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Log of river trip made in 1891, describes cruise of schooner

S. H. Bullock

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LOG OF RIVER TRIP MADE IN 1891

S. H. Bullock

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LOG OF RIVER TRIP MADE IN 1891
DESCRIBES CRUISE OF SCHOONER

On November 26, 1891, a party of four men started out from Narcoossee on a cruise down the Kissimmee River, on across Lake Okeechobee and into the Caloosahatchee River which took them out into the Gulf of Mexico. Going South along the coast, they reached Naples, before turning back to make the return trip home, which they reached on February 8, 1892.

The complete log of the trip belongs to Bob Bullock of Kissimmee, whose father and uncles made the trip, Bob's father^{S. H. B.} keeping the log. As space allows, The News will publish the story of the trip, as it will be of interest to many old-timers as well as the younger generation.

Cruise of the Minnehaha with A. E. Woodham, R. S. Bullock, S. H. Bullock and E. S. Bullock.

Minnehaha, centre board sloop, 30 ft. over-all, 9 1/2 ft. beam, 6 ft. drop of keel, drawing without board about 2 ft. only, plain sails, no topsails, spinnakers or ballooners.

We had a four-burner stove with oven mounted on deck, which was perhaps not the best scheme imaginable, as the stove pipe was apt to be swept away by the boom in maneuvering. Also being right amidships it was considerably in the way when lowering away, especially if the stove happened to be hot at the time. Our stores were mostly packed forward of cabin, which we left for our cartridges, etc. Guns were hung in slings along the centreboard case. We slept below most of the time and by dint of extreme tidiness, found we had plenty of room after the first few days. The first day or so is always somewhat of a muddle. No one knows how or where to put away their things. The distances marked down throughout are far from accurate, being merely guesswork. Of an evening we used to discuss the day's run and decide how far we had sailed during the day. The temperature readings are fahrenheit and taken three times per diem, morning, noon and night. The thermometer hung in the cabin.

November 26, 1891, Thursday. A still SSW wind. A quick short sea rolling onto the beach. Having said goodbye to everyone we weighed anchor 2:30 p.m. running close along shore passed Garrett's. Here we fired a salute and yelled vociferously by way of bidding them farewell. Putting about we stood out, heading for St. Cloud or rather as near there as we could lie with a head wind which was dying out fast. We managed, however, to reach there about 6 p.m. and anchored for the night off the "Cottage". Supper was then discussed and the coffee pot discovered baked to pieces in the oven. Went ashore and purchased new coffee pot, and amused ourselves by examining store. Wind SSW unsteady. Clear and fine. 80 degrees, 75 degrees, distance five miles.

November 27, 1891, Friday. Up bright and early. Breakfast over, we poled down to first bridge and waited for Mr. Thomas to have bridges opened. He soon appeared and told off seven Italians to see us through! First bridge was passed without much trouble. Second bridge defied all our efforts although we spent three hours working at it. Finally we gave it up and unshipping our mast passed under it. We had, however, one consolation for our trouble. We had left the bridge in a decidedly unsafe condition. We passed on after fervently blessing it. The next bridge occasioned some difficulty as it was very low. We blessed it too. 11:45 a.m. we anchored just above the railroad bridge and had lunch. Having an hour or so to wait before we could get this bridge open, Bob and the General ^(woodmen) grouped themselves on the bridge and made a very effective picture, the latter cutting the former's hair. 3 p.m. Mr. Williams and his gang of darkies arrived on the scene and opened the bridge for us. Mr. Williams came on board to wish us good luck and kindly lent us three of his men to ship our mast again. I then went into St. Cloud on train to pick up some things we had forgotten, leaving the others to take the boat on. When I caught them up again they had just passed through the last bridge, having swung it with the help of some Italians.

It was now getting dark. Down by the pump house to our disgust, we struck a foot bridge. By this time we were tired of bridges so we destroyed this one and sent it boating down the stream. On again, hoping to make the lake without further work. Had almost got clear of the canal when a long black object loomed up ahead of us. This turned out to be a 40 ft. barge laden with cord-wood moored right across the stream. Being somewhat out of temper by this time, we viciously cut it loose, hoping it would float down and leave us room to pass, but it did not. It merely floated a little way and we found it lower down, again obstructing the way. Showering blessings on it, we moored it again so as to leave us a passage. In a few minutes we were in the lake. Altogether today has not been unmitigated bliss. There has been a considerable percentage of alloy in our joy.

Viewed as a course for an obstacle race, the canal would be a triumph of human ingenuity; but as a navigable stream even the company, I think, must admit that it needs a little improving to make it a success. Italians as workmen do not shine. The seven that worked for us today would individually or as a body, take the cake anywhere for crass idiocy and laziness. To Mr. Tutweiler, many thanks are due for sending so pleasant and courteous a foreman to open the bridge. Clear and bright. Wind NNE. Very light. Distance 4 miles.

November 28th, 1891, Saturday. After rerigging the boat we weighed anchor at 8:05 a.m. wind scarcely perceptible. We drifted around for some time pretending to sail but at 9:30 a.m. concluded to drop anchor. At 10:30 a.m. we felt a few slight puffs and so got under way once more. On reaching Steer Beach point the wind settled down to blow from exactly where we wanted to go. By 4:30 p.m. we were becalmed within 2 miles of Southport. Noticed a small steamer bearing down on us. Proved to be "Little Tampa", crew all more or less tight. As she passed we threw her a line and were towed into

the canal where we anchored for night. Clear and fine. Wind S.S.E. to S.S.W. very light 63 degrees, 81 degrees, 70 degrees. Distance 16 miles.

November 29, 1891, Sunday. At the first peep of day all turned out and took up stands on the bank of canal to try and kill some duck. After waiting about an hour in the wet dogfennel without seeing a single duck we returned to the boat for breakfast. Drifted down canal and crossed Cypress Lake with stiff S.S.W. wind. On reaching the next canal we found wind too strong ahead to go on so laid up and went ashore. A small sailboat passed bound for Kissimmee and the "Little Tampa" on the home voyage. Just before dark the wind chopped round the W. so we dropped down to the other end of canal where we stayed over night. A.E.W. surpassed himself in the concoction of a duck stew. Clear and bright. Wind S.S.W. to W. very fresh. 65 degrees, 75 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 8 miles.

November 30, 1891, Monday. Heavy Northwester sprang up in the night. Started about 9 a.m. to cross Hatchinehaw Lake, two reefs. Very cold, directly we got out into the open a heavy squall struck us and Bob who was steering broke the tiller trying to hold down to it. Lowered away mainsail and ran across under jib steering with a monkey wrench. Made E. Gardiner 10:15 a.m. without further mishap. Went ashore and killed some duck. Met Hyde bird collector. Clear and bright. 45 degrees, 60 degrees, 45 degrees, 8 miles.

December 1, 1891, Tuesday. Found piece of iron and worked all day by turns converting it into tiller. S.S. Cincinnati passed at 5:30 p.m. southbound. This is a splendid camp. A small hammock of large oak trees on the edge of river with pine woods behind. Altho the wind has been bitterly cold all day we have kept quite warm in camp. Sat over large fire till quite late discussing plans. Cold and cloudy. Wind N.W. very strong. 45 degrees, 60 degrees, 50 degrees.

December 2, 1891, Wednesday. Worked on tiller 9:30 a.m. Wind had died out in the night and a slight draught was coming from the S. drifted on down river. Passed W. Gardiner 10:20 a.m. Reached Kissimmee Lake 11:05 a.m. Found the lake dead calm so had to lay up. W. and self rowed up old river to get some duck. Found an old deserted steamer, "Tallulah", lying in the reeds. Climbed on board and hunted about for something to steal but found nothing worth taking. Clear and bright. Wind S.E. hardly perceptible. 60 degrees, 88 degrees, 66 degrees. Distance 4 miles.

December 3rd, 1891, Thursday. No wind all the morning. Rowed ashore and shot some duck. About 2 p.m. slight breeze from S.S.E. By steady beating managed to pass Floradelphia, a small settlement on W. coast and anchored for the night about a mile below it at 5 p.m. Warm and bright. Wind S.S.E. very light. 65 degrees, 88 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 10 miles.

