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Florida its scenery climate and history

Sidney Lanier

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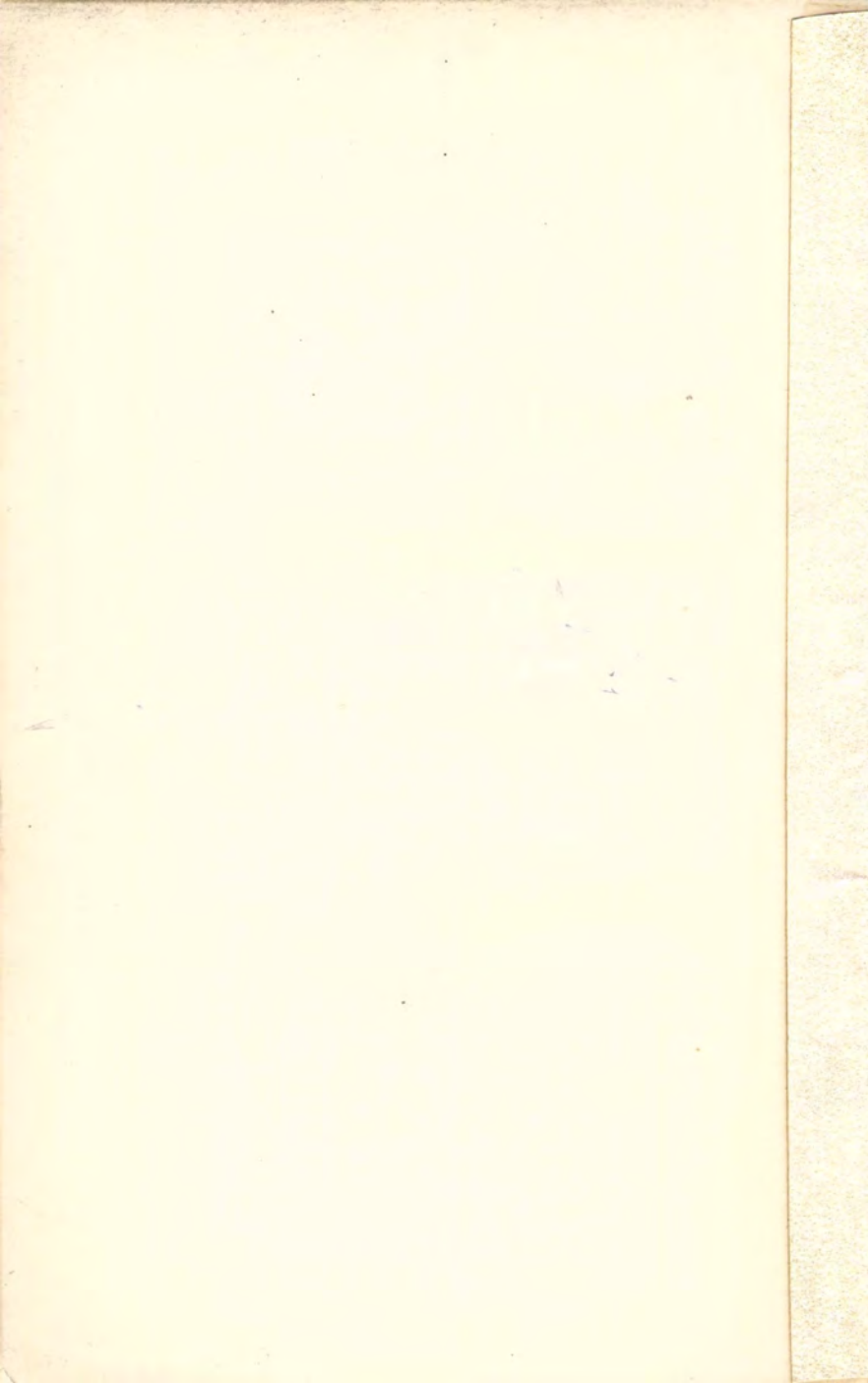




*"Far more seemly were it for thee
to have thy Study full of Books
than thy purses full of money"* 147

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Frontispiece.

ST. AUGUSTINE.—SEA-WALL; LOOKING FROM FORT MARION.

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FLORIDA:

ITS

SCENERY, CLIMATE, AND HISTORY.

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF CHARLESTON, SAVANNAH,
AUGUSTA, AND AIKEN, AND A CHAPTER
FOR CONSUMPTIVES;

BEING

A COMPLETE HAND-BOOK AND GUIDE.

BY

SIDNEY LANIER.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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FLORIDA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IF just before crystallization the particles of a substance should become a little uncertain as to the precise forms in which to arrange themselves, they would accurately represent a certain moment of lull which occurs in the formation of popular judgments a little while after the shock of the beginning, and which lasts until some authentic *résumé* of the facts spreads itself about and organizes a definite average opinion.

Such a moment—what one might call the moment of molecular indecisions—would seem to have now arrived in the course of formation of an intelligent opinion upon that singular Florida which by its very peninsular curve whimsically terminates the United States in an interrogation-point. Among the fifteen to twenty thousand persons who visited the State during this last winter of '74-5 there are probably fifteen to twenty thousand more or less vague—and therefore more or less differing—impressions of it.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Florida is the name as well of a climate as of a country; and—all com-

monplace weather-discussions to the contrary notwithstanding—no subject of investigation requires more positive study, more patient examination of observed facts, more rigorous elimination of what the astronomers call the personal equation, than a climate.

It is not in a month, in a year, in ten years, that a climate reveals itself. To know it, one must collate accurate readings, for long periods, of the thermometer, of the rain-gauge, of the instruments that record the air's moisture, of the weathercock, of the clouds; one must consider its relations to the lands, to the waters, to the tracks of general storms, to the breeding-places of local storms, to a hundred circumstances of environment, soil, tree-growth, and the like; and, finally, one must religiously disbelieve every word of what ordinary healthy people tell one about it. The ignorance of intelligent men and women about the atmospheric conditions amid which they live is as amazing to one who first comes bump against it as it is droll to one who has grown familiar with its solid enormity. But a little time ago a former resident of San Francisco, in reply to my question about its climate, declared it was noble, it was glorious, it was fit for the gods; and another, answering the same interrogatory, informed me it was perfectly beastly. Which is, in truth, as it should be. What business have healthy people with climates? Thomas Carlyle long ago remarked that in our political economies, as in our physical ones, we only become conscious of things when they commence to go wrong. Indeed, this truth was not wholly outside of the experience of Carlyle himself: for he—whom, with all his faults, one cannot call otherwise than the magnificent old earnest man—once related to an American visitor how in the course of a long and bitter religious struggle of his early manhood, which

lasted for weeks, and during which his dietary was left to shift for itself, he became mournfully aware that he, too, was personally the owner of what he called in his sturdy Scotch a stammock, and had never since been at all able to forget this dyspeptic addition to his stock of learning.

When one's lungs or one's nerves get sick, one acquires the sense of lungs or of nerves: and then also one becomes for the first time aware of climate. But not by any means truthfully aware of it; for if, as has been said, a man ought religiously to disbelieve all that healthy people tell him about climates, he should absolutely take to his heels and flee afar off when an invalid begins to discourse on this topic, unless that invalid talks strictly by the thermometer.

There was poor Slimlegs, for instance (this present writer used to be a "consumptive," and out of the very fervor of his desire to do something towards lessening the wretchedness of those who are now being or to be "consumed," he draws the right to speak of them as he likes, even to a little tender abuse),—there, I say, was Slimlegs: we all saw him here in Florida last winter, on Bay Street in Jacksonville, or on the Plaza at St. Augustine, or somewhere else; and we all know how, after he had arrived and had his breakfast and taken his poor little shambling stroll around the square, he would go to his room and write back home to Dr. Physic what he thought of the Florida climate. Now, it is not in the least extravagant to assert that, in nine cases out of ten, Slimlegs's opinion of the climate was based upon one solitary observation of one solitary gastronomic circumstance, to wit, the actual rareness of the steak at breakfast as compared with the ideal rareness which suits Slimlegs's individual taste,—or some other the like phenomenon. Of

course, it cannot be denied that these two are enormous factors in daily human life: nor that, if they are equal to each other—which is to say, if the actual steak coincides with one's idiosyncratic ideal steak—the weather is apt to be pleasant; and to this extent beef and gridirons are meteorological elements.

But, my honest Slimlegs, Reclus does not mention them, nor does Blasius, nor Doggett, nor any other of the recognized authorities in these matters. Here is what Reclus defines a climate to be: "All the facts of physical geography, the relief of continents and of islands, the height and direction of the systems of mountains, the extent of forests, savannas, and cultivated lands, the width of valleys, the abundance of rivers, the outline of the coasts, the marine currents and winds, and all the meteoric phenomena of the atmosphere, vapors, fogs, clouds, rains, lightnings, and thunders, magnetic currents, or as Hippocrates said more briefly, 'the places, the waters, and the airs.'"

These invalids' letters are not, it is true, the only things that have been written about Florida. The newspapers have abounded with communications from clever correspondents who have done the State in a week or two; the magazinists have chatted very pleasantly of St. Augustine and the Indian River country; and there are half a dozen guide-books giving more or less details of the routes, hotels, and principal stopping-points.

But it is not in clever newspaper paragraphs, it is not in chatty magazine papers, it is not in guide-books written while the cars are running, that the enormous phenomenon of Florida is to be disposed of. There are at least claims here which reach into some of the deepest needs of modern life.

The question of Florida is a question of an indefinite en-

largement of many people's pleasures and of many people's existences as against that universal killing ague of modern life—the fever of the unrest of trade throbbing through the long chill of a seven-months' winter.

For there are some who declare that here is a country which, while presenting in its Jacksonville, its St. Augustine, its Green Cove Springs, and the like, the gayest blossoms of metropolitan midwinter life, at the same time spreads immediately around these a vast green leafage of rests and balms and salutary influences.

Wandering here, one comes to think it more than a fancy that the land itself has caught the grave and stately courtesies of the antique Spaniards, and reproduced them in the profound reserves of its forests, in the smooth and glittering suavities of its lakes, in the large curves and gracious inclinations of its rivers and sea-shores. Here one has an instinct that it is one's duty to repose broad-faced upward, like fields in the fall, and to lie fallow under suns and airs that shed unspeakable fertilizations upon body and spirit. Here there develops itself a just proportion between quietude and activity: one becomes aware of a possible tranquillity that is larger than unrest and contains it as the greater the less.

Here, walking under trees which are as powerful as they are still, amidst vines which forever aspire but never bustle, by large waters that bear their burdens without flippant noise, one finds innumerable strange and instructive contrasts exhaling from one's contemplations; one glides insensibly out of the notion that these multiform beauties are familiar appearances of vegetable growths and of water expanses; no, it is Silence, which, denied access to man's ear, has caught these forms and set forth in them a new passionate appeal to man's eye; it is Music in a siesta; it is Conflict, dead, and reappearing as

Beauty; it is amiable Mystery, grown communicative; it is Nature with her finger on her lip,—gesture of double significance, implying that one may kiss her if one will be still and say nothing about it; it is Tranquillity, suavely waving aside men's excuses for chafferings and for wars; it is true Trade done into leafage—a multitudinous leaf-typification of the ideal *quid pro quo*, shown forth in the lavish good measure of that interchange by which the leaves use man's breath and return him the same in better condition than when they borrowed it, so paying profitable usuries for what the lender could not help loaning; it is a Reply, in all languages, yet in no words, to those manifold interrogations of heaven which go up daily from divers people—from business-men who, with little time for thinking of anything outside of their rigorous routines, do nevertheless occasionally come to a point in life where they desire some little concise revelation of the enormous Besides and Overplus which they keenly suspect to lie beyond all trade; from families stricken into terror by those sudden gulfs which in our tempting hot modern civilization so often crack open and devour sons and daughters, and fathers and husbands; from students, who dimly behold a world of the inexplicably sweet beyond the field of conquerable knowledge; from the sick man, querulously wondering if he can anywhere find companions who will not shudder when he coughs, and friends who will not coddle him with pitiful absurdities nor sicken him with medicines administered not because they are known to cure but on the dismal principle of *lege artis*; from pleasure-seekers, who never quite succeed in ignoring a certain little secret wish that there might be Something Else after the hop is over at the hotel.

* * * * *

When one finds one's commission reading simply, *where*

there are trees and water, to persuade men to go to them, two methods of discharging it present themselves. These are the poetical or descriptive and the practical or guide-book methods. It would seem that one need not hesitate to adopt both: they have the singular advantage that if successful they merge into each other; for if the poetical method draw men to nature, then it becomes practical, and if the practical method draw them there, it becomes, at least in its results, poetical.

In view of many absurdly hysterical utterances which have been made touching the tropical ravishments and paradisaical glories of Florida, it is proper to say at this point that the State is not remarkable for beauty of landscape, and that persons—particularly those from hill-countries—who should go to Florida for this sole end would certainly be disappointed.

There *are* places where ecstasies are legitimate, as one may hope will fully appear hereinafter; but, with the exception of the beautiful Tallahassee region, the land is either level or only very gently rolling, and as seen from the railways or the country-roads it always shows even the most unpicturesque aspect of its levelness, owing to the fact that the roads run usually through the open pine barrens, instead of the much more interesting hammocks which are pierced by the road-makers with difficulty in consequence of the very magnificence of growth that renders them beautiful.

Nor is the whole earth in Florida simply one tangle of tuberoses and japonicas, as the guide-books fable. It seems even ruthless to break up the popular superstition that Florida was named so because of its floweriness. But truth is, after all, the most beautiful thing under heaven; and there does not seem to be the least doubt that Ponce de Leon named this country Florida because the day on

which he made the land was the day called in his calendar *Pascua Florida*, or Palm-Sunday.

But so much being said in abundant protection of strict truth, one can now go on to detail (without the haunting fear of being classed among the designing hysterical ones) the thousand charms of air, water, tree, and flower which are to be found in Florida, and which remain there practicable all the winter days.

With these views, the next eleven chapters contain some account of the Ocklawaha River in May, St. Augustine in April, Jacksonville in January, the Gulf Coast, the Tallahassee country or Piedmont Florida, the St. Johns and Indian Rivers, the Gainesville country, West Florida, Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades, and the Key West country; these being disposed in separate and unconnected chapters, and in an order for which there is no particular reason why there should be any reason. Chapter twelve discusses those physical conditions existing in the nature and environment of Florida which go to make up its very remarkable climate, and presents tables of temperatures, frosts, winds, cloudy days, and the like, for various portions of the State. Chapter thirteen is devoted to a historical sketch. Chapter fourteen concerns itself particularly with invalids, and chapter fifteen with accounts of the other winter-resorts which lie on the route—Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, and Aiken. To these is added an Appendix which contains papers from various authoritative hands on the culture of Florida tobaccos, oranges, strawberries, figs, bananas, and sugar-cane; such portions of the last report of Hon. Dennis Eagan, Commissioner of Lands and Emigration, as are of interest to intending purchasers or settlers; an Itinerary, showing the routes to and in Florida; and an alphabetically arranged Gazetteer which embodies various items of infor-

mation as to the towns, rivers, and counties of the State together with references to the chapters generally describing the regions in which they are located, and which will thus be found to serve, in addition to its direct purpose, for an Index more minute than the chapter-headings hereto prefixed as a Table of Contents.

CHAPTER II.

THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER.

FOR a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat Marion—a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back—had started from Pilatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe unless words were themselves May mornings we had made the twenty-five miles up the St. Johns, to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream nearly opposite Welaka, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Just before entering the mouth of the river our little gopher-boat scrambled alongside a long raft of pine-logs which had been brought in separate sections down the Ocklawaha and took off the lumbermen, to carry them back for another descent while this raft was being towed by a tug to Jacksonville.

Observe that man who is now stepping from the wet logs to the bow of the Marion—how can he ever cut down a tree? He is a slim native, and there is not bone enough in his whole body to make the left leg of a good English coal-heaver: moreover, he does not seem to have the least idea that a man needs grooming. He is disheveled and wry-trussed to the last degree; his poor weasel jaws nearly touch their inner sides as they suck at the acrid

ashes in his dreadful pipe ; and there is no single filament of either his hair or his beard that does not look sourly, and



ON THE RIVER-BANK, JUST ABOVE PILATKA.

at wild angles, upon its neighbor filament. His eyes are viscidly unquiet ; his nose is merely dreariness come to a point ; the corners of his mouth are pendulous with that sort of suffering which does not involve any heroism, such as being out of tobacco, waiting for the corn-bread to get cooked, and the like ; his—— But, poor devil ! I with-

draw all these remarks. He has a right to look disheveled, or any other way he likes. For listen: "Waal, sir," he says, with a dilute smile, as he wearily leans his arm against the low deck where I am sitting, "ef we did'n' have ther *sentermentillest* rain right thar last night, I'll be dad-busted!"

He had been in it all night.

Presently we rounded the raft, abandoned the broad and garish highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than a hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and bays and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths, a lane clean to travel along for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies, a lane which is as if a typical woods-stroll had taken shape and as if God had turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative ramble through the lonely seclusions of His own soul.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft even seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the pole-man—a man of marvelous fine functions when we shall presently come to the short, narrow curves—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water-turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really after all no monster,

but only some day-dream of a monster. The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed a riband of heaven bound in lovely doublings along the breast of the land, now began to narrow: the blue of heaven disappeared, and the green of the overleaning trees assumed its place. The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliages, smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees, fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mutual give-and-take had been effected between the natures of water and leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either side of us; and the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of balms and odors and stimulant pungencies.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch. The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said, gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird, he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned,—when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in

this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the south, with a violence of involution and a contortory energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation—for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake!

But I make no doubt he would have thought us as absurd as we him if he could have seen us taking *our* breakfast a few minutes later: for as we sat there, some half-dozen men at table, all that sombre melancholy which comes over the American at his meals descended upon us; no man talked, each of us could hear the other crunch his bread *in faucibus*, and the noise thereof seemed in the ghostly stillness like the noise of earthquakes and of crashing worlds; even the furtive glances towards each other's plates were presently awed down to a sullen gazing of each into his own; the silence increased, the noises became intolerable, a cold sweat broke out over at least one of us, he felt himself growing insane, and rushed out to the deck with a sigh as of one saved from a dreadful death by social suffocation.

There is a certain position a man can assume on board the steamer Marion which constitutes an attitude of perfect rest, and leaves one's body in such blessed ease that one's soul receives the heavenly influences of the Ocklawaha sail absolutely without physical impediment.

Know, therefore, tired friend that shall hereafter ride up the Ocklawaha on the Marion—whose name I would fain call Legion—that if you will place a chair just in the narrow passage-way which runs alongside the cabin, at the point where this passage-way descends by a step to the open space in front of the pilot-house, on the left-

hand side facing to the bow, you will perceive a certain slope in the railing where it descends by an angle of some thirty degrees to accommodate itself to the step aforesaid ; and this slope should be in such a position as that your left leg unconsciously stretches itself along the same by the pure insinuating solicitations of the fitness of things, and straightway dreams itself off into an Elysian tranquillity. You should then tip your chair in a slightly diagonal position back to the side of the cabin, so that your head will rest thereagainst, your right arm will hang over the chair-back, and your left arm will repose on the railing. I give no specific instruction for your right leg, because I am disposed to be liberal in this matter and to leave some gracious scope for personal idiosyncrasies as well as a margin of allowance for the accidents of time and place ; dispose your right leg, therefore, as your heart may suggest, or as all the precedent forces of time and the universe may have combined to require you.

Having secured this attitude, open wide the eyes of your body and of your soul ; repulse with a heavenly suavity the conversational advances of the drummer who fancies he might possibly sell you a bill of white goods and notions, as well as the polite inquiries of the real-estate person who has his little private theory that you are in search of an orange-grove to purchase ; then sail, sail, sail, through the cypresses, through the vines, through the May day, through the floating suggestions of the unutterable that come up, that sink down, that waver and sway hither and thither ; and so shall you have revelations of rest, and so shall your heart forever afterwards interpret Ocklawaha to mean repose.

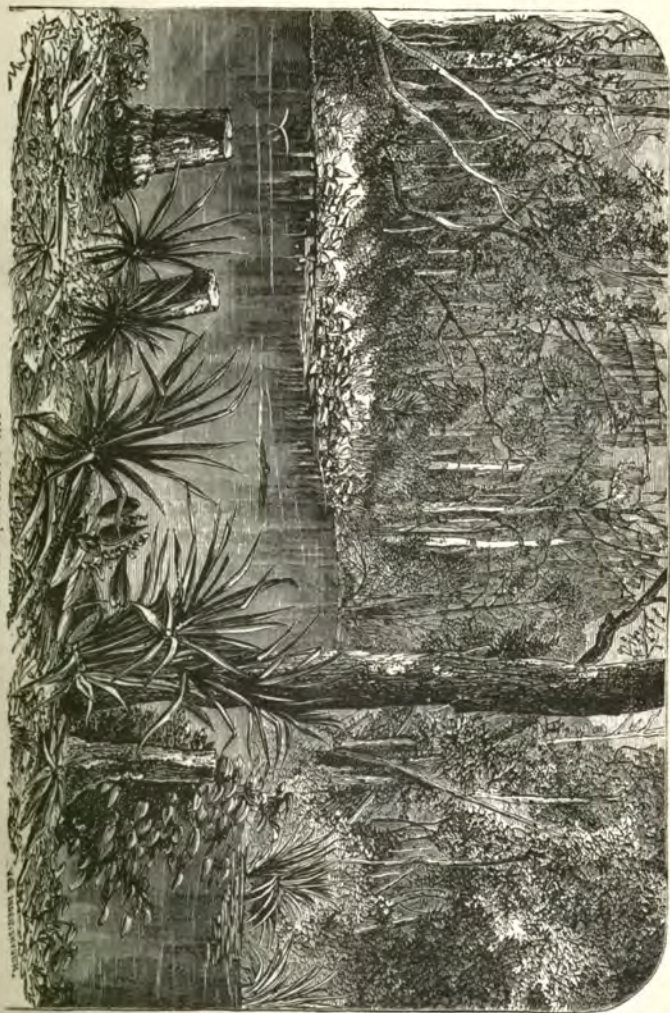
Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator

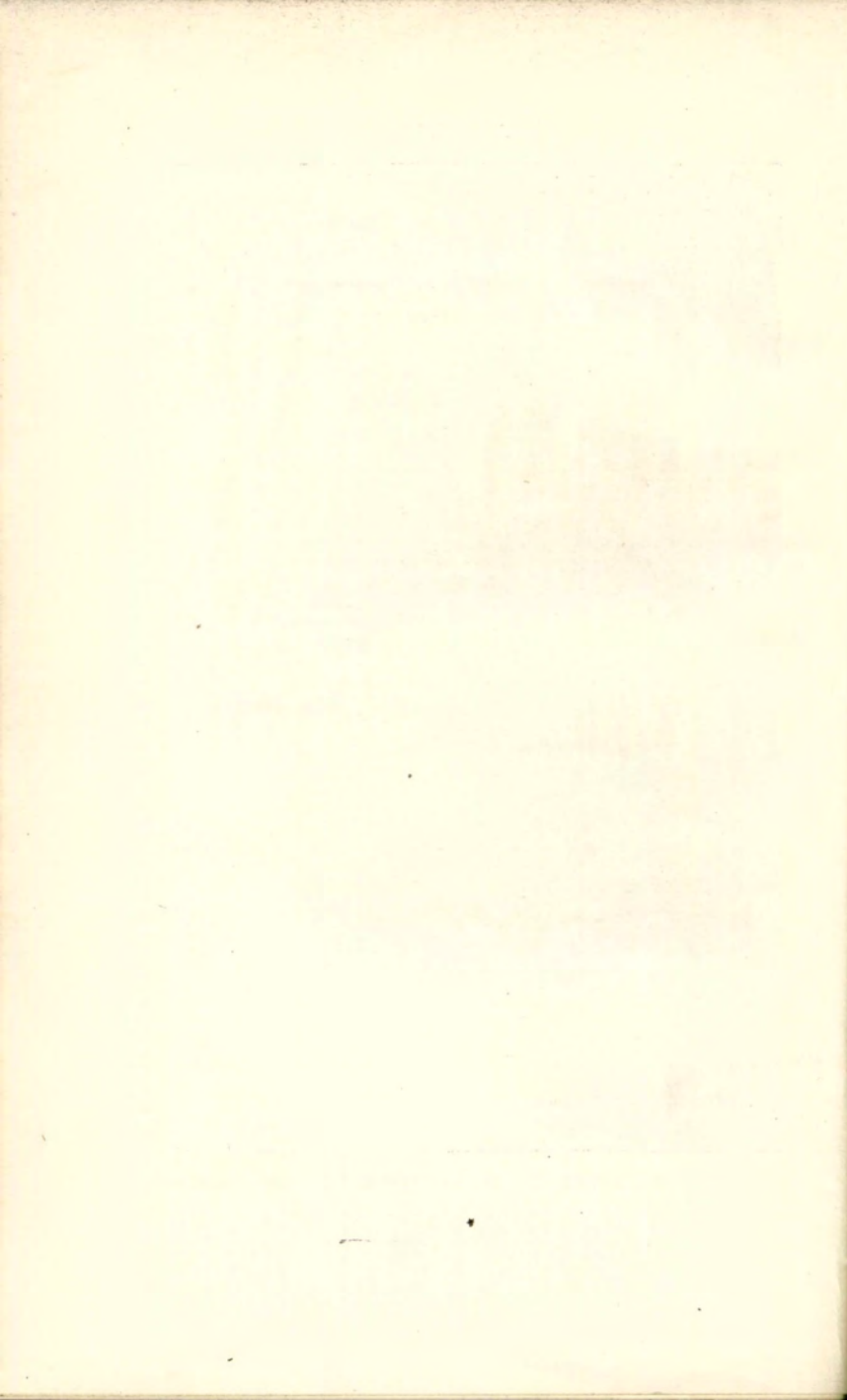
of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river-edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments—little subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads according to the sinuous fantasies of their growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere: he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one house-maid—the stream—forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever and without labor filled with the enchantments of strange under-water growths; his parks and his pleasure-grounds are bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may; it is but a fillip of his tail, and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between

MY SAGRARIAN'S HOUSE.





tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also,—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the



CYPRESS SWAMP.

bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, stump, or other projecting coign of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind, and a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtaposition. Look! here is a great troop of girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; here are high velvet arm-chairs and lovely green fauteuils of divers pattern and of softest

cushionment; there the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in women's tresses, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, machicolated towers, dogs, belfries, draperies, fish, dragons. Yonder is a bizarre congress—Una on her lion, Angelo's Moses, two elephants with howdahs, the Laocoön group, Arthur and Lancelot with great brands extended aloft in combat, Adam bent with love and grief leading Eve out of Paradise, Cæsar shrouded in his mantle receiving his stabs, Greek chariots, locomotives, brazen shields and cuirasses, columbiads, the twelve Apostles, the stock exchange. It is a green dance of all things and times.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall, blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the pretty phalanxes of a species of "bonnet" which from a long stem that swings off down-stream along the surface sends up a hundred little graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the *testudo*, or tortoise, in attacking. All these border the river in infinite varieties of purfling and chasement.

The river itself has an errant fantasy, and takes many shapes. Presently we come to where it seems to fork into four separate curves above and below.

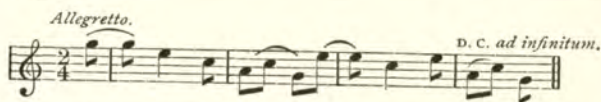
"Them's the Windin'-blades," said my raftsmen. To look down these lovely vistas is like looking down the dreams of some pure young girl's soul; and the gray moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in contemplative attitudes, as if they were studying—in the way strong men should study—the mysteries and sacrednesses and tender depths of some visible reverie of maidenhood.

