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Hotel Ponce De Leon

Right in the heart of the old town
Stands a hotel of world renown
Palacial Ponce De Leon.

by the Author of *Under Three Flags*

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1512
1915

A
Fragmentary
of
History
Saint Augustine

by H. S. Wyllie

To Our Visitors:-

The people of St. Augustine of every degree
Have a word to say to you
And they say it you through me:
They send you greeting, wish you good cheer
And a happy time while you are here,
And when an end comes to your stay,
They'll bid "God Speed you on your way
And hope that you'll return some-day."



Price 25¢

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St. Augustine From The Chamber of Commerce-Greeting!



Chambers of Commerce are of recent date
The Dons of Spain had no conception
Of commerce being an affair of State,
War, conquest & religion
Were their creed, at that old date
When Augustine was born;
And what an Augustine it is!
Where else on this vast continent
Is found a climate so salubrious
That man can be content.

Content said we, delighted it should be,
To spend his life;
Many other spots are good the summer months all thru'
A few, a very few, are splendid in the winter.
But no where else, we say & we say true
Summer & winter, through & through,
Can hold a candle to the climate here:
The summer sun is hot, its breeze is cool,
And we can safely say, that on no day,
Do we experience heat excessive,
No night, on which we cannot sleep or play,
No case of heat prostration
Ever marred a single day in Augustine.
The winters here are too well known
To need a further word from us,



One of the old houses - Now Our Home.

Visitors in tens of thousands have been here
And come again from year to year,
Enjoying genial spring in depth of winter;
Bathing in the ocean on a January day
Gathering strawberries in the garden
In blizzardy old March, or a bouquet gay
Of poinsettias & of roses & of other flowers so sweet
All the winter through, what a treat,
For travellers from the frozen North.

#025

OCT 15 1914
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No. 1.

This is The Ancient City of the United States
The first white settlement of our great nation
Was made right here.

Mementoes the town has, more than we can mention,
Its history is rich: The grizzled warrior Ponce de Leon,
Pedro Menendez, the courtly founder,

Drake, Oglethorpe & Osceola
Moore, Davis & many more,
Each held the center of the stage

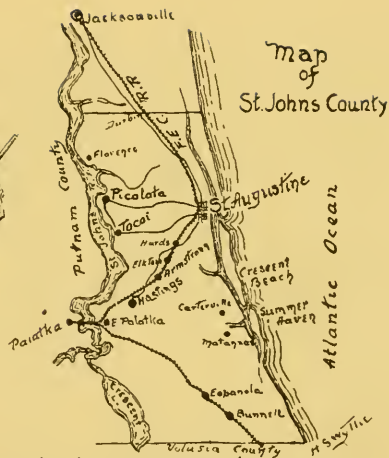
In the historic drama acted here
And it is writ on every page
Of this little work, so we may fairly shirk,
The task of saying more.

The County calls for farmers
There is land in plenty
Room for all who come;

The soil for miles around the ancient town
Is found in all the varying degrees
Pertaining to the State,

Fitted for truck, from sandy loam to muck,
For fruits from berry to pomegranate,
The price is reasonable, nay low,

And you can garner in three crops we know;
The roads are good & being bricked right now,
Farmers are welcomed with the hand so glad



And of a surety they will not feel bad
At making John's County their home.
Climate we have & soil to suit the climate,
A hearty welcome we will give to all
Who wish to migrate. [true
You who wish to make enquiry or ask for guidance,
Mail a letter to this Chamber's secretary
Or President & he will give to you
The information you desire, most cheerfully.

Born 1460.

PONCE de LEON

When 52 years old Discovered Florida, Easter Day 1512



Ponce de Leon



Sagourima.
King of Florida.

In Porto Rica's sunny Isle
Renowned De Leon held his sway
A warrior from his early youth
He now was growing stiff & grey
While he lamented on this fact
And pondered on his sure decline
Some friendly Indians came to say
They were acquainted with an Isle
Where there was hid, a fountain pure
To drink from which, they were quite sure
Would give perpetual youth.
The valiant knight set out to find
A fount so suited to his mind,
His quest was vain, tho' once again
And yet again, he searched,
But this we know & knowing tell
He did much better than he knew
That Easter Day, when truth to say
Fair Florida first came to view.



Laudonnière-1564.

In fifteen sixty four, Laudonnière from France
A leader of the Huguenots, the French protestants,
Seeking in the new World,
Like the Pilgrims in the mayflower,
A spot where they might be quite free,
To exercise religious liberty,
Sailed into this our bay.
He described the harbor well.
With its branches from the north & South,
The River of Dolphines was the name,
Which he, proceeding to explain,
Gave to Matanzas Bay,
Because, as his own writings say
"A great multitude of dolphins
Disport them in its waters".
The Indian Chief, the Paracoussy,
Received Laudonnière well
Entertained with hospitality
And entreated him to dwell
With them at Seloy;
But his stay was only brief
And again he sailed away
To meet Jean Ribaut, his friend & confrere
At the River May
As he called our own St. Johns;
Built him there a fort,
Which he named Fort Caroline,
And established there a settlement

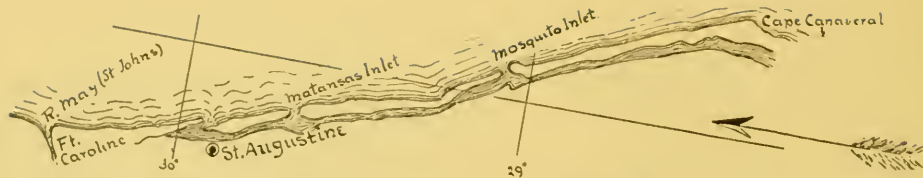
Which he hoped in time
Should become a colony of France.
And now we leave the Huguenots,
But we shall meet again,
And turn us to St. Augustine
And the men from Spain.



The Prophetic View

How long ago tis since St. Augustine was planned,
What wondrous changes have come o'er the land!
Had someone then, for gift, prophetic view,
And told the people of the things he knew,
He would have been much scorned, I ween,
For the prophetic things he said he'd seen.
Three times the foe has burnt the place,
Two forts were built, destroyed, replaced,
Before the present structure was begun
Two & a half centuries ago.
Spain was then the greatest nation of the world,
The Stars & Stripes was not unfurled
Till two hundred years & more had gone;
Men, bullocks, horses were the means of transportation
Railroads were not thought of in the wildest imagination;
Even the messengers of kings,
Those fastest travellers without wings,
Could not exceed a ten mile gait
When journeying on the great affairs of state,
Great ocean liners now, make make thirty miles 'tween ports
Power boats do their fifty for the sports,
Trains run at fifty five for a thousand mile
And aeroplanes! Really it makes one smile!
Motorcycles & automobiles fly past on airy wing
Two miles a minute is no uncommon thing.
If you would see the fastest speeders of our time
If you would see the power boat racers prime
Gathered from every State, from every clime
Then be in Augustine, quite early in the spring
When owners from the north & South & West
Will bring their craft, high hope in every breast,
That his may be the trophies, emblems of aquatic pace
Presented to the winners of each race
By The Power Boat Club.





*There were 2600 souls
in 34 ships in
Menendez's fleet.*

The Founding of St. Augustine - 1565

Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles
Was sent by Philip of Spain
To take America from the Indians,
To establish settlements & here remain.
He brought with him across the ocean,
In many vessels, small & great,
A multitude of immigrants,
As the histories state,
Of every degree
From the lowly peasant
To Spain's high born Grandees.
Arriving here in fifteen sixty five,
(Twas the twenty eighth of August)
Menendez erected the banner of Spain,
And with many a note,
From the trumpet's brazen throat,



Menendez
after
Old Ingraving

He declared his high sounding claim,
That all this broad land
(As he swept round his hand)
Was possessed in his sovereign's great name.
The priests set up an altar to celebrate the mass,
Seeking God's blessing on their leader
And on his mighty task,
Thus was the first enduring settlement made,
By white men, in these United States,
Our soil, for the first time, turned by spade,
The Indians heard the first gun's roar
(The prelude to how many more);
Shanties were built, to be replaced,
In course of time, by nobler dwellings,
And all the time they thought the land
Was part of India's distant strand.

FIRST MASS IN S. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, SEP. 8, 1565, AT
THE LANDING OF THE SPANIARDS UNDER PEDRO MELENDEZ



WITH RELIGION CAME TO OUR SHORES CIVILISATION ARTS SCIENCES AND INDUSTRIES.