December 4, 1891, Friday. Underway 9 a.m. and made for the old Stewart place. At first wind was very slight but towards 10 a.m. we had

several very heavy squalls from N.N.W. Arrived at Stewart's place about 11 a.m. Anchored off his wharf and went ashore. Found the place quite deserted. Only a few sheep and hogs about. Were just making up our minds to kill a sheep when a Cracker named Johns rode up. He informed us that Hammond, who was in charge of the place, had moved higher up the lake and with the help of two Englishmen, was building a house. After we had taken some firewood we ran back to pay them a visit. Found D'eeth, Tellard and Hammond busy carpentering. Stayed with them a short while and then returned on board. Tillard and D'eeth came on board after supper and we sent them home about 12 rejoicing. Clear and fine. Wind N.N.W. squally. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 12 miles.

December 5, 1891, Saturday. Ran across to Bremer Isle and hunted around there all day without much success. Game (except rabbits) seemed scarce. We could have filled the boat with rabbits had we wished to. Clear and bright. Wind E. by N. Strong. 66 degrees, 90 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 3 miles.

December 6, Sunday. Utterly becalmed all day. Did not move all day. Small steamer passed in the distance N. bound. Could not make her out. Clear and bright. Wind E. light. 65 degrees, 90 degrees, 70 degrees.

December 7, Monday. No wind until 9 a.m. then a slight breeze from SE by E. Beat down towards Turkey Hammock. Wind gradually freshened and we had several heavy squalls. Anchored off Turkey Hammock 11:45 a.m. and paid the store a visit. The lake from here to the River is very narrow so we had to make a series of short tacks to get there. Made river 2:30 p.m. Anchored and fished. Clear and bright. Wind S.E. by E. squally. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 75. Distance 7 miles.

December 8, 1891, Tuesday. Heavy norther sprang up in the night. Took in 2 reefs and started down river. Very exciting work. All hands on deck. The river twists and turns in every direction. One minute sailing close-hauled then a sharp turn and a spin for a few minutes right before the wind. Jibing around some corners was nasty work. Occasionally the river would double right back up into the wind and we would have to tow a few hundred yards. About 1:30 p.m. arrived at Cabbage Bluff and being somewhat exhausted concluded to stay over night. On the ponds and marshes around here we found plenty to shoot. Duck (teal, wood-duck, pintail, mallards) curlew snipe were here in thousands. The river here touches the prairie and pine timber is only about 1/2 mile back. Cold and damp till 10 a.m. then it cleared up. Wind N. by W. very strong and squally. 50 degrees, 65 degrees, 45 degrees, distance 18 miles.

December 9, 1891, Wednesday. Up early to have some shooting 8:45 a.m. under way. Wind has shifted to NE still strong. Shook out reefs. Made good way. Very few head stretches. Passed Alligator Bluff 9:40 a.m. Made Orange Hammock 10:20 a.m. Went ashore to see Drigg's grove. Well worth

a visit, 15 years old. Planted on rich hammock. Has very nearly every variety of orange. Satsuma especially fine. Over-eat ourselves. Left Driggs 1:15 p.m. Wind got so strong that we were obliged to reef down again. Past Brown's grove 2:15 p.m. About 4 p.m. lost main river and found ourselves sailing down a narrow channel which threatened soon to end in marsh. By dint of much poling and hard work succeeded in reaching main river again soon after sundown about 1 mile south of large hammock. Damp and cloudy. Wind NE heavy squalls, 45 degrees, 60 degrees, 45 degrees, distance 22 miles.

December 10, 1891 - Absolutely no wind so we let the boat drift down the stream. About 11 a.m. reached Palmetto Bluff where S.S. Cincinnati passed us. Had some splendid duck shooting on marsh behind the Bluff. Tried shooting teal by moonlight but did not make much of a success of it. Hung all our blankets out to air whilst we were out shooting; a sudden shower came on and literally soaked them. The night was fortunately warm. Bright, occasional showers. Wind NE to SE, very light. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 5 miles.

December 11th, Friday. A bright, fine morning so we hung our blankets out to dry and did some shooting. About 11 a.m. proceeded on our way. Passed Oak Bluff 12 o'clock. Had a good deal of hard work today as head stretches were present. Made about 12 miles when wind died out so we camped. Heard Johnson's steamer coming up the river. Bob and A.E.W. rowed down in dingy to meet him and send up some mail. They rowed about 2 miles down stream and found that J. had taken a short cut and missed them. They did not find rowing back quite so easy. Clear and bright. Wind S to E light. 75 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees. Distance 12 miles.

December 12, 1891, Saturday. 9 a.m. underway. Light SE wind. Again quite a little hard work. Passed a Cracker in a rowboat 11:55 a.m. Took in a reef at 1 p.m. as wind became boisterous. 5:17 p.m. camped for the night off small hammock.* Caught some fine fish. Clear and bright. Wind S to E light and heavy squalls. 65 degrees, 80 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 28 miles. *Veneer Hammock.

December 13th - Sunday. Did not move all day as wind was too strong ahead. Thoroughly cleaned out boat. Laid in firewood. Killed some duck, curlew, etc. Two big rain storms passed close by. Cloudy and threatening. Wind S to E strong. 60 degrees, 75 degrees, 65 degrees.

December 14, 1891, Monday. Till 1 p.m. we were still windbound. By dint of much hard work made about 4 miles and camped on Hammock 2 miles above Bassinger. Splendid fishing. Clear and bright. Wind S to E strong. 60 degrees, 80 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 4 miles.

December 15, 1891, Tuesday. Started working down the river against S wind at 9 a.m. About 10 a.m. found we were making very little headway so anchored. All day long it blew a regular gale. After supper it suddenly

calmed down so we drifted slowly down stream. Beautiful moonlight, absolutely no wind. About 7:30 p.m. reached Bassinger and turned in. Clear and bright. Wind SE gale. 65 degrees, 80 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 2 miles.

December 16, 1891, Wednesday. General and Ned went across to the store to purchase a few little tricks. Paid Chunk a visit. 1:50 p.m. weighed anchor and half sailed, half drifted on. Heard there was a splendid duck ground two miles so stopped there but saw no ducks. Had some grand fishing. Clear and bright. Wind SW strong till noon then light. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 2 miles.

December 17, 1891, Thursday. Very heavy mist this morning. Wind absolutely nil. Cast off moorings and drifted all day. Passed Dawdrey's 1:05 p.m. Camped for the night on Pine Reach 4:20 p.m. Dull and cloudy; 65 degrees, 70 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 18 miles.

December 18, 1891, Friday. Took a long walk through the woods back to Prairie. Saw nothing much beyond a curlew feeding ground. Had some good fun shooting them. Had a tremendous rain last night but kept perfectly dry. This is the first rain we have had. Head wind all day. Dull, cloudy, and showery till noon then fine. Wind S to SW strong. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees.

December 19, 1891 - Wet cold morning. Started 9:15 a.m. Fresh W wind. Made good time with little work. Camped on edge of Prairie at noon and as bread was short made flapjacks and seriously overeat ourselves. Below here the river widens out considerably. Long straight stretches. Towards evening a big rain came up from NW so we tied up under the lea of some bushes. This place we called Turkey Roost Camp from the number of water turkey around. About 3:30 we sighted the big cypress edge of Okeechobee. Dull and cloudy. Wind WNW fresh. 60 degrees, 65 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 25 miles.

December 20, 1891, Sunday. Cold damp morning. Underway at 9 a.m. Wind light but favorable. Saw nothing of any interest until we struck Okeechobee 12:30. Had lunch and drank success to our voyage across, then set sail and headed about SW. To the North a big range of Cypress borders the lake. The W shore is less heavily timbered, here and there nothing but marsh. About 3:30 p.m. whilst I was baking a sudden squall struck us and carried away a length of stove pipe. We sailed on and on till night and anchored away out in the open. Cold and wet. Wind W light, heavy pugs. 55 degrees, 65 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 48 miles.

