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## New Smyrna the beautiful: In the summer land of Florida

A. E. Dumble

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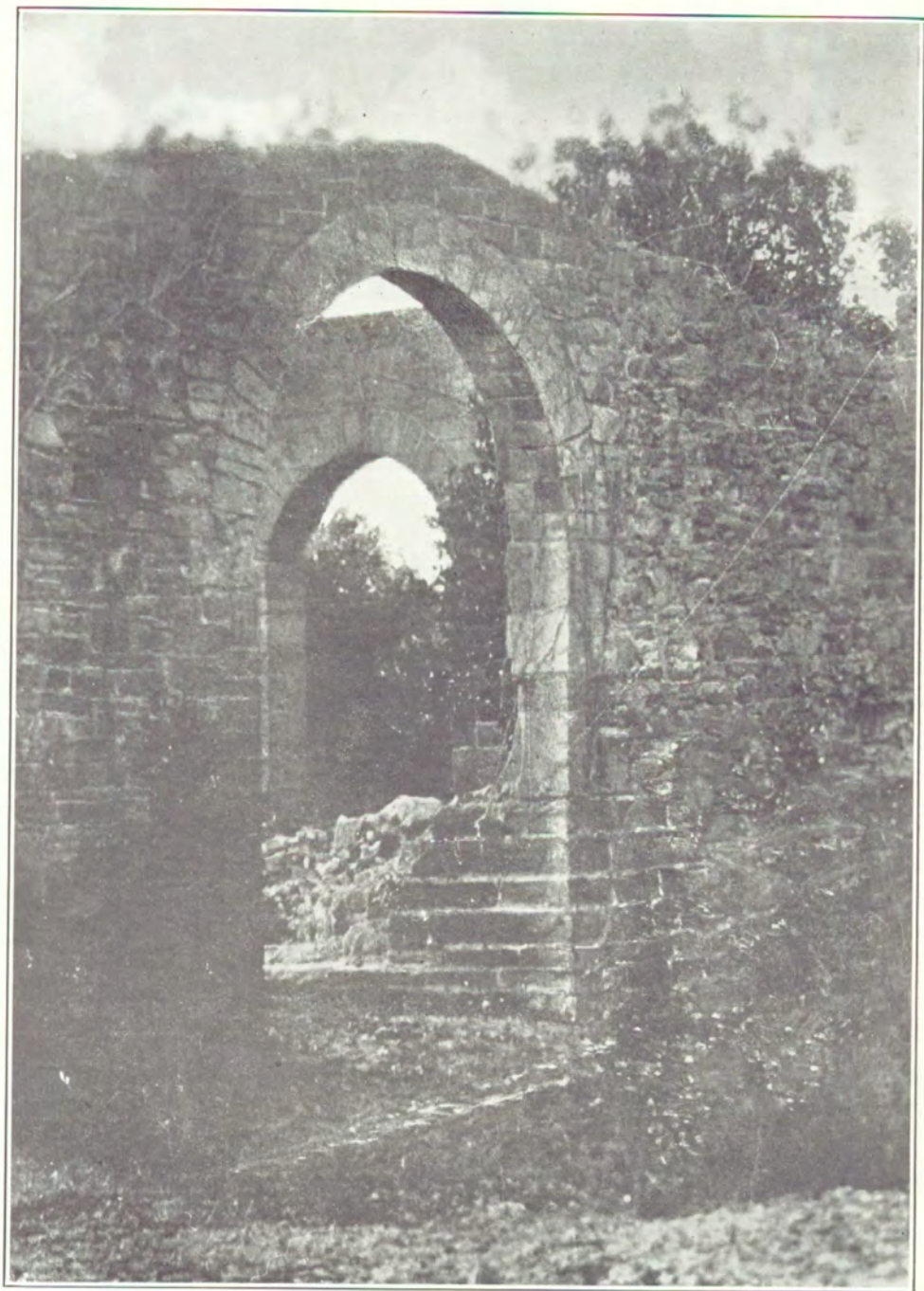
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# *New Smyrna The Beautiful*



*In the Summer Land  
of Florida*

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■ "Silent, Lonely, by the Margin of the Forest."

NEW  
SMYRNA

FLORIDA

BY

A. E. DUMBLE



1904:  
THE E. O. PAINTER & CO. PRESS,  
DeLand, Fla.



THE STATELY CABBAGE PALM, QUEEN OF THE NEW SMYRNA FORESTS.

# NEW SMYRNA

## *THE BEAUTIFUL* ❁❁

**T**AKE your map and look along the East Coast of Florida. About half way down you come to a point where the thickly placed towns suddenly thin out. This jumping-off place has been for nearly one hundred and fifty years known as "New Smyrna." For nearly four hundred years before that it has been recorded in the musty archives at Madrid under a musical name meaning a mission in the new and strange "Land of Flowers." Back of all this, for untold periods, the Red-man dwelt here, leaving behind him the immense shell mounds, upon which the greater portion of the beautiful village now stands.

Travellers say that of all of the East Coast, New Smyrna is the place where one should go for permanent residence, because there is here all the advantages of a sub-tropical climate with few of the drawbacks. "Sportsmen and lovers of out-of-doors say, "New Smyrna is the record town for rod or gun." Invalids and delicate persons who have derived inestimable benefit from their visits here say, after thoroughly testing other more noted and far more expensive places, "for quiet and restfulness, and economy, and for all that makes for health of body and peace of mind, there is no spot like that strange old town by the sea, New Smyrna."

This portion of the country is high, the well and mineral waters are above the average. The nearness of the Gulf Stream gives an equable climate so that a large part of the winter is balmy and pleasant as the Indian Summer of the North. In summer the sun is hot, but the heat is tempered by the fresh airs from the ocean. In the house or in the shade of a tree it is invariably cool. There is at all times a freshness and vitality in the air that amply compensates for the direct heat of the sun.

In the winter the tourist or health-seeker flying from zero weather finds here perpetual spring and summer. He will leave

the snow drifts and biting winds of Northern winter to find a land where doors and windows are thrown open, the roses blooming in January, and beautifully colored birds flying about his lawn, tame as the robins in his Northern home in May. It is the out-of-door life, made possible by such a climate and so prevalent here, that renders existence under novel conditions so charming. Of course there are occasions when the edge of a blizzard tides over this section, but it is of short duration; next morning doors and windows are open again, for it is April or May to you, the warm air rushes in, your rooms are filled with sunshine and the health-giving odors from the piney woods. You thank God and take courage, get out gun or fishing tackle, or just loaf around. The tree lover will find here a new and constant pleasure. Some of the trees will be familiar, while many will be strange to him. An occasional swamp maple, hickories, red cedars and oaks will give him a home-feeling, while the cabbage palm gives him unmistakable evidence of being in a winterless climate. The stately cabbage palm, queen of the New Smyrna forests, grows everywhere, and always draws the visitors' attention. The live oaks of this locality are famous. Many of those grand trees are quite equal to the world-known English oaks. Massive, as becomes a tree whose unit is a century, their palpably great age and majestic proportions are enhanced by their priestly drapery of Spanish moss. The "Cathedral" is a remarkable opening in the oak grove in the center of the town. It covers a space large enough for an assemblage of five thousand people. This space is completely arched over by ancient oaks whose giant branches reach out and interlock and groin the ceiling of the vast amphitheater as only the Architect of Nature can do it. All that is hoary and awe-inspiring in primeval forest life seems to be condensed in the "Cathedral." The beholder stands silent, wrapped in the thoughts of eld as he contemplates the scene.

The cypress and the magnolia also will be unfamiliar. The latter, which is to be seen everywhere, is a beautiful tree with large, glossy, dark green leaves. When in blossom, the woods are filled with its sweet odors.



**THE WILD FLOWERS  
OF NEW SMYRNA \***

**T**HE lover of wild flowers—and who does not love them?—will find by the wayside, in the hammocks, piney woods, and even in the sand of the sea shore, where the salt spray from the green ocean reaches them, a variety of flowers so strange in color and habitat that surprise and pleasure continually await the finder. In the hammocks will be seen the lavender-colored wild petunia, from which it is said our garden petunia has sprung. In the wet lands is the beautiful water iris, so delicate in pale blue and yellow that one longs to take it up bodily and place it in the garden. Then there is the marsh pink or *sabbatia decandra*, that flowers in early summer in the savannahs, and the white lily, *Crinum Americanum*, also shown in the





MISTLETOE.

RED CEDAR.

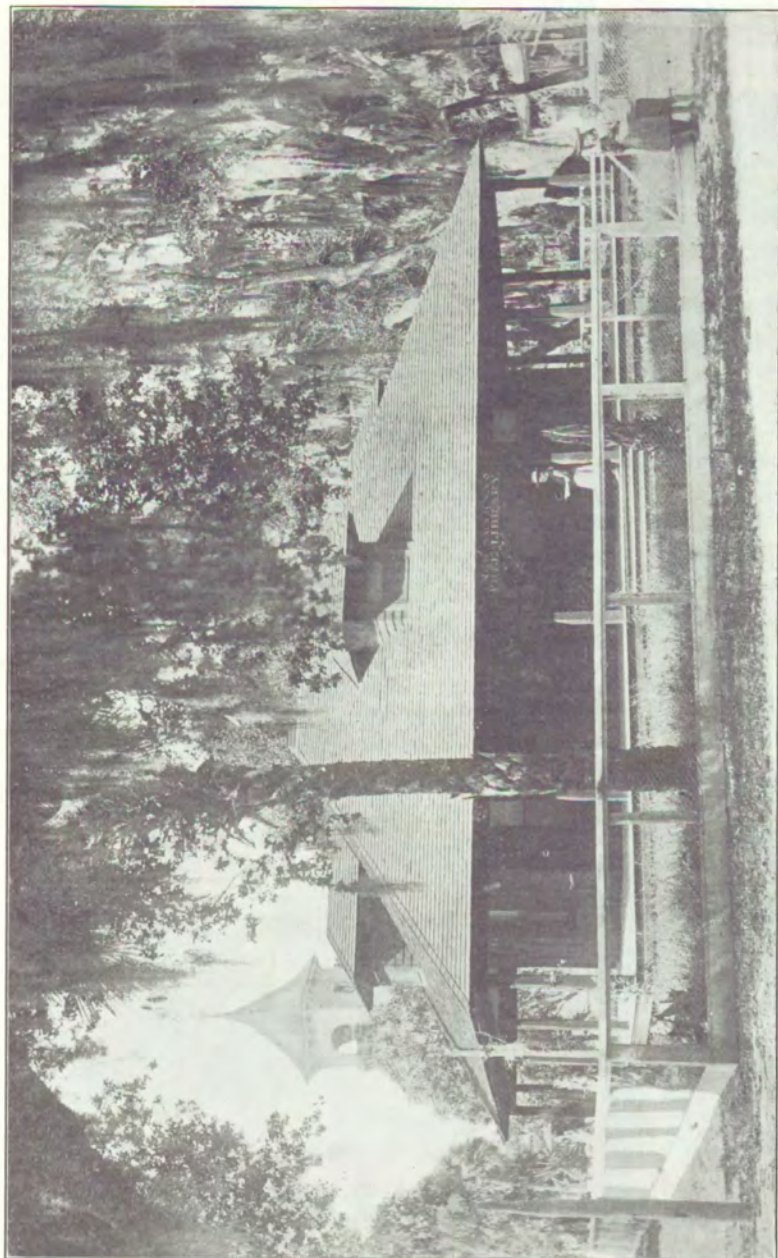
BANANA TREE.

photogravure. This lily throws out a perfume not unlike attar of roses. Phlox, verbena and the mystic passion flower grow wild. In April, May and June are seen in profusion the Mexican poppy in yellow or white, also the yellow blossoms of the prickly pear. The flowers of this species of cactus are strangely beautiful. They are unlike the yellow of any other flower, though the greenish watery tint somewhat resembles the daffodil. It is a yellow that awakens a queer retrospective but indefinable feeling in those sensitive to color impressions. The Cherokee rose is not as abundant as it is in parts of the interior. The park grounds at Ronnoc grove contain a superb specimen which at flowering time is like unto one of your freshly drifted snow banks for whiteness. This rose is the most spirituelle of all the roses. If you would know what sensation of immaculate purity, of chaste virginal loveliness, a single, five-petaled flower can give, look upon one of our Cherokee roses and its sleeping bud.

In New Smyrna are many kinds of Jasmines. All are sweet, but the yellow Jasmine, or Jessamine, is everyone's favorite. It is a climber and likes to trail over old fences and upon trees, hanging in long tendrils of golden bells and emitting the sweetest odors. "When the Northern walds are ribbed in snow" and your dreary leaden skies have settled down on your frost bound land, the lanes and waysides of New Smyrna are fragrant with this Southern flower.

Mid-winter and all winter the roads through the hammock are sprinkled with the white and blue of the violets. They are eagerly gathered by young men and maidens and old people as well. Along the shore of the Atlantic, where the spray of the high tides wet them, are the sweet white flowers of the *Cakile Chapmanii*, or Beach-sap, and there also are found the Florida Dandelion and two species of morning glory, one white, *Spomoea litoralis*; the other named the *I. Pes-Capral*. These morning glories run along the sands fifty feet or more, and through the summer are great bloomers.





NEW SMYRNA FREE LIBRARY—THE GIFT OF W. E. CONNOR.

## TO ARTISTS

**W**E ARE particularly desirous of having artists visit us, in clubs, classes, or individually. We have the grandest sky scenery in Florida, and that is saying much, for the Peninsula is noted the world over for its peculiarly fine atmospheric effects. This is due entirely to the climate and the large area of lake and river. All winter with us the sun sets in a blaze of crimson glory and gold which, when seen from the water side, affords "motifs" enough to make many reputations. Then our salt meadows stretching away for miles and threaded by creeks, lagoons and mangrove islands, stray fishermen using pole or net and the numerous shore or sea fowl in snow white, brown, slate color or deep blue, all offer a virgin field for the pencil and brush. Any club or association of artists may without difficulty secure a house and thus save all traveling expenses by economy in living. New Smyrna is the ideal spot for summer or winter schools in any department. Our local population would do all in their power to render such an enterprise pleasant and successful.

Probably no other site in the South offers as great inducements for a sanitarium as New Smyrna. The mild climate, the mineral waters and the easy access to the splendid bathing beach, render the situation an ideal one. Artists, teachers, botanists, or anyone wishing to know particulars as to location for sanitarium should write A. E. Dumble, New Smyrna, Fla.

As in other warm climates, there are seasons fairly defined, known as the rainy and dry seasons. The rains set in from June to July and are intermittent through the other months.

In the North, where you have rains almost for the asking, a lowering day, when the mists drag across the hills and all out-doors is seeped in water, provokes melancholy and anything but a pleasant, grateful feeling. It is entirely different with us. After weeks of the bluest of blue skies we long for rain with an intensity of longing such as you can not know. The ground is hot under our feet, the grass and trees, though always brilliantly green, droop under the noonday sun and we wonder why they live. A piece of wood picked up is



ALL THE CHILDREN LEARN TO FISH AT NEW SMYRNA.

A.E.I.