—And then, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a baldrick of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark sinuosities like a brilliant god that for his mere whimsical pleasure calls the black impenetrable chaos ahead into instantaneous definite forms as he floats along the river-curves. The white columns of the cypress-trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green-and-white of the lilies along the edges of the stream,—these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again: it is endless creation succeeded by endless oblivion. Startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe. Mystery appears to be about to utter herself in these suddenly-illuminated forms, and then to change her mind and die back into mystery.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, or rather doubling, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity, our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

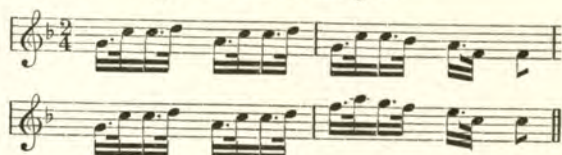
Somewhere back yonder* in the stern Dick is whistling.

You should hear him! With the great aperture of his mouth, and the rounding vibratory-surfaces of his thick lips, he gets out a mellow breadth of tone that almost entitles him to rank as an orchestral instrument. Here is his tune:



It is a genuine plagal cadence. Observe the syncopations marked in this air: they are characteristic of negro music. I have heard negroes change a well-known melody by adroitly syncopating it in this way, so as to give it a *bizarre* effect scarcely imaginable; and nothing illustrates the negro's natural gifts in the way of keeping a difficult *tempo* more clearly than his perfect execution of airs thus transformed from simple to complex accentuations.

Dick has changed his tune: *allegro!*



Da capo, of course, and *da capo* indefinitely; for it ends on the dominant. The dominant is a chord of progress: no such thing as stopping. It is like dividing ten by nine, and carrying out the decimal remainders: there is always one over.

Thus the negro shows that he does not like the ordinary accentuations nor the ordinary cadences of tunes: his ear is primitive. If you will follow the course of Dick's musical reverie—which he now thinks is solely a matter betwixt himself and the night, as he sits back yonder in the stern alone—presently you will hear him sing a whole

minor tune without once using a semitone: the semitone is weak, it is a dilution, it is not vigorous like the whole tone; and I have seen a whole congregation of negroes at night, as they were worshipping in their church with some wild song or other and swaying to and fro with the ecstasy and the glory of it, abandon as by one consent the semitone that *should* come according to the civilized *modus*, and sing in its place a big lusty whole tone that would shake any man's soul. It is strange to observe that some of the most magnificent effects in advanced modern music are produced by this same method, notably in the works of Asger Hamerik of Baltimore, and of Edward Grieg of Copenhagen. Any one who has heard Thomas's orchestra lately will have no difficulty in remembering his delight at the beautiful *Nordische Suite* by the former writer and the piano *concerto* by the latter.

—And then it was bed-time. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that incloses the lower part of the deck, in front, and to the left, of the pilot-house. Lie flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head in consideration of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down your eye.

When you awake in the morning, your night will not seem any longer, any blacker, any less pure than this perfect white blank in the page; and you will feel as new as Adam.

—At sunrise, I woke, and found that we were lying with the boat's nose run up against a sandy bank which quickly rose into a considerable hill. A sandy-whiskered native

came down from the pine cabin on the knoll. "How air ye?" he sung out to the skipper, with an evident expectation in his voice. "Got any freight fur me?"

The skipper handed him a heavy parcel, in brown paper. He examined it keenly with all his eyes, felt it over carefully with all his fingers; his countenance fell, and the shadow of a great despair came over it.

"Look-a-here," he said, "*haint* you brought me no terbacker?"

"Not unless it's in that bundle," said the skipper.

"Hell!" he said, "*hit's* nuthin' but shot;" and he turned off into the forest, as we shoved away, with a face like the face of the Apostate Julian when the devils were dragging him down the pit.

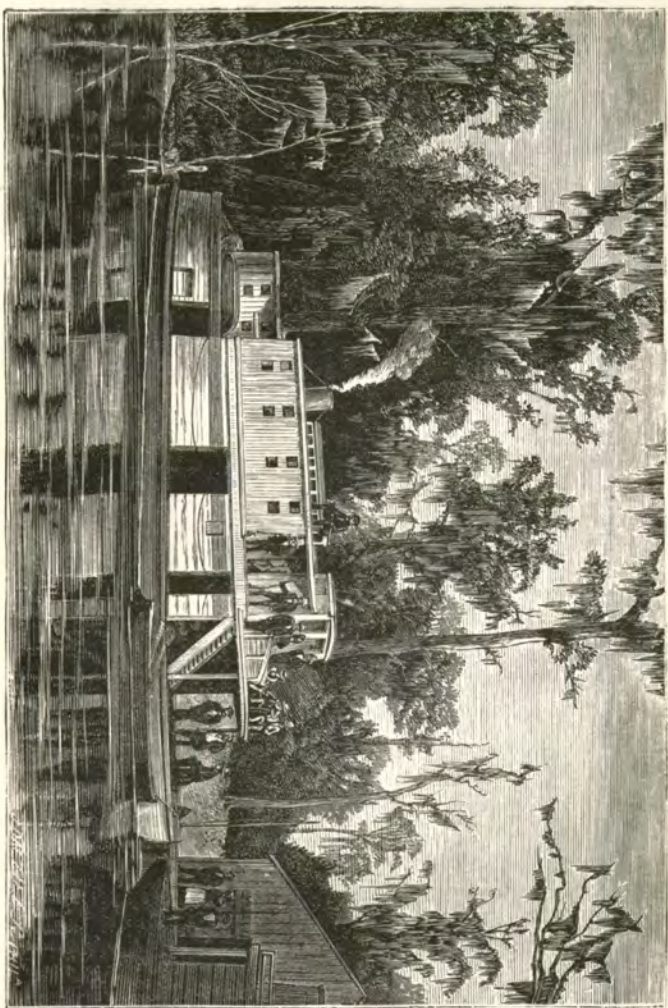
I would have let my heart go out in sympathy to this man—for his agonizing after terbacker, ere the next week bring the Marion again, is not a thing to be laughed at—had I not believed that he was one of the vanilla-gatherers. You must know that in the low grounds of the Ocklawaha grows what is called the vanilla-plant—a plant with a leaf much like that of tobacco when dried. This leaf is now extensively used to adulterate cheap chewing-tobacco, and the natives along the Ocklawaha drive a considerable trade in gathering it. The process of this commerce is exceedingly simple: and the bills drawn against the consignments are primitive. The officer in charge of the Marion showed me several of the communications received at various landings during our journey, which accompanied small shipments of the spurious weed. They were generally about as follows:

"DEER SIR

"i send you one bag Verneller, pleeze fetch one par of shus numb 8 and ef enny over fetch twelve yards hoamspin.

"Yrs trly

"&c."



A LANDING ON THE OKLAWAHA.



The captain of the steamer takes the bags to Pilatka, barter the vanilla for the articles specified, and distributes these on the next trip to their respective owners.

In a short time we came to the junction of the river formed by the irruption of Silver Spring ("Silver Spring Run") with the Ocklawaha proper. Here new astonishments befell. The water of the Ocklawaha, which had before seemed clear enough, now showed but like a muddy stream as it flowed side by side, unmixing for some distance, with the Silver Spring water.

The Marion now left the Ocklawaha and turned into the Run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The Run is very deep: the white bottom seems hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of submerged trees, of lily-stems, and of grass-ribbons revealed themselves to us through the lucent fluid as we sailed along thereover. The long series of convex bodies of water filling these white concavities impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of a transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, blade-bodied gar-fish shot to and fro in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the underworlds were filled with a multitude of crossing sword-blades wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

The shores, too, had changed. They now opened out into clear savannas, overgrown with a broad-leaved grass to a perfect level two or three feet above the water, and stretching back to boundaries of cypress and oaks; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest, with a diameter of a half-mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre,—perfect type of that lonesome solitude which the German names *Einsamkeit*—onesomeness. Then again, the cypress and

palmettos would swarm to the stream and line its banks. Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic rosary of water-wonders and lovelinesses, we fared on.



PALMETTO, WITH PARASITES.

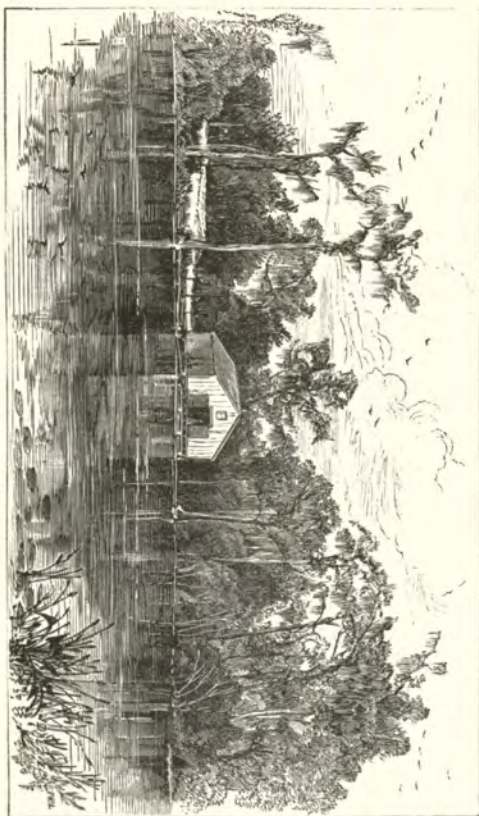
Then we rounded to, in the very bosom of the Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. Here there were warehouses, a turpentine distillery, men running about with boxes of freight and crates of Florida cucumbers for the Northern market, country stores with wondrous assortments of goods—fiddles, clothes, physic, groceries, school-books, what not—and a little farther up the shore, a tavern. I learned, in a hasty way, that Ocala was five miles distant, that one

could get a very good conveyance from the tavern to that place, and that on the next day—Sunday—a stage would leave Ocala for Gainesville, some forty miles distant, being the third relay of the long stage-line which runs three times a week between Tampa and Gainesville, *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

Then the claims of scientific fact and of guide-book information could hold me no longer. I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring,

drifting over it, face downwards, as over a new world of delight.

SILVER SPRING.



It is sixty feet deep a few feet off shore, and covers an irregular space of several acres before contracting into its outlet—the Run. But this sixty feet does not at all represent the actual impression of depth which one receives, as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the

clearly-revealed bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom there *is* clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is as if depth itself—that subtle abstraction—had been compressed into a crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.

As one rises from gazing into these quaint profundities and glances across the broad surface of the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in color, according to what it lies upon. Over the pure white limestone and shells of the bottom it is perfect malachite green; over the water-grass it is a much darker green; over the sombre moss it is that rich brown-and-green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly suggest; over neutral bottoms it reflects the sky's or the clouds' colors. All these views are further varied by mixture with the manifold shades of foliage-reflections cast from overhanging boscage near the shore, and still further by the angle of the observer's eye.

One would think these elements of color-variation were numerous enough; but they were not nearly all. Presently the splash of an oar in a distant part of the spring sent a succession of ripples circling over the pool. Instantly it broke into a thousand-fold prism. Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen. The fundamental hues of the pool when at rest were distributed into innumerable kaleidoscopic flashes and brilliancies, the multitudes of fish became multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights seemed actually to waver and play through their translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel that without decreasing forever lapsed away upward in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and glittering colors.

CHAPTER III.

ST. AUGUSTINE IN APRIL.

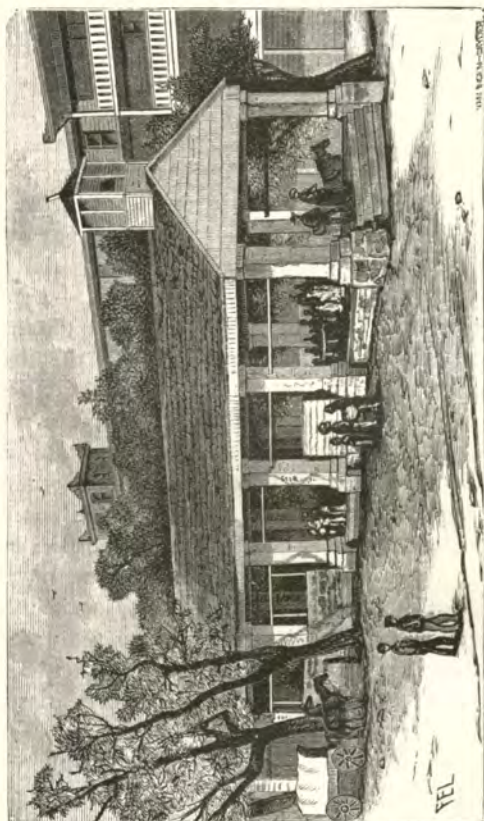
A SAILOR has just yawned.

It is seven o'clock, of an April morning such as does not come anywhere in the world except at St. Augustine or on the Gulf Coast of Florida,—a morning woven out of some miraculous tissue, which shows two shimmering aspects, the one stillness, the other glory,—a morning which mingles infinite repose with infinite glittering, as if God should smile in his sleep.

On such a morning there is but one thing to do in St. Augustine: it is to lie thus on the sea-wall, with your legs dangling down over the green sea-water, lazaretto-fashion; your arms over your head, caryatid-fashion; and your eyes gazing straight up into heaven, lover-fashion.

The sailor's yawn is going to be immortal: it is re-appearing like the Hindoo god in ten thousand avatars of echoes. The sea-wall is now refashioning it into a sea-wall yawn; the green island over across the water there yawns; now the brick pillars of the market-house are yawning; in turn something in the air over beyond the island yawns; now it is this side's time again. Listen! in the long pier yonder, which runs out into the water as if it were a continuation of the hotel-piazza, every separate pile is giving his own various interpretation of the yawn: it runs down them like a forefinger down piano-keys, even to the farthest one, whose idea of this yawn seems to be that it was a mere whisper.

The silence here in the last of April does not have many sounds, one observes, and therefore makes the most of any such airy flotsam and jetsam as come its way.



MARKET-HOUSE.

For the visitors—those of them who make a noise with dancing of nights and with trooping of mornings along the Plaza de la Constitucion—are gone; the brood of

pleasure-boats are all asleep in "the Basin"; practically the town belongs for twenty-three hours of each day to the sixteenth century. The twenty-fourth hour, during which the nineteenth claims its own, is when the little locomotive whistles out at the depot three-quarters of a mile off, the omnibus rolls into town with the mail—there are no passengers—the people gather at the post-office, and everybody falls to reading the Northern papers.

Two months earlier it was not so. Then the actual present took every hour that every day had. The St. Augustine, the Florida, the Magnolia, three pleasant hotels, with a shoal of smaller public and private boarding-houses, were filled with people thoroughly alive; the lovely sailing-grounds around the harbor were all in a white zigzag with races of the yacht-club and with more leisurely mazes of the pleasure-boat fleet; one could not have lain on the sea-wall on one's back without galling disturbance at every moment; and as for a yawn, people do not yawn in St. Augustine in February.

There are many persons who have found occasion to carp at this sea-wall, and to revile the United States Government for having gone to the great expense involved in its construction, with no other result than that of furnishing a promenade for lovers. But these are ill-advised persons: it is easily demonstrable that this last is one of the most legitimate functions of government. Was not the encouragement of marriage a direct object of many noted Roman laws? And why should not the Government of the United States "protect" true love as well as pig-iron? Viewed purely from the stand-point of political economy, is not the former full as necessary to the existence of the State as the latter?

Whatever may have been the motives of the federal authorities in building it, its final cause, *causa causans*,

is certainly love; and there is not a feature of its construction which does not seem to have been calculated solely with reference to some phase of that passion. It is just



FORT MARION: REAR VIEW.

wide enough for two to walk side by side with the least trifle of pressure together; it is as smooth as the course of true love is *not*, and yet there are certain re-entering angles in it (where the stairways come up) at which one is as apt to break one's neck as one is to be flirted with, and in which, therefore, every man ought to perceive a reminder in stone of either catastrophe; it has on one side the sea, exhaling suggestions of foam-born Venus and fickleness, and on the other the land, with the Bay Street residences

wholesomely whispering of settlements and housekeeping bills; it runs at its very beginning in front of the United States barracks, and so at once flouts War in the face, and

pursues its course,—happy omen!—towards old Fort Marion, where strife long ago gave way to quiet warmth of sunlight, and where the wheels of the cannon have become trellises for peaceful vines; and finally it ends—How shall a man describe this spot where it ends? With but a step the promenader passes the drawbridge, the moat, the portcullis, edges along the left wall, ascends a few steps, and emerges into the old Barbican. What, then, is in the Barbican? Nothing: it is an oddly-angled inclosure of gray stone, walling round a high knoll where some grass and a blue flower or two appear. Yet it is Love's own trysting-place. It speaks of love, love only: the volubility of its quietude on this topic is as great as Chaucer has described his own:

For he hath told of lovers up and down,*
 Moo than Ovid made of menciouun
 In his Epistelles that ben so olde.
 What schuld I tellen hem, syn they be tolde?
 In youthe he made of Coys and Alcioun,
 And siththe hath he spoke of everychon,
 These noble wyfes, and these lovers eeke.
 Whoso wole his large volume seeke
 Cleped the seints legendes of Cupide,
 Ther may he see the large woundes wyde
 Of Lucesse, and of Babiloun Tysbee;
 The sorwe of Dido for the fals Enee;
 The dree of Philles for hir Demephon;
 The pleynt of Diane and of Ermyon,
 Of Adrian, and of Ysyphilee;
 The barren yle stondyng in the see;
 The dreynt Leandere for his fayre Erro:
 The teeres of Eleyn, and eek the woe
 Of Bryxseyde, and of Ledomia;
 The cruelté of the queen Medea,
 The litel children hanging by the hals
 For thilke Jason, that was of love so fals.

O Ypermestre, Penollope, and Alceste,
 Youre wyfhood he comendeth with the beste.
 But certaynly no worde writeth he
 Of thilke wikked ensample of Canace,
 That loved her owen brother synfully!
 On whiche corsed stories I seye fy!

Thus the Barbican discourses of true love to him who



ENTRANCE, FORT SAN MARCO.

can hear. I am persuaded that Dante and Beatrice, Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Leander and Hero, keep their tender appointments here. The Barbican is love-making already made. It is complete *Yes*, done in stone and grass.

The things which one does in St. Augustine in February become in April the things which one placidly hears that one *ought* to do, and lies still on one's back on the sea-wall and dangles one's legs.

There is the pleasant avenue, for instance, by which the omnibus coming from the *dépôt* enters the town after crossing the bridge over the San Sebastian River. It runs between the grounds of Senator Gilbert on the right (entering town), and the lovely orange-groves, avenues, cedar-hedges, and mulberry-trees which cluster far back from the road about the residences of Dr. Anderson and of Mr. Ball. The latter gentleman is of the well-known firm of Ball, Black & Co., of New York, and has built one of the handsomest residences in Florida here on the old "Buckingham Smith Place."

Or there are the quaint courts inclosed with jealous high coquina-walls, and giving into cool rich gardens where lemons, oranges, bananas, Japan plums, figs, date-palms, and all manner of tropic flowers and greeneries hide from the northeast winds and sanctify the old Spanish-built homes. One has to be in St. Augustine some time before one realizes, as one passes by these commonplace exteriors of whitish houses and whitish walls, the unsuspected beauties stretching back within.

Then there are the narrow old streets to be explored — Bay Street, next the water, Charlotte, St. George

and Tolomato Streets running parallel thereto; or the old rookery of a convent, where the Sisters make lace, looking ten times older for the new convent that is going up not far off; or the old cathedral on the Plaza to peep into, one of whose bells is said to have once hung on the chapel beyond the city gates where the savages murdered the priests; or the Plaza itself — *Plaza de la Constitucion* — where certain good and loyal persons burned the effigies of Hancock and Adams some hundred years ago; or the Confederate monument on St. George Street, near Bridge,



DATE-PALM.

where one may muse with profit in a Centennial year ; or the City Gate, looking now more like an invitation to enter



THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

than a hostile defense as it stands peacefully wide open on the grassy banks of the canal which formerly let the San Sebastian waters into the moat around Fort Marion ; or a trip to the hat-braiders', to see if there is any new fantasy in palmetto-plaits and grasses ; or an hour's turning over of the photographic views to fill out one's Florida collection ; or a search after a leopard-skin sea-bean.

Or there is a sail over to the North Beach, or to the South Beach, or to the high sand-dunes from which

General Oglethorpe once attempted to bombard the Spanish governor Monteano out of the fort; or to the



VIEW IN ST. GEORGE STREET.

coquina-quarries and the light-houses on Anastasia Island, the larger of which latter is notable as being one of the few first-class light-houses in the country. Or there is an expedition to Matanzas Inlet, where one can disembark with a few friends, and have three or four days of camp-life plentifully garnished with fresh fish of one's own catching and game of one's own shooting. Or, if one is of a scientific turn, one may sail down to the Sulphur Spring which boils up in the ocean some two and a half

miles off Matanzas. This spring rises in water one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, though that around the fountain is only about fifty feet, and its current is so strong that the steamer of the Coast Survey was floated off



OLD CITY GATE.

from over the "boil" of it. It is intermittent, sometimes ceasing to flow, then commencing another ebullition by sending up a cloud of dark-blue sediment, which can be seen advancing to the surface. It has been recently explored by a Coast Survey party. Such a spring is mentioned by Maury in a report made many years ago to the Navy Department. I am informed that a similar one exists in the Upper St. Johns; and a gentleman told me at Cedar Keys that having applied some years ago to a sponging-vessel out in the Gulf for water, one of the crew took him in a small boat to a spot where he dipped

up several buckets full of fresh water in the midst of the brine.



A CAMP AT MATANZAS.

Or late in the afternoon one may drive out St. George Street through the Gate, and passing the Protestant burying-ground ride down a clean road which presently debouches on the beach of the San Sebastian, and affords a charming drive of several miles. Soon after getting on this beach, one can observe running diagonally from the river in a double row the remains of an old outer line of palisades which connected Fort Moosa with a stockade at the San Sebastian. This row runs up and enters the grounds of the residence formerly occupied by George R. Fairbanks, author of an excellent history of Florida.

Or one may visit Fort Marion—that lovely old transformation of the seventeenth century into coquina, known in the ancient Spanish days as Fort San Juan and as Fort San Marco—and peep into the gloomy casemates, the antique chapel, the tower, the Barbican; and mayhap the fine old sergeant from between his side-whiskers will tell of Coacoochee, of Osceola, and of the skeletons that were found chained to the walls of the very dungeon in whose cold blackness one is then and there shivering. The old sergeant might add to his stories that of a white prisoner who once dragged out a weary five years in these dungeons, and who was a man remarkable for having probably tasted the sweets of revenge in as full measure as ever fell to human lot. I mean Daniel McGirth. He was a famous partisan scout in the early part of the American Revolution, but having been whipped for disrespect to a superior officer, escaped, joined the enemy, and thereafter rained a series of bloody revenges upon his injurers. He was afterwards caught by the Spanish—it is thought because he had joined William Augustus Bowles in his dreadful instigation of the Indians against the Floridian Spaniards—and incarcerated in this old fort for five years.

—If, indeed, the fine old sergeant of Fort Marion be still there: it may be that he has ceased to be *genius loci* since the Indians arrived.

For, alas! and alas! the old lonesome fort, the sweet old fort, whose pyramids of cannon-balls were only like pleasant reminders of the beauty of peace, whose manifold angles were but warm and sunny nooks for lizards and men to lounge in and dream in, whose ample and ancient moat had converted itself with grasses and with tiny flowers into a sacred refuge from trade and care, known to many a weary soul,—the dear old fort is practically no more: its glories of calm and of solitude have

departed utterly away. The Cheyennes, the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Caddoes, and the Arapahoes, with their



IN THE MOAT: FORT MARION.

shuffling chains and strange tongues and barbaric gestures, have frightened the timid swallow of romance out of the sweetest nest that he ever built in America.

It appears that some time about the middle of 1874 the United States Government announced to the Indians in Northwest Texas that they must come in and give a definite account of themselves, whereupon a large number declared themselves hostile. Against these four columns of troops were sent out from as many different posts, which were managed so vigorously that in no long time the great majority of the unfriendly Indians either surrendered or were captured. Some of these were known to have been guilty of atrocious crimes; others were men of consequence in their tribes; and it was resolved to make a selection of the principal individuals of these two classes, and to confine them in old Fort Marion, at St. Augustine.

And so here they are—"Medicine Water," a ring-leader, along with "White Man," "Rising Bull," "Hail-stone," "Sharp Bully," and others, in the terrible murder of the Germain family, and in the more terrible fate of the two Germain girls who were recently recaptured from the Cheyennes; "Come See Him," who was in the murder of the Short surveying-party; "Soaring Eagle," supposed to have killed the hunter Brown, near Fort Wallace; "Big Moccasin" and "Making Medicine," horse-thieves and raiders; "Packer," the murderer of Williams; "Mochi," the squaw identified by the Germain girls as having chopped the head of their murdered mother with an axe. Besides these, who constitute most of the criminals, are a lot against whom there is no particular charge, but who are confined on the principle that prevention is better than cure. "Gray Beard," one of this latter class of chiefs, leaped from a car-window at Baldwin, Florida, while being conveyed to St. Augustine, and was shot, after a short pursuit, by one of his guards. "Lean Bear," another, stabbed himself and two of his guards, apparently in a crazy fit, when near Nashville, Tennessee, *en route*, but has since recovered and been sent to join those in the fort. One of the Kiowas died of pneumonia shortly after arriving at St. Augustine, leaving seventy-three, including two squaws and a little girl, now in confinement. Their quarters are in the casemates within the fort, which have been fitted up for their use. During the day they are allowed to move about the interior of the fort, and are sometimes taken out in squads to bathe; at night they are locked up.*

* The Indians were released in May, 1878, by order of the War Department and turned over to the Interior Department, by which the older ones were sent to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and the younger ones to Hampton (Va.) Normal Institute to be educated and

They have a passion for trying their skill in drawing, and are delighted with a gift of pencil and paper.



INDIAN ART. (DRAWN BY ONE OF THE INDIANS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.)

Criminals as they are, stirrers-up of trouble as they are, rapidly degenerating as they are, no man can see one of these stalwart-chested fellows rise and wrap his blanket about him with that big, majestic sweep of arm which does not come to any strait-jacketed civilized being, without a certain melancholy in the bottom of his heart as he wonders what might have become of these people if so be that gentle contact with their white neighbors might have been substituted in place of the unspeakable maddening wrongs which have finally left them but a little corner of their continent. Nor can one repress a little moralizing as one reflects upon the singularity of that fate which has finally placed these red-men on the very spot where red-men's wrongs began three centuries and a half ago; for it was here that Ponce de Leon landed in 1512, and from the

taught different trades—an experiment that has so far proved very successful.

very start there was enmity betwixt the Spaniard and the Indian.

Nor, finally, can one restrain a little smile at the thought that not a hundred years ago nearly this same number of the most illustrious men in South Carolina were sent down to this same St. Augustine to be imprisoned for the same reason for which most of these Indians have been—to wit, that they were men of influence and stirrers-up of trouble in their tribes. After the capture of Charleston by the British, during the American Revolution, between fifty and sixty of the most distinguished South Carolinians were rudely seized by order of the English commander and transferred to St. Augustine for safe-keeping, where they were held for several months; one of their number, Gadsden, being imprisoned for nearly a year in this very old fort, refusing to accept the conditions upon which the rest were allowed the range of the city streets. The names of these prisoners are of such honorable antiquity, and are so easily recognizable as being names still fairly borne and familiarly known in South Carolina, that it is worth while to reproduce them here out of the dry pages of history. They are—John Budd, Edward Blake, Joseph Bee, Richard Beresford, John Berwick, D. Bordeaux, Robert Cochrane, Benjamin Cudworth, H. V. Crouch, J. S. Cripps, Edward Darrell, Daniel Dessausure, John Edwards, George Flagg, Thomas Ferguson, General A. C. Gadsden, Wm. Hazel Gibbs, Thomas Grinball, William Hall, Thomas Hall, George A. Hall, Isaac Holmes, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Richard Hutson, Noble Wimberley Jones, William Johnstone, William Lee, Richard Lushington, William Logan, Rev. John Lewis, William Massey, Alexander Moultrie, Arthur Middleton, Edward McCready, John Mouatt, Edward North, John Neufville, Joseph Parker, Christopher Peters, Benjamin Postell, Samuel

Prioleau, John Ernest Poyas, Edward Rutledge, Hugh Rutledge, John Sansom, Thomas Savage, Josiah Smith, Thomas Singleton, James Hampden Thompson, John Todd, Peter Timothy, Anthony Toomer, Edward Weyman, Benjamin Waller, Morton Wilkinson, and James Wakefield.