December 21, 1891, Monday. At 7:30 a.m. we set sail with a very light wind which completely failed us towards 8 o'clock. About 9 a.m. a slight breeze sprang up from S.W. against which we beat all day without making very much. Anchored close in shore for the night. To the S of us a narrow point of timber ran out into the lake. Whilst supper was going on we noticed a bright light just over the top of the point. Appeared to be a light

high up on mast of some vessel. It caused considerable excitement on board until we found it was only a very large star showing thro' the clouds. Cold and cloudy. Wind SW very light. 55 degrees, 60 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 8 or 9 miles.

December 22, 1891, Tuesday. Perfect calm, lake like a mirror. Despairing of a wind we poled round the point and found ourselves in a cove out of which a blind creek ran some way back into the marsh. Here we stayed till 1 p.m. and caught some tremendous fish. (We found out later that Fisheating Creek also ran into this cove a little S of the creek we were in). About 1 p.m. a slight breeze sprang up from NE. Being a fair wind we hoisted sail and got under way. The wind only lasted long enough to get us well out into the open when it died out and left us utterly becalmed. We found it somewhat warm loafing around the deck. Amused ourselves by feeding a small bird of the gull species. It got quite tame and would come close alongside to pick up crumbs, etc. The amount that bird managed to stow away was perfectly astonishing. Saw a brace of bald headed eagles and were considerably disappointed in them. They looked clumsy and heavy. None of the "kindly grace" about them that one generally associates with the idea of an eagle. If a buzzard were to chalk its head as if it took an interest in something it would beat the bald headed eagle to fits for beauty. Weather bright. Wind NE very light. 60 degrees, 85 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 3 miles.

December 23, 1891, Wednesday. Up before daylight and found a breeze blowing from the E. Hoisted sail 4:45 a.m. and made good way till 8:30 a.m. when we were again becalmed. Duck in thousands around us. Occasional grass patches away out in lake. Took soundings on running through one and found only 6 ft. shoal. Considering this way 3 or 4 miles from land it gives one an idea how shallow the lake must be. About 9:15 a.m. the wind sprang up from the SE so we closehailed and ran on. All the time we were studying the coast through the glasses trying to see a cypress tree with a barrel on it which we knew was at the head of the canal. Could not see it anywhere and having run down till Observation Island was to the E of us we concluded to put about and coast long back. Just as we headed around a rain squall struck us and we ran along at a splendid pace before it. In a very few minutes a sea got up which gave us an idea of how rough Okeechobee could be during a strong wind. Cruized along and at last saw the tree we were hunting with a small nailkeg on it. We had passed within two miles of it about four hours before. At 2 p.m. we reached the canal and found it was only about 20 ft. wide. Had to lower away mainsail and run down under the jib. The banks of the canal are all thickly overgrown with mangoe (sic) bushes, beyond which heavy sawgrass marsh extends away off to the horizon. All the way down the canal we had spinners out astern and caught more fish than we knew what to do with.

Made Lake Hicpochee at 3 p.m. At the mouth of the canal where it flows into the lake we witnessed quite a curious sight. The boat in passing along evidently set some gas or other free and it gave the water all around exactly the appearance of boiling water. Sounded 9 ft., soft mud bottom.

We did not stop to watch it boil as it looked uncanny but sailed on out into the lake. Our maps gave us a due westerly course for the next canal and having an aft wind we were not long in getting across but devil a bit of canal could we see. Coasted along for about 6 miles in a SE direction with a man at the mast-head looking out. Put about and beat back to NE corner of lake but saw no canal so we anchored. Warm and bright. Wind ESE light till noon then fresh. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 70 miles.

December 24, 1891, Thursday. Held a consultation after breakfast and each one of us gave his idea as to where the canal was. As considerable discrepancy existed between all our ideas we finally concluded to sail back to where we came into the lake and coast the whole way round. We accordingly beat back to the canal against a stiff E wind. Had only just started on our round trip when A.E.W. with the aid of a telescope sighted a dredge away off to the S. A vote that we should run down and explore it was carried unanimously and an hour after we were anchored within a short distance of it. All jumped into the dingy and after being nearly swamped several times by the heavy sea that was rolling in here we boarded the dredge. Found it quite deserted. After thoroughly exploring everything and stealing whatever we thought might be handy we rowed ashore and robbed the woodpile to replenish our stove. Had lunch and resumed our search for the canal which we found at last much further S than we expected. This canal proved a perfect treat after the last, being broad and open and no bushes on either side to cut off the wind. About 200 yards from where it leaves Hicpochee we found another canal intersecting it at right angles. Had some splendid fishing whilst sailing down. Passed a small creek someway down opening into the canal. Just as we crossed the mouth of it we heard a splash and saw a big fish (bass) jump out of the creek mouth into the canal. A lot more followed, jumping in precisely the same manner. Altogether we must have seen about 50 to 100. After about 8 miles of canal we struck the river (no name) and soon after ran into a bad shoal and had quite a lively time getting off again. Thousands of duck of all descriptions were flying around here but we were too busy to kill any. Soon after we came to Blacksmith (also called Coffeepot Hammock). It was dark when we reached it and noticing several boats tied up here we resolved to anchor and see what they were in the morning. Back in the hammock we could see a large fire and hear a crowd holding high revel, evidently celebrating Christmas Eve. Clear and bright, very hot. Wind E strong till noon then light. 70 degrees, 90 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 30 miles.

December 25th, 1891, Friday. Christmas. A lovely morning. Hardly a typical Xmas morning, however. The sun rose in a cloud of mist warning us of a hot day. We were up and moving long before the sun. Leaving Ned on board to superintend breakfast we took up stands along the river prepared to shoot anything we saw. Nor were we disappointed. Curlew, duck, herons and all sorts of waterfowl soon came flying out of the mist and for a while we kept up a regular fusillade. On returning to the boat we saw quite a curious sight. Ned was seated on the cabin pensively gazing at a group of Indians who were standing on the bank staring stolidly back. All seemed quite absorbed and contented. Our arrival broke the spell so far as Ned was concerned. The Indians

only stared the harder. We proceeded to wash and get breakfast which operations afforded our visitors the liveliest interest. I noticed several of them smile when I brushed my teeth. Breakfast was not a success. Every mouthful was carefully noted by our inspectors and it quite took the sizes of our appetites.

One of them knew a few words of English and by dint of signs and gesticulations we interchanged a few remarks. I tried some Indian words out of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" but could not make them understand so concluded that my accent was not correct. A squaw with a dead baby tied on her back and leading a child joined the group. She was sweetly ugly, not ugly in a general ordinary way but perfectly sublimely hideous. And she would smile (at the General) which made her even worse. About noon an old, old man turned up leading another squaw. He was dressed in an ordinary shirt with a belt around his waist, a long cloak reaching to his ankles and a kind of head-dress composed of red store handkerchiefs. As the others wore nothing but a shirt and belt we concluded that the old man was chief. We invited him and his squaw on board. It was a lovely sight to see the General helping the old lady out of the dingy, one worth going miles to see.

She wriggled 'n sniggered in the most affected manner, in fact behaved in quite the orthodox civilized manner. Her costume consisted of a decidedly frowsy looking skirt and bodice made of yards and yards of dirty linen wrapt around her. She was also ugly, a perfect specimen. Beside her the other was nowhere. We could even find traces of beauty in the first one after looking at this old party. We began making preparations for departure after they had been on board a little while as a gentle hint for them to go as they were pleasanter at a distance. We found out that the old chief's name was Tony, tribe Seminole, usual haunt Okeechobee. About 1 p.m. we bid our friends farewell and continued our journey. About 1/2 mile of river brought us to Bonnet Lake, a small patch of water covered with lily-pads with a channel leading through the middle.

