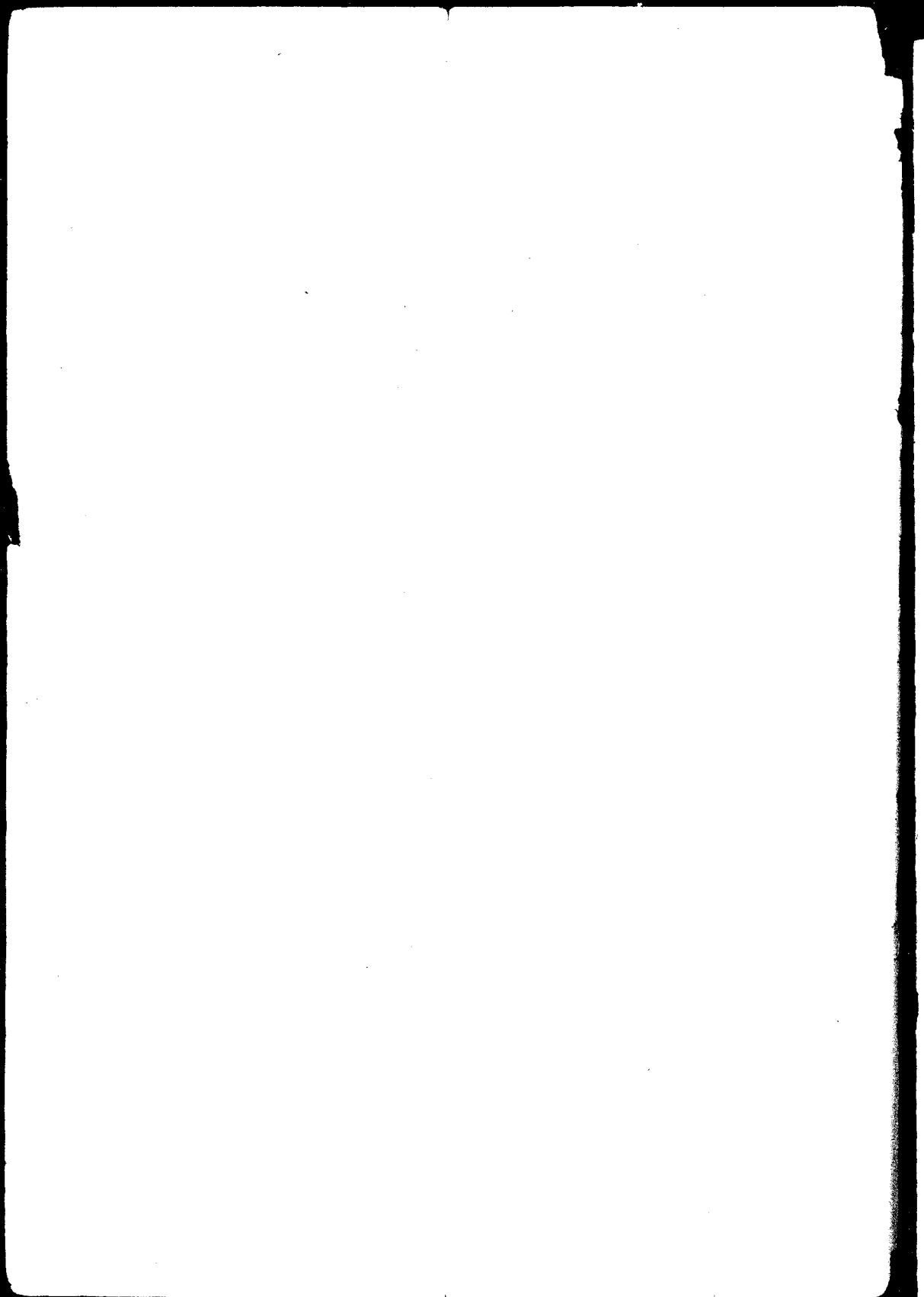


"The Old Spanish Trail,"

PAPER READ BY
W. O. HART,
of New Orleans, La.,

BEFORE THE
SECOND ANNUAL
Gulf Boulevard Conference,
HELD IN THE CITY OF
NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
Tuesday, March 27, 1923.

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"THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL."

Paper read by Mr. W. O. Hart before the Second Annual Gulf Boulevard Conference, held in the City of New Orleans, March 27, 1923.

The Old Spanish Trail! What wonderful meaning is in these four words! "The Old Trail" would mean nothing; "Spanish Trail" would convey little to the minds of the reader or the hearer, but "The Old Spanish Trail" jingles like bells in the ears and brings to mind the days long passed when Spain was the greatest colonial power in the world.

I am told that from St. Augustine, Florida, to San Diego, California, the route of the Old Spanish Trail is two thousand, eight hundred and thirty-four miles, and I will now briefly refer to some of the attractions of the principal places on the way.

St. Augustine, Fla.

St. Augustine was discovered by Juan Ponce, Knight of Leon, in the year 1513, the old explorer seeking the fabled fountain of youth. He failed to find the rejuvenating spring and returned to Porto Rico, from whence he had sailed. In 1521 he again visited Florida, and in a battle with Indians received wounds from which he died.

Pedro Menendez de Aviles founded the city on September 8, 1565, bringing with him from Spain 2,600 colonists. The old city since its foundation has been the scene of many bloody struggles. It was sacked in 1586 by the English free-booter, Sir Francis Drake, and was attacked by Governor Moore, of South Carolina, in 1702. General Oglethorpe, of Georgia, besieged the city in 1740.

In 1763 Florida was ceded by Spain to England and the British occupied St. Augustine for twenty years, re-ceding it to Spain in 1783. By purchase the United States acquired Florida, and the change of flags occurred in 1821.

A city that is modern, progressive and metropolitan, boasting of the most elegant and best equipped hotel accommodations in the whole South, St. Augustine is growing and developing with a conservative pace that insures it against fictitious values and inflated booms which react disastrously. But with its rapid going ahead, St. Augustine has not forgotten to preserve its historic charm and natural beauty. The city that every school boy who studies history knows as the oldest in the Western Hemisphere, still retains its background of treasured relics—Old Fort Marion, formerly Fort San Marco, the most interesting historic structure on the Continent of North America; the ancient city gates and narrow streets, and old coquina buildings, which housed the early Spanish settlers, with balconies that romantically overhang the thoroughfares below, remind one of the cities of Southern Spain, and are a delight to the thousands of tourists who visit the ancient city every year, together with tropical trees and flowers, luxurious gardens that border many miles of paved streets, a shimmering bay beyond the sea wall, inspiring poets of four past centuries—all have won for St. Au-

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gustine the title of ideal residence city, the cradle of American history, the city of places to see.

