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Mark Twain in Key West

After gold was discovered in California in 1849 the best route from the East Coast of the United States to California was via ship to Central America and first by horse, later by train, across to the Pacific and then by ship to West Coast ports near the gold fields. The ships going in both directions would stop in Key West for coal, water and supplies. In January 1867 a young Mark Twain, Samuel L. Clemens, (1835-1910) stopped in Key West and reported his visit in the San Francisco newspaper the "Alta California."

**San Francisco "Alta California,"
March 17, 1867
By Mark Twain**

Steamer **San Francisco** At sea, January 1st.

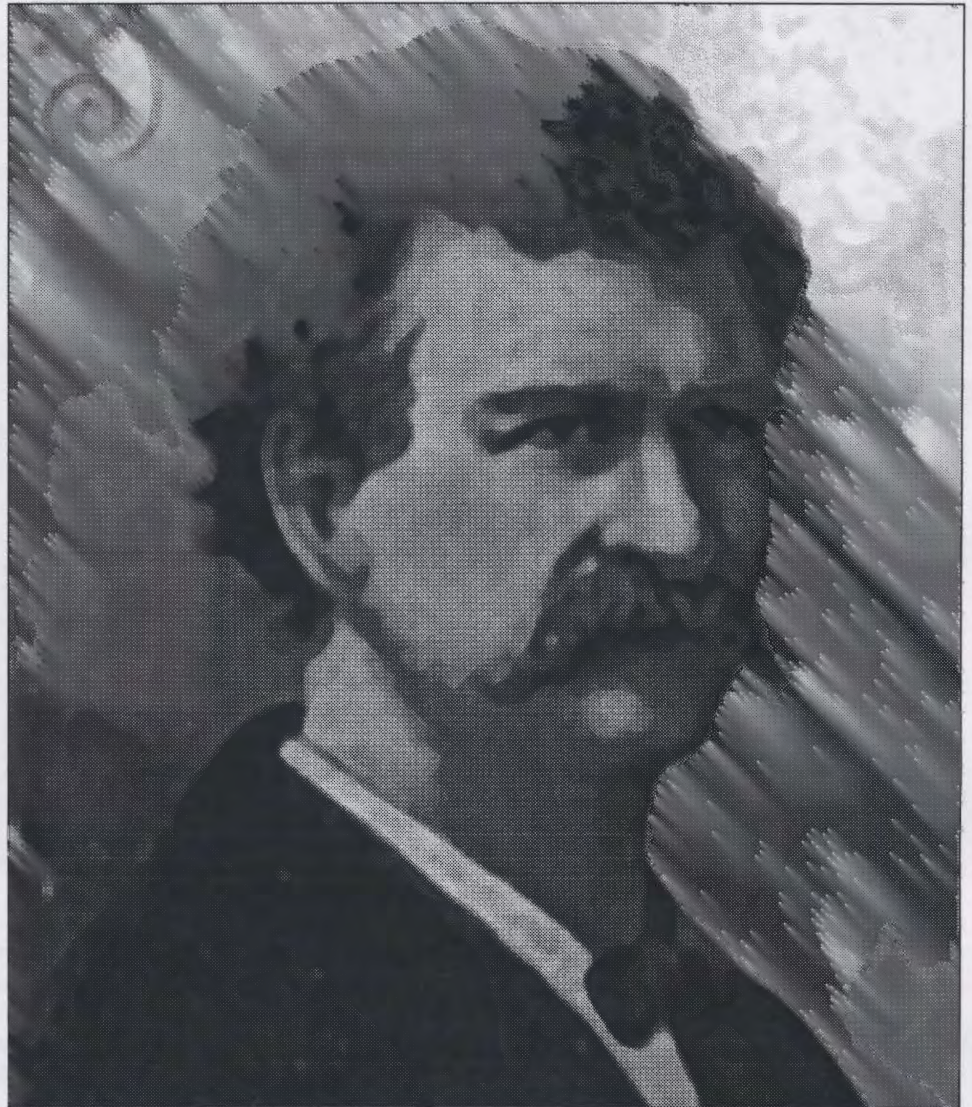
Underway again

All this morning the surf-boats were busy bringing New York passengers ashore from the steamer **San Francisco**, and carrying us out to take their places - and all in the midst of a heavy sea and a drenching rain. We took our places in the surf-boat at 8 A.M. and with the first stroke of the oars we were soaked to the skin. Yet it was very pleasant. It was quite a picture to get a misty and momentary glimpse of the boat ahead of us through the driving rain, as it rose high upon the crest of a lofty wave, and then sank down, leaving nothing visible in all the wide horizon but the rainy sea.

It was dreary enough on the ship when we got there, squatting around on the wet promenade deck watching baggage and looking soaked, woe-begone and disconsolate. We were well satisfied, though, for the boat loads that were leaving the vessel every moment were bound for vastly drearier quarters. We sailed at noon.

Our confounded Choir

Midnight - There goes that choir again:



Mark Twain. Photo credit: Monroe Coutny Library.

"God save the good ship as onward she flies!

We're homeward bound! homeward bound!"

That is well enough - I like that. But usually they do sing the wretchedest old songs in the world. Think of them sitting up there, under these jeweled skies, with

all the ocean around them glistening with whitecaps, piping "Just Before the Battle, Mother!" and "Johnny Comes Marching Home!" and "Lily Dale!" and "Dog Tray." When they sing hymns they do well enough and make good music, but perdition catch their other efforts!

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Society News
By Tom and Lynda Hambright



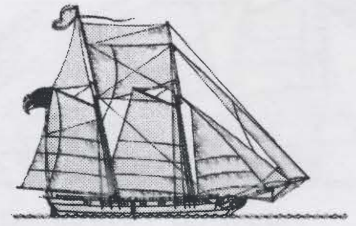
The Key West Lighthouse without the 20 foot addition that was added in the 1890's.

The on line auction e-Bay has changed the world of antiques and collectibles by making every item for sell available to collectors around the world. This has had the positive effect of collectors being able to find many things that you could not have found in the past without traveling around the country. The down side this has increased the value of most collectibles and reduced donations to archives and museums. One of the interesting items to ap-

pear recently was a collection of photographs taken in 1865 by Key West Photographer D. Moffatt for sale to the military personnel station here. We knew that these photographs were taken and sold and in fact the Library has four of this collection. The others had not been available in Key West before. KWMHS director Corey Malcom copied the photographs from the seller's web site and are seen above and on pages 10, 11, 12 and 16.

New Members

Judith and John Carlock, Bradenton, FL; West; William M. Porter, Key West; William C. and Barbara McKinley, Key David Webster, Key West.



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Letters and articles are welcome. Please write to: Editor, Florida Keys Sea Heritage Journal, KWMHS, P.O. Box 695, Key West, FL 33041 (305) 292-7903.

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The Reverend Michael Fackler

First Episcopalian Saint of the Pacific Northwest

Reverend St. Michael Fackler was on the SS San Francisco from California to New York via Central America and Key West. During transit from Central America to Key West cholera broke out. Father Fackler treated the sick on the ship and contracted the disease himself and died a half hour before the ship arrived in Key West. He was buried in an unmarked grave by Father E.O. Herrick of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The following address delivered by the Reverend Canon Thomas E. Jessett, S.T.D., Historiographer of the Diocese of Olympia, upon the occasion of the Patronal Festival of St. Barnabas' Church, Bainbridge Island, Washington, 1957.

To be chosen to be the speaker upon this Patronal Festival is a great honor. I congratulate this parish upon the way that you annually observe the occasion, a practice too often neglected by the churches of our diocese. I suppose I ought to say a few words about your Patronal Saints, but I forebear for two reasons: (1) there is so little known about him, and (2) while I am almost certain that he is the saint mentioned in the Acts or the Apostles, I have not been definitely informed that such is the case.

Upon one occasion a new dean at St. Michael's Cathedral, Boise, Idaho, took advantage of the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, falling on a Sunday, to preach on the subject of angels, and of St. Michael in particular. In his sermon he laid great stress upon the fact that the cathedral was named after St. Michael the Archangel. After the service he was taken to task by a member of the congregation who told him that he was mistaken. The cathedral, said the old-timer, was named after the Reverend St. Michael Fackler, the first minister of the parish. An examination of the old vestry records showed that the pioneer was indeed correct.

Now it is a bit unusual, to say the least, for an Episcopal Church to be named after an American; yet in this case, there was in my opinion, justification for doing so. St. Michael Fackler, the first Episcopalian clergyman to come to the Pacific Northwest, was indeed a saint. If we had any method of establishing formal sainthood for members of our Communion, then



St. Paul's Episcopal Church in 1867. Photo credit: Monroe County Library.

the name of St. Michael Fackler ought to head the list for this Pacific Northwest. Like St. Barnabas, your Patron Saint, he was a modest man who gave his life for the Church, and is today even less known in the region he served so well in his lifetime.

St. Michael Fackler was born in Staunton, Virginia, and graduated from the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1840. He was ordained deacon July 9, 1840, and priest July 20, 1841, by Bishop Richard Channing Moore of Virginia. He served for about three years in the Old Dominion.

