Volume XXVI October 1947 Number 2

The FLORIDA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Contents

SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS. SINGLE COPIES ONE DOLLAR

Published quarterly by
THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
St. Augustine, Florida

NAPOLEON B. BROWARD
THE YEARS TO THE GOVERNORSHIP

by SAMUEL PROCTOR

James Russell Lowell called Grover Cleveland the most typical American since Lincoln. Close to Cleveland could be placed Napoleon Bonaparte Broward. He was typical, but he was also unique. Limited in many ways and things, he was rich in others. His was an astonishing career: that of a man seemingly doomed to mediocrity and obscurity, yet whose worth and unremitting efforts for the betterment of his fellowmen have given him a place among those who have done most for Florida.

Apparently a man of plain and simple talents, he had latent powers which were slowly revealed, and his magnetism and strength of character made these powers count with singular force in public affairs. He impressed himself upon his time in a way that no mediocre man could have done.

Broward was not bound to the cause of the "common-folk" by ties of blood and family tradition, as has so often been the expressed opinion of writers of Florida history. His lineal ancestors—planters, soldiers, theologians and scholars—belie the closeness of his heritage to the masses. Rather were his inclinations a result of his inherent fellowship and of the forces of the age in which he lived. His paternal heritage was one of sympathy with the interests and problems of the "plantation" class in the ante-bellum South. Maternally, rich traditions in New England scholarship and leadership reaching back into early colonial years were his birthright.

The first of the Browards to reach America was Francis. Coming from France during the second half of the eighteenth century he settled in All Saint's parish in the Georgetown district of South Carolina. The name Broward originally *Brouard,* but it has had several different spellings. It is *Breward* in the public land documents in American State Papers, and hence presumably

in their grants from the Spanish government of Florida.

Family records show that Francis owned a small mercantile business in Charleston, where he married Sarah Bell of that city. He served with Count Pulaski's forces in the fighting around Savannah during the American Revolution. In 1800 the Broward family moved to Florida and received a grant of three hundred acres on the Nassau river at a place called Doctor's Island. This land was patented to Francis by the Spanish colonial government in 1816 [1] and confirmed by the United States Land Commissioners in 1825 to Francis's widow. [2]

John Broward was Francis's fourth son and the grandfather of Governor Broward. He was given a grant of sixteen thousand acres along the northern bank of the St. Johns in 1816, which was confirmed by the American government. [3] John Broward was a man of considerable genius and of versatility of talent. Planter, soldier and politician - in each career he was successful. In 1817 he was commissioned a captain by Governor Coppinger. He was married to Margaret Tucker of Camden county, Georgia, in 1824, and their marriage license is the sixth on record in the Probate Court of Duval county. [4] By 1835, John Broward was one of the large owners of land and slaves in north Florida. During the latter part of his life he was known as Colonel Broward, a title he acquired when Governor DuVal named him colonel of the East Florida Regiment [5] of militia. He represented Duval county in the Legislature of 1845.

His oldest son, Napoleon Broward I, also acquired substantial land holdings and raised cattle in Duval county. [6] In 1851 he married Mary Dorcas Parsons, the only daughter of Amander and Elizabeth Parsons who had moved to Florida from New Hampshire and operated a sawmill at Mayport and lived on their plantation at

1. *American State Papers, Public Lands,* IV, 566
2. *Ibid.,* 619-620
3. *American State Papers, op. cit.,* III 687
4. Marriage Records, Book 0, 3, County Judge's office, Duval county
5. Broward family records
6. Gold, Pleasant Daniel, *History of Duval County,* 121

Newcastle, just across the river from the Broward home. Mary Dorcas was to become the mother of Governor Broward.

Several generations of Parsons played active roles in the building of the social, educational and political life of New England.[7] One served as a judge and was a representative in the General Court at Boston. Another was governor of New Hampshire.[8]

Amander Parsons, Broward's grandfather, moved his family to Florida in 1840.[9] Mary Dorcas, his daughter was only 16 years old when she married the elder Napoleon. She was the antithesis of her husband in both personality and disposition. Napoleon loved to gamble and often bet on the races. He was a fine dresser and it was a frequent sight to see him on the streets of Jacksonville, immaculately dressed in white linen, followed by a slave, who held an umbrella over his master's head, to shade him from the sun.[10]

Mary Dorcas was quiet and at times even dour. Before her marriage she had taught school and it was remembered that she had an even temper, that she had dealt firmly with her students and that she was a person of highintegrity.[11] Our Napoleon Bonaparte, born on April 19, 1857, thus had many different inherited qualities in conflict. Sometimes one might see in him the restless, generous, warm-hearted father, who wanted to live life to its fullest; but more often he reflected the cool, calculating, industrious mother, who was not content with small accomplishments nor petty ideals.

Broward's early life is fairly well-known. During his campaigns for public office he wrote and spoke much

7. The Compendium of American Genealogy, "First Families of America"
8. Parsons family records
9. Gold, Pleasant Daniel, *History of Duval County*, 119
10. Statement of Mrs. Josephine Broward Beckley, Governor Broward's daughter, to the writer
11. A letter written by Mary Dorcas Parsons on December 12, 1849 to her uncle, describing the school in which she taught is included in the Broward family papers.

about his early years.[12] The Broward family was desperately poor after the Civil War. Its members returned to their home in Duval county in 1867, after having spent the war years in nearby Hamilton county. Theirs was to be the lot of many Southerners: defeat had brought not only humiliations, but privations and dire poverty to many who before the war had been comparatively wealthy.

The Broward slaves had been freed and their home, their crops and cattle, and even most of their personal possessions had been burned, destroyed or stolen. Napoleon and his brother Montcalm worked in the fields beside their father, trying to raise food to keep the family from starving. It was a dawn-to-dusk task and Napoleon, although a boy, was forced to do a man-size job. There was little time for school and the only education that he got then was the instruction that his mother had insisted upon for her children.

In 1869, two months before his twelfth birthday, Broward's mother died, and in December of the following year his father was stricken fatally with pneumonia. After the deaths of their parents, Napoleon and Montcalm were faced with new and even more complex problems. They were left alone to work the fields of the Broward plantation. Before, with adult help, it had been a difficult task to plant and harvest enough food to supply the large family; now it was well-nigh impossible, so when he could he took up other work.

By the time Broward was eighteen he had held numerous jobs. He had worked on the farm, had helped his grandfather in his sawmill, had attended school at Mill Cove for two winters, and had worked for a while on the river on a steamboat owned by his uncle, Joseph Parsons. Going to New England he worked on sailing vessels out of Cape Cod, and in his *Autobiographical Sketch* Broward tells of securing his first job on a fishing schooner.

12. Broward's early years are graphically described in his *Autobiographical Sketch*, issued during the campaign of 1904.

In 1879 Broward was back in Florida. He worked for his old friend, Captain Kemps of New Berlin, on one of the Captain's river boats; and during part of 1882 he worked on a tug which was bringing mattresses of brush, saplings and tough wire grass, from points up the river down to Mayport where the jetties were being constructed.

Napoleon fell in love with Captain Kemps' daughter, Carrie, and during the first week of January 1883 they were married in the old Methodist chapel at New Berlin. During the spring of that year Broward received a commission as pilot on the St. Johns and he and his bride movedtoJacksonville.[13][13] They lived in a house which still stands on East Duval street opposite old St. Andrew's parish church and near the corner of what is now Florida Avenue. A son was born on October 29th and was named for his father. Carrie was greatly weakened by the birth of the child, she died on the following day[14] and was carried back to New Berlin to the Kemps familycemetery.[15][15] The baby lived for only six weeks.

The winter of 1883-84 was a hard and bitter one for Broward. After the death of his wife and son he continued his work as pilot. Later he worked again for Captain Kemps and soon became a partner with him in a steamer, the *Kate Spencer.*

Three years later Broward was making one of his regular river runs and recognized among the passengers a young lady, a Miss Douglass, who had been making some disparaging remarks about himself and the service of the *Kate Spencer.* Introducing himself, he inquired about the authenticity of the stories. A friend of Miss Douglass had tried to board the boat, but the captain had failed to see him. Miss Douglass was critical of a captain and a boat, supposedly running for the conven-

13. The license, granted by the Chairman of the Board of Pilot Commissioners, is included in a scrap book and is part of the Broward family papers.
14. Obituary, *Florida Times Union,* October 31, 1883
15. *Ibid.,* November 1, 1883

ience of people yet did not stop to pick them up. When Captain Broward explained that he had been absent from the vessel that day, she replied that when the captain wanted to take his holidays he should choose someone to run the boat who knew how.[16] [16]

The two met often after that and on May 5, 1887, they were married at the Newnan Street Presbyterian Church,[17] and soon after built their home on East Church street.

Broward prospered, for the *Kate Spencer* was doing a thriving freight and passenger business on the St. Johns. He began to expand and soon owned a woodyard and also operated a small grist mill.[18] [18]

In February 1888 Broward made his entrance into local politics in Jacksonville. He was appointed sheriff by Governor E. A. Perry, after the elected sheriff had been ousted for neglect of duty. Broward came into office with the acclaim of not only the majority of the people but even with the support of such newspapers as the *Florida Times Union,* [19] which was to become one of his most bitter political attackers in later years.

The yellow fever epidemic[20] [20] had driven a large part of the white population out of Jacksonville in November 1888, and on election day the Republicans, supported by the Negro vote, were overwhelmingly successful at the polls. Broward, running on the Democratic ticket, was beaten.[21] However, due to a technicality in filing his bond, the duly elected sheriff was denied his seat. Governor Fleming, a Duval county citizen, immediately appointed Broward to the vacancy.[22] [22]

16. This experience was related to the writer by Mrs. Napoleon B. Broward, the former Annie Douglass.
17. *Jacksonville Evening Metropolis,* May 5, 1887
18. Webb's ***Jacksonville Directory,*** 82
19. *Florida Times Union,* February 19, 1888; *Florida Weekly Times,* February 23, 1888
20. The fullest report of the yellow fever epidemic is in *Report of the Jacksonville Auxiliary Sanitary Association of Jacksonville,* published in Jacksonville in 1889.
21. *Florida Times Union,* November 17, 1888
22. ***Ibid.,*** March 27, 1889

During the latter part of 1891 and early in 1892 a rift developed in the Democratic party of Florida which was particularly apparent in Duval county. A so-called "straightout" faction had developed in Duval politics, which had gradually become the leading faction in the county, and its members held a number of the important political offices. The "straightouts" as they grew in strength and influence had attracted to their ranks many of the younger men of Jacksonville, men who despite their comparative youth were prominent in state Democratic councils. Representative of this group was Broward. Opposed to the straightouts were the "antis," the group that had protested against what they called the city "ring. They charged that the straightouts, holding the key city and county offices, had ousted all who opposed them or their practices. The fight between these two groups was in the main local, but it was to expand and become a factor in state politics during the next decade.

The straightouts supported many of the platform principles that the Populists had preached, in-so-far as these principles affected Duval county. There was no need, at the time, to look further. Many of the antis were closely connected with the Tallahassee administration or had been with previous ones. Naturally, their leanings were toward the railroad and corporate interests which had exerted such great influence on various chief executives and legislatures of the state. Although they were known as antis within Duval county, they were really the groups that "stood-in" with the important vested interests in the state. To be called an "anti" meant one thing in Duval, and another in state politics. Broward early identified himself with the straightout faction in Duval county and was to become the leader of this group fighting vested interests when the group became identified with liberal movements in state politics.

The intra-party conflict reached a climax in the fall election of 1894 in Duval county. The straightouts had become definitely aligned with the liberal forces of the

state and among no other group in Florida was there more bitter opposition to the railroads and corporations. Broward led the chorus of caustic criticism of the Mitchell administration, and of vitriolic charges of corruption, malfeasance and fraud against the corporations and their political supporters. Broward and his friends felt that for the good of the commonwealth the alliance between the interests and politics should be broken up "lock, stock and barrel."

As election day drew near in this year of 1894, the straightouts seemed thwarted in their every attempt to supervise the elections, and to see that all honest votes were cast and counted. Broward and his faction were in a precarious position. They still had the support of the Duval voters; but they had been "steamrollered" by the "railroad controlled" machine at the state convention when their delegates had been denied seats. They had been given no voice at that meeting, little voice in the legislature, and now they were to have only a small part in the local election. They decided that something had to be done.

Against the express orders of Governor Mitchell,[23] [23] Broward placed deputies and around the polling places throughout the city on election day. Meanwhile, the Governor had ordered out the militia as a precautionary measure.[24] During the day several wards were closed by the election inspectors and them all anti men and voters were denied the opportunity of exercising their suffrage. The *Times Union* charged that gross fraud had taken place, and it became especially vehement in its charges when the tabulated showed that the antis had received a majority at the polls.[25] [25] Duncan U. Fletcher, a straightout, was defeated by John E. Hartridge for the office of state senator in this election. Mr. Fletcher was later to be United States senator from Florida.

23. Broward family papers: Letter from Governor Mitchell to Broward, October 1, 1894
24. *Florida Times Union,* October 3, 1894
25. *Florida Times Union,* October 4 and October 7, 1894

The antis were out to get Broward. His actions in "interfering" with a state election had been the opportunity for which they had long been waiting. They realized that in doing damage to Broward they would also be damaging the anti-railroad cause in the rest of the state. A petition and supporting affidavits asking for Broward's removal was circulated by prominent antis, and was then forwarded to the Governor.[26] [26] In the face of this demand Mitchell asked Broward to answer the charges.[27] [27] Broward complied, but it was shown that the election laws had not been strictly adhered to and that the sheriff had exceeded his powers. The Governor, under authority granted him in the Constitution, removed Broward from office on December 22nd. [28] Many persons throughout the state favored Broward's cause and were reluctant to approve the Governor's actions. One of these was United States Senator Wilkinson Call who wrote Broward a letter, penned on Christmas Eve, denouncingMitchell'scourse.[29][29]

This closed a chapter, and Broward entered a new phase of his life, one that was to bring him much notoriety. Together with his brother Montcalm he built his famous boat, the *Three Friends.* [30] It was planned make regular runs between Jacksonville and Nassau, carrying freight and passengers. The boat was christened in February 1895 [31] but it was not until January of the following year that she was ready for her maiden voyage.[32] Captain Broward returned from the first trip disappointed. The venture had not proved a financial success and the future of the boat did not look bright.

26. Affidavits were printed in *The Free Lance,* February 16, 1895.
27. *Idem*
28. *Messages and Documents of Florida,* 1895, Annual Report of the Secretary of State of Florida, 19
29. Broward family papers: Wilkinson Call to Broward, December 24, 1894.
30. *Autobiographical Sketch,* 27
31. *Florida Times Union,* February 3, 1895
32. *Daily Florida Citizen,* January 15, 1896

However, fate would rapidly change the destiny of both the *Three Friends* and her captain.

The newspapers of February 28, 1895, informed their readers that an insurrection against the decaying authority of royal Spain had broken out in Cuba. It was only a brief dispatch, accompanied by Spanish official assurances of the revolt's unimportance. However, in the Cuban communities along the Atlantic seaboard a state of unusual excitement was created by the receipt of the news. This outbreak was looked upon as no casual rioting, but as war in earnest, opened upon a prearranged schedule, and one for which every detail had been prepared with minute attention. A new chapter was opening for the world and especially for the American people. The newspaper reports of the Cuban insurrection were in reality recounting events that would lead to the beginning of our war with Spain.

The United States, with her many investments in the island, would not remain a disinterested spectator to what happened in Cuba. The Americans, spurred on by patriotism, sympathy, the thrill of adventure and yellow journalism began to react to the cry "Cuba Libre." The Cuban revolutionists capitalized on the sympathy of the American public by using the shores of the United States as a base for filibustering expeditions. Though the vigilance of the United States authorities prevented about two-thirds of these enterprises from reaching their destination-an excellent record in view of the 5,470 miles of coastline that had to be watched-the Spaniards were bitterly unappreciative of these efforts, and repeatedly charged that assistance from the United States alone kept the revolt alive.

