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On the Indian River

C. Vickerstaff Hine

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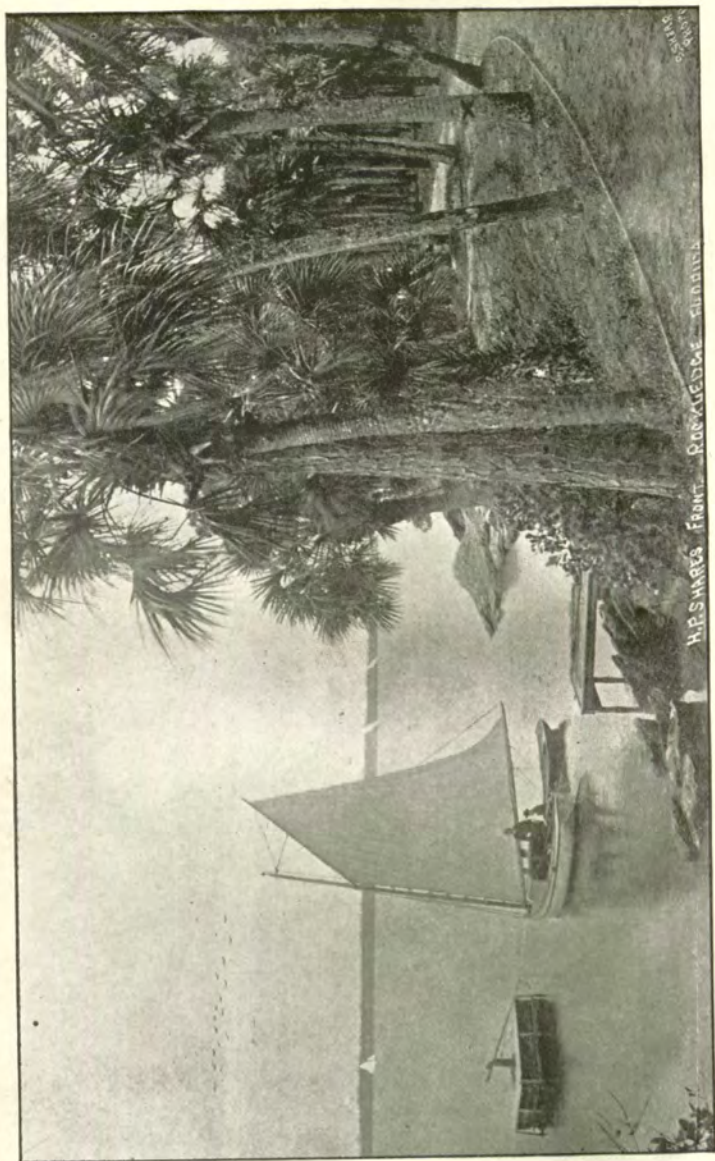
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H. P. SHARE'S FRONT, ROCKLEDGE, INDIAN RIVER.

ON THE INDIAN RIVER

C. VICKERSTAFF HINE

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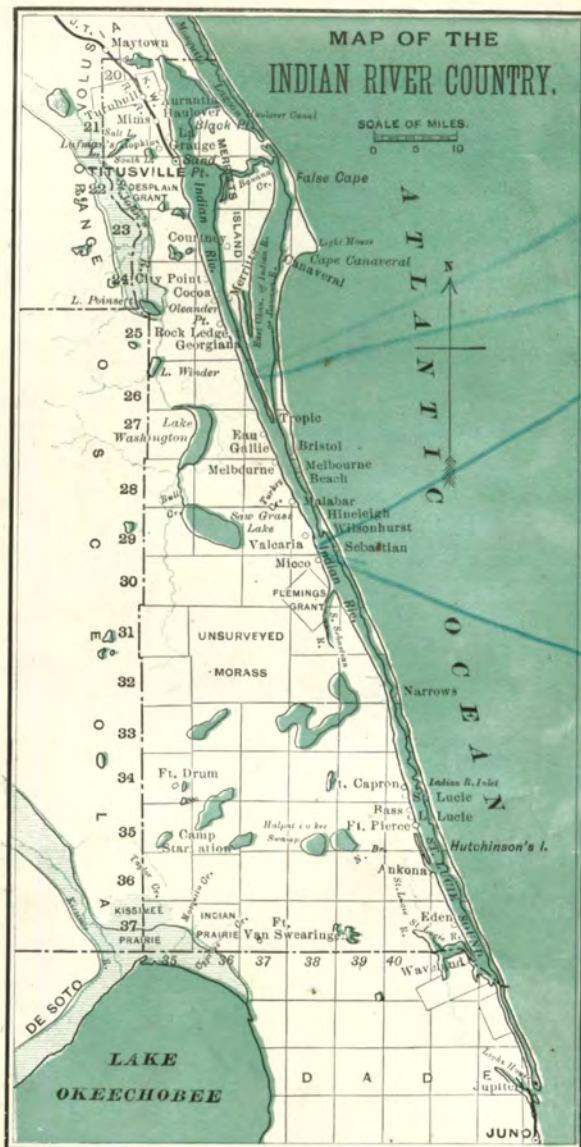
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49825 ✓



MAP OF THE INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY.

SCALE OF MILES.
0 5 10



*John
M. Samuel
March*

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ON THE INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER I.

PROEM.

On the bat's back I do fly,
After the summer merrily.—SHAKESPEARE.

Why did I go to the Indian River? I dreamed, as all the weakly and all the woe-be-gone in physical suffering have dreamt, of the fountain of youth, of the garden of the Hesperides. I had looked back over the troubled vale of many centuries of time unhallowed to the image of God, and I saw before me the vision of a past that was the paradise of healthy living—of strong, vigorous, perfect life that knew not that it had a body. I saw above me the clear blue sky of the semi-orient of Greece. I saw around me, to the left, the swelling breasts of Mount Cronion, sacred to the father of Zeus, purpling in the rays of the setting sun—to the right,

the rippling waters of the river Clodeus, golden in Aurora's parting smile. But gladder sight than these, and more inspiring—a prophecy and hope of what might be again—I saw before me, chasing each other along the Olympic course of ancient Greece, in the sight of shouting multitudes of either sex, naked gods, God-like men with God-like forms—the joint product of healthy sires, healthy habits, healthy dress, healthy air, and healthy exercise, taken, as healthy exercise should be, in healthy nakedness; free from the unclean trammels of dress that misshapen humanity first invented, fashion fostered, and sin, ever secretive in its ways, made necessary.

Could I not go to some place like this—some place far away from where humanity has to hide itself beneath fold on fold of dress from the healthful touch of air and sun, to where, as often as I would, I could bathe myself in the free air of perfect nakedness—breathe through every pore Nature's ozone—be kissed on every limb and every dimple on my body by the lips of the great sun physician that those old Athenians were so wise in wooing.

A canoe cruise would take me to the Eden nooks I sought—would take me to the halls of Nature, to secret, tree-rimmed baths of golden sunshine where I could play Adam, and breathe,

as Adam breathed, through every pore of my skin, and drink, as Adam drank, from that fountain of youth which is the Fountain of Nature—Nature undefiled by the tailor-made man.

So I pored over books of semi-tropic travel, and, finally, picked out as the Eldorado of my opportunity, Florida, and as the course of my canoe, of this modern Argo of the Nineteenth Century, the Indian River, that like a silver cord, embroiders with its rippling waters, the east coast of the Floridian Peninsula. There, if there was any truth in Government thermometrical reports, I could find Summer in Winter—an equable climate—pure ozone.

I flew, like Shakespeare's Ariel, from the wintry blasts of the North, "after Summer merrily;" but instead of on a bat's back, I went—the first stage—on the back of the prosaic iron horse, and—the second stage—in the cockpit of a modern canoe. Accompanied by the canoe "Ella D. H." and her captain. it was my intention to embark on my canoe The Inter-Ocean, at Titusville, near the northern end of the Indian River, and thence voyage, like the Argonauts of old, in search of new scenes, new experiences, and that most precious of golden fleeces, beside which the one that Jason sought for was but an empty bubble—a new body, a rounded health, the priceless pearl of a freely

pulsing life whose perfect accomplishment is a perfect body—a true image of God—that almost achieved perfection of the ancient Greeks as proven in their legacy to us of statues of God-like men made God-like by healthy exercise and healthy ways.

The plan agreed upon for this search after new scenes and a rounded health was to carry the canoes by rail and steamboat from Chicago to Titusville, and there embarking, to cruise at our ease the whole length of Indian River and back again to Titusville—a cruise in a straight line of three hundred miles, but allowing for our zigzag course not much less than six hundred miles.

It will be eminently proper—for do not all voyageurs do it—before proceeding further in the story of our cruise, to tell a little about the gallant barks in which this cruise was made. A description of The Inter-Ocean will be sufficient for both the canoes. More careful thought and painstaking balancing of all the necessary factors comprising that little ship and its destined many uses had been indulged in, and necessarily, than the non-canoeing portion of the world would ever guess at. A canoe which, for some months, is to be one's home by day and by night, ashore and afloat, in calm and possibly in storm—the necessity of keeping

everything small and light for the sake of ease in handling, and yet to have sufficient space to contain the very numerous articles necessary for the protracted journey of a civilized man and his numerous necessary or conventional belongings, needed much thought; and the result of this thought was the evolution of the matchless canoe, The Inter-Ocean. The canoe is fourteen feet in length; it has a beam of twenty-eight inches, and is of the model known as the "Our Cruiser." She is a good sailer, an easy paddler, and large enough to sleep on board and carry a full cruising outfit. She is constructed of hackmatack stem and stern-posts, and white oak frame, including keel; the sides being of clear white cedar in full length strakes, a scant quarter of an inch thick, and copper-riveted throughout. The laps were planed part way down until the bottom was, to all intents and purposes, a smooth-built one. It was decked with mahogany, had a combing of oak, and was bulkheaded off at either end for the reception of life-tanks of brass, carefully packed with cork-shavings. Forward of the aft bulkhead, and just aft of the cock-pit, another bulkhead has been inserted and made as tight as possible, to which there is access through the deck by means of a water-tight hatch secured by cam-catches. An aft combing hatch has

been added, under which, and aft of the back-board, a compartment is provided for handy storage. The canoe is fitted with a radix center-board and a Baker nickel-plated drop-rudder. The rig chosen is a lateen which has been so arranged that it can be set or lowered without the captain leaving the cock-pit, and is without a single line of rigging other than the sheet. There is also a Mohican canoe-tent, which is made to fit over the canoe; the canoe itself, when this tent is up, being the bedstead of the voyageur. The trimmings of the canoe are all of nickel-plated brass. The consort of The Inter-Ocean, the Ella D. H., owned and commanded by the Commissary General of the expedition, is, essentially, of the same construction as that of the Commodore's ship.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the dark orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where ever from heaven the light zephyr blows,
And all is laurel, and myrtle, and rose.—GOETHE.

From North to South in Winter means a panorama of the seasons. It is changing Winter's frowns for Summer's sunny smiles. I commenced turning Winter into Summer by taking the train on the Monon Route on January 6th, and found this work of revolutionizing the seasons in a few days a process of delight from the beginning to the ending. In a few hours the railway had taken me to the classic ground of the race-course on this side of the world—had taken me to the famous blue-grass country of Kentucky. A few hours more, speeding along the Louisville and Nashville Road, and I was at Nashville, a city of presidential reminiscences and the possessor of a

present glory in the great stock-breeding farm of Bell Meade, with its famous stallions whose scions are gathering laurels on every track. Then on I sped through the western spurs of the Cumberland Mountains, within cannon-shot, almost, of famous battle-fields, through rising Pittsburgs and Birminghams and Sheffield— the beacon-lights of the New South that shall finish, with the arts of peace, what the sword began—the true unification of the Nation. Then, Pensicola, on its splendid bay, glittering like a mirror in the rays of the new-born sun, is reached—a city only second to St. Augustine in hoary antiquity, but new in its stirring industries, in its growing commerce, in its awakening life. Then, after a sail over its sunlit waters with an old man-of-war's man, who pointed out to me the flags of half a dozen nations floating from towering masts, French, Italian, English, German, South American, Norwegian, I turn east on the rail, and speed, on the Florida Central and Peninsula Road, across Northern Florida through the Tallahassee Country, the land of once wealthy cotton planters—a land of beauty, dimpled with tiny valleys, dotted with gently-rounded hills swelling up like women's breasts; jeweled with baby lakelets and laced with river-threads of gold; a land of mystery, too—the land of the

.

mystic smoke of Wakulla. It is the land of the La Conte pear, already, in some favored spots, crowned with bloom—a gorgeous dome of color. Past fruit-groves, through pine-barrens, past mimic lakes, I fly along the iron pathway, ever upward, till I reach that famous Tallahassee Country—the park land of Florida, with wedded vegetations and wedded zones. Here is found the union of the North and the South—a marriage of climes—the contrasting vegetations of the temperate and the semi-tropic zones. Palmettoes nod warmest welcome to Le Conte pear. Richly-colored tropic flowers and the fair favorites of the North mingle their sweetness and vie with each other in their varying types of loveliness. The deep blush of the Cherokee rose is answered by the paler red of the Northern beauty. Southern ferns hobnob with their Northern cousins. The skies are blue as blue can be, and willing weep like Northern skies, but with sunny sweeps between; not cloudy days and dampness long drawn out. Of this fair land of the golden mean, Tallahassee, the Capital of Florida, is the epitome and the glory. It is a city of gardens and garden homes, and her citizens are happy rivals in their ambition to surpass each other in the floral-adorning of their home-surroundings, and the glad result of this sweet-

est of ambitions is the Garden City of the South.

But this floral paradise of Central Florida is something more than flowery. As well as to the eye, it speaks to the heart—to the human sympathy that loves to linger in the footsteps of the past. It is now, and has been, through generations of potent change, the Capital of Florida. It was the chief city of the State in slave-holding times, when wealthy planters from far and near thronged here on little provocation other than the beckoning hand of social pleasure. They came to enjoy "the season," for "the season" was when the Legislature met. This Legislature only met once in two years. When, however, that meeting came it was no lone gathering of males with all the bad habits of male monopolies. It was a gathering of the sexes. His family—his wife and daughters—came to this biennial gathering of the Legislature as well as the planter himself. It was the season of great balls as well as of great debates, and the latter having been heard by them as a sort of social duty, if not as a social relaxation, were discussed by these fair incumbrances with the sweet want of logic that marks the female mind. But when a great speech was to be made, eloquence wished for no better praise than the praise that came from

rosy lips. It must have been an experience long to be remembered—this gathering of the wealth, the genius and the beauty of Florida in those old days of slavery, when, assembled to discuss the affairs of the State, they discussed the wider affairs of the world.

The autocracy of the slave holder is broken and all but vanished. Social republicanism in Democratic dress has taken its place. The great planter no longer overshadows the man of few acres, if the latter be dressed in culture's garb and imbued with the spirit of the gentle life. Before the peaceful invasion of the Northern tourist and settler, the prejudices of the past are melting away like snow before the Summer's sun. Tallahassee is putting on the modern garb. The unhomely classic portico of the past is giving way to the cosy veranda. and the still more home-like seclusion of the Moorish loggia; and cottages are beginning to be thought as worthy of architectural decoration as the palace-home of wealth. Beauty, in short, is becoming the common heirloom of the world here as elsewhere.

The great glory—the overspreading glory of the Tallahassee Country—is its ever-visible wealth of evergreen oaks, wide coverlets of verdant green, canopies of coolest shade. Looking up at their wealth of over-lapping

foliage, standing by their giant trunks, one's thoughts are carried to puny city shade-trees. An ordinary street would be too narrow for the broad umbrage of their spreading branches. These monarchs of the green would there have no room to stretch their giant arms. They are mighty in stature, and their age covers many spans of human life. They are the patriarchs of the forest, and like the patriarchs of old, are strong in age, virile in verdant wealth. They look back upon generations of time when I was not, nor my grandsires. Under one of them, and with room to spare, Robin Hood and all of his merry men might have camped. They are everywhere, dotting with great globes of richest green these gracefully swelling hills of Tallahassee—Nature's garniture of beauty that never wearies, but ever rests the eyes. As beautiful as is the rose, and full of tenderest sentiment, it has no beauty to my eyes like these glorious masses of foilage—a beauty that is seen afar off and is free to all, for no jealous fence can hide it, no house ever shade its fretted dome of green. A rose is evanescent love—a poem of passion; the evergreen oak, love's fruition into all useful virtues; beneficent when living, a benison when dead. Virile, strong, lordly, the tree wins worship as well as love.

Passing along the open public squares and the wide streets, broadening out here and there into airy bays of green, I wander by gardens fragrant with sweetest aroma—with a sensuous wealth of perfume from yellow jasmines and oleanders in masses and hedgerows, impregnating all the air around with the breath of paradise; the oleanders presenting to the eyes a fairy patchwork of gorgeous coloring from deepest crimson to faintest blush of pink. And among these beauties were other beauties and blushing banners of rosy cheeks. In one of these flowery paradises stood an Eve—a Tallahassee Eve. In gentle mood, sweet, calm and beautiful, she stood, the chief of flowers—the matchless image of the soul. On this sunny Sabbath morn all things were glad, and she was glad and full of kindly thought for all; and so it was that to the stranger before her she bowed like a rose-leaf bending to the amorous wind's caress, and—Nature-impelled—with kindly tone, bade him good morning; and thought no hurt, because it was a stranger that she blessed with this sweet acknowledgment that all the world's akin. I wander on, still more one with Nature because Nature has spoken to me through human heart. I wander on beyond the garden-mantled suburbs into a world of mighty trees, past great battalions and

long lines of live-oak, of magnolia grandiflora and odorous bay—healthily odorous as a maiden's breath. Grand park-like scenery, avenues of tree-giants—satisfying as any of England's noblest parks—greet my wayward steps as out into the country, under clear morning skies, I walk along toward Tallahassee's City of the Dead. At length through a little wicket-gate I pass and am among the memories of the past. Humble are many of these crumbling records of those gone before, but each its simple story telling. Others—tall obelisks of granite—tell of lives spent in marble halls, of life and social gayety. On one of these I read the inscription, "Prince Murat, King of Naples." The lofty monument to this fallen great one tells me that he lies beneath my feet. Near to this monument is another monument, a little lower than the first, as if, even in death, showing wifely submission from the one whose grave it marks. It is the monument that marks the last resting-place of the wife of Prince Murat, of this dead King of Naples, or, as on this monument, with republican simplicity he is called, Colonel Murat; and appropriately, for this monument marks the grave of a daughter of the Republic, born, as the inscription tells me, in the Old Dominion. My mind, for a moment, feeds on solemn reveries of the past,

on the rise and fall of mighty men and mighty dynasties. But strong life is all around me—bright sun and pure ozone—and death, in their presence, seems but a thing that may have been, but is not now. Out again from the City of the Dead I pass on to vantage ground of green-clad heights from which I gaze beyond the narrow homes of the dead to the living world, and see far stretches of gracefully-rounded hills and dimpling valleys and bosky dells where deer love to roam and quails whistle welcomes to one another. Still farther off I stretch the gaze of my hungry eyes to where rises Wakulla's mystic smoke—fifteen miles away—and Wakulla's still more mystic spring, from whose womb of waters comes a river full-grown at birth—a magic fountain gifted with all magic sights, with waters leaping to the kisses of the sun, crystal-clear as infants' eyes. Tradition, the arch-optimist of all the ages, says that this Wakulla Spring—this crystal found in a limestone vast—is the far-famed "Fountain of Youth" that Ponce de Leon sought and found. But its waters failed to renew his youth. The real fountain of youth is an all-round circle of healthy habits running through generations of men and women; men and women bred and grown in a sunny, equable clime, and bathed in purest ozone. Healthy

men and women are coined from other healthy men and women; all, sires and offsprings alike, being further fashioned in the image of God by healthy exercise and healthy surroundings.

But my hours in this quiet paradise, in this sweet-scented, flower-bedecked, tree-adorned Tallahassee Country, are numbered. In a few short hours I again take the train for the still further east and south.

I concluded, however, before arriving at Jacksonville, the metropolis of Florida, to take a flying trip to an ocean resort that is not half as well-known by the tourist as it ought to be—fair Fernandina, one of a triplet of ocean queens that wash their silver-sanded feet in the great Atlantic bath. From where I stood on Amelia Island—looking toward this ocean bath, but not seeing it—I gazed on rolling ridges, with verdant plumes of green and dimpling dots of vales between. And ever higher these breasting riches seemed to rise till the blue of heaven alone was seen beyond. From top of this vantage ground was seen the broad ocean, still more deeply blue and blushing golden-blue beneath the kisses of the sun. Back of me, to the west—a shining sheet of shimmering waters—was Amelia River; to the north, Cumberland Sound and Cumberland Island, both historic, both touched, as Fernandina, too,

with the cunning hand that paints with time and human deeds and makes the canvas speak. I renewed here the happy memories of a recent past. There is a charm about these semi-tropic ocean beaches, about these inland ocean rivers, impossible to describe in words, and ought to be felt, like the caress of loving hands; fresh memories of which come to me now from a loving and intimate life on and near them, camped beneath the stars, with skies for canopy, and the golden sands for my chamber-floor. But there is more than sensuous sentiment here—more than a mystic touching of the heart, on these fair Fernandina shores. The historic past walks along these silver strands, haunts these sandy dunes, lingers beneath the groves, and flits from isle to isle along the wave-beat coast. It was near Fernandina that Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1513, while on his tragic search for the fountain of youth, made his second landing in Florida. In ghostly file the procession of the ages moves along the shore. The Spanish conquistador, the English buccaneer, the French Huguenot, the Revolutionary hero, trail along their bloody steps through memory's aisle, and build up again the past when a continent was discovered, when opposing nations made the land run red with human blood, when a new nation was

born and the old world wondered at the new and felt the throb of Western liberty course tumultuously through her veins till dynasties trembled and thrones tottered. Ponce de Leon, Fernandez de Cordova, Pamphilo de Narvaez, Hernando de Soto, Tristan de Lunay Arellano, Jean Ribaut, Rene de Laudonniere, Sir John Hawkins, Menendez d'Aviles, Dominique de Gourges, Sir Francis Drake, Bienville, General Olgethorpe, General Nathaniel Green, the great Indian chief Osoola, and General Zachary Taylor—these are some of the characters in the bloody drama that has been played in this fair land of Florida, this sunny land that seemed meant only for a life of *dolce far niente*. But commerce, notwithstanding all its backyard dirtiness of detail, is bringing back to Florida its birthday promise of peaceful plenty, and making it the place where the poetry of life and a rational existence may be studied as fine arts, with a paradise for an atelier, and Nature, in her sunniest mood, for a teacher.

Not far from Fernandina, and easily reached by sail or steamer, on Cumberland Island, is a famous old plantation, Dungeness, given to General Nathaniel Green, of Revolutionary fame, by the State of Georgia, though the General was New England born. The property, several thousand acres in extent, is now owned

by Thomas M. Carnegie. On the east of it is, probably, the oldest olive grove in the United States. To those who hear "tongues in trees" what a story must these trees tell! What a wealth of solemn yet glad thoughts gather about their grey-green foliage! They speak of hoary antiquity. They carry one back to the classic groves of Greece. They bring back to us a vision of those other olive trees in Palestine, gaunt but venerable, with twenty centuries of age, that still stand and bear fruit where they stood two thousand years ago when the Saviour preached on the Mount.

Too short is the allotted limit of my stay in fair Fernandina. I bid farewell to her—a brief farewell to ocean surf. Again I board a Florida Central and Peninsula train and southward hie my way.

Another spurt behind the iron horse through pine woods and past spreading live-oaks garlanded with Spanish moss, and I am at Jacksonville, the metropolis of Florida, the central strand of her annually expanding web of iron ways. Here I am, at last, in the sunny Southland. Everything tells me so—front doors wide open, store fronts canopied with permanent wooden awnings, for no canvas suffices here for an hour or two to turn away the too ardent kisses of the sun; store windows burst-

ing with tempting shows of curious shells and coral wonders from the ocean gardens of Southern Florida coasts and keys ; golden balls peering forth from living green in front gardens of private houses ; colored barbers, barefooted, ebony-hued urchins. All these tell me that I am in a land of perpetual Summer. The sun is everywhere. Down the river-vistas of the streets, out on the sunlit waters on the broad bosom of the St. John's River, I see the strong white wings of commerce, and the zephyr wings of pleasure. All is life and sunlight. The blush of the tropics colors everything.

I have arrived here opportunely. The city is decorated gaily along all her streets. It is the opening day of Florida's annually-recurring sub-tropical exposition. Verdant arches, at many points, cross her broad streets, and these arches are gold-starred with real oranges in wanton profusion. Stone facades are a mass of decoration. Many of the homes have been turned into fern-covered bowers. In the afternoon the exposition was formally opened with a grand parade—a moving parade of the trades of the City of Jacksonville, rich in devices and in symbolic tributes to the genius of commerce and to the twin goddesses, Pomona and Flora. Then came the formal ceremonies at the Exposition Building.

To the stranger from the North, the Exposition is a dream of sub-tropic wealth. Here the fruitful earth shows forth to Northern eyes her glowing offspring. Here, Florida sand exhibits what it can do when human tilth gives it a helping hand. To describe the vegetable wealth here gathered would fill volumes, and then all the story would not be told. Let it suffice to give the exhibits of only one county, that of Brevard, one of the most recently and thinly settled counties of this great State—great in territory, at least—for it is one of the largest States east of the Rocky Mountains. Brevard County, which includes nearly the whole of the famous Indian River Country, exhibited seven varieties of sweet oranges, namely: the Dummock Grove Sweet, the Magnum Bonum, Hart's Tardiff, the Mediterranean Sweet, the Blood and the Indian River Sweet, the finest orange in the world. In addition to these, there are Navel oranges, Tangerine oranges, of North African origin, and Mandarin oranges originally from the great flowery kingdom—far off China. Then, still belonging to the great citrous family, are leviathan shaddocks, grape fruit, the citron proper, or the citron of commerce, whose candied peel forms so important a part in Christmas festivities, lemon shaddock, a big

cousin, several degrees removed of the lemon of commerce ; four kinds of lemons, namely : the Sicily, the Florida Sweet, the Everbearing, whose trees bear all the year round, and the world-famous Villa Franca, originally from the Mediterranean ; Persian and Tahiti limes, four kinds of pineapples, the Egyptian Queen, the Porto Rico, the Trinidad, and the Florida or Red Spanish ; cocoanuts, in clusters as taken from the trees and still green though full-sized and equal in bulk to those imported from the West Indies ; two varieties of bananas, the "horse" banana, and the delicate "Lady Finger" banana. There are, in air-tight glass bottles, examples of fruits that rapidly decay and are not, consequently, placed on exhibition in their natural state, namely : canned guavas, guava sweet pickles, guava preserves, guava jelly, huckleberry preserves, etc. Then, in addition to these conserves of necessity, there are canned guavas, citron preserves, orange marmalade, pineapple wine, pineapple cider, pineapple vinegar, etc. Then there are seven varieties of game fish, found in abundance in the Indian River, namely : the cavalli, the mangrove snapper, the whiting, the blue fish, the sea trout, the silver mullet, the Indian River mullet, and the luscious pompano, the choicest table fish known. In addition to all these things

both good to eat and to look at, there are the sisal plant, from whose leaves the sisal hemp of commerce is made; the plant itself being an ornament to the garden and park. Finally, there are great specimens of the famous coquina rocks of which Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, was built three centuries and more ago, and which still stands the rough assaults of time. It may be explained here that coquina is a natural concrete, made up of lime and countless tiny sea-shells, and is of two varieties, one of a pinkish grey color, and the other of a beautiful, sparkling, creamy-white color, here and there tinted with a blush of pink. To this list of natural productions must be added eight medicinal extracts and syrups manufactured from the berry of the palmetto, and considered specially curative in pulmonary diseases; oysters, the most delicious to be found anywhere, and a large variety of ornamental ferns and plants, including tropical cane plants with beautiful foliage, and orange trees growing and full of fruit. One of the most noteworthy of the exhibits from other countries is a great arch made from upland cotton. To the visitor from the North, and to the lovers of the curious generally, would have been especially interesting the exhibits of the wonderful and delicate structures of the denizens of the great salt deep,

found in profusion both on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of Florida, and still more abundantly on the Florida Keys, the hiding places of the old English buccaneers.

At night, the sound of marching bands again fills the city, the occasion thereof being a carnival in imitation of the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and, if not equal to it in size, equal to it in excellence of get-up, and more than equal to it in its *raison d'être*, for it is in honor of progress.

Again I start on my travels, and still southward my course takes me, and in a few hours I am in the center of the orange-belt of Florida, where the orange blossoms bloom and ripen into golden balls of juicy sweetness with prodigal plentifulness.

I am in search of the golden fleece from the bowels of the earth. I am rushing on by steamboat and rail to the heart of its sunny home—to the famous orange-belt of Florida. After returning to Palatka from St. Augustine—that duet of the old and the new, of ripest age and the utmost splendor of this golden age of wealth—I take boat on the St. John's River for the modern Hesperides. I forget the boat. I neither see nor hear the gossiping tourists who crowd her decks. I see only, feel only, the grand panorama that glides

along on either hand. I am sailing along a path of sunlit waters. I pass through groves of green and gold, fairy coves and river-lakes, whose beauties are worth chapters of description and whole leagues of poesy; then past more sparsely settled banks, but banks—golden banks are these—banks thickly garbed with orange groves kissing the waters on either side. It is a trip—this sail up the St. John's, past orange groves and happy Winter homes—sunny Winter homes—that is worth going south alone to enjoy. At last, Sanford, on its river-lake of flashing waters, is reached. The steamboat is exchanged for the iron road. More live-oaks draped with Spanish moss, and many miles of pine groves are passed in rushing speed, like the visions of a dream, and I come to Tavares seated among her bevy of crystal lakelets. Here I change to another iron road. I get me behind another snorting Bucephalus of this age of steel, whose motto is the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad. When I made this jump from iron road to iron road, night has already drawn her sable curtains about the god of day. But it is moonlight—mystic with its mimic world of shadows; full of fairy forms and fancies; freighted with freshest pictures; its world, a world silvered o'er with fairy blush and

washed with waves of shadow. Past the shores of silver lakes, flashing, glittering, sparkling in the moonlight; through El Dorado—an orange El Dorado—through quickly succeeding, and miles on miles of orange groves with their wind-breaks of tall pines and stately, wide-spreading live-oaks draped in clinging russet veils of Spanish moss, the train glides on its iron way—a many stoppage trip, punctuated with the taking on—for the train is a mixed freight and passenger—of the tailings of the inland orange belt crop from groves, every acre of which is worth a thousand dollars, and a better paying thousand dollars than any other thousand dollar lot of real-estate in the wide world. At last, two and a half hours after the witching hour of midnight, the roar of the iron wheels sinks into a giant's murmur; the pulse of the air-brake runs through the train from the genii on the engine; the train slows up and stops with a jerk opposite the little station at Citra. On the one hand, moonbeams gleam on golden fruit; on the other, tall stacks of orange crates tower above the platform of the depot. I pass along the tree-lined streets, the tree-filled streets, through an elbowing wealth of verdant foliage. Another tint strikes my eye from above. I look up, and behold from above the middle of this country street, a

plum tree in fullest bloom, an overspreading canopy of fruitful flowers. And so I get to my hotel through this labyrinth of floral fairy bloom and orange blush, and, at the hotel, dream again of the Hesperides and the golden fruit.

When I get up in the morning the sun has already been risen several hours and is far up above the verdant boundaries of my horizon—boundaries green that encircle me on every side as I look out of my chamber windows. But in this homely tavern, nestling among the orange groves, and whose portals I had entered in the darkness of the early morning, a bounteous breakfast is prepared for me. Then, breakfast over, I saunter forth. Along a country road, beneath grand old live-oak trees, grand in form and grander still in size, I make my way to the famous Harris grove, the largest orange grove in Florida, since sold to other parties. On the way I pass a residence almost palatial in size. It was the home of Mr. Harris, the goodly heritage of fruitful groves. On the other side of the tree-begirt road, to the right, is the home—nearly as large as the one just named—of Mr. Bishop, the owner of another great orange grove adjoining that of Mr. Harris'. Then I pass a great building, the transient home of the orange pickers and packers

during the time of the orange harvest. A little further on I open the little wicket-gate that leads into the great orange domain. I enter. I am in a forest of orange trees—a veritable Bois de Boulogne of citrous growth. In serried lines and battalions of leafy foliage the orange trees spread out in verdant aisles on either side and all around me. I follow the narrow-gauge railroad—a part of the facilities of this great domain—and it leads me to an immense packing-house, where, safe from rain and heavy dews, the oranges, once picked, are lodged and packed in crates, as soon as may be after being picked from the trees bending down with their weight of fruitful wealth. On the other side of the packing-house runs the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad, making—these private and public iron roads—the work of starting the garnered treasures of the earth to the North and to the West both easy and inexpensive. All the fruit has been picked from this great grove. Throughout this inland orange belt, with few exceptions, the fruit is picked early; often as early as November; seldom later than the middle of December—for the planter desires to take no chances with early frosts. But on the Indian River by far the greater proportion of the crop is still unpicked, for there—on that “streak of silver sea,” on those sunny shores,

far south of this inland orange belt—there is no fear of frost, and the oranges are left to ripen and to grow into golden globes of richest sweetness garnered from the sun and soil ; and, instead of being sold, as are the early gathered oranges of the inland orange-belt, for, perhaps \$1.75 a crate, they bring from \$3.00 to \$4.50 a crate. Nevertheless, the great bulk of the Florida orange crop comes from the inland orange-belt of Central Florida, and from there it must ever come, for the orange land on the Indian River is limited in quantity, and so this inland orange-belt has nothing to grieve for, though its fruit must be picked when partially green, and sold for what it may be. This season, the oranges from the Harris grove were sold for \$1.75 per crate. But how much did this crop amount to, and what was the total income from it? The answer is—they seem almost a fiction of the brain, do the figures to Northern eyes—\$27,000 crates worth \$47,000.

Already the varieties of oranges to be found in Florida nurseries may be numbered by the hundred. Of navel oranges alone there are found in Florida groves four different varieties. There are several kinds of everbearing orange trees that carry on simultaneously all the year round the various processes of budding, blossoming and fruit-bearing, so that on these trees

may be seen the curious sight of an orange's growth from the pre-natal period of the pollenization of the female pistil, through its floral babyhood, its green and sapless youth, up to the time when it becomes the queen of fruits, the fruit that never tires, fragrant, full of richest juice, round as woman's rounded arms, and garbed in golden yellow. Of Tangerines, too—that scarlet-blushing fruit suggestive of richest tinted Andalusian beauty's lips—there are several varieties that come, some from Africa, some from Japan. Then there are the Mandarin oranges, another of the kid-glove varieties, hailing from the great Flowery Kingdom, that come in still more numerous varieties. Of strictly Mediterranean oranges, such as the Mediterranean Sweet, one of the most prolific of oranges, there are many varieties; all excellent. The Satsuma, introduced from the Island of Kimbin, Japan, in 1874 and 1878, and the spice orange, are still other varieties of the kid-glove family of oranges. Then there is the Maltese Blood orange, seedless, and blushing through and through the deepest red. The Magnum bonum must not be omitted, for she is a beauty, with a glossy cloak and tender pulp melting on the tongue of taste, and sweet as sweetest kisses. And last, but greatest, in excellence, of them

all, and sweeter than sweetest kisses—a juicy joy—is the famous Indian River orange, the introductory seeds of which are supposed to have come from Cuba. The least of all of the orange tribe, being no larger than a maiden's little finger, is the Kumquat, which is eaten rind and all, and gives, in the process of eating it, three distinct tastes. It is used mostly in the making of preserves. I can only mention the names of some other varieties, without mentioning their special excellences. They are the St. Michael's, Nonpareil, White, Egg, Silver, Australian Navel, Bahia Navel, Washington Navel, Homosassa, Beach's Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Charley Brown, Bijou, China, Acis, Hart's Tardiff, Dancy's Tangerine, Moragne's Tangerine, St. Michael's Tangerine, or Willow-leaf orange, and Phillip's Bitter-sweet.

