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Early Recollections of  
- Minnie Titus Ensey -  
youngest daughter of  
Colonel Henry Theodore Titus  
as told to her daughter,  
Fedora Ensey Gray

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MINNIE TITBS ENSEY, Youngest Daughter  
of Colonel Henry Theodore Titus, as Told to Her Daughter  
Fedora Ensey Gray. [1945]

I am now an old lady and many years have passed since my birth in Jacksonville, Florida, April 29, 1862. I was born there during the Civil War. Our home was in Jamaica, L. I., but my father liked the south and, as he was beginning to suffer from recurring attacks of rheumatism, the warmer climate was more suited to him. He was born in Trenton, N. J., Feb. 13, 1822. He died in Titusville, Florida, August 7, 1881, age of 59 years. Mother was Mary Evelina Hopkins, daughter of General Edward Hopkins. She was born at St. Marys, Georgia, Dec. 23, 1832. She and Daddy were married at Darien, Ga., March 2, 1852.

His was an adventure loving nature and danger and excitement seemed to be his element. I suppose I may be pardoned in stating he was very handsome and commanding in appearance, with dark brown eyes and hair; standing well over six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds, very graceful and agile, he delighted in an active life. It was his adventurous nature which led him to join the Lopez Expedition to Cuba, where they landed at Cardenas and held the town some time. The people failed to rise to their support and they were forced to leave in the Pampero, being chased by a Spanish gun-boat nearly into Key West. They had to burn everything combustible on board, including the bacon. Daddy said they escaped by a narrow margin. <sup>Lopez</sup> Lopez had gone into the interior to rouse the people, but they did not respond. He made another attempt but was chased back into the St. Johns River by government boats and the Pampero taken. Nearly everyone was sympathetic to Cuba so there wasn't much danger of getting into serious trouble trying to help her.

Daddy was a northern man and never owned a slave in his life, but he espoused the southern cause and went to Kansas with a number of Southern men, I think about 1856. My mother went also and they were in the thick of things there. I remember hearing my father tell of having John Brown's sons as prisoners and of feeling sorry for them and letting them ride mules unbound, upon their promise not to try to escape, but the first chance they got they were off. He also told of an officer coming in and spitting on him as he was lying on the floor wounded. He was wounded by a minnie ball, which came out just before he died in a large abscess. It was while he was in Kansas his rheumatic condition made its first appearance, which was finally to cripple him and cause his death at the age of 59. His thumb was never shot off as some have related.

He was in Florida during the Civil War and served with his father-in-law, Colonel Hopkins, the latter being in command of the 4th Florida Regiment, stationed for coast defense, at St. Vincent's Island, St. Marks and Cedar Keys. (From genealogy of Hopkins Family.) Later Colonel Hopkins was made Brig. Gen. of State troops in command of 41st Florida.

After the war, while staying in Madison, Florida, he met and established friendship with one Judge Payne, from Fort Capron, now Fort Pierce. He gave my father glowing accounts of that part of the country and the money that could be made in canning oysters and green turtle. Fired with his enthusiasm, my father, upon his return to New York, formed a company and put his dreams into action. They finally purchased an old blockade runner that had been used by the South during the Civil War. I think the boat was the Florida, sister ship of the Alabama. We had the flags that were on her but they were lost. She was light-drafted so she could enter the inlet at Fort Capron, but still retained the cannon. I do not remember how many formed the company, or their names. At Fort Capron they built a cannery to can oysters, green turtle, etc., to be