Fackler was the possessor of an uncertain health, and it was apparently in the hope of finding a more suitable climate that he began his westward movement. On Whitsunday, 1844, Bishop Jackson Kemper and he held the first service of the Episcopal Church in Lexington, Missouri. Christ Church was then organized and Fackler elected rector, but he remained there only a little more than a year. His next move was westward to Fort Laramie, now in eastern Wyoming, where he stayed somewhat more than a year. His ministrations to the soldiers

there gave rise to the belief that he was an Army chaplain, a fact which the records of the Department of the Army do not substantiate.

The year 1847 saw Fackler again on the move westward. He joined a group of emigrants heading for the Willamette Valley in the Oregon Country. Word of the modern climate to of the region had reached the Middle West. Footsore and weary from the long trek, he arrived at Oregon City late that fall. Learning that he was a priest of the Anglican Communion, a number of employees of the Hudson Bay Company, who were members of the Church of England, entreated him to conduct services for them. Believing himself to be without jurisdiction, Fackler wrote to Bishop Kemper for instructions, but unfortunately the letter did not reach its destination. Under the circumstances he felt that he could not organize a congregation, but did consent to hold some services in the home of Archibald McKinley. On December 1, 1847, he baptised a McKinley child, James, at home. This is the first recorded official act according to the American Prayerbook in the Pacific

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Northwest.

The following year news reached Oregon of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California, and Fackler, as did hundreds of others, hurried there. Like many others, he discovered that all was not gold that glittered in California, and in the spring of 1849 he returned to the greener fields of the Northwest.

To support himself, Fackler taught at the Oregon Institute, the Methodist school at Salem, Oregon, now called Willamette University. The Rev. Gustav Hines, a Methodist minister who was resident in the Institute at the time and later wrote a history of it, "confessed that he entertained some little doubt in his own mind if the willingness of the young Episcopalian divine to teach in the Methodist school was entirely separated from an interest in the attractive Elizabeth Wilbur." Miss Wilbur was the daughter of Reverend J. H. Wilbur, principal of the Institute.

Whatever may have been Fackler's motive, he was successful in his courtship, and he and Elizabeth Fackler were married late in 1849; much, I suspect, to the dismay of the young Hines and other would-be Methodist suitors. The newlyweds established themselves on a land claim of 640 acres at Butteville, some 20 miles south of Oregon City. Here Fackler built a crude log cabin for his family. In 1850 a daughter, Ann Elizabeth, was born to the Facklers, but at a great cost, for within a short time afterward the mother died. The father placed the infant in the hands of the Wilburs for care, while he settled down to labor on his claim and to work through his grief. Occasionally he went into Oregon City to conduct a service according to the Book of Common Prayer on a Sunday afternoon in the Methodist Church.

The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church was quite unaware of Fackler's presence in Oregon, and to survey the field in this distant region sent out the Rev. William Richmond of New York early in 1851. After a trip that took him across the isthmus of Panama, Richmond arrived at Portland, Oregon, on May 11, 1851. Richmond had as fellow-travelers, some Methodists and upon landing in Portland they brought about his introduction to the Rev. J.H. Wilbur, who was holding services there at the time. Wilbur, of course, immediately told Richmond about his son-in-law, and also invited Richmond to use the Methodist Church

for services the following Sunday.

Wilbur sent word to Fackler of the arrival of Richmond, and he hurried to Portland right away. Fackler found Richmond in a cabin he had rented, and shoved him how to put together a "missionary" table, i.e. by putting legs on an old box. The two men took a liking to each other immediately.

On Sunday morning, May 18, 1851, Fackler read Morning Prayer and Richmond preached in the Methodist Church in Portland. Richmond baptized Fackler's daughter, Ann Elizabeth. In the evening they reversed roles. In his report to the Missionary Society Richmond stated that "The Church was nearly full on both occasions ." The next day Richmond organized Trinity Church, Portland, the first congregation of the Episcopal Church in the Pacific Northwest.

Richmond urged the Missionary Society to appoint Fackler as a missionary stating, "I do not know a man in the Church better fitted, considering all the circumstances, to this region. He is considered by the inhabitants as one of themselves, and is universally esteemed and respected... He appears to be a humble-minded and very devout man." Because Fackler owned a land claim, Richmond suggested a "somewhat smaller salary than would be otherwise absolutely necessary for his bare subsistence." The Society, recognizing a bargain, hired Fackler! At this time he was "about 39, in good appearance and an uncommonly sweet countenance," to quote Richmond again.

Within the next sixty days Richmond and Fackler organized three more congregations: St. Paul's, Oregon City; Church of the Ascension, Lafayette in Yamhill County; and an unnamed one at Champoeg in Marion County. Fackler was named the rector of St. Paul's, Oregon City, the Junior Warden of which was a Dr. John Fackler. Whether he was a relative or not is unknown. Fackler also secured a lot at Salem for a church building.

There is only one recorded instance of Fackler crossing the Columbia river into what is now the state of Washington. Richmond, a widower, took the river steamer from Portland down to Cathlamet, in what is now Washington, and held a service there on Sunday, October 26, 1851. He remained there for a service the following Sunday and then returned to Portland. That's all he mentions in his letter to the Missionary Society. What he omits is that on Friday,

October 31, he was united in Holy Matrimony to Sarah Adelaide Adams of Boston. Fackler officiated at the wedding, and it must have been pre-arranged for him to be at Cathlamet at that time. But what interesting questions remain unanswered. Where did the couple meet? On the boat coming out? At services in Portland? Why were they married at Cathlamet? Was she a member of the household of Judge Strong of Cathlamet? The event drips with romance under the most exciting circumstances. Certain it is that Richmond must have been quite a man to snatch an eligible woman away from the hundreds of men in the region who were hungrily looking for a wife.

Due to illness the Richmonds returned to New York in 1852. Two priests arrived, however, the Rev. James A. Woodward, an itinerant, and Dr. John D. McCarty, D.D., under appointment from the Missionary Society. On August 2, 1853, Fackler, Woodward and McCarty and eleven laymen met at Oregon City to draw up a petition to the General Convention requesting a bishop for Oregon, and recommending Dr. McCarty for the post.

In that mysterious way in which they work, the House of Bishops elected the Reverend Thomas Fielding Scott, rector of Trinity Church, Columbus, Georgia, as the first Bishop of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Oregon and Washington Territories. He was sent out with little money and no clergy. The Bishop and Mrs. Scott arrived at Portland, Oregon, on April 22, 1854, to be met by Fackler and McCarty - the entire clergy staff for the two territories, which at that time included all of the present state of Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming. For the next thirteen years these three were to carry on the work of the Church in the far Northwest, while other clergy came and went.

McCarty took charge of the new territory of Washington, the Bishop, of Portland and the lower Columbia, and Fackler had the entire Willamette valley as his field. He held stated services at Oregon City, Champoeg, Butteville and Salem, in which latter place St. Paul's Church was consecrated on April 22, 1854. He also opened new work at Eugene.

To help him, Fackler gave the young school teacher at Champoeg a theological education, and on May 18, 1856, James L. Daly was ordained deacon by Bishop Scott. This was the first ordination, according to the Book of Common Prayer, in the Pacific Northwest. Fackler, with the Bishop also participating, directed

the theological studies of two young deacons, Johnston McCormac and James R. W. Sellwood, who were in time advanced to the priesthood. To these young men Fackler offered the better posts in his field, while he concentrated his attention on Champoeg and Butteville. In the latter place he built a church largely with his own hands. The Church of the Incarnation, Butteville, was consecrated on June 23, 1861.

Fackler married again in 1860, and for a short while he must have thought that things were going to brighten up for him. But then the hard luck that was forever to dog his footsteps struck again. In 1861 floods destroyed the town of Champoeg, and on November 19th of the same year, his daughter, Ann Elizabeth, died at the age of eleven. She was at her grandparents at the time.

Fackler's grief was no doubt partially assuaged when his second wife presented him with two children, a boy and a girl. They moved to Oswego for a year where he had charge of Trinity School for Boys, the primary department of the Episcopal High School there. Mrs. Fackler wanted to visit her folks in New York state and show them the children. Apparently Fackler sold his land claim to raise the funds for the long trip, and early in 1864 His family left.

Just at this time Bishop Scott issued a call for a volunteer to go into the mining country of the newly-established territory of Idaho. Once more Fackler decided to go pioneering, in spite of the fact that he was over fifty years of age. He started eastward along the Columbia in July, 1864, holding services at various places on the way to Boise, which he reached in time for his first service on August 14. At Boise he was the only minister of any denomination. The Bishop arrived a short time later and the two toured the towns of the Boise basin.

The rough miners and pioneers of Boise liked Fackler and urged him to stay there. Fackler agreed, if they would help him build a church and congregation. He held services in a school house until the church was built. It was opened for services on September 2, 1866.

Fackler was anxious to get another clergyman to come to Idaho to help him, as he was the only Episcopal minister in what is now Idaho, Montana and Utah. He wrote to one prospect that Idaho was "a good center for a mission, if one has the requisite physique to endure the labor, for it is trying to flesh and blood, to say nothing of brains." He pointed out the

growing population of the region, in which, he added, there were "some good families ...but the majority are of the baser sort, and their presence makes it unpleasant for the decent females to be about."