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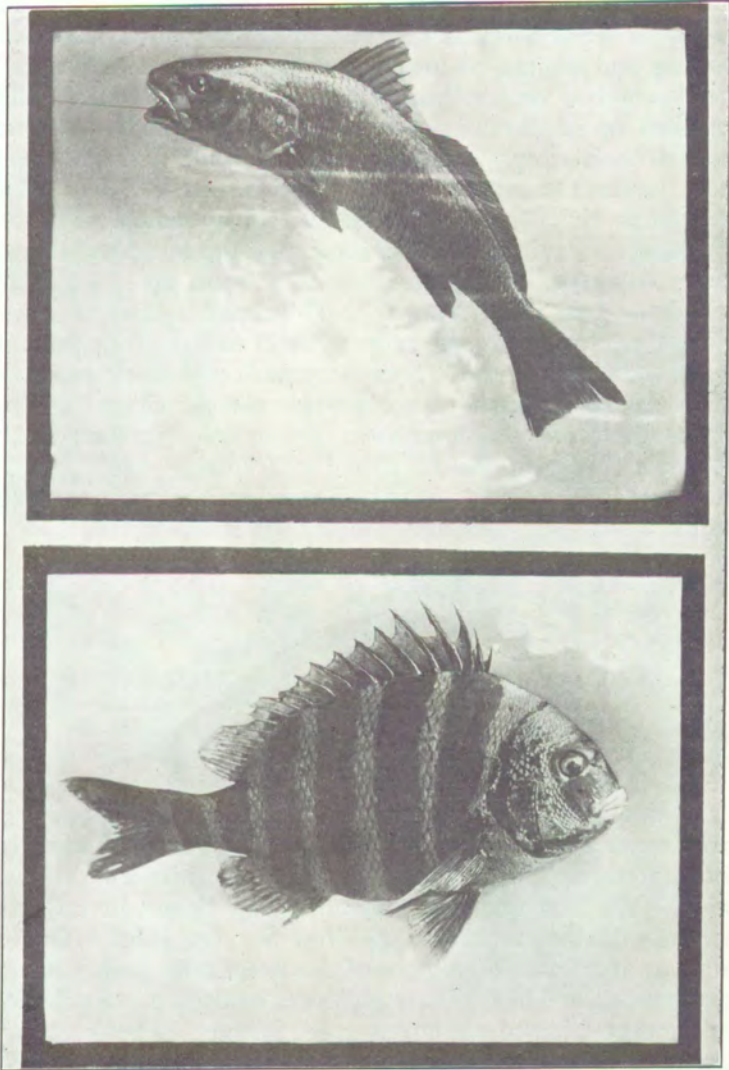
quickly dropped. The mocking birds, blue jays and the beautiful crimson birds have all sought shelter in the hammock, when suddenly there is a sound from beyond the Western horizon that sends a spasm of fine pleasure over us, a low distant vibrating roll, quickly followed by another and another still nearer. The earth trembles. We step to where we command a view of the Western sky. There it is. While we have been longing and hoping—which is but another form of prayer—the clouds have been rolling in from the Gulf of Mexico. They are piled up in dazzling promontories, bold headlands interspersed with cloudy dale and upland, while far, far above them tower the wondrous mountain peaks. Below all is merged in the indigo gloom of the storm center. The sun is blotted out and we hear the coming of the rain a mile away. Every oak tree, every palm leaf is a drum upon which the rain drops beat the “advance.” The sound is that of a division of cavalry charging across gravel fields. And the rain—ah! you should come to New Smyrna if you would see tropic rain with all its unshorn accompaniments of cloud and tonnerre effects, and above all to have your cold Northern hearts for once filled to the brim and overflowing with genuine gratitude to Him who sends the blessed rain upon the just and unjust alike.



### FISHING AT NEW SMYRNA

HERE are few persons who are not fond of fishing. New Smyrna has long been noted as a fishing ground. Parties are made up from all over the interior and even from other coast towns to enjoy the sport here. Clams, oysters and shrimps are to be had in any quantities for the gathering. We have the great advantage of being directly connected with the ocean through New Smyrna Inlet. This insures an inexhaustible supply of the finest table and game fish in the world. The ordinary pleasures of fishing are enhanced by the protection of numerous green islands. The most inexperienced fisher may enjoy the sport in absolute safety. All the children visitors quickly get the knack of it. Bass crevalle, trout, red snappers, blue fish, flounders, whiting,

sailor's choice, sheepshead, pompano, and a host of others  
abound. Sheepshead is a favorite table fish with many visi-  
tors. They run from one to ten pounds and are sure to pull  
hard and give sport before being landed.

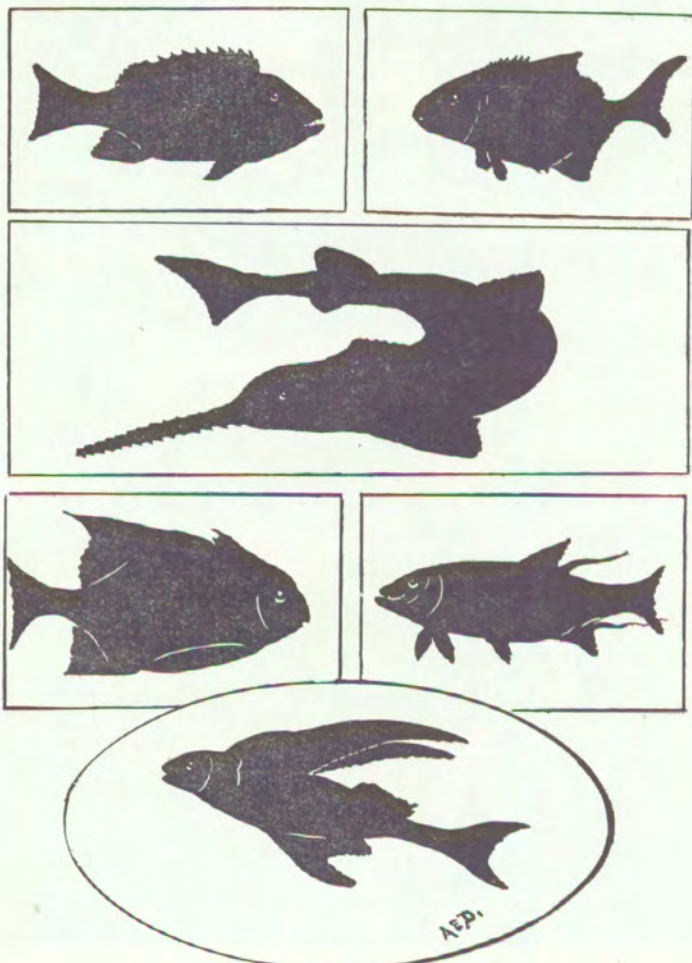


BASS AND SHEEPSHEAD.



Shark and saw fishing is done from the long bridge along the river front, and each visitor, especially from inland towns, feels it is his privilege and duty to dispatch one of these pirates of the deep. Here, too, sawfish, some of them of great size, are caught. A thirteen-footer makes lively work for several men.

The fisher in the vicinity of the bridge, enamored of the beauty of the lagoons and indulging in the delicious reveries



RED SNAPPER.

SAWFISH.

MOON FISH.

FLYING FISH.

TARPON.



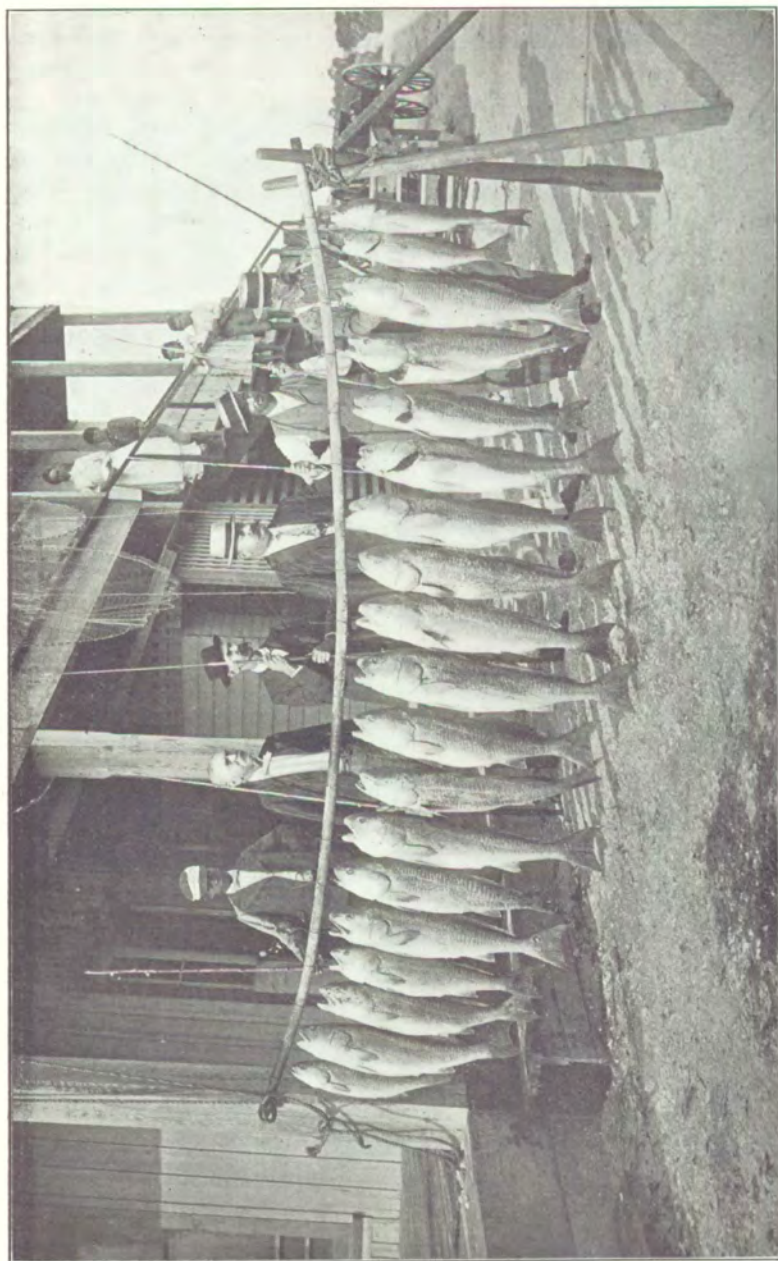
NORTHERN VISITORS WITH A 47-POUND DRUM FISH.

that come only to disciples of the "gentle art," is frequently surprised to see a monster head emerge from the water near his boat, gaze wonderingly at him for a moment and then slowly disappear into the vasty deep. It is one of the enormous sea turtles that frequent this place. Porpoises also appear in numbers near the bridge and along shore, often coming within kodak distance. These sea animals hunt in schools and visitors watch them for hours as they chase their prey through the lagoons or, in evident enjoyment, throw themselves almost completely out of the water.

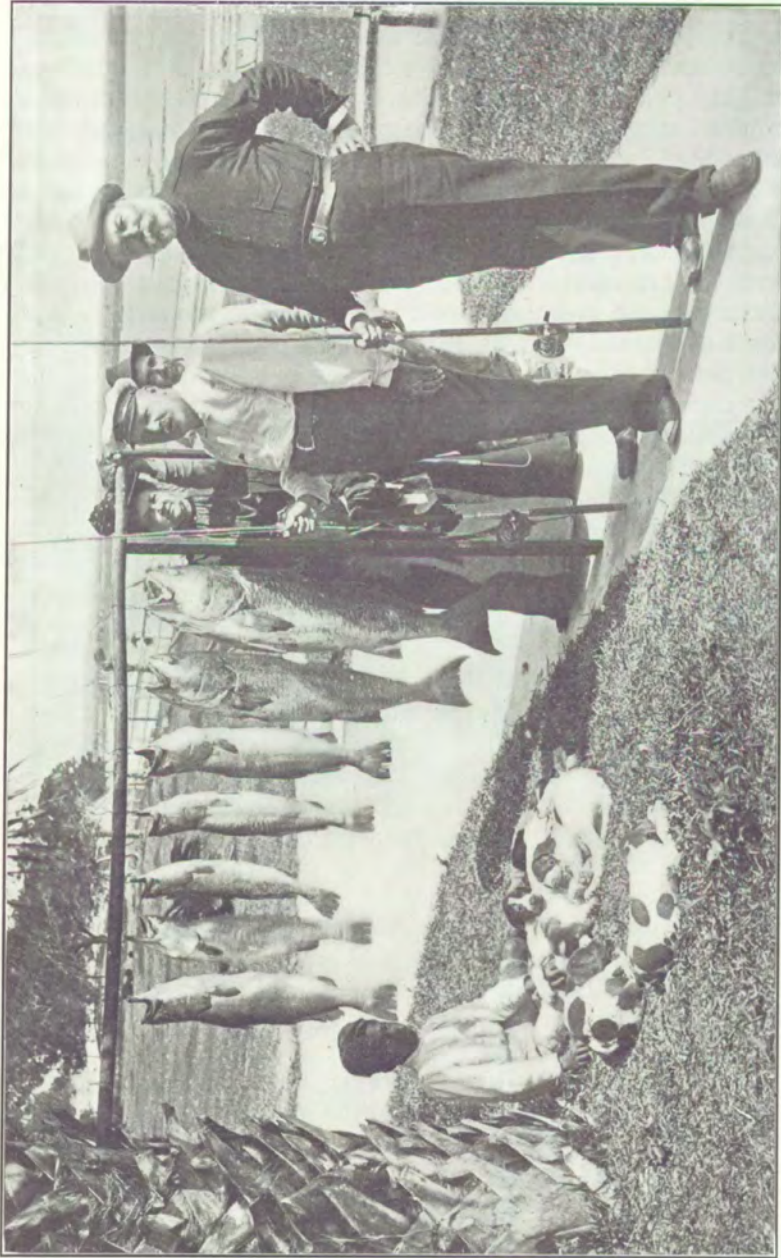
Floundering is thought by many to be the most interesting, as it certainly is the most romantic, mode of fishing. It is done in the good old way of spear and torch or lantern along the hard sandy edges of the islands, generally on a rising tide, and skill is acquired by much practice. Space admits of but brief mention of fishing as practiced in the famous New Smyrna lagoons.

#### *"WHERE BREAKS THE SURF ON CORONADO'S SHORE"*

When the visitor from the North country has done his still-water fishing and longs for larger fields to conquer, the blue Atlantic lies before him. He is provided with proper fishing tackle and on his maiden trip is accompanied by an expert. While the tide is rising he tries surf fishing. He wades knee-deep and hurls sixty feet of his heavily-lead-lined line out to where the clear aqua-marine begins to topple over. The spray dashes into his eyes, ears and mouth, and he tastes for the first time the salt sea and the ecstasy of fishing in a pond that covers two-thirds of the surface of the earth. The water is only two feet deep, but a breaker makes it an easy four, with half a yard of lemon-pie froth on top of that. He begins to wonder if a fifteen foot shark can turn easily in four feet of solid water, and looks about for a stray dorsal fin. After fishing for twenty minutes, he begins to enjoy the romance of the thing, dreams of Africa and the Mediterranean, and Sappho and Ulysses and all that, right off there to the eastward and not a thing between. That daphenous cloud in paynes grey with its base lost in the purple, and with the veiled, shifting rose glow in its center as one sees in the heart of a fine opal, is Capri, and those pearl and



VISITORS MAKE A GOOD CATCH.

