

PINELLAS

A BRIEF HISTORY

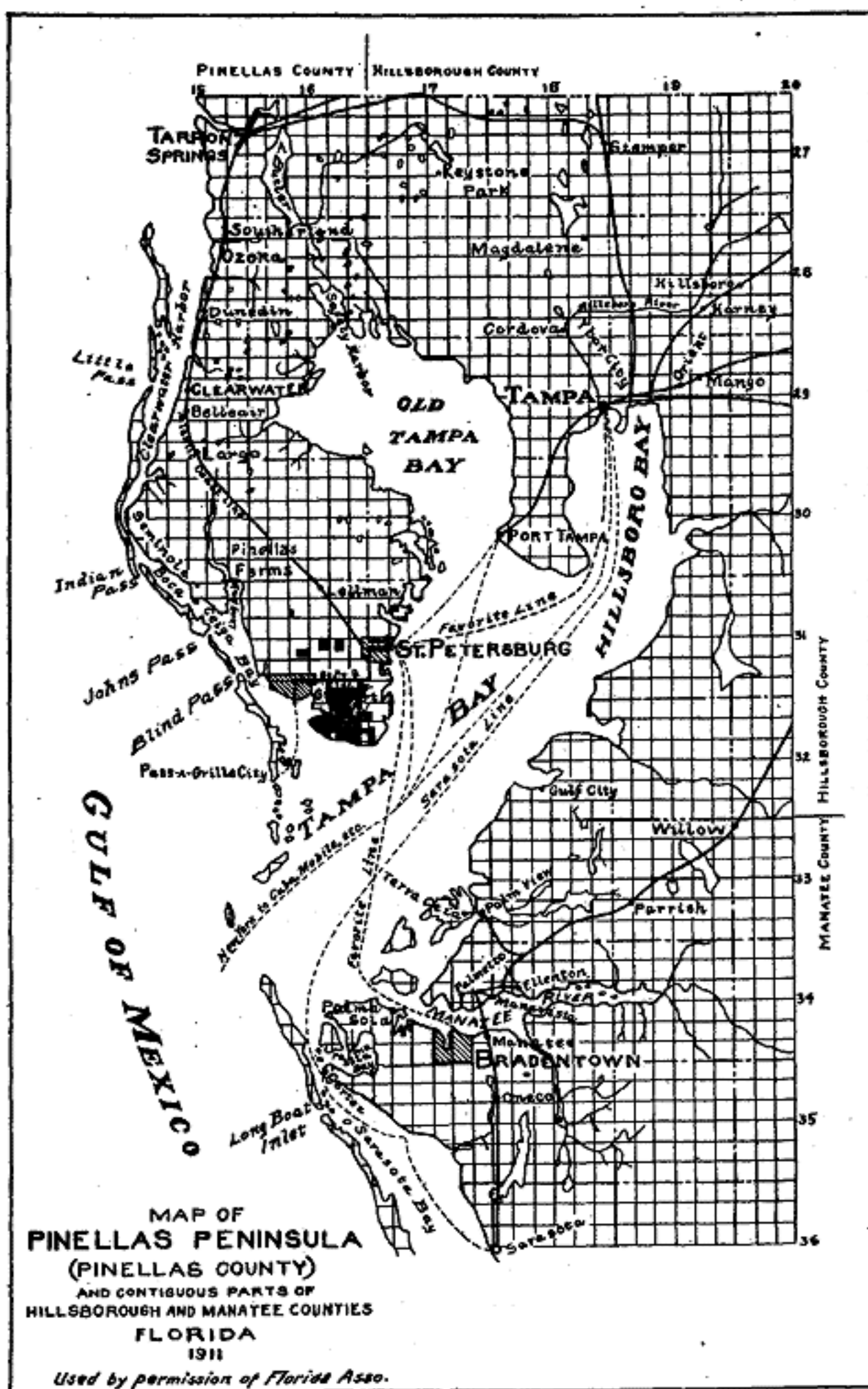
of

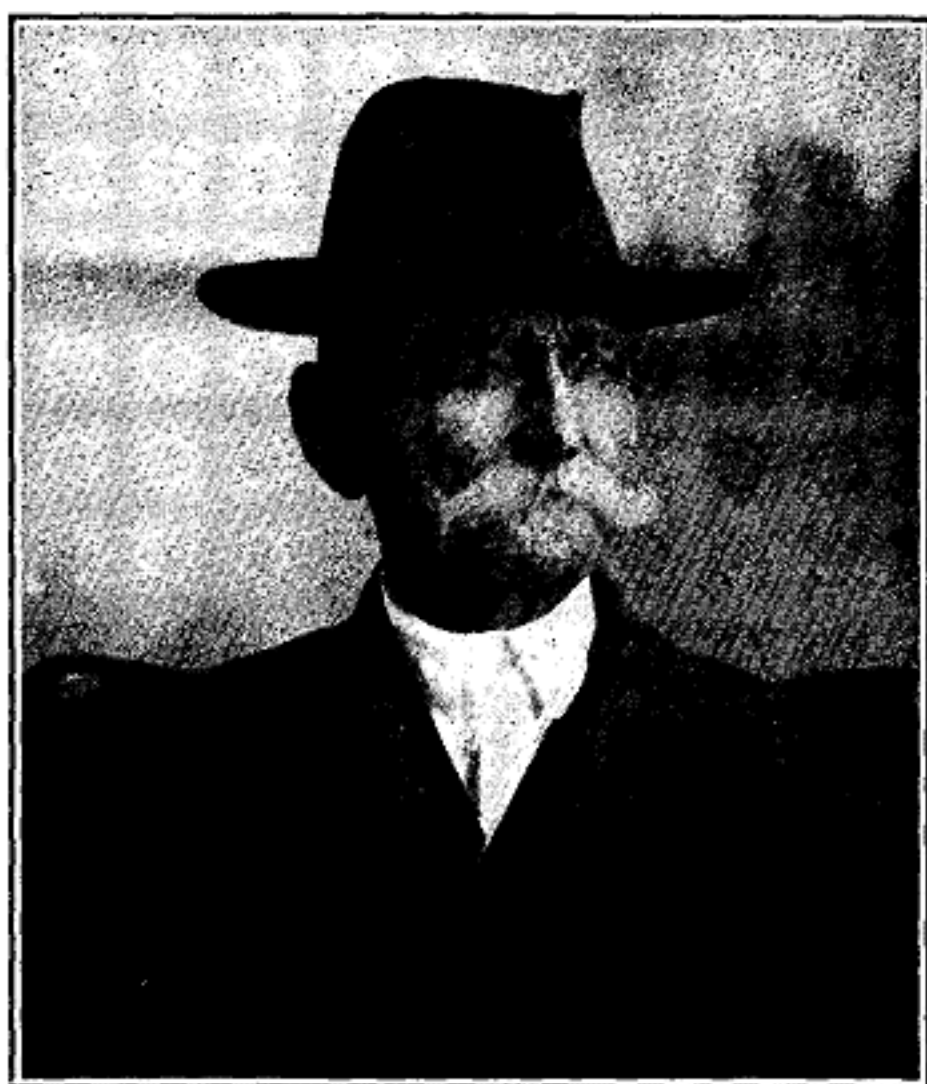
THE LOWER POINT

By the Oldest Living Settler
JOHN A. BETHELL

St. Petersburg, Florida
1914

PRESS OF THE
INDEPENDENT JOB DEPARTMENT
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.





JOHN A. BETHELL
THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.	7
From the Settlement of Antonio Maximo to the Out- break of the Civil War.	
CHAPTER II.	9
Attack on Big Bayou and Exodus of Settlers.	
CHAPTER III.	16
From the Close of the Civil War to the Founding of St. Petersburg. Pioneers. Notes and Reminiscences.	
CHAPTER IV.	
Old Fort at Big Bayou.	50
CHAPTER V.	70
Early Business Centers---Pinellas Village and Disston City.	
CHAPTER VI.	78
Arrival of Orange Belt Railroad and Birth of St. Petersburg. Conclusion.	

Copyright 1911
JOHN A. BETHELE

CHAPTER I.

FIRST SETTLERS.

In beginning this narrative I will say that it is my intention to confine myself to a historical sketch of the lower end of the Pinellas Peninsula, from the year 1843, the date of the first authentic settlement, until in the year 1888, when the last rail was laid and the final spike driven for the Orange Belt R. R. in St. Petersburg.

And I will just mention in passing, that there were Spanish people living in Tampa and here and there along the coast, for many years before Florida was ceded to the United States, who gave spanish names to some of the islands, as also to some points on the mainland. For instance: Point Pinellas was called Punta Pinal, meaning Point of Pines.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the first man to settle on the Point was Antonio Maximo, who did so in 1843, under a land grant from the United States government for services rendered during the Seminole War of 1836-7 and 8.

At the extreme point, which now bears his name, "Maximo," he proceeded to establish a fishery for the supply of the Cuban market. Here he remained until about 1848.

Also, about 1845, William Bunce located on one of the Mullet Keys, known as Hospital Key, and for the same purpose. This is yet familiarly known as "Bunch's Rancho," and the neighboring pass as Bunch's Pass. The hurricane of 1848 totally destroyed both these ranches, thus putting an end to the fishing business for the Cuban market in this section until 1859, when Abel Miranda, William C. and John

A. Bethell put up a ranche at Maximo, and carried on the fishing business, until the beginning of the Civil War, which put an end also to all traffic with Cuban markets.

The next settler after Bunce was John Lavach, who located on what is known as the "Adams Place," on Boca Ceiga Bay, near John's Pass. Then Antonio Papy at Papy's Bayou; William Paul at "Paul's Landing," now included in St. Petersburg as Bayshore Addition; Billie Booker at Booker Creek, and not "Brooker" Creek, as it is now called; James R. Hay, at the present Farrand Grove; Henry Murphy on Boca Ceiga Bay, John's Pass; the dates of whose settlement are not definitely known.

Abel Miranda settled at Big Bayou in 1857 and John A. Bethell at Little Bayou in 1859. In 1860 William T. Coons located at what is now known as New Cadiz, having purchased certain improvements made by James R. Hay, to which he added very little during his stay. In 1861 there were but five families living on the Point, and at the outbreak of the Civil War all left with the exception of William T. Coons. Of these, only three returned: Abel Miranda, William C. and John Bethell.

CHAPTER II.

Federal Attack on Big Bayou and Exodus of Settlers.

In February, '62, the Federals and Tories made an attack on the home of Abel Miranda at Big Bayou, and burned it with all its contents, including furniture and wearing apparel.

The commandant of the blockading fleet at Egmont Key, manned a captured Key West fishing smack with men from the fleet and smack's crew, with enough refugees to make two barge loads, and sent her to Pinellas, Big Bayou, to capture Abel Miranda and destroy his home. The smack was furnished with a cannon and plenty of ammunition, including shot and shell.

This outfit anchored off the Bayou some time before sunrise. About 7 a. m. they opened fire with round shot. They made three good line shots for the house, but they were about 200 feet too high and landed in the scrub. One imbedded itself in the ground about the crossing of Fourth Street and Lake View Avenue. Miranda found it after the war and took it out to his new home and hung it to his gate, and I guess it is about there yet, if some of the pot-hunters have not shot it away at quail! That was the first time we ever heard cannon shot whistle over our heads, but we knew there was no danger so long as they were up in the air.

They then quit till about 8 a. m., when they again opened, with shell this time. I do not remember just how many were fired in all, but the first burst, as we thought, about ten feet over our heads, as we were standing out in front of the porch. It seemed like the heavens had fallen.

through, and scared us so that we did not know whether we were killed or just paralyzed. I picked up several pieces of the shell after the war and buried them by an orange tree. They are there yet. While we were still standing there, and before we got over our scare, they fired another, but that ranged higher and exploded several hundred yards away, as also did several more before we left for a more congenial clime. There were two hirelings on the place, but at the crack of the first gun they "took leg bail" for parts unknown, and we never saw them again till long after the war.

After we saw the two barges leave the smack, which they did under cover of their gun, we then decided to leave the home place. Miranda took his wife and son to William Coon's, on Boca Ceiga Bay, for a place of safety, and then returned to a bayhead about three-quarters of a mile from his home, and remained there until about 3 p. m., when he ventured out in the opening, and as he saw nothing and heard no noise in the direction of his home, he concluded that the vandals had left, and that he would go a little nearer to make sure.

There were three large shell mounds several hundred yards west from his home, and if he could reach the larger one undiscovered, in the event they had not left, and get to the top of it, he could soon take in the situation, as the mound overlooked his homestead, as also the Big Bayou.

He decided to advance cautiously, which he did under cover of the pine trees. After he had reached a pine about seventy-five yards from the coveted spot, he took a long breath and waited a few seconds to peer around before making a dash for the mound. As the way seemed clear, he slipped from behind the pine to go ahead, when he saw a man rise and stand up at the mound and look almost in the direction of where he was standing. Quick as a flash he

dodged behind the pine again, and was about to crawl back to his hiding place, thinking possibly the fellow had seen him. But to be sure before doing so he thought he would take another peep and see if he was still there. When he had cleared the tree so that he could see, there were two instead of one, facing and apparently talking to one another.

Although seventy-five yards away, Miranda distinctly recognized one of his old and most intimate friends, the captain of the smack, a Key Wester, who frequently visited his home, to regale in milk and honey, for Miranda always had a plenty for himself and friends and to spare. Miranda told me that if the captain had been by himself, after he had recognized him, he would have hailed him, but seeing no chance to do so, he decided to go back to his hiding place.

