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The pleasure-seekers treat Florida as a tourist-ground, make the regular "Cook's Tour" of the State, and return. The health-seekers settle for the winter, to escape the frosts and snows of their northern homes; as a rule they speedily reap their harvest of restored appetite, reddening cheeks, and returning strength in this pure, fresh, life-giving atmosphere, and return generally with health and strength renewed—unless, indeed, they come too late, as so many do, when consumption already has fixed its grip upon them. The fortune-seekers may be roughly divided into two classes—those who have capital, and seek here a good investment for it; and those who have none, or next to none, and have come here to work their way.

In our winter home we find both classes largely represented.

The former invest in orange-groves in full bearing; the purchase is expensive, but the profits are almost certain. Setting aside the risks—which are but slight—of loss by frost, accident, or disease, an orange-grove is a source of sure profit, and steadily increases in value year by year. An average of a thousand to fifteen hundred oranges per tree may be reasonably hoped for from a good grove of twelve years old and upwards; and the transport of Florida oranges to the northern markets, in cars specially constructed for the safe keeping of the fruit, is a regular and increasing business. Thus those who can purchase a ten or twelve year-old grove generally find their money well invested. But these are the aristocrats and capitalists of the little company who for a brief season have pitched their tents on the shores of these fair lakes. Here also are others, a whole party of them—Englishmen all, and young—some fresh from college, all full of hope and life, and vigour, and energy, all crowded out of the close ranks of the battle for bread in the Old Land, who have brought their strong muscles and their willing hearts—and not much else—to work their way here. And these, if they would achieve success, must not only work hard but wait long for the golden crop they hope to gather from the orange-groves. They must buy "wild land" covered thickly with pine-wood, and probably with a heavy undergrowth of palmetto "scrub"; and as the cost of hired labour is high here, they usually have to undertake themselves the task of "clearing" it—burning or chopping down the trees, and cutting away the brush-wood with their own hands.

Hard work for some of these "curled darlings," fresh from luxurious English homes!

To-day they are sharing our *dolce-far-niente* life here, lounging in the shade of the piazza, smoking, swinging in hammocks, eating guavas. But this will not last long. Soon each one of these young fellows will be toiling hard at the rough work of an outdoor labourer, and earning by the sweat of his brow his daily bread—or rather his daily biscuit, for bread, as we know it, fine white wheaten bread, is one of the luxuries which settlers in a pioneer state must not expect. One handsome boy of twenty or so has been working in the carpenter's shed, and has made himself a cot-bedstead, a table,

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bare and simple sketches of the real, not the ideal, Florida, as it appeared to me in "the level of every day's most quiet life."

It is not yet ten o'clock, on a December morning, and already the landscape is flooded with the golden light and warmth of an English June. We are all sitting out upon the piazza on the southern side of the house, Before us stretches a sun-burnt, thirsty-looking lawn, more brown than green, dotted with orange trees—sleek, glossy, full-foliaged orange trees, all starred with their ruddy golden fruit globes, beneath the burthen of which their heavy branches bend. Those of our party who take any thought for their complexions are armed with parasols, and sheltered by broad hats, even their hands protected by garden gloves, from the burning sun which blazes in a sky of dazzling blue. A gentle breeze just stirs the feathery crowns of the tall, straight, yellow pine trees, which border the lawn between us and a lake which is as blue and clear as a fragment slipped from the shining sky. Very different are these light, airy, graceful "yellow pines" of the South from their darker, statelier brethren, whose sombre ranks shadow the aisles of the great forests of the North and West.

We are lying about in lounging chairs, with novels and newspapers on our laps. The young men of the household—(in various morning costumes, shooting-coats, riding-boots, and hats of every conceivable shape, size, and style save and except the "chimney-pot," beloved of the Briton, which we have left many a thousand miles away)—are enjoying their ease as indolently as we are. One of us musters energy to observe that guavas would be good just now—ripe fresh guavas. Who will go and pick them? They don't all speak at once; but presently the youngest and meekest of the party obediently, if reluctantly, gathers himself up out of his sheltered reclining chair, and goes forth into the blazing sunshine to pluck us guavas. He presently brings a basketful; and they are good indeed! Warm and glowing with the sun's kisses—they seem saturated with the very scent and savour of the sun—as we cut through the smooth rind into the luscious pink and creamy pulp.