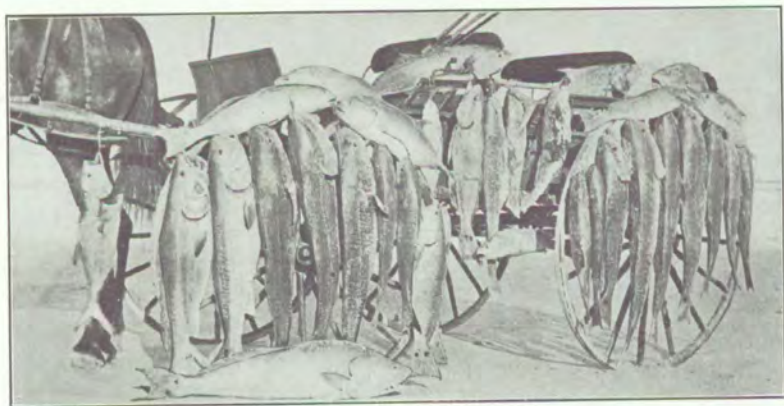


A CATCH OF SEA BASS—NEWALL'S HOTEL, "SEA BREEZE."

pink distances with the softly broken outlines are the Riviera. The old buccaneers, too, sailed these seas after the Spanish treasure ships, and here came Drake and Morgan and Montbar, the bloody Frenchman. Ah! if he could — there's a mighty pull that nearly jerks him out to the second bar. A whale has got hold of his big hook and is dragging him off to the blue Canary Isles. Above the thunders of the surf he hears his comrade yell something about — big whopper and sees him making frantic gestures. He forgets the coaching that was supposed to fit on to this section of the sport and tries to jerk up the whale as he would a mud pout at home. Snap goes the greenheart rod. There isn't a moment to lose. By a desperate effort he gets the stout cord across his shoulder and sprints for the shore, but it is hard work in the smother, with the great bucking unknown refusing, pulling and jerking and making white breaks in the horizon line. He does not see it. A turn of the head, a moment's let up on the taut line singing the death song behind him, and it is good-bye Gallagher. Once, when it was nip and tuck and he stood still as a hitching post with the undertow making elephant tracks in the sand under his feet and the dizzy old earth seemed leaving him at the rate of seventeen miles a minute, the big seventh roller struck him fair across the shoulders. It was then he recalled the opening of the sixth seal in Revelation that he used to read when a boy: "For there was a great earthquake and the Heaven was removed as a scroll when it is rolled up and the sun became black as sack-cloth of hair and the stars fell as a fig tree casteth her unripe figs." Then he saw the old farm house with the icicles hanging from the eaves and the ten-acre field of fall wheat covered with snow, and it never had looked so beautiful. Who would cut the stove wood and do the spring chores and wear that new fifteen-dollar overcoat? He makes a mad rush for terra firma and gets there in the nick of time with his forty-pound bass lying at his feet, slapping and leaping and gasping on the hard sand. It was a thing of wondrous beauty in milk white, and triply polished silver. If ever the arch-angel Michael armed cap-a-pie should appear to the astonished eyes of man, the ineffable lustre and fashioning of his mail could scarcely surpass the miraculous sheen and workmanship of the armor of this splendid creature. To one who has not seen it fresh from its sea home no word painting can adequately describe

it. Our visitor is delighted and feels that were there not a single inducement more at New Smyrna, this one day by the sea had amply repaid him for the trip. He catches many a bass after that, and with better form, but the supreme pleasure of his first forty-pounder will never be excelled.

Egg-hunting at New Smyrna is another popular pastime. In the proper season the sea turtles come ashore to deposit their eggs. These animals weigh anywhere from three hundred to eight hundred pounds. They crawl up on the beach at night, above ordinary tide mark, and dig a hole about sixteen inches deep by ten inches wide. In this hole they lay their eggs. These eggs are round, with a tough parchment-like shell, and are from one hundred and twenty-five to one hun-

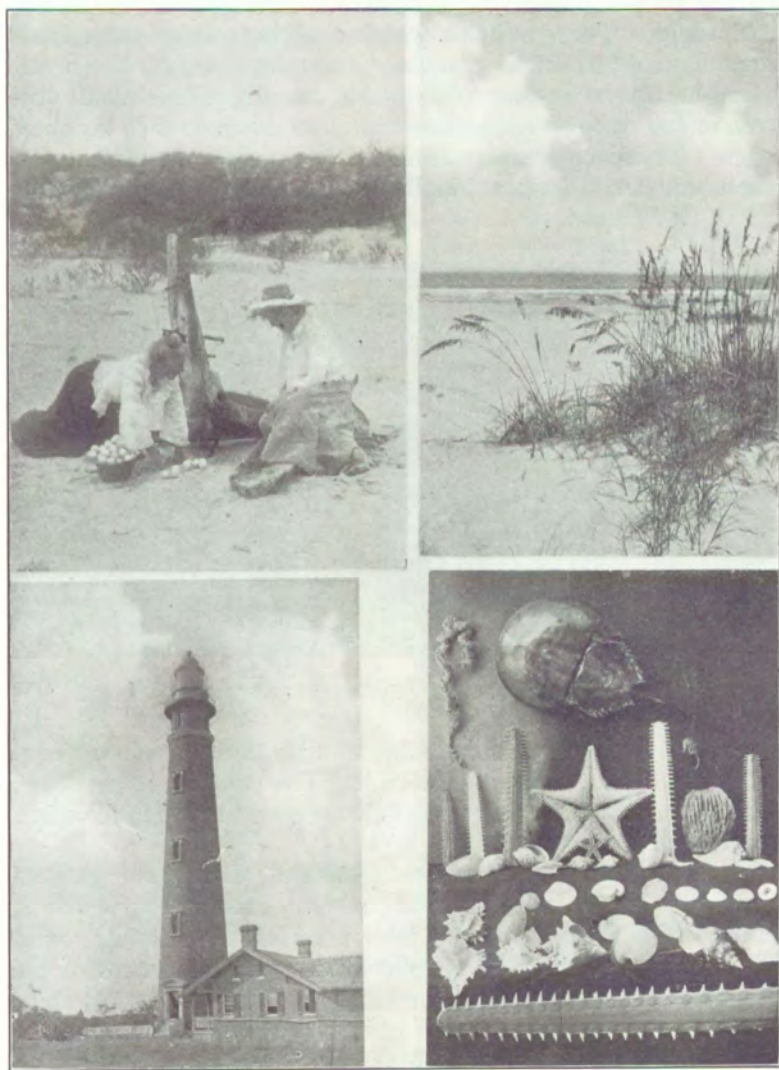


FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS OF BASS—ONE DAY'S CATCH.

dred and seventy-five in number and as large as a hen's egg. They are much prized for the table. The yolk is a pale yellow. Bruin also hunts the eggs, and the human turtle-hunter often goes loaded for bear.

Shell gathering is another pleasure. Every one gathers shells as souvenirs and gifts to less fortunate friends at home. The shore is strewn with jelly fish, resembling round disks of crystal, and the stroller finds many evidences of the tragedies of the deep sea in the half-buried timbers of lost ships and splinters of cabin furniture, heavy, wooden, round covers from deck man-holes, etc., all of which lend a sad interest to his walk along shore. A purple patch of water just outside

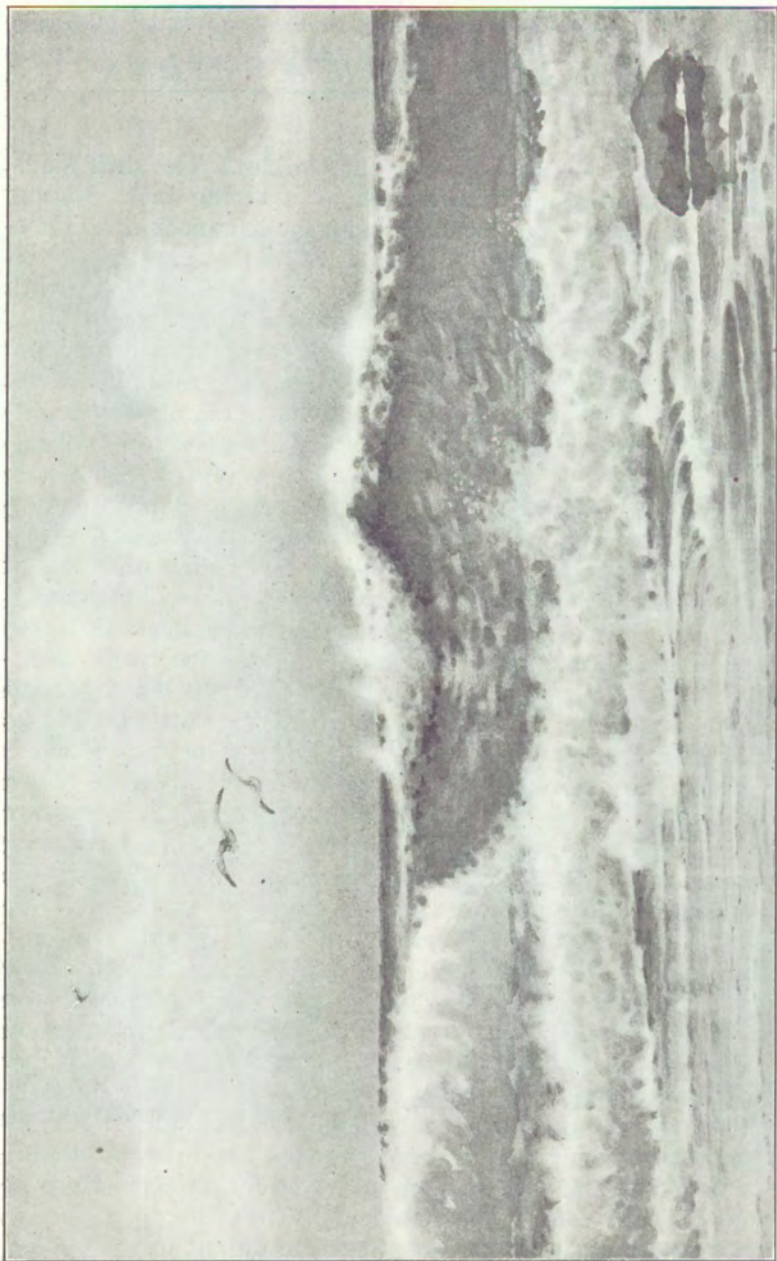
the breakers, at times an acre or more in extent, will attract attention. This is a school of menhaden, and the leaping, flashing things that churn the water into white foam and throw it up several feet in the air are tarpon, sharks, porpoises, and bass, all doing Nature's work of keeping down an over-production of menhaden.



Shell Gatherers.  
Light House, New Smyrna Inlet.

Shells—Mrs. Wright's Shell House.





YOU MAY WATCH THE SURF BREAKING THE LONG DAY THROUGH.

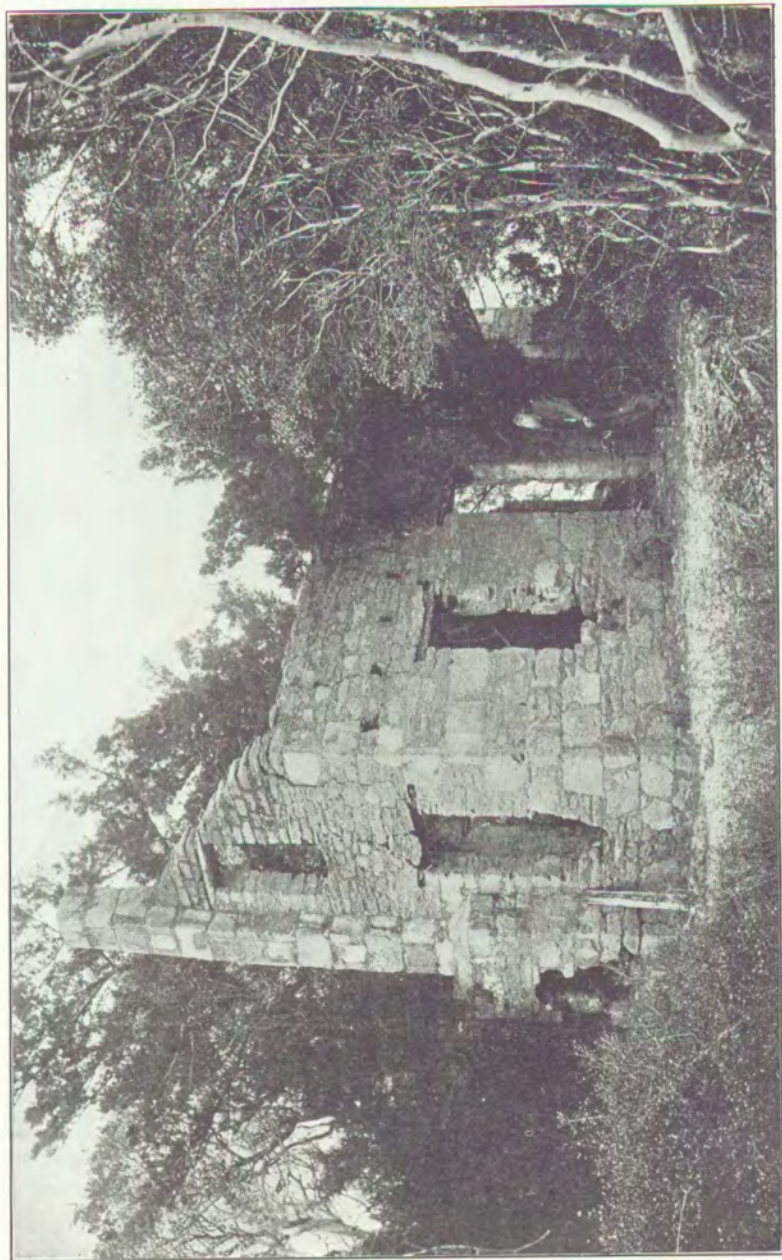
## BICYCLING AT NEW SMYRNA

**B**Y ALL MEANS bring your bicycles. The shell roads, hard as stone and smooth as a dining table, leading along the river front, through the hammock or to Coronado Beach, offer great inducements to the wheeler. Soon two hundred miles of automobile road, connecting us with Jacksonville and intermediate stations will be completed. If there were nothing else, the broad ocean shore, where the wheel leaves no track on the hard sand, where the distances count up into the centuries and you may watch the surf breaking the long day through, gives a pleasure never to be forgotten. We have an excellent bicycle and repair shop where anything may be had and all repairs made, so that no uneasiness may be felt on that score.

Hawk's Park, a postoffice village three miles to the south and directly on the river, is reached over a beautiful roadway. Oak Hill is another pretty spot on the river about six miles still further south, and is reached by the same road. Glencoe, a couple of miles to the northwest, takes the biker through hammock, piney woods and prairie, and is as delightful in its way as any. Another trip is to the site of "The Rock House." This ancient building has, beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitants, or their sires before them, been one of the mystery places of New Smyrna. It is built on the apex of a large shell mound on the shore of the river overlooking the inlet. In its young days the country was peopled with savages, the seas were traversed by pirates. It was meet that it should be strong, and well placed for defence and observation. All who have visited it have theorized as to its origin. Some believe it an outpost of the Mission, some three or four miles away. In those days the seas were little known and it was important that the home vessel with news or supplies should not miss the inlet. Others think that it was the eyrie of one of the old buccaneers who, when the seas grew too hot, brought his ship or fleet into the labyrinth of the river for safety. Here he and his wild companions could enjoy their ill-gotten loot in mad carousings till they were forced to sail again.

The bicycle road leads through a superb forest of old oaks and palm trees. This is one of the most beautiful forest paths in New Smyrna.





THE ROCK HOUSE.

*THE OLD ROCK HOUSE*



Ah! would you feel the awesome power  
Of night and Eld? Then come with me  
And sit the silent midnight hour  
At that lost hearth beside the sea.

We'll kindle again its long lost blaze,  
And sing its old time songs once more;  
We'll call up the ghosts of by-gone days,  
And bid them welcome as of yore.