Fackler's sense of humor came to the surface in the concluding portion of the letter as he told of an overnight horseback ride to Ruby City, some sixty miles from Boise. Here he preached the first sermon ever heard there. To his prospective missionary he wrote:

"To give a little excitement to the journey, and remove the tediousness which so lonesome a travel is apt to produce, there is just the faintest possibility of meeting a roving Snake Indian, or more, who will, without further ceremony, demand your horse or your hair, and who will not be satisfied unless he gets both. But don't be scared, this will not be so long. By the time you get here, and it falls to your lot to go to Ruby City, there will be no danger from Indians."

Need I add that that prospect declined the invitation!

In October, 1866, Fackler left Boise for Portland on the long trip to New York state to rejoin his wife and two children. At Portland he took a ship for Panama. After crossing the Isthmus, he sailed from Graystone. A few days at sea and the dreaded cholera broke out on the ship. With no thought for his own safety, Fackler ministered to the sick, prayed with the dying, and buried the dead. These unremitting labors made him an easy prey to the epidemics and he fell at his post, a valiant soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was buried at Key West, Florida, on January 7, 1867.

St. Michael Fackler was a true saint of the Church. A humble man, he sought only to serve his Lord. Others he trained and advanced, remaining himself in the background. While many, including some clergy, made fortunes in lands, he was content to cultivate his original claim in a remote community, now largely forgotten. While stronger men than he sought safer posts, he was never afraid to pioneer for the Church, and at an age when most men seek comfort and security, he ventured forth again into new fields. His kindly Christian character and modest manner won him the esteem and friendship of the rough frontiersmen and miners, of the simple farmers and artisans, of a courtly southern bishop and a sophisticated New Yorker.

The news of his death came as a sad blow to the Pacific Northwest. Many

were the expressions of sorrow. To the hardy pioneers Boise there was only one way that seemed suitable to them to mark their love and respect for St. Michael Fackler. Thus it came about that the Church in that city, now a beautiful cathedral, was given the name of St. Michael's Church. What more fitting tribute could there be for one who, in many respects, is entitled to be called the "First Episcopalian Saint of the Pacific Northwest."

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17. Thomas E. Jessett, Thomas Fielding Scott: Bishop of Oregon, (Portland, Oregon; Oregon Historical Society, 1954), pp 1-24 passim.
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Eduardo Hidalgo Gato

The following tribute to Eduardo Hidalgo Gato was given by Raoul Alpizar y Poyo to the Asociacion Nacional De Emigrados Revolucionarios Cubanos in Havana on January 28, 1926 in Spanish. This translation through the courtesy of Linda Moore Estroff.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

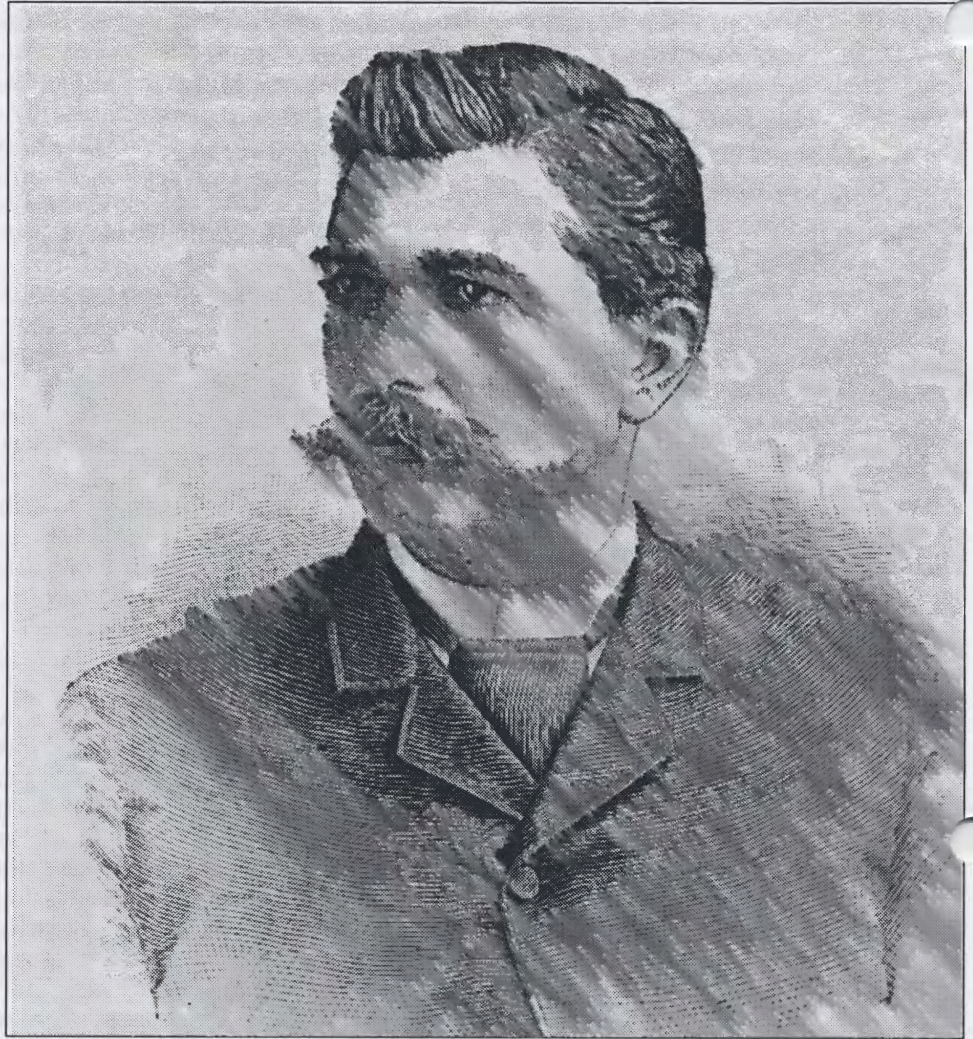
There are men that have the utmost arrogance and the sweetness of the clam, placid streams. In the fight they are giants but in the calm and serene tranquility of life, they appear to be like a mystical dove, a plethora of Love and Mercy. In order to study the life of these great men, in order to penetrate to the marvelous secrets of their lives, it is necessary to look for their origins, the workers of their homes, their maternal advice and the virtues of their race.

These humble men appear insignificant, but later when their tenacity and perseverance was put to the test, they worked to make a fortune and got to be powerful and envied. And by overstepping the limit and decreasing the existing, they feel a sweet and majestic serenity of spirit. They are neither stunned, nor anxious, nor overwhelmed, nor burdened with a single regret of moral wrongs, and not one of the dozens of old folks with their terrified cold hearts can stop them because the light of the Good and the Love are in these men.

But if those angelic feelings that remained pure through an entire life were united by the glorious halo of the largest, the most pure, the most rebellious, and the inextinguishable (eternal) Father. Then there would be direct visions from the most high, in order to find the heights and to look for the brilliant effluviurn which alone comes from the heavens. Possibly, from the miraculous hand of the Great One that controls all humans' destinies.

Thus we are examining with love, admiration and reverence, the always austere, generous, and virtuous life of the citizen Eduardo Hidalgo Gato. He felt as if something supernatural presided in Cuba, like that beneficial life he dedicated to his Mother Country was not for them in the history of the revolutionary immigrants.

Eduardo Hidalgo Gato was born in the small town nearby Santiago on the Fer-



Eduardo Hidalgo Gato. Photo credit: Monroe County Library.

tile Plain, in the year 1847. His childhood passed without any notable events that deserve to be recognized. As a teenager, he learned the noble art of making cigars. This is called a "Noble Art," because later this would be the position, the art, which made an enslaved country free. Without the cooperation of the cigar men, it is possible that Cuba would not be free today. An excellent and outstanding tabaquero [cigar maker], Eduardo Hidalgo Gato gained the ability to use his hands. His habit of savings, natural to him, made him appear like a man of position. But the secret of his welfare was his notion to save and be economic.

At the beginning of the Ten Years War he felt a youthful rejuvenation, concerning the ideals of Liberty and religion that were preached to him his entire life, sprouting in his soul. Immediately, the Revolution was initiated under the order

of Federico Pons, Head of the Department for the Western Part of the Island. Pons performed various important commissions in service of the Liberty. But the unworthy delegation left by the road. The volunteers from Bejucal asked for Gato's head, and Frederico Pons, in order to free him from a sure death, brought him to Habana where he hid in the guest's house on the property of the Spanish Antonio Perez, the husband to the sister of the worshiped and inspired Cuban poet Francisco Orgaz. In that guest house some Spanish Officials recently arrived. For hours at the table they would listen to each other's ideas of how, theoretically, they could put an end to the armed Cubans. Mr. Gato sat on the corner of the table, listening to their stories. "My memory of that noble Cuban-I admit fill me with emotion of Mr. Gato-is unforgettable. He treated me like

a brother, with love and invaluable unselfishness. He hid from his own wife the origin of my presence there, until Federico Pons removed me to the steamboat **The Alliance** that left for New Orleans through Cayo Hueso. At the end of the war-Eduardo Hidalgo Gato continues saying-I tried to get the media to investigate the location of that worthy Cuban. I could not achieve it, as so that I could never pay him that immense debt of gratitude". When the old patriot was finished speaking to me, from one of his eyes there appeared to be an escaped tear that rolled on his cheek, as a way to forever symbolize his memory of Mrs. Orgaz and her noble behavior.