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sold in the north. My father, mother and four children made the first trip down from New York on the "Indian River", which was the new name of the old blockade runner. This was late in 1865 or early 1866, as I was three years old at the time and was born April 29, 1862. The trip was pleasant and uneventful, until we reached Indian River Inlet at Fort Capron. Before entering the inlet the Captain sent men in to sound the bar to see if there was enough water to com in. They rowed back and said there was "plenty"---evidently the tide was going out, for when the ship was headed in she ran aground on the bar. The Captain asked my father what to do and my father, who was ill with another rheumatic attack, replied "You are the Captain, I leave it to your judgment". Immediately the Captain ordered "full speed ahead", thinking to force her through, but the results were disastrous and she was driven farther on the bar from which she was never released, although a wrecking crew was sent from New York to see if possible to get her off. Seeing she was too deeply imbedded in the sand, to back off, my father had a small launch lowered and abandoned ship, reaching shore in the boat, leaving the Indian River to her fate. For many years at low tide the remains of her hull could be seen and a few years ago the cannon were salvaged and now adorn the Fort Pierce park, supposedly the cannon from a pirate ship, but in reality the only part of the old "Indian River" to ever reach land. They were encrusted with barnacles and rust, but a mute reminder of days of yore when the South sought to break the blockade and when the company's dream of a fortune to be made in "oysters and green turtle" was buried in the sea.

After reaching land, to finish what might be left of his dream, the cannery caught fire and went up in smoke, leaving only some cans and burned machinery to attest to his vision of future prosperity. The Insurance Company they were insured with failed also, so the venture was a total loss.

While there, waiting for my father to become well enough to travel, I have a vivid recollection, though only three years old, of seeing the Indians coming in and driving their hogs for us to buy. It seems that the squaws did this, but I don't know how and it always seemed to happen at sundown. The men would come in the dining room while we were eating and sit down on the table. They would eat anything my mother gave them, but their manners left much to be desired and I was very afraid of them.

Another memory of Ft. Capron still lingers with me at eighty-three. One morning I arose early and went down to the shore where I saw the most beautiful pink bird I had ever beheld, standing on the shore. He seemed rather tame, as I remember, and let me admire him. I was told it was a pink curlew.

When my father had recovered from his rheumatic attack, he bought a sailing vessel called the "Live Yankee". She had two sails and a crew so we started northward, sailing up the Indian River. When night came we anchored and went ashore, although the boat had bunks. We put up a large tent and slept on beds of green palmetto fans, covered with blankets and under mosquito bars. Sometimes bats would get under the bars and give us a scare.

One night the tent fell down and the center pole just missed my father; being a large tent the pole was large and had it struck him, he would, in all probability, have been hurt, if not killed.

We sailed on up the Indian River, enjoying the beautiful, though wild country, and the clear water of this inland waterway. Then the water was very clear and the beaches were of snowy white sand with the green foliage of the trees on either side, and the blue sky above, and the ever changing cloud formations made indeed, a wonderful picture to northern eyes. Many birds were in evidence, too, the osprey or fish hawks and the bald eagle with numerous heron, besides others unknown to us, and the water held many species of fish, many of them we

had never seen before.

Early settlers were sparsely scattered, braving the hardship of pioneer life with fortitude and courage. Dwelling in their log houses, rearing their children with few advantages such as the city offers, but teaching them self reliance with love for the primary things of life. Wrestling a living from the land by means of the fruit and vegetables, they were able to grow and by hunting and fishing, there being no lack of game or fish. Some of these early settlers were men who fled their homes in other states because of some crime committed, to hide away in the wilds of Florida, but this type usually kept on the move and were in the minority.

Continuing up the Indian River to the Haulover, we sailed up the Halifax to New Smyrna and out the Inlet into the Atlantic and on to Jacksonville. We experienced some rough weather and I remember sleeping in an upper bunk when a wave broke over the boat, entering an open door, giving me a good ducking. After reaching Jacksonville, we took passage to New York. The following year, either 1866 or 1867, my father again returned to Florida, leaving his family in Jamaica, L. I. The cold of the north was not good for his rheumatism and the warmth and sunshine of Florida attracted him. He was a great sufferer by now, and spent many years in a wheel chair before his death. My mother owned a tract of land at what was then Sand Point, now Titusville. He conceived the idea of founding a town and opening that part of the Country. Sand Point was then in Volusia County, being changed to Brevard when the county was divided.