But the orange-growers of Florida are not content even with this long roll of fruitful gold. By the process of cross-fertilization, they are seeking to produce still more perfect varieties. Even Nature—and on this same line of cross-fertilization—is doing her best to aid in this work of further improvement. The pollen, the fecundating dust, from the stamen of one orange blossom, is borne on the wings of the wind, to the pistil of another blossom, and, as

in the moving, breathing beings that walk the earth, the former conveys to the latter and impregnates it with all its mechanisms of being, its form, complexion, the juice that flows through its unseen veins. Wafted to its new home the downy pollen, the tiny germs of new creations and fruitful wealth, do there Nature's wonder-work in change of form, color, taste; transforms the modest-looking Indian River orange, mayhap, into the Royal Navel with its peculiar birth-mark and giant size. In another instance, perhaps, these messengers of a new life come from the stamen of a Tangerine blossom to the pistil of a pale lemon-colored beauty, fair and rounded as rounded sphere, and, lo, when their work is done, and the fruit swells into ripened proportions, the latter blushes ruddy red, like a maiden at praises of her beauty, and is no longer round, like the natural fruit of the mother tree, but is wide and flattened at its ends like the fruit of the sire tree from which this wonder-working pollen comes. And thus in this way of cross-pollenization innumerable varieties of new oranges have been created; for, sometimes, the invading pollen has not been all-powerful in its work of change, but has only given to its subject province its better qualities, and these united to the better qualities of the mother tree have

produced, in many cases, improved varieties of oranges. The seed of the new oranges thus created are planted, and thus the new variety is perpetuated.

Coming from out the golden shadows of Citra's orange groves; boarding again a Florida Central and Peninsula train; turning my course once more to the sunny South; passing through, in midday brightness, the mile on mile of orange groves that I had before seen only by the moon's pale light; passing other groves as I journey on to the famous Silver Spring, I am reminded of facts—juicy figures.

Florida, in the season of 1889-90, produced an orange crop amounting to about 2,500,000 boxes or crates, as they are called, of oranges; a total of 375,000,000 oranges, enough to turn Lake Superior into orangeade; enough of nectared sweetness with which to invite the world to drink and be happy in the drinking. Florida's great rival in orange production, California, produced, during the same season, about half the above amount, or 1,250,000 crates. The receipts in the whole of the United States of oranges from foreign countries, during the year 1889, amounted to a total of 1,260,000 boxes. Thus, Florida's orange crop, during the season named, more than equaled that of all the rest of the world, so far as the United

States has had anything to do with the eating of the oranges. And yet, that season's crop was only a small one ; for Florida's regular crop, when the rains make the earth fruitful and the trees prolific, amounts to 4,000,000 crates. Another comparison will probably astonish people who have hitherto looked upon California as the great fruit-raising State of the Union. The comparison 'is this: Year before last, California's total shipments of fruit, oranges included, amounted to 5,068 car loads. Florida's shipments, during the same year, of oranges alone, amounted to 6,650 car loads.

But, to resume my journey to Silver Springs. A few hours' travel brings me to the fountain of health—to the well of living waters—the sight of which alone would have been a faith-cure to the gallant Ponce de Leon, if he had discovered it in his wanderings after the elixir of youth. But the sun is setting, and it is supper time, and I am hungry, and even crystal fountains, leaf-begirt, have no charms for me at this moment equal to those of the table, which, by the way, has a dainty touch put upon its inviting prospect by the presence of strawberries and cream—blushes swimming in beauty's bath.

I have hardly tumbled out of bed, the next morning, when I am brought face to face with

one of Florida's newest wonders: phosphate beds, said to be of untold richness, and, to Florida, worth easy billions, directly or indirectly; directly, to the owners of the phosphate deposits; indirectly, to the planters who will thus have at home the means of fertilizing and make more productive their orange groves, for the orange tree is a hearty feeder, and likes rich fare, though it repays the extra care in double crops. A planter whose groves are near the hotel had within but a few days previous to my arrival found phosphate on his land, and courteously showed me some specimens of his phosphate "find." These phosphate deposits were, within a period of a few months, found to extend over a belt of country running nearly north and south for over one hundred and fifty miles.

But even a subject with millions in it can no longer keep me from the magic pool. Endowed with the pleasure-tourist's insouciance for the—to others—glittering visions of sudden wealth, I hurry from the budding millionaire, to revel in visions of Nature's loveliness. Past the picturesque ruins of a hotel, burned down for the want of an adequate fire department in this wilderness of orange trees, for just beyond the ruins, the deep green of orange leaves makes a verdant zone between ash-brown and

bluest skies; over the railroad tracks; along the crudest of country paths, then down a gentle incline, and I am at the edge of the fabled pool, the far-famed Silver Spring of Florida. I look not along, but through the waters. It seems to me that I could walk where such water is, and not get wet; that it is but a mockery of the real thing—ready to vanish at any moment, like the vision of a dream. I get into a boat, marveling how such an unseeable water can support anything so substantial as a boat. Peering over the side of the little skiff, down into this seeming mass of liquid glass, I see, at the bottom, sixty feet below me, countless tiny geysers spouting up, apparently sand, in mimic wrath, for the water coming up cannot be seen, being the only thing that can not be well seen in this siren's pool; and the more I gaze down into this transparent fluid—this shrinking thing on which my boat seems to rest like a bird poised in mid-air—the more unsubstantial it seems, and I cannot help thinking that both myself and boat will suddenly drop down, with uncomfortable celerity, to the bottom of this witch's bath. The crystal fluid that wraps them o'er as with a coverlet of visible air plays strange freaks of conjuring with objects on the bottom, and turns even that—on land—most unaesthetic of mundane things,

an empty tin can, into a thing of beauty and makes it gleam and glitter in the shifting particles of water like polished silver. In some places malachite formations cover the bottom of the magic pool and present to the charmed eye every tint of green from the light hue of the just budding leaf to the richest emerald and the blue-green of the eucalyptus leaf; and all these are shimmering from tint to tint in the quickly shifting shades of early morning. In other places the bottom is covered with lime-formed incrustations that present every shade of silver and phosphor-bronze. It is—this glassy pool below me—an aquarium such as no museum in the wide world can show. Down beneath me, in places a hundred feet below, I see fishes motionless, and looking as if I could drop a bait down before their mouths; and between these and me, other fishes glide to and fro; every movement of their fins and tails as visible to me as they would be if but a foot below the surface of ordinary water, instead of being thirty, fifty, sixty feet down in the depths. And the plants—the dainty garment of the earth beneath the waters as of the earth above—are as plainly visible to me as they would be were they standing on my window-sill within reach of my hand. It is a vision of beauty—this view into the

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depths below me ; but it is an uncanny beauty, for I begin to feel as I go on gazing into this liquid world below me, as if I were without substance, a disembodied spirit, a thing ethereal, a visible nonentity poised in empty space.

But the little Astatula, the aspiring steamboat, with no more than the deck-dimensions of a tug, but making up in height what it lacks in length and width, impatiently blows her whistle, and so I leave the rowboat for the more prosaic steamboat to pass down Silver Creek made navigable from its source by the great volume of water that pours from the hundred springs that bubble up from the mystic depths of Silver Spring. No one who has sailed down this river, full-fledged from its birth, and from it onward down the Ocklawaha, will ever forget the weird interest of it, especially the night portion of the trip through this liquid, silent aisle of cypress trees. Its interest is not confined to the strange weirdness of this river born at a single fountain, and fashioned from a cypress swamp ; to occasional glimpses of alligators, shy of civilization, sliding off dead logs into the hidden labyrinths of densest shrubbery ; to the picture of luxurious desolation on every side ; but there is a living interest about it, too. It is one of the pathways to the moneyed North for the orange crop. From

down dark lagoons, from out their mouths overhung with spreading branches of hoary cypress trees, from far back on the gently rising uplands that lie beyond the flooded forest shores of this mystic stream—this silent, swiftly-flowing river sweeping through its living aisle of cypress columns—come flat-boats loaded to the water's edge with crates of oranges, which our accommodating boat stopped to take on board; for here, as elsewhere in Florida's orange-belt, the orange is king, and all obey its beck, whether boats or trains. It makes little difference whether there is a wharf or not, a depot or not. If the crates of oranges are waiting there, the stop is made. Indeed, it is both curious and profitable to see how in Florida everything else is made to bend to the great orange industry—the glory of the State. Rich and poor alike are its willing servants and wait upon and worship it as the embodiment of Floridian wealth, and while they would mildly murmur at having to wait ten minutes for a piano to be taken on or off their train, they would never think of half an hour spent in doing the same with the shipment of half a dozen crates of oranges.

Every now and then, as the tiny *Astatula* sped on her way, a long-legged heron, with plumes of brightest blue, would rise up from

its seat on a fallen trunk where it had been playing the part of the lone fisherman, and, with a guttural cry, fly over the woods and far away. Once in awhile, a shameless alligator, not yet sick of civilization, but only shy of it, slipped off its log, as if it remembered the time, not long back, when the tourist-voyageurs were allowed to shoot from the river boats and play havoc with their lives as well as with those of their fellow-voyageurs.

This is day down the Ocklawaha—a moving scene of brightest green, of sunlit waters and coolest shadows. But when night and blackest darkness comes, and all is gloom and one great over-bearing shadow, the scene is blank if the eye seeks to pierce the distance; but near us all is ruddy glow; water branch and trunk are bathed in a shimmering red—ever changing, moving from branch to branch and water-swell to water-swell. I look up above me to find the cause of these silent phantasmagoria of the night. I see blazing logs of pitch-pine resting in a brazier. "Lightand" (light-wood), the negroes call this Promethean wood whose destiny is that of a flaming lamp in the primeval woods where it loves to grow; and at every little pier and wharf—if there is anything to be taken on our puffing little Bucentaur—there is seen afar off, like a will-o'-the-wisp, a whirl-

ing flag of flame. There is marked on the background of this flying flame the blacker background of a negro whirling this primitive lamp of the wilderness; and by the light of these red-glaring torches, commerce—in the silent hours of night, on this cypress-girt waterway of trade—does her task. Quickly the orange crates are taken on deck and we puff on again into further darkness. Stillness and darkness are all-pervading and encompass us like a vampire's wings on their awesome winding-sheet that makes from this dead world around us new visions come—strange-painted by the artist Fear, and stranger sounds begot from want of wonted sounds. Beneath us, the tourists on the upper deck, a voice is heard, then another, and then a chorus. This sudden burst of melody from the boat-hands on the lower deck—startling at first—harmonizes the watery world about; paints with a brighter hue the burning fagots' ruddy glow on leaf and trunk and swell; lifts up our hearts in gladness and makes the outer world again akin to us. Song follows song, and hymn, hymn, and these hymns, sung by these original negro minstrels, are strangely familiar to our Northern ears in tune, but unfamiliar in their strangely simple form of words, expressing childhood's simple faith in childhood's simple way. They are

troubadours, too, and ready recontours—these tawny-colored children of the sun—and fill in and fill out, with children's ready wit, their simple songs with what passing scene or incident may suggest. This impromptu out-door concert in January closes with a good-night song; a general going to bed in the Astatula's tiny state-rooms, and no waking until the St. John's River and Palatka are reached on the following morning.

To another and a greater steamboat we pass along our way—ever southward—till we reach Titusville, near the nothern end of the Indian River.

CHAPTER III.

AN OCEAN RIVER.

The streak of silver sea. —GLADSTONE.

I am at last on the Indian River and floating over her silver waters that already seem to laugh health and energy into my veins. I have learned to love the Indian River with a warm, abiding love, and who would not love her who had dwelt with her intimately, as I did, for two months and over, in her every mood; who, as I did, had looked upon her comely face from her verdant bluffs; who had floated on her smiling breast; bathed in her waters' warm embrace, and slept beside her shores of silver sand?

Before proceeding with the story of my cruise, I will tell briefly what the Indian River is. In the first place, then, the Indian River is not a river at all, but a salt-water sound, varying in width from a mile to five miles, and, includ-

ing St. Lucie Sound, Hobe Sound and Jupiter River, which are simply extensions of the Indian River proper, is one hundred and fifty-five miles in length. It is fringed on either side with innumerable points, bays, harbors, coves and islands. On the east, the Indian River is bound, for over three-quarters of its length, by a long, narrow peninsula, and beyond this peninsula is the far-stretching Atlantic, with the Gulf Stream running along the edge only a few miles from the shelly shore of the great waters, with their never-sleeping waves, ever beating and booming on the silver sands. This boundary peninsula, or rather, the northern half of it—the southern half being naturally an island—has been artificially made an island by the comparatively recent construction of a canal from Hillsborough River, or sound, to the Indian River; the water boundaries of it being the Atlantic Ocean, the Indian River Inlet, or, as it is sometimes called, the St. Lucie Inlet, the Indian River, the Banana River—a branch of the Indian River—Banana Creek, the aforesaid canal, the Hillsborough River and the Mosquito Inlet. This peninsula, or island, bounding the northern two-thirds of the Indian River on the east, as also the similar island bounding it on its southern third, is, in some places, only a few hundred yards in width,

while in other places, it is over a mile in width. East of the north one quarter of the river, roughly estimating the distance, lies Merritt Island, a long, narrow island, like the others, tropical in its growth and appearance, and containing several of the finest and oldest orange groves in Florida. To the east of this island runs the Banana River, which is a favorite resort for ducks that cover its waters in the Winter season, in almost countless thousands, and, at all seasons, for innumerable fish of every size and kind. As to ducks and fish, the same may be said of the Indian River proper. At the northern end or terminus of the river is a narrow isthmus or strip of land separating the Indian River from the Hillsboro River; the two rivers or sounds being connected by a canal both wide and deep enough for the passage of large steamboats of light draught. The Indian River is connected with the ocean by two inlets, known respectively as Jupiter Inlet and Indian River or St. Lucie Inlet, the former being at the extreme southern end of the river. Practically, however, by means of the canal mentioned, the Indian River has a third connection with the ocean through Mosquito Inlet. This latter connection with the ocean is an especially valuable one, as by increasing the saltiness of the river water it more than doubles

the oyster production of the river from what it would otherwise be. There is, except as produced by a change of wind, no perceptible current in the river; and there is a mean rise and fall of the tides of only three inches between the head of the river and Jupiter Narrows. From the latter point, however, to Jupiter Inlet a distance of only a few miles, there is a strong derivative tide-wave of some considerable extent, but yet not enough to create the salt marshes that disfigure many low-lying coasts. The Indian River, therefore, to all intents and purposes, is a component part of the ocean. Its fishes are salt water fishes, and a very considerable portion of its bottom is covered with oysters which, though often small, cannot be surpassed in flavor by any oysters in the world.

It is this "streak of silver sea," this glittering chain of linked bays and coves and sunny sounds, this sun-kissed line of sapphire waters, that makes the Indian River Country the Riviera of America. It is this "streak of silver sea" that lends its ever-changing loveliness to the palm-clad shores, and gives its benison of beauty to the ever-present blessing of its balmy air. It is this "streak of silver sea," reclining in the rosy arms of an ever-youthful June, decked in her robe of flowers and emerald leaves and her cap of sunny skies, that makes

the Indian River Country a poem of pleasure. It is this glad marriage of land and water that makes it the paradise it is. And the vision of this new and better Riviera of America, perfected by the toiling hands of men and further beautified by woman's presence, I see before me now. The pillars that shall support this completed paradise are already being placed in the ground. They are men and women of intelligence and culture coming from the North and from the West. I see, in my vision, this "streak of silver sea" garlanded on either side with homes where wealth and its heritage of beauty live, with Moorish mansions and tasteful cottages, with new and grander Ponce de Leons with their lawn-gardens extending from river to ocean, with villages and their country club-houses, where recreation shall mean re-creation, and not be another name for idle lounging, and where the arts taught shall be homo-culture as well as horticulture, and where the breeding and raising of a beautiful child shall be thought a far greater glory than the propagation and raising of the finest orange ever dreamt of by ambitious horticulturists. I see before me on this highway of the seas, on this pathway of smiling waters, a new and better carnival of Venice, with the rising of every sun. And then, every Sabbath morning, along

this grand cathedral aisle of the waters, a thousand chimes shall ring out and a hundred thousand voices join in the grand Te Deum to Him who made it and all that thereon is, and the ocean waves shall echo the amen.

And what shall be the faith of these coming citizens of the Indian River Country? Their faith shall be this—that a modest competence with health is better than a million without it; that the end of a rational life should be hale old age, and not a tree broken at the budding; that it is nobler to build a perfect body in a perfect climate than it is to build a fortune at the desk for the heritage of death; that the love of beauty—an all-round beauty that admits no part of the human body to be inferior to any other part whether visible to the eye or not—that the love of such a body is soul-adorning; the neglect of it soul-deforming.

I have not space here to tell all I would say about the healthfulness of the Indian River Country. I can only give its source. Its source is the ocean—the ocean pregnant with life-giving forces whether we confide ourselves to its soft embrace or merely breath its tonic-laden air. Here this ocean is round about us—a virile power ever translating into a better and stronger life those who woo its winds and waves. It is from this ocean that the southeast

trade winds blow during the largest portion, and that the hottest portion, of every day, Winter and Summer alike. Even in the middle of Summer these winds blow at night, and make the soundest sleep alike possible and refreshing. To sum up in one sentence the glory of the Indian River climate, it is as sweetest honey kissed by beauty's rosy lips.

But the ocean is not only a health-giver, but a giver of pleasure to the senses. It ministers to the best instincts of both the heart and the mind, and adds a sunbeam of joy to that best of all profits—accession of health. The ocean is a museum of curiosities, and many of these curiosities are beautiful as well as strange to the voyageur from inland regions. The sea-shore is the show-place of the ocean. From out the great womb of the waters come countless offspring—things of beauty with wondrous colors painted, strange forms and marvelous mechanisms of being—a vast array of finite life that eloquently testifies to the infinite God of whose creations these mighty hosts of the deep are but a little part.

But there is to be more than this. There is to be :

A wedding of winsome waters,
A mingling of fruitful rivers,
And the fruitage of these nuptial kisses
Will be added loveliness and riches.

The shining chain of the Indian River's destiny is not yet completed. The links of her perfect loveliness and many riches have not yet all been welded together. It remains for those who possess her to add to her other glories—to consummate a wedding of the waters whose offspring shall be an inland water-way extending from St. Augustine, on the North, to Key Biscayne Bay, on the South. And, already, her people are awake and taking measures to do the little Nature has left undone. Steps, indeed, have already been taken and partly carried out looking toward the consummation of this marriage of the waters—of all of these East Florida sounds which, when once completed, will bear fruit in the form of one of the grandest inland coast waterways in the world. This great scheme, as I have said, already inaugurated, will connect together, by wide and deep canals, the chain of so-called rivers, sounds, lagoons and lakes on the East Coast, from old St. Augustine in the North, to Key Biscayne Bay and the Gulf of Florida, in the far South, and, eventually, to Key West, the most southern city in the United States. This chain of waterways will, of course, everywhere be within a few miles—in many places, but a few hundred yards—from the broad Atlantic, and, in fact, a part of the great ocean

itself; sheltered, indeed, from its too rough caresses, but strengthened by its virile strength, so that they shall be a pathway to health and the happiness that flows from health, as well as a pathway for the golden keels of commerce and for those adventurous Argonauts who sail with fair-limbed "pleasure at the helm."

The intention is to connect the Matanzas River or Sound that flows past the foot of St. Augustine's centuried walls, by a canal eighty feet in width, with the Halifax and Hillsboro Rivers, or sounds, for all of these so-called rivers, lying parallel with the East Coast, are salt water sounds. Hillsboro River or Mosquito Lagoon, the southern one of these two sounds, is already connected with the northern end of the Indian River, as already stated, by a broad canal, which, however, is to be considerably deepened, and widened to eighty feet. Then the southern end of the Indian River is, by a like canal, to be connected with Lake Worth to the south, and the latter, in turn, with a couple of salt water rivers, with inlets from the ocean, and so on southward, until the chain of waters is completed to Key Biscayne Bay. This bay, too, it is proposed, finally, to connect by canal with the Bay of Florida to the southwest of Key Biscayne Bay; the Bay of Florida being protected, on one side, by the main land of Florida,

and on the other, by the crescent-shaped line of the Florida Keys. The time, too, will come, without doubt, when the Florida, Tampa and Key West Railroad will be entitled to every word in its name by having the Atlantic Division of its great network of iron roads passing along this crescent-shaped line of coral keys to Key West itself; for there is nothing insurmountable in such an undertaking, as where the distance between any two of the keys may be considered too great to span over the waters with a bridge—the water being shallow and the bottom a solid one made of the adamantine masonry of the coral insect—one or more buttresses can be built on which to erect the arches of the bridge.

This marriage of the inland waterways of the east coast of Florida will be of incalculable value and benefit to the planters on the several sounds who will thus be furnished with a common port of entry at St. Augustine. And not only will it be of advantage to the material interests of all of the east coast, but it will be of equal benefit to that yearly increasing class of well-to-do, but not wealthy yachtsmen, who, having comparatively small boats, naturally and wisely prefer the safety of land-protected waters for their cruising grounds to the open ocean with its occasionally violent storms. When

this continuous waterway shall have become a fully accomplished fact—when the Indian River and the other sounds to the north and south shall have been garlanded with beautiful villages, sea-side resorts and the stately Winter homes of wealthy people from the North—then shall have been fulfilled the dream of making the whole of this eastern coast of peninsular Florida, a Riviera, grander, lovelier, healthier and more popular than the Riviera of Italy and southern France ever was or ever can be.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INDIAN RIVER METROPOLIS.

The lovely town was white with orange blooms,
And the tell-tale pines o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on the aerial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

—LONGFELLOW. (Slightly altered.)

And a fresh little metropolis she is—open to the merry winds and to the lusty sunshine's smiles—a cheerful, gay little metropolis that takes life for a blessing divine, and makes the most of God's bountiful gifts to man. She sits like a maiden, on the river bank; her trailing skirts of green spreading north and west and south.

Titusville, we have said, is the present metropolis of the Indian River Country. Let the future metropolis be that town which deserves the honor most—that best shows her love for the healthful and the beautiful; whose backyards do not belie their front ones; whose

people shall worship most reverently at the triple shrine of beauty, health and public order. And it is to the credit of Titusville that, though a terminal railroad town, she is without such a town's usual accompaniments of tramps, filth and unpainted buildings in all the grades of descending badness. Her piers and depots, though not gorgeous in architectural array, are neat, and their surroundings kept free from tramps and dead rubbish; and it is to the glory of Titusville and of the whole of the Indian River Country that the yellow fever has never touched them, nor humbled them with the bad consciousness of that uncleanness, individual and corporate, and that want of common care which the presence of yellow fever implies.

Titusville had two large hotels, saying nothing of smaller ones, when we arrived there, but it has had another larger than either of these built since that time. Titusville, only a little over three years ago, had less than two dozen buildings. Now it has several hundred; among them being several buildings of more than average architectural merit; also several churches and that highest and best adjunct of civilization, when united with a good gymnasium, and its virtues not over-balanced by the destroying competitive system—a school-house. But

Titusville is good without its boundaries, as well as within them, being surrounded by some of the finest orange lands in the State, among these lands being the celebrated Turnbull hammock and its groves. These orange groves—fruitful groves of wealth—spread their leafy fringe of perennial green around the great sweep and bay-like widening of the waters that form the northern end of the Indian River.

Titusville, happy metropolis, has not yet arrived at that declining period of so-called civilization which lives only for the reaping of wealth, and sees no good in anything that has not that for its object. Her people still believe in the old Hellenic civilization which made money only a means to securing a perfect life, physically, mentally and morally. As a proof of this, and that healthy pleasures are fashionable here, I will mention that almost every night of the few nights I remained here, the proprietor of one of the largest hotels, together with other sensible business men who locked up their business thoughts when they locked up their stores, sallied out with conch horns and their dogs, the party becoming every moment larger as it neared the outskirts of the town; each new hunter bringing other dogs and other horns; and ere long, the air rang with the blasts of the horns as the hunters were in hot pursuit of the

possums in the neighboring pine woods, as if business was only an incident of life, and not its altar; pleasure its perennial guiding principle, and not a thing delegated to the Fourth of July. But this unbusinesslike conduct of these merchants and hotel-keepers of Titusville did not seem to diminish their capacity for trade in the hours allotted to money-getting, for they then showed themselves to be wide awake, shrewd, industrious and enterprising.

Our welcome from these good people was so warm and so untiring that it was with painful reluctance that we at last set the hour for launching our craft on the broad waters of the Indian River. We received from them not only abundant courtesies, but reliable and very necessary information about our route, especially from Mr. E. H. Purdy, the proprietor of one of the hotels at that time, and Mr. Richard Rhodes, an old Indian River boatman.

Before concluding this chapter I cannot forbear mentioning, as an evidence of the progress this country has been making since the time of which I have just spoken, that a club of wealthy Northern men has purchased several thousand acres of land northeast of Titusville, near a point known as the Haulover, and built themselves a handsome club-house; making the pioneer club of many clubs that, in the course

of time, will be formed in this Indian River Country.

That sprightly maiden, the Spirit of Progress, would pout her dainty lips, and petulantly cloud the clear azure of her eyes, were I to neglect to mention a prospective public improvement of which certain citizens of Titusville are the originators. So that I may remain in the horizon of her bright smiles, I will state that a company has recently been organized at Titusville, having for its object the creation of an ocean outlet for the growing commerce of the Indian River. This company—the Canaveral Land and Harbor Company—proposes the improvement of the harbor at the Bight of Canaveral; the construction, maintenance and operation of a pier at said point; the building of a resort and of a commercial port at a site to be selected by the said company on said harbor, and the construction and operation of a tramway connecting the said site with the Banana River. But this will not fill all the bill of the Indian River's booming battery of needs. The iron rail is needed to feed the nation. It, alone, can reach the teeming and growing millions of the populous North-West. The Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad and its auxiliary, the Indian River Steamboat Company, have done much, already, in

this direction. It must do more. And there seems every probability that it will do it, and do it quickly. Its general officers are far-seeing men, with a commendable business scent for the shekels of commerce, and I feel fully assured are abundantly endowed with the ability requisite for such undertakings; and it may well be taken for granted that they are more than willing to keep control of the foothold they have so well secured in this paradise of the East Coast.

In this connection I will mention a further proposed improvement on this coast. A company, organized some time ago, known as the Southern Investment Company of Washington, D. C., and owning considerable property at the Indian River Inlet, about two-thirds of the way down the river, proposes, at some future time, to erect a long iron pier on the ocean beach close to the inlet and run steamboats thence to Nassau, the capital and principal town of the Bahama Islands; also to build a large hotel and make other improvements at the inlet of such a character as will make the place, in every respect, a first-class ocean Winter resort. As the company includes among its incorporators some of the wealthiest and most enterprising men of the North there seems to be little doubt that its aims will be carried out in course

of time. Among the projectors of this future resort, which, by the way, has been christened Avon Park, are Governor Campbell, of Ohio, and the Hon. D. McConville, of Steubenville, O. Among the other prominent men connected with the undertaking are several Chicago and Washington capitalists.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARGONAUTS SET SAIL.

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm.

—SENECA.

The Indian River opposite Titusville is about two miles wide. Out on this wide stretch of waters we sailed, and southward turned our prows. But we have barely gone a mile before we see expanding before us a still grander expanse of golden gilded waters—a widening of the river to some eight miles in breadth, and continuing of that width to about the same distance. Owing, however, to a strong adverse wind from the south, we made but little progress, and had to depend on our paddles alone for what little progress we did make. After a short day's trip, therefore, we concluded to go into our first camp and take our first lesson in

the art of cooking. We chose for our camping ground a picturesque palmetto grove, close by which ran into the river a tiny purling stream of water of crystal clearness and inviting to be kissed with human lips. In quick time we overhauled our miscellaneous cargo of canned edibles and repacked them in convenient order for use. Having drawn up our primitive bill of fare, the kerosene cooking-stoves were lighted and we soon sat down to a meal that, with the same well-earned appetite for sauce, would have been fit for the gods.

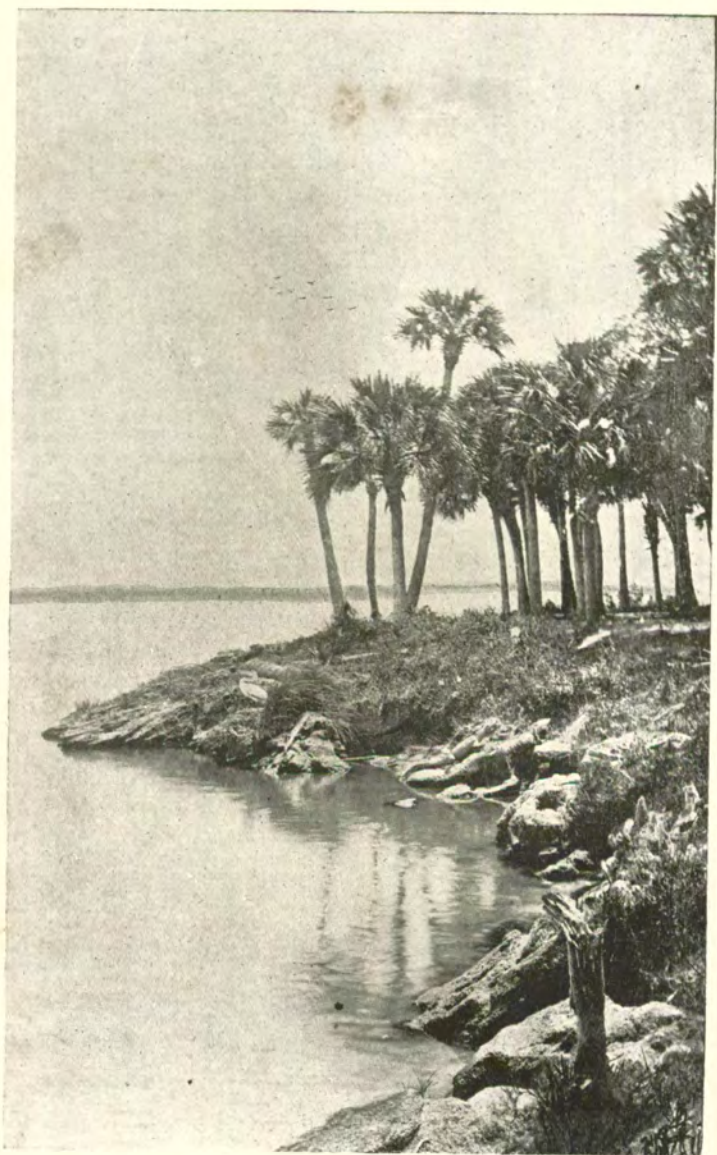
By this time "Night had drawn her sable curtain down," and in order to fix up our canoe-tents we had to call on the aid of our lanterns. In a few minutes our barks were turned into domiciles, and our cockpits into cosy bedrooms. Then, with a conscience set at ease by work well done, we lit the calumet of peace and talked of the morrow. But soon Sleep, the winning witch that waits on Night, drew softly our drooping eyelids down and made them pay the forfeit of tired limbs; and we slept the sweet and dreamless sleep of industrious navigators; not even dozing thoughts of wood-nymphs peeping through the green arches of the palmetto-isles being able to conjure up a dream of nymphine loveliness.

We found on this first day's brief journey,

the Indian River to be all that it has been painted by older hands. We found nothing grand in it; none of the majesty of mountain scenery; but, on the other hand, none of the latter's often gloomy and depressing grandeur. Nevertheless, it was picturesque and piquantly lovely. The smiling river, with her hand-maidens of tree and grassy bank and silver shore was a scene of refreshing sweetness, like a maiden ripening into the added charms of womanhood. She smiled us a smiling welcome, and was as happy in our company as we in hers. She was no tragedy queen crowned with cold coronet of snow-capped mountains, but a gentle and loving wife, ever young and ever sunny, with waving palms for her coronet, green grassy lawns for her fairy zone, silver sands for her foot-stool, and flowers for her rosy lips. Yes! we preferred our round-limbed, soft-eyed Juno, with her gracious sweetness, to the stateliest mountain queen, with her appendages of barren heights, of infertile upland valleys, her goitre-plagued declivities of human woe, and her dark and gloomy glens. Well enough a passing glance at these as a comparison with the bright-eyed plain, the fertile vales and virile seas and smiling rivers of the lowlands: but no place to live in from day to day and week to week. The mountain is the gloomy

child of the harsh volcano ; the verdant vale, the smiling child of sunny centuries of ripening years. Man perfects himself on the fertile plain. The ragged crests of the higher Pyrenees produce ill-shaped cretins ; the sunny plains of Andalusia, the perfection of human grace and loveliness in Apollo and Venus forms.

We learned to love with an abiding love the quiet beauties of Juno's home, with its water-colors ever-varying from the first blush of dimpled dawn, as, rising from her ocean bed, she shakes her golden tresses round and scatters radiant rainbows upon the wakening waters, even to her sinking down to rest behind her palm-tree curtains in the West. I have watched her in many moods ; always changing, but always caressing ; no frowns from her, but ever sunny smiles ; or, lovelier still, when, in gentle showers, she pouts and hides her face behind some courtly cloud who woos his mistress to her face, emboldened by his own gorgeous array of many tinted colors. In pleased displeasure at this bold worship of herself, she weeps happy tears that fall in pearly drops upon the ardent earth, in whose mighty womb these pearly drops nourish into active being the sleeping seed-germs of life, or bathe the roots of flowers, adding blush on blush to their wealth of loveliness.



A COQUINA CORNER, NEAR ROCKLEDGE, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, HO!

How easy 'tis when destiny proves kind,
With full spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go
Must be at once resolved and skillful too.

—DRYDEN.

When, the next morning, after our first bed on mother earth, we rose and took a bath in the river and used the smiling maiden Sunshine for our toilet woman and towel too, and a scamper along the beach to help her in her work, we found the winds still opposed to us; so we spent the day in excursions across the river to Merritt's long-drawn-out island, and there found ourselves well repaid by what we saw, for the island is a paradise of fruitfulness.

But this did not make up all of our glad disappointment at Aeolus' whims. I found the river a mighty hatchery of fishes, and the earth and bay a panorama of pictures in every shade

of green and blue, with beauty spots in pink and purple flowers, and white-capped waves blushing ruddy gold beneath the touch of the Sun-God's lips. The wooing spirit of warm Juno was on the bay and round about it, and bound me to her in smiling chains of flowers. Who would not be a male type of Andromeda if so bound to such a rock.

The Indian River tourist should take in all of the east side of the river north of this point, for he will here find some of the oldest orange plantations in Florida, and will see their orange trees in their ripest and most matronly perfection, with motherly embonpoint of trunk, great, rounded limbs and leafy breasts of foliage. At what is known as Haulover, about nine miles north-east of Titusville, is the cut or canal made by the Atlantic Coast Canal Company, 3,350 feet in length; the canal passing through the narrow isthmus which separates the Indian River from the Hillsboro River. In addition to this, there is an old canal made by the Federal Government for transportation purposes, during the famous Seminole war, but it is only adapted for the navigation of very small boats. In this vicinity is the famous Dummitt orange grove which has given its name to an equally famous variety of oranges. Directly east of Titusville, is the mouth of Banana

Creek. Passing through this, and crossing over Banana River, we reach what is known as Canaveral, whose vicinity is celebrated for the fine quality of its oranges, and having within its boundaries the De Soto Orange Plantation, one of the oldest groves in Florida. Another grove in this vicinity, the Burnham, is celebrated in all of the Indian River Country for the excellence of its fruit. Canaveral light-house, with its revolving flash-light at an elevation of 139 feet, is one of the finest light-houses on the Atlantic Coast. Directly opposite Titusville, on the north side of Banana Creek, which connects Indian River with the northern end of Banana River, and is the northern boundary of Merritt's Island, is Heath, in whose vicinity can be found everything that hunters love: deer, bear and water-fowl being found in abundance.

On the night of this day we camped on a beautiful sandy beach not far from Hardeeville where Senator Hardee is generally credited with having one of the finest orange groves in the State; his then last crop of fruit having brought him \$6,000. This cash consideration, together with the general interest of the subject of oranges justifies devoting the whole of a future chapter to the very juicy subject of

oranges—the golden fruit, in more senses than one.

On the following day, we passed City Point and Cocoa, on the west side of the river, and Merritt on the east. City Point is distinguished for its great number of bearing orange groves. Merritt, on the east side, on Merritt Island, in addition to other advantages, is fortunate in having a jelly factory.