On April 5th next St. Augustine will celebrate the 358th year of its romantic history.

Proud of its perfect climate, its God-given beauties and advantages, and of the new spirit that is making the most of its exceptional opportunities, Florida's original resort city—the show place of the playground State of the nation, welcomes you.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Jacksonville is on the north bank of the St. John's river and is the gateway to the wonderfully progressive State of Florida, with excellent harbor facilities. It is a modern city, the county seat of Duval County, with a population of approximately one hundred thousand. It has many miles of paved streets, a splendid electric street railway system, and remarkably good hotels, theatres and public parks. It is through this gateway, a fitting entrance, that visitors pass to the new world-renowned East Coast of Florida. The trains of the Florida East Coast Railway departing from the new Union Terminal Station cross the St. Johns River on a steel and concrete bridge to South Jacksonville on the south or east bank of the St. Johns River.

Tallahassee, Fla.

Tallahassee, set on seven hills, the capital of the State, is attractive in its public buildings and beautiful streets and homes and fine hotels. It is an important seat of learning, its large school for young ladies drawing from a wide radius. The surrounding outlying country, with its immense live oaks, rolling hills and small lakes, well provided with good roads, numbers many charming winter homes and makes a strong appeal for more. I hope this Convention will meet in Tallahassee in 1924.

Pensacola, Fla.

Pensacola was founded in 1696 by the Spaniards under Luna. It fell before the French arms in 1718, and

again the the following year, when its buildings were destroyed. By the Treaty of Peace (1763), it passed with West Florida into the hands of the English. Governor Bernado Galvez attacked and took it in 1781 and the territory was restored to Spain by treaty in 1783. Although the United State reclaimed Pensacola by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, Spain disputed the title and consented to its occupation by the English in the War of 1812. It was taken by General Jackson in 1814 from the English, and in 1818 from the Spaniards, who ceded Florida in a formal treaty the following year; at the outbreak of the war between the States the navy yard was seized by the Confederates, but they were forced to evacuate the city in 1862.

Pensacola presents two claims to greatness, both of which are contested: Its inhabitants say it is the oldest city in the United States, but St. Augustine disputes this, and when it is stated that Pensacola has the finest harbor in the entire South, New Orleans says: "No, we have the finest harbor in the world."

Jewel City of Mobile, Ala.

Like some rarely beautiful jewel, blazing in a gorgeous setting, lies Mobile, the heart and center of the storied South, the great natural gateway to the tropic lands that lie beyond the Gulf. Here in the early days came the questing Spanish conquistador, seeking the fountain of youth and fabled cities whose domes were plated with ruddy gold and whose towers flashed with richest gems. Here came the sturdy French voyageur to found a new empire under the lilies of France. To this spot adventured the hardy Anglo-Saxon to plant the banner of St. George in an overseas dominion. Here flourished the flower of Southern chivalry, loyal gentlemen unafraid, who drew their swords in the ill-fated struggle of the Lost Cause and fought and died gallantly withal. And here is arising in the light of a brighter and happier

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day the New South, rich in resource beyond the dreams of avarice, beautiful as a Garden of Eden, a Paradise of the New World, incomparable and serene.

Where the busy streets of Mobile now hum with life was once the virgin wilderness, trodden alone by the moccasined foot of the Chickasaw, the Creek and the Alibamon, the velvet paw of the panther, the delicate foot of the deer, and the steel claws of ranging Bruin. Then the great forests of the littoral swung down in an unbroken flood from the foot of the Appalachian Chain to the very waters of the Gulf. Here the Spaniard, clad in mail, penetrated the greenwood, hoping to see arise above its fronded foliage the spires of El Dorado. Here the Sieur de Bienville founded his first city long before New Orleans had risen from the marsh, and the flashing axes of his men cut the logs of Fort St. Louis from the primal forest before the first settlement arose on the banks of the Father of Waters.

Past the very doorsteps of Mobile sweeps the second largest river system in the country, draining the richest agricultural empire in the world. Its waters murmur through villages and towns that are forever linked with the annals of the first settlers, the crest of the waters flowing by the Queen City of them all—Mobile, famed in song and story, where broods to this day the very soul and spirit of the Southland. Here is the Heart of Dixie.

Here was planted the Cross by the reverent teachers of that early day and the savage Indian taught to desert the worship of his heathen gods of wood and stone and to bow to the one and only Great Spirit. Here were conceived great voyages which led to wondrous discoveries. On this riotously luxuriant coast were nestled the lairs of swash-bucklers and buccaneers who ravished the Spanish Main, and in the old byways of Mobile many a terrible plot was hatched that afterward flamed into fearsome

action far to the south over the rolling waters. Here the first sword in the war between the States flashed in the morning sunlight and here the last Southern blade was sheathed in the face of overwhelming odds and the mandate of an immutable fate.

Ocean Springs.

Ocean Springs, as it is now called, is fifty-six miles west of Mobile, and was the first settlement and for a short time the capital of the immense province of Louisiana, familiarly called "La Salle's Louisiana," and embracing all the territory between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains except the State of Texas. Iberville had built a fort there, probably as early as 1701, and from that fact it was called "Old Biloxi," and the headquarters of the colony were there established in 1719. Ocean Springs fronts on Biloxi Bay, which lets the blue waters of the Sound sweep far into the brushed velvet of the grass levels. It is almost landlocked by Deer Island, three miles out, a slender ribbon of southern pine held together with white sand. Further out again lies Ship Island, where d'Iberville, that gallant and mysterious figure whose name is associated with almost every spot on the ocean, landed in 1699. On the eastern side of the great bay he found a spring, called by the Indians "E-Ca-Na-Cha-Ha," or "Holy Ground." The tribe and their friends came from hundreds of miles around to drink the healing waters. Ocean Springs is now a noted summer resort.

Biloxi.

The present city of Biloxi, originally called "New Orleans," was named by Iberville for a small tribe of Indians which then inhabited the region bordering on the Bay of that name. The capital of Louisiana was moved there on the 9th of September, 1721, the name of the place at that time being Fort Louis, in honor of the King of France, a new fort being erected after the old fort and some of the cabins had been destroyed at Old Biloxi. Biloxi is four

Biloxi

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miles west of Ocean Springs and by its novel nicknames, "The Winter Haven" and "Summer Paradise," stands pre-eminent among its sister cities in that delightful region in southern Mississippi directly between Mobile and New Orleans. But eighty miles to the east of New Orleans, it boasts climatic conditions which are unsurpassed by any watering town in this great United States.