After about two years he sent for his family to join him in this new venture and share with him the hardship and privation of pioneer life. But also, and not least, to share his pleasure in achieving something worthwhile and satisfying in bringing to those so long shut off from such things, some of the benefits enjoyed by those living in towns and villages in more or less frequent contact with the outside world.

In those days to reach Titusville, we had to take a small tug boat out of Jacksonville, Florida for Salt Lake, the nearest landing to Sand Point, or Titusville, as we will now refer to it.

It took seven days to make the trip from Jacksonville down the St. Johns river and when we made the trip it was so rough when we crossed Lake George and the boat so small, the Captain had to ask some of us to sit on the other side, fearing the boat might capsize in the heavy seas if not evenly balanced.

Capt. Lund, an old pioneer, owned the boat line and later on ran a steamer down to Salt Lake once a week. He was well known and well liked by all, for his integrity and kindly ways.

On our arrival at Salt Lake we were met by mule teams and the wagons were driven out into the water to the boats, to allow the passengers to alight as the shore was muddy and boggy. After getting on the wagons with our luggage, we were driven across pine woods country, over a wagon road, to the new town of Titusville.

My mother's first exclamation, on reaching our new home, was, "look at the houses!". However, she soon adjusted herself to the change from comforts of city life and found the houses clean and more comfortable than she at first expected.

I was about five or six, I think, when I came and I can remember how I cried and wanted to go back, although I thought everything pretty. Old Capt. Hunter, who lived there, picked me up in his arms and took me into the store and tried to pacify my homesick heart with lemon crackers. One of the attractions to my childish eye was a little log cabin set in a plot of the greenest Bermuda grass I ever saw, where an old colored man was roasting a "possum for his supper". I stood by in curiosity at such, to me, unusual sight.

In those days there were no saw mills and the lumber had to be split out by hand and then allowed to dry in the sun.

It was not long though, before my father had a saw mill and one of the first houses he built for us was of red cedar. It was beautiful, I thought, and the floors were of narrow curled pin boards that were polished. Unfortunately though, soon after it was build, it burned down.

We had no lack of company for we had many friends in New York and elsewhere and they came to spend the winter and to hunt and fish as well as enjoy the climate. Lord and Lady Parker, from England, were among the visitors and slaughtered many of the numerous deer, taking their hides back to England and allowing the venison to go to waste.

The river at Titusville, is very wide and is called "Bay of Biscay". At this time it was teeming with fish of many kinds; bass, trout, mullet, and snook, being only a few.

Many kinds of wild duck wintered there and great rafts of them were on the water at all times during the winter. The river was beautiful, clear as crystal, and a beautiful white sand beach stretched for miles. Along the shore blue and white herons, Ibis, and other kindred birds could be seen, daily wading on their long legs, getting their meals by plying the fisherman's trade. The osprey was to be seen also, and the bald eagle. Just as plentiful was the wild life in wood and field. Bears, deer, wildcats, panthers, otters, raccoons, 'possums and smaller animals roamed in ever increasing numbers. It was a veritable poor man's paradise and flocks of wild turkeys were a common sight.

One morning on my way to a small country school where I received my early education, I met a head of deer, about 25 in all, I clapped my hands and gave a rebel yell and away they ran through the pines. Another time I met a big turkey gobbler and did so want to catch him but he flew away in the hammock when I came too near. Alligators were in the creek over which I crossed by a small bridge on my way to and from school, but I always ran when I saw them.



This was a private school maintained by Miss Maria Peckham and was about two miles back of Titusville. I usually walked to school but sometimes rode when the teams went to Enterprise. At recess time she had the girls learn to make patchwork quilts and do feather-stitching, which was useful in later life. I recall that on my way to Miss Maria's school a girl friend would tell me tall tales, which I believed. We had to pass a little hammock about a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile long and she told me it was full of panthers and bears ready to devour one. I used to run as fast as I could to get by this dreadful place. She also told me there were snakes that would roll up like a hoop and roll after you and take you up a tree and beat you to death. I never saw any of these creatures but was nevertheless afraid.