After the close of the war Miranda received a letter from the captain of the smack, enclosing a watch charm and some jewelry that his wife left on the sideboard in the excitement and hurry to get away. He said that he regretted very much and would always regret the part he played in the destruction of his home, and distressing of his family, and hoped they would forgive him for his very unkind act.

One of the most remarkable events of that day happened about a half hour after Miranda left his family at the Coons' home, on his way back to the Bayou, when his wife walked out on the rear porch and confronted a man in Federal uniform. As she was about to step back, he saluted her and asked if she was Mrs. Miranda. "Yes," she answered. "Where is Mr. Miranda? I want to see him." If you had come by the cart road and not through the woods, you would have seen him. Take the cart road back and possibly you might see him yet."

Miranda said that he went by the cart road to Coons', and returned by it; that he saw no one and that he believed

the fellow was one of the refugees in disguise from the fact that had it been one of the ship's or smack's crews, he would have taken the road, as they were not familiar with the woods, and there were no through trails.

After we left the Bayou that morning we thought best to separate—Miranda would go to Coons' with his family and I would cross Booker's Creek and mount the top of the largest mound that overlooked the surroundings, so that I would not be surprised by the Tories, in case they should be looking for us. But before we separated we agreed to meet in the evening at "Beggs' hill," a mound in what is now Mrs. Taylor's grove, and wait there until the crew should leave the Bayou.

Not finding Miranda when I arrived at the hill, I concluded not to wait for him, as the sun was only about a half hour high; but to take a cow trail along the Bayou front that led to the home landing, through the palmettoes and myrtle bushes, that were high enough to keep me from being seen.

When I got within about three hundred yards of the landing I rose up and looked out on the Bayou and saw one of the boats about a quarter mile away, and not seeing the other one, thought it might have gone also, and started under cover of the bushes again to get a little nearer. When within fifty yards or so I came to a halt to wait until dark.

However, I had not long to wait; for in a few minutes I heard some one say: "Is everything in the boat?" Then I heard the answer, "Yes, sir;" then, "All aboard! Man your oars and pull away!"

I waited until they were some distance away, when I made my way to the place where the home had been; for there was nothing left of it but charcoal and ashes. All the fences and out-houses and everything that had wood enough on or about it to take fire, was burned. There was

light enough when I reached the spot to see the destruction that had been done. About forty large fine orange trees in the enclosure had shared the fate of the home.

And these were not all of the pitiful sights to be seen. Some eight or ten head of chickens were hopping around with broken wings and legs. There had been a great many fowls on the place, but the fellows had to shoot them, as there was no chance to get them any other way. Also several of the shoats were crippled; some with legs broken, some shot through the body. One had a bullet hole through its neck and was living; but one long-eared shoat that had never been marked had a bullet hole through both ears. He must have been posing for a target.

They carried off a great many chickens and hogs, large and small; also, about five hundred pounds of home-made bacon; two barrels and several jugs of syrup; over one hundred pumpkins, several barrels of corn in the ear, and some ten bushels of sweet potatoes that were housed.

I had two sloop boats; one of four tons and one of five tons; the latter was hauled out for repairs, and they ruined it by cutting up the decks and sides. As it was past repairing after the war I burned it. The four-ton boat was newly refitted. They used it to carry the plunder to the smack. They made two trips with it, well loaded each time. From the top of the mound I had seen my boat go to the smack loaded; then return to the Bayou and back again to the smack a second time loaded. About 11 a. m. they had fired the home! I could see the smoke and flames very distinctly. The smallest piece of petty meanness perpetrated by them was the slashing the skirts of an old worn-out saddle!

Miranda, not finding me at Beggs' hill, supposed I was either killed or captured, so made his way to the place where, the day before, stood his happy home. Night had now shut

in, but there was light enough from the burning embers to see any nearby moving object. Whilst I was moving about and wondering what had become of Miranda, I heard him say: "Who's there?" I answered, "It's me, John." It was quite a relief to us both when we met.

By this time it was too dark to do anything, so we concluded that we had better go to where his family was, as they would be uneasy about him; and come back next morning and try to get to Tampa. Before we left I thought it best to take along a slab of bacon that I had recaptured from the invaders. As we had been without food all day, I realized that it would come in good season when we should come to where his family was quartered.

It was this way: On my arrival at the ruins, that evening, I heard a great buzzing of bees, so walked over to where they were, and found that one of the hives had been turned upside down. As I turned to leave I espied a side of bacon hanging to a spruce sapling by the hive. I took in the situation at once. The fellow passing with the bacon had thought he would take some honey along also; but all he took was "leg bail," for the honey and bacon were left behind, where I found it. And that is how I "recaptured" it.

We returned to the Bayou next morning and, after putting everything out of misery that was too badly crippled to live, we made preparations for a trip to Tampa.

After walking around we found a small, leaky, wall-sided, sadiron-shaped skiff twelve feet long and as many inches deep, and four feet wide, that we had built for alligator hunting in Salt Lake. As it leaked badly, it had been tied to the landing to swell up, and had been turned adrift by some of the boat's crew that morning, as it was full of water. It happened to come ashore in the marsh near the landing.

This was the situation: There were only two chances for us to get to Tampa—foot it, or take that skiff. Our four boats, with oars, sails, poles and paddles, were all carried off to the blockade. We decided to take the skiff.

It did not take us long to get ready. We had no bedding or extra clothing, as everything in that line had been taken away also, or burned with the home. We dug a few potatoes and took a slice of the bacon the bees had taken in charge, and set out for "Paul's Landing" to get a supply of water, for the well at the home was full of charcoal from the burning of the curb.

All we had to propel the skiff with was two split pickets, so we were slow in getting to Paul's Landing, where we could get a drink of water. There we filled a jug that we found at the Bayou; also picked up an old paddle, with which, and the two pickets, we struck out for Papy's Bayou, and from there to Brushy Point, as it was the nearest land on the other side of the bay.

We met with no mishap from the Bayou to Papy's, but before we got to Brushy Point the wind rose up from the north and made such a choppy sea that it was with difficulty that we could keep the water out. One of us would have to quit paddling every now and then to keep it free, it leaked so badly.

We finally got across without any further mishap, and then went on to Gadsden's Point, where we camped for the night. Here we proceeded to roast some potatoes and broil some bacon to regale on, as we were by this time very hungry and tired. We had no bedding, so we lay down on the sand by the fire. The next morning we set out again for Tampa, where we arrived at noon. Next day Miranda hired a team and went back to the Point and brought back his family to Tampa. And so we bade good-bye to Point Pinellas.

CHAPTER III.

From the Close of the Civil War to the Founding of St. Petersburg.

The end of the Civil War found William T. Coons still remaining on the Point, at what is now known as New Cadiz, on Boca Ceiga Bay, as narrated above. As stated, he had bought of James R. Hay at the outset of the war. Hay had settled on the land that is now the Farrand place, on Lake View Avenue, in 1856; for the purpose of looking after the cattle and hogs of the old Tampa stockmen. In the meantime he cleared and fenced several acres of pine land for truck farming for the Tampa markets. In addition to this he had also made the first improvements on the west side, on the land later known as the "Hart place." Here he built the first frame house on the Point. The main part of the frame was of hewn timber; the weather-boarding was in strips four feet long, six inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick; riven from pine timber. At the outbreak of the war Hay sold these improvements to Coons for \$25 and an old silver watch; then abandoned his first named improvements and skipped to the blockaders at Egmont. After the war I bought the improvements from Coons and sold them to Charley Reed, known during the Civil War as "Charley the Dare-Devil," for his daring exploits. He was the "Hobson No. 1." Reed sold later to Abel Miranda, who sold in 1891 to Hart, whose name it has retained. Hay never returned to this section.

Abel Miranda returned to the Point after the war in 1866. As we have seen his fine start in stock raising, truck

farming and fruit culture, as also in the fish business for the Cuban market, which was proving very lucrative, had been wiped out in a single day. As there was nothing left on the old homestead but a few orange trees, he decided to locate on the land abandoned by James R. Hay, now the Farrand property. After he got comfortably settled he removed all the orange trees not injured from the Bayou and replanted them in the now Farrand grove.

Before the war Miranda had bought William Paul's improvements at what is known as Paul's Landing, and had moved the buildings to the Bayou; also about twenty young sweet orange trees, mostly blooming, and had planted them about the place at the Bayou. All but three of these were burned and these were removed to the new grove. Of the balance I saved two by a little doctoring and careful nursing. I have one of them now living in my grove. It is still in good condition and never fails to have a good crop if the season is fair.

Several years after Abel Miranda had located on the Hay place he met a tourist who asked him why it was that he didn't rebuild on his old place at the Bayou instead of going two miles back in the woods. "Well," says Miranda, "it is just this way: If I had built there again and it came another war, the d—d Yankees would have come in there with their gunboats and shelled and burned me out as they done before. Now, I am where they can't get their gunboats through the woods to do it!"

When, in 1867, I returned to Big Bayou, I bought the remnant of Abel Miranda's improvements with forty-four acres of land. I also bought sixty-eight acres adjoining and fronting on the Bayou from William Wall. The latter tract was bought from the State during "carpet-bag" rule by Captain John P. Andreu for fifty cents an acre. Cheap as land

was, few people in those days invested in it. If they wanted a home they would just select a good location, squat down and go to work; clear and fence as much land as they needed for their purposes. They raised all kinds of produce, some for the northern markets, but mostly for local and home consumption; also stock, and set out a few sweet orange trees. The people could have the free use of the land for farms and pay no taxes on it, and when tired of one place sell their improvements and squat elsewhere.

I proceeded to occupy and improve my purchase and here I have dwelt happily for more than a half century. (From close of Civil War).

Alex. Leonardy, son of Vincent, came here with the writer in 1867 and remained with him until his father's arrival, when he went to assist the latter in his farming operations. After his father's death he managed the business until his mother passed away. When the estate was sold, he located near Disston and engaged in farming, fruit culture and stock raising. He has also worked at house building and painting, at which he is a skilled and honest workman. Next to the writer, Aleck is the oldest living landmark on the Point.

During 1868 a number of new settlers came in. Vincent Leonardy located on what is now Lake View Avenue, where he built the home now owned by Mr. Curtis, and settled down to farm life. He bought a small stock of cattle and hogs; also entered and cleared land for farming, set out an orange grove and various kinds of tropical fruits. He raised the largest guava trees in the county; two of them were large enough to make very good shade trees, and his children had swings rigged in them. Later on he opened a dry goods and grocery store in connection with his farming and stock-raising. He closed this business out as soon as

St. Petersburg was able to control the trade. Leonardy was a skilled architect and master mechanic. He built the finest houses in Tampa before and just after the Civil War. He was honest, truthful, sober and highly respected by all who knew him. He unfortunately fell off a ladder and died from internal injuries, leaving a host of friends, but no enemies.

In the same year Captain John T. Leslie of Tampa and Louis Bell bought Abel Miranda's improvements out Lake View Avenue, together with cattle and hogs. Bell located on the homestead and planted three acres in sugar cane, which would have proved a very profitable investment but for the freeze of December 25, 1868, which nearly ruined the crop, before it could be gathered and made into syrup and sugar. However, he realized \$550 from what he marketed. Next year from three and one-half acres of cane he shipped syrup to Savannah which sold for \$740. After this experiment on pine land, he decided to try hammock land, thinking it would be better adapted to cane, possibly; so he bought the maple hammock at Little Bayou, cleared and fenced five acres, cut a ditch from the bayou to the hammock to drain it, built a furnace for the kettles, put up a mill and waited for grinding time to roll around. It finally came, and failure with it; for the cane was utterly worthless; would not make syrup, though it was large and full of sap. It had no sugar or sweetness in it. It was just time, money and labor wasted.

He then planted corn, melons and pumkins, with the same result. He finally moved back to the first home place, where he made a very fine profit in trucking. I should have remarked that the Maple Hammock could break the world's record for producing moccasin snakes, if nothing else!

And right here I will say something about John Donaldson, a worthy negro settler and for years the only negro

settler on the Point—a man universally respected and one who really kept pace with his white neighbors.

John came in with Louis Bell in 1868 as a hireling, and remained in that capacity for several years, until Bell sold out. Then John went in to make a living on his own responsibility. He entered forty acres, now on the trolley and at present owned by Mr. Sibley. He cleared and fenced about five acres, planted it in cane, sweet potatoes and garden truck for the Tampa market. Also bought some cattle and hogs and set out a small orange grove. Built a very comfortable home and married Mrs. Bell's housekeeper, Anna Germain, a mulatto woman. John was a hard worker and made a good living. His larder was always well supplied with meat, syrup, sugar, milk and butter. He and his wife were highly respected by all in this section, for honesty and thrift, and he was faithful to his trust; so much so that while in Bell's employ John was always left in charge when business called Bell from home, although there were white hireling on the farm. Once while I was postmaster here the mail carrier had resigned and Dr. Sevier, contractor for thirty-seven Star routes, asked John if he would like to carry the mail. "If the pay is enough," says John. "How much do you want," says the doctor. "So much a quarter," says John. "Why, that is just what the contract pays me a year." "I can't help it, Doctor; I can't carry it for any less." "Why, you seem to be sort of independent; you must be pretty well off." "Yes, sir, I'm the best man off on this point. I own forty acres of land, two horses, two yoke of oxen, and wagons, a bunch of cattle, a good potato and cane patch, and four head of niggers"—meaning his children. John got the carrier's billet, all the same, for only a trifle less than the doctor's contract called for.

