

Pensacola's Watchword—Boost, Boom and Build—That's All

"COME TO PENSACOLA FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING," THE SLOGAN OF OUR MERCHANTS.

And They Are Prepared to Make It Worth the While of All to Accept This Invitation. The Holiday Stocks Were Never More Beautiful and Complete.

THE MERCHANTS represented in this paper to-day extend a cordial invitation to all the people to do their holiday shopping in Pensacola. They are equipped in the way of magnificent stores to deserve the patronage of all those who seek the advantages of a metropolitan market place. The stores this year are marvels of completeness in the wonderful variety of the high-grade stocks which are carried. They are in holiday attire and their wares are displayed in show windows, and handsome fixtures make veritable palaces of beauty. The retail district at night is a blaze of glory with its multitude of electric illuminations. The city offers ample accommodation for visitors in the way of hotels and numerous entertainments, so that a visit to this city during the holiday season will be one of pleasure as well as one of profit. It will be profitable for you to trade in Pensacola. Her prices are based on the low buying ability which her big retail trade is able to secure, the advantages of which are offered to all. Come to Pensacola and get an enormous variety to select from, reasonable prices, and courteous treatment.

while the Don enjoyed his siesta, or smoked cigarettes and entertained the transient guest, for hospitality was a marked feature of life among these people—not only friend and relative, but the sojourning stranger was welcomed to the shelter of their roof.

Were Not "Hustlers." But with all their Christian hospitality, inherent loyalty and chivalrous sense of honor, the Spanish, or Creole, (a term often misapplied to Spanish or half breeds, whereas it really means the Spanish or French colonist or their descendants) inhabitants could not be called "hustlers." In colonial days every settlement as a general thing manifested a hearty simplicity of the Spanish settlement predominated for many years. Here was the universal brotherhood without socialistic horrors. When a man entered into business his aim was to make a living—not to amass wealth. How little the spirit of selfishness and greed prevailed in the business methods of that period can be gathered from the fact that a merchant thought nothing of sending a would-be customer across the street to trade at another establishment because he was reading his newspaper and did not care to be disturbed. Let us suppose this very absorbing issue may have been "The Case" a little sheet, printed in Pensacola, a copy of which, dated July 25th, 1853, is now before me. The "prospectus," as outlined on the first page, stated that the paper was devoted to morality, literature, and the arts and sciences, which, let us hope, were not as limited as their advocate.

In another column we find this poetic effusion, which has a suggestion of midnight serenade and tinkling gait:

To Senora.
Oh! thou art beautiful, far lovelier than the flowers
That blossom in light's sweet ecstasy
In summer hours;
Thy smiles are fairer than the rays that melt upon the skies
When 'neath the setting sun's last beam the snowy cloudlet lies.
And when thy lips are opened, a charm
As sweet as music's melody
With every throbb'g warning blood
Its joyous pulses throws;
And sweet thy thoughts' enchantments are, as the golden words
Which keep within the heart the music of its chords.
Contentus parvum praedidit virtutum.—
(For The Vase).

After this comes the advertisement of Dr. R. B. Hargis. As was customary at that time, the paragraph was ornamented with pibble and mortar, to denote that the above-mentioned was a dispenser of drugs.

In later years Dr. R. B. Hargis became prominent in medical circles as an investigator and authority on yellow fever. Its origin and treatment. It is, in a great measure, to these researches that the city of Pensacola is indebted for its present immunity from the much-dreaded scourge.

Connection by Rail.

It was not until after the civil war, that any permanent connection was made by rail with inland towns, although as early as 1836 northern enterprise and capital projected a road reaching inland as far as Montgomery, but the scheme fell through, and journeys were still made in the old colonial stage coach or—for the more impatient wayfarer—on horseback. The "ride and tie" method being adopted when the party of travelers exceeded the number of available horses. Apropos of this a story is told of two men who started on a journey with one horse between them. After the stages were mutually arranged, the first man to ride proceeded on his way until reaching the tree, designated in their agreement, as the point at which the horse was to be tied for the other man's use when he should arrive at that spot. But instead of tying the horse the first rider spurred him round the tree in such a way as to give the ground the appearance of having been trampled, he rode to the end of the journey, leaving his partner under the impression that the animal had broken away.

A second, though shorter road, was completed just in time to be destroyed by the opposing factions in the struggle for Southern independence. Only those who lived in the South at the time can understand the conditions existing in Pensacola at the close of the war. Many who with their families had fled to inland cities, now returned to their homes to find their possessions—their Lures and Penates—thrown down. Fortunes, invested in human flesh, scattered to the winds—those who hitherto had known nothing but affluent ease were reduced to a penniless indigence. What were they to do, with no money to hire labor, and no slaves to work them? To the paterfamilias came the problem of providing, and many a man must have stood aghast at thought of the difficult task before him. Here necessity became more than the mother of invention and brought to the surface some of the dormant traits that have since been the chief strength and distinctions of fire and pestilence. The time had come when men must bear themselves, and enterprise grew out of desolation. A full decade had not elapsed before a railroad was in opera

PENSACOLA—THE CINDERELLA OF THE GULF

MRS. S. J. GONZALEZ, in Florida Review.

At the northern extremity of the Mexican Gulf lies a beautiful bay, and its waters wash under wharves and fish-houses that speak louder than words of the business and industries of the city that is fast spreading round the circle of its shores. New Orleans and Mobile have been considered the principal Gulf ports on the Southern coast, and