About half way across we ran into a shoal but by dint of some little hard work got off again without mishap and sailing on passed through about two miles of canal and found ourselves in Lake Flirt, also called the "Broads". This is quite a big sheet of water but so cut up by grass, island, etc., that it is hard to correctly estimate its area. It is also absurdly shoal, being nowhere over 3 ft. deep. About 3 p.m. we came to the head of the Caloosahatchee River. The water rushes out of the lake into the river like a mill-sluice and as the banks are composed of hard rock and the bends very sharp, we had quite an anxious time especially as the wind was too light to handle the boat well. Camped about 1/2 mile down river. One could almost imagine we were now in a different country, the scenery here is so utterly changed. The river, clear as crystal, flowing swiftly through a rocky channel. On each side a wide stretch of beautiful green grass and behind that dense cabbage woods. As we found out later on, the river is much the same for a long way except that the cabbage woods gradually approach the river. In fact most of the way the trees are right on the edge. The banks too get higher and higher and in some places must stand up 20 ft. above the water, presenting a hard wall of

gravel and rock to the eye. Indeed were it not that the river is never straight for more than 100 yards one could almost imagine the channel was the work of man, so sheer and steep are the banks. Well, we had our Xmas dinner, without a turkey certainly, but duck, snipe, fish and plum pudding furnished us a very good meal. We drank the usual toasts and after a long talk reluctantly left the fire and turned in. Clear and bright. Wind E light. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 10 miles.

December 26, 1891, Saturday. Hunted around all day. Thousands of duck, and curlew but very hard to get at as there is absolutely no cover. Thoroughly cleaned out the boat. Clear and bright, wind S to W light. 70 degrees, 90 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 0.

December 27, 1891, Sunday. The morning broke wet and cloudy and up to noon rain was pretty incessant. Not feeling very energetic we lay up till it cleared 12:30 p.m. saw us underway. Poling and rowing was the order of the day as trees on either bank were too thick and banks too high to allow us any wind. About 1:30 p.m. sighted a new cabbage shack and as we were passing some crackers hailed us. We tied up and they came on board. Told us the place was called Bell City and asked us to carry their mail down to Myers. They were all drunk so we hastened on, leaving them drivelling on the bank. By the bye they persuaded us to taste their whiskey and which made us feel sickly. Drifting on down we made a few miles before evening and camped on a sloping sand bank. We were rather at a loss what to name this camp until we found several old socks hanging on a tree. This helped us to an idea. Old Sock Camp we christened it. The river here makes a tremendous curve and right off where we were camped the water instead of flowing past formed a kind of whirlpool. We were much annoyed to see rubbish we had thrown overboard constantly return and sail past us again and again. Some onion peel kept it up all night and was seen next morning passing the boat. Cloudy and wet toward evening. Wind slight and changeable E to SE. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 12 miles.

December 28, 1891, Monday. Underway 7:45 a.m. Worked down stream all day with poles and oars. Passed Fort Denaud at ... p.m. Alva 3:30 p.m. Camped just below Langworthy's grove on a small clearing in among a lot of guava bushes. A man named Hawthorne paid us a visit. He was living with a man called Bailey who was in charge of the Langworthy grove. Invited us up to have some oranges. After supper both of them came down to our camp and we had a slight carouse. Bright and warm, wind E light; 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 24 miles.

December 29, 1891, Tuesday. Did not start before 10 a.m. Half sailed half drifted till 1:30 p.m. when we anchored about 1/4 mile above a phosphate dredge. Small steamer passed us (no name) up bound. Two Indians in dug out sailed past about 4:30 p.m. also up bound. Rowed down to dredge to see them at work. They were pumping up sand, mud and phosphate from the bottom which they separated by a process of washing. It seemed

rather a slow and elementary process. The hands seemed very comfortably lodged in a kind of house barge. Bright and hot. Wind E to SE light. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 5 miles.

December 30, Wednesday. 8:15 a.m. got underway. Wind very slight from NE but the sky gave every indication of wind later on. About 9:30 a.m. a squall from the NE struck us after a slight lull settled down into a strong wind with tremendous squalls. With every stitch of canvas spread we scudded away before it through a big wide stretch of river reaching Ft. Myers at 11 a.m. Here we anchored and sent ashore for a blacksmith to fix our tiller. We then all crawled below and dressed to go ashore. The General was the last to appear and struck us all perfectly dumb with surprise. He appeared resplendent in full yachting costume making us all feel shabby and untidy to look at him. We loafed about Fort Myers till supper time and after eating rather a poor meal at the Hendry House established ourselves on the verandah of the hotel to enjoy the post-prandial pipe (General smoked cigarettes).

Over the way was a church. Soon sounds of prayers and hymns were wafted across to us by the evening breeze. Bob and the General went over to church, whilst Ned and I not feeling the need of spiritual consolation wandered around picking up scraps of information about the coast hunting, fishing, etc. We soon tired of this, however, so went on board and in a very few minutes were sound asleep. The others did not come on board till next morning. Clear and bright. Wind NE strong. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 25 miles.

December 31, 1891, Thursday. Bob and General came on board about 7 a.m. After breakfast we got our stores on board and had our tiller fixed. An old Cuban captain named Gonzales paid us a visit and gave us a lot of information about the coast, etc. 1:10 p.m. we weighed anchor and set out for Punta Rassa with half gale from the N. Sailing under short canvas (1 reef) we made tremendous pace down the bay. The course is very intricate here and is marked out with red and black flags. Red to cleave to port going down. This at first seemed pretty easy but we soon found ourselves in difficulties. In one place the channel takes a sudden bend and runs almost due N. This threw us almost up into the wind as the channel is very narrow with oyster bars on both sides. Not being prepared for this sudden evolution we found ourselves in considerable trouble and very nearly ran aground but a timely shove with a pole helped us off and on we sailed. But troubles never come singly. The flags were considerably out of repair and some missing.

Mistaking our channel we ran onto a bar just off again but had hardly got under way again before we found ourselves once more on ground. We tried moving in every direction, but seemed to be locked up a small basin with reefs all around. At last as "the shades of night were falling fast" we anchored for the night. Soon after supper the wind died down and we spent a pleasant evening on deck filling our lungs with the sea air and making plans for the morrow. A bright moon was shining over in the E making a broad silver path over the water in which any motion such as a fish jumping caused bright sparks of phosphorescent

light. We discussed Fort Myers. None of us were greatly impressed by our visit. The town seemed very dead and uninteresting. One main street parallel with the water and one or two side streets comprised the whole settlement. The buildings are poor, very few of them brick, and the whole town seemed in need of paint and repairs. There are a few good houses scattered around within a little distance but we did not visit them. Our day has been pretty exciting altogether and we congratulate ourselves on having escaped without doing any damage to the boat which considering the pace we have travelled could easily have happened. Bright and warm. NE very strong. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 25 miles.

January 1, 1892, Friday. We were on deck by daylight. To the N of us was a small cat boat picking her way thro' the shoals. Carefully noting the course she took we succeeded in getting out of our prison. Punta Rassa was on our port beam at 7:35 a.m. and we shaped our course for Sanibel cooking breakfast as we sailed. On arriving at Sanibel 8:25 a.m. we moored to the wharf after some little trouble as the tide was running very fast. Spent our day fishing and strolling about the beach picking up shells and curios. Sanibel Island is a pretty little place as seen from the water. The lighthouse with its cottages looks very trim and neat. Towards sundown we dropped away from the wharf and made all snug for the night. Clear and bright. Wind E fresh. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 6 miles.