In 1868 James Barnett located at what was later Diss-ton City—the first settler there. He built a home, cleared

and fenced several acres of land and set out a small orange grove; also raised a good stock of cattle and hogs. Mrs. Barnett was the mother of several children by a former marriage, among them Henry Slauter, Mrs. Aleck Leonardy and Mrs. Frank Futch. She was an energetic woman, a hard worker and a good mother. Barnett was in the Confederate service and was severely wounded at the capture of the Union gunboat, "Water Witch," and finally died as a result of his wounds, in 1887.

In the year 1869 John L. Branch located on the land which is now the Foster grove, and planted out about all the trees in the old grove. Later on he sold to Mrs. Schofield, a lady from Indianapolis.

Another settler was George Hammock, who was a very successful farmer and stock raiser.

North of the Coffee Pot Bayou in the same year Hop Wilder and Emmet Berry located on land later owned by Erastus Barnard, cleared and fenced several acres for raising sweet potatoes, tomatoes, cukes and various other kinds of truck for the northern market.

In 1870 a former well known landmark—or watermark—an old English sailor, Ambrose George Tompkins, drifted into the Point, where he lived till his death some twenty years later. He was a firm friend of Capt. Jas. Barnett, with whose people he remained until his death. At the outbreak of the Civil War the vessel he was on, to evade the blockaders, put into where Miami now stands. From there Tompkins proceeded to navigate the Everglades afoot and alone, and duly arrived at Ft. Myers. Stranded thus within the Federal lines with nothing to do, he entered the Union service, and was put in charge of a supply boat running on the Caloosahatchee. After the war he found his way to the Point.

Jos. J. Bethell, one of the old pioneer settlers of Pinellas, died at the home of his cousin, Mrs. John Fogarty, at Fogartyville, May 6, 1912. His remains were brought to St. Petersburg and buried in Greenwood cemetery.

Joe Bethell was born in Key West April 1st, 1837. He early developed a great love for the water, and from a mere boy could handle and sail a boat as well as older heads. When he was 17 he bound himself to two English sailmakers for three years to learn the trade. When his time expired he decided to work at the trade until he mastered it, which he did, and had the reputation of being a fine workman. He served through the Civil War and came to Pinellas in 1870 and engaged in boating, fishing and oystering. He never married, but "boiled his own pot" and meddled with nobody's business. He was a faithful friend and a good neighbor; was well versed in the Bible, believed in a hereafter, and crossed the river without an enemy.

In 1872 Oliver Johnson located on what is now the Sawrie property. He made quite an improvement in the way of clearing and fencing land. Finally sold out to James A. Cox and moved to Middle Florida.

In that year also Dr. Hackney located north of Booker Creek, where the Manhattan Hotel now stands. He built a home and made quite extensive improvements in the way of reclaiming sawgrass ponds and clearing land for farming and fruit culture. Dr. Hackney was the first actual settler on this tract, though John Taylor had previously made a small clearing, but never settled.

During the year 1872 James A. Cox also came in and bought the improvements of Oliver Johnson, now the property of Sawrie Brothers. Mr. Cox added a great many improvements, built a comfortable dwelling, cleared and fenced more land and set out a variety of fruit trees, including many

oranges. The present Ingleside Grove was his home up to the time of his death.

Another settler in that year was Judge William H. Benton, who located on the west side of Big Bayou. He built a very comfortable home, cleared land for truck farming and set out a small orange grove, engaging in the meantime in hog raising, which was at that time a very profitable business. After the starting of St. Petersburg he moved to that town, where he had charge of General Williams' land business till his death.

The hammock with orange grove north of Papy's Bayou, now owned by Dr. Weedon, was first settled by a man named Pillings, in 1872. I don't remember whether he bought the land or just squatted on it, but he made quite a clearing, fenced and raised very fine garden truck. He also set out the original orange grove of sweet seedlings, still in existence.

In 1872 William Hall came into the Point and located on the north side of Booker Creek, on the old ford, and just south of the Ninth Street bridge. It was his intention to put up a sawmill to be run by water power. After doing quite a large amount of work in the way of getting out the frame and grading, he abandoned the project and left for other parts, probably because of lack of means to carry out his undertaking.

In 1873 came Judge William Perry and his brother Oliver. They located on the future town site of St. Petersburg, and made their home on the block south of the A. C. L. R. R., between Second and Third Streets; entered forty acres, cleared and fenced five acres, planted three acres in sugar cane, two acres in sweet potatoes, corn, pumpkins, melons, etc., and set out some sweet orange seedlings. They came fully equipped with every manner of implements for farming and syrup and sugar making.

In the same year a Mr. Whitford squatted on the land where the Sibley mansion now stands. He built a small palmetto shack and cleared a small patch for vegetables. Unsuccessful in his undertaking, he soon left for other climes.

In the year 1873 the improvements made by Emmet Berry and Hop Wilder, north of the Coffee Pot Bayou, were taken over by a Mr. Capell.

W. F. Sperling was another new comer in the year 1873. He bought out all of Dr. Hackney's interest in this section, cattle, hogs and about five hundred acres of land. He also bought the Perry improvements, also eighty acres where the school buildings stand, including in all about six hundred and forty acres—one mile frontage—the site of St. Petersburg. He added seventy-five trees to the grove started by Hackney, also reclaimed the sawgrass pond just north of the Hackney house, by putting in a large drain. When Mr. Sperling located with his family in his new home he was surely "monarch of all he surveyed;" for there was not another family within a radius of one and a half mile of his home.

Here is a curious incident of his settlement: After Mr. Sperling bought the Perry place he took his wife one morning for a drive to look over the improved portion of his new purchase. While there he found a piece of railroad iron brought there by the Perrys. He picked it up and planted it on the ground near where the A. C. L. tracks are now laid, remarking to his wife: "I have laid the first piece of iron for the railroad!"—not realizing at the time how nearly prophetic his words were to prove.

In 1874 also came in several families from New Orleans, who settled around Boca Ceiga Bay.

Joseph and Beneventura Puig, brothers, located on the

east side of the bay on land adjoining that of Abel Miranda on the north. They put in substantial improvements, including several acres of oranges and other fruits, and did something at truck farming. In 1886 they platted the site of New Cadiz and started in the grocery business on a small scale. The town never materialized and the grocery business was a failure, but the postoffice of New Cadiz was maintained for several years.

With the family came also Timothy Kimball, brother of Mrs. Puig, who also made improvements on land near by, and who remains at the old home of his widowed sister. A memorandum from Mr. Kimball reads:

"Ben Puig came first to the Point in the month of May, 1874. In July of same year, Emanuel and I came out here from New Orleans, and in September came Joseph Puig, my mother and my three sisters. At the same time Richard Strada and his family arrived."

Rafeno Manuel, or Emanuel, put out a grove north of Clam Bayon, between Lake View and Tangerine Avenues and west of the creek still known as Manuel's Branch. He was a young man much liked, but died not long after settling here.

Richard Strada, of this New Orleans colony, located a considerable tract of good land on the east side of Boca Ceiga Bay, and southeast of Abel Miranda's homestead, with a long frontage on what is now Maximo Road. He was by trade a sculptor and a skilled workman, who could command the highest pay anywhere, but came here for the purpose of making a home. Strada was a man of great energy, industrious, and in every way competent; and in farming, fruit culture and stock raising was very successful. In addition to his farming interests he has embarked in various other enterprises, both in town and in the country, in which he has

met with like good results. The old homestead is now held by his stepson, John Young, who came with him to the country and is a very successful farmer.

D. W. Meeker was also a settler in 1874. He put out a grove near St. Petersburg, of which place he later became a resident, and finally postmaster. He moved north several years ago.

The year 1875 was destined to be a most important one for Point Pinellas. In this year the city of St. Petersburg may be said to have had its beginning, in the fortunate advent of the late General John Constantine Williams, whose foresight, good judgment and broad and liberal ideas made the present beautiful city with its elegant location and broad thoroughfares a possibility.

The story of his coming savors strongly of romance and might almost have stepped bodily out of the Arabian Nights. General Williams had come from Detroit, Michigan, for the purpose of selecting a suitable site for a small colony. In his search he had gone as far south as Punta Rassa without results. He had traversed the east side of Hillsboro County with no better success, and after looking over the Old Tampa section, and Tarpon and Clearwater, he reluctantly decided to abandon the project and return to Detroit. Thoroughly disappointed and disgusted, he chartered a boat for Cedar Keys, the nearest place to a railroad station. On his arrival at Cedar Keys he chanced to meet Mr. George W. Pratt, of Comargo, Illinois, who seems to have made it his business to find out every other body's business, which he proceeded to do in the General's case.

"Did you go to Point Pinellas?" said the genial George.

"Damn Point Pinellas! I was told by a gentleman in Tampa, also by one in Clearwater, that it is only four feet above tide-water!"

"Not a word of truth in it!" said Pratt. "It is forty or fifty feet above sea level, and I will say more than that; it is the healthiest and best section in the State of Florida. It is a perfect Paradise, sir. I lived there several months with John Bethell, and if you go there you will find it as I say."

"Well, Mr. Pratt, I am glad I've met you. I will go back and see this Garden of Eden you speak so favorably of."

General Williams thereupon returned to Clearwater, hired a team and set out for the Promised Land of Pinellas. His first stop was at the home of Mr. James A. Cox, on the heights south of the high bridge. The noble view of the bay from here must have been very satisfactory to the General. And when, after a few hours' rest, Mr. Cox piloted him over the section, he was very much pleased to find the elevation greater than Mr. Pratt figured it, also to see such fine timber and farming land, besides such healthy, robust, enterprising people, and such a prosperous little settlement.

After carefully sizing up the situation, he decided that Pinellas was the place he was searching for, and made some investments. He then returned to Detroit to settle up some business and get his family. On his return he invested largely in land, including the site of St. Petersburg. From this time on he labored for the advancement of the Point, and in his various schemes and enterprises gave employment to a great many people, both before and after St. Petersburg was well started as a business place and tourist resort. And when the situation was ripe for the founding of a town and the advent of a railroad he bent his energies toward the accomplishment of this, his original purpose. His liberal dealings with the railroad company brought in the Orange Belt, and it was none of his fault that the S. S. O. & G. road did not make its terminus here at the time.

It is a pity that General Williams could not have lived to enjoy the later prosperity of his pet town. And the citizens of that rapidly growing metropolis might well consider the propriety of some action looking to a suitable testimonial to the man who was in truth the Founder and Father of St. Petersburg.

Soon after their father, the General, came three stalwart sons, B. C., John R. and J. C. Williams, Jr. Barney and John came first, and were for a time identified with the interests of their father. "Tine," as the other was familiarly known, became a common carrier, plying between Pinellas and Tampa with passengers, freight and the U. S. mail. Old settlers will remember with what regularity the sharpie "Nettie" used to make the trip to and fro regardless of weather. While St. Petersburg was in its infancy, he gave up boating and bought a lot on Central avenue, corner of Second Street, on which he erected a fine large building, still known as the "Williams Block," for residence and business purposes. He was the first to embark in mercantile business in St. Petersburg proper, and for a time had a monopoly of trade. Later on others joined in the onward march for the "almighty dollar," but "Tine" had the largest and best equipped store and, consequently, kept in the lead. For quite a long time he controlled probably three-fifths of all the trade of the West Coast, but close attention to business and indoor confinement, and the years of toil and struggle so undermined his health that he thought it advisable to embark in less strenuous enterprises and exacting less personal confinement, and finally closed out.

B. C. Williams, also an enterprising business man of St. Petersburg, after a year or more with his father, went to work on his own account. His first move was in the fishing business, but there being so little money in it in those years,

he gave it up to engage in boating, which he has been following off and on to the present time in connection with other interests. He first plied between Pinellas and Tampa, carrying freight and passengers. Then from Pinellas he went to Gulf City, from which place he carried freight and passengers and U. S. mail for several years. Then he engaged in coasting and steamboating. In these years he also became a skillful boat builder, doing honest work, for honesty was his motto. As mechanic or boatman he has but few equals. During his sea service he has never met with any serious mishaps, though he has had several hairbreadth escapes.

J. Mott Williams is too well known to need attention here. He did not come till much later, but he inherited his full share of the family energy and enterprise, and never could keep still. In addition to his many material interests in and around St. Petersburg, he has that strong affection for the sea that makes him never so happy as when afloat on the briny deep.

H. A. Wier came from Youngstown, Ohio, in 1876, and located forty acres west and north of Wier Lake, known later as Reservoir Lake, from which the water supply of St. Petersburg came for several years. He cleared and fenced several acres, on which he built a comfortable home, planted out about two acres in seedling oranges and many kinds of tropical plants, besides raising very fine garden truck. He also erected a tower with windmill and tank on the edge of the lake for irrigation purposes. After the grove was well in bearing he decided to sell and go West, being told that the West offered superior inducements in the way of farming lands and products. He finally traded his homestead for a farm in the West and moved out there, only to find that the farm was mortgaged. I was told that it was

later sold to satisfy the mortgage. So after years and hardship, he traded off his birthright for a mess of pottage. The land at Wier Lake has long been city property.