Cocoa, about nineteen miles south of Titusville, on the west side of the river, is beautifully located on a gentle slope which rises to a height of nearly fifty feet above the river which is here about one mile in width. Cocoa is ambitious. It is laying plans, or was, to connect itself with Lake Poinsett, three miles to the west, to which point St. John's River steamboats of the smaller class can reach; Lake Poinsett, in fact, being but an expansion of the upper St. John's River. It also rejoices in the fact of being the headquarters of the Oleander Point Regatta Association whose race-course for the greater part of its distance lies opposite the town; Oleander Point, with its waving garniture of palmetto palms, being the scene of an annually recurring May-day picnic. Cocoa also rejoices in a literary society.

CHAPTER VII.

YACHTING ON THE INDIAN RIVER.

Build me straight, worthy master,
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

—LONGFELLOW.

The people of the Indian River Country are semi-amphibious. Their babies are rocked to sleep with the lullaby of the ocean waves or the whispering soprano of the river ripples. Their children go to school in boats instead of on foot, and the old folks go to church in the same way instead of in buggies; and—shall I say it—the ladies go on shopping and gossiping excursions also in boats. The river, in fact, is the great highway of the country; its transportation line, its picnic route and its lovers' lane, all in one. It is to the people who live on or near its banks, what the Grand Canal is to the people of Venice. It is at once their glory and

their slave, but a slave as beautiful and as well-beloved as the favorite of a Sultan's harem. No wonder that with such a race-course for the winged steeds of the sea, yachting should be making here rapid strides in popular favor. It has all the facilities for becoming as much the people's pastime here as base-ball is in the North and West. Every house has its own pier of high or low degree, and every family its boat, large or small. Steam yachts, too, from the tiny open steam-launch to the more ambitious cabined-vessel, are being rapidly introduced and found a great convenience in more ways than one. The sailing vessels are of every imaginable variety—sloops, sharpies, catboats, schooners, etc., etc., and are daily growing in good looks and speed. With Melbourne as a general rendezvous, there has been held on the first of May, for several years past, a May-day regatta, combining in its programme a regatta and picnic, during the day-light; and in the evening, the day of pleasure closes up with a banquet and ball at some hotel.

But the mariners of this inner sea are adventurous spirits. Inspired by the memories of Spanish conquistadors and English sea-kings, they frequently dash out through the narrow portals that lead to the broad Atlantic, and make a scurry along the coast for Lake Worth

and Key Biscayne Bay; yes, and even to the Bahamas; some going with trade intent; some for the adventure only; while still others go to seek after new wonders to add to the horticultural wealth of the Indian River Country.

I cannot refrain, as I glance at an old copy of the Indian River News, lying by my side, from here giving a little in detail, the particulars of a Sunday-school convention held at East Melbourne, on the peninsula, on the sixth of June, 1889; for, while it speaks eloquently of what kind of men and women Indian River people are, it illustrates no less well the amphibious character of the people of this river by the sea, and of their universal dependence upon the services of this Grand Canal of Florida for purposes of transportation to and fro.

Early on the afternoon of the day previous to the day named above, the planters and villagers from up and down the river came to the place chosen for the convention—a temple beneath the trees—in their sailing craft, and there encamped for the night, so that on the morning of the convention's opening, there were already collected many people—men, women and children, too, ready to join in the exercises of the day. These families had needed no hotel in which to pass the night. All that the climate required, or comfort suggested, was

furnished by tents easily and quickly put up, so that the occasion became at once an outing and the performance of a duty; the occasion being the first annual convention of the Indian River Sabbath-School Association. At ten o'clock on the morning of the convention, the Sabbath-School of the youthful city of Melbourne, two miles away across the river, started in sailboats for the grounds, and the children's parents followed the good example, so that by eleven o'clock that ambitious seat of trade was deserted. The report of the Indian River News of this novel convention then goes on to say that "a platform had been constructed and seated and an organ provided for the occasion. On the side of the hill facing the platform were seats and benches arranged in tiers in amphitheatre style." The first fleet was soon followed by others, bearing delegations from Sebastian and from neighboring Malabar's union Sunday-school; the latter carrying on the flag-ship of their fleet a handsome banner of satin, with the name of the school emblazoned in gold upon its folds. The Malabar school acted as a reception committee upon the arrival of the Steamer St. Lucie with its happy freight of four hundred Sunday-school scholars and their elders. From distant Titusville came the Titusville Methodist-Episcopal

Sunday-School Society with its one hundred and two members and their banner of blue satin. From pretty La Grange came a school of thirty-eight scholars and teachers. Ancient City Point added to the gathering its quota of sixty-five, while coquina-breasted Rockledge and busy Cocoa brought ninety. Little Brantly and sheltered Eau Gallie, too, were well represented.

The proceedings of the convention it is not necessary to detail, excepting to say that "The Indian River Sabbath-School Association" was organized as an auxiliary to the State branch of the American Sabbath-School Union, and that the following is the list of officers selected at the first session of this out-doors formed association :

President, the Rev. J. Bolton, of City Point ; Secretary, W. L. Hughlett, of Rockledge ; Vice-Presidents—Titusville, S. H. Ray ; La Grange, T. Johnson ; City Point, George N. Hatch ; Rockledge and Cocoa, O. K. Wood ; Brantley, James Owen ; Melbourne, E. P. Branch ; Eau Gallie, the Rev. Mr. Prince ; Malabar, Mrs. J. T. Bassett ; Sebastian, James A. Groves.

But the aftermath of this goodly day's doings should not go unchronicled. I will tell it in the words of the Indian River News.

"After the conclusion of the exercises, all hands adjourned to the ocean beach. From early morning until late in the evening bathing suits were in lively demand, although the breakers were unusually high and the breakers uncommonly rough."

CHAPTER VIII.

HURRICANE CAMP.

Blow wind! Come wrack!
At least we'll die with the harness on our back.
—SHAKESPEARE.

The second night out we encamped in a low but beautiful bower all adorned, in Nature's high art, with roof of waving palmetto plumes and walls of Spanish bayonet, and wall-flowers of many colors. We christened it, at once, wood-nymph bower camp; but this then unanimous action of the meeting was afterward reconsidered at a hasty meeting very early in the morning. When we lay down with sleepy Morpheus, a gentle south wind was blowing soft lullabies to our drowsy ears, and everything was as sweet as sweet could be, for an hour or so. The only sound that could be heard was the song of the soughing waters and the pattering of the palmetto leaves in the light breeze

that was then blowing. So closely does the rustling of the palmetto leaves resemble the pattering noise of a gentle Summer shower at night time, as heard from within doors, that, believing it to be actually raining, and, if so, desirous of donning our beds with rubber sheets as an added protection against invading Pluvius, we, utterly regardless of what the wood nymphs might think of our comely nakedness, stepped boldly out into the presence of Night and her pertly winking stars; but the goddess was not weeping happy tears, and only dewdrops shone on her leafy lashes. So, to console ourselves for losing this expected chance of roughing it thus early in the cruise, we commenced smoking the pipe of peace; but, suddenly the wanton wind changed from the south to the north, and then blew as if intent upon making up for lost time. In fact, old Boreas, evidently highly elated at his change of mind, blew his windy trumpets with an energy that would have made an ordinary Dakota blizzard grow pale with envy. The utter annihilation of the tent was imminent, but the Commodore rose—very suddenly—to the situation, and firmly and with as much dignity as possible, considering that he had on no swallow-tails or other things to hide the blushing extent of his natural modesty; dignity, in his case, being only a

matter of clothes. In fact, the Commodore, as he stood upholding the tent-pole and all the superincumbent canvas of the roof from the assaults of Boreas, felt very much as if he was one of those naked caryatides who are forever condemned to bear above their shoulders the weight of some great entablature of marble. Fortunately he had no time to blush. Confusion, in this case, saving his blushes, as, in other cases, it causes them. While the Commodore was thus playing very prettily—as no doubt the aforesaid wood-nymphs took occasion to observe—the part of a monumental marble, the Commissary General busied himself with adding a regular network of guy-ropes to those which had at first been set up; and the consequence was that all of the efforts of the festive Boreas to turn out on an uncharitable and inartistic world our unprotected nakedness were in vain. We held the fort, and the refuge of our modesty intact; the only objectionable creatures that the wind had been successful in driving away being the mosquitoes; a summary proceeding on the part of the wind to which we made no objection, being content with the company of the wood-nymphs alone.

When I get up the next morning and the wind is still from the north, I naturally ask myself, where are we, this bright morning, with

this pleasant, balmy, life-giving wind blowing upon us from the north—that North which our whole life's experience has told us, hitherto, deals out, in this month of March, only shivering blasts and renewals of old colds. We are on the Indian River, near the foot of Merritt's long drawn-out island. The cold, bleak north-east wind, on its latter journey of many hundred miles through semi-tropic lands and over that great warming pan of Nature on our side of the great round world—the Gulf Stream—has been transformed into a balmy breeze of the South. The bright morning Sun gladdens, with its golden smiles, the broad face of the waters that dimple lazily in the gentle breeze which coquets coyly with its glittering surface of pale gold, ever radiant and blushing in many and every-shifting hues. The air is fraught with vivifying ozone fresh-drawn from Nature's great laboratory, old Ocean who stretches out his broad bosom only a few miles away. It was on just such another morning as this that we started for Eau Gallie, a few days after our night's stormy adventures, and after thanking a neighboring family, a Mrs. Nicholson and her two sons and two daughters, for many kind words spoken and good deeds done, while they have acted as the nurses of the Commodore during his temporary laying up in the dry-dock,

the consequence of inflamed ankles caused by the too ardent smiling thereon of Old Sol, for canoeing means, often, naked limbs. Whether or no the naiads, fascinated with the attractions of human ankles, leagued themselves with saucy Sol in this inflammatory kissing business, I cannot say, but an old settler here told me that the sun's rays striking the bare skin for any length of time through the medium of the water seem to have double the power for producing sun-blisters to what they have when striking the skin above water.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

The breath of a celestial clime,
As if from Heaven's wide open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

—BRYANT.

Youth is health. Age, as the world goes, is the equivalent of decay. In this definition of youth, Ponce de Leon was the wisest of all of the adventurers of his day. In the object he sought after—"The Fountain of Youth"—youth meant health—an everlasting youth, a virility without decay. Ponce de Leon sought in Florida for this precious elixir of life, and, without knowing it, found what he sought, as far as it can be found by finite beings, until the science of hygiene shall be as universally practiced in our daily lives as are now our daily sins against the body—that image of God, which, since its creation, it seems to have been the constant aim of man to make less perfect

and more frail—a hovel, instead of a fair temple for the dwelling-place of the soul.

Count Tolstoi, in answering the question, "What is it that most makes man happy here below?" used these words, in the first section of his answer—"Natural life in the open air, with intimate connection with earth, its plants and animals." And in the last section, these words—"Health and a natural, painless death." Surely Florida, if anywhere, can give any man or woman, if they seek the embrace of her sunny arms, in time, all that these answers imply; for she can give them life in the open air every month in the year, and give it, too, untrammelled with the exhausting weight of overcoat and cloak and heavy Winter underwear that deprives the body of air and prevents the circulation of the blood, like the tightened fetters of a prisoner. That the boasted bracing effect of the Winter weather of the Northern States is a fatal delusion may be shown by a brief examination of the mortuary statistics for the Spring months in these States; and compare them with those of the Fall months in the same States. After making this examination, settle the question for yourselves whether Winter's weather, or Summer's kills off most people. Again, the weather in Florida never compels

the closing of windows, and the consequent deprivation of perfect ventilation and pure air, as the Winter season in the North does—a deprivation which makes our Winter life a slow suicide, and an unnatural death only a simple question of time—a process often shortened by the aid of diphtheria, typhoid fever and those other diseases which impure air so abundantly generates, and which do not affright us, because, like a bad conscience, we have them always with us. The sensuous south wind, in the very midst of the dog-days, when humanity in the North swelters and collapses, is, in Florida, a rejuvenator—a renewer of abundant and vigorous physical life; for it comes from its ocean-bed laden with recreative ozone. Try to paddle against it on the Indian River, and you will find it no weakling, such as we know it in the North. We hear a good deal of talk about the relaxing influence of Florida's climate. Why! I have seen the principal merchant of Melbourne, on the Indian River, in the very middle of the day, when old Sol was striking down to the earth his ardent rays as straight as a plummet, make a break for more vigorous exercise than his account-books could give him, or even a customer hard to please, and, rushing to his boat, make a dash across to the east side of

the river, and there lift in, as the result of his angling prowess, no puny ounce-fish, but leviathans all the way from ten to thirty pounds in weight. And this capacity for vigorous animal life in this semi-tropic latitude may be easily explained. Florida owes her climatic blessings to her happy surroundings. She is nestled in a cool girdle of waters. To the east and to the west and to the south, ocean and gulf and sea spread out their broad surface, cooling and purifying every southern wind, and impregnating it with life-giving ozone. As for the north wind, it is always cool enough, Winter and Summer alike, and with even a touch of Boreas on its skirts. Look at the map. Examine there the conformation of the Peninsula of Florida. Like the swelling proportions of a woman, for the greater portion of her length, she broadens as she dips deeper and deeper into her tropical salt-water bath. The ocean—fecund with life-giving force, whether we confide ourselves to his soft embrace, or breathe his tonic-laden air—is round about us—a virile power, ever translating into a better and a stronger life those who woo his winds and waves. And it is from this ocean that the southeast trade winds blow, a large portion of the day, and that the hottest portion of every day in the year. Florida is, indeed, the fair

bride of the States, our Aphrodite springing from the waters—young, vigorous, healthy, radiant with abounding life.

And Florida is an all-round-the-year paradise. Unlike California, it has no parched Summer; unlike the Northern States, no dead winding-sheet of snow. No rusty Summer-garb of brown, no icy fetters, ever deface her fair bosom, or imprison her ever-budding beauties of tree and flower and fruit. Verdant ever, she smiles in every season, and loads your banquet-board with delicacies from garden and grove in every month of the year; for her prolific earth, caressed by vivifying rains, is ever bearing fruits and vegetables—if not of one kind, then of another—and beautifies the feast with flowers that monthly bloom.

And what is true of Florida as a whole is doubly true of the Indian River paradise. The beauty of the latter's scenery lends added charms to the sensuous winds, the soft seductive air, the life-renewing ozone. It has a perfect climate set in a jeweled frame. It is honey kissed with Beauty's rosy lips—a blossom floating on a sea of sapphire.. The balmy fragrance of its air is overarched by cloudless skies. Sport, with her whiling ways, makes time fly fast. Pale ennui has no grim terrors for the tourist who goes well prepared to carry

on a campaign against fir and fin. Nor need maid nor matron fear the tedium of nothing to do. The spirit of sport is in the air. It inspires female breasts with ambitions great as man's. Fair Dianas are numerous on the river. One of the best duck-shots on the river is a tenderly brought up girl just budding into womanhood, who lives with her family, recently settled at a charming spot, a few miles south of Rockledge. The late gracious matron of the White House, it is well known to fame, has, on the Indian River, hooked a tarpon that, for size, might make a veteran angler boast. There is hardly any member of the fair sex but loves boating, and there is no fairer field for boating than is the Indian River, whether it be in the form of a morning row, a moonlight paddle of an hour, or the more ambitious cruise of a week, accompanied with incidental camping out and the glorious freedom of an untrammelled Gypsy life. If, in a tourist party, the males are men of nerve, and the females, angels not too good to play, a season on the Indian River may be made a continuous picnic—a merry round of healthy pleasures.

But, says Owen Meredith, in "Lucille,"

"To all facts there are laws,

The effect has its cause, and I mount to the cause."

Hence, I must deal with figures. A discourse

on figures should always be brief, for figures of fact—strange to say—are always less welcome than figures of speech. In order to be specially emphatic, therefore, I shall make the discourse very brief in order to prevent its being uncere- moniously skipped altogether; and in order that there may be no doubt whatever as to the perfect accuracy and reliability of the figures given, I shall give them in the form of extracts from a small pamphlet on Brevard County, which county borders nearly the whole of its length on the Indian River. The author of that portion of the pamphlet from which the following extracts are taken is the Rev. John H. White, of Island Home, near ^{Merritt's Island} Georgia, on Merritt's Island, on the east side of the Indian River. Mr. White has been, for many years past, the observer for the Signal Service Corps of the United States Army. As coming from a member of an honorable profession, as coming from a man of education which being a member of such a profession implies, and as coming from a trusted member of the Govern- ment, what he has written may well be con- sidered as beyond all criticism either as to its truth or correctness. It may be added as a further proof of Mr. White's capacity to pro- nounce judgment on the climate of the Indian River Country, that, as far back as 1876, he

planted on his estate at Island Home, in latitude $28^{\circ} 18'$, pineapple plants brought over from Key Largo, in a sailing vessel, by Peter Wright.

The extracts are as follows:

"In 1880 there were three Signal Service stations where there was frost every month in the year, and, strange to say, one of them was in Southern California, where it is so often said, 'frost is unknown.'

"The same year there were but two stations where there was no frost, and both of them were in Florida.

"From the above it is quite clear that if any no-frost area is found in the United States, it is in Florida, and the experience of January, 1886, makes it equally clear that no portion of the main land is absolutely exempt from frost, but for all practical purposes that part of the State, lying south of a line from Cape Romano to Jupiter Inlet, may be regarded as strictly tropical.

"North of this line there are places that are very seldom visited by frost severe enough to do any damage. But at long intervals a polar wave of such severity sweeps over the country that its icy breath is felt to the southern point of the peninsula.

"I think that on the Atlantic coast, south of

28°, and, on the Gulf coast, south of 27°, tropical growths are in no more danger from frost than the corn crop of Ohio and Illinois, or the wheat crop of Tennessee and Virginia.

"A place for well people to live in, or a resort for the sick, should be exempt from extreme heat. Our climate in this particular compares favorably with that of California or any other part of the world.

"As a basis of comparison, I will quote some of the maximum temperatures of August, 1885, from the Monthly Weather Review of the Signal Service Bureau :

Jacksonville, Fla.,.....	94°	Sacramento, Cal.,.....	105°
Sanford, ".....	94	Red Bluff, ".....	108
Key West, ".....	94	College City, ".....	114
St. Augustine, ".....	93	Poway, Southern Cal.,.....	103.
Island Home, Merritt's Island,		Los Angeles, ".....	106
Fla.,.....	94	Murietta, ".....	111
Limona, Fla.,.....	98	Fall Brook, ".....	115

"In point of healthfulness, Florida loses nothing by a comparison with California. Our death rate is one-fifth less than theirs, and from 1860 to 1880 theirs has increased nearly 37 per cent., while ours has decreased 7 per cent.

"Both the well and the sick need to be free from wet and cold, as they are enemies to both life and health. Dry over head and dry under foot are not factors in a Californian winter, but they are both prominent in our

Florida winters. At our Island Home, the average rainfall for December, January and February for eleven years has been two inches and a fraction each, with hardly ever a day that the sun is not seen, and we average about five foggy mornings in the year.

"In September, 1886, Riverside, Cal., had 14 foggy mornings, and near the coast fogs are both more frequent and dense than at Riverside.

"During the same year we had but three foggy mornings here at our Island Home, viz. : on Jan. 19th and 22d, and Dec. 12th.

"Sudden changes there (California) are frequent and extreme. A change in the direction of the wind often causes a great change in the temperature—coming from the ocean, the great Colorado Desert, or from snow-capped mountain peaks. Florida is neither frozen by the icy presence of snow-capped mountains, nor scorched by the burning breath of arid deserts, but having large bodies of salt water on the east, south and west, we have no such sudden changes. The daily range of temperature is much greater there than here. A range of 40° in a day is more common there than 20° is here.

"Take for example, July, 1888. At Riverside, Cal., the daily variation was 40° or more on six days, while here the variation reached

20° but once. The average of their daily range was more than 34°, while ours was less than 14°. The total of their variation in temperature, or the sum of their daily thermal curve, was 2,114°, while ours was but 850°. Some places in Southern California are subject to much greater sudden changes than Riverside. At Campo, on the Mexican line, 50 miles back from the coast, in June, 1880, the daily range was 50° or more on 21 days, and on the 17th it was 61°.

"The following table is compiled from the reports of the Signal Service of the U. S. Army. The headings of the lines and columns sufficiently explain their contents, bearing in mind that the figures indicate the number of days in that place for that month, no part of which the temperature was below 60° nor above 85°.

1879.	Los Angeles, Cal.	San Diego, Cal.	Jacksonville, Fla.	1887. Island Home, Fla.
January.	0	0	0	8
February....	0	0	1	26
March.....	1	1	11	13
April.....	0	0	12	19
May.....	0	0	20	26
June.....	6	5	10	13
July.....	10	22	4	4
August.....	9	28	7	5
September.,	5	14	19	16
October.....	1	3	26	25
November...	0	0	13	23
December...	0	0	5	17
For the year	32	73	128	195

"Having compared the climate of Florida with that of California, we may now come to the comparison of the climate of Brevard County (the Indian River Country) with that of other parts of the State—particularly the regions north and west of us.

"The general excellence of the Florida climate is such that many people suppose that it is all about alike, but this is a great mistake. To illustrate this I will here reproduce some items furnished to a California paper in 1883.

"In cold weather the morning temperature here is often 15 to 20 degrees higher than in De Land. Take, as an illustration, November, 1882. On the 1st it was 22 degrees higher here, being the difference between 74 degrees here and 52 degrees there.

November	2d,	it was,	Island Home	73—	DeLand	57—	Difference	16
"	8th,	"	"	69—	"	56—	"	13
"	9th,	"	"	68—	"	55—	"	13
"	15th,	"	"	56—	"	40—	"	16
"	23d,	"	"	53—	"	41—	"	12
"	24th,	"	"	55—	"	40—	"	15

"Here are 7 days in one month, wherein the coldest morning temperature was from 12 to 22 degrees higher at our Island Home than at De Land, less than 50 miles further north. Every cold month shows more or less of a similar variation. December the 8th, 1882, the morning temperature at Jacksonville was 36°, at De Land 56°, and at this place 66°.

"In summer the difference is in the opposite direction. Their summer mornings are often from 3 to 10 degrees warmer than ours. Take for example the week ending July 2d, 1882. The record of the morning temperature, published in the Florida Agriculturist at De Land, for June 27th is 80°, while at this place it was 77°, being a difference of only 3 degrees. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, show a difference of 8 degrees, and Friday and Sunday 9 degrees.

"In tabulated form the week stands as follows:

Monday.....	Deland,	80°	—	Here,	77°	—	Difference,	3°
Tuesday.....	"	86	—	"	78	—	"	8
Wednesday.....	"	84	—	"	76	—	"	8
Thursday.....	"	85	—	"	77	—	"	8
Friday.....	"	86	—	"	77	—	"	9
Saturday.....	"	85	—	"	78	—	"	8
Sunday.....	"	87	—	"	78	—	"	9

"But these figures do not express the delightful coolness of our ocean winds that for the eight warmest months blow constantly, bearing in their breath coolness to the land, and health and comfort to its inhabitants. From this it will be seen that this Indian River Country has a remarkably even temperature, not only as compared with other States, but as compared with other parts of Florida.

"The Atlantic Coast on the east and the Gulf Coast on the west are subject to very different influences, and consequently develop quite

diverse climatic conditions. On the Atlantic side the coast is abrupt, and dry land is contiguous to the water. On the Gulf side the coast line is low and flat, with abundance of marsh and mangrove islands.

"On the east coast the waters are deep, and as a consequence, are but little influenced either by the heat of summer or the cold of winter, while on the west coast the waters are shallow a long distance from the shore, and consequently the temperature of the water is much influenced by the season, and in turn, it influences the temperature of the land, warming it in summer and cooling it in winter. But the most potent factor in this climatic difference is the Gulf stream on the east and Texas northers on the west. The Gulf stream does not enter the Gulf of Mexico further than to pass around the west end of Cuba and through the Straits of Florida out into the Atlantic Ocean. Passing up the coast it has decided climatic influences as far north as Cape Canaveral.

"The question of malaria is easily disposed of. During the season of malarial influences in Florida we have easterly winds almost constantly. These winds are fresh from the ocean, and contain no malaria. These winds reach the west coast, but not as pure and cool as

when they reach us. In passing over a hundred miles of land they not only lose their coolness, but their purity.

"So far as I am able to judge of my own work, I have now accomplished what I took in hand, viz.: To show that the climate of Florida is superior to that of California by being more exempt from injurious cold, from oppressive heat, from sudden changes, from fogs, and dust and mud. Also that our Brevard County or Indian River climate is superior to other parts of the State, north and west of us, in being more exempt from frost, from malaria, from dampness and from fogs."

Assuming that the above figures have proven that the Indian River Country is healthier than any other portion of Florida, I will give the following extract from an official report made by Surgeon-General Lawson, of the United States Army, written before the war, to show that peninsular Florida is healthier than any other portion of America. The extract is as follows:

"The climate of Florida is remarkably agreeable, being subject to few atmospheric variations, and its thermometer ranges much less than any other part of the United States, except a portion of the coast of California. As respects health, the climate of Florida stands pre-eminent.

That the peninsular climate of Florida is much more salubrious than that of any other State in the Union, is clearly established by the medical statistics of the army. Indeed, the statistics in this bureau demonstrate the fact that diseases that result from malaria are of 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 remitting fever, has been much less than among the troops serving in any other portions of the United States. In the Middle Division of the United States, the proportion is one death to thirty-six cases of remitting fever; in the Northern Division, one to fifty-four; in Texas, one to sixty-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."

Lieutenant Henn, R. N., the owner of the celebrated yacht *Galatea*, who has traveled all over the world, "pronounces," says an exchange, "the climate of the southeast coast of Florida the finest in the world."

Finally, as a physical proof of the all-the-year-round mildness of the climate of this East Coast of Florida in the latitude of the Indian River, I will mention the fact that parties of

friends, and including as many members of the gentler sex as of the rougher sex, have, on this Melbourne beach, bathed the old year out and the new year in.

CHAPTER X.

AN EARLY MORNING START.

The Morn is up again, the dewy Morn,
With breath all incense and cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn.

—BYRON.

The poetically minded creators of the fanciful, but beautiful mythologies of the ancient Greeks and Romans must have been inspired in making their charming creations by being surrounded by skies and waters like those of the Indian River Country—skies and waters that breathed the very spirit of their dreams of beauty, and gave to inanimate things a soul and a meaning sublime. For here, too, as in ancient Greece, all things in earth and sky seem soulful. Venus smiles in the beauty of her landscapes; Æolus whistles in her winds; Diana courses along her shores; nymphs people her woods; naiads inhabit her crystal floods; Night draws down the curtain and bids the

Sun go rest ; Aurora, rosy-fingered, draws up the curtain and shows the glad new day ; Flora decks the land with flowers ; Pomona, dainty-mouthed, gives honeyed fruits ; and Hygeia—kindest, wisest of them all—fills mortal's lungs with the immortalizing breath of ocean winds. I, too, on this day of leaving Eau Gallie, saw Aurora in all her beauty and Æolus in all of his many moods.

Starting in the early morning, in the very infancy of Day, when the stars, in their maidenly modesty, are putting on their veils and hiding from the Sun now just peeping with amorous ardor above the horizon of the waters, I am richly rewarded for my self-denial in foregoing my professional privilege of late getting up. Every hour of the day has its own special delight ; but the early morning, in a balmy climate, has a freshness, a newness, a youthful vivacity in the appearance of every object in a country scene, that make themselves felt, and seem to run like joyous coursers through our veins. Nature's beauty is not only seen, but felt. That morning the river was so glassy smooth that the gentlest touch of the paddle on its scarcely breathing bosom sends a tremor over the waters that can be seen in an ever-widening circle of wrinkles—no ! That word is deceiving, for it speaks of

age when it should speak of waking life, of dimpled childhood, of joyous response to the greeting of the paddle. No! it is, rather, a beauty-mirror of rippling smiles which spread themselves upon the waters and, in mimic chorus, laugh a good morning to the voyageur in their midst.

We have no sooner, however, got beyond the shelter of the shore than we find that the wind-god is before us in his waking-up, and is ruffling up the waters with his lusty breath into tiny waves; and so I lay the paddles aside and hoist my sails to the breeze and pass, in my cradle of the deep, along coquina-bound coast crowned with palmetto domes of verdure, and now and then sailing in toward the shore, get happy glimpses of lovely little nooks, dainty coves and tiny natural harbors, all begirt with loveliness of lilies, and odorous with the yellow jasmine; tempting spots wooing me to land and lounge away the hours.

But the rising of the wind at this unusually early hour was the prelude to another change. The artistic hand of Æolus began to paint the heavens. Cloud after cloud spread over the broad dome, replacing the brilliant blue with other colors no less brilliant and beautiful; and with the spreading of the clouds the winds again calmed down, and left only a gentle swell,

with no white-caps to break the expanse of glassy surface. The sky above is curiously patched with clouds; some dark, or brown, or amber-colored and others creamy white. And these clouds, through some peculiarity in the reflecting character of the air, are mirrored in the waters; and the whole breadth of the river—here broad and sea-like—seems to be filled with sand bars of which these cloud-reflections are the warning tints—refracted from beds of white or golden sand below. Like a wary mariner I try to pass around these amber banks whose fancied tops seem to be but just beneath the surface of the waters; but the more I try to flank them, the nearer they seem to get. They are like maidens and I like a child whom they are trying to prevent from straying on forbidden grounds. Now these cloud-reflections spread across the river almost from side to side, and where a moment ago there seemed to be wide passages of deep water, there are no longer any. It is thus that I discover at last that the Sun and clouds are playing at hide-and-seek with me—I being the seeker-for, and the Sun and clouds the hiders of deep waters; and so I boldly dash into this water-sky of amber, into seeming reefs and sandy bars, and find that beneath them, or rather, what seems to be them, the waters are deep enough for barks a

hundred times the size of my canoe. And here comes another wonder of the deep—for this too has to be discovered. The waters are so clear that twenty feet down I can see great monoliths of rock, snow-white, and that seem, in the marvelously clear water between me and them, to be but a foot below. I cautiously try the depth with my paddle, but find no bottom, and then, by measuring by my paddle's length what distance there is below it, I know that I am sailing over water twenty feet deep, or more. But conviction comes hard. This world below the waters, seen as though through a window, with its varying shades of color, and curves and corners and promontories of rock leading out into still deeper water-fields of waving sea-weeds, is puzzling. But this is not all. Through this ethereal water, as plainly visible as the denizens in a glass aquarium, are seen, dashing away as the canoe approaches them, great fish of many hues that seem no longer in their own element, but to be coursing through liquid crystal, and leaving behind them a phosphorescent tail of light like the trailing iridescence of a shooting star. But it would take too much space to describe at length the many things I saw in this natural aquarium, made such by the peculiar effect of the clouds on the waters on this particular morning.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SILVER KING.

The pleas'nt angling is to see the fish
Cut with his golden oars,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

—SHAKESPEARE.

In angling talks by the camp-fire, who has not heard of the royal tarpon—the Silver King of tropic waters? What fisherman has not dreamt of his burnished form, of his silver-setting, of his beauty, and his grand proportions? His title is well chosen, for he is lord of all edible fishes, at least in size. Around Indian River Inlet and Jupiter Inlet the tarpon rejoices in giving fishermen after new sensations all they want, and then leaving them with all their muniments of war. He is the beau ideal of piscine loveliness. His colors are of silver hue, and when he first comes from the waters for a sun-bath, as bright as polished steel. He

is a prince among his fellows in garb as well as in lusty size, and, not satisfied with adorning the world of waters around him, when alive, he wills away his phosphor scales for beauty's adorning above the waters; for his scales, by the cunning hands of jewelers, are transformed into tasteful ornaments for the fair forms of women; and thus on their snowy bosoms, this silver king, in many dainty fractions of himself, shines on in immortal glory upon a bed of budding lilies. Who would not envy the death of such a fish—a very Turk of the harems in the number of the bosoms on which he lies in state when fate, at the end of a hook, has split up into sections his many charms.

The red fish, or channel bass, is another of the piscine beauties of the Indian River. More beautiful to look at is he than to eat, though he is fair at that. He is a Beau Brummel among fishes, and as gaudy in his garb as a gay courtier of Louis XIV.'s golden age of dress, for his garb on back and sides is a brilliant golden red. His belly shines with a silver luster; and when he first makes his entree on the sun-lit world above the waters at the end of a tempter's line, a naked body—how very naked he must feel out of water—he blushes rosy red and is a blaze of scintillating iridescence, as if blushing through and through when

the watery pearls chase each other down his golden flanks, and make him more naked still. He, too, like the tarpon, as well as serving the inner man, serves the outer woman with lavish hand, piling beauty on beauty, in the form of jewels and artificial leaves and flowers, made out of his own fair outer form.

Then there is the luscious pompano, the chosen dish of Lenten epicures—a fish for a dainty dish that brings the highest price, or did in years gone by, of any fish served on Delmonico's banquet tables. He, too, like the tarpon, is good looking in the color of his coat, but more plump of build, more aldermanically round. With a belly of brilliant frosted silver, the colors climb up until above he becomes dark blue and emerald green and æsthetic yellow. He likes the bottom of the sea, for his banqueting is made on mollusks and crustacea—a choice of fare which, no doubt, makes him what he is, a delicate and a dainty flavored fish that combines in one all molluskian, crustacean, and fishy virtues that, being absorbed by the human system, fill it, too, with virile virtues. He is taken in the Summer months on the ocean beach of East Florida, and mostly with the cast net, being a fish seldom tempted by the hook, owing to the peculiar character of his food. When he does

get hooked, however, he affords the angler all that trouble that the true angler loves, being a vigorous fighter and a long one. He weighs all the way from one to six pounds; averaging two pounds.

The salt water trout, or spotted sea trout, as it is sometimes called, is a spotted beauty, with silvery sides running above into phosphor-bronze, and below into silver more silvery than the sides. He is sweet and finely flavored in the mouth, and likes a dish of mullet on the hook, or anywhere else, and is fond of a tussle with the angler, being a good fighter. He ranges from two to six pounds in weight, and is most easily found in Summer and Fall, not being found as large in the winter months. He prefers tideways and rapid currents to still waters.

The crevalle can be found in several varieties and is called by many names; his various aliases being crevalle, Cavalli Jack, Yellow Jack, Amber Jack, and so on. He is an accommodating fish, and goes for a spoon, squid, or a torn remnant of your shabbiest camp coat with equal impartiality. They average, perhaps, three pounds each, and, though only a moderately fair fish for the table, are very good-looking; his outer garment being made up of a

most gorgeous display in silver, blue, and amber.

The red grouper is a visitor, like the tarpon and pompano, from Cuban waters; a fish thick set and robust, light olive in color, and mottled with darker lines in tortoise style, with fins tipped with blue. His stronghold is near the roots of mangroves, which fact makes him a very difficult fish to take. He prefers mullet, and whole ones at that. He varies in weight from five pounds to twice that much, and is a sturdy fighter. His flesh is rich and well flavored.

The drum fish is a musician of the deep. In April and May they frequent the river in large schools and announce their presence by the drumming noise which they make under the water, the noise being so loud as to be heard for a considerable distance. There seems to be two species of them; one species being dark-colored, and not weighing over ten pounds, and the other, light-colored, and sometimes weighing over eighty pounds, and requiring the angler to have strong hand lines, with a whole crab as the preferred temptation, and that preferred at night time.

The Jewfish is one of the giants of the water, specimens of it taken having weighed over six hundred pounds; even then, it is said, being

fairly good eating; being when of small size, rich and well flavored. His color is yellowish olivaceous with numerous brown spots. Some times he is caught napping on the surface of the water, and, when so caught, is frequently shot. He is a West Indian fish, but quite frequent also in Florida waters.

If last and least, the mullet makes up in numbers for what he lacks in size. They are as numerous as the sand flies, as prolific as salt sea fishermen and as fertile as their wives; and following their goodly example and the godly command, Indian River husbands and Indian River wives, strengthened and inspired by fecund ocean breezes are each doing their part nobly to fill this sunny land with many and rosy, plump and healthy children. The mullet is an omnipresent quantity in the waters of the Indian River. He is everywhere, and there all the time, like poverty in towns, and to every one an ever-present blessing, for he is easily caught. A cast-net, a circular institution about twelve feet in diameter, and a walk to the water, if you are not there already, is all that is necessary to fill, in less time than it takes to tell it, the most capacious pot. In short, the mullet makes the Indian River Country the poor man's paradise as well as the paradise of pleasure.