January 2, 1892, Saturday. Underway 7:40 a.m. An easterly course was decided on as we wished to get along the coast in order to look out for the various passes, etc., we had been told of. Directly we got from under the lee of the island the full force of the Gulf swell struck us and we thoroughly realized how small our boat was. We enjoyed a good bucketing for awhile and made very fair progress as the wind was behind us (W by S). By the time we had run close enough ashore to distinguish the nature of it the wind died out and the weather in the N looked very threatening. Heavy black clouds were mounting up twisting and turning and looking full of wind. Still we felt no wind. The sky soon became overcast and a drizzling rain began to fall. Suddenly without any warning as land was to the N of us a tremendous squall struck us right abeam. Minne lay down to it till the water poured over her rail seeming to pause a minute in that position before she sprang up to meet it luffing almost into the wind. Paying her off gently we sped on our way keeping the wind shaken out of sails. Ahead the prospect did not look inviting. We certainly saw a pass as we expected, but between us and it was a long line of breakers running away out to sea. A hurried consultation was held and we decided to try and cross this bar. Our rate of speed soon carried us there and in a few minutes we were among the breakers. Twice we felt the boat settle with a thud on the sand, but the next wave lifted her on and in less than two minutes we were deep in water running right before the storm. The water seemed to fly past and every moment we expected to see our mast snap off and go overboard. Getting under the lee of an island we headed round and having stowed our jib, dropped an anchor and drank success to the boat, adding as a rider to our toast that we hoped she would always get out of difficulties with the same luck as she had today. Nearly hidden in the trees on the

island we discovered a small shack. Bob and the General volunteered to go ashore and explore. They came back in about an hour and reported that a Portuguese lived there who informed them that we could sail about anywhere inside the Mangoe Islands without difficulty. He also told them that we had come thro' Estero Pass and were in Ostego Bay. We concluded to run down the Bay and explore. The wind had been getting stronger and stronger and was now blowing a perfect gale. With a single reef in both sails we started off and ran before the wind. At first all was well, we rushed along in fine style but suddenly we felt a shock which nearly sent us all overboard, then a jarring and scrunching below told us that we were hard and fast on an oyster bar. Fortunately these bars are all shelving and a boat running on them simply runs almost high and dry. Lowering everything away and slipping on our boots we all jumped overboard and after a few minutes work had the boat afloat again. Taking in another reef we sped on our way again but in a very few minutes we were on another bar. The same maneuvers floated us again. Meanwhile the gale had developed into a perfect hurricane and we were obliged to send away under bare poles but without losing any speed. I was lying flat on deck staring aloft when suddenly I felt a tremendous shock. The boat stopped dead, the mast whipped forward like a fishing pole. Again we were aground. All hands overboard again. This time it took all of us working hard more than an hour to get off but we managed it in the end by carrying an anchor away off and every time we made a few inches taking in the slack cable with a watchtackle to prevent the wind driving the boat back. We now decided that we had enough excitement for one day so crawled below for a round of grog and solemnly anathemized our friend the Portuguese. It may seem strange that we kept running onto bars but the water is completely landlocked and studded with Mangoe Islands amongst which we have been dodging all day. No sea could therefore get up but the wind which has been terrific kept the surface covered with a fine spray which prevented us entirely from noticing the shoals. Anyhow the whole bay is very shoal seldom more than 5 ft. We cooked supper under great difficulties as the fire kept blowing out and when finally it did catch it burned like a blast furnace. Sitting below we could hear the wind screaming thro' the rigging and in the distance the continuous roar of the surf breaking on the beach. We congratulated ourselves on being under shelter. Had we run down the coast as we once thought of doing we should in all probability have been food for the fishes by now.

January 3, 1892, Sunday. The night was bitterly cold and we had to pile clothes on to keep warm. For myself I opened my hold all and spread all my spare things over me besides keeping all my clothes on. We lay low till the sun was high up in the heavens hoping it would turn warmer but the cold seemed to increase. Finally on going on deck we were astonished to find we were aground. The tide had run out and we were on the mud. All around us were oyster bars showing with just streams of water running between. We had heard tales of boats being left stranded like us for days as the tide is of course greatly dependent on the wind. However we hoped for the best. The wind still kept very boisterous. Bob and the General started off in the dingy to try and shoot something but had no luck. They had some hard work to get back against the wind. The tide rose high enough towards evening to float us

much to our relief so we poled Minnie under the lea of an island to get shelter from the wind. Clear and bright, very cold. Wind NW tremendous 40 degrees, 50 degrees, 55 degrees, distance 0.

January 4, 1892, Monday. The wind moderated towards morning but the cold was intense. A.E.W. and self rowed up Sirveuer's Creek to try to catch some fish but did not get a single bite. We returned to the boat about midday and as the wind had almost died out we poled to the nearest pass leading to the open and anchored there for the night. Here we saw a number of pelicans fishing at the mouth of the Pass. We were much amused by their curious and grotesque gestures. They are the ugliest and most awkward bird imaginable. They are all bill and pouch. Having filled their pouches they fly ashore and sit in a row eating the fish they have caught. This Pass we think is Big Hickory Pass. A deep narrow channel through which the tide rushes with incredible rapidity. Right across the mouth of the Pass about 30 yds. from where it runs into the Gulf is a sandbar on which the surf is breaking. To get out our course will be due W until we nearly reach the bar and then S until we strike a way through it. It does not look inviting as running S we shall have breakers right on our beam and very little room to maneuver in. However we mean to try it tomorrow. Clear bright, cool. Wind NW slight. 40 degrees, 60 degrees, 50 degrees, distance 2 miles.

January 5, 1892, Tuesday. The wind veered round to the SW during the night and by the time we got underway was blowing up fresh. We stood out towards the bar without mishap. Minnie rising like a duck over the breakers not taking a drop on board. On getting within a few yards of the bar we put about and ran parallel with it. The breakers were now right on our beam and it took very careful sailing to avoid shipping a sea. We had nearly reached the end of the bar and were just congratulating ourselves on getting off without a ducking when we shipped a big sea. It passed completely over the boat burying her for a few seconds quite a lot of water found its way below and for the first time on the trip we got our blankets and clothes wet. That was, however, the only sea that came aboard. On getting clear of the breakers we beat down the coast for awhile which was very nasty work as the sea was across the wind. The dingy made very bad weather of it and we tried all sorts of schemes on her. One minute she would be a way above us and the next almost out of sight. About noon the wind increased and the sea got worse than ever. We stood in toward the shore to find a pass to run into for shelter. We saw several places that might have been passes but the surf was so heavy that we did not dare to get into it. Anchoring in the open was also quite out of the question as the wind was getting boisterous and promised to blow a gale before night. Finally we concluded to make a run for our last anchorage which we reached in a very short while without accident altho our dingy was nearly swamped several times. Took a walk along the beach where we saw plenty of cat sign and also unmistakable bear sign. Bear and panther are said to be plentiful all along this coast but are very hard to find as they spend the day mostly in the mangrove thickets which are absolutely impenetrable for human beings. The wind has been increasing steadily and is now blowing heavy from SW. We are

fortunate in having a shelter anchorage. Clear and bright, cold. Wind SW increasing all day. 55 degrees, 65 degrees, 50 degrees, sailed over about 15 miles.

January 6, 1892, Wednesday. On waking we found the wind had increased to a gale from SW. We concluded that there was too much sea to beat in so we sailed across the bay to a point where the pine land seemed easy to get at. Took a long walk in the hopes of getting some fresh meat but saw absolutely nothing. About 5 p.m. the wind suddenly died out but only to veer round to NW and blow like mad for the rest of the night. We have been out of fresh meat since we left Myers and have subsisted chiefly on ham. Our fresh water supply is also getting low. Clear and bright till noon, then heavy showers. Wind SW to NW gale. 55 degrees, 60 degrees, 50 degrees, distance two miles.

January 7, 1892, Thursday. About sunrise the wind veered round to NE and died completely out as the sun got up. A long unsuccessful hunt consumed most of the day and the balance was spent getting in wood and water. The latter had to be carried about 2 miles and was by no means an easy job. Clear and bright, very cold. NE slight. 45 degrees, 65 degrees, 40 degrees, distance 0.

January 8, 1892, Friday. Making a late (9 a.m.) start we got into the Gulf and headed S by W wind N.E. light. It was very pleasant running down the coast. The wind was very bitter and cold but running directly before it we did not feel it much. About 2:30 p.m. we reached Naples and anchored a short distance from the wharf. Just as we anchored the wind died out. We had just got our sails furled and were making all snug when we noticed the boat was behaving in a most extraordinary manner.

She appeared to be lying broad across the wind. The wharf also seemed to be getting further and further off. I rushed forward and hauling on the cable found we had lost our anchor. For a few seconds we stared blankly at one another and then silently hoisted sail and beat back to the wharf where we made fast. The Lillian of Tampa (mail boat) arrived soon after and we went aboard her and borrowed an old anchor. After supper we went ashore and were regaled by some very tall stories of hunting, fishing, etc., by the natives.

Naples is a most extraordinary little place. The wharf is its principal feature. Built of enormous piles and running out into 20 or 30 ft. of water it presents a most imposing appearance. Really it is the finest of its class that any of us had ever seen. Ashore a little distance S of the pier was a gorgeous hotel of about 100 ft. front and four stories high. We did not go into the building as it seemed to be closed up but if the interior were half as nicely arranged as the exterior it must have been a perfect palace.