Close to us is a tree bowed down with heavy clusters of "grape-fruit," a variety of the "forbidden-fruit," which looks like an enormous pale yellow orange, and tastes like something between an orange and a lemon, with a peculiar pleasant tartness of flavour all its own. A delicious wine is made from it; and it is excellent eaten with sugar—as those of our little circle who prefer its sharp subacid flavour to the more insipid sweetness of the guavas are eating it now. And it grows so near the piazza that it is more attainable than the guavas, which grow far in another grove—and this southern sunshine makes even the youngest and strongest of us lazy!

The long shadows of the orange trees reach towards us; for the sun, although it already burns like a flame, is still far from the zenith. And yet when we rose at half-past six this morning we found a light frost chilling the air; we clustered round the stove to warm

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fact, it is probably one of the consequences of Adam's fall, which we are not to be rid of till we get to the land of pure delight. It may, however, comfort the hearts of visitors to Florida to know, that, if the climate here is not in this respect just what they would have it, it is about the best there is going.

All this will be made quite clear to any one who will study the tables of observations on temperature contained in *The Guide to Florida*, where they can see an accurate account of the range of the thermometer for five successive years as compared with that in other States.

One thing cannot be too often reiterated to people who come to Florida; and that is, that they must not expect at once to leave behind them all sickness, sorrow, pain, inconvenience of any kind, and to enter at once on the rest of paradise. The happiness, after all, will have to be comparative; and the inconveniences are to be borne by reflecting how much greater inconveniences are avoided. For instance, when we have a three-days' damp, drizzling rain-storm down here, we must reflect, that, at the North, it is a driving snow-storm. When it is brisk, cold weather here, it is an intolerable freeze there. The shadow and reflection of all important changes at the North travel down to us in time. The exceptionally cold winter at the North has put our season here back a month behind its usual spring-time. The storms travel downward, coming to us, generally, a little later, and in a modified form.

We cannot better illustrate this than by two experiences this year. Easter morning we were waked by bird-singing; and it was a most heavenly morning. We walked out in the calm, dewy freshness, to gather flowers to dress our house--the only church we have now in which to hold services. In the low swamp-land near our home is a perfect field of blue iris, whose bending leaves were all beaded with dew; and we walked in among them, admiring the wonderful vividness of their coloring, and gathering the choicest to fill a large vase. Then we cut verbenas, white, scarlet, and crimson, rose-geraniums and myrtle, callas and roses; while already on our tables were vases of yellow jessamine, gathered the night before. The blue St. John's lay in misty bands of light and shade in the distance; and the mocking-birds and red-birds were singing a loud *Te Deum*.

Now for the North. A friend in Hartford writes, "I was awaked by the patter of snow and sleet on the window-pane. Not a creature could go out to church, the storm was so severe: even the Irish were obliged to keep housed. With all we could do with a furnace and morning-glory stove, we could not get the temperature of our house above fifty-five degrees." In the latter part of the day, we at Mandarin had some rough, chilling winds, which were the remains of the Northern Easter storm; but we were wise enough to rejoice in the good we had, instead of fretting at the shadow of evil.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher. *Florida for Invalids*. Palmetto-Leaves: J. R. Osgood & Co., 1873. Print.

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"Since you have thus combined," she said,
"My favorite nymph to slight,
Adorning May, that peevish maid,
With June's undoubted right,
The minx, cursed for your folly's sake,
Shall prove herself a shrew;
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And bite your noses blue."

Which she generally does. So it is not really till June that delicately-constituted persons, or persons of impaired vigor, really feel themselves out of prison. They have then about five months at most in which they can live an open-air life, before the prison-doors close on them again.

