

# To Miami, 1890 Style

by MRS. JOHN R. GILPIN

*In March, 1890, the Gilpin family "discovered" Palm Beach, an obscure postoffice with one hotel—"Cap" Dimmick's Cocoanut Grove House, holding 50 guests. Steam communication had been established thus far, by Ind'an River steamers to Jupiter, an eight-mile railroad to Juno at the head of Lake Worth (county seat of Dade County, which then included Broward and Palm Beach Counties) and U. D. Hendrickson's steamboat "Lake Worth," which ran the length of the lake. Most freight came by small schooners from Jacksonville—"Bessy B.," "Mary B.," and others. There was no road southward, and county officials reached Biscayne Bay by sailboat or by walking the beach. Early in April Miss Elizabeth Marsh, an energetic lady from Chicago, proposed an expedition into these mysterious wilds on the sharpie "Heron," which was to take the tax-collector on his annual round. The boat had a low cabin, with two double bunks forward, separated by curtains, and room for two mattresses on the floor aft, while the forepeak held oil stoves and room for a man. There were literally no comforts or "facilities"; we washed, for instance, in a single hand-basin, with seawater. The party included Miss Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin and son Vincent, Fred S. Dewey, collector, George Potter, owner and master, and Ben Potter, crew. My mother's diary tells the story.—Vincent Gilpin*

**W**EDNESDAY, APRIL 9: MR. POTTER BRINGS HIS BOAT TO KNOW whether we can find room in it; we decide that it will be barely possible to do so. Miss Marsh eager to go, and everyone encourages us to feel that it is a nice trip to make, and a rare chance.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10: GET ABOARD ABOUT 8 P.M., WITH HEARTY GOOD-BYES. Take on goods at the store; the butter rolls overboard, and is regained by Ben. A northwest wind takes us up to Lake Worth Inlet beautifully. Very cold, and we go below, as the prospect is for anchorage here tonight. (*Note: This bore no resemblance to the present dredged inlet. It had scarcely any water on the bar at low tide, and there were miles of sand flats with varying channels inside.—V.G.*)

Wake at 1 to find the moon risen, and Mr. Potter, Ben and Mr. Dewey

all struggling to get the boat out of the inlet. The tide is running in strong, and the wind blowing out as strong, which combines with the extremely narrow channel of 25 feet to make the passage a very difficult one. Finally we are bumping on the rocks on the north side of the inlet—bumping and scraping—but fortunately soon get over them with the help of Ben and George, both of whom get overboard and wade about to find the channel, and push the boat from side to side. For a little while it looks extremely dangerous, as if the boat would get a hole stove in it, but when we are over, the pumps prove no water gaining in the hold, and the captain thinks no greater damage than holes in his copper sheathing. Well off, we settle down, after taking a look at the moonlit sand beach past which we are rapidly scudding, driven by this norther. Too cold to be comfortable on deck; the men come in with chattering teeth to change their wet clothing, and take turns in lying down to get warm, without great success. We sleep and wake alternately, feeling a little of the ocean's roughness.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11: WAKE TO FIND OURSELVES SCUDDING BEFORE A NORTH-EASTER, which crosses the seas made by the west wind of yesterday; result, a choppy, double sea, which proves too much for the inner man of most of us. Breakfast is eaten with some comfort, though Ben finds cooking on his two kerosene stoves almost beyond his ability. Mr. Dewey has his hooks out with the daylight, and soon lands four large kingfish and a grouper. Kingfish and coffee make a palatable breakfast, but alas, a choppy sea will not permit us to enjoy their benefits, and while I am bracing myself in the cabin to write a little, I feel my time has come, and go quickly on deck to get a comfortable relief there. Vincent is on the "same boat," at the other end of it; Mr. Dewey is soon after us, and Miss Marsh, who had been lying down a long time, is out and about the same business. John very qualmish, but not sea-sick, and feels worse afterward than we do.

Along the shore is to be seen the same sand beach, and the large pine trees, coming closer and closer to the shore. The human interests are the lone mail-carrier from Lake Worth, who carries the mail down the beach, a distance of 60 miles, once a week, and the three "Houses of Refuge" built by the government for the relief of ship-wrecked persons on this beach; a surf-boat is housed, ready for any necessary use by those first ashore, but no crew is maintained, only a "keeper." As we pass the second the stars and stripes are strung up as a greeting.