As you stand on the fort, looking seaward, the estuary penetrating into the mainland up to the left is the North River, which René de Laudonnière in 1564 called the "River of Dolphins"; across it is the North Beach; in front you see the breakers rolling in at the harbor-entrance. The stream stretching down to the right is Matanzas River, communicating with open water at Matanzas Inlet, about eighteen miles below. Another estuary, the San Sebastian, runs behind the town, and back into the country for a few miles. The bar there is said to be not an easy one to cross; and once in, sometimes a nor'-easter springs up and keeps you in a week or so. In the old times of sailing vessels these northeast winds used to be called orange-winds—on a principle somewhat akin to *lucus a non*—because the outside world could not *get* any oranges, the sailboats laden with that fruit being often kept in port by these gales until their cargoes were spoiled. In rummaging over old books of Florida literature, I came across the record of "A Winter in the West Indies and Florida, by An Invalid," published by Wiley & Putnam, in 1839, whose account of one of these nor'-easters at St. Augustine so irresistibly illustrates the unreliableness of sick men's accounts of climates that I cannot help extracting a portion of it:

"A packet-schooner runs regularly from here to Charleston, at ten dollars passage, but owing to northeast winds it is sometimes impossible to get out of the harbor for a month at a time. I was detained in that manner for ten days, during which period I wrote this de-

scription, in a room without fire, with a cloak on, and feet cold in spite of thick boots, suffering from asthma, fearing worse farther North, still burning with impatience on account of the delay."

Such a proem is enough to make a St. Augustine person shiver at the "description" which is to follow it; and well he might, for my "Invalid," after giving some account of the climate from a thermometric record of one year, and drawing therefrom the conclusion that invalids had better go to St. Augustine in the summer than in the winter, proceeds:

"But the marshes in the vicinity harbor too many mosquitoes in summer, . . . which rather surprised me, as it seemed from the state of the weather in April *that mosquitoes would freeze in summer*. These marshes, too, in warm weather must produce a bad effect upon the atmosphere."*

"At the time of writing the above," he proceeds, "I supposed the wind was coming about, so as to take me along to some place—if no better, at least free from pretensions to a fine climate. Nothing can be worse than to find oneself imprisoned in this little village, kept a whole week or more with a cold, piercing wind drifting the sand along the streets and into his eyes, with sometimes a chance at a fire morning and evening, and sometimes a chance to wrap up in a cloak and shiver without any, and many times too cold to keep warm by walking in the sunshine: with numbers of miserable patients hovering about the fire telling stories of distress, while others are busily engaged in extolling the climate. It is altogether unendurable to hear it. Why, a man that would not feel too cold here would stand a six years' residence in Greenland or send an invalid to the Great Dismal Swamp for health. The truth is, a man in health"—and I am sure nothing more naïve than this is to be found in literature—"can judge no better of the fitness of a climate for invalids than a blind man of colors: he has no sense by which to judge of it. His is the feeling of the well man, but not of the sick. I have been

* Showing our invalid to be an unmitigated landlubber. The only marsh about St. Augustine is salt-water marsh, which is perfectly healthy. It is only fresh-water marsh that breeds miasma.

healthy, and now I am sick, and know the above remark is correct. No getting away. Blow, blow, blow! Northeast winds are sovereigns here, forcibly restraining the free will of everybody, and keeping everything at a stand-still except the tavern-bill, which runs against all winds and weather. Here are forty passengers, besides a vessel, detained for ten days by the persevering obstinacy of the tyrant wind, while its music roars along the shore to regale us by night as well as by day, and keep us in constant recollection of the cause of detention.

"Oh for a steamboat, that happiest invention of man, that goes in spite of wind and tide! Talk of danger! Why, rather than be detained in this manner, I would take passage on board a balloon or a thunder-cloud. Anything to get along."

The city of St. Augustine is built on the site of the old Indian town of Seloy or Selooc. It was probably a little north of this that Ponce de Leon made his first landing in Florida in 1512. The tragic mutations of the town's early fortunes are so numerous that their recital in this limited space would be little more than a mere list of dates. Instead of so dry a skeleton of history, the reader will be at once more entertained and more instructed in all that is the essence of history by this story—thoroughly representative of the times—of the brief wars between Menendez, the then Spanish governor, or "adelantado," of Florida, on the one side, and Jean Ribaut and René de Laudonnière, French Huguenots, on the other. Already, in 1562, Ribaut has touched the shore of the St. Johns, and then sailed northward and planted a short-lived colony. In 1564, Laudonnière has come over and built Fort Caroline, not far above the mouth of the St. Johns. He had previously landed at the present site of St. Augustine, and had amicable entertainment from a "paracoussi," or chief, and his attending party of Indians. These Frenchmen appear to have had much more winning ways with them than the Spaniards. Laudonnière declares that the savages "were sorry for

nothing but that the night approached and made us retire into our ship," and that "they endeavored by all means to make us tarry with them," desiring "to present us with some rare things."

But presently queer doings begin in Fort Caroline, which it is probable was situated at St. Johns Bluff, on the south side of the St. Johns River. A soldier who professes magic stirs up disaffection against their leader. Laudonnière manages to send seven or eight of the suspected men to France, but while he is sick certain others confine him, seize a couple of vessels and go off on a piratical cruise. Most of them perish after indifferent success as freebooters: one party returns, thinking that Laudonnière will treat the thing as a frolic, and even get drunk as they approach the fort, and try each other, personating their own judges and aping Laudonnière himself. But Laudonnière turns the laugh: he takes the four ringleaders, shoots them first (granting so much grace to their soldierships) and hangs them afterward.

So, Death has his first course in Fort Caroline, and it is not long before he is in midst of a brave feast. The garrison gets into great straits for lack of food. One cannot control one's astonishment that these people, Spaniards as well as Frenchmen, should so persistently have fallen into a starving condition in a land where a man could almost make a living by sitting down and wishing for it. Perhaps it was not wholly national prejudice which prompted the naïve remark of the chronicler of the party of Sir John Hawkins, who, with an English fleet, paid Fort Caroline a visit at this time, and gave the distressed Frenchmen a generous allowance of provisions:

"The ground," says the chronicler, "doth yield victuals sufficient if they would have taken pains to get the same; but they" (the

Frenchmen), "being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men's brows."

This chronicler's ideas of hunger, however, are not wholly reliable. Hear him discourse of the effect of tobacco upon it :

"The Floridians, when they travel, have a kind of herbe dried, who, with a cane, and earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbes put together, doe suck throu a cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drinke ; and this all the Frenchmen used for this purpose ; yet doe they hold withal that it causeth them to reject from their stomachs, and spit out water and phlegm."

The fate of Fort Caroline rapidly approaches. In 1565, Captain Jean Ribaut comes back again from France, with workmen and five hundred soldiers, to relieve and strengthen the colony on the St. Johns. Meantime, news gets from France to Spain that he is coming, and one Menendez is deputed by the Spanish Government to checkmate him. With much delay and loss by storms, Menendez ardently pushes on, and makes land near St. Augustine harbor within twenty-four hours of the arrival of Jean Ribaut in the St. Johns, fifty miles above. They quickly become aware of each other. Menendez tries to catch Ribaut's ship, but fails, and sails back to St. Augustine ; to which, by the way, he has just given that name, in honor of the saint's day on which he landed. Ribaut in turn resolves to attack, and, sailing down with his whole force for that purpose, is driven southward by a great storm. Meantime, Menendez sets out, under the discouragements of a tremendous rain and of great difficulty in keeping his people up to the work, to attack Fort Caroline by land. No difficult matter to take it if they only knew it, for Menendez has five hundred men, and there are in Fort Caroline but two hundred and forty souls (Ribaut

being away with all the available force), of whom many are people still seasick, workmen, women and children, and one is "a player on the virginals." Laudonnière himself, who has been left in charge, is sick, though trying his best to stimulate his people.

After three days Menendez arrives at dawn. It is but a shout, a rush, a wild cry of surprise from the French, a vigorous whacking and thrusting of the Spanish, and all is over. A few, Laudonnière among them, escape. Many, including women and children, were killed. It was at this time that Menendez caused certain prisoners to be hung, with the celebrated inscription over them, "*No por Franceses, sino por Luteranos.*"

Meantime, poor Jean Ribaut has met with nothing but disaster. His vessels are wrecked a little below Matanzas Inlet, but his men get ashore, some two hundred in one party, and the balance, three hundred and fifty, in another. Menendez hears of the first party through some Indians, goes down to the main shore, and discovers them across the inlet. After some conference this Delphic Menendez informs them that if they will come over he will "do to them what the grace of God shall direct."

Not dreaming that the grace of God is going to direct that they be all incontinently butchered, the poor Frenchmen, half dead with terror and hunger, first send over their arms, then come over themselves, ten at a time, as Menendez directs. And this is the way that the grace of Menendez's God directs him to treat them, as related by his own brother-in-law, De Solis :

"The adelantado then withdrew from the shore about two bowshots, behind a hillock of sand, within a copse of bushes, where the persons who came in the boat which brought over the French could not see; and then said to the French captain and the other eight Frenchmen who were there with him, 'Gentlemen, I have but few men

with me, and they are not very effective, and you are numerous, and going unrestrained it would be an easy thing to take satisfaction upon our men for those whom we destroyed when we took the fort; and thus it is necessary that you should march with hands tied behind a distance of four leagues from here, where I have my camp.' " Very well, say the Frenchmen, and so each ten is tied, without any other ten seeing it; "for it was so arranged in order that the French who had not passed the river should not understand what was being done, and might not be offended, and thus were tied two hundred and eight Frenchmen. Of whom the adelantado asked that if any among them were Catholics they should declare it." Eight are Catholics, and are sent off to St. Augustine, "and all the rest replied that they were of the new religion, and held themselves to be very good Christians. . . . The adelantado then gave the order to march with them; . . . and he directed one of his captains who marched with his vanguard that at a certain distance from there he would observe a mark made by a lance, . . . which would be in a sandy place that they would be obliged to pass in going on their way toward the fort at St. Augustine, and that there the prisoners should all be destroyed; and he gave the one in command of the rearguard the same order, *and it was done accordingly; when, leaving there all of the dead, they returned the same night before dawn to the fort at St. Augustine, although it was already sundown when the men were killed.*"

The next day, in much the same way and at the same spot, Menendez causes a hundred and fifty more Frenchmen to be butchered. Among them was their commander, Jean Ribaut, who dies like a hero, without fear, triumphant. Some say Menendez cut off Ribaut's beard and sent it to Spain.

There are still two hundred men of Ribaut's, who get down the coast to a place they name Canavaral, and set to work to build a boat; but Menendez soon captures the party, and thus puts an end for the time to the Huguenot colonization in Florida, for Laudonnière's party have gone off across the ocean back to France.

But after many months—during which Menendez has been very busy building up the Indian town of Seloee or

Seloy into the city of St. Augustine, planting garrisons and establishing priests in various parts of the country, and finally going back to Spain for succor—the French have their revenge. One Dominic de Gourgues sets out from France in 1567, and after much trial gets into the harbor of Fernandina. A favorable angel seems to have charge of the man from this time on. He is about to be resisted by a great crowd of Spaniard-hating Indians at Fernandina, when one of his men who had been with Laudonnière discovers to the Indians that they are Frenchmen. Thereupon they are hailed with joy, alliance is made with Satourioura, a chief with deadly feelings towards the Spaniards, and De Gourgues soon finds his army increased by several thousand good fighters. They straightway move down upon the Spanish forts on the St. Johns, completely surprise them, and kill or capture the inmates. With these captives De Gourgues devises that piece of vengeance which has become famous in history. He leads a lot of them to the same spot where Menendez had hung his Frenchmen, harangues them first, hangs them afterward, and then replaces Menendez's tablet with a pine board upon which letters have been seared with a hot iron, setting forth how he does this "not because they were Spaniards, not because they were cast-aways, but because they were traitors, thieves, and murderers."

Early in 1568, Menendez gets back to Florida, and one fancies that one would not like to have been the body-servant of that same adelantado when he learned what De Gourgues had done in his absence, and how the latter was now gone back to France, quite out of his reach. Menendez thereupon turns his attention towards converting the country to his religion, but the inhabitants do not seem to appreciate its sublimity. It is stated that in one

place four priests succeeded in baptizing seven people in one year; but three of them were dying, and the other four were children. The Indians, however, if they refuse Menendez's precepts, certainly accept his practice; for one of them, pretending to be converted, manages to get nine or ten priests on a religious errand away up into the Chesapeake country, and there does to them what the grace of his god directs—to wit, plays traitor and gets the whole party (except one who is kept captive) massacred incontinently. In truth, these friars do not seem to have ingratiated themselves with the Indians; and in the year 1578 the son of the chief of Guale organized a very bloody crusade against them especially. At Tolomato (an Indian suburb of St. Augustine), in the night, he kills Father Corpa; at Topiqui, another suburb, he finds Father Rodriguez, yields to the good father's entreaties that he may say mass before he dies, hears him say it, then kills him; at Assapo, kills Father Auñon and Father Badazoz; waylays Father Velacola, who is trying to escape from them, and kills him; carries off Father Davila into captivity (this Father Davila is twice saved from a cruel death during this captivity by Indian women); and finally gives over after being repulsed at the mission on San Pedro Island.

Meantime, in 1586, Sir Francis Drake has made a landing at St. Augustine, scared everybody away from the fort, captured a couple of thousand pounds of money in the same, and pillaged and burnt the town. Some years later the priests got on better, and by the year 1618 had established twenty missions at various points, and begun to see some fruit springing from their blood and toil. About this time they had printed a catechism in the Timuqua (Tomoka) language, a copy of which was seen by Mr. Buckingham Smith some years ago in Europe.

In 1638 the Appalachee Indians attacked St. Augustine, but were repulsed, with the loss of many captives, who were put to work on the fortifications, and kept at it, with their descendants, for sixty years together. The buccaneers, however, were more successful, and in 1665, Captain John Davis, a pirate, pillaged the town.

And then followed wars and troubles, wars and troubles, until, finally, the cession of the State of Florida to the United States in 1821 gave the people rest from that long battledoor-life during which they had been bandied about from king to king.

That portion of the town near the fort is known as the Minorcan quarter, and is inhabited by persons—mostly sailors and fishermen—who are descendants of the colonists brought over by Dr. Turnbull to New Smyrna in 1767. These colonists were originally introduced to engage in the culture of indigo, mainly near New Smyrna, on the Halifax River, some sixty miles south of St. Augustine; but after working for eight or nine years, they disagreed with their employers, caused their contracts to be rescinded by the courts, and moved up to St. Augustine, where lands were assigned them.

The town has a resident population of about two thousand, but is swelled during the winter by probably six to ten thousand visitors. These were formerly landed by the St. Johns steamboats at Picolata, and thence transferred by stage to St. Augustine; but this cumbrous method gave way to the demands of the increasing travel, and a tramway was then constructed to Tocoï, a landing on the St. Johns only fifteen miles distant, over which travelers were brought in horse-cars. In its turn the tramway has now given place to a railway, and a neat little locomotive pulls the train across the barren pine-flats that lie between St. Augustine and the river.

There are here a telegraph-office; post-office; a public library and reading-room, open to strangers, located in the rear portion of the post-office building on the Plaza; Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches; and a colored Baptist church.

Most consumptives, particularly those who have passed the earlier stage of the disease, are said to find the air of St. Augustine too "strong" in midwinter, but to enjoy its climate greatly in April and May. There are those, however, who have found benefit here during the winter; and it must be said that the needs of consumptives vary so much with the particular temperament and idiosyncratic condition of each patient that no certain prophecy, within the limits of climates at all suitable for consumptives, can be made beforehand.

St. Augustine is much resorted to by asthmatics: one of these has found the North Beach so pleasant that he has built a dwelling on it; and the visitor will discover many charming residences recently erected in various parts of the city by persons from the North seeking health.

The mean temperature of St. Augustine, calculated upon twenty years' readings of the thermometer, is—for spring, 68.54° Fahrenheit; for summer, 80.27°; for autumn, 71.73; and for winter, 58.08°. This would seem authoritatively to show a charming temperature; and the temperature *is* charming, except when the northeast wind blows in the winter. This is the wind that sets everybody to swearing at his coffee of a morning, to calling for his hotel-bill, and to howling in right Carlylese at humanity in general. It is not severe intrinsically: people here always want to kick a thermometer when they look at it during a nor'-easter and find it only about fifty-five or sixty, whereas they had every just ground for expecting any reasonable

thermometer to show at least ten degrees below zero. The truth is, there is a sense of imposition about this wind which poisons its edge: one feels that one has rights, that this is Florida, and that the infernal thing is the very malignity of pure aerial persecution. It blows as if it had gone out of its way to do it; and with a grin.

Let, however, but a mere twitch of the compass happen—let but the east wind blow—and straightway the world is amiable again. For here the east wind, of such maleficent reputation in the rest of the world, redeems all its brethren. It is bland as a baby's breath: it is, indeed, the Gulf Stream's baby. And if it breathed always as it does on the day of this present writing—a sweet and saintly wind that is more soothing than a calm could be—one finds no difficulty in believing that in the course of a few years the entire population of the earth and of the heavens above the earth and of the waters beneath the earth would be settled in and around this quaint, romantic, straggling, dear and dearer-growing city of St. Augustine.

CHAPTER IV.

JACKSONVILLE IN JANUARY.

JACKSONVILLE and St. Augustine are two cities not fifty miles apart ; but the difference between them is just the distance from the nineteenth century to the sixteenth. In truth, if you take them as they are herein described, the one in January and the other in April, nothing can seem more appropriate than their names ; for the former strikes you with all the vim of Andrew Jackson, after whom it is called, while about the latter you cannot fail to find a flavor of saintly contemplation which seems to breathe from out the ancient name of the good old father whom Menendez selected for its patron saint.

Jacksonville not only belongs to the nineteenth century, but practically to the last ten years of that ; for previous to the war between the States it was a comparatively insignificant town, and even after the war, in the year 1866, I am informed that a careful census made under the auspices of the Freedman's Bureau revealed but about seventeen hundred inhabitants in it, a majority of whom are said to have been negroes drawing their main subsistence from the charities of the nation. The resident population is now between twelve and fourteen thousand, and this number is largely increased during the winter. It bears all the signs of a city prospering upon the legitimate bases of an admirable commercial location and of an enterprising body of citizens ; and in midwinter offers to the Northern visitor a pleasant surprise, which coming after

the railway journey through the pines is almost like a romantic adventure after a long stretch of quiet life. The train comes to a stop on the wharf: as one steps from the



BANKS OF THE ST. JOHNS RIVER.

car, one hears a pleasant plash among the lily-pads underneath the platform, and, lifting the eyes at this suggestion of waters, perceives the great placid expanses of the St.

Johns stretching far away to the south and east. A few yards from the railway-station, across Bay Street, the long façade of the "Grand National Hotel" elevates itself; wherefrom, if the traveler's *entrée* be at night, he is like to hear sounds of music coming, through brilliantly-lighted windows opening upon a wide balcony where many people are promenading in the pleasant evening air. Farther back in the town a few hundred yards, situated among fine oaks which border a newly-planted open square, is the St. James Hotel; where the chances are strong that as one peeps through the drawing-room windows on the way to one's room, one will find so many New York



ST. JAMES HOTEL, JACKSONVILLE.

faces and Boston faces and Chicago faces that one does not feel so very far from home after all.

The Grand National and the St. James are open only during the winter; and when we came along back this way in the late spring we found rough planks barring their hospitalities up—a clear case, in fact, of roses shutting and being buds again. Of course, one feels that this

simile needs justification ; for a hotel is *primâ facie* not like a rose : but what would you have ? This is Florida, and a simile will live vigorously in Florida which would perish outright in your cold carping clime.

The St. Marks Hotel, formerly known as the Metropolitan, a quarter of a mile down-town from the dépôt, between Bay Street and Forsyth, blooms all the year round.

These hotels are really well appointed in all particulars. The St. Marks and the St. James have been recently enlarged, the latter now being the largest hotel in the State. Besides the quarters they offer, pleasant abiding-places can be found in the smaller public-houses and among private families taking boarders. These minor hostelries of various sorts are said to amount to one hundred in number. The National and St. James charge four dollars a day, the St. Marks three ; the smaller houses from one and a half to three a day, and from ten to twenty dollars a week. As one emerges from one's hotel in the morning, upon those springy plank sidewalks which constitute a sort of strolls-made-easy over a large part of the city, one is immediately struck with the splendid young water-oaks which border the streets, sometimes completely arching them over. Their foliage is dense, and, what with the brilliance of the sun, the lights and shadows are right Rembrandt. These trees contrast greatly with the pines through which one has been traveling ever since one left Wilmington, and in the midst of great forests of which Jacksonville itself is situated. While we walk under the oaks, let us discuss the pines. Presently the best reason in the world will appear to support the propriety of the association.

Never was a tree more misunderstood, æsthetically, than the pine. As we came down through the great pine-forests which fringe the coasts of North Carolina, South Carolina,

Georgia, and Florida, I frequently heard not only Miss Pertly, but her father also, turn lazily in the car-seat, and yawn out of the window and speak maledictions upon the eternal pines.

Nay, oftentimes the very yeomanry of the pine-countries themselves utter disrespect and irreverence upon these trees: insomuch that "piney-woods" has come to be a phrase conveying a certain idea of inferiority.

But let us consider a moment. Once John Ruskin, in the noble days before his mournful modern insanity, wrote thus:

"The Pine—magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other, dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them: those trees never heard human voice: they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs: all comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride—unnumbered, unconquerable. Then note further their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge, so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery, for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows

no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than any other foliage, for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew."

And only hear the same John Ruskin commenting on this passage of his own after many years: "Almost the only pleasure I have myself in re-reading my old books, is my sense of having at least done justice to the Pine."

But—not to interfere in the least with such slender solace—this "justice" is, after all, only justice to the pines of the mountains; the pines of the plains still remain in disgrace. It is time to break another lance for them.

The pines of the plains are inexplicably oppressive to most people. Can it be for the same reason that a powerful sermon makes a sinner feel uncomfortable? For indeed these pines always preach. They are religion carved into trunks and branches and cones. All the similes they suggest are religious. You shall hear the school-boy and the poet alike picturing them as solemn priests, or as the stately pillars of a temple; and the most heedless ear finds organ-tones in the singing of the winds through their multitudinous leaves. Solemnities, mysteries, time, death, eternity, birth, life, sex, faith, the bottoms of oceans, the individualities of plants and stones, the affinities of atoms, the realities of stars; why does a thing weigh? is gravity a kind of love? may we not all be—we men of the earth—but as animalcules in a drop of water *quoad* some higher race of beings? is not the sky,

then, perhaps only the outer film of our little globule? why does a marble continue to move after your thumb has ceased to push it? cannot really two things be in the same place at the same time? in infinite space can there be any phenomena corresponding to our ideas of place and direction? will that fox-squirrel live after death? why does a familiar word sound wholly strange and unmeaning after one repeats it several times over to oneself? what is the meaning of the Tower of Babel? why do not our dead friends tell us The Secret if they are still alive? what time of day will I die? what superior chemistry to man's is this within the pine-tree that out of water and dirt manufactures rosin and leaves and complicated cones? how does the root of a pine know potash from silex? what a marvel, to think that many of these steadfast tall figures will presently be converted into ship-spars, and perhaps this very royal pine against which I am leaning will in a few months be advancing over the sea as the mainmast of a great ship, and swaying and bending from side to side in colossal arcs between the sky and the water! is not Herbert Spencer a man drunk with facts, as Spinoza was said to be intoxicated with God? is it possible that the pine-tree feels the wounds and scarifications of its trunk? if it did feel, would it not have a mouth or some organ for expression? what determined the precise beveling of the edge of this pine-needle, and that there should be here eleven in a row and there thirteen? did God actually ever walk in the cool of the day? what is the proportion of strings to reeds in the orchestras of Heaven? what does Beethoven think of his symphonies now? how will the world be reinstated in Belief? will God write another Bible? is not nature the everlasting word? do the pine-trees say anything but God, God, always God?—these things vaguely follow each other through one's

mind when one is under the pines, with no more law, or at any rate no more apparent law, than the seeming-whimsical fugue of the winds through the pine-tops.

As for the hill-pines, they stand upon the corrugations of the earth's brow. They represent pain, spasms, paroxysms, desperations. The pines of the plain have higher meanings if lower sites; theirs is the unwrinkled forehead of a tranquil globe, they signify the mystery of that repose that comes only from tested power and seasoned strength—a grandeur of tranquillity which is as much greater than the grandeur of cataclysms as Chaucer is greater than Byron, as Beethoven is greater than Berlioz, as Lee's manhood is greater than Napoleon's.

A subtle sense of multitude begins to reveal itself to him who stands among the great pine-forests. We are accustomed to speak of the multitude of the stars: the astronomers say there are only about six thousand of them visible on a clear night to the naked eye; but six thousand pines! Six thousand is only the insignificant content of a few acres: here are thousands of square miles of them. When one looks from this great trunk to that, from that to another, to another, to a thousand, as they stand, distinct units, ranged in circles, in squares, in rhomboid figures, in endless aisles, in myriad-fold ranks, almost making a continuity by mere multitude, yet individual and countable if one only had eternity to count them in—it is as if one saw infinity, and a noise goes about through the high pine-needles which seems to formulate itself into that lovely Latin song:

Infinitas! Infinitas!
Hic mundus est infinitas!
Infinitas et totus est,
(Nam mente nunquam absolveris;)
Infinitas et illius

Pars quælibet, partisque pars.
 Quod tangis est infinitas;
 Quod cernis est infinitas;
 Quod non vides corpusculum,
 Sed mente sola concipis,
 Corpusculi et corpusculum,
 Hujusque pars corpusculi,
 Partisque pars, hujusque pars,
 In hacque parte quicquid est,
 Infinitatem continet.

* * * *

Quiesce mens, et limites
 In orbe cessa quærere.
 Quod quæris in te reperis:
 In mente sunt, in mente sunt,
 Hi, quos requiris, termini;
 A rebus absunt limites,
 In hisce tantum infinitas,
 Infinitas! Infinitas!

A singular phenomenon is taking place all along this belt of pines which now borders the Southern States like the ciliary fringes along the lip of some prodigious sea-shell. The yellow pine does not seem to reproduce itself, except under very rare conditions: when the forests of it are cut away for timber, there springs up in its place not a forest of young pines, but a forest of young oaks! This circumstance has baffled the scientific knowledge of our time, so far as I know. The traveler on the way to Florida can see many very striking instances of it. Just after he leaves Wilmington, N. C., for example, going southward, let him look from the car-window on either side. As far as the eye can reach, in many places, a thick forest of young oaks ("black-jacks") about four to five feet in height has sprung up. Whence came the acorns from which each of these young oaks sprang? There is not an old oak within miles; and before these

young oaks grew, the whole surface of the land hereabout was covered with an unbroken growth of pines, which have now been wholly cut away, either in the course of clearing land for agricultural purposes, or of the manufacture of turpentine and lumber.