During the summer of 1895, when Broward was building the *Friends,* several members of the Cuban Junta approached him at various times with the plan of using his boat to take them to Cuba. [33] The spring of that year had seen several expeditions fitted out for

33. Broward, N. B., "Filibustering in Florida," *Autobiographical Sketch,* 26

Cuba. Upon the insistence of the Spanish Minister at Washington, Cleveland in June issued a presidential proclamation warning citizens against organizing such expeditions.[34]

The question before Broward and the other would-be filibusterers was how an agreement could be reached with the Cubans and yet remain within the law. Broward finally solved his problem by agreeing to transport Cuban patriots if they would sign up as passengers. He would also take the munitions; but, rather than put them on the *Friends,* a schooner would be loaded with the guns and ammunition and then would be towed beyond the three mile limit. Thus, technically he would be able to circumvent the law.[35] [35] In February 1896 the contract was signed between Broward and the Cubans for the first of the famous filibustering expeditions to be led by him, voyages which would have repercussions in the federal courts and which involved questions of international law.[36]

During this filibustering period Broward had many exciting adventures and hair-raising escapes, shuttling back and forth from Jacksonville to Cuba, with the United States government clutching at his heels and the Spanish blockading fleet grasping at his neck. Once he inadvertently allowed his ship to make her way into the midst of a group of Spanish gunboats in Havana harbor. On one voyage he landed his valuable cargo almost under the walls of old Morro Castle. For Broward and his crew these were dangerous days, but nevertheless they laughed up their sleeves while bearding the Spanish lion. Many United States citizens had come to regard filibustering as no more than a fast game of wits, in which Uncle Sam and the king of Spain usually held the losing hands.

Meanwhile Broward had continued to keep a hand in state and local politics. The liberal wing of the Demo-

34. *Messages and Papers of the Presidents,* IX, 591
35. *Autobiographical Sketch,* 28
36. *Idem*

cratic party, Broward's faction, had by 1896 become strongly pro-silver. In the state elections four years earlier many of this group had been bitterly anti-railroad and corporation. But now silver had come into the picture, and as was the case all over the country, it had become the burning issue. Men who had separated earlier on the railroad-corporate issue now become fused in the "white-metal" crusade which was roaring through the South and West like a prairie fire. The issues of the campaign of 1896 were to arouse more interest than those of any contest since Lincoln had been elected president in 1860. A "Bryan and Sewell Democratic Club" was organized in Jacksonville, as well as in other cities and towns throughout Florida, and Broward spoke at many of its meetings.

Broward had been placed on the ticket as a candidate for sheriff representing the straightouts. [37] He was successful and was returned in triumph to the office from which he had been ousted two years before.[38] [38] He now became an active force behind the scenes in pushing reform measures, such as railroad control, through the Legislature of 1897. All such measures were strongly opposed and the Liberals became convinced that their conservative political opponents were working hand-in-glove with the corporate interests.

Broward, Frank Pope, John N. C. Stockton, J. M. Barrs, W. S. Jennings, and William J. and Nathan P. Bryan adhered to the independent wing in the party, bringing with them a large majority of the agrarian vote. To this faction would also belong some of the older political figures, among them Senators Wilkinson Call and Stephen R. Mallory. The Conservatives had become keenly aware of this independent trend and of the widespread demand for reform throughout the state. They began to mobilize their forces, and mighty forces they were, for a fight to the death.

37. *Florida Times Union*, August 16, 1896
38. *Florida Times Union*, October 10, 1896

The Liberals, likewise, closed their ranks and prepared for the fray. Those taking an anti-corporation stand naturally received their greatest support from the small business man, the farmer and others who lived in the rural areas of the state. Obviously, it was to those that Broward and his faction strongly appealed. Broward was a popular and picturesque figure. His exploits as a filibusterer had popularized him all through the state and this was especially true after the United States declared war against Spain. He had outgrown Duval politics and was on his way up the political ladder.

Broward was elected to the state House of Representatives in the election of 1900. W. S. Jennings was elected governor, and he was to be until that time, Florida's most liberal governor. In the Legislature of 1901 one reform bill which Broward sponsored was a redistricting act,[39] which, after compromise, was enacted into law.[40] It was during this session of the Legislature that the famous House Bill No. 135 the "Flagler Divorce Bill" was passed. Broward voted in favor of the act which allowed incurable insanity as ground for divorce. In 1905, when Broward was governor he signed the bill repealing this legislation.

It is difficult to determine just when the gubernatorial bee had stung Broward. The decision to enter the race for the governorship was reached probably early in 1903, for he had informed his wife that several politically-important persons in the state had urged him to enter the race. There were many rumors of his candidacy but he did not officially announce himself until January 1904. Meanwhile, Robert W. Davis, C. M. Brown and D. H. Mays had entered the race.

The campaign of 1904 was to be a long, hard, and bitter one, perhaps the most heated in all Florida's political history, and certainly one of the most Broward would depend for his support largely upon the rural element—the farmer and the cattleman, and the

39. *Florida House Journal,* 1901, 61 (House Bill No. 14)
40. *Laws of Florida,* 1901, 47-48

small business man and the laborer in the cities. He would crusade against the railroads and corporations and the political abuses, he believed and charged, they had fostered. It was an era of revolt and reform, and Broward would be the pivotal figure in the liberal movement in Florida. About him would gather also the "disaffected and the dissatisfied;" these would follow his leadership, accepting him as their spokesman, but they were far from a majority of his supporters. He stood firmly on a platform and principles appealing to the common people. A real offensive was in the offing. Liberalism was mobilizing and on the march. The Broward Era had begun.

Broward was almost forty-seven years old when he began his campaign for the governorship. His campaign manager was William J. Bryan, and they laid their plans well. From the beginning he attacked the forces that he had begun to hate. He declared against trusts, saying "A hundred stores are better than one . . . If trusts are permitted to control we shall become a country of paupers and beggars." [41] He backed the Railroad Commission and consistently supported the primary system, saying that, "The ballot should be as pure as snowflakes; they must fall quietly and silently, until they represent the sovereign will of the great majority." [42]

Even though others were in the race it was obvious at once that the contest was between Broward and "Bob" Davis. Broward spoke nearly every day and sometimes twice or even three times the same day. Shaking hands with hundreds of farmers, he was sung to by crowds of school children, and met and greeted the many "forgotten men" of Florida. His supporters praised him as the anti-corporation crusader; his enemies damned him as a demagogue, a radical and a hot-head. No greater foe did he have than the now railroad owned and controlled *Florida Times Union.*

41. *Semi-Weekly Times Union,* October 23, 1903. Speech at Ft. Pierce, October 20, 1903
42. *Ibid.*

The primary system and the drainage of the glades were two of the important issues which he forced into the campaign. Broward had always been an active and able supporter of the primary system, and his courageous stand proved an invaluable asset in winning him votes. The drainage of the Everglades was to be Broward's great project, and its accomplishment his fondest dream of service. He carried with him a large map of the state which showed clearly to even the most simple person in his audiences the value to the state of these lands, once they were drained. Of course the Davis men ridiculed "Broward's map."

Broward found the larger cities of the state, including Jacksonville, cold to his candidacy. Some who had voted for Broward in city and county politics now refused to support him when he sought this high state office, feeling that "a farm boy and deck-hand with no schooling" could not represent the state ably as governor. Davis was quite a contrast to Broward in his appearance and personality. He was a suave, smooth politician, who, it was said, "could fit into any group at any time and would always be welcome." He was an eloquent and entertaining speaker and as such carried his audiences with him. But the small town folk were behind Broward, and the prediction of a Madison paper was typical, "We are not a prophet, but when the ballots on May 10th are completed, we predict that it will be found that Broward has received quite a few."[43] [43]

The prophets were not far wrong. In the preliminary count from twenty-five counties, Davis led the race, but Broward was running a close second. The *Metropolis* in Jacksonville, carried large headlines announcing "Broward's Race Proves Surprise to Everybody. Secures Great Strength from Unexpected ThroughouttheState."[44][44] When the total vote was announced Broward led with 13,247 and Davis was second

43. *Madison News Enterprise,* reprinted in the *Evening Metropolis,* April 23, 1904
44. *Ibid.,* May 12, 1904

with 13,020, so the two would go into the run-off primary.

In the second primary Governor Jennings openly supported Broward. A few important newspapers, among them the *Pensacola Journal,* the *Polk County Advocate* and the *Lakeland News* also supported Broward's candidacy.[45][45] The Davis forces had not expected such a close race but they realized now that they had a hard fight ahead.

The campaign before the first primary had been heated, but this campaign for the run-off became violent. The Davis forces had the money, the support of the vested interests and of the larger newspapers. They brought into the fight all their weapons.

Ridiculous charges and counter-charges were printed. *The Daily Tallahassean* declared that Broward dyed his mustache daily, a Pensacola paper said that he was an Apache Indian; and one of the South Florida newspapers stated that he was a Catholic. Seemingly everything out of the ordinary that he had ever done was brought to the surface. He was accused of being a "whiskey head" because he had voted for the dispensary bill while in the Legislature. In Tampa the Spaniards, remembering filibustering days, organized a "Davis Club"; the Cubans, also reminiscing, formed a "Broward Club,"[46] [46] and each campaigned actively for its candidate. One newspaper was so illogical as to charge Broward with favoring the railroads and corporations because, while in the Legislature, he had voted for bills to extend the charters of two Florida railroads.

The campaign grew more heated and bitter up to the day of the second primary. Impossible charges and frantic denunciations were made by both sides. Even the Broward forces apparently spent money freely and great quantities of campaign literature were circulated. In contrast to this lurid campaign, election day was dark and stormy. It rained all day in Jacksonville and

45. *Ibid.,* May 24, 1904
46. *Ibid.,* May 28, 1904

conceivably might have changed the narrow margin of victory.

Several days must elapse before the vote could be tabulated. The early returns seemed to indicate a victory for Davis, but Broward began to gain as the vote of the smaller counties and the farming districts came in. The executive Committee met to canvass the vote on July 17th and the next day it was announced that Napoleon B. Broward was the newly elected Democratic candidate for the governorship of Florida,[47] [47] he having received 22,979 votes to 22,265 for Davis. Winning the second primary was tantamount to election in the state for by 1904, the Republican vote had become almost negligible.

On January 3, 1905, the inauguration was held. It was a bright winter day in Tallahassee. The Broward family had moved to Tallahassee the week before. The Governor's sister, Miss Hortense, had also come from Jacksonville to be present on this gala day of the Broward clan. But the Governor's old aunts, Maggie and Florida, had refused to come. They had been humiliated when Broward issued his *Autobiographical Sketch* during the campaign, and they felt that his exaggeration of his humble background implied they were "piney-woods crackers" and they were afraid that Tallahassee society would look down on them.

As Governor Broward gazed into the upturned faces of these who had gathered to hear his inaugural address and to watch him take his oath of office, his thoughts must have turned back to the many years of struggle. He had travelled a long road of trial and hardship to success. He had been denounced as a demagogue, cursed as a radical, and threatened as a visionary populistic crusader; but through it all he had come, valiant and undaunted, with high hopes and devotion to service.

The phrases of the address, perhaps grown commonplace through months of uttering them in his campaigning among the people, were unchanged: " I favor the

47. *Florida Times Union*, June 18, 1904

primary election system . . . Make the Railroad Commission a constitutional part of the Government . . . The common school is the cornerstone of our political structure . . . The Everglades of Florida should be saved for the people, and they should be drained and made fit for cultivation . . . Economical administration of our state government . . . The law must be equally enforced.''[48] The promises of a campaigning candidate had become the pledges of an incoming governor.

48. The inaugural address was printed in most of the Florida newspapers on January 4, 1905.

FROM PENSACOLA TO ST. AUGUSTINE IN 1827

A JOURNEY OF THE RT. REV. MICHAEL PORTIER

Desirous of becoming acquainted with the small flock just committed to my charge, and of acquiring a correct knowledge of the territory destined soon to constitute a new diocese in the United States, I resolved to make a trip to St. Augustine. I had been in Mobile and realized that that city, the principal one even now in Alabama, was bound to grow rapidly and to become one of the most important of the southwestern cities of the Republic. Situated upon the bay that is named after it, it affords, through its trade connections, easy access to all portions of the Florida peninsula. Owing to its location at the mouth of a large river, it is the storehouse of an immense import and export trade. Within this city, which is the real centre of my future sphere of ministration, there are already over two thousand Catholics; and had not serious reasons drawn me to Pensacola, I would have taken up my residence there at once.

The former capital of Western Florida (Pensacola) has greatly fallen away since its cession by Spain. It has lost one-half of its population; its resources are scattered, and its old-time inhabitants have to strive hard for a living alongside a people particularly noted for their activity, thrift, courage and endurance.

Note - Michel Portier was born in Montbrison, France, in 1795. Entering the priesthood, he came to the United States in 1817, and in 1826 was made first Vicar Apostolic of the newly created vicariate of Alabama and the Floridas, in which there were but three parishes: Mobile, Pensacola and St. Augustine. It was Bishop Portier who in 1830 established Spring Hill College at Mobile, the influence of which on education in the South has been felt for more than a century.

This account of his journey across Florida was written in French and published in ***Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*** (XIX Jan. 1830). It was translated by John E. Cahalan and published in ***Historical Records and Studies*** of The United States Catholic Historical Society (II, no. 2 Aug. 1901,) to whom grateful acknowledgment is made for permission to reprint the translation. The rarity of such a narrative of the Florida of that period and its interest more than warrant its republication.

Mobile, Pensacola and St. Augustine, formed into parishes under Spanish rule, called for my entire attention. The favorable and unfavorable features of the first two I knew; it remained for me to visit St. Augustine. I was interested in St. Augustine, where the number of the faithful was greater than at Pensacola, by the remembrance of the cross that was planted in that part of Florida soon after the discovery of the New World. The Church in that section, neglected by its pastors and robbed by mercenaries, was then without spiritual aid. Moreover, my presence was indispensable because certain scandals of recent occurrence had almost extenguished the feeble light which the Faith was still spreading there. A letter which I received from the trustees of the Church property about that time, while giving me a better insight into the misery of my flock, almost destroyed whatever hope I had of serving it. But we have learned to hope against hope, and despite the failure that threatened my efforts, notwithstanding the one hundred and sixty leagues to be traversed, I burned to cross the wilderness and to go to my people, whose pitiable condition demanded immediate relief and a broader exercise of charity. Great difficulties had to be overcome. The missionary priest of Alabama notified me he was about to leave ; the one at Pensacola, in spite of the success with which God had blessed his labors spoke also of retiring. I had no power to keep these two priests, for they belonged to the Diocese of New Orleans, and their only reason for leaving was that I could not guarantee their support. It grieved me to have to leave a young sub-deacon alone, and to desert the churches of the West.

The heat of the advancing summer, the loneliness of the highway at this season, the recent outrages perpetrated by a band of Seminole Indians-all these considerations increased my anxiety. But the thought of a

*See *Florida Historical Quarterly,* vol. XVIII, 89 (Oct. 1939). Ralph Waldo Emerson was in St. Augustine earlier in the same year (1827), and what he noted in his diary of conditions there then map relate to this.

people deprived of religious joys and consolation, which, after pining amidst the darkness of ignorance, was now, as it were, handed over to the apostles of untruth—this thought impressed me so strongly that I resolved to depart, and did immediately set out, having first secured the promise of my colleagues that they would remain at their posts until I returned.

It was on June 12, 1827, that I left Pensacola. The pastor went a little way with me, and I journeyed alone afterwards with an honest farmer and the mail-carrier for my companions. The first day's progress was satisfactory. While the curé of Pensacola remained with us the conversation turned naturally on religious topics and on the fundamental principles of Catholicism. Certain questions regarding the Sacrament of Penance, particularly the scriptural teachings on auricular confession, brought out explanations that were new to the farmer. He was so pleased with them that he promised to receive instruction and to bring us his eight children none of whom was yet baptized. It is not out of place in this country to ask a man that one meets to what religious denomination he belongs. Our fellow-traveller gave us one reply that deserves mention, because it is characteristic of the people "To which Christian sect do you belong?" I asked him. "I do not exactly know," answered he; "I am hunting up a creed, and am on the watch, as it were; my mind is not yet made up." Such is the talk of people who nevertheless believe in the divinity of the Scriptures, who seek enlightenment on religious subjects, and who faithfully observe the day of rest and devotion. This state, of wavering rather than of unbelief, is more or less common to the many. It is a weakness of the intellect due to the spirit of reform which submits religion to the personal interpretation of a sceptical and blind reason, or to the wonderful illumination of the regenerative principle, which latter each individual will interpret according to his own density or his prejudice. This reform has undergone so much dissection and dis-

tribution that it is hard to refrain from trying to reform what is left of it.

