable distances through the shallow water and over the coarse grass. One will probably travel three times as far between two points as a crow would fly. One of the great pests is a minute little creature, called the "redbug," which can make life miserable for any one. A hunter who will bravely wade through waters infested with alligators, and tread the prairies which are the homes of the diamond rattlesnake fearlessly, and face the moccasin in his lair with audacity, will flee from the region infested with the redbug in a panic. It is able to make simple existence a living torture.

The history of the reclamation of the Everglades began a few years after the admission of Florida to the Union. In fact, it was in that same year that the Legislature of Florida instructed her senators and representatives to call the attention of Congress to the Everglades, with a view to their reclamation. In 1847, Senator Westcott requested the appointment of "an agent to make a reconnaissance of these lands and make a report as to the probable practicability of the work." In obedience to this request, an agent was appointed to "procure authoritative information in regard to what was generally called the 'Ever Glades' on the peninsula of Florida, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of draining them." This agent prepared an elaborate report, and with it began modern and scientific knowledge of the practicability of this great project. The report was published and widely distributed. It aroused much interest, which has been increasing each year in these three score and ten years that have elapsed. Since that time, many additional surveys have been made, both state and national, and their reports have been given to the public.

Through an Act of Congress, passed in 1850, known as the "swamp and overflowed land grant," some twenty million acres of land were eventually patented to Florida, although the deed was not issued until 1903. The primary purpose of this legislation was to assist the states to reclaim the swamp or overflowed lands within their border, by means of drains or levees. The Legislature of Florida formally accepted the grant by the United States in 1851, and established a board of internal improvement, composed of a membership from the various judicial districts. This arrangement did not prove satisfactory, and a few years later an act was passed establishing a board known as Trustees of the Internal Improve-

ment Fund, composed of the Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, and Commissioner.

The first contract entered into for the reclamation of the Everglades was with Henry Disston and associates, in 1881. By this agreement the contracting parties agreed to drain and reclaim at their own expense a large expanse of this region. Operations were begun near Kissimmee and prosecuted for a number of years by the Disston company, which was known as the Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Company. An official investigation of its work was made and, as a result of the report, a modification of the original contract was made in 1888. By this new agreement the Disston Company was to be given a deed for one acre of land for each twenty-five cents expended in its work of reclamation. Outside of its results along the Kissimmee River, its only accomplishments that aided the drainage project as a whole were the canal connecting Lake Okeechobee with the Caloosahatchee River, and another running south from that lake, which was without an outlet. Operations of the company ceased about the year 1889.

In 1902, Governor Jennings attacked in an energetic manner the question of draining the Everglades. Much data concerning the topography, rainfall, altitude, outlets, etc., were prepared by competent engineers, as well as information about the fertility of the soil and the best routes for outlets. A sale was made of one hundred thousand acres of the land to raise funds for the project. To contest this title the railroads interested brought suit to secure the proceeds of the sale of land, which they claimed belonged to them. Their claims were based upon grants made by the Legislature to encourage the construction of railway lines. The various grants of swamp and overflowed lands claimed by them exceeded eight mil-

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lion acres. This brought about protracted litigation to settle the title. The court finally upheld the sale and authorized the trustees to make other sales if they deemed it necessary. Had they lost, it would have endangered the entire reclamation project. The subject entered into politics and became the dominant issue in a number of gubernatorial campaigns. In 1905, a final plat of the plan to be followed was agreed upon by the Trustees, and the land was divided into townships, which were numbered. The total number of acres included in the drainage project, which includes lands contiguous to the Everglades proper, exceeds four million. An annual tax of five cents an acre was levied upon the land to be benefitted, as another source of revenue, and this was upheld. This tax, together with the power to sell lands, provided sufficient funds for the work. A United States government engineer was secured to take charge of the work, and things began to move.

A dozen or more canals leading to the coast are included in the comprehensive project. Of these, four have reached the east coast, although the work of widening and deepening is not finished. These are the West Palm Beach, the Hillsboro, the North New River to Fort Lauderdale, and the South New River, having its terminus at Miami. It was found that the waters of Lake Okeechobee were lowered too much, so that dams are being constructed to again raise its level, which must be kept at a minimum of sixteen feet above sea level, according to the requirements of the United States. There are many complaints about the slow progress of the work from purchasers of lands, and there is probably good reason for it; but, at any rate, a good beginning has been made. The first dredge, called the *Everglades*, was launched at Fort Lauderdale, on the 4th of July, 1906,



A DREDGE IN THE EVERGLADES.

and the *Okeechobee* in the following October. Since then several other dredges have been put at work, and the project has proceeded steadily. A number of goodly sized tracts of land have been sold, for which the state realized as much as fifteen dollars per acre in 1910, instead of two dollars a couple of years earlier. Since then prices have advanced still higher. It is believed that the work now under way will eventually make available for the common good these millions of acres of exceedingly fertile lands, which are greatly favored by climatic conditions.

One of the most picturesque features of Florida has always been that uncouth and fierce-looking reptile called the alligator. Everybody who comes down here to the peninsula has an ambition to see one in the wild. Although it is found almost everywhere in the state, its real home has been in the Everglades. The visitor will learn, if he keeps his eyes open, that the alligator has not entirely disappeared from Florida. For the past few years the price of hides has been so low that the hunters have not been active. Even the Seminoles have been so discouraged by the returns that they have lessened their efforts, and this fact has resulted in an increase of alligators. The big ones are rare, for it requires many years for one of these awkward creatures to develop into a fifteen-footer. A score of years ago these saurians were to be found along all the rivers, and the broad paths by means of which they promenaded from one deep hole to another were very common. It is uncommon indeed to find these paths today, for they seem to stick more closely to their holes, which are so cleverly concealed by a screen of bushes or rushes that they are not easy to find.

If an alligator is discovered enjoying a midday nap,

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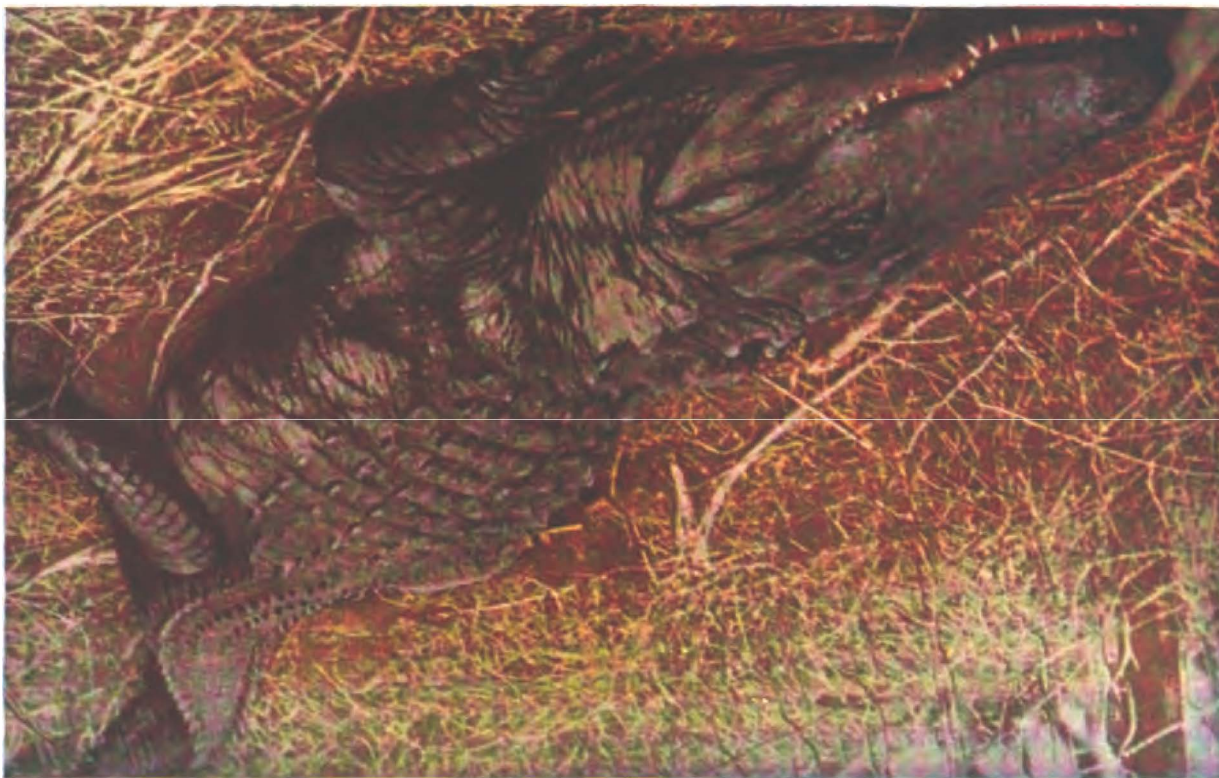
it will be found that he is sleeping with one eyelid propped open. One gets used to seeing the rough fallen trunks of the palmettoes in the woods here, so that it is not an easy matter at a hasty glance to recognize an alligator. By the time one has recognized him there is a sudden scrambling of clawed feet, and a swish of a tail which is so big that it seems to wag the owner, and he has disappeared in the hole before you are aware that what seemed to be the trunk of a palmetto was an alligator.

The alligator is a formidable looking monster, a full grown one, but it is said upon reliable authority that it will not attack a human, regardless of the fiction that pickaninnies are good alligator bait. The holes which are the hiding places of the alligators are often deep, and a fifteen-foot pole will not find the bottom. It is surprising also how much an alligator, floating in the water, resembles floating bits of bark or rubbish. At first only the nostrils and eyes come above the surface, while all the rest of the body is submerged.

Now most of the alligator hunters work at night. They paddle around in the creeks and sloughs, with a bull's-eye lantern attached to the forehead like a miner's lamp. It is the deadliest foe of the creature and has done more to assist in its extinction than guns and gunpowder. In its stupid curiosity the beast watches the glimmer of light, and its eyes glow like coals of fire. One must stand immediately behind the light to see this reflected fire.

The alligator's nest is amidst heaps of chopped reeds, dry leaves and rubbish. During midsummer the white eggs, about the size of a hen's egg, and enclosed in a tough leathery skin, are laid here. The heat and the steam of the swamp hatches the eggs without any further

A Florida Alligator.



effort from the mother. She remains in the neighborhood, however, and, when the young 'gators are hatched, is ready to rush to their rescue, if she hears a cry of warning. The young alligators must be agile for, in addition to other enemies, the male parent has a tendency to devour them.

The day of the professional alligator hunter, in the United States at least, is nearing an end. These lumbering creatures are becoming scarcer down in the sluggish streams of the Gulf Coast, all the way from Louisiana to Florida. A certain "Jake" was one of these 'gator hunters. His skin was tanned almost to the leathery hue of one of his own 'gator hides. His home was down in the peninsula. He knew the habits of these creatures. Finding an uninhabited hole, he held his nose between his thumb and finger, and grunted with a peculiar guttural sound, almost a perfect imitation of an old alligator. Soon there was a slight movement near the surface. He thrust in his hand with a sudden grab and out came a little alligator a foot long. Another grunt brought out another of the family; a third and fourth were added to the collection by the same process. One could not help feeling sorry for the little creatures with their soft bodies and pathetic eyes, although the pleasures of life in such lonely bogs is not apparent to a mere human. Then Jake changed his tactics and imitated the cries of the little alligators. The ground quivered faintly and the waters were violently agitated.

"That's the big one — the mother," quickly said Jake, and continued his cries.

The monster had responded to the natural instinct and arose to the surface. Jake reached in and brought forth an eight-foot monster, holding it securely by the

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jaws. A look of satisfaction overspread his face as he took a cord from his pocket and tied its mouth fast shut, at the same time fastening its legs over its back. This is the type of man that has brought about the extermination of the alligator — he and the Seminole Indians. Only a few years ago as many as a thousand alligators were taken from a single small lake down in the Big Cypress Swamp. Now only a few would be found there.

In these days it is the alligator farmer who has taken the place of the 'gator hunter. Many queer farming projects are found in the various parts of the world today. The disappearance of fur-bearing animals has induced the establishment of farms for the rearing of these creatures of the wild, for the sake of the furs. But one of the strangest kinds of farming that one can find in the United States is that for the raising of alligators. Several small establishments will be found in Florida, the sole object of which is to raise these amphibious creatures for the market. Some of these, which have simply a small stagnant pool with a picket fence around it, and half a dozen or so young 'gators disporting themselves inside, have for their principal purpose the edification of visitors to that neighborhood. There are others, however, which go into the business of raising these reptiles purely from the commercial profit.