Whence—one may ask again in astonishment, as one's eye ranges over miles and miles of these vigorous oak-saplings—whence came the simultaneous sowing which has resulted in this plantation of trees whose tops are as level as wheat-heads?

Whatever may be its explanation, the phenomenon is visible to the traveler at many spots along the whole route from Weldon to Jacksonville, through Wilmington, Columbia (or Charleston), Augusta, and Savannah. Its effect has been already to revolutionize the appearance, and incidentally the pursuits, of the country in which it is taking place. For the concomitants of pine-growth are very different from those of the oak. The civilization of the pines is that of the timber-cutter and the turpentine-distiller: to-day they set up their shanties and "stills," quickly they cut down or exhaust the trees, to-morrow they are gone, leaving a desolate and lonesome land. But presently the young oaks, as I have said, begin to clothe the nakedness of the earth—their thicker foliage shades it more than the pine, their leaves fertilize it more richly; then comes the farmer, who substitutes the civilization of corn and cotton for that of timber and turpentine, and erects a permanent house in lieu of the ephemeral shanties.

The road from Weldon to Wilmington presents a cheerful example of this transforming process. Within the recollection of this writer—who is not an old man—it was, during the days of the lumber-men and the "still"-men, a desolate and barren route such as one could not

remember without a dismal feeling; the pines—majestic enough when left alone—were all stumped and scarified, and there was little sign of human life; but it is now dotted with comparatively thriving towns, at which much more traffic is carried on than one unused to the “ways” of these people would ever imagine, and I am told that something like seventy-five thousand bales of cotton were produced last season in this single section.

Of course this process goes on more rapidly in the immediate neighborhood of the lines of railway than elsewhere; and it will not be long, one fancies, before Miss Pertly will travel from Portsmouth, Virginia, to Jacksonville through a level park of oaks.

As a final clincher, in the discussion of pines, one may ask Miss Pertly if she did not go into raptures over those violin-variations of Brahms’s (*e.g.*), which Theodore Thomas’s orchestra played so divinely last winter; and—for of course she did—what would these variations—or indeed anything else the orchestra played—have been without the rosin on those broad fiddle bows?

There is no escape for the young lady,—except by declaring she was not aware that rosin came from pine-trees. Of course she could not be expected to know that besides rosin these pines contain celluline, lignin, starch, turpentine, tar, zylol, phosphoric acid, phosphate of lime, phosphate of magnesia, silicic acid, silicate of potash, carbonate of potash, sulphate of potash, chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, carbonate of lime, and carbonate of magnesia.

—At this hour of the morning in Jacksonville everybody is eating his ante-breakfast oranges, with as much vigor as if he saw himself growing suddenly wrinkled and flaccid, like the gods and goddesses in Wagner’s *Rheingold* when they had in their agitation forgotten to eat their daily allow-

ance of the golden fruit which grew in Freya's garden and which was the necessary condition of their immortal youth. In truth, to eat one's oranges with some such thought as this would not be wholly absurd. These old metaphors which by a curious intersection of events and of lines of thought converge to a point here in Florida—the metaphors of Freya's youth-conferring fruit, of De Leon's youth-conferring Spring: are they not evolved out of a certain vague sense in the bottom of our hearts that trees and waters—Nature—are full of healing, and that the man will never die who wisely and lovingly reaches forth his hand and plucks nature as a fruit, and eats it and digests it and incorporates it with himself?

But the sight of your dripping fingers reminds one that while there are few pleasanter things than the eating of an orange, yet it is also in the order of nature that difficulty and delight—which are essentially birds of a feather—should fly together, and there are therefore few harder things than the eating of an orange dry-fingered. The stickiness of orange-juice seems somehow at once one of the most unavoidable and most disagreeable of the earthly bads that hang by the goods; and one can never help regretting that neither Mr. George Lewes in his *Problems of Life and Mind*, nor Mr. Greg in his *Rocks Ahead*, has thought fit to treat the question How to eat an orange.

Yet it can be done with great daintiness, if the proper appliances are at hand. By Appliances I mean a lady. It is notorious that women can manage an orange with their delicately-tactile fingers to a marvel. There is a tradition in Jacksonville of one who, with kid gloves on her hands, kept the same wholly unspotted during the entire process of peeling, dividing, and eating. However that may be, it is certainly an æsthetic delight to see

ten white lady fingers deftly coaxing apart the juicy orange-sectors. That *is* apples of gold in pictures of silver.

It has been suggested that the reason of this superior skill is longer experience: woman, though younger than man, commenced to handle fruit sooner. But it is a suggestion that I make a point of loudly and ostentatiously scorning; for, as has been said, the solution of the problem of How to eat an orange depends upon being on good terms with Woman.

First get your orange: and you will at least produce an implication of your connoisseurship in the mind of the dealer if, in doing so, you ask for Indian River oranges, which many persons hold to be the typic fruit. Then get your sister or any available womankind—other men's sisters beside your own might do—to peel your orange, divide it into sectors, and hand you these, each lying on its detached arc of peel as on a small salver. The rest, as the old play says, can be done without book.

Thus the question how to eat an orange without stickiness resolves itself, in the last analysis, into a question of morals and of behavior; into, in other words, the question How to be very good and amiable to your womankind before breakfast; insomuch that one may look to see the time—coincident with the bearing-time of the millions of young orange-trees which the recent activities of Florida have set growing—when the orange shall transform the bearish husbands of the whole land into knightly lovers, and when Growly's manner to Mrs. G. before breakfast shall be as suave and bland as is the juice of the fruit itself—like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in.

—By this time, no matter in what direction we may have started, we will have arrived in Bay Street, which runs parallel with and next to the river. It is the main business

street of the city, and is a lively enough thoroughfare of a winter's morning. The curious visitors are trooping

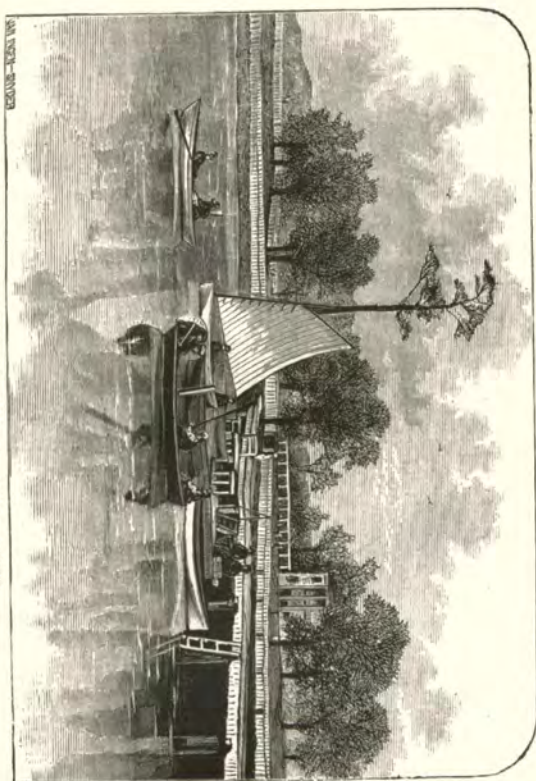


DOWN BAY STREET.

everywhere along the sidewalks—to the post-office, to the fruit-stores, to the palmetto-braiders', to the curiosity-shops, to the wharf for a sailboat, to the fizzing steamboats for a trip up the St. Johns or the Ocklawaha. The mer-

chants and shop-keepers are all busy. Along with the noises of traffic comes the hum of the lumber-mills; fitly

BOATING SCENE ON THE ST. JOHNS RIVER.



enough, for the latter are said to conduce no little to the prosperity of the former, in bringing about cheap freights. The three-masted schooners that you see lying at the wharves there, waiting for cargoes of lumber, will trans-

port heavy goods at almost any price when they come here, rather than sail in ballast.

The visitor strolling down this street soon discovers that not an inconsiderable item in the commerce of Jacksonville is the trade in "Florida curiosities," to which he will find several establishments devoted. These curiosities are sea-beans, alligators' teeth, plumes of herons' and curlews' feathers, cranes'-wings, angel-fish, mangrove and orange walking-canes, coral branches, coquina-figures, and many others. The sea-beans are interesting in more particulars than one. For example, how do they get on the eastern coast of Florida? After extensive inquiry, I was unable to find any person who had ever seen them* growing on the Florida shore; and the universal testimony of the sailors I met was that they were washed over from vines on the coasts of the West Indies. But, if Maury's idea of the Gulf Stream's shape and of its effect upon drift-matter be true, they *could* not be washed over from the West Indies. That author declares that the Gulf Stream is higher in the centre than at its edges, and that a subsidiary current, like rain shed from a roof, runs from the middle to the sides with sufficient force to carry a boat in a lateral direction; for which reason the drift-matter on the eastern edge is not, and cannot be, found on the western. This being so, how could sea-beans, grown in the West Indies—that is, east or south of the Gulf Stream—be washed over to Florida—that is, to shores west or north of it? And, if they do not cross it, what route do they pursue?

There are many varieties of sea-beans, differing greatly in shape and color, from the small round red ones, much

* They are the fruit of a leguminous plant, and drop from their pods into the sea.

affected by some for vest-buttons, through the medium-sized agate ones, which are split and mounted with gold for sleeve-buttons, to the large, perfect heart-shaped ones, of rich lava brown, more than two inches in length. The most beautiful, *me judice*, are those rare ones whose surfaces show a polished similitude of velvety leopard-skins.

The alligators' teeth are made into whistles, watch-charms, and the like. It may be that some poor half-invalid of limited means, but of independent disposition, might find his account at once as to health and purse, by wandering among the numerous small unfrequented streams in lower Florida and making a business of shooting alligators and gathering their teeth; for I heard one of the largest curiosity-dealers in Florida freely offering from four to eight dollars a pound for such teeth, in any quantities, however large or small. I was told that the process of gathering the teeth was simply to shoot the animal, leave the carcass lying for a couple of months, and then revisit it and draw the loosened teeth from their sockets. The variation in price depends upon the size, the large ones bringing much higher prices than the small.

Jacksonville is as it were a city built to order, and many provisions have been made for employing the leisure of its winter visitors. A very good circulating-library is to be found in Astor's Building, at the corner of Bay and Hogan Streets, which is open to strangers for borrowing, and the principal current papers and magazines are supplied by Ashmead Brothers at Bay Street near Pine. A pleasant sort of exchange for visitors is also to be found in the reading-room of Amblor's Bank, farther down Bay Street, on the opposite side. Beyond this, a few doors, is the post-office. At the sign "Boats to let," on the wharf, not far below the

Grand National, one can find pleasant sailboats for hire at prices ranging from seventy-five cents an hour upward.

Several good livery-stables offer first-class turnouts, in the way of saddle-horses, buggies, and carriages; and there are two shell-roads which afford pleasant drives. A very good objective-point for a ride is

MONCRIEF'S SPRING.

This is a mineral spring, not yet analyzed, but said to be of often-tested efficacy in the cure of intermittent fevers and of agues. It lies about four miles from town, near a creek also called Moncrief. There is a tradition—of somewhat filmy basis—that a Jew named Moncrief, who had married an Indian woman, was once murdered by the savages for his money on the banks of this creek and that its name is derived from that event. The spring has been recently taken in charge by a company and many improvements made in its environment. The water is unusually transparent, and is first received in a circular basin twenty feet in diameter. Below this, well-arranged bath-houses, separate for ladies and gentlemen, each sixty feet long by fifteen wide, are being built. A restaurant, bowling-alley, dancing-pavilion, and race-course of a mile in length are also in process of construction. On the way to this spring one passes through the pleasant suburb known as Springfield.

From the high ground here a good view may be obtained of Jacksonville and the river. The hill slopes down to Hogan's Creek, a boundary line of the city. Besides Springfield, the advancing growth of Jacksonville has developed several other named suburbs, such as East Jacksonville, Oakland, Wyoming, La Villa, Brooklyn, Riverside, South Shore, and Alexandria. A small boat

plies between Jacksonville and the three last-named points, running also to Reed's Landing.



IN THE WOODS NEAR JACKSONVILLE.

No traveler of proper sentiments in Jacksonville neglects to have all his womankind furnished with a braided palmetto-hat, trimmed with wild grasses; and this particular writer, with a profound ignorance of all millinery, declares without hesitation that some combinations of these lovely grass-plumes with richly-woven palmetto-plaits form quite the most beautiful coverings he has ever seen on the female head.

Jacksonville not only makes hats of palmettos, it makes champagne of wild oranges; and the drink is said to be

palatable enough. From the refuse lees, after the wine is made, the same chemist extracts a valuable essential oil.

Persons can spend their winters in Jacksonville without interrupting the education of their children, and delicate young people can here enjoy the advantage of the mild climate while pursuing their studies. Notable among the schools are : the Episcopal Academy of St. Mary's Priory, under the personal supervision of the bishop of the diocese, who resides with his family in the school-building ; and the Catholic institution, St. Joseph's Academy, under the charge of the Lady Superior and several Sisters of the order of St. Joseph.

In this connection may also be mentioned the "Conservatory of Music," just inaugurated in Jacksonville, which seems to be a really praiseworthy attempt to organize musical instruction in the city, and which is advertised as under the care of the Bishop of Florida as President, and of a large number of the prominent citizens of the State as Vice-Presidents.

The city has its full quota of churches, Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist : and possesses all needful telegraph, express, and general ticket-offices, and other the like adjuncts of civilization.

Jacksonville is indeed the main gateway of the State ; and while one is here, one will do well to get some general view of the

TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM OF FLORIDA.

The northern breadth of the State is nearly crossed by two railway lines, which are now operated as one, viz. : the "Florida Central," running from Jacksonville, westward, to Lake City, and the "Jacksonville, Pensacola

and Mobile," running from Lake City, farther westward, to Chattahoochee, its present terminus, where the Chattahoochee River and the Flint River unite to form the Apalachicola. The former line passes the important railroad point called Baldwin. The latter goes through Lake City, Live Oak, Madison, Monticello Junction, Tallahassee, and Quincy. It has two branches, one of twenty miles in length, from Tallahassee to St. Marks, on the Gulf Coast; and the other of five miles in length, from Monticello Junction to Monticello. It is now running regularly to Chattahoochee, above named, but will soon be carried through to its originally intended terminus, Mobile.

The Florida Central is crossed at the above-mentioned Baldwin—twenty miles from Jacksonville—by the railway line of "The Atlantic, Gulf and West India Transit Company." This was formerly known as the Florida Railroad, and extends from Fernandina, in the extreme northeast of the State, to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf Coast, one hundred and fifty-four miles southwest. This road runs through the important point of Gainesville, a good winter resort for consumptives. From Gainesville a tri-weekly stage runs to Tampa, on the Gulf Coast, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, *via* Ocala and Brooksville, which are relay-stations about a day's journey apart. A hack also leaves Gainesville for Newnansville twice a week.

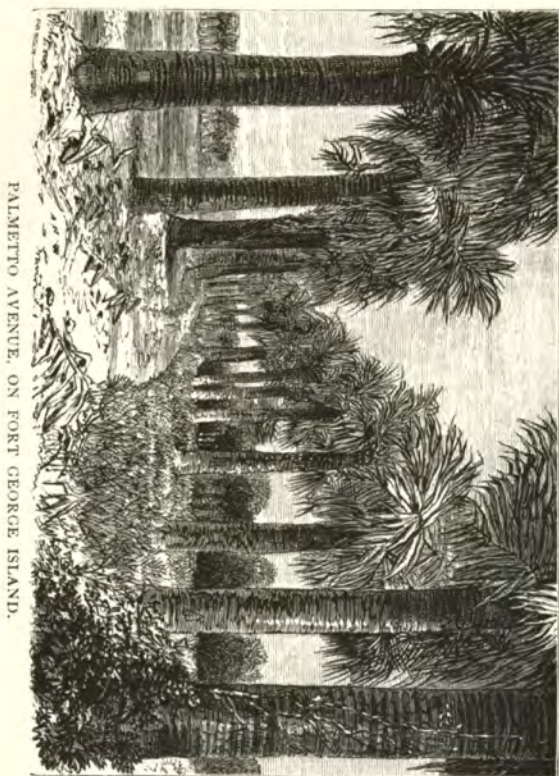
At Live Oak a branch of the "Atlantic and Gulf" Railroad (which runs from Savannah to Albany, Georgia) joins the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Road. Through trains run twice a day in winter from Savannah to Jacksonville over these roads. The Atlantic and Gulf also brings a through Louisville sleeping-car for Jacksonville daily, receiving it from the Macon and Brunswick Railroad at their crossing-point, Jessup, Georgia.

The "Pensacola and Louisville" Railroad connects Pensacola with the Montgomery and Mobile Road, at Pollard, Alabama. The "St. Johns" Railway runs from Tocoï (on the east bank of the St. Johns River, fifty miles above Jacksonville) to St. Augustine. It is fifteen miles in length, and connects regularly with steamers from Jacksonville plying up the St. Johns.

The new road between Jacksonville and Fernandina begins running early in 1881. Passenger trains by this line will readily make the run in an hour, as the distance is but 31 miles. Another new line is that from Way Cross on the Atlantic and Gulf to Jacksonville, which reduces by about one-third the former distance from Savannah (261 miles).

Returning now to Jacksonville, to begin a similar short *résumé* of the lines of water-transportation within the State of Florida, one finds that place to be the headquarters of a fleet of steamboats of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, plying up the St. Johns. A set of river-steamers make daily trips to Pilatka, seventy-five miles, and to points above as far as to Mellonville and Enterprise, two settlements on opposite banks of Lake Munroe, two hundred and five miles from Jacksonville. From Enterprise small steamboats make excursions to Lakes Harney, Jessup, and Ponsett, a few miles distant, for the scenery, the fishing, and the shooting. Other steamboats convey the traveler from Jacksonville up the river past the points named to Salt Lake, whence a short drive conveys him to Sand Point, and to Titusville, on Indian River. The little steamboat Pioneer plies from Titusville to Jupiter Inlet, along the great lagoon of Indian River. Still other small steamboats run from Jacksonville up the Ocklawaha River to Silver Spring *via* Pilatka; and sometimes, on high water, quite up to Leesburg and Okahumpka, or

Okahumpkee, the head of Ocklawaha navigation. Pilatka is the headquarters also of a line up the Ocklawaha.



PALMETTO AVENUE, ON FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

C. H. Mallory & Co., of New York, have lately established a line of steamers that ply between Jacksonville and New York weekly throughout the year, stopping at Fernandina and Port Royal for freight and passengers.

Down the western coast a weekly mail steamer leaves

Cedar Keys for Key West, touching at Manatee, Punta Rassa, and Tampa. A weekly steamer from New Orleans also touches at Cedar Keys and Key West, on the way to Havana. From Cedar Keys a small steamer plies once a week to Suwannee.

From Fernandina to Jacksonville water-communication is had by ("outside line") the steamers Dictator, City Point, and St. Johns, which each leave Charleston once a week, touching at Fernandina and Jacksonville; and by ("inside line") the steamers Florida and City of Bridgeton, which leave Savannah once a week, touching at Brunswick, Georgia, Fernandina, and Jacksonville; both these lines extending up the St. John's to Pilatka and intervening river-landings.

Jacksonville is in latitude $30^{\circ} 19' 38''$ N., and longitude $81^{\circ} 30' 7''$ W. Twenty-five miles to the eastward is the mouth of the St. Johns. Here are two proposed places of resort; one to the northward, on Fort George Island, and one to the southward, at "Mayport," on the mainland.

But Jacksonville, although the main gate to Florida, is not the only one. Lying on the northern end of Amelia Island, at the extreme northeastern portion of the State, is the important seaport of

FERNANDINA.

The natural advantages of this now flourishing little city were known for some time before they were permanently brought into practical use. The bar gives about nineteen feet of water reliably to incoming vessels; the harbor is exceedingly capacious and securely land-locked; an inside passage between the islands lying along the Georgia shore and the mainland affords a quiet waterway to Savannah; and a similar passage between Amelia Island and the Florida coast extends to within a few miles

of the mouth of the St. Johns, thus facilitating water-communication with Jacksonville. The completion of the Florida Railroad (now the "Atlantic Gulf and West India Transit Company's Railway") connected Fernandina with Cedar Keys, on the Gulf of Mexico, and made it the shipping-point for Gulf products, as well as for the lumber and turpentine staples of the great pine-forests through which this railroad runs. The raising of early vegetables for the Northern market can, it is said, be carried on in this neighborhood with unusual advantages, arising from the facilities for transportation afforded by a weekly line of steamers direct to New York, a semi-weekly line to Charleston, and a weekly line to Savannah, besides the daily railroad communication with Savannah. To strangers, and, indeed, to many of the "natives" of Florida, the sandy soils which are found about Fernandina would not seem to give much encouragement to the raising of vegetables, or of anything else. As they say in the South, the land "looks like you could not raise a row on it." But careful and extensive inquiry appears to establish that these white sands, not only of Fernandina, but of a great deal of the other Florida territory, have in them many of the fecundities which one usually associates with black soils. And to this conclusion have come all who have investigated the facts. "When I first came here, nine years ago," said the venerable Solon Robinson in the Convention of the Florida Fruit-Growers, last January, "and saw the sandy soil, . . . I was inclined to be disgusted. The first thing that convinced me the soil was fertile was the abundance of weeds growing in the white sand. Then I saw large trees growing at the rate of an inch a year, and I said to myself, 'There is *something* in this sand not in my philosophy.' "

Said ex-Governor Reed in the same Convention, "The

truth is, we do not appreciate the productive capacity and value of our soil. . . . When I first landed on Amelia Island (Fernandina) I thought its sands barren and valueless. But I noticed that when the drifting sand formed a lodgment for a season, it was immediately overgrown by a rank vegetation," etc.

Fernandina has now a population of about three thousand; three hotels, the Egmont House, the Riddell House, and the Norwood House, besides a number of boarding-houses; seven churches and a newspaper. A general idea of its climate may be obtained from the remarks on the climate of Florida in the chapter hereinafter devoted to that subject.

Amelia Island figures in the earlier chronicles of Florida history as the province of Guale. The dreadful crusade—a crusade *en revers*—of that bloody Indian, the son of the chief of Guale, in 1598, against the priests at St. Augustine and other places, is recounted in the historical sketch hereinbefore given. Fernandina was a port of some resort during the Spanish occupation, and came into considerable prominence during the war of 1812, when it was neutral as between the United States and Great Britain. It was also brought into notice in the year 1812 as the base of operations of a very absurd though finally bloody attempt by a party of "patriots" from near the borders of Georgia and Florida to seize and occupy the latter State. The United States had for its own purposes placed nine gunboats in the harbor of Fernandina; with the co-operation of these, the "patriots" under Colonel Ashley compelled the Spanish garrison of the town to surrender it, and then proceeded to march against St. Augustine. It was not long, however, before they retired, having effected nothing more than the massacre of several of their men by the negroes of St. Augustine, and the

imposition upon the United States Government of a very difficult and delicate matter to explain to the Spaniards.

A shell road leads out of Fernandina to its celebrated beach, where for fifteen or more miles the visitor can drive over one of the smoothest roads in the world.

Dungeness (called hereabout Dun-je-néss), on Cumberland Island, separated by the inlet only from Amelia Island, is an interesting objective-point for an excursion. Here is the seat of General Nathaniel Greene, upon the estate which was presented him by the grateful State of Georgia in recognition of his Revolutionary services. The olives, the gardens, the great oaks, the trailing mosses, are well worth seeing; and the grave of Henry Lee, the father of Robert E. Lee—him who was called "Light-Horse Harry"—lies some half-mile from the house, speaking many eloquent things there, betwixt the sea and the woods, to every man who loves knightly honor and manliness.

CHAPTER V.

THE GULF COAST.

FLORIDA possesses a coast line of about twelve hundred miles, of which greatly the larger half is washed by the Gulf of Mexico. There seems to be literally no end to the oysters, the fish, the sea-birds, the shells, the turtles, along these waters; and the shores and islands abound in the bear, deer, turkey, opossum and raccoon, and in smaller game. The most marvelous stories are told—ceasing to seem marvelous when one has really seen something of the multitudinous piscine life of these parts—of the hosts of the fish, even to the stoppage of vessels that have sailed into shoals of them. For mere variety these fish are wonderful. Here are the black-fish, white-fish, yellow bream, blue bream, silver bream, grouper, porgy, barracooter, trout, perch, eel, mullet, herring, flounder, gar, sheep-head, bass, grunt, yellow-tail, jew-fish, king-fish, pompino, amber-fish, angel-fish, red-snapper, drum, whiting, sturgeon, whipperee (whip-jack), skate, and one knows not how many more. Here, too, one can follow that most sardonic of all sports, turtle-catching. You walk along the lovely beach at night, when the turtle has come up from the waters to deposit her hundreds of eggs; you see one: you advance, and coolly turn it over on its back,—and that is all. You leave it, leisurely pursue your stroll, turn another on its back, leave it, and so on, till you are tired. When you come again on the morrow,

there they are. To walk up to a turtle of a morning, after having treated him in this manner overnight, and look steadily in the eye thereof without certain titillating sensations at once in your diaphragm (where you laugh) and in your conscience (where you do not laugh), requires more grim rigidity of the former and more supple elasticity of the latter than *some* people possess.

Nor can there be anything in life—considered without reference to your own act in making it so—more preposterous than an upturned turtle, lying, poor innocent, on its mildly-convex back, with its mildly-white obverse staring blearly at heaven, and its flippers wriggling in flabby helplessness toward the four quarters of the earth. It seems the very self-assertion of feeble wish-wash; it looks like mere Zero sick. The beholder's mind appears to resolve itself into a tepid pool of vapid lymph, in the shallow depths whereof one perceives slowly drowning out of sight any possible faith in the ancient fable which, through the sinew-strung tortoise-shell, connects the divine art of music with these inane creatures.

Yet there have been men who found pathos in this same situation of the turtle. In the year 1682 one "T. A.,"* "Clerk on board his Majestie's ship The Richmond," among many other sprightly lucubrations, wrote from these Western parts of the world an account of the turtle, wherein he says: "Before they" (the butchers) "kill them" (the turtles) "they are laid on their Backs, where, hopeless of Relief, as if sensible of their future Condition, for some hours they mourn out their Funerals, the tears plentifully flowing from their eyes, accompanied with passionate sobs and sighs, in my Judgment nothing more like than such who are surrounded and overwhelmed

* Supposed by some to have been Thomas Ashe.

with Troubles, Cares, and Griefs, which raise in strangers both Pity and Compassion."

Somewhat less overdrawn is T. A.'s description of another and better authenticated peculiarity of the turtle. "This I am assured of," says he, "that after it's cut to pieces, it retains a sensation of Life three times longer than any known creature in the Creation. . . . Completely six hours after the Butcher has cut them up and into pieces mangled their bodies, I have seen the Callope* when going to be seasoned, with pieces of their Flesh ready to cut into Steaks, vehemently contract with great Reluctancy, rise against the Knife, and sometimes the whole mass of Flesh in a visible Tremulation and Concussion: to him who first sees it seems strange and admirable;" a tenacity of life which T. A. doubtless connected in his own mind with a certain superfluity of vital organs possessed by the turtle: he records that "it has 3 Hearts."

T. A. gives also a lively description of the Manatee, or Sea-Cow, of these regions; from which, it may be remarked in passing, Manatee County—one of the Gulf Coast counties of Florida with a charming climate—derives its name. "The Manacy, or Sea-Cow," he declares to be "a Fish of an extraordinary Bigness, sometimes of a 1000 pound Weight: it feeds on the Banks and Shoar Sides on the grassy Herbage, like a Tortoise; but that which is more wonderful of this Creature is that she gives her young ones suck from her Duggs; she is indeed like a Cow, of a green Colour, her Flesh esteemed by some the most delicate in the world. It hath a Stone in the Head, which is a gallant Remedy against the Pains and Dolours of the Stone; . . . and its Skin makes excellent whips for Horses, if prudently used, which are very ser-

* *Callipee*: a part of the flesh.

viceable and lasting; with one of these Manaty straps I have seen a bar of iron cut and dented."

