

FAREWELL TO FLORIDA

THE LAND OF SUNNY SKIES AND WARM HEARTS.

An Easter Day That Judea Could Not Have Paralleled for Beauty—The Sub-Tropical Exhibition—Final Notes About Old and New Friends.

[NINTH AND LAST LETTER.]

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Easter Monday.

The sun rises from his eastern couch like a ball of fire, and as he ascends to the meridian, he represents a shield of burnished silver, from whence scintillate red hot piercing rays, which seem to penetrate like so many fiery darts, and after performing his day's journey, and descending behind the hills of Leon and the forest trees that stand upon the margin, he takes on a polished hue of molten gold—so that, in this latitude, the rising and the setting of the grand luminary of day is a sight to behold, full of beauty and full of interest.

It was so yesterday. No Easter Sunday, even in the land of Judea, ever came in more hot and glorious—nor was there a cloud to fleck the sky during the day. "I am the resurrection and the life," was the thought that seemed to animate every object, and find a deep responsive voice in the fields and the gardens, and the piny woods, all fully bedecked in their gorgeous summer robes, and filling the atmosphere with their aroma. It was a day of intense summer heat—mercury from 86 to 90—and yet its peaceful solemnity, and the calm repose of nature all about, made one feel that he was living upon the borders of a new existence.

The churches were all embedded (if I may so say) in flowers—from the least to the greatest, the gardens, the great treasure houses of nature, serving as "green houses" from which to draw their supplies; and yet, notwithstanding thousands and tens of thousands of roses, pansies, honeysuckles, Easter lilies, etc., etc., have been plucked, the abundance does not appear to the eye to be in the least diminished. The floral decorations in the Episcopal church, in particular, were very fine. The baptismal font was banked with roses, forming a cross—the altar was a mass of bloom—an aureole or wreath of white roses was placed on the communion table cross, where the cross beams meet, which beautiful addition rendered this emblem of death a most conspicuous object. The altar rails in the chancel were garlanded with flowers of every description, interspersed with evergreens and trailing vines in flower, the bamboo vine forming a string of net work upon which any floral device may be connected—this vine was stretched along both sides of the church, on the panel walls (like our cathedral panels) and flowers intertwined among the branches—so that, standing at the main entrance door and casting one's eyes down the aisles and on to the altar in the distance, the *coup d'œil* presented was exquisite in the extreme. On the pipes of the organ were bouquets attached, here and there presenting a very pretty appearance. On the right side of the organ was placed on the wall a figure representing a mural tablet, the groundwork of which was composed of beautiful double white roses, bordered with what looked to me like violet pansies; in the centre of the shield or tablet were the words "AT REST"—printed in red roses—above the tablet, in old English text letters, was inscribed upon the wall, "In Memoriam." Altogether, this was a beautiful, unique work of art, well designed and faithfully executed by the ladies of the choir, in memory of a young gentleman (Mr. Pollard), who had but recently been one of their number, and had fallen a victim at Jacksonville to the yellow fever, where he had gone shortly before the breaking out. It was a floral tribute, offered on such an occasion, well worthy of the heads and hearts of those who suggested it and wrought it into such becoming shape and beauty.

The above, however, is but an inadequate description of the floral decorations of this fine church on Easter Sunday—they must be seen to be realized; and the ladies of the church are fully entitled to the congratulations especially of the strangers within their gates, to say nothing of the church-goers of Tallahassee generally. The two sermons delivered by Dr. Carter, morning and evening—in the morning to a very crowded congregation—were pieces of composition of the very highest order—perhaps the word "able" will better express my idea.

I should have remarked in my last that our company had made an excursion to Jacksonville for a couple of days, on a visit to the sub-tropical exhibition. The distance from this place is 160 miles, and the difference in the intensity of the heat is considerable. It being the day set apart for visitors from Central Florida, there were upwards of 1,200 passengers, the cars being crowded, in the real literal sense of the word; and it was about the best behaved crowd I was ever in. While there were all sorts mixed, there was not a single jar or boisterous expression uttered—all appeared upon their best behavior. Not so on some excursion occasions nearer home, where bad whiskey and worse manners have interfered with the harmony and comfort of passengers generally. Every one on this occasion seemed to have gone in for a good time, and they had it no doubt to their full satisfaction. Jacksonville was bathed in sunlight and transient orange blossoms flying through the air like flakes of snow, and foliage of exquisite grace and

