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St. Augustine



SEVENTY: FIVE : ALBERTYPE: ILLUSTRATIONS







## St. Augustine

## VIEWS OF THE OLD FLORIDA CITY

FROM RECENT NEGATIVES

BY

THE ALBERTYPE COMPANY



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Warden Villa.





THE PONCE DE LEON AND ALCAZAR PARK.









Confederate Monument.



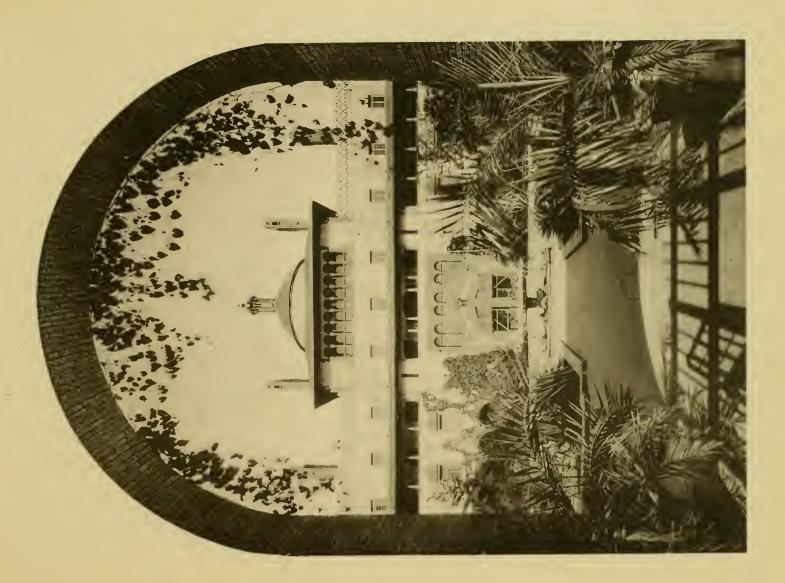






PONCE DE LEON-MAIN ENTRANCE AND LOGGIA.









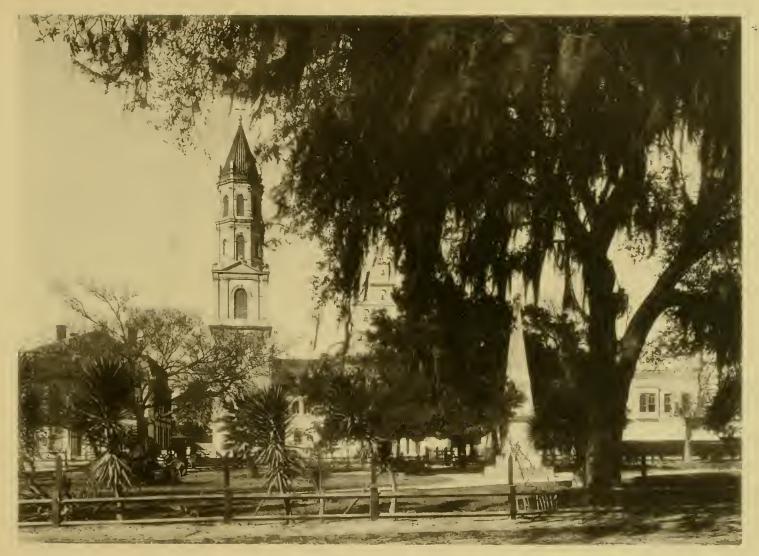












New and Old Spanish Cathedral.

Constitution Monument.













DINING HALL-PONCE DE LEON.





THE PONCE DE LEON-SOUTH AND EAST FRONTS.





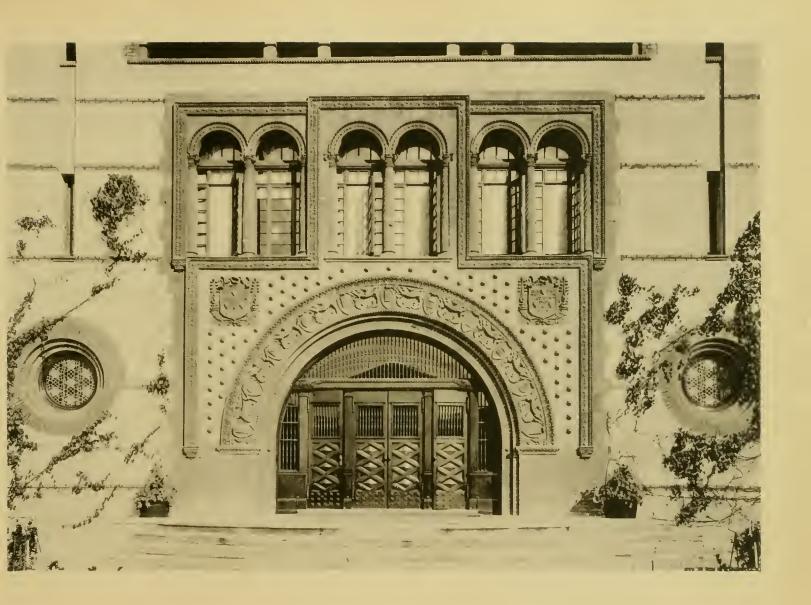
SECOND STORY ROTUNDA -PONCE DE LEON.