Now, the persons who would be most benefited by coming to Florida are not the desperately diseased, the confirmed consumptives, but those of such impaired physical vigor that they are in danger of becoming so. An ounce of prevention here is worth many pounds of cure. It is too often the case that the care and expense that might have prevented disease from settling are spent in vain after it has once fastened. Sad it is indeed to see the wan and wasted faces, and hear the hollow death-cough, of those who have been brought here too late. Yet, in hundreds of instances, yes, in thousands, where one more severe Northern winter would have fastened disease on the vitals, a winter in a Southern climate has broken the spell. The climate of Florida is also of peculiar advantage in all diseases attended by nervous excitability. The air is peculiarly soothing and tranquilizing: it is the veritable lotos-eater's paradise, full of quiet and repose. We have known cases where the sleeplessness of years has given way, under this balmy influence, to the most childlike habit of slumber.

For debility, and the complaints that spring from debility, Florida is not so good a refuge, perhaps, as some more northern point, like Aiken. The air here is soothing, but not particularly bracing. It builds up and strengthens, not by any tonic effect in itself so much as by the opportunity for constant open-air life and exercise which it affords.

For children, the climate cannot be too much praised. In our little neighborhood are seven about as lively youngsters as could often be met with; and the winter has been one long out-door play-spell. There has not been a cough, nor a cold, nor an ailment of any kind, and scarce an anxiety. All day long we hear their running and racing,--down to the boat-wharves; in the boats, which they manage as dexterously as little Sandwich-Islanders; fishing; catching crabs, or off after flowers in the woods, with no trouble of hail, sleet, or wet feet. Truly it is a child's Eden; and they grow and thrive accordingly.

Now as to malaria. That is a word requiring consideration to those who expect to make Florida a permanent home, but having no

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which was a small imitation of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to keep us in heart. Otherwise there is a great deal of truth in our friend's allegations. As we have elsewhere remarked, every place, like a bit of tapestry, has its right side and its wrong side; and both are true and real--the wrong side with its tags and rags, and seams and knots, and thrums of worsted, and the right side with its pretty picture.

It is true, as the doctor says, that some invalids do come here, expose themselves imprudently, and die. People do die in Florida, if they use the means quite as successfully as in New York. It is true that sometimes the thermometer stands at seventy at noon, and that the nights are much cooler; it is true we have sometimes severe frosts in Florida; it is true we have malaria; it is true that there are swamps in Florida; and it is quite apt to be true, that, if a man rides a hundred miles through a swamp at night, he will feel pretty chilly. All these are undeniable truths. We never pretended that Florida was the kingdom of heaven, or the land where they shall no more say, "I am sick." It is quite the reverse. People this very winter have in our neighborhood had severe attacks of pneumonia; and undoubtedly many have come to Florida seeking health, and have not found it. Yet, on the other hand, there are now living in Florida many old established citizens and land-owners who came here ten, twenty, and thirty years ago, given over in consumption, who have here for years enjoyed a happy and vigorous life in spite of Okefinokee Swamp and the malaria.

Undoubtedly the country would be much better to live in if there were no swamps and no malaria; and so, also, New England would be better to live in if there were not six months winter and three more months of cold weather there. As to malaria, it is not necessary to souse Manhattan Island under water to get that in and around New York. The new lands in New York will give you chills and fever quite as well as Florida. You can find malarial fevers almost anywhere in the towns between New York and New Haven; and it is notorious that many estates in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia sell cheap on that very account, because they are almost as malarious as some Italian villas. Florida is not quite so bad as that yet, although it has its share of that malaria which attends the development of land in a new country. But the malarial fevers here are of a mild type, and easily managed; and they are generally confined to the fall months. The situation of Florida, surrounded by the sea, and the free sweep of winds across it, temper the air, and blow away malarious gases.

In regard to consumptives and all other invalids, the influence of a Floridian climate depends very much on the nature of the case and the constitution of the individual. If persons suffer constitutionally from cold; if they are bright and well only in hot weather; if the winter chills and benumbs them, till, in the spring, they are in the condition of a frost-bitten hot-house plant—alive, to be sure, but with every leaf gone—then these persons may be quite sure that