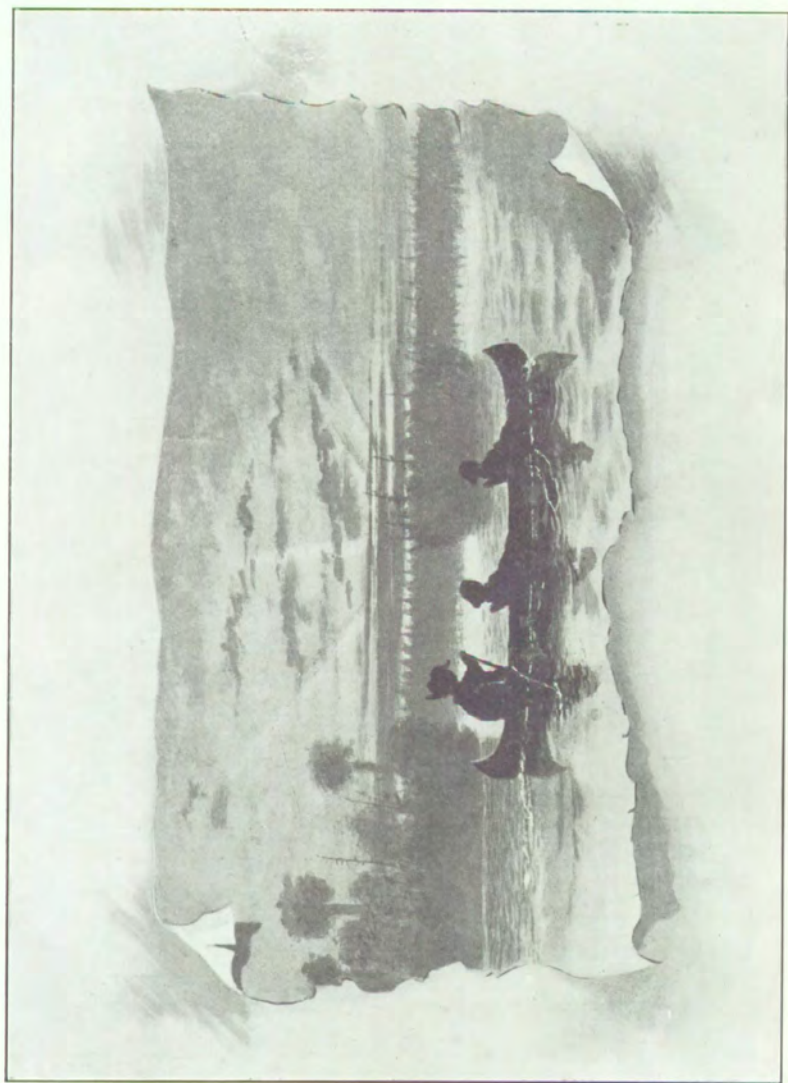
For there the tawney rabbits play  
Upon the spot the black crane swung,  
And the owl too-whoos its roundelay  
Where once the happy glee's were sung.

The shadows flit along the walls,  
And half-heard voices fill the air,  
And on the lagoons are answering calls  
And vague and ghostly laughter there.

Then come to the mouldering walls with me,  
When the moon shines through the pine,  
When the night winds sigh through the cedar tree,  
There you'll read your life and mine.

For sometime the fire in our hearts will die,  
Our hearths be cold and lone,  
And others shall come with a laugh or a sigh  
Where we lie 'neath the mossy stone.

A. E. DUMBLE.

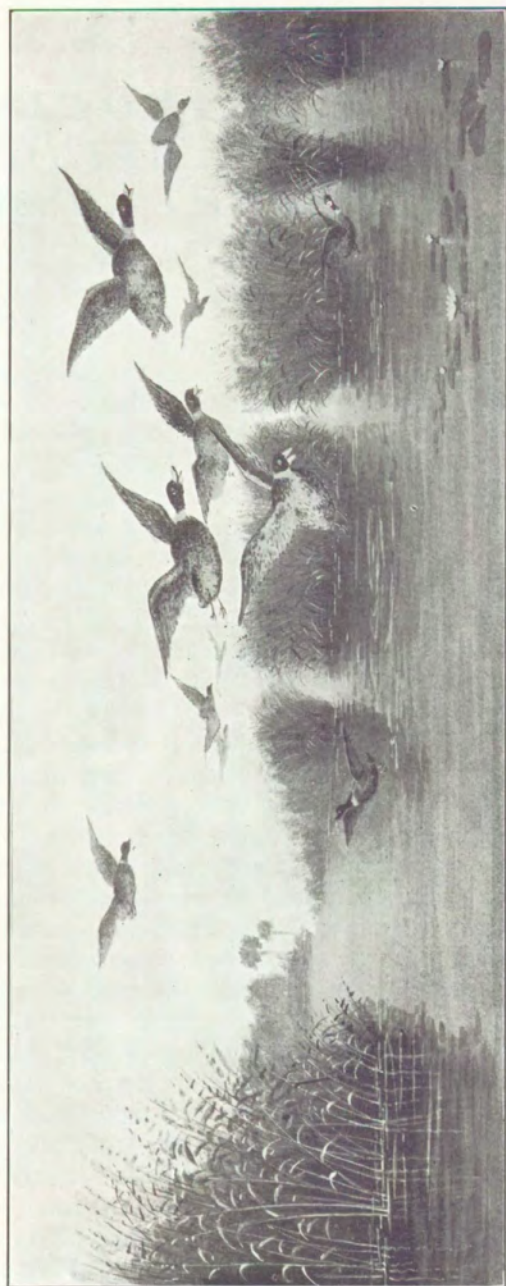




## A NOEING AMPING *and* HUNTING

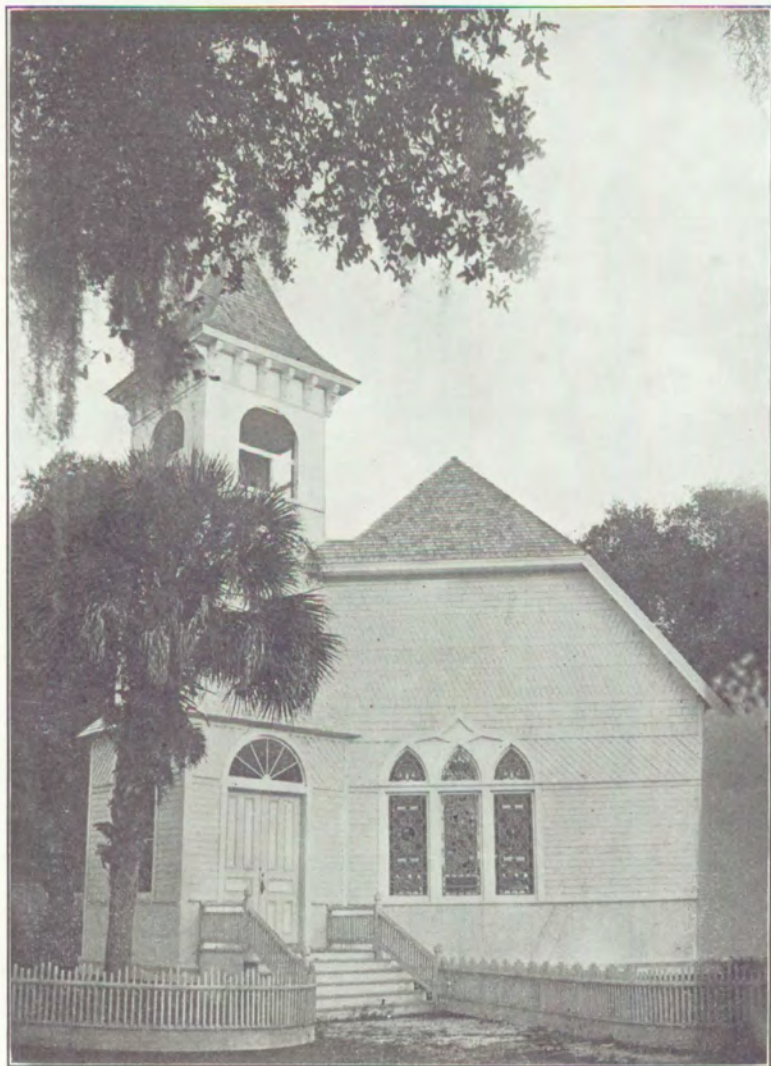
“ Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness.”

**F**OR the lover of Nature who loves the canoe or sail boat, and the thousand subtle pleasures that come only to him who can get close to the heart of the primeval, the wonderful inland waters at New Smyrna will be an unceasing delight. For over a hundred miles north and south the reaches of the Indian River lie before him. Now they are spread out broad and translucent as the St. Lawrence, now broken into innumerable island channels that require some care in navigating. When camp is made he may thread the almost endless forest that lies before him in search of wild game or simply for once to be heart to heart with Nature in its most hidden, aboriginal phases. These great forests or hammocks in the vicinity of New Smyrna offer to the sportsman a field seldom equalled in the domain of the United States. Northern Maine, the Rockies, or a portion of the Northwest may compare in big game possibilities, but there the vicissitudes of northern seasons render it impossible to all but a few. In these splendid pine, palm and oak woods are bear, deer, wild cat or Bob cat, panther, and the striped and spotted tiger cat, turkey, quail, snipe, woodcock, etc., while numberless ducks make the lagoons their habitat. These birds in mighty flocks come to us when the ice has driven them from the North. A portion cross the interior from Hudson's Bay, following the water courses, but by far the greater number come by the coast line from Labrador, and it is a wonderful thing, this vast migration of water fowl from the Arctic and sub-Arctic shores to the lagoons of the Indian River. Mallards and teal, red-heads, blue-bills and widgeon, etc., in countless thousands—sometimes sweeping the azure a mile high or on drifting, misty days, skimming the green waters of the channels—



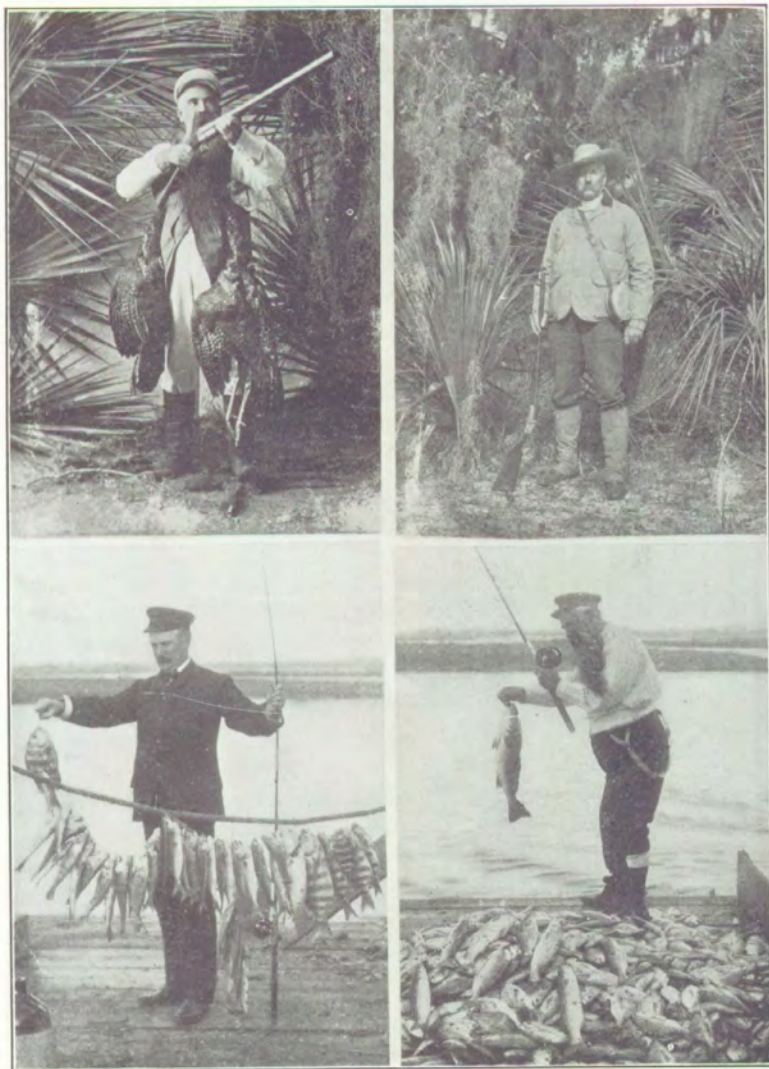


is a sight that the inland sportsman, accustomed to watch a pond for a sight on a stray bird, will not quickly forget. The old duck hunter knows well the serious discomfort of a November camp when the snow lies heavy on his tent and the leather ice has to be broken from about his canoe, and out to open water. There is none of that at the New Smyrna



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW SMYRNA.

shooting grounds. Many visitors form shooting parties, charter a house boat and suitable guides, and go up the lagoon a distance of a few miles for their game—and thus combine the fishing and shooting and have a general good time besides. Speaking of house boats, the



Indian River with its numberless islands and calm translucent sea water, stretching away for hundreds of miles to the north and south and hemmed in on each side by tropical vegetation, is of all places the most desirable for this popular recreation.



MARLOWE AND HIS NINETEEN-POUND TURKEY.

Turkey shooting is and always will be a rare sport, and not to be indulged in lightly. The wild turkey is fast becoming extinct. In our hammocks they are still to be found in numbers, and there seems no danger of extermination. The native hunter, Marlowe, brought in on his pommel the handsomest cock



OCEAN HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF HON. F. W. SAMS.

bird of the past season. Its weight was only nineteen pounds, but the beauty of its plumage was indescribable. The next day Futch, the bear hunter, rode through the town with five fine turkeys hanging from his saddle at one time. The Rev. Mr. Elrod, a week or two before this, got two. We give a photograph of him. These few instances mentioned casually will confirm our statements as to turkey shooting near New Smyrna. Deer and bear are also common. Bee-keepers have considerable difficulty in keeping the bears from the hives. The tiger cat can be had, but it is well at times to leave them alone. Mr. C. C. Moore, a reputable citizen of our town, found a mother and two cubs in his orange grove. He captured the cubs, but one bit and fought itself free, the other escaped the same night.



Note.—Any one desiring fuller information on fishing and hunting matters are referred to the Hon. F. W. Sams, president of the Volusia County Game and Fish Association. Capt. Sams is proprietor of the famous Ocean House. He and his sons are enthusiastic sportsmen, and we have pleasure in referring all inquiries to him.

#### GAME LAWS.

For the benefit of those not familiar with the game law, we publish the following:

Section 3, Chapter 5251, Laws of 1903, an act for the preservation of wild deer, birds, and other game, reads:

“That no person or persons shall have in his, her or their possession, or shall hunt or kill any wild turkey, quail or partridge in any part of this State, save only from the first day of November to the first day of March of any year. No person

shall kill more than four wild turkeys, or more than twenty-five quail in one day, and no party of two or more persons shall kill more than six wild turkeys or more than fifty quail in one day. And no person or persons, firm or corporation shall sell or expose for sale in this State, any wild turkey, quail or partridge. It shall be unlawful for any person to entrap any wild quail except on his own enclosed, cultivated premises.



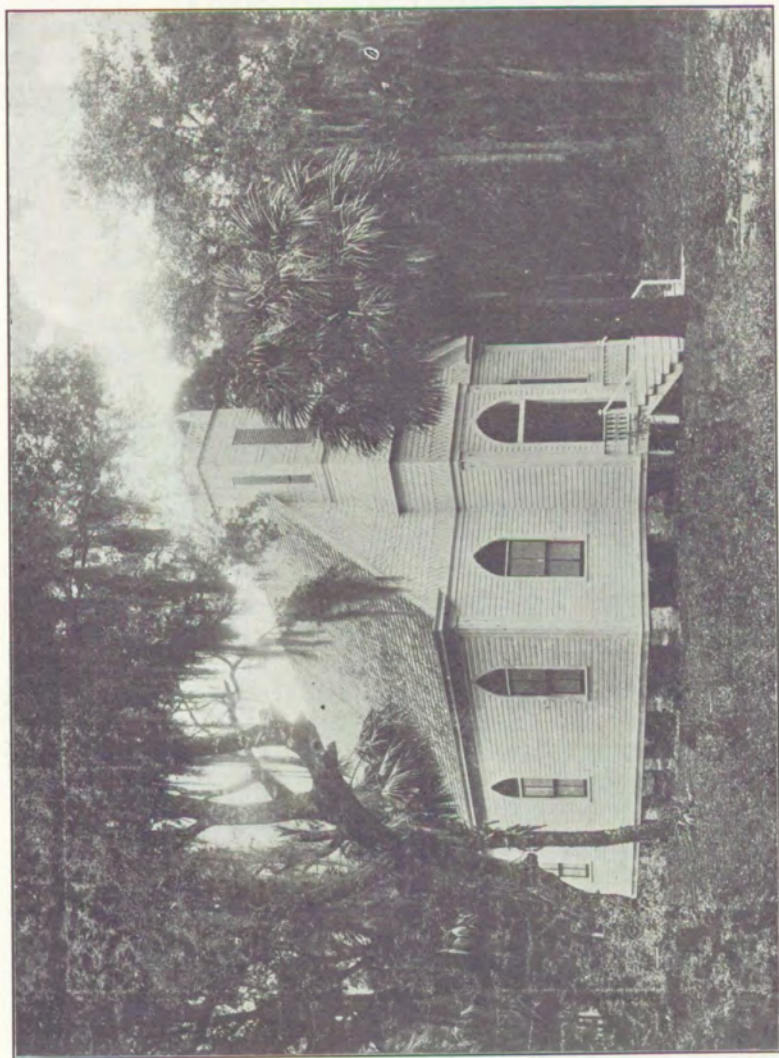
CAPT. SAMS ALWAYS HAS SOME GROWING UP.