THE CORDOVA AND THE ALCAZAR, FROM TOWER OF THE PONCE DE LEON.









PARLORS-PONCE DE LEON.













GRENADA STREET FROM THE CASINO.





POST OFFICE FROM THE PLAZA.





THE ALCAZAR.









WEST CORRIDOR OF THE ALCAZAR.





HOTEL CORDOVA.









SUN PARLOR HOTEL CORDOVA.





PARLOR -HOTEL CORDOVA.

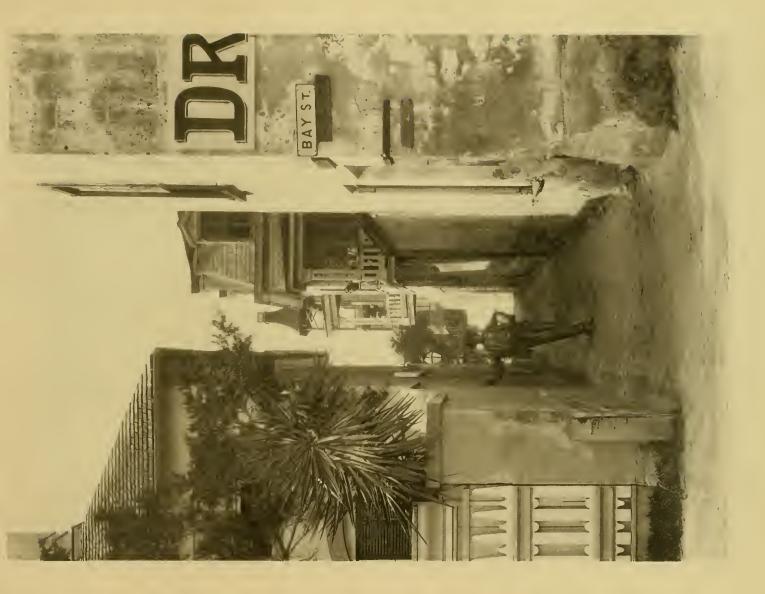




















ST. GEORGE STREET.





THE OLD FORGE.









RECTORY OF MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.





THE CASINO.









SEA WALL.





ST, FRANCIS STREET.





GRACE CHURCH -- METHODIST EPISCOPAL.





VIEW OF THE PONCE DE LEÓN FROM KING STREET.











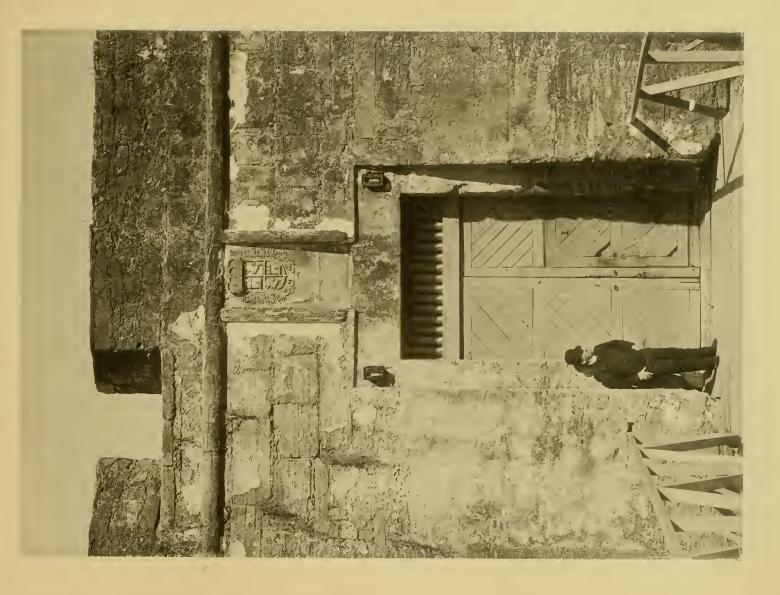


Old City Gateway.













MOAT WITH HOT SHOT FURNACE, AND SEA WALL—SPANISH FORT.









THE DUNGEON -SPANISH FORT.





SPANISH FORT-WATER SIDE ENTRANCE.





ST. AUGUSTINE, FROM THE SPANISH FORT.





SPANISH FORT, FROM WATER BATTERY.