beauty, such as tall palms and long drawn out semi-tropical lines of shrubs, covering or shall I say burying the houses. It seemed almost impossible to imagine that the angel of death had so recently hovered over this beautiful spot, and laid his hand so heavily upon it; and with all this charm and gaiety of nature outside, within many of these abodes were the homes of sorrow and bereavement. But then death entered Eden through man's perfidy, and to man's providence was due in a great measure the yellow fever scourge. Feeling an immunity from pestilence the people as in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah became slothful and so neglected the obligations of sanitation. The apology for a board of health took no precautionary measures by cleaning up and purifying their town; and so it came about that on the fall of the leaf and the decay of vegetation in the autumn and stagnant green pools of water and marshy sedges lying all about in rear of the town, festering in the sun, miasmatic fuel was added to the fetid breath of the fiery sirocco, and death

the general, on or near the field of battle, were placed in my hands for perusal, which were characteristic of the soldier and the scholar. My friend is now employed in the more peaceful occupation of a judge, a fine representative of the Southern judiciary and chivalry; and with qualifications equal to any emergency; for it strikes a stranger with great force how easily our cousins, North and South, can adapt themselves to any condition. Now civilians, lawyers, physicians, merchants—engaged from day to day in peaceful pursuits, some of them never having smelt gunpowder. Then, suddenly transformed into soldiers, as eager for the fray at their country's call as though they had been trained to arms all their lives, for they are quick to learn, and marching and countermarching in the "tented field" became with them only a pastime. Without having once seen West Point impromptu generals, colonels and majors are made out of the raw material, and take command of battalions and regiments, and go into battle as if they knew

WONDERS IN FINANCE.

The Mighty Work That Has Been Done by The Mutual Life of New York.

The life of the late Edward N. Yerxa, brother of Mr. A. D. Yerxa, registrar of deeds, etc., Frederickton, was insured in The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York for \$20,000, and the loss was paid within a week after the proofs of death were received by the company.

Mr. Yerxa paid but two premiums, of \$510 each, and at the end of the first year he received as a dividend his proportion of the profit earnings of the company for that year. This added \$417 to his policy, which was paid to his estate with the \$20,000 original insurance. Had he lived a few months longer a second dividend would have been awarded. The one paid was actually 81 3/4 per-cent of the whole sum Mr. Yerxa had invested at the time it was awarded.

This result seems phenomenal, but Mr. J. H. Wright, the company's agent here, while admitting it to be unusual it the his-



SAINT JOHN PASSENGER STATION.

followed in the wake. A new board of health has recently been enacted, and steps are now being taken to guard against another attack. The St. James hotel, one of the finest in the place, seemed as if it had merely existed during the past winter. There appeared to be about twenty visitors present at this time, while two and three hundred generally form the ordinary complement. The big, fat, head waiter still holds his own at the entrance of the dining hall. I saw him there six years ago and he had not diminished in avoirdupois one iota since—weight probably 350. It was evident the yellow fever had not deprived him of his situation. I am afraid, should the disease break out again next fall, Jacksonville as a health resort will be doomed, and St. Augustine become the objective point for Northerners. Here is to be seen the greatest hotel in the world—the Ponce d'Leon—as regards size, comforts, surroundings, outside and in fitted up in real Alhambrian style regardless of cost—said to be \$4,000,000. Grand in every way that such an establishment can be regarded—but grandest of all in its charges, the lowest price for one being five dollars a day, which small amount I suppose sends you high up among the stars—and from five dollars up, or down, to twenty, thirty and forty dollars a day for suites of rooms for small families, or single gentlemen who have a plethora of cash and do not know how otherwise to make use of it and gorge themselves with champagne to boot at \$5 a bottle. Think of a man swallowing a barrel of flour at one gulp. This hotel is capable of accommodating one thousand guests. Suppose that number to be present what a big drawer they must have to hold all the cash. Multiply eight dollars a day (as an average) by 1000 and strike the balance—then see what is the weekly income. And there are other large first class hotels in this place—not so vicious, however. St. Augustine is said to be 400 years old—discovered and settled by the Spaniards. Could old Ponce d'Leon come back and cast his eyes upon his discovery containing those vast hotels, he would think he was in old Castile once more.