## NEW SMYRNA AS A HEALTH RESORT



THOSE who come from the North to fish and hunt are not as a class anxious as to sanitary conditions. They are the healthiest looking persons imaginable, ruddy-faced, off-hand and hearty with "out-of-doors" written all over them. There are, however, very many, and the number is constantly increasing, who come here for their health, persons with nervous complaints, dyspepsia, catarrh or lung trouble, etc., old people who fear the long, cold winters and to whom the rest and quiet of a few months in the delightful climate of New Smyrna gives a new lease of life. Those find an immediate and lasting benefit, and almost invariably leave reluctantly at the close of the season, vowing to return and bring their friends with them. It has been a common thing to see persons who came as invalids scarcely able to get about, in a few weeks taking long rambles in the piney woods, along the river roads, or out fishing as though ill-health had never touched them. The happiness of these people as they walk our quiet streets or enjoy themselves in their various ways, feeling that the old time health was returning to them and that life once more had its charms, has frequently been touching. We say in all seriousness that we have the healthiest spot in Florida. There are other places as sunny and as quiet, but no other place can offer the combination of sanitary qualities which this ancient and quaint town possesses.

Physicians, and scores of worn-out medical men who visit us, attribute its recuperative qualities to the *high* situation, to the sanitary emanation from the extensive piney woods, to the pure fresh airs laden with ozone from the Atlantic, to the dry, equable atmosphere, to the immediately beneficial effects of drinking the mineral waters that gush out everywhere free to all. Doubtless it is a combination of all these, coupled with the exhilarating out-of-door life and freedom from care that works the cure. It is said that one can live in New Smyrna a winter and after reckoning up at the close



EPISCOPAL METHODIST CHURCH, NEW SMYRNA.



of the season find that a material saving has been made in expenses, including car fares, etc. Many prefer to board, others rent houses and rooms and do light housekeeping, while many prefer the kaleidoscopic life at the hotel. Here on the broad piazza overlooking the river, are met people from every State in the Union, Senators, surgeons, judges, men of national reputation and men of Abe Lincoln's "common people" from the store, the farm and workshop. All meet here on terms of absolute equality. This hotel, under the management of one of the oldest families of the State, is a type of the old-time Southern hostelry where solid comfort and a desire to give a home feeling to its guests are paramount.

We have medical men of repute permanently residing with us, and also doctors as visitors, so that any person needing special attention may feel safe. So far our remarks have been addressed to all, but particularly to visitors. Now we shall speak to those who, from whatever cause, contemplate a change of location permanently.

"Oh land divine!  
Of rose and vine,  
Where skies cerulean ever shine—  
Where sunsets die  
Across the sky  
Like bannered hosts of victory.

My soul would rest  
Supremely blest,  
Free from all memory of unrest,  
Could thy fair skies  
Forever rise  
To meet my longing, lingering eyes."

—From "Florida," M. E. Taylor, in *Youth's Companion*.





JAPANESE PERSIMMONS FROM RONNOC GROVE.

## AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES

WHAT can be got out of the ground? This is one of the first questions a man seriously intending to come to us will ask, and the question is prima facie evidence that he is the sort of a man we want. The answer will be as full and exact as the limits of this book will admit. The reader may rest assured that no statement will be overdrawn, or information given that can not be verified.

Farming, as it is done in the North, is unknown. We raise no wheat, oats, barley or timothy. Oranges and other citrus fruits are and always will be a staple. Figs grow almost without care, are delicious, and abundant in production. Persimmons, peaches, plums, pears, pecans, guava, mulberries grow anywhere, while of ground production potatoes, onions, cucumbers, melons, squashes, celery, parsley, beets, carrots, spinach are easily grown. Under certain conditions seed may be sown any month in the year, but there are two recognized garden seasons, spring and winter, so that the thrifty housewife may continually have something coming on for her table. In mentioning the various fruits and vegetables grown in the vicinity of New Smyrna much emphasis is placed on the fact that many of them may be made a specialty and with every possibility that better returns may come than from the same expenditure of money and labor in the North. It is the strongly expressed opinion of men who know, that *acre for acre, under the cultivation of industrious, intelligent men extending over a term of years, more clear money can be got out of the land about New Smyrna than in any other part of the United States.* You naturally ask "Why has not this been done by the people who live here, who understand the soil and the climatic conditions?" The natives are not an agricultural people. Generations of slave labor have thoroughly embued them with the idea that labor is servile. They have not had time to develop the waiting, hopeful, persistent qualities that make good farmers. Wants are not many in a climate like ours, but few as they are the Southerner has learned to lessen the numbr materially. Away from the towns especially, they get along very well with few of what pampered Northerners consider the necessaries of life; of the luxuries they know less. A Spartan simplicity characterizes their home-

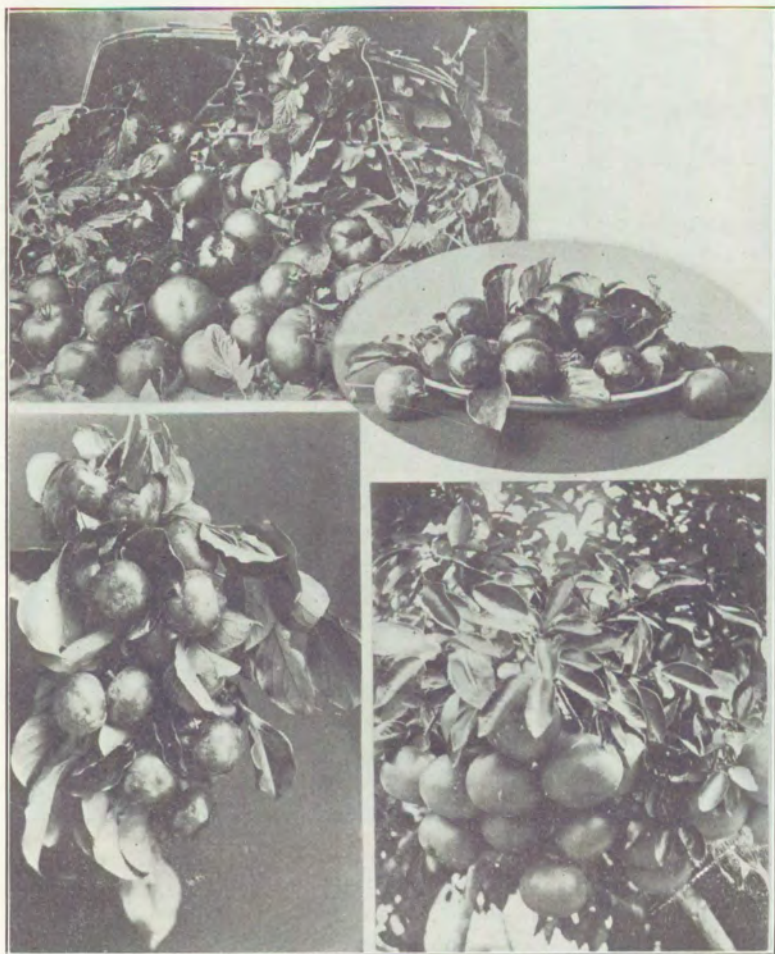


CAPPELL - MANNING - PHILA.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEW SMYRNA.

making and their home-keeping and their general walk in life. Brave,—how brave, Northerners well know—generous, hospitable to a fault, they resemble the Montenegrin or highlander rather than the usual dweller on level lands. It has been said the Cracker is born with a rifle in his hand at half cock. Certain it is they are all dead shots. Accustomed from boyhood to the life in the hammock and to care for themselves under

Pomegranate, Apple and Persimmons, Showing Relative Size—From Ronnoc Grove.



TOMATOES.  
PERSIMMONS.

GRAPEFRUIT.

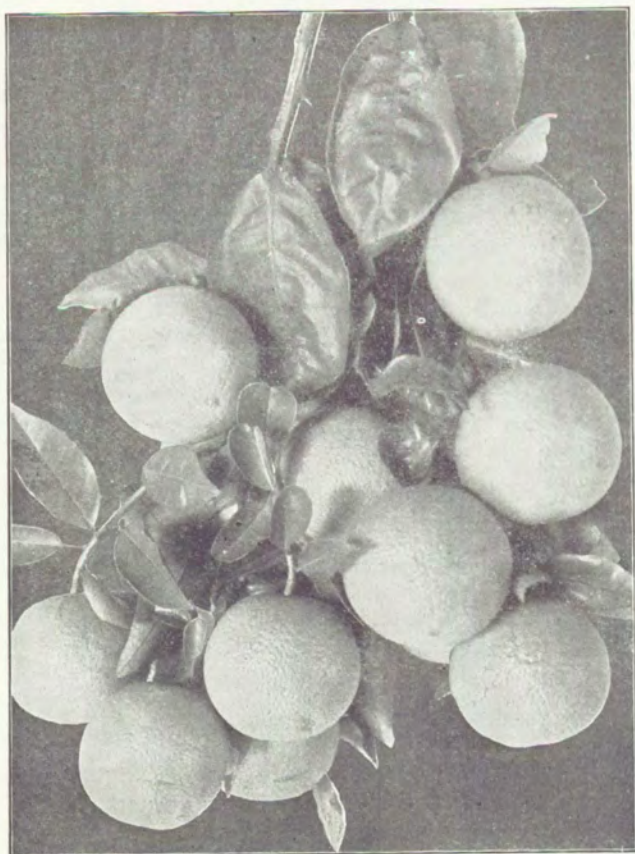
any circumstances, they are quick to resent an affront but as quick to forgive. With game at the touch of the trigger and fish in abundance, there is less wonder why these men are not all agriculturists. The want of market carriage until recent



THE DUNCAN POMELO OR GRAPEFRUIT.  
(Courtesy of G. L. Faber, Glen Saint Mary Nurseries.)

years is another cause, but the effect of it all is that much of Florida, and the fine lands about New Smyrna in particular, is still a wilderness that needs but the axe and plough and the sturdy farmer behind them to blossom like the rose.

New Smyrna and vicinity is famous in orange annals as being the home of the finest flavored fruit in the world. Some peculiarity of soil and climate produces what is known as the "Indian River orange," a fruit always in demand at enhanced prices. In this connection it is well to remember that millions of orange eaters depend on this section of the State and Cal-



PINEAPPLE ORANGES.  
(Courtesy G. L. Taber.)

ifornia for a considerable portion of their supply, that we are a few hundred miles from the center of population and California three thousand miles away. Oranges bring from \$1.00 to \$7.00 a box. A single tree will yield from one to six boxes a season. Call the average three boxes a season, multiply that

by one hundred (the usual number of trees to an acre) and see how quickly the returns for your labor come in. If you have planted three-year-old buds, the trees begin to bear the third year. In six, the trees, loaded with their golden fruit, are a beautiful sight. Between your oranges you have planted peaches, and near the house you have stuck into the sand some fig branches. In three years you have oranges, peaches and figs for home use. Every fruit tree planted is money in a bank that yields no interest for three years, but after that compounds the investment. The trees grow while you are raising vegetables and sleeping. The undrawn interest is doubling and becoming capital. The pecan is another tree that is sure to give handsome returns. It is of slow growth, but a grove of thrifty pecans is a competency, if well handled. With oranges, pecans and vegetables, and ten months' fair intelligent labor out of twelve, a man can not only make a good living, but lay by for old age.

As in the North there are sure to be some discouraging circumstances from time to time. It must be remembered that wheat, corn, cotton, apples and all other things subject to the laws of nature have their off years. Apples too often lie unpacked in the orchard, prices not being sufficient to pay for barrelling; but the market for our fruits can not well be glutted. Drouths or frosts may come again and damage the fruit, though it is not probable that the strange combination of elemental forces that sent the great frosts of ninety-five and ninety-nine may recur in generations.

The lack of thrift and industry has been a bar to successful agriculture. Even in a climate like that of New Smyrna there is no royal road. Intelligence, industry, unwearied and persistent, a constant looking out for the main chance and a stout heart will win the day every time.

We will give a single instance that will illustrate our meaning better than many pages. Ferdinand Nordman, one of our most successful farmers, a man of German descent, coming from Germantown, Ill., writes as follows:

#### **FERDINAND NORDMAN'S STORY**

Copied from the Milwaukee Press.

*"Mr. Editor:*

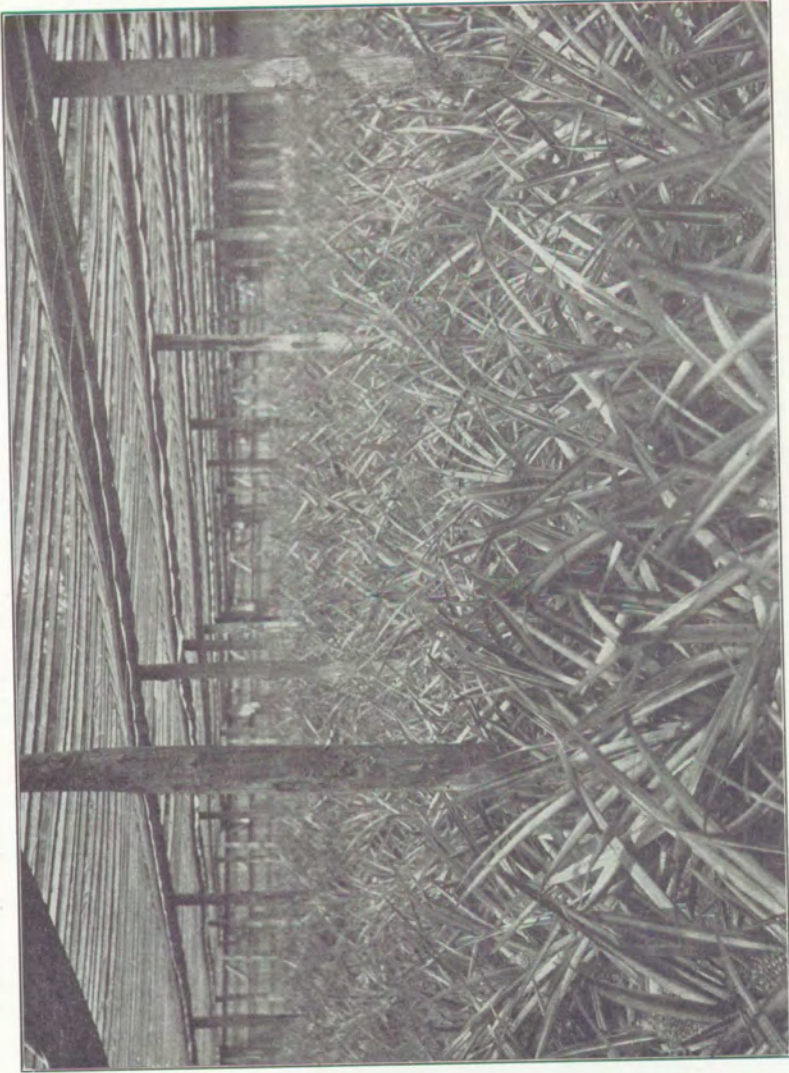
*"Dear Sir—I have many inquiries about New Smyrna and its outlying country, its climate and industrial possibilities,*



especially from an agricultural standpoint. Many inquirers are readers of this paper and, with your permission, I will answer them as carefully as possible. I have now been in Florida five years and am in a position to give a fair opinion for the benefit of any who desire to change location. I found the Northern winters very trying, and though the North offered many advantages, I decided that, with a family of eleven growing up about me, and whose future I must provide for,



A QUIET STREET IN NEW SMYRNA—SPANISH MOSS.