RUNWAY IN SPANISH FORT.





HOTEL SAN MARCO, FROM SPANISH FORT





ANCIENT CITY GATES.





A GARDEN.





CHARLOTTE STREET.





MAGNOLIA HOTEL.





Dining Room

Parlor.

Office.

MAGNOLIA HOTEL





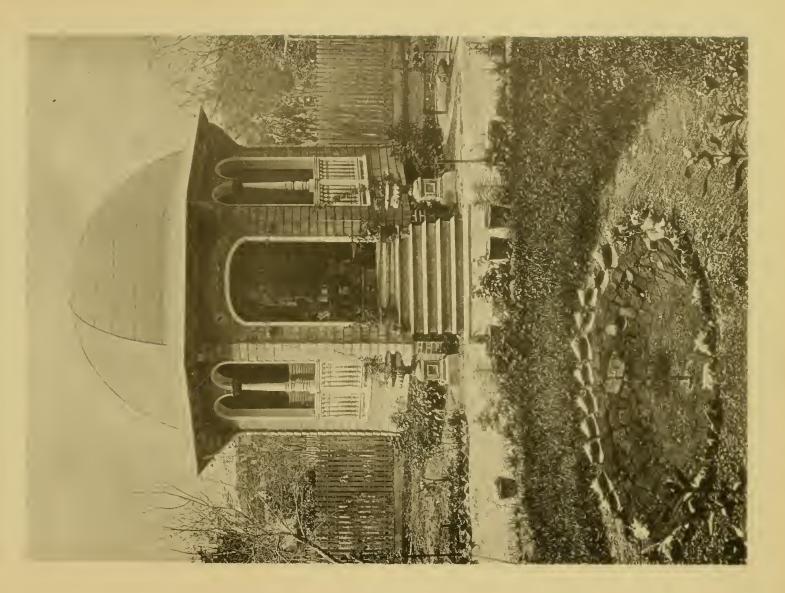
FLORIDA HOUSE.





VIEW FROM ST GEORGE PIAZZA.









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THE BARCELONA.









ST. AUGUSTINE, FROM HOTEL SAN MARCO.





STATION AND PAVILION NORTH BEACH.





ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS.





PALMETTO AVENUE AT MR. WILLIAMS'.





ST. AUGUSTINE, SEEN ACROSS THE MATANZAS FROM ANASTASIA ISLAND.



## ST. AUGUSTINE.

There lies the port. The strange, old-fashioned, silent town. The light-house and the strong, grim fort, The ancient homes, quaint and brown

T. AUGUSTINE, with her cool sea breezes and cloudless sun, enjoys the reputation of being the Eden of Florida. While the North wages its appual was with the perfection of climate enables one to seek out-door exercise and enjoyment. The Yacht Club, presenting the anomaly of having its season during the winter months, includes in its membership over two hundred names prominent in the chief cities from New York and Boston to San Francisco, and with a constant succession of regattas, balls, illuminations, &c., adds much to the social enjoyments of the place. All out-of-door sports, as fishing, rowing, yachting, shooting, riding, driving, tennis, &c., are en regle during the entire winter. There has been but one frost of any severity—in 1886—during the last fifteen years.

Besides the easy accessibility of St. Augustine,—a ride by rail of about 36 hours from New York—the city has the advantage of good shops, of clubs, an opera house, a public library, well supplied markets, magnificent bathing establishments, and the most sumptuous hotels in the world.

The name of the great enchanter whose magic wand and generous purse have made it possible to enjoy this Southern paradise without missing any of the home comforts, is Mr. Henry M. Flagler, of Standard Oil fame. While on a tour through Florida, he visited St. Augustine, saw its possibilities, and with genuine Northern enterprise and readiness erected what may justly be termed a city of hotels. Every possible luxury of a rich man's mansion is offered here—alongside of the quiet old Spanish houses, the narrow silent streets, and the quaint "Plaza de la Constitucion" of the oldest town in the United States.

In harmony with the surroundings, the Spanish Renaissance style was selected for the buildings—the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Hotel Cordova. There is a crescent arcade on the alameda, or broad plaza, that separates the Alcazar from the Ponce de Leon. The Ponce de Leon covers six acres of ground; contains 450 rooms, and has a dining hall which comfortably seats 1,000 guests. The Alcazar (Al-kasr, the house of Cæsar) has three hundred rooms; the finest Turkish, Russian, sulphur and sea water baths in the world; club rooms, tennis grounds, and all sorts of aids to merry-making. The Hotel Cordova is laid out primarily for family use; has 200 rooms arranged in suits, with private parlors, &c. A Sala del Sol—a sun parlor—108 feet long; the Oriental Hall for concerts, dancing, tableaux vivants, and other pastimes are among the additional amenities for enjoyment by the guests.