You will find here evidences of that old settlement; the narrow streets and quaint old houses. You will also find the more modern things; the paved streets, electric lights and cars, gas and waterworks, and all modern utilities and necessities, and a thriving community filled with up-to-date, live and hardy Americans.

A picture painted shortly after the establishment of Biloxi with the legend "View of the Camp in the Concession to John Law at New Biloxi, Colony of Louisiana," shows a piece of cleared land, with heavy growth of trees in the background. In the clearing are two tent-shaped cabins made of bark—a large cross is in plain view. In the center background is a one-story warehouse and some twenty or more cabins and tents are visible along the roadway leading back into the woods. Extending from the shore line are a number of pilings driven for a pier or wharf, and afloat in the water is a barge like boat made of plank.

In 1723 the capital of Louisiana was established at New Orleans, the foundations of which were laid in 1718 and after that so far as France was concerned, Biloxi ceased to be of any importance.

It may be interesting to note that when the Liberty Bell was on its way to New Orleans for the Exposition of 1885, with Mr. C. W. Alexander, of Philadelphia, in charge, the special train, bringing with it a large delegation from Philadelphia, stopped at Beauvoir (the home of Jefferson Davis), and the entire party called on him, and Mr. Alexander induced

him to come to New Orleans with the bell and when the bell reached the exposition Mr. Davis made one of the greatest speeches of his life.

Mr. Alexander, who is still alive, had the unique distinction of reporting for the Philadelphia Ledger Lincoln's celebrated Gettysburg address of 1863.

Mr. Alexander is a frequent visitor to New Orleans and was the moving cause of the second visit of the Liberator from Philadelphia to join it here. Early Bell to this city in 1915, he came on its return from the Exposition at San Francisco.

Beauvoir.

And we must stop at Beauvoir. Jefferson Davis lived here in the days after the Cause had been lost, and the somber beautiful face of the dead dreamer looks down on us from the walls today. The State of Mississippi appropriated sixty thousand dollars to buy Beauvoir and its eighty-seven acres as a last barracks for its old Confederate soldiers. Here is the chair in which the President of the Confederacy used to sit; here is his winsome daughter's piano, to which he loved to listen; here is the old round dining table, and the high posted bed in which he slept. These things have power to move us, far away as is the thought of them. But think what part they play in the lives of the old gray veterans who saw the man, who heard his voice, who failed as he failed, and who today hear of the United America and understand at last, even as we believe he understands.

The Riviera of America.

When we leave Mobile we soon strike the Riviera and Gulfport is the most Californian thing thereon. A few years ago the site was given over to peace and pine trees. Now there's an ambitious pier a mile long, a population of ten thousand and an abounding boastfulness that begins by telling you that Gulfport does the largest lumber shipping business in the South, and goes on to hint that it's only a question of time when it

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becomes the Chicago of Mississippi.

Bay St. Louis—"City-by-the-Sea."

Very near to Gulfport is the attractive resort of Bay St. Louis, with its long shell drive upon the water front, its magnificent live oaks and stately magnolias, handsome houses and many piers extending out over the waters of the Sound and the Bay.

It was originally settled by the Choctaw Indians, who called it "Chicapoula," meaning "bad grass." Later it was called Shieldsboro, and became a port of entry, and was so designated by the customs department of the United States government. Today the city is a thriving community, modern and pulsating with the spirit of the times.

New Orleans.

By SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK.

Oh citadel of great romance
And duels fought at dawn,
You're like a rare perfume that clings
When all but dreams are gone!

Your charm lies in your mystery
That teases like a child—
It's here and gone and peeping out
To keep your loves beguiled!

You fascinate and lure to joy
With whisperings of the past,
As though the loves you've known, you
held
For those who lived too fast!

If I ever have money
To do as I please,
I'll buy a colonnaded house
In a grove of trees,

And there I'll spend my life to be
Where every day your face I'll see!

New Orleans—City of Romance and History.

We now come to the high spot of the Old Spanish Trail, the City of New Orleans! The City of Romance and History, the City of Progress and Development, the second port in the United States, and whose future presents possibilities so grand that it is impossible to describe them.

A city with a history teeming with rare romance, and a touch of European mediavalism found in no other place in America; with an individuality all its own, and a beauty in strange condition is brought about

architecture and general prospect that impresses the stranger from the first—New Orleans holds a unique place among the greater metropolitan centers of the Western Hemisphere, and no traveler may count his education, as far as traveling is concerned, complete until he has seen New Orleans.

New Orleans has many things to recommend itself to the tourist, but time allows me to say a few words about the old city only. In the first place, it is a modern city with every convenience and improvement—a part of the progressive twentieth century. These things, so a part of the present civilization, represent its modern side and place it, as it were, in favorable comparison with other large cities; but its history, its romantic old French Quarter, so close in its resemblance to cities in the south of France, its very atmosphere of a by-gone day, constitute its individuality and make it peculiar and without parallel.

From the great bend or arc in the giant river, New Orleans gains her famous sobriquet—that of "Crescent City." When the visitor goes some afternoon for a delightful ride on one of the excursion boats, to see our magnificent harbor, he will readily note the crescent formation of the city.

Volumes could be written of New Orleans and the many attractions the stranger finds within its gates. The architecture of the buildings; its shady parks, wood girded, and reminding one of the haunts of satyrs and nymphs; its inviting driveways, and its unusual historical associations, are features that appeal to all classes of travelers, and all the year round, pleasure and mirth hold full sway and the time never hangs heavy on anybody's hands.

New Orleans is the only place in the world where the sun rises in the west and sets in the east; that is, according to appearances, and this

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by the city following the river's many and peculiar turnings for miles.

Fishing is popular with everybody in New Orleans and vicinity, and the waters of Lake Pontchartrain and the wind-swept lagoons and bays of the picturesque Barataria section yield to the anglers every description of the finny tribe from the man-eating shark to the toothsome trout.

The stranger's first impressions when walking the city's streets are varied. He appreciates, of course, that he is in a great and bustling city, teeming with every activity, part of the nation's progress, but he catches glimpses of side streets, like narrow arteries between their tall, weather-stained, quaint old buildings that seem to have been taken up bodily from the time-worn precincts of some venerable European city. It is in the "Vieux Carre" that this impression is the strongest and where the atmosphere is so distinctly European that one forgets for the time that he is in America.

"Vieux Carre de la Ville."