The gardens were nicely laid out in flower beds and shell walks. A few cracker shacks scattered around are the only other buildings. We were much puzzled by the whole place. Why the devil anyone should build such a magnificent wharf in such an exposed position? No boats could anchor there with any

degree of safety. And then again, what was the hotel for?

Surely no one would be fool enough to spend any time in such a benighted spot. Boating would be the only recreation but one would have to beach the boats every night to ensure their being in existence next morning. True there is a pass some four miles below here where safe anchorage is to be found. But who would want to walk or drive eight miles to go for a day's sail? We argued these questions out at considerable length but could arrive at no suitable conclusion so we turned in. Clear and bright, cold. Wind NE light. 40 degrees, 50 degrees, 45 degrees, distance 20 miles.

January 9, 1892, Saturday. We got underway before breakfast this morning. The wind being right astern of us we had plenty of room on deck to cook and clean up. About 8:30 a.m. came a lull and then a complete change of wind to SE. It continued to blow fresh and steady from this quarter. We sighted John's, Gordon's and Little Marco Passes in passing. Off Gordon's Pass we ran full tilt into a turtle.

It must have been an enormous beast as the collision was distinctly felt by all on board. On arriving off Marco Pass we were somewhat in difficulties. We wanted to run up the Pass to Marco but for the life of us could not find the way in. Water seemed very shoal and every here and there buoys were placed there for some purpose probably to mark out the channel so we hovered around trying to make them out. Before very long, however, we found out our mistake. They were anchored there for no reason at all, some were in deep water, others almost on the ground.

As for sailing by them it was impossible, we should probably have developed into a new and improved "Phantom Ship" had we tried to do so for there seemed to be no beginning and no end to them. By keeping a bright look out for shoals we succeeded in making up the Pass and 10 a.m. saw us anchored off Marco.

Soon after taking up our moorings a cry of fire was raised and smoke was seen issuing from the hatches. In less than 1/2 a minute every one was at his post and prepared to meet anything. The fire was traced to midship section of the vessel and was found to have originated in a box of Blue Hen safety matches. It was soon extinguished by being thrown overboard. This suggested itself as a better plan than scuttling the vessel and running into shoal water. There was no panic.

This excitement being over we went ashore and found plenty to look at. To begin with we found a general ship-chandler's, a most useful kind of an establishment. We purchased a couple of 25 lb. anchors. Attached to the store is a shipyard and drydock. A large sloop Gypsy of N. Y. was in drydock being painted. We climbed into her and examined everything. She was cedar built, 50 ft. long and 20 ft. beam, beautifully fitted up all over. We saw quite a number of boats today. Lillian of Tampa, sloop, carrying mail between here and

Punta Rassa. Fleetwood, large schooner from Key West. Pilots Pride, large sloop from same place.

Besides these we saw a number of smaller craft. Altogether we think this a most interesting little place. Beyond the store, etc., there are no other buildings. A man who hunts a good deal round here has promised to bring us some venison tomorrow. We have been out of meat so long that it will be quite a treat. Clear and bright. Wind SE fresh and steady. 45 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 17 miles.

January 10, 1892. Last night about 12:30 we were all sleeping the sleep of the just and virtuous when our slumber were broken into by a loud crash and a noise as of a heavy chain being dragged across our boat. We rushed on deck and found a large sloop, Pilots Pride had run foul of us. The wind being very light and the tide strong she had evidently become unmanageable. A very profane man and a diminutive boy seem to comprise her entire crew.

We shoved her off and prepared to vent our feelings but were forestalled by the profane one. Hardly had he got clear when he launched a volley of choice and original oaths at the boy. Without the slightest interruption or hesitation he kept relieving his feelings until his voice died away in the distance. We, seeing he needed no assistance, kept silent although we envied him his flow of language.

About 6 a.m., having received a fine haunch of venison on board, we weighed anchor and running out of the Pass shaped our course for Sanibel. Passed Naples 10:15 a.m. The wind was at first SE very light and gradually worked around to SW as the sun got higher.

During the day we sighted a steamer hull down astern of us. She overhauled us towards 3 p.m. and as she was flying American colours we dipped our ensign. She politely answered our salute. As she forged ahead we made out her name Sanibel. She was about as ugly a craft as one could imagine, painted white all over with a tremendous stern. Towards sundown the wind died out completely so we anchored in the open about 4 miles S of Sanibel.

All around us the weather looked very stormy. In the N lightening was incessant. For some time we were afraid we were in for a tough time of it but luckily a slight draft sprang up from the S and we were able to crawl behind Sanibel I. where we anchored for the night. Soon after a big squall came out of the W followed by a heavy shower. Clear and bright. Wind SE to SW light. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 40 miles.

January 11, 1892, Monday. We were rather late in getting off this morning. Stood across to Punta Rassa with a still E wind. S. S. Sanibel was lying off the wharf there. At the mouth of the Bay several very heavy squalls struck us completely overpowering the boat for a while. Reduced our canvas and beat up the channel with great success.

On reaching open water near Myers we shook out our reef and ran for that place closehauled. A very heavy squall burst on us as we were approaching the wharf and we came in in fine style. Dressed up and went ashore. We interviewed several parties to ascertain how much it would cost to be towed up to Okeechóbee.

The lowest bid was \$32, pretty steep we thought. Having nothing better to do we paid the skatingrink a visit and had great fun watching the skaters. General at last summoned up courage, joined the performers much to our amusement. Leaving the rink we paid Capt. Gonzales a visit and staying with him for an hour or so. Clean and warm. Wind E strong, heavy squalls. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 25 miles.

January 12, 1892, Tuesday. Capt. Gonzales came on board early this morning and offered to help us up to Fort Thompson for \$2 per diem. After some hesitation we closed with him and 10:30 a.m. saw us underway again. The wind was blowing very strong out of the E with occasional tremendous puffs. Ran up the bay closehauled, but on reaching the river were compelled to beat. The river is somewhat narrow for this kind of work and kept us pretty busy. Passed Parkinson's 4:15 p.m. Dredge 4:45 p.m. Tied up off old cracker house for the night at 5:30 p.m. Clear and warm. Wind E strong heavy puffs. 75 degrees, 85 degrees, 80 degrees, distance 18 miles.

January 13, 1892, Wednesday. Made an early start and poled hard all day against a very stiff current. Only stopped once for about 1/2 hour to cut some longer poles. Our own poles are 15 ft. long and those we cut today are 25 ft. No child's playing with these all day. We are all, however, in splendid fix and managed a heavy day without extraordinary fatigue. About sundown we camped about 2 miles below Fort Simmons. Clear and bright. Wind E. slight. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 24 miles.

January 14, 1892, Thursday. Another very hard day's work. Stream very swift. Wind was barely perceptible between the trees and high bluff. Have only made 16 miles today. Camped 3 miles below Thompson. About 7:30 a heavy N wind sprung up and blew cold all night. Clear and warm. Wind E light 7:30 p.m. N. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 16 miles..

January 15, 1892, Friday. Dismissed Capt. G. Poled up to Fort Thompson against heavy wind. It took three hours hard work to do the distance. Camped and had a thorough clean up. As we have seen the last of Capt. Gonzales today it would perhaps be as well to insert a short description of him here.

To begin with, Portugal is his native country, I believe. He is about medium height and was evidently when younger, a powerfully built man, but age has shrunk his frame and gives him a somewhat decrepit appearance although he seems capable of plenty of work. His face is a perfect study, covered with wrinkles like one of Rembrant's pictures and dark as an Indian. His black hair and beard were streaked freely with gray. All in all he was not a very pleasant man to be with in a small boat.

He chews very rank tobacco and has all the nasty proclivities attendant on that habit. In the cabin this was somewhat disagreeable. And again he is a very wearisome old man in his conversation, telling the same yarns over and over until we dreaded to see him open his mouth. So far as seamanship is concerned he appeared to us to be very efficient.

He seemed to think very favourably of our boat but suggested various improvements we could make in sails and rigging. His life seems to have been adventurous from the tales he told us, he having employed most of it in running contraband business on the coast. Cloudy and very cold. Wind NW strong. 50 degrees, 50 degrees, 40 degrees, distance 3 miles.