There is one peculiar circumstance that fosters this state of uncertainty. The American husbandman is a wanderer. Providence seems to urge him incessantly towards the wilderness in order that it may be peopled. There is a continual change of farm, dwelling, State, without concern or provision for what is to follow. Vast territories are crossed; the children are carried forward in the farm-wagons with the provisions; many weeks are passed in camping out; at night the wagons are turned into beds; yet every one is happy and even satisfied with those very changes which it would appall the European even to contemplate. The result of all this moving is that to-day one encounters a Methodist exhorter, tomorrow an Anabaptist; and with each successive day new doctrines and new practices, of the most contradictory kind, are offered to the choice of a shifting people. How can one become fixed amidst this confusion of opinions? How may one venture to resolve upon any point where such clashing prevails, among so many sects whose sole common purpose is to contest the truth?

Nothing of note occurred on my second day's travel. Early in the morning the farmer bade us good-by, after expressing to me his regard and his thanks. So I continued on with the mail carrier, and I tried now and then to open up a conversation with him; but his replies were short. At first I conjectured that this gloomy taciturnity was the outcome of his lonely travels through the forests of Florida, and that silence had become his natural element. I was mistaken: a few days later all was very clear. He was the son of a Methodist minister, and had lost none of the austerity professed by the Protestant Pharisees.

We had set out at three o'clock in the morning, and taken but one meal, and that at ten o'clock. In the evening we reached Fort Crawford, and spent the night there. This fort was built in 1816. The Americans erected it to escape the attacks of the Georgia and Florida

Indians, who, spurred on by the British Government, had, as they expressed it, "dug up the hatchet." It is judiciously situated upon a neck of land washed on almost every side by the waters of Murder Creek. In order to reach the fort we crossed this river of unhappy memory after passing the Big Escambia and the Burnt Corn Creek.

On June 14, finding ourselves too far to the north, we turned to the southeast in order to follow the chain of hills extending from Pensacola to Tallahassee in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico. These hills are for the most part barren, and the pine trees upon them furnish the only shade. As one approaches the rivers the scene changes: the banks are covered with magnolia, laurel, cedar and cypress trees. The air here is uniformly cool and pleasant; but there are drawbacks. The woods that border the streams shelter in summer vast swarms of flies which, from the horse-fly to the *brulot* (gnat?), attack without mercy both horse and rider and compel the latter to beat a hasty retreat. The only break in the solitude of the road was caused by some wild turkeys that arose a short way off. This fowl is plentiful and of excellent flavor. I have often had a chance to note its keenness, it rapid strides and the vast height to which it will soar when at liberty. Our horses came near crushing a terrapin that had thoughtlessly, no doubt, prolonged its midnight ramble. During the daytime these animals abide in narrow and devious tunnels bored out with their paws. They saunter forth at night to take the fresh air and browse on the grass, rendered soft by the heavy dews that take the place of rain in these sultry climates. They are easily captured by means of a concealed pit dug at the entrance of the tunnel. I have eaten the flesh; it tastes much like that of waterfowl, and makes a very good soup. Some say that, like the poppy, it makes one drowsy. Towards noon we halted, for it was about time to repair the exhaustion caused by travel and long fasting. We put up at the residence of the postmaster, who of course gave hearty welcome to

the travelling public and also ran the ferry that here crosses the Conecuh River. Of all the rivers tributary to the Escambia, which flows into Pensacola Bay towards the northwest, the Conecuh is the chief one on account of its volume as well as its length.

Our new host entertained us pretty well, and had the kindness, after due examination, to inform me that my horse was not in condition to travel fast and that it would be necessary for me to proceed more slowly. While I was at breakfast some of the neighbors arrived, and I had scarcely finished when they overwhelmed me with a multitude of interrogatories. They wanted to know whence I came and whither I was bound, and questions were put to me of different points of religion. My explanations must have been found satisfactory, for my host manifested his approval by declining to charge for the repast.

June 15 found me in the open wilderness. Following a narrow and winding trail, racking my brain when in doubt as to the proper direction, I felt as I did when abroad on the Atlantic heading for America. The unbounded greatness of God is displayed with incomparable magnificence upon the broad ocean. Man at sight of the surrounding danger turns perforce to Him who rules both wind and wave ; he may no longer lean on human support; he ceases to be carried beyond himself by the thousand distractions that usually engage his attention: the sole refuge left to him is the bosom of that Providence which guides him through this brief and wretched existence towards the haven of eternity. Yet at sea he may at times, amidst his fellow-travellers, lapse into forgetfulness ; while in the wilderness he is alone with God, and his stray, fluctuating thoughts warn him continually that his only strength and his only help are to be found in the consolation of religion. Then it is that the minister of the Gospel grasps the full meaning of St. Paul: "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." It is easy then to pray, and the lifting of our hearts to God becomes a positive necessity. No matter

what may be the perils that menace us, their only effect upon the soul is to stimulate it anew. Our onward march is for Jesus Christ; we take part in the work of the earliest promoters of the Faith; we feel proud to suffer as they did in the same cause, and like them, above all, to hand over our feeble existence to the mercy of Him who entrusted it to us.

I reached the shore of the Yellow River and, catching sight of a small boat, shouted for the ferryman, but in vain. After allaying the excitement and fear of my horse, I undertook to cross over. By the aid of a stout vine trailing across and connected with the trees on both sides of the river, I gained the opposite bank in safety.

All the rivers in unsettled countries have high embankments and there is a risk of losing one's horse, to say the least, unless the boat is carefully steered to a suitable landing-place. Hardly was I out of one danger when I fell into another. In spite of my judgment and information I strayed from the proper track, and as the evening came on I began to fear I should have to go unsheltered for the night. But at last I discovered the house I had been told of, and this time I put up with a justice of the peace.

On the morning of the 16th I learned that it would take me an entire day to reach the Alagua [Alaqua] settlement, and that but one house was to be met with on the way, and that it was situated near the East River, fully five leagues distant. I set out at sunrise, and at 11 a. m. I breakfasted at the house of an old Scotch Presbyterian. Whether I was a strange sight or not to the inmates I am unaware, but they scanned me closely from head to foot. My spectacles, ring, watch, breviary, and, above all, my cross attracted all the children to me, and loosened the tongue of an old dame who was seated by the fireside watching me in the most unfriendly manner. A puritan of the deepest dye, she only beheld in me one of the defenders of the Scarlet Woman, Rome. Restraining herself for a short time with the greatest effort, she attacked me at length on the subject of religion, and

launched forth into a passionate denunciation with all the rage of the bitterest fanaticism. We were worse than idolaters; we worshipped the saints and even their pictures; we had our golden calf, and we shamefully traded in the Sacrament of Penance for the permission of sin. "You are a Roman," she cried; "it is you who persecuted the first Christians, and who, with hell to help you, strove to banish from the blood of the first martyrs the religion of salvation." I had noticed during her violent onslaught that she was not a little disconcerted by my unruffled demeanor and smile of dissent. One by one I replied to each of her remarks, and then I denounced in scathing terms all those detestable doctrines that had stirred her ire to such an alarming extent. My anathemas had a more soothing effect on her than the closest reasoning.

For breakfast I was treated to a piece of stale bacon and some hot corn bread. I left soon after, and the old lady bade me good-by in rather a friendly tone, from which I concluded that she had become somewhat more tolerant of Catholics. About sundown I reached Alagua and put up at the residence of an Anabaptist. My host welcomed me politely, and when I told him of my recent adventure he applauded my conduct. He proved quite tractable on the various religious topics that we discussed, though whether sincerely or through diplomacy I could not then say. His house was not over sixteen feet square, yet there I had to spend the night with all his family. I was sleeping soundly in a retired corner of the room when I suddenly became aware that a being of human form was creeping over my shoulders. I discovered that one of the children had unceremoniously come to share my bed. He took me for his mother, and yelled for cakes. On receiving my bill in the morning I learned why my host had been so gracious the previous evening.

At daybreak on June 17 I took my departure after gathering precise information as to my route; yet no sooner did I lose sight of the house I had left than I lost my way. I passed a good hour in vaulting over deep creeks and perilous chasms. At length I reached a corn-

field where I met some good people who guided me back to the road.

The Alagua valley is fertile. The slopes are shaded with full-grown trees so closely crowded as to afford the traveller shelter from the fierce heat of the sun. My path led me along a clear winding stream, and brought me beneath the shade of magnolias, laurel and cypress trees to the dwelling of a man who proved to be a Scotch Methodist. The old man that received me announced that the rest of the household had gone to "meeting," and that he could not procure me anything to eat. I had to be resigned and await the dinner-hour. Patiently I waited until three o'clock; yet at that hour the family had not returned. A new preacher was to try his powers that day, and by dint of lung force and length of sermon prove beyond peradventure that he was a chosen apostle. How long he did hold forth I do not know, nor how many spirits he moved; but the delay was long enough to drive me to go in quest of a meal five leagues further ahead. So at five o'clock I set out, encountering a shower so copious and sudden that before I had time to don my cloak I was thoroughly drenched. While the storm lasted darkness set in and I had to pilot myself by the notches that had been made on the pine trees at stated distances. I succeeded at last in entering a marsh, and after considerable exertion reached the Dead Creek, a stream connecting with the Choctawhatchee a short distance above the ferry-landing. It was already a quarter past six. I at once gave the usual shout, a kind of savage yell which my first fellow-traveller had taught me. Loud and long I shouted, and at first I believed I was heard. I uttered the most imploring screams to secure the notice of the people I supposed to be on the other bank. Painful mistake! The neighboring echo, taking up my cry, had deluded me and encouraged me to expect a prompt release from this fearful place. Two hours passed by in this cruel deception. I was compelled to pass the night in a swamp, facing a creek broad and deep, with only dirty water to drink, surrounded by all kinds of wild animals

and all the insects in creation. Ten feet away were alligators sporting in the middle of the channel, and I had gathered from the newspapers that the region was infested by bears, wolves and panthers. There were *lougres* (rattlesnakes, moccasins to be dreaded. The mosquitoes, too, gave warning of an unwelcome call. Add to this sum of human woe the fact that during the past twenty-four hours I had eaten but two small corn biscuits; that I was so exhausted as not to have energy enough to change my wet clothes, and that my horse, subjected to the same privation as myself, was breaking down under the terrible strain. How was I to sleep in this horrible jungle? The dull lowing of the alligators ; the shrill cries resounding through the woods, now grown appalling in gloom and solitude; the sudden leaping bodily above the waters and splashing back thereinto of some monster fish—here was enough in itself to cause trepidation.

Although my reason told me, the Gulf of Mexico being but six leagues distant, that it was some kindly sturgeon that had added to my fears, still I could not get the alligators out of my mind. Bartram relates in his "Trip to Florida" how he had often been beset by alligators; so I had substantial reason to fear that one of these amphibians, seizing me in my sleep, would make off with me to the depths of the river. The spectres of night and of the imagination indeed had their momentary triumph, and I looked upon myself as lost. I frankly admit I was unnerved. Yet in truth I must also declare that my despair did not last long: my bishop's heart speedily asserted itself. Remembering the promise of Jesus Christ that not a hair of our head should fall without His consent, I wrapped myself in my cloak, took my horse's saddle for a pillow, and deliberately stretched myself upon the ground to wait for daylight. How blest one is under such circumstances to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and to be able to exclaim with St. Ignatius: "It is now that I am one of His disciples"

The night seemed long, and as dawn approached I renewed my shouting. It was all to no purpose, and, pressed by hunger, I decided to return to my Scotchman, in the hope that the family had got back from "meeting." My horse was weak and worn out; I was afraid I should have to abandon him on the road. A small flask of rum that I had kept for emergencies enabled me to hold out. I took a few drops of it mixed with some of the stagnant water from the swamp. I had gone but a short distance when I beheld on the hillside six negroes who had run away from Pensacola and were returning to their master, who resided at Chipola. They cheered me up, promised to rouse the ferryman and to carry me across the Choctawhatchee; I went with them. As soon as we reached the bank of the creek the most powerful one of the negroes shook the wilderness with a tremendous yell that was thoroughly effective. We were answered with a similar shout, and my soul expanded with gladness. The creek was finally crossed. I was pale, broken down, half dead from want of food. We met an American who took compassion on me and gave me part of a pitcher of milk and of a corn loaf. I thought I would devour it like an ogre, but my stomach was weakened, and all I could swallow was a few morsels of the bread. Six miles further on I found a place to rest, and I stopped at the house of a benevolent man who gave all the assistance that my pitiable condition required. My host was an honorable and well-meaning Methodist, and he entertained me in a very generous manner.

I was struck with the influence of a false religion even in the depths of the wilderness. No one sat down at the table without offering thanks to the Almighty and invoking His blessing. Night and morning the head of the household gathered his family and servants around him; read a few chapters of the Bible, to which they listened with attention; gave his views or expounded any difficult passages; and the exercise was closed with the singing of psalms. I remained in retirement the first day of my arrival, endeavoring to regain by sleep and rest the

strength I had lost on the previous day. On the following day I was accorded the privilege of blessing the table; and after breakfast I had, at their urgent request, to say a few words of edification. I chose for a text those forcible words "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." They all listened to me with evident wonder. At the close they seemed to be deeply moved by what they had just heard.

It was with regret that I quitted this generous home on the 19th of the month; and great was my surprise to hear my host declare, when I inquired what I owed him: "All that I expect, sir, of you is that when journeying back from St. Augustine you will honor my house with your company.

The land that borders the Choctawhatchee is quite rich, but is subject to floods. The Holmes and Uchee valleys are becoming more attractive, while fully preserving their wild and imposing grandeur. For several miles I passed beneath a canopy of verdure, inhaling the delightful fragrance of laurel and magnolia. All along these hillsides the air was cooled by a number of small streams which tumbled over rocky eminences and flowed away through virgin meadows.

As he approaches Chipola the traveller will notice that the lands on certain mountains are remarkably fertile; that they are densely covered with stately trees; while only stunted pines are to be descried on the neighboring lowlands, amid a sandy soil as bleached as that on the Florida seacoast. He will observe that, as in Missouri and Illinois, the ground is found here and there sunken in the shape of a funnel, and that these seeming reservoirs are constantly dry. Yet in crossing the peninsula he is amazed at the large number of remarkable springs spontaneously pouring forth an abundance of sparkling water; at the underground channels into which a whole river will suddenly disappear; and particularly at the diversity of landscape and the shell banks that abound on every side.

The lakes are numerous and well stocked with fish, and game is plentiful. The current opinion is that all the lakes adorning the county of Alachua are fed from the same subterranean source, for the waters rise and fall simultaneously and to the same extent.

I am inclined to believe that Florida was at some period convulsed by powerful earthquakes and a universal upheaval. Even to judge from the presence of volcanic stones, many of which are found—some of them still covered with lava—a fearful volcano must have ruined the country and wrought that stupendous transformation which, in the opinion of many scientists, established the Gulf of Mexico and sundered those lands that constitute the chain of islands now extending from Cape Sable to the mouth of the Orinoco. This matter I confess has occupied my thoughts considerably during my travel; but just now I perceive it is leading me away from my subject, so I shall proceed with my story.