Narres Cut is reached by noon, and we have made the outside trip

in ten hours—the shortest trip on record. We enter Biscayne Bay, and find it large, 40 miles long, and 4 or 5 wide. All are quieted at once, and enjoy the sail across the bay, 6 or 7 miles, to Lemon City, which we find to be a store, dock, and several houses built back among the pines.

To my delight I see the dock is full of Indians, 30 of them, with squaws, papooses, and canoes full of camping outfit. (*Note: Here follows a long description of the Indians, and trade with them.—V.G.*)

The northeast wind is blowing furiously all day, making us sure we would have remained in Lake Worth had we not started out just when we did. Anchor on the ocean side of the bay in quiet water and have a much-needed good rest during the night.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12: ALL ON BOARD ARISE FEELING MUCH BETTER. AFTER breakfast sail for the outside peninsula so that Mr. Dewey can see the House of Refuge keeper about his taxes—dinghy too small to take anyone else ashore. In half an hour they return with Messrs. Jack Peacock and Dennis O'Neill, keepers of this House and the one at New River, in a government life-boat. They came aboard, and we ask them about the crocodile pond, but they say the crocodiles would not appear on such a cold day. (*Note: This was Indian Creek, now in Miami Beach.—V.G.*) Mr. Peacock is an Englishman, very entertaining in his telling of characteristic stories. Sail back to Lemon City to mail letters for the beach carrier to take back to Lake Worth. Walk back in the pines, and come across a settlement made by a German, Matthaus—see the mother and six children. She is a bright little woman, ready to show us everything about their three-year-old establishment—pineapples, cotton plants, avocado pears, etc. They manufacture the comptie starch used for puddings; the root grows everywhere through the woods, and they dig, wash, grind, strain, soak, ferment, dry and ship the whitened starch when finished, and it helps to make a living. This is the industry of the bay, the only thing at which they can get any money; they get 5c a pound for it, and a man can get out a barrel or two a week, 230 pounds each. The red juice is drawn off and made into a fertilizer. They ship egg-plants and tomatoes to New York via Key West, with varying success.

After dinner sail briskly down the shore past bluff rocks and beautiful curves to the mouth of the Miami; this is a very pretty spot, with beautiful cocoanut trees on the point. A Mr. Morse, from Boston, comes down to the boat, a bright, talkative young fellow, full of jest and history of the place and doings; has bachelor quarters here. Sail down further to Cocoanut Grove to anchor for Sunday. Mr. Ralph Munroe comes out to

speak to us; he is commodore of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, stationed here. He has a small boat, "Egret," and a large boat, "Presto." Mr. Thomas Hine has his boat, "Nethla," Mr. Kirk Munroe his boat "Allapatta," alligator) and there are several other members. They have leased the old light-house on Cape Florida; now abandoned, for the B.B.Y.C. headquarters. The Commodore invites us to come ashore this evening. He comes over for us, and we are taken to the rooms over his boathouse, where his mother, and a friend, Miss MacFarlane, have their quarters. The latter take meals at the Peacock Inn, and the Commodore and Mr. Dick Carney, of Redbank, New Jersey, live aboard the yacht. The sitting-room was very snug and homey, and we had a delightful evening there. Mr. M. photographs most handsomely, and the pictures they show are quite remarkable.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13: BEAUTIFUL DAY, STRONG WIND, COOL. WALK THROUGH Commodore's grove, an old plantation of large trees; is clearing out some and planting new things—bamboo and royal palms. Go to Mrs. Peacock's house, and meet a cheery, motherly Englishwoman. Go to the little school-house, built in the pine woods, where divine service is held by the young Methodist minister, Mr. Rife. Mrs. Hine plays the organ for them, and all sing with vim. They have a houseful of hearers, and many young men among them. On the way back stop to see Mrs. Peacock's new baby, a grandchild born on Easter Sunday—a week old today. What a life of isolation and self-dependence—no doctor to call upon short of Key West!