To the tourist and sportsman desiring a mild flavor of adventure, this portion of Florida offers a charming field; and any invalid who is able to endure the comparative rudeness of this manner of life cannot but find benefit from the liberal air and genial appetites which range together along these quiet shores.

It is probable that the air here is somewhat milder (getting more so, of course, the farther down one goes) and dryer than on the eastern coast in midwinter; and it is to be greatly hoped that increased facilities for reaching these favorable regions will soon render them practicable to those who now find the journey too trying. It is in contemplation to send a weekly steamer from Cedar Keys, touching at all the points which are hereinafter named in detail, as far down as to Sarasota Bay, at which latter location some Northern gentlemen have projected a colony. Information as to this steamer can be obtained by letter addressed to Captain A. E. Willard, at Cedar Keys, Florida,—of whom more presently.

At the extreme northwest end of the Gulf Coast is the city of Pensacola, on Pensacola Bay, ten miles inland from the Gulf. It is the county-site of Escambia County, and has about four thousand inhabitants. It is noted for its bar which admits vessels of twenty-two feet always and of twenty-four feet at high tide, and for the breadth and directness of the harbor-entrance. Seven miles down the bay is the United States Navy-yard, with its two settlements, Woolsey and Warrington. The channel is defended by Fort Barrancas—which is on the mainland, a mile below the navy-yard—and Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island. The latter, however, is little used at present.

The main activity of Pensacola is in the shipment of

lumber, which is sent from here to the West Indies, South America, home ports, and other parts of the world. During the year ending September 30th, 1873, two hundred and fifty-nine vessels cleared here for various ports, carrying more than a hundred million feet of lumber and timber. There are here also small importations of liquors and cigars: and occasionally coal and salt are brought by ships coming for lumber.

The completion of the Pensacola and Louisville Railroad, running from Pensacola forty-four miles to Pensacola Junction, on the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, has given the city a start, and it bids fair to become an important place.

The Perdido Railroad is a short line of nine miles, connecting Pensacola Bay with the large lumber establishments of Millview, on Perdido Bay.

During the old wars between the French, Spanish, and English, Pensacola was the scene of several animated contests. These are mentioned more particularly in the historical chapter of this book.

Cedar Keys, the western terminus of the Florida (or Atlantic Gulf and West India Company's) Railway, is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, in Levy County, one hundred and fifty-four miles from Fernandina. It is situated immediately on the Gulf, being built upon two "Keys" (from the Spanish *Cayo*, French *Quais*; same word as English, "Quay"), one of which is called Way Key, the other Atsena Otie. Between these a small sail ferry-boat plies, which you call to you—of course every one knows that a ferry-boat is always on the other side—by the hoisting of a flag on the pole which stands at the end of the wharf.

At Cedar Keys, and from there on in an increasing degree to the southward as one reaches the places herein

after named, one finds that one has come into a country differing in many particulars from any part of Florida yet mentioned—a country of cedars, of sponges, of corals, of strange fish, of shells multitudinous in shape and tint, of hundreds of quiet bays whose circular waters lie embraced in the curves of their white beaches as the old moon in the cusps of the new. There is a certain large blandness in the atmosphere, a sense of far-awayness in the wide water-stretches, an indefinable feeling of withdrawal from harsh life, that give to this suave region, as compared with others, the proportion which mild dreams bear to realities. It is a sort of Arabian Nights vaguely diffused and beaten out into long, glittering, sleepy expanses, and the waters presently cease to be waters and seem only great level enchantments-that-shine.

The main commerce of Cedar Keys is in cedar and pine wood, turtles, sponges, and fish.

These turtles are caught by the fishermen and kept in turtle-“crawls,” or inclosures staked off in the water, until ready for shipment; and I am told that the turtle-crawl occupies much the same relation in each private household along the Gulf Coast that the chicken-coop does to inland dwellers.

The sponging-grounds are about sixty miles in a southerly direction off Cedar Keys. The fishermen bring in their catch of sponges to Cedar Keys, where they are baled and shipped to market. Much of the product of these grounds, however, goes to Key West, for lack of capital at Cedar Keys.

There are two places of accommodation at Cedar Keys, one called the Gulf House, the other the Exchange. The accommodations at these are somewhat primitive; a fact which is to be particularly regretted, for the reason that this would unquestionably be a pleasant headquarters

for the most delightful excursions down the Gulf Coast if it were otherwise. The writer mentions it with genuine pain, because the proprietor of the house at which he stopped seemed anxious to do all in his power to serve his guests, and there can be nothing but thanks for his intentions; but with his materials, it was quite impossible to accomplish much. Nevertheless, tourists—particularly those fond of fishing and hunting—and invalids bent on the open air and rude life cure, which can be pursued with great advantage farther down the coast, may come by this route with no serious discomfort; and all that is meant by the strictures above is simply to protect oneself against the just reprehension of the daintier classes of pleasure-seekers and delicate invalids who might be tempted by the charms—which are certainly great—of this portion of Florida to come to Cedar Keys for a prolonged stay. Possibly, too, better hotel-accommodations may be offered during the winter of 1875-6. A good hotel building was commenced a short time ago, on the shell mound which rises abruptly at one end of the town, but was blown down while in the frame, leaving the parties unable to proceed.

There is indeed at "Ford's"—the next station to Cedar Keys on the railway, going inland—a large house, which, I am told, was built by a gentleman who came there three or four years ago, seemingly far gone with consumption, but who has recovered his health and gone largely into the business of market-gardening. Here one could apparently be well lodged and fed: and it is but a few miles by rail to the Gulf.

The objective-points along the coast below Cedar Keys are, first, the Crystal River and Hamosassa settlements, Bayport, Anclote River, Clear Water Harbor, Law's Store (John's Pass), McMullen's Store, Philippi's Grove (a noted orange-grove), and Point Penales. In the course

down to this point the mouths of the Withlacoochee, Crystal, Hamosassa, Chessawhiska, and Wecawachee (*alias* Wecaiwoochee) Rivers will have been passed, the last four of which are clear and splendid streams, formed by springs which break out ten or twelve miles from the coast. They are all set with numerous islands at their debouchments into the Gulf. One of the largest saw-mills in Florida is situated at the mouth of the Withlacoochee, and is supplied with material from the timber floated down that stream. There is an inside passage from Cedar Keys to this point: and one of the most important projects, it would seem, that has been mooted in Florida, is one to connect the Withlacoochee River with the Ocklawaha by a canal, for which a charter has been already obtained by Colonel Hart, of Pilatka. An astonishingly small amount of labor would accomplish this end, and would thus render practicable a clear water-way across the entire peninsula of Florida from the Gulf to the Atlantic. Lake Panasofka, which has the Withlacoochee for its outlet into the Gulf, is but about thirteen miles from Lake Harris, whose outlet is the Ocklawaha, flowing into the St. Johns. Thus this new water-way would be: from the Gulf of Mexico, up the Withlacoochee, *via* Lakes Panasofka, Okohumpka, and Harris, into the Ocklawaha, thence into the St. Johns, to the Atlantic Ocean.

The enumeration above has brought us down to Tampa, the county-site of Hillsborough County, lying at the head of Tampa Bay, just below the twenty-eighth parallel of north latitude. Here is a noble harbor, where De Soto landed in 1539, at the commencement of his wanderings.

Passing on southward from Tampa, the settlements are at Alafia (pronounced Alafeéa), Terrasea Bay, Little

Manatee, Manatee, Sarasota, Charlotte Harbor and Punta Rassa: in the course of which occur the mouths of the Hillsboro', Alafia, Manatee, and Myakka Rivers, Pease Creek, the Tsalo-Papko-Hatchee, Halpata Hatchee, and Caloosatchee Rivers.

At all the settlements named board can be obtained, as I am informed: and it is said that the Orange Grove Hotel at Tampa, which has been temporarily closed, will be again opened during this winter of 1875-6.

Three of these points, to wit, Tampa, Manatee, and Punta Rassa, are visited weekly by a mail steamer from Cedar Keys. Tampa, as has already been stated, is also the terminus of a tri-weekly hack line, from Gainesville, *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

The other points can be reached either by special contract for the steam-launch belonging to Captain A. E. Willard, of Cedar Keys, or by sail either from that point or Tampa. Any one making this excursion, would do well to communicate by letter beforehand with the gentleman just named, who is minutely informed as to this entire coast, is one of the most enterprising persons in this portion of Florida, and seems as courteous as he is active.

Below Tampa, these settlements I have named represent a belt of farming country, reaching a short distance inland, which contains fertile lands, sparsely cultivated, and forests of red cedar. Farther inland is a great cattle range, where the herds, belonging sometimes to far remote proprietors, feed at will the year round, without further attention from their owners than the annual expedition for the purpose of branding the newly-dropped calves, and of driving to the shipping port those which have been selected to be sold. The shipments are mainly to Cuba. One of the largest of these cattle-owners resides at Orlando, but ships his cattle from the port of Punta Rassa.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TALLAHASSEE COUNTRY OR PIEDMONT FLORIDA.

As we sat in the railway car, steaming towards Tallahassee, a certain entomological adventure of an unknown lady and gentleman on the seat in front prepared us, in an indirect yet satisfactory way, for the fact that during a night of travel we had arrived in a different land from that about Jacksonville. Having settled themselves in their seats after a somewhat elaborate car-toilet, *his* gaze became suddenly fastened on the back of her neck; he grew contemplative, then earnest; a short stage of conviction followed; then he took action; plucking the Object from her neck betwixt his finger and thumb and regarding it seriously, he said, in a tone at once meditative and inquiring, "My dear, this is a *strange* flea; *this* is not a *Jacksonville* flea!"

So little mention has been made of this part of Florida, that many persons will be surprised at learning that there is any portion of the State which could justify an appellation ending in *mont*. But the counties of Madison, Jefferson, Leon, Gadsden, and Jackson, all lying in what is called "Middle Florida" except Jackson, which is in "West Florida," embrace as fair a set of arable hills as one would wish to see, some reaching to the height of four hundred feet. The important towns of these counties are Madison (Madison County), Monticello (Jefferson County), Tallahassee (Leon County), Quincy (Gadsden County), and Marianna (Jackson County), all of which

except the last lie on the line of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railway.

Of these, the most important is the capital of the State,

TALLAHASSEE.

In the year 1539, after De Soto had made his landing in Tampa Bay (or *Espiritu Santo* Bay, as he called it), he fared northward with his army for several days, and came to a "Great Morass," about which he made a *détour*; then marching four days longer through a fertile and well-inhabited country, he arrived at the Indian village of Anhayca (or Anhayea), situated in the midst thereof; and appears to have made his headquarters at that place for some little while, awaiting there the return of the exploring expeditions which he sent in various directions.

Several circumstances make it probable that this Anhayca was near the present site of the city of Tallahassee; and I am told that a complete suit of old Spanish armor was found not long ago in a field in this vicinity.

At any rate, the ground upon which the city is built had, in 1823, long borne signs of Indian occupation; and in that year the commissioners who had been charged with the duty of selecting a seat of government for the then new Territory of Florida, attracted by the general beauty of the location among the hills as well as by the "noble growths" (according to Fairbanks) "of live-oaks and magnolias, and . . . the vicinity of a beautiful cascade, which has long since disappeared," pitched upon this spot.

And surely no one with an eye either for agricultural advantages or for the more spiritual beauties of hill-curves and tree-arabesques can do other than praise the happiness of their choice.

For several miles before reaching Tallahassee one begins

to see a country differing wholly in appearance from the lumber and turpentine regions of Duval, Baker, Columbia, and Suwannee Counties, through which one will have passed on the way from Jacksonville. Long fences, generous breadths of chocolate-colored fields, spreading oaks, curving hills, ample prospects, come before the eye.

As we shot out by an unusually open expanse some four or five miles from Tallahassee, a little quick-drawn breath of pleasure from my comrade made me look through the car-window upon a lovely sight. We had emerged upon the shore of Lake Lafayette; it was early in the morn-



UPPER WATERS OF LAKE LAFAYETTE.

ing, and the water had that delicate sheen of distilled silver which it wears at no other time, a sheen like an indefinite rolling out of the two dainty cusps of the very newest moon, a sheen like the soft and innocent childhood of a brightness which at maturity will be dazzling. Over the stirless plain of pleasant glory lay hundreds and thousands and surely millions of virginal white water-lilies; presently they thickened, there were yards and

rods and acres of them, until the whole surface of the water was covered without break ; it was a long winding



FLORIDA WATER-LILY.

lake of round green lily-pads, mysteriously upborne, and stretching away like a green heaven in which were set the innumerable spherical stars of the lilies. Occasionally, in shallow portions of the lake, young growths of cypresses stood with slender stalks thickly in the water and lifted their masses of tender green foliage a foot or two above the surface. Under this canopy, between these many-figured trunks, meandering away in the most charming galaxies and vistas and labyrinths, ran the lilies ; the eye did not have time to regret the turning of one course of them out of sight ere another presented itself ; the ranges and involutions of them seemed an endless fantasy of lilies involved in an endless dream of lily-pads and cypress-stems. The sun was not yet up, the perfect blue of the sky was in pellucid accord with the gentle and unglaring white and green that reigned below, and the noble and simple curves of the inclosing hills secluded this Diana's-troop of freshneses and lovelinesses and purities in a firm yet velvety horizon.

Winding about among the hills for a few minutes longer,

we came presently to the Tallahassee dépôt ; then a carriage took us up the bold hill, about whose base we had just been steaming ; and we found ourselves drawn up in



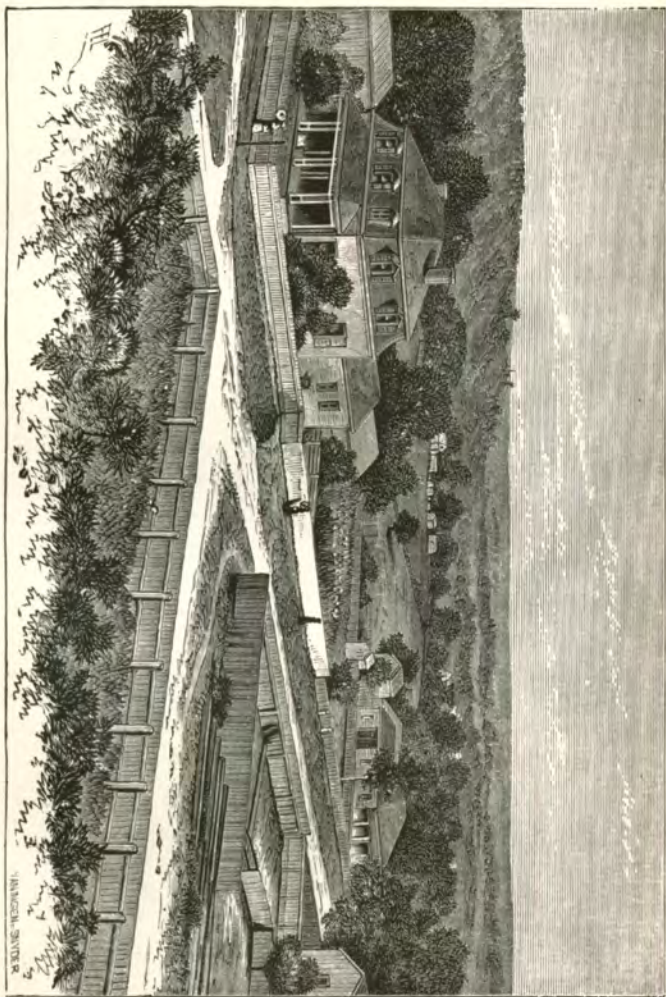
ADAMS STREET, TALLAHASSEE.

front of a genuine old-fashioned tavern, with a long double piazza running along its entire front, with many nooks and corners here and there, and with a general suggestion of old-timey ease and honest comfort arising indefinably out of its aspect. These suggestions took, as we entered, the more substantial shapes of well-furnished apartments whose dimensions showed a Southern amplitude, and of a neat colored "Auntie" who took charge of our bags and ushered us into our quarters with a quiet respect that formed the very perfection of unobtrusive courtesy.

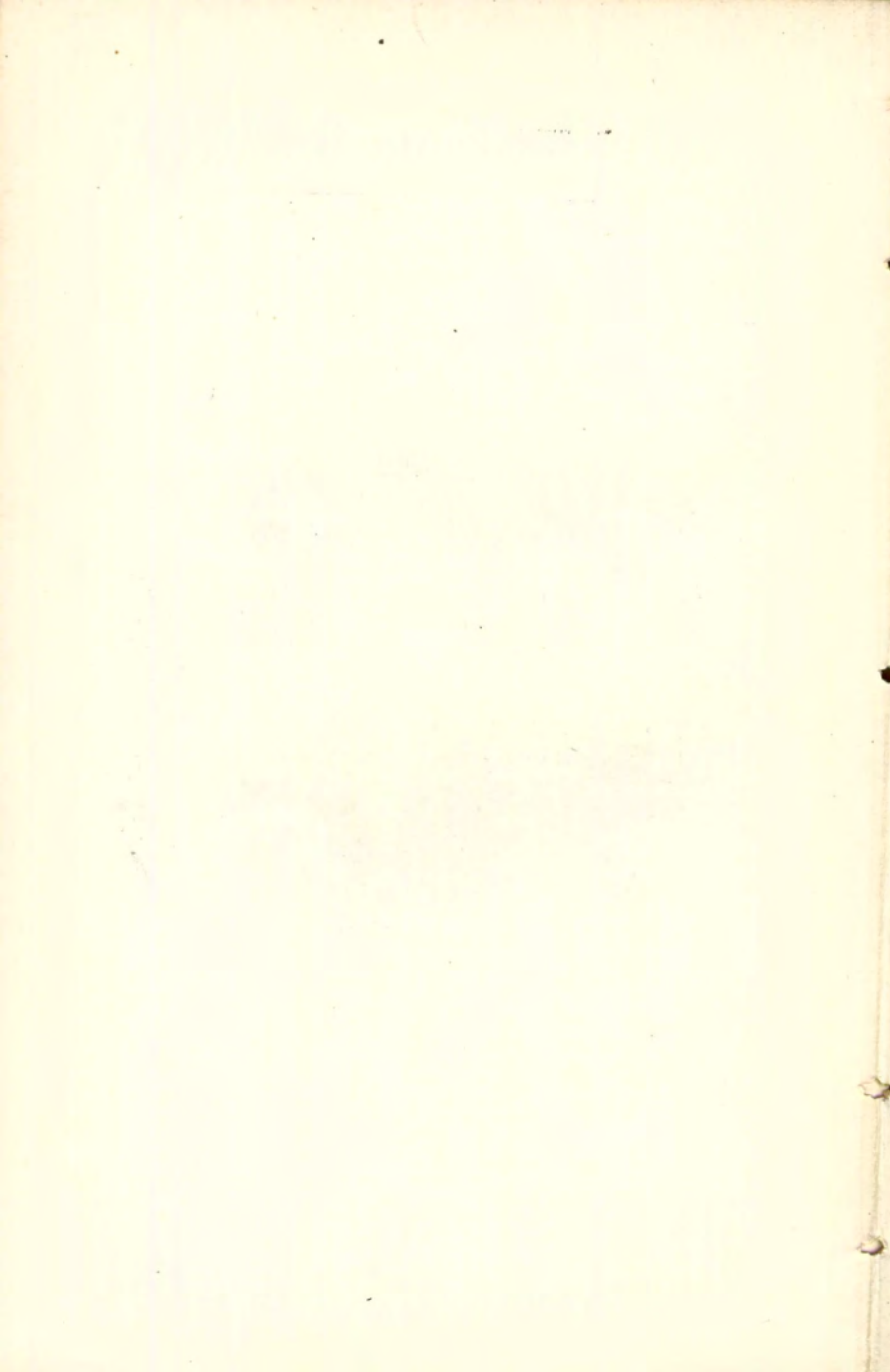
In which quarters, however, not long did we stay ; for in ascending the long flight of stairs at the rear of the house we had observed that a double-story piazza also ran around the whole length of this side of it, ells and all, and an indistinct view of ground sloping rapidly

down from the back of the building, and of a wide and much-notched horizon, had revealed itself as we passed. Upon re-emerging on the upper story of the rear piazza, this vague promise fulfilled itself right fairly. Toward every side the hills swelled up, colored with colors that suggested fertility and abundance ; their rounded brows, their slopes, the valleys between them, were full of green crops ; comfortable homesteads and farm-buildings reposed in the distances, each cluster of which had its own protecting grove of oaks standing about it in the benignant attitudes of outer lares and penates ; it was that sort of prospect which the grave old English writers would have called goodlye, pleasaunt, and smyllynge. These hills carried with them no associations of hills. They did not in the least suggest agitations or upheavals. They only seemed to be great level uplands, distended like udders with a bounteous richness almost too large for their content.

And this indeed has always been the tone of things—not only of the hills, but of the social life—in Tallahassee. The repute of these people for hospitality was matter of national renown before the war between the States : and even the dreadful reverses of that cataclysm appear to have spent their force in vain against this feature of Tallahassee manners ; for much testimony since the war—to which this writer cheerfully adds his own—goes to show that it exists unimpaired. Genuine hospitality of this sort is indeed as unconquerable as Zeno's problem of Achilles and the Tortoise is unanswerable. The logic of it is that if there is enough for ten, there is certainly enough for eleven ; and if enough for eleven, enough for twelve ; and so on *ad infinitum* ; and this reasoning has such a mysterious virtue in it, that it has compassed among good-hearted folk many a repetition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. It really appears to have been a serious question



LOOKING FROM THE REAR PLAZA OF THE CITY HOTEL.



here, just after the war had completely upset the whole productive system and stunned every energy of the land, of what avail would so little be among so many ; but no one has starved, and albeit the people are poor and the dwellings need paint and ready money is slow of circulation, yet it must be confessed that the bountiful tables looked like anything but famine, that signs of energy cropped out here and there in many places, and that the whole situation was but a reasonable one for a people who



NORTHEAST VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, TALLAHASSEE.

ten years ago had to begin life anew from the very bottom, with no capital, and with a set of laborers who had gone into politics to such an extent that their field-duties were often interrupted by taking their seats in the Legislature, or by other cares of office incompatible with the plow and the hoe.

Besides this "City Hotel," which has been recently

refitted and newly furnished, there are several boarding-houses in Tallahassee for the accommodation of travelers.

Opposite the City Hotel, in a well-kept square adorned with trees and flowers, is the Capitol Building. Here a visitor in the winter-time can study the working of Southern State Legislatures since the war.

Tallahassee abounds in beautiful groves of trees. There is a fourfold avenue of noble oaks diagonally across and down the street from the Capitol, next the residence of ex-Governor Walker, whereof surely Dan Chaucer must have dreamed :

And to a pleasaunt grove I 'gan to pass
 Long or the brighte Sonne up-risen was ;
 In which were okes greate, streight as a line,
 Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hewe,
 Was newly sprong ; and an eight foot or nine
 Every tree well fro' his fellow grew,
 With branches brode, lade with leves newe,
 That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,
 Some very red and some a glad light grene ;
 * * * * *
 And I, that all this pleasaunt sight ay sie,
 Thought sodainly I felte so sweet an aire
 Com of the eglentere, that certainly
 There is no heart, I deme, in such dispaire,
 Ne with no thoughtes froward and contraire
 So overlaid, but it shoulde soone have bote
 If it had ones felt this savour sote.

Besides this, a walk or drive down the main street reveals much other great wealth of leaf and flower loveliness clustering about the spacious Southern homes.

The city has its post-office, telegraph- and express-offices, two newspapers, and churches of all the main denominations ; with a population of between twenty-five hundred and three thousand.

Lake Lafayette—so called from its situation on the estate granted to the Marquis de Lafayette by the United States—Lake Jackson, Lake Bradford, Lake Miccosukee, and Lake Iamonia (pronounced with the *I* long and the

FREEDMEN'S QUARTERS—NEAR LAKE JACKSON.



accent on the antepenult) all form charming objective-points for excursions, and offer the substantial results of fine fish as well as lovely views by way of invitations.

Wild ducks, brent, and geese are also found, often in great numbers.

One of these lakes—Lake Miccosukee—is supposed to be the true origin of the St. Marks River. The lake contracts to a creek at its southeastern end, and disappears in the earth through one of the numerous “lime-sinks” of this portion of Florida. The St. Marks (hereinafter referred to) rises abruptly from the earth a short distance from here, and is thought to be only the re-emergence of the waters of the lake.

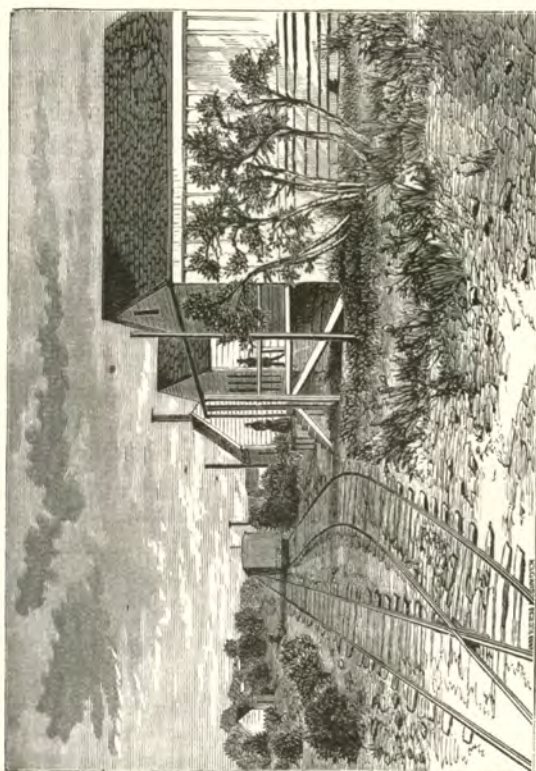
The environment of these lakes is varied and beautiful. The hills surround them now with gently-receding curves, now with bolder bluffs, now with terraces rising one above another to the height of a hundred feet in all; many growths of great glossy-leaved magnolias, of water-oaks and live-oaks, of hickory, ash, wild-cherry, mock-orange, glorify the shores; and between and around and over these hang the clematis, the woodbine, the wild grape-vines; while underneath appear the lesser growths of the red-bud, the old man’s beard, the sparkle berry, the dog-wood, the wild plum; and still beneath these the yet more lowly but not less beautiful forms of daisies, violets, primroses, spigelia, bloodroot, and a thousand other delicate wild flowers and grasses; and the great “bonnets,” a foot and a half in diameter, with their enormous white multiple stars, and the flags and water-grasses purfle all the coves and bays in never-ending new patterns and fantasies.

A mile and a half from town, on a commanding hill overlooking a broad sweep of cultivated farm-lands, is the unpretending dwelling where used to cluster a circle of witty and cultivated people about Murat and his accomplished wife. The place is now owned by ex-Governor Bloxham, whose own home-place one sees on the hill beyond, surrounded by a grove of oaks.