Upon arriving on the steamboat at the historic Key, in its state of depopulation, it made me continue to think about the old. Thus I went on the steamboat that left the Key, bound for New Orleans. Upon arriving at the Tortugas, 35 miles to the west of Key West, a serious accident happened. The passengers, because the danger of the wreck, were collected by a schooner that carried them to Cedar Key. While there-after a thousand vicissitudes because of their ignorance of the language-Mr. Gato left bound for New York through Fernandina and Charleston.

In New York, he enlisted in the expedition led by General Goicuria, which would be coming on the steamboat **Katherine White**. Amongst his companions on the expedition, our sweet and inspirational story of Mr. Gato was told by Juan Clemente Zenea. Juan Zenea told us of him, repeated to us that Mr. Gato was a patriot, a man of honor, and a perfect young man. We who know the immaculate life of the poet, evoking now his name, remember a philosophy that immortal English poet William Shakespeare put into the mouth of one of his characters in "The Venetian Merchant". He said this thought: "if a man robs my purse and removes my money, it damages me; but if he robs me of my reputation, a greater damage is done to me, so that it does not bring absolutely any service to him but is necessary for me to live". How could some Cubans of those days ignore this marvelous phrase from an immortal poet! If we did not know about this honorable poet, the testimony of Eduardo Hidalgo Gato would be enough to us. A Cuban that was seen parading a generation and who had the happiness to know and to thank almost all the men who have

labored for our Liberty. I hope Mr. Gato was able to say that of other Cubans with so much certainty and determination by assuring us of the poor song of faith .

While waiting for General Goicuria, they were seized by the tugboat from the American war ship **Belmont** and driven to the Arsenal in Brooklyn, at a place where they could leave-thanks to the gesture of the Cuban Meeting in New York that was presided by the distinguished Cuban, Don Miguel Aldama.

Mr. Hidalgo Gato was the honor figure in the 4A Infantry Company (on board of the steamship **Lilliam**), expeditionary and also the loader/embarker on the **Hornet** (the first ship being property of the Cubans).

Therefore to speak of Eduardo Hidalgo Gato, it does not suffice to say that he was a millionaire that only put his fortunes to the service of the liberty for his country. One must say, knowing the real history, that before being a millionaire he was an expeditionary and patriot. He offered his life to the saintly causes of the emancipation of Cuba. After becoming a rich man, he put his personal fortunes/gains and his markets to the service of the same cause. He was the bearer of different difficult and risky commissions. He accomplished them with exquisite religiousness, risking more than one time his life and his fortune for the future of the Cuban country (the land that he loved and that loved him affectionately).

When the movements of the Guerra Chiquita (Little War), from Bonachea and Agüero and others painfully failed, he was still a man of medium social position but gave such large quantities that the commission remained amazed from so much generosity and patriotism.

It is evident that an eloquent characteristic of Mr. Eduardo Gato's life was that he never wanted to accept receipts, compensation or justification for the quantities that he delivered to the treasury of the revolution. He was truly sensitive. Because now we can test with irrefutable proof, we know that his contribution was over a half million pesos and that he gave more than any other Cuban for the liberty of his country.

Later with the organization of the Revolutionary Party of Cuba and with the visit of Marti to the Key, we there see Eduardo Gato acting with enthusiasm and energy by his willingness to fight again and to offer a new test of his patriotism. Practicing good as he sends the same doctrine: of hidden ways, silently

doing what the left hand says by simply ignoring the demands given by the right. His firm figure at the foot of that immortal document. The honor, more than his millions, should be the legitimate inheritance enjoyed by his descendants when he gives his life's journey for it. By his expressed signal/direction and rewarding the services of one enthusiast and with Mr. Carlos Borrego also signed the Acts of Constitution.

At the end of 1891, he was in Havana where had come in search of the health of his noble companion. One unforgettable morning he read an article in "La Lucha" [the fight] written by Collazo, Roa and General Aguirre. It was an unjust attack against the apostle Marti. After Eduardo Hidalgo Gato finished reading the inquiries, he thought of something to do in defense of Marti (whom he knew intimately, with whom he learned, loved and admired in all his lofty greatness). Next, without thinking about the consequences, he set out to find all the authors of the article. He only met with General Aguirre. Mr. Gato maintained a strong discussion with him at the beginning. Later that heroic soldier of our Liberty began to be touched by the strong arguments of Mr. Gato in defense of Marti, and General Aguirre recognized his errors and his injustice. He confessed nobly and promised Mr. Gato that he would be set apart from the matter, which he later did. It is evident to us that we should be in honor of the famous General Aguirre. In letters from the Master we have verified how upon treating the tiresome incident, General Aguirre always saved that he alone had signed it, obeying the requests of his companions from the war by not showing conviction.

See how that one Cuban, having been exposed to the wrath of the colony in that same Havana, was left to the defense of the one that would be the Leader of the conspiracy in 1895.

The emancipating revolution had begun. Mr. Gato, on one of his trips to New York, was there informed that a group of Cuban expeditionites in Indian Key, Florida, suffered from severe mosquitoes and hunger, while waiting for a ship to transport them to Cuba. He immediately turned the sum of \$3,000 over to the Agent of the Revolution in the Keys (my unforgettable grand father) Mr. Jose Dolores Poyo. With the money he gave

(Continued on page 8)

(Gato from page 7)

them, they leased a ship that transferred them to Cuban beaches.

Before giving the Grito de Baire, a multitude of classified announcements in Cuba came to the service of Marti. They served the Cuban cause because they brought communications and orders to the different Cuban bosses. But if one of those documents would have fallen into the hands of one of the authorities of Spain, surely no human or divine force would have been able to avoid their executions.

Like any tobacco factory owner, he came frequently to Cuba with the pretext to acquire tobacco for his factory. But the majority of the times the motive of his trips was something else, in order to bring communications, instructions, and written orders. After risking his life in the performance of such difficult assignments, he returned to the Key to give the account of the result. One must recognize all the Cubans and their valuable services but especially of the noble Mr. Gato. In our biography, it is evident that already by that time Mr. Gato was a millionaire. And to risk his life, even when the temptation of well being and pleasures that having millions of dollars provide, shows that it is a more worthy thing. And when he risks his life almost as a last resort, with that death comes the solution to the old, deep problems of calamities and miseries. What it shows in a concrete way, is that Mr. Gato reckoned that above his profits, his comfort and all that is frivolous (although necessary at times) was the obligation to serve to the Country; it was an inescapable duty to die for her if it was right. The liberty of Cuba was his dearest ideal and the defense of the holy right that Cubans had to be free men and not simply colonists in the land.

On one of his trips, a person (whose name we do not want to cite here and that Mr. Gato secretly refused to give to us) wanted to send an important sum to Maestro Marti. When he returned to the Key in the room of his home, in the presence of Marti and of General Roloff and Serafin Sanchez counted the fact and said to Marti: "I do not know if I have done well, or if I have done badly; but, for you, for the country, and for all of us, I sincerely hope that you will accept this money, knowing its source".

The Maestro already had said that the Republic "should be healthy and clean from its races" then embraced Mr. Gato and congratulated him for his actions, for

his agreement in everything, for his way of thinking, and for the way in which he dreamed and wanted all the Cubans to act.

When Ferdinand failed, it was a painful blow for the Revolution and, especially for Marti. This was directed to Mr. Gato in demand of his cooperation. The answer was not unexpected in the form of a check for \$5,000 and with that Marti left for Montecristy in search of the General Maximo Gomez.

Already the Leaders and the Government of the militant Republic agreed to carry out a loan for their product to subsidize the growing expenses of the campaign when the Revolution of 1895 was starting. Some bonds were sent off that were quoted at a reasonable 25 cents, being their nominal value that of a weight when the Republic succeeded. Distinguished Cubans were hurried to acquire great quantities of those revolutionary papers. Eduardo Hidalgo Gato was visited by a Commission (the one that formed part, among others, the excellent patriot Leopoldo Mederos). They saw Mr. Gato, but they suffered the pain of his absolute refusal to accept those bonds. Despite their worthy pleas and requests, Mr. Gato insisted on refusing to accept the paper of the future Republic. The disheartened visitors went to give the account of their failure to Don Tomas Estrada Palma. He demanded they find his friend Eduardo Gato. It was precious that they did not deny the Loaner's assistance. Truly the few moments we were in the presence of the patriot from Central Valley, known as the dear Mr. Gato, Estrada Palma asked what the motives of his refusal in this chance to help to the Cuban cause. Then Mr. Gato, with a characteristic sufficient to make him immortal and place his name next to that of the founders of the Liberty of Cuba, thus said to the venerable Estrada Palma: "The Country has the right to require me of money, sacrifices, efforts and also my life, if it is necessary for its Liberty. But neither the Country, neither you, nor anybody has the right to make me accept those bonds. So that when the nearby day of triumph for our cause comes they cannot destroy my history of sacrifices for Liberty. At the moment of the triumph, the same Cubans would say that I had taken these bonds at the price of 25 cents in order to make a profit from what they paid me in weight. So that absolutely nobody has the right to say that it is not because I refused to contribute,

as always, to the fund of the War; there goes that check of \$10,000 with the ones that I contributed. But without bonds, without receipts, without compensations of any kind. I comply with my duty which is all that I have done and that I will do in all cases".