1565 - The Massacre at Fort Caroline

The leaders of the Huguenots,
Hearing of the Spaniards' advent,
Knowing that they came as foes
And the destruction of themselves,
Was menendez' fell intent,
Resolved to grant him no repose
But to attack him, still all unprepared;
And so Jean Ribaut left the river May
And with his fleet & fighting men
Sailed for St. Augustine, on the tenth day
Of September that same year,
Leaving behind the women folk,
The children & the sick,
With a small guard, of seventeen men
In health, to bear the yoke
Of strenuous battle.
Ribaut, tempest tossed,
An unknown shore beneath his lee,
Was driven past our sandy bar
Until at last the sea,
Cast all his fleet upon shore
South of Matanzas Inlet.
During that same storm
Menendez with six hundred fighting men,
All bedraggled & forelorn
From wading through morasses deep,

Surprised the French at dawn's first peep;
The tempest then had gained its height,
The Huguenots were all asleep,
When the Spaniards took their fort;
Oh what a tragic, shocking sight!
The rising sun disclosed.
Women & children lay slaughtered in their home
For no pity had the victors shown
Until Menendez issued this command,
"That every Spaniard now must hold his hand
And spare the women & the children
And the cripples too, if under fifteen years of age"
(By this command seventy lives were saved)
The rest of the two forty human souls
Were slain, cut down or hanged on trees
By those inhuman ghouls.
All this by fanatics was wrought
And shame upon their name was brought
Throughout the Christian world.
The arrival of Menendez
Back in St. Augustine
Was hailed with great rejoicing;
A solemn Mass was celebrated
They sung a Te Deum
Of praise & thanks to God
For the great victory won.



The Massacre at Matanzas Inlet

Menendez hearing of the Huguenots' sad plight,
Wrecked upon an island on that stormy night,
Crossed the Bay & made his way,
To Matanzas Inlet;
Where Ribaut & some ten score men or more
Were mustered on the southern shore;
He requested aid & succor
Promised to pay a ransom high
But was told, in accents bold,
That unconditional surrender
Was the only offer Menendez would consider.
Cooped on an island,
With no means of transportation
With no food or shelter
Ribaut was in no position,
Without arms, to resist the hard condition.
Intens, Menendez brought them o'er the water
Across the Inlet, to the Anastasia shore,
Here back in the island bush,
Beyond their comrades' vision,
Were done to death, more than ten score
Of shipwrecked men.

Far to the south, near Canaveral Cape,
Two hundred castaways from Ribaut's fleet
Built them a little fort, commenced to build a ship

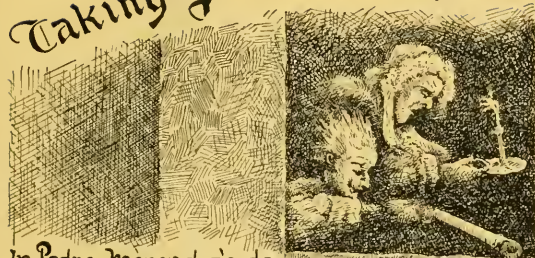
Wherein to sail for France.

Some twenty days had passed away
Since the foul slaughter at Matanzas Inlet,
When the Spaniards once again
Turned south, by sea & land,
To complete the work in hand,
The misery of that little band,
Of Frenchmen.

Unable to resist the overwhelming odds
The Huguenots took them to the woods,
Where Menendez sent his plighted word,
Promise of kind treatment, of life spared.
If they'd surrender.

Fifty declared "in their opinions
"They'd rather be devoured by Indians
"Than fall into the Spaniard's hands",
The rest complied with Spain's demands,
Their lives were spared & they were treated well,
So the old historians in their writings tell.
The fifty disappeared from view
How or how has come of them, their fate is unrecorded,
Perchance they too were slaughtered.
Perchance they lived a life of freedom.
Among the Indians wild
Or starved, & died in misery & want.

Taking Possession

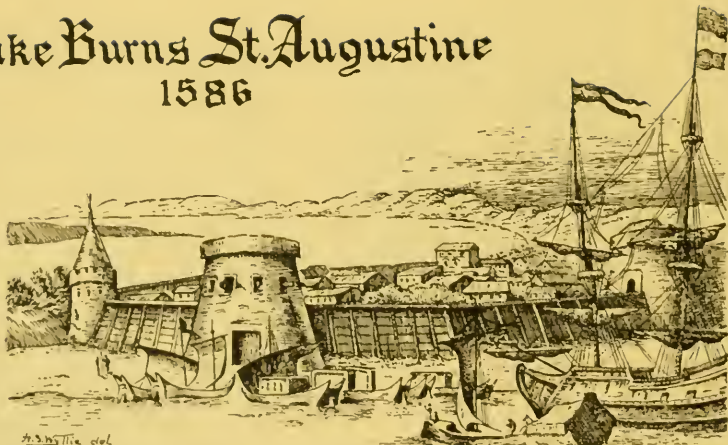


In Pedro Menendez's day
When St. Augustine was planned
Gunpowder had come to stay.
Bows & Arrows had seen their day
And the tomahawk was damned.
Cannon & blunderbus were mighty
And might was right in those good old times,
So the men from Spain by sheer might & main
Seized & entered possession;
But, in order to make good their title,
They had to sweat & they had to fight,
Wear steel armour all the day
Lie quaking with fear all night.
Now, in the twentieth century,

Under Uncle Sam's command,
Northern strangers are invited here
And asked to take our land;
Kettle & Murphy of Cathedral Place
Will gladly make it easy
For any man of any race
To gain a title clear & good
To farm improved or covered with wood
To city lot, with mansion or cot
And all without any fighting.



Drake Burns St. Augustine 1586



Fort
San Juan de Pinos:
Built by
Pedro Menéndez;
Destroyed by
Drake, 1586;
after
Montanus, 1671.

In fifteen eighty six, England & Spain were not at war,
But England's queen, had refused to give her hand,
And share her throne, with Philip, at his demand;
Philip & Spain were of the Catholic religion,
England & Elizabeth of the Reformed persuasion;
Spain was the greatest power in the wide world,
The English ensign was unfurled,
Only on that small isle & on the seas,
Where, truth to say, it floated in the breeze

As proud & high as any.
There was no war, but every day,
The Spaniard was preparing,
Gathering within his harbors' safe retreat,
That great Armada, which couldnt fail to beat
And conquer that poor island.
But these preparations great,
Cost much in treasure, which the state
Could ill afford, unless they drew it from abroad,

And so America became,
The treasury from which old Spain
Drew the wealth (storn from the Indians)
With which to invade England.
Elizabeth, in order to gain time,
Commissioned Drake & other captains prime,
To rove the Spanish main,
Capture the treasure ships of Spain,
And burn & loot the cities near the sea,
And bring the plunder to her treasury;
And Drake obeyed his mistress' behest,
And fought & plundered with such zest
That his name became a terror through the West;
Galleon upon galleon, with untold wealth of gold,
Riches from the old Incas' hold
Was captured & the booty enriched England 'stead of Spain
And the sailing of the great Armada, was delayed again.
Space will not permit that I should name
The towns & cities of the Spanish main,
Whose portable wealth was carried away,
To assist old England on that great day
When, as the Spaniards' called it, the *Invincible Armada*
Was o'er come in shock of battle & by the tempest's blast,

Along the coasts of England.
Sir Francis, homeward bound, on an ocean island found,
A beacon tower, on investigation,
A town & fort beneath the Spanish flag,
Came into view & Drake, we may be sure,
Was more than glad
To sail across the bar & enter this Matanzas Bay;
When, hearing who their visitor might be,
Thus coming in from o'er the sea,
The soldiers in the fort made no delay,
Took to their heels & ran away,
Leaving behind, in their great haste,
Coin for their pay, all in a chest,
The value of two thousand pound,
(A sum immense in that old day)
The coin secured, the fort destroyed,
The sailors, in their boats, came up the bay
And landed at St. Augustine;
Here, because from hidden ambush laid
His sergeant-major was shot dead,
Drake burnt the town. Thus was the ancient city
Destroyed for the first time, more was the pity
When still in infancy.



The St George of Merry England
Was famed in legends old
For rescuing beauteous maidens
From dragons all too hold.