PINEAPPLES AT RONNOC GROVE.

that in the long run I could do as well and better financially, have better health all 'round and greater pleasure in life could I but locate in a warmer climate. My thoughts naturally reverted to Florida. I read what books I could get and conversed with persons who had visited New Smyrna, a beautiful village half way down the East Coast and placed directly on the west bank of the North Indian river. The town was said to be high, had an unlimited supply of water, was healthy and was in the heart of the orange belt. I found also that land could be had on easy terms and at absurdly low prices. Before coming to a conclusion I resolved to visit the place, and a few weeks later was in New Smyrna. As I passed through the upper portion of the State I found little orange culture, and that the danger of frost was much greater than one hundred miles to the south. I found New Smyrna to be an ancient little town, and was told there were good reasons for believing it to be the oldest town in the United States. The houses were of frame, as a rule lightly built. Wood is used for fuel. This was in May, and the air was balmy and fresh as in our finest May weather. I was struck by the rugged beauty of the great live oaks that in places lined the streets, and for the first time saw the long gray Spanish moss. This moss is an air plant and does not strike into the wood, but hangs across a branch, just as one would place a cloth on a line. It is easily disengaged and is propagated by being carried by the wind from tree to tree. I have seen it growing on various trees, but the live oak appears to be its regular habitat. The catching and holding qualities of this tree possibly account for this. It is usually a dead gray tint, but assumes an olive green hue after a rain. Cattle and horses eat it greedily, as do the hens. It is cured or rotted by being buried in the sand for some months. The outer covering decays, leaving a black horse-hair substance of which good mattresses are made. There is not much shipping now at New Smyrna, though a deep water channel leads directly from the inlet to the docks. There is much fishing anywhere in the lagoons, and bear, deer and wild turkeys are found in the forests near the town. I mention all these things, as I believe they will interest others. There are extensive ruins here, dating from the earliest Spanish occupation. The 'Old Mission,' an extensive and picturesque 'remains' of the priestly structure that must have been an imposing building in its prime, is on the outskirts of the village, and

has been preserved by the generosity and foresight of W. E. Connor, of New York.

"I was very favorably impressed with New Smyrna and began to inquire about a suitable piece of land. I went to see a sixty-one acre farm, with a dwelling and outhouses,



SCENE IN RONNOC GROVE.

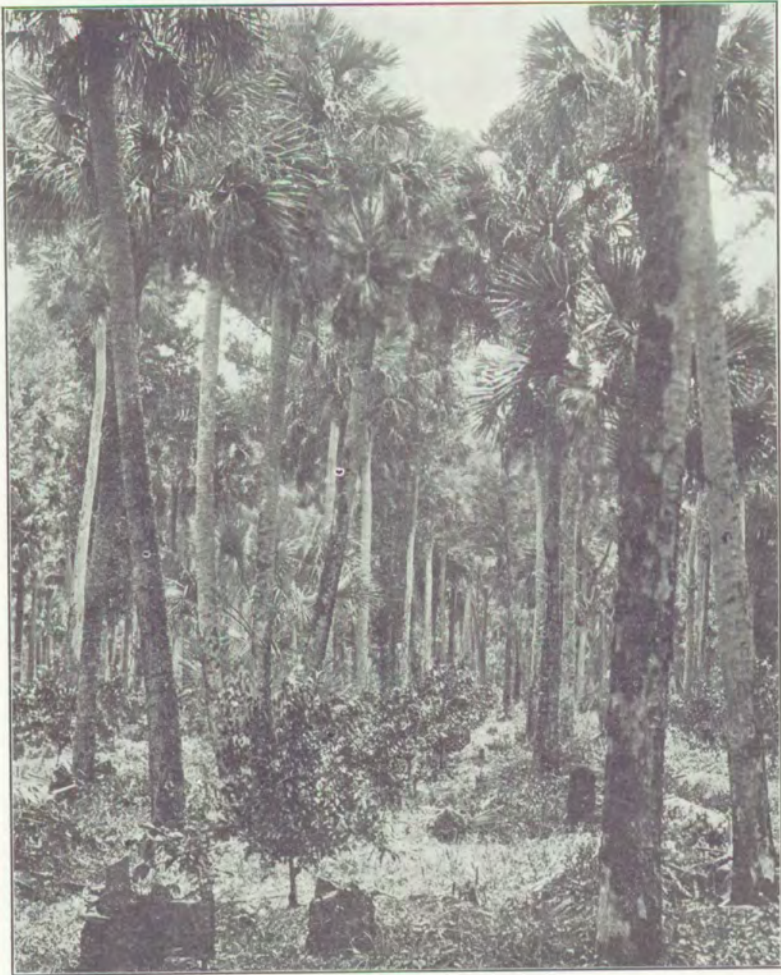
some four miles to the north, and on my way passed through Ronnoc grove, which is one of a large number of fine groves owned by Mr. Connor. This great estate, with its avenues of stately palms, its orange trees and other tropical vegetation, including limes, lemons, grape fruit, figs, pomegranates,



"Its avenues of stately palms."  
SCENE IN THE GROUNDS AT RONNOC GROVE.

guavas, etc., realized the dream I had cherished for years of a Southern plantation. Whatever doubts I may have had, vanished entirely as I walked the beautiful grounds. I determined that I would have an orange plantation, even if it had to be a comparatively small one.

"This W. E. Connor is a wealthy man, one of New York's great financiers. He and his family have made New Smyrna a winter home for years, and their presence has been a benefi-



YOUNG ORANGE TREES GROWING IN THE HAMMOCK, RONNOC GROVE.

cence to the place. The finely equipped library, its buildings and grounds, were presented by him to the town. Both he and Mrs. Connor have done much in various ways, in public and private, to permanently benefit the town and vicinity. Here is an example of a man who has amassed almost unlimited means by sheer financial intellect and belonging to a class supposed by the commonalty of people to be absorbed in



OFTEN THE BEAUTIFUL CABBAGE PALMS MADE ARCHES UNDER WHICH WE RESTED.

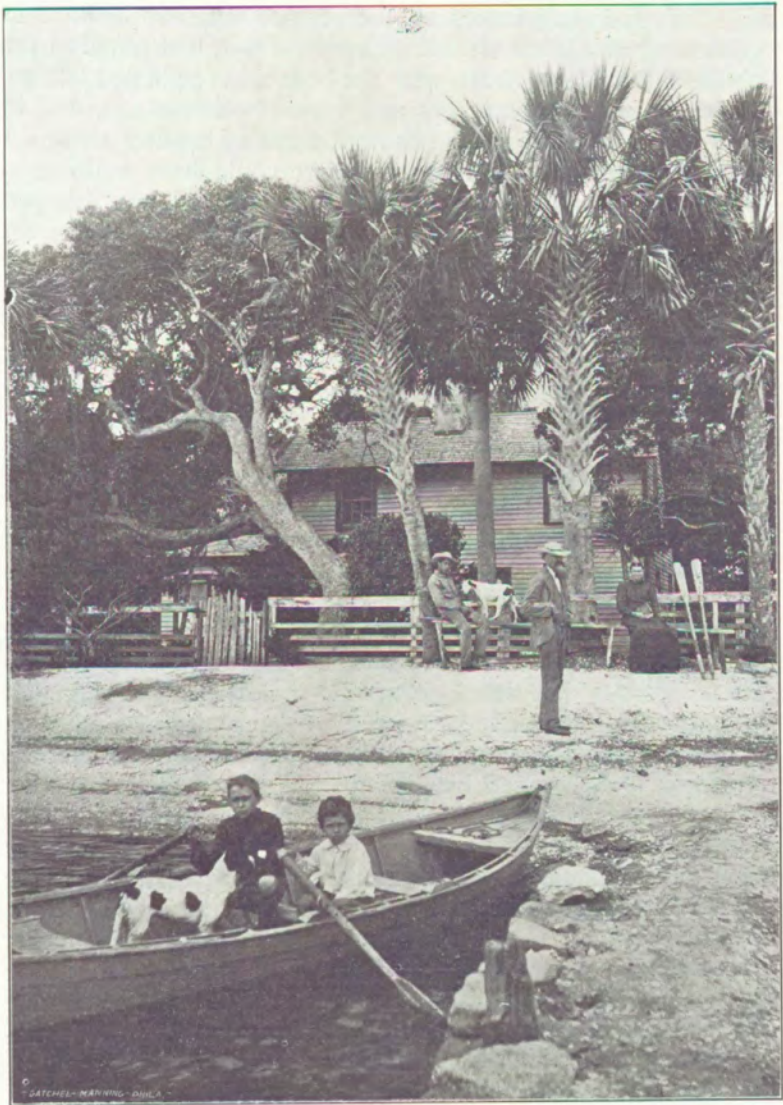
money-getting, leaving his office and interests very much to lieutenants, to steal away to a secluded part of the country to become a tree planter. To plant a tree and watch it grow to maturity is one of the purest pleasures in life. Mr. Connor has done this, as he has financed, on a vast scale, so that his operations here are the largest of the kind in Florida. In the limits of the town is one grove and vineyard of the system, consisting of forty-five acres. Here every known grape has been tested with the utmost care to discover the ones best adapted to the soil and climate. Europe has been ransacked for unknown varieties, for still better results. These researches on so large a plan, and made with the nicety of laboratory experiments, must eventually result in immense benefit to the State and nation. There are now 30,000 orange trees planted, many of which are in full fruitage. For the first time the experiment is being tried of planting young groves in the hammock, sufficient clearing only being made for air, light and root culture. The theory held by Mr. Connor is that the dense hammock conserves the heat and moisture, makes the temperature equable, and that the young trees have all these essentials at a time when they need them most seems amply borne out by the fine vigorous growth of those outlying groves. No fruit responds so surely and quickly to conditions as the orange, and it is probable the new culture will result in lines of fruit far excelling the old orange in size and flavor. Another advantage is that the labor and expense of immediate clearing is obviated till the trees are well on. All the experiments and the entire management of this estate are carried on under the immediate supervision of Mr. B. F. Chilton, an Englishman of thorough training and large experience in all the various phases of sub-tropic agriculture.

"As I stated, this object lesson decided me, and I completed my purchase of the sixty-one acres. On the 15th of October, when the leafless trees and sharp winds warned me of coming winter, I moved my family and what household stuff I thought necessary to our new home. To my wife and children it was like moving into a new world. After leaving New Smyrna, we drove through a hammock of oak, pine and palm, always in sight of the water. Often the beautiful cabbage palms made arches under which we rested. All were interested in the strange tropical vegetation. Our first task was to put the



house into shape for present use, to get a cook stove and prepare the evening meal, after which we were only too glad, tired and happy, to retire for our first night in our strange Southern home.

"We soon had fences up, for here nothing can be done in gardening unless the wild hogs are kept out, had repaired the stable, and made a garden near the house. We planted lettuce, onions, cabbage, cucumbers and various other seeds, and in a few days our first garden showed signs of coming along. I knew that for a considerable time we could have nothing to draw on, and that a family of thirteen would pull heavily upon our resources. The house was not more than fifty feet from the edge of the river, and though the boys were not used to salt water, they soon found that we could have an ample supply of fish, oysters and clams. This proved a material help to us. We now bought hens, a cow, and with our live stock about us, began to feel at home; but there was still much to do. There were about four hundred old orange trees on the place, good, bad and indifferent. They were yellow, and needed pruning and budding. After they had been looked after, we planted one thousand young trees, a few peaches, and persimmons. All was lovely; we were delighted and satisfied. In the winter of 1899 came a freeze, a frost that swept over all Florida. Our beautiful orange trees, just beginning to bear, were frozen to the ground. We saved a few by drawing the sand about the shanks. We had lost the hard labor of two years. About this time one of our mules died. There was only one thing to do, and we did it. We cleaned away the old wood, budded again, and planted more. I have never known anything to be gained by giving up. In two years we had oranges for home use. The next season (this was in 1901) I sold \$50.00 net of oranges. In 1902 our trees were doing well, and we netted \$400.00. In the coming season, barring accidents, persons who are judges say the grove will yield a thousand boxes. In all this I am speaking only of oranges because it is such an important item. The great trouble in the past has been that people pinned their faith on the orange alone; when that was swept away nothing was left. We are doing better now, and though the orange will hold its own, we will have other fruit and other assets to fall back on. My sons, Conrad and Bernard, have planted five hundred oranges and five hundred peaches, and will put in more. My boy,



FERDINAND NORDMAN'S RESIDENCE.

Henry, has put in one hundred trees, and will soon go into the nursery line, for which there is a fine opening. The reader will see that life here has its disappointments, as elsewhere, but there is a vaster deal of pleasure in living, and I firmly



CORN FIELD ON F. NORDMAN'S PLANTATION.

believe better chances for returns than in the North. There is land to be had near my own, and in other directions near town. There is considerable building to be done, and skilled mechanics may find work. Persons of small means need not hold

back if they have energy and will to draw on. The demand for vegetables and nearly all food stuffs has to be met by importing from the North, though they might just as well be raised here. I know one man who netted \$400.00 from one quarter of an acre of lettuce. This man is Judge Sands, of Oak Hill. I know another man who gathered from ninety-five hives of bees, in one year, 31,500 pounds of honey, at eight cents a pound. This was a Mr. Marsh, of Oak Hill. And so it goes. These fortunate harvests do not come every time, but they do come, and the average harvest is beyond the average in the North, on account of the climatic conditions.

"New Smyrna is rapidly becoming a tourist center. The numbers increase from year to year.

"I know of but one man who sells milk. Milk is ten cents a quart; eggs, twenty to forty-five cents; butter, thirty to thirty-five cents; potatoes, at the rate of \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel; cabbage, three cents per pound; turnips, ten cents each. These figures may appeal to you.