About fifteen miles from Tallahassee is one of the most wonderful springs in the world—the famous Wakulla Spring, which sends off a river from its single outburst. The easiest way to reach it is to cause a conveyance to be sent ahead from Tallahassee to Oil Station, on the St. Marks Branch Railway, to which point one proceeds by car, and takes carriage then for the spring, six miles distant. The road to the spring is uninteresting; but once arrived and afloat on its bosom, one renews the pleasures which have been hereinbefore described in what was said of Silver Spring. Like that, the water here, which is similarly impregnated with lime, is thrillingly transparent; here one finds again the mosaic of many-shaded green hues, though the space of the spring is less broad and more shadowed by overhanging trees than the wide basin of Silver Spring. In one particular, however, this is the more impressive of the two. It is one hundred and six feet deep; and as one slowly floats face downward, one perceives, at first dimly, then more clearly, a great ledge of white rock which juts up to within perhaps fifty feet of the surface, from beneath which the fish come swimming as if out of the gaping mouth of a great cave. Looking down past the upper part of this ledge, down, down through the miraculous lymph, which impresses you at once as an abstraction and as a concrete substance, to the white concave bottom where you can plainly see a sort of “trouble in the ground” as the water bursts up from its mysterious channel, one feels more than ever that sensation of depth itself wrought into a substantial embodiment, of which I have before spoken.

Three miles from the Oil Station just mentioned, in the opposite direction to that of Wakulla Spring, is the little village of Newport. Here, in the old days of long ago, when Apalachicola shipped its hundred thousand

bales of cotton and St. Marks was a busy port, grew a thriving country trading-point; but it now contains only a few families. A hotel has recently been opened, near



ST. MARKS, FLORIDA.

which is a good sulphur spring, and a few feet from whose doors runs the St. Marks River, wherein there is good sport to be had with rod and gig. Not far off, also, is the Natural Bridge, where the St. Marks River sinks, and

reappears after flowing some distance under-ground. The Rev. Charles Beecher resides at Newport.

This Tallahassee country, particularly Gadsden County, has been long noted for its tobacco-growing lands. The culture of tobacco in this region appears to owe its origin to Governor William P. Duval, who, in 1828, started the planting of a certain small-leaved variety of Cuba tobacco afterwards known as the "Little Duval." Then the "Florida Wrappers," a larger variety, came into demand. The county of Gadsden is said to have raised twelve hundred thousand pounds of tobacco in 1860; and many statements were made in the Florida Convention of Fruit-Growers last winter showing the great capacities of this region for the culture of fine-flavored tobacco.

But these lands really appear to have capacities for all things. Besides the great staples of cotton, corn, sugar-cane, wheat, tobacco, they produce market vegetables in prodigious abundance, and the growing of these for the Northern and Western markets appears to be rapidly becoming a great branch of profitable industry. A train from along the line of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railway, through to Chicago without break, has been recently inaugurated in the interest of those growing early vegetables and melons; and there seems nothing wanting to the development of this section into a prosperous and useful country save the muscles and the capital of the immigrants who must be attracted to it when once its genuine capabilities have become known authentically. These lands can be bought cleared for from five to thirty dollars an acre—in many instances at far less than the cost of their original preparation for the plow.

The climate of Tallahassee has been found exceedingly beneficial in consumption. One of the most active and enterprising citizens of the place is a gentleman who

came to it a few years ago suffering with large and exhausting hemorrhages from the lungs. He presents every appearance of a well man, and all signs of hemorrhage have ceased entirely for a long time. The elevation of the city above the sea—probably from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet—must make it colder than



BIRD ISLAND: AUCILLA RIVER.

Jacksonville; and the invalid should here—as, indeed, in all the other portions of Florida—always wear warm woolen clothing, and have ample facilities for a fire even if it should be needed but a few times during a winter.



HUNTING CAMP: AUCILLA RIVER.

Tallahassee is, however, but about twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and must therefore often share the bland airs of that water.

The invalid can vary his location occasionally by changing to the easily-accessible towns of Quincy, Madison, and Monticello, which offer much the same characteristics of general soil and climate with Tallahassee. Or he can extend his hunting and fishing excursions to the Aucilla (or Ocilla) River, which forms the boundary-line between Jefferson County, on the west, and Madison and Taylor, on the east, and empties into the Gulf of Mexico a few miles southeast of St. Marks; or in various other directions, which will be cheerfully indicated by any of the citizens.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ST. JOHNS AND INDIAN RIVERS.

“THAT I may enter”—says the spirit of Heabani, the dead sage, crying from the Assyrian hell toward heaven —“the place of seers, *the place of abundant waters fed from eternal springs.*”

That is a true St. Johns River sensation: of abundant waters fed from eternal springs. Below Pilatka—that is, for seventy-five miles above Jacksonville—it reaches breadths of six miles, and is never less than one in width, while, above, the wide lakes continue for a long distance. The Indians, indeed, called it the Welaka—“chain of lakes.” When the Frenchmen came they called it the River May; and Menendez’s Spaniards called it the San Mateo River.

As you start up the stream from Jacksonville, the first landing is an unimportant one, called Mulberry Grove, twelve miles from the city, on the right-hand side.

Three miles above, on the left, is Mandarin, a small but long-settled village. Here, in the early Indian wars, occurred a dreadful massacre. It is now most noted as the residence of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her house is a brown cottage, near the shore, nearly obscured by foliage. It is not nearly so imposing as her Tree—a magnificent king that overhangs her roof with a noble crown. It is well enough to remark, in this connection, that in steaming up the broad levels of the St. Johns, a close observer will find that his eye should be re-educated in some par-

ticulars. For most persons are not in the habit of co-ordinating heights with such great horizontal expanses as here meet the eye; and until one learns to make the

ON THE ST. JOHNS.



proper allowance, the trees and shores appear lower than they should, in consequence of the disproportion thrown upon them by the long plane-lines of the water.

At Mandarin are a Catholic church and convent, a post-office, a store or two, and several fine orange-groves. There is no hotel, but travelers are accommodated at boarding-houses.



Ten miles above, on the right-hand side, is Hibernia, a pleasant invalid resort. Mrs. Fleming's large boarding-house

RESIDENCE OF MRS. STOWE.

here usually attests its popularity by a state of repletion early in the winter.

Four miles beyond, on the same side, is Magnolia, where are a good hotel (The Magnolia) and private boarding-houses. Around Magnolia Point, a short distance beyond, is the mouth of Black Creek, a stream down which considerable quantities of lumber are floated to market, and along which a small steamer plies in the winter from Jacksonville as far as Middleburg.

Three miles beyond, on the same side, is Green Cove Springs, one of the most popular winter-resorts on the

river. The springs, with the Clarendon Hotel adjoining, are but a short distance from the river-bank. Connected with this hotel are hot and cold baths, and swimming-baths, of the spring-waters. These waters contain sul-



MYRTLE AVENUE, HIBERNIA.

phates of magnesia and lime, chlorides of sodium and iron, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and have a temperature of 76° F. They are used for the cure of rheumatism, gout, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and such affections. Besides the Clarendon, the Union House, a charmingly-located hotel, offers accommodations to visitors; and there are good private boarding-houses.

Five miles farther, on the left, is Hogarth's Landing, a wood-station and post-office.

Ten miles above, on the same side, is Picolata, a place formerly of some importance as the landing for passengers bound to St. Augustine, but now of only historic interest. Here in the old Spanish days was the crossing of the river on the thoroughfare from St. Augustine over towards St. Marks; and the remains of an old defensive work are



MAGNOLIA HOTEL FROM LANDING.

still to be found on the opposite bank. Picolata was a considerable commercial Spanish settlement; and the Franciscans are said to have once erected a church and monastery here, of much architectural merit.

About five miles above (these river-distances are always to be regarded, indeed, as involving an "about" of a couple of miles or so) is Tocoli, where the St. Johns Railway takes on passengers for St. Augustine, fifteen miles distant. The name Tocoli is probably the same as Toccoa, the Creek name of the famous falls in Georgia, and indicates the derivation of the Seminoles (whose name is said

to mean "runaway") from the Creek tribe. Here is a factory for preparing the gray moss for market.

Thirteen miles above, on the same side, is Federal Point, a wood-station; three miles beyond this is Orange Hills; and one mile farther is Dancey's Place; the latter two noted for fine orange-groves.



GREEN COVE SPRINGS.

Eight miles beyond, on the right—seventy-five miles from Jacksonville—is the important town of Pilatka (the Florida world is hopelessly divided as to whether it is spelled Pi- or Pa- latka), containing a population of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is on high ground, the surface of which is much mixed with shells. It is a considerable resort for consumptives. The Putnam House,

St. Johns House, Pilatka House, and private-boardings-houses give excellent accommodations to travelers. Pilatka is the terminus of the Charleston line of steamers (The Dictator, City Point, and St. Johns) and of the Savannah line (The Florida and City of Bridgeton). From here steamers go up the Ocklawaha and to Dunn's Lake. It has a telegraph-office and a newspaper, the "Eastern Herald," noted for alligator-stories to such an extent that its editor is universally known as Alligator Pratt.

Five miles above is San Mateo, a pleasant settlement lying on a high ridge a short distance back from the river. This place is the residence of Rev. P. P. Bishop, a Northern gentleman who has found health in Florida and is now one of the most intelligent and judicious of its citizens. He is President of the Florida Fruit-Growers' Association. San Mateo is a post-office. A good boarding-house is kept here by Mr. Miller; and there are other places where accommodation can be had.

Twenty miles above, on the east bank, one hundred miles from Jacksonville, is Welaka, the site of an old Indian village, and subsequently of a Spanish settlement. Here the St. Johns narrows to a third of a mile in width. Near Welaka, on the same side, is the opening leading into Dunn's Lake. The peninsula lying between Dunn's Lake and the St. Johns has been named Fruitland, from the number of recent settlers there engaged in fruit culture. Immediately opposite Welaka is the mouth of the Ocklawaha River, hereinbefore described.

The expanse of the river just above Welaka is called Little Lake George: it is four miles wide and seven long. The next expanse, above Little Lake George, is Lake George proper: it is eighteen miles long by twelve wide. Not long after René de Laudonnière* with his Huguenots

* See the historical chapter of this book.

had built their fort on the St. Johns below Jacksonville, they made, among other excursions and explorations, one up the river as far as to this Lake George. The old chronicle gives a pleasant description of it, and of Drayton Island (which is called the "Island of Edelano"), near the entrance of the lake.

"I sent my two barks to discover along the river, and up towards the head thereof, which went so far up that they were thirty-leagues good beyond a place named Matthiaqua; and there they discovered the entrance of a lake, upon the one side whereof no land can be seen according to the report of the Indians, which was the cause that my men went no further, but returned backe, and in coming home went to see the Island of Edelano, situated in the midst of the river, as fair a place as any that may be seen through the world, for in the space of three leagues that it may contain in length and breadth a man may see an exceeding rich country and marvellously peopled. At the coming out of the village of Edelano to go unto the river's side, a man must pass through an alley about three hundred paces long and fifty paces broad, on both sides whereof great trees are planted: the boughs thereof are tied like an arch, and meet together so artificially that a man would think that it were an arbor made of purpose, as fair, I say, as any in all Christendom, although it be altogether natural."

There are other islands here, one of which, Rembert's (by some called Rembrandt's) Island, is noted for a very large orange-grove on it. Lake George is noted for its birds—herons, white curlews, cranes, paroquets, etc.; and for its fish; and I am informed that some notable mineral springs have recently been discovered here.

Five miles above Lake George is Volusia. The settlement is some distance from the river-bank. This is supposed by some to have been the site of the colony brought over by Dennis Rolle from England in 1765; others suppose him, as is more probable, to have located at a point still called Rollestown, farther down the river. In the Spanish times Volusia was a point of importance

on the road from St. Augustine to Mosquito Inlet; and later, during the Indian war of '36-'42, a fort was built here, which was the headquarters of the left wing of the army during the short campaign of General Scott.

Orange Grove and Hawkinsville are two wood-landings above Volusia. About thirty miles farther above is the large and transparent basin of Blue Spring, four hundred yards in length by twenty-five in breadth. The river made by this spring is large enough to float a steamboat at its confluence with the St. Johns. The water is said to be slightly sulphurous. There is a post-office here; and the fishing and hunting are excellent.

The traveler now comes to the two towns on Lake Monroe which are at the head of navigation for all except the very small steamers that go to Salt Lake, etc. These are Mellonville and Enterprise. Mellonville is on the right-hand side of the lake, and is in a neighborhood which is beginning to exhibit much activity in settlement and improvement. It has two hotels. Hereabout are many orange-groves, and in the neighborhood are Sanford* (where is a money-order post-office, a sanitarium—"The Onoro Hotel"—etc.), the flourishing Swedish colony brought over by General Sanford in 1871, Eureka, Eau-clair, Wekiva, Lake Jennie, Lake Maitland, Lake Conway, Fort Reid, and other settlements. Extensive interests have been established here in orange-groves. At the grove called St. Gertrude a large warm sulphur spring appeared in 1871. Adjoining General Sanford's lands are those of Mr. William Astor, consisting of eight thousand acres of timber- and orange-lands. Not far off is also the Fort Butler Grant—in which Mr. Astor is said to be interested—on which are numerous groves of wild oranges and the charming little Lake Schermerhorn. General Sanford

*Since the first edition of this book, a large and commodious hotel has been erected at Sanford.

seems to be a moving spirit of this side of Lake Monroe, and to be working wonders by far-reaching intelligence and energy in the location and development of judicious colonies. One also hears the name of B. F. Whitner mentioned often in connection with his own beautiful residence and his general energy.

On the opposite side of Lake Monroe is Enterprise, the terminus of the larger steamboat lines. The Brock House here is much renowned among travelers. Excursion-parties are conveyed hence in a small steamer to Lakes Harney, Jessup, and Ponsett, a few miles distant, and also to Salt Lake, from which conveyance is had across the tongue of land—some six miles wide—to Indian River. Conveyances can also be here procured for New Smyrna, on Hillsboro' River, twenty-two miles distant. Other fishing and hunting routes are adopted by parties made up here, and it is the headquarters of those who desire to sport among the head-waters of the St. Johns. It is proper to mention, however, that parties are also made up at St. Augustine to go by yacht to Indian River.

Consumptives are said to flourish in this climate; and there are many stories told of cadaverous persons coming here and turning out successful huntsmen and fishermen, of ruddy face and portentous appetite, after a few weeks. Not far from the Brock House is the Green Sulphur Spring with a basin a hundred feet deep, filled with faint green but wonderfully transparent water.

Above Enterprise the St. Johns becomes much shallower than below. A project was on foot a short time ago to deepen it as far as to Lake Washington, and to dig a canal from the eastern edge of that lake across to Indian River, so as to give free water-communication with that stream. Above Lake Washington, somewhere near the middle of Brevard County, the St. Johns appears to have its origin in hidden springs.

The following complete list of stations and distances on the St. Johns will be useful. The distances are from the Railroad Wharf, Jacksonville:

	MILES.		MILES.
Black Point.....	9	Mount Royal.....	80
Mulberry Grove.....	10	Fort Gates.....	80
Mandarin.....	14	Georgetown.....	82
Hibernia.....	19	Benella.....	85
Remington Park.....	21	Lake View.....	97
Magnolia.....	22	Volusia.....	102
Green Cove Springs.....	24	Orange Bluff.....	105
Hogarth's.....	26	Hawkinsville.....	118
Picolata.....	31	Cabbage Bluff.....	120
Tocoi.....	34	Lake Beresford.....	122
Federal Point.....	43	Blue Spring.....	125
Orange Mills.....	46	Emanuel's or Wekiva.....	135
Dancy's.....	47	Shell Bank.....	134
Whetstone's.....	47	Sanford.....	144
Pilatka.....	55	Mellonville.....	145
San Mateo.....	60	Enterprise.....	146
Buffalo Bluff.....	66	Cook's Ferry and King Phil-	
Horse Landing.....	70	ip's Town.....	160
Welaka.....	75	Lake Harney.....	161
Beecher.....	76	Sallie's Camp.....	165
Orange Point.....	84	Salt Lake.....	166

INDIAN RIVER.

"Indian River" is a term sometimes used to include the body of water which at its northern end is known as Halifax River, south of this as Hillsboro' River, and at the lower extremity as Mosquito Lagoon. The Indian River proper, however, is separated by a narrow isthmus from the lower end of Mosquito Lagoon as well as from the Halifax and Hillsboro'. From here it runs far to the southward, along the eastern edges of Volusia, Brevard, and Dade Counties, separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land through which it communicates with

open water by the two entrances of Indian River Inlet and Jupiter Inlet.

About forty miles south of St. Augustine the Halifax River commences. From this point southward for twenty-five miles, to Mosquito Inlet where it communicates with the Atlantic, it is about a half-mile wide and three or four feet in depth. South of the Inlet it commences to be called Hillsboro' River. The Hillsboro' extends some thirty miles farther southward, its lower extremity (also called Mosquito Lagoon) lying parallel with the upper part of Indian River. For the first ten miles below the inlet it is said to be eight feet deep, and three feet for the next fifteen miles southward. At this distance—twenty-five miles south of the inlet—the "Haulover" canal, eight hundred yards long and twelve feet wide, connects its waters with those of Indian River, which thence extends, with a depth of three to four feet and a width of one to six miles, for a hundred and fifty miles southward.

On the Halifax and Hillsboro' Rivers are several settlements, most of which are due to the interest which has been excited within the last two or three years with regard to this portion of the State. This interest has resulted in the settlement, among others, of a party of people from New Britain, Connecticut, on the Henry Yonge grant; the Daytona settlement; the improvement of Port Orange; and the beginning of Halifax City. Judge Howell Robinson, of St. Augustine, is one of the principal promoters of this last-named settlement, and, I doubt not, would cheerfully furnish much valuable information to those wishing to visit this part of the country. I have before mentioned that parties are sometimes made up at St. Augustine, to go by boat from that place, for Indian River.

South of Halifax City is New Smyrna, the point to

which Dr. Turnbull brought over his colony of Minorcans in 1767, whereof some account is given in the historical chapter of this book.

Farther south are the celebrated Dummitt and Burnham plantations, where large quantities of famous oranges, sugar and syrup are produced ; still farther south, opposite Lake Washington, is Eau Gallie, which has recently been selected as the site of the Agricultural College of Florida.

The general character of the lands in the Indian River country appears to be a strip of "high, light, sandy" soil, lying immediately on the western shore, from a half-mile to a mile in width ; then, coming westward, a belt containing "hammocks and savannas" of great fertility, from one to two miles in width ; then ridges of "light hammock" and "scrub" lands ; then, still westward, grazing lands.

Upon these lands oranges, sugar-cane, bananas, pine-apples, lemons, limes, guavas, strawberries, blackberries, hay, corn, grapes, indigo, sweet-potatoes, and all manner of garden vegetables are said to yield profusely.

The fertility of this soil seems to have been better known a century ago than now. I have already alluded to the settlement of Dr. Turnbull at New Smyrna in 1767 ; besides this, many large and flourishing estates were commenced about the same period by wealthy English proprietors, and the ruins of these, frequently occurring through the woods that have since grown up, often attract the traveler's attention to the mutations of time. In those days the main products appear to have been sugar, rum, and indigo.

Along this Indian River country is a marvelously bland air, and I have been told of many overworked men and incipient consumptives who have here found new life.

The waters are full of fish in great variety; the woods abound in deer and other game; and the whole land amounts to a perpetual invitation to the overworked, the invalid, the air-poisoned, the nervously prostrate people, to come down with yacht and tent, with rod and gun, and rebuild brain, muscle, and nerve. Accommodations for travelers are found at the Bostrom House, some thirty miles above New Smyrna, and at the hotels of Port Orange, New Smyrna, and Daytona, besides private arrangements for board which almost all settlers' families are willing to make.

The following extract from the papers included in the report of Hon. Dennis Eagan, State Commissioner of Lands and Immigration, will be interesting in connection with this account of the Indian River country:

"How good lands may be obtained and settled up will be seen by citing a single case. Last winter a company was formed of mechanics, in a machine-shop in New Britain, Connecticut, of which Lucas P. Summers is President, and Chester N. Penfield is Secretary, both of that city. They sent a party immediately to Florida to prospect for a place of settlement. The party reported favorably of the Henry Yonge grant of one thousand acres, lying on the west bank of the Halifax, and about six miles above Daytona, owned by the Swift Brothers, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. A more fortunate selection could not have been made. They have half a mile of most beautiful river front. The land, commencing at once to ascend, gradually rises for some forty rods back, then retains its height, some twenty feet above the water, for a quarter of a mile to the westward. All this front is excellent land for gardens, for oranges, and other fruits. The best farming lands are in the hammock, about one mile west of the river. These were formerly well drained, and put under a high state of cultivation. Through the centre of this hammock, north and south, there is an old field of one hundred acres of the very best soil for orange-trees, and on which the clearing is worth more than the cost of the whole tract. To this place two of their party immediately returned, and commenced clearing the river front, all of

which they alone have chopped down some twelve rods back, clearing off a part and planting sweet-potatoes. They have worked every day since the first day of March, and have enjoyed good health. There are fourteen families in their company, most of whom are expected out in the early fall."

The price of lands ranges from five to fifty dollars an acre.

This section may be reached directly from Jacksonville by water; three schooners ply between Port Orange and Jacksonville, and, though not meant for passenger packets, offer tolerable accommodations. Further information of their movements can be had of Messrs. John Clark and John Foster, commission merchants at Jacksonville. Larger schooners also run from New York into Mosquito Inlet, during the winter, transporting live-oak; of which further information may be had from Messrs. Van Brunt & Brothers, 75 South Street, New York.

The common method of reaching the Indian River country, however, is by stage from Enterprise, on the St. Johns; or by small steamer from Enterprise to Salt Lake; thence by wheels to Sand Point or Titusville. It is in contemplation to establish a route from St. Augustine, by the steamer Mayflower down the Matanzas; thence by stage or tramroad along the shore to Halifax River; thence by small steamer along the Halifax and Indian Rivers. I am informed the little steamboat Pioneer has already been sent round into the Indian River, to ply along its entire length; and it may be that the Mayflower route, just mentioned, will have been consummated by the ensuing season of '75-6. These routes are being constantly improved, as the increasing needs of the winter tides of Florida travelers demand; and visitors should make inquiry at the many ticket-offices in Jacksonville as to the best and latest routes in projecting any journey into these regions of the upper St. Johns and Indian Rivers.

A letter has recently been printed in the New York Evening Post, from "A Florida Housekeeper," which is so full of a pellucid truthfulness and of a certain undertone of brave vivacity, as well as of common sense and precise information, that I am going to close this sketch of the St. Johns and Indian River countries by copying all except the opening paragraph of it, *verbatim et literatim*.

"We live on the St. John's River, up and down which thousands of people have gone this year and returned with very little more idea of Florida than they had when they came from their homes. A hotel life, a trip on a boat on the rivers, and a run to St. Augustine do not tell much of life here. Our house is a good stone's throw from the river bank, and is on a shell mound a good many feet above the water level. These shell mounds are frequent on the river, are very high and dry, and make lovely walks about the grounds. Our house is built of wood, like a New England house, and has shingles for roofing.

"For shingles we pay \$3.50 per thousand, and \$12 a thousand feet for building lumber. (This is statistical.) Our house is very comfortable, and we live a pleasant life, I think. Much is written of 'no milk,' of 'tough beef,' of 'canned fruit,' etc. Persons who have to do with such things simply, do not know how to live. Cattle can be bought for \$15 a head, and live on the food in the woods. Our cattle are branded and range for twenty miles. The milch cows are not bereft of their calves, but we keep the calves at home, and the cows come up to them every evening. We have from three cows, besides what their calves take, about sixteen quarts of rich milk daily. Of course, this is not like Northern cows, but it is good rich milk, and keeping cattle so is no expense, so it is as easy to have a dozen as one. So much for 'no milk.' In the spring we make our own butter. We have about sixty cattle, most of them fat, and about once in two or three weeks we kill one of them and have as good beef as you can get at the North anywhere. We eat some of the beef while fresh, and corn the rest, sell the hide, make oil of the feet, and soap of the fat; and our fifteen dollar beast has paid us well.

"Chickens we get for thirty cents each. They lay well, so we have eggs enough, and we kill them from time to time. About once

a week our man kills a wild turkey in the woods near the house. About once in two weeks some one of the household shoots a deer, and we have venison. Let me here say that the reason so many Northerners do not like venison is because it is not properly cooked. Cooking venison is a thing not universally known—like some other things. Early in the morning we send a man with a net to the river, and he catches about twenty fish. A 'cast net' costs six dollars. People do not know about them. That is why fish are scarce on many tables. Our hogs number about thirty, I believe, and we kill them off for lard, bacon and pork. (A grown pig is worth four dollars.) They range the woods and feed on what they find. Besides the above list of meats we have quail and ducks, pigeons and bear's meat. Bears are to be had in the woods. Sometimes they like our pigs and help themselves to one or two. So much for milk and beef, which our friends say cannot be had in Florida. Now as for canned things. We have had, all this last year round, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, tomatoes, peas, turnips and beets, all of which came from our own garden, and which the soil yielded with very little trouble and expense. We also had figs in the autumn, oranges (sweet, sour and bitter-sweet this winter), lemons and citrons, grapes and blackberries, huckleberries, and musk and water-melons, and peaches and bananas. All these were grown and not canned. We never saw a can. We expect another year to have raspberries and strawberries, but these expectations are not facts, and it is only with facts that I am dealing just now. We buy Florida made sugar; and have our own corn and hominy, also our own syrup of sugar cane grown here, and also our own rice. We have a mule to plow and work, as mules do better than oxen. Price \$130. And we have a horse for family use. We have also one watch dog and ten hunting dogs, which eat sweet potatoes and keep us in venison and game. We have colored servants. We pay the men \$10, and the women \$8 per month, and they do well. I should not desire more faithful 'help,' as you call them at the North. You know about wood here, of course—pine for house fires, and oak for cooking in a stove. This is all picked up on the place. You know all about our fine air, and our bright sun, and how we sail and drive and walk. We are busy enough, early and late; and so we are not lonely, especially as we have nice neighbors.

"Now, who of your readers who has sailed up to Enterprise and

back knows all this? If I succeed in resenting the 'beef, milk and canned food' slanders on Florida, I shall rest satisfied.

"By the way, I heard a Northern party remark that they had seen no flowers in Florida but pumpkin blossoms. I suppose some people go through the world with their eyes shut. Or what shall I suppose, with flowers all about me?"

"A FLORIDA HOUSEKEEPER.

"ON THE ST. JOHN'S, May 1st."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAKE CITY AND GAINESVILLE COUNTRY.