He is useful, too, to the fisher who fishes for sport alone and not to fill an empty stomach; and if the fisher is philosophical, as a fisher ought to be, he will find as much or nearly as much gustatory pleasure in a mess of mullet as in almost any other fish, and fried mullet roe would have tickled the palate of a Roman epicure.

But it would be impossible, in the limits of a single chapter, to give even a very brief description of all the fishes to be found on the East Florida coast, as may well be imagined when the following list of them, as given by Captain Bernard Romans, an engineer officer employed in surveying this coast by the British Government during their control of Florida, between the years 1765 and 1780, is read. The list he gives is as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Kingfish, barracouta, tarpon, bonito, cavallos, pompanos, silverfish, jewfish, rockfish, groupers, porgys, red, gray, and black snappers, grunts, mangrove snappers, hogfish, angelfish, morgatefish, dog-snappers, yellow-tails, muttonfish, mullets, murray, parrotfish, sproats, red and black drum, bonefish, sharks, stingrays, and an immense variety of others, all excellent in their kinds, and we may with safety eat of all fish caught on the Florida shore, unless it be hogfish taken on the outer

reef, for I have heard of one of this kind having sickened some people ; but I have always eaten that delicate fish with safety."

And speaking of Indian River in particular, Captain Romans says :

"It abounds so much in fish that a person may sit on the bank and stick them with a knife or sharp stick as they swim by. I have frequently shot from four to twelve mullets at one shot ; nay, our boys used to go along side the vessel in the boat and kill the catfish with a hatchet. In St. Augustine the fishermen used to allow people who brought a real (12½ cents) to take as many fish as they pleased out of the boats."

Speaking generally of fishing on the Indian River and the east coast, I will add a few suggestions. Owing to the bottom of the river being in many places paved with oyster shells—the shells sometimes rising almost to within an inch or two of the surface—silkworm gut is not adapted to fishing here. Sharks also cut up many lines, and rays by main strength break them ; some rays caught here having measured from 18 to 20 feet in length, and weighed 150 pounds. The necessary tackle may be summarized as follows : For red bass, salt water trout, cavalli, groupers, and snappers, New York bass hooks, Nos. 1 and 2 ; for

sheepshead and drum, the Virginia pattern, of thick wire, No. 6 and 7; for blackfish, whiting, pigfish and other small fish, the Virginia hook, No. 6 and 7; line, Cuttyhunk linen, fifteen-thread, 300 feet in length, for anything except a tarpon six-footer, a ray six feet across or a 500-pounder jewfish; reel, a brass or German-silver multiplier; thumb-stalls of heavy-knitted yarn to avoid bruised fingers; rod, bamboo, eight to nine feet in length, in three, or still better, two pieces; landing net for sheepshead or small bass; a large gaff hook, with a handle five feet long, and a revolver for shooting sharks and rays. Most of the fishing is done from a boat and in shallow water.

The gourmand—that useful institution in society—who keeps us awake to the fact that we have a stomach, and that it ought to be no empty delusion—would never forgive a neglect to mention the turtle, especially the green turtle. Turtles are so plentiful here, in the proper season, that turtling is, to a certain extent, made a regular business for profit; and to those who understand it, this business is said to be a highly profitable one. Every year several thousands of turtles, weighing from twenty to over five hundred pounds each, are captured. These are, till ready for shipment,

kept in enclosures made of sticks and hurdles, called crawls; the turtles being finally sent north via Titusville and Jacksonville. They are captured in gill nets.

Nor should the oysters be forgotten, for, though small, the Indian River oysters are of a delicacy of flavor unsurpassed by any in the world. The best places to get them are at or near the mouths of the inlets, though the beds extend a long distance. Unusually high tides, for a lengthened period, and the consequent increase of the saltiness of the water of the river seem to have a tendency to make these home-loving denizens of the deep extend their settlements up and down the river. The Loxohatchee, an affluent of the Indian River which it enters opposite Jupiter Inlet, has, for several miles of its course, its bottom literally paved with oysters, and in a way often exasperating to the canoeist, though his bark is popularly supposed, and with a large percentage of truth, to be capable of sailing with tolerable ease over a heavy dew.

In the fresh water streams entering the Indian River from the west is found excellent bream and black bass fishing. There are also through this region many strange marine fishes that will interest the naturalist; among others

being the *astrocopus y-graceum*, or star-gazer, possessing considerable electric powers.

In concluding this chapter, I do not think I can better please the scientific angler than by giving the following extracts from an able letter that appeared in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, on the subject of tarpon fishing :

"Opinions differ as to the fishing gear to be used, but the most popular seems to be a stout bamboo bass rod—not split bamboo—a coarse braided codfish snell, a No. 12 Hall line, and No. 10 Sprout hooks. Sometimes a heavier line is used, say Nos. 15 to 18, but a No. 12 seems to be preferable. The braided snell is brought into requisition because a tarpon's jaws are very much like a pair of shears, and if anything but a soft braid got between those awful jaws, it would be cut in two as cleanly as though with a knife, but with the braided snell the tarpon chews, cuts, and chews again, but the soft material offering no resistance, he fails to cut through it, and it refuses to part. The reel should be a large one of the Click variety, capable of holding 1,000 feet of line. The bait is generally a large chunk of mullet weighing about a half-pound. The boats used are stout, staunch and water-tight, and for the most part are of the Whitehall make.

"The time for trifling with the majestic tarpon

is limited to two months; March and April being the months devoted to his capture. The fish are more plentiful in April, but I have known a good catch to be made as late as the first week in March. After a good breakfast, we walk down to the boats. Any time of the day, however, is a good time for tarpon. Well, we procure our guide and get afloat with the rest of the fleet, for there is always a crowd going out. Every guide has his own landmarks, and it is to those points that he is bound to take you. So in a short time after the start, the score or more boats are scattered over the radius of probably two miles. Having come to anchor, the hooks are baited, and good, long throws are made. The rods, for everybody uses two rods, are laid in the stern of the boat, and about twenty-five feet of slack line is coiled up in the seat. Then you light your cigar and sit down and wait patiently. Keep your eye on your line, and if it is a good morning, you will see the slack begin to play out regularly and very swiftly. If you find your line going out rapidly, and in a second there leaps into the air a great and magnificent creature, who glistens like silver sheen in the sunlight, you are safe in wagering all you own that it is a tarpon. Then is the time that the fisherman in a man's composition shows itself.

The moment the fish leaps into the air, the sportsman 'strikes.' If he did so while his line was playing out beneath the surface, he would lose his fish, because the tarpon's mouth is sufficiently hard to resist the sharpest hooks. If the angler be skillful, he can, while the tarpon is still in the air, by a dextrous touch of the line, throw him over so that he will strike the water on his side when he descends. This movement is for the purpose of 'winding' the fish and confusing him. The operation is peculiarly a delicate one, because if you are not more than ordinarily skillful a short snap will be heard and away goes your line. The minute a fish leaps in the air, there is a general cry of 'tarpon' throughout the fleet, and a general examination of the lines in every boat. After the examination, which don't take a second, those who find that they are not the lucky ones soon make haste to get out of the way of the boat whose fortunate owner has hooked the prize. This is necessary. I have seen men who have hooked their fish, pass in and out through the entire fleet three times. The tarpon is much the same as other game fish. The essential part of the catching is to keep a steady strain on him. This can not be done with the rod alone, so the guide runs the boat in the same direction taken by the fright-

ened and frantic giant, wherever it rushes or darts, or in its steady flights.

"There are two rules that are very necessary in the capture of tarpon: First, give him a chance to devour the bait, and second, keep plenty of line between the boat and the fish. More fish are lost through an utter disregard of the last rule than from any other cause. The tarpon is a game fighter, and fair as long as he does not see his captor, but if you restrict your line so as to get him close enough to see your boat and connect it with the cause of his trouble, why, you will lose your prize. There will be a sudden spurt and a flash, and your fish is speeding through the water at a rate that simply defies checking or following. Your line goes out and you have a choice of losing all or part of your gear. It is a good plan to keep at least 400 feet of line between you and the fish. Another thing in favor of that amount of line is the fact that towing so much weight of line through the water has the effect of tiring the fish.

"The rapture of such a fight, the untiring energy of the fish, the brilliancy of the dashes, the gamey struggles, the magnificent leaps out of the water, the skill and subtlety of the tarpon is only known to those who have had the pleasure and excitement of hooking one of

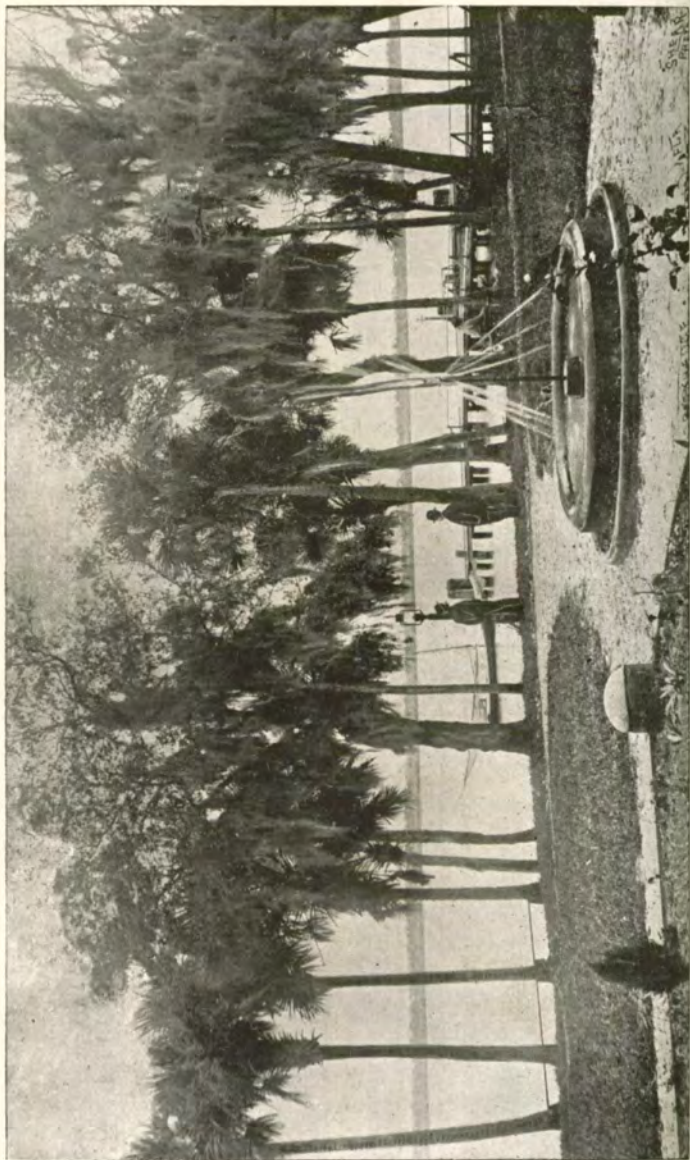
them. The tarpon is rightly named the king of fishes, not alone in point of appearance, but by the tenacity with which he retains his hold of life and his indomitable pluck."

I will crown this chapter and its royal subject—the Silver King—with the following coronet of glittering figures in the form of a tarpon record made by United States Senator Quay, who has a Winter residence at Fort Pierce, on the west side of the Indian River, nearly opposite St. Lucie Inlet, where the record was made; the extract being taken from the Chicago Farm, Field and Stockman, of December 20, 1890:

United States Senator Quay was in Florida last month. The following table shows his wonderful success in catching tarpon at St. Lucie Inlet during fourteen days:

RECORD OF TARPON CAUGHT AT ST. LUCIE INLET, NOVEMBER 10 TO 24, 1890, BY SENATOR M. S. QUAY.

DATE.	LENGTH.	WEIGHT.	DATE.	LENGTH.	WEIGHT.
Nov. 10....	6 ft. 2½ in....	132 LBS.	Nov. 21....	5 ft.....	70 LBS.
" 11....	5 " 10½ "	120 "	" 21....	4 "	27 "
" 11....	6 " 2½ "	150 "	" 21....	5 " 1 in.....	70 "
" 12....	4 " 2 "	30 "	" 21....	5 " 1 "	65 "
" 12....	4 " 6 "	52 "	" 21	length and wt. unknown.	
" 13....	6 " 9 "	155 "	" 24....	4 ft. 4 in.....	42 LBS.
" 13....	5 " 2 "	80 "	" 24....	5 " 3 "	65 "
" 14....	4 " 11 "	72 "	" 24....	5 "	55 "
" 14....	6 " 6 "	152 "	" 24....	5 "	56 "
" 14....	6 " "	120 "	" 24....	3 " 10 "	25 "
" 15....	5 " 4 "	76 "	" 24....	5 "	70 "
" 15....	3 " 6 "	25 "	" 24....	4 " 9 "	60 "
" 19....	5 " 1 "	80 "	" 24....	6 " 2 "	110 "
" 19....	5 " 9½ "	110 "	" 24....	4 " 4 "	38 "
" 19....	5 " 7 "	90 "	" 24....	5 " 8 "	95 "
" 21....	5 " 8 "	105 "			



SENATOR G. S. HARDER'S LAWN, ROCKLEDGE, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XII.

A COQUINA COAST.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,
Heave aft the lead, and make the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal
Marks this stern coast, and where sits the siren,
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.—SCOTT.

For many miles after we leave Oleander Point, both the eastern and the western shore of the river, with the exception of brief intervals, is ribbed with coquina rock. But there is nothing forbidding about the coast, for it is everywhere garlanded with living verdure and fringed with tall palmettoes nodding their heads in the breeze; and the rock itself, the nearer it is approached, grows daintier looking in its tints of grey and greyish-pink. The coquina rock is one of Florida's choice and peculiar possessions. It is a natural concrete of tiny shells, with here and there a larger shell imbedded in it. Comparatively soft when first freed from the

soil above it, this concrete can be cut by a saw, for building purposes, into any shape required. It needs no telling that this curiously-formed shell-stone makes the prettiest of materials for building purposes; and it is as lasting as it is good-looking. It is of this concrete, piled together by the ocean waves, and bound together by the hands of time, that old San Marco Castle, now called Fort Marion, at St. Augustine is built; and this old Spanish fortress still stands, after nearly three hundred years of existence, as a monument to the durability of these shells in loving union blent by Nature's lasting handiwork.

The choicest jewel set in this coquina coast is Rockledge who smiles proudly upon the waters from above her shelly battlements. A great hotel, lifting its roofs above the tall palmettoes that form a screen of living green before it, speaks of many Winter tourists and of the popularity of this village by the waters. Modern sirens and wood-nymphs peer from out their grove of palms and bowers of orange-blossoms at the luckless wayfarers on the waters, who find it as difficult to escape from their charms as ever did mariners of old from the mythical maidens of the past.

The result of the change of the wind from the south to the north during the hurricane

flurry of the night before was that the next morning our paddles were temporarily retired from service, and our sails cast to the breeze. The canoes quickly showed the metal they were made of, and proved as true to the movements of the helm as does the needle to the magnet. It is true, as a famous canoeist asserts, that every canoe has its own particular whims and caprices like every other she; but, as in the case of the two-legged she, once get to understand her whims and caprices, and your canoe will yield to you her best and most loving services.

For many miles south of Oleander Point, the western shore of the river is lined with continuous orange plantations; dainty little estates in neighborly proximity to each other. And it is just in this fact of neighborly proximity that the fruit-planter, as a social animal, is far ahead of the ordinary farmer, for a twenty-acre orange grove or pineapple plantation in good bearing condition will give as great an income to its owner as will a square mile of land planted in ordinary farm crops; but, while the owner of the mile-square farm is necessarily a mile from his next neighbor who has a farm of the same size—supposing them both to live near the center of their farms—the fruit planter with his twenty acres, under

the same conditions of relative position, would be less than a quarter of a mile from his neighbor. Owing to the fact, however, of the land being sold in narrow strips running back from the river, so as to give as many water frontages as possible, the distance between neighboring planters is often less than an eighth of a mile. The consequence is that the fruit-planter in the more thickly settled portions of the Indian River Country hardly feels himself in the country at all, in the sense of social isolation, but is the happy possessor of the advantages of both country and the city suburb. Each estate has its own pier and sailboat, and, in many cases, a yacht with a cosy cabin; while the steamboats that run daily up and down the river, between Titusville and Melbourne, and tri-weekly between the later point and the southern end of the river, are extremely liberal in the number of places that they call at, and are graciously obliging in their willingness to stop on their course to take on from a row or sail-boat, any planter, his wife and daughter, on shopping or other business intent; the male or female, as the case may be, left in the boat, rowing it back to land, for all males and females alike, are good rowers here, and sailors too, and thoroughly enjoy these healthiest of pastimes.

Rockledge alone has about 36,000 orange and lemon trees, and its orange crop is estimated at about 35,000 boxes of fruit. A few miles west of it excellent fresh water fishing can be had in the numerous fresh water lakes and streams there to be found.

Georgiana, on Merritt's Island, on the opposite side of the river, and a little further south than Rockledge, is a very pretty little place; boasting a handsome church and school. The land around it produces all the citrous fruits, and, in addition, the tenderer pineapple and guava and other decidedly tropical fruits. In fact, in Winter, the east side of the river is always, as before stated, several degrees warmer than the western shore, and, sometimes, when the frost lays her unfriendly hands on Rockledge, even her finger-tips never touch the eastern shore—a difference due to the warming effect of the broad waters of the river on the frosty northwest winds—the only winds that are really feared; northerly winds being much less feared than these north-westerly winds; while, if the wind comes a few degrees west of northerly, the frosty wind in passing its long diagonal course across the river becomes entirely cleared of its frost, for the reason that the more diagonally the wind crosses the river, the longer is it exposed to the river's

warming influence before it reaches the eastern shore.

About a mile to the east of the Georgiana post-office is the home of Dr. Whitfield, well-named Fairyland, whose tropical beauties have had the honor of an article all to themselves in the St. Nicholas.

On the other side of Merritt's Island, almost east of, and about a mile from Georgiana, on New Found Harbor—a branch of the Banana River, or East Indian River—is Horti, located on the narrow peninsula separating the Harbor, as it is called, from the Banana River. Good land, good duck-hunting and good fishing are the three great merits of Horti.

Brantly and Tropic fill up the balance of Merritt's Island south of Horti. Tropic has, already, become famous for its pineapples.

While passing along this part of the river and admiring the contrast between the picturesque, rock-bound coast and the wealth of leafy verdure which seemed to grow from out these strong foundations, I became the victim of aesthetic tastes—having forgotten that where beauty dwells, danger lurks and mischievous mermaids swim and weave their traps for mariners, in the form—here, at least—of coquina rocks whose sharp fingers are worse than those of any scold's. Upon a sunken

ridge of these sharp reminders of mundane matters I ran my ship "awrack." Quickly arraying myself for the battle, with bare legs, having no time to consider the wisdom of barer things, like Neptune and other gods, I jumped overboard to save the canoe the trouble of dropping me out sideways, a thing she—ungrateful beauty—was about to do. A tug at her front hair for fifty feet or more brought her to deeper waters and better manners.

We spent our first Sunday on the Indian River and also several succeeding days at Camp Friendly, so called because of the many kindly courtesies extended to us here by a recently arrived family, named Nicholson, from Detroit, who had settled on the western shore, nearly opposite Brantly. The family, besides the mother, consisted of two sons and two daughters; the oldest daughter being a splendid rifle-shot.

When we again started, the wind was favorable for our sails; but soon the same perverse but balmy south wind that had lasted so far almost ever since the commencement of the cruise soon again flew in our faces, for the north wind, shortly after we started in the morning from our resting place, turned to the east and then to the south in very short order, and the sails had again to be replaced by the laborious

*Opposite
Detroit*

paddle. The consequence of this excess of labor was that when the Commodore reached Eau Gallie, attracted by its pretty little harbor, he concluded to stay there for the night, and became the honored guest of the United States Government in the form of Postmaster Olmsted, for whose courtesies and also for his store, freely given, of Indian River recollections, thanks are returned. Eau Gallie, it may be mentioned, has the safest harbor on the coast—a harbor known to be so well protected from the winds on every side that it is a popular refuge for all river vessels during the prevalence of the violent wind-storms that blow from the southeast and the southwest during the latter part of Summer and in the early Fall. The Commissary General, in the meanwhile, had gone on to Melbourne, four miles below, to renew the stores of the cook and get the coffee-pot soldered. Here I rejoined him the next day, and found Melbourne so pleasant a place, and her people so hospitably entertaining that I left the place with regret, though our stay was an unusually long one.



ORANGE GROVE, ROCKLEDGE, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.—THOMPSON.

Orange blossoms! What tender and holy memories these words arouse! They speak of ripening womanhood and love. They are synonymous with marriage. To the poet they are a dream of the East. To the classical scholar their offspring is the fruit of the Hesperides. The orange is the image of the sun; painted with its color, and filled with the rich essence of its magic distillation from the earth. It is sunshine and sun-wine in one.

Florida is the chosen home of the orange. The orange is its special and ever-growing glory, and those who are her horticultural wet nurses—her nurserymen—are, fortunately for the continuance of that glory, men both of

education and enterprise, ever seeking for new orange worlds to conquer; and ransacking the Orient and the Occident, the Indies and the islands of the Pacific, for new varieties of the golden fruit. One Florida nurseryman alone has over a hundred varieties of oranges on his list, among them being the following: Dummitt, the famous Indian River orange, par excellence; Tardiff, Majorca, Jaffa, Satsuma, Mediterranean Sweet, a prolific and popular variety; Acis, Acme, Arcadia, very prolific; Beach's No. 1, Beach's No. 3, Beach's No. 4, Beach's No. 5, the No. 4 often weighing one pound; Bell, Bisry, imported from Sidon; Blood Seedling, Brazilian, Botelha, Centennial, one of the best; Champion Prolific, Charley Brown, Cunningham, Circassian, Dr. May's Best, Drake's Star, Dulcis Sanguinea de Colmar, Double Imperial Navel, Du Roi, Dulcissima, Early Spanish, Egg, Enterprise Seedless, Pelton's Everbearing, Exquisite, Foster, Homosassa, Indian River, Italian, Long, Maltese Blood, Maltese Oval, Marquis, also from Malta; Madame's Vinous, Majorca, Magnum Bonum, Mediterranean Sweet, Melitensis, Washington Navel, Parson's Navel, Sanford's Navel, Nicaragua, Nonpareil, Onoro, Osceola, Orange Lake, Old Vini, Paper Rind, St. Michael's, Parson Brown,

Peerless, Pierce's Blood, Portugal, Prata, Queen, Queen of the Halifax, Rio, Ruby, St. Michael's Egg, Selecta, Star-Calyx, Stark's Favorite, Stark's Seedless, Sustain Navel, St. Michael's, Sweet Blood, Sirinaggar Cindra, Tahiti, Hart's Tardiff, Tony, Velvet Peel, Valencia, Variegated, Whitaker, White, Wilson, China, Cleopatra, Dancy's Tangierine, Emperor Mandarin, Italian Willow-leaved, Japan Tangierine, King, Mary Bement, Porter Tangierine, Spice Mandarin, Spice Tangierine, and Canusa.

And where do all these varieties of oranges come from? Many of them have been born in Florida by cross-pollenization, or fecundation between neighboring trees of different varieties, and some of these are among the very best selling oranges on the market, as well as being universally hardy and very prolific. The broad world east and west on the semi-tropic zone has furnished the rest. Nearly all the tropical lands of the world have been made to pay tribute to the great orange family of Florida and to furnish her markets in the North with the finest oranges that can be procured, and with that variety which, sometimes, is more satisfying than quantity in this Sybaritic age. These oranges have been introduced from Algeria, Morocco, the Azores, Spain, Portugal, Japan, China, New South Wales, South

Australia, Tahiti, Brazil; and still the search goes on for something better yet than has heretofore been obtained, and how good that is will be seen by the quotation at the end of this chapter. One of the best compliments to the results of this wide-awake spirit on the part of Florida nurserymen is the fact that California nurserymen have, during the past year, sent large orders to Florida nurserymen for both old and new varieties of orange trees.

The second in importance of the great citrous family, whether as administering to the world's comfort or to the pocket-book of the Floridian in particular, is the lemon. The lemon tree is a little tenderer than the orange tree, and can be grown successfully in a much less limited area than the others, but for that very reason and also for the reason that the market demand for it is more regular, it promises to make the best paying crop. At any point in the Indian River Country it can be grown with success and with very little danger from frost; on the lower half with practically no danger at all. The Villa Franca is now the favorite lemon among Florida planters, but, as in the case of the orange, Florida planters are introducing every variety that promises excellence; among some of the lemons introduced and doing well

being the Belair Premium, Senoe, Sicily and Eureka.

But the lime tree, though still more tender than the lemon tree, promises to be even more successful than the latter, for it is a gypsy among fruit trees; seeming to be capable of vigorous growth on the scantiest and sandiest of soils, providing only that it gets plenty of sunshine and a minimum of frost, or none at all. Its juice is equal or superior to that of the lemon, and moreover, it is being largely—where raised in great quantities, as in the West Indies—reduced into citric acid, for which there is always a constant demand. In the Indian River Country it is growing in grace, and becoming more and more popular; and large areas of land on the narrow peninsula, on the east side of the river, will undoubtedly be planted with it before many years go by. The same care is being taken to get the best in the lime world, as in the case of the orange and the lemon; the three best varieties—the Tahiti, the Imperial, and the Persian—being rapidly introduced on the river.

Then, belonging to the same family of citrous fruits is the kumquat, or *Citrus Japonica*, a small shrub, bearing berries resembling tiny limes, that are eat skin and all. The fruit is less acid than even the lime, and has a very

piquant and agreeable flavor. The shrub is very ornamental.

The *Citrus Medica Cedra*, the citron of commerce, from which candied-peel is made, is another member of the family. Its appearance is very much like that of a very large and rough skinned lemon.

Then there is the family of shaddocks—another branch of the great citrous family—the *Citrus Decumana*, the naturalists have christened it. The big member of the family is known as the "mammoth pink shaddock," with fruit rivaling the musk-melon in size, with yellow skin and pulp of a deep pink color.

The grape-fruit is an improved variety of the shaddock. It is filled with a rich sub-acid juice, and unites with a very eatable and delicious pulp decidedly valuable medicinal qualities, being an alterative and aperient. The demand for the grape-fruit in the North is constantly growing greater, as is evidenced by the fact that within a year past it has brought higher prices than the best grade of Indian River oranges. A very superior variety of this grape-fruit is known as Hart's grape-fruit which is less bitter than the common variety. It may be added here that the grape-fruit is not so called because it resembles the grape either in taste or

size, but because it grows in bunches like the grape.

And now for a few figures and a quotation in conclusion. The figures are as follows:

Florida has \$12,000,000 invested in the orange business, and the sales from her orange plantations in 1889 amounted to one-quarter of that amount, or \$3,000,000.

Florida's orange crop this season amounted to 2,500,000 crates; that of California to only 750,000 crates.

The oldest orange grove in the State, and the most famous one, says Professor James Wood Davidson, is the Dummitt grove, on the Indian River, near Canaveral. This plantation has now some 3,000 trees on it. Another famous grove on the Indian River is the Sprat grove, nearly opposite the Dummitt grove, on the west side of the river. Probably the largest bearing orange grove in the world is that formerly owned by J. A. Harris, on Orange Lake; this grove covering 185 acres of land and having in it 30,000 bearing trees; the crop of 1884-85 from this grove amounting to 32,000 crates, and selling for \$65,000; the crop of 1885-86 selling, it is stated, for \$90,000.

Professor James Wood Davidson, in speaking of California's claim to be the great orange growing State, says:

"As to California's claim to be the great orange growing State, a few facts will show the emptiness of such a claim. Professor Budd, of the Iowa Agricultural College, has recently examined that Pacific region; and he reports that in the entire State of California the area adapted to the cultivation of the orange does not exceed 35,000 acres. Dr. Kenworthy has recently published the statement that the one county of Hillsborough in Florida contains fully 40,000 acres better adapted to the cultivation of oranges, lemons, limes, grape-fruit, shaddocks, and citrons, than the California lands above referred to; and that in the same county are ten times as many as 35,000 acres on which oranges may be successfully grown, without having to resort to the expense of some \$15 per acre for irrigation. Now there are fully fifteen counties of Florida within the Orange Belt. If Hillsborough County has ten times as much orange land as all California, and there are fourteen other counties in Florida's Orange Belt, the rivalry between California and Florida can not be very damaging to Florida. It is elsewhere shown that the climate of Florida suits the orange better than does that of California."

I will now give the two following testimonials as to the superiority of the Indian River oranges

over any other oranges grown either in Europe or in other parts of America, for one of the testimonials proves the superiority of Florida oranges over any oranges produced in Europe, while the other proves—were there any other need of proof than that of the simple figures of dollars and cents given hereafter—that the Indian River oranges are superior to oranges grown in any other part of Florida.

The first is an extract from an article which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and reads as follows :

"They (speaking of the people of the Indian River) have produced an orange which is not to be mentioned in the same breath with ordinary oranges. It is a delicacy by itself, hitherto unknown in the world, and which Spain need never attempt to rival. Between the Indian River orange and the coarse-grained, bitter-sweet product of the Mediterranean, there is nothing whatever in common." This proves both of my propositions : First, that the Indian River orange is better than any other Florida orange, and, second, that it is better than any orange produced in Europe.

The second is from Professor Davidson, from whose valuable little work on Florida I have quoted above. The extract reads as follows :

"The claims, or pretensions, as the case may

be, of different regions (in Florida) are very conflicting and confusing; but to one not interested in any way in the orange business it seems to be by general agreement settled—outside the Belt—that the Indian River region has some advantages over all the others, and can grow and has grown the finest oranges in Florida, and 'in Florida' means in the world."

From this Indian River Country, which, considerably less than five years ago, had no railroad touching it at any point, and which could only be reached by two sets and sizes of steamboats—one on the lower St. John's River, and the other, on the barely navigable waters of the upper St. John's River, and by passing from the terminus of this latter line, overland—and which, in 1880, contained a total population of only 1,478, most of them rusty bachelors, and, like all bachelors, easy-going people—from this Indian River Country, with so recent a beginning, there was shipped, this year, the following produce: Oranges, 80,000 boxes; cabbages, raised when the North was frozen solid in the icy chains of Winter, 3,000 barrels; tomatoes, also grown during the Winter months, 5,000 boxes; egg-plants, likewise grown when the snow covered the ground in the Northern States, 500 barrels; beans, grown also at the same season, 6,000 crates; pineapples,

1,500,000; bananas, 40,000 bunches; honey, 30,000 pounds. At the present rate of progress and settlement on the river, this amount of shipments of various articles will, unquestionably, double every year, until all the land on the river is cultivated up to its utmost possible limit.

I cannot do better, I think, to settle the question of the relative market value of the Indian River and other Florida oranges, than by giving the following copy of a telegraphed New York market report which appeared in the Florida Times-Union, this year:

"New York, March 26.—The market is firm on fancy grades of oranges. Indian River, \$4 to \$5; other choice brights, \$3 to \$3.50; inferior grades moving slowly; russets, fancy, \$2.50 to \$2.75; grape fruit, \$2 to \$2.50 per box, \$4 to \$5 per barrel."

In this connection it may be well to say a few words as to the origin of the Indian River orange, and I cannot tell the story better than by using the following language contained in an able paper read at a State meeting of horticulturists within the year past:

"For some distance back from the coast and coast rivers, most of the orange groves are on hammock lands, where the trees make a rapid growth, come to early bearing, and produce

handsome, bright oranges of the first quality—fruit that has won for itself a reputation in the markets of the world, and commands the highest price wherever offered for sale. These lands, although varying greatly in their character and composition may, for our purpose, be divided into three general classes, the first of which, in strength and lasting qualities, is the low, rich, heavy hammock, underlaid with marl from a few inches to a few feet down, and covered with large hardwood and palmetto trees. This class of land has many wild groves of the orange growing upon it, and it was in this class of land that the wild sweet trees were found from which much of the buds used in the famous Dummitt grove were obtained. In 1842, Mr. John D. Sheldon found this grove of about two hundred trees growing irregularly in Turnbull Hammock, a few miles south of Hawk's Park. He took them up and re-set them on what is now known as the Packwood place, where there are thirty-eight still growing. From the descendants of these and other scattered trees still growing where they were first found in this hammock, three-fourths of all the bearing trees on this coast were budded, and it was fruit gathered from this strain that won the reputation of the Indian River orange."

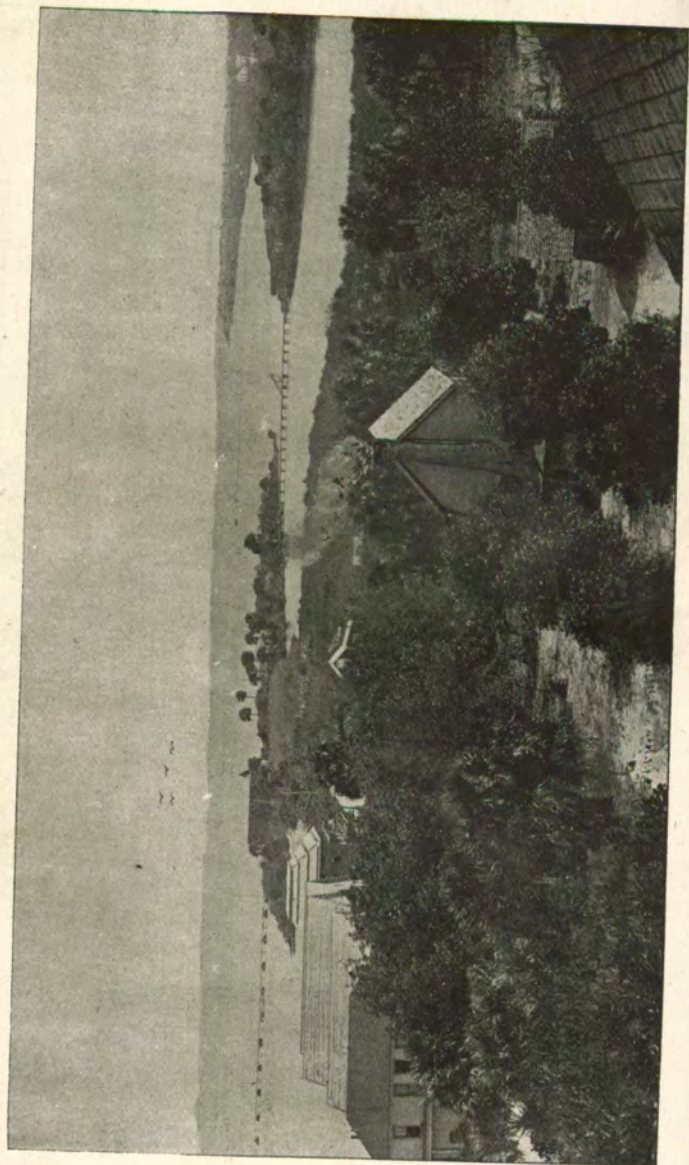
A few general figures on the orange industry

in Florida at large cannot fail to be interesting. The figures are taken from the United States Government bulletin issued at Tallahassee, the Capital of the State of Florida, and are for the month of February, 1891. They are as follows:

Oranges, bearing trees	1,849,051
“ non-bearing trees	4,886,701
“ number of boxes	2,596,743
“ value	\$2,624,905
Lemons, bearing trees	16,927
“ non-bearing trees	74,690
“ number of boxes	12,275
“ value	\$19,835
Limes, trees	13,000
“ boxes	6,454
“ value	\$2,605
Grape fruit, trees	9,407
“ “ barrels	5,034
“ “ value	\$117,129

I will add that the same bulletin gives the total value of all kinds of fruits, both citrous and deciduous, at \$3,094,015.44, and of all the vegetable and garden crops, at \$871,391.82; making a grand total of fruit, vegetable and garden crops for the year, of \$3,966,407.26, or nearly \$4,000,000, and these are the figures for

a State which has a total population of only 391,422 (census of 1890). The total of all the farm, grove and garden products of Florida, including dairy and live stock, amounts, by the same bulletin, to \$18,940,379.73.