The St George of sunny Augustine
Is famous now, to-day
As a hostelry where young & old
Most comfortably stay.

What The World Is Doing



"All news travels apace" is an adage old,
 But I fail to see how that could be
 Before the invention of telegraphy,
 Postchaises were the fastest movers
 In those good old times.
 In the days of Pedro Menendez, there was news galore
 But no means of spreading it, was introduced before
 The time of newspapers.

Now-a-days we cannot live without the news,
 We must know what the other fellow does,
 A Chinaman cuts off his pigtail, let's suppose,
 In England, the Laureate lets loose his muse,
 In distant Hindustan, a wretched Mussulman,
 Down in his luck, with brandished tulwar, runs amuck,
 All this we read next morn, with all the other truck,
 Pertaining to the day & night before,
 While eating breakfast, before going to the store,
 Or shop or office it may be, to do our daily grind.
 Newspapers in this our day, enable us to live, record our play.
 They tell us where to go to get the thing we need

And how to get there with the greatest speed,
 They tell us how the league games stand
 What plays are on the stage & all about the band,
 And so from page to page, we gather all that's doing,
 We gather all that's done, & also all that's brewing,
 'The Evening Record' of St. Augustine,
 Will give you for your nightly supper,
 All the news that's worth the knowing,
 From forelock to the crupper;
 It tells you what our business men
 Are anxious you should know
 It tells you what is going & also where to go,
 In fact it is a breezy sheet which all men ought to know.



This building stands on the line of the old moat.

*In the graveyard on Cordova St. now stands a little chapel;
tradition says that it
was built on the spot
where Father Corpa fell.*

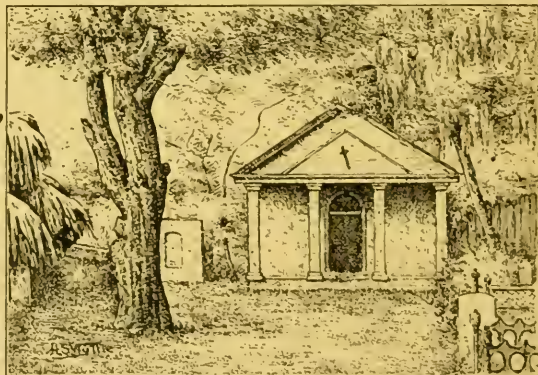
The Massacre at Tolomato. 1598

Step softly o'er the ground
Where the mission fathers died,
For the spots are sacred,
By their blood they'r sanctified.
They crossed the wondrous unknown sea,
And came into the wild,
Hoping to convert the savage,
To the faith of the Holy Child.
They dwelt among the Indians
In their villages round here
And built them little chapels
Where they the Word might hear.
The good men toiled & labored
Preached & prayed & read,
And drew the reins of morality
Tight on the converts made.



One of Father Corpa's flock,
At the Tolomato mission,
Growing tired of self restraint,
Growing weary of being chided,
Plunged into excess unbridled,
Plunged again in savagery,

With a tomahawk he slew,
Slew the good man, Father Corpa
Took his life at early dawn,
Set his head upon a pole,
High upon a pole he set it,
Where all men might see.



The Topique mission was north of the city; Ocean St. leads to the site of the old chapel, the foundations of which are still plainly visible.

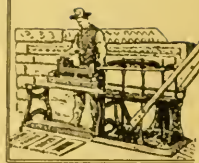
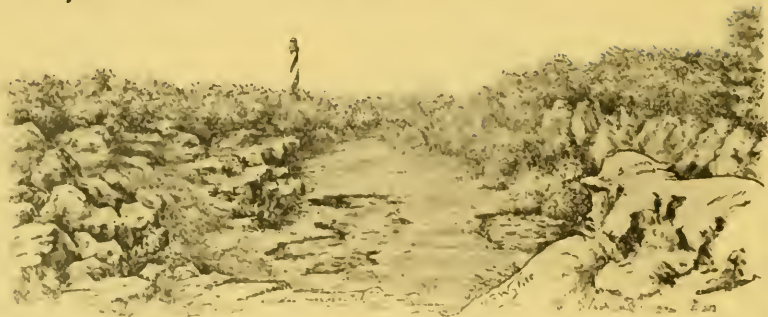
The Massacre at Topiqui. 1598.

From the Tolomato mission
The savage, all at fever heat,
(The murderous Chief of Guale)
The chief & his companions,
Bent their bloody footsteps
To the village of Topiqui;
There they found the reverent father
The reverent Father Rodriquez,
Who rebuked them very roundly,
Warned them of the sure result,
Of their certain punishment
Both here & the hereafter;
But the savage, blood had tasted,
Nothing less would satisfy,
Only blood would satisfy.
So the father, the Father Rodriquez,
Begged a respite, begged a pause,
Begged & so obtained a pause,
The Holy mass to celebrate.
So this strange event was seen,
Perchance unique in history,
A priest before the altar kneels,
His audience, with blood debauched,
Waiting to take his life.



The Holy Eucharist ended,
The priest, the martyr priest,
On his knees before the altar,
Bending lowly on his knees,
Received the impious blow
Which set his spirit free.

The Coquina Quarries, Discovered 1580



That conglomerate of shell & sand
Which, through the passing of the ages,
Has been compressed by ocean's giant hand,
Into firm rock, which the old sages,
In terms euphonic, called coquina,
The Spaniards found on Anastasia Island
And, working a captive Indian band,
They quarried it, & trimmed it
And brought it o'er the bay
And with it built the gates & fort
And the old houses which you see today.
In modern times we're using other things,
As durable & less costly, for coquina trims
Only with care & at great outlay

So concrete, brick & artificial stone today
Supplant the old coquina rock,
Which stood so well the battle shock
When Oglethorpe was here.
If you're intent on building a home or city block
You will not think of using the old coquina rock
But J.A. Reyes on Rhode Avenue
Is the man for you to interview,
He manufactures stone so well,
As all his patrons loudly tell,
So closely like the real thing,
That stands the wear of time & weather,
So only experts can discover
Which is one & which the other.

John Davis, The Buccaneer - 1665



When John Davis, the buccaneer
Came into Matanzas Bay,
And, finding very little loot,
He burnt the town & sailed away
An angry disappointed man.
That was the second time St. Augustine was burnt,
And following him came Governor Moore.
He too made a bonfire of the place
Before, to his home in Georgia, he returned.
What troublous times those early settlers had

No great insurance firms existed then,
Which now relieve the heavy loss sustained
When dwellings burn, with all that they contain,
The owner was forced to hustle round,
To find the means to build again,
With no helping hand extended,
No open purse to ease the strain.
Tis true the land cost not a cent
They took it, willy-nilly, from the Indians
Without asking their consent;
But, tho' no price in coin was paid,
The Indians had a grievance & were much intent
On paying back the score, with interest & more;
And so the Spaniards paid in blood & unfold worry,
For the land they grabbed.
There is no blood exacted now-a-days,
And what worry & what trouble there may be
In seeking & in finding a suitable locality,
To build a home or start a farm,
A store or place of business,
Hopkins & Son, the realty firm
(You'll find them on old Charlotte Street)
Will shoulder for you & see the transfer made
And everything complete.

The Old House on St. Francis Street

On St. Francis Street, near the old monastery,
Stands an old house, which tradition says,
Is the most ancient house in all our history,
But the truth is, the deeds to these old dwellings,
The Spaniards carried off with them to Spain,
So you will see that all our quest is vain,
To find the exact day, or month or year
In which the Spaniards first began to rear
Any one of the old houses in our town;
A score of years, or more or less
Nothing can be nearer than a likely guess;
But this old house is old, it has for generations
Been buffeted in vain by rain & wind,
And if you'll diligently search, perhaps you'll find,
Beneath the modern vandal's stucco'd plaster,
The marks of what was near a great disaster.
When cannon balls from Oglethorpe's redoubt,
Came near to settling once for all,
The age of this old house, by its untimely fall.
Within the building is a collection rare
Gathered together with much toil & care,
Of old historic articles of virtue,
Of furniture come down from ancient homes,
Of pictures & engravings from the ancient times,
Of bric-a-brac & tapestries
And many other things like these
Which are of interest to our guests
Who, throughout their visit, search the town in quest
Of old historic souvenirs.