In this same year came also William P. Neeld, more familiarly known through this part of Florida as "Bill Neeld." He bought forty acres, cleared, fence and planted an orange grove on Tangerine Avenue now owned by Mr. Black. It was with sweet seedling oranges, grapefruit, mangos, avocados, pears and various other kinds of tropical fruits. I have heard him say that after he had paid for his land he had but twenty-five cents left to commence life with, which was surely a very small capital for the gigantic task he was about to tackle. But Bill was a hustler from way back when out on the warpath small obstacles did not stop him in his way. At night he taught school for Vincent Leon's children, getting his board and lodging thereby. Daytime he would clear land, split rails and such. Would take a day or two off now and then to fish and hunt for profit; and he would compost fish and seaweed for fertilizer for his young grove. He also composted leaves, muck and cattle dropping. In those days commercial fertilizers were unknown, consequently those not fortunate enough to own cattle had to resort to other methods to procure it. And Bill Neeld learned the art and became quite an expert in the business. And when the supply happened to be not equal to the demand, he would go off shoes, for shoes were an item in those times though not as high priced as now, but there were no cobblers to mend the holes. With pants rolled up he would take a sack and strike out for a palmetto patch, and he would be seen bobbing around gathering leaves and chips. The sack full, he would back it to the grove, but he had no horse—and that is how he made the prize grove on the peninsula.

After some years of toil and hardship, Bill began to reap the rewards for his hard labor. For his trees flourished and bore fruit abundantly and proved very remunerative.

I must tell an incident which gives a sample of Bill's grit—some call it "game;" for he had enough of it to tackle anything that moved on four legs, from a gopher down to a 'gator, and do it without a gun, as you will see.

One morning my wife set out to visit her mother, some two miles away, with two small children, one a babe in arms and leading the other, of two years, by the hand. About a quarter mile from home was the old ford across Salt Creek, outlet of Salt Lake, which had to be crossed on a foot log. At the crossing she gathered up the two-year-old and landed on the farther side without any mishap, but just as she was about to set the child down something blew a hard, guttural breath behind her. She quickly turned to see what it was, when lo and behold! there lay a 'gator in the edge of the marsh near the log, and on the side she had crossed from. With the two children in her arms, she turned and ran about one hundred yards, when she saw Bill Neeld in a palmetto patch, gathering fertilizer as usual. She called to him to bring his gun; that there was a 'gator in the creek. When he came near he said: "I've got no gun, but I guess this will do," whipping out his pocketknife and making a bee line for his 'gatorship. At that moment the 'gator was leaving for Salt Lake, but Bill wanted that 'gator, and was bound to get him if there was any virtue in good grit and cold steel. After a little maneuvering, he made a leap and landed astride the 'gator's back, caught the left foreleg with his left hand and with the knife in his right began tickling the animal's most sensitive spots, till he finally put him to sleep for all time.

Then the neighbors soon flocked to the battleground and pulled his 'gatorship to dry land. I don't remember just the length of the 'gator or how much he weighed, but I do remember that he was no baby 'gator, but was quite a bit larger than Bill Neeld. Possibly some not gifted with as much grit as Bill, if perchance they should read this, might say that I've been reading too many of the big fish and 'gator stories in the town papers, but these are facts, nevertheless, and Bill is a living witness, and there are a few others who will vouch for the truthfulness of the story.

But the "Pinellas Philosopher," as he was later called, eventually got wheels in his head and wanted to see the world go 'round, sold out his holding on the Point for much wealth and moved over to the mainland, where he still abides, as he says, at "No. 1 Easy Street, Paradise!"

In 1876 R. E. Neeld moved in from Tampa and settled at Big Bayou. Later on he opened up a small grocery store, the first on the Point. This was a very great convenience to the few settlers in the section, as it supplied their needs for the time being.

In the same year Jacob Baum located on the south side of Reservoir Lake. He built a home on the lake and set out the orange grove later known as the Jackson grove. When the railroad came in Mr. Baum, in connection with E. R. Ward, opened up the Ward and Baum addition to St. Petersburg. His whole original entry is now platted, and much of it built up in substantial structures.

A. B. Chandler located and improved land between Baum and Wier, but later removed to Tampa.

Miller Neeld settled here in 1876 and put out a grove just east of his brother William's. Sold in 1885 to Robert Stanton and bought and built at Big Bayou. Sold out his

home there later on, and built in St. Petersburg. Is now a resident of Washington State.

George R. Johnson came from Detroit with General Williams in 1876 to look the country over and decided to settle. In the following year he returned to the Point accompanied by Barney Williams. He shipped part of his goods by way of Gainesville and part by Cedar Keys. He hauled the carload landed at Gainesville overland by teams. A year later he bought and improved the land now owned by Professor Bartlett northwest of St. Petersburg, and lived there many years. He also bought four hundred and forty acres at Coffee Pot Bayou, which he later sold to Erastus Barnard.

From New Orleans also came, in 1876, Joseph R. Torres, who bought Captain Barnett's improvements at what was later known as Disston City; Barnett locating again on land about a half mile north. Torres was a Spaniard, had been with Maximilian in Mexico, was an ardent republican in the carpetbag regime in New Orleans, and was something of a politician in his new home — but a good democrat! He made some very good improvements, and later platted some of his land into town lots, which became the site of the village of Disston City. When the postoffice of Bonifacio was established he became its postmaster and retained the office till his removal to Seminole, in 1888. He also dealt in general merchandise for several years.

William B. Miranda came to the Point in 1876, and made a nice home out Lake View Avenue. He was a busy worker in real estate matters for some years, removing to St. Petersburg in the early nineties, where he died.

In 1877 C. McCoy bought lands at Little Bayou, but never became a settler.

In 1878 George W. Meares came in and settled on the land which is now his home. He began with a small stock of hogs and cattle, as was the general custom in the early days. He next cleared about ten acres, split rails and fenced it, planted four acres in seedling oranges and various other fruits; also three acres in cane and about the same in sweet potatoes and garden truck for the local market. As he was a man of very limited means, and without rich kin to help him, he could not afford to hire help in his work. Consequently it was a hard struggle from the start. But George's hands were never afraid; in fact, he rather enjoys work, so by dint of many hard licks and strict attention to business, he has been paid a mighty good interest on the investment. With a faithful wife and large family of well reared and educated children, he has much to be proud of and thankful for. Meet George where or when you will, you will meet an honest, straightforward, law-abiding citizen, and always ready to extend the hand of good fellowship.

In 1878, also, Thomas Miranda came to the Point and located on what is now Tangerine Avenue. Built a comfortable little home for his family of four, cleared, fenced and planted some fruit trees and made a garden. He was a Confederate soldier and as brave as they made them. I will relate an incident that happened during and after the war.

He was an artilleryman and attached to Martin's Battery, Florida Brigade, stationed at the foot of Lookout Mountain. When the Federals drove the Johnnies from their guns, himself and another gunner, Dow Townsend, never heard the order to retreat, and stood to their guns in the face of a cavalry charge. It happened to be Colonel Livingston, late of St. Petersburg, who commanded the cavalry. He rode up to Miranda and ordered him to surrender. With that Miranda struck at him with the swabstick, and the

Colonel struck at Tom with his sabre, but neither hit the other. When Tom saw the predicament he was in he and Townsend turned to run, when some of the command raised their guns to fire, but before they could do so the Colonel called out to hold their fire and let them go; for, said he, "They are too brave to be shot!"

After they got in the woods, which was only a few steps from the gun, Tom said to Dow: "If I live to see that man a hundred years from now I'll remember him," not thinking at the time that they would ever face each other again; but they did, on more friendly terms than at Lookout Mountain.

After the war Tom came to Pinellas and Colonel Livingston to St. Petersburg, prospecting, and while looking through the Pinellas section he chanced to stop at Vincent Leonardy's store. As he stepped in he came face to face with Miranda. After gazing at each other for a few moments, Tom said: "I think I have seen you before, sir." "Yes," said the Colonel, "I think I've seen you, too. I'm the man you struck at with the swabstick when I charged your gun at the foot of Lookout Mountain." "Yes, and I'm the man you cut at with your sabre." They then advanced laughingly shook hands and became intimate friends from that time on. When Thomas Miranda died, years after, I went to see him, and while standing beside the coffin, Colonel Livingston came in and stood on the opposite side. After gazing on him for a few moments, he said to me: "This is the last of my poor friend, Tom! A brave man!"

Walter Holden came to Big Bayou in 1879. The family afterward moved away and later the home was destroyed by fire, but the land is still retained in the family's possession.

In the early eighties there was an advent of settlers destined to be factors in the upbuilding and development of the country about Big Bayou.

In 1882 Erastus Barnard became interested in the Point and bought a tract of four hundred and forty acres at the Coffee Pot. He and his family have been regular winter residents of St. Petersburg since the town started, and he has made many substantial improvements on his big farm. He is a firm believer in the Point.

Another arrival in this year was C. B. Ware, who settled near the Coffee Pot, where he still continues to reside as one of the successful farmers and fruit raisers of the section. He was County Commissioner from this district for several years.

David Moffett arrived in 1882, bought land back of St. Petersburg and made improvements. Later he bought the Wier place on Reservoir Lake and built a fine home there, on Ninth Street, North. He has been closely identified with the interests of St. Petersburg, has been first mayor, and councilman and is recognized as being one of the solid men of the town.

Thomas Sterling came here from Connecticut in 1883. He had been a traveler in many lands and was a good judge of situation as bearing upon health conditions, and after careful investigation, concluded that the Sub-Peninsula held all that man could desire. He bought about sixty acres at Big Bayou and made very substantial improvements on the water front. He had about ten acres cleared, fenced and set out in various kinds of fruit trees, besides making a fine garden. He built seven fine cottages, one of five rooms, for his residence, as also a hotel 30x50 with twelve rooms.

In May he married a lady from Mississippi at Tampa and came at once to their home at the Bayou. They escaped the customary charivari by throwing open their doors to the whole population and entertaining everybody—in all about sixty guests. Their home soon became the center of much

of the social life of the section. Mrs. Sterling's pen was always busy and contributed many articles descriptive of the country to the press, in and out of the State. Owing to infirmities of age he, in 1891, sold his holdings to the Catholic Fathers, one of whom came as an embassy of church and state from Spain to select a suitable location on which to build a theological, scientific and philosophical school for the education of priests.

About this time William Thornton settled and improved a tract on Lake View Avenue, now owned by Cashier Thomasson, just west of the Leicht place. In 1885 he bought what is now Thornton's addition to St. Petersburg, where he died soon after moving to his new home.

Joe Strause came in 1883, married a daughter of Vincent Leonardy, and settled back of the Leonardy home, on Tangerine Avenue. Built a cottage and put out a small grove, where he lived for some years. Sold to Abel Miranda in 1892 and bought a grove farther up the peninsula.

Dr. John Abercrombie and family came to this section in 1883 and located on land that is now the "Moss Ridge Grove" of Joseph Sibley. He built a very large and comfortable residence amid beautiful surroundings, cleared and fenced several acres and set out fruit trees of various kinds. In the meantime he practiced medicine, going wherever sickness called him—though the Point was then as now eminently healthy, and very few except children could really spare time to get sick. He was known throughout the section as the family doctor, which term was very appropriately applied, as at the time he was the only physician in the peninsula. Dr. John is one of the kindest, most free-hearted men who ever settled here. He has been a friend to the needy, always sympathizing with the afflicted. He had prescribed for and furnished medicines often where patients

were not able to pay for them. No one ever asked a favor of him that was not granted if in his power to do so. The grand old man has a host of friends and few if any enemies. Since this was written he has gone to his reward.

George L. King was another "live wire" in the early days of this section. He located land north of Clam Bayou, on Mule Branch, in December, 1884. He brought with him a small sawmill outfit from which, on Christmas day of that year, he blew the first steam whistle ever heard in this region.

The mill had been landed on the sand beach a mile from where he located it, and had to be hauled through sawgrass, over palmetto roots and mud flats and across Clam Bayou to the millsite on the Branch. It was a big undertaking, a task that very few men other than George L. King would have cared to tackle, but he was a man with an iron will, one that never let obstacles stand in his way whenever he undertook to accomplish any project that he had in view. About two years later, to facilitate the supplying of logs, he hauled the outfit back to the bay at New Cadiz, to which location he had his logs rafted from Long Bayou, near John's Pass. The mill, though small, cut lumber enough to supply the demand for the time being, but the influx of homeseekers soon became so great that a larger mill was called for. Consequently, King bought a millsite at the head of Booker Creek and erected a much larger and finer plant, fully equipped with all the modern improvements of that time. St. Petersburg was just started and, owing to the scarcity of building material, its progress was very much retarded, but just as soon as George L. King got down to business it began to grow by leaps and bounds, and it was wonderful to see how rapidly the town improved. I think it would be fair to say that King was instrumental in giving St. Petersburg its first and greatest boom, by way of furnishing material for building pur-

poses; for there were hundreds of cottages and many business places built before another mill was opened up.

To furnish a supply of logs for the new mill, after a while he constructed a pole road out into the timber westward, for several miles, bought flat cars and rigged up a "home-made" locomotive which worked successfully while he continued in business.

In the same year Maltby and son came to Pinellas and bought the improvements of James A. Cox, now owned by Sawrie Brothers, and embarked in the manufacture of orange and grapefruit wine. Later on they sold out to Sawrie Brothers and located on Ninth Street, St. Petersburg, and opened a new factory there.

T. A. Whitted came to the Point in 1884 and built at Disston. He later married here and after the founding of St. Petersburg removed to that place, where he has since resided. He was for many years the assistant of George L. King in the mill business, as also of A. C. Pheil at the Novelty Works.

Colonel B. F. Livingston bought land on Lake View Avenue in 1884, which he later sold to Cyrus Butler, to become a part of the present fine Heathcote grove. He returned to St. Petersburg when that town began to flourish and made investments, and some very substantial improvements. In 1901 he sold out and removed to California, where he later passed on to a larger life.