For the erection of these hotels a peculiar concrete material was used, consisting of coquina, sand and Portland cement. Coquina is found in abundance on Anastasia Island, opposite the city, and is a natural compound of sea-shell. It is stronger than stone—the older it is the harder it becomes. This concrete, while still soft, is poured into moulds; after the first layer has become dry and hard, a second one is put on top of it, and so forth, until the wall is completed. The layers of this material form one solid mass of stone, an indestructible monolith, which makes the building absolutely fire-proof. As to decorations, the entire world, so to speak, was levied upon for its best and most luxurious. There are tiles from Spain, marbles from all countries, even Arabia; the finest and most expensive rugs and upholstering goods from Asia, and gobelins, silks and velvets from all Europe.

St. Augustine was founded on March 27th, 1565, by Pedro Menendez de Aviles, on the site of the old Indian village, Seloe, near which Juan Ponce de Leon had landed in 1512. With the rest of the State of Florida, the city originally was under Spanish rule, then for a short period in the middle of the last century became an English domain; was returned thereafter to and held by Spain until, in 1821, Florida was ceded to the United States in settlement of a claim of five millions of dollars.

The city is located on a peninsula formed by the St. Sebastian and Matanzas Rivers, and presents the shape of a parallelogram, a mile in length and about three-quarters of a mile wide. The principal thoroughfare is St. George Street; it runs from north to south and crosses the "Plaza de la Constitucion" or market place. Most of the houses are built of coquina. They are two stories high with projecting upper balconies and windows, from which, on account of the narrowness of the street, the inhabitants can almost shake hands with their vis-a-vis.

On the northern end of the city is the four-bastioned fort, originally called San Juan de Pinos, then San Marco and, when turned over to the United States, Fort Marion. It was begun in 1592, completed in 1756, and contains 25 casements around a square exercising ground, 100 feet each way. It requires 100 heavy guns and 1,000 men for full armament. From the fort the "Sea Wall," a quay of about a mile in length, runs along the Matanzas River to the St. Francis Barracks, formerly a Spanish monastery, now occupied by the United States troops. Dress parades and daily military reviews are held here, and openair evening concerts given by the U. S. Second Artillery Regiment Band. Not far from the fort, and also

on the northern entrance to the city, are the old City Gates, two pillars, twenty feet in height and ten feet deep; the flanking walls are thirty feet in length, the roadway between the pillars twelve feet wide.

The Plaza de la Constitucion, in the center of the city, is a public park of shrubbery and shade trees, with monuments and fountains. The market, an open structure on the east end of the plaza, was built in 1840 for the sale of meat and other food supplies; but is now a lounging place where idlers bask in the sun and exchange gossip. All legends notwithstanding it was never used as a slave mart.

On the southern side of the plaza rises the spire of Trinity Church; on the northern side St. Joseph's Cathedral with its quaint Moorish belfry, completed in 1791. The cathedral was burnt in 1887, but at once rebuilt and enlarged. One of the original bells bears the inscription: "Sancte Josephe ora pro nobis, 1682." It is said to be the oldest bell in the United States, three years older than the famous bell in the old Dutch Church at Tarrytown, N. Y., which bears the inscription 1685. The old wooden Methodist Episcopal Grace Church has been replaced by a beautiful stone church and parsonage, and presented to the society by Mr. Henry M. Flagler. The Memorial Presbyterian Church, a most magnificent structure in Venetian renaissance, also erected by Mr. Flagler, occupies a site on Valencia and Sevilla Streets; a beautiful rectory in the same style of architecture adjoining. On St. George street is the Magnolia Hotel, a fine building in Queen Ann style. Other hotels are the Hotel San Marco, the St. George, the Florida House, the Abbey, and the Barcelona.

The Villa Zorayda is worthy of note because of its strictly Moorish design and the elaborate manner in which the owner-architect has successfully developed his plan of an Oriental building as appropriate to the latitude of Florida. The Railway Station is built in genuine Russian style. The Light House, 150 feet high, visible for nineteen miles, was built in 1872-3 on Anastasia Island. It is open to visitors, and affords a far-extending view over sea and land. A new semi-tropical park, (the City Park) has quite recently been completed, facing the Ponce de Leon on one side and the new Post Office on the other.

Lovely orange groves, long avenues with cedar hedges and grand old mulberry trees are all around St. Augustine. A quiet, undisturbed, dreamy vision of still-life surrounds the city walls and creates a sensation of entire repose, pleasant or otherwise, as it falls upon the heart of the weary wanderer, or the restless mind of him who looks to nothing in life except unceasing action; the one rejoicing in its rest, the other chafing under its tranquility. And yet about the old city—la siempre fiel ciudad (the always loyal city)—there clings a host of historic associations which throw around it a charm which few can fail to feel.