Before it was renovated

The Old Curiosity Shop

Fires we have suffered from, more than our share,
Many old historic buildings, ancient land marks, perished then,
But still the flames have left us, scattered here & there,
Some of the old structures which existed when
Knights wore armour & fought with spear & shield
In hand to hand melees on many a battle field
Around St. Augustine.

Among these ancient relics of the old Spanish times,
None now has a better claim to be set in rhymes,
None can claim a longer life or better face the weather
Than the Old Curiosity Shop which taken all together
Is a most interesting specimen of Spanish architecture,
And Mr. Dodge the owner, will be glad to have you call,
He will take you round the place & explain to you,
It's characteristic points & its history too,
For he's very proud to be the owner of this house of history.
Incidently Mr. Dodge is a good mechanic,
So if your watch or clock, your chain or trinket gay
Needs repairs or overhauling, then on Dodge go calling
And he will fix it well & promptly.



The Beacon Light. 1702.

Gov. Moore of S.C. besieged Ft. San Marco for 3 months. He burnt the town

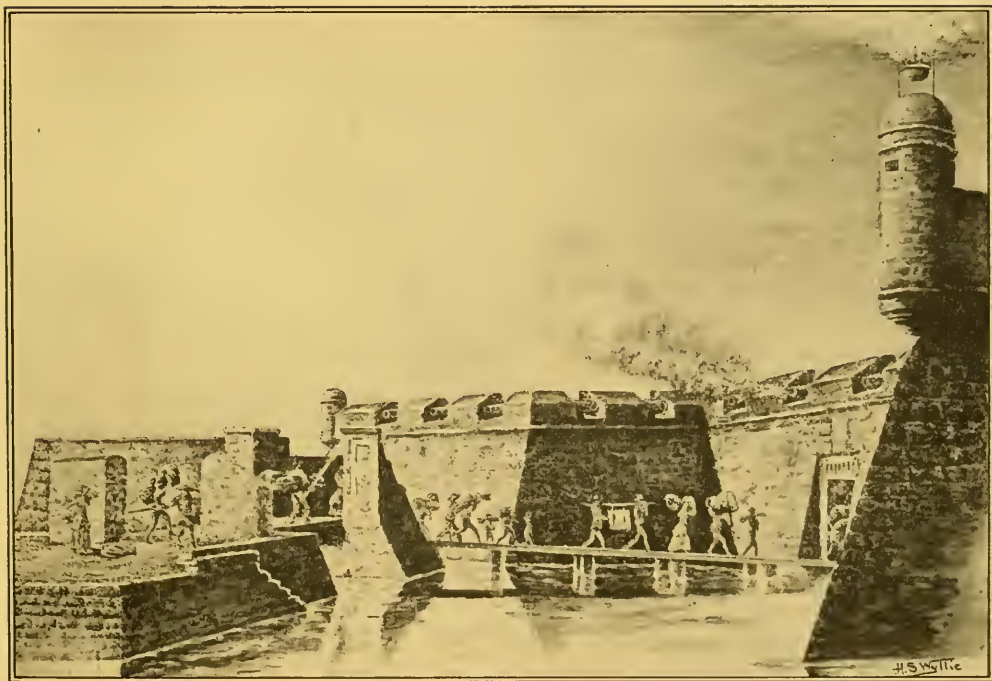


High in the tower the look-out keeps his weary watch,
From land to sea, from sea to land & o'er the river's wide expanse,
He casts his searching glance.

"A sail! A sail! In the hor-East I spy
With St. George's banner floating high"

Then brazen trump & rolling drum with heavy tramp of many feet
Send out their echoes o'er the deep.

A spanish soldier on his beat, despite in heavy armour clad,
Leaps nimbly on the parapet & 'plies the lighted brand
Then, high above the sentry tower, the red flame gleams so bright
And Beacon Light & cannon roar proclaim the enemy in sight.
From every house & cottage in old St. Augustine
The citizens of all degrees come pouring forth amain,
They throng the narrow, winding streets, they cross the glaxis green
And then they lay their burdens down, the old fort walls within,
For here in safety they may rest while cannon hurl their shot,
They'll suffer much discomfort & their dwellings may be burnt
But the old coquina walls, the moat & soldiers stout
Are capable they know full well, to keep the foe without.



JEFFERSON
THEATRE

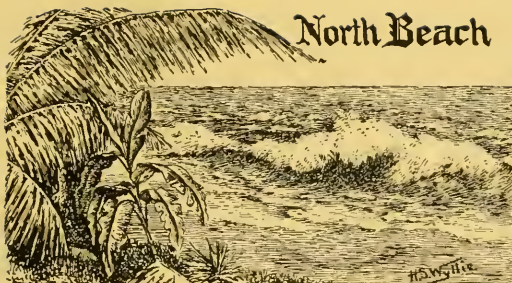
64
EUGENE L. BARNES
Insurance & Real Estate

Spanish Governor's Palace

Is there a fairer spot
On God's round earth today
In which to while away the time
The winter months to stay?
It is not hot, it is not cold
But balmy verdant spring,
Where the flowers are the brightest
And the birds so sweetly sing.
Here you're sure to meet your friends
For all the world comes here
To be rid of frost & snow
The first months of the year.
So purchase land, to build a home,
If none that's built your wants will meet,
I'll cost you less, more pleasure yield
Than round hotels to roam
For you remember the old song
There is no place like home.
Besides, everybody's doing it
Because the figure now is low
And as years pass by
You understand that wont be so
So call on Eugene Barnes
He's been here many years
And he will get you what you want



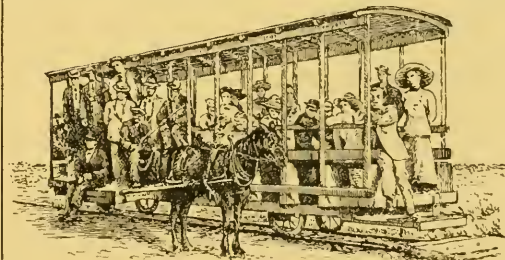
So put away your fears
Your doubts, your qualms, your hesitation
And to friend Barnes' office
Make your best speed to hasten
You'll find it on Cathedral Place
Facing the Post Office Park
And is always there
From breakfast until dark.



North Beach

St. Augustine is proud & rightly proud
Of her fine beaches, which invite the crowd
To come, discard conventionality,
And in their bathing suits so picturesque
Spend all the livelong day at rest.
If you have never seen the ocean grand
Or wandered on its beaten sand
Then come & see a scene sublime
In winter or in summer time;
If you already know heptunes wide domain
You certainly are ready to view it once again,
So whether or not the sea is new to you
You'll find North Beach and its extended view
It's broad, wide spreading miles of sand
It's tossing, foaming breakers and
It's ozone breezes wafted fresh & cool
Will make you feel like kids just out of school.

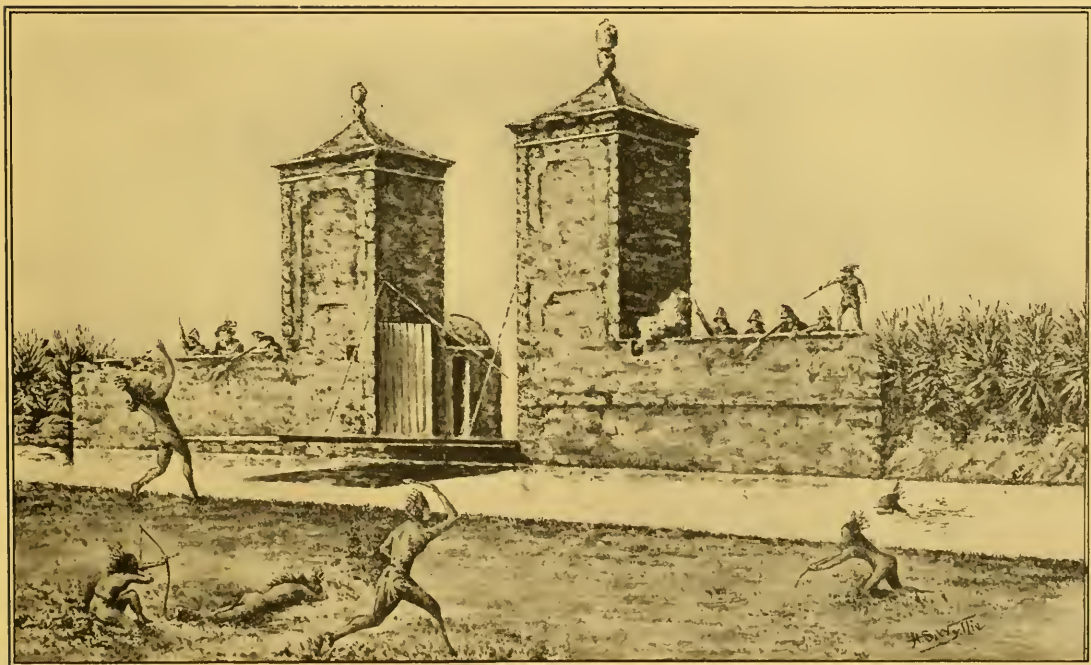
So take the launch Pauline & go across the bay
Passing fort Marion & the Inlet on the way
The half hour on the water you will find well spent
And when upon the river's bank you land
You'll find a pavilion, just suited to your mind
For such refreshment as you feel in need
Will be served to you with the greatest speed,
Then Capo's car, like it in all the world there's none
Will carry you to North Beach upon the fastest run.
Now of surf bathing you can have your fill
Out in the tumbling breakers or in the little rill
Which ripples up upon the sand
The wave's last effort, scarce higher than your hand,
And when the shades of night are settling down
In car & launch you will return to town
The better for the day fanned by the briny breeze
Thanks to the Capos, who've done their best to please.