After dinner visit "Nethla," and meet Mr. and Mrs. Hine in their snug winter quarters—have lived aboard for five months. All is very comfortable and roomy from cabin to kitchen. They are planting trees on some of the keys—Long Key, I think, and mainly cocoanuts. Then Commodore Munroe takes us to his boat, "Presto," and introduces us to all its snuggeries. Then down to Mr. Kirk Munroe's wharf, and up to see his flowing springs, walled up, and over his salt water marshes, which were rather rankly odorous, and up the rocky hill to his house, which overlooks a long stretch of bay and island and the lighthouse beyond—a beautiful view. He comes to meet and welcome us, and is very courteous and cordial. He has one of the Harper children down here with him now. Supper on board, and I spend a quiet evening reading and writing; delightfully cool, and no mosquitoes.

MONDAY, APRIL 14: SAIL LAZILY UP TO MIAMI OVER THE TRANSPARENT waters, and the bottom gardens of sea-weeds and sponges. Meet Mr. Brickell, who entertains us with vivid accounts of his visits to Japan and

India and Australia; he is a character in this neighborhood. On this warm day we can imagine nothing more charming than this location for a whole season, where one could catch every breeze that blows, and command innumerable pictures of grand beauty over towards the ocean, and those of quiet beauty on the other side, up the Miami River. Opposite is the site of Fort Dallas, built in 1845 by the United States Government during the Indian war. The cocoa Palms are oldest of all we have seen, so old as to be broken down frequently by the Atlantic gales. This is the favorite point for beauty on the whole bay, but is owned with such uncertain title that no man is willing to buy it, though all want it. The B.B. Yacht Club wanted it for their clubhouse, but could not buy. Mr. Hine and his brother bought it, as they supposed, paid their bonus, set the lawyers to work, and found that the owners refused to give a warranty deed, but gave a "Georgian Title," which was so unsatisfactory that they gave up the whole plan.

Next to Mr. Brickell's point up the Miami River is a place called Mrs. Gilbert's, formerly owned by a lady of that name from New York City, who was eccentric; she had travelled all over the world, but had found no place to suit her until she found this. She came down with a niece, and had an old man to take care of the place. It is filled with fine large old trees—maumee apple trees as large as large magnolias—the first I have ever seen. The place seems now and damp, house going into decay fast. Mrs. Gilbert is now dead, and it is occupied by a "Judge" McCrury, who has just brought a bride here from middle Georgia. She, naturally, expresses herself lonely without her accustomed society, and I should think she would be.

Opposite is the house remaining of Fort Dallas, and the barracks, all built of stone—the coralline limestone of the region—very thick walls; old trees, vines and shrubs; woodwork in a state of general decay everywhere. It is occupied by a Mr. Ewan, a former state senator. Seems to live here alone, with a man attendant; he is very polite to me, and sends me away with roses, and the most perfect branch of the of the shell lily (ginger) that I have seen. Mr. Morse comes aboard to talk, and we invite him to sup with us, which he does, and chats pleasantly until we are ready to push off—a wise provision against mosquitoes. Sail down the bay, after a magnificent sunset picture up the Miami. Anchor out from Cocoonut Grove. Watch the phosphorescent animals in every phase; hear the chuck-wills-widow on shore; see the lights of the boat Clubhouse, and the blaze of an enormous fire in the pine woods southwest of us, that is sending up immense volumes of smoke.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15: VISIT AND TALK ON SHORE. J. AND I TO PEACOCK'S FOR a good dinner—spring chicken, etc. Terms quite moderate—\$1.50 per day, \$7 to \$9 a week, \$30 to \$35 a month for best rooms; very promising for a winter's stay, especially if there were ever a chance for a doctor. After dinner row up the bay to a new stone house built by a Mr. Trapp out of the rock in front of the site, which he took out in the shape of broad stone steps in front of the site, looking most imposing. House unfinished, but under roof, and they are living in it while they finish it. They are from Iowa, and her brother, a Mr. Rhodes, was one of the first settlers here.