After leaving my host I pursued my way slowly in the middle of a rich valley and in sight of the farmhouses that, at quite a distance apart, occasionally arrested my attention. The odd construction was in striking contrast to the evergreen groves that shielded them from the glowing sunlight. I began to reflect on the melancholy fate of the earliest inhabitants of this land. Pleasant as it certainly is to behold the habitations of the thrifty husbandman amidst these broad woodlands and to partake of his hospitality, one cannot help commiserating the poor Indian, a victim to the vices and power of the conqueror. How can the wrongs of the oppressed fail to touch our generous and sensitive nature as we recall the sublime resolutions presented by the Creek Indians to the U. S. Congress, when, in virtue of a treaty that even the government deemed unjust, the State of Georgia stripped them of their family inheritance? The time was gone by when the mere name of the great warriors of this tribe struck terror into the souls of those same Georgians who then dealt so harshly with them. But they had to give way before the multi-

tude, and they yielded with a proud dignity of spirit worthy of the Romans of old. "Take," cried they, "the land which we can no longer defend ; but it holds in its bosom the remains of our forefathers; we relinquish it to you; but deny us not the last happiness that is left us-that of walking as strangers among their graves and of commingling our dust with theirs." Vain hope! These poor people were compelled to depart and seek shelter elsewhere.

The Seminoles or Muscogulges will receive no better treatment, and the surrender of the richest portion of their lands will not secure them immunity, for they will soon be dispossessed of the remainder. They must have realized this as soon as they learned of the severe rule which the new lawmakers of Florida directed against those who might overstep the boundaries when hunting.* For ten years these children of the forest hunted freely the timorous roe and enjoyed undisturbed in this same valley the rude advantages which Providence lavished on them by the banks of the Holmes and the Uchee.

Passing out of the valley and onwards through a bare and broken country, I wended my way along a ridge which brought me to the immense Hickory Hill Mountain.

Recalling the scenes of desolation through which he has recently passed, the traveller has good reason to be amazed on suddenly beholding, at an extraordinary height, this grand mountain-peak shaded by the finest trees in the world. On either side of the road running up the mountain grew the live oak, laurel and the magnolia, indicating a soil of inexhaustible richness; and at the top was a delightful dwelling, where I stopped for the night.

My country inn was rectangular in shape and built in the style of certain huts that one sees in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Pine logs of uniform size were laid one above the other and strongly bound together; open-

*By an act of the territorial legislature of Florida, passed in 1827, any white man catching an Indian hunting upon United States lands was authorized to deprive him of his arms, tie him to a tree and give him thirty-nine lashes.

ings for doors and windows were cut in this fence-like enclosure, and were closed with a few planks hewn into shape with an axe. Just as I was beginning to recover from the exertions of the day under the influence of the evening breeze, another traveller arrived like myself to solicit a night's lodging. He was kindly received and assigned to a share of my room. We soon engaged in a conversation, for nothing so tends to make a man feel his helplessness and his need of companionship as those lonely journeys through new and unfrequented territory. I was glad to learn that he was bound for St. Augustine and had the courage to make the trip afoot. This intelligence, I confess, made me not a little ashamed as I thought of the lamentations and grumblings wrung from me under the slight trials I had been passing through. The sight of this young man, who for a mere pittance undertook the risk and hardships of so long a journey, revived my spirits. Reflecting on the labor and suffering endured by men for love of wealth, I asked myself what sentiments we should derive from the love of our brethren, the dominion of Jesus Christ. If we really have for the souls committed to our care the Shepherd's heart, the heart of a bishop, there can be no complaining, no dread, not even human anxiety, when there is question of hastening to their aid and of leading them back to the path of virtue.

Fully convinced that my meeting with this stranger was the work of Divine Providence, I thanked God for His assistance and resolved to keep up with my new companion. We pledged ourselves mutually to remain together until we should reach St. Augustine, with the further promise of mutual aid in case of distress.

Proceeding onwards in the direction of the Chipola valley, we crossed the river Chipola five miles below the point where the whole body of water is swallowed up in a subterranean channel, to reappear further down in two sections. Each of these branches regains the surface through several openings, and, after a separate run of about one and a half miles, they again become united.

Everybody in Florida testifies to the excellence of the lands that border on this river; and the strange grottoes that nature has wrought into the shell-rock foundation of this productive soil are universally admired. The wonderful brooks that cool the valley are of surpassing beauty.

On beholding this American counterpart of the Thessalian *Tempe,* one is almost led to put faith in the glowing pictures of ancient Greece, as described by the poets, and in the extravagant stories that travellers tell of certain Asiatic countries. The trees are constantly in leaf and, despite their close proximity, attain an enormous height, bringing their upper branches together as if to ward off the torrid heat of the sun.

What agreeable sensations fill the soul on drawing near to these imposing forests after journeying through interminable tracts of stunted pine-trees, where the air, expanded by the heat and heavy with odor, sickens the traveller at every step, not to mention the suffering caused by the reflected heat of the glowing-white sandy soil! It is like escaping suddenly from the infernal Taenarus into paradise. To the delightfulness of the shade are added the balmy odors of the magnolia and the tulip-tree.

Following along the river we at length climbed by a gradual ascent the lofty bank to the left, pausing now and then to enjoy the magnificent and changing scenery. On every side you could hear the rippling of the brooks which here and there blended their waters and developed into streams of deep and regular formation. Rocks were to be met as high as the trees themselves, and bordered around with wild flowers, while sweet-scented shrubbery decked the sides and summits of these pygmy mountains. Natural wells, underground caves, oak trees blasted by lightning or cast by the tempest across our narrow pathway like an artificial bridge-everything was present to enhance the spectacle.

I am relating what I myself beheld ; I am telling what I personally experienced; and I declare that my descriptions fall short of the actual facts. In support of my assertions I will borrow from a recent publication on Western Florida the description of the Grotto of Arches and of the stream known as Big Spring, the latter of which I have seen.

The Grotto of Arches is situated three miles to the westward of the place I have just been describing. It is entered through a gateway of natural rock formation. By an easy grade and a corridor rather broad than lofty you may pass to the first hall, notable at once for the extraordinary elevation of its ceiling and for its even breadth. Its beauty is much enhanced by a stream of clear, cold water which stretches pretty far in a southern direction, then changing into a series of pools, and at length disappearing.

The grotto then winds back almost imperceptibly towards the northwest and presents the appearance of a Gothic arch, which form it retains for a distance of about sixty yards. At this point it is crossed by quite a large stream alive with shrimp. Passing over the stream and facing northeast another hall is met. This is a hundred feet long and very straight, but of uneven surface owing to the accumulation of fallen rock. The centre is supported by a circle, or rather a cluster of pillars; while all around thousands of stalactites stretch down from the roof, pointing their hollow spears toward others, of whiter hue, springing upward from the ground, and with which they were doubtless once connected. There are numberless cavities in the of which the bats have taken possession. At the approach of light they rush from these dark recesses, and the flapping of their wings creates a noise like the roar of a high wind. The way beyond becomes intricate and rugged, but opens into another room of imposing size. Several pathways as yet unexplored and two large streams lead out from this chamber.

The Grotto of Arches has been explored by travellers to a distance of about four hundred yards. The petrifactions noticed on the walls look like ground glass. They assume fantastic shapes, at one place appearing in strands of waving hair and elsewhere developing into marvellous tapestries, the whole fabric bedecked with sparkling crystals.

Regularly formed stalactites are hollow, having an outside surface like soft chalk and an inner one like shining yellow spalt.

The stream called Big Spring has cut a channel through the rocks over which it dashes with amazing rapidity. Like a small flood tired of being hampered and held up in its progress, it pours over with mighty force into a bed cut deep into the rock. This bed or vase is oval in shape and possibly a hundred feet wide at its broadest span. So clear is the water that the smallest objects are distinctly seen in it at a depth of thirty or even thirty-five feet; while all around the magnolia, laurel, cypress, and cedar are found in profusion. The wild grape-vine, after pushing its pliant branches to the very tops of these trees, hangs suspended over the stream in festoons. Fish without number find shelter in this retreat; but at the slightest sound of an inquisitive wayfarer they seek speedy refuge in the deeper places.

This beautiful body of water, of a perfect blue color, imparts the same tint to whatever it reflects, and when the sun is in the zenith the reflected images take on all the colors of the rainbow through the prismatic influence of the waters.

Upon issuing from the basin they unite with another stream, doubtless from the same original source and all together constitute thereafter a navigable river.

I remember how, seated upon an eminence overlooking the spring, I gazed steadily at the stream belching forth from the rock, and how my soul, contemplating the magnificence which Providence had lavished on that spot, and subdued by the religious stillness prevailing,

rendered with renewed gratitude the daily tribute of prayer I had vowed to the Almighty.

It was not without reluctance that we quit this enchanting scene to return to the farmhouse where we intended to spend the night. We fared better than we expected, considering the coolness of our reception. Our host was one of the great men of the neighborhood, owner of many slaves and extensive plantations. Before sunrise next morning we started off again, and after an hour's travel took up a narrow trail that was to shorten our way to [the] Apalachicola. This pathway was little more than a furrow, and the country through which it led us was devoid of interest. At length we reached a dark dense wood and guessed that the river Apalachicola was not far distant. The fertility of those alluvial lands, nourished through the ages by successive layers of decomposing vegetation, is simply beyond comparison. Yet the river has not entirely given up its control over this realm of its creation, and the winter floods still serve to hold off the thrifty intruder. But this will not be for long. The undaunted enterprise of the American will soon overcome the difficulties of the situation.

We struck the Apalachicola at its very source, the confluence of the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers. Proceeding down the river to the boat-landing, we shouted for the ferrymen residing on the opposite bank. For a whole hour we taxed our lungs to the utmost, but without result. Noon arrived, and we gave up all hope of making ourselves heard. To return up the river, a distance of twelve miles, to the next ferry without guide or beaten track, would be to risk being overtaken by night before reaching the goal. We thought the matter over, and I proposed that we return to the farmhouse, for I dreaded a repetition of my Choctawhatchee experiences, and a deferring of breakfast until the following day. My companion offered to swim across the Apalachicola, capture the boat and come back for me. I did not believe he could accomplish it, in view of the strong current, the great breadth of the river, and the presence of the alligators.

But, despite my remonstrances and solicitation, he insisted on his plan, and proceeded to carry it out. I beheld him plunge into the river, cut through it like a fish, and gain a distance of a third of a mile in less than ten minutes. Yet I was ill at ease, I confess, until I saw him safe on the other side. A moment later he reappeared with the boat, steering in my direction. But his strength was not a match for the ponderous force he had to meet; the current carried him further down than he expected, and it was only by hauling upon the branches of the trees overhanging the bank on my side that he finally got back. It had been a wonderful exploit. We now joined forces; I handled my oar as well as I could, and we were soon safe across. But our trials were not over; we had ten miles more to cover before reaching a house where they were willing to prepare something for us to eat. It was not until six o'clock in the evening that we were enabled to break our fast. I cheered up my Scotch friend by showing him how cheap was our system of travel.

Our host was a lively fellow, incessantly plying us with questions, and expounding his political doctrine. He would gladly have prolonged the conversation, but we were worn out, and had to retire to bed.

The journey as far as Tallahassee was not unpleasant. We reached there on the twelfth day after my departure from Pensacola. I had come a distance of three hundred English miles—reckoned in France as a hundred leagues. I omit referring to the last two days of the trip, as nothing took place worth noting. We observed, however, several small sheets of water or natural ponds, and were informed that there were quite a number of lakes in the vicinity. The land was rolling, the soil firm, and water abundant.

In 1823 Tallahassee was selected as the proper place to establish the future capital of the territory. It lies between Pensacola and St. Augustine and has much to commend it. To a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles around it the lands are most productive. They are dotted over with broad lakes that beautify the country and

supply more substantial advantage in the fish from their waters and the game attracted to their shores. The sea is but a short distance away and is easily reached by the Apalachee and its branches. The town itself has not been well located. It is constructed on a narrow plain, and until the place becomes important enough to warrant paving the streets it will be hard to prevent the ruin caused by the torrents of rain that periodically fall in this country. American towns spring up as by magic. Amphion's lyre is less potent than the voice of immoderate desire.

It is but four years since Tallahassee was founded, yet it already numbers over a hundred neat, well-ordered buildings. I rested there for three days, and found both people and governor to be polite and respectable.

It was my good fortune to celebrate Mass there on Sunday, June 23rd, and I had hardly begun when, to my great surprise, the room was filled up with Protestants.

I had to extemporize a sermon; and while I spoke of the great value of salvation and pointed out how it was to be secured, these good people listened with reverence, and then remained until the end of the Holy Sacrifice. I felt I had satisfied their expectations. One of the number remarked, on leaving, that he "liked my teachings": they appeared to him "very good and very sound."

It is marvellous what influence Catholicity has on the minds of intelligent people. I conversed with several physicians, lawyers, and other well-educated gentlemen, and learned that most of them held quite a favorable opinion of our religion. Few have any personal knowledge of the religion in which they were born; they are dissatisfied with the endless variety of sects, and, as Protestantism fails to stir the heart, they wander at large and fall eventually into a state of utter indifference. How often have I heard the promise, so comforting to us of the true faith, that if ever they adopted a religion, it is Catholicism they would choose!

A pious Irishman made me the generous offer of a plot of land within the village if I desired to build a church. It is not the good will that is lacking, but where are the husbandmen to prepare this untilled waste? Under other circumstances I should have gladly hailed this offer; as it was, it only served to deepen my distress.

How does it happen that I am sent to a people whose wants I realize yet cannot meet? No doubt Providence will make its purposes manifest in its own good time. We must always bear in mind that the tree whose shade and whose fruit bless the whole earth sprang from a mere mustard-seed.

I had the happiness of baptizing three children, one of whom died a few days later.

Setting out from Tallahassee on the 25th of June, we travelled on through a beautiful forest as far as the river Ocilla. From the top of the hills on the way we caught sight of several lakes in the valleys below that, despite their native beauty and cool, shady banks, the variety of eligible sites and picturesque landscape, had failed to attract any settlers. Virginia ducks, which might as reasonably be styled Florida ducks, bustards, majestic cranes that Bartram does not hesitate to call angelic, teal and a myriad of other water-fowl covered those crystal pools, skillfully evading the sudden onslaught of the ponderous alligator.

It is to these lakes that at nightfall the hunted deer betake themselves to quench their thirst, and not infrequently to escape the too persistent panther by swimming across with race-horse celerity.

I undertook while waiting for dinner to take a bath in the Ocilla, but I had scarcely touched the water when the sight of an alligator with his huge head coming my way quickly led me to change my mind.

For dinner we had broiled bear-steak that was really delicious, followed by watermelon for dessert.

Near this spot two months previously some young Seminole Indians had perpetrated a terrible outrage. Provoked, it is said, by the ill-treatment of a farmer who

had settled on the border outside their reservation, they had during his absence burned at the stake his wife, his children, and a slave. The whole tribe, however, was not responsible for this crime, and the governor was able, notwithstanding the universal agitation, to separate the innocent from the guilty and to preserve the peace.

Dreading extermination, the Seminoles took the reins of justice into their own hands.

The man who had entertained us so kindly and who dwelt in a wretched hut in the midst of the desert told us how he had suffered from these bandits.

The day after this terrible occurrence they made a demand on him for provisions, and threatened to kill him should he not comply. Doubtless, too, they would have carried out the threat had not a body of soldiers suddenly appeared in pursuit of them. One Indian was dangerously wounded in front of his house, escaping only to meet death very probably by drowning in a swamp to which he fled. The rest escaped through the dense brushwood, and were arrested not long after by the other members of their tribe. The alarm had not entirely abated at the time of our journey.

Towards evening we reached the hut where we were to spend the night. We were well treated, but not without cost. We had hardly retired when we were set upon by a swarm of gnats and mosquitoes. During my stay at New Orleans I had become acquainted with these enemies of mankind, and I now set out to profit by my experience. My body was protected by the bedclothes. I put on my gloves, and completed my defense by covering my face with a handkerchief so as to leave only my nose exposed. The heat was stifling, but I had selected the lesser evil.