The "Vieux Carre de la Ville" is the old city; that is to say, the site comprised within the walls of the city ordered built as the capital of Louisiana, in 1718. The boundaries are Canal street on the south, Esplanade avenue on the north, Rampart street on the west, and North Peters street and a portion of the river on the east. The "Vieux Carre" was laid out by the engineers, La Tour and Pauger, in 1720, two years after Bienville had given up the idea of making Biloxi, Miss., on the Gulf Coast, the capital of Louisiana and sought convenient location far up the mouth of the great river where safety from the forays of English pirates would be assured. New Orleans was confined within these narrow limits until early in the nineteenth century, when it began to broaden out, and the great plantation of the Jesuits was cut up into lots and small squares and soon became known as the English or American City.

The architecture of old New Or-

leans, especially its public buildings, is more Spanish than French. The town was founded by Bienville, a French-Canadian, but for nearly fifty years the territory of Louisiana was ruled by Spain colonial headquarters. In 1788, during Spanish occupation, the town that had been built by the early French settlers was wiped out by fire, and in its place there grew up a new town that was neither French nor Spanish, but a quaint blending of the two.

Further reminders of Spanish rule are to be found in the remains of the Commanderia at 517 Royal street, and of Spanish Fort on Lake Pontchartrain, just outside New Orleans. At the Royal street entrance to the old Commanderia two guns are imbedded in the sidewalk. In the courtyard, which now forms the rear of Antoine's renowned restaurant, is what is left of the old Spanish calaboose, or military jail, guarded by massive wooden door with a curious wooden lock. The wall of Spanish Fort on the side next Lake Pontchartrain still stands, topped by a spiked iron fence. Within the wall many of the old Spanish guns still rest upon their emplacements, with a supply of cannon ball close at hand.

As the visitor wanders through Royal, Dauphine and Bourbon streets and other thoroughfares of the Vieux Carre he notices a style of architecture with which he is entirely unfamiliar unless he has spent some of his time in the cities and town of France and Spain.

When one goes to see the "Vieux Carre" it is better for him to walk, as the points of interest are so numerous and so close together that whirling by in an automobile, or even following a more sedate course in an open carriage, he will miss much that he would otherwise see were he on foot and taking his time.

Canal street, the upper boundary of the "Vieux Carre," is the city's principal business thoroughfare. It is one of the widest streets in any American city, and has a neutral

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ground in the center of which the car tracks are laid. It is lined on either side by buildings, some of them new and modern, but most of them of the ante-bellum days. This street contains great stores of all descriptions and is one of the important marts for the retail trade in the United States. Canal street separates the old or French City from the new or American City, and back in the eighteenth century it was known as "Terre Commune," and was simply a broad open space intervening between the southern wall of "Vieux Carre" and the lower limits of Bienville Plantation, afterwards belonging to the Jesuits. The "Terre Commune" in that day was cut in the center by a canal which emptied into the river. This canal, when the city's wall was first built, was part of the moat, after the European military plan of protecting defense. The mouth of the canal, or bayou running through the plaza, was closed in 1795 by the construction of Fort St. Louis. The canal was filled up in 1838 as far back as Claiborne street, but the entire stretch was not closed until 1878.

A square from Liberty Place, out Canal street, toward the lake, and on the "Vieux Carre" side of the thoroughfare, stands the customhouse, one of the most substantial buildings of its kind in the world. It is of solid granite and occupies the site of old Fort St. Louis. This structure was started in 1848 under the direction of P. G. T. Beauregard, at that time major of engineers in the United States Army, but, later in his career, one of the famous generals of the Confederacy. Henry Clay laid the corner-stone and work was continued until the outbreak of the war between the States. It was not until 1881 that the structure was finally finished. It fills an entire square, is five stories high, and has a marble hall said to be the finest public office room in the world.

Royal street, at the intersection of Conti, was

Once the Banking Center of New Orleans.

A bank was located at each corner and two of these buildings, yellow with age, have survived the weight of a century and still stand as reminders of the past. Further down the street, at 417 Royal street, is a building which was erected in 1816 by the Louisiana Bank Company. This building was built partly in Moresque and partly in Spanish style, and is today tenanted by several families in upper floors, while the lower floor is the home of the Patio Royale Restaurant. This house won its great fame through being the home of Morphy, the world's greatest chess player. The place has one of the most picturesque courtyards in a city which boasts of many beautiful courtyards.

The first skyscraper of the South stands at the upper river corner of St. Peter and Royal streets. This place was erected in 1809 and at the time was considered a marvel for height, overlapping all the surrounding structures as a giant overtops a dwarf. This building is known as "Seiur George's House," because it is described in one of Cable's stories.

In Chartres street, in the block from Respal, now Governor Nichols, to Barracks streets, just above the mint, was located the French military barracks erected by Governor Eslerac in 1758 to accommodate the troops forced to evacuate Fort Duquesne by General Washington during the French and Indian war.

The upper part of the next square is taken up by the Church of St. Mary and the Archiepiscopal Palace. The Archiepiscopal Palace is the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley and was erected in 1727. The seminary connected with the place was built during the early part of the last century on the site of a chapel erected in 1787 by Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas for the Ursuline nuns. The Church of St. Mary was built in 1846 and one of the windows near the altar is decorated with a picture

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in colors representing the Battle of New Orleans. A priest is in charge of the palace and it is always his pleasure to show visitors around. The old palace is full of valuable relics, one of which is a clock made in Paris in 1632.

Lafitte Brothers' blacksmith shop stood at St. Philip and Chartres streets. The Lafittes, Jean and Piere, were the last of the great pirates and had their stronghold out in the wild Barataria country on a beautiful strip of land known as Grand Isle, washed by the surf of the gulf. The Lafittes obtained a pardon by rendering valuable assistance to General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. In Dumaine street, near the Lafitte blacksmith shop, the Royal warehouses were built in 1728.

There is an old house in Chartres street, facing the site of the St. Louis Hotel, where, according to popular but not authenticated story, Jean and Pierre Lafitte met General Andrew Jackson one cold winter night late in 1814 and tendered him their swords for service in the campaign that was being planned against the British. Just at the corner from the house—to be exact, at the intersection of St. Louis street—is an old-fashioned structure, savoring of colonial times, where Pierre Maspero had his cafe. It was in this cafe that General Jackson planned the defense of New Orleans and it is said Jean Lafitte was present at the conference.