The demand for purses, traveling bags, etc., made from alligator hides, created the demand which has led to their practical extinction. Where the annual catch was once thousands, a few hundred is the limit now. The price paid the hunters was generally a mere pittance, for a large hide usually brought only a dollar. In the St. John's River, of Florida, where they were formerly so numerous as to be almost a menace, one may sometimes travel from one end to the other of the stream

without seeing a single alligator's head sticking out of the water, or a solitary specimen sunning itself on the bank.

To prevent the extinction of the reptile, and also to supply the demand from parks, menageries, etc., one of the first of these farms was established in Southern Florida, on the banks of the Indian River, by a man who generally went by the name of Alligator Joe. At least he was known as such all over Florida, since he was considered to be the champion 'gator hunter of the country. Outside of the cannibalistic tendencies of the older ones, the young 'gators are assailed by few dangers, and there is little difficulty in rearing them to maturity. The old ones are repulsive looking creatures, and their mouths are hideous looking traps for unwary game. In captivity, they are not difficult to feed, for they will eat almost any sort of meat, whether given to them alive or dead. They prefer, however, fish, turtles, frogs, and the other small creatures which frequent their native lagoons.

It seems rather strange to speak of the crocodile in the United States, and yet there are quite a number in Florida. It is nearly extinct, so we are told, but a few wild ones are still left in their native heath down in the extreme end of the peninsula. He is more agile than the alligator and his speed is greater, but the most distinguished characteristic is the pointed and knobbed nose. In the water both creatures might appear the same to the average onlooker, but a glance at the proboscis end will reveal the difference between alligator and crocodile. The crocodile is not so savage as the alligator, and is also very much shier. Although active in defending himself when attacked by the hunter, when once captured and his jaws tied, he becomes as gentle as the proverbial lamb and makes no further resistance. A husky croco-

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dile, however, can make a lot of trouble for a hunter in a light canoe before he is placed *hors de combat*.

The presence of the crocodile is revealed by a peculiar musk odor well known to the hunter. His lairs are quite easily found, for his "slide" will be observed leading down to the water from his favorite sunning bank. It is not really a dangerous sport, for the crocodile will always flee so long as there is an opportunity to escape, and will only fight when that prospect no longer presents itself. Then he may open wide his formidable jaws and make a dash for his pursuers who have no consideration for his privacy and personal rights. He has been known to take out the side of a boat in his huge jaws, and it is almost impossible to pierce his scaly body either with a rifle shot or an ordinary harpoon. When captured, one must be careful to keep the crocodile's head above the water, if it is desired to keep him alive, for he cannot breathe under the water.

"To photograph the uncaptured crocodile in his native haunts," says A. W. Dimock, "requires patience, patience, and more patience. You must seal up your guns, locate yourselves near his residence, and if your ways are gentle and you have the wisdom of the serpent, you may convince him that you also possess the harmlessness of the dove. On your first approach to his home he will glide from his bed on the bank to the bottom of the channel at the first sound of your distant paddle. Then day by day he will grow careless, until some bright noon you will catch him asleep on his bed or get a snapshot with your camera at his head as he slowly sinks back into his cave."

CHAPTER XVII

THE KEYS

THAT long chain of islands, stretching in a curved direction towards the southwest from the southernmost mainland of Florida, has always been a land of romance and mystery. There are literally hundreds of them, little oases amidst the watery waste, and there is always the opportunity for the exclusive person to purchase a little island retreat where he will be secure from unwelcome intrusion. All of these islets seem to have been upbuilt from an underlying reef, for there is another great reef in the ocean bed which does not reach the surface of the water.

There are many wonderful glimpses of the sea that one obtains on a trip down over the Keys. One realizes this when the train slides off the mainland, down near Everglade, onto the first key, over an extenuated causeway. It is ever impressed upon the traveler as he passes from one islet to another, and as he journeys by some tiny bay where the mangrove lines the shore or the cocoanut palms lean lovingly out over the waters. With the lights the colors change wonderfully, but they are always brilliant. The sea is frequently a beautiful turquoise blue, so soft and so pure that one almost cries out with happiness. One shallow lagoon may appear like the half-opaque, half-translucent white of pearls; another has a hint of deep topaz; again the tint shades from shining purple to emerald and jade, or a rusty purple-brown in the shadows. The Keys at times seem like

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emeralds in settings of silver floating on seas of lapis lazuli, and the soft trade winds sough through palm and mangrove and bay cedar. "If," says a writer, "in the building of North America, all the chips and dust left over were dumped off shore in the making of Florida, then the sea which bathes its southernmost tip of coral islands must surely be formed from the dust of all gems that have been put into the ground for mines since the world was first conceived."

How Florida arose is a matter of speculation for learned and bewigged scientists; but some things are absolutely certain. One of the great builders was undoubtedly the coral insect. It constructed the walls which retained the soil which came from somewhere—probably from the Gulf shores along Louisiana and Texas. In this way it was just borrowed from one state to help another, and, although one state lost it, all of the soil has remained within the United States.

The mangrove tree has contributed a great deal. The mangrove today lines the shores of thousands of unnamed islands off the southern coast of the states and borders the sea, where its dark green leaves shine above the dull red of the innumerable roots. When once planted on the barren sands and slippery soil, the plant securely anchors itself; it secures a firm hold by shooting forth aerial roots, like cables, from the branches above, which again entrench themselves in the earth and fortify the main trunk. Vigorous roots are sent forth, which divide and subdivide and interlace themselves, until an almost impenetrable jungle is created.

In midsummer the mangrove is covered with yellow blossoms. The seeds begin to germinate before the fruit is thoroughly ripened. After growing several inches, the young shoot separates itself from the parent trunk

and establishes an independent existence. Some attach themselves to the soil, possibly a foot under water. Others sail forth to a greater distance, always floating upright. In this way a single tree might start an island of itself under favorable circumstances. The jungle of the mangrove is greatly aided by the railroad vine, which spreads its octopus-like arms over each new bit of soil and retains its own dead leaves. The wandering zephyr brings seeds which germinate and the thin soil is gradually developed by slow accretions. The swampy nature will eventually disappear and there will be a hammock. Then, in the course of time, the mangrove is supplanted by the gnarled live oak, the graceful pines, the blooming magnolias and many species of palms.

No portion of our western frontier was more primitive or more unpeopled than this swarm of islands and islets known as the Keys, until a man with money and inspired by a creative intellect decided to construct a railroad to Key West. To accomplish this it was necessary to bridge thirty miles of open sea and almost as much more of submerged keys and lagoons. Cuba was the lodestar that impelled him on, for Henry M. Flagler foresaw a marvellous development of that tropical island. This road was destined to be an important transportation link between that island and the United States. Ferries were planned to transfer loaded cars between the two countries, so that no reloading would be necessary. It would also be the quickest route for mail and passengers, with the shortest sea voyage.

Never before had such wonderful bridging been attempted. Many said it was absolutely impossible. In one instance, at least, the distance is so great that the horizon closes in on the opposite terminus. In the construction it was necessary to build towers for sighting the

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instruments, for the curvature of the earth rendered the rodman on the key undistinguishable from the man with the transit. The work must be so substantial that it could stand the buffeting of the severe tropical storms and tremendous seas that are sometimes stirred up in these waters. The problem of labor and transportation of materials was a tremendous one. The traveler by train misses a view of the great viaducts. The first elaborate one is from Long Key to Conch Key, where the railroad marches across two miles of sea on one hundred and eighty concrete arches, thirty-one feet above the level of the sea. It has the aspect of a Roman aqueduct, and reminds one of the famous aqueduct that bestrides the Roman Campagna. In colossal strength and with dignity of outline, its arches stretch across the water until they seem to sink into the distant horizon. Save for the low key at either end, there is no land in sight anywhere, nothing but the ocean changing in color from green to blue as it rolls forth from the Gulf Stream on the Atlantic and melts into the western sky on the opposite side. The longest viaduct is from Knight's Key to Little Neck Key, and it is almost seven miles in length. The viaduct across Bahia Honda Channel is less than a mile in extent, but the deep water and strong tides made the construction very difficult. When viewing those great bridges one begins to faintly realize the magnitude of the proposition that confronted the engineers who were called upon to construct this mighty work, and you admire the skill with which it was accomplished.

The elevation of the Keys above the sea is very slight, and some are separated from their nearest neighbor by only a few feet. Very little soil covers the surface, and this is composed of sand, disintegrated coral and humus. Some are simply a mangrove jungle, while others are

covered with an intricate growth of vines and small trees which root themselves in the fissures of the rocks. In none does the native vegetation attain a height of any great importance. The inclination of the trees indicates the commonness of high winds, and the storms at times attain a real hurricane velocity. The list of trees is long and exceedingly interesting to the naturalist. Mahogany will be found, but it is not of a size to possess any commercial value. The gumbo-limbo is a peculiar tree which will sprout after being cut into fenceposts and produce vigorous trees. Little-known trees, such as the satinwood, lancewood, fiddlewood and torchwood, are encountered. Lignum vitæ and tamarinds and the castor oil tree are among the numerous other varieties, and the bamboo may occasionally be seen hiding away in secret places. Vines and mosses and the lichens are also found, as well as the beautiful parasitic orchids.

Splendid groves of the cocoanut abound on some of the Keys, which have been planted, and the traveler must be careful to investigate before he horizontalizes himself under one for a midday nap or he may be unexpectedly awakened by a mature cocoanut falling upon his head. Tropical fruits, such as the guavas, tamarinds, mammæ, sapodilla, lemons and limes, have been introduced and seem to thrive. The searchers after shells will find specimens of great interest and multitudinous in variety. They range from shells that are almost infinitesimal in size to large ones of strange outline and wonderful in color. At sea the Portuguese men-o'-war, sea-biscuits, star-fish, seahorses, sea-spiders and crabs of various kinds are visible. A glass-bottomed boat reveals sea gardens as wonderful as those at Santa Catalina or any other part of the world. Coral branches frame the picture and

form the background, while sponges grow among the plants. One can feast his eyes on lilac and yellow sea-fans and waving royal purple sea-feathers. In places they form a veritable forest of wavy plumes of many tints which sway in the moving currents like branches of trees in a summer wind.

Brightly-hued fish of many sizes and shapes, which seem to have absorbed their colors from the sky and the water, gracefully float in and out, adding new beauty and charm to the scene. Some of them seem to have taken their color from their environment. There are iridescent angel fish, and there are parrot fish in changing blues and greens, with eyes so much like parrots that they seem to be saying "Pretty Polly," or imploring "Polly wants a cracker." These birds of the sea are among the most conspicuous dwellers in these tropical waters. In color they suggest somewhat the gaudy macaw, encased in huge scales rather than feathers. Other fish may boast more tints, but none are more beautiful or make a more vivid impression than this sea parrot. Body, fins, tail and iris are a rich and radiant hue ranging from greenish blue to purple with, in places, a touch of rouge. There are several species of the angel fishes, some of them being garbed in colors so brilliant as to be almost startling. The yellow angel fish has brilliant yellow margins to its scales, and the fins on its back look almost like "plumes." With its curious face, its bright colors and waving "plumes," it makes a charming object in the gardens of the sea. A devil fish is not rare, and it, as well as the inkfish, floats leisurely along in constant search for food. Great crabs with gigantic feelers move awkwardly about, and there is endless variety of life and motion. At night the dipping oar stirs up a beautiful phosphorescence, until the spray seems illuminated by this peculiar form of minute

life. One can sometimes even follow the course of fish by the streak of light that mark their progress.