"Col. Palmer of S.C. laid waste
the whole country & pushed forward to the very Gates of St. Augustine"
Fairbanks

The Gates-1727-

The sun in golden splendor, shone the grey coquina walls upon,
The heavy gates wide open flung, 'gainst massive towers from which they hung,
The drawbridge spanned the moat.
The triple row of cacti, growing on the breastwork steep,
Were undisturbed by breath of air, all nature seemed asleep;
The sentries in their boxes, the guards around the gate,
Were dozing in the shadows cool, till it was 'most too late!
For suddenly! With hoop & cry
And bended bow & tomahawk on high
A band of redskins 'peared,
Then instantly were all alert, the heavy bridge indrawn,
The muskets cracked in volleys stout, the painted warriors fled in rout,
The Gates had saved the town.





Hotel Magnolia

Oh magnolia! Favorite flower
 In prose & song & lady's bower,
 When the air thy fragrance fills
 Countless bees their nectar sip
 From thy charmed, enchanted lip

Prototype of this hotel
 Palmer & MacDowell run so well
 That guests in hundreds come & dwell
 In comfort & at ease



West Entrance. Hotel Magnolia

In this beautiful retreat
Youth & maiden love to meet
And, to the music of the breeze
Rustling among the great palm leaves

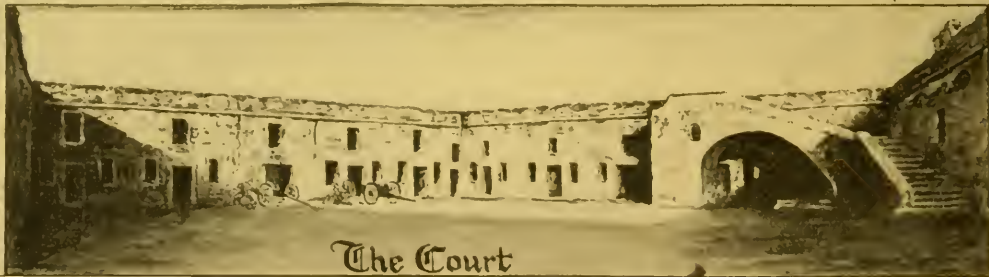
Whisper the same old story
Tell the same old tale
Which we all remember
Unless our mem'ries fail



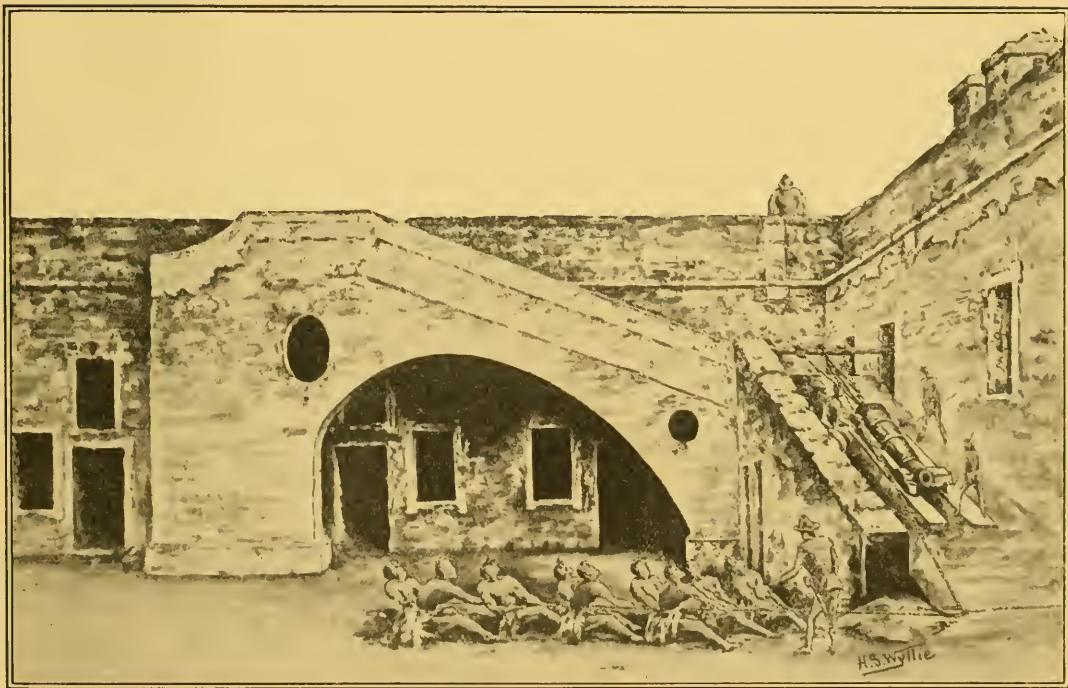
Fort Marion, as completed in 1756

H.S. Miller

Fort San Juan was built by Menéndez of logs set close together, it was destroyed by Drake in 1586; Another fort of wood was built & Fort San Marco, the present structure, was commenced about 1670.