The St. Louis Cathedral ranks as one of the best known churches in the United States. The site was selected by Bienville for a cathedral when the city was laid out in 1718, but it was not until 1724 that the first brick church was built. The church was destroyed in the fire of 1788, and in 1794 the present structure was built by Don Almonaster, previously mentioned as the donor of a chapel to the Ursuline nuns. The church was repaired and added to from time to time and is today firm and substantial. Don Almonaster is buried in a crypt under

the altar. Other distinguished Frenchmen and Spaniards rest in the crypt and the slabs bearing the names of the dead are plainly to be seen in front of the altar rail. In the rear of the cathedral is a small garden in which many duels were fought in colonial times. One of the interesting personages connected with the history of the cathedral is Padre Antonio de Sedilla, of Toledo, Spain. He was connected with the Holy Office in Spain and came to New Orleans in 1779 to establish the Inquisition, but Miro, the governor of the colony, expelled him. He returned in 1781 and became priest of the first brick church, which stood on the cathedral site, the church which was destroyed by fire in 1788. Padre Antonio's portrait still hangs in the rector's parlor at the cathedral.

The Cabildo, the most historic building in the United States after Independence Hall, is next to the cathedral, separated from it by Orleans alley. The building was erected by Don Almonaster in 1795 and its history reads like a romance. The Cabildo was the old Spanish courthouse in the colonial days and some of the implements of torture allowed by the criminal code of the time, ordinary and extraordinary, were known to exist several years ago. There were many stirring dramas enacted in this building, but the only relic of mediaeval justice still preserved in the building is the heavy set of iron-bound stocks. The transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France and from France to the United States took place in this building, and the spot where the officials stood is suitably marked. Lafayette, as the city's guest, in 1825 had his quarters in the Cabildo.

To the right of the Cathedral is the St. Louis Presbytere, originally the home of the Capuchin monks. The Presbytere was erected at a later date than the Cabildo, but it is a companion structure. It is now used to house the agricultural, natural his-

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tory and industrial exhibits of the Louisiana State Museum.

Land Marks That Stand No More.

Many of the ancient land marks are gone, including the stately old St. Louis Hotel, with its slave block, the French Opera House and the one-story building at Chartres and Ursuline streets that was said to be the oldest house in New Orleans. The jargon of Latin tongues that once fell upon the ear of the visitor has given way to English as the predominating language; French, Spanish or Italian is the exception instead of the rule. Throughout the quarter cobblestone pavements have been almost entirely replaced with asphalt. The new parish courthouse of white marble, heralding a new era, gleams resplendent in a setting of dingy streets rimy with buildings with faded red-tile roofs. Through the green-shuttered windows of homes that were built perhaps more than a century before, you may hear, if you listen in passing, the flitting strains of a Broadway ballad.

The word "Creole," which one finds in every part of New Orleans, has come to be used for describing anything that is good—creole soups, creole confections, creole vegetables, creole eggs, when the Louisianian desires to place a mark of rare distinction upon anything, he calls it by this musical name. Originally, the term applied to the families which claimed ancestry from the noble French and Spanish settlers. Proud, aristocratic, these families took upon themselves the name to distinguish them from the newcomers, whose society they disdained. Even their servants became conscious of belonging to another caste and referred to themselves as Creoles. Although the term has been widely and loosely used, it is still guarded jealously by its original holders and their descendants, and guides will probably explain with some heat that it does not refer to Louisianians of mixed African blood, as many Northerners are suspected believing—whether they do or not.

One finds negroes bearing such names as Jean Baptiste, Jules Antoinette, Marie, and the like, and speaking a fluent French. They are principally servants in the homes of French or Creole families, and their fathers and mothers probably served the same families before them.

To mention the restaurants of New Orleans is to call up in the minds of those who have explored the wonderful city a host of savory memories. The city is especially fortunate as the home of remarkable cuisines. The skill of French chefs has been combined with the art of the Old South to invest the city with an atmosphere which sends its savors throughout the country, and it cannot be said that one has seen New Orleans until he has explored its many cafes.

New Orleans is truly a cosmopolitan city, a point at which converge the New World and the Old, the twentieth and the eighteenth centuries, the North and the South.

Famous Battlefield of New Orleans.

Just below the city, and within easy walking distance from the car line, is Chalmette, the famous battlefield of New Orleans. On this spot, January 8, 1815, General Jackson, with a little over six thousand soldiers, most of them raw recruits, defeated the English army of twelve thousand men, under General Pakenham. The British soldiers were largely veterans of the Peninsular campaign—Wellington's men, who had driven the French out of Portugal and Spain. The house in which General Pakenham slept the night before the battle stood up to a few years ago, when it was destroyed by fire. The battlefield is marked by a tall obelisk and the front section facing the river is taken up by a national cemetery, where Federal soldiers, killed in various wars, are buried.

City Park is one of the famous beauty spots of the South. Bienville made his first landing at City Park, coming up Bayou St. John from Lake Pontchartrain in his little barque, the "Bonaventure." In the old colonial

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days many of the aristocrats built their villas in the park and the place did not become a public pleasure ground until the Americans took charge. The park is laid out in most imposing and orderly style. In its center is a large lake and lagoons extending from the lake intersect the woodland reaches and bower-lined walks. Only recently a magnificent art gallery, built on the plan of a Grecian temple, was erected in the park. Just in the rear of the art gallery, on the northern shore of an arm of the lake, is situated the Peristylum, which bears a close resemblance to an ancient pile on the hills of the Acropolis at Athens.

Beaumont, Texas.

Beaumont is an enterprising city, one of the most substantial in the State, and is the center of the lumber industry of East Texas. The first large oil field in Texas was discovered here in 1901, since which time Beaumont has grown rapidly. In addition to the lumber mills and oil refineries practically within the city limits, the rice-growing interests of the State center here.

The Neches River has been dredged and Beaumont is now a full-fledged seaport, with steamship lines operating to Tampico and other Mexican ports and also to a number of European points.

The Development of Houston
from an obscure inland town to an important deep water port and one of the largest industrial centers of the South, has given rise to the expression—"The City that fooled the geographers." More than fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico—through the great Houston Ship Channel—ocean going vessels ply between Houston and the important ports of the world. An extensive coastwise and foreign deep sea traffic has been developed within the past seven years.

The development of surrounding territory with immense oil, cotton, rice and lumber interests, assures Houston's continuous progress in the

world of commerce. Its civic pride is shown by its unusually large number of beautiful homes, flower filled parks and broad shaped boulevards. Higher education and an atmosphere of culture and refinement is represented by the Rice Institute, a university with a private endowment of ten million dollars.

South of Houston, twenty-five miles, on Buffalo Bayou, now transformed into the Houston Ship Channel, the independence of Texas was won at the Battle of San Jacinto, in 1821. Houston was the first capital of the Republic of Texas.