January 16, 1892, Saturday. We only got as far as the top of the river today. Across L. found that the channel is narrow and it is impossible to beat against the wind and current. Hunting was therefore the order of the day. This lake is certainly a sportsman's paradise, curlew in thousands, duck (teal and mallard), snipe, ordinary and whistling, any quantity of herons of all descriptions, and simply armies of scout-about (coots), and a great number of hooper. Damp and cold. Wind NW strong. 40 degrees, 50 degrees, 40 degrees, distance 1 mile.

January 17, 1892, Sunday. Here we are still in the same place. The wind veered round to NE and blew a hurricane all day. At times it became so violent that one could hardly stand on deck. It has been a trifle warmer today but still very wet and miserable. After sundown the wind quieted down so we hoped to be able to proceed on our journey tomorrow. Cloudy and damp. Wind NE very strong. 45 degrees, 65 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 0.

January 18, 1892, Monday. We weighed anchor about 8:30 a.m. Wind S by E light and fitful. Got out of main channel after the first few miles and found ourselves in about 1 ft. of water and 4 ft. of soft mud. All hands overboard shoving and clearing away floating lettuce, etc. It was most disagreeable work. The mud on being stirred up gave out a nasty smell besides which it was quite a struggle to move around up to one's waist in filth. We managed to make the Channel after about an hour's very hard work. We reached the canal very soon after all and found a tremendous stream rushing into the lake. We tried to pole against it once or twice, but could not get around the sandbar. At last we were compelled to get out and anchor ahead and haul up to it. As soon as we got into the straight run we got out our poles and made up to Bonnet Lake by slow and steady work. Across Bonnet Lake we sailed or rather drifted and then worked up to Blacksmith Hammock where we tied up at 2:30 p.m. The afternoon was spent in shooting curlew and duck which were very plentiful. Clear and bright. Wind S by E slight. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 12 miles.

January 19, 1892, Tuesday. Very heavy wind blowing down stream. On this account and because shooting was exceptionally fine we agreed to stay on here for the day. Bob and the General did a tremendous curlew shoot. We

have salted all the breasts down which gives us a good supply of meat to carry us on. Fine. Wind S by E very strong. 75 degrees, 80 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 0.

January 20, 1892, Wednesday. We left Coffee Mill Hammock at 8 a.m. The wind was westerly but too light to help us much so we had to resort to poles making the first canal about 9:45 a.m. Then we had to work up 3 or 4 miles of river to the 8 mile canal leading into Hicpochee. Half way up this canal is a horse-gannet rookery. Here the wind veered around to SE and we were able to sail close-hauled up the lake and across to the dredge where we anchored for the night at 4:30 p.m. It seems strange that this machine should be left to go to rack and ruin. Most of the machinery is still intact, but of course in bad condition owing to the long exposure.

Some of it must however be of considerable value. We were sorry to see so much waste and so stole as much as we could carry. Towards night wind veered round to NW and clouded over. Some slight showers fell about noon. Warm and bright then showery. W to SE to NW. 70 degrees, 80 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 15 miles.

January 21, 1892, Thursday. Quite early we started out to hunt in the pine woods but although we walked about 15 miles we got nothing but curlew and quail. On returning to the boat we found Capt. Menge with the S. S. Mamie Loun taking on wood preparatory to running to the dredge on S.E. Okeechobee. We sailed across to the mouth of the canal and anchored there for the night. The mud here is something extraordinary. Not more than 3 ft. of water and at least 12 ft. of loose mud. A boat in sailing across evidently disturbs the mud and liberates some gas or other for the water all around her bubbles just as if it were boiling. Cold and cloudy. NW to NE slight. 55 degrees, 65 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 8 miles.

January 22, 1892, Friday. It took 2 1/2 hours hard work poling to make Okeechobee, not only is the stream very rapid but the mud at the lower end is very bad. It improves, however, about half way up. We made the lake at 10:30 and stayed for nearly an hour off the mouth of the canal renewing the flag and scratching our names on the big cypress.

When we did finally get under way the wind was so light that we only drifted around for awhile. It gradually settled down however to a slight breeze from the NE working round gradually as the day went on to the SE. We shaped our course N by E for the Kissimmee River. Just after dark we were bowling along merrily, all of us below discussing our evening meal, except Ned who was at the helm. When we felt a jar and heard Ned shout "all hands on deck." We scrambled out in a hurry and found a squall had struck us all aback, jibering the sail over and making a mess generally. It was the suddenest change imaginable, no warning only a slight lull and then the squall.

We stood by awaiting developments. For a few minutes the squall

blew pretty stiff and then suddenly died right out. Not knowing what to expect next, lowered away and anchored, which turned out to be the wisest thing we could do as not a breath of wind blew before morning. We are now about 2 miles from the W shore. The lake is as smooth as a mirror and the silence around is most oppressive. Not a sound anywhere, not even a frog croaking. The morning was cloudy and cold but it cleared up towards mid-day and the afternoon was pleasant enough. Wind NE-E-SE light. 60 degrees, 75 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 25 miles.

January 23, 1892, Saturday. We weighed anchor at 5:30 a.m. Wind pretty stiff from the W veering round very soon to a heavy nor'-wester. On approaching the river the coast appears very irregular forming a series of pockets with grass points running out into the lake. To the N can be seen the immense cypress fringing the N end of Okeechobee. This is said to be the finest belt of timber in the state. The river itself is at the NW end of a deep bend on the extreme N pt. of which is a thick bunch of small cypress. The water in the bay is considerably cut up by grass islands and bonnet patches. On one of these islands is a long squat cypress tree and right off the mouth of the river are four more lone trees. The river is by no means easy to find, one could easily sail past without noticing it. We anchored in the stream at 9:30 a.m., the wind right in our teeth and very strong. Cold and clear. W to NW very strong. 70 degrees, 65 degrees, 50 degrees, distance 5 miles.

January 24, 1892, Sunday. We were compelled to lay up all day as the wind has been drawing down the river all day. It has been miserably cold although the sun has been shining. Clear cold. NW very stiff. 50 degrees, 60 degrees, 45 degrees, distance 0.

January 25, 1892, Monday. 8:30 a.m. Started poling up the river, wind being too light to help us much. After a hard day's work we tied up about two miles below Turkey Roost Camp. Clear bright, cool. W light. 60 degrees, 75 degrees, 55 degrees, 15 miles.

January 26, 1892, Tuesday. On turning out this morning we were jubilant to find a good SW wind blowing. We made all haste to get underway and sailed on our way rejoicing. We had just made about two miles and were enjoying ourselves immensely when a sudden lull came and a few clouds showed up in the NW. Suddenly without any or at least very little warning a regular old fashioned Norther struck us. We struggled manfully against it for awhile but were compelled to give in at last.

This is about the heaviest wind we have experienced as yet. It comes howling down the river picking the water up and throwing it over us in a cloud of spray. Since we left Coffee Mill Hammock we have been out of luck and our provisions are getting low. There seems to be nothing to shoot in this region and it has been too cold for fish to bite. Our firewood is also very

low and nothing but willow grows round here.

Towards evening the wind died out so we poled on till after dark and made very good progress. We are now camped about 4 miles below Flapjack Bluff and have a gorgeous fire of willow, etc., built on shore around which we are seated discussing a very miscellaneous collection of subjects. It is curious what subject do come under discussion on a trip like this. If I ever go on another, I mean to start a book in which to keep a list of the various conversations and their drift. It would probably be quite an amusing thing to look back over. Clear cool. SW light - NW very heavy. 65 degrees, 75 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 8 miles.

January 27, 1892, Wednesday. An early breakfast and an early start. Made Flapjack Bluff without much trouble about 9:30 a.m., about 3 miles above which we tied up for lunch. In the E a heavy bank of clouds gave us hopes of a wind from that quarter but we were doomed to disappointment for about 1 p.m. it started to blow heavily out of the NE. For nearly an hour we were working to make round the bend as we knew we should then be in a long stretch running SW. We got round at last and hoisting all sail went down it in tremendous style throwing big waves up the banks like a steamboat. The next reach however was due NE so we had to tie up again about 2:30 p.m. Clear till noon then cloudy. N light NE very heavy. 45 degrees, 60 degrees, 50 degrees, distance 8 miles.