The patriotic Estrada Palma was so touched that tears began running down his cheeks, he tightened against the chest of Eduardo Hidalgo Gato and those two Cubans, in tight hug, promised to continue in the bloody fight to obtain our just liberation from the tightening yoke of the colony.

I can assure you of this, Mr. Gato carried out a lot of actions. If it was possible to add all the quantities given from his pocket for the revolution Cuban, we are sure that he would have spent half a million pesos. And there we must not forget that Eduardo Hidalgo Gato is an economic man, methodical, incapable of wrongly spending a cent. So that thanks to his sense of saving that has presided in his life he has been able to accumulate an immense fortune, that differentiates him from the others because he has not been kneaded with blood, neither with abuses, neither with infamy of any kind. He has been raised a worthy man and incapable of doing harm to anybody. Eduardo Gato whom with his tobacco has made millions, has never forgotten that his first job was Tabaquero.

And what did Eduardo Gato, as a manufacturer of tobacco in Cayo Hueso, do to benefit the Cuban population? Oh, ladies and gentlemen! To record everything that this countryman carried out to benefit the emigrated family you would need a book as large as the Christian Bible. He gave work to nearly seven hundred men. He made comfortable homes for his laborers of his factory, offered them property to be paid off through negligible rents deducted each week from the daily wage of the laborer. The Cubans that earned a living there I want to believe in his defense thought their stay in the Key would be brief and that the ideal emancipators would succeed quickly, that Cuba would be freed very promptly, and that all would return. They did not know to take advantage of their blessed and only opportunity (thanks to the kindness of Mr. Gato) that was presented to them by being the owners of their houses. They did not take the offer seriously. And what is more, unfortunately, a few actually fought it. For that reason, today the Cubans are not the main landowners in

the historic Key which they converted from a fishing settlement and formed the habitable and modern population. To show all the consequences of Mr. Gato and his laborers, it suffices to cite a very original fact that occurred in his factory. The laborers, in a great assembly, agreed to prohibit him the entrance in the galley of the Tabaqueros. Some old laborers of the Key, still recall themselves the face that Mr. Gato evoked when a commission communicated that agreement. But he, known for being a good man, forgave it and tolerated it. Another man less patriotic and less philosophical surely would have closed his shop before that violent compulsion from the laborers.

Fortunately, the eloquent and constant example of Mr. Gato was the stimulus for the laborers of his factory. Therefore, the house of Mr. Gato was the alfa and the omega of everything referring to donations to the Country. Thereby the initiative of a tabaquero, which arose from Marti's visit to the Key, produced the constitution of the Cuban Revolutionary Party. From the factory of Mr. Gato, the Liberators and Cubans obtained all that they needed to preach patriotism. Mr. Gato always anticipated with commendable disinterest the quantities of his laborers to gather among themselves. Their branch was a portion of Cuba Libre. There, a healthy environment of pure patriotism breathed, and never was a Spaniard able to sit down to work in that factory. It was, in short, a branch office of Cuba Libre, where the kindness and patriotism of Mr. Gato has always presided along with the love to Cuba and the good judgment of its hundreds of honest workers.

Almost all that is currently in Cayo Hueso owes its initiative to Mr. Gato. Electric trolleys, lighted baseball fields, public baths, etc. Anything that was necessary so that the dear Key took the aspect of a modern population was given little by little, by the Cuban philanthropist, Mr. Eduardo Hidalgo Gato.

They surprised the Republic by working and complying with their duty to Cuba and the father of the family. His children, models of correction and of patriotism, have followed the path of their illustrious father. Perseverant fighters have been known to grasp the sympathy of Cubans and Americans by creating homes that are models of virtue and charity, by preserving the holy gospel of their lives and their intense love to Cuba.

Upon establishing the Republic, an il-

lustrious commission of men visited Mr. Gato to ask him for his cooperation in the Government. He refused to act with these noble phrases: "I have completed what I owe and want nothing from the Republic, but having the right to live in her the last years of my life. And I just ask that all the Cubans that they do the same: that they serve it without interest and without asking for nothing, absolutely nothing".

I should not finish these light biographical notes of such an illustrious countryman without expressing something that has not been a great deal carried out in that historic Key, cradler of the Cuban Liberty, the American corner that seems to have been positioned among the blue and restless water of the Mexican gulf so that its scented breezes rock the noble and holy ideal of Liberty for a town worthy of enjoying it. There in Cayo Hueso exists a House of the Poor, Hospital Mercedes, that responds to the local poor without asking them questions of who they are, where they come from, the naturalness and the color that have. It cures and attends to all those that need the aid of science and the consolation of piety. That extensive and beautiful place, which was long ago the residence of Mr. Gato, was generously donated to a commission of ladies that is presided by the illustrious, altruistic and noble Cuban Maria V. Gutsens. The Hospital carries the illustrious name of his virtuous and unforgettable wife: Mercedes. This house for the poor (that the Gato family helps) maintains the patriotism of many self-sacrificing ladies from the Key whom have consecrated all their time to maintain and conserve it. It exists thanks to the donation of Mr. Gato.

When I finished my interview with that austere Cuban, a sweet old man with a head whitened by the expressive look of years that is still encouraged and becomes brilliant with a persuasive and loving voice upon recalling the days of emigration and the fight for Liberty, I felt a strange emotion. A sensation of love and respect kept growing, while his sensational word tried to avoid the story of his feats, fearful of seeming proud, fearful of appearing too vain.

What an example of modesty and honor the actual life of Mr. Gato was for me! How many men of this time should have met that beneficial existence and utilized his virtues! To obtain the country would always be an altar for them and never pedestal like they ask with an august

voice the Maestro of all the Cubans, the illustrious one Jose Marti!

With true pride, perhaps putting in all the vanity the patriot conceived, Mr. Gato told me that he was an intimate friend, with Marti, with Serafin Sanchez, with Roloff, with Estrada Palma and with the other noble donators, how he had for each one of those ideal companions a phrase of remembrance, a pious adjective and an admirable reverence!

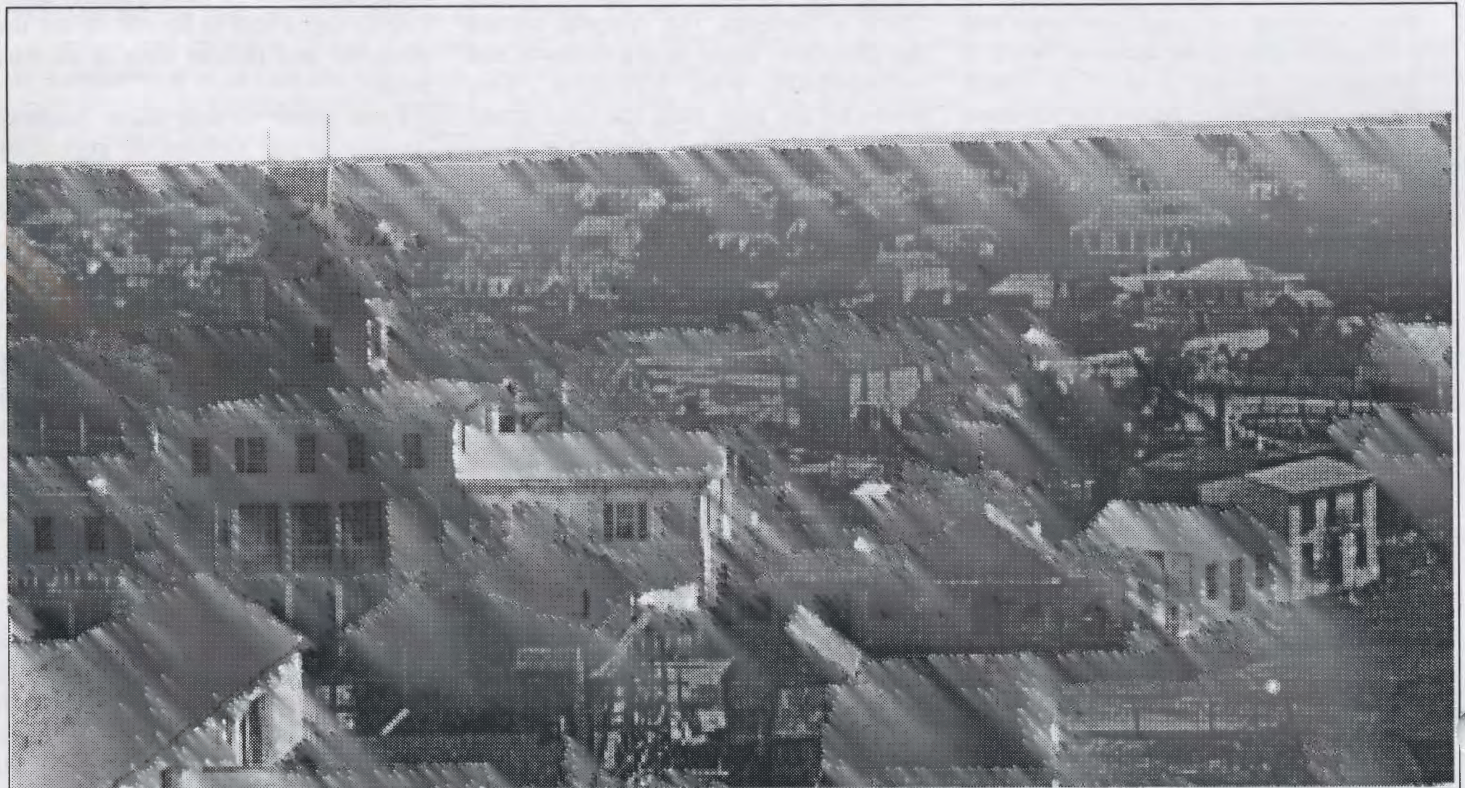
His life, a plethora of dignified events from a more cultured word than mine, is in itself the perfect and final demonstration that every man is able and should be useful to his Country and to his own family. Eduardo Hidalgo Gato, that simple tabaquero that emigrated in the year 1869, returned to Cuba having completed with all he owed as a citizen and patriot. A worthy figure among the founders and being the possessor of an immense ascending fortune of millions. It is one of the few times, ladies and gentlemen, in which he felt with firmness the belief in the Divine thing, the security in it, and the final certainty of the beyond. Without a doubt, that tests the life of Eduardo Hidalgo Gato and all he is. To work, to fight, to save, to be useful to everyone, to offer every day a new sample of patriotism and to arrive at the old, to be satisfied with the realization of all, absolutely all of his ideals. To have a sovereign and free Country and to be one of the most powerful and richest men in its native land.