Long before the spirit of adventure and desire for gold had beckoned to foreign shores sailors of the Spanish Main, Galveston Island was both a winter and summer resort for the Caronkaway Indians, who waged many a bloody battle for its possession.

As if by magic, these early inhabitants passed into oblivion, leaving behind them a few sticks of paint, a water jug and other trinkets as the only tokens of their existence.

Galveston Island and City.

If Galveston had been a paradise to the Caronkaways, it was all of this, and more, to those white men who established themselves on its shores long before the coming of organized Anglo Saxon society. Early in the nineteenth century these adventurous souls found Galveston Island not only pleasant as to climate, and general surroundings, but what was more important, a safe and sure retreat for their enterprise of smuggling.

Among those who found a shelter on the island from the prying eyes of the organized agents of justice, the figure of Jean Lafitte stands out uppermost. The exploits of "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf," colored by the speculations of a marveling world, taken on the glamor of romance. His deeds oft repeated to wondering ears, make of him a nineteenth century Robin Hood.

Lafitte held sway for four years. At length the United States govern-

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ment took a hand in his destinies and requested his immediate departure. Upon leaving, in March, 1821, Lafitte carried out his promise to the government, and destroyed everything that had been acquired by his colony. When shorn of the colorings with which tradition had endowed him, Lafitte is revealed as a most human type of man. His name, nevertheless, terrorized the Gulf of Mexico, even when he had for several years been in his grave on the lonely coast of Yucatan.

The name Galveston was given the island by Lafitte in honor of Count Bernardo de Galvez, governor of Louisiana. As a city, it really had its beginning with the landing of Commodore Luis Aury, a Frenchman, a year or more before the coming of Lafitte, and, although razed by the latter, the community never actually passed out of existence. Gradually there were added to those who remained, sailors, soldiers of fortune and others from the four corners of the earth. Thus the settlement grew and at length became one of the most important in the vast territory known as Texas.

At the present time Galveston, the island that in former years served as a hiding place for man, has become the rock girt stronghold of a city of enterprising people and the retreat for thousand from all over the country as a playground and resort.

San Antonio—City of Interest and Inspiration.

"To know San Antonio is to know perpetual Springtime," is an expression once used by a well known writer in his description of this city of sunshine and flowers, where roses bloom in winter months and semi-tropic palms lift up their heads to a sky of deepest blue.

The history of San Antonio, the Mecca of tourists from all parts of the country, is full of interest and inspiration.

Here it was that two centuries ago a band of Franciscan monks, following the trail of La Salle and his sol-

diers of fortune, came upon a little pueblo of Indians in a valley of golden sunlight, where the shade of wide spreading oaks and stately palms made a picture of contentment. Here, at last, was the land of beauty and richness they had dreamed of. They built their missions, were followed by a Spanish presidio, and upon this site grew San Antonio.

Such was the birth of this romantic American city, which has never lost its unique charm, nor its typical Spanish color.

There have been pilgrimages to this city through all of its two hundred years—pilgrimages of conquest and adventure; pilgrimages for wealth and for health; and now, each year, when the North is wrapped in the snowy garments of winter, come pilgrims seeking San Antonio's warm, kindly sunlight, the hospitality of her gay social life, and the many outdoor pleasures which her genial climate make possible.

Here, in the heart of the city, stands the famous Alamo—that shrine at which every patriotic American seeks some time in life to worship, in honor and memory of the little band of less than two hundred heroes, led by Bowie, Crockett and Travis, who, against four thousand Mexicans, paid with their lives the price of Texas liberty. The quaint old chapel, erected in 1744, with its simple facade, has been carefully restored and is now maintained by the Daughters of the Republic.

Then there is the San Fernando Cathedral, dating back to 1734, and, in distances varying from two to eight miles, a series of missions built in the eighteenth century, many of which are still in a remarkable state of preservation. Most wonderful of these is Mission San Jose, built in 1720. Its ruined walls, cloisters and towers; its statuary and carving—are among the finest examples of Spanish architecture and art.

Fort Sam Houston, one of the largest army posts in the United States, lends unusual brilliance to the social

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atmosphere of San Antonio, the military affairs being among the gayest of the season. Reviews of troops, guard mount, band concerts and daring polo matches furnish entertainment for the visitor.

"Corpus Christi."

Should you ask how the beautiful bay and the town that looks out on it came by their name, "Corpus Christi," let it be said that in 1685 the Sieur de la Salle came adventuring into this safe haven on the 14th day of June, and in honor of his Holy Church he called it the Bay of Corpus Christi. It is one of the most beautiful in the world, with a magnificent sweep of shore line and a deep, natural channel for ships; and more to the present purpose, a perfect pass for the mighty denizens of the sea, who navigate beneath the tides and float or dart at will in calm or troubled waters. There is no more delightful spot for a long or short stay than Corpus Christi. The climate is ideal and outdoor life is the thing with everyone. The city has about ten thousand inhabitants, all the modern utilities, excellent shops and complete boating facilities. These waters and the adjacent bays and inlets are among the greatest resorts for wild birds in the world. Everyone goes "duck shooting" in this region and the shops at Corpus Christi are always well supplied with all the necessities. The fishing in bay and gulf is unsurpassed, and Spanish mackerel is the favorite catch, with the possible exception of the tarpon. Every self-respecting angler feels that his honor as an Izaak Walton is at stake until he lands one of the silver monarchs.

Brownsville is an interesting combination of

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and the city of today. On its streets busy Americans jostle placid caballeros out of their reveries and are gradually chowding them into the past. Modern business buildings and metropolitan methods now prevail. Irrigation has done it, for on the

brown, arid plains that the Dons and Hidalgos were content to leave to the cactus and sage; the American farmers are raising alfalfa, corn, cotton, cane, onions, potatoes, oranges, lemons, grapefruit and figs.

Choose your own diversion in and around Brownsville. You can motor through the reclaimed country, with a garden, a palm grove or an orchard on either hand; you can shoot big game and birds; or within barely twenty miles of Brownsville, and reached by an "old-timey" narrow-gauge railroad, lies Point Isabel, probably one of the best fishing resorts on the Gulf of Mexico. Every facility is here provided, hotel accommodations, boats, tackle and a boatman-guide, who will tell you in Spanish that he can lead you to where a crowd of grown-men tarpon are holding a "Bull Moose" convention, or where a lady-like school of beautiful mackerel is in session, and though you may not understand him while he is telling you these things, he will make good and you'll return ready to claim that our old friend Walton was an amateur.

You may cross the river to Matamoros, visit a foreign land that speaks of yesterday and holds to the atmosphere and customs of the past. There you will hear the soft spoken Latin tongue, you will barter and buy with pesos, reales and centavos.