David D. Klingner came here from Iowa in 1884 and settled just south of the St. Petersburg limits on Fourth Street, now in Bayboro. Sold later to Mrs. Miner and moved to the Bayou, where he still has his home. He was a painter by trade and a good workman. For several years he was a lighthouse keeper at Rebecca Shoals, and later at Anclote.

During 1885 a number of families arrived from England and settled in this section. The Harrison family bought and improved land out Maximo Road and live there some years. They all finally moved away, the parents going back to London. The place is now occupied by Mrs. Stephens. Adjoining tracts were bought by Hugh Richardson and R. L. Locke, also of the English colonists. Mr. Richardson became a railroad official later and went to Jacksonville, where he is now secretary of the Board of Trade. The Lockes put in substantial improvements in Disston City and carried on mercantile business there for several years. The family finally moved to a new home near Mobile.

Rev. Watt was another of these colonists. He bought the west portion of the Leonardy grove, now owned by Ståhl Brothers, built a substantial residence thereon and lived there for a number of years, finally returning with his wife to England. The sons, Joseph, John and David, remained in America, but left this section.

The Watson family bought and settled at Little Bayou. The elder Watson was a professional gentleman in the old country and did not take kindly to the new life. The freeze came and loss of the home by fire soon after caused the family to leave the Bayou. The young people are settled in different parts of the peninsula. Prof. Herbert T. Watson gives the following memorandum: "We started from London, September 1st, 1885, and arrived at Point Pinellas the first week in October of same year."

William A. Wood was another young English colonist. He had charge of the Disston Hotel for a time, later managing the Inn at Port Tampa, and a restaurant business at Tampa.

Zephaniah Phillips came in 1885 and settled temporarily at Disston. He soon after homesteaded the south end

of Long Key, where he built a home on the Pass, removing his family there. He platted and sold the original site of Pass-a-Grille City, and later built a cottage farther up the island. Phillips was a firm believer in Pass-a-Grille and never let an opportunity pass to further the interests of his favorite scheme. He was something of a dreamer, but the Pass is surely making good at last, and undoubtedly has a fair future. In his last years he bought a home in St. Petersburg, where he died after a long and tedious illness. Phillips had seen hard service as a Union soldier on the Mississippi and was in bad health when he came here. He was a fine all around mechanic and an inventor of no little merit.

Cyrus Butler came in 1884, bought and improved land between Lake View and Tangerine Avenues, and made the fine grove now owned by W. E. Heathcote. Although an invalid, he was possessed of great energy and perseverance, and came to be perhaps one of the best authorities on horticulture in the State. After bringing his fine grove into good bearing condition he sold to Mr. Heathcote and left the Point.

E. R. Ward came to Big Bayou in 1885, built a good home and went into the mercantile business. Just before the railroad was completed he sold out his interests at the Bayou and located in that part of St. Petersburg known as Wardville, on the north side of the railroad. There he opened the first store in that section and became the first postmaster in St. Petersburg. Ward was a very enterprising man and full of schemes. He had the first school house built at Pinellas, Big Bayou, now fronting on what was known as Ward Avenue. It was 20x40 feet, and many were the enjoyable socials held there by the neighbors as well as outsiders. There were picnics, plays, dancing, card, checker and chess games, most anything to while away the leisure hours and bring the

settlers in close touch with each other and put them on more friendly relations.

Dr. G. W. Kennedy and Robert Thomas settled in 1885 in what is now the northern part of St. Petersburg. Both gentlemen did something in fruit growing and trucking, outside of their professional work. Judge Thomas died some years ago, but Dr. Kennedy is still occupying his old homestead.

Herman Merrell came in the same year and bought a tract west of Ninth Street, St. Petersburg. Built a cottage and put out trees, but soon returned North to practice his profession as a lawyer. He returned in later years and makes his home here.

I have the following memorandum from Ed. C. McPherson: "About August 12th, 1885, my father, E. B. McPherson, and three sons, W. J., Charles and myself, left Deland, Fla., in a one-horse wagon and camp outfit for Point Pinellas. We spent nearly a month on the way, visiting the towns and looking at the country. We arrived at Big Bayou September 10th and camped in an old stockade house on the west side of the Bayou. Mr. Miller Neeld was smoking some mullet and we got some nice fat ones out of the smoke house when they were warm. They were the finest fish we ever tasted. We looked around a few days, then went over to Disston City. We met Mr. Z. Phillips, who showed us around and introduced us to J. R. Torres, the city merchant and owner of most of the town-site. We were so favorably impressed with the location that father bought two lots and some lumber from King's mill and put us up a house. Mother, Sister Ella and Babb came in November. G. W. Bennett came over from Tampa and we spent our first Thanksgiving on Long Key near where we afterward built a home.

"Father chartered the schooner Delia, Captain John Lowe, master, and he and Mr. Bennett went to Pensacola and

brought two schooner loads of lumber, and we started a lumber yard. This was not a financial success, as there was not enough dressed lumber used at that time to pay to keep it up. During the winter father bought a printing outfit, and he and Will started a little paper called the 'Sea Breeze,' which they published about a year. This was the first newspaper on the Point.

"During the summer of 1887 the yellow fever broke out in Tampa, and quite a number of refugees came to Disston. They were not allowed to land, so father allowed them to occupy our home on Long Key.

"In May, 1888, we built a small house in Ward and Baum's addition to St. Petersburg, where we lived until 1892, when father bought five acres on west side of Reservoir Lake, living there till his death, July 17th, 1895.

"We built the Episcopal Church on Lake View Avenue, also the first Episcopal Church in St. Petersburg."

C. Durant was another settler of that year. After St. Petersburg was started he followed his trade as a baker, and built up a big business there. He had quite recently retired to a less arduous office business.

George W. Anderson arrived in Disston City during summer of 1886 to locate on land that he had bought from the map while in Texas. Not suited with this tract, he had his deed transferred to another more desirable piece at Bear Creek. He next proceeded to rebuild the steam launch "Tarpon" for W. B. Miranda. His wife and daughter joined him in June, after a very stormy voyage from Tampa in the schooner "Cherub." Her trunk failed to arrive with her, and during the night a pup got into her room in the hotel and carried off her baby Jessie's clothes, so she had to borrow a suit of baby Harold Bennett's to dress Jessie in till her clothes could be found, which was not till late in the day. Mrs.

Anderson was an invalid and suffered considerably from loss of sleep caused by the noise of fish on the flats, they being so plentiful and only a stone's throw from the hotel where they were living. His next move was to fall in line with his neighbors and get a cast-net, but as he could not throw it, himself and wife would get on an old log pen so as to stretch the net open, and at night time drop it over the fish. They used to catch as high as twenty mullet at one cast of the net. One night George turned out about one o'clock, started a fire and cooked and ate fat mullet till daylight! When the neighbors, thinking some one must be sick, came to offer assistance, George said they had quite a laugh on him. Another night the neighbors heard such a racket at the hotel that they came over to see what was the matter, only to find George and his wife, with a pair of gum shoes, killing roaches. He finally set out a five-acre grove which prospered till after he went to St. Petersburg. When the freeze came he sold what was left of it.

Arthur and Ernest Norwood came from England to Pinellas in summer of '86, and located in the Disston City settlement. They built a small shack for a temporary home, then cleared and fenced their land for gardening and citrus fruits. Soon after they met with a streak of bad luck—their little home caught fire in their absence and burned to the ground with all their belongings, leaving them practically destitute, with only the clothes they had on and the tools they were working with. This loss was a very serious matter at that time, for the section was then in its infancy and the few people in it were not moneyed men, though they were ever ready to extend a helping hand to aid a fellow sufferer. But Arthur and Ernest were men of real grit and here to stay, and a few reverses did not discourage them. So they quickly decided to begin life anew, and, with what aid they

could get from their neighbors in the way of work or otherwise, and a small remittance from the old country, they were soon on their way to prosperity again.

The grub-hoe was their main dependence in those by-gone days and they could wield it to perfection. Besides they were very handy with other tools and could daub a little with the paint brush. I remember the postmaster at Pinellas in those years wanted a sign painted for his office, and as there was no sign painter to be had, Arthur Norwood undertook the job, claiming at the time that it was out of his line of business, but he would do the best he could. When the sign was finished it would bear inspection and would compare favorably with the sign painting of today. It is over twenty years since then, and time has not entirely obliterated it yet.

Arthur taught several terms of school successfully at Disston, and when Mr. Baumeister left that place in 1889, he purchased the latter's stock of goods and went into the mercantile business. Later on he removed to the Wardville section of St. Petersburg, where he gradually built up a very prosperous business in groceries and general merchandise. Disposing of his grocery business at Ninth Street, he removed to Fourth Street and Central Avenue, where for several years past he has enjoyed a fine trade in the line of dry goods and clothing. A self-made man, he began at the bottom, and by being strictly honest, free-hearted, energetic and persevering, he had about reached the top. He is one grand success as a merchant and a man.

Nathan Odom came in 1886 and bought land on Tangerine Avenue, built a home and made an orange grove. He lived there several years, when he sold and went to town.

G. W. Bennett brought his family to the Point in May, 1886. He made his first visit at Thanksgiving time, 1885,

and spent several days prospecting. Business matters kept him in Tampa during the following months, much to his regret. He made his home at Disston till 1891, when he bought and settled at Maximo, where he has since lived in comparative health and comfort. He credits the climate of the Pinellas Peninsula with the last twenty-five years of his life.

Another English settler was Robert Stanton, who bought the Miller Neeld place at the corner of Tangerine Avenue and Ninth Street, in 1886, and built a good home, to which he moved his family, and where they resided for many years. He sold finally and moved to St. Petersburg.

There were a number of new settlers around Disston during 1885 and 1886, the exact year of whose coming it is difficult to determine.

There was Herman Beaumeister, who built a residence and store and handled general merchandise till 1889, when he sold his stock to Arthur Norwood and went into business in New York.

There was Sergeant James McMahon, educated for a priest in Ireland, and graduated a thoroughbred soldier in America. Slipped away to this country and enlisted in the regular army at 17 years. Had served in the Seminole wars; under Anderson at Fort Sumter at the siege; through the Civil War as a Union soldier; had garrisoned, single-handed several of our national fortresses since the war, and was now on the retired list after having been in the thick and thin of army life for nearly forty years. He bought ten acres at Disston, built a home, put out a grove and spent a good deal of his time there for some years.

There was Parmenas Early, John Mills, Johnnie Tripp, Frank Futch, H. T. Sawyer, S. F. Brengle, John S. Calkins, L. M. Longstreth, Boyd Thompson, J. W. McCardell, Jim

Hamilton and maybe others. Then there was Weihman and Irwin, Badgat and Smeltz out on the avenue. The Point was settling up.

In 1887 the prevalence of yellow fever in Tampa temporarily put a stop to the influx of settlers.

Charles A. Rouff came here in November of this year and bought five acres of land from Thomas Sterling on Big Bayou; cleared a portion for truck raising and fruit culture, and built for himself and family a comfortable residence. He was a machinist and engineer by trade and could do good house and boat work. He built the residence of General John C. Williams, now a part of the Manhattan Hotel.

In same year came D. F. S. Brantley. He was the contractor who furnished the cross ties for the Orange Belt R. R.

Two of the self-made men of St. Petersburg are Ed. T. Lewis and Ed. Durant, who came to this section when quite young with their parents—Durant in 1885 and Lewis two years later.

In 1890 the "Two Eds" formed a copartnership and engaged in mercantile business. At that time St. Petersburg was in its infancy and so sparsely settled that it offered slim prospects for the building up of a trade that should possibly make them independent of the charities or a cold world for all time.

Their stock—like their capital—was very limited, and consisted of groceries, candies, cigars and tobacco. The venture was rather a haphazard undertaking and it was predicted that so small a business would be an entire failure. But not so; for they were young men of undaunted courage, energetic and persevering, who always looked on the bright side of things, remembering the old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

The business from the outset was prosperous, but Mr. Durant did not fancy the grocery business, so decided to sell out to Mr. Lewis and return to his calling, cigar making, which promised in the near future to become a paying business. He now controls the largest cigar industry in this section and possibly on the West Coast, and by being the right man in the right place, he has built up a substantial trade and made many friends and, doubtless, many dollars.

Mr. Lewis kept on climbing the "ladder of fame," and being of a business turn, combined with economy, and strict honesty in his dealings, he has mounted the top round of the ladder and is now pretty much "monarch of all he surveys."

Mention has already been made in the early part of this narrative of the settlement of Henry Murphy at the mouth of Long Bayou, John's Pass. To his name might be added those of several other early settlers along the northern limits of the territory of which I have written. There were the Archer, Nash, Griner, Lealman, Sheffield, Ellis, Harris and Arnould families, who settled at various dates, some of them having settled previously farther up the peninsula. From Addison Arnold I have this memorandum: "Herman G. Arnold moved from Coffee County, Georgia, to Florida in 1852, and married near Appalachicola, and moved to Point Pinellas in the spring of 1856, and settled about two miles east of the present site of Largo. He later moved to and settled what is known as the old Hammock place, near Lealman, where he lived until the war came on, during which he died."

The first steamboat built on the West Coast was built at Big Bayou by Thomas Sterling and Charles Rouff. It was built for the trade between Big Bayou, St. Petersburg and Tampa. The dimensions of the lola were: Keel, 54

feet; beam, 13 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet; length over all, 59 feet. She was launched in 1885.