I called at this hut on my way back from St. Augustine, and found there nobody but an old woman who at first declined to admit me. Unable to secure aid for myself, I begged assistance for my horse, and I had a hard time to enlist her sympathy for the poor animal. She finally consented to furnish him with a meal. While the

horse, which had travelled thirty-six miles without food, was being attended to, I went to stretch myself under the roof of the hut. I suddenly observed an old man approaching, bent with age and suffering from a fever that had been sapping his vitality for two months. I inquired politely after his health, condescended to feel his pulse, and expatiated on the wonderful properties of quinine. The hope of speedy recovery with which my advice inspired him gave me favor in his sight. He told his wife that she ought not to turn out a traveller to sleep in the woods and, above all, supperless; that that was enough to bring on a fever as severe as his own. In this way we succeeded in obtaining what common humanity should have secured for us. This little scene afforded considerable amusement to myself and to the young Scotchman who was in my company.

We set out early on the 27th of June, soon after the mail-carrier. As the guide had assured us that we should meet no dwellings until we reached the banks of the Suwanee River, where we counted on spending the night, we travelled along the shores of several small ordinary lakes and picnicked near one of them. The heat was intense, and we were so thirsty that the water, which was hardly fit to drink, seemed to us to be delicious. The first one of us to go forward to get a drink ran foul of an alligator who stood in the way. After a slight resistance, however, the latter retired to the middle of the lake.

The principal scenes of the War of 1818 were enacted in the neighborhood of the Suwanee River. Two thousand Indians and negroes-many of the latter being fugitive slaves—were here massed to contest the advance of General Jackson. But when the combined English and American forces drew near and a few slight skirmishes had taken place, the Seminoles fell back on St. Augustine and were hotly pursued.

An attack was made during the night upon a negro camp, and the negroes fought with desperation. The fighting force did not exceed three hundred and

and they were appointed to protect the wives and children of their owners and of their friends. They discharged the duty nobly. The strife was a bloody one, and they did not retreat until eighty of their number were slain and most of the others disabled.

On this occasion the Englishman Arbuthnot was caught, tried as a spy, and condemned to a disgraceful death. The young Ambrister was treated with equal severity. They were found guilty of selling weapons to the Indians. They were accused of other crimes also, but the evidence was found insufficient to sustain the charges.

As we were leaving the Suwanee, an American farmer showed us an enormous alligator that he had killed the previous evening. It was about twelve feet long, and had harassed the people thereabouts for a long time, chasing children, snapping up hogs, and even making off with a big watch-dog. This latter loss had exasperated the farmer, and he determined to get rid of the uncongenial neighbor. His efforts were successful. A bullet settled the matter. Upon laying the alligator open the remains of the dog and half of a hog were found. I inspected this awful monster, and discovered that his upper jaw was movable. About five quarts of oil were obtained from his fat. Usually the alligator attacks only when out in the water, for it is then that it feels at its best. It is known to have upset a rowboat, stopped bears and horses, and to have devoured human beings—invariably preferring colored victims to white when the choice is offered.

We were told on the 28th that we were about to have our worst day. The nearest house in the county of Alachua was fifty miles distant. The path lay along the ridge of a dusty elevation, without a single stream to moisten it. So that the traveller is constantly warned to learn just where he must turn to find the two springs and the well where alone he may slake his terrible thirst, especially during the hot season. The two springs are the source of two charming rivers. The richness of the

surrounding country reminded me of the valley of the Chipola. If we had passed around the southern side of the hill, we should not have suffered for want of water and we should have beheld one of the great wonders of the country—a vast river pouring into a chasm a hundred feet deep and swallowed up in the bowels of the earth. The well is striking. It is cut into the rock, and it is only by means of a rod sixteen feet long and a pitcher that the water may be obtained. In all probability were it not for the mail-carrier we should have met the fate of Tantalus.

When three miles beyond the well we began to ascend a mountain of white sand, and after three hours of agonizing travel we reached the last of the springs. I refer to it again on account of a fig-tree, the largest I ever saw, which overspreads the surface of the stream.

In the evening we came across the grave or tomb of an Indian who had died two months before. Two of his comrades had cared for him until the end and then, out of respect for his corpse had laid it beneath a triangular enclosure, or slanting-roofed fence. It was sad to see the bones of the unfortunate man which the wild beasts had left bare, for the ingenuity of his friends did not equal their devotion. The wolves had dug beneath the structure and brought their labors to naught.

A sight like this saddens the soul. We cannot but bewail the fate of those stricken by death far from their people, and whose agony is not alleviated either by earthly or by supernatural consolation.

To clamor about the happiness of the Indians is to forget that their happiness is but savage indifference, and that though they may be less sensible of the wants of life than other races, they are always in doubt as to their ability to satisfy them. Their wild freedom will never attract any but those of unsettled mind and a roving disposition.

I was unsuccessful in my search for the Santa Fe natural bridge of which I had heard. Although there are times when the waters pour both beneath and across it,

I discovered no trace of this great wonder, and thus I crossed a river without being cognizant of the fact. The section of Alachua County lying to the east of the Santa Fe is very much like the neighborhood of Tallahassee.

On my return trip I found out six Catholic families at this place, and I baptized seven children. The Protestant population, hearing of my arrival, hastened to witness the ceremony. Taking advantage of the occasion to enlighten them and moderate their prejudices, I made some remarks upon the necessity of baptism, and entered upon an explanation of the attending rites and the pertinency of the symbolic ceremonies. I read the prayers in Latin first, then in English, and closed with an outline of the Christian's duties. Soon afterwards a Protestant woman brought me her child to be received into the family of Jesus Christ.

I had spent about an hour and a half in this manner, and supposed it merely remained for me to dismiss the assemblage. But it became manifest that some further action was meditated. I was not to get off so cheaply. The Protestants came and begged me to preach them a sermon. Now I would not have it said of me: *Petierunt panem et non erat qui frangeret eis.* I was profoundly touched, and my heart burned to satisfy them. At such a time one realizes how our brethren, though separated, are still our brethren. How piously they listened to my discourse! They seemed to be really glad to receive the seed of truth which I scattered among them. To crown the good work, Our Lord sent me an applicant for instant admission into the Catholic fold. A Protestant gentleman of wealth and position solicited me to devote a week to the instruction of his large family in the doctrines of the Church with a view to their baptism. He pledged me a rich harvest. I pity the missionary who would be insensible to such an appeal, for the most poignant trial of the priesthood is to see where good may be done and at the same time to be unable to accomplish it. But matters of prime importance demanded my speedy return to Pensacola. It is thus that the Almighty, even in the midst

of our pleasures, keeps His cross forever before our eyes. Christ found the whole world plunged in idolatry, yet He allotted but twelve apostles to its conversion. Let us be patient, and, though the waiting try us sorely, let us await the manifestation of His will!

On the last day of June we proceeded on our journey, and for two nights in succession I was prevented from sleeping by the insects that swarmed in our abode. One narrow room held ten persons. Our only bed was a mattress; my carpet-bag was my pillow. I was long in falling asleep, and my slumber was troubled.

Continuing on the evening of July 1st, we covered a distance of forty-five miles, most of the time with nothing to drink but stagnant, muddy water taken from the roadside, where the sun had been pouring its hot rays upon it. A piece of corn bread steeped in this water served us for dinner. My companion, suffering fearfully from thirst, had explored the territory at either side of the way in the hope of discovering a spring, but his search was fruitless. In one of his incursions he ran across an alligator, probably bent on the same errand. Although the latter was doubtless moving straight in the right direction, my companion did not feel tempted to follow. Night overtook us, and at about eight o'clock we espied a bright light that led us to a dwelling on the banks of Black River.

Black River is formed by the outflow of several lakes which are believed to be connected by underground channels. There is evidence that these lakes rise and fall to the same extent, and the sudden swelling of the river at times can be accounted for only upon the supposition that these lakes are united.

On July 3rd we slackened our pace, and on the 4th we reached Jacksonville, situated on the river St. John.

The St. John is in form more like a bay, owing to its great width, and, in contrast with most rivers, it flows directly north. Its source has not yet been determined, but the common opinion is that it takes its rise in cer-

tain wooded swamps. Where we crossed it is said to be its narrowest point, yet even there it was two miles wide.

The land on both sides of the St. John is favorable to the cultivation of cotton, in view particularly of the fast that the ocean breezes are wafted twenty or thirty miles inland. Although the soil is white and light, it possesses notable properties. The sugar-cane is successfully grown and ripens perfectly. Fruit-trees, such as the orange, lemon, and olive, reach an extraordinary size; and vegetables, especially the sweet potato, acquire a savory flavor.

It is likely that the orange-tree is native to the soil of Florida, for as you ascend the river you will meet whole woods of it, bearing fruit that is more or less pungent. In years of famine the Indians lived on these oranges, taking care, however, to bake them before eating.

On the 5th of July we at length reached St. Augustine, the end of our journey. St. Augustine is the city of the United States that most resembles our old European cities. Its streets are narrow, the windows are small, and the ground-floors of the dwellings are formed of hard concrete. The town dates back to 1568.

Soon after my arrival I was waited on by the parish trustees. They came in a body to tender me a house and all that befitted my station. Their attentions were most considerate. The next day I visited the church, and sung High Mass on the following Sunday. The church, though large, was completely filled. Protestant churches were left empty, and ministers with their congregations came to attend our service. Most of them were no doubt moved solely by curiosity, but, without considering that question, I thanked the Lord for the opportunity of proclaiming His name and sounding His praises before this assemblage. My sermon was in English. I announced that I would begin next day to teach the catechism, after Mass, to those who were preparing for First Communion. I kept this up until I left. Some who were sick sought my ministrations and the consolations of religion. There was one man that particularly roused my sympathy. The

poor fellow had been bitten the previous year by a rattlesnake. The remedies given him were futile. At the end of a year the poison broke out in venomous boils, and in a month he was dead.

I was beginning to know my people and to be appreciated by them, and was even beginning to feel satisfied at my success, when, on the 18th of July, I was stricken with a violent fever. The disease made rapid headway and, notwithstanding all the attention I received, I sank into the shadow of death. It annoyed me to observe that the people were flocking to see me. A Protestant lady, learning that I was laid out upon a cot, sent me a softer bed. Ministers availed themselves of the occasion to come and see me and discourse upon the mercy of the Lord. I thanked them for their kindness, and assured them that I had never had, and never would or could have, any hope outside the pale of the Catholic Church. On the ninth day came the crisis. I struggled to my feet and ran around the adjoining rooms. They at once seized me. My head was attacked on the tenth day, and I experienced a violent shock in every joint of my body. The fever was gone, but I realized my condition. I had already read, in the looks of those about me, that I was considered beyond recovery, and I ended by believing that my hour had come. I was sad, and my sadness was due to these two thoughts: "I am going to die," I said, "without having accomplished anything for this country, and I am leaving it worse than I found it. Have I been raised to the Episcopate only to die without the sacraments?"

My feeble state contributed greatly to this depression. I beheld my friends and relatives; I bade them good-by in a far-off land ; never would they come to pray at my grave. Such are the struggles with death. Frequently I cried out: "My Saviour, since I may not have regular assistance, become my solace and my strength ; take pity on me according to the greatness of Thy mercy." I composed myself reflecting that I had not come hither on my own account; that I had not crossed a desert of five

hundred and sixty miles for my own pleasure, and that I was enrolled in the service of Jesus Christ.

As soon as the conflicts of nature and human weakness were over, I recommended my soul to God for life or for death, according to His will. Committed to divine Providence, ready for the sacrifice, I could not but think now and then of my sad plight. St. Francis Xavier died upon a barren island, but Heaven filled his soul with a foretaste of the glory that his virtue had won for him. Far from giving me courage, this example only led me to contrast my weakness and wretchedness with the bravery, the unselfishness, the zeal, and the determination of this greatest of missionaries. My confidence again fell away; I had nothing to lean upon, and I beheld myself at the bar of the Supreme Judge with no good works to plead for me. How requisite is the spiritual physician in such deplorable situations! Do we not feel the need of some kind soul to speak to us in such moments with the authority of Jesus Christ, so as to dispel the shadows that scare us, to soothe the agony that tears at the heart, to remove those doubts that are more terrible than death itself? Man seeks to be, and should be, encouraged and consoled by his fellow man. The Christian, the priest himself, calls for a representative of the Lord in order to be assisted into the bosom of Eternal Mercy. I did not forget the lesson taught me by my abandoned situation, and I determined never to leave alone any of the missionaries cooperating with me in the work of salvation.

The eleventh day found no improvement in the disease, and the indications created alarm. My constitution and my youth offered the only hope. God, most likely, did not deem the victim to be worthy of Him. He postponed my hour, in order to warn me by this experience to be prepared always to render an account of my stewardship. During the night the pains grew less, perspiration was reestablished, and the following day I was out of danger. I had the yellow fever in 1819, but I do

not think it caused me such long and intense suffering as this malignant bilious fever.

For three weeks I was extremely feeble, and it was not until about the end of August that I was able to resume my labors. Then I delivered sermons in English and Spanish alternately. I thought I noticed that Our Lord was working from within upon these good souls who still responded to many of His graces.

These first blessings prompted me, in spite of my weak condition, to open a retreat, which I continued for two weeks. I gathered the people together morning and evening; Catechism was followed by informal instruction ; and, to add to the solemnity of the general Communion, I caused a musical programme to be arranged for the Mass. All was carried out with the plain and simple ceremony which the circumstances imposed. One hundred and twenty-five persons assisted at the Holy Sacrifice ; ninety-five received Confirmation ; fifty made their First Communion. I had the satisfaction of receiving a Protestant woman into the Faith. During my stay at St. Augustine I baptized nearly sixty children.

On September 22d I left St. Augustine, and reached Pensacola on the 13th of October. I pass over the difficulties encountered on my return trip; but they were fewer than those of the outward journey, and I escaped at the price of an intermittent fever which clung to me for a month.

The two priests who had stood by me up to this time now departed, and I worked on alone until April, when I made preparations to go to Europe in quest of help to preserve Catholicity in this vast country.

To complete my misfortunes, the church at Mobile took fire about the end of October 1827, and was burned to the ground.

MICHAEL, Bishop of Mobile.

MORE ABOUT DR. JOHN GORRIE AND REFRIGERATION

by RUTH E. MIER

The principal source of the numerous brief sketches that have been written on the life of Dr. John Gorrie is four articles appearing in *Ice and Refrigeration,* of Chicago; and the first of these was, in the main, the source of the other three.* Captain George H. Whiteside, whose brother Samuel J. Whiteside was a friend and contemporary of Dr. Gorrie's, was the author of that article, entitled "Dr. John Gorrie, Sketch of the Career of the Original Inventor of the Ice Machine or Device for the Mechanical Production of Ice and Refrigeration." His admiration for the man whose name was spoken so respectfully by the people of Apalachicola, led him to become Dr. Gorrie's biographer. But in collecting and presenting his material he fell into several errors which have been carried into subsequent accounts, for some sources were not available to him.

It is generally assumed, though not known positively, that Dr. Gorrie was born on October 3, 1803 in Charleston, South Carolina. He is supposed to have received his early education in that city, but accounts differ as to where and when he received his degree in medicine. The best known version is that he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City in 1833. Another is that he graduated in New York in 1825; another is that he worked his way through the old New York School of Surgeons.

Editor's note - Though Dr. Gorrie has often been written about, there is still much to be learned of his life and his experiments with refrigeration. The writer, in her research for a biography of this noteworthy Floridian, has brought several new facts to light and corrected others which have been doubtful or unquestioned.

Though Dr. Gorrie was not the first to make ice in the laboratory, he was one of the first to do so independently; and, through his humanitarianism, he was the pioneer in air-conditioning. So his statue in Statuary Hall of the Capitol in Washington is not out of place.

*The issues of May 1897, June 1900, August 1901, and June 1914.

A prolonged search into the history of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City, now a part of Columbia University and on whose alumni list John Gorrie's name cannot be found, revealed the fact that for the convenience of students living in the western part of New York state, another College of Physicians and Surgeons was established, under the Board of Regents, on June 12, 1812, in Fairfield, Herkimer County. This college became known as the Fairfield Medical College and it was here John Gorrie matriculated. The catalogue shows that he attended the sessions of 1825-1826 and 1826-1827. Surprisingly it lists his residence as Columbia, South Carolina, and not Charleston. For his graduation thesis he chose "Neuralgia" as the subject. He received his degree in 1827, and not in 1825, nor in 1833, as has been variously stated.