Miss Maria told us she met a large panther in the road but she took out her handkerchief and waved it up and down, which he watched for some time and finally slunk in the bushes.

Miss Maria's father was a jeweller in South Carolina, but they left everything and came to Florida in ox carts after the Civil War, as did many of the settlers back of Titusville, for they feared a negro uprising. This settlement was finally called LaGrange by Mr. Tom Johnson, I think. He also built the first church in LaGrange and on a trip north attended Mr. Moody's meetings and brought back a number of Moody and Sankey's hymnals. The cemetery is by the church where all the old timers are buried. Buildings were scarce in those days and this little church building was also used as a school and Mr. Adhemar Brady conducted it.

Many nice southern families had migrated there from the Carolinas, fearing as I previously mentioned, a negro uprising after the war. They traveled overland in ox carts. All lived in log houses and lived off the land, it being plentiful in game. They raised cassava, corn, sweet potatoes, cabbage, cow-peas, etc. They cut the cassava in to small pieces and parched it and after it was boiled, it was "coffee". Cassava was also

used in lieu of flour. The bud of the palmetto, was cooked and called "swamp cabbage". It tastes something like chestnuts when raw. They had scrub cattle and had to milk several to obtain a quart of milk. Mr. Peckham, I remember, had a lime grove.

The country around Titusville abounded in huckleberries, blueberries, gooseberries and bear berries. The latter being about as large as your thumbnail and sweet, growing on very low bushes. I was told gophers were fond of them because they were easy to reach, this being the case they should have been "gopher berries", but I suppose bears enjoyed them also, at any rate, there were plenty for all.

I might mention that gophers were a land turtle or large terrapin. They lived in holes they dug in the ground. Rattlesnakes sometimes kept them company in these holes, but I never found out if the gopher invited them or not, or if they left when the snakes came.

Gooseberries grew on high bushes, about the growth of a hibiscus, during all my berry picking I do not recall ever seeing a rattlesnake, although many were said to be in the woods and fields. I was so delighted to pick the luscious berries, snakes did not enter my mind and those days are still a pleasant memory.

The growth where Titusville stands was mainly pine and scrub palmetto. The pines were very tall and some were three feet or more in diameter. Often I could see eagle's nests in the tops.

During the first hurricane I ever experienced these giant pines were thrown down as though they were sticks. This must have been the hurricane Mrs. Rawlings writes of in her book the "Yearling". Captain Burnham, keeper of Canaveral Lighthouse at that time, said it was the first hurricane in fifty years. (My brother Georgethinks it was in 1873). A steamer was wrecked at the Cape Canaveral. She was the Ladona and

loaded with drygoods. The terrible wind and waves drove her ashore and the Captain was washed overboard and lost. The wreckage was strewn for miles. My father being underwriter's agent, had to salvage all he could and ship it. Much of it was stolen. The sailors came ashore and my father gave them food and clothing and money to pay their way back to New York. They wrote a letter about my father praising him for his courtesy and kindness. It was published in the New York Herald.

To return to the natural growth around Titusville, there were spots of richer land also, where palmetto and various hammock trees grew densely, almost a jungle with wild vines interlacing them and what is called "Spanish Moss" hanging in long festoons ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ from the limbs and branches of oaks and other trees. Red and green air plants grew in profusion on trees but the red variety were destroyed by the freeze of '86. Also the butterfly orchid was to be found, it's delicate flower, tan and lavender and purple, an added attraction for me. Maple trees and hickory also grew.

Sandpoint extended out into the bay a few hundred yards and was covered with a kind of hammock growth, mostly palmetto. Back of it was a marsh and back of that a dense hammock, now called North Titusville and then part of my father's holdings.

About two or three miles north of this point was a dense hammock, called Turnbull Hammock and later this very fertile land was planted to citrus and vegetable crops. The back country was high and rolling. Some of it pine land and some hammock and also swampy places.