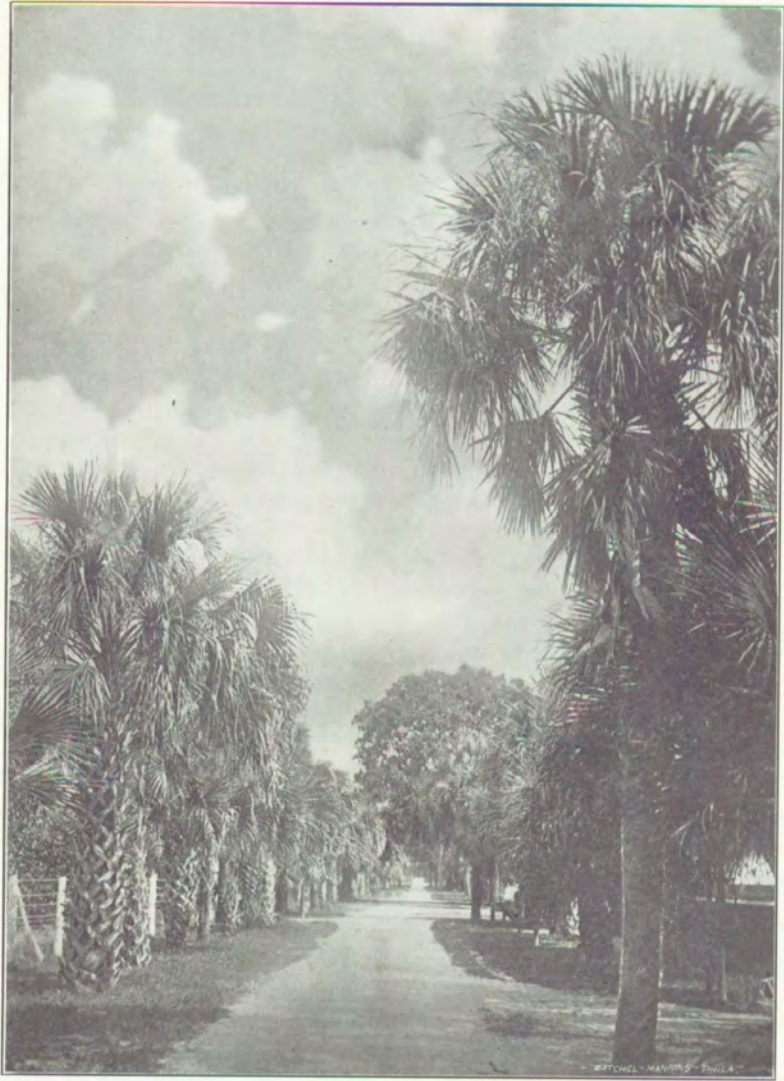
"Those who wish to do something beside agriculture may easily find unusual opportunities in New Smyrna. There is no establishment here for extracting tannin from the scrub palmetto roots, of which we have an unlimited supply. This tannin is a valuable commercial product, and there are several factories in other parts of the State. Canneries for oysters, clams, shrimps, fish, figs (which is a new industry and pays well), tomatoes, peaches, etc., all present a virgin field and can be opened with large or small capital. We have no restaurant or general bakery; no tinsmith or plumbing shop, though the former is needed, and it will not be long before we are compelled to have water works and sewers. I may add that New Smyrna is a temperance town, and I have not in five years here seen one intoxicated man.

"The mineral water is a great blessing to us. It is exhaustless and is obtained by drilling, at an expense of \$50.00. The water rises to a height of from five to eight feet, and can be had in any quantity desired. It has gentle laxative qualities, and is considered very beneficial in stomach troubles, rheumatism and skin diseases. It is surprising that no sanitarium or 'cure' has taken advantage of the situation.

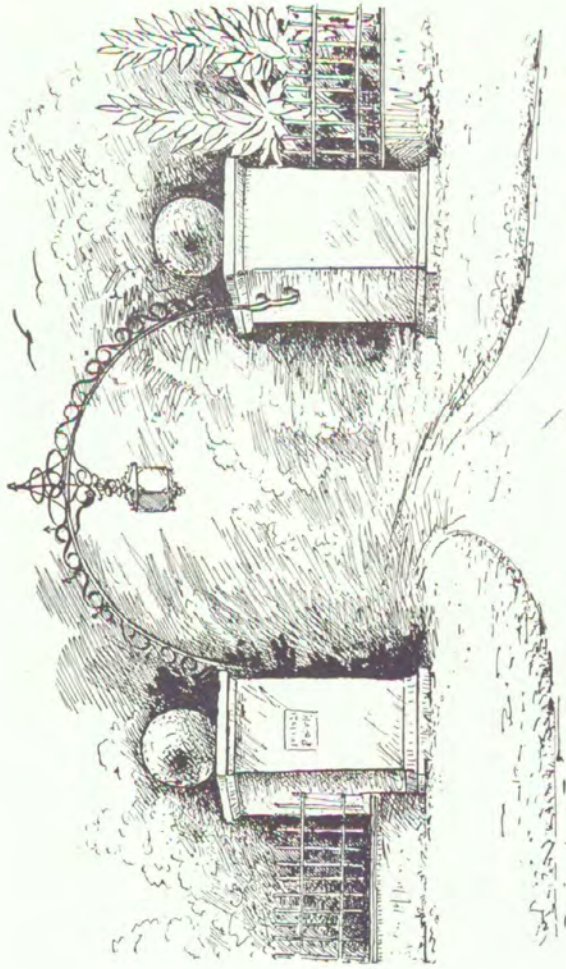
"Thanking you, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"FERDINAND NORDMAN."



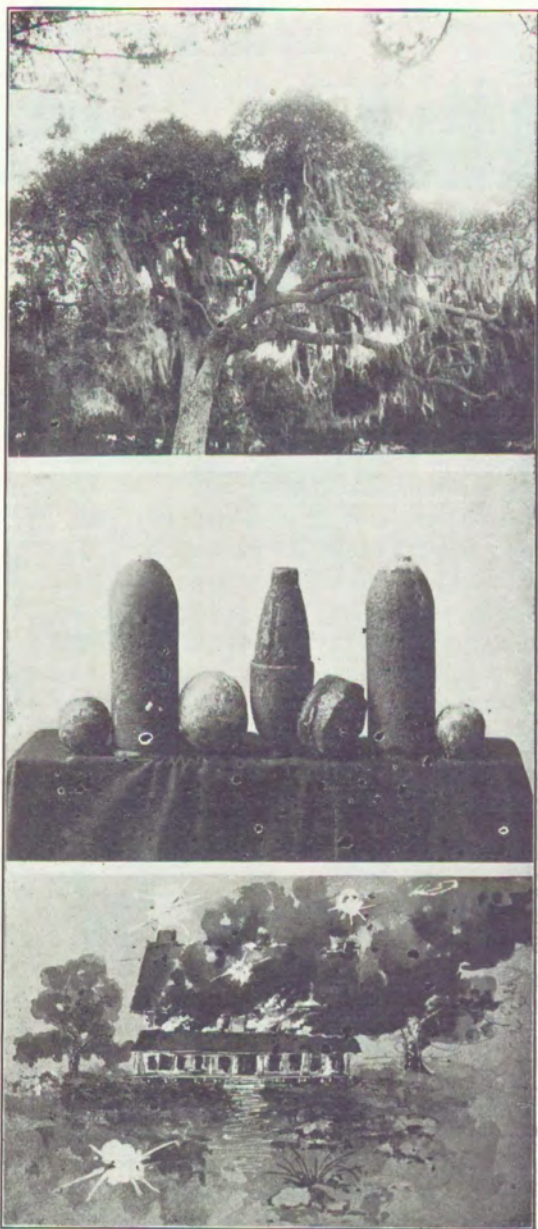
AVENUE THROUGH RONNOC GROVE.



ENTRANCE TO JESSAMINE PARK—PROPERTY OF A. E. DUMBLE.



**T**O THE SCHOLAR and antiquarian, to any one who loves to study the changes that occur on the earth and among its inhabitants, the history of this beautiful little town must be of entrancing interest. Far back in the remote ages, before oral tradition, in a past so distant, so wrapped in the haze and darkness that ever envelope the unknown, that the most learned may only make vague surmise, there came the first man or family or tribe to where our broad lagoons and green islands stretch away north and south beyond the horizon. Who were these creatures? Whence came they? What was their status in the scale of human existence? We know they or their progenitors came from the Northwest, across Behring Straits, or by that submerged continent, now the "Aleutian Islands." They came by way of the great water courses, through the trailless forests. We know these men were hunters, more or less nomadic, that they were expert tree climbers, as was fitting in those who had only sharpened sticks and stones as weapons, and that the frequent necessity for embracing the trunks and branches of trees made them what scientists call people of the "concave tibia." They halted here on the verge of the Atlantic. They looked on the land and saw that it was good. The forest was alive with game, the waters with fish. Hunger, the bete noire of the shiftless, improvident savage, could follow them no more. Here on the high ground they builded their wigwams and reared their children. Now was placed the foundation layers of the great shell mound. Friends came straggling through the intermin-



The Hole in the Trunk Shows Where the Shell Struck..  
PARROT SHELLS DUG UP.



able forests. They multiplied, and colonies were sent up and down the coast. Then came dissensions, feuds. Families who had been akin grew into hostile tribes, and there were wars and rumors of wars. Centuries passed, and whoever came or went, the shell mound continued to grow. Usually this old site was inhabited, but there were intermissions when the silence and loneliness of earlier days settled upon the spot. The jungle broke in again and again, grass, brush and trees grew and formed humus upon the great mound, so that today the curious visitor may easily trace the several black strata running irregularly through the excavated bank of white shells that tell the story of massacre, and desertion for long periods, as surely as the cuneiform inscriptions have told us theirs.

The New Smyrna mound is of considerable extent. It has been twenty or more feet in depth, and is composed chiefly of oyster and clam shells, among which are innumerable fish bones. Broken pottery is also found; some of the bowls are of large size, many show the first crude efforts to ornament the useful by impressing patterns from woven grass or by grav-ing with a pointed stick. A few human bones, generally charred by fire, are seen. Flints are rare. These people were cannibals, eating their prisoners after putting them to the torture. One shudders at the thought of the wild orgies, the dancing and the shouting, and the shrieks of the many victims who have met their awful fate on this place. The shells are in a wonderful state of preservation, clean, dry and white. The richest soil in the vicinity of the town is the thin layer of humus on top of this mound. The combination of lime from the disintegrating top layers and the vegetable deposit makes an ideal soil for vegetables. The countless shells, the majority of which lie with the concave side up, form reservoirs that hold the rain. This, again, is evaporated and the fine humus absorbs it, giving it an even and almost exhaustless supply of moisture at the surface. Geologists say that the unwritten history of these shell mounds covers a period of thousands of years. We must dismiss it with few words, and pass on to its first occupation by people of another race.

*The Shell Mound Enters a New Phase of Its History.—A. D. 1512-1560.*

SUCH was the condition of things on the old shell mound nearly four hundred years ago when, one summer day, with the incoming tide, there sailed, through the inlet and along the channel, a Spanish galleon or probably a number of them, for the sea had many perils in those days. Feeling their way cautiously, they dropped anchor before the Indian village on the mound. The astonished savages had never beheld so strange a sight. The monsters had come out of the deep or the Great Spirit had sent the Messengers, as their folk lore told them would sometime happen. They took refuge in the hammock and watched the anchors drop and the great wings being folded, and not until many signs of good will had been made and presents offered did some of the bolder ones venture to show themselves. Soon the ships were surrounded by canoes, and peace offerings being exchanged, the mysterious visitors came ashore. They came to place a mission and the black-frosted, grave faced men looked with equal curiosity on this the scene of their future labors and possibly the place of their martyrdom. Then came the usual propitiatory feasts and games and dancing in honor of the unlooked for guests. When bluff King "Hal," on the English throne, was tilting on the field of the cloth of gold or fighting the battle of the spurs, there was occurring on this already ancient hill of shells a meeting of far more moment to the human race. At no time in the Christian era has more zeal, more sincere devotion to holy church and in the dissemination of religion been shown than in the days of mission building in North America. One has but to read to feel how deep was the fervor, how self-sacrificing the spirit that impelled men, often of high place and education, to give up all that the world could offer in friends, position, the refinements of life, to minister to the spiritual needs of degraded savage humanity in this other world. These were the new crusades, but how different was the application of the legend, "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

Permission for the mission and the ground upon which to build it was given by the chieftains, and in due time the sombre hammocks echoed back the clang of the bell and the monotone of the mass. A new phase had been given the history of the little town.



THEY DROPPED ANCHOR BEFORE THE INDIAN VILLAGE.



THE ANCIENT SPANISH MISSION.

## THE OLD RUINS



**A**BOUT one mile and a quarter southwest of the village are the remains of this mission. Silent, lonely, in the great pine flats by the margin of the forest, it is a place of pilgrimage for the pious, a rendezvous for the picnicker. It is reached by bicycle, carriage, or a delightful walk through hammock, piney woods and prairie. The ruins are extensive and include the chapel, refectory, dormitories, kitchen and portion of the square tower, and the well. It was probably erected by the Franciscans, but who were its special patrons and why it was relinquished may never be known. But there it stands today, its beautiful arches and carefully cut stones telling us of the all-pervading power of Holy Spain when that country was in its glory. It is built of coquina, the roof being of the same material, cut into thin slabs and covered with cement plaster. Extensive gardens surrounded it, which were enclosed by a stone wall, portions of which still remain. The cemetery was close by. Here gathered the savages from far and near to gaze and wonder at the black-robed medicine men and the new modes of worshipping the Great Spirit. What they marveled at most was the mysterious splendor of the chapel, its pictures and figures and chalices of gold, silver and crystal, the flaming candles and crucifixes and swinging censers. No wonder the news of all this spread far and wide, so that remote tribes sent delegates to solicit the strangers to visit them also. On the east side was the space allotted to visitors who camped there in multitudes. At nightfall all not directly connected with the mission were excluded, the gates shut and guarded by armed men. What closed the mission? All visitors ask the question. Was it a successful foray of the French and English buccaneers, to whom the rich altar loot and hatred for Spain was always sufficient reason, or was it an eruption of the home Indians or hostile tribes from the North that overwhelmed it in sudden destruction, as was so sadly the case with the missions on Georgian Bay? The writer is inclined to the latter supposition. The old bell, blessed by the pope and covered with Latin prayers and dates, and cir-



VISITORS SOON FEEL THE SPELL OF THE PLACE.



BLESSED BY THE POPE AND COVERED WITH LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.



OLD CANDELABRA (Restored) NOW IN POSSESSION OF W. E. CONNOR.

cumstance of patronage, and over the giving of which was so much ecclesiastical form and ceremony, has never been found. Mr. W. E. Connor, to whom the nation is indebted for the preservation of this noble ruin, has in his possession two of the candelabra used on the altar. They were discovered in an old box that had evidently been hastily buried for safe keeping. Though in a broken state, they are of great interest, and doubtless other relics may be found on further search. Our description of this, probably the first building erected within the borders of the United States, is quite inadequate. We give but the surface. The reader and the pilgrim must go deeper and see between the lines. They must see in imagination the strange and varied scenes once enacted here, the motley assemblage of savage camps, the smoke of many fires, the dark-skinned and painted warriors and the quiet, grave priests who passed to and fro among them.

Visitors usually come in parties, made up from the hotels and cottages, merry and curious. The spell of the place soon falls upon them, and they separate to sit alone, silent and meditative, under the arches or beside the ancient well, or on some pile of moss-grown stones. Every foot of the ground is replete with the loftiest and most sacred associations of the human mind and heart.

No monument or suggestion of any kind marks the spot where the martyr priests were laid after their life work was done, but some time our nation, after it has achieved leisure, and the graces that come of it, will place a "white stone" in memory of those who first brought glad tidings of peace and good will to men, to the shore of America.