At five went to Mrs. Munroe's rooms, and five ladies sat down to a cozy tea, and had a very jolly time of it; laughed so much as to attract the attention of the gentlemen, who supped on their boats just outside. After tea the gentlemen all came in and sat with us on the piazza in front overlooking the bay, and afterward inside, looking over the superb collection of photographs taken by the Hunroes and Mr. Hine, all experts. Said goodnight and took to our boat at nine. Commodore followed us to loan us a water-glass through which we could easily see the bottom and the sponge growth, with other things we shall be able to see around the keys.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16: SAIL DOWN THE BAY FIVE MILES TO CUTLER, THE location of the grant made by the government to Dr. Perrine, 50 years ago, to establish a botanical garden here. He stopped at Indian Key to await settlement of the Seminole war before taking possession, but was killed there by the Indians. Landed and went up to Mr. Fuzzard's house, a cute little house he built for a new wife from Key West; he has a starch mill, and raises pineapples. Walk from there through a dense hammock, a mile long, where we see wonderful growths of air-plants on the live-oaks, and curious sinks among the rocks, making great caverns, as if the bottom had sunk. Reach Addison's through his water-melon patch, and get two ripe melons for dinner (in April!) Met Mrs. A., a gray-haired woman, who has lived here 24 years, and "has not got used to the loneliness." They came from near Tallahassee; this place, used for 24 years, looks forlorn and wretched.

Set sail and eat dinner, bound for Elliott's Key, 15 or 20 miles; beat with a quiet wind. See Ragged Keys and Sand's Key as we go along. See sponges and fans and many curious sea growths as we approach the key. The sea is of varying shades of pale olive green, very beautiful; see all the coast keys from the lighthouse down to Black Caesar's Creek.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17: BEAUTIFUL MORNING. FIND OURSELVES ANCHORED over basket sponges and long purple sea-weeds, some of which V. gets before breakfast. Sail in to Saunders' landing, and gentlemen go in, but as pier does not reach to land, ladies decline. They return with a dozen ripe pineapples, which we greet with exclamations of delight; immediately pare and eat them, without sugar, just as we would a home apple, rich, sweet and very juicy, so that as we lean over the side of the boat with our sleeves rolled up, eating, the juice drips off our elbows! Sail up to Albury's; all land and search for the house. Walk through strip of trees to pineapple field, where Miss M. gives out, as there seems to be little to see, and a very rough walk. I walk to middle of field, and lose direction, as the men are out of sight; a colored man comes over and pilots me, telling me about the cultivation of the pines, how the slips are cut off and planted during the wet season of June or July, in any spot of soil that can be found for them. A stick is used, thrust in among the rocks perhaps a dozen times before a spot for the shoot is found. In three years the field is exhausted. They bring 5c to 12c in New York, and they say \$50,000 worth was shipped from Elliott's last year. Mrs. Albury, a motherly body of 65 or 70, and her daughter-in-law, greet me most cordially, and tell me much of their history. They are close to the Atlantic edge, a mere step from the front of the little mound on which their house stands. We call at one more house, and then are ready to spread our "Heron's" wings for Cocanut Grove, a straight course and a fair wind. V. got overboard out of the small boat—soaked himself and stopped his watch. Have a beautiful sail, wing and wing, over the translucent waters with their bottom gardens and strange growths; past the "Featherbed Shoals," (mud flats) and into "pockets" (narrow channels) between them.

Soon at anchor, with pleasant greetings, and the happy intelligence that a batch of letters awaits us! Inexplicable! Find they are forwarded from Osprey, on the Gulf Coast, where we first intended going, and are addressed to "Cocanut Grove House, Dade Co., Fla.," omitting the post-office, *Palm Beach*, so that they came here via Key West to Cocanut Grove P.O., instead of to "Cap" Dimmick's, and here we are to meet the straying letters! They are our first since leaving home over a month ago; happy anticipations of a delightful reading tonight.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18: VERY INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH "YOUNG TOMMY" and his family, in to trade at Brickell's (described at length—V.G.) Weather threatens a norther; Mr. Potter thinks we had better go out to the cut tonight, waiting for a wind tomorrow. Say our goodbyes at