Some of the keys are so minute that a boy could throw his ball from shore to shore. An expert pole-vaulter might almost cover the intervening distance in a few instances. Key Largo is the largest, and it has some goodly sized plantations of limes growing on it. The railroad runs through the jungle in the central part of the island and there are several stops at wayside stations. Jewfish is a settlement of a couple of houses, where there is a drawbridge of the railroad for the benefit of navigation. A postoffice has been established here, so that Jewfish has an official standing with our government. The oldest settlement was Planter, near Tavernier. At one time it had a flourishing fishing industry, but it was practically destroyed a few years ago by a tropical hurricane. From Jewfish to Tavernier is fifteen miles. There are still extensive gardens and orchards around Planter of the lime, which is even more tender than the lemon tree, but it will grow on the thinnest and sandiest of soil, and the soil on these Keys is certainly thin enough. It does need an abundance of sunshine and cannot stand frost. The juice of the lime is considered even superior to that of the lemon, which it resembles, as its juice is strong in citric acid. There is always a large demand for the limes, which are grown in considerable numbers in the West Indies, but the cultivation here on this island of Key Largo is increasing year by year. The same care is being taken now as in the growth of the orange and grapefruit in the effort to produce the very best fruit possible.

Plantation is a station upon the key of the same name, and the railroad there crosses to upper Metacumbe Key. Indian Key was the scene of the massacre of Dr. Perrine

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during the Seminole War. The railroad traverses Jewish Key and Long Key before reaching Grassy Key. Grassy Key is also a fairly good-sized island, and is higher above the water than most of its neighbors. Next comes Key Vaca, on which is Marathon, the largest town except Key West, for here the railroad shops are located. For several years the railroad ended at Knight's Key, where passengers were transferred to the steamers for Cuba. Several small keys are crossed before reaching West Summerfield Key. Then come Pine Key, Ramrod Key and Sugar Loaf Key among others before the journey is ended at Key West. Several keys lie still farther west, and the series of islands end with the group of islands known as Dry Tortugas. On one of the islands of this group was old Fort Jefferson.

Long Key is a delightful resting-place, covered as it is with the cocoanut palms. With these and the white coralline beach your mind recalls the atolls of the South Seas. It is the cocoanut palm that adds a touch of romance, for the cocoanut is surely the adventurer of the seas. It is clad in a waterproof trunk which will safely protect the life germ wherever the waters may transport it. The storms separate the nut from the parent stem and toss it into the waiting waters, when the currents float it to distant shores. The breakers toss it up on the beach where, in its own good time, it germinates, and when once thoroughly rooted defies all but the fiercest hurricane. Here the cocoanuts uplift themselves in stately and swaying groups and in rows from Gulf to Atlantic. Their gray columns line the paths, and their swaying fronds cover them with shifting shadows as the wind blows them to and fro. The rich and nutritious nuts fall to the ground ready for your use. Nothing is more refreshing on a sultry day than the water of a green cocoa-



A COCOANUT PALM.

nut, while the meat of the matured fruit is delicious. The cocoanut trees have not the stateliness of the royal palm, but they have beauty and a touch of the romantic. One somehow associates them with buccaneers and wild sea-rovers, for the old lawless, sea-roving life of the Caribbean Sea seems to be intimately connected with them.

Long Key is a noted fishing resort. Everybody is interested in that sport, and fishing and tackle are the leading topics of conversation. In the evening the guests all gather down at the dock to inspect the catches as the boats pull in. Then stories of the day's experience are exchanged. One will find real sportsmen here whose talk is all of rods and tackle, and who would feel life vain unless they caught a larger tarpon or speared a larger turtle than the year before. No estimates are accepted here, for your fish are given the acid test upon the scales. All the fish are weighed as they are unloaded to see who has had the best catch for the day, and at night the largest catches and the name of the fisherman are posted on a bulletin board. If anyone has landed some unusually large fish he is sure to be obliged to relate the tale many times that night — and, of course, that is a terrible ordeal for the followers of Izaak Walton.

Of eighty-nine tarpon caught here in a recent season, one-fourth weighed over a hundred pounds and a third tipped the scales at less than fifty. Almost a score of barracuda exceeded twenty-five pounds, with fifty pounds as the maximum. Forty-three sailfish were more than six feet in length, of which eighteen measured more than seven feet. The one hundred and thirty-two amberjack trophies ranged from twenty-five to ninety-five pounds. One jewfish required a four hundred pound weight to balance the scales. Even if one does not angle, Long Key is

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a splendid place to rest and relax. A day's sail out on the Gulf or Atlantic affords splendid diversion. One may witness a kingfish leap out of the sea when pursued by its enemies, or catch a glimpse of a giant turtle as it comes to the surface for air. Portuguese men-of-war, as the strange jelly-like little creatures are called, are not an uncommon sight, and at night phosphorescence will be seen playing on the crest of many a wave. Hermit crabs may be observed walking around, carrying their appropriated houses on their backs, for a hermit crab will attach itself to any kind of a shell into which it can withdraw itself. It is most interesting to watch one, and then disturb it occasionally to see it retire from sight as much as it can. It will not be more than a minute until the hermit will again continue its interrupted journey.

The delights of the days spent down on the Keys are almost beyond description. Whether one makes a great catch of fish or not, there is a charm in the air and a beauty of the surroundings that baffles the pen. The effect of blue sky and floating clouds, with a setting that ever changes, and the mystery of the seas enchant the lover of nature, until he is loath to leave. Audubon, the famous naturalist, yielded to the seduction of the Keys and describes a sunset, as follows: "If you have never seen the sun setting in those latitudes, I would recommend you to make a voyage for the purpose, for I much doubt if, in any other portion of the world, the departure of the orb of day is accompanied with such gorgeous appearances. Look at the great red disc, increased to triple its ordinary dimensions. Now it has partially sunk beneath the distant line of waters, and with its still remaining half irradiates the whole heavens with a flood of light, purpling the far-off clouds that hover over the western

horizon. A blaze of refulgent glory streams through the portals of the west, and the masses of vapour assume the semblance of mountains of molten gold."

On a speck of a reef, far out in the midst of a tropical sea, lies the city of Key West. Much nearer to the coast of Cuba than to any port of its own country, it has long been the most remote and most incongruous city within these United States. Until the opening of the railroad, of which it is the terminus, the nearest port was Tampa, two hundred and fifty miles away by sea. Key West is more than five hundred miles from Jacksonville, which affords a little idea of the length of the state. The island bears the same name as the town, and it is seven miles in length. The Spanish name for the island was Cayo Huesco, and it is supposed that the English name is a corruption of this designation. The name meant Bone Island, and was bestowed upon it because a number of human bones were found there by the Spaniards. Whether these were the remains of the victims of pirates or Caribbean cannibals is unknown.

The only inhabitants found there when the United States took possession were some Bahamans and other islanders, who lived by sponging and fishing and wrecking. In the last pursuit they were very skilled, and the question of ownership never bothered these "Conches," as they were termed. A few gained considerable wealth from treasure ships that were wrecked on these shores. The many reefs in the neighborhood made navigation extremely dangerous in those days when the storms swept down, for the waters were not charted so well as they are today. There were wreckers also who lived on other keys and even down on the keys of the Tortugas group. Audubon mentions his experiences with the wreckers there, and speaks enthusiastically of the courtesies which

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he received from them. They were a jolly lot, says he, and were equipped with splendid boats for their work.

"Key Tavernier's our rendezvous,
At anchor there we lie;
And see the vessels in the Gulf
Carelessly passing by.
When night comes on we dance and sing
Whilst the current some vessel is floating in;
When daylight comes, a ship's on shore,
Among the rocks where the breakers roar."

Key West began to grow and prosper soon after the Civil War when a number of Cuban refugees established themselves here, being driven from Cuba by revolutionary disturbances. By them the cigar industry was established, and the fame of Key West cigars has been growing ever since that day. To meet the increased commerce the port facilities have been gradually expanded, while docks and wharves have arisen as necessity demanded. The terminal improvements of the railroad greatly increased the shipping facilities. The government has established an extensive naval base, with coal deposits and a distilling plant for supplying fresh water. There is also an army and marine post in another section of the city. The mouth of the harbor is guarded by Fort Taylor, which is equipped with modern guns. There is no public supply of water, but the demand is supplied by a few scattered wells and cisterns of rain water. The rest is brought in from the mainland by train. The long trains of tank cars which bring water for the several keys form a picturesque sight when crossing the concrete viaducts.

It cannot be asserted that Key West is a beautiful city, but it is quaint and interesting. The highest point is only about a dozen feet above sea level, and one feels that

Entrance to Naval Station, Key West.



a sea wall such as Galveston built would be a splendid thing. There is no public sewer system, but the prevailing trade winds contribute to the healthfulness of the city, so that the health conditions will compare favorably with other municipalities. Although only three-score miles from the tropics, the climate is as comfortable as many other places hundreds of miles distant. The houses are generally constructed of wood, and are of indifferent architecture, but the many verandas and balconies, after the Spanish fashion, add to their cheerfulness. They are of all sizes and every conceivable style, or no style of architecture. They are promiscuously jumbled together, thus creating an endless comparison of mansions, huts and hovels, balconies, canopies and porches, gables, hoods and pavilions, pillars, columns and pilasters. Beautiful flowers and blossoming trees will be seen everywhere, and they brighten up what might otherwise be a, rather prosaic environment.

Spanish will be heard on the streets of Key West more than English, and Spanish names will be noticed above many of the stores. It is not a difficult matter to pick these aliens on the street, for they are much smaller and generally darker than the Americans. These Spanish-speaking inhabitants are Cubans and they have come over here to work in the cigar factories, where more than one hundred and fifty million cigars are produced annually. Although the younger ones have been born in this country, they continue to speak their native tongue except when English becomes necessary. One will also find foreigners of a number of other nationalities dwelling here and generally engaged in business of some sort. There is a large negro population in this city, who occupy a section by themselves.

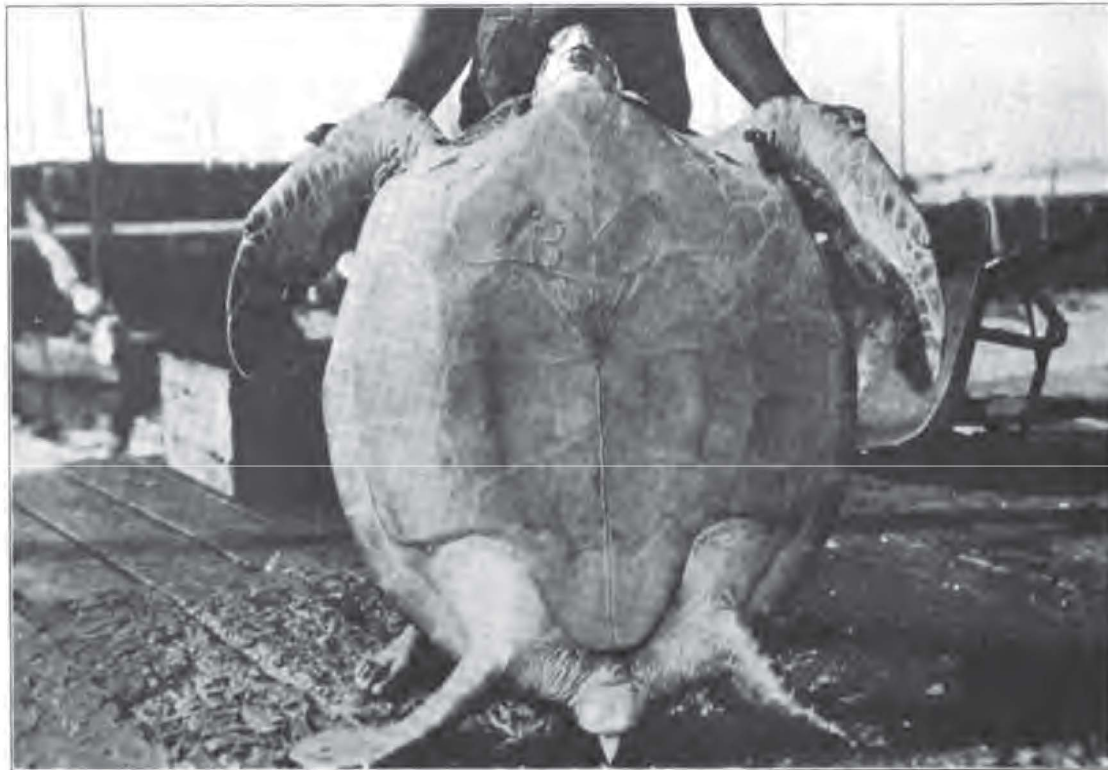
The fish wharves are fascinating places to visit, for

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many curious fish will be seen here on any day. At the fish market they are sold alive, being kept in boxes which are submerged in the water. When a purchaser makes his selection the fish is skillfully netted and immediately prepared for the frying-pan by the merchant. The bright colors of some of these will astonish one who is not accustomed to the fish of tropical waters. Pompano and mackerel are marketed here, and kingfish are brought in by the boatload.