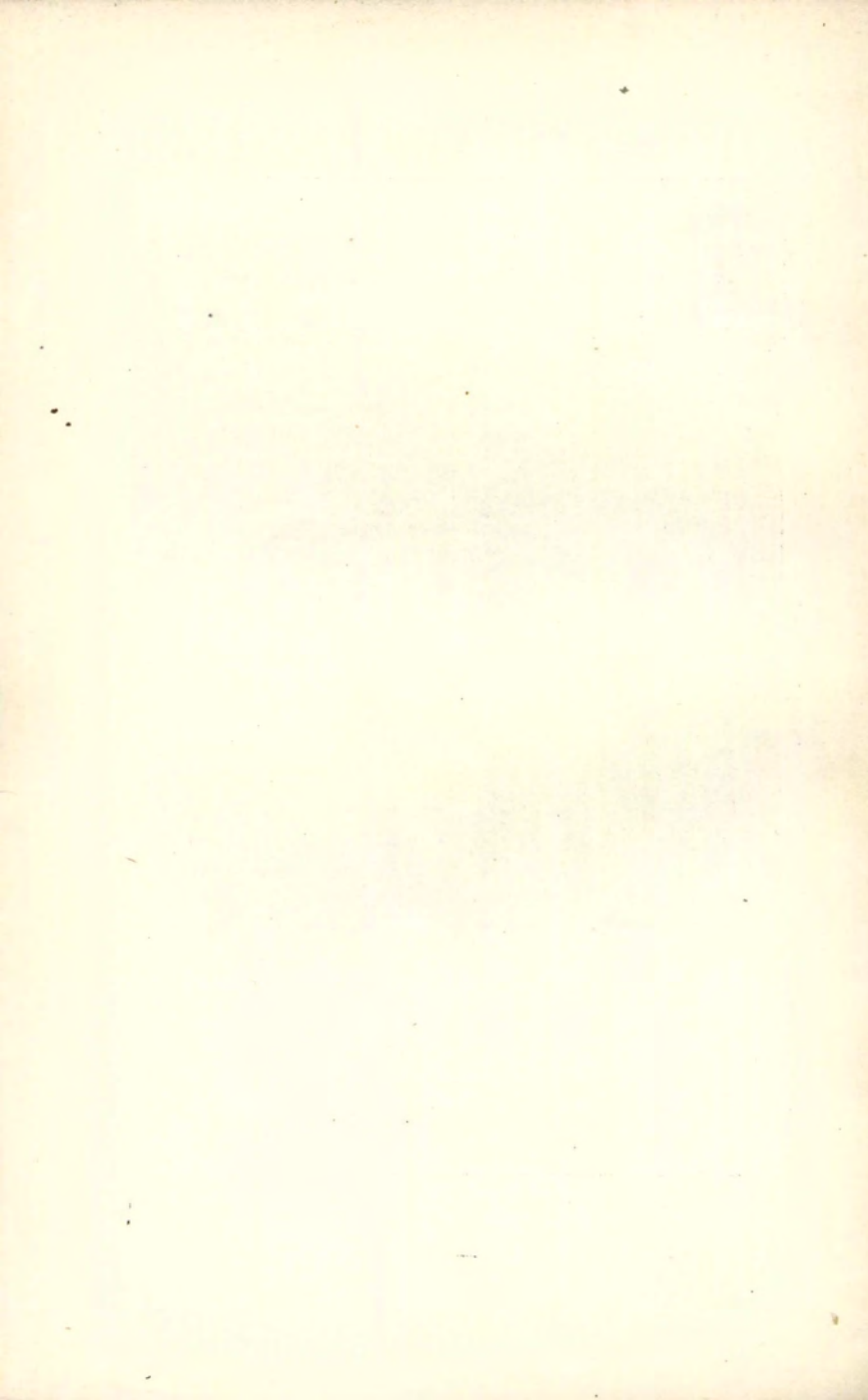
GAINESVILLE lies on the line of the Florida (or Atlantic, Gulf and West India Transit Company's) Railway, ninety-six miles from Fernandina and fifty-five miles from Cedar Keys. It is nearly equidistant from the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, and the great forests which intervene between it and those waters appear to protect it in great measure from that rawness which seems to be inherent in some sea-winds. This circumstance, together with its accessibility and pleasant hotel-accommodations, has made it a place of much resort for invalids.

By the term "Gainesville Country" is meant to be specifically designated the inland and forest-protected portion of peninsular Florida: for example, those parts of Alachua (pronounced Al-la'sh-oo-ah), Lafayette, Putnam, Levy, Marion, Hernando, Sumter, and Orange Counties which lie so far removed both from the St. Johns and from the salt waters as not to partake of the river and sea-coast characteristics; to which may be added, in virtue of its similar position, Lake City, lying to the north of Gainesville some fifty miles, and fifty-nine miles to the westward of Jacksonville—the western terminus of the Florida Central and eastern terminus of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railroads, which are now operated as a single line, though not merged into one.

The associations proper for the general reader to connect in his mind with this division of Florida may be



ALACHUA SINK.



roughly outlined as follows: the lumber and turpentine business carried on along the lines of the two railroads mentioned, finding its outlets at Jacksonville and Fernandina; the growing industry of the culture of early vegetables, which continually increases along the two railroads mentioned, finding its transportation by steamer from Fernandina to New York, by rail to Savannah and Charleston and thence by steamer to New York, by steamboat from Jacksonville to Savannah and Charleston and thence by steamer to New York, or by all rail through to the West as mentioned in the last chapter; the four lakes, Isabella, De Soto, Hamburg, and Indian—in the midst of which Lake City is situated, and from which it takes its name—together with the trout, bream, perch, and other fish, which they readily yield to hook and line, and the deer, partridges and ducks which thereabout abound; Lake City itself, a pleasant town of some two thousand inhabitants, county-site of Columbia County, with seven churches, three hotels (probably thirty rooms in each), a newspaper, and the terminal station of the Cuban telegraph line; Olustee, twelve miles eastward of Lake City, the site of a sanguinary battle in 1864 between General Seymour, commanding the Federal army, and Generals Finnegan and Colquitt, commanding the Confederates; Gainesville, the county-site of Alachua County, with fifteen hundred inhabitants, four churches, two newspapers, and three hotels; the celebrated Payne's Prairie and Sink, a short distance from Gainesville, the former about eighteen miles long and reaching a breadth of five miles, the latter a strange body of water therein, which is fed by a stream, but whose outlet is subterranean and probably communicates with the Gulf or the Atlantic Ocean; the two mail lines running from Gainesville, one to Newnansville, and one to Tampa *via* Micanopy, Ocala and

Brooksville; the crates of cucumbers and cantaleups packed in slat-boxes stuffed with gray moss, the melons, and all the host of the early vegetables which one sees at the Gainesville station awaiting shipment; the uninteresting nature of the approach to the towns of Gainesville and Lake City, as compared with their interiors; the great Gulf Hammock, along which one travels for some distance just after leaving Gainesville, on the railroad to Cedar Keys, with its magnificent masses of oaks and magnolias and vines, and its rich soils awaiting the muscle of man; the numerous other portions of all the named counties above where are fine marls and fertile limestone hammocks, and where lands, which probably cost twenty-five dollars an acre to clear originally, having been abandoned in the vicissitudes of war and of new settlement can now be bought for from two to five dollars an acre; and finally the great natural groves of wild orange-trees about Orange Lake and Lakes Weir and Bryant, in Marion County, Lakes Griffin and Harris in Sumter County, and at other places in this belt of country.*

Apropos of which wild orange groves is a story told by Judge Gillis, of Putnam County, to the fruit-growers of Florida last winter:

"In 1863," said he, "I was at the house of Mrs. McNabb" (between Micanopy and Pilatka, "on a very poor black-jack sand-ridge") "and saw a few sour orange-trees in the yard, and inquired, Why do you not have these trees bearing sweet oranges? The answer was, How can this be? I replied, Bud or graft them with the sweet orange; that I could bud them. I did so. About two years since I passed her house with Colonel Baugh, of Atlanta. He pointed to a fine tree and inquired how many oranges it bore. She mentioned a large

* There are such groves in several other parts of Florida; see paper on "The Wild Orange Groves of Florida" in the Appendix, for much detailed information on this topic.

number, and said she sold the fruit from that tree last year for fifty dollars; that this was a good deal to a poor widow and her family. She turned, and pointing to me said, There is the man who budded that tree for me. I had forgotten my little service till then. I was repaid ten thousand times."

Of course it is not every orange-tree that will come thus to be worth fifty dollars a year in a short time; and in the interests of soberness, as well as by way of presenting both sides of the orange-question, the reader interested in these matters is advised to consult all that is said in the Appendix hereinafter given under the head of "Orange Culture."

In the southerly part of this belt of country is the growing town of Leesburg, to which the Ocklawaha steamers penetrate except when low water in the river prevents navigation above Silver Spring. It is considered the head of Ocklawaha River navigation, and is situated between Lake Griffin and Lake Harris, having practically a frontage on both. A few miles to eastward lie Buck Lake and Lake Eustis; southeastward, Lake Apopka; and westward, Lake Panasofka. Leesburg is the centre of an active and rapidly-improving fruit-growing section. It is estimated that within a distance of ten miles around the town fifty thousand orange-trees have been recently started, which will be in full bearing condition in five years' time. Besides oranges, the guava, citron, lemon, lime, grape-fruit (a fruit much like a very large pale-yellow orange, having a sweetish pulp but a very bitter white tissue between the pulp and the skin), banana, and pine-apple are being successfully raised; and experiments are being made, with much prospect of success, in the culture of a native grape for wine. These products are transported mostly down the Ocklawaha by steamer (or barge to Silver Springs when the water is too low for the steamers between there

and Leesburg) to Pilatka, thence down the St. Johns to Jacksonville.

Leesburg is the county-site of Sumter County, has a church, court-house, post-office, Masonic hall, a hotel and private boarding-houses, and a steam cotton-gin and grist-mill.

To the southeastward from Leesburg, a little beyond Lake Apopka, and twenty-four miles southwest from Mellonville, is Orlando, the county-site of Orange County. It is situated in a high and rolling pine region, and, though not as near the routes of transportation as Leesburg and Mellonville, seems to be a growing place. Nor far from Orlando is the residence of the poet Will Wallace Harney, whose dainty translations of his sylvan environment into poetry must win friends for him among all who love nature. The town has a new court-house, and there are good boarding accommodations.

Of course no delicate invalid—I mean an invalid too weak, for example, to try the open-air camp-life cure—will think of taking the journey of twenty-four miles from Sanford or Mellonville to Orlando, by hack in winter, nor any similar journey in Florida—a precaution which some sad experience (not of my own) leads me always to repeat, even at the risk of being tiresome.

Besides these general ideas, one associates with this region the Suwannee and Withlacoochee Rivers, both emptying into the Gulf of Mexico; and also the fearful Dade massacre—referred to in the historical chapter of this book—which occurred not far from Leesburg.

Fourteen miles from Lake City are the Suwannee White Sulphur Springs, on the Suwannee River. They have considerable local reputation for efficacy in the cure of rheumatism.

The Register of the United States Land Office is lo-

cated at Gainesville. The State Land Office is at Tallahassee.

Through this Gainesville country stretches down to the southward a series of hammock lands, including the great Gulf Hammock below Gainesville, and the celebrated Annuttelaga (pronounced An'nuttylah'ga) Hammock, in Hernando County, which is fourteen miles in length by seven in width.

There are also many marls and clay-soils to be found, and the river-mucks furnish great quantities of valuable fertilizing material.

CHAPTER IX.

WEST FLORIDA.

“WEST FLORIDA” is a term commonly used in the State to designate that portion of it lying west of the Apalachicola River, and has been brought to the attention of most news-readers in connection with a long-pending proposition to cede this part of Florida to the State of Alabama; to which, indeed, regarding it from the point of view of the geographical fitness of things, it seems rightly appurtenant.

It is comprised of the counties of Jackson (county-site, Marianna), Calhoun (county-site, Abe Spring Bluff), Washington (county-site, Vernon), Holmes (county-site, Cerro Gordo), Walton (county-site, Ucheeanna), Santa Rosa (county-site, Milton), Escambia (county-site, Pensacola), and part of Franklin (county-site, Apalachicola). Of these counties, the first-named, Jackson, is so much like the hill-country about Tallahassee that it was included in the account of that portion of Florida given in Chapter VI.; and Pensacola, the principal town of this section, has been spoken of in the last chapter.

West Florida is sparsely inhabited; and the inaccessibility of most of it by rail causes it to be much less visited than the other portions of Florida. Its main industries are agriculture, the fish and oyster trade, and lumbering. It is abundantly watered by numerous creeks, rivers, and estuaries from the Gulf. These afford great facilities for getting out the logs and spar-timber, in which the country

is enormously rich. Many portions of it are extremely fertile, and yield good crops of long- and short-staple cotton, ramie, tobacco, sugar-cane, turnips, sweet-potatoes, and garden vegetables. The principal growths of timber, besides the main product of the yellow-pine, are the magnolia, cypress, juniper, cedar, wild cherry, live-oak and water-oak. The coast abounds in beautiful bays, which those persons visiting Florida in their own steam-yachts might find well worth exploring; and the waters hereabout are noted for yielding fine fish and oysters, as detailed in the chapter on the Gulf Coast.

Apalachicola, on the bay of that name, near the mouth of the Apalachicola River, is a town of four or five hundred inhabitants, and is now little more than the shell of a once prosperous city. It was formerly the shipping port for large quantities of cotton sent down the Chattahoochee and Apalachicola Rivers; and even after the war it moved forward with much animation, until the building of the railroad across the northern portion of Florida together with the combinations of the Georgia railway system succeeded in diverting almost all of its trade. Its fish, and particularly its oysters, are celebrated for their excellent flavor. It is connected by weekly steamer along the Chattahoochee and Apalachicola Rivers with Columbus, Georgia, and there with the railway systems of Georgia and Alabama; and with the Gulf ports by occasional sail and steamer. Vessels are also brought from other points by its lumber-mills. Pleasant excursion-parties are sometimes made up in the spring at Columbus, for the purpose of descending the Chattahoochee and Apalachicola in a chartered steamer, fishing, hunting, and exploring the strange Dead Lakes of Calhoun County, as well as the brighter waters of St. Josephs, St. Andrews, and other beautiful bays of this coast.

The Scotch settlement along the Uchee Valley, in Walton County, centering about Ucheeanna, is worthy of mention; and the lands of the valley of Holmes Creek, about Vernon, the county-site of Washington County, are spoken of as particularly fertile.

Besides the steamboat line mentioned as running to Apalachicola, the other main line of transportation in this part of Florida is the Pensacola and Louisville Railroad, connecting Pensacola with the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad at Pensacola Junction. There is also a railroad, nine miles in length, connecting Pensacola Bay with Perdido Bay at Millview, where there are large saw-mill interests.

CHAPTER X.

LAKE OKEECHOBEE AND THE EVERGLADES.

IN the midst of the great cattle-ranges and prairies of Manatee, Monroe, Dade and Brevard Counties lies the large and lonesome sheet of water known as Lake Okeechobee. Its length is probably from forty to fifty miles, its width is about twenty miles, and its depth varies from eight to twenty feet. It is fed by the Kissimee River, which comes down from the north through Cypress and Kissimee Lakes; and likely also by internal springs. Its waters probably escape through the Everglades. This Kissimee River is but a short distance from the head-waters of the St. Johns, and flows parallel with them generally, though in the contrary direction. It is said to be deep enough for navigation by steamers of four feet. The country lying between it and the St. Johns, as well as that west of it, consists largely of prairies and savannas which afford fine ranges for cattle, and the business of stock-raising has been carried on here with great success by many parties.

Stretching off to the southward and southwestward is the great, shallow, island-studded lake called the Everglades. It is in many portions, indeed, not always under water; and, where covered, varies in depth from six inches to six feet. It is full of water-grasses and flowers, and abounds in islands containing from one to one hundred acres of dry land, covered with profuse growths of vines, palmettos, cocoa-trees, oaks, crab-wood, mastic, and

cypress. These islands, as well as the shores of Lake Okeechobee, present inexhaustible resources to the huntsman and the fisherman. Deer, bears, panthers, wild-cats, alligators, wood-ducks, and many varieties of tropical water-fowl are to be found, with several sorts of freshwater fish and turtles.

* The space covered by water in the Everglades has in time contracted, owing to geological causes, and has left a belt of prairie varying from a half-mile to a mile in width around it, which contains a great quantity of dry and fertile land. The Everglades have been found to be considerably higher than the level of the sea, and drainage could be easily effected, thus reclaiming a very large body of extremely fertile soil for agricultural purposes.

The Everglades run through a large portion of Dade County and a part of Monroe. To the westward, in the space inclosed between the Everglades and the Gulf Coast, in Monroe County, dwell the remnant of the Indians who for so many years defied Spaniard, Frenchman, Englishman, and American, in this bloody Florida. In the year 1842, at the close of his remarkable campaign against the Florida Indians, General Worth announced to the Government that there remained but about three hundred of them—men, women, and children—and suggested that these be allowed to stay, without further pursuit, within specified limits—being the space inclosed between Pease Creek, from its mouth along the southern fork of it, to Lake Istokpoga; thence down along that lake, the Kissimee River, Lake Okeechobee, and the Everglades to the Gulf Coast; thence along the coast back to the starting-point. This suggestion was finally acceded to, and with the exception of two insignificant disturbances quickly suppressed by State troops they have peacefully remained in their allotted territory, living

mostly upon fish and game. They are said to retain their customs, and I met one resident of Florida who knew their old chief Tiger-tail, and had received an invitation to their Green-Corn Dance, then about to be held. Their number is now estimated to be about three hundred in all. They are seen by few whites, save the "cow-boys," and those dwelling in the lower portions of Orange County, and in Polk, Brevard, Manatee, and Dade.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE KEY WEST COUNTRY.

A NARROW strip of high, rocky pine-land, varying from three to fifteen miles in width, intervenes between the southern margin of the Everglades and the waters of Biscayne Bay and Barnes' Sound. This strip, together with the numerous keys which inclose Biscayne Bay and Barnes' Sound and extend on a westward curve until they terminate in Key West, Marquesas Keys and the Dry Tortugas, constitutes the part of Florida which I mean to designate by the term Key West country. The strip of mainland is mostly in Dade County; the keys are partly in Dade, partly in Monroe.

Here one finds the land adapted to the cultivation of many tropical productions, and the warmth of the climate renders others available at seasons when they are impracticable farther north. Sea Island cotton, it is said, will grow throughout the year along the mainland about Biscayne Bay: and here also flourish the lime, lemon, citron, sapodilla, cocoanut, banana, plantain, maumee, tamarind, guava, pine-apple, fig, olive, grape, sisal hemp, sugar-cane, and tobacco. The maumee, sugar-apple, and avocado pear of this section are highly spoken of; and it is said to be extraordinarily productive of limes and to offer great facilities for the manufacture of citric acid from lime-juice.

The climate is happy in its effects upon rheumatism and consumption, and its details will be found in the climatic chapter of this book.

The "Coontee," a term, probably Indian in its origin, for a species of sago palm, grows profusely near Biscayne Bay, and yields a good commercial starch and farina.

It is in contemplation to connect the lower end of Indian River with the waters of Biscayne Bay and Barnes' Sound by a canal from Indian River to Lake Worth, and from the latter to Biscayne Bay. The same company ("the Southern Inland Navigation and Improvement Company") propose to connect the St. Johns with Indian River by a canal across the narrow strip between Lake Washington and the latter stream, and thus to afford an inland water-route from Jacksonville entirely down the length of the Florida peninsula to Biscayne Bay. It is said that twenty-five miles of canal-cutting would suffice for the whole line. A railway ("The Great Southern") has also been projected to run from Jessup, Georgia (the intersection of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad with the Macon and Brunswick), to Jacksonville, and thence down the centre of the peninsula to Turtle Harbor, between Biscayne Bay and Barnes' Sound. Some work has already been done on the northern end of this road.

There are settlements in Dade County, at the mouth of the Miami River, along Biscayne Bay and at Key Biscayne, the latter being the county-site. This Miami River is thought to indicate in its name a possible connection between the Indians of this region and those of the Miami country of Ohio. Three hundred years ago, when Menendez was sending out exploring-parties from St. Augustine, the Indians declared that the waters of the St. Johns could be reached in boats from a certain Lake "Miami," and that this lake had also an outlet to the sea. Dade County is sparsely inhabited, and the facilities for reaching its settlements, outside of private boats, are confined mostly to occasional sail from Key West. Those

desiring to know more of this portion of Florida would doubtless be cheerfully informed upon application by letter or otherwise to Rev. W. W. Hicks, at Fernandina, Florida, or Hon. W. Gleason, Miami, Florida, who seem to be the stirring men of Dade County.

Key West, the county-site of Monroe County, is the most populous city in Florida next to Jacksonville, having about eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the western end of the island of the same name, which is about five miles long by one mile wide. It has a deep and ample harbor, whose entrance is defended by Fort Taylor, and is a prosperous city, with a large trade in cigar manufacturing and in the gathering and shipping of sponges. The sponge-gatherers inhabit mainly that quarter of the city called Conch-town.

Fish and turtle are shipped from here to New York and Cuba; and Florida cattle in large numbers are sent to the latter country from this point. It is headquarters also for the Florida wreckers, into whose hands the reefs throw many a prize. These industries, together with the influx of Cuban refugees, and the activities incident to its being a coaling station and naval dépôt, have contributed to build here a thriving city; and its position with relation to the West Indies and the Gulf must always make it an important point.

The great leaves of tall cocoa-palms, the feathery fronds of the date-palm, the almond-tree, and many varieties of the warmer-natured flowers and vines, reveal themselves about the town. There are excellent hotel and boarding accommodations at the Russell House and at boarding-houses. Very few of the other "keys" are at all inhabited, save by great numbers of white herons, spoonbills, cormorants, cranes, gulls, egrets, pelicans, and other water-fowl. The plumes of these herons are in much commer-

cial demand for head-decorations. Indian Key is the residence of several wreckers, who cultivate its soil. Plantation Key is noted for the pine-apples which have been grown on it ; and Key Largo, which is the most extensive of the group, being some forty miles in length, is said to possess a considerable quantity of soil available for the cultivation of cocoanuts and pine-apples. The ordinary growths on these keys are mangrove, crab-wood, palmetto, and sweet-bay. Their surfaces are generally not more than two feet above the water at high tide.

Key West can be reached by steamers from New Orleans and Havana, by the New York and Galveston steamers, and by the Baltimore and New Orleans steamers ; all of which touch there. A steamer also runs weekly from Cedar Keys to Key West, carrying the mails, and touching at several intermediate points, as hereinbefore mentioned in the Gulf-Coast chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLIMATE.

PERHAPS no more important initiatory observation could be urged upon the attention either of invalids or healthy people than that there is absolutely no such thing as a perfect climate. As surely—and perhaps upon the same awful economic principle at bottom—as the rose has its thorn, so your Nice has its *mistral*, your San Antonio its norther, your Darjiling its monsoon.

The climate of Florida is perhaps more nearly a perfect consumptive's climate than either of these; but it has a northeast nick in it.

As well to advise the intending invalid faithfully of perfection and of imperfection, as because the presentation involves many curious matters which cannot but be of interest to the merely general reader, it is proposed first to give here—in a wholly unscientific way, for this author is not a scientific person—some account of the chief physical circumstances in the nature and environment of Florida which contribute to differentiate its very remarkable climate, and then to present a set of tables which have been prepared from digested records of all the important meteorological instruments for a period of from twenty to twenty-seven years, and which will enable invalids, physicians, and tourists to determine the nature of the climate with reference to all given exigencies.

The very first step in the investigation of this subject leads one into the presence of a phenomenon which still

baffles the explanatory power of science, and the contemplation of which no man can approach without a fresh uprising of wonder.

For of the many circumstances not astronomical which tend to individualize the climate of Florida, the first in importance are without question

THE GULF STREAM AND THE ARCTIC CURRENT.

Although under certain conditions the warm air from over the Gulf Stream may blow westward, and thus indirectly heighten the temperature of some unusually cold winter-day, yet this would be but a trifling variation from the main effect of the Gulf Stream upon the Florida climate—which is, to cool it. Why, indeed, should we have an Italian climate ten degrees nearer the equator than the Old-World Italy? Florida is entitled by its latitude to a climate considerably warmer than that it possesses. Why is it cooler? Unceasingly the Gulf Stream is employed in conveying heat away from the neighborhood of Florida, and thus of course in cooling it. “The quantity of heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream from these regions and discharged over the Atlantic is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting-point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi River.”* What, then, is the Gulf Stream? The answer—such answer as is possible—to this question cannot be better begun than in the celebrated words of one who studied the sea as a lover studies his mistress, and who, in spite of many crudenesses and inconsistencies into which he was led to fall by the great mass of undi-

* The Physical Geography of the Sea, by M. F. Maury, p. 53. London: Samson Low, Son & Co., 1859.

gested and hitherto unclassified facts which his labors collected, must yet be held to have been the greatest expounder of this subject. Says M. F. Maury, at the beginning of the first chapter in the work just above quoted :

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon and its volume more than a thousand times greater."

Its waters are bluer than those of the surrounding sea, and the line of demarkation, for a long distance from the starting-point of the stream, is so sharp that a vessel has been distinctly seen to be half in and half out of it. This deeper blue is probably owing to the fact that the Gulf Stream is also more salty than its neighbor water.

It is not only more blue and more salty, it is also warmer than the water about it by twenty or thirty degrees in a winter's day. Its maximum temperature is 86°, and after a run of three thousand miles over and between cold water it still retains a summer heat.

It runs out of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, along the coast of the United States, in a north-eastern direction to Newfoundland. Here it meets a cold under-current, which is forever coming down out of the Arctic waters and making its way under the ocean-surface to those points which are being depleted by the outflow of the Gulf Stream. Off the coast of Newfoundland this cold current runs under the warm one ; icebergs whose great bases extend beneath the depth of the warm

current are seen to make their way across it, under the influence of the cold one beneath, which is pushing them to the southward.

From this meeting of the warm vapor-exhaling waters and the cold vapor-condensing waters result the great fogs of that region. A still more wonderful effect of their meeting is that the animalcules of the warm stream are, as it were, frozen to death by the cold one, and those of the cold stream are, as it were, boiled to death by the warm one; as these minute creatures die their shells fall; and in the farther course of the Gulf Stream over the ocean towards Ireland these shells have been deposited until in the course of ages they have formed a great ridge in the bottom of the sea, upon which the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is laid. For after leaving Newfoundland the Gulf Stream—retaining probably the motion which it had acquired while whirling with the earth from west to east along the equator or greatest circumference—strikes across to the eastward and finally spreads itself over the European waters, giving out its genial warmth to modify and temper the climates of Western Europe. By so much, therefore, as the air of Western Europe is warmed through the agency of the Gulf Stream waters, by just so much has the climate of Florida been cooled.

It is not a great many years since people believed that the Gulf Stream was caused by, or was a mere prolongation of, the current of the Mississippi River, or perhaps of the Amazon. When it came to be found out that the volume of the Gulf Stream was a thousand times larger than that of its supposed progenitors this idea had to be abandoned. It gave way to the theory of Dr. Franklin: that the Trade Winds piled up a vast head of water in the Caribbean Sea, which, owing to the tendency of water to seek its level, must of necessity find some outlet, and

that this outlet was the Gulf Stream. This theory is still extensively entertained, though Maury's objections to it would seem to be conclusive enough. To mention only two of them: The Trade Winds, which are supposed to pile up surplus water in the Caribbean Sea, only do so for six months in the year, since for the other six they blow in a different direction; what accounts for the Gulf Stream during the latter six months? And again, it is well known that there is an enormous submarine current setting southward out of the polar basin, and flowing opposite to the Gulf Stream toward the very head of waters supposed to originate it; and this cold current runs along at a distance beneath the surface of the ocean to which the winds do not reach at all: hence there is plainly some other agency than the wind which *does* originate currents. Indeed, the supposition that the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are at a higher level than the rest of the Atlantic seems to be rendered untenable by the probability—which Maury's researches appear to have developed—that there is a constant tendency of waters and of drift-matter from all parts of the Atlantic Ocean *into* the Gulf of Mexico, excepting of course the Gulf Stream, and that curious Sargasso Sea, lying between the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Islands, which appears to be a sort of slow whirlpool in which the drift and sea-weed collect—a pivot upon which the whole Atlantic slowly turns, as Maury strikingly says. Without wholly denying that the winds may have some agency in the production of the Gulf Stream, and without professing to be able to detail the precise method of its formation by any other means, Maury assigns as active causes in the formation of ocean currents generally the three following agencies. Starting with the familiar principle that water will necessarily flow to or from any part of a body of it where its

equilibrium has been disturbed, he finds disturbing causes in heat, evaporation and secretion.

Heat renders the waters of the tropical regions lighter: and as they rise to the surface and flow off—as, for instance, in the Gulf of Mexico—their place must be supplied by colder waters.

Evaporation—the second disturbing cause—takes place with enormous rapidity on the surface of the warm tropical waters. In the evaporation of sea-water, the salt contained in solution is not evaporated but left behind. The water which receives this surplus salt becomes heavier and sinks, and to supply its place water must flow in from somewhere. Any one who will take the pains to observe closely what occurs the next time he holds a lump of sugar half submerged in a cup of tea for the purpose of melting it more quickly may actually perceive currents set up by a process much like that which Maury believes to result from evaporation. One will see that as the particles of water immediately around the sugar-lump become saturated they grow heavier than their neighbors and sink; these neighbors then flow in from all directions, saturate themselves, sink, and are succeeded by *their* neighbors: and so on, the course of the currents being indicated by the progress of the bubbles from the sides of the tea-cup toward the place of the lump.