Point Isabel is so intimately connected with the beginning of the Mexican War that an article on the subject by Mr. W. D. Hornaday is particularly appropriate as part of this paper:

"Within a short distance of Point Isabel, Tex., are the battlefields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, which mark two of the most historic and sanguinary engagements of the Mexican War. These battlefields are situated on the American side of the Rio Grande, and are to a large extent still covered with the pristine wilderness of chaparral that the troops fought through nearly eighty years ago. Wherever the land has been

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placed in cultivation there were found cannon balls and other relics of the battles. Only a few days ago a Mexican farmer took to Point Isabel a bayonet and canister ball he had unearthed while plowing in a field that was a part of the battleground of Palo Alto.

"The matter of marking and otherwise preserving the historic features of the two battlefields is to be brought before Congress at its next session. The Resaca de la Palma battlefield is adjacent to Brownsville and a considerable part of it is in cultivation. It is proposed that the federal government take over the historic spots and look after them, as is done in the cases of some of the battlefields of the Civil War.

"When Texas won its independence from Mexico it laid claim to the Rio Grande as the proper boundary of its domain. Mexico insisted that the dividing line should be the Nueces river. When the United States annexed Texas it also annexed the quarrel over its boundary, and this brought on the war between this country and Mexico. General Zachary Taylor was sent to Texas to take charge of this end of the three-sided campaign which was set on foot to enforce the claim of Texas.

"On February 4, 1846, General Taylor, who then was at Corpus Christi, received a long message from the secretary of war, urging a movement to the extreme limit of the territory then in dispute—the Rio Grande river. Everything at Corpus Christi was in readiness by March 12. Major Monroe proceeded by water with transports and a battery of field guns, a siege train and several officers of Taylor's permanent staff. All supplies not taken by the marching men went this way to Brazos Santiago, and through the pass to Point Isabel.

"General Taylor moved along with a brigade until the army had passed the Arroyo Colorado. He then sent the main columns forward to the Rio Grande, camp being made on the ground of Fort Brown. Taking Colo-

nel Twigg's dragoons with him as an escort, he himself turned eastward, aiming to reach Point Isabel, where he intended securing a base of supply.

"After a march of fifteen miles he arrived, on March 24, at a point on the route from Matamoros to Point Isabel, eighteen miles from the latter. He left General Worth with instructions to proceed in the direction of Matamoros, while he continued toward Point Isabel to communicate with the transports, which were supposed to have arrived by that time. When a short distance from that place, General Taylor discovered Point Isabel in flames. The advance of the cavalry, however, arrived in time to check the fire, which consumed three or four houses.

"It is evident that the Mexicans misunderstood the movement of Taylor to Point Isabel. Taylor knew well that General Arista, in command of the Mexican forces, which were crossing the Rio Grande at that time, would regard his movement as a retreat, and that Arista would doubtless attempt to first clear up Fort Brown. This is precisely what the Mexican general did. Shells and hot shot were poured into the fort for several days. Some of the buildings were burned, and it was then that Jacob Brown, the commandant in charge during Taylor's absence, for whom the fort and town of Brownsville were named, was mortally wounded by a bursting shell. His death was regarded as a great loss to Taylor.

"Taylor remained at Point Isabel long enough to rearrange the defense there, accumulate supplies and prepare a train for his sub-depot at the front. On the evening of May 7 he started with his army of about 8000, escorting about 300 wagons. Eight miles out the army was bivouacked for the night. At dawn the column moved out and pursued its steady march till midday. Scouts at this time discovered the Mexicans apparently in force to the southward. The

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spring of 1846 was unusual for its rains in the Rio Grande valley, and the men wallowed waist deep at times in crossing old resaca beds.

"This day closed with a hot and bloody fight—the historic battle on the field of Palo Alto. Action continued until dark, when the Mexicans retired into the chaparral in the rear of Taylor's position. Anyone acquainted with the geography of Palo Alto will understand the disadvantage of a battle at that place for his army. On the night of May 8, 1846, the weary soldiers of both armies lay down not far apart, doubtless with the determination to renew the struggle on the morning of May 9.

"Morning found the Mexican forces gone, and General Taylor proceeded toward Fort Brown to assist the commander, Major Brown, with his little garrison so long besieged, opposite Matamoros. He sent out Captain Kerr's squadron to reconnoiter, for only a few of the enemy's cavalry were in view. These were in the edge of heavy chapparal, nearly half a mile away. Captain Kerr sent three dragoons, who reported to General Taylor that it was next to impossible to dislodge the enemy, for Aristo was holding the Resaca de la Palma, and the road was covered with his artillery. The place afforded a veritable fortress for the enemy, and the thick chaparral made it almost impossible to determine his position.

"The battle opened with the crash of artillery and a very hotly contested engagement followed. The Mexicans were finally completely driven from their position, and retreated hurriedly, leaving baggage of every description.

"All of the official correspondence of General Arista was secured when the Fourth United States Infantry took possession of his headquarters. The artillery was ordered up to pursue the enemy, and this, with the Third Infantry, Captain Kerr's dragoons, Captain Duncan's battery, followed the enemy rapidly. In the panic of the flight, self-preservation

apparently was the single thought of the fugitives. Bleeding and exhausted, they were cut down like grain with the avalanche of the oncoming artillery and cavalry. The rattle of the harness chains and pounding of hoofs of the artillery horses, curses of artillerymen, groans and screams of the wounded and dying, the crash of the arms of the cavalry, struck deep terror into the breasts of the retreating Mexican infantrymen.

"Evening closed with hundreds of wounded, dying and dead upon the field and along the road to the river. The thickets and hollows, distant from the scene of strife, long afterward told the story of many a wounded soldier who had struggled on to some secluded spot, there to linger, to thirst, to hunger, to faint, bleed and die alone in his long and lonely agony.

"The bodies of the American soldiers killed in the two battles were buried at Point Isabel, where they remained until a few years ago, when they were taken up and reinterred in the National Cemetery at Fort Brown."

Eagle Pass.

Situated on the banks of the Rio Grande, Eagle Pass is a border city of more than ordinary importance. It is the county seat of Maverick county and the center of a large cattle district. United States customs value of imports and exports clearing and immigration departments located here give employment to many. The value of imports and exports clearing through Eagle Pass mounts well into the millions. The climate here is mild, temperate in winter as in summer.

Across the river from Eagle Pass is the interesting Mexican city of Piedras Negras, formerly called Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. Its new name means "Black Rocks."

Del Rio's prosperity represents the development of recent years. The city is the seat of government of Valverde county and is an important commercial gateway into old Mexico.