Cocoanut Grove, and fill our barrel out of the pump which Com. Munroe drove into the bay—one of many boiling springs which are all along this bay front, coming from the Everglades; they are considerably higher than the sea, and furnish freely good fresh water. (*Note: This ceased, of course, when the Everglades were drained.—V.G.*) Com. Colt is in harbor on the "Atala"; they are taking everything in the way of provisions from Mr. Peacock's store that he can spare, and there is a whisper that he means to charter Mr. Albury's boat to go to Key West for ice and wines! "Nethla" is unrigged, and the party goes on Monday. Miss MacFarlane teaches the district school here, which will be over in three weeks, when she and Mrs. M. will go north also. The evening wind dies down, and we anchor for the night.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19: GET OUR BREAD OF MR. PEACOCK, AND PREPARE TO GO over to Florida Cape for a picnic with the ladies and the school-children; wind ahead for our up-coast trip. Half an hour later we start, and sail nearly over, when the wind changes to S.E., *ahead* for the Cape. The men are anxious to avoid a rough blow, and a norther is still predicted by the weatherwise, so the Heron changes her flight and steers for Bear's Cut; on we sail, and out, and our Biscayne cruise is over. I feel much disappointed at not landing at Cape Florida and the old lighthouse, but do not want to say a word that will make us regret a stop here. The up-trip in safety is all-important, and the start is made with the harbor of New River ahead, if the wind makes a harbor necessary—if not, a night sail will bring us to Lake Worth. See the Mallory Line steamer "El Paso" going down to Key West. Beautiful day, east wind, V. steers. Pass New River at 6:30, and decide to go on—wind east, and strong enough to take us rapidly. Eat supper comfortably.

As night advances the clouds spread wider and wider, and we meet rougher and rougher water. Sit quietly on deck watching the darkening shore, which becomes lighted up by a large fire, how far inland none can tell. The wind shifts to northeast making progress slower, and as the boat goes pounding her struggling way we each feel a little doubtful over the result of our adventure beyond New River, but hopefully go on, calculating that four in the morning will bring us opposite Lake Worth, and daylight will help us in. But the sea gets rougher and rougher, the shore gets dimmer and dimmer, notwithstanding the firelight, and Capt. P. is cautious enough to steer out occasionally so as to keep off the breakers. Put the red and green side-lights up, and get out the boat's compass—a good one, fortunately for our present needs.

The water has been washing aboard now and then, and has made our bed a little wet; that, and my own desire to know where we are and what we are doing keeps me from lying down, but about 11 P.M. I spread the camp-stools and lounge on them, looking out the windows, and taking one nap, from which I am roused at 11:30 by a call for help and the hasty altering of sails above, as a rain-squall strikes us. We sit up, listening and waiting; the rain pours in torrents, coming through a few seams in the deck, wetting my improvised lounge, which does not disturb me, as I am thoroughly roused, and do not want to sleep. There seems to me trouble ahead. We have passed our last safe harbor, and are certainly storm-tossed now, outside, in our little five-ton sharpie; the waters growing rougher, and a most treacherous inlet before us at best, darkness prevailing, rain pouring, land fires put out, no shore visible, not a star to be seen, black clouds everywhere, wind at N.E., keeping us back, and heaving the waters toward us, to pound and batter, and swamp if possible. I do not want to go to bed.

Presently Mr. Dewey comes down wet to the skin—had no oilskins on. The Potters had, and stand up, working over tiller and sail, until the squall is past. I find matches and candle, and sit prepared to give the needy a light, and see that the sea-water and rain-water which are now coming in, from above and below and through the centerboard well, do not soak everything. Mr. D. changes his clothes for dry ones and throws himself on the floor. I put my head on the foot of Miss M.'s bed and my feet on the floor, until my shoes are soaked; then I get up to watch the progress of things, and give an occasional look at my watch, hoping for daylight, listening to hurrying feet overhead, back and forth, working with the sails and ropes, hoisting, lowering, reefing and tacking.