Dr. A. W. Chapman, the famous botanist, in supplying some information on Gorrie to Captain Whiteside, wrote that Dr. Asa Gray had met and become friends with Dr. Gorrie in 1833 while he (Dr. Gray) was assisting in the "Chemical Department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City." This, too, must be a fallacy, for Asa Gray was also a medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Fairfield from the year 1826 to 1831. He received his doctor's degree in 1831. While no record extant shows Dr. Gray to have been on the faculty, he is thought to have done some instructing there during his last two years as a student.

Six years after his graduation from the Fairfield medical school and in the late spring or early summer of 1833, Dr. John Gorrie - small of stature, with dark hair and brown eyes, decidedly Spanish in type - came to Apalachicola, Florida, a frontier boom town and cotton port. He began at once to practice medicine and identify himself with the social life and political activities of the town. He was postmaster from November 24, 1834 to July 18, 1838 ; he was elected a member of the city council and served as city treasurer in 1835 and 1836 ; and

his name is to be found on a petition to Congress asking for the repeal of a law passed by the Legislative Council of Florida which effected the removal of the "seat of Justice" to St. Joseph.

On December 28, 1835, a chapter of the Masonic Lodge, Franklin No. 6 of Apalachicola, was organized. Dr. Gorrie was appointed secretary *pro-tem* and elected treasurer. He is thought to have been at one time a warden, but the Minute Book of this early organization does not show that he ever held this office. In March 1836 he was elected to the Branch Bank of Pensacola at Apalachicola and served as president of the bank that summer. He found time in 1837 to be among the incorporators and later a vestryman of Trinity Parish Protestant Episcopal Church.

When Dr. Gorrie was elected intendant (mayor) of the then thriving city of Apalachicola on January 21, 1837, he wrote a letter to the city council setting forth his suggestions for an efficient administration. Among his recommendations, which was to be of particular interest to him personally later on, was that a hospital for "the indigent" be established in the city. During his incumbency as intendant two more banks were organized and newspaper accounts show him to have been one of the incorporators of the Marine Insurance Bank with a paper capital of $1,500,000. On November 22, 1837, he resigned as intendant and from that time devoted himself to his practice and a growing interest in the causes, prevention and treatment of malarial and yellow fevers.

As early as 1835 he had shown his interest in these diseases by writing for the Apalachicola Land Company at their request a full opinion on how they could be prevented. While not knowing that the mosquito was the carrier he did recognize that local causes were responsible for endemic fevers. He advocated, therefore, the draining of all low, swampy ground, the elimination of insanitary conditions and the rigid enforcement of precautions and health regulations.

It will be remembered that Dr. Gorrie recommended to the council in 1837 that a new hospital for "the indigent" be established. This the council did in July of that year. In the city, however, there was already a building used as a hospital for sailors which, although not owned by the United States government, was apparently supported, at least partially, by United States funds and was known to the citizens of the town as the Marine Hospital. There is a possibility that Dr. Gorrie owned this so-called Marine Hospital. It is known that he was under contract to the United States government to look after sick and injured sailors and that he was the attendant physician at this hospital. The city council appointed him to this same position in the new hospital for "the indigent."

In 1838 Dr. Gorrie married Mrs. Caroline Frances Beman. Two children, a son, John Myrick Gorrie, and a daughter, Sarah, were born of this union. The son, said to have been educated as a lawyer and interested in politics, served in the Confederate army and died at the age of twenty-six in 1866. He had not married. Of the daughter, Sarah, who died in 1900, there are living descendants in Pensacola and New York.

It was in his home, tradition says, that Dr. Gorrie maintained one, if not two, hospital rooms for his private practice, and here it was that he treated fever patients and experimented with an air-cooling machine.

In 1844 he published a series of articles explaining and justifying the benefits of a new treatment for malarial diseases, and discussing at length his idea of refrigeration through the compression and then expansion of gases. This is the principle used today. These articles were summed up in 1855 in the *New Orleans Medical Journal.* Other articles of his were published in the *New York Lancet* and in the *Southern Quarterly Review.*

*These eleven lengthy articles were published in the *Commercial Advertiser,* a weekly newspaper of Apalachicola, the issues of April 6 through June 15, 1844. They were signed "Jenner." but were unquestionably written by Dr. Gorrie. The title is "On the Prevention of Malarial Diseases."

The articles on malaria show that he believed the disease to be carried as a volatile substance. Too, his observations led him to the conclusion that prolonged high temperatures of summer and fall "determined the character and prevalence of endemic and epidemic malarial fevers." That being so, he argued, malaria would cease to exist if he could maintain the temperature of the patient's room "above the maximum or below the minimum at which malaria is produced." Acting on this belief he invented the first air-cooling device for the purpose of lowering the temperature of a hospital room. This was an urn or basin filled with ice and suspended from the ceiling. Fresh air carried by a pipe from a chimney showered down over the ice, spread through the room and was discharged to the open, air by another pipe at ground level. Dr. Gorrie perfected and used this device sometime between the years 1838 and 1844.

To use this temperature treatment successfully he needed a constant supply of ice. That he did not have, for all southern cities, if they used ice at all, were dependent upon the natural supply produced in New England and brought by an occasional schooner. If the crop was scant they received none at all. What they did get was sold at several dollars a hundredweight, and when scarce the price was prohibitive. Being an excellent physicist, he designed and built a machine, which, by using air as his gas, through compression and then expansion he cooled his air and eventually produced ice.

There are many and varied tales of when, where, and how Dr. Gorrie succeeded in making ice. One story, not generally known nor recounted, is that of an old negro, Gus Wilburn, who was still living in Apalachicola in 1938. Gus claimed he was born August 20, 1840, and that he was Dr. Gorrie's office boy in 1850. He maintains that he and Dr. Gorrie forgot one day to shut off the air cooling machine and when they remembered to do so, they found the machine had filled up with ice. It may be that it was the father of Gus who was the office boy and in the passage of time he has attributed

the story to himself. However that may be, Mrs. J. D. Cumming of Apalachicola verified this story. It was her grandmother, Mrs. Betsey Liverman, who was the nurse in charge of Dr. Gorrie's fever patients on that eventful day.

It is generally accepted that Dr. Gorrie publicly demonstrated in 1850 a satisfactory model of a machine capable of making ice sufficient quantities to make it commercially practicable. The Mansion House story of how he gave this demonstration is the most widely repeated story of his life.

Dr. Gorrie seems to have accumulated considerable property both in real estate and slaves. While working out his invention he had spent most of his available money. It is presumed that to obtain sufficient funds to apply for a patent and finance a commercial venture, he raised all that he could on his own property and then made one or more trips to New Orleans to secure additional and necessary funds. That he also visited the East between the years 1851 and 1855 1855 is a possibility. At any rate, it is certain that he applied for a patent on March 16, 1849. There are three sets of specifications on file in the U. S. Patent Office, two of which are marked cancelled. He was issued Patent No. 8080 on an artificial ice machine on May 6, 1851. The date that one finds on the monument in Apalachicola is August 22, 1850, but this is the date that the machine was patented in England—not in the United States. The letters patent from the United States state that he was from New Orleans, the explanation being that those who lent him money there required this concession from him.

While in New Orleans he had succeeded in selling a half interest in his machine to a man from Boston, whose name is not known, and was making plans to build a large machine when the partner died. His death brought about the collapse of Dr. Gorrie's enterprise. Discouraged and weary he faced the piled-up debts. Probably the greatest source of humiliation to his sensitive soul

was the jibing attitude of the Northern newspapers. New England didn't take kindly to the thought of a mechanical invention supplanting artificially its natural ice supply.

Shrinking from public ridicule and feeling, possibly, that his friends and neighbors looked upon him with pity and commiseration, he withdrew to a life of almost complete seclusion. Brooding over his failure, he began to fail physically. In a short time he became ill-it may have been of a fever, one does not know-and died.

Various dates are given for his death. The *Dictionary of American Biography* says it was June 16, 1855. George D. Rowe gives the date as June 18, 1855. * Dr. Gorrie's will, however, belies these dates, for his own handwriting reads: "In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-second day of June in the year of our Lord 1855." Moreover the will was probated in the Franklin county court house, Apalachicola, Florida, on August 2, 1855. One would naturally draw the conclusion that Dr. Gorrie died between June 22 and August 2, 1855, but there is a possibility that he did not, since wills in those days, according to a jurist, were sometimes probated before the maker's death. There is no burial permit on file and no mention of his death in the records of Trinity Church nor in the old Minute Book of Franklin No. 6 Masonic Lodge of which he was a charter member. After much search, the date of his death - and it is probably the true one because it falls between the making and probating of the will - was found in an obituary notice in the *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal* of 1855-1856. It was June 29, 1855.

* *Florida Historical Society Quarterly,* I (4) p. 19

FLORIDA AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1928

by HERBERT J. DOHERTY, JR.

Presidential elections in the United States have furnished historians with interesting and extensive fields for research. In recent times the election which has perhaps furnished the richest field is the presidential race of 1928. This contest featured the elements of racial and religious intolerance as well as the diverse conflicts of section against section, "wet" against "dry", liberal against conservative, and, especially, party loyalty versus moral conviction.

* * * *

I

In the election of 1928 in the South the Democratic party, seemingly made solid permanently by Reconstruction, was split wide open by several strangely mixed influences, and was the greater in Florida by reason of the influx since the last election of voters from many states.

The campaign in Florida was one of the most vigorous waged over a general election since Reconstruction. Before the 1928 Democratic Convention in Houston, there had been very little pro-Smith sentiment in the state. Florida had been a party to the defeat by the Solid South of Smith's nomination in 1924. Many of the candidates for delegate to the convention did not pledge themselves to any man, but advertised themselves as committed to "the best interests of the Democratic Party."

Although the Florida delegation was sent to Houston uninstructed, a poll of the members indicated that most of them were opposed to the New York governor ;[1] [1] and the delegation fought the nomination of Smith to the bitter end. Even after his victory on the first ballot

1. *Bradford County Telegraph*, June 22, 1928

some of the Florida Democrats could not reconcile themselves to their defeat. It is recorded that Fred Cone of Lake City, later to become governor ". . . made himself famous (or perhaps notorious) by refusing to serve on the committee to notify Smith of his nomination."[2] [2]

This bitterness was reflected among Democrats all over Florida. There was a great deal of discussion of the "moral obligation" of Democrats to support Al Smith in the general election. Democrats who felt that they could not go with the party came to be known as "Hoovercrats" and for some time there was talk among loyal Democrats of reading the "bolters" out of the party. Some of the rural newspapers gave lengthy legal arguments supposedly showing why Democrats could not legally vote for Hoover.[3] [3]

Early in July of 1928 militant drys and Protestants had gathered in Asheville, North Carolina, at the call of Bishop James Cannon of the Methodist Church, to organize the Anti-Smith Democrats. They declared themselves ready to unite behind Hoover to keep the nation dry. This group made plans to carry their fight into every Southern community.

On August 4 Bishop Cannon arrived in Jacksonville to organize the Florida "dry Democrats. The convention was held in the First Methodist Church and was cosponsored by the Anti-Saloon League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Methodist ministers of Jacksonville.[4] [4] Many of the Protestant churches of the city suspended their regular services to aid the convention; but others refused to take cognizance of the movement, feeling that the church should take no part in politics,[5] [5] and numerous church officials condemned the policy of the pastors who intervened in political matters. The most outstanding critic of the preacher-politicians was Bishop Warren A. Candler, also of the

2. ***Ocala Banner,*** June 29, 1928
3. *Bradford County Telegraph,* August 3, 1928
4. *Florida Times-Union,* August 4, 1928
5. ***Ibid.,*** August 8, 1928

Methodist Church. Cannon characterized his fellow bishop to the Jacksonville convention as a "constitutional and confirmed reactionary."[6]

Meanwhile, Hoover clubs and Anti-Smith clubs were springing up all over the state and the WCTU was energetically rousing the women to fight the "evil" liquor interests backing Al Smith. Sunday school classes were pledging themselves to fight for prohibition. In Jacksonville, the Senior Epworth League resolved to oppose candidates who were against prohibition, and ". . . support such candidates as it believes will most effectively enforceit."[7]

The regular Democratic organization, long unused to waging a presidential fight in Florida, did not get its campaign rolling until late in August. Even so, it did not get local organizations effectively activated until late September and early October. The campaign was officially launched in Florida on August 25 in Tampa. Senator Walter George of Georgia, who was the keynoter for Florida, discounted the importance of Smith's religion and portrayed the Republicans as having failed to enforce prohibition.[8]

Meanwhile the anti-Smith forces were carrying on a full-scale campaign to win Florida for Hoover. The Rev. John Roach Straton of New York, who had gained nation-wide attention by his pulpit denunciations of Al Smith, came to Florida early in September and addressed mass meetings all over the state. In Jacksonville ". . . the city's largest auditorium was packed to the doors with a perspiring cheering throng as the New York divine spoke, himself dripping perspiration to the rostrum until it stood about in puddles."[9] Dr. Straton was one of the most picturesque and most influential of the anti-Smith campaigners to stump Florida. His Jacksonville talk was given an eye-catching heading in the

6. *Ibid.*, August 9, 1928
7. *Florida Times-Union*, August 7, 1928
8. ***Bradford County Telegraph,*** August 31, 1928
9. *Ibid.*, September 14, 1928

Bradford County Telegraph : "Hell's Forces Behind Smith Says Straton." [10]

Straton's wife, traveling with him, appealed to the all-important women's vote on the basis that the women had been ". . . given the vote at this time for a purpose, and God has given us this power." [11]

The influence of the Stratons upon the rural womenfolk can be judged from the minutes of the Weirsdale WCTU:

> Mrs. Straton said she came to address the women and was delighted to see so many out, and such earnest faces. She was a born and reared Democrat, she loved the party but it had fallen in bad hands, so she was going to do like a mother that loved her child, but had to punish it to make it better, so she intended to vote for Mr. Hoover, as it was the only way it could be done.
>
> Dr. Straton said it was out of the question for a Christian to vote for a man like Alfred Smith for president of our land, because his record shows the vile measures he had upheld. A Christian has to look out for his principle and not his party . . . . [12]

In mid-September, former Governor Sidney J. Catts announced in DeFuniak Springs that he intended to open a state-wide campaign against Al Smith. [13] Although Catts was disowned by both Democrats and Republicans, he continued his tour and brought the religion-prohibition argument into many communities.

The Democrats brought many outstanding and influential speakers to Florida to combat the rising anti-Smith sentiment. Among them were such prominent figures as Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, Senator James Reed of Missouri, Congressman A. H. Gasque of South Carolina, former Senator R. L. Owens of Okla-

10. *Bradford County Telegraph,* September 14, 1928
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Ocala Banner,* September 21, 1928
13. *The Evening News,* September 15, 1928

homa, Senator-elect Tom Connally of Texas, former Secretary Josephus Daniels, and Senator George who has been mentioned.

Among the local Democrats who fought for Smith were Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, Judge A. V. Long of Gainesville, John E. Hartridge, dean of the Jacksonville bar, and Congressman Lex Green. All of the candidates for state and national posts sooner or later declared themselves in favor of the Democratic nominees. However, as in the case of Doyle Carlton, some of the indorsements were so worded as to allow adherents of both sides to claim their support.

Some of the younger men in the state were influential in organizing Young Men's Democratic Clubs. Harris Powers, editor of the *Ocala Banner* and W. M. Pepper, Jr., of the *Gainesville Daily Sun,* with William G. Carleton of the University of Florida were prominent in this work. Carleton in particular was active, making speeches in Jacksonville, Tampa, Gainesville, Eustis, Lake City, Pensacola, Plant City, and Lakeland. [14]

The "Hoovercrats" likewise drew support from the younger men. Billy Matthews, vice president of the University of Florida student body was active in addressing Hoover clubs in central Florida. [15] It is to be noted that most of the interested young people taking part in this campaign were either newspaper men or college men.