Adjoining the fish dock is the turtle dock, where great green and loggerhead turtles will be seen awaiting the butcher or shipment. Those weighing as much as two or three hundred pounds are not uncommon, and larger ones are sometimes sold. It is claimed that some of the largest turtles are several hundred years old. They swim around restlessly, coming up to the surface every few minutes for air, which they inhale with a sound like a huge sigh. When brought out they are turned over on their backs and their flappers tied, and they are shipped in this condition. The green turtles are perfectly harmless and never attempt to snap the person handling or about to slaughter them. One cannot help but feel pity for these great helpless sea "critters," who were formerly so happy and carefree when allowed to swim about in the boundless sea. But the unceasing demand for turtle soup and turtle steak from our cities has worked their undoing. Great loggerhead turtles are also brought here, but not in such great numbers as the green turtle.

One of the favorite fishing grounds for the sea turtles is the Dry Tortugas group of islands. On these low and sandy islands the turtles lay their eggs and are easily caught at that season, which is generally during May and June. Were it not for enemies, human and otherwise, the increase of turtles would be phenomenal. A single



A BIG TURTLE READY FOR MARKET.

female will deposit from two to five hundred eggs in a season, although not all at one time. They are deposited in regular layers in excavations made with the flappers in the sand. After this has been done the loose sand is scraped back over the eggs and the care of the mother is then at an end. So carefully is the work done that the nests are difficult of discovery. As soon as the young are hatched, and scarcely larger than a silver dollar, they scratch their way through the sand and immediately betake themselves to the water. The turtlers become very much interested in their work and claim that there is much fascination in it. It is not an easy task to land a monstrous turtle weighing five hundred pounds or more.

Adjoining the turtle dock is the sponge wharf, where all the sponges are landed and on which the auctions take place. During my visit all those connected with the sponge industry were complaining of the small catches brought in, and the amount sold during my stay was very small. The piratical habits of the Greek spongers are blamed to a great extent for this condition. At present there are no Greek spongers operating from Key West, as they were driven away from there, but they control the industry at Tarpon Springs and practically the entire West Coast, except in the vicinity of the Keys. Serious and even fatal clashes have taken place between the rival races engaged in the sponge fishing.

Farming the seas may seem like a curious expression, and yet it is absolutely true when applied to the oyster and the sponge cultivation. The sponge industry is not so extensive, and yet it is far more important in the world economy than one unfamiliar with it would imagine. The paternal interest of Uncle Sam in seeing that our table is kept supplied with oysters and lobsters is now being extended to that indispensable adjunct of the mod-

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ern bathroom—the sponge. The production of the American waters now greatly surpasses that of the Mediterranean, where they were first found. The center of the industry is the coast of Florida and at Batabano, Cuba. If all the sponges gathered in the Americas in a single year were placed in one body of water they would absorb seven million gallons of water. As each pound of marketable sponge is capable of absorbing fourteen pints of water this means that four million pounds of sponge were fished from the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, in the vicinity of the West Indies.

Very little is known about the sponge, or how it feeds—but it has been demonstrated that it will not thrive in fresh water. It is an animal of uniform structure, or a combination of the animal and vegetable, although varying greatly in appearance. All over the outer surface are minute openings, or canals, through which the water enters the mass of the structure. In this are little chambers where the water collects and the nutriment is extracted from it. Then it is forced out through the outflowing canals. One who has never seen a sponge, except in the stores, would not recognize the black and slimy creature that is brought to the surface by the sponge-fishers. It is filled with water and animal matter, called “gurry,” and it requires several days for this “gurry” to run off. The sponge used is simply the supporting framework of the tissue of the living sponge. The so-called roots attached to it have nothing to do with its life, but they simply furnish an anchorage.

Fishing for sponges would probably not satisfy the longings of a boy who starts with a fishing-pole over his shoulders. He wants a live and wiggling creature securely fastened on his hook or bent pin. Nevertheless the angling for sponges is an interesting process. In the

olden days this was done in shallow waters — as it is still in Cuba — by simply wading in and pulling up the growth by hand. Then came the sponge hook with its two tines, which were thrust through the growth and by this means the sponge was torn loose from its moorings. With the hook deeper waters were fished than was possible before. The fisherman would stand in his boat, closely scanning the bottom until a sponge was discovered. Then a water telescope, which consisted simply of a tube three or four feet long with a plain glass bottom, was introduced as a further aid. With this it is possible to see clearly the bottom of the sea at a depth of fifty feet, as the glass lessens the refraction. This outfit required two men in a boat — one to propel the craft, and another to look through the “telescope” and gather the sponges. These little crafts would go out to sea for many miles on their expeditions.

The sponge fishing today is generally done on a larger scale. When a sponging ground is reached, the men scatter about in small boats, two men going in each as a crew to engage in the work. The hooker has the hardest task, and the success of the work depends largely upon his vigilance and skill. It is tiresome to look through the glass-bottomed bucket for long, but it is absolutely necessary. When a sponge is sighted he directs the sculler how to maneuver the boat, and then with one hand lowers the pole with its hooks. Skill must be used in tearing the sponge loose, for mutilation lessens its value in the market. The growth sometimes adheres so tightly that it requires the efforts of both men to detach it; even then a part is usually left. Fifty feet of water makes difficult fishing, owing to the increased weight of the handle.

In the present day diving has been largely introduced

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in sponge harvesting. This method is followed both in the Mediterranean and in America, and it has been found eminently successful. It requires a much more expensive equipment, and the cost of its operation is considerably greater. The crew generally consists of eight men, two divers who alternate, three oarsmen, two pump men for the air apparatus and one general utility man. But the yield per man is generally much larger. It can be carried on at greater depths, and in much rougher waters. The diver carries with him a mesh bag into which his catch is thrust and hauled to the surface when filled. The greatest danger to the diver is from sharks, for the sponging waters are infested with the man-eating shark. The safety of the diver rests on his remaining absolutely still, as the shark will not attack anything it thinks is dead.

The curing process for sponges begins as soon as they are brought to shore. They are first placed in pans in shallow water for several days, while the animal matter decomposes, and the flowing waters of the tides wash them. They are next squeezed and beaten to rid them of all living matter. They are dried and afterwards cleaned by hand, sorted according to variety and size, and arranged in piles for the inspection of the buyer. They are generally sold to the highest bidder by the pile, and the buyers then forward them to their warehouses. Here all foreign matter is clipped off, and they are worked into neat shapes. It requires a good deal of skill to do this work with the least amount of waste. Then comes the final assorting into sizes, after which they are pressed into bales and wrapped with burlap. As they are packed practically dry, this accounts for the smallness of a sponge which will expand to several times its original size when placed in water. To prevent exter-



HAULING SPONGES, AT KEY WEST.

mination the United States government has limited the fishing season with divers, and has attempted with considerable success the propagation of the sponge by placing cuttings in new waters. A living sponge is cut into sections an inch or two square, for these contain all the elements necessary for growth. These cuttings are attached to stakes by wires, and they grow rapidly. By this method a rootless sponge has been developed, and the root is the least valuable part.

The largest experiment farm in the cultivation of sponges is at Sugar Loaf Sound, a protected body of water about sixteen miles from Key West. This farm is the outgrowth of experiments made by a member of the government bureau. Quite a live town has grown up here, called Chase, after the man who has charge of this sponge farm. Here will be found residences, office buildings, telephone lines, refrigerating plant, and the many accessories for harvesting and preparing the sponges for market. It has been demonstrated that the sponge produces eggs which will reproduce an embryo sponge, but the cuttings are preferred for propagation. These are either placed on wires or discs, for the varying methods will produce sponges of different shapes. The disc can be raised and the sponge removed without any injury whatever to the structure, which is a great advantage. The water here seems to be unusually well adapted for sponge growth. It has been found that sponges grow quite rapidly, and a six-inch sponge will develop in from two to four years.

CHAPTER XVIII

FISH AND FISHING

FISHING is so closely associated with Florida life that the subject cannot be overlooked in a work descriptive of that state. Most visitors to Florida do essay to fish a little for diversion, while others follow it as an occupation. He who does not attempt it at all certainly makes a mistake and misses the opportunity offered everywhere for real sport. The person who said "he would rather live five Mays than forty Decembers" would be right at home down here, for there is fishing every day in the year. With all its advantages of fresh water fishing, the greatest sport offered is that of angling in the great ocean itself, where there is always the chance of impaling one of the monsters of the deep on your hook.

It has been stated in all seriousness that a fish must be buncoed in order to be caught, and the saying is probably true. At any rate much of the bait used in deep sea fishing is some form of deceit for the unreasoning fish. The spoon, which is so common, is just one of those forms of bunco, and the fly is another. At times nothing seems to suit the fancy of the æsthetic finny tribe. You can place the choicest bait so that he can reach it without moving a fin and he will cast it aside with a contemptuous flip of his tail. Anyone will tell you the best time to fish, but each one has a different idea. It is safe to say that the best time to fish in Florida waters is when they will bite. The fact is that the Florida fish "at times require more coaxing than a balky horse, at others you can't keep them

away with a club." As an old saying puts it: "If they will, they will, you may depend on't. And if they won't, they won't, and there's the end on't."

Some fish are very particular about their diet and will not taste meat with blood in it. They will eat the muskels or crustacea. One of these is the sluggish sheepshead, which is found almost everywhere along the Florida coast. The most common one is striped like a convict's suit. It is an easy matter to collect a lot of the fiddler crabs, for they will be found in well-organized little armies. Their armies are organized only for retreat, however, and not for offensive operations. When once corralled, an army of these curious little crabs can be scooped up, and in a few minutes the fisherman will have a gallon or five gallons of restless little creatures. It takes some nerve for the inexperienced person to reach his hand down in the struggling mess, for fear of a pinch, but experience inspires confidence, for the pinch of the one claw folded over his back is not so terribly severe. A sand crab is a little different. A good way to catch him is to locate his hole, then stick your finger in until he takes hold with his biggest claw. You will know when you have a pinch, but you can pull out your catch and get even with him by putting him on your hook to lure a fish. The chances are, however, that you will ask your boatman to do the trick the next time.

There is a thrill to deep sea fishing as well as a fascination that is almost irresistible. You may have caught pickerel up in Maine, bass in the St. Lawrence, trout in the Rockies, or salmon out in Oregon,—all of which are great sport. After a few thrills of deep sea fishing, however, the former seems tame—at least for a time. The other may require more science, at least when using light tackle, but the excitement of landing a big fifty-

pound fish, which literally thrashes and churns the water into foam, is almost beyond description. Even in deep sea fishing it is well to follow the motto displayed at the Long Key Fishing Camp: "Good sportsmanship does not consist in a big catch but in the use of a light tackle and a reasonable catch. Play your fish instead of gaffing him." Deep sea fishing is done almost entirely by trolling. You may wonder how a fish is going to travel fast enough to catch up with your light-powered motor boat and fasten itself on your hook, but you discover when the fishing grounds are reached that your speed is reduced to three or four miles an hour, and it is a badly crippled fish that cannot swim that fast. Then you begin to wonder how you will know when you have a "strike," and question your boatman about it, but you will not be left in doubt long upon that score. As soon as the warning cry of "strike" is heard, the skipper stops the boat in order to afford you a chance to land your quarry. If your fish decides to pull out a few hundred feet of your line, in his effort to entertain you, do not endeavor in your excitement to check it with your thumb, when a good leather drag is provided. I tried it once, and had a good sore finger for a few days as a reminder of my folly.

Fish? They are everywhere. At times the mile wide Boca Grande pass will be actually black with minnows. The surface will be in a turmoil, caused by the countless jack fish chasing the minnows, while scores of tarpon will be in the air pursuing both minnows and jack fish. The water appears almost like buttermilk, as it is churned by millions of mullet, catfish, channel bass and mackerel. It seethes and boils as the small fish dart here and there in pursuit of their prey, or to escape being the prey of other fish still larger. The big black dorsal fin of a

shark may show above the water, as its owner goes after a meal in a business-like way.