SUNDAY, APRIL 20: BETWEEN ONE AND TWO MR. P. CALLS MR. D. UP AGAIN to meet another squall, and I hear him say "Things are looking very bad out here." The heavy squall strikes us, sails are quickly lowered, and the boat drifts, seemingly toward shore; she was very difficult to manage before the sails were dropped. So the unseen beach is prepared for; the heavy anchor is dropped, with 100 feet of cable—darkness everywhere but over the compass, under one of the lanterns, and the boat is drifting toward the west, and the *beach*. The anchor does *not* hold, however, and hope springs up, for the beach is not near; so sails are reefed, and sailing resumed, with the bow turned to the eastward to avoid the beach. But squalls are heavy and very threatening, the waters growing more and more rough, and no way of knowing where we are. So with one more

squall Mr. P. decides to turn round and go back to New River Inlet for harbor. It would be impossible to enter Lake Worth were we even there, it would be so much rougher there than farther south.

Once turned, at 3:30, due south is the course, and with N.E. wind the "Heron" went scudding before it with reefed mainsail alone. Fear of the beach leaves us now, and the effort at the tiller is not so great. I watch for daylight through the clouds. At 4:30 go out and see a little streak. For an hour the sailors had been looking for the coast, but could not see it. Steer west until the line of the coast is seen, then carefully down, so as not to miss the mouth of New River. About 5 I see the dim outlines of a "House of Refuge"; glad to think it is the New River house, and we are but 5 miles from harbor. V wakes and comes out, and I go into take his place to sleep; I sink to sleep immediately, worn out with my long night's watch. Waken much later, when J. comes in, surprised that we are not yet in New River. He reports having just sighted the House of Refuge—the second one! The one I saw was the one about 5 miles south of Lake Worth. We had been up opposite the Lake, and well out in the Gulf Stream, which would account for the great distance travelled up the coast, as the current is 4 miles an hour.

It is past 10 when we reach New River; the gallant little boat ceases to tussle with the waves, and rounds into the inlet beautifully, and we are, as Capt. Potter says, "at peace," anchored quietly in the river by the shore of the little peninsula which lies between us and the raging sea outside; only a step between fear and turbulence, and hope and quiet. Too sleepy and tired for breakfast, which we eat toward noon, and then vacate the cabin for the three tired night-workers. Start out for a walk up the beach—hard walking. The wind is blowing pretty hard, but the sun is out, and we appreciate the beauty of the wild sea from our safe position on shore. Find some fine sea-beans and sponges, also a pool where I wade and V. bathes. Then I observe a heavy rainstorm in the N.E., steadily advancing, and we hurry along the yielding sands of the beach, a much greater distance than I had realized, and reach the boat just in time to dodge the first drops. Eat supper with appetite, and a very tired party is soon ready for a night's rest, feeling safe and sound, at least.

MONDAY, APRIL 21: AWAKE IN OUR SAFE HARBOR TO HEAR THE NORTHEASTER booming through the rigging, settling the question of further progress north *or* south today, so we settle into a marooning party in earnest, and turn ourselves into beach-combers. Mr. Dewey finds the remnants of a cook-stove which serve us admirably over a wood fire on shore, behind

the sand ridge and under the friendly branches of a sea-grape tree. Kerosene is short, matches are few, and this fire is a necessity, though not so comfortable as the stoves because of the furious wind. After breakfast I fall from a breaking camp-stool and jerk my head badly—hurts far down the spine. Lie down with camphor and cold compresses, and sleep wards off a headache. All look for mail-carrier from Lemon City to Lake Worth; he passes just here, where he keeps his boat, to cross New River Inlet. The trip is made weekly, 60 miles each way. Last year a carrier disappeared at Hillsboro River, crossed in the same way; his clothes and mail-bag were found—someone had taken his boat, and he had to swim. As large sharks are common, the supposition is that they ate him. Since then there is no swimming of the rivers. V. stands on the point, ready for a swim, but seeing many sharks, he stays out.