*The Shell Mound Has a New Master and  
Is Re-Christened, A. D. 1767.*

ONCE more the curtain of silence and oblivion has fallen. The last mass has long been intoned. Those who prayed and those prayed for have passed off the stage. But when and how? The mission episode was but the dying ripple from the maelstrom of religious passion that had swept over Christendom and broken against the walls of Jerusalem. But there has been another change. The proud flag of Spain has gone, and in its place floats the red cross of St. George. Four years after the cession comes one, by name Dr. Andrew Turnbull, to make more history for our little town. He is wealthy,

unscrupulous, cruel. Where the savage burned his victims and feasted, and the holy followers of St. Francis tended the sick, baptized and prayed, this latter savage built his castle; made it high and strong and deep. Above its many gables and machicolated walls many stone chimneys lifted themselves against the blue sky, at once an object of awe to the prowling savage and a landmark to be noted far at sea by passing vessels. From his east window this new Baron could see the inlet and the line of foam against the sand dunes, while almost within biscuit toss was the still lagoon where so long ago the Spanish galleons had anchored. From his west windows where he often repaired at sunset, he looked across his park lands and the indigo plantations towards the ruins of the Spanish mission. All that he saw was his, the broad lands and the poor wretches that worked them. Our new ruler of the fateful Hill of Shells, when at home, lived like a bashaw. He put on an air of state and luxury of open house, as his inclinations and abundant means enabled him to do. St. Augustine was a garrison town with an English governor, and offered social advantages which he doubtless utilized. Many a fete was given, at which the gentry of St. Augustine, officers and their wives and members of the governor's suite attended. Then the castle was resplendent in lights and decoration, while music and throngs of handsomely appareled men and women gave the last essentials of brilliancy and life to the festive scene. Surely the savages had "builded better than they knew!" Now was the gayest period in the history of this blood-stained mound, but the thread of light play scarcely relieved the dark tragedy being enacted around it.

Turnbull had procured for Sir William Duncan, himself, and possibly other associates, a grant of 60,000 acres from the governor, and for \$2,000 had obtained permission to transport to Florida a large number of Greek, Italian and Minorcan settlers. The people numbered 1,500 souls, mostly from Peloponnesus and Balearic Isles. In Ramon's "Florida," volume 1, page 268, published in New York just before the Revolution, we find descriptions of the cruel treatment of these deluded people. "Men, women and children were compelled to indent themselves for ten years upon the plan of the feudal system. Their land, fifty acres to each family and twenty-five for each child, having in that time been improved, reverted to the grantor, and they had a right to indent again for another

ten years. Many were denied such grants, and were obliged to work in the manner of negroes (slaves). Their provisions, in the best of times, were only a quart of corn per day and two pounds of pork a week. This might have sufficed with the help of fish, which abound, but they were denied the liberty of fishing. Lest they should not labor enough, inhuman taskmasters were set over them, and instead of allowing each family to do as they pleased with their homely fare, they were forced to join in one mess. Their allowance was handed out of the common pot. Even this coarse and scanty meal was rendered more coarse and scanty through the knavery of the provider and the stealing of a hungry cook. Masters of vessels were warned not to give them 'bread or meat.' Many had died on the passage, but the survivors set to work building palmetto huts for the approaching winter, and planting crops. Once secure against hunger, Turnbull planted indigo. In 1772 about 3,000 acres were under cultivation, and the net value of the crop was about \$15,870.

"All was going well when, as usual, the management was left to agents, who inaugurated a system of oppression that soon became actual slavery with all its revolting features. By 1776 six hundred only of those people were left. In the summer of that year a party of Englishmen from St. Augustine visited New Smyrna to see the improvements, and while conversing among themselves their comments on the state of affairs were overheard by a bright Minorcan boy, who immediately told his mother. Secret meetings were held, and it was planned that a party of the bolder spirits should be granted leave of absence to catch turtles. Instead of going south, they swam the Matanzas inlet and reaching St. Augustine, laid their position before Governor Tryon. They returned with tidings of release. A leader, Pallicer by name, was chosen, and under his direction the able-bodied men provided themselves with wooden spears. Rations for three days were packed and with the women and children in the center, the six hundred began their march. So secretly was all done that they were several miles on the journey before their departure was discovered. No attempt at forcible restraint was made, though it is said Turnbull in person waylaid them before they reached St. Augustine and endeavored to persuade them to return. A court was organized for the trial of their cause, the attorney-gen-

eral of the province, Younge by name, appearing as their counsel. They gained their case, lands were allotted them and they soon became an influential element in the population of St. Augustine."

Some of their descendants are citizens of New Smyrna, whither they returned after being reassured that all danger of reinslavement was past.

These dark-skinned exiles from the mountains of Minorca, and the straight-nosed men from Greece, with the "Golden Age of Pericles" and the memories of Salamis and Marathon as a background, seem to have made it rather uncomfortable for the tyrant of the shell mound. Their descendants are easily distinguished. They are of darker complexion than the Southern people, many have never mastered the difficult English language, live more or less to themselves, are thoroughly inured to the climate and the exigencies of life in Florida, are good mechanics and altogether are desirable citizens. During Turnbull's visit to Smyrna he had married, and in honor of his wife he had named his new town "New Smyrna."

In whatever direction the visitor may ramble, he will see evidences of the extensive improvements carried out by this man. In the dense hammock he will unexpectedly come across heaps of cut stone, great moss grown sarcophagi, tree covered hearths, and a network of drainage canals. One of the main canals runs directly through the town, is about ten feet deep by fifteen wide, and still continues to drain the surplus waters of the back lands. This drainage system was admirably planned, probably by members of the Royal Engineer Corps, stationed at St. Augustine. There are a number of wells, some of large size, all finely stoned and as good as when made. Close to the castle wall is the siege-well, that insured a supply of water under any circumstances. It is circular, of smaller diameter than the others, and is driven clean through the shell pile. A hundred yards away, at the west, is the main castle well, about four feet by five, and twelve feet deep. The water from this well was drawn from the north side, as shown by the stones being deeply worn by attrition of the ropes.

Turnbull's main operations in New Smyrna lasted some six or seven years, beginning about three years before the "Boston Massacre," and ending a year or two before "the shot heard around the world" was fired at Lexington.



Once more New Smyrna was abandoned, and for nearly a generation the wilderness had its way. In 1803, however, a few pioneers returned, and by 1834 there was a degree of prosperity. Then, as so often before, the red tide of savage warfare beat about the old shell mound. The large residence on the site of Turnbull Castle was burned (1836) and the small settlement was almost exterminated in successive raids of the Seminoles. After peace, the survivors found their way back and rebuilt their homes. For almost a generation they were undisturbed. Then the dread war parties came again to disturb, and in 1856 the Indians burned the Packwood house, a few miles to the south, and killed the family.

There are, at the time of writing, persons in New Smyrna who have heard the dreaded war cry and watched the smoke from burning homesteads; who have seen husband and friend brought in wounded, or dead and horribly mutilated, who have nobly done their part and waited for the recompense. Alas! the end was not yet.

### *The Great War Finds the Little Town. Shell Hill Is Taken.*

**I**F ever a village and its people deserved well of the gods, and had the right to demand that peace and comfort that is supposed to come to all with the lapse of years, it is this town of New Smyrna. But the war clouds were gathering. The ominous roar of battle had been heard for one year, but in this quiet place peace still reigned, when, on the 24th of March, 1862, the storm broke. The following is an account of the affair between the Confederate troops and the small boats from the gunboats at the "Old Stone Wharf" in New Smyrna, furnished by John Y. Detwiler, fish commissioner of New Smyrna, from reports made by those who took part in the action. It must be remembered that New Smyrna, from its remote position and nearness to the sea, was becoming a landing place for supplies, and a shipping point for cotton, salt, etc. To abate this the War Department ordered naval vessels to proceed to Mosquito Inlet.

"Flagship Wabash,

"Off St. Johns, Near New Smyrna, Fla.,

"March, 1862.

"I send the Henry Andrews, Acting Master Mather commanding, to report to you for duty. You will please, as far as you can, buoy out the channel and make reconnoissance in boats to ascertain the depth of water, and if satisfactory direct the Henry Andrews to cross the bar and blockade the Inlet and Smyrna. If the rebel steamer Caroline or Kate has not left the Inlet, capture her and all other vessels found there. From a copy of a communication which I have furnished Acting Master Mather you will perceive there is said to be a large quantity of live-oak timber, cut inside of Mosquito Inlet (north of the lighthouse). If this be so, I desire that the same be taken possession of in the name of the government and so held until I can send light draft vessels to transport it to the North.

"Respectfully your obedient servant,

"S. F. DUPONT,

"Flag Officer.

"To Lieut. F. A. Budd, commanding U. S. Steamship Penguin, of Mosquito Inlet, Fla."

According to the above instructions an expedition was organized from the two vessels, Penguin and Henry Andrews, consisting of five launches containing forty-three men. The expedition was in charge of Acting Lieut. F. A. Budd, United States Navy, and Acting Master S. W. Mather. The expedition followed the channel past New Smyrna some fifteen or eighteen miles to the south, but finding the water too low, turned back. When within sight of their vessels and opposite the point where Shryock's store now stands, two of the boats drew in to examine a deserted earthwork. The following is a Confederate account of what occurred:

"Two companies of the 3rd Florida Regiment of Infantry had been ordered from Fernandina to New Smyrna to take charge of the cargo of a schooner that had run the blockade there. After unloading and storing the cargo of arms and ammunition, together with coffee and medicines, in a palmetto house, and while transporting the goods to Enterprise for shipment to Jacksonville, early one morning the lookout reported six launches coming from the blockading vessels. Our commanding officer, Captain Strain, ordered us to ambush in the thick undergrowth on the bank and not to fire till he fired the first shot. The launches came on up the channel, passing within two hundred yards of where we lay, but did not come



MAIN CASTLE WELL.



WELL IN GROUNDS.



SARCOPHAGI IN THE WOODS.

ashore. They proceeded up the river to some salt works, several miles above, destroying the same, and returned in the evening and attempted to destroy the house in which we had stored the cargo. As they turned, the officer again warned us not to fire. On they came, unsuspecting of danger, and as the two launches with the two officers touched the shore, Captain Strain fired, killing Lieut. Budd instantly. We then opened fire upon the astonished enemy and at the first fire all the occupants of the two first launches were killed, except two wounded and one negro pilot, who temporarily escaped unhurt. The remaining launches pulled for the opposite shore under a hot fire from our men, and several were killed and wounded before they reached the mangrove swamp on the opposite side of the river. The boats were brought in next morning, and all were partly filled with blood, showing that great damage had been done. One of the launches had a four-pound howitzer on board, but its fire was ineffectual. The two launches in which all were killed or wounded, drifted some distance from shore, and Tom O'Neil, a good-natured Irishman, asked leave to swim out and bring them in. This was granted, and O'Neil did so. On reaching the boat on which were Captain Mather and his crew he made it fast to the other launch and then got aboard. He found a five-gallon keg of whiskey in one of the boats and, being like most Irishmen, fond of a drop of the crayther, turned it up and took a long, strong pull at the keg, and could not be prevailed on to come ashore until he had repeated the performance several times. So when he landed he was happy as could be. The negro pilot had drifted away. He lay down and tried to work the oar with one foot. One of our men asked permission to fire, and shot through the negro's ankle. He was brought in, suffering greatly, and was guarded until next morning, when he was taken to Glencoe and hung. The two wounded men were made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. One of them, a stalwart sailor, was shot through the calf of the leg. He suffered greatly and died in a short time. He had no nerve. The other, a small Swede, was shot from his shoulder to his knee with twelve or fifteen Enfield bullets. He never groaned. Although unable to move, he bore his suffering without a word, and strange to say, recovered. The gold watches of the officers were, with letters from their wives, etc., returned under a flag of truce. The dead were



MOONLIGHT IN THE DEPTHS OF THE HAMMOCK.

taken to the edge of the hammock and placed in one grave, officers at the bottom and the men above, eight in all. Seven were wounded and taken prisoners. The bodies of the officers were delivered under a flag of truce the next morning to a party from the gunboats. Thus was enacted the first tragedy of the great war on the shores of New Smyrna.

"In 1863 the gunboat *Oleander* and an armed schooner drew in opposite our shell mound. Upon the site of Turnbull's castle now stood a large residence and outbuildings used as a hotel, containing over fifty rooms and occupied by the family of John D. Sheldon, one of the oldest and best known families in the State. Before coming to anchor, and strangely enough, without the notice prescribed in the "Regulations," fire was opened upon Shell Hill. The puff of white smoke and the shell whistling above the house was the first intimation its inmates had of danger. It was noon, and dinner was being prepared, but now all fled to the hammock, going in a northerly direction to evade the line of fire. The family consisted of Mrs. Sheldon and six children, one of whom, Victoria, was married and had with her two children, one a baby in arms—eighteen all told, not counting numerous servants. After reaching a point of safety, they made a camp in the dense forest and built a fire. This was in the hottest season of the year, and the jungle was alive with mosquitoes and sandflies. Their situation was indeed most pitiable. They could hear the bursting shells, many of which searched the woods near them, the smoke from their fire having been discovered. There was nothing to be done. Too weary to go further, their only hope was to remain hidden. Fortunately a rain having set in, the firing ceased for a time, and the married daughter, Victoria, and R. S. Sheldon, then a lad of 17, stole back to the house. They found the dinner on the stove and the silver on the table, but the house itself was riddled by shot and shell. The prepared food, the silverware, or as much of it as could be caught up, together with a few trifles, were packed up and carried into the forest. Many of the shells and shot had gone completely through the house; some of the shells had burst in and over it. Everywhere was ruin. Tables, chairs, pictures, many old family heirlooms, precious beyond price, lay shattered and in chaotic confusion. The great oak west of the house and one hundred and fifty yards away, had been struck in the upper massive trunk, leaving a great wound,



SHELL MOUND, SHOWING STRATA.



plainly visible at this day. The fugitives hurried out of the west doorway, keeping the doomed buildings between them and the boats. They passed under the oak and beside the great castle well, and soon regained the anxious waiting family in the hammock. Firing was kept up every half-hour during the night. At ten the next morning crews landed from the vessels and completed their mission by setting fire to the house. And now Mrs. Sheldon, who had in years gone by watched the savages burn her house and destroy all she possessed, once more saw the black smoke of destruction rising from her home. In the cellar of the house a quantity of gunpowder had been buried. This finally exploded, throwing down the large stone chimney and scattering debris for long distances. The runaways heard the ominous roar that told them all was done. The second and last tragedy of the great war had been enacted on Shell Hill. Today a tall stone chimney on the shell mound rears itself against the blue sky. Visitors gaze at it and wonder what stories it might tell. The stones that compose it were those which were in the chimneys of Turnbull's castle. Every stone was cut by the Greek slaves. The large cellar, with its stoned sides, is the original castle cellar, and about it may be seen bent and shapeless fragments of copper sheeting, probably relics of culinary instruments of the burned homestead."

This, so briefly sketched, is a mere outline of the history of New Smyrna. We wish it had brighter coloring, but history is not always pleasant. The hour of recompense has come: we ask you to join us in our peace and prosperity.

We have letters from every State in the Union asking for information. Come, you and your friends. Make up little colonies, so as to come together and be of mutual assistance and have a home feeling from the start. You shall have a hearty welcome and be aided in every way. There are many branches of trade not occupied. We have no tinsmith, or watchmaker, dentist or attorney. No restaurant. We need white men who can do a day's work at anything. House painters, paper hangers, carpenters, are in demand and the supply not up to the demand. We have no plumber, and it won't be long before our town is sewerred.

For information not contained in this book write to C. R. Dilzer or A. E. Dumble, enclosing stamp for reply. Germans, or persons of German extraction, will do well to write to Ferdinand Nordman.

# PLACES OF SPECIAL INTEREST

AT AND IN THE VICINITY OF

## NEW SMYRNA

Ronnoc Groves, with their strange tropical trees, their pineapple orchard, etc.

Hawks Park, with its many fine groves, including the famous Hart's groves.

Oak Hill, six miles to the south, along river road.

Ponce Park, with its pretty residences, light house and inlet, breaking surf and lone sand dunes.

Glencoe, through typical Florida scenery of piney woods, hammock and prairie.

The "Cathedral" Oaks in the heart of the village.

Jessamine Park, A. E. Dumble's property, in the town.

The ancient ruins of the Spanish Mission, one and a quarter miles southwest of town.

The Rock House, two miles to the north, through a beautiful palm forest.

The magnificent beach of Coronado, one and one-fourth miles away.

The Indian shell mounds.

The stone sarcophagi in the forest, at the town.

The Turnbull canals and great stoned wells.





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