The element of luck enters into fishing in Florida just as elsewhere. There are no definite pools out on the great ocean, such as are found in trout streams, where you are sure to find some fish, but you take the angler's chance. You usually make a good catch where the best fisherman told you there was absolutely no chance. You may fish by the side of a companion who catches all the fish, although your rods and bait are identical. Your companion may be absolutely inexperienced and you are almost a professional, and yet he catches three splendid fish to your one. You may watch for a strike until, tired and disgusted, you almost fall asleep. Suddenly you feel your line going and you pull out a thirty or forty pound denizen of the deep. And so it goes. The element of what we call luck certainly does enter into the problem of deep sea fishing. When the fish refuses to bite, the deep blue ocean itself, with its many moods and with the shadow of clouds upon its surface, provides a compensation. If near the shore, there is low murmuring of the sea which increases as some great roller approaches, until it bursts with a thundering crash all along the line. The true fisherman will always acquire some new delight in an added appreciation of life and nature. At times the sea is almost glass like, and the water is so clear that every object on the bottom can be plainly seen.

"The beauty of fishing in Florida waters," said a fisherman to me, "is the uncertainty of what your catch will be." When you have a strike and your line is run out a couple of hundred feet, you never know just what is attached to the other end of the tackle. Your mind is in a great excitement, and your curiosity will not be satisfied until your trophy is brought to the surface ready

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to be pulled into the boat. When the water is clear you may see your victim fifteen or twenty feet away, dashing here and there and varying his shape and color. Of course, if it should happen to be a gigantic jewfish, weighing three or four hundred pounds, you would soon know that something very unusual had happened. This fish occasionally attains a weight of one thousand pounds, and is found all the way from the Biscayne Bay country to Charlotte Harbor.

Perhaps the easiest fishing is to encounter a school of Spanish mackerel. They may be seen swimming by and throwing the water into great agitation, as they pursue a frightened school of mullet and devour them by the wholesale. At such a time you can lure them with almost any old bait. Cast whatever you will in their midst, and you may feel assured that several of these shining beauties will grab for it. You may then be sure of a meal, providing that its sharp teeth do not separate your line. But you do not always get the fish, or all the fish that you get on your hook. A barracuda may have been hungry and bit it in two. When you see the formidable creature, you will readily understand how it can accomplish such a trick. I had a strike one day, and for a time was undecided whether I had impaled a big fish or a little one. At times it would reel in easy, and then there would be a heavy tug which would start my reel humming. I pulled in a four-pound mackerel, but it was half bitten in two by sharp teeth, which looked very much like the trademark of a barracuda. One gentleman brought out half a tarpon, the other half having been severed by a shark. The remnant left weighed one hundred fifty-six and a half pounds, somewhat of a fish in itself, even if incomplete.

“It is possible that the great splashing you witnessed



TWO MONSTERS OF THE DEEP CAUGHT IN FLORIDA WATERS.

is caused by a lively bunch of cavallies. If so, you will be just as lucky, for they will also bite at almost anything. There is a curious "lucky bone" that may be cut from the base of the dorsal fin, which is sure to bring you good fortune. You may catch the curious porcupine-fish, which inflates itself with air on reaching the surface and sails along on the water like a balloon. The sea trout is a spotted beauty with sides shading into phosphor-bronze. He favors mullet for bait, and is a pretty good fighter for a fish that seldom exceeds six pounds. For eating this trout is sweet and finely flavored. The gruper is a fish worth catching, because of his size, but, with all his zebra-like markings, it is not very gamy, although I have occasionally landed specimens that gave a pretty good fight. A gruper weighing twenty-five or thirty-five pounds is quite a satisfying catch for the novice at sea angling, and it will furnish the background for a fish story that will last for many months. It is allied to the cod. As a food fish it is the cod's equal, and from a sportsman's standpoint is far superior. The grupers will be found all along the Atlantic and Gulf coast, but they are especially plentiful around the Keys. There are several species of the gruper. The red gruper is a large and ungainly fish that reaches up to seventy pounds in weight. Its natural habitat is deep water, but at certain seasons it comes up on the reefs. If the right place is found, excellent sport may be enjoyed. They vary greatly in their sporting qualities, for some seem so much more sluggish than others. The white gruper, which varies from a pale grey to a light olive green, is a most beautiful fish, and the spotted gruper is another species. The largest species is the black gruper, which attains a weight of several hundred pounds. The mutton fish is so named because its head has a fancied resem-

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blance to a sheep. It is prettily colored, about the size of the gruper, and makes a very lively fight for its liberty.

The various members of the snapper family afford splendid sport, for they are all gamy. Small snappers anywhere from two to six pounds are found in the shallow waters. The larger ones seek depressions in the Gulf bottom that range in depth from one to two hundred feet. These are the snapper "banks," known to professional fisherman, and they are found all around the Gulf coast even to Yucatan. Of the snapper family, the gray snapper is the rarest and the gamiest. It is found along some of the Keys. It is difficult to lure and furnishes a splendid fight when once safely fastened on a hook. The barracuda is found in great numbers along and around the Keys. It is usually a solitary creature and does not travel in schools. An uglier and a fiercer fish it would be hard to find, and it steals upon its prey in a wolf-like fashion. At first glance you might take it for a muskallunge, the game fish of our northern lakes, for it is long and slender and somewhat resembles a pike. The mouth is wide and the lower jaw is slightly protruded. With a large barracuda of six or seven feet, and weighing sixty pounds on your hook, you have a game fight before you. It never gives up until absolutely exhausted, and then usually has enough strength left for an impetuous rush when the boat is neared.

The kingfish, which belongs to the mackerel family, is one of the beauties of the seas. When pulled out of the water his shining silvery scales have all the richness of color of the mother of pearl shell. When caught, it plays upon the surface. If captured with light tackle, as it should be, it will dash here and there and circle around the boat, bending the rod to the danger point. Ever and

anon it will rise in the air in splendid loops, flashing silvery against the deep blue of the tropical sea. When hungry it is not particular as to bait, and will bite at a rag about as quick as a choice piece of mullet. Large specimens, five or six feet long, are sometimes caught, but a three- or four-footer is far more common. The kingfish sometimes move in such immense schools that the ocean will seem to be fairly boiling over a patch several acres in area. Even after hunger has been satisfied, they seem to continue the slaughter of smaller fish simply for the sake of killing. The Spanish mackerel is a sporty fish, but its movements and habits are very erratic. It is likewise a beautiful fish when first landed. The upper portion is a deep steely blue and the lower part is silver, and over all is a delicate tinge of pink. There are many colored spots on the sides, while the fins are tinted with white, black and yellow. It is indeed a gorgeous raiment.

The lady-fish will perform evolutions that would cause even the tarpon to blush with envy. It will jump more quickly and very much higher in proportion to its size than any other fish, and makes a notable fight for its liberty. "Compared with it even the tarpon is sluggish, and trout, bass and salmon little livelier than mud puppies. Your reel will buzz an octave higher than you ever heard it, and your fingers will be blistered wherever they touched the line." It is a beautiful fish and most people release it immediately, because it is a little too bony to be eaten with comfort. The agile bonefish, which most fishermen try in vain to capture, will weigh from five to twelve pounds. It is a clear pearly white and is considered a beauty. The dolphin fish is another harlequin of the sea. It is also one of the most beautiful of the game fishes. It is almost impossible to describe its flashes of

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color and gorgeous changes in tint and shades of blue, red, yellow, violet, black and white. Its most marked ornamentation is a series of vivid blotches of labradorite blue. Its fins are also splashed with blue, and it has a yellow tail. It is certainly a radiant creation, and the fisherman is proud of such a catch three or four feet long. It makes a beautiful wall ornament when well mounted, although the colors lose some of their brilliance. A poet has said

"A shoal of dolphins, trembling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, where it met the ocean."

Of these dolphins along the Florida coast, Audubon, in his journal, says: "Dolphins move in shoals varying from four or five to twenty or more, hunting in packs in the waters as wolves pursue their prey on land. The object of their pursuit is generally the flying-fish, now and then the bonita; and when nothing better can be had they will follow the little rudder-fish and seize it immediately under the stern of the ship. The flying-fishes, after having escaped for awhile by dint of their great velocity, on being again approached by the dolphins, emerge from the water, and spreading their broad wing-like fins, sail through the air and disperse in all directions, like a covey of timid partridges before the rapacious falcon . . . While they are traveling in the air their keen and hungry pursuer, like a greyhound, follows in their wake, and performing a succession of leaps many feet in extent, rapidly gains upon the quarry, which is often seized just as it falls into the sea. Dolphins manifest a very remarkable sympathy with each other. The moment one of them is hooked or grained, as sailors technically name their manner of harpooning, those in

company make up to it and remain around until the unfortunate fish is pulled on board, when they generally move off together, seldom biting at anything thrown out to them."

Of the fishes that live upon mollusks and crustaceans, one of the most common is the sheepshead. This fish feeds upon young oysters, cockles and crabs of various kinds. It is ornamented with six or seven vertical stripes across the body which render it very conspicuous, and cause it to resemble greatly a convict in his official uniform. It frequents rocky shores, piers and old wrecks, and you will find the winter visitor in the resort towns fishing for the sheepshead among the piers on the docks. They seldom emerge from the shelter of the wrecks or piers, for food is plentiful there. The piles are covered with the oysters awaiting them. The most common bait used for them is the fiddler crab for, if a fiddler community is in the neighborhood, it furnishes the best kind of bait and is the most easily obtainable. Although most of the fishes snared are much smaller, many specimens weigh from seven to twelve pounds, and sheepshead of eighteen pounds are occasionally taken.

The drum is also a fish which lives upon the same kind of food as the sheepshead. It is one of the most destructive enemies to the oyster men, for the drum travels in large schools and several hundred of them can do an almost inconceivable amount of damage to an oyster bed. It is quite a gamey fish, and individuals are landed weighing as much as seventy pounds, although the average catch will be from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. If taken with light tackle, such as is used in fishing for bass, a drum of this size will provide good sport for the angler. The drum received its name from the sound which it utters, which is almost like a "muffled drum."

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There are not many fish that utter sounds, but the drum is well named for it grunts and groans in a most despairing way when caught. A very common fish is the one known as the grunt. It receives its name also because it grunts almost like a young pig as soon as landed out of the water. The fiddler crab also furnishes an excellent lure for the channel bass, one of the most beautiful fish caught along the Florida coast. It has many names, one of the commonest being the redfish, because of its color. It is one of the most attractive of the common fishes, and is captured in great numbers at the mouth of the St. John's River, the Indian River, the Caloosahatchee River, and in Charlotte Harbor, and, in fact, almost everywhere. When drawn out of the water its burnished sides flash in the sunlight, and a red golden iridescence seems to arise from it. Channel bass are pulled up weighing from fifty to sixty pounds, and even larger, but the average size taken from the rivers of Florida is from twenty-five to thirty pounds.

One of the fishes found in countless numbers along the Florida coast is known as the jack. Like some other fishes, it changes its name with the location. In some places it is known simply as the jack and in others as the cavally and elsewhere as the horse crevalle. The best fishing ground for the jack is on the western coast. It is a gamey little fellow, and adds much to the pleasure of the anglers along this coast. The jack travel in immensely large schools, a description of which by a sporting writer gives a slight idea of the wonderful fish life in Florida in Florida waters.