I find a curious bird on the beach, a small wader with orange and crimson beak, iridescent blue breast and ditto green wings—quite fresh. Prepare to skin it whole; Mr. Potter sits by to help. Get all nicely done except the head, and before doing that I try to place myself a little more comfortably on the edge of the boat where I am kneeling at the work. I am cramped with long stooping, the oars are under me, and I find myself losing my balance, and to my horror going over into the water. Mr. P. grasps one hand, and with the other I grasp one of the halyards, which always hold me when we are sailing; but it was now unfastened, and Mr. P. could not hold my weight, so down I sat, back first, into the water, and he jumped down after me, holding on. I struggle to my feet, mouth full of salt water, and strangle for breath, gasping and choking. Mr. D. comes out to help, dismayed at the picture. My first thought is of my watch, and I hand it to Mr. D.; the pocket was quite dry. I am wet through, Mr. P. to the waist. I go down to change everything, and back to wash out each garment in this salt water and hang them up to dry in the high wind—soon accomplished, to my surprise, and they are left with none of the usual salt-water stickiness. Then I finish my bird's head. My knife is overboard, and Mr. P.'s also; V. wades and gets mine—not the other. No mail-man; wind stronger than ever, cold northeaster. Use all our bed-wraps.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 22:** WIND SO STRONG THAT WE DO NOT DO MUCH BEACH-walking. V. and J. try to cross river in small boat, but it is so rough they ship water and return. Get a lot of milk cocoanuts, very good. Enjoy our ripe pineapples at intervals. I sort shells and arrange. After dinner mail-man appears with two companions, and Dennis O'Neill the keeper

of this House of Refuge. We hoist sail and take them aboard for a four-mile sail up New River Sound—a revelation, a broad river of deep water and pretty shores, a beautiful sail, which all enjoyed. Walk to the House and talk, get shells, etc. A game of whist and some funny stories and conundrums send us laughing to bed. (*Note: New River Sound. This lovely body of water has vanished in the construction of the East Coast Canal, and in efforts to move and improve New River Inlet. It ran close behind the beach for five miles between the then inlet and the House of Refuge.—V.G.*)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23: WIND STILL HIGH, BAROMETER NOT VERY PROMISING. Provision give promise of holding out for some days; out of bread, water, matches and kerosene. Men take keg and jugs to the station and get good rain-water from cistern; bake biscuit with our flour and baking powder; get matches and kerosene, so we are well-provided *marooners* again. Write letters. Less wind later, and we find a place for a surf bath, a good one. Return full of hope for a calm sea tomorrow. Gave Mr. O'Neill three of our books—will perhaps fill an hour now and then in his lonely station. Supper, cards, books, jokes, and bed.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24: ALAS FOR OUR HOPES! WIND AND SEA HIGHER THAN ever, and barometer not good. Even if wind goes down, sea will not, and there is no possibility of going out tonight. All disappointed, but philosophic. Spend the day on the beach. We certainly have a better knowledge of this bit of Atlantic coast in all its phases than we could get in any other way than this loitering and watching. The sheriff, Highsmith, walks down the beach with "Uncle Ned" Pent, the carrier, to transact business along the coast. Says the storm was great, and the boarders nearly all gone. Pent says the storm is now broken, the sea much smoother, and if we were outside now we could run up to Lake Worth easily. Now we are hedged in by *ifs*. *If* the wind does not back up to N.E.; *if* the weather holds good; *if* the sea goes down; *if* the tides suit us—we may go out tomorrow night! Tomorrow! Tomorrow! It never comes! Bake another supply of biscuits in O'Niell's stove.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25: BEAUTIFUL MORNING, WIND MORE SOUTHERLY. MAIL MAN passes at 11, with the sheriff, who is much used up from his 30-mile tramp on the beach yesterday. Went in his stocking feet, as sand fills into shoes and hurts the tender feet more. He wore out one pair of socks yesterday, and started with a fresh pair this morning. Mr. P. wants to get some clay for paint, up Middle River—a beautiful and interesting sail both

ways, though we fear that the wind is to easterly for our benefit tomorrow. Capt. Potter rows out the inlet to study the channel for a daybreak start. Wind blowing rather hard, and not southerly enough.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26: UP AT 5 FOR COFFEE AND HASTY BREAKFAST. SUN RISES above a bank of clouds. Wind south of east, but captain thinks it will be rough outside, and rougher farther north—"not dangerous." Decide we will not be afraid of the roughness; anchor is weighed and sails reefed, and we are off at 6:30. Get out the inlet, over the surf, to find a big sea on, much rougher than any of us thought—did not take many minutes to stir up the bile; all but Ben felt the coming woes of sea-sickness. The wind takes us forward at 6 miles an hour, in spite of the heavy sea. Pass O'Neill's house, and he signals with his flag. Rather dubious as to our final progress over this rapidly roughening sea. Miss M. is horribly sea-sick, V. following fast, though he keeps on deck; I feel very nearly overwhelmed, and J. goes to the cabin. Mr. D. very green and quiet, and Capt. P. wishes he *could* be thoroughly sick—would feel better!