I became acquainted with a gentleman, a few days ago, named Captain Inglis, R. N., and it has since occurred to me whether he may not be a connection of the late Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia, in a collateral line? I intend to ask him when next we meet. He is now on the retired list, living upon a pension from the English government. He has seen active service, been under fire at Sebastopol, where he was wounded. He is quite a veteran in appearance; has been in every part of the world, and is remarkably intelligent. I am greatly indebted to another valuable friend, whose acquaintance-ship I formed shortly after my arrival and which has been well kept up, for much valuable information with respect to the South and its institutions and former troubles. He was of high rank in the Confederate army and attached to the staff of General Lee, and saw a great deal of hard fighting. He was afterwards appointed one of the twelve United States commissioners to the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876—a position of distinction and importance. I learned from him many things about General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, which have never been in print, of a highly interesting character. Letters written by

all about it, and risk their lives with as little concern as veterans, and know as well every note of the bugle call, when to advance and when to retreat. Can a country ever go to the dogs with such a martial spirit as this flowing through its veins?

It is time now to cry a halt, and bring these crude and undigested letters to a close. The day of our departure is drawing near, when we shall have to bid adieu to this beautiful town and to the many kind friends whose acquaintance we have made during the four months of our sojourn; in fact, we have been undergoing a new existence as it were,—in the fine balmy climate, gardens in full bloom in mid-winter, continual sunshine, pure scenery, and better than all renewed strength and vigor as the reward of our venture.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—  
"A sound which makes us linger; yet farewell  
"Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene  
"Which is his last, if in your memories dwell  
"A thought which once was his, if on ye swell  
"A single recollection, not in vain  
[For this sweet land he wrote beneath its spell  
"FAREWELL! with him alone will rest the pain."  
G. E. F.

ABOUT "MARGARET KENT."

An Interesting Account of How the Great Story Came Out.

The Story of Margaret Kent (1886) gave Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk a wide reputation, and the author received many inquiries from all parts of the country regarding the plot and the characters. Many particular incidents have been found in this book which seem to coincide with the actual events of an actual life. But as many of those incidents were wholly unknown to the author when the book was written, the *verisimilitude* may be seen to be quite out of proportion to the actual reality of the case.

The origin of the story, says the *May Book Buyer*, which prints a portrait of Mrs. Kirk, was this: The premature and painful death of a richly-endowed woman, of whom Mrs. Kirk had heard a great deal, but whom she barely knew, and whom she had never seen in health, brought vividly before her mind the possible aspects of a life such as this which had been cut off. And with this conception before her Mrs. Kirk wrote the first half dozen chapters of *Margaret Kent*. Then, as the impulse was exhausted, and as another piece of work was pressing, she put the novel by, and did not look at it again until the following year. By that time she had altogether lost what had been at first a powerful imaginative impression of a particular person with whom she had no real acquaintance. Mrs. Kirk thus went on to finish the novel without the least idea that any reader would ever suppose she was treating of a real person and real incidents. In fact, as has been said, what have been considered particular incidents out of a real life were in several instances pure inventions on the author's part. The novel was finished on the general lines of a short story which Mrs. Kirk wrote several years ago, called "Better Times," which had always struck her as containing the germ of a novel. This resemblance was recognized by many readers of "Better Times," which was republished last autumn with Mrs. Kirk's other short stories in a volume called by that name.

Advertise your wants in "Progress." Three lines will cost you only 10 cents.

tory of his company be not considered, assures PROGRESS it occupies a very inconsiderable place in the record of the daily transactions of this mammoth institution, and brings forward an official statement showing a list of 37 death-claims, aggregating over \$170,000, that were paid on the same day as this was, all having an equally remarkable history.

"Why," says Mr. Wright, his enthusiasm kindling as he saw in last week's report of the splendid success of Progress a chance for a \$50,000 policy on the life of the editor,— "Why, just look at these figures! Talk about wonders in finance! The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York has actually paid in cash to its members from the profit earnings of the company alone, during the last 25 years, the enormous sum of \$78,878,476.82. In the same period it paid to members who for one reason or other surrendered their policies, \$68,599,139.66,—all of which, if the company had been doing "Tontine" business, would have been withheld from such members and added to the already enormous profits on continuing policies."

During the same period Endowment policies matured and were paid to the amount of \$24,669,604.45—in every instance affording the policy-holder himself as good an investment result for his money as if he had invested it in government bonds, and the protection of insurance besides. These sums, together with \$88,480,936.57 paid in death-losses, and over a half-million paid in annuities, make a grand total of \$261,222,732.77 paid by the company to the individual members that compose it, during the last quarter-century—an amount twice as large as that paid by any other company in the world."