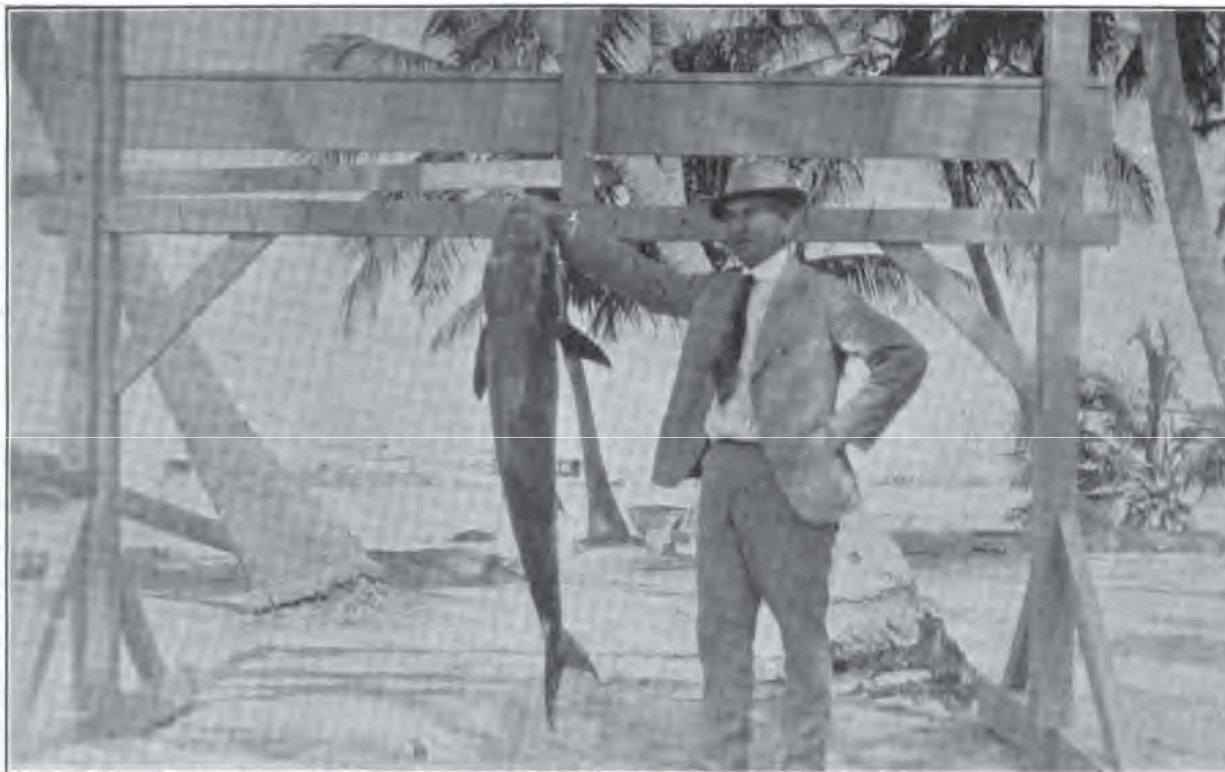
"Here and there the knifelike fin of some vagrant shark cut the water, or a bullfish went ricochetting along, the only disturbing elements; yet near the shore-line of a long attenuated key of white sand, the waters were

beaten into foam amid which scores of bodies were leaping. It was the jack, or cavally, the horse crevalle, as it is known from Cuba to the Carolinas and beyond, and the roar was made by a large school fiercely charging the ranks of a school of sardines, to capture which they sprang into the air, surged along the surface, all the while beating the water with their tails, creating a loud and peculiar sound called by my boatmen, 'beating'—a term which was well applied. With lusty strokes, Chief now sent the dinghy flying ahead, and in a few moments forced her into the midst of the wildest and most remarkable commotion I had ever witnessed. The fishes had moved inshore, and for two or three acres changed the water into a foaming sea. They were in the air by hundreds, their silvery sides glistening in the sunlight, their fins flashing golden yellow. A most exhilarating spectacle. I sprang overboard knee-deep into the throng, and found that the sardines formed an almost solid mass two feet or more wide directly along shore, with stragglers forming a dark streak for five feet out. Into this helpless cordon the jacks were plunging, maddened with excitement, long ago satisfied, and now killing in wanton sport, for the mere lust of killing, filling the water with silvery bodies and their parts until a line of blood marked the melee. I was repeatedly nearly overthrown by being struck by them, and finally made my way to the beach to watch this remarkable scene of carnage, to revel in which, gulls, pelicans, and man-of-war birds were now gathering from all over the reef. For ten or fifteen minutes the extraordinary spectacle was continued until the low beach was lined with jacks, dead and dying; then the school drew off as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving the long, sinuous red stain to tell the story."

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The amberjack is a fish that furnishes a good deal of sport for the deep sea angler, and it grows to a goodly size. When a fifty or seventy-five pound amberjack grabs your hook and heads for deep water, you have a task on your hands to bring such an unwilling and animated piece of fish flesh to you. The chances are that you hope the next one will be a little bit smaller. As your reel springs around, you spring to your feet and place the butt of your rod firmly in the leather socket around your waist. After a hundred or two feet of line have slipped away, you press the thumb brake a little harder to halt the mad race of your quarry. If the water is deep, the amberjack will be sure to strike for the bottom and sulk and, if it is shallow, he will dash away again. As you reel in you can see your game racing around the boat, for it never really surrenders until in the boat. Even then it will have a few vicious lunges left, if it has not been stunned by a blow on the head. The chances are that your arm and fingers will ache after a hard half hour's contest with the amberjack. It is a nicely proportioned fish, and appears like a sort of giant bluefish. It is especially plentiful around the Keys and up the east coast as far as Palm Beach.

Many people will spend day after day seeking the sailfish, which makes a very pretty wall ornament when nicely mounted on a board. It is also a large fish and furnishes splendid sport for the anglers. It receives its name from the large dorsal fin, which is richly colored and raised high above the surface, resembling somewhat the sail of a Venetian craft with designs painted on the canvas. Those caught at Long Key, Miami and Palm Beach vary in weight from about twenty to almost one hundred pounds. It weighs less for its length than many others. The record length of this fish is eight feet and



THE AUTHOR WITH A FIFTY-EIGHT POUND TROPHY.

four inches. The big jewfish will occasionally be hooked. It is seldom caught under one hundred pounds, and from that size runs up the scales to five hundred pounds avoirdupois.

One of the rather rare game fishes, but one which tests the angler's mettle, is the cobia, also known as the snook or serjeant fish. When hooked it leaps above the surface of the water and generally plays near the surface, so that you can see his dark body darting here and there in his frantic efforts for freedom. I captured one that weighed fifty-eight pounds, and it gave me more than a half-hour of hard work. It measured four and one-half feet in length. My partner had just had a strike, and I started to pull in my spoon hook. I had not brought it in far when something grabbed my hook and my reel began to sing. It had taken a couple of hundred feet or more of line before I could check it. Then way out in the water a great big dark body leaped up and almost turned a somersault. Alternately pulling it up and reeling in I worked and labored. Sometimes the cobia would get away for a moment and enjoy a little run without any compunctions of conscience for the extra labor imposed upon me. When within fifty or seventy-five feet of the boat it could be plainly seen swimming along near the surface and occasionally leaping above. Only once did it sound and make for the bottom. It made a beautiful play, and I was really glad when it was resting safely within the boat. Clinging to this fish when brought to surface were two remoras, the peculiar fish which attach themselves to shark and other fishes by the sucking plates upon their heads. They are thus towed about by the large fish, which is unable to protect or help itself. The remora is dreaded by all fish, and if one is turned loose in a pool with large fish,

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the others will swim around in terror for fear the remora will fasten itself upon them.

Harpooning, or graining, as it is frequently called, is a sport pursued by many, and it sometimes furnishes thrilling excitement. In clear water it is indeed exhilarating for the harpooner to see a large fish swim lazily within his range, as if daring him to take a fling at it. Many do and miss, for it requires skill to aim correctly and to judge of the resistance of the water, and also to make allowance for the movement of the game. It is not a difficult matter to handle a fish of ordinary size, when once safely on the prongs, but it requires both nerve and skill to manage a sea monster, even if it is hooked so securely that there is no danger of its getting loose. Such an experience is had when you are at one end of a line and a sawfish, shark or porpoise is at the other end, with several sharp prongs pricking him in some tender part of his anatomy. The same may be said of that curious sea monster called the ray, or devilfish. It looks more like a great sea bat than aught else. Very few have the courage to tackle these creatures, for they grow to immense size. Imagine a great fish, shaped somewhat like a bat, with the wings ending in graceful points and the back a vivid black, and in size a square twelve by ten feet or possibly fourteen by sixteen. This gives a little idea of this devilfish. When playing it leaps out of the water, and its ton of flesh drops down on the surface almost like the sound of distant thunder. It is exceedingly active, and is really a dangerous catch for a novice to endeavor to undertake. The devilfish is one of the survivors of a long-vanished world. In the old Mesozoic age, a myriad years ago, it was one of the highest forms of life on the globe.

The sawfish is not at all uncommon, and it grows to

a gigantic size. Half a ton of fish, with anger expressed in every movement, can make quite a commotion, and can also cause trouble for the mere human of one hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts at the other end. "For two hundred yards," says Mr. Dimock, "we spurted along the channel, at the rate of speed that must have broken the racing records of his family. My hands were torn and blistered from clutching the line to get under good headway before the end of it was reached." A sawfish in good health will think nothing of towing an ordinary skiff with his arch enemy in it for several miles over a course of his own choosing. The sawfish of goodly proportion will furnish more excitement than the ordinary man will want in one day, unless he is in a boat large enough that it cannot be pulled about easily. One need not have any compunctions of conscience at killing a sawfish, and need not turn it loose again after capturing it, for the sawfish belongs to the shark tribe, and the shark is *persona non grata* to the fisherman.

The dolphin, or porpoise, will furnish just about as exciting a chase, although it has no weapon so formidable as the saw of the sawfish. But its tail is very active and is possessed of enough strength to capsize a small boat, if it should be struck in just the right way. Most people are satisfied, however, to see the dolphin playing about in the water, and furnishing amusement for the passenger on the ships. He sometimes swims along with his tail almost touching the prow of the boat, or swings along at even pace, as if showing the onlookers that the gait of the speediest boat is nothing for him. He seems possessed of a ceaseless activity, always being on the move, but the dolphin impresses one with the idea that he seems to get a great amount of fun out of mere existence. This dolphin is a mammal and must be dis-

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tinguished from the dolphin fish mentioned above.

The aim of the majority of the followers of Izaak Walton, who fish in Florida waters, is to add a tarpon to their list of trophies. It seems to be the zenith of deep sea fishing. One is not enough for many sportsmen, for I met the champion tarpon fisher who had landed twenty-five in a single day over in Charlotte Harbor. At the tarpon resorts one will find anglers from all over the civilized world who come here to try conclusions with this marvellous game fish, and many wonderful tales are related each season of individual experiences. Unless the fisherman is a mere game hog, or wishes to have his captive mounted, the tarpon is usually turned back into the water. It may be that each such incident in the tarpon's life makes him an even more spectacular catch, when he again finds himself on the angler's hook. It is a fact that some of the tarpons perform acrobatic performances that cannot be paralleled in the animal kingdom. It is difficult to believe that he is wholly an amateur. Stories are told of tarpon leaping entirely over a boat, and some of them include near tragedies. With its enormous mouth and great staring eyes, it is enough to scare one when seven or eight feet of fish is headed directly in his direction. Specimens have been caught that tipped the scales at four hundred pounds. Of the leaping qualities of the tarpon Mr. Dimock writes picturesquely as follows: "He leaps out of water at the prick of hook or harpoon, he leaps to catch the fish on which he feeds, and one unhooked tarpon jumped into the skiff, knocked my guide overboard, laid him up for a month, and very nearly sent him into the next world. His jumps are vertically upward, at any angle, in any direction, or he may skim the surface of the water. He can hold himself straight as an arrow,

bent into a circle or the letter S, or tie himself into a bow-knot, and I never saw the leap of a salmon that the commonest kind of a tarpon couldn't double discount in his sleep. The performance of a tarpon is so picturesque, so thrilling, that to see it sportsmen travel thousands of miles, sit for days in little skiffs, and then grind fifty-dollar coffee-mills on springless rods for hours at a time."

When he once feels the sting of the impaling hook the tarpon fights with might and main. No trick and no artifice is overlooked in the supreme attempt to free himself from his fetters. The direction of his first dash is extremely uncertain. He is most likely to leap up straight in the air or at an angle. Then he will strike out with great speed. If he dashes away from you it will not be long until your line has all run out, but he may dash for your boat, either running under it or possibly leaping entirely over it. In the uncertainty lies a part of the sport of the game. It is a spectacle well worth seeing when a great body, weighing as much as yourself, leaps up eight or ten feet in the air, and covered with ten times a hundred scales which reflect the rays of the tropical sun like so many great diamonds. These scales are enormous, sometimes measuring more than three inches across. Charles Frederick Holder describes the tarpon as follows: "Imagine a plain herring or sardine lengthened out six or seven feet. Imagine its scales newly minted silver dollars, frosted instead of stamped, silver dollars which have had the nacre of the whitest pearl in their composition, and some conception may be had of the glories of this radiant creature as the sun's rays flashed upon it, glancing and scintillating in every direction."