The Court

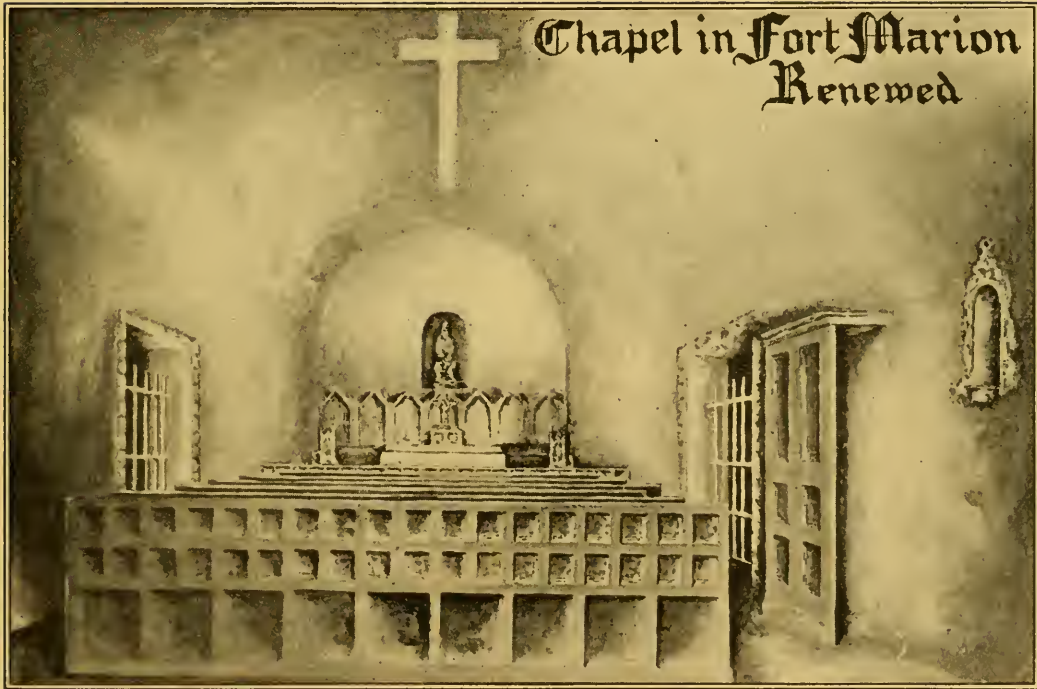


In The Guard Room

When America was first discovered,
When the great Pacific first was seen,
When Magellan sailed around the globe
And the world was ripe for anything,
Then tobacco was discovered, to be a lone man's friend
To sooth his troubled spirit, bring his worries to an end.
Surely no greater comforter, no greater pal has man,
Than the weed tobacco, search where we may a can.
Raleigh never was in Florida, the loss was surely his,
Still I never cease to bless him, as my pipe I seize,
As I beat it for the office on the run.
Since Raleigh's time tobacco's spread
To every corner of the world
And in every country its banner is unfurled;
The Turk, he smokes his hookah & his long chibook,
The Spaniard rolls his cigarette with a knowing look,
In India they smoke cigars or pipes made of bamboo,
The Britisher swears by his briar & the German too
Is very partial to a pipe, made of china ware,
While we indeed, enjoy the weed, in every shape & form.
We love a good cigar, we dose upon a pipe,
In places too the cigarette gives everyone delight;
So you who use this kindly weed will be glad to learn
That Genovar on St. George Street, in his open store,
Has a very large assortment of everything & more:
Tobaccos & cigars of all the brands that's known,
Briar & Meerschaum pipes, tobacco jars of stone,
Cigar cases & pouches of every degree
The only thing for you to do, is to go there & see.



Chapel in Fort Marion
Renewed



City Defences



In days of old when sailors bold
And soldiers quite chivalric
Left their European homes
And crossed the broad Atlantic,
— The only money in the town
Was guarded in the fort,

Or earlier still in the treasury till
In the old house so romantic.



The city itself was guarded tight

By Spanish Bayonets planted close

On banks of earth thrown up breast height

On the edge of a moat both broad & deep

Which protected the people when they were asleep

From enemies from without.

In modern times we're very slick

The banks of earth have become banks of brick

Where the people lodge their money,

For the people now have money to spare

And their savings are lodged with the greatest care

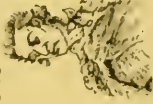
In the Commercial Bank of St. Augustine.



Alcazar! Romance is in the name!
When knighthood was in flower
The Moor whipt Spain
On Afric's distant shore.
And now our modern Alcazar
Is a romance in itself,
Bridging the intervening ages
Linking the parted centuries.
When you view the wonderful exterior,

When you wander 'neath the palms,
When you hear the bubbling fountains,
You're enchanted, 'mong the charms
Of ancient Spain.
When you enter the interior,
See the spacious lofty rooms,
See the snowy spread of linen,
Partake of the delicious cuisine,
Then indeed you know right well
That you're in a modern, up-to-date hotel.

*The Oglethorpe Invasion. 1740.
The Poza Battery (still in good preservation) was
one of three batteries thrown up by Oglethorpe.*



In seventeen forty, Oglethorpe,

A Governor of great renown,

Descended into Florida

And came to this old town.

He came by sea & he came by land

And invested St. Augustine

And guarded closely to prevent

Gov. Oglethorpe. Any provisions from coming in.

His ships lay out beyond the bar

Fort Marco kept them out,

But he landed his guns & bombarded the fort

From the Poza battery, a redoubt

On Anastasia Island.

The walls of the fort were thick & strong

The guns were too small & the range too long

To work any harm on San Marco.

So he fired on the town, this man of renown,

And the people came tumbling out

And found in the fort, the protection they sought

Without any manner of doubt.

So here, behind the grey coquina stones,

All huddled up in compass small

Some twenty five hundred Christian souls,

Men, women & children, great & small,

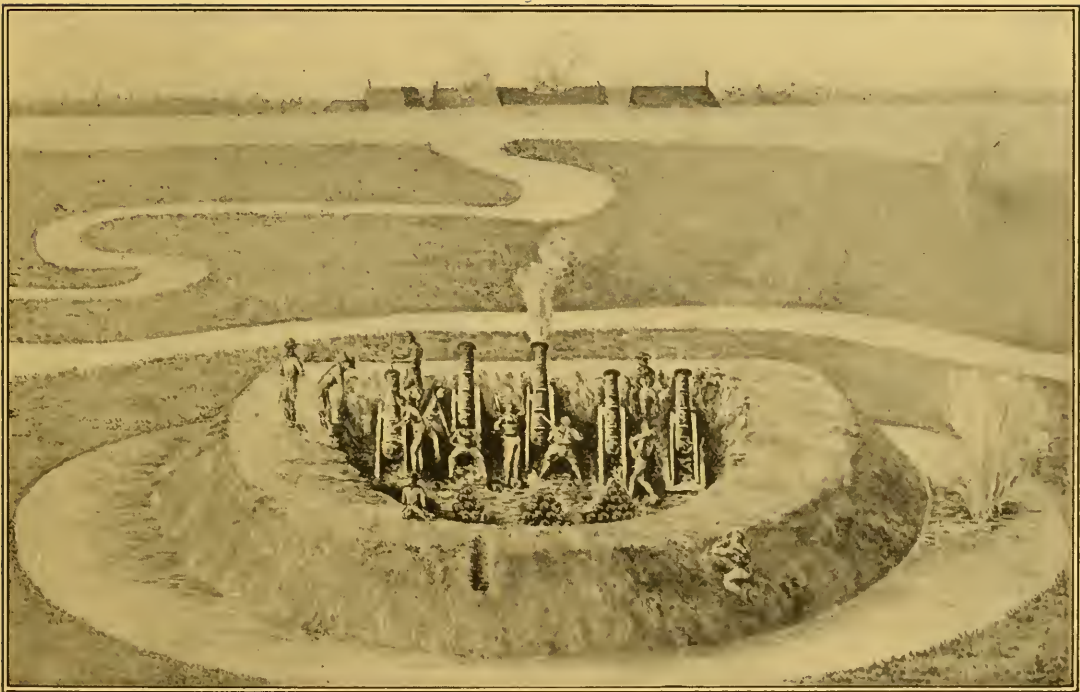
And Oglethorpe thought he could starve them.

But sore was he deceived, greatly did he lament

When they provisions did receive, in spite of his intent;

So seeing all his labor vain, he struck his camp

And marched again, back to his home in Georgia.



The Oldest City In The World

Damascus, hoary with the weight of forty centuries,
From the mists of dim antiquity emerging,
The oldest city known in all the histories,
Contains a street, the name of which is closely verging.
On the sarcastic, of which Mark Twain, in terms elastic,
Wrote, 'tis his new Pilgrim's Progress' which I quote,
"The street which is called *Straight*"

*The only piece of irony twix the covers of the Bible,
For to find a fitting mate,*

*We must search, as well as we are able,
Twix the sinuous, useful corkscrew
And the rainbow's arch so stable."*

In the oldest city of the U.S.

Many narrow streets we find,

Which smack of old Damascus,

And Mark Twain recall to mind;

Houses too the flames have left us

Here & there about the town

Which have stood the test of ages,

Have resisted old Time's frown;

Many modern structures too

Palaces in Moorish art,

Designed by skillful architects

Which more than play their part

In the coup d'œil of the town.

Should you wish to build a home,

A palace or a cot

In historic Augustline

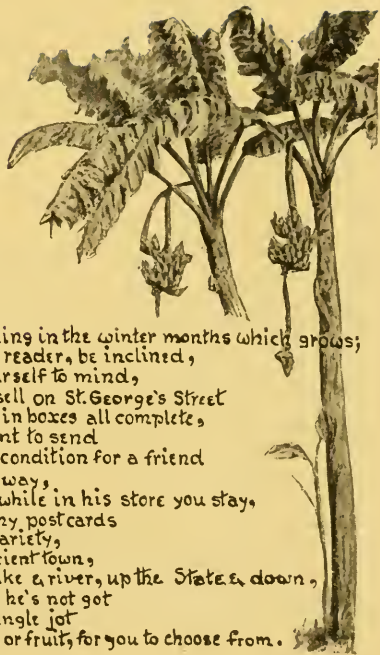
Fred. A. Henderich in the Vail Block,



H.S. Wylie

Is the man you should call in,
Architecture is his study,
His hobby, his delight,
He will draw designs for you,
Which you'll surely find all right.