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Local business houses supply a tributary district within a radius of one hundred miles. Del Rio is a division point on the "Sunset Route." The air here is dry and the temperature even, making the city attractive as a health resort.

City of El Paso.

El Paso, largest of the cities on our southern frontier, is the door into Mexico. The old name of the city was El Paso del Norte, "the Pass of the North." Though in a comparatively thinly settled region this is a most important center since it is almost five hundred miles in any direction to a city of any like size. El Paso handles a large proportion of our Mexican trade and is an important port of entry for cattle imported to the United States from Mexico. For several years Fort Bliss, at El Paso, has been one of our largest garrison posts. El Paso is well provided with good hotels.

The community is wideawake and progressive, and there are many handsome public buildings. The industrial life of the city is important, large smelters, cement mills and factories being located here. Now that the great irrigation system of the government at Elephant Butte is completed, the farmer will add substantially to the prosperity of El Paso.

Picturesquely located in a region to which attaches much historic interest, Nogales stands astride the international boundary. There are three thousand inhabitants on the Mexican side of the line, besides those in the American town. As the starting point of the Southern Pacific of Mexico, this is the port of entry for the entire Mexican West Coast, carrying on an especially large trade with the copper mining districts of Cananea and Naco.

Nogales is the Spanish word for walnut trees. It was applied to this place by the missionary padres who explored the region in the sixteenth century.

State of Arizona.

Tucson is a progressive, growing and up to date city. The reclaiming of the rich bottom lands along the Santa Cruz river has added materially to the prosperity of the community and still further development is in progress. Irrigation is carried on chiefly by pumping. Commercially, the city is important. Tucson is the seat of the University of Arizona, the Carnegie Desert Botanical Laboratory and an agricultural experiment station. There is also a splendid golf course here.

As a place for health seekers Tucson is well known, its altitude and mild winter climate being especially favorable. The nearby mountain ranges are remarkably attractive. The peaks to the north are the Santa Catalina Range, those on the west the Sierra Tucson.

The recorded history of Tucson reaches to 1700, when it was established as a general supply station for the Mission San Xavier del Bac, which lies nine miles to the south on the Papago Indian Reservation. Religious services are still held in this mission, though it dates from 1699. The site of Tucson was visited as far back as 1540 by Coronado and his conquistadores. The interesting ruins of the mission of San Jose de Tumacacori are at Tubac, forty-six miles south of the city, on Santa Cruz river and reached by the Southern Pacific Line from Tucson to Nogales. The mission was founded by Father Kino in 1692. In all the region about Tucson, especially along the river, are vast prehistoric ruins.

The progressive city of Phoenix is the capital of Arizona and also the seat of government for Maricopa county. Centrally located in the fertile Salt River Valley, Phoenix is the commercial and financial metropolis of over six hundred square miles of irrigable lands.

Salt River Valley is a prosperous farming region. The highest grade of long staple cotton, suitable for automobile tire fabrics and other ex-

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acting purposes, is produced with success. A large cotton seed oil mill is located here. Alfalfa, grain, vegetables, citrus fruits and deciduous fruits are grown in abundance. Stock raising and dairying are industries of importance. The Roosevelt Dam, 80 miles distant on the Apache Trail Highway, assures the greatest future of the valley. This entire region is noted as a resort for winter tourists.

Holding a strategic position on the Colorado river, Yuma is an interesting city whose future progress is assured. The Laguna Dam, the levees along the river, the great inverted siphon which carries the water of a main canal under the Colorado—all these are a part of a vast government irrigation system which has brought new life to the Yuma region. This is a good dairying country, the citrus fruits prosper here and dates are successfully grown. The Yuma valley has thirty thousand acres devoted to cotton. Yuma has excellent hotels and deserves a wide fame as a delightful winter resort. One of the hotels furnishes free meals to all who come, every day that the sun does not shine.

Adjacent to Yuma there are about forty-five thousand acres of mesa land, a part of which the United States Reclamation Service has already sold to settlers for further extension of citrus fruit area and other forms of agriculture. Several thousands of acres of this are already provided with water for irrigation and as the system is carried to completion the remaining thirty-four thousand acres of excellent land will become available for settlement when offered for sale by the government.

On the bluff opposite the city are the buildings of the Yuma Indian Reservation. In this very place once stood the Spanish mission of La Purisima Concepcion—almost forgotten to history and so isolated in its position that it is seldom reckoned among California's missions. Its existence was indeed brief. Founded by Padre Garces in 1780, this outpost

of the Franciscans was destroyed by the Indians the next year and the missionaries were massacred. The Yuma Indians lend a picturesque touch to the place today.

California.

Its healthful and equable climate makes San Diego a delightful resort city at all seasons. As a seaport it is rapidly advancing, having one of the natural harbors on the Pacific Coast, and here are found land, water and air activities of almost every branch of the national service.

At San Diego was established the first settlement in California. The Mission San Diego de Alcalá, now in ruins, was here founded by Padre Junipero Serra, on July 16, 1769.

Situated on the Bay of San Diego, the city is backed on the east by mountain ranges and valleys. On the west the promontory of Point Loma juts into the sea, overlapping the low slender peninsular of Coronado, and between the two lies the entrance to the sheltered harbor. In Balboa Park stand fifteen permanent buildings which formed a part of the Panama-California International Exposition. San Diego's hotels include the U. S. Grant and the San Diego in the heart of the city.

While not on the Spanish Trail proper, no one will ever go as far as San Diego without going to Los Angeles. Known as the ideal tourist city, not the least of the attractions of Los Angeles is its picturesque situation. This metropolis of Southern California is built upon the broad plains which slope seaward from the foothills of the Sierra Madre. Los Angeles is renowned the world over for its beauty and climate. But climate alone has not caused the upbuilding of this immense city, with its energetic inhabitants. Los Angeles owes much of its phenomenal growth to its central position in a vast and fertile region which has received extensive development, a large share of its prosperity having been derived from the freak citrus fruit industry. Essentially a city of homes, Los An-

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geles has become of late years a large manufacturing center. The improvement of Los Angeles harbor, on San Pedro bay, has increased its commercial importance. Climate, soil, strategic location and the energy of its citizens have combined to raise Los Angeles in thirty-five years to a great city, alive with progress. Many motion picture companies have establishments in or near Los Angeles.

The first settlers who went to Los Angeles in 1781 called the place "Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles" (Our Lady the Queen of the Angels). The Spanish pueblo grew but slowly and even after a century of existence the city had only twelve thousand inhabitants. Then the marvelous development began and the population increased rapidly.