As the Rev. Dr. Straton was the star of the anti-Smith troupe in Florida, so the Democrats also had an outstanding performer. Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic nominee for vice-president toured Florida close on the heels of Dr. Straton and vigorously upheld the Democratic platform.

Accounts of the campaign tours through Florida by these men, all outstanding speakers, reveal the bitterness and heated atmosphere in which the election was being fought in the state. Speaking to an audience in Jacksonville which gave tumultuous applause at the men-

14. *Gainesville Daily Sun,* November 2, 1928
15. *Gainesville Daily Sun,* October 5, 1928

tion of the name Smith, Senator Robinson nevertheless found himself interrupted by continuous shouts of "Hurrah for Hoover. [16] A week earlier Dr. Straton had been greeted with "cheers, with a few scattered 'boos' from the distant galleries . . . [17] However, during his speech:

> An elderly woman approached the platform and said "You are standing there giving scandal and you are supposed to be a minister of God."
>
> "Sit down, sister, I'm working harder than you are," Dr. Straton said, but the woman continued to talk as she turned, unassisted, to leave the hall.[18] [18]

In Lakeland anti-Smith Democrats demanded an apology of the city and the removal of the police chief because of heckling at an anti-Smith rally. Regular Democrats reported that the speaker for the antis, advertised as a former congressman from Tennessee, had in reality never been near Congress and was a paid lecturer and organizer for the Ku Klux Klan.[19] [19]

Catts, however, was one of the most unfortunate speakers. One of his first speeches delivered in Tallahassee broke up in a near-riot. The Gainesville *Evening News* reports, "Former Governor Sidney J. Catts was forced to forego his speech because of hooting and throwing of eggs, one of which struck Catts squarely in the face."[20]

Prominent women were employed by both sides in all manner of attempts to win the women's vote. *The Ocala Banner* carried an article by Eleanor Roosevelt called "Personal Observations of Mrs. Alfred E. Smith." In Miami Ruth Bryan Owen, candidate for Congress, declared her support for Al Smith.[21] [21] Mrs. Lloyd Fletcher

16. *Florida Times-Union,* September 16, 1928
17. *Bradford County Telegraph,* September 14, 1928
18. *Florida Times-Union,* September 7, 1928
19. *Ibid,* October 25, 1928
20. *The Evening News,* September 25, 1928
21. *Gainesville Daily Sun,* October 20, 1928

of Amarillo, Texas, an experienced speaker and wife of a prominent Texas Democrat, toured Florida calling for the women to stay true to Democracy. [22] Mrs. Lois K. Mayes Tanner, National Democratic committee woman, of Pensacola, was one of the prominent Florida women working for Smith. There were no strong women's organizations working for the Democratic cause, however. The state convention of the WCTU held in Ocala on October 29 resolved to fight candidates opposed to prohibition. [23] This organization and the Anti-Saloon League were important components of Bishop Cannon's "Anti-Smith Democrats." Many reports show that the Hoover clubs and Anti-Smith clubs had large percentages of female membership.

The newspapers of the state were curiously divided in their political leanings. One survey shows ". . . about 90 percent of the dailies supporting Smith and an equal percentage of the rural weeklies advocating Hoover." [24] Prior to the Houston convention a much larger percentage of the papers had been anti-Smith, but when he received the nomination they loyally gave him their support. As the *Bradford County Telegraph* reported ". . . the Telegraph was established as a Democratic paper, has always supported the organized party and probably always will." [25]

Some of the papers limited their support to little more than nominally operating as a Democratic paper. The Gainesville *Evening News* gave much front page space to pictures and features about Hoover while pointedly refraining from editorial comment on politics. It was not until the last days of the campaign that this paper gave its support openly to Smith. On the other hand, its rival the *Gainesville Daily Sun* was a staunch supporter of Smith throughout the campaign. Through-

22. *Gainesville Daily Sun,* October 23, 1928
23. *Ocala Banner,* November 2, 1928
24. *Florida Times-Union,* October 19, 1928
25. *Bradford County Telegraph,* October 26, 1928

out the state, most of the papers regarded as influential were supporting Smith.

It was not until very late in the campaign that Florida Democrats realized that they had a real fight on their hands. As late as August Mayor John T. Alsop of Jacksonville had expressed his opinion to the *New York Times* that the South was going to stay solid.[26] [26] Even in October Duncan U. Fletcher declared that Florida was "safe."[27] While such statements may have been political whistling in the dark, many Democrats did feel that while there would be large defections in the state because of the religious and prohibition issues, it would not be sufficiently serious to swing the state into the Republican column. When the danger of a Republican victory was recognized it was too late to do anything about it.[28][28]

The fact that Hoover carried the state while the rest of the ticket went to the Democrats is a good indication that there were no important party issues. It would emphasize the belief that the personality of Al Smith, and that vague something which might be designated as the "moral standards" or "way of life" which the voters thought each man represented, were more important than party platforms.

When the Florida votes had been tabulated, it was found that the Republican electors received 143,716 votes to 101,764 for the Democratic electors. Florida had given its vote to a Republican candidate for president for the first time since 1876. [29]

II

All of the issues of the national contest had been present to some degree in Florida. The Tammany issue, the hatred of the big city machine, had been present to

26. *Jacksonville Journal,* August 24, 1928
27. *Bradford County Telegraph,* October 12, 1928
28. Cash, W. T., *History of the Democratic Party in Florida,* p. 145
29. Cash, *History of the Democratic Party in Florida,* p. 145

some extent; the prosperity issue was undoubtedly of some small importance ; and the immigration and tariff issues would arouse argument. However, in the state of Florida, as in the South in general, the issues of prohibition and religion were more important than any other issue or combination of issues.

It is between these two questions that it becomes difficult to choose which had the greater effect. Although many feel that religion had more influence than prohibition, it is very difficult to discriminate opposition to Smith as a Catholic from opposition to Smith as a wet. The two issues might well be combined and considered as one, for prohibition was actually injected into Florida politics as a religious question.

In September the *Orlando Sentinel* conducted a newspaper political survey of thirty south Florida counties. The results showed that "The two outstanding issues reported are prohibition and religion . . ." Twenty-three of the thirty counties listed both of these questions as the main issue. [30] D. Field Brittle, an Associated Press staff writer observing Florida, wrote in the *Florida Times-Union* that religion was the least publicly mentioned, but ". . . is a major issue in this overwhelmingly Protestant state. Religion in politics is not new to Florida, for in 1916 Sidney J. Catts was elected governor in a straight-out fight in which he had the full support of the Ku Klux Klan, then and now an active influence. As in the Catts race, the presidential contest finds church people in the campaign, this time for Hoover, as is Catts." [31]

The fact that the Anti-Saloon League, dominated by Protestant fundamentalists, was extremely active in the fight to beat Smith, not to mention the WCTU, is ample testimony to the close relationship of the religion-prohibition issues. Harvey Wish says:

> Smith proved pitifully vulnerable to religious bigots and attacks by the drys, particularly in the

30. *Ocala Banner,* September 7, 1928
31. *Florida Times-Union,* October 19, 1928

Solid South . . . The Anti-Saloon League, newly financed by a recent campaign for funds, joined rural fundamentalists and other organized dry groups in assailing him. [32]

While Smith was not often publicly attacked because of his religious beliefs, these beliefs were quite often defended publicly by Democratic speakers. Said William G. Carleton, "If Smith had been born in a little Baptist Manse he would have been elected president four years ago." [33] Judge A. V. Long of Gainesville said that he "... had rather have a Catholic with some religion in the White House than a Republican with none." [34]

Nor did the Democratic speakers neglect the prohibition argument. Senator Walter George, speaking in Tampa, ". . . convinced his hearers that the G.O.P. is as wet, or wetter than Al Smith possibly can be." [35] J. B. Stewart of Fernandina, chairman of the state Democratic Executive Committee, denounced the antis for "... camouflaging the issue, hiding behind the mask of prohibition while really their opposition is based on religious prejudice." [36]

III

There is much room for speculation as to why the issue of religion, or the interlocking issues of religion-prohibition were of such importance in Florida and the South. Many believe that the predominance of Protestant white population in the South untainted by large foreign immigration, plus the low comparative educational level, made the South and Florida particularly susceptible to anti-Catholic agitation. The period immediately preceding the First World War and just after saw a revival of the anti-Catholic zeal in Florida and

32. Wish, Harvey, *Contemporary America*, (New York, 1937) p. 380
33. *Bradford County Telegraph*, October 26, 1928
34. *Ibid.*, August 31, 1928
35. *Ibid.*, August 31, 1928
36. *Ibid.*, October 12, 1928

Georgia, attributed by many to the work of Tom Watson of Georgia.[37] A great many secret societies, thriving on this sort of controversy, took a new lease on life during the twenties. Such groups as the Guardians of Liberty and the Ku Klux Klan found new adherents for the fight against Smith. The Klan was particularly bitter in its opposition.

W. J. Cash, in his *The Mind of the South,* contends that militant Protestantism, featuring anti-Catholicism, had ". . . always stood at the heart and center of the South."[38] If the writings of Tom Watson had not served to stir up this latent prejudice, the demagoguery of Sidney J. Catts certainly did. Catts took advantage of this "fantastic emotional situation" to make himself governor in 1916. Although he was never elected to office again he campaigned on through the twenties playing on the issues of religion and prohibition whenever he thought it advantageous. In 1928, after his defeat in the primaries, Catts helped to carry on the fight against Smith in Florida. "Catts declared he opposed Smith for his connection with Tammany Hall and because he was a wet Roman Catholic."[39]

With all these elements adding fuel to the flame of religious prejudice, the candidacy of Smith, a Catholic, through the 1920's was final proof ". . . to millions of Protestants throughout the South . . . that the Pope was plotting to seize the White House."[40] William T. Cash of Florida observed that ". . . some of the best Democrats of Florida . . . honestly believed that the election of Smith would endanger religious liberty. Many believed what Tom Watson wrote and what Rev. Sidney Catts 'preached'."[41]

At this same time the ministers of the evangelical sects were enjoying one of their periods of greatest in-

37. Abbey, *Florida Land of Change,* p. 342
38. Cash, W. J., *The Mind of the South* (New York, 1941) p. 334
39. *The Evening News,* September 15, 1928
40. Cash, W. J., *op. cit.,* p. 334
41. Cash, W. T., *op. cit.,* p. 144

fluence, with almost no one in the South daring to criticize their pronouncements. The great influence of these militant drys is seen by W. J. Cash as an explanation of why the South was the backbone of national prohibition.[42] Added to this religion-inspired support of prohibition was the feeling stirred up by declarations that the election of Smith would put liquor into the hands of the negro.

Woman suffrage, exercised only since 1920, was viewed by many observers as increasing the importance of the religion-prohibition controversy by increasing the number of religion determined votes. A news item in the *Bradford County Telegraph* reported, "It is from the heavy female turnout that Hooverites are depending to win Florida . . . Party leaders are frank to admit that if there were no woman suffrage Hoover's chances in Florida would be slimmer than a reed."[43] The prominence of women's church groups and the WCTU in the fight against Smith would seem to bear out this viewpoint.

Those Protestant churchmen who were actively opposing Al Smith publicly based their opposition largely upon the wet issue. They saw Smith as defying Southern Democrats' "convictions on a great moral question."[44] They charged that the Democrats themselves had brought in the religious issue as a smokescreen to minimize and obliterate opposition to Smith because of his wet, Tammany relationships. They saw the regular Democrats as accusing all their opponents of bigotry and intolerance in order to set him up as a martyr persecuted for his religious beliefs. Wrote Bishop Cannon:

> Nay, verily, Smith and Raskob themselves issued orders to run the "red herring" of religious intolerance across the trail for two reasons : first, to weaken as far as possible the effect of the opposition of the prohibition, anti-Tammany voters, especially the

42. Cash, W. J., *op. cit.*, p. 334
43. *Bradford County Telegraph*, November 2, 1928
44. *"Causes of Governor Smith's Defeat"*, Bishop James Cannon

South and West, and, secondly, to secure votes on the ground of religious persecution, not only from Roman Catholics, but from misinformed or deceived Protestants.[45]

The effect of the election of 1928 upon Florida politics was not, as many hoped at the time, a revival of the two party system in the state. Floridians did not vote for Herbert Hoover, they voted against Alfred Smith. Florida did not go Republican, it went anti-Smith. The Republican party was strengthened, and had the great depression not come during Hoover's term might have shown some success in Florida in 1932. But the depression did come, and the Republicans have not been able to muster much strength in Florida since Smith was defeated.

It cannot be denied that the fight in Florida was bitter. Bitterness crept into many organizations, splitting them into two factions. Many wounds were left which did not heal quickly. Out of it all, however, may have resulted distinct gains in the direction of tolerance. Never before had such an extensive effort been made to educate the people to the true facts of the beliefs of their fellow men. From actual experience many people were able to understand the "evil of bigotry" better than they did before the campaign.

One heartening indication that tolerance had not been entirely forgotten in the heat of the battle was given in Jacksonville by Opie Read, "humorist, author, newspaperman,andgolfer."[4646] Read, oddly enough was supporting Smith for president and Howey, the Republican nominee for governor. He commented, "Why shouldn't I be for both of them? I believe Mr. Howey will make a great governor, and I believe Mr. Smith will make a great president."

45. *Ibid.*

46. *Jacksonville Journal,* November 2, 1928

THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Next Annual Meeting

At the invitation of the Jacksonville Historical Society, the annual meeting of the Florida Historical Society for 1948 will be held in Jacksonville on February 6 and 7, and will be a joint annual meeting of the two Societies. Headquarters will be at the George Washington hotel. Some time before the meeting members of the Society will receive an individual notice of arrangements. Plans for the program are already in the making and papers on a variety of Florida historical subjects are being written for the occasion. It is hoped that many members and others interested in history will attend from all parts of the State. Interest in Florida's history has had an awakening, and our Society is increasing its membership and broadening its influence.

In addition to contributing to your own pleasure and profit, your attendance will be an encouragement to the officers and directors of the Society. Doubtless you hope or expect to attend an annual meeting some day. This is a good time to come.

Minutes of the Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Florida Historical Society, held at the Society's Headquarters at St. Augustine on August 2, 1947

President Mark F. Boyd opened the meeting at 2:20 p. m., with the following directors present: Dr. Webster Merritt, Mr. W. T. Cash, Mr. Frank H. Elmore, Jr., Miss Dena Snodgrass, Mrs. M. A. Johnson and Mr. Albert Manucy.

The President called first for a consideration of the time and place for the annual meeting of the Society. On behalf of the Jacksonville Historical Society, Dr. Merritt extended an invitation for the Florida Historical Society to meet in Jacksonville. Miss Snodgrass re-

ported that Mr. Frank Winchell, head of the Tourist and Convention Bureau of Jacksonville, had offered to furnish a meeting place, handle reservations and similar mechanics connected with the holding of a meeting, without cost to the Society. Dr. Merritt suggested that the annual meetings of the Jacksonville and Florida Societies might be held jointly.

> Miss Snodgrass moved that the annual meeting of the Florida Historical Society be held February 6 and 7, 1948, in Jacksonville. The motion was seconded and unanimously carried.
>
> Miss Snodgrass moved that the offer of assistance from the Tourist and Convention Bureau of Jacksonville in arranging to hold the meeting at Jacksonville be accepted. It was seconded and unanimously carried.

In subsequent discussion, the Secretary was instructed to furnish addresses of the Society membership to the Tourist and Convention Bureau, which will notify the membership of the forthcoming meeting.

The President outlined the 1947-1948 budget, explaining that for various reasons its adoption has been delayed. In the discussion following,

> Dr. Merritt moved that the budget estimate of $300 for the purchase of books be reduced to $270. The motion was seconded and carried.
> Mr. Elmore moved the adoption of the amended budget for 1947-1948. It was seconded and carried.

Mr. Cash asked, in connection with discussion of revenue for the Society, whether Mr. T. Frederick Davis' *History of Jacksonville, Florida,* which was published by the Society, is now available for sale. Dr. Merritt informed the Board that the Society now has no sale copies of this book; but a few copies are available from a Jacksonville book dealer.