The tarpon season in Florida runs from early spring

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until the middle of autumn — that is to say from March to November. Most Northerners are so imbued with the idea that the Florida summer is so extreme that it must be avoided under all circumstances, but that is not true. Fish found in Florida are all at their best in the summer, and the nights are always pleasant in that season. The heat is probably no more troublesome in August than in April, even though the mosquitoes might be a little more bothersome. The tarpon is found both along the Gulf and the Atlantic coast, from the mouth of the St. John's to Homossassa, but the time of appearance on the two coasts varies a little. It seems to come from Mexican waters, following the coast line on the way, and travels in schools numbering from six to a hundred. The best months on either coast are undoubtedly in June and July. Generally speaking, the tarpon are taken best by trolling when the tide is running, and in still fishing at flood tide. And yet the tarpon is a bit eccentric, so that no hard and fast rule can be laid down for the tarpon fisherman. Like woman, the tarpon is "mighty onsartain." When unwilling, no bait and no coaxing will tempt him, and when in the mood, he will bite at almost anything, but the favorite bait is mullet. Tarpon are caught with heavy rods, medium-weight rods and light fly rods. They are caught with the most ancient as well as latest models, likewise on a shark hook.

Although still fishing has its devotees, there is more excitement in trolling. Seated in a motorboat in a revolving chair, facing backwards, the anxious fisherman anxiously awaits a strike. He has nearly a hundred dollars' worth of tackle in his hands, including a rod built with all the care and accuracy of a watch. His spoon, or a hook, with a piece of fish fastened on, trails a

hundred and fifty feet behind him. After an hour's trolling, without a tug at his hook, the angler is likely to become rather drowsy. He may catch sight of several tarpon around him, rising out of the water in the most exasperating way, revealing the head and tempting silvery sides. One may seem to notice your bait and apparently brush it away with a contemptuous flirt of his tail. Suddenly the angler is aroused from his lethargy — he becomes aware that something has happened. Away goes his line, accompanied by a merry hum of the reel. Then there is a leap, as the tarpon tries to throw out the hook and bait, looking like some great shaking monster. It has been known to toss the baited hook yards away in this first convulsive movement to free itself, and fall back into the water with a crash. It has been reported to cover a horizontal leap of thirty feet in its frenzy.

If the hook catches in the tarpon's bony mouth, the real fight begins in earnest. Then there is a leaping, a twisting, a turning, and even a sulking of your victim. His sides glisten in the sunshine like polished silver. Occasionally one will not wait to be brought slowly into the boat, but will leap in of its own accord. Then, if you should happen to be in a small boat, and the tarpon is a large one, there is danger of capsizing. Throwing the tip of the rod forward, the angler reels in the few feet or inches of slack. It is not easy work, for sometimes your quarry takes out all the line that you have thus laboriously wound up, and you have to begin all over again. By the time the fish is exhausted, you may be also, or you may give up before the fish and ask your boatman to finish the job. I met one man who had caught a one hundred and eighty pound tarpon, and he emphatically declared he never would fish for one again.

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The hour and a quarter necessary to get his fish under control had so unnerved him that he was wholly upset for several days, and his fingers were sore for a week. Many a man has emerged from the fight with a finger nail gone, and a knuckle or two bleeding where the handle of the reel had caught him in the final rush. The average person, however, is anxious for another tussle with this king of the finny tribe after he has recovered from the effect of the exertion, which may be only a few hours or a couple of days.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MARVELOUS BIRD LIFE

THE birds of Florida include scores of species and they are multitudinous in numbers. In most sections of the north there are probably not more than thirty or forty distinct species of birds to be found in any one season. In Florida, in the spring, one can discover an innumerable number of almost as many species in a single day's search. This might not be true of all sections of Florida, for in that state, as well as in others, certain localities are more favored by our feathered friends than others. Furthermore, in Southern Florida, in the region of the Everglades, and also in the Indian River district, there are more water birds than in other parts of the peninsula.

In an excursion made from Fort Myers to a bird rookery, a dozen miles distant, one day about the middle of March, we identified forty-seven species of birds. Of some we recognized only one specimen, but of others scores of individuals were seen. Among all the birds of the day we caught sight of only one robin and one bluejay. Several cardinals were either observed or heard whistling the familiar musical notes. The mockingbirds were quite numerous, and always singing if at rest, but frequently it was difficult to distinguish them from the loggerhead shrike, which seemed to be perched upon every telephone pole, or on the wires between two poles, sitting there as trim and silent as a sentinel. The woodpecker tribe were much in evidence among the pine

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trees and the palmettoes. Among these were the flicker, the downy woodpecker, the pileated woodpecker, and the common red-head, which ought to be adopted as our national bird, because it displays our three colors of red, white and blue. A tree-top flirtation was going on between a couple of flickers. This occupation is a favorite one with these birds, and they are never backward about displaying their tender feelings. Few happenings among birds are more interesting to watch.

Of the numerous sparrow family we identified the savannah, the vesper, the grass, and the enumeration would not be complete without the mention of the common English sparrow, which is as much of a nuisance here as in other parts of the United States. The black-birds were also quite common, and were sometimes seen in considerable flocks. Among these were the Florida blackbird, the Florida grackle, the boattail grackle, the fish crow, and the redwinged blackbird. There were many turtle doves and ground doves, and a few of the Florida larks were glimpsed. Herons of all descriptions were seen either flying or searching for food during this trip. Those which we positively recognized were the snowy heron, the gold-crowned night heron, the great blue and little blue heron, the little green heron, the Louisiana heron and the black-crowned night heron. Among the other land and water birds were the purple martin, towhee (here called joreet), crested flycatcher, bluebird, Florida wren, brown creeper, turkey buzzard, belted kingfisher, Florida rail, water turkey, white ibis, owl, coot and sparrow hawk. Of the game birds we saw the Florida quail, Wilson snipe, and three or four species of the wild duck.

An osprey was seen flying high over us, and a shrill scream announced the presence of an eagle. Looking

up we saw a bald eagle encircling the osprey in wide loops. The birds passed out of sight before the end of the drama was disclosed. The bald eagle is generally known as a "robber," and nothing pleases him better than to deprive the osprey of a fish, which he has caught by honest labor. The eagle will sail around the osprey, each time going nearer and nearer, until the osprey drops his prospective dinner in its efforts to escape. Then it is that the eagle by one swift swoop will almost invariably catch the fish before it reaches the ground. I had always associated the bald eagle with mountains, but here in Florida they are quite numerous. In some sections it is seldom that they are entirely absent. Frequently one will hear the familiar scream and, looking up, see one sailing far above in the blue ethereal of the sky. On this one day we saw three or four of them. In a pine tree, not more than forty feet high, but near the top, was the nest of an eagle, which was composed of three or four bushels of sticks of various sizes. As we approached it an eagle flew out of the nest with its piercing cry, shriller than usual because so near, and began to circle upwards until it was almost lost in the blue of the skies. One of our party climbed up to see if there was anything in the nest, but found neither eggs nor young birds. It may have been a solitary bird that had lost its mate.

A visit to a popular bird rookery down in the Everglades, the Big Cypress Swamp or the Ten Thousand Islands region is an experience not readily forgotten. As one approaches the retreat of the feathered creatures, a multitude of birds will arise and the whir of wings is distinctly audible. Thousands of nests occupied by squawking infants will be found, and the air resounds with the outcries of the frightened birds. At nightfall

columns of birds may be observed wending their way towards the common rendezvous — some flying high and others keeping low. What at first appears like black specks on the horizon gradually develops into flocks of birds. On nearer approach the sky is sometimes visibly darkened by the multitude of flying creatures with their broad expanse of wing. The mingled cries of thousands of birds of many species fill the air when the columns arrive and the parent birds are greeted by their hungry offspring.

The snake bird, or water turkey, regurgitates in copious chunks the fish that it has swallowed temporarily, for convenience of transportation. Sometimes it almost strains the elastic necks of the babies to swallow them. It is rather an unpleasant method of transfer, but a hungry birdling is not very particular, so long as it has the comfortable feeling of a full crop. In the morning when the breadwinners depart in pairs, or by dozens and scores, the farewells are just as noisy, as the clamorous salutations of the evening before, only a little different in tone. Sometimes a bird returns with a broken leg and it must suffer intense pain many days before nature restores the member by her surgery; there is deeper sorrow when there is a failure to return. Some expectant babies must go hungry that night, and more days and nights, until kindly nature steps in and the pitiful cries are silenced.

The colonies are often greatly mixed. Herons, water turkeys, curlews and many other species commingle without clashing. The curlew is a sociable bird and generally flies in large companies. The real name is the white ibis. It is another beautiful creature with a curved bill. The young are always black, which is in marked contrast to the pure white of the parents. The differ-



WATER TURKEYS.

ence is not uncommon. The children of the little blue heron are white, and the progeny of the black water turkey are cream colored and resemble little goslings, except for the elongated neck. Bitterns, or limpkin, are quite common. The fork-tailed kite and the extremely graceful man-of-war bird will be seen circling around, the latter at a great height. The kingbird and the belted kingfisher will remind the northern visitor of home.

According to the reports of the National Association of Audubon Societies, Bird Island, situated in Orange Lake, is one of the largest breeding places of the herons in the state. It covers about thirty-six acres, about a quarter of which in an ordinary season is dry and covered with a dense growth of willow trees, bushes and low elder. The remainder of the island is wet, marshy land, overgrown with a heavy growth of rank grass and edged with lilies. Bird Island was purchased a few years ago by this society for the purpose of protecting the native birds, since it is much easier to protect the birds here than in the southern part of the state because it is so near one of the most thickly settled parts of the peninsula.

Most of us scarcely appreciate the numbers of birds that nest in these Florida rookeries, and it is interesting to note the reports of this society on the many thousands of birds that have been observed nesting here in a single season. The major part of the bird population of this island is the white ibis. They nest all over the island in the willow bushes wherever these bushes are strong enough to support a nest. The observers camped on the shores of the lake in the early part of May and estimated that there were then four thousand pairs of the white ibis nesting there. In practically all of the nests there were the usual three eggs, but no birds had as yet been

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hatched. The glossy ibis is much rarer than the white ibis, and but half a dozen nests of this bird were discovered there, and a few others on an adjoining island. One reason, probably, was that these birds do their homemaking a little later than the others, and this small number does not represent the entire population of the glossy ibis.

Next to the white ibis the little blue heron abounded in the greatest numbers, and of these birds there were estimated to be at least twenty-five hundred pairs. These birds evidently assume household cares earlier than the ibis, for young birds in various stages of growth were found in practically every nest. A thousand more pairs were found in Saw Grass Island, separated only a short distance from Bird Island. Fully a thousand mated couples of the Louisiana heron were discovered nesting in the lower bushes around the edge of the island. Almost two hundred pairs of the water turkey were breeding on the island, and as many more nests were found on the adjoining island. A dozen occupied nests of the American egret, already containing eggs, were discovered, and it was believed that at least sixty pairs of the American egret nested on this island. Practically an equal number of the snowy egret were encountered. In addition to these birds, the observers reported that of other birds nesting on Bird Island and in the immediate vicinity there were the following: ninety pairs of the little green heron; twenty-five pairs each of the black-crowned night heron and the yellow-crowned night heron, and a few scattering nests of the least bittern, wood duck, purple and Florida gallimule, Florida red-winged blackbird, the boattailed grackle, the king rail, and the prairie warbler. Altogether it was conservatively estimated that at least ten thousand pairs of birds

had their nests on Bird Island and the adjoining islands called Saw Grass and Red Bird. Add to the adult population some twenty or thirty thousand young birds and it will be seen that there are times when the number of feathered inhabitants living on some forty or fifty acres of land and marsh is enough to populate a large city.

Of the larger birds found in the United States none are so attractive and so striking in their appearance as the members of the heron family. The herons vary greatly in size and color, but it is generally conceded that the great blue heron is the king of them all. Down in Florida, where herons are most numerous, this heron is generally known as the "major." It is too big to be easily hidden, and, as a rule, is too wary to be closely approached. It is not a bird of which you would care to make a pet, such as the cardinal or the mocking-bird, but it is pleasant to look upon. The long legs, long wings and elongated bill are all useful to him, and they are a pleasant sight when outlined upon the horizon. When standing in a marsh, motionless as a statue, the blue heron becomes an inanimate part of the landscape and can readily escape notice. He has a dignity of pose that makes him look like a statue of frozen alertness, with his chin resting upon his breast as if in solemn meditation. Suddenly the great wings are spread, and, flapping solemnly, he moves on to some other point of observation in the unceasing search for food. His cry is neither the quack of the duck nor the croak of the raven, but it may be said to range somewhere between the two.