To get back to Titusville, my father opened a store when he first came and had a line of staple groceries and supplies brought in which was of great benefit. He became tired of waiting for the steamer to visit Salt Lake once a week and established a "mule team" to connect Titusville with the St. Johns river steamer which ran from Jacksonville to Enterprise, which is located on Lake Monroe opposite to where Sanford now is.

This was a great help and the only transportation feasible because of the terrain and equipment available.

He also established a mail route and mail was carried on horseback. The distance covered was about forty miles and the horses had to swim two creeks on the trip. Water often came into the wagons of the mule teams as they crossed. Fortunately the creeks were not wide, about fifty feet. The mail left Titusville one day and returned the next.

He also established a route from Daytona to Jupiter, by sail boat, and mail was delivered once a week as it took a week to make the trip, if weather was good. These improvements may seem of small account and very primitive to our modern age, but I venture to say was greatly appreciated back in those rough pioneer days when men had to be men of backbone and courage to accomplish anything. The weaklings chose sifter spots.

He had a machine to make shingles and also all kinds of fancy canes, cups and saucers, and napkin rings out of the native wood. Ligum Bitae, crab wood, palmetto and black mangrove were among the woods used.

Will Lovehart was in charge of this work and the articles were sold in the north.

I remember there was a cedar hammock across Banana Creek, on the peninsula, on the north side of the creek. Daddy gave employment to many in clearing out the land and laying out the town building houses, etc.

He was a lover of beauty and Titusville still has wide streets which he beautified with shade trees and shrubs, bringing in hibiscus and other plants. Many of these died <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ the soil was poor and he had to trust others to carry out his plans. He found out later one man who supplied him with trees allowed the roots to be exposed to the sun purposely in order to have the job of replacing them. Those things are to be expected tho', I suppose, for all men are not honest. He had to direct

his work from a wheel chair, so could not be out as other men, to see what was going on.

He hired boats and sent down the Indian river to get shells for the streets. He planted sugar cane at Salt Lake but this was a loss when the hurricane came. We had men to hunt for us and always had plenty of game. Sometimes as many as 6 saddles of venison was brought in at once. What we could not use was given away. He had oysters brought up from Fort Capron and planted in the river to supply us. We had everything but fresh milk and ice. The people who lived there told him fine cattle would not live in Florida so he did not try them.

In order to get cold water he had 2 large stone jugs called Mexican monkeys. These were filled with water and hung in the wind; they were porous and had wet blankets around them and the wind blowing on them, the water was always cool.

The oldest orange grove was owned by Capt. Dummett at the head of the Indian river, on the peninsula. It was a very beautiful place and the oranges were considered of the best. After he died his children sold it to the Duke and Duchess of Castelluccia, who built and lived there during the winters. They maintained a retinue of servants.

My Aunts would visit us from New York and friends also came and brought their horses and dogs and tents to hunt and fish.

Pierre Lorriland, the tobacco merchant from N. Y. was one friend who visited my father and he had a fine horse. I loved horses and I recall that so intense was my desire to ride this horse that when Mr. Lorriland was ill, I mustered courage to go under his window and ask if I might ride. All he said was, "I like little girls on toast".

Daddy built the Titus House. It was first intended as a railroad station. The J.T. & K.W. built a tram road but it was a failure and he turned it into a hotel, adding 2 wings and a

piazza all around it. Twenty-four rooms in the wings were plastered first and then it was all plastered and furnished and rented to Col. Bowdeen of Enterprise and later on rented to Col. Nickels. After Col. Nickels gave it up, Daddy ran it for about a year and at the time of his death had plans for a large hotel.

My father being a northern man and coming here after the war, was of such a commanding personality, that men either hated or loved him. Many hated him without a cause. He never owned a slave but was a southern sympathizer. He spent his days in a wheel chair and was a great sufferer. Yet such was his character and courage that I never once heard him complain of his lot or blame the Almighty. Neither did he resort to drugs to deaden his pain, but when it was too severe, he would say, "God have mercy on my soul." His character and courage was such that he carried on daily, almost to the hour of his death, when lesser men would have given up. At his death his accounts were straight and all bills paid up.