He feels it useless to go on, as we would be kept outside of that forbidding inlet, and we had better retreat to New River. Turn back and reach anchorage at 10—rather a crest-fallen party, but the sea-sick ones feel better. Things look discouraging, with our provisions giving out, and not much to be had at the House of Refuge—a rare chance to practise Florida patience and submission.

I find the river full of pretty, fine seaweeds. Take my shore bucket and gather some in, and amuse myself and others by placing their delicate traceries on a few sheets of our letter-paper. Did one know anything about them one certainly could make a pretty and interesting collection here. I find those washed up outside are the coarse kinds with floats over the leaves; the inside ones are very fine, and certainly do make pretty pictures. None of the Lake Worth party have seen them spread out so before; they admire them very much, and are pleased at the simple process of preservation.

Sunset overtakes us with no good change of wind—east, and stronger, veering northward. The moon is about half full, and shines with a beautiful calmness over this desolate shore, and the tides come and go as relentlessly as ever. We build a camp-fire and gather round it, enjoying its blaze and warmth, and some of us chat there while others play cards in the cabin, and their laughs come cheerily out from the lighted windows.

SUNDAY, APRIL 27: NO CHANCE OUT THIS MORNING ON ACCOUNT OF THE

roughness kicked up by the N.E. squalls yesterday, but we are encouraged by a dropping barometer, a decidedly southeast wind, and a smoother sea outside. Hope springs up for tomorrow, and we do what best we can for a day's entertainment, on the beach and the river. At supper-time decide to go out *tonight*, as all seems favorable, and the skies promise good wind for tomorrow; tides are right, and the moon is bright. All are glad to make the start, and we eat supper very merrily.

Start at 8:10. Beat down the short inlet; very low tide, sand-banks showing in the bright moonlight. Ride out over the breakers into the ocean swell without shipping a drop of water. . . . The sea is smooth, only a little swell; the air bland, the moon brilliant; a greater contrast to our first ride up here, or our second, could hardly be imagined. The easily sea-sick ones lose their fears, and we sit out to enjoy the ride with light hearts and merry jests. When we pass O'Neill's I spy a light in his window and the moonlight on the roof; Capt. P. blows a blast on his conch shell, and immediately we get the response of his brightening light, and soon after a blow from his horn, and a whine from his dog, "Wusley." The musical greeting is kept up on both sides until we drop the House altogether—a cheery good-bye from a good friend.

MONDAY, APRIL 28: WAKE BEFORE 5 TO SEE, IN THE DIM MORNING LIGHT, what looks like a quiet tree-covered shore on the *east* of us, which puzzles me very much. Soon find it is the bank of clouds and mist which rises over the Gulf Stream. . . . Soon reach Andrew's station, below Lake Worth. Take breakfast comfortably. Sound the conch as we approach the settled spots. Opposite Potter's three ladies were on the beach, evidently watching for us. On to the inlet at 11, where the schooner "Mary B." lies outside, waiting for high tide at 2. We sail about and fish until noon, then sail in the entrance and anchor to await tide over the flats. Try at 2, but can't make it; there are 40 or 50 feet of sandbank ahead. So they turn to; Mr. D., V. and the Potters get out, and by means of anchors and long ropes "warp" the "Heron" across the low sands. It is a long and difficult task, but the boys, Ben and V., enjoy the fun of it, wading and hauling, swimming and towing, stumbling over conchs, of which the water is full, and slipping on sea-weeds. At 3:15 we are over, the sails spread to a spanking S.E. wind, and we go speeding on our *last* track, we trust. All are convinced that no matter how easy it is to get out of Lake Worth on a cruise, it is very hard to get back again.