I am going to end these honorable records of the Cubans by repeating a nice sentence of Eduardo Hidalgo Gato that is a way of marking the luminous framework inside which all of his life and all stupendous work can be enclosed. Upon speaking to me of his factory, with the modesty that is peculiar in him, he told me and repeated to me with pride and with pleasure, that he had completed all he owes, attended all his commitments, without having ever been a professional, neither a cultured man nor a financier. He said repeating to me that I am a man loving and thankful for his position. That I am not more than a Tabaquero.

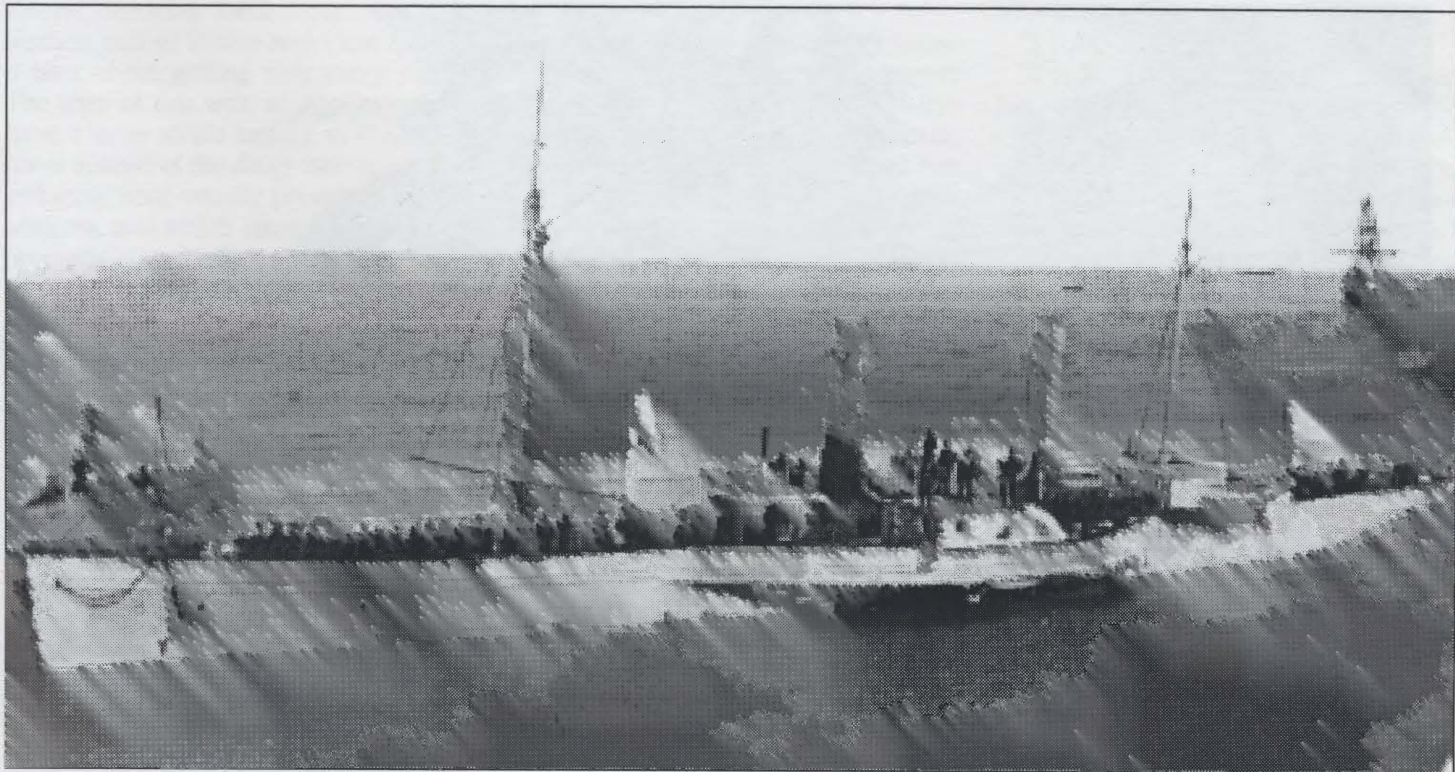
And I, ladies and gentlemen, am one whom closely knows the work of the holy tabaqueros of the emigrations. For the sake of our Liberty listen to those words from the lips of a Cuban so illustrious that I have to finish this speech, exclaiming: Blessed Be The Tabaqueros!.



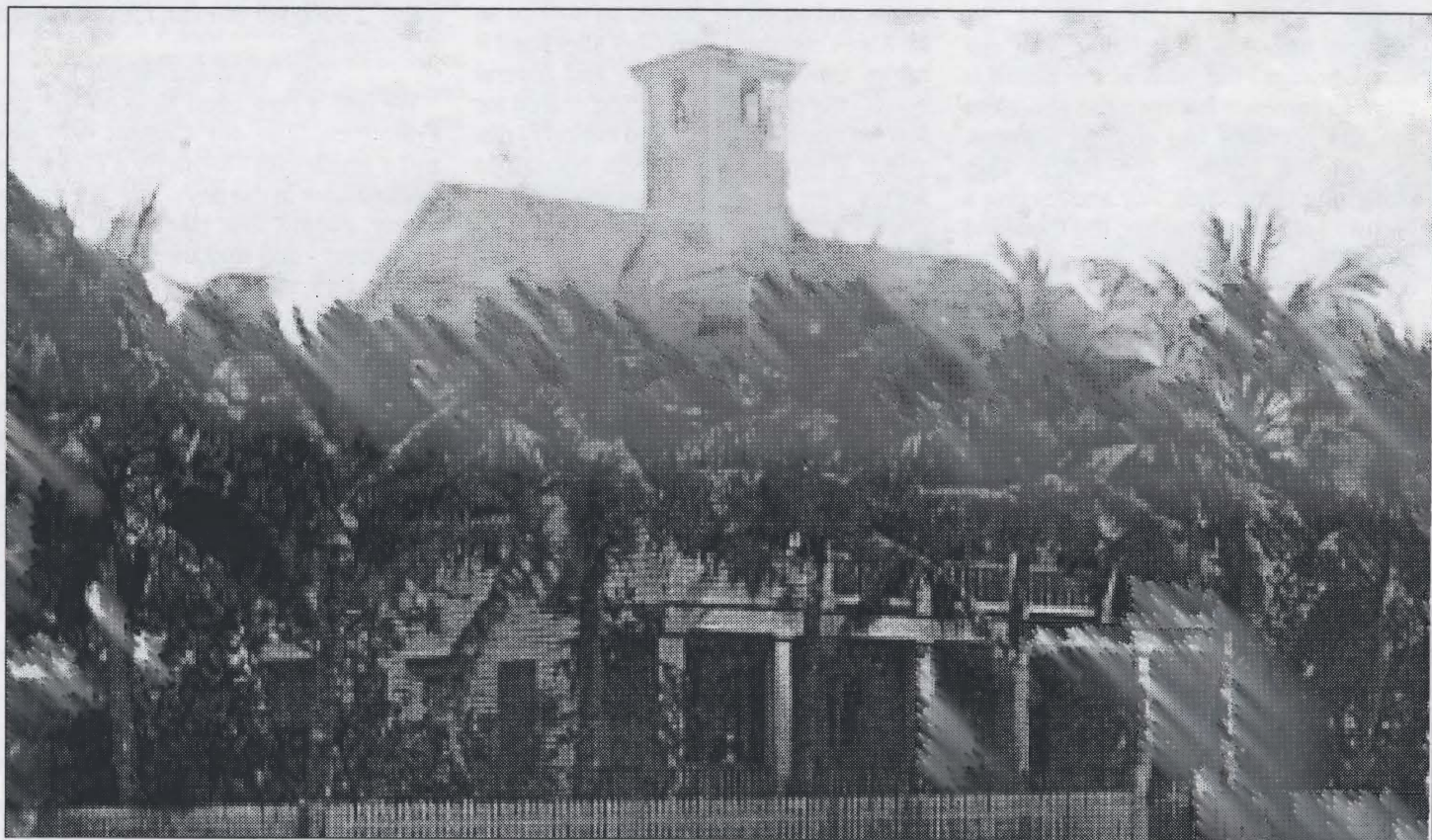
Duval Street looking south. The large building to the left was the Russell House, the largest hotel in the city. The unknown building on the right is the site today of the Wachovia Bank at Duval and Front Streets.