January 28, 1892, Thursday. Poling again was the order of the day. The river is very intricate. We got off the main stream into what we thought would prove a short cut but found after an hour's work that it led nowhere ending abruptly within a few yards of Pine Reach. Had we been able to cut a channel through about half a dozen yards of sand we should have saved a lot of time but as it was we had to run back to where we left the main river. Had lunch at Pine Reach.

After lunch the wind favored us a little and we were able to sail a little. Passed Daughtry's at 3:30 p.m. Early this morning we heard Johnson's boat whistle in Bassinger so we have quite given up all hope of catching him. About sundown two Indians sailed past us in a dugout. Made out from them that Johnson left Bassinger this morning. We are camped about 8 miles below Bassinger. Have laid in a new stock of firewood. Clear and bright. NE very light. 55 degrees, 80 degrees, 65 degrees, distance 16 miles.

January 29, 1892, Friday. Being now in no hurry to get to Bassinger as Johnson has left we loafed around camp all morning. The wind of course quite fair and heavy. Caught a number of fish and had some fun shooting curlew. After lunch we hoisted sail as the wind still held. Jibbing around a sudden bend in a heavy squall the traveling block on the main sheet broke away and for awhile chaos reigned. Having repaired the damage we started

off again but a heavy squall striking us before we got way on we luffed into a mud bank and stuck there. This was our last mishap. From here on we made good time as far as the bend below Bassinger where we camped. Towards evening wind chopped round to NW. Clear and bright. SW heavy, NW light. 50 degrees, 85 degrees, 60 degrees, distance 8 miles.

January 30, 1892, Saturday. Lay up all day. Heavy wind. Clear and bright. NW very strong. 50 degrees, 75 degrees, 80 degrees.

January 31, 1892, Sunday. Had splendid fun shooting curlew this morning. They kept flying right over the boat so we had only to lay low to get as many as we want. About 1:30 p.m., we took advantage of a slight change of wind and ran up to Bassinger warehouse where we stayed over night. Whilst we were discussing our evening toddy we heard a boat coming up stream. It turned out to be a man named Chandler who had been down otter hunting on Okeechobee. We warmed him with a bowl of hot toddy and sent him rejoicing on his way. It promises to be a bitterly cold night. Clear and bright. N light. 50 degrees, 85 degrees, 40 degrees, distance 1 mile.

February 1, 1892, Monday. Bitterly cold last night. About 10:30 a.m., we sailed on up the river with a light easterly wind. Passed Lynur's (may be Lanier's) at 11:30 a.m. Lost our way several times and had to put back. At sundown anchored off Oak Reach for the night. Fine. NE-E very light. 50 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 12 miles.

February 2nd-3rd, 1892, Tuesday. Becalmed all day. No sign of Johnson. Fine fishing. Fine. Wind S very light. 65 degrees, 85 degrees, 70 degrees.

February 4, 1892, Thursday. About 11 a.m. heard Johnson whistle up stream. Ned rowed up in the dinghy to meet him. A.E.W. and self perched ourselves up at the mast head. We soon caught sight of him threading his way through all sorts of little channels and cut offs. Much to our disgust just before he got to us he turned off down a narrow channel and ran past without seeing us. As soon as Ned got back we poled back to Lyneer's Wood where we tied up to catch Johnson as he came past. Soon after dark we heard him whistle his departure from Bassinger and very soon after he tied up a little way below us. We paid him a visit and made all arrangements for being towed up to Kismimiee. \$15.00 is what he is going to charge. Fine. No wind. 60 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees, distance 8 miles.

February 5, 1892, Friday. Johnson ran up alongside at 6:20 a.m. and took us in tow. We were obliged to make the towline fast high up on the mast to clear the stern-wheel. Sometimes it was awkward work making out round the bends. The steamer would at times be round the bend and therefore on our beam pulling us sideways. When this occurred our boat would take a sheer and rush across the river making steering a very difficult performance. After awhile the river got so bad we had to pole about a mile after which getting into

a good wide stream we lashed alongside one of his barges and made splendid time till about 10 p.m. when we tied up off Dawdrey's. It was very enjoyable being pushed up the river without any work or trouble.

I spent most of the day sitting in the pilot house potting at everything I saw with my rifle. Capt. J. is one of the pleasantest men imaginable. Everyone at all the landings on the river seems to do their best to try his patience, but he never loses his temper in fact he is what one might truthfully call a perfect tempered man. Our route today was entirely different to the one we pursued on our way down.

Capt. J. knows the river by heart, day or night he rushes his 100 ft. of barges along swinging them around all sorts of corners never making a mistake, however dark it may be. He says he prefers dark night to moonlight ones. Fine. S fresh. 70 degrees, 85 degrees, 70 degrees, distance 111 miles. (?)

February 6, 1892, Saturday. We made up to the Southport canal without any worry but here the water was so low on the bar we were obliged to uncouple and pole over. Half way up the canal we fouled our rudder and bent the post badly. As the damage seemed only trifling we streamed ahead. Just after leaving the canal a heavy squall followed by a stiff wind from the S struck us. We hoisted our midsail and considerably helped the steamer with her load. Johnson dropped us off Paradise Island where we anchored for the night. Fine. NE light. Strong wind from the S after dark. Distance 65 miles.

February 7, 1892, Sunday. Directly I woke I jumped on deck to examine our rudder and to my disgust on trying to bend it down again it dropped right clear away. Feeling about with poles we located it at last in about 12 ft. of water.

As it dropped away partly through my fault, I volunteered to dive down after it. Did so three times but failed to find it. Bob found it the first time he went down sticking in the mud with about 6 inches showing. Tried twice to raise it but only just managed to pull it out of the mud. Finally, Ned went down with a rope round his waist and after one failure we managed to haul him to the surface and hold his head out of water.

Reaching down we relieved him of his load and hauled it on deck. Considering the rudder weighed 115 lbs. we were very lucky to get it again. By the time these maneuvers were over, the wind had sprung up pretty brisk from E. We tried for a few minutes to pole against it to the canal but directly we struck the sea running out of the cove the boat became quite unmanageable so we hoisted a jib and ran for Kissimmee steering with an oar. Capt. Johnson seeing us running in under this rig came down to wharf to meet us and rendered us most valuable assistance fixing up a steering apparatus which although effective enough was very hard to hold in a wind as one had to stand on deck to work it and when the boat was lying down the chances were that the steersman would find himself thrown overboard. However, by always having an extra hand to leeward of the

tiller to help in the puffs we got along all right and reached the canal towards sundown. Here we stuck on the bar but by dint of shoving and pulling got across. We demolished the first foot bridge and anchored for the night below the next bridge. Fine. Distance 12 miles. Wind E strong to S light, heavy squalls towards evening. 75 degrees, 85 degrees, 75 degrees.

February 8, 1892, Monday. Today was more or less a repetition of our first day out except that we stuck on the bar and had to get a yoke of oxen to help us over. Looking over toward Narcoossee we could see a small boat beating across to meet us. The wind was dead fair for us so we did not take long in running across picking up a small boat on our way. It contained Garret and son, Haycock Stogden and a whiskey bottle which we drained for them. Well, here we are again at our old moorings so with a parting glass we separated and made for our several homes.

Well, our trip is now over, worse luck! We are, of course, very glad to get home. We have been away so long that we have become so accustomed to our free and easy life that we are loth to relinquish it. There is also the after thoughts that a whole year's work is before us. Taking it all in all, we have had a most enjoyable trip. At times, of course, we have had to put up with a certain amount of hardship and inconvenience, but not more so than one ought to expect on a trip of the kind.

Our visit to the coast was not a success chiefly owing to the fact that we did not know our way about. The passes are hard to find even in calm weather but when a heavy sea is rolling, no one but a sailor accustomed to the work can possibly find them. We had very rough weather nearly the whole time we were on the coast. Anyhow, we have made up our minds not to do any coast sailing again without a pilot.

THE END

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