He had an idea his rheumatism might have been caused or helped by his mother never letting him go barefoot as a child, so he insisted we go barefoot part time. He also thought early morning swimming was beneficial and would come around in his wheel chair at 6 A.M. and knock on our doors so that we might go swimming. Everyone liked it but Minnie. Sometimes I would hide behind the bed when he looked in and then go back to bed. He had a bath house built for us in about five feet of water. There was a platform inside and steps that led down to another platform just above the water. We enjoyed this and some of our friends did also. One morning I went down and jumped in and saw an alligator under the lower platform. He soon left. Sometimes moccasins would swim through. I had a girl friend named Mary Carney. She was afraid of the water so one day I put my arm around her and jumped in. I took her down to the bottom but she nearly drowned me before I got her up again. She was one of those friends who did not enjoy it.

I was considered delicate and my parents encouraged me to be out doors all I could. A small cedar boat was made for me and they insisted that I row every morning, so I became an expert oarsman. I had a harpoon and used it on occasion. One morning, as I remember rowing over a large bob-tailed alligator just lying on the river bottom, probably digesting his fish or waiting to catch one. I thought seriously of harpooning him but upon second thought decided not to as he might overturn the boat. On another occasion I was wading and having a long handled fork in my hand, to stick into some luckless object, when I saw a small turtle swimming. Putting out my hand I caught it and it also caught me, reaching its long neck around and fastening on my finger. I was told that a turtle of this species would never let go until it thundered, and as it was a bright day and no clouds in sight, I thought it best to shake him off, which I did; but I caught him again by one of his flippers and took him home in triumph.

At another time my mother sent me with a message and I saw a lovely bug, on a flower, and caught it. Sad to say it was a buble bee and the message was never delivered.

I occasionally got into mischief, one case in particular was taking the horse of a man who had come into Titusville to see my father on business. While they were in conversation I got on the horse. Thinking to take a short ride before the man finished his business, but as soon as I was on him he began running away from home. He took me about two miles down the trail before I succeeded in turning him and riding back. The man of course, was furious. My mother overheard him expressing a hope that the horse would "kill Her". I was about ten at this time. My father said I was a good rider and he would let me ride any horse or mule I wished. He was very fond of me and called me "his little sunbeam".

My cousins Ida, Frank and brother Henry and I once took a mule named old Dave, putting a bridle on him, and rode him

out into the woods. He ran away and bounced us all off. Ida and I broke our arms but this did not cure me.

Once I heard my mother telling a friend about a young woman making a dough face to frighten her husband so I made one to try on the horses. The young woman mentioned, was shot and killed by her husband because of the fright she gave him and he did not recognize her until he had killed her, so I thought the horses would be a good subject to try it out on. I put eyes and nose in it and put it on and, taking a sheet to put around me, I sneaked out to the corral where the horses and mules were behind a rail fence. It was a moonlight night and I took down the bars and went in and began to wave my arms and prance around, the horses were plenty surprised and frightened, they stampeded and knocked down the rails and ran for about six miles. I sneaked back to the house and put everything away and next morning when the horses were discovered absent, none could guess what had happened in the night to cause them to break out.

My sister Kate was 16 months older than I and she had never seen a gopher and neither had I, someone had told her where one was to be seen living in a hole in the ground. She did not tell me what it was but asked me to go with her to see something, "unusual and wonderful in the woods" so we started off, not telling anyone, down the Capron Trail, She finally told me it was a "gopher" and he "lived in a hole in the ground". Having never seen such a "critter" I was anxious to see what he would be like. We walked and walked down the trail but nary a gopher or gopher hold did we see. After going about three miles we suddenly found we were lost in the woods and far from mother. We began to cry but no one came. Finally we saw, far across the Savannah (marshy place), a house, we called and called but there was no answer. Being out of breath from crying and calling I finally became quiet and thought if we followed our footprints we could find the trail and our tracks would lead us out. I quickly told my sister and in a short



time we had found the trail and our track and were on our way home, tired and cured of gopher hunting.