Wherever you see the great blue heron he is always looking as though he expected to be doing something directly. Just when he will do it does not seem to matter, except that he wants to be ready for operations when the moment arrives. His elongated legs and high water-

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proof boots enable him to wade in water quite deep, and a full yard of neck are a great advantage also when a fish or frog is seen under the water. With all his watching and waiting, however, it is seldom that one sees the heron eating, and the natives say that it feeds mostly at night. It makes a most excellent dish, if killed in the full of the moon, so they say, according to a writer. It is not that the moon has any influence on the flesh, but that the great blue heron feeds best when he has the light of the moon to help him. Hence it is that if anyone wishes to dine on roast blue heron he must bear in mind this suggestion, which implies that this bird is thought to be best at the full of the moon, twelve times a year. Deliberation seems to be one of the characteristics of the blue heron. While patrolling the shallow water along the oyster bar, at the rate of two or three steps a minute, as it seems, we would think that there was absolutely no hurry in his make-up.

While the great blue is found in many parts of the United States, Ward's heron is seldom seen outside of Florida. It is fully as solemn and appears just as lonesome as its blue relation. When flying, the broad wings stretch out enough to form a shadow, while the neck is doubled back until the head lies between the shoulders. At the breeding time a long and drooping, as well as graceful, plume grows from the back of the head. The great blue heron has a couple of near relatives, which are known as the little blue and the Louisiana heron. The former is a dichromatic species, for some of the birds are white and others are blue. In some places the white specimens will predominate, and in others the blue are more numerous. At least it seems so to the observer. But it may be that in certain lights the one color shows brightest, and in other lights the other is most distinct.

Unlike the big blue, which is generally solitary, the little blue herons are frequently seen in flocks of from two to fifty. The young birds, always in white plumage, are most conspicuous objects.

The Louisiana heron is about the same size as the little blue heron, but it has an air of daintiness and lightness, which the other lacks. It is a beautiful bird, and one seldom finds a feathered creature so magnificent. Then there is the little green heron, which is more approachable, and will be seen near the villages, and might almost be mistaken for a domestic bird. You might cross a bridge or a plank over a stream while the green heron wades in the water beneath you, and not more than a few feet away. It is the smallest of the true herons. From tip to tip of the wings the expanse of one of ordinary size is only two feet. When the neck is stretched to its full length the distance from the point of its bill to the end of its tail is seventeen inches. The bill is long and very sharp at the end. Although preferring marshy land or the shores of streams, its haunts are by no means confined to such places. Wherever there are ponds or creeks in open country you are likely to find this bird. The little green heron is anything but rare, and it is almost as common in New England in the summer as it is in Florida in the winter. More people probably have a slight acquaintance with the green heron than any other member of the family. It is a "sweet little cherub of a bird," and does not like to be disturbed. You might see a dozen sitting motionless, with head and breast and neck telescoped down between the shoulders, and they will remain thus until you approach quite close. In fact, you might pass near and not see them, for they seem to fit in with the landscape so well as to be practically invisible. In its habits it is

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partly nocturnal, and it is not uncommon to hear its guttural note on still summery nights as it wings its way across the country from one feeding-place to another. One of the enemies of this bird, as of the other herons, is the crow, which is very fond of the eggs. The fish crow, which is so common in Florida, is a wonderfully successful egg hunter. It slips through the trees in the rookery, while the parents are away seeking food, inserting its sharp bill into an egg and flies silently away.

The rookeries of the herons are generally on small islands near the coast, or on hammocks in the midst of the swamps. On approaching one of the retreats there will be a crashing in the tree tops as the great wings flap against the broad and still leaves of the palm. The air will be filled with their characteristic harsh croaks. In the nests, which are built several in a tree, one will find young birds in various stages of growth during the breeding season. One will see little chaps that hold their mouths up beseechingly as though expecting to be fed. The longer necks of the half-matured birds are stretched out from the nests of slender, crossed reeds and sticks, as if curious to see what is going on. It is an interesting and yet touching sight, so that one is soon ready to depart in order that mamma and papa heron can come back and reassure their babies that nothing has happened to them.

Among the most beautiful of all the water birds are the herons, which furnish the popular millinery decorations known as the "aigrettes." These include the one which is generally known as the egret and a smaller bird called the snowy heron, or snowy egret. The former is a beautiful long-legged, long-necked bird, standing between three and four feet in height, while the snowy is of much shorter stature. From the back



BABY EGRETS.

of the former are obtained the long-straight plumes, and from the latter are taken the short, curved ones. It is a sad fact that the plumes so highly prized by women for personal decoration are procurable only by inflicting unsufferable agonies on some of the most beautiful creations to be found anywhere, for this is the nuptial plume and is worn only at the nesting season. To procure them it is necessary to shoot the birds, which means that the young are left to die slowly of starvation. It is customary for the hunters to wait until the eggs are hatched, for then the parent birds respond to the cries of the young and are loth to leave the neighborhood. Thus they fall an easy prey to the man with a murderous gun. It is not true, as frequently asserted by those who seek to uphold the nefarious traffic, that the plumes are gathered from the ground underneath the rookeries. The plumes do not usually fall until the nesting season is over, and they usually drop in the water when the bird is flying. Furthermore, by that time they are usually so frayed and worn by the wind and contact with the foliage of the trees that they are of little value in the plume market.

The egrets formerly bred all the way from Oregon and New York to Patagonia. In Florida they were more abundant than anywhere else, and most of the egrets remaining in the United States are still there. After the nesting season, when personal danger has disappeared, they occasionally wander northward. Where they formerly were found in almost countless numbers, few are now seen — thanks to the egret hunters. In their protection several wardens have been killed, and a few of the hunters have paid with their lives. The egrets have no particular economic value, but the pure glossy whiteness of their plumage, and the gracefulness

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of their form and movements, are sufficient reason for preserving these inhabitants of our southern marshes. They feed principally in the rice fields and about the marshy borders of ponds, lakes and streams. To nest they usually retire to the more or less inaccessible swamps and build their nests upon the horizontal limbs of the cypress or willow trees. Then they live on fish, snakes and frogs and other aquatic life that is near at hand. From three to five bluish eggs are laid in the nest on a frail platform of sticks and twigs. The young are pretty little fuzzy creatures very much like the parents.

About two decades ago, a naturalist, standing on the beach on the eastern coast of Florida, saw what seemed to be a gigantic sea serpent disporting itself along the crest of the waves. As this strange spectacle drew near it resolved itself into a long and undulating line of brown pelicans winging their way homeward to an island in the heart of the Indian River. Procuring a boat, the naturalist set foot upon this island, which was a signal for all the birds to depart. The presence of a man alarmed them, for they seemed to distrust him. Some fishermen explained that this island had been used from the time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary as a nesting-place. A hasty survey showed that the island had an area of about four acres, and he estimated that there was a pelican population of about twenty-seven hundred adult birds.

Another visit, a couple of years later, showed that the colony had greatly decreased owing to the predation of hunters and yachtsmen, who killed the pelicans mostly for the sport of killing. The naturalist reported his investigations to the Audubon Society, and a movement was quickly initiated to preserve the inhabitants of Pelicanville. Through its efforts a bill was passed by

the Legislature of Florida in 1901, making it a misdemeanor to kill interesting or valuable non-game birds. Because pelicans eat fish, many claimed that they should not be protected, and others wanted their quills for the millinery trade. Fearing that the law might be repealed, an appeal was made to the federal government. A survey proved that this island was unsurveyed government land. To settle the matter, since there was no law or precedent to govern, President Roosevelt issued a proclamation, on the 14th of March, 1903, which was in part as follows: "It is hereby ordered that Pelican Island, in Indian River, is reserved and set apart for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds." It was not long afterwards until a measure was passed by Congress giving authority to the President to establish similar reservations of this character on government lands not adapted for agriculture.

The legal difficulties being removed, the Audubon Society promptly seized the opportunity to establish other bird reservations. Investigations were started to locate all the important breeding-places of the water birds. It was known that because of the activities of plumage hunters and egggers, several species were rapidly nearing extinction. On Cobb's Island, in Virginia, ten thousand terns had been shot in a single season, and as a result as many baby birds had been left to perish. Similar stories were related of other bird colonies. It is no wonder that friends of the water birds hailed with delight the action of President Roosevelt. In the same year four more bird refuges were established in different states. The second reservation to be created in Florida was the hundred-acre island of Passage Key, in the mouth of Tampa Bay. This had been a nesting-place for wild bird

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life ever since the white man first knew the country. Thousands of herons of various species, as well as many land birds, frequented it. Practically every island, mud flat and sand bar along the Gulf Coast was visited by trained ornithologists.

In 1904 the Breton Island Reservation, along the coast of Louisiana, and embracing hundreds of square miles of territory, was established. In quick succession a half-dozen additional reservations were set apart along the west coast of Florida, thus extending a perpetual protection over the colonies of water birds in that territory. In all, there are now ten national bird reservations in Florida. Practically all of these are rocky or sandy islands, which are nothing but marshes and half submerged land, none of which are of present or prospective value for agriculture or anything else. Hence it is that the most captious faultfinder can hardly find a reason for objecting to the setting aside of these tracts as permanent reservations for the birds. The regret is that this action did not come sooner, before some of our birds were so near extinction.

APPENDIX I

HIGHWAYS AND MOTOR TRAVEL

It will greatly surprise any one who has not visited Florida for a number of years to discover the amazing improvements that have been made in the condition of the roads. It used to be that there were few roads fit for automobile travel, and it was an exceedingly troublesome matter to get an automobile down into the central part of the state. Furthermore, the roads through the southern states leading to Florida were of similarly bad character and did not invite travel. Today conditions have been revolutionized and motoring is no longer confined to a few sections of the state. The Dixie Highway, which takes the majority of the travelers to Florida over at least a part of its route, has been greatly improved. This great highway, with its several divisions, is almost four thousand miles in length. It reaches down in two diverging lines from Mackinac toward Florida, but the two routes meet at Chattanooga. It connects Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Indianapolis, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, and Atlanta with our southern peninsular state, and converging highways bring it in touch with all sections of our central, northern and western states. The Dixie Highway enters Florida north of Tallahassee and passes through the capital on its way to Jacksonville. From there it follows the east coast down to Maine. In each town splendid garage accommodations and competent mechanics will be found as a result of improved conditions. The number of automobiles that one now sees in Florida each winter season

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with the license tags of states ranging from Maine to Oregon, and some from Canada, reaches into the thousands.

Florida has attacked the matter of improved roads in a practical way. Because of the long stretches of unimproved land it was impractical to depend upon local assessment for the improvements, as is done in more densely populated communities. To obviate this the various counties have assumed the duty of improving the highways, and county bonds, amounting to many millions, have been issued by the various subdivisions. As a result, today there are hundreds of miles of splendid roads stretching out over the state, than which there are no better roads for automobile travel anywhere in the country.

These highways have opened up many new and charming regions of the state. For scores of miles the drives are shaded by forests of cool Georgia pines or by stately rows of the spreading palm trees. With the splendid winter climate of Florida, automobile travel in the state is done under ideal motoring conditions. There is a very fair road now all the way from Pensacola to Jacksonville. There is a fine road, much of which is brick, from Jacksonville to a considerable distance below Miami. It is also possible to travel from the metropolis of the state all the way to Tampa upon good roads and to some distance below Fort Myers, with only a short break of unimproved road in the latter section. Automobile roads are now in course of construction across the Everglades, which will not only make a pleasing diversion, but also provide a short southerly route between the east and west coasts. Throughout the central portion of the state there are fine roads either of brick, reinforced concrete or sand-asphalt, running in all directions, so that there are many

beautiful drives awaiting the motor tourist way down in Florida. Here the vista is everywhere enhanced by the sight of charming little lakes. He can visit Orlando, Lakeland, De Land, Ocala, Kissimmee and all the other towns of this region with ease and comfort. The motorist of today will find much of interest in Florida, and he will not be disappointed in bringing his car with him.

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