And lastly, the secretions of sea-animals from sea-water produce differences in the gravity of the water, and hence currents. All persons know that the shells of marine animals are made of lime, and that this lime is drawn from sea-water which holds it in solution. Now when, for example, each one of the corallines who built the great coral arches upon which Florida rests passed a drop of water through his little crucible and extracted its lime, it became lighter in consequence of this loss and rose toward

the surface. Hence, along with the progress of the work of these busy creatures, must occur a constant uprising of light water and a constant compensating inflow of heavier water, the light water rising to the surface and flowing off. This cause of currents will appear at first insignificant ; but it seems much less so as one tries to force one's mind to the proper estimation of the myriads of large and small shell-secreting animals who are daily causing these flights of lightened water toward the surface—animals whose minutest families have left such monuments of their multitude as the State of Florida itself, or as that enormous ridge hereinbefore referred to, which stretches its plateau entirely across the Atlantic Ocean for the cable to rest on.

Such are the theories of Maury, though it is proper to say that most scientific men, while according him the highest praise for the diligent collection of facts, reject most of his inferences from them, and attribute the Gulf Stream to the heating of the Indian Ocean, the inflow thereby set up from the neighboring waters, and the relative westward motion of these, coming as they do from the smaller circumferences toward the equator—thus producing a current which strikes across to the westward and splits on the central projecting point of South America, one branch flowing south, and the other north through the Caribbean Sea, out of which it emerges as the Gulf Stream.

Of course it is not the place here to discuss these matters, but it may be said that to the unscientific mind it is exceedingly difficult to find mental repose in either of these hypotheses, as explaining the eternal flow of the sharply-defined current of the Gulf Stream.

But it is not only by the Gulf Stream that Florida is cooled. The same magnificent scheme of oceanic circulation which sends out that great heated current to temper the cold of Western Europe brings down a counter cold

current from the Polar seas to temper the heat of Florida. There are many circumstances which tend to show that the waters immediately bathing the coasts of Florida are shoalings of this Arctic stream.

In regarding Florida, therefore, with reference to its temperature, one must conceive it as a long pier running down nearly four hundred miles, having on the left, looking southward, first a band of cool water, then the warm band of the Gulf Stream, then the great expanse of the Atlantic—all these water-expanses of different temperatures—and on the right the reservoir of the Gulf of Mexico, constantly pouring off from its surface the heated volume of the Gulf Stream, and constantly receiving, beneath, the supplies of new water from the return Arctic current.

I shall have occasion, presently, to present the details of the temperature resulting from these circumstances, as well as to refer to some other indirect effects of these variously temperatured bands of water; reserving these, I go on to remark that a second important circumstance peculiarly affecting the Florida climate is *the position of the State with reference to the breeding-places and tracks of general storms in the United States.*

Any one who will run the most cursory glance over the storm-maps of the Signal Service Bureau will be immediately struck with the fact that the black lines, representing the courses of the storm-centres, or "low barometers," almost all originate in about the same spot on all the charts. There would seem to be indeed a definite breeding-place of storms in the United States, from which they issue as wasps from a hive. Not only so, but they mostly pursue the same general flight. No one can regard this sameness of origin and direction without astonishment.

This territory, which is the place of the beginning of

storms, may be roughly indicated as lying not far to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, and about on a line produced to the westward from New York. It would seem that there is here a sort of wild Debatable Land or Scottish Border of the winds. The cold blasts come down through that end of the wide Mississippi Valley which opens out toward the north; the warm, vapor-laden airs from the Gulf of Mexico blow freely into its lower end; thus alternately the wild forayers rush downward and upward; and when they meet, snows and rains and gales rage like running battles from west to east.

Such, at least, is the theory which has been suggested by Dr. A. S. Baldwin, of Jacksonville, Florida, a gentleman to whose courtesy in placing his accumulations of meteorological material and learning at disposal this writer desires freely to acknowledge obligations.

"The influence of the Valley of the Mississippi," says Dr. Baldwin, in a pamphlet containing his Address to the Medical Association of Florida, of which he is President, "upon the weather of the United States is much greater, in my opinion, than has been heretofore accredited to it. The valley is open on the south to the Gulf of Mexico, and is bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountain range, which has a direction from southeast in the lower end of the valley to northwest, and extends to the Polar basin in the north. At the lower and southern portion, it has the Alleghany range for a boundary on the east, which has a direction from southwest to northeast. . . . This valley, however, does not terminate at the sources of the Mississippi River, but extends still northward until it reaches the Polar basin; no ridge of mountains crosses the valley to separate the lower part from the Polar basin, or prevent the winds of the Polar regions from traversing its entire length, nor those from the Gulf of Mexico—winds which alternately move up and down this valley, the one cold and dry, and the other hot and loaded with moisture from the Gulf, the Caribbean Sea, and the equatorial regions farther south. . . . Professor Coffin . . . says, 'In any well-defined valley of con-

siderable extent, it is a well-known fact that the winds are influenced to take the direction of the valley.' An example is given of the Hudson River Valley, where half of the winds or more follow the river up and down; and yet the mean direction of the winds of the whole is nearly at right angles to it. Now, if we make application of this well-established principle to the Mississippi Valley, which certainly is a well-defined one, what is the result? As the winds of the Polar belt have been shown to have a southerly direction by Professor Coffin, there is nothing to prevent their free entrance into that broad, northern mouth of this valley, and the high wall of the Rocky Mountains on the western boundary of the valley for its entire length would tend to continue this direction to the Gulf of Mexico, and even beyond, for the mountains of Mexico—the Sierra Madre—are but the continuation of the Rocky Mountain range, extending to Central and even South America, curving to the eastward so as to embrace the Caribbean Sea, and then taking a southern direction and joining the Andes. This is the course taken by the Polar winds. . . . The winds from the Polar basin would move close to the surface in consequence of their greater density. . . . If the rain-bearing winds from the south should meet those from the north with anything like equal force, there would necessarily be a conflict in opposing directions, . . . and some new direction would be given to the opposing currents. They could not return back upon themselves; they could not go far west on account of the barrier opposed by the Rocky Mountain wall. Now, what way or direction is open to them? They can go to the east or northeast. And in this conflict of winds from north and south, the mass might, and probably would be, elevated and carried up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, until brought into the influence of the high westerly belt of winds" (which Professor Coffin has shown to encircle the earth), "and then would be swept across the States north of the Alleghanies, as storm-winds, which would pass up the coast of New England and follow the Gulf Stream, . . . or turn farther north and pass down the St. Lawrence. . . . The winds which come over the Rocky Mountains have hitherto been considered the great weather-breeders of the Mississippi Valley, and of the United States."

Now, of the storms thus bred, all move to the eastward. The large majority trend north of east, and trouble the

great lakes of the United States, giving them that stormy character for which they are noted. Out of about three hundred such general storms which I counted on these charts for two years, only thirteen passed across the State of Florida.

Doubtless some faint ticklings from the fringes of storms which did not pass centrally over the State must have been felt, but they were not vigorous enough to produce more than small variations of comfort.

Of course, what is here said applies purely to general storms; there are local and peculiar storms over and above these, of which I shall speak in the proper place.

Thirdly, the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere of Florida, while not great enough to render it a damp climate, appears to be sufficient to prevent the diurnal changes of temperature from being excessive. This is accomplished through the intervention of the principle that moist air allows the passage of direct rays from the sun to the earth, but prevents the re-escape of radiated rays from the earth into space. Direct heat seems to be readily transmitted through moist air; reflected heat, not. It is said that in the Desert of Sahara, where the superincumbent air is of course very dry, the radiation of the earth's heat is so rapid after sundown as to send the thermometer quickly down to freezing-point;* and Dr. Baldwin quotes General Emory as stating that he had observed a difference of 60° in temperature between the day and the night on the dry Western plains.

A fourth circumstance is the number of bands of unequally-heated land and water, of which Florida is one. The Gulf Stream, of a temperature of 86° , is one band; the intervening Atlantic water between the Gulf Stream

* See Dr. Baldwin's Address, above referred to.

and the coast (which the exploration of the Gulf Stream made under A. D. Bache has shown to be itself broken up into two more bands, whose temperature differs considerably at the surface and very greatly at twenty fathoms below) is another of different temperature; the peninsula itself forms another of still different temperature; and finally comes the Gulf of Mexico, of yet different temperature, to which might be added the further complication of the St. Johns River and its lakes, and of the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. Every one is familiar with the phenomenon that air resting upon a warm surface grows lighter when heated, rises, and sets up thus an inflow of air of different temperature to supply its place; and it will be readily seen how the proximity of these varying bands of surfaces which I have specified must produce a constant circulation of fresh air in the highest degree beneficial.

Fifthly, there are no snow-capped mountain ranges within any such distance of Florida as to render it liable to any of those rawnesses and sudden variations which proceed from this cause.

Sixthly, the rainy season in Florida is in summer, and it does not consist of steady rains but of afternoon showers which come up in the heat of the day with purifying thunder and lightning. This disproportion of summer rain leaves the winter an agreeable excess of clear days, as will more definitely appear presently.

Lastly, I merely mention the plenteous pine-growth of the State, without going into details for the reason that Florida possesses this feature in common with the seacoast of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. It is believed by eminent physicians that, aside from the purely meteorological effects of these masses of foliage, the terebinthine odors exhaling from pines form a healing and antiseptic constituent in the atmosphere. Such evidence

as has come under my own observation is favorable to this idea. It is curious to note in this connection that Spenser appears to attest the antiquity of this opinion as to such remedial virtue, in the Shepherd's Calendar. In the July Eclogue, Morrell says :

Here grows Melampode everywhere,
And terebinth, good for goats ;
The one my madding kids to smear,
The next to heal their throats.

Regarding these, then, as the main physical facts which go to modify the normal climate of Florida, it now remains to set forth the final result, in reliable figures, of this mixture of climatic ingredients which I have specified.

TEMPERATURE.*

The mean temperature of Jacksonville (lat. $30^{\circ}19'38''$), calculated upon twenty-seven years' observations, is for spring 70.06° Fahrenheit; for summer 81.82° ; for autumn 70.35° ; for winter 56.33° .

The mean temperature of St. Augustine (which is immediately on the eastern coast, about half a degree farther south than Jacksonville), calculated upon twenty years' observations, is for spring 68.54° ; for summer 80.27° ; for autumn 71.73° ; and for winter 58.08° .

These figures, it will be observed, show St. Augustine to be slightly warmer in winter and cooler in summer than Jacksonville.

The mean temperature of Tampa Bay—which is on the western coast, $1^{\circ}48'$ farther south than St. Augustine—calculated upon twenty-five years' observations, is for

* The following figures are derived from Dr. Baldwin's above-quoted pamphlet, and are believed to be thoroughly reliable.

spring 72.06° ; for summer 80.2° ; for autumn 73.08° ; for winter 62.85° .

The mean temperature of Key West (in latitude $24^{\circ}32'$), calculated upon fourteen years' observations, is, for spring 75.79° ; for summer 82.51° ; for autumn 78.23° ; for winter 69.58° .

These averages may be fairly considered to give a just view of the range of the thermometer over the whole State; for while I have been unable to gain any thermometric accounts of points in the interior of the State based upon periods of time sufficiently long to render them perfectly authentic, yet no information I have received has led me to infer more than such variations from the above means as one could easily approximate by considering the distance of any given point from the localities above specified.

It must be apparent to the most casual reader of the foregoing figures that the popular idea which conceives the Florida climate as a tropical one is thoroughly erroneous. Surely $82\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —which is the highest mean of summer temperature—and $69\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —which is the highest mean of winter temperature—enumerated in the above table, for Key West, the point nearest the equator—surely, these are not tropical temperatures! No, the air, here, is bland, it is not hot: it is cool enough to retain some little bracing quality in itself and to prevent the invalid from that dangerous inanition which the tropical languors are so apt to superinduce; yet it is not so cool as to irritate the membranes or check the healthful exhalations of the body, if the plainest precautions of proper clothing and of proper freedom from exposure are taken. Let me, therefore, here earnestly desire all persons, whether invalids or pleasure-seekers, who come to Florida with the expectation of spending their midwinters in white linen

blouses, lying on beds of roses under spice-trees and palms, to exchange this delusion for the far finer and truer notion of a temperature just cool enough to save a man from degenerating into a luxurious vegetable of laziness, and just warm enough to be nerve-quieting and tranquillizing. Warm days there are, truly, in winter; and there are roses and palms, too; nevertheless, moderate flannels, moderate woollens, good reddening exercise,—these are the things for Florida, and he who knows how to use them properly will always think of the land with a lighter heart.

Again: it should be here said, before I leave the subject of temperature, that in general points in the interior of the State are warmer than those on the coast, because protected from the northwest and northeast winds. The northwest wind is dry-cold: the northeast wind is cold and raw.

I have already had occasion to speak of the insanity of that exodus of consumptives from Florida which begins to occur even so early as March. Suffice it to say here again that the plainest logic conceivable proves that no sick man should leave Florida, to go to any point more northerly than (say) Charleston, before the very last of May.

FROSTS.

At Jacksonville frosts are possible in any month from October to April, inclusive. Dr. Baldwin found, from twenty-seven years' record, an average of 2.3 frosts for November; 5.2 for December; 5.4 for January; 3.1 for February; 1.3 for March. In April and October there is .2 of a likelihood of frost; none, between. As the traveler goes southward along the Peninsula the number of frosts of course diminishes; and at Key West and along the tier of southern coast counties they practically

disappear. Much inquiry left me unable to fix any line north of this where it could be said that one had gotten below frost; but the phenomenon is rare at any rate below 28° .

RAINFALL AND HUMIDITY.

During something over sixteen years the average rainfall at Jacksonville was 50.29 inches. Only 7.06 inches of this amount fell, on the average, in the winter; 9.19 inches during the spring; leaving 20.5 inches for the summer, and 12.98 inches for the autumn. I have not been able to find any records of rainfall at other points based upon a sufficient length of time to render them authentic. But it may be in general remarked that the yearly average given above for Jacksonville will probably serve as a fair basis for judging of the rainfall at other points, except that the amount should probably be decreased for points on the immediate eastern coast. There seems to be here somewhat less rain than farther inland. A gentleman at St. Augustine informed me it often occurred that the steady sea-breeze blowing in from the east would drive back rain-clouds advancing from the west, and prevent them from discharging over the city; and Dr. Baldwin mentions having repeatedly witnessed the same phenomenon on the eastern coast.

This brings me to say, however, that although there seems to be less precipitation of rain on the eastern coast than elsewhere, it is nevertheless probable that more humidity exists in the atmosphere of that region; for the reason that the northeast wind, which is the raw wind, has a fairer sweep there than at points which lie farther inland and which are consequently more sheltered by the forests from winds that come out of this quarter. The average annual amount of humidity at Jacksonville was found to be 5.7 grains of water to the cubic foot of air.

This is said to be about enough to be pleasant for respiration. It is probable that this amount should be increased a little for the eastern coast and decreased for the interior and western coast.

Hereof asthmatics may take heed, who usually require more moisture in the air for free breathing than invalids with other diseases of the air-passages.

Yet—when a man thinks of it—what is the use of talking to the asthma? It is a disease which has no law, no reason, no consistency; it pulls logic by the nose, it spins calculation round with a crazy motion as of a teetotum about to fall; and as for the medical faculty, it deliberately takes that august personage by the beard and beats him with his own gold-headed cane. It is as whimsical-inconsequent as Mollie Sixteen; it is the capriccio in five-four time of suffering; it is Disease's loose horse in the pasture. I have a friend who begins to wheeze with asthma on reaching New York City, but recovers immediately on arriving at Philadelphia; and another who cannot exist in Philadelphia, but is comparatively a free-breather in New York. People are known who can live in London but are changed to gasping asthmatics five miles away from it; and their opposites are equally well known, who gasp in London but can live five miles out. Yonder is a man, over on the North Beach, within three miles of St. Augustine, who has gone to reside there, though whenever he comes over in the boat to St. Augustine he wheezes by the time he is half-way, and does not prosper at all in the city.

And I am told there are asthmatics in New York to whom Canal Street is a perfect barrier of asphyxia, and who can live below it, but would die above it. I know one who has to sleep part of each night in his chair, but cannot have his feet on a level with his body; and I have

no doubt there are those who are obliged to elevate their feet at an angle of 45° in order to get a wink.

I obstinately refuse to repeat the story—which a friend has just told me for true—that there is a man here who sleeps standing every night before a window with the sash out.

NUMBER OF CLEAR DAYS.

This is a matter of great importance to healthy pleasure-seekers as well as to sick people. The most unsentimental of vigorous folk respond to a sunny sky in a manner of which they are often wholly unconscious; and I have seen a car-load of people who had preserved a grim silence so long as we steamed along through the rain glide into a cheerful buzz of conversation in a few minutes after the sun came out.

During a period of twenty-two years (and some years longer for several of the months hereinafter mentioned) it was found that at Jacksonville, January averaged about twenty clear days; February, nineteen; March, twenty; April, twenty-five; May, twenty-two; June, seventeen; July, eighteen; August, nineteen; September, seventeen; October, nineteen; November, twenty; and December, twenty. It is not to be understood by any means that the cloudy days in this calculation were rainy days; probably on something like half of them rain fell.

THE WINDS.

I have before remarked that the northwest wind is the cold dry wind in Florida. It is the wind that kills the orange-trees; and its prevalence may be estimated from the statistics of frost, which I have given above. The northeast wind is the cold wet wind; and the reader is referred to what is said of it in the chapter on St. Augustine (Chapter III.) for some account of its nature and

habits, which are not pleasant. The east wind is a delightful wind; and the south wind is somewhat like in the temperature it brings and the sensation it produces.

It is proper to refer, in closing this account of the Florida climate, to the popular impression that malarial diseases render it unhealthy. Perhaps this impression will be most authoritatively corrected by the following extract from a report of U. S. Surgeon-General Lawson:

“Indeed, the statistics in this Bureau demonstrate the fact that the diseases which result from malaria are a much milder type in the peninsula of Florida than in any other State in the Union. These records show that the ratio of deaths to the number of cases of remittent fever has been much less than among the troops serving in any other portion of the United States. In the Middle Division of the United States the proportion is one death to thirty-six cases of remittent fever; in the Northern Division, one to fifty-two; in the Southern Division, one to fifty-four; in Texas, one to seventy-eight; in California, one to one hundred and twenty-two; in New Mexico, one to one hundred and forty-eight; while in Florida it is but *one to two hundred and eighty-seven*.”

GENERAL ITINERARY.

THE following tables embrace the outlines of different routes from New York to Jacksonville, Florida.

On or about January 1, 1881, the All-Rail Route will be considerably shortened by completion of the road from Way Cross to Jacksonville, thereby reducing distance ninety-four miles, and placing Jacksonville within six hours' reach of Savannah.

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE TABLES OF ROUTES.

- A. and F.—Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroad.
- A., G. and W. I. T. Co.—Atlantic, Gulf and West India Transit Co.'s Railroad.
- B. and O.—Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
- B. and P.—Baltimore and Potomac Railroad.
- C., C. and A.—Charlotte, Columbia, and Augusta Railroad.
- C. and S.—Charleston and Savannah.
- Ga.—Georgia Railroad.
- Ga. Cent.—Georgia Central Railroad.
- J., P. and M.—Jacksonville, Pensacola, and Mobile Railroad.
- M. and A.—Macon and Augusta Railroad.
- N.-E.—North-Eastern Railroad.
- O. D. S. S. Co.—Old Dominion Steamship Company.
- P.—Petersburg Railroad.
- P., W. and B.—Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad.
- Penna.—Pennsylvania Railroad.
- P. R. and A.—Port Royal and Augusta Railroad.
- R., F. and P.—Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.
- R. and P.—Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.
- S., F. and W.—Savannah, Florida, and Western Railroad.
- S. and R.—Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad.
- W., C. and A.—Wilmington, Columbia, and Augusta Railroad.
- W. and W.—Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

ROUTE No. 1.

Via Penna., P. W. and B., B. and P.,
A. and F., R. F. and P., R. and P.,
P., W. and W., W. C. and A., N.-E.,
C. and S., S. F. and W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....	89
188 Baltimore.....	99
228 Washington.....	40
344 Richmond.....	116
367 Petersburg.....	23
429 Weldon.....	62
591 Wilmington.....	162
699 Florence.....	108
794 Charleston.....	95
901 Savannah.....	107
1069 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 1 A.

Same as Route No. 1 to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
901 Savannah.....	—
1080 Live Oak.....	179
1163 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 2.

Via Penna., P. W. and B., B. and P.,
A. and F., R. F. and P., R. and P.,
P., W. and W., W. C. and A., C. C.
and A., Ga. Cent., S. F. and W. Rail-
roads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....	89
188 Baltimore.....	99
228 Washington.....	40
344 Richmond.....	116
367 Petersburg.....	23
429 Weldon.....	62
591 Wilmington.....	162
780 Columbia.....	189
865 Augusta.....	85
997 Savannah.....	132
1165 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 2 A.

Same as Route No. 2 to Augusta, thence
by P. R. and A., C. and S., S. F. and
W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
865 Augusta.....	—
951 Yemassee.....	86
1002 Savannah.....	51
1170 Jacksonville.....	168

ROUTE No. 2 B.

Same as Route No. 2 to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

*Distance from
New York.*

<i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
997 Savannah.....	—
1176 Live Oak.....	179
1259 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 2 C.

Same as Route No. 2 A to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
1002 Savannah.....	—
1181 Live Oak.....	179
1264 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 3.

Via Penna., P. W. and B., B. and O.,
A. and F., R. F. and P., R. and P.,
P., W. and W., W. C. and A., N.-E.,
C. and S., S. F. and W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....	89
188 Baltimore.....	99
228 Washington.....	40
344 Richmond.....	116
367 Petersburg.....	23
429 Weldon.....	62
591 Wilmington.....	162
699 Florence.....	108
794 Charleston.....	95
901 Savannah.....	107
1069 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 3 A.

Same as Route No. 3 to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
901 Savannah.....	—
1080 Live Oak.....	179
1163 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 4.

Via Penna., P. W. and B., B. and O.,
A. and F., R. F. and P., R. and P.,
P., W. and W., W. C. and A., C. C.
and A., Ga. Cent., S. F. and W. Rail-
roads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....	89
188 Baltimore.....	99
228 Washington.....	40
344 Richmond.....	116
367 Petersburg.....	23
429 Weldon.....	62
591 Wilmington.....	162
780 Columbia.....	189
865 Augusta.....	129
997 Savannah.....	132
1175 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 4 A.

Same as Route No. 4 to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
997 Savannah	—
1176 Live Oak.....	179
1259 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 4 B.

Same as Route No. 4 to Augusta, thence
by P. R. and A., C. and S., S. F. and
W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
865 Augusta	—
951 Yemassee.....	86
1002 Savannah.....	51
1170 Jacksonville	168

ROUTE No. 4 C.

Same as Route No. 4 B to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
1002 Savannah.....	—
1181 Live Oak.....	179
1264 Jacksonville	83

ROUTE No. 5.

Via Penna., P. W. and B., B. and P.
Railroads, Bay Line Steamers, S. and
R., W. and W., W. C. and A., N.-E.,
C. and S., S. F., and W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....	89
188 Baltimore	99
300 Portsmouth	112
380 Weldon	80
542 Wilmington	162
650 Florence	108
745 Charleston	95
852 Savannah.....	107
1020 Jacksonville	168

ROUTE No. 5 A.

Same as Route No. 5 to Savannah, *via*
Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
852 Savannah.....	—
1031 Live Oak.....	179
1134 Jacksonville	83

ROUTE No. 6.

Via Penna., P. W. and B. Railroads,
Bay Line Steamers, S. and R., W. and
W., W. C. and A., C. C. and A., Ga.
Cent., S. F. and W. Railroads.

Distance from
New York.

<i>Distance.</i>
89 Philadelphia.....
188 Baltimore.....
300 Portsmouth.....
380 Weldon.....
542 Wilmington.....
731 Columbia.....
816 Augusta.....
948 Savannah.....
1116 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..

ROUTE No. 6 A.

Same as Route No. 6 to Savannah, thence
via Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
948 Savannah	—
1127 Live Oak.....	179
1210 Jacksonville	83

ROUTE No. 6 B.

Same as Route No. 6 to Augusta, thence
by P. R. and A., C. and S., S. F. and
W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
816 Augusta	—
902 Yemassee.....	86
953 Savannah.....	51
1121 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 6 C.

Same as Route No. 6 B to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
953 Savannah.....	—
1132 Live Oak.....	179
1215 Jacksonville	83

ROUTE No. 7.

Via O. D. S. S. Co., S. and R., W. and
W., W. C. and A., N.-E., C. and S.,
S. F. and W. Railroads. Leave New
York Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-
urdays, at 3 P. M.

<i>Distance from</i> <i>New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
160 Portsmouth	160
240 Weldon	80
402 Wilmington.....	162
510 Florence.....	108
605 Charleston	95
712 Savannah.....	107
880 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 7 A.

Same as Route No. 7 to Savannah,
thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
712 Savannah.....	—
891 Live Oak.....	179
974 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 8.

Via O. D. S. S. Co., S. and R., W. and W., W. C. and A., C. C. and A., Ga. Cent., S. F. and W. Railroads. Leave New York Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
160 Portsmouth.....	160
240 Weldon.....	80
402 Wilmington.....	162
591 Columbia.....	189
676 Augusta.....	85
808 Savannah.....	132
976 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 8 A.

Same as Route No. 8 to Savannah, thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
808 Savannah.....	—
987 Live Oak.....	179
1070 Jacksonville.....	83

ROUTE No. 8 B.

Same as Route No. 8 to Augusta, thence by P. R. and A., C. and S., S. F. and W. Railroads.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
676 Augusta.....	—
762 Yemassee.....	86
813 Savannah.....	51
981 Jacksonville, <i>via</i> Way Cross..	168

ROUTE No. 8 C.

Same as Route No. 8 B to Savannah, thence *via* Live Oak to Jacksonville.

<i>Distance from New York.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
813 Savannah.....	—
992 Live Oak.....	179
1075 Jacksonville.....	83

CONNECTIONS OF FLORIDA CENTRAL AND J. P. AND M. RAILROADS.

At Jacksonville.

Steamers on the St. Johns connect daily with the trains of the Florida Central Railroad to and from Green Cove Springs, Hibernia, Toco, Pilatki, Mellonville, Enterprise, and intermediate landings. At Toco, steamers connect with the St. Johns Railway for St. Augustine; at Pilatki with line of Ocklawaha Steamers for Silver Springs, Ocala and Okahumpkee; also with line of stages for Ocala and Orange Springs.

At Baldwin.

The A. G. and W. I. T. Company's Railroad makes close connections for Fernandina, Gainesville and Cedar Keys. At Gainesville the A. G. and W. I. T. Company's Railroad connects with line of stages for Ocala, Brooksville and Tampa, and at Cedar Keys with the New Orleans, Florida and Havana Steamship Line, which leaves Cedar Keys for Tampa, Manatee, Key West, Havana and New Orleans.

At Live Oak.

The Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad makes close connection for all points North and West.

At Monticello.

Stage Line connects for Thomasville, Georgia.

At Tallahassee.

A branch road of J. P. and M. Railroad connects for St. Marks.

At Quincy.

J. P. and M. R. R. connects with line of stages for Bainbridge, Georgia.

At Chattahoochee.

Line of river steamers connects for Appalachicola, Eufaula, Fort Gaines and Columbus.





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ITS SCENERY, CLIMATE AND HISTORY
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