Dr. Boyd suggested the following plan for a membership campaign: 1) Every member of the Society shall regard himself a member of the committee on membership, recognizing the membership goal as three new members for each present member. 2) Each director shall be responsible for setting up a local committee on membership for each county within his assigned jurisdiction. 3) Circular letters explaining the need for increased membership, a brochure publicizing the work of the Society, and a supply of membership application blanks, shall be sent to each member of the Society.

The Board suggested the division of jurisdiction for directors in the forthcoming membership campaign; Mr. T. T. Wentworth will administer the campaign in the following counties: Escambia, Santa Rosa, Okaloosa, Walton, Holmes, Jackson, Washington, Bay, Calhoun, Gulf and Franklin. Mr. Cash will administer Gadsden, Leon, Jefferson, Liberty, Wakulla and Taylor counties. Miss Snodgrass has Madison, Hamilton, Suwannee, Lafayette, Dixie, Columbia, Baker, Union and Nassau, and Mr. Elmore has Duval county. Dr. R. W. Patrick has Clay, Alachua, Gilchrist, Putnam, Levy, Marion, Lake, Orange, Sumter, Hernando and Citrus; Mr. Winter: St. Johns, Flagler, Volusia, Seminole and Brevard; Dr. E. C. Nance: Pasco, Pinellas, Hillsborough, Manatee, Sarasota, Polk, Osceola and Hardee; Mr. M. B. Wood: Indian River, St. Lucie, Martin, Palm Beach, Okeechobee, Highlands, Glades, Hendry, Lee, Charlotte and DeSoto; Mrs. Ruby Leach Carson: Collier, Broward, Dade and Monroe.

Dr. Boyd suggested that these directors nominate county chairmen of membership; the President will then make the appointments, and resident members of the Society in the respective counties will serve as committee members.

Mr. Cash moved the adoption of the proposed plan of organization for a membership campaign. It was seconded and passed unanimously.

Miss Snodgrass presented a report on a proposed brochure, setting forth general information, aims and needs of the Society. Summarizing the sense of the discussion that followed:

> Mr. Manucy moved the acceptance of the report with thanks, and that Miss Snodgrass be given authority to place an order for the printing of 6,000 folders to conform with the following specifications: the brochure shall be a one-fold leaflet, folding to size 3 by 5 inches; the first page shall be decorated with a drawing of the five flags which have flown over Florida; the last page shall contain application for membership, shortened from the current application form; the inside pages shall contain copy submitted for this purpose at this meeting, with such editing as may be necessary; and final copy for this brochure shall be submitted to the Jacksonville members of the Board and to the President before printing is done. The motion was seconded and carried.

Dr. Boyd stated that he would draft a circular letter for the membership, outlining the plan for the membership campaign, and notifying officers of their responsibility, and that further notice of the campaign will appear in the journal of the Society.

In response to a question by Dr. Merritt about joint membership of husband and wife in the Society, the President suggested that a specific proposal for such membership be prepared for discussion at the board meeting prior to the annual meeting.

The President next asked the aid of the Board in making nominations for standing committee memberships. The President then made the following appointments: *Executive Committee:* President and Recording Secretary ex-officio, Dr. Webster Merritt, Miss Dena Snodgrass and Mr. W. J. Winter. *Finance Committee:* Mr. Wiley R. Reynolds, Palm Beach, Mr. George Henderson, Tallahassee, and Mr. John G. McKay, Miami.

Library Committee: Miss Charlotte Ann Thompson, Chairman, University of Tampa, Miss Bertha Aldrich, Miami Beach Public Library, and Miss Louise Richardson, Florida State University. *Legislative Committee:* Mr. D. H. Redfearn, Miami, Mr. D. Graham Copeland, Everglades, Mr. John C. Blocker, St. Petersburg. *Committee for Affiliation with other Societies:* Dr. Carita Doggett Corse, chairman, Miss Daisy Parker, Mr. David O. True. The committees on archeology and the Robertson Bibliography were reconstituted.

On behalf of Mrs. T. Frederick Davis, Dr. Merritt presented certain books from the library of her late husband, long an honored member of the Society.

> Dr. Merritt moved that the Secretary be instructed to write an expression of gratitude to Mrs. Davis.
>
> Miss Snodgrass amended the motion to read "and that the books be added to the present section of the Florida Historical Library called 'The T. Frederick Davis Collection." The amended motion was seconded and passed unanimously.

Mr. Alfred Bowman and Mr. Garrison, of the Bowman Studios, Tampa, appeared before the Board to present a proposal entitled "A Plan for Growth of the Florida Historical Society." Mr. Bowman outlined the background of the plan, and with the aid of Mr. Garrison explained that the proposal involved preparation of a series of historical stamps and albums relating to Florida history, similar in many respects to the series of National Wildlife stamps. The Society would sponsor the project, and would thereby receive a portion of the revenue. Manufacture and merchandising of the stamps and albums would be handled by Bowman Studios. Mr. Bowman requested the Board to appoint a committee to work with Bowman Studios to outline the project in detail, if the Society is interested.

In further discussion of the plan, it was brought out that the estimated cost of the project has not yet been determined. Mr. Garrison stated that when cost figures are obtained, the plan can be discussed further with a committee, and at that time the expense to the Society as the sponsor could be determined. He stated that the primary purpose of the plan was to "sell" the history of the State pictorially, and incidentally furnish a continuing source of revenue to the Society.

The President informed Messrs. Bowman and Garrison that this matter should be presented at the annual meeting of the Society, since he did not feel it to be a matter for decision by the Board alone. Bowman Studios was authorized to submit the said plan to absent directors of the Society for their consideration prior to the annual meeting, and it was also suggested that other organizations such as the Florida Advertising Commission, the State Chamber of Commerce, and the Florida Forest and Park Service might be interested in sponsoring such a project.

The meeting adjourned at 5:25 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,

ALBERT C. MANUCY
Recording Secretary

Approved

MARK F. BOYD
President

BUDGET OF THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

March 1, 1947 - February 29, 1948

INCOME (Estimated for 1947-48)

	1946-47		1947-48	
Cash balance		$3,103.34		$2,382.16
Membership dues	$1,486.44		$3,090.00	
Sale of QUARTERLYS	63.95		50.00	
For services to State Library Board	1,800.00		1,800.00	
Donations and accommodations	115.40			
	$3,465.79		**$4,940.00**	
		$6,569.13		$7,322.16

EXPENDITURES

Administration and Library	1946-47		1947-48	
Salary of Secretary	$1,500.00		$1,800.00	
Travel of Secretary	36.46		50.00	
Rent	300.00		300.00	
Supplies, stationery and printing	70.21		75.00	
Postage, express and box rent	81.98		**100.00**	
Office equipment	64.64		100.00	
Purchase of books	20.00		270.00	
Lights	17.03		20.00	
Telephone	62.31		84.00	
Taxes on real estate	2.07		2.00	
Insurance	96.00		33.00	
Accommodations	143.00			
Contingent			100.00	
	$2,393.70		$2,934.00	
		$2,393.70		$2,934.00

Publication

Printing of QUARTERLY and related fees	$1,793.27		$2.000.00	
		1,793.27		2,000.00
		$4,186.97		$4,934.00

SUMMARY

	1946-47	1947-48
Balance on hand March 1	$3,103.34	$2,382.16
Income	3,465.79	4,940.00
Total income	$6,569.13	$7,322.16
Total expenditures	4,186.97	4,934.00
Carried forward February 28 or 29	$2,382.16	$2,388.16

This budget was adopted by action of the Board of Directors of the Florida Historical Society at the meeting on August 2, 1947.

A GIFT TO THE LIBRARY

Until now, the Society's Library did not have copies of the publications of the Florida State Historical Society, 1922-1933. Through the gift of these publications, Mrs. T . Frederick Davis has filled the important gap on our shelves. They were a part of the library of Mr. Davis who for many years was treasurer of the Society and who carried on single-handed and gratuitously all the work of our headquarters. As this series is unequalled as a contribution to the writing of Florida's history, the gift makes a fitting memorial to our former treasurer who himself did so much to uncover the truth of our history and make it better known.

THE FLORIDA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Those who have recently joined with us in the Florida Historical Society are doubtless confused by the title above, which has no definite connection with our Society.

In 1921, Mr. John B. Stetson, Jr., then president of the Board of Trustees of John B. Stetson University, because of his great interest in Florida's history, determined to seek out and bring together Florida historical material, largely from foreign archives, and support the writing, editing, and publication of a series of vol-

umes relating to all periods of the region's history. He organized the Florida State Historical Society, the members of which were to receive the volumes at the cost of printing alone. Eleven publications, a total of sixteen volumes, were issued, the last in 1933. All of these except two were edited, and in part written, by Dr. James Alexander Robertson, who, with Mr. Stetson, carried on the Society for twelve years.

The two societies have never had any definite connection, though there was always the fullest cooperation; and a large number of members and several officials were common to both societies.

An account of the work of, and an expression of appreciation of and gratitude to, that Society appeared in this QUARTERLY the issue of January 1926 (IV, 155-157) ; and a biographical sketch with a bibliography of Dr. Robertson was included in our issue of July 1939 (XVIII, 3).

All who have our State's history at heart should be grateful to Colonel Stetson and Doctor Robertson.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Presented by Mrs. T. Frederick Davis as a memorial to the late T. Frederick Davis:-

Jeannette Thurber Connor, *Pedro Menendez de Aviles.* Florida State Historical Society. DeLand, 1923

Jeannette Thurber Connor, *Colonial Records of Spanish Florida.* 2 vols. Florida State Historical Society, DeLand, 1930

H. J. Priestley, *The Luna Papers.* 2 vols. Florida State Historical Society, DeLand, 1928

Arthur P. Whitaker, *Documents Relating to the Commercial Policy of Spain in the Floridas.* Florida State Historical Society. DeLand, 1931

James Owen Knauss, *Territorial Florida Journalism.* Florida State Historical Society. DeLand, 1926

Ales Hrdlicka, *Anthropology of Florida.* Florida State Historical Society. DeLand, 1922

W. H. Siebert, *Loyalists in East Florida.* Florida State Historical Society. 2 vols. 1929

P. Lee Phillips, *Notes on the Life* and *Works of Bernard Romans.* Florida State Historical Society. DeLand, 1924

Weekly Reports of State Office, Historical Records Survey, 1936-1937

12 rare issues of FLORIDA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

A painting of the *John Sylvester,* St. Johns river steamer, 34" x 56", which hung on the steamer. Presented by Edward Walters on behalf of Capt. William A. Hallowes of the *Sylvester.*

Policy, A Report to the Board of Commissioners of the Everglades Drainage District, by D. Graham Copeland, chairman. 92 p. Gift of Mr. Copeland.

Bibliography of maps and printed material on south-west Florida, compiled by D. Graham Copeland. Gift of the compiler.

History of Americcrm Costumes, Elizabeth McClellan

Autographed photograph of Barron Collier, framed. Gift of D. Graham Copeland

Resolutions on the death of Judge Thomas Baltzell. Gift of Richard P. Daniel and Miss Gertrude L Engle

Ration coupons, sheets of all types issued.

Diocese of South Florida. Journal of 25th Convention. Gift of Rev. W. F. Moses

Picardo, Limits of Louisiana and Texas. Charles Wilson Hackett. Univ. of Texas Press.

Floridians in the U. S. Marines.

Steamboat on Payne's Prairie, 1878, photograph of drawing. James Calvert Smith.

Tocoi-St. Augustine horse-drawn coach, photograph of drawing. James Calvert Smith

Virginia Imprint Series. Checklist for Abington, Va. 1801-1876. Virginia State Library.

The American Eagle. Estero, Nov. 1946 - July 1947. Gift of Mrs. E. W. Lawson

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NEW MEMBERS

P. H. Gaskins ..... Jacksonville
Mary Ellen Smith ..... Miami
Virgil H. Connor ..... Apopka
J. E. Dovell ..... University of Florida
John T. Campbell ..... Bradenton
Mr. & Mrs. William H. Fuller .....Winter Haven
Barton H. Smith ..... Tampa
Virgil M. Newton, Jr. ..... Tampa
Geo. S. Osborn ..... University of Florida
Alfred J. Bowman ..... Tampa
Ernest E. Garrison ..... Tampa
Mrs. Webster Merritt ..... Jacksonville

E. J. McCallum ..... St. Augustine
John R. Boling, Jr. ..... University of Florida
Mrs. S. T. Sistrunk ..... Ocala (renewal)

DECEASED

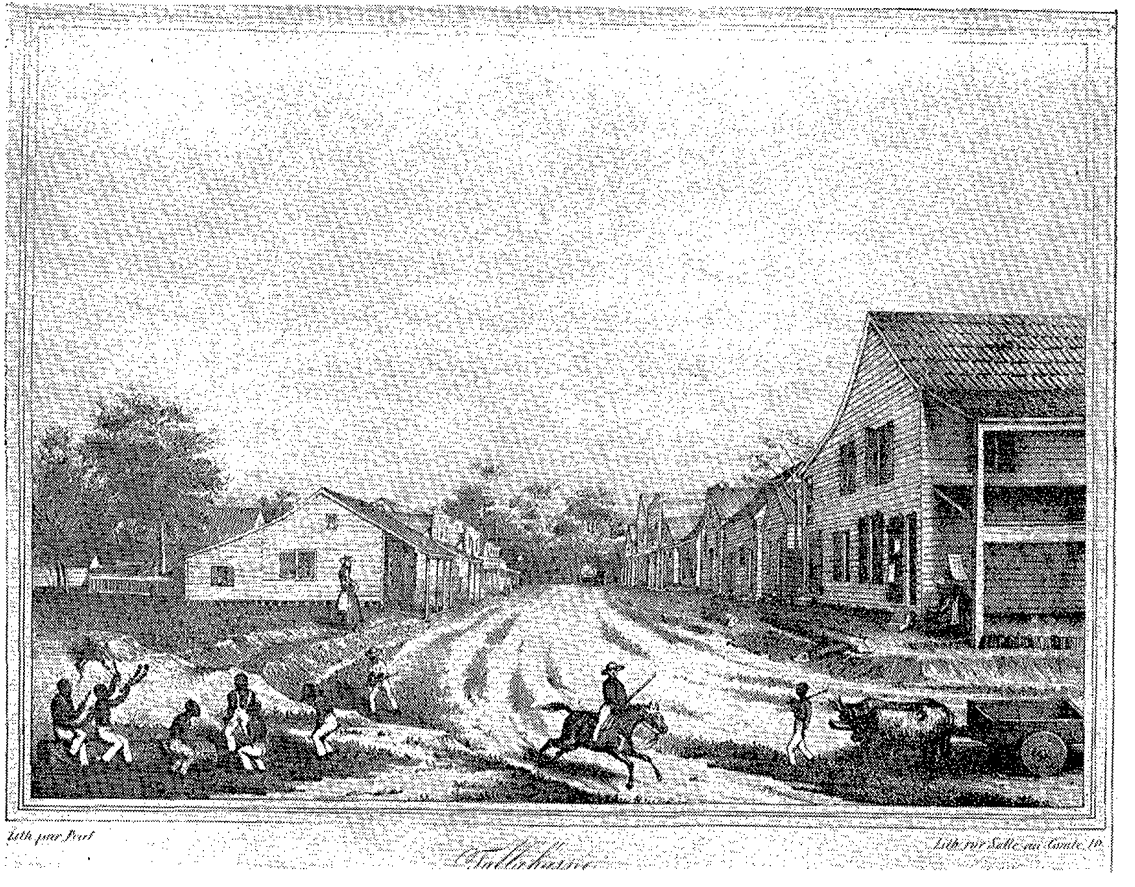
F. W. Hoskins
John P. A. McKenna
Albert Shaw
Benjamin P. Richards

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

Samuel Proctor, an assistant professor of Social Sciences in the University of Florida, holds an M. A. degree from that University.

Ruth E. Mier, assistant principal in the Orlando Senior High School, holds an M.A. degree from Stetson University.

Herbert J. Doherty, Jr., is a senior in the University of Florida, majoring in history.



STREET IN 1838