The Land of Fruit



A. S. Smith

Fruit is now the great industry of our State,
Search through the Union, you will find no mate,
Oranges & lemons, limes & grape fruit too
The Japanese persimmon rare, which is (twix me & you)
As a delicious a bonne bouche as anything that's raised,
Pineapples & olives, melons
And the tiny cumquots, more than I can mention,
Raised in Florida for the benefit of the nation
Which thus gets fruit, rare & sweet, all out of season.
Tons upon tons, in long waving lines,
Of snake like cars, winding through the pines,
Going to the North & West, where winter's cast it's spell.
Here in St. Augustine
Where visitors in thousands come avisting,
They like to send some fruit,
All ripe & packed with care,
To the less highly favored friends
They've left behind up there,
Among the frosts & snows

Where there's nothing in the winter months which grows;
And should you, reader, be inclined,
And so recall yourself to mind,
Go see friend Russell on St. George's Street
And he will pack, in boxes all complete,
Just what you want to send
Fruit in the right condition for a friend
So many miles away,
And incidently, while in his store you stay,
You will find many post cards
In every great variety,
Pictures of the ancient town,
Views of sea, of lake & river, up the State & down,
For there's nothing he's not got
That is worth a single jot
In the line of cards or fruit, for you to choose from.



*Exported in 1779:-
20 tons of Indigo
40000 b Turpentine*

1763-British Occupation-1783

*In 1770, 54 Schooners &
many square rigged
ships sailed from here.
Fairbanks.*

When Spain ceded Florida to Great Britain
It was nigh two hundred years since she had come.
They had no farms to give them food
no industries by which they could
Gain coin by which to pay for what they needed,
Food & supplies they had received from Spain.
The colony had been a loss-a constant drain
Upon the mother country.

When the British came & took possession
Seven thousand whites was all the population.
In the same period the colonies of Britain
Along the northern shores could reckon
Three million whites in their possessions.
Industry now supplanted war.

In place of forts, farms & factories galore
Were scattered o'er the State.
Florida no longer trusted unto fate
But raised her food & hustled round

Exported much they raised & found

In nature's wild luxuriant growth.

During those twenty years St. Augustine

Became a port held in esteem

By northern schooners' skippers

As well as England's famous clippers.

Who carried out across the bar

In one short year, to near & far.

Over two hundred thousand dollars value

Of peltries & of sugar, of indigo & turpentine

And, the historians assure you,

That indigo from St. Augustine

Fetches the highest price of any

Old London's market in.

But this regime was of short duration

One score of years was all their occupation

And then, under the rule of Spain,

All things reverted to the old state again.

The Cathedral-1793-

Monks & priests with Menendez came
When he settled this ancient town
And the results of their labors still remain
For they shared with men of greater renown
In toil & hardship, not in vain,
To establish here the dominion of Spain
And the Catholic religion.
In seventeen ninety three
The Catholic Cathedral was built
Not quite the same as now we see
For after nigh a century had gone
A fire passed over the old town
And only the walls now remain
Of the old building erected by Spain.
East of this old Cathedral
On Cathedral Place
Stands the First National Bank
And if while on your tourist's way
To whatever country you may stray
You certainly will find it
Save you much anxiety
To carry on the road with you
A letter of credit good & true
From the First National Bank of St. Augustine





Hotel Granada

Granada was the granery of Spain
 From which they drew their chief supplies
 It's sunny fields of wheat & other grain
 Are famous in the histories.
 Here we have our own Granada
 Famous in St. Augustine
 For its excellance in table service
 For its elegant cuisine.

Built in the heart of the old town
 On the western side of the great quod
 Of oriental beauty & renown,
 Inclosing, with the Ponce de Leon
 The Alcázar & the Cordova,
 A spacious square, in area exceeding many rods
 Of waving palms & 'plashing fountains pure.
 Folliage, most beautiful, never failing lure
 For tourists' feet.

The Barcelona



The Barcelona Hotel
Is a charming home
As its many guests know well
Where people of refinement come
The winter months to dwell
Mid beautiful surroundings
In a most select location
Near the Ponce de Leon
The Plaza & the station
The Memorial Church quite close at hand

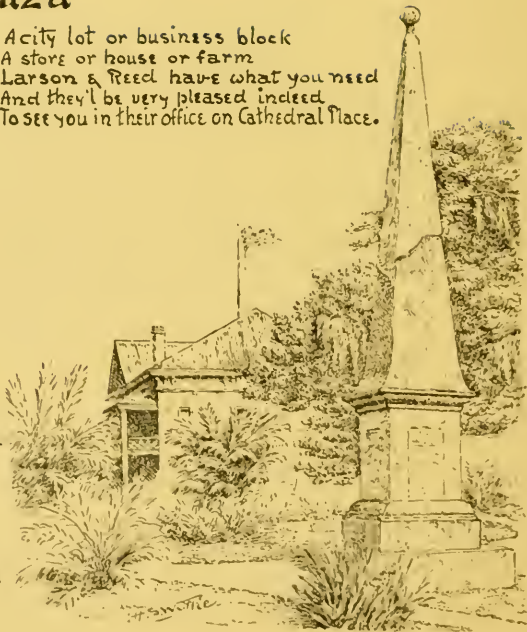
Is the finest to be seen
And the seductive golf links
With its turf so green;
Fort Marion & the City Gates
With coquina walls so grey
The ancient, narrow, winding streets
Are not five minutes walk away
From this hotel which is without
The Spaniards' boundary of the city.



The Plaza

A city lot or business block
 A store or house or farm
 Larson & Reed have what you need
 And they'll be very pleased indeed
 To see you in their office on Cathedral Place.

The Plaza is the hub of old St. Augustine
 From it the narrow streets go wandering,
 Stands on the west the Spanish governor's palace
 To east is the old country market place
 Near which the people of the city
 Erected a shaft in memory of the noble dead
 Who fell on many a gory field (more is the pity)
 In the fraternal strife of fifty years ago.
 A monument, raised to the Spanish constitution
 Faces the Cathedral's tower so high,
 Which has lived for o'er a hundred years
 And other hundreds may pass by
 And still it may be here,
 The constitution it commemorates,
 Scarce born into the world, died in its infancy;
 This is only one of many that were raised by Spain
 Throughout that country's wide domain.
 The constitution, throttled soon as born
 All commemorative monuments were down-torn
 This one alone remains to tell the tale
 And mark how Spanish efforts fail
 To establish a constitutional democracy.
 Facing on the Plaza are many leading business firms
 And if you're anxious to obtain
 Some of the land once owned by Spain.

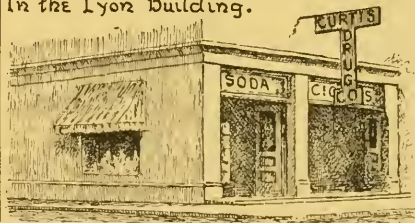




The Episcopal Church-1825-

When knighthood was in flower
 And Spain the greatest power
 When St. Augustine arose
 The Spaniards must, I should suppose,
 Have brought along with them
 Nostrums & concoctions prepared with greatest care
 And barbers to prescribe them
 As well as cut the hair,
 For barbers in those early times
 Would bleed you with a lancet, a razor or a bill
 Or prescribe the noxious stuff
 That children take so ill.

A physician or a surgeon,
 In the modern sense at least,
 Were unknown except at Courts
 Or the highest place at feasts;
 A well appointed drug store,
 Such as Curtis' on King Street,
 Would have made them stare far more
 Than the dungeon in Fort Marion
 Does the visitor who sees it.
 What a marvel it would be
 All those bottles gay to see
 All those pretty little pills
 Which are cures for all our ills,
 For Curtis knows, don't you suppose,
 How to stock his many shelves,
 Has felt the pulse of old St. Augustine
 And knows what nostrums to lay in,
 What soda water & icecream
 What cigars & other thing
 Is in demand at his old stand
 In the Lyon Building.