John Parsons designed and built this boat. Charles Rouff, one of the owners, installed the engine and was her engineer. He also aided materially in her construction, as he was familiar with carpenter's tools and could do some boat work. As a house builder he was also skilled, and later on designed and built the fine residence of General Williams, now a part of the Manhattan Hotel. He was a machinist by trade and a master mechanic.

The first sailing craft built on the West Coast after the war, was a sloop of nine tons, built also at Big Bayou, by John A. Bethell, for Isadore Blumenthal & Co., to carry cedar from Crystal River to Cedar Keys for their pencil factory.

The next largest was the sloop Flirt, five tons, built at the same place and by same builder, for freighting. She also carried the mail from Tampa to Cedar Keys for several months after the steamer Cool was wrecked off Gadsden's Point in 1874.

The smallest boat was also built by Mr. Bethell. It was eight feet six inches long, and Captain B. C. Williams, then a young man, rowed it from the Bayou to Tampa on a direct line to Gadsden's Point, and from there to the shipping off Big Island, where he stopped to take a short rest. It was one of the boldest, most daring and dangerous feats ever performed by any boatman that ever crossed the bay. Dangerous simply because the least commotion of the waters would have been certain to swamp the little shell of a boat and left him at the mercy of a treacherous bay. The chances for a drowning man were quite different from what they are now. If a boat turns turtle on the bay now there is either a sailboat, launch or steamer within a few hundred yards, so a man has a fair chance in the daytime. Not so in those

days; for sometimes it would be a week before there would be a vessel seen on the bay, other than the mail boat making the Tampa and Pinellas trip.

Old Fort at Big Bayou.

On the north side of Big Bayou, near the entrance, stand several massive live oaks that mark the spot of a once heavily timbered hammock of oaks, pines, cabbage palms, sweet bay and various other kinds of trees, that were growing on it until the year 1859, when Abel Miranda bought and cleared it for cultivation. Whilst clearing the land he made a very unlooked-for discovery in finding the ruins of an old fortification made entirely of oyster and conch shells, evidently built by the discoverers of Tampa Bay, as a protection against the hordes of aborigines that were usually on the warpath.

This fort covered about an acre of ground and had but three walled sides. One side faced northeast, one northwest and one southwest. The southeast side was not walled up, simply because the northeast and southwest wings extended to the waters of the bayou. And again it may have been left open for retreat by boats in the event of an attack by an enemy, and the garrison not able to hold their own. The walls on the northeast and northwest corners were at least three feet high and gradually sloped to about two feet at the waterfront.

This enclosure had two openings, at the northeast and northwest corners, about fourteen feet wide, possibly intended for sally ports. A remarkable circumstance about the enclosure was that the ground inside was about two feet lower than the land around the fort on the outside. There were cabbage palms, oaks and pines growing in the embank-

ment as large as any in the hammock. How high this shell had been piled up originally, how long and by whom, is a mystery that will never be revealed.

A great deal of shell remains there yet to mark the spot where the fort once stood, though in clearing the land the shells were leveled and the timber piled on them and burned to get it out of the way. Besides, much was hauled off and burned in kilns for fertilizer.

It is very evident that there has been some fighting done on that spot, from the fact that in clearing we found inside the enclosure quite a number of arrow heads, some with shafts nine and one-half inches long, in a finely polished state, while some were very crude.

Mounds at Points Pinellas and Maximo and Elsewhere.

Before and after the Civil War there was a cluster of cabbage palms growing on the sand beach at Point Pinellas, fronting on Espiritu Santo Bay, as it used to be called, which was known as the "Three Cabbages." In 1884 the government surveyors cut down two of the palms, leaving only one, since known as the "Lone Palm," as being a better mark for true bearings in running lines.

It also answered as a bearing to a very large mound in a northwesterly direction and about three-quarters of a mile distant. This mound differs in shape and construction from any other mound in this section, or possibly in the State. In 1872, when Dr. Van Bibber was exploring the West Coast for a location for a sanitarium, and Professor Agassiz was looking up curiosities for the Smithsonian Institute, Captain Eugene Coons met and brought them to my place at Big Bayou. I then piloted them through the Point and to this mound.

After inspecting it, they concluded that it was built in layers of earth and shell to the depth of about three feet to each layer. Though they could hardly tell for a certainty, from the fact that the mound was so thickly covered over with saw palmetto that it was a very difficult matter to tell precisely how thick the layers were or whether the earth and shell were mixed as they went on. An excavation in the north side, since made by employes of the Philadelphia Acadamey of Natural Sciences, would seem to disprove the separate layer theory. Other mounds constructed of earth and shell seem to show that the shells were mixed in with the earthy material to better keep it in position.

There are three or more circular excavations like sink-holes or pond bottoms, from which the earth was taken. The present county road along the section line skirts the largest of the holes, beyond which to the south and but a stone's throw from the road stands the mound.

As the mound stands on the high timbered land about a quarter of a mile from the present beach line, the transportation of the shell thither is a problem. The remains of a causeway reaching the top of the mound and gently sloping toward the south may have assisted in making the deposit of shell. The mound is elongated in an almost east and west line. The slope of the sides is abrupt, except on the south, as mentioned. The top at the south end had once been leveled off for fifteen or twenty feet and terraced over.

It must have been in existence many years, perhaps ages, from the fact that when I first saw it, in 1849, it had pine trees growing on it equally large as any in the neighborhood. I did not see the mound again until 1859, and it was then in a good state of preservation. But since the Civil War vandal hands have preyed upon it so often that now there is scarcely a vestige of the terrace to be seen.

About three-quarters of a mile west and fronting on the bay, G. W. Bennett's cottage site is the eastern extremity of an interesting ridge or mound, which curves northward and westward, traversing about a quarter of a mile, and comes back along Maximo Road to the bay, then recurves eastward twenty rods or more along the water's edge, with the extremity again thrown back toward the west like the end of a monster's tail. It encloses ten or more acres, and is generally called a serpent mound.

This mound is constructed of earth and shell mixed, and the slope of the landward side is quite steep, so much so that it may have been used as a fortification. From Maximo Road west and along the bay is a regular tumble of mounds of all shapes and sizes. Covered with a hammock growth of palms, oaks, cedars and shrubbery, this extends another quarter mile to near Point Maximo. These are also of earth and shell, with a large percentage of shell.

Jutting out from this mound-base run two long straight ridges or spurs in a northerly direction to a length of several hundred feet, and still six to eight feet high. They resemble railroad embankment or old earthworks. Perhaps it was intended to complete the quadrangle for a defensive purpose. A short distance north, at the edge of a bayhead, is still to be seen a waterhole where the earth excavated was thrown up in the middle of the two basins, making a solid passageway between. These relics are of genuine interest and should be preserved, as far as possible. West of Point Maximo is a less striking continuation of the shell works for a good many yards.

There are many isolated mounds in the lower Point. There was a handsome group on the Kempe property at Big Bayou, and the big oyster shell mounds at St. Petersburg

were many. It is a pity that they were not preserved intact, in a public park.

It is very evident that many years ago there was no Booker Creek, but all solid land where it now runs, from the fact that on each side of the creek, several hundred yards northwest from high bridge, and opposite each other, are two embankments of oyster shell that at one time must have been one very large mound spanning the present creek. Possibly some heavy cloudburst flooded the flatwoods to the northwestward, coursed its way through the land as it sloped downwards and undermined the mound or forced a passage through it and washed the land away, which was the making of the creek. There is a descent of about fifteen or twenty feet from the bayhead above Ninth Street bridge, and when the flatwoods is flooded the fall of the water is so great that it gradually washes out the creek and keeps it open.

Gruesome Find at John's Pass.

While hunting on one of the keys at John's Pass before the war with Anderson Wood, we came across what had once been a burial mound, but time, or possibly the gale of 1848, that made John's Pass, had worn it down when it swept over all the islands.

We would have passed it by unnoticed, as it only had the appearance of a ridge of shell and sand. had we not espied two human skulls and some bones. We concluded there were Indians buried there and that there might be trinkets buried with them. So we returned to our boat and got a spade and hoe and went back and dug, but all we unearthed was bones. There appeared to be no trinkets with them. As far as we could tell, the bodies had been buried three tiers deep, heads north and feet south. We tried to get a whole frame together to see the size of it, but the bones

were so matted together and so badly decayed that we could not do so.

From the size of the bones, I do not think they were a larger people than ordinary. The two largest bones and the only two perfect ones we found were a thigh bone and a jaw bone. Myself and partner each stood six feet, and if we measured the thigh bone correctly it was about two inches longer than ours. My friend, with a face full of whiskers, could slip the jaw bone off and on quite easily.

We would have dug deeper into the mound, but on second thought decided to quit simply because if those people had not been killed in battle and buried there, it was probable that they had died of some infectious disease, and possibly some of the germs might still be lurking around those old bones, and how did we know but that we had already become infected! We covered the mound up again and left, taking the skull, jaw and thigh bones to Tampa and gave them to Dr. Creighton, as he wanted to send them to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. We also gave him two petrified teeth and several rib bones that we found on the outside beach at Pass-a-Grille.

The teeth must have belonged to some very large animal, and they did not look like they had lain in the water very long, they were so bright and clear, and looked as if they had been polished. The roots of the teeth were plainly visible and the cups in them were very distinct and looked like they had never been used to masticate food. One of the teeth weighed two pounds, and the other one and three-quarters. The pieces of ribs were large and flat and not over fifteen inches long, and those who saw them claimed that they were from some family of the sea cow.

Game On the Point.

In writing up this little narrative I must not omit telling about the game that abounded in this section before and for some time after the Civil War. There were deer, bear, 'coons, 'possums, rabbits, squirrels, turkeys, geese, ducks, whooping cranes, blue and white cranes, curlew, quail, plover, snipe, etc. Besides these there were panthers and wildcats by the hundreds, and 'gators just as plentiful. All one had to do was to load his gun and go off from his enclosure, so as not to shoot any of his family, and kill a turkey or some other kind of game for dinner.

Quail was game that we never wasted ammunition on. We would sometimes catch them in rabbit traps and turn them loose. And snipe was too small game to tinker with. I have stood on my porch and shot turkeys while eating my tomatoes. In duck season I would often kill at my water-front landing enough to keep my family a day or two. Deer frequently swam across the bayou. I overtook one crossing one day and knocked it in the head with my oar, and my brother killed one with his hatchet.

The goose pond, about four miles northwest of the Bayou, was a noted place for geese in their season, as was also a sand flat northeast of Boca Ceiga Pass, that is dry nearly all winter. I have seen these flats literally covered with geese, possibly a thousand or more. Geese were not as easily killed as other game. They were always on the lookout for danger, so it was a very difficult thing to get near enough to kill more than a couple at a shot, though my partner, Anderson Woods, once killed five.

We never in those days killed game for profit or for the fun of it, as has been done in later years, but just what was absolutely necessary for home consumption. When I first settled here the bears, panthers, wildcats and 'gators preyed

upon the hogs to such an extent that we had to wage a war of extermination on them. They not only cleaned up the pigs, but they killed the stock hogs; so in the fall of 1860 myself, Abel Miranda, Jas. R. Hay and Andy Woods decided we would turn out and clean up some of them. Miranda, Woods and I killed in November and December ten bear and captured three out of the fourteen we sighted. The other outgeneraled us and made his escape. In that hunt we also killed eleven cats, three panthers. Hay killed thirty-seven cats alone, as he had good cat dogs, and he just hunted for cats, though he would kill any other kind of animal that preyed on stock if it crossed his path.

I do not remember just how many 'gators we killed in the two months' hunt, but I do know that we killed every one directly in our section that had a den in the creeks or marshes at the hog crossings, and a good many that we came across in the woods while hunting game. We also killed bear, cats and panthers before and after the Civil War, but we never turned out before this for a general massacre. After the Civil War bear and panthers were very scarce, but the cats and 'gators had multiplied very fast during the years of the war.

Our section was full of game for a long time after the war, and there would be plenty of game now if it had not been for the murderous guns in the hands of brainless pot-hunters that slaughtered everything that had hair and feathers on it. There were plume and song birds of every description that the Creator had placed here to beautify and adorn Man's Paradise, but the lawless marauders just about destroyed everything that came in reach of their powder and lead.

The worst scourge that ever came to Point Pinellas was one Chevalier, a Frenchman, from Montreal, Canada, who located just west of Point Maximo for the purpose of killing birds for the plumes, feathers and skins.

I don't know how many birds Chevalier and his ruthless gang slaughtered during the three years he remained on the Point; for he brought a gang with him with a complete outfit for the murderous business. I know it was well into the thousands. Even the harmless pelicans came in for a share of powder and lead. Their wallets were made into tobacco pouches.

Two of Chevalier's agents, Pocket and Tetu, told me that one season they got 11,000 skins and plumes and 30,000 birds' eggs, and with a force of eleven men with blow-pipes it was impossible to blow the contents out of more than one-half of these eggs before they were spoiled.. Then they had to peck holes in the ends of the balance and spread them out over the face of creation for the ants to do the rest. That was the greatest destruction of the feathered tribe at any time during the three years.

Chevalier would not have remained here in the Point had not some of our settlers aided him in his nefarious work, from the fact that the hirelings he brought with him were ignorant of the bird rookeries on the land, and as they knew nothing about boats, could not hunt on the islands. But as some of the settlers enlisted in his hellish cause, then the war of extermination was waged on everything that had hide or feathers.