Front Street off Duval Street. To the right is Fitzpatrick Street in front of the small buildings. The large building was a military headquarters and the offices of the City of Key West.



A blockade runner at the pier in Key West. The deck of the ship is lined with men probably U.S. Navy personnel.



The home of John Geiger on Whitehead Street now the Audubon House museum.



A Key West shop selling Havana cigars in 1865.

(Mark Twain from page 1)

"Homeward Bound" and the "Larboard Watch Ahoy!" nobody objects to, because they are in keeping with our surroundings - but what in the nation is there in common between the shoreless sea, the gemmed and arching heavens, the crested billows, the stately ship ploughing her gallant way and leaving a highway of fire behind her, the thousand thoughtful eyes gazing out upon the ocean, lost in dreams of the homes that shall soon bless their sight again - and Dog Tray! Why is Dog Tray to be intruded upon circumstances of such moral and physical sublimity as these? What has Dog Tray got to do with such matters? Confound Dog Tray!

Brown Delivered of a Joke:

Key West (Florida), January 6th. -We soon got accustomed to the new ship and her officers, and liked them well. And, behold, we had ice-water! That was a treat. There was plenty of it, and so all hands did little else but drink it while the novelty was fresh. We could not well help liking a ship that kept plenty of ice on board. She was a good ship, but she kept breaking a bolt-head or a king-pin, or whatever its name was, every now and then. The first time it broke the passengers were in a sweat; they thought it must be something terrible that could

keep the ship lying still on the water for two hours at night. Next day it broke again, and again we floated an hour or so till it was mended. Two days afterward it broke again, and again we lost several hours - the passengers getting scared for fear we should get disabled entirely - disabled! When we had canvas enough to supply two ships; but passengers are usually just about as reasonable as that. The last time the accident happened, Brown came up from his orgies in the cabin, late at night (it was storming like every thing), and roused me out of my slumbers. "What the devil do you want?" "Why, I want to tell you something." "Out with it - quick!"

"Why, I know why they call this the tri-monthly line of steamers."

"Well-hurry."

"It's because they go down to Greytown one month, and then they try all next month to get back again!"

"Leave the room!"

And he left - else I would have brained him on the spot.

On the other side, when this lunatic first came in sight of the Isthmus, he gazed, and gazed, and gazed at it as if he had found something so wonderful he could hardly realize it. Finally he said, reflectively: "The Isthmus - and so this is

the old, regular, simon-pure Isthmus - the place where all the butter comes from!" I suppose you can appreciate that in California.

The "West-sou'-wester"

We had a rare good time on the **San Francisco**. The old Captain was jolly, and a gentleman - formerly a Lieutenant Commander in the navy. The Purser was a long, gangly, first rate fellow - perfect gentleman - and told the oldest, rattiest, last-century stories, and told them with the worst grace! We had a very jolly time. The cholera was in the ship, medicines were nearly out, and we had to be jolly. It wouldn't do to get melancholy for a moment. Brown and Smith (my room-mates) invented a harmless tropical drink (I thought I had tasted it before) which they named "west-sou'-wester;" and every day, before each meal, all the boys were drummed forward to take it. It was built thus:

R. - White sugar - lbs. 3/4

Ice - lbs. 1

Limes - dozen 1

Lemon - 1

Orange - 1

Brandy - bot. 1 /2

Put in 3/4 gal. ice-pitcher, and fill up with water.

The smoking room was always full of

lovers, teething babies and sea-sick women, and so Brown and I had to take it turn about getting sick every night. The idea of this was, so that we might have a large ship's lantern in our stateroom instead of the dingy little spark of a swinging lamp usually provided for passengers, and which must be blown out promptly at ten o'clock. Only sick people can have ship lanterns, and burn them as long as they want to see how the medicine operates, and play seven up. We never worried much about the medicine - we let it operate or not, just as it came handy, because it wasn't anything but west-sou'-westers anyhow - but we used to be very regular about getting the room crammed full of cigar-smoke and boys, and listening to the purser's infamous old stories, and playing pitch seven-up till midnight.

The Monkey

The monkey was a well-spring of joy - one of the passengers got him at Greytown and kept him in a locker near our room on the upper deck - and we used to get him as tight as a brick occasionally, on a banana soaked in cherry brandy, and then it was fun to see him reel away and scamper up the rigging and miscalculate his jumps and fall thirty feet and catch by his tail on another rope and save himself. He was dressed up by the ladies in a gray Scotch cap and pantaloons, gray coat with cuffs and collar of brilliant red and gold, and a belt and wooden dagger, and was as comical and happy-spirited a scoundrel as ever lived. He was never idle - never still; always prospecting and rummaging in staterooms or galloping up the rigging to the very masthead. The gale, and the quivering mast, and the plunging ship, were nonsense to him on his dizzy perch. One morning when he was tight and the weather was cool, he went and got into bed with a sick woman who was asleep - drew the covers down carefully, one after the other, watching her face all the time with his sharp eyes - then turned back the sheet and sprung in! He nestled snugly up to the lady, keeping up his low, gratified squeak all the time, and drew up the bedclothes till nothing of him was visible but the brim of his cap and the end of his gray nose. His squeaking woke the woman, and she looked once at the diminutive old face on her pillow, and then she screamed like a locomotive and sprang out of bed. The next moment the monkey was at the masthead, infinitely worse scared than she was.

Miss Slimmens

When the monkey and all other sources of amusement failed, the passengers talked gossip. But the chief of this was the lady they dubbed Miss Slimmens. Not one soul in the cabin escaped her. She told fearful stories about everybody. And she never told one that didn't make her victim wince as if he were skinned. She is a newspaper correspondent, and I think she must be a right spicy one. Everybody was in misery on her account, but the climax that filled every heart with anguish was the poem she wrote, and into which she compressed all her monstrous stories. It scorched them! Human nature could not stand this. It had to be resented; and one of the boys in the after cabin served her up to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Everybody read it, but they did not want to go further than she did, and so they never sang it. There were eight verses of home-spun doggerel. I will give a brief extract:

"She gave M. T. an awful shot,
And Kingdom she did lift;
From White and Thayer the fur did fly
Lord! how she snuffed out Smith!
"She crowded Lewis till he swore
If she would stop the war,
He'd take the cussed newspaper
She corresponded for.
"She said 'twas funny Baker's charms
No woman could withstand,
But if she saw where those charms lay,
She wished she might be destroyed."

Brown always spoke reverently of Slimmens as "the correspondent" - but it was small distinction, because he always spoke of me in the same way, and the same way of the monkey.

The Cholera

Most of the steerage passengers ate quantities of fruit on the Isthmus and drank aguadiente - a dangerous combination, even for a native - and we had hardly got to sea before the effects of their imprudence appeared. In my log I find these entries:

"January 2d. - Two cases cholera in the steerage reported this morning."

"4 P.M. - Surgeon has just reported to the Captain that 'two of the cases are mighty bad, and the third awful bad.' So there is a new one, it seems."

"9:10 P.M. - One of the sick men died a few minutes ago, and was at once sheeted and thrown overboard. Rev. Mr. Fackler read the prayers."

"Midnight. - Another patient at the point of death - they are filling him up

with brandy. These are sad times."

"1 A.M. - The man is dead."

"2 A.M. - He is overboard. Expedition has to be used in our circumstances."

"January 4th. - Off coast of Cuba. Another man died this morning - of cholera, everybody in the ship said, of course - but it was not. Old case of consumption."

"January 5th. - We are to put in at Key West, Florida, to-day, for coal, so they say, but no doubt it is to cool down the fright of the passengers as well. Some are lively, but others are in a terrible way. Seven cases sickness yesterday - one a first cabin passenger."

"Noon. - Another man said to be dying of cholera - the young man they call 'Shape.'"

"Half a dozen on the sick list now. The blockheads let the diarrhea run two or three days, and then, getting scared, they run to the surgeon and hope to be cured. And they lie like all possessed - swear they have just been taken, when the doctor knows better by their symptoms. He asked a patient the other day if he had any money to get some brandy with? - said 'no,' and so the ship had to furnish it - when the man died they found forty-five dollars in his pocket. May be it was all the money the poor fellow had, but then he needn't have spoken falsely about it when the chances were all in favor of his going to the bottom anyway, and then he wouldn't want it."

"Shape' been walking the deck in stocking feet at midnight last night - getting wet - exposing himself going to die, they say."

"The disease has got into the second cabin at last, and one case in first cabin. The consternation is so great among some of the passengers, that several are going to get off at Key West (if quarantine regulations permit it) and go north overland."