"At that rate they will soon run dry," Progress ventured to suggest. "So will the Saint John river," was the retort. "Look here for yourself. Here is the last annual report, duly attested. Not only has the company \$126,082,153.56 accumulated and invested assets to supply the drain for a time, and the annual income is \$26,215,932.52, and that is increasing at the rate of over \$3,000,000 a year. Do you know that the last figures represent an annual income to this one corporation greater by \$3,000,000 than the entire customs revenue of the Dominion of Canada under the 'N. P.?'"

At the mention of the "N. P.," Progress resolutely informed the agent that the interview must cease. This is not a political journal, and if it were, the "N. P." is a dead issue, and the writer could not further tolerate an insurance agent who could not discuss his own theme a few minutes without introducing dead political issues into the canvass. Of course, this was only a way of putting him off. The publisher did not want to go out and mortgage his whole new plant to raise the first premium on a \$100,000 policy, and he was beginning to distrust himself.

Progress hears that Mr. Wright has recently associated with himself in the canvass Mr. E. J. Sheldon, and sincerely hopes that "Ed." will not come in some day when the editors are contemplating the increasing circulation and advertising patronage of Progress, for fear they might do something rash. A good big policy would be a good thing, and they know it, but

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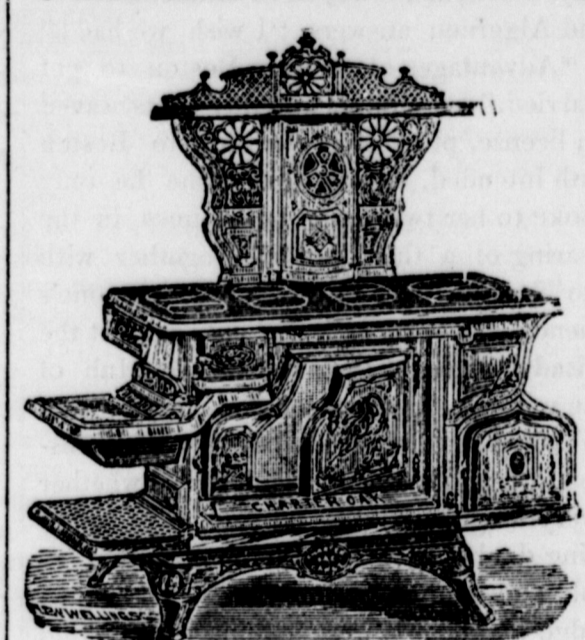
Table listing 65 qualities of black silks and satins with prices per yard. Items include Black Faille Francais, Black Gros de Londres, Mascot Black Silk, Satin de Lyon, Sans Egal Black Silks, Satin Merveilleux, Bonnet Black Silk, Jaubert & Co's Black Silk, Black Satin Luxor, MURICH Black Silks, and Black C. B. Satins.

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With a Spit before an open fire gave results in producing juicy, tender meat that it has always been impossible to secure with an ordinary Cook Stove, wherein the meat is baked, not roasted. This baking results in drying out the juices of the meat to such an extent that the nutritive properties of the meat so baked are greatly impaired. The application of Wire Gauze in the CHARTER OAK line of Coal and Wood Stoves has completely changed all this, and by its use meat can now be roasted as well in a CHARTER OAK oven as with a spit before an open fire. It is a well-known law of Nature that while the air circulates freely through the gauze, heat is not transmitted or allowed to escape thereby, and it is the free circulation of air that imparts to the meat that delicious taste that makes roasted meats so desirable.

This is a matter well worthy the investigation of all interested (and WHO are not?) in securing the best results from the food we eat. We claim that the CHARTER OAK is the only perfect Cooking Stove made, and we guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect.

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C. MASTERS. ATTENTION!

OWING to the advance of TEAS in the London market, intending purchasers would do well to buy at once, as the price will surely be higher in a short time. Prices have been higher for the past month in London, but owing to the large supply in this market they have sold at the regular prices.

I have now in stock an excellent Tea for Family use in 20 to 22 lbs. caddies; also, CONGOU, PADRAE, OOLONG, KAISON, PACKLING, JAPAN, SARYUNE, SOUCHONG, ASSAM.

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