MELBOURNE, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ANTIPODEAN NAMESAKE.

We should hold day with the antipodes.

—SHAKESPEARE.

When I sailed from Eau Gallie, the day was a day of transformations. Suddenly as they had appeared, the clouds had vanished, and again there was blue above and blue below—a restful blue that filled the soul with calm. The air was fresh, as if the clouds, like a shower, had cleared it from its closeness; and the sunshine—the glad smile of the universe—made all things smile, even the inner mystery of the mind.

In the very babyhood of the morning, when city folks are still calmly snoring in their beds, and when even the Indian River sun was still hid beneath his great coverlet, the horizon, I started out on my tiny bark. In the dim dawn the waters are ashen-gray, but soon a magic

transformation takes place. The clouds beyond the waters, beyond the verdant eastern shore, far away over the waters of old ocean behind that barrier of green, are taking on strange and beautiful colors—colors that my pen cannot paint. Half-tints, aureolas of pale rose and delicate yellow, black turning into bronze, mountain peaks and rolling uplands of color, announce the coming of day. A moment more and the eastern sky is a blaze of blushing red, and across the waters the great Sun-god paints his golden course. Then to shore again, and in a lovely little cove breakfast comes with added appetite from this early peep at the morning toilet of the sun. And so out again on the broad waters of the river. Far to the left I saw what seemed an opening in the river. Like another Sir Francis Drake, I went on a voyage of discovery to see where to this opening led. I found it to be the mouth of the Banana River, or the east branch of the Indian River, and found myself well repaid, too, for the trouble of the find, for on either side of the mouth of this branch the shore is picturesque with coquina formations, and at the very tip end of Merritt's Island that forms the northern point of the branch's mouth, I found several caves well worth seeing. Even here, with rock beneath and little else than rock above, the soil—what

there is of it—is prolific to an extraordinary degree. Across the mouth of the branch the narrow peninsula that henceforth, for the rest of its course, separates the Indian River from the ocean, is less than three-quarters of a mile wide, and, from where my canoe is lying, I can distinctly hear the boom of the ocean waves.

Again turning my prow, and, after half an hour's sailing—looking from my vantage ground on the lap of Aphrodite, I see afar off, Melbourne, the coming Queen of this occidental Adriatic—this “streak of silver sea.” I see her enthroned on her sunny heights. I see her shapely limbs—her piers of russet brown—stretching far out on the blushing waters—waters blushing at those shapely limbs bathing in the sunshine and the waves. I see between those far-extending piers, kissed by Neptune, and rosy red in the sinking Sun god's ruddy smile—her places of trade and business. With Palmetto plumes waving in the breeze, glinting in the sunshine, crowning her stately head; her fair round form resting on the silver sand, and her breasts—those swelling breasts—tipped with coronets of purple flowers, and dressed with emerald vests of interlacing bowers—Melbourne looked every inch a queen.

Melbourne was named by a gentleman who

came here from that far-off antipodean town—that city whose wonders of rapid growth can only be equaled by Chicago—Melbourne, Australia. Seeking for something better than Australia, this gentleman came to the United States, and from all its broad territories picked out the Indian River Country, and this part of it, for his future home, and, grateful for the finding of the jewel, christened it after his old home, Melbourne.

Not far from the outer edge of the bluff referred to, on the emerald bosom of a lawn jeweled with palmettoes, is the Carleton Hotel with its cool and spacious verandas from which can be seen the whole breadth of the river and the opposite green line of the peninsula that hides the ocean beyond from view. The Goode House is not far off. Crane Creek divides the town and forms a spacious bay and secure harbor for small craft, for half a mile back from the river. A pretty church building and a school-house form a part of the attractions of the town. We rested at Melbourne for several days, and had the happiness of forming here the acquaintance of Mr. E. P. Branch, one of the principal merchants of the place, Mr. Gibbs, the then manager of the Carleton Hotel, Mr. Guy I. Metcalf, proprietor of the then Indian River News, now transformed into the

Tropical Sun, Mr. George Gleason, Commodore Bergin, a gentleman learned in the navigation of the river, and Mr. John B. Beach, a rising young nurseryman on the river and a gentleman of more than ordinary culture, and Mr. J. H. Phillips, formerly a well known business man of Chicago. In fact, I was very pleasantly surprised with the generally high educational calibre of the people settled on the river, and that this is so, promises well for the future prosperity of the Indian River Country, and is a proof of its pleasantness as a place either for permanent residence or for a long Winter sojourn. It would be difficult to find any section of the United States better loved by its people than is this Indian River Country, and love is doing here what love always does—adding to the charms of the thing beloved.

Social life here is a charmingly novel thing—a breezy mingling of the out-door and a perpetual Summer night's festival of good things. Some time after my visit here, I received a copy of the Indian River News—a March number of the paper, mark you—telling how a score of the invited friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Branch "procured row and sail-boats, and set out for a trip across the lovely moonlit river to the new trail across the peninsula, north of St. Kilda, and thence across to Ocean Bluff

Cottage, Mr. Branch's cosy little Summer sea-side home." What did this party of lads and lassies, of sober matrons and their stately lords then do? Stuff themselves into stuffy parlors and stand on dignity and cold discourse? Not a bit, but spread themselves along the beach, the oldest as joyously youthful as the youngest in their search for shells and pleasure, for turtles' eggs and other sea-side treasures—a happy crowd—the old grown young again, and healthfully happy in the happy breezes blowing. Appetite having come to them on the wings of Pleasure, it needed no second summons to satisfy it when "couriers"—they ought to have been little naked Cupids to match with this Midsummer Night's Dream—"announced a summons to the cottage," to partake of a dainty lunch prepared by their hostess. And what after this feast that healthful appetite made a feast of the gods? A starched evening of starched gossip and piano-thrumming? No! "All donned bathing suits and prepared to enjoy moonlight in the surf. The tide was well out and everything favorable to this grand sport (in March, remember)." The poetic soul of the reader can fill in the picture. The bathers in their dainty close-fitting costumes, giving new beauties to plump, girlish forms, and making manly forms more manly looking

—seemed like so many mermaids and mermen dancing among the breaking waves—fairy forms on fairy waves lit up with the lamps of Night and kissing back the moonbeam's kisses in silvery blushes. What a dainty sleep must have followed such a dainty dip—a sleep, if stirred at all, only stirred by dreams of blushes that, in the pale moonlight, only lovers' eyes, lit with loving light, could have seen.

One day, during our stay at Melbourne, we accompanied Mr. Beach in his sailboat on a trip across the river—here about two miles wide—to East Melbourne on the narrow peninsula before described. After landing there at a settler's little pier, we walked the three-quarters of a mile overland to what is known as Melbourne Beach, on the ocean side; passing through, in so doing, a pineapple field and a young orange grove owned by Mr. Gibbs, who also accompanied us on the trip. The orange trees appeared to be in vigorous and healthy growth and promised wealth from the golden fruit, while the pineapples looked as if they would soon be ready for the dainty gourmands of the North; the specimens of one variety of them that we saw, known as the Egyptian Queen, being especially fine looking. Scattered here and there as wind-breaks, were a few eucalyptus, or Australian gum

trees, with their curious blue leaves. A peculiarity of the eucalyptus tree is that it will, after a few years—if planted in one—completely dry up a malarious swamp and make it as free from malarious influences as the center of an African desert. Here, too, are seen cacti with their beautiful red bloom, as ripely suggestive of kisses as a maiden's pouting lips; and mulberry trees loaded with rich red fruit. Cherokee rose bushes, with their pretty pink flowers, varied this scene of vegetable luxuriance.

Beyond this beautiful garment of Pomona and past a patch of the priceless gift of the American Indian to his fellow-men, tobacco, we walk up and down several gently swelling ridges which follow, nearly north and south, the trend of the peninsula, and looking as if they had been great ocean waves suddenly petrified in long past ages and then garbed with living green through centuries of fructifying time. Still passing on in glad response to the tocsin of the beating waves whose lusty melody of ebb and flow we hear, we hasten to the summit of a higher and broader ridge than any seen before, and from that vantage ground we see spread out before us the everlasting panorama of the ocean—a glorious inspiring scene of sun-lit waters and snow-capped waves singing their ceaseless *Te Deum* to the

great Creator—a service of song that never ceases; always grand, though the great organ may be touched only by the fingers of the gentlest zephyr.

But the pendulum of my memory moves onward—moves to a later year. I am again approaching the palmetto-crowned heights of Melbourne. Crimson and purple sheen wrap the nearer waters with richest wealth of color that far out on the spreading waters pales into loveliest blue. Through the little village I walk along the road that winds its way beside the waters. Tropic growths enclose me on either side with loving arms of sunny warmth. I pass beneath leafy loggias, past royal ponceanas—Florida's queen of flowering trees—their bloom all out before their leafy garment, and their glorious breasts of flowers all naked to the view, like Aphrodite's emerging from the bath. Looking over Hector's garden wall, the spirit of the tropics rises to my view. A graceful sago palm with its broad arboreal leaves spreads its crown of green on all the ground around, while lithe bananas, great leaved and aspiring, wall in the distant view, and courtesy to the gentle breeze like a line of wood-nymphs bowing greeting to a stranger in their realm. And so along this fairy-edged path, beneath these over-arching glories of strange-leaved trees, I

finally reach the home—flower-embowered and tree-o'er-hung—of the family I seek—the Goodes, formerly residents of Hyde Park, Chicago, who are old family friends. I am warmly welcomed. But the stay with them is not long, for while I am yet engaged in eating supper an inquiry is made for me at the door, and upon going there I find another former time Chicago friend, no less than my old companion in the canoe cruise, now graduated into a prosperous pineapple planter, Mr. Frank P. Hassler; and nothing will do but my going off with him to his own home, six miles down the river, on the peninsula on the opposite side of the broad waters. So I take up again, or rather he does, my overcoat and grips and conveys them and me to his sailboat at the pier, and we embark; his negro servant, a man of mighty muscle, taking the oars, for the south wind, now become a strong one out on the broad waters, is dead against us, and right away religiously baptizes the new comer to his realms with his flying spray. But this night voyage, which stretches toward midnight before it ends, is, notwithstanding its roughness, full of strange and pleasing sights. Innumerable mullet fish leaping high above them, keep the waters ablaze with phosphorescent light, and every dip of the oar-blades gives out a corre-

sponding blaze of light, till the whole surface of the river as far as the eye can see, seems alive with silver flashings. By the sides of our bark luminous lines go gliding—phosphorescent processions of shimmering waters, like silver trailing trains of fairies. Fish flash above the waters—flash fiery in the moonlight; from their shining sides dripping weeping waters—sparkling tears—tears of pleasure at the glory—the silent glory of the night. Water-fowl, startled at the oars' lusty lashings of the waters, with a plashing of other waters struggle upwards into the night air—and other showers—showers of silver stars come down to kiss the waters—weaving them, with these wondrous workers, into webs of beauty-woofs—into something weird and strange—strange and thrilling, but thrilling only on the harp-strings of silent joy.

When, at last, the boat is ran alongside the little home pier of my friend, I am carefully handed out, like a delicate city parcel, and am guided through an opening in the woods that skirt the shore, and so over a great shell ridge, garbed, as I afterward found, with towering palmettoes, water-oaks, gum-a-limbos, rubber trees, yucca palms, or Spanish bayonets, as they are more commonly called, and a host of other strange vegetable forms. Then followed

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half a mile's walk through fields of pineapples and stretches of palmetto scrub, and, finally I arrive at the home of my friend, over whose estate I have been taking this late night walk. I am introduced to his wife, for he has entered into the estate of matrimony as well as into a landed estate since I saw him before; and am then shown what a Chicago man can do, with a little help, in the way of house-building. The house, I see, is made, inside and out, of Florida pine. No wall-paper is used, and no paint; for the beautiful grain of Florida pine, brought out with hard polish, and set off with dainty wood-carving done by Mrs. Hassler herself, serves the purpose far better than either paper or paint, besides being far healthier. After a good night's rest, came a round of sight-seeing and neighborly calls and visits to Wilsonhurst and Hineleigh that lasted for two weeks.

And now for a little personal matter. The Indian River Country is becoming a popular place with Chicagoans, both as a place of permanent settlement and as a Winter resort. Among the Chicagoans I met here, and either temporarily or permanently located within six miles of Hassler's Haven, are Henry Starck, several branches of the Goode family, Captain Jacob Wilder, a prominent member of the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Chicago, who has a

fine yacht here and a Winter home at Valcaria on the west shore of the river where he has an orange grove already started ; L. G. Brainerd, a former partner of the late Emery A. Storrs ; and Mr. J. H. Phillips, a former prominent South Water street merchant of Chicago, who now has what promises to be one of the finest pineapple plantations on the river ; Joseph Brisco, who owns a fine grove of Villa Franca lemons, blood oranges and a new variety of orange trees which holds its fruit on the tree three months later than any other variety ; L. F. Brainerd, who owns a fine grove north of Goat Creek, now called Valcaria ; and Captain Edward Cecil, formerly a lieutenant of police in the Town of Lake, Chicago. Among the other settlers in this neighborhood may be mentioned Joseph F. Chase, of Bay View Plantation, and formerly prominently connected with the New York Central Railroad, Major Graves, Mr. Whiting, Mr. John Henry, and Mr. De Witt House, all Northern people.

*✓ Adjoining
land of
Jm Brainerd
at Grant.*

CHAPTER XV.

OLD OCEAN AT LAST.

The sea! the sea! the open sea;

The blue, the fresh, the ever free.—BARRY CORNWALL.

A few steps more, I said, beyond this middle land of fruits—a hurried walk to the top of a gently swelling ridge running nearly north and south, and then old ocean at last—the broad Atlantic stretching to the blue horizon. Then we were boys once again. We ran, leaving starched dignity in the rear, and danced down the steep incline of verdure-covered brink of twenty feet or so that separates, like an emerald wall, the broad band of living green from the lesser band of golden sand. To chase the receding waves, and to be chased by them in turn—this we did and were not ashamed, for the sea-shore is a perennial picnic ground that laughs at age and makes the veteran think himself young again. Old Ocean, too, was in a

kindly and welcoming mood, soliciting our naked advances, and wooing us to his embraces. Far out, there is no wilderness of storm-tossed waves; nothing but the graceful and endless undulations caused by the never-ceasing swell of the ocean—the rhythmic beat of its mighty heart. But near to the shore where these gentle undulations pass over a sand-bar, old Ocean shows himself in more playful mood, and, rising high, leaps over the obstacle in his path and comes breaking on the shore in silvery showers, as if he would shake our hands before taking our bodies in his rollicking embrace.

But far out beyond the interrupting bar that has raised up the waters and brought them down, defiant and hoary-headed, on the shore, there is, as I have said, no wild wilderness of storm-tossed waves, but only the graceful and ceaseless undulations of the never-ending swell of the ocean—of an ocean never sleeping—only nodding—nodding with a sunny smile, and ever throbbing—throbbing like the mighty pulse of eternity, without beginning and without ending.

A fortnight later, and fifty miles below, how different was the scene on this same beach! Then, I saw a wild chaos of waters, everywhere as far as the eye could see. The storm below was pictured in the skies above and all

around. In the south, blood-red and scarlet streaks crossed athwart an angry sky of phosphor-bronze; while, in the west, surging around and overhead, great volcano-spots of fire, vast masses of cumuli rolled north. Above, sea-birds screeched an echo to the storm-concert below. Tumultuous, wild, overarching, mighty in their wrath, and writhing, like giant demons of the deep, the waves—little worlds of water—came rolling on the shore, resistless as fate—awe-inspiring; while all along the front of these battalions of the waves, a vast band of white—a fearsome, curdling foam—hissed and seethed in a mighty monotone. Inspired by the scene before me my mind ran back along the vistas of the past. I had been told the story of a wreck. I saw its last remnant there—there, out in the seething maelstrom of the maddened waters. That remnant of wreck grew, and faded as it grew, until it seemed far off on the angry ocean; but, slowly, surely coming to the mouth of hell and utter annihilation. Gun-shots boomed over the waters like toy-cannons amidst the mighty cannonade of the waves. Nearer and nearer came the fated ship. But what needs the telling of the dread destiny fulfilled of this noble ship that went down; and down with her the aged and the young, men in their prime of strength, and

maidens in their budding womanhood; their only requiem, their own wild cries for help—for help that could not reach them.

But now all was peaceful and calm—calm and beautiful as sleeping Love. Only zephyrs stirred, and halted on their way—a whispering chime of intermitting breaths—coy kisses from Æolus to his slumbering bride, the Earth. So we willingly forget the past, for we know that the duty of the living is to the living—to the future, and not to the past. Sorrow is but a fallen leaf. We look above. A new-born leaf is there, smiling in the smile of God—the glad sunshine. So from a quaint palmetto lodge we get our towels and bathing toggery and, in the little bathing-houses, doffed our other toggery—our daily ugliness, and donned a suit more artistic and athletic, with the result of looking somewhat more like what the great God made us—that God who made us in his image which we do all we can to mar. And the maidens with us, and the matrons, too, underwent a sea-change into something rare and strange—into real women—into the fairy forms of maidenhood and the rounded perfection of ripened womanhood, for though they wore more than mermaids—sensible people—for mermaids only wear their hair—the dragging skirts of these modern

mermaids are gone, and their prison-skirts are also gone—well, I know not where, but I know that what is left of their wearers—left of these females on the beach—is houri-like and charming—a suggestion of Paradise—of the human form divine.

My bath in the company of these sweet maidens and gentle matrons was a touch of Elysium; but it was not all I wanted. I wanted to be alone with Aphrodite; with nothing between me and her vivifying arms; and so, as soon as soon could be, I went far off beyond the bathing-houses; beyond all female boundaries; beyond the furthest vision of female eyes, and tasted there the perfect Elysium of a bath in the free air of perfect nakedness.

CHAPTER XVI.

WOOING THE WATERS.

Water is the mother of the vine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorning and refresher of the world.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

The Indian River planters are becoming as ardent admirers of water as the poet above quoted. Not content with the free gift that the skies give them so abundantly in the Fall months, they are wooing the waters from mother earth, and seeking for it far below the level of the salty ocean. Already over fifteen hundred artesian wells have been bored in East Florida; several hundred of these being in the Indian River Country, along the banks of the river, and even in the narrow peninsula that separates the river from the ocean, where, a few years ago, a planter would as little have thought of being able to bore a successful

artesian well as would the scientist of a hundred years ago have thought of harnessing the lightning for the service of man. But the trial has been made, and crowned with such splendid success on the peninsula at East Melbourne, that whatever doubt may have existed in the mind of the unbeliever in Nature's bountifulness to those who woo her aright has been dispelled forever. Fresh water has been found beneath the salt, and evidently flowing with all the gushing ardor of a mountain stream, and, in abundance, like youthful Niagaras. Among the marvels of this, in many respects marvelous land, may be mentioned a spring on Key Biscayne Bay on the southeast coast, less than a hundred miles south of Jupiter Inlet. Here, right up through the salt waters of the bay, bubbles fresh water, and all that the thirsty mariner has to do to supply himself and his companions with an abundant supply of the pure nectar of Nature is to sink a barrel at this spot, and draw it up again full of sparkling fresh water. It is not at all improbable that through the great masses of coquina and coralline rock that here and there line the bottom of the ocean between Key Biscayne Bay and Cape Canaveral there are more of these submarine-subterranean streams gushing out their wealth of crystal waters. There

are on the main land, considerably back from the coast, and in various parts of Florida, quite a number of good-sized rivers that come out of the earth full-fledged, to do all that may become a river, but which, after enjoying out-of-door existence for a few miles, suddenly disappear again into the earth. Others, again, remain in their new-found world, and continue rivers in their own right until they marry their waters to some other river that crosses their course in their path to the sea. The subterranean-submarine river that mingles its waters directly with the sea at Key Biscayne Bay, no doubt, first suggested the practicability of securing, by means of artesian wells, an abundance of fresh water all along the peninsula that skirts the Indian River on the east. This possibility, as above stated, has become an established fact, and this established fact has added two-fold to the value of the land for horticultural purposes; and now the evils of a somewhat over-dry winter season—a blessing to tourists—will be conquered, and the thirsty strawberry be supplied with all it wants of Nature's own nectar.

But this addition of liquid wealth will also have an aesthetic value distinct from its economic one. When Moorish architecture, with its formation of dwellings around an interior court, shall have become prevalent in

the Indian River Country, as it already gives promise of doing, then will be reaped in full measure the fruitage of this wooing of the waters from the wonderful womb of the great mother, in the adoption of another Moorish custom—that of having beautiful fountains in the center of these interior courts, whose waters shall cool the air and make music with the flashing of their crystal drops; and along Florida's highways and byways shall be seen, through Moorish archways, glimpses of Paradise, of orange blossoms and crystal waters, such as are now seen from the dusty streets of famed Seville.

The boring of these artesian wells is rapidly proceeding, and, in every case, the success resulting has been far greater than was anticipated. Several of these wells have been bored both at East and West Melbourne, at Eau Gallie and at many other places on the river. As an example of the success of these wells, I will mention specially one bored at East Melbourne on the peninsula. The boring of the well was the result of an experiment which the Melbourne and Atlantic Railroad Company, which was building a railroad across the peninsula from the river to the ocean, determined to make. The experiment was rewarded with a three-inch well flowing at the rate of four hundred

and eighty thousand gallons of water a day. This great flow of fresh water is being partly utilized by conveying it through pipes to large new bath-houses on the ocean beach, with the view of giving such as desire it, a fresh water bath after they have had all they want of salt water in Neptune's big bath-tub.

That distinguished savant, Prince Krapotkine, says the Medical Times, has been recently pointing out the wonderful possibilities of soil-cultivation. As an illustration of the productive capacity of the earth under scientific treatment, which is simply another name for proper treatment, the Prince gives a number of instances which he has gathered while examining the market gardens in the country districts in the vicinity of Paris, France, where the soil, though cultivated by men of only average intelligence, has been utilized so as to be enormously productive. He mentions in particular one farm of only two and seven-tenths of an acre in extent from which there are annually taken one hundred and twenty-five tons of market vegetables of various kinds. So thoroughly has the owner of this little plot of ground discovered the secrets of Nature, that he is able to, and does, keep his miniature farm in a productive condition from one end of the year to the other. He and other market-

gardeners around Paris, says the same article, make their soil, and Prince Krapotkine says: "It does not in the least matter what the soil is from which they originally start, for a French market-gardener would, in two years' time, raise an abundance of vegetable productions from an asphalt pavement as a foundation." He mentions another French gardener who has covered over a half acre tract of ground with a glass roof and has run steam-pipes, supplied by a small steam boiler, at intervals under the ground thus sheltered. As a result, he has been able, for ten months out of every year, to cut each day, from one thousand to twelve hundred bunches of asparagus; that is to say, says the article, the productive capacity of his land has been by the means mentioned increased more than a hundred-fold. Prince Krapotkine argues from the basis furnished by these examples that French gardeners could easily, even at the present time and with their only partially perfect methods, raise enough, both in animals and vegetables, to supply all that would be necessary for the sustenance and protection of life, at the rate of one thousand human beings to the square mile. And yet, says Prince Krapotkine, this is but the beginning of what may be if science takes that part in soil-culture, which it is already taking in

every other walk of life, for no one knows the limit to set on the productive capacity of the soil.

This wonderful fecundity of the soil under intensive culture as shown in the market gardens of Paris is, no doubt, due in large part to a thorough system of irrigation, to an abundance of water wisely used, and its wise use made possible by engineering skill. The French are admirers of the wonderful civilization of the Arabs as exemplified by their invasion of Spain and the results of that invasion as seen at the height of their glory and power during the generations of them that built the fairy-like structures of the Alhambra and the Alcazar; and there is no doubt that they have also learned by pouring over the history of that marvelous civilization, existing when the rest of Europe was still groveling in utter darkness, their golden lessons in intensive agriculture, for the Arabs were the first to make agriculture a science and to lift it from the wooden plow level of the rest of the world; turning, by their agricultural skill, the arid soil of Spain into a paradise of fruits and flowers.

Let the same thing be done in the Indian River Country that the Moors did in Spain, and who can picture in too golden colors or too flowery words, the fruitful paradise it

shall become. The way to the accomplishment of this possibility has already been opened to her people. Artesian wells have been shown by abundant success to be possibilities on both sides of the Indian River. Let this water be wisely used, and there will come a fecundity of the earth that shall make the Indian River Country the most fruitful garden in the world ; for it has already the three great quickening elements necessary for the birth of this promise of the future—water, sunny skies and a balmy equability of climate unsurpassed by that of any other land.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NAIADS' NOOK.

Slowly sailed the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other, half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

—TENNYSON.

An illustration of Fairy Cove, on the Indian River, which I unfortunately lost, tells the story of its own loveliness better than any words can paint it. But there is such another nook still fresh in my memory, whose wealth of witchery is so well hidden that even a beauty-loving artist, however ardent in his search for loveliness, well might miss; for it is a place that only a canoeist—that pedestrian on water—would be able to find. A few miles below Melbourne, there is a little niche piercing the shore—a tiny cove nestling into the woody banks. The Naiads' Nook, it should be called,

for if those poetic beings, untrammelled with the garment-fetters of post-Eden civilization, ever lived, then this spot must have been one of their boudoirs in which they hid their naked charms from the gaze of trousered men. Blushing through the trees, Cherokee roses, richly red with amorous glances from the sun, draw the eye still further on, and appetize the search for more. Spanish bayonets, with their sabre-sharp pointed leaves, keep guard on this castle of the naiads. The palmettoes are its towers. The river is its moat, and all around are its unwallled gardens sending forth fragrant odors for the dainty nostrils of these nymphs of old and the maidens of to-day—a scent bottle with Nature's own labels on it. Vines, with amorous clasp, weave themselves around the trunks of trees. The earth—fruitful under the warm caresses of the semi-tropic sun—is bursting with vegetable life. Above and below, all is vigorous growth; rich in tropical luxuriance of form and color. Even from out the salty waters rise the palmetto's slender columns; and a flower, fragile looking, but mighty in its wealth of exuberant life—appears above the glassy surface—a thing of beauty, a charming initial letter in this garden that Nature nurtures in her own effective way.

But surely the spirit of Undine is working

on my will, or is it Titania's tears that are melting my mind and making it the plaything of fancy; and why—for conscience comes, and asks the reason why—why should I not dip into these fairy waters! And, in a twinkling, the rough and ready and scant clothing of the canoeist is off, and he stands confessed a man, "unadorned adorned the most"—an Adam once again, and free from the sarcophagus of clothes. And blush not. If fairy forms are there he sees them not, and "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." In another instant he is beneath the waters, ensconced among the cushions of the deep warm waters, made yet warmer by fair beauty's warming presence; waters so clear—so crystal clear—that fairies, had they been there, could have seen this male biped of the common world playing in their gardens of the deep and plucking from their beds the sea-moss and dainty jewel-pebbles. Far out I swam and then deep down I dove beneath the waters soft—soft as a whispered word of love, and warm as warmest kisses. From below above I see—through this water-dome above me—the sun, a round globe of ardent fire, and the waters that laugh above my naked form, are translucent waves of ever-changing and many-tinted colors—the softened shades of others. No tongue can name them

—these fairy colors painted by the alchemist of the waters. From all around me flee affrighted—like the out-circling wavelets from a pebble thrown in calmest waters—strange tropic fishes and the curious forms of rays and things that seem to walk beneath the waters. There, too, softly waving with the waving of the waters were sea-weeds lovely—fairy tresses, the shrubbery of the deep, the downy pillows of Undine and her nymphs.

But the canoeist's wooing was all in vain; unfulfilled his vague desire that some beauteous mermaid would entangle him in her wealth of floating hair, or immerse him in the soft fragrance of her charms, or smother him with kisses fresh as the waters, and liquid sweet from rosy health's perfect brewing. Unborn were all these wished for joys; but he consoled himself by saying that he had, at least, wantoned in her waters; bathed his limbs where hers had bathed; been fondled in the caressing element which had fondled her. It was a dream—a longing dream, and nothing more; a dream begot of trailing memories from Melbourne's palm-crowned heights. And so I lived on in recreative hope of seeing again and oft those other Titanias, as fairy fair as those I did not see, and who, on firmer foundations, display their charms and chain men to

their waist-encircling zones on Melbourne's silver shores. Happy zones.

Turkey Creek, or Turkey Bay, as it ought to be called, for the lower end of it forms a land-locked bay, about three miles south of Melbourne, is, or must once have been—before clothes and the civilization whose ravages on the once human form divine appeared—the favorite home of the river naiads. The entrance to this harbor is so well concealed by a little promontory jutting south and lapping over the other side of the entrance, that a few hundred yards off, one would not suspect the existence beyond it of any harbor. But once get into it, and one is safe from any storm, and in a paradise that brings back Homeric dreams of harbors in Arcadia. Picturesque rocks, bold and saucy-looking, rise up on either side the entrance; and from them, the dainty little bay to which they are the portal-columns, sweeps off westward in a semi-circle fringed with palms and magnolias; the bay, or rather the lower bay, being in the form of a horseshoe, and with water so deep that it can be entered safely by any vessel on the river. The upper bay, more generally called Lake Mineola, is an equally beautiful sheet of water, about three-quarters of a mile long and some three or four hundred yards in width. On the north

side of the lower bay is one of the oldest and finest orange groves on the river; and, in this grove, is a large Indian mound, or ancient burial-place. Tillman post-office is located near the mouth of the bay.

Extending from Turkey Creek to Goat Creek, now known as Valcaria, is a settlement called Malabar, whose chief distinction, besides its beautiful location on a bluff, is a cigar-factory. A few miles farther south, below Valcaria, is Micco, and next south of that, Sebastian, opposite which the river, on account of its expansion into a width of three miles, is known as St. Sebastian Bay into which the St. Sebastian River enters.

Then come, in turn, Orchid, on the peninsula side of the river, and Enos post-office, also on the peninsula side of the river; all these places being within the boundaries of the river archipelago known as the Indian River Narrows—a fairy region where fruits of Paradise abound and with soil of marvelous richness, in which are grown at a season when the North is bound in the iron fetters of snow and ice, early vegetables for that same frosty North.

Just as we were preparing to camp for the night on the western shore, several miles south of Turkey Creek, we met four young men who had been on a cruise as far as Jupiter Inlet,

Jm Samuels' land is between Valcaria and Micco.

and were now on their return to their home on the St. John's River. They told us that they had sailed their boat from Sanford along the tortuous course of the upper St. John's River, to a point only three miles west of Rockledge on the Indian River, and had then, on a wagon, transferred their boat to the Indian River. The consequence of meeting with these young men was a joint camp and supper; the Floridians contributing to the latter, oysters, gathered from the neighboring oyster reefs, and doing the cooking on a fire of palmetto logs, while the canoeists contributed canned goods and acted as aides de cuisine. After supper came talking, and then our new friends gave us a lesson on the Florida climate by going to bed without any preliminary camp-raising. We were not to be out-done in hardihood by these supposed effeminate children of the South, and so we followed their example; and thus we had the bare breast of Mother Earth for a mattress, and the star-jeweled skies for a canopy—the grandest of bedrooms and the healthiest, as we found, for from that night forth, though we dispensed with the use of our tents, we found ourselves growing in strength and appetite, and never knew what a cold or ache meant.

So well, indeed, and soundly did we sleep on this our first night of sleep with nothing between

us and the stars, that it was late next day before we rose. But strengthened by our long rest on the bare bosom of Mother Earth and invigorated by our trust in Nature who gave us his choicest elixir of air untainted by being unconfined, we made extra good time, and succeeded in reaching the entrance to the Narrows just as the sun was about to set.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH DIANA IN THE WOODS.

The wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed.

—BYRON.

As in her fruits and flowers and fishes, the Indian River Country unites in her winged tribes the North and the South, the temperate and the tropic zones, and in nothing is she more tropical than in the gorgeous coloring of her birds.

During the Winter the river is a resort for ducks of various kinds and in almost countless numbers; among the variety of ducks to be found here being mallards, scaup ducks, blue-bills and raft ducks, and also, at a certain season, for a brief period, canvasback ducks. The number of the raft ducks, is only to be surpassed by the number of the mullets in the waters below; the river in places being fairly covered with them. Every few hundred yards flock

after flock of them would fly up from the waters and trail off to another settling place. After dusk flocks of them would rise apparently only a few feet from the silently moving canoe; their presence only being made known by the noise of falling waters and the flapping of countless wings. Banana River, or the East Branch of the Indian River, is particularly favored with the presence of myriads of blue-bills which are attracted here by the many secluded bays and inlets and dense archipelagoes of tiny islands which can only be threaded by the lightest of boats, and only then with the chance of getting lost in their labyrinth of narrow channels. Here a hundred ducks may be bagged in a day without special effort. There is also to be found on the Indian River abundance of coots, or mud-hens, which are very fat, garnets, bay-snipe, black teal, the wood teal, the pintail teal; there being seventeen varieties of duck alone found on the river. Quail and snipe are also plentiful.

Among the other feathered things uneatable but good to look upon and much admired of women for the beauty that they are supposed to add to their beauty, but do not, in the way of their splendid plumes, may be mentioned the silver-gray ibis, herons, red, white and blue, the pink curlew or roseate spoonbill, the oriole,

the crane, paroquet, humming-bird, etc. The herons especially make dainty additions to the many little gems of landscape pictures found among the islands and on the irregular line of the eastern shore of the river. Artists who love to paint such "corners" in landscape cannot find any better field for satisfying their love than the Indian River; and for a sky-scape, a flock of cranes in flight, with their long legs streaming behind their graceful bodies, like maidens' tresses on a breezy day, furnish the best of artistic material. The Indian River is, in fact, full of artists' dreams, and no party of these happy men, who make a living out of the beautiful, could find a better place for a "working" vacation than the Indian River furnishes; and here, too, they would meet Hygeia, the ruddy goddess of healthy-living, Diana, rosy-red with racing, and Aphrodite, glossy-fair from her chosen bath the sea; and all things that are good and graceful in fruit and tree and flower. And the cost of these blessings would only be nominal, for they could be their own hotel and transportation company by simply hiring a river yacht for the proposed duration of their vacation. Their larder they would find all around them.

Among the other birds to be found here in addition to those already mentioned are

gallinules, cormorants, fish-crows, gulls, vultures, ospreys, men-o-war hawks, egrets, and, best of all, and scarcest, the wild turkey.

The pelican, with its big bill, awkward figure and voracious appetite, is a familiar bird on the Indian River. In immense numbers they have taken complete possession of many of the smaller islands in the Narrows; their excrement covering everything several inches deep and destroying all vegetation, even to the sturdy water-oaks and the equally tough mangroves. But though the bird, on account of the toughness of its flesh and its rank taste, is of no use to man, their excrement is very valuable to the planters as guano. The presence everywhere on these pelican islands of this white mantle of excrement gives these islands the appearance of being covered with hoar-frost.

One of the most singular birds found on the Indian River, or anywhere else, probably, is the water-turkey—the personification of ugliness. Though called a water-turkey, on account of its supposed resemblance to the turkey, the only thing about him that bears any resemblance to that Christmas blessing is his tail. His legs are too short for the rest of him, and his neck too long. He is a great diver, but, unlike any ordinary diver, man or duck, he goes through no preliminary attitudinizing, but

quietly sinks down out of sight, and comes up again with his long neck filled from bill to stomach with an unlucky snake or eel which has been deceived by the unseamanlike way in which the turkey went down. Owing to his fondness for a snake diet, the water-turkey is often called "snake-bird."