"The Captain and the Surgeon go through with the regular daily inspection of every nook and corner and stateroom in the ship, as usual. It is a good regulation, and more than ever necessary now."

"Shape is dead - sick about twelve hours."

"2 P.M. - The Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Mr. Fackler, is taken - bad diarrhea and griping. He has buried all the dead, and he is a good-hearted man and it always affected him so to see those poor fellows plunge into the sea. Pure distress

(Continued on page 14)

(Mark Twain from page 13)

of mind has made him sick - nothing else. He started out to read prayers over 'Shape,' and when he came in sight of the sheeted corpse he fainted and fell down by the capstan."

"All hands looking anxiously forward to the cool weather we shall strike twenty-four hours hence, to drive away the sickness."

"4 P.M. -The Minister has got a fit - convulsions of some kind. They are nursing him well; everybody likes him and respects him."

"Just heard the Captain give the order to Purser to put up a sign, in letters large enough for all to read: 'No charge for medical attendance whatever.' It is a good idea - we have found some more like that fellow that died and didn't want to buy brandy."

"5:30 P.M. - As the boys came to the room, one after the other, I observed a marked change in their demeanor. They report that the Minister - only sick such a short time - is already very low; and that a hospital has been fitted up in the steerage and he removed thither. Verily the ship is fast becoming a floating hospital herself - not a single hour passes but brings its new sensation - its melancholy tidings. If ever a group of earnest countenances assemble on any part of the deck, you will see everybody flock there - they know there is some more news of dire import. When I think of poor 'Shape' and the preacher, both so well when I saw them yesterday, it makes me feel gloomy.

Since the last two hours, all laughter, all cheerfulness, have died out of the ship. A settled sadness is upon the faces of the passengers."

"The last arrival says the Minister is dying. The passengers are fearfully exercised, and with considerable reason, for we are about to have our fifth death in five days, and the sixth of the voyage."

"That bolt-head broke several days ago, and we lost two hours while it was being mended. It broke again the next day, and we lost three or four hours. It broke again this afternoon, and again we lay like a log on the water (head wind,) for three or four hours more. These things distress the passengers beyond measure. They are scared about the epidemic and so impatient to get along that a stoppage of an hour seems a week to them, and gets them nervous and excited. One or two insist that we are 'out of luck,' and that we are all going to the

very dickens, wherever that may be. Good many patients in the hospital. One well man is in a terrible way - can't bear the idea of dying and being buried at sea - as if his dead carcass would be more comfortable being eaten by grub-worms than sharks. Has got sixty-eight articles on cholera and its treatment - does nothing but read them. He tried hard to get the Captain to promise not to throw him overboard in case he died - offered him a hundred dollars. He is determined to quit the ship at Key West, and so are twenty or thirty others."

January 6th. - At two o'clock this morning, the Rev. Mr., Fackler died, and half an hour afterwards we landed at Key West. It is Sunday. Two of us attended Episcopal service here, and retired when they prepared to take the sacrament, and left a request at the pastor's house that he would preach the funeral sermon. We visited the cemetery in the edge of town, and then, supposing there was plenty of time, strolled through the principal streets and took some notes. When we got to the ship, a little after one o'clock, they said the funeral was already over.

San Francisco "Alta California,"

March 23, 1867

Key West, January 6th.

Key West. This ranks as an excellent harbor, and looks like an open roadstead. They say the hundred little flat islands, or keys, scattered all around keep off sea and storm. It is a pretty little tropical looking town, green all over with the cocoa-nut tree peculiar to this latitude, which has a short, thick trunk and tall, curved branches, which give it the semblance of a colossal feather-brush. The gardens have a bastard looking orange tree in them, also, and tamarinds, Rose of Sharon, and oleanders, and something that looks like the century plant; and among the chaparral in the outskirts are thousands of gigantic prickly pears. The country is level, and is precious few inches above the sea. The formation is a rock that is white, looks like limestone, and is made of infinitesimal spheres like mustard seed compacted together. There is no soil upon it of any consequence, and so I do not see how they manage to grow anything. I didn't hear of any farms or vegetable gardens around. If a man wanted to start a farm there, he would have to bring one in a ship.

The town has houses enough in it to contain 3,000 people, but many of them are not occupied. The place has no com-

merce with the outside world. It don't raise anything and don't manufacture anything, and there seems to be no country back of it. And so I marched through and through the place, wondering how under heaven the people got their living. Finally it struck me, though after comparing notes with the Purser and the passengers: There is a great fortification there - Fort Taylor; a lighthouse or so, a great military barrack, and a Custom House. So they live off the Government; they keep numberless whiskey mills for the soldier trade, and they make something out of the weekly New Orleans and Havana steamer that touches there; and two or three times a year a stray ship wanders in there, and is a godsend. They scorch her!

Everybody was afraid the Health Officers would not allow us to land there with our cholera. Vain delusion! If a Health Officer were to stand between them and their livelihood in that way they would discharge him. They don't mind pestilences. They have their protection in the salubrity and singular healthfulness of their climate and situation. Their Doctor called our cholera "malignant diarrhea," and cheerfully let us land and spend \$3,000 or \$4,000. That will last them till fortune betrays another ship into their hands. For one hundred tons of coal and a few stores and medicines, our ship paid \$2,011.20. Labor bill for putting the coal aboard was \$205; it would have been \$25 in New York. But the funniest thing was our restaurant experience. There were ten grown persons and two children at the dinner - (we furnished the wines ourselves); had

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weak soup, ham and eggs, coffee, an abominable stew of some kind or other that no man could eat, and a piece of custard pie all around. The bill was two dollars and a quarter apiece. We left good fare on the vessel to go and eat such a villainous mess as that. If they keep on in that way, a Key Wester will be a curiosity in Heaven here after.

I say nothing against Key West cigars, though. We laid in a heavy stock of them at four dollars a hundred - real Havana tobacco, and a better cigar than one can get in San Francisco at any price whatever. The tobacco is imported from Havana and then made into cigars by Spaniards. The duty on raw tobacco is only one-third of its market value, but the duty on the manufactured article is just three times its value. Hence they do not import cigars, but make them.

There are few handsome or elegant dwellings in the place - none, I might almost say. The dwellings of the "plebeians" are one-story frame cottages, with cheap colored paints hung on the walls, and neither mats nor carpets on the floors, and without glass windows - nothing but great heavy board shutters, solid like a door, and an inch thick. I think I saw a hundred such. I couldn't understand it. I meant to ask why they did not use glass windows, but I forgot it. I wish I knew.

At a little distance the town looks whitewashed and very pretty, but a closer inspection discovers that the whitewash is dingy, and that the whole concern hath about it a melancholy air of decay - Ben Bolt.

The Negroes seemed to be concentrated in a single corner of the town, to leeward of the whites - so their fragrance is wasted on the desert air, and blows out to sea. As this fragrance blows straight out from near the lighthouse, it has its value - because the storm-tossed mariner with a delicate sense of smell could follow it in, in case the light chanced to go out. We met very few Negroes in the town proper, which might have been because it was Sunday and a holiday.

The roadways in and about Key West are in triple paths, with belts of grass growing between - a circumstance which might have been suggestive of one-horse vehicles, only there were no horse-tracks in the middle path, and no wheel-tracks in the out side ones. We did see two cows and three horses, but that is not enough to justify me in saying there are thousands of them in Key

West.

I attended Episcopal service, and they gauged me at a glance and gave me a back seat, as usual. And such style! and such fashion! Why, I might have imagined myself in Grace Cathedral, or some other metropolitan temple. Three hundred and fifty elegantly dressed ladies and children, and twenty-five men! The men were out selling little groceries and things to our army of rusty looking passengers from the San Francisco, no doubt. But where all that style came from was a mystery to me, in this decaying, windowless town, guiltless of commerce, agriculture, or manufactures. They must have been families of officers of the Custom House, and of the two great military establishments. Several of the gentlemen were unquestionably Southern bloods, though - slim, spruce, long-haired young fellows, in broadcloth, black kids, whalebone canes, ruffled shirts, and funny little cravats, an inch wide, made of flaming yellow silk ribbon.

Finally, two gentlemen began to hand around plates that seemed to have large pound-cakes on them. Everybody took a slice, but still the cakes grew no smaller. I wondered at that. However, when the cakepassers got toward my end of the church, I saw that those things were only imitation cakes with holes in their tops, and that the people were putting something in them instead of taking from them. I asked a boy what it was all about. He said those were contribution boxes. That had occurred to me a moment before, but I heard nothing rattle in them. You see, they were using postal currency, and it was our first experience in that line. We got better acquainted with it before the day was over, though. In a grocery where Brown bought something, they gave him a five-cent stamp in change, with a portrait of Gideon Welles on it, but he handed it back, with many regrets, and said he couldn't make any use of the grocery man's picture, because he "didn't keep no photograff album."

Fort Taylor, an immensely strong fortification, sits in the edge of the sea and commands the entrance to the harbor, but we did not visit it - the walk would have been too great.

Well, we are really in "the States" again, but I cannot quite realize it yet.

At Sea Again

New York, January 12th.

We remained at Key West a day and night, and left on the morning of the 7th...

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Looking southwest from near the end of Greene Street. The large building with the flag is the headquarters on Front Street.

KEY WEST MARITIME HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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KEY WEST, FL 33041

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