I was told by one of Chevalier's pilots, or bird butchers, that he piloted some of the gang to a rookery at the head of Long Bayou in nesting time and killed over 1,000 plume birds, and he said that about ten days after, while passing by the rookery, the sight and stench of the dead birds was sickening. The heads and necks of the young birds were hanging out of the nests by the hundreds. They had killed the mother birds and their young had died of sheer starvation. "I am done bird hunting forever," said he. Did he

stick to his resolve? Not much! In less than one year he was on the warpath again.

I have heard it said that alligators would fill up in the summer time with pine knots and keep fat all fall and winter on them. I do not know if it is so or not. I know that I've disemboweled a good many of them, and I never found any pine knots in them. I've found leather-back turtles, and ducks also. And I never found any hogs or pigs in any I have opened, but I knew they caught them, all the same, for I've seen them do it twice in my life, and happened to be near enough to checkmate them and get 'gator and porker, too.

Pleasures of the Pioneers.

I must not omit letting my readers know about the good, enjoyable times that myself, Miranda, Leonardy and Bell, with our families, used to have on the islands, just after the war, we being the only settlers at or near the Bayou at the time.

Turtle-egging, bird-egging, 'coon and deer hunting was the sport. In May, when the turtles and birds began to lay we would fit out for a week's cruise and go on the south side of Edgar's Island—Pine Key—and pitch camp on the extreme point of sand beach under some pine and oak trees that afforded a very nice shade. We would take one day to hunt 'coon and deer, one day to egg hunt and get stone crabs, one day for shelling on the sandbank off Pass-a-Grille, just to while away the time, as we did not wish to deer and egg hunt every day.

We never killed more deer on a hunt than our four families could use. The most we ever killed on any one cruise was eight in five days—five bucks and three does. The

deer on the islands were a great deal larger than those on the mainland, besides they were fatter and the meat better flavored.

In getting birds' eggs we would rob only the nests containing a single egg, as they were fresh and plentiful; and we would always leave from fifteen to twenty turtles' eggs in the nest to hatch.

We killed most of the deer on Hammett's Key, though there was better hunting on Pass-a-Grille and one of the best camp grounds on the West Coast. It seemed as if Nature designed it for just such a purpose. But the harbor and anchorage in front of it were bad for small boats. The tide runs very strong and when the wind is blowing from the northeast small boats have to go up the bayou.

The first dock was built by George Faulkner, and in the rear of it was the camp ground, which was first used for this purpose by the Spanish smack fishermen in the forties. It was about sixty feet square, in a cluster of cabbage palms, three or four tiers deep. Whether the smack men thinned out the palms or whether it was a natural opening, I never heard say. All I knew about it was that it was a lovely spot for camping.

The smack men used to take their smacks there to clean them while waiting for a load of fish from the ranches. There is some of their old pebble ballast lying on the water there yet. They had a well dug in the rear of the camp, walled up with horse-conch shells, but the gale of '48, when it overflowed the key, filled the well up with sand, and it remained so until 1857, when one John Gomez, a Spaniard, who knew where it was, cleaned it out. Gomez carried lumber there from Tampa and built tables and benches and put everything in good shape. He had a fine boat and took parties there on excursions.

Before the war we did most of our camping and hunting at Pass-a-Grille on account of that good well of water and the camp ground. Besides there were more deer on Long Key than on the others, it being so much larger than the other keys. Yes, and there were more rattlers on it than on all the other keys put together. There were so many rattlers and moccasins in that mangrove swamp near the camp that we would never hunt in it; in fact, I don't think the deer ever went in it because of the snakes, as we never saw any signs of their having been in it, though we always saw plenty of tracks passing and repassing on either side of the swamp. I have hunted that key the odd time and if I ever failed to kill a rattler on each and every hunt I don't remember it. And I have killed as high as three in a single day's hunt. I have hunted on every island from Cape Sable to Anclote, and Pass-a-Grille, or Long Key, beats them all for rattlers. And it is very remarkable that in the twenty-five years of hunting, off and on, I never lost a dog from a rattler's bite; and I have had sometimes as many as seven dogs on a camp hunt.

During the Seminole War of '56-7 Capt. Duke, of the steamer Gray Cloud, took on board at Tampa about forty hogs for troops at Fort Myers. When he got off Mullet Key it was so stormy that he anchored there for four days. In the meantime the hogs became so unruly and troublesome that he dumped them all overboard. The most of them made a landing, but some did not fare so well.

While the Gray Cloud lay stormbound at Mullet Key Captain Duke gave permission to one Sampson, a negro, employed by the Government as interpreter for the Indians at Fort Myers, to go on shore for a hunt, and here is what he killed in the one day's hunt: Eight large rattlers, which he stretched out on the beach. I did not see the snakes, but

I heard Captain Duke tell it for a fact. Now, I have hunted Mullet Key the odd time, night and day, through thick and thin, driving, sneak and fire hunting, and never killed or saw a rattler on it, though I knew they were there, as I would often see their trails; but I have had pretty good luck on Egmont killing rattlers, as it was a noted hole for them.

Sampson, the negro interpreter, was captured by the Indians when quite a boy and lived with them until the war of '37-8, when he quit the tribe, came to Tampa, and offered his services to General Brooke, commandant of the post, as guide, spy and interpreter for the command. He was allowed to squat on the Government reservation, whilst there was war with the Indians, and after its close General Brooke secured a grant from the Government for five acres of the reservation for services rendered. After the close of the Civil War Louis Bell, a Confederate veteran, bought Sampson's claim for \$25 and a yoke of oxen and wagon. The Bells own some of the property yet.

I must now tell you what became of the hogs that were thrown overboard from the Gray Cloud. Some of them drowned, but the most of them made a safe landing and multiplied rapidly. Before the outbreak of the Civil War I often went to Mullet Key to hunt deer, and in the meantime would kill a couple of good fat shoats whilst I was idle. There would sometimes be as many as twenty hogs in a drove feeding on the sand flats, same as the 'coons. The 'gators must have fared pretty well on them, for there were lots of bones around their dens. But they had worse enemies than the 'gators during the Civil War, for the refugees exterminated them for the blockading fleet at Egmont. After the close of the war I hunted on Mullet Key again, but never saw a sign of a hog.

In '49 Captain Joe Lowe, while on his way from Key West to the sponge banks, landed several head of stock hogs

on Sanibel Island, knowing that they would soon accumulate, and himself as well as the other spongers on their outward-bound trips could stop there and lay in a supply of fresh pork for the cruise. In '56 and '57, whilst I was with Captain John Alderslade carrying beef cattle from Tampa and Manatee to Kew West for the market, he would often stop there to get a porker or two, and at the same time have a deer hunt, as they were very plentiful, as were the hogs also. On the southeast end of the island there were several acres of coco-plum bushes that grew from two to four feet high, which in the summer months would be loaded with fruit. There were two kinds, the white and the blue, but they were one and the same fruit. They were about the size of the ordinary peach, with but one seed, and would last about as long as palmetto mast. They were a very fine fruit and the hogs were very fond of them, as were also the 'coons; possibly the deer liked them, too, as there would be plenty of tracks through the grove.

The Gale of '48 and Changes Along the Coast.

The gale that destroyed everything in its track along the West Coast in 1848, among other things, washed down the lighthouse on Egmont Key. When the lightkeeper, Marvel Edwards, saw that the tide was going to overflow the island and that it was already two feet deep around the dwelling, he placed his family in his boat and waded with it to the middle of the isle and secured it to the palmettos until the gale was over.

The tide rose so high that it went over the window sills of the old brick dwelling that was built at the same time that the lighthouse was, and has been the home for every lightkeeper from that to the present time. The dwelling when

first built was of one story with a cellar and cistern underneath. When the new lighthouse was built another story was added to the dwelling.

Every island from Sanibel to Bayport was overflowed in the '48 gale, and many new passes were made by it through the islands. For instance, Longboat inlet and several small passes between there and Big Sarasota; also John's Pass. Before the gale Passage Key had a heavy growth of timber on it, but the gale swept it all off and cut a channel into the swamp that was on it, so that in 1849 my father, while oiling and turtling in the bay, used to anchor his schooner of eight tons in there, as it made a very snug harbor for small shipping drawing up to three feet of water. The islands have washed away a great deal in places since 1848.

The northwest side of Mullet Key before the gale, from the north point to within a half mile of the south point, was a solid cabbage hammock with three large buttonwood swamps on the north point, but that gale broke away the foundation and the land has gradually washed away, including the cabbage trees and swamps.

The gale was also the cause of the washing away of several sand keys between Mullet Key and Pass-a-Grille. One of these was of about one and a half acres in extent in 1849, and was well nigh covered with buttonwood, mangrove and bay cedars. The laughing gulls and shearwaters used to lay their eggs there, and it was known as Panama Key. After the war, some northern smack fishermen established a ranch there to catch mullet and bottom fish for the Cuban market. They never made a success of it from the fact that the sharks cut their nets so badly that they had to quit. There is nothing now remaining of the key but a sand flat.

The sand key on the northwest side of Pass-a-Grille channel, before and for a long time after the war, was on

the southeast side of it. There were several acres in this key, with black and white buttonwood and mangrove growing on the inside of the southeast point; the rest of the key was well covered with a very thick growth of bay cedar. At the east end of the key was a bend, or horseshoe, with five feet of water, making a fine harbor for small craft. It was a great place for bird and turtle eggs.

On the southeast point of Pass-a-Grille in those years also was a pond with buttonwood and mangrove growing on its borders that was seventy-five or one hundred feet from tide water. There was a very large 'gator that had his den in this pond and myself and partner decided to kill him, which was not so easily done, for the reason that he would go in and out of the pond only at night. We tried to fire hunt him, but never could find him. So one bright, still, moonlight night we took our stand near his trail. We did not have long to wait—possibly half an hour—before he made his appearance, crossing the beach from the water to the pond. When he came near to our hiding place we stepped out from ambush and filled his 'gatorship full of "blue whistles."

I did not expect to ever tell any 'gator yarns, consequently did not weigh or measure him, but he was a very large one all the same. The next largest 'gator that I ever saw had his den on the bird rookery at the Boca Ceiga, or northwest end of Long Key. Myself and comrade could never get near enough to kill him with buckshot. We shot at his head a great many times while swimming in the channel, but never could kill him. From his size he must have been an old resider, or else he must have taken advantage of the flood to get there from the River Ganges.

Well, I will now go back and take up the thread of my discourse. The next part of Long Key to wash away was

the west end. It was a very high ridge of sand beach of about twenty acres, covered with a heavy growth of bay cedar. It was a noted place for turtle and gull eggs. There were also three large duck and goose ponds a little southeast of the ridge, where I often killed ducks, but I have been told recently that two of the ponds are entirely washed away and that the gulf waters ebb and flow in the remaining one, and that the high ridge of beach will soon be a thing of the past. The next key between Long Key and John's Pass was also high and dry, but it has washed away so much that there were several small, shallow channels cut through it when I last visited the place.

Stump Pass, south of Big Sarasota, was made by the '48 gale, as was also the pass below Little Sarasota, known as Sarah's, or Casey's Pass.

Early Highways.

The first road to this section was made by the Old Tampa stockmen from the John Taylor place to the James R. Hay place, now known as the Farrand Grove, in 1856. In 1857 Hay continued it on just east of Salt Lake to Big Bayou. In 1868 John L. Branch cut a road from what is now the Foster Grove to intersect the "Old Tampa Road," as it was afterward called, about eight miles north of the Farrand Grove. The people of Pinellas traveled this road very often from the fact that Old Tampa was headquarters for schools, churches, voting, entertainments, speech-making and such like, just after the war.

Seminole War Experiences.

During the Seminole War of 1856-7, while mate on one of the Government steamers, the "Texas Ranger," then

plying between Tampa and Fort Myers for the purpose of transporting troops and munitions of war, I had a very good opportunity of seeing quite a number of the braves, their squaws and little papposes, captured or surrendered, that were being shipped on our boat as prisoners of war from Fort Myers to Egmont Key, which was their prison until sent West to the reservation. All the prisoners were well guarded while on the boat, and on arrival at Egmont they were turned over to the commandant of the post for safe-keeping; and they were safe when once on the island, for no boats were allowed to be kept there and none to land, day or night, under any conditions whatever.

The Indians were very quiet and orderly while prisoners on the boat, but just as soon as they landed and met their relatives all order and quiet was turned into war whoops, weeping, dancing and yelling like wild beasts.

Soon after the war began the Government saw there was no possible chance of compelling the Indians to surrender and leave the State, by use of the regular troops alone, so it issued a call for volunteers, some for infantry, some for cavalry and some for boat service. The latter were to go through the Everglades, find the homes, capture the women and children, destroy their gardens and keep the men on the move so they could not do any farming.

These boatmen had very large metallic boats, that would carry sixteen to twenty men with all their outfit. They were built for going through the sawgrass, so as to penetrate to the islands and swamps in the Everglades. These boat companies did the hardest and most efficient service. Without them the Indians would never have surrendered; and they received the least pay and no pension for their services.

During the early part of the war the Government sent out West to the reservation and had Jim Jumper, head chief of the Seminoles, and some others of the tribe brought to Tampa for the purpose of meeting Billy Bowlegs, the second chief, and trying to induce him to give up and go back with them to the reservation. But Billy refused to leave his home, so Jumper accomplished nothing.