In the pine woods and still more so in the hidden glades of the hard wood groves may be found deer and bear. In the season when the turtles lay their eggs on the sea-shore, the bears are always around, being connoisseurs in eggs, and appreciating a turtle flavor in them with as much gusto as the most confirmed gourmand that ever sat down to green turtle soup at Delmonico's. So great, indeed, is Bruin's admiration for the eggs of these marine fowls that he thinks nothing of swimming across the Indian River and then crossing the peninsula in order to get at them; and their instinct for epicurean seasons is so strong in them that it never fails to bring them over the intervening waters at the right time for their banqueting on the beach; though out of a wholesome regard for the wholeness of their skin, they never at any other season than Spring venture beyond their hiding-places miles back from the western shore of the river or in the almost impenetrable labyrinths of the mangrove

islands at Indian River Narrows and Jupiter Narrows. The Florida bear makes up for his smallness, in a sporting sense, by being of an exceedingly shy and retiring disposition. He has long ago learned that a man with a gun is an evil acquaintance, and being moral in the way of salvation for his body, eschews his company. Therefore, the hunter, if he wants him, has to go after him, for he has fully made up his mind, as the result of sad experience, not to go after the hunter. Even when he—tempted by his Spring dish of turtle eggs—ventures to the sea-shore, he does so at night time, and even then so cautiously that, like a wary scout, before exposing his body in the deadly breach of the open shore, he warily peeps through the palmetto scrub that covers the bluff, more or less high, which forms the inner boundary line of the beach and overlooks the shore for miles, and, from this watch-tower, looks north and south with scrutinizing eye to see if the animal with a gun and a curious fur is on a watch for him. If he sees this unimproved Adam anywhere in sight, he murmurs: "No, thank you. Another time 'll do. Women may love powder and men too, but I don't." So man, in order to catch the bear, has to do as the bear does—hide himself in a similar watch-tower.

Among the other animals found here are panthers, wild-cats of several varieties, moles, salamanders, skunks, foxes, wolves, lynxes, minks; otters, polecats, rabbits, and several kinds of field rats and mice.

And now for a thing that seems to be neither bird, nor fish, nor beast—the alligator. It will suffice to say that he is still there. In the cool months, being decidedly prejudiced against northern winds and their chilling company, he keeps himself hidden in dense swamps where there is just clear space enough left above to let in the sunshine, but none to spare for chilly winds; so that the hunter, ambitious to see him without the trouble of going after him to his Winter warming pans, must wait till April or the latter part of March, when he comes out to show himself to the rest of the world. That he is there, however, beyond a doubt, is proven by the fact that a Mr. Eugene Moore, of Waukeenah, Florida, killed five hundred alligators in one season; while from one place alone on the Indian River, Fort Pierce, during that same season, over two thousand alligator hides were shipped at one time and in one lot.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ISLAND HOME.

I will learn of thee a prayer,
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blessed as ours—
The God who made for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

—BRYANT.

Near the close of day, after a hurried lunch on the western shore, we determined to make a dash across the river and then boldly enter the Narrows, according to the instructions we had received, and hunt for a needle in a haystack—an island in a sea of islands, all as similar in appearance to the untrained eye, as trees in a great South American forest; but we were determined to make the attempt to discover the sought for island, if it took all night, and we had to depend on our lanterns to light us every foot of our way.

My object in thus willfully dipping into this bewildering maze of island-girted channels, as

Night was about to cover the waters with her darkling skirts, was that we might spend the night at the home of Mr. Carl C. Curtiss, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his father, Captain S. J. Curtiss, of the Probate Clerk's office, Chicago.

Before we reach the middle of the river, the sun begins to set. Gem Island, far in the east, looks, in the dim light, like a diaphanous cloud upon the horizon. The laughing face of the waters, as the winds cease to play upon it, sinks into the image of a crystal mirror. Earth and sky and the lately troubled waters join hands together in the spirit of the sun's going down to rest behind the pines on the hither shore. A world, silent and at peace, succeeds the busy sights and sounds of waking day, and the only sounds heard are the notes given forth by the ever-tuneful insect and the screeching of a night-hawk every now and then, or the sudden noise of dashing waters as a swarm of mullets leap far above the surface of the waters in their efforts to escape from the cannibalistic jaws of their big brethren of the deep. The sun descends. The halo of many colors, melting into one another like the sounds of lovers' kisses, like the mingling of beauty's blushes, crown the King of Day as he disappears beneath the pine-bulwarked western shores. But the

vision of the borderland between day and night is of little lasting. With tropical impulsiveness,

"Night drew her sable curtain down,
And pinned it with a star."

There were a hundred chances to one that in this labyrinth of islands and channels, made ghostly and unsubstantial looking in the garb of night, we would miss what we sought, as Mr. Curtiss' island lay somewhat back from the mainland on the east; but suddenly, as we were beginning to despair of ever getting anywhere in particular, and were gloomily considering the practicability of tying an improvised hammock to the branches of a mangrove tree, and there passing the night in slumbers over the waters below, and dreams of what the wild waves were saying, we saw, far down a ghostly vista of the night, the red glare of burning bushes. We made a bee line for that welcome light, and we soon discovered Mr. Curtiss on the shore of his island retreat, engaged in burning up dried bushes. That light was the most welcome light and that face the sweetest face we ever saw, for our hearts were heavy and our stomachs uncomfortably empty. Greetings were exchanged, and the letter of introduction, coming from whom it did, proved a magical "open sesame" that opened both the heart and

home of Mr. Curtiss to the benighted wanderers on the waters. The welcome was of the kindest; the treatment, if it could be so, better still. Mr. Curtiss had but recently been married to a most estimable and—as will hereafter appear—brave-hearted young lady, and the consequence was that the welcome was a double one and doubly warm. Mrs. Curtiss enjoys her life in this half-wild island, and has shown herself equal to the emergencies that arise around such a home. One day she heard, while attending to her domestic duties, one of her hens give a wild cry of alarm. She promptly went to its rescue, and saw creeping along the ground an immense black snake over five feet in length. Seizing a scantling almost as big as herself, she started for the snake, and after some trouble, succeeded in killing it. In defense of the black snake, it may be said that it is not only not poisonous, but wages relentless war against the rattlesnake. Being a much more lively snake than the latter, the black snake, when it comes across this hereditary enemy, runs rapidly round it until the latter, becoming dizzy by its revolving around on so small a pivot, becomes an easy prey to the black snake, who seizes it by the neck and gives it its quietus. *In this connection—that the timorous may not imagine that Florida is

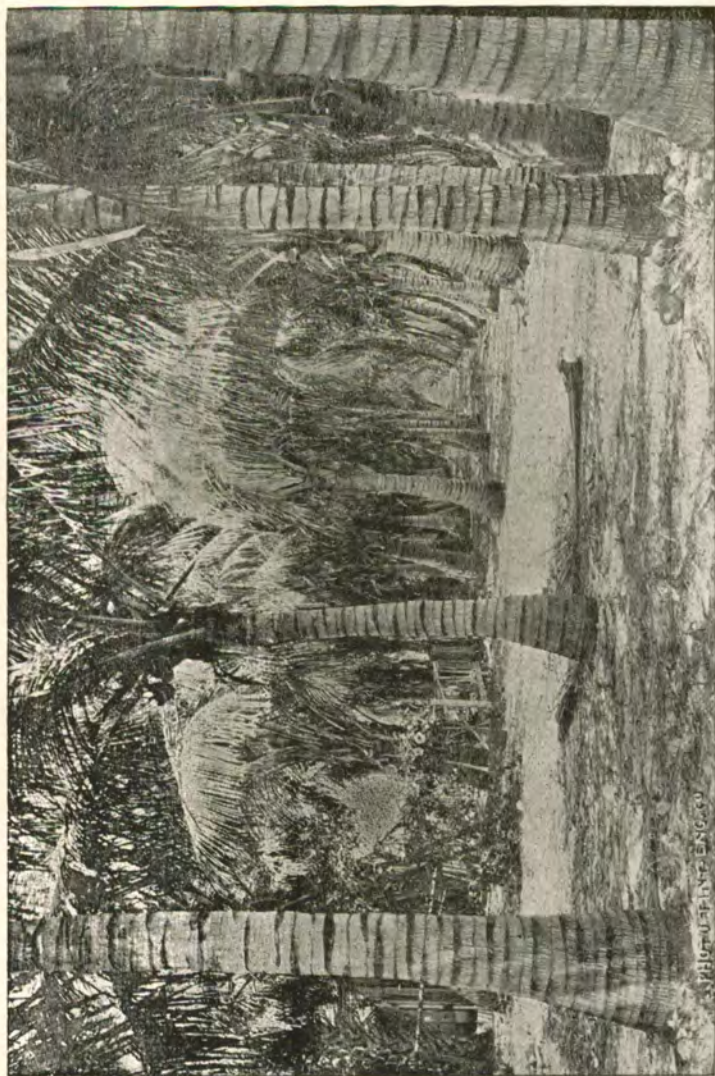
overrun with snakes—I will state that during this trip, lasting over two months, and all that time spent where snakes would be most likely to be found, if to be found at all, I only saw three snakes, and neither of these was a rattlesnake.

We found the island almost a kingdom in itself in the number of things to be found upon it; and as a fair catalogue of the vegetable, bird and animal productions of the Indian River Country, the following list of them, all found on this island, may be given: Cabbage palmetto, saw palmetto, Spanish bayonet, water-oak, live-oak, scrub-oak, black mangrove, red mangrove, buttonwood, sweet bay, Indian rubber tree, sea-grape, myrtle, air-plants of many varieties, Cherokee rose, iron-wood, camphor tree, satin-leaf, break-axe, lime trees, pineapples, guavas, mulberry trees, wild grapes, dogwood, cranes, pelicans, blue herons, night herons, fish-bustards, owls of several varieties, red-birds, cat-birds, ducks of several varieties, pokes, bluebirds, sparrow-hawks, deer, bears, panthers, wild-cats, leopard-cats—a beautifully-spotted animal—coons, opossums and skunks; while in the waters around the island are to be found oysters, pompano, mullet, channel bass, tarpon, sea-trout and other kinds of fish; and on the sea-shore, in the season when they lay

their eggs, plenty of turtles and also bears who are exceedingly fond of turtles' eggs.

The island is a fairy land of vegetable life and full of strange surprises to one unaccustomed to the marvelous ways of Nature. Feeling thirsty, while walking over the island with Mr. Curtiss, the latter cut from a live-oak a beautiful air-plant with a lovely red bloom, and, placing the cut-off end—a veritable fairy goblet—to my mouth, bade me slake my thirst, which I did, drinking in from this dainty glass at least half a wine-glass-full of crystal pure water, which the plant had stored up for its own use. The island is filled with verdant air-ferns in marvelous profusion and surpassing beauty, with crimson-plumed epiphytes, with fragrant myrtles that scent the air afar off with their delicate perfumes, with the wait-a-while—a plant so named because if it catches one in its network of thorny bushes, either clothes are left behind, or there is a wait-a-while until the evil is undone. Then there is the tough crabwood, the pretty Indian rubber tree, with its glossy leaves, the statuesque cypress of deepest green, the sweet-bay, one of the daintiest of Nature's smelling bottles, the swamp maple, pretty from her crown of leaves all the way down to her ankles in the water, water-poplars, like young Hebes in a-bathing,

gum-a-limbos that furnish off-hand a glue for broken pitchers and a lock for love-letters, salm-wood, cocoa-plumes, etc., etc.; a vast assemblage of leafy wonders beyond my knowledge to give them names; while above all and everywhere rise aloft, in queenly supremacy, the stately palmetto. The botanist could spend months here, and yet not exhaust half the treasures in flower and shrub and tree in this prolific island. The variety of orchids alone found here would furnish food for some new Darwin wherewith to write a volume about these strange forms and the still stranger habits of these vegetable-animals. And the same is true of the islands that surround this island. A year, in short, might be spent among them, and profitably, by the ardent lover of Nature's wonders.



COCOANUT PALM GROVE.

W. H. R. PINE, ENGLAND

CHAPTER XX.

A PARADISE OF PALMS.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun,
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foes of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House and raiment and food and wine.

—WHITTIER.

One of the first landmarks that struck my eye, when I approached in my canoe the foot of the pier at Jupiter, was a stately coco-nut palm that lifted aloft its tall head as if aspiring to over-top the lighthouse tower on the bluff behind it. Soon, however, coco-nut palms will be no longer specially noticeable landmarks here or anywhere on this coast, for already they are being planted in immense numbers. A couple of the most prominent members of the Standard Oil Company have had planted, some little distance south of Jupiter Inlet, coco-nut palms by the thousand, all along the coast for

miles, for these palms love the sea. These trees of nymphic grace love to bathe their feet in the strong salt waters and breathe the bracing breath of the ocean. But this is not all of this palm-tree fringe—this line of leaf-crowned Hebes. All along the coast, as far up as Cape Canaveral, the planting of the coco-nut palm is going on to a greater or less extent, especially on the lower portion of the river, and, in fact, all along the entire peninsula on the east side of the river; the difference of from four to six degrees of temperature in its favor over the western shore, and its greater nearness to the sea, making this peninsula specially favorable for their growth. Young or old, the coco-nut palm is equally beautiful, though totally dissimilar when young to what they are in mature growth. While young, the tree has no trunk, but is a climbing mass of graceful leaves, broad and long, and of the richest, brightest green.

The poet does not exaggerate the many virtues of the coco-nut palm. He only names one-half of their roll of riches. It is both food and house to the South Sea Islander, and if he needed that veil with which civilization hides its fashion-enfeebled virility, would furnish him with clothing too.

From its wood and leaves habitations are made; from its bark and leaves, fabrics and

cordage manufactured ; and from its buds and fruit, sugar and spirit obtained. From the husk of the nut is obtained a substance called coir, which is spun into cables, ropes and even yarns, from a pack-thread in thickness to a cable strong enough to hold an armored line-of-battle ship. The kernel of the nut, when boiled in water, produces oil. From the kernel, also, is produced a milk used in tropical countries as a substitute for goat's and cow's milk. By fermenting this milk, vinegar is obtained. Coco-nut oil is equal in quality to the oil of almonds. This oil, when rancid, is used for lamps. The oil is also used by Hindoos and South Sea Islanders for anointing their bodies, as it gives the skin a glossy appearance, and softens it. The Hindoos also make out of it a soap which is soluble in salt water. It is also used for several medicinal purposes, being beneficial in coughs and pulmonary diseases ; healing ulcers rapidly, and being an antidote against snake-bites. The young roots boiled in ginger are effective in fevers ; and from the milk of the coco-nut, by mixing it with an alkali, is made a dye of a rich violet color ; and this dye, mixed with quicklime, is converted into a beautiful rose-colored dye. From the pith of the tree a species of sago is made. Finally, the nut and

its milk are both nutritious and wholesome.

Could a traveler possess Aladdin's space-annihilating lamp, and so be able, in the space of a Summer night's dream, to go to the middle of the Indian River, the first thing in the landscape, on either side, that would attract his attention, and make him think that he was in a paradise indeed, would be the palm trees bending to the gentle breeze their coronets of leaves, like lithe and graceful Hebes courtesying in the dance. They speak of tropic scenes, of warm sensuous forms, of vegetation ever-budding and giving birth to a countless wealth of flowers and leaves. They tell of a perpetual Summer that knows no sleeping, but only a dreamy dozing in an ambient air, fragrant with fairy anodynes that soothe all mortal ills and make pain, even to a flower, only a momentary woe, and no long Winter of nothingness.

Among all the palms that grow in the Indian River Country, perhaps none is more graceful than the date palm. If the coco-nut palm is the Hebe among palms, then the date palm is the Juno. The wild date palm of India, the *Phœnix Sylvestris* of the botanists, is especially beautiful. The *Phœnix Canariensis* has leaves which, in their graceful forms, excel even those of the wild date of India. The *Phœnix Rupicola* is a poem of beauty,

with its recurved leaves of golden green. But the common date palm which produces the date of commerce is hardly less beautiful than any of these. The *Chamaerops Robusta* has beautiful leaves of silvery hue and dainty trunks of fairy mould. Another palm of the same family is crowned with leaves of the richest green. The fan-leaved *Sabals* are adorned with spreading crowns of beauty; the ever-present palmetto being a member of this family. The *Washingtonia Robusta*, a palm of unusual beauty, has red, wax-like spines and gloriously tinted leaves and lovely petioles. Among the smaller palms, but perhaps, even more rich in grace than any of her taller sisters, is the *Diplazium Campestre*, with graceful plumes curling around like ostrich feathers and with undersides of silvery sheen. Then there is a native palm of Florida, the *Oreodoxia Regia*, or Royal Palm, one of the most beautiful of all the palms. Then, beside these there are the cane palms, cycads, *Areca* palms, *Jubaeas* and many others, all beautiful and capable of being grown in the Indian River Country without any protection; and the probability is that, in time, the enterprising nurserymen of Florida will gratify the demand of the future villa-

residents on the river with still rarer palms, including many that are of curious forms, like the Groo palm which has already been introduced largely in Florida.

CHAPTER XXI.

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

Do you recall that night in June
Upon the Indian River
We listened to the S'wannee tune,
We watched the moonbeams quiver.
I oft since then have watched the moon,
But never, Love, oh, never
Can I forget that night in June,
Upon the Indian River.

Our boat kept measure with the oar,
The music rose in snatches,
From fire-flies dancing on the shore
With whispering songs and catches.
I know not why that S'wannee rang
Through all my soul, but never
Can I forget the songs they sang
Upon the Indian River.

—HAMILTON AIDE. (Slightly altered.)

One night, as we sat out on the pretty veranda of our friend's cottage fronting the river, the vision of a dream seemed to pass before me—a dream of Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic. Gondolas and gondoliers and senoretas, dark-eyed and with skin of richest

brunette, with rounded forms of classic mould—a heritage from Greek goddesses in human form—seemed to file along the river-way and through palmetto aisles; the men and women all seeking the river-side. Then, far off upon the waters, swells up the melody of sweetest maidens' voices and the lusty ring of men's. And now a solo from what seems near by, and from the very surface of the moonlit waters, comes riding on the air—a song of love that seems to be ascending as if to some divinity above. Are a new Romeo and a new Juliet, by these witching waters, sending a new message of love to one another? And then, in my dozing mood, I seem to hear a great burst of melody, as if a world of men on a world of waters were bursting out in a glad chorus in honor of Erato, the sweet-voiced muse of love.

Inspired by the smiling moon and the winking stars, twinkling merrily behind their curtains of deepest blue, and by the odorous air, full-fraught with perfume from the mangroves sleeping on the waters shining in the wooing moonbeams' shy glances—invited by all these, and the worship of the out-doors in weird tropic nights—we, that is, our friend and his friend, a neighbor, and we, the two gay troubadours of the Indian River, resolved upon giving to the water-side neighbors a serenade and awake

the echoes of the silent waters with sound of voice and violin.

So, embarking in our host's best and biggest boat, we rode forth on to the shimmering waters and into the midst of a fairy scene of lights and shadows, enveloped, as if breathed upon by many fairy mouths, by an all-pervading incense from salty ocean zephyrs, mingled together—like lovers' kisses—with the aspirations of countless leaves and lilies passionately odorous in these blossoming hours of love. Above, all the glories of the dome of night in tropic zones shone down, in blue and silver, on the mirror of the waters. On either side, mysterious in their deep and far-extending shadows, dense masses of mangrove girdled the waters on every side, or opened out, in moonlit vistas, a silvery pathway for fauns and naiads. As if kissing the oar-blades from just beneath the waters, at every dip, phosphorescent lips and smiling ringlets of smiling nymphic mouths seemed laughing on the waters and trailing out in a tail of blushes far behind our stern as we sped along from isle to isle, waking up the people with song that the magic of the night and scene made melodious and fairy-like in the kindly ears of our surprised auditors. The odorous air and moon and stars and waters and the fascination of the hour and the hum-

ming—faintly heard—of ocean waves beyond the wall of green combined to make our amateurish troubadourism seem better than it was. And we enjoyed it and those to whom we sang enjoyed it and often joined in the simple melodies sung, and invited us to enter their homes.

I shall not soon forget this merry row we had along these winding waters—our bold dashes into mimic bays and gulfs, our peeps into lovely bays begirt with mangrove curtains on either side, our passage into tiny straits and into and through all those varying bodies of waters that recall to memory the musical names of the famed archipelago of Greece when the heroes of the Iliad were the adventurous wanderers on their waters, when gods became men and men became gods. Like those bold lovers of old, we landed here and there and marched through vistas of orange trees, mysterious in the dim light of the moon; saw banana-plants, looking, in the half-light, like graceful Hebes bending in the dance and blushing in the moonbeams' glimmer; and pine-apples showing mellow and golden beneath the gilding hand of Phoebe. And so, in and out among mangrove isles we went, with dome of blue, star-jeweled, above; and around and beneath us the grand mosaic of silvery waters

patterned by the fairy hand of Nature in dancing moonbeams and fringing shadows, and fretted all o'er with glittering myriads of phosphorescent stars.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BANANA BALLAD.

Each tree,
Laden with fairest fruit that hung to th'eye
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat.

—MILTON. (*Paradise Lost*.)

It is a ballad in prose, but more flowery in facts than a poem of oriental love, for it sings the glories of a plant that bears a fruit whose flesh is as dainty-colored as beauty's rounded arms. The banana plant cannot be excelled by any other for its gracefulness, in all the vegetable kingdom. Seeing it on the narrow peninsula, so often referred to, has inspired me to write of its many virtues. Setting aside its value as a fruit-bearer, in which quality it cannot be surpassed by any other fruit, there is no choicer ornament for the garden—no more eloquent suggestion of tropic southern skies—than the banana plant with its spreading

coronet of leaves—its royal plumes of golden green. The banana links us back to the first father—to the first progenitor of the human race; for from it, if olden poets may be believed—blushing Eve plucked the fruit that has given the world a moral stomach-ache ever since. It is, in short, a bit of Eden come down to our own prosaic time—an aggravating suggestion of the happy times when there were no tailors, nor milliners and dressmakers, nor any bills to pay, nor any needed. It reminds us of the time when the world was its own best hall of statuary, and men and women the masterpieces that no Phidias or Michael Angelo has since excelled. It is a chain that binds us to a perfect past that, for a brief space of time, was fragrant with the promise of an earthly immortality, with no thought of any other heaven to vex the soul. But Eve went wrong. Doubtless she wanted to add a beauty—impossible thing—to her already matchless form by donning a garment of banana leaves that, in the ripened gold of their maturity, looked so suggestive to the female mind, of—"Oh! How lovely." And then, no doubt, she tied them around the unveiled beauties of her waist, that unadorned was the most adorned, but which is now eclipsed in fashion's ever-fading fancies; and then, being thus deformed, in the very wanton-

ness of ecstatic forgetfulness, eat of the forbidden fruit that kept company with leaves "so nice!" Thus vulgar vanity vanquished virtue. Perhaps it was a later Eve—a narrow-waisted Eve—an ugly thing—an un-Venus-waisted woman that first dressed herself to hide that ugly waist. But, however this may be—and I only offer the suggestion as one exonerating Eve from all malice prepense in what she did—it is true that the banana plant has many uses, to-day, besides that of furnishing a dainty fruit for the gratification of the inner man. It may be, and is, used to clothe his outer form, and also as a thatching for his home. The ballad of the banana, if it were written, would tell of its many homely virtues—golden in the beauty of their daily use. The banana plant makes a perfect showing—"Ornamental and useful too." It is prolific, also, like the patriarchs of old who were told to go forth and increase their kind, and did it, in obedience to the divine command; the most degenerate, ignorant, corrupt and crime besodden of their descendants—always too many—being the only ones to follow their example; the good, the true, the perfect-bodied, the intelligent and the well-educated—those very ones that should increase and bury the corrupt beneath a load

of good—being the only ones to disobey the Godly ordinance.

A banana plant in fruit is a marvel in the way of prolific bearing; bending her graceful form—loaded down with her yellow-skinned progeny—as if, like any other mother, in admiration of the beauty of which she is the bearer. But to see the banana plant at her and his best—for, in most plants, the union of sexes is a close one—a union of bodies as well as of souls—you should see them when, in the honeymoon month, they are decked with a waving wealth of blooms. Then you can see the rainbow's promise of the peace that follows to the human stomach when—its promise fruited into fair round fingers, melting and sweet as lovers' kisses—the fingers pass down the narrow way that leads to the most appreciative part of man's anatomy.

The nutritious value of the banana plant to mankind is almost inestimable. In some countries it is the chief article of food for whole populations, and Baron Humboldt said that an area of land only sufficient to grow wheat enough to feed one man, if planted in bananas, would grow enough to feed twenty-five men; there being, sometimes, as many as three hundred bananas on a single bunch. There is no wonder, therefore, that with his patch of

bananas, no larger in extent than a door-yard, the West Indian negro and the semi-savages of Mexico are content to live a life of idleness. But the banana is not only highly nutritious as a food, but it is also medicinal ; acting favorably on the liver. Then, again, the flower-sheath—the golden wombs, the first nurseries of the infant fruit—make flower-holders of rare and unique beauty. When fifteen months old, the plant puts forth from the center of the stem at the top, a rather singularly formed bloom, rising from its nest of broad leaves, and then turning outward and downward at the terminus of a thick, tough stalk. The bloom now appears like a rotund ear of corn ensconced in its scarlet husks. These husks then turn up slowly, one after another, uncovering the bananas hidden beneath them. Having performed its duty as a sunshade for the fruit in its days of tender infancy, each leaf of the husk drops off in turn, commencing this disrobing process from the top. The scarlet wombs from which the infant fruit has come, with interiors of gorgeous coloring even more brilliant and glossy than their outer coverings, closely resemble in form the long, shell-shaped pickle dishes that adorn our tables, and are often used, as I have before said, as bouquet-holders, "that the eye," remarks a beauty-

loving Florida authoress, "cannot tell from the finest Japanese red lacquer ware." I may add for the information of the investigating tourist that one of the most extensive growers of bananas in Florida is Mr. Baugh, whose plantation is on the Sebastian River, a branch of the Indian River, and only a few miles from the latter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NIGHT ON THE INDIAN RIVER.

The night is calm and cloudless.
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To listen to the music of the sea.
They gather and gather and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.

—LONGFELLOW.

When we left the island home it was already late in the day, so we determined after our unwonted spell of sitting, in easy indolence, on the luxurious lap of civilization at the island, to make up for lost time by penitentially paddling far into the night, and, if our courage held out, even to cock-crow in the morning.

The night proved to be one of rare but quiet splendor—a picture of loveliness asleep. The moonbeams coquetted with the sleepy waves, and tinted them with silvery blushes. The

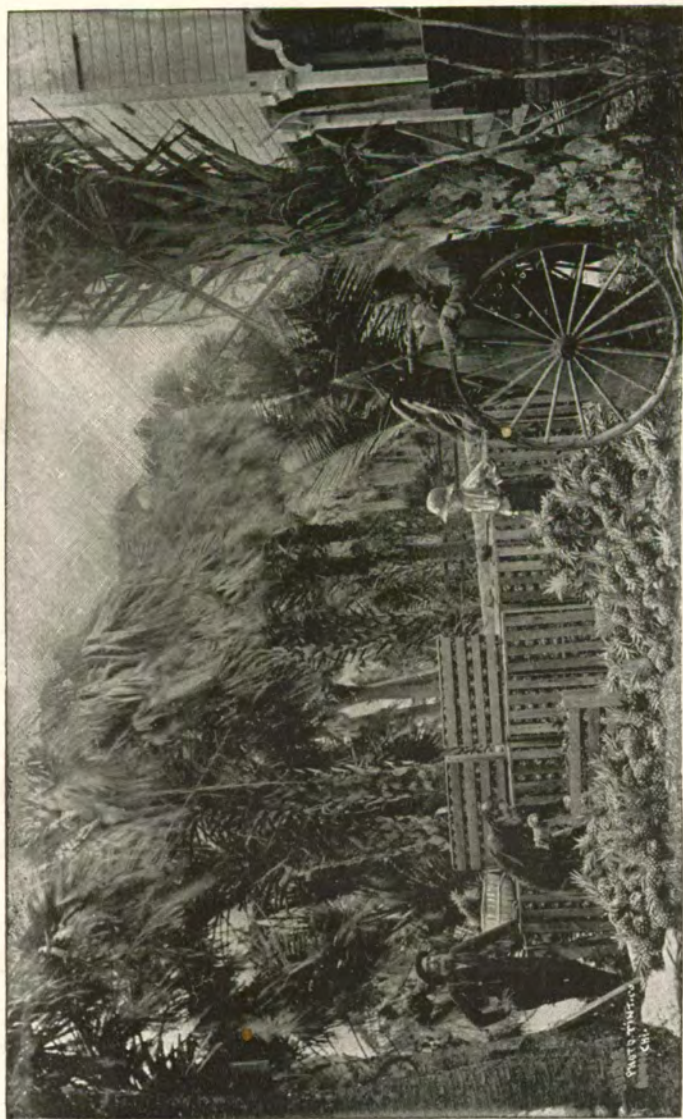
stars—a host of glittering lamps, like vestal virgins watching the sacred fire in the temple—added their lesser glories to make up the silver-gilded scene. The panorama of the river was one of dark shadows lit up with fairy lights; the music of the midnight world—the gentle murmur of the waters, the flash of leaping fish, the distance-muffled bass of the ever restless ocean that boomed beyond the narrow strip of eastern shore, and that, in the majesty of its mighty murmur, seemed to be ever nearer to us than the river on which we floated like spectres from the deep. A strange sound—a low thumping sound as of the beating of a muffled drum—was heard from beneath the darkling mangroves far-stretching over the waters. It was the love-song of the drum fish, old mythologists would have said. But we listened with startled ears to this drummer of the deep. The ghosts of fatigue and empty stomachs were beginning to rap at the portals of our brains. This love-song from the depths sounded uncanny in the deep stillness that wrapped us up in its mantle of awe. Day had long ago darkened into night, and we were still in the Narrows. Things and our thoughts, too, were taking on a weird and not altogether satisfactory form. The wind had ceased to stir. Even the deep bass of the ocean was

sinking—sinking ever more—into an awe-inspiring whisper—into the last unbreathing sleep. We were girt in with trees, and yet with no land visible; for these trees were mangroves—those amphibious trees that love the waters so well. Above the waters they rose to such a height on either side of our narrow course as to shut out the little light that the moon and stars did give, and no dead wall of green Sienna marble could have been more impervious to rays of lateral light than these walls of living green that lined our narrow tree-lined aisle of waters. But, suddenly, these water-nymphs of the vegetable world cease to sway their lithe forms as we paddle along, but are replaced by others of scantier drapery of leafy tresses. The land begins to rise above the waters, and the belt of foliage narrows. Yes! At last—glad sight—we see light through the trees; and the dawn is just breaking as we emerge from the labyrinth of floating islands into a broad and roomy bay. We have at last escaped from this Aphrodite's web of watery ways; and now the King of Day, "on dreary Night let lusty sunshine fall," and the magic of his brightness brightened us. It was well worth being up all night to see the birth of that new day; to behold, as from a land of dreams, its bewitching loveliness. I

saw the first faint blush of the rising orb of Day reflect itself in an answering blush on the mirror of the waters. I saw the blush creeping, widening, brightening over the face of the waters and transfusing them with silvery light. The air grew luminous with Aurora's new-born smiles, as the shadows of Night, one after another, fled before the footsteps of the rosy goddess of Day. Lighter and more radiantly light grew the east. Then the tips of the trees that formed a curtain of dark green between the river and the ocean, out of which the glowing luminary was rising from its all-night sleep, became rosy red with the coming glory of the great illuminator of the world. Then uprose an arching flood of dazzling light and wrapped the whole visible world in its warm embrace. This new birth, rosy from the womb of Night, was the antithesis of the old day's dying out. Still advanced the ambient-wheeled chariot of the Sun-god, and in a moment more the river and all its western banks became an endless tree-lined liquid avenue of golden light. Day had triumphed over Night, and all the world lay on his lap rejoicing.

Far to the left we see a lonely house. We determine to have some human company after this carouse with the haunting powers of darkness. We make straight for the house. We

find it empty ; all the inmates gone ; no sound, no evidence of occupation, for many weeks, at least, for even the water-tank is empty. We make a hasty lunch ; spread out our waterproof sheets on the dewy grass beneath the kindly canopy of some broad-branched trees—scorning, even with this empty house in view, and though its every door is loose, the sybaritic comfort of a room ; then a puff of Latakia, a waking dream of Turk and harem—and, in a moment more, the weary mariner is asleep. Ardent Aurora "did kiss his eyelids down ;" and when we wake again, old Sol is well up in the heavens, and, no doubt, wondering what kind of tramps we are.



AT CAPTAIN RICHARD'S PLANTATION, EDEN, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PINEAPPLE POEM.

Around them stood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold.

—MILTON.

A pineapple poem! Yea! for all Nature is a poem, endless in its extent, grand in its entirety, beautiful in its detail, wondrous in its mechanism, infinitely tender in its beneficence. Its voice is Love; its fruit, Life. And among all its fruit there is none that makes a better gift to man than does the pineapple; among its beauty-pictures, none fairer than this plant, when, matronly ripe, it proudly lifts its progeny—the golden yellow cone—aloft amid its own beauty-zone of glossy dark green leaves. It is a choice selection from Nature's great poem whose reading never wearies; pretty in its promise; beneficent in its end; charming to the eye, and melting sweet on the

tongue. It is the special glory of the Indian River Country, and the more than co-equal of the orange. It is ethereal in its nature, partly living on air; abstemious in its appetites, growing where no other plant will grow, and yet grateful for all attentions, and richly rewarding every gift of fertilizer by added sweetness and more rounded proportions.

Not only is this Queen of Plants a joy to the inner man and woman, but it is also valuable in textile manufactures. In the far off Phillippine Islands the leaves of the plant are used for a purpose little dreamt of on this side of the world. From these leaves are obtained, by the women of the islands, minute foliaceous fibres. So strong are these fibres that a rope made of them, only three and a quarter inches in circumference, has been shown by experiments made by the English Government to be capable of bearing a weight of forty-two hundred-weights. But it is its value as a textile fabric that I would more specially refer to. From it is produced the Nipis de Pina, considered by experts as the finest textile fabric in the world. In the Philippine Islands richly embroidered costumes made of this muslin-like fabric have brought as much as one thousand dollars each. Much of the embroidery on this fabric is done by the nuns of Manila. The coarser fibres

may be divided into threads so minute as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and yet strong enough to make a fabric for a garment; and garments so made are so diaphanous as to show, beneath, the flesh-color of the wearer. A garment made of this fabric is, indeed, fit for a fairy, supposing a fairy to be foolish enough to allow her beauty to be imprisoned and despoiled by any garment at all; having hitherto always been happily free from the bondage of clothes; her ways being Nature's laws.

In the Island of St. Michael, in the Azores, the business of growing and shipping pineapples for the English market has been brought to a degree of perfection reached nowhere else. Notwithstanding the fineness of the climate of these islands, conservatories have been constructed on an immense scale to protect the fruit from the least suspicion of frost and also to force them in advance of the season; and in these conservatories the pineapples are raised to such perfection that the earliest ones on the London market bring as much as \$5 each, and notwithstanding all the care used in their culture, and counting the interest of the capital invested in the land and the expensive conservatories, the growers make a total net profit on their investment of from 35 to 40 per

cent. ; some exceedingly choice specimens of fruit from these conservatories have brought as much as \$7.50 each. Before shipping the fruit, or rather in preparing the pineapples for shipment, the stock is cut a few inches below its junction with the fruit, and the whole then put into a large-sized flower-pot, partially filled with mould, in such a manner as to give the uninformed person the idea that it is still growing. The whole thing is then put into a skeleton wooden case just large enough to hold it, for the purpose of protecting it from injury in transportation on the steamboats which carry them ; the fruit itself, in addition to this, being frequently wrapped around with paper.

The Indian River Country is showing a determination not to be behind even the Azores in the matter of her special glory—pineapple culture. No longer content with the modest size and measured beauties of the common red Spanish pineapple, they are reaching out for the world's best, and are planting such famous varieties as the Egyptian Queens, the Ripley Queens, the Trinidads, the Abbakashee, the Charlotte Rothschild, the black Jamaica, the Cayenne, the Crown Prince, the Mammoth Kew, the Sugar-Loaf, the Porto Rico, the Prince Albert and the Montserrat. And so great is the demand for these choice varieties

that Florida nurserymen, although the most enterprising of their class in the world, are unable to supply the planters with all the slips and cuts they need. The hopeful mind may well conceive, and the daring hand bring forth, a culture of pineapples in the Indian River Country that no one has hitherto dared to dream of even; and the day may not be far off when she shall compete successfully with the Azores for her palm of supremacy in the English markets and her pineapples shall contest on London tables the hitherto unrivaled beauties of St. Michael. The way to the accomplishment of this dream of the future is already being opened.