My sister Kate was always investigating things who had heard so another time she heard there was a honey bees nest, also down the Capron Trail, about a mile or so. We gathered hoes and oxes and off we went. The nest was in a log. I had had experience with one bee before, so I waited on the trail while the boys and Kate went into gather the honey. They hit the log with their axes and hoes and out swarmed bumble bees instead of honey bees, and began stinging them. They dropped their axes and hoes and ran for their lives with me well in the lead. They were screaming with pain as bumble bees are worse than honey bees, larger than a large horse fly and covered with yellow and black down, or fuzz. Their sting is awful more like a wasp or hornet, and they attack like hornets. They make their homes in rotten logs where they store up honey, but not in large quantity, as honey bees do and their honey is yellow and pasty looking. I was about 12 at this time.

Capt. Burnham was keeper of the Canaveral light house. He had a large sloop called the osceola, and would take the young people on delightful boat rides. We played and sang and the boat was large enough to have square dances. We also went on straw rides out to LaGrange. We made music on anything we could find.

Once on a pleasure party down to Jupiter by boat, or rather a large lighter or barge, we stopped at Turkey Creek and visited some people there who had a large grove. A friend Bessie Campbell, and I were walking in the grove and I had just raised my foot to take a step when Bessie pulled me back and I looked and there was a large rattle snake. I watched him that he did not get away and she ran back for help, soon returning with a young man who killed it. It was all of six feet long and I shudder to think how close I was to it and an awful death. On the barge we had sleeping quarters and a place

to cook our meals and we had a lovely time. There was one boy who would somehow in the night, get our dresses and we would find them sewed up in the morning and we would have to rip out the stitches before we could dress. After we got to Jupiter, we girls stayed with Mrs. Armour, five of us in one room. One day Bessie and I made two big ginger cakes and baked them on Mrs. Armour's stove and then took them back to the lighter. When supper time came they were both gone, the boys having sneaked them out when we were not looking.

Many pleasant memories come to me of the "early days". We enjoyed living even if things were primitive. I had typhoid fever when about 12 and again at 15. I was the only one who had it and I became delicate and thin, so my parents sent me back to New York to stay with my aunts. While there I regained my health but was very homesick for Florida and the beautiful Indian River country. I was there 3 years. I would sing "Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the sweet sunny south, take me home". This did no good, so I became silent and my Aunt Mariana would say, "Minnie, I never hear you sing any more", to which I would reply "and you never will". Finally they let me come back to the place of my birth, Jacksonville, Florida. There I spent a happy time visiting another aunt.

Before my father came to the Indian River country and before I was born he owned silver mines in Arizona. The Apache Indians gave them a lot of trouble, and finally his younger brother was killed, or mortally wounded, by them. He had ventured ahead of the party with a friend called "Delevaset Joe". They were ambushed by the Indians and his friend was instantly killed. Uncle escaped on his horse and hid in a ravine. He stayed there until dark and thinking the Indians had gone, he came out and was getting on his horse when they shot him. He was mortally wounded and his horse killed. He had said he would never be taken alive by the Indians, so when he realized all hope was gone he took his revolver and shot him-

self. The Indians thought this a sign of bravery so they did not molest his body. They laid his head on his horse and put his pistol by him and left him, saying, "if we had known he was such a brave man we would not have shot him". A Mexican who was a prisoner of the Indians escaped and told my father about it and led him to the body. This so saddened my father he came back east and never returned as he felt responsible for his brother, although he had ridden ahead of the party against my fathers's wishes. My mother had the papers to the mines many years but they were finally lost. There was a silver service made from silver from these mines, which my brother Theodore, who resides in Thomasville, Georgia, has.