I saw the delegation when it arrived in Tampa. They were fine looking men, but their style of dress was most amusing. Chief Jumper wore a high crown black beaver hat, a pair of brogan shoes, striped ticking pants, red top shirt and a blue blouse, and the rest were dressed about as comically. Some would have on soldier shoes, pants and blouse and red shirt and turban; others brogan shoes, soldier pants, white flannel army shirts, striped coat and straw hat; others would have on shoes, buckskin pants, red or white shirt and a "Joseph's coat" of many colors, topped out with a turban or striped cloth. It appeared as if each one dressed according to his own particular fancy.

They were first sent to Fort Myers on our boat, and from there to Marco. From there we went with steamer several miles inland until we came to shallow water. We then took the boats and went several miles farther before we could land them dry-footed. We then returned to the steamer in double-quick time; for it was no place for sailors among those mangrove islands. As soon as we got on board we steamed for Fort Myers, glad to get to sea again, out of reach of the scalping knife.

Our steamer was often ordered into critical positions. Sometimes we were sent up the Caloosahatchee River from Fort Myers to Fort Deno. The Caloosahatchee was a very unsafe river to navigate, on account of its narrowness, as also its crookedness. We were ordered to Fort Deno once

after a freshet, with supplies for the fort. When we got to where the river was very crooked we had to go under slow speed, and though the boat had a double engine and was a side-wheeler, and could back on one wheel and go ahead on the other, it did not save her from being swept broadside by the current into a large oak tree that smashed two state rooms and a part of the dining room on the upper deck; and it took quite a long time to cut away the oak and get the boat clear of it.

I have often thought of the risk taken in running up that river without any protection whatever, with no guard on the boat, and no guns of any kind for the crew, in case they were attacked by the redskins. If they had attacked us there would not have been a man left to tell the tale.

CHAPTER V.

Early Business Centers. Pinellas Village.

In concluding this historical sketch of the lower Point it will not be amiss to say something about the little town of Pinellas — Big Bayou — of bygone days, as it was instrumental in building up the Point from Maximo to Lealman, simply because it did a very large business and was headquarters for all this section, including Lealman, Largo and the John's Pass country.

And, first, a word about the location of the village. Big Bayou—Pinellas—has one of the best natural harbors for small shipping from twenty-five tons down to skiff boats, anywhere on the West Coast, from Tampa to Clearwater; there is ample room with a depth of from four to eight feet of water for five hundred of the above class to ride at anchor in stormy weather in perfect safety. It is so land-and-bank locked as not to be exposed to the heavy seas and full force of wind encountered in the open.

From the channel entrance, or bar, to the head of the Bayou is about one and a half miles and its greatest width about a half mile. In spring there is four and a half feet on the bar at mean high water, but in summer tides, when the wind is south, there is six feet. Some of the lumber schooners have come in drawing five feet eight inches and discharged their cargoes at my dock. The Cecilia, the Peerless and the Simpson were schooners of twenty-five tons that used to rendezvous in the Bayou, and the schooner Venice of thirty tons, partly owned by Judge Benton, used to run the blockade from Tampa to the Bayou during the yellow fever time

with goods for the merchants here; and these same vessels drew from four to five feet of water.

After Mr. Sterling built the Hotel San Jose and got it in running order, we had excursions from Tampa just as they now have to Pass-a-Grille. Every Sunday the steamer Sadie or the steamer Alafia came in with a crowd. The Bayou in those days was not only a first-class business place, but a place for sport, fun and frolic, and every one, citizen and transient, enjoyed it. The day will come when Pinellas will flourish again, but those good days of yore will never return.

Thomas Sterling and General Williams arranged to appropriate \$1,500 to jetty the channel so as to turn all the water from the Bayou into the main channel, which would have been all that was necessary to clean it out and keep it so. Charles Rouff and Judge Benton were to superintend the construction and the scheme would have been carried out, but some one of the parties most interested was informed that such an undertaking would be detrimental to the business interests of St. Petersburg, and the matter was dropped. Modern methods as used in Bayboro will yet make Big Bayou the favorite harbor of the Point.

But to return to my story. It was some time after I came back to Pinellas before home-seekers began to put in an appearance, and then they were few and far between, like angels' visits. I had here, on the north side of the Bayou, one hundred and twelve acres of land in a body, lying beautifully and with a fine waterfront. I wanted neighbors more than I wanted acres, and so I decided to sell or barter some of my lands at a small price so as to induce people to settle at the Bayou. And this is the way I sold it:

First, I traded two acres on the Bayou to William P. Neeld for five acres on the rock road near Tangerine Avenue;

then sold this five acres to Miller Neeld for \$10 cash and ten bushels of sweet potatoes, then worth 40 cents a bushel. Next I sold four acres to John P. Andreu for \$20. I then sold sixty acres for \$250 to one Lyons in Tampa, who afterwards sold it to Thomas Sterrling for \$1,000. Sterling then sold ten or fifteen acres to parties for homes, some of whom located and made good improvements. Later on he sold his remaining lands, with all improvements, to a syndicate of Jesuits for \$10,000, including \$1,000 paid John B. Walton for making the deal, and the purchase of the smaller claims made the sixty acres cost them something over \$15,000. I then traded fifteen acres, now the Kempe property, to Captain Adolphus Russell for an old sloop that was worth about \$75. I bought my land from private parties, so the one hundred and twelve acres cost me \$590, but I got the most desirable location, with the best water front on the Bayou.

When the town first started the growth was slow, owing to the fact that it was just after the war, and no building material to be had nearer than Pensacola, consequently was very difficult to obtain, until a line of schooners from that place opened up a trade with the town. Also the settlers were dependent upon Tampa for their other supplies, until R. E. Neeld opened a store for the people's needs—the first store in the section. The next to open a business place was Vincent Leonardy. It was then that Pinellas began to flourish; and it is surprising what a large business was carried on in so small a town a little later on.

The first shipment of farm products was made before there was any established place of business in the village. This consisted of two hundred crates of vegetables, mostly tomatoes, and six hundred crates of oranges.

The first store, R. E. Neeld's, sold groceries only; Vincent Leonardy, groceries and dry goods. A little later on John T. Sloan opened up groceries, shoes, dry goods, hardware, oils, stock feed, wholesale and retail; Simon Bell, groceries and feed, wholesale and retail; E. R. Ward, a general assortment, wholesale and retail; James W. Harris, the same; E. P. Grubb, the same; John A. Bethell, groceries, feed and hardware, wholesale and retail.

Ward, Bethell and Grubb supplied the contractors who built the Orange Belt R. R. with about all the provisions and other goods they needed.

In conclusion, I will say something about the Pinellas post office, which was established in 1876. It was the oldest office on the West Coast. William H. Benton was the first postmaster, but at the expiration of six months, resigned in favor of John A. Bethell, who then held the office fourteen years and four months, when R. E. Neeld was appointed postmaster under President Harrison's administration. At the end of one year he resigned in favor of Mary E. Bethell, who also resigned at the expiration of two years in favor of Mrs. S. C. Bethell, the last to hold the office. She served a term of thirteen years, then tendered her resignation to the Post Office Department, and as no one would take the office it was finally discontinued.

Before St. Petersburg opened up the office did quite a business. The cancellations amounted to about \$74 a quarter and sales to over \$100. The oldest settler in Point Pinellas is John A. Bethell, and he holds a draft on the Post Office Department for four cents, due him in settlement for services as postmaster during the fourteen years and four months as above stated—next to the smallest draft on record, which was for one cent to Grover Cleveland. The largest

ever issued, as I have been told, was for \$17,000,000, to the Vanderbilts.

In 1885 J. R. Torres platted a townsite on the high bluff facing south on Boca Ceiga Bay, in Section 33, now included in Gulfport. Interested with him in furthering this enterprise were William B. Miranda, Joseph P. G. Watt and John R. Jones.

By the close of 1885 a lively boom had started, a number of houses had been built on the townsite, a large hotel on the waterfront, two or three stores, a substantial dock and warehouse, and an air of prosperity pervaded the community.

The hotel was fairly patronized from the start; several young Englishmen tourists were in evidence, with a prospect of more. Captain John T. Lesley, of Tampa, platted twenty acres adjoining the Torrest tract on the west, and by the spring of 1886 real estate in and around the new town was in brisk demand and at pretty stiff prices. During the winter a transportation company had been organized and the steamer Mistletoe put on the run between the port and Tampa.

The town had been named "Disston City," in honor of Henry Disston, whose big purchase of Florida State lands included many acres in the vicinity. Unfortunately, the existence of a little country postoffice in the neighborhood of Tampa by the name of "Diston" made "Disston City" objectionable to the Post Office Department, as a name for the post office, and it was known as "Bonifacio" in mail matters until 1890, when the Diston post office having been discontinued, town and post office alike became Disston City.

The real estate office of W. B. Miranda, Jones and Watt was a lively place in those days. Miranda was a man of great energy and was possessed of a lively imagination,

as all pushing men of affairs are wont to be. And if his schemes could have been materialized the lower end of this peninsula might have had a far different history as a result.

In his fertile brain the little village plat on Boca Ceiga Bay soon became simply the nucleus of a Greater Disston, which should cover all the available advantages of the Point. It was, maybe, a dream, but a dream that is likely to become, under another name, a grand reality in the years that are before us.

In conjunction with several large outside landholders, he planned the platting of practically all the south end of the peninsula from Paul's Landing to John's Pass into five and ten-acre lots with wide streets and avenues and a grand boulevard along the entire waterfront. The greater part of these lands was actually surveyed and platted, where the owners consented and put up the funds, and many of the squared stakes are still to be found that marked the platted lines and avenues. General Williams and several other land owners did not go into the scheme.

As long as Miranda could control the funds "Greater Disston" boomed. Big lithograph maps of the greater city were issued, which, together with a variety of lesser literature, were scattered liberally abroad. An English settler was my authority for the statement that "next to New York and New Orleans, Disston City was the best known place in America as far as London was concerned!"

In those young days of the town of Disston mass meetings of the populace were extremely prevalent, in which, whatever the matter in hand, Citizen Torres inevitably bobbed up with a lot of strongly worded "resolutions." And he carried off his part well. Railroads were planned—on paper. Water transportation lines were organized—without capital. Flying machines were not in the air at that time, but if they

had been whole fleets of them — in imagination — would have swarmed around the young town. Unfortunately, everything else was mostly "in the air," and stayed there! But so carried away with their visions of their future greatness were these promoters and the people generally, that even sleepy old Tampa, which was just beginning to wake from a Rip Van Winkle state of repose, began to sit up and take notice, and exhibited unmistakable signs of jealousy of her enterprising neighbor.

In the spring of 1886 there were three mercantile establishments in Disston. J. R. Torres carried a stock of general merchandise, mostly groceries. He also ran the post office in connection, being its first postmaster. H. E. Baumeister carried dry goods and hardware, principally, and R. L. Locke, an English resident, trafficked in groceries.

In the same spring Will McPherson brought in a small job press and type outfit and began the publication of the first newspaper ever issued on the Point. At first it was a simple kind of hand-bill affair, it being Will's first attempt at the "delineation of the art preservative." Later, in June, by the assistance of G. W. Bennnett, an old newspaper man, it was thrown into regular newspaper form and presented a very neat appearance, and was indeed no slouch of a country journal. Will named it the "Sea Breeze," and as there happened to be no type in the office suitable for a head, Bennett selected a chunk of black mangrove from the woodpile, worked it down type high, and cut a head specially for the paper. This "head" and a file of the "Sea Breeze" are yet in the possession of Mr. McPherson.

After a year or more the concern was transferred to the hands of Messrs. L. M. Longstreth and R. E. Neeld, who changed the name to the "Express." It died I think of yellow fever soon after.

For, in 1887 and 1888, yellow fever prevailed in Tampa, during which time the Point was closely quarantined. This in itself would make a full and interesting chapter in this narrative. The fever never existed on the Point—the microbes couldn't catch on here—but business was paralyzed; the boom languished, and the coming of the railroad and birth of St. Petersburg were the death knell of Disston.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival of the Railroad and Birth of St. Petersburg.

In the early part of 1887 it began to look as if the long expected railroad was about to materialize. There were rumors to the effect that a certain Silver Springs, Ocala & Gulf Coast line was heading in our direction and would strike tidewater somewhere on the lower Point. By and by came parties connected with the enterprise to look over the situation and decide on a terminus.

The site of St. Petersburg, with General Williams behind it, was a very potent argument. Surveyors followed. Lines were run here and there and various routes were proposed.

Eventually the S., S., O. & G. got a franchise for a line down the coast by way of Clearwater and Seminole to Mullet Key, with a side line to St. Petersburg. A tract of land on the Williams waterfront was cleared and made ready for the road. The road got tired before it reached the coast, but Mr. Plant kept the franchise alive for years after he absorbed the uncompleted line.

About the same time came the redoubtable Russian hustler, "Uncle Pete," and General Williams made room for his proposition. And St. Petersburg took name and shape and the little narrow gauge Orange Belt R. R., now the Sanford and St. Petersburg branch of the Atlantic Coast Line, was the result. This line was built and the dock completed in December, 1888. With this achievement ends the scope of this little history.

I have aimed to lay a foundation for future historians to build upon. The fast thinning ranks of the earliest set-

ters seemed to make it advisable that the attempt should be made to put into shape for preservation some reliable account of the events of which there had hitherto been no written or printed record made. But at the urgent request of some of my friends I have done my best to preserve herein such happenings as have come under my personal observation, as well as such other incidents as have been gathered from reliable sources during the more than half century that my home has been in this section. In doing so I have tried to make it a truthful record without any coloring of falsehood whatever.

THE END