Far-seeing men are already foretelling the establishment of a port of entry at one or other of the Indian River inlets, and when this is done—though the consummation of it may be years yet in the future—the time may come when the greatness of the development of pineapple culture in the Indian River Country shall justify the inauguration of a line of small, but staunch and swift steamboats to England that shall convey to that land of unlimited demands for all that's good, and the money wherewith to pay for it, not only the pineapples, but the already unrivaled oranges and strawberries of the Indian River Country.

Eden—happily named—on the west bank of

the Indian River, is distinguished for possessing the largest, though not the oldest pineapple plantation on the river—that of Captain Richards. The first pineapple plantation on the river, that there is any record of, was planted by a Mr. Brantley, either just before or during the great rebellion, at a point where is now located a little village named Brantley after this pioneer pineapple planter, near the southern end of Merritt's Island on the east side of Indian River. The east side of Indian River, in fact, seems destined to be the favored one for pineapple culture; a favoritism, no doubt, due to the fact that when a cold North-wester is blowing in the Winter, the temperature on the east side of the river is always from three to six degrees higher than it is on the west side—a difference quite enough, of course, to make a difference of that much between frost and that number of degrees above frost. The southern half of Merritt's Island is rapidly becoming one immense pineapple plantation, as is also the whole of the narrow peninsula which separates the Indian River from the ocean whose warm Gulf Stream within but a few miles from the shore effectually knocks the chills out of any frost-bitten North-easter that happens to come along in Winter time when it is not wanted. Thus this highly

avored peninsula is protected on both sides from Winter's cold regards.

Previous to this year's planting (1891) it was estimated that there were growing in the Indian River Country, in round numbers, two millions of pineapple plants; and it was prophesied that before the close of the pineapple planting season there would be nearly as many more planted; making a total of four million plants; one syndicate alone having made arrangements to plant 400,000 slips. The tendency, however, is to plant only the very choicest varieties of pineapples, and the consequence of this determination—an unquestionably wise one, in the long run—will be to make the rate of increase in the number planted less than it would be if only the common red Spanish pineapple of the Bahamas were planted, as the planting of such choice varieties will necessarily compel planters with limited capital to plant a less number than they would do were they content to plant only an inferior kind.

The net profit derived from growing pineapples—taking as a basis the figures of Captain T. R. Richards, of Eden, on the Indian River, whose crop, last year, brought him \$14,000 net from twenty-five acres in bearing pineapples—varies all the way from \$200 to \$700 per acre.

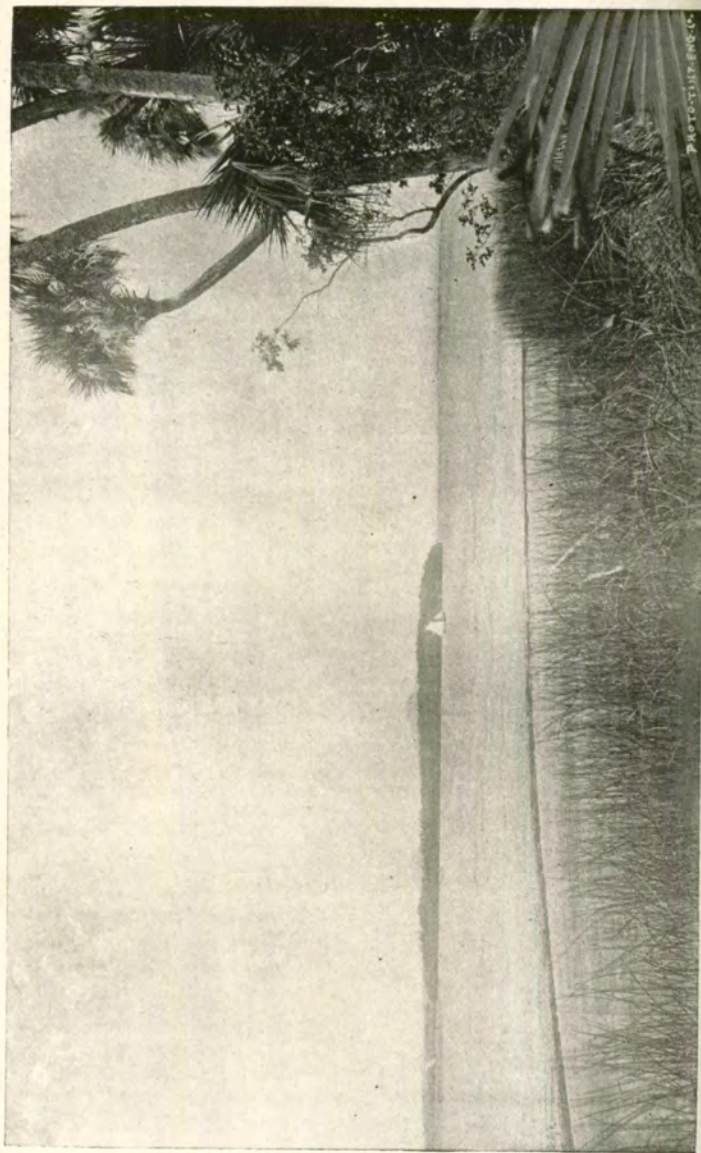
The following words of Captain Richards, however, should be borne in mind in reference to the cause of this great difference in the amount of his net profits per acre: "Some of my plants are very old and do not make much fruit, not more than \$200 to \$250 per acre. So that with me they net from \$200 to \$700 per acre." The above words occurred in a communication from Captain Richards, in response to questions, in one of Florida's oldest and most reliable horticultural publications, "The Florida Dispatch, Farmer and Fruit-Grower", and, consequently, may be fully depended upon as accurate in every respect.

In concluding the chapter, I will give the following extract from an article in the East Coast Advocate:

"The pineapple industry has attracted considerable attention during the past few years; but at the present moment, the outlook for this profitable branch of agriculture is startling. We are boasting about our orange crop, which, during the present season, amounted to some 80,000 boxes. The planting of new groves will increase the output at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per year, or in other words, if we should have an average crop next year there will be 100,000 boxes, the following year, 125,-

ooo; or, say five years hence, 200,000 boxes. But in the meantime what will we be doing in pineapples? There are not over one hundred and fifty acres of this luscious fruit in full bearing in Brevard County. The product is estimated at 100 crates to the acre, or eight thousand apples, which, we figure, will run eighty to the crate. Next season there will be 300 acres in bearing, and during the present Summer there will be 300 acres more set out. These will not come into bearing until the season after next, at which time the product should be 60,000 crates. That will be the Summer of 1893. Figuring the returns at \$4 per crate, we have \$240,000, while the estimated orange crop for the season of 1892-93 at 120,000 boxes, at \$2 per box, net, will only equal the value of the pineapple crop. The latter is an industry which was only an experiment until four or five years ago, while orange growing has been followed carefully for the past fifteen or twenty years. The orange crop of the State is over 2,000,000 boxes. Of this vast aggregate less than five per cent. goes from the Indian River. With the pineapple, it is different; seventy-five per cent. of the entire crop of the State will always be grown on the Southeast Coast. The day will come when the Indian River, Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay countries

will produce a million barrel crates of pine-apples, every season, worth four million dollars, or greater than the value of the entire orange crop of the State at present. These figures are startling, but they are conservative. Only a few years more and numerous canning factories will be erected in this favored field, and the Indian River pineapple will be known in every hamlet in the country, and become as famous and deservedly popular as the Indian River orange."



CONFLUENCE OF THE INDIAN AND ST. LUCIE RIVERS.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOME OF THE MANATEE.

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits and flocks,
Thronging the sea with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste.

—MILTON. (Comus.)

We are at the confluence of the St. Lucie River with the Indian River. While the paddle rests quietly on the waters, we view around us a vision of almost celestial beauty. Stretching out on every side of us are blue and green vistas of varied loveliness with here and there golden plashes and trains of sunlight trailing on the mirror-like surface of the waters. The encircling pictures, too, are full of charming details; here a band of amber-colored sand—the boundary line between the green and blue; there a wall of mangrove trees bathing their limbs in the water and reflecting therein

a fairy cobweb of shadowy tracery. To the north-east, over the Indian River, nearly three miles away, and beyond the narrow strip of Gilbert's Bar, is the ever beating, never-sleeping ocean; and opposite, in that ocean, stretches the great Gilbert's Bar shoal—the terror of mariners on this coast. To the north of where my canoe lies sleeping peacefully on the river is a long, high-jutting neck of land, forming the northern lip of the mouth of the St. Lucie, and over which, and three miles or more away, are seen peeping the modest summits of Mount Pisgah and Mount Elizabeth. To the south, and far in the distance, and piercing the lake-like expanse of the waters, is a promontory of brilliant green; while bays, and coves and channels, or what appear to be such, puzzle the navigator with their numbers and their rival charms, and so tempt him with their respective beauties that he is in danger of forgetting the instructions he has received as to which one of them to take.

The St. Lucie is the home of the manatee—that amphibious nondescript which has no counterpart in all Nature's big volume of living things. Neither animal, nor fowl, nor fish, it possesses some of the characteristics of two of them, having distinct mammae like mammals, and a tail like a fish, though, as if even in

this resemblance, it desired to be dissimilar, its tail is connected horizontally with its body. The manatee is growing scarcer every year. Already several of its near relatives in the order to which it belongs have become extinct, and only a few people ever see in its native haunts this last link in a once numerous section of living things. A few of them are found in places of exhibition, but even these are rapidly disappearing—the manatee, considering its thick skin, and portly dimensions, being peculiarly sensitive to cold and changes in the temperature. Only a few old hunters know where to find them, or how to catch them when found, for though among the weightiest and bulkiest of living things, it is the shyest of them all, and seems only to want to be left alone until its place in the register of living things shall have become a blank. For years it has been captured and ruthlessly destroyed for the oil it furnished, and the result of this remorseless warfare, combined with the unprolificness of the animal, has already resulted in its almost total extinction. Meek as a cow—its common name is the sea-cow—it makes no resistance to the hunter, and, if sought for in the right way, becomes an easy prey; its only safety being its shyness, and in its immense weight, which enables it to do by the mere moving of its great bulk what no

other amphibious animal of its kind could do, and compelling the hunter after it to use nets of enormous strength to catch it. The manatee hunters are of a peculiarly secretive character, being neither willing to divulge to strangers the way of making and setting of the nets used by them, nor to tell the places where they set them.

In giving an outline of the log of this part of the cruise of the Inter-Ocean, mention should be made of the little town of Eden, a few miles above the mouth of the St. Lucie, on the high bluff referred to above. The place is well named, for it is veritably an Eden, and rich in Eden's choicest fruit, the pineapple. Captain Richards' pineapple plantation here I have already referred to at length, as well as to his great success in their culture. Ankona, about sixteen miles south of the Indian River Inlet, and on the west side of the river, is also engaging heavily in pineapple culture, and boasts a neat little hotel. St. Lucie, nearly opposite the Indian River Inlet, is a special good point for camping, as in the river in front of it, are extensive oyster beds, while at the Inlet is to be found first-class tarpon fishing. The settlement also rejoices in the ownership of a Deputy Collector of Customs. On the same side of the River, about four and a half

miles south of the Inlet, is Fort Pierce, the site of a fort used during the Seminole war. The only other settlement between the northern end of the Indian River Narrows and the mouth of the St. Lucie is Narrows Post-office, located on an island near the eastern shore of the river, and surrounded by a fine fruit-growing country.

It is proposed to construct a canal connecting the St. Lucie River with Lake Okeechobee. This lake is already connected by a canal with the head waters of the Caloosahatchee River, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico. When this water route across Florida shall have been completed, there will have been made around the lower part of Florida a bracelet of protected water-ways that will satisfy the ambition of the most adventurous canoeist. Such a canoeist, starting out of Jupiter Inlet, when an ocean calm makes the time propitious, can make a dash for Lake Worth, and from thence, during a similar calm, another dash to Biscayne Bay. From this latter point the water-route is comparatively well-protected, as it lies between the long line of the Florida Keys on the one side and the main land on the other side. Passing around the southern end of the peninsula at Cape Sable, and coasting along the gulf coast of Florida, the mouth of the Caloosahatchee is reached.

Then passing up this and the canal that connects it with Lake Okeechobee, the lake itself and the proposed canal connecting it with the St. Lucie River, the Indian River will be again reached.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRUITS OF EDEN.

This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The orange, though it may bear off the palm of victory for popularity, is not the only tropical treasure of the Indian River Country. The ever-pregnant earth, in this clime of perpetual June, is bearing, without ceasing, new wonders in leaf and flower in response to touch of sun and rain and human tilth. It is filled with hidden life, with undreamt of possibilities, and only needs the nursing of pomologists with a love for their profession as deep and all-absorbing as that of the artist for his, to make of "this other Eden," with its earthy offspring, the cultural marvel of the world. Happily, the amateurs who are filling up this—the noblest, as well as the oldest of all professions—are men of intelligence, and, often, men of

advanced culture. Let them, in fullest measure, acknowledge the nobility, dignity and human value of their new profession—for to many of them it is a new one—and that reward will come to them which always comes to enterprise fostered in the warm arms of Love. It is not so much the love of money as it is the love of making money that makes the millionaire, and what is true of millionaire-making is equally true of fruit-growing, and true in a far nobler sense.

Add the queenly pineapple in her coronet and skirts of green to the glory of the golden orange—crowned king by the popular will—and still you do not exhaust the list of these royal children of the Sun. There is the gorgeous persimmon—Diospyro Kaki is his courtly name. He is a traveler from Japan, arrayed in princely colors. He is of no Gypsy breeding, tasteless to the tongue and demoralizing to the teeth, but a proof of the divine law of heredity which makes the children like the sire; having for centuries been trained in those schools of good husbandry for which the subjects of the Mikado have been long famous. In fact, to let out a secret, he is no persimmon at all, but a date plum, having, like many another prince, been mistaken for something else than what he is, while traveling in foreign

lands. But he has been fully adopted in the Indian River Country and throughout Florida under the assumed name, and has become one of the most popular of our foreign importations. He is a physician, too, this prince in disguise, and of the straight vegetarian school; and, if taken whole, like a cannibal takes his physician, when the latter visits him, "he is," says Professor W. E. Griffis, the author of 'The Mikado's Empire,' and one time the United States consul in Japan, "nutritious, palatable and, to a high degree, charged with those chemical ingredients which give most fruits their value in preserving the health and purifying the blood. This fact is strenuously insisted upon by the Japanese doctors, some of whom I have known to cure their patients by a 'persimmon cure,' like that of the 'grape cure' of Southern Europe."

Then this fruitful soil grows what is known as midshipman's butter, for so sailors in tropic seas have named the avocado pear, or, as many Floridians call it, the alligator pear, and as the scientists, who always get in at the last christening, call it, the *Persea gratissima*, from the country whence it comes. It has the shape of a pear, but with that the likeness ends. As in the case of the green fig, you have first to cultivate a taste for it, but having once learned

to like it, the admiration and appetite for it are ever-growing quantities, like the miser's greed for money. It is a large-sized fruit of a greenish bronze color, with a pulp of a bright yellow color, the favorite color of the sun-flower's great patron saint. The flowers of the avocado tree, very handsome ones, and making the tree one of the most handsome of shade trees, are all of a yellowish green color; though there are three differently-colored fruits borne by these trees, the green, red and purple. But a word more about the fruit, in justification of its salt-sea christeners, who seldom go wrong in that line whatever their reputation may be as veracious chroniclers in other respects. The fruit is often called vegetable marrow, on account of its marrow-like texture. It is very rich, and surpasses, in its flavor, the finest muskmelon. The tree is a bountiful bearer; a single tree often bearing over a thousand pounds of fruit in a single season.

Then there is the pomegranate—in flower, a belle in the vegetable world—in fruit, and adorned with its scarlet berries, no less beautiful. The name of an imported variety, the Spanish Ruby, tells its own tale of her loveliness when, in motherhood, she bears her numerous children on her lap. These little scarlet berries, in the sweet varieties, may be

eat; and, in the sour varieties, made into a very pleasant acid Summer drink, healthful and refreshing; being made by the happy dames of the riverside into a nectar of the gods. Its scientific name is the *Punica Granatum*. One who is a judge of tropic treasures, says: "Of all the fruits we have ever tasted in our temperate climate, the Spanish ruby pomegranate and the Adriatic fig are the finest." The fruit itself is made singularly beautiful by the fact that, even after it ripens, it remains crowned with the tube of the calyx of the original flower.

One of the least known fruits in the world, as it is grown, but one of the most widely known in its seductive form of jelly, is the guava, which is being extensively cultivated in the Indian River Country, and is proving a most valuable source of income; not so much for the value per acre of its crop—for the orange and the pineapple surpass it in that respect—but for its commendable regularity in laying the golden eggs. The common guava plant sometimes reaches a height of twenty feet, but the best variety known as the Catley guava, after the Englishman who introduced it to Europe from China, is more of a shrub, though, in eighteen months from being planted, it has been known to bear nearly five hundred guavas.

The mango is another fruit grown here of a

distinctly tropical parentage, and not safe to indulge in as a market crop, except in the southern part of the semi-tropic belt of Florida and south of that. It is, however, being experimented with, and with considerable success, in the southern portion of the Indian River Country. If it can be successfully acclimated, there will be no doubt of its success as a market fruit, for mango trees have been known to bear as many as 8,000 mangoes in one year. But the tree is as satisfying to the eye as its fruit is to the palate. The tree grows as large as the walnut, and its foliage consists of gracefully-shaped lanceolate leaves, green and glossy, and seven or eight inches in length, with a decidedly resinous smell. Its flowers are white and grow in clusters at the end of the branches. The fruit, which grows about the size of a turkey's egg, and in the shape of a thick, short cucumber, varies in color; some being a brilliant green, and others of an equally brilliant yellow. The native habitat of the mango is India where its fruit is very popular and so highly coveted by people of taste but with little means, that guards are kept constantly around the trees in the fruiting season. The finest variety in India is the Mazagong mango. As an object of adornment the mango tree, which is an ever-green, takes high rank, on account of its grace-

ful contour, its dense foliage, its glossy leaves, and the rapidity of its growth.

The mangostan, the mangosteen, or mangustin, as it is variously spelled, is one of the nine graces of the tropical vegetable world. A tree about twenty feet in height, with a taper stem, and something like a fir in appearance, it has a flower like a single rose, and a fruit, round in shape, and of the size of a medium orange, with a shell like that of a pomegranate, an inside of rose color, and divided by web-like partitions similar to those of an orange, and filled with a deliciously flavored juicy pulp, combining both the flavor of the strawberry and the grape. It comes from the Molucca Islands, on the other side of the globe from here. I cannot better describe its many virtues than by giving the following description of it by Dr. Garcin, a well-known authority on the tropical fruits of the far Orient:

"It is esteemed the most delicious of the East Indian fruits, and a great deal of it may be eaten without inconvenience. It is the only fruit which sick people are allowed to eat without scruple. It is given with safety in almost every disorder; and we are told that Dr. Solander, in the last stage of a putrid fever in Batavia, found himself insensibly recovering by sucking this delicious and refresh-

ing fruit. The pulp has a most happy mixture of the tart and sweet; and is no less salutary than pleasant."

It may be added that it is said that the mangosteen is even better than the mango, which is praise enough for any fruit, and it is to be hoped that, for home purposes, at least, it will be very generally planted in the Indian River Country.

And now comes a curiosity in fruits—a very hedgehog in the vegetable kingdom—the durion; the tree on which it grows being a lofty and stately one in the East Indies, from which it has been introduced here. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the cherry tree, and, when in bloom, it is covered with large bunches of flowers of a pale yellow color. The fruit, of the size of a man's head, is very much like, in appearance, a hedgehog in a state of siege. The inside is like thick cream, and very highly prized by those who have acquired a taste for it. Another virtue of this fruit—a virtue common to many of the fruits of the tropics—and apparently derived from that source of all health, abundant sunshine, is its wholesomeness.

Another rare fruit grown here is the akee tree, *Blighia sapida*, the botanists call it. The akee has pinnate leaves like the ash. Its

flowers are small and white, and its fruit is a pome, the size of a turkey's egg, yellow, or reddish yellow in color, of a pleasant sub-acid flavor; and in the West Indies, from which it has been introduced into Southern Florida, is considered more than ordinarily wholesome and nourishing. Both in Africa and the East Indies, its original habitats, it is a large tree, but here it seldom reaches more than from ten to twenty feet in height.

The loquat, sometimes called the Japan medlar from its original home, is becoming a very popular tree on account of its comparative hardiness. It is a small tree, but an abundant bearer of fruit which grows in bunches; the fruit being about the size of a plum, of a dull reddish color, sub-acid in taste, and makes an excellent preserve, and made into a jelly has no superior. When in bloom the tree fills the air with a delightful fragrance. For the purposes, also, of landscape gardening, it is an invaluable tree, being at once ornamental and useful, and just that sort of tree desirable in the gardens of Winter residents. It is an evergreen tree.

The olive tree! What child has not wished to see the famous tree so often spoken of in the Holy Scriptures, and a branch of which played so welcome a part in that great tragedy of sin which culminated in the flood. It came then

as the symbol of peace, and it has remained such ever since. It is a tree of the centuries—a Methuselah of the vegetable kingdom—there being still in existence, near Terni, in the Vale of the Cascade of Marmora, a plantation over two miles in extent, supposed to be the one mentioned by Pliny, as growing there in the First Century. In Palestine, trees estimated to be 2,000 years old, still bear bountifully. In Greece, from which the olive tree is supposed to have come originally, the victor in the Olympian games was crowned with olive leaves, and poetry, both classic and modern, lingers lovingly around this grand old tree. The olive still remains a benison to the world—a prop and promoter of the blessing of health; for its fruit pickled is one of the healthiest; while the oil made from it is unsurpassed for the varied uses to which it is put.

The bread-fruit which Florida nurserymen are now experimenting with and offering for sale to the horticultural virtuoso, is no sooner named than it carries us on the wings of imagination to the lotus-eating islands of the South Seas. No wonder that so wonderful a tree with its marvelous fruit should woo the enterprising nurseryman to making efforts toward securing a place for it among Florida's galaxy of rare fruits. The fruit may be described as

oval in form, about eight inches in diameter, like farinaceous pulp, when eaten fresh, or bread made with eggs, or, when fully ripe, like batter-pudding; and furnishes for several months each year almost the sole dependence in food of whole island populations in Polynesia.

Then there is the tamarind, a tree of lordly height; growing, in its native habitat, eighty feet high and more, with mimosa-like leaves and delicate pinkish-white blossoms. And it is a tree magnificent both in appearance and in doing, bearing a leguminous fruit or pod, inclosing a refreshing acid pulp excellent for preserves, cooling beverages and for medical purposes, being rich in butyric and formic acid. Simply, too, as a fruit it is well worth a place in the dessert. Owing to its great size and its beautiful foliage, acacia-like in appearance, it has become a common street tree in Key West, and will, no doubt, be used for the same purpose on the lower Indian River towns of the future.

And still the list is not ended. In addition to these strangers in the North, or only hot-house luxuries there, may be mentioned the Le Conte pear introduced from Japan; several varieties of sand peaches also adopted from the almond-eyed pomologists of the far East; the mammee, or mammee-apple, from the Caribees,

a walnut-sized fruit full of a delicious yellow-colored pulp; the mammee sapota from Central America, an oval-shaped fruit from three to six inches in length, saffron-colored and closely resembling quince marmalade; the sapodilla from Jamaica, a handsome tree with a round, rusty brown fruit, two or three inches in length tasting like a sweet and juicy pear in the form of granulated pulp, and having a reputation almost equal to that of the mango among its admirers; the Guanabena, commonly called sour-sop, from the West Indies, with a prickly-skinned fruit as large as a child's head, and full of a soft, white and juicy pulp lusciously sweet and deliciously satisfying to the stomach; the cherimoya, from Peru, with a fruit as large as a big orange, and sometimes larger, of which Dr. Seeman says: "The pineapple, the mangosteen and the cherimoya are considered the finest fruits in the world. I have tasted them in those localities in which they are supposed to attain their highest perfection—the pineapple in Guayaquil, the mangosteen in the Indian Archipelago, and the cherimoya on the slopes of the Andes—and if I were called upon to act the part of Paris, I would, without hesitation, assign the apple to the cherimoya. Its taste, indeed, surpasses that of every fruit, and Haenke was right when he called it "the

master-piece of Nature." Then there are the custard-apple, as large as the orange, and highly prized in India, and the sugar-apple, otherwise called the sweet-sap, and by some called the bullock's heart, a large shrub, with the fruit, sometimes, as large as a very small cantaloupe, with the pulp of a scarlet-yellowish color, as soft as custard and very sweet; the Spanish lime, or mornoncello, from the West Indies; not a citrous lime, like those described in a previous chapter, but a plum-like fruit yellow in color, and with an agreeably tasted pulp; the kuronda, from India, like a damson plum; the lichee, also an East Indian fruit about the size of a plum, with a delicious pulp resembling the white of a plover's egg; the fig, of all varieties; the quince (both the Chinese and the orange quince growing equally well here); the jubube, growing a wholesome fruit; and many varieties of nuts, including the English walnut, the Spanish chestnut, the pecan which here grows into a magnificent forest tree; the almond, a globe of beauty, when in bloom, and the pistachio.

But there are many other useful productions besides fruits to be found in rich abundance in this Indian River Country. There is the cassava plant from which tapioca is manufactured; the arrow-root plant from which that

blessing of the world, the arrow-root flower, is made; rice, on which the teeming populations of China and India have lived and have multiplied through ages; the tobacco plant of all of the choicest varieties—Turkish, Persian, Latakia, Cuban, etc.; grapes in tantalizing variety, strawberries, raspberries, mulberries—all with the added sweetness that comes from bathing in perpetual sunshine and with the flavor that comes from sea air.

Then there is what Linnaeus has named "food for a god," theobroma, and what is generally known as cacao, from which is manufactured chocolate. The cacao is an evergreen plant, with variously colored flowers, green and yellow and cinnamon, appearing all the year round, like its fruit which is ever-forming and ripening. This fruit, built like a short, sturdy cucumber, half a foot long, and, perhaps, two-thirds of that in diameter, contains from twenty to forty beans of about the size of a small almond. It is from these beans that the chocolate is made. The beans also yield a valuable oil which is very nutritious and is used as an anodyne.

If not the most curious, one of the most curious, at least, of the many tropical plants which Florida has adopted and is nursing at her motherly breast, is the papaw, or papaw plant. In the papaw family there is a male

plant and a female plant, not only entirely distinct from each other, but differing in appearance. As in the case of the human family, the female plant is possessed of all the good looks that pertain to the two, and, as is also the case in the human family, besides being the better half, the female papaw bears the greater part of the burdens of reproduction—being alone the bearer of useful fruit; and like the lovely children that woman bears to man, her offspring is plump and round, being like a musk-melon both in shape and smell, though its color is a dark orange; while the fruit of the male—if it can be called such—is pear-shaped and valueless. Its rind is thick and flesh-like, and the plant bears another resemblance to the human family; its stalk exuding a bitter juice containing fibrin, a principle which, with the single exception of the papaw, is confined to the animal kingdom. But the usefulness of this singular plant does not stop with its fruit. Its leaves would make the reputation of a Northern butcher, if judiciously used.

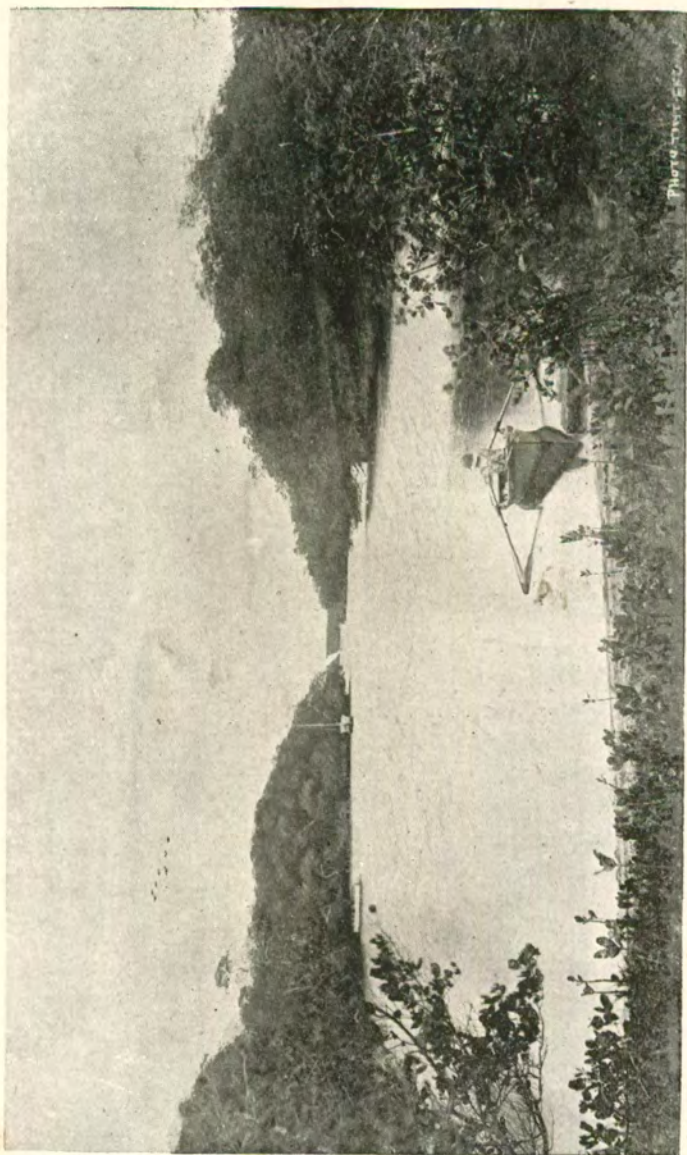
A few drops of the fibrin, or bitter juice from the stalk, if mixed with water, will make a bath that shall, in a few minutes, make the toughest beef, immersed in it, tender as a suckling pig. But the same result is accomplished

in a still more magical way by simply wrapping up the meat in the leaves of the papaw, and letting it remain thus swathed for several hours or over night. It has even been stated, though the statement wants scientific proof, that tough old hogs and chickens that have left their tender age behind them many years ago can, by being fed on papaw leaves, be restored to their infantile tenderness and plumpness at the same time. Nor does even this end the list of virtues of this paragon of plants. High medical authority has asserted that the milky juice of the unripe fruit is an efficient vermifuge. At the Academy of Sciences at Paris successful experiments have been made with the juice in cases of diphtheria, by applying it externally to the diphtheretic deposit. It will, also, win the admiration of the ladies when it is told them of this same juice that it is a good cosmetic for removing freckles, and that in the French West Indian colonies, the leaves, which are saponaceous, are used, in place of soap, in washing the hair. As a dessert the ripe fruit gives the relief which is alleged to be given by vegetable pepsin, as it promotes digestion. From either the stem, the blossoms or the unripe fruit a juice can be obtained which has a remarkably efficient power for removing corns and warts. The fruit itself

is an invaluable remedy in dysentery; and a decoction made from the leaves of the plant is successfully used in severe cases of internal fever; and a powder made from the root and placed on the forehead will cure acute headache. Such are the many merits of this extraordinary female, and so appreciative of this female excellence are the gardeners who grow the papaw that when the period of the usefulness of the male plant is ended, they weed out the surplus males. The gallant Spanish Americans, in fact, utterly ignore the name "papaya," or "father plant," and call the plant generally, without regard to the sex, "mamai," or "mother plant."

The date palm, one of the most beautiful members of the palm family, and, perhaps, above all others, the best adapted for creating tropical landscape gardening effects, is another of these diœcious plants; the fecundating pollen from the flowers of the male tree being conveyed, on Love's errand, by that invisible Mercury, the wind, to the pistil of the flower on the female tree. It is, probably, owing to this circumstance of the male and female flowers being on different trees that the date palm, though a much hardier tree in every respect than the cocoanut palm, and one capable of being grown much farther north, and growing,

and sturdily, too, farther from the sea than the cocoanut palm will, is yet much less numerous in Florida, even where the planting of the cocoanut palm was an accident, as in the case of Lake Worth where a vessel loaded with cocoanuts was wrecked on the coast and the nuts, as they were scattered on the beach by the waves, planted then and there with only a very moderate expectation that anything further would ever be heard of them again. But their planters planted better than they knew, and the result of this planting with little faith is a beautiful palm grove running all along the shore between Lake Worth and the ocean. In many respects, the date palm is a much handsomer and better proportioned tree than the cocoanut palm, especially when the two are seen only a short distance off. It also makes one of the very best of wind-breaks, as well as a very ornamental one; no wind being strong enough to make this sturdy tree bend down before it. It is also a splendid tree for ornamental avenues for which it is often used in the West Indies.



PECK'S LANDING, JUPITER NARROWS, INDIAN RIVER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOST IN JUPITER NARROWS.

We sailed the sea thick sown with clustering isles.

—VIRGIL.

The rosy Morn, blushing at a lazy world, had come and gone many hours before we rose from our long sleep, pillowed in the soporific arms of a good conscience based on a good all-night's paddle. The wind, ashamed of its long nap during the night, was making up for lost time by unusual friskiness; and the waves were chasing each other boisterously as we launched our canoes on the bosom of the river from our dainty camping ground. We soon entered, however, a second archipelago of islands known as the Jupiter Narrows, where the shelter of the mangrove islands and the narrower water-courses soon relieved us of a rough wrestling match with the too muscular waves.

A wonderland of leaf and water is this archipelago, briefly christened Jupiter Narrows—a closely-knit-together marriage of land and water—of fluent threads and woody isles whose numbers no one has ever counted. The liquid lanes that lead through their mazes are so bewilderingly labyrinthine that—say the Indian River boatmen—it is easier to get lost in them than in a forest primeval. Strangers, unfamiliar with the channels followed by the steamboats, have been known to lose themselves in their tracery of waters for days, and have at last come out from this island maze, on the verge of starvation, with shaken nerves, and but the ghosts of the confident navigators who entered them.

But with the ardor of canoeists, and shaking our fingers at storied fate, we entered this forest of the waters. The wind seemed immediately to die out as we entered beneath the aisles of this shadow-land. The sun shone down with meridian warmth upon the glittering mirrors of the grotesquely zigzag channels. Bowered beneath the lofty loggias of mangrove trees, the water was as calm and motionless as the face of childhood's dreamless sleep. Even the dipping down, to bathe itself in the waters, of a bee gorged with sweetness garnered from mangrove blossoms—famed fountains of

honeyed wealth—was betrayed by the dimpling on the surface of the blushing, iridescent tips of the tiny wavelets, born of this touch of insect lips, and spreading out in laughing undulations. The air scarce breathed. It was dozing—taking its siesta in the fondling arms of Phœbus. All nature was a-nooning—calmly sleeping under the influence of the sun-distilled mandragora of the air. The seemingly endless crossing and recrossing chains of waterways—unbanked except by the serried columns of mangrove trunks with their wide-spreading eaves of dark green foliage—were undistinguishable in appearance and yet were everforming new curves and running off into new directions, so that when we came to a cross-waterway we knew not which to choose, for each particular way in turn seemed to go, at times, east and north and south and west, and amidst it all there was a stillness that could be almost felt—an absence of moving life that struck the senses with a feeling strange and indescribable. We seemed in a world apart from the world we knew—a world within a world, and yet that outer world infinitely removed from us. But, though so full of disturbing strangeness, the scene had a peculiar beauty of its own. The freshness of the verdure, the clearness of the waters, the Moorish tracery of the shadows on the glossy

surface of the waters beneath the over-topping trees, the fish—just discernible in the dark depths—moving along the bottom, like mermaids seeking coolness and concealment from the light of day, the long rippling line that our tiny barks left behind us—the only unevenness on the glassy level of the waters—all won the eye's attention; while the all-pervading stillness laid emphasis on each type and kind of loveliness in leaf and branch and shadow-painted wonders on the waters—a delicacy of drawing, and accuracy of sight-seeing, that can be enjoyed only in such a calm and in such surroundings.

At last, though not till after the ominous disappearance of the sun behind the trees had begun to alarm us at a possible all-night's watch on the waters, we suddenly emerged from this pathless sea of islands; coming out into a broad sweep of river, and seeing to our right—a most comforting sight, for it meant sleep and supper both—high, dry land—a thing we had not seen for many hours, though all the time amidst a forest of trees. No time was lost in reaching it, and then followed the never-tiring camper's evening programme of supper, smoke and sleep.