Prelude to The Indian War - 1835



When the United States came here & took possession
The Indians held all the interior of the State
The white settlers were quick to enter their complaint
And beg that the red-men might be driven back
And let them have the land they lacked.
The Indian hunters brought into the settlements
Hides to barter in exchange for things they needed
And they declared that the Americans
Beseduced them with rum most vile
Cheating & swindling them in trade the while;
The Indians, still in a state of nature,
Against the settlers did not fail to venture
And in their wild revenge, rapine they carried
Against the settlers, whose homes they burnt & harried
Loud were the cries for them to be removed
Driven out, expelled from the land they loved.
Osceola & other Indian chiefs
As loudly voiced their own beliefs,
Demanded that the governor forbid
The whites to use the liquor rum in trade.
The governor & Gen. Thompson, the Indian agent
A treaty drew with the full purpose & intent
Of exiling the Indians in Arkansas

The chiefs, summoned to a meeting, saw
The treaty drawn for them to sign
Which would condemn them to resign
Their rights, compell them then to emigrate
And they were told, if they should be so bold
As to refuse to sign the proffered treaty
The army of the great United States
Would be employed to force the governor's mandates
To drive them forth, compelling them to migrate.
"The only treaty I will execute is with this".
Driving his great knife through treaty into table.
Was Osceola's answer bold & able;
This the white council took as a great insult
Arrested Osceola on the instant
And for some days kept him in irons bound.
Now Osceola was a man of savage breed.
Revenge for wrong was writ large in his creed.
So meeting Gen. Thompson on the trail one day,
His creed commanded him at once to slay,
He slew, then were unleashed the dogs of war
And many moons & seasons passed before
Peace & prosperity reigned again
In Florida, so recently received from Spain.



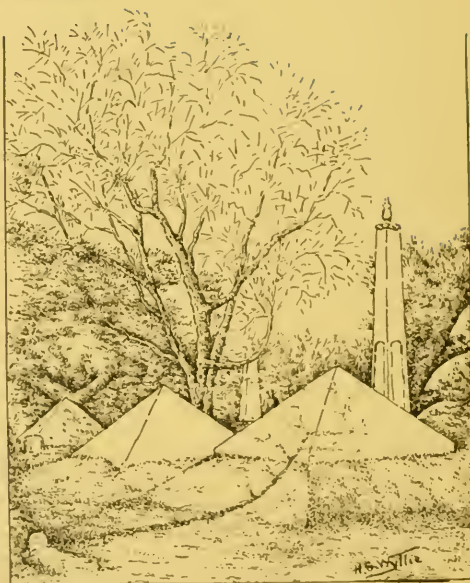
The Indian War-1835-1842

Fast on the heels of this great disaster
Came the astounding news of the 'Dade massacre',
When, near the Withlacoochee river,
Major Dade & his command into an ambush fell,
One man alone escaped to tell the tale,
One hundred & forty seven U.S. soldiers slain,
A field-piece, their arms & amunition was the gain
The Redskins made in this initial fight,
To this we add, as it is only right,
That the dead men were not robbed,
Watches & silver in their pockets found
When they were carried from the ground
Bear testimony that the red man fought
For their homes & rights, spoils were not sought.
The war dragged on its weary length
Each winter saw the troops in strength
Drive slowly back the Indian bands
To those remote & unknown lands
The Everglades, surrounding Okoochohee's swamps
The settlers then returned, rebuilt their homes
Attended to their farms, their families' wants.
Then came the summer with its heat & rain
The soldiers settled down in camp again
For campaigning through the summer months
Marching & fighting in the flooded swamps,
Brought death through sickness & disease
In greater numbers than the bullet or the knife
In this prolonged & bloody strife.



The Indian War

The Indians then came out & harried all the land
Burning & slaughtering with a ruthless hand
Even the scalps of women & of children
Hung at the belts of many an Indian.
Despite that Osceola had made them this harangue
*"We make no war, the scalping-knife we do not draw
On women or on children, let us then act like men
For 'tis with men we war, not women"*
Through seven long years the war dragged on
Not all the power of the United States
Could force subjection on the Indians' necks
Tomahawk & knife, musket & cannon,
Punctuated by the lurid glare of conflagrations
The solemn toll of funeral bells
The savage war dance horrid yells
All those many seasons weary length
Reaped a rich harvest of the red & white men's strength
But still they battled on.
Osceola was the soul of Indian war
He gave it brains & confidence, & more
He led the fight where'er it waxed the hottest
He cheered his people on to conquest.
Osceola must be slain or taken.
The U.S. generals were not mistaken.
So he was invited to attend a conference
Some eight miles south of Augustine
And General Hernandez was sent to bring him in.
Unarmed & under flag of truce he was to come



*The Florida War & Dade Monument
National Cemetery, St. Augustine*

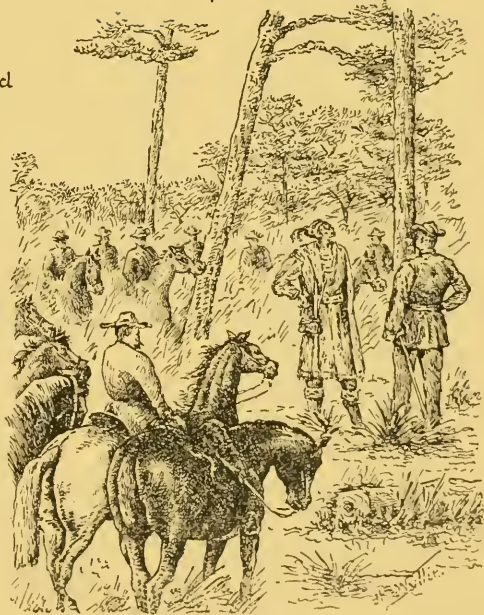
The Indian War

Capture of Osceola

And so he came,
This savage who so ably played the game.
Hernandez met him at the appointed stand
Two hundred armed dragoons enclosed the little band
And took him prisoner, a flag of truce from under
Thus rending all the rules of war asunder;
What greater meed of praise for valor's worth
Has any soldier gained upon this earth?
A savage leader of a puny tribe
Had for long years the U.S. troops defied
Until at last, the bloody war to end,
They felt obliged, compelled to send
A U.S. general on a treacherous mission
And he must go or forfeit his commission.

+ + + + +

Osceola locked within Fort Marion's walls
His tribe reduced to few besides the squaws
An end came to the seven years of strife
And Osceola with his favourite wife
Was transferred to Fort Moultrie
And there the following year he died
A prisoner to whom all freedom was denied.





In the old colonial times
 St. Augustine could boast
 Of no great public mansions
 Of no bright & genial host
 Menendez & de Leon
 Loudonniere & the rest
 Were content with wigwams
 They were the Indians best
 Now at the very Gates
 Of old St. Augustine

Hotel Colonial



In the shadow of the battlements
 Across the old fort green
 The Colonial stands conspicuous
 Its doors wide open flung
 The cooks are rushed to fill the menu
 So delicately done
 The guests come flocking hither
 From Gates & Fort & Golfing Green
 It is the hour of dinner.

Epitome & Epilogue

Seated in the shade in old Fort Marion
I fell into a doze & visions rose again;
Methought I saw Menendez
And his followers brave
Hoist the standard of their country
And watch its banner wave
Upon the shore of this new land
Upon its wave washed, sun-kissed strand,
And then intrepid Drake
And his victorious fleet
Feeling their way across the bar
From the vast ocean deep.
The pirate Davis too I saw
As he came thru the Inlet.
I saw the monks & priests
In the chapel of the fort
I saw them 'mong the Indians
And then methought
I heard the trumpets note
I heard the roll of drum
As Moore & his colonial boys
From South Carolina come.
Again I see the town in flames,
Drake, Davis, Moore, these are the names
Of those I saw apply the torch
And light the blaze
In three successive centuries.
Then Palmer came with sword & fire
Devastating the country in his ire
Till the new Gates of Augustine



Stand in his way, prevent his entering.
The kaleidoscope of time is turned once more
Again I hear the battle roar
Again I see armed warriors clash,
Fort Moosa lost, regained again
The gallant Palmer there is slain,
While Ogleshorpe from Anastasia Island
Hurls iron balls against the fort's coquina walls.
Another turn & the raising of Old Glory
And a roar of guns again
Proclaim the advent of the Infant nation
The passing of old Spain.



These are old buildings in St. Augustine
To be appreciated they should be seen
The artist does his work as well as he is able
But the human mind is not as stable
As these coquina houses.

*Dr. Lindley's
Residence*



cor. Marine & Bridge Sts.