And now that we are asleep let us dream of how these mangrove islands grew. The growth of a mangrove island is a curious thing. A

single tree with a single branch is there, and it is the beginning of the island. Its long, pendulous seeds dropping into the water are wafted along by the winds until, water-soaked, and heavy with growing life, they sink; and sticking into the mud at the bottom of the river, they there take root. The bud, then, from the other end, shoots up to the light, like a soul seeking gladness; and, reaching maturity, sends branches, as straight as a plummet line, down again into the mud beneath; and these, in turn, take root and produce other trees, until an island is formed that architecturally may be described as like the many-columned interior of a Moorish mosque, but with the columns multiplied to an infinite number; and so this isle of trees goes on spreading scions and choking up the narrow passages which only Government efforts can keep clear of the spreading offspring of this prolific tree. The way that dry land is at last formed amidst this forest of water-encircled trunks is no less curious than the formation of the island foundation itself. This is done by lateral shoots springing from the vertical stems and entering the water at a distance of several feet from the parent stem, and there taking root. From the parts of these lateral shoots that are above the surface of the water, other

shoots proceed and, making a similar lateral sweep over the waters, take root, in their turn, at the bottom. In this way these children of a common mother travel often as far as thirty yards from the maternal stem. In this intricate network of stems, sea-weed, driftwood and other floating materials are caught as in a spider's web; and the result of the decomposition of all of this captured material is the gradual building-up of a permanent island which then becomes of use to man; many of these tree-made islands being already occupied—as Gem Island—by planters; the rich soil on them bountifully responding to culture. It may be added that oysters frequently attach themselves to the trunks of these trees, and thus bear witness to the truth, in appearance, at least, of the old mariners' fables of oysters growing on trees.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FAIRYLAND OF FLOWERS.

Anemones and seas of gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets that unfold
Their buds in Camadera's quiver.

—MOORE—Lalla Rookh.

A Northerner, who is accustomed to look down at his feet for flowers, is apt to be disappointed with the flowers of Florida; for, in looking down, he sees the green earth, and often nothing more. But let him look up skywards, in the midst of the tree-blooming season, and he shall see no lack of flowers; and flowers, too, with no ugly setting of bare soil, but nestling all in their leafy bowers of green. Orange blossoms, lemon blossoms, magnolia blossoms, the myriad flowers of the Cherokee rose bush, oleanders—trees in size—fill the air not only with a boundless wealth of varied fragrance, but with rainbow clouds of brilliant

colors and beautiful forms. Here, the oleander, unlike the groveling weakling of the North, aspires to be a tree, growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and so vigorous in growth that it may be, and often is, put to use as a hedge or as a screen for outbuildings—a screen more dense and dainty-colored than ever Northern landscape gardener dreamt of, or painter pictured. The Cherokee rose, with its brilliant pink blossoms, as countless as the stars in the heavens, is also used for the same purpose—reaching to a tree in size, and being impregnable, if properly trained, to the invading assaults of the most daring razor-back that ever foraged for food on forbidden ground. Then there is the Royal Ponceana, truly the queen of Florida flowering shrubs, and, in its flowering season, a dome of richest coloring, and marvelously beautiful in the delicate orchid-forms of its countless flowers.

Then, among more lowly flowering plants, but none the less beautiful, are the verbenas, both pink and white, and in beds acres in extent, and jasmines of several varieties; the yellow jasmine especially giving out an intoxicating wealth of choicest fragrance. It may also be added that whatever rare tropic flower will grow in the hothouse in the North, may be grown here in the open air all the year

round. The century plants, too, are here no hothouse luxuries, but sturdy out-door plants.

Often, while passing up from the river-side through green palmetto aisles, and striding with cautious steps through the bristling ranks of beautiful Spanish bayonets—a serried line of glittering green sword-points arrayed to repel the too impetuous explorer—I have seen ahead, far almost as the eye could reach through the shaded arches, rich dots of brightest red on walls of deepest green. It was the Cherokee rose whose crimson blushes add new beauties and delights of color to almost every stretch of woodland on either side the river. The Cherokee rose is not an ornately formed flower. She has no lap on lap of petaled involutions, like a ball-room belle, but she is as graceful as a Greek goddess in her simple form, and radiant as Love surprised, in the rich hues of her smiling face.

On the south side of the grounds surrounding the Carleton Hotel, at Melbourne, are tall screens of living green jeweled as thickly as harem houris with tinted spots of floral loveliness in form and color. These floral screens from backyard scenes are oleanders—marvels of vigorous and lusty growth, and as unlike the oleanders one sees in the North, as the pinched and pale-faced children seen in the

dark alleys of city slums are unlike the rosy-cheeked cupids of the country-side. When, in the fulness of their bloom, these oleander bushes—I had almost called them trees—seen in the distance, look like tinted clouds painted by the setting sun.

Poets have painted the glories of the magnolia tree in bloom in warmest colors; but it would be impossible to over-paint the two-fold glory of the magnolia grandiflora when, crowned as with a snowy cloud, she gladdens at once the eyes and the nostrils of the passer-by.

But there is another floral beauty here that I have already mentioned briefly. She deserves a longer mention, for she is at the head of Flora's train in the union of her various charms. This is the Ponceana—the Royal Ponceana, the botanists call her, and the popular will endorse this implied scientific praise by calling it the flower-fence. Covered in richest profusion with orange and yellow flowers, royal in their amplitude of size, with long stretching stamens and pistils curving up out of them like tiny crescents, this shrub does, indeed, when used as a hedge, as it often is in the West Indies, where it won its popular christening, merit the special name of flower-fence.

The limits of a single chapter forbid the

mentioning in detail of all the beautiful flowers common in Florida and practically indigenous to it. Almost any one of the hardier tropical flowers can be grown in the Indian River Country in the open air; flowers that are rare luxuries in Northern conservatories.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHASED BY THE WANTON WIND.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.—COWPER.

It was a bright and glorious morning when we set out to make our last sail southward. Before us lay the broad waters of Hobe Sound, bound on the west with what seemed, by comparison with other Florida heights, almost a chain of mountains girding the waters in; but, in fact, only a row of verdant bluffs, gently rounded—youthful bosoms resting on the mother-bosom of the waters—and all aglow with gold and emerald in the rays of the morning sun now risen high above the eastern shore. Atop of these ambitious hills, like the plumes of knights of old, rose tall palms bending their heads to the rising winds, as, if, with knightly courtesy, they would greet the bold mariners

who had invaded their fair domains. But there was scant time to gaze upon these mimic mountains and their fair array of nodding palms. The wind grew every moment stronger. The laughing tips of the waves kissed with lusty smacks my tiny bark, and ever and anon their snowy crests baptized her decks with a silvery shower of foam. But my gallant canoe is equal to the occasion, and to Byron, too.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

But it was a race with Æolus, the wild wind god, and his foaming feet, at times, leapt on our laboring sterns. The wind being hemmed in on both sides by the high shores of the river made the situation a critical one, for the reason that owing to the frequency of the oyster reefs and the narrowness of the navigable channel—the whole width of the river being here not over a quarter of a mile—made any variation from the course a risky thing. The consequence of these surroundings was that in case of my being compelled suddenly to turn on account of finding an oyster reef in my path a catastrophe would be the almost inevitable result. And just such a reef did present its jagged edges to my startled eyes when about three-quarters of the sound had been run. Before perceiving the ledge I had got to within

a few yards of it, and there was only a very small fraction of a second in which to arrive at a decision as to which was the best thing to do in that fraction of a second. The only alternative, in fact, that seemed to present itself was a big hole in the bottom of my canoe, if I went straight on, or capsizing if I attempted to turn about in so wild a wind—a wind that out at sea would have made a blinding whirl of waters. But I cast the die in favor of an upset and a ducking, and, fortunately, won neither; the *Inter-Ocean*, though she bowed down before the wind in a very humble way, holding her own in gallant style; and, in a moment more, reaching the eastern end of the obstructive oyster ledge, she was able to swing around into the regular steamboat channel running close along the eastern shore which is here underlaid with coralline rock; above it, being rich hammock land with no considerable elevation above the surface of the river.

Having safely flanked the oyster reef or Conch Bar, as it is called, it took but a very short time longer to reach the end of Hobe Sound. To swing around a high bluff and put the latter between the canoe and the wind, now grown into a regular gale, only took a few minutes more. Once around this bluff, and

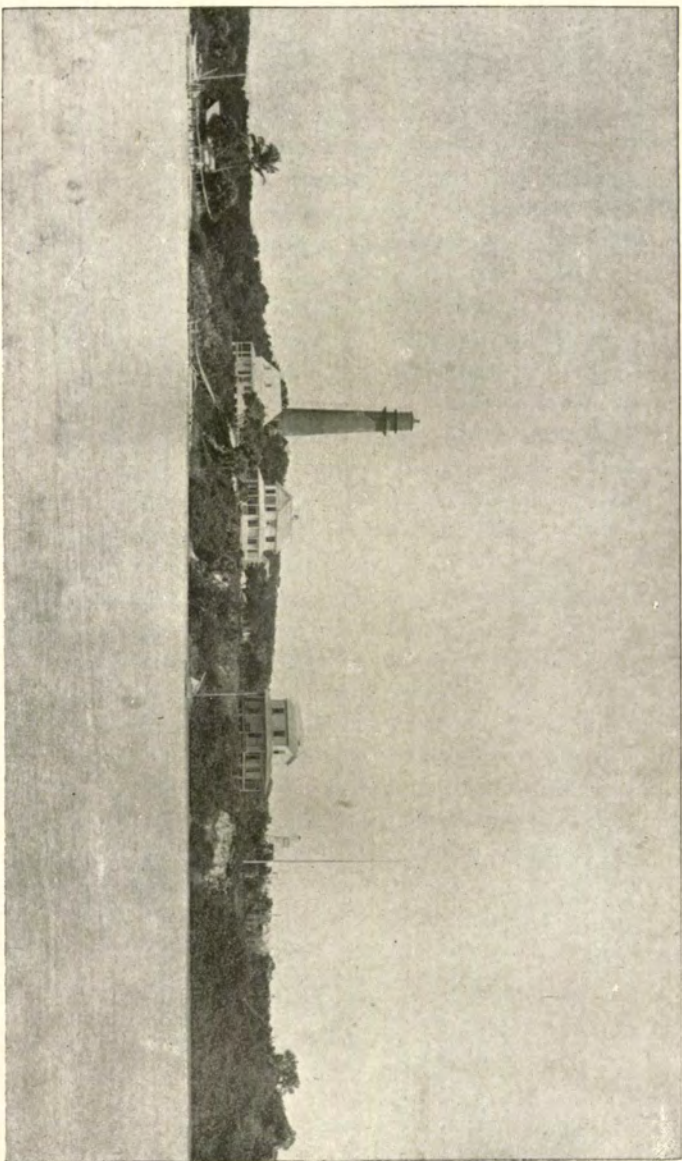
Jupiter Lighthouse, one of the highest and finest in the United States, came into full view, though its lofty head had nodded courage and welcome for many miles back along the Sound.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN INDIAN RIVER PHAROS.

In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below.

Jupiter Lighthouse and the residence of the officers connected with the United States signal service station also located here constitute practically all there is of Jupiter as a settlement, though within a very short distance of the Government reservation there are quite a number of prosperous settlers, and a big promise of many more; for the location is a charming one, and no better place, hardly, could be selected on the river than this one for a Winter sea-coast resort. The lighthouse, one hundred feet in height and built on a bluff fifty feet above the surface of the river, towers aloft one hundred and fifty feet above the waters, and can be seen for miles around and far out on the ocean, of which there is a splendid view



JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE, OPPOSITE JUPITER INLET.

from the top of the tower. Opposite the bluff on which it is located, the Loxahatchee River unites with the Indian River. For several miles of its course above its confluence with the Indian River, the Loxahatchee is strictly a sound, like the Indian River, and can only be considered as a part of the latter. It is full of oyster beds for several miles along its lower course; and down from its upper waters, at stated times of the year, come parties of Seminole Indians to sell their hides and venison to the settlers. After its confluence with the Indian River, the river is known as the Jupiter River on the maps of the United States surveys, but why it should here be given this distinctive name is a puzzle that no one seems able to solve satisfactorily; but the Indian River people are solving the question in their own way by calling the river, from the Haulover Canal, at its northern end, to Jupiter Inlet, at its southern end, the Indian River.

During the Rebellion, adventurous smugglers and Confederates, passing out through Jupiter Inlet, made flying trips to the Bermudas, the Bahamas and the Antilles, and, to avoid capture by the United States blockading squadrons, on their return had a code of signals arranged with the lighthouse people by which

they could re-enter the river without any risk of being captured.

A mile or two down the coast is a life-saving station with a full staff of men on duty during the tourist season, and a smaller one during the Summer. There are along the east coast of Florida quite a number of these life-saving stations, all more or less similar in the style of their buildings and equipments and the size of their crews. The buildings, most of them, are constructed of wood, with verandas usually entirely surrounding them; the roof, commencing as the covering of these verandas, slopes up on all sides, after the manner of the East Indian bungalow. Generally, there are four rooms below, with one large room above and occupying the whole of the second floor, and furnished simply with mattresses, bedding, wearing apparel, and such provisions as can be kept without spoiling, such as canned goods, crackers, salt beef, etc.; the whole of this second story together with all its conveniences and eatables being meant for the sole use of shipwrecked people. At each of these life-saving stations there are two life-boats, one much smaller than the other. Various kinds of life-saving apparatus also make a portion, and a very important portion, of the equipment of these stations. In addition to the life-saving

stations proper, such as those which have just been described, there are also at various places along the coast—generally at intermediate points between the others—what are known as houses of refuge. These have no life-boats, and their staff and equipments are smaller than those of the life-saving stations proper; these stations being simply meant to furnish food and lodgings to shipwrecked people, though, of course, they can, and often do, assist in saving human lives. Their crews also act as coast-guards, and are thus enabled often to give the first notice of a wreck to a more distant life-saving station.

A caravansary on the waters, a hotel on the briny seas—this is the special and peculiar glory of Jupiter. A novel hotel it is, with a steamboat's main cabin for parlor and dining-room; staterooms for bed-chambers; the decks for yard and piazzas; and the upper deck for a lookout tower. Imagine the convenience of such a tavern to an ease-loving disciple of Isaac Walton. Here he can fish from the veranda opposite his chamber-door. This is done every day. The practical-minded lads, and lassies too, who compose the infantry corps of this hotel on the waters, make many good catches from the deck, while more ambitious disciples of the gentle angler of olden times

spend a whole day in brilliant expectation, and finally come back at night disgusted, tired and empty-handed. What a blessing, also, is such an hotel even for the ambitious angler aforesaid when attacked with an overdose of indolence. He can here be still faithful to his deities—the hook and line—while giving way to the lazy god within him. In short this is the very idea of an angler's inn. He is surrounded by the element from which he expects the supreme joy of his life. While smoking his after-dinner cigar, he can see his destined victim swimming in the water beneath, all unconscious of his prowess. But on gala nights, when "the house is full," and the spirit of Terpsichore has possession of the maiden's mind, the scene, in imagination, is transformed to that of a Cunarder in mid-ocean, on a dancing night. He and she forget themselves and dance with an abandon of enjoyment that only such a ball-room, as a vessel's cabin makes, can give. With your bedroom right by your side, who can but feel at home and full of that untrammelled freedom that such a feeling gives? And this hotel-steamer has already won fame and had its name spread on the web of wires that, in this Nineteenth Century, makes all the world akin. It was here that Ex-President Cleveland first came for silent contemplation

from the disaster of defeat; and from her decks that Mrs. Cleveland started in a boat after the monster tarpon that she caught, and which caused her a warmer glow of pride than ever did the empty-handed honor of being "the first lady of the land," for the one was doing—the other, only being.

The great American inquirer will ask how did this idea of converting a steamer into an hotel originate. It was not an idea that originated it, but an accident—a lucky one. The steamer was originally brought here to ply on the river, but it was found that it drew too much water for the shallow places in the river, and was, moreover, too portly and too long to pass with convenience through the diminutive channels of Jupiter Narrows. It was also found out, just at the same time, that the old hulk which had hitherto served as an hostelry for tourists had become too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of Winter sojourners at this point, and the still more rapidly increasing demands of these tourists for better accommodations. With this big steamer on hand, and doing nothing to justify its existence, an opportunity was supplied for filling the want, and it was seized, and happily so, for the experiment has proven a most successful one. Unfortunately the record of the

steamboat as an hotel will probably be a short one. The imagination of the patriotic citizens of Jupiter is already picturing the rise of a new Ponce de Leon on the point of land just south of the Inlet, with shark fishing and ocean-bathing right at its doors on one side, and tarpon-fishing and boating on the other side. A combination of surf-bathing and shark-fishing has rather an uncomfortable look about it, and not quieting to the nerves of the over-sensitive. The actual fact, however, is that there has not been a single case where sharks have attacked bathers, though I have seen the crew at the life-saving station, less than a mile south of this point, swim out into the ocean several hundred yards, as if they had no fear of these pirates of the deep, and it would seem as if the sharks were as much afraid of two-legged animals as are the alligators themselves.

It may be added as a further attraction to the ladies and, indeed, to all lovers of the curious and the beautiful, whether male or female, that this coast, both north and south of the Inlet, is specially rich in shells—the porcelain of the sea. Shells are Nature's own bric-a-brac, and no more beautiful reminders of a visit to this borderland of the Hesperides can be got than are given in these offerings of the sea.

Here, too, thrown high up on the beach by those natural catapults, the waves, may occasionally be found choice specimens of the handiwork of "the daughters of the sea," as the ancient Greeks, ever poetical, called the coral insects, or, to speak more correctly, the coral zoophyte or polyp. Resting now as a paper-weight on the paper before me, as I write these lines, is a piece of this coral concrete which is as beautiful to me to-day as it was when I picked it up on this shore.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WALK ON THE SEA SHORE.

In the free element beneath us swarm
Fishes of every color, form and kind,—
Strange forms, resplendent colors, kinds unnumbered—
Which language cannot paint, and mariner
Hath never elsewhere seen.

—MONTGOMERY.

The sea shore is the show-place of the ocean. From out the great womb of the waters come countless offspring—things of beauty, with wondrous colors painted—strange forms and marvelous mechanisms of being—a vast array of finite life that eloquently testifies to the infinite God of whose creations these mighty hosts are but a little part. Let us take a lesson from the beginnings of this broad beach and all the wonders in shell and marine plant life that may be found upon it.

As is the case at Key West, at the very apex of the Florida peninsula, the sand here

has been thrown up to a height nearly equal to that of the highest point many miles inland, so that the probability is that the whole of this narrow peninsula is wave-formed, excepting the mangrove coast on the inner or river side which has been formed by the gradual deposition of sedimentary matter. This long, narrow peninsula, making the coast line of East Florida, in all probability, was once a continuation northward of the Florida Keys; the steepest or highest shores, as are the shores of the present Florida Keys, being the ones which are turned toward the Gulf Stream. By the aid of the land-forming action of mangrove trees, the channels between the one-time islands having been gradually filled up. Indian River Inlet and Jupiter Inlet are the only channels to the sea left open to tell the story of the departed island chain—the old island chain having been, no doubt, the work, in part, at least, of the coral insect, like the Florida Keys are acknowledged to have been; the purely mangrove islands in the river, at the Narrows, being outposts from the mangroves that line the western or inner shore of the peninsula. Even now pieces of oolitic and purely coral formation are thrown up on the ocean shore after great storms have subsided; the oolitic rock being frequently in masses many tons in

weight, and similar in structure to what is known as Florida limestone. It consists, in part, of broken shells and water-worn fragments of coral formation; these being cemented together with calcareous sand. At various places on the inner side of the narrow peninsula are what are known as muck beds. These, undoubtedly, were once lagoons in no wise dissimilar from those still found in the atolls or purely coral-formed islands of the Pacific Ocean, thousands of miles away, and also nearer home, in the Bahamas, little more than just out of sight of the Florida coast.

And thus these silent masons of the sea—one a tiny insect, the other a marine plant—have built, in turn, this whole south-eastern coast of Florida—the one building the foundation walls; the other, the superstructure; while the ocean waves have laid the roof by bearing on their bosoms seeds from whose tiny wombs have come forth life in beauteous forms of flower and tree and clinging vine. The Wind has been the nurse and wafted to this building, not made with human hands, decaying wood and lime sifted from the shells, and thus made a fruitful soil to nourish them; and now above them all stands man—the image of God. We are beside the sea from which this temple of the Sun has sprung. The blue dome of the

everlasting heavens is above us. In such a temple—and seeing the mystery of its making—we can reverently worship the great first Cause—the King of Kings—worship Him, not only for the great things, but for the great little things from which such great ones come. We can gaze on the silver spray breaking from the breaking wave, and see in each liquid particle the beginning of a continent and the fountain of everlasting life. Let us worship, then, little things as well as great, and learn a lesson from the least of God's creations.

Though not strictly within the Tropics, the Gulf Stream, flowing north only a few miles from Florida's shore, carries, and the southeast trade winds push, many a curious and dainty thing to the eastern shore of this Indian River peninsula, from the tropic seas; seas so close to us here, that they seem as if walking arm in arm with the seas beating at our feet. Though this immediate coast seems to be above the zone of present active coral life, the lumps of coral and coralline formation that are found with more or less frequency on this coast show that we are here on the very borderland of those fairy gardens of the sea laid out by the little toiler of the ocean deeps—the coral insect. A brief description of the polyp, the coral made by one of the four different

kinds of coral-makers, will show how well-deserved is this comparison between these gardens of the sea and those of the land. The polyp may be compared with the garden aster both in external form and in the marvelous delicacy of its coloring. The polyp flower has its disk fringed around with tentacles resembling the petals of the real flower. So strikingly similar are many of these coral forms to real flowers that they have well been called by naturalists coral-flowers, and James D. Dana, one of the greatest of the authorities on coral-formations, says that the coral polyp is as much an animal as a cat or a dog; and, in comparison, refers to the flowers whose beauty and fragrance delight us in our gardens on land as flower-animals.

One of the most common, as it is one of the most beautiful of the shells of the sea—graceful in form and delicate in coloring—that is found in rich profusion all along this coast, is the pecten irradians, commonly known as the scallop shell. This shell has a long and notable history back of it. Known as the St. James' shell, it is plentifully strewn along the shores of Palestine; and old-time pilgrims to the Holy Land from Europe made it a custom on their return home to attach one of these shells to their pilgrim garb as an ocular proof that

they had been to the first home of Christianity ; and this shell not only became the insignia of St. James, but was adopted as the honored badge of a number of semi-religious, semi-chivalrous orders of knights in the Middle Ages. The outer or convex side of the shell is beautifully marked in white and mauve colors ; but its outer tinting cannot compare with the delicate coloring, the fairy-like tinting of the inner or concave side ; and, in this respect, the organisms which dwell in these dainty boudoirs of the deep, though amongst the humblest in Creation's scale of living things, give a lesson in good taste to the highest of created beings whose highest ambition, too often, is only outward show. This interior wall-painting is frequently a rich orange ; sometimes a delicate fawn color, or scarlet ; but each of these predominant colors shades away into half-tints like the edges of a fading rainbow. Amongst the prettiest are those of a turquoise blue color. This inner lining of color is, in reality, a piece of tapestry work, being the result of the secretions from the mantle of the dweller in the shell. The outer faces of the shells vary greatly in their coloring, and while most of them are chromatic in their design, some are monotinted, being generally of a beautiful creamy white, though some few of

them are as white as the driven snow. Now and then there is found one that is pure black, but most often they are of all shades of yellow, pink, fawn, mauve and flesh-colored spots on a ground of white.

But the shell most sought after on the coast, and the most difficult to get unbroken, on account of its fragile structure, is the paper nautilus—argonaut argo is its scientific name. This shell is only found attached to the female fish—the male argonaut having no shell at all; and even in the case of the female the shell only serves as a protection to her eggs, being held in position over them by two of her long arms, and not being organically connected with the fish. The argonaut is a distant cousin of the dreaded devil fish that Victor Hugo pictures in such ghostly colors in "The Toilers of the Sea." The movements of its tentacles or arms, when it perceives its prey, are as swift as an arrow from its bow, and its grip as tight as that of a miser on a gold-piece. I found a beautiful specimen of the paper nautilus on the shore, just north of Jupiter Inlet, and it still remains one of the most prized memorials of my cruise in the Canoe Inter-Ocean.

But it would take a volume, and that a large one, to describe all of the shells that are to be found along this coast; but among them may

be mentioned the trochus, a spiral shell, with a spiral animal in it; the turbo, beautifully marbled in various colors, and with a nacreous interior so daintily pretty that, were it spacious enough, it would be fit lodging for Aphrodite and all her charms; the graceful oval-shaped voluta, gayly-colored and fancifully fluted; the conus, choice specimens of which bring big prices; the pretty tritons, and what are known as Scotch caps; and, finally, conches of every size and color. Not the least pretty of the shelly wonders found on this coast are shells so small as to be almost microscopic, but wonderfully rich in color. One, a paragon among the many fair, I found in a great heap of them, near the water's edge, apparently containing thousands of them. This one that I speak of was of the most brilliant scarlet—a love's first blush painted by these artists of the sea.

Nor can I give space here to mention simply the names, even if I knew them, of the many varieties of sea-weeds which are to be found on this coast; many of which have been brought this far north by the Gulf Stream and deflected to the coast by eastern gales. Suffice it to say that they add greatly to the objects of interest found here in such abundance on the sea-shore, as do also other things so singular in shape

and substance that they puzzle the unscientific stroller to tell whether they are some strange kind of fish, or still stranger plants—the orchids of the sea. Among other objects found on the shore, or which may be obtained with the aid of a net, are sea-grapes, sea-beans, alga, sun-shells, sea craw-fish, skates' eggs, sea-horses, trunk-fish, sea-urchins, star-fish, conch spawn, etc. In fact, the amateur naturalist, with companions of like tastes, can spend months on these shores, and yet not exhaust one half of their many wonders.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LAKE BY THE SEA.

The Summer's dawn reflected here;
To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From where, afar off, on the top of Jupiter Lighthouse, I caught a glimpse of it, Lake Worth seemed like unto a blossom blue in girdle green. The view made me wish to paddle on its shining surface, all radiant in the setting sun. My eye said "yes," but time said "no," to the prompting of my heart.

But though I can only speak from hearsay and from this aerial glimpse from Jupiter's tall tower, I cannot refrain from saying a few words about this plump little sister of the Indian

River to which it has just been united by the iron bands of a railroad, and to which it is destined, before many years, to be united in a closer and more harmonious wedlock by a canal. What is true of the subtropical character of the lower half of the Indian River is still more true of Lake Worth, and yet only a little more true, for the distance from the southern end of the Indian River to the northern end of Lake Worth is but a step—a step so short that people in a hurry, rather than wait for the stage coach, so called, that has hitherto done service for the lazy, have footed it along the ocean shore; the distance being only a brief eight miles.

The name "Lake Worth" has, by man's doings, ceased to be a proper name, for this body of water was transformed, many years ago, by cutting a channel to the sea, into a salt-water sound; the cutting having been made necessary to admit into the lake the small schooners which were, for many years, the only means of communication with Jacksonville and the rest of the outer world. It is said that the Lake Worth people assert that the Lake Worth paradise is fairer than all other paradises, and I can well imagine from the distant view I got of it that they are only com-

paratively wrong; having, like most next-door neighbors, forgotten fairy Indian River.

Lake Worth is about twenty-two miles in length, and has an average breadth of about a mile. The inlet which connects it with the ocean is about three miles from its northern end. At the south end of the lake a fresh water stream of considerable size, having its source in the savannahs just east of the Everglades—the wonderland of Florida—enters the lake. In times of high water, it is said that an inside passage can, through this river, be obtained to Key Biscayne Bay for small shallow boats. Of the Everglades it may, en passant, be said that they are not an immense swamp, as many people suppose, but simply an immense archipelago of little islands, dotting with green a broad expanse of water as clear as crystal and all the way from two to six feet in depth, according to the season. Lake Worth runs parallel with the ocean from which it is separated by a narrow strip of hammock land not over half a mile wide at any point, and, in some places, not over a hundred yards across. This narrow strip of land is underlaid with coralline rock which, as before mentioned, extends all along the shore both north and south, to a greater or less extent. On this strip of land, as on the hammocks of Southern Florida

generally, are found many valuable woods—woods susceptible of a beautiful polish—such as satin wood, crabwood, Spanish ash, etc. Lake Worth, on its eastern shore, is decidedly tropical in its aspect; the old indigenous palmettoes, ever beautiful, having had their charms re-inforced by cocoanut palms which have been and are being planted in large numbers. Oranges, limes, lemons, guavas, mangoes, sappodillas, alligator pears, sugar-apples, mammee-apples, date-palms, figs, pine-apples, and bananas also abound. Flowers of the rarest kinds are also plentiful, and one of the most attractive sights on the shores of the lake, it is said, is the cactus garden of Mr. Charles I. Cragin, of Philadelphia, which contains a magnificent collection of over five hundred different varieties of cacti. There are several handsome residences on the lake, owned by men of wealth in the North; among them being the Winter residence of Mr. R. R. McCormick, of Denver, Col. There are, also, several very cozy hotels, at different points on the lake; and, it is stated, the very best of fishing and hunting are added attractions. There are six post-offices on the lake, namely: Oak Lawn, Lake Worth, Palm Beach, Figulus, Hypoluxo and Juno. Heretofore, Lake Worth has had to depend for its communications with

the outer world on small schooners running between it and Jacksonville, or of coming by the inside route along the Indian River, and having its visitors carried over the intervening eight miles of land by a stage-wagon. A railroad has, however, been recently completed across these eight miles, and hereafter, the Indian River route will practically be the only route to this lake by the sea. What has been said about the climate of the Indian River Country, of course, applies equally to that of Lake Worth, as the conditions that make the climates of the two regions are essentially the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FAREWELL WORD.

Men never nearer to the gods attain
Than in the art of giving health to men.—CICERO.

To make all England—and all the world, for the matter of that—a recreation-ground; to make life a grand recreation; to make all life thereby healthier, happier and longer—this is the question before us.

—BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

I have spoken in former chapters of the fact that Titusville, though it is a terminal railroad town, has not yet been marred and disfigured by any of those abominations in the way of filth and unsightly hovels and that generally unkempt condition which are popularly supposed to be the necessary concomitants to the glory of being an end railroad town; and it is the sincere hope of myself, as it ought to be of every one who loves the Indian River Country, that such a condition of cleanliness and neatness in the surroundings of her towns will be a per-

manent one; that the future, if it sees any alteration at all, will only see an alteration toward a still better condition, and toward that improvement in the architectural beauty and the sanitary appliances of her homes and public buildings which increased wealth shall justify and larger opportunities shall demand as the performance of a duty on the part of her people. Even many wealthy men in the North, who have not the excuse of limited means, are guilty of this mongrelism of taste in the sacred surroundings of their homes—of those gilt-edged fronts and pigsty rears that make a show of beauty's face and drag her body in the mire. And not the less to blame is the builder of the humble home who makes of the kitchen, wherein his wife most of her life must live, a hole unfit to breath in, instead of the brightest, healthiest, prettiest, roomiest room in all the house, for the kitchen must be to her whom he has sworn to love and cherish, a home within a home. No wonder that in too many homes the kitchen inspires bad cooking. As well expect an artist to paint a Venus in a coal-hole for his studio, as to expect a wife to do good cooking in a place no better. If "the good old times" had nothing else good in them, they had, at least, good kitchens—kitchens nobly big and inspiringly cheerful. The women of Florida are wakening

up to the blessedness of the work of beautifying their homes. At both Green Cove Springs and Sorrento have been formed what are called "Ladies' Village Improvement Societies," whose object is to make their towns more attractive. One of their duties is, with their conquering smiles, to induce beauty-blind owners to pull up unsightly stumps; cut down the weeds around their homes and plant flowering shrubs in their place; transform fences into verdant hedges, and do all other things that tend toward making home a paradise.

It was with very considerable diffidence and with much misgiving that I commenced this chapter, for anything that savors of advice is apt to be unsavory to human pride. But I feel assured that that kindness of heart, so much of which I experienced from the people of the Indian River Country, and that receptive intelligence and good sense which I so much admired in them, will quickly pardon me for whatever may seem offensive in these farewell words which are really not meant as words of censure, but only as loving reminders to them, not of things which are neglected, but which, in the hurry of building up new homes, may be forgotten. I refer to the amenities of life—to those blossoms that adorn existence and make a heaven here below, and of which the ripe and

wholesome fruit are daily comforts and daily joys.

First then, the Indian River people should not forget that, in a very large sense, they are the hosts of the North, and not for a day only, but for all Winter through. Let them do, then, all they can to please him and his wife and his little ones. Let them not forget that human nature is many-sided; that what will please one may not please another. Let their hotel-keepers, especially, remember this, that though every one ought to be fond of fishing, every one is not fond of it. Let them, therefore, afford these unfortunate beings a chance to pass their time in a way satisfactory to themselves; for satisfaction means contentment, and contentment with the life it affords them will be one of the hotel's best advertisements. Your guests come to you for health. Give them, therefore, the means for winning it. Exercise is the sire of health. Therefore, all things should be provided that may win men and women to it. Croquet grounds, racket courts, bowling alleys, are not so costly that the proprietor of any hotel, which claims to be first-class, should hesitate to furnish them; and surely if Northern Summer resorts—especially those of Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin with their brief two months of patronage—can

afford these means of adding to the pleasures of their guests, Florida hotels with their four or five months of tourist season can well afford them ; and in doing it they will more than reap the interest on the extra capital needed to do it in the extended season which will be the fruit of these extra pleasures furnished, for many people leave a place, not because they are tired with it, but because they are tired of doing nothing.

Again, I will not ask you to be more hospitable, for I know that you are generously so already ; but, I will ask you to supply yourselves with larger means of being so. Organize social clubs, where dancing shall be a permanent feature ; progressive euchre clubs, where staid married people can enjoy one of their accustomed home pleasures, and invite to your gatherings of this kind, the guests at the neighboring hotel, or, at least such of them as a long sojourn with you has satisfied you as to their moral character. By so doing, you will not only do them good, but do yourselves good by the broader range of your social life thereby secured.

And now a word to yourselves and for yourselves. I sincerely hope that land-owners on the Indian River have become such with the intention of making it their permanent life-home. If so, then it becomes your duty to

build up the means for enjoying what Charles Kingsley so well termed "the gentle life"—that all-rounded life which looks beyond the sordid struggle after superfluous wealth—which lovingly seeks for all that can adorn, and make more perfect, human existence. By increasing their pleasures, increase the contentment of your children. Do all you can to increase their love for the country. Beautify your homes. A home need not be ugly because it is humble. A wise expenditure of a few extra dollars will make all the difference between ugliness and beauty. A couple of dollars spent on a good book on architecture before you build a new home, or enlarge an old one, will be two dollars invested at good interest. Only be sure that when you buy the book that it is a good one. The best recommendation for such a work is that it is published by a house of well-established reputation—a reputation that it cannot afford to lose by publishing even one poor book.

Flowers are the poetry of life—Nature's painting. Do not forget to paint your homes with them. Noble trees are Nature's statuary. Make your home grounds—your lawn—a carpeted glory for their showing. And in aiding you to do this work, you can no more wisely invest a couple of extra dollars than in

buying a good work on landscape-gardening.

And do not forget your own body—Nature's noblest monument, and most beautiful, if nobly bred and brought up as you breed and bring up your blooded stock which Herbert Spencer says you take more care in the breeding of than you do in the breeding of your own children, though moulded in the image of God. Build gymnasiums in connection with your schools to help you in moulding them to the God-like image.

And remember, also, as Dr. Richardson, the great English sanitary authority, says, that "the common-health is the common-wealth." See, therefore, that the sewage and water systems of your villages and towns are good; that the sanitary arrangements of your houses are good. Take an interest in your local board of health, if you have one. If you have not one, it will be your shame, and may be your destruction. Be helpful in the common cause of health, and so shall the Northern tourist who comes to you for health have faith and trust in you.

And now, in conclusion, I venture to express the hope that the people of the Indian River Country will remember that now is the seed-time of the future destiny of their beautiful home; and that, so remembering, they will bud their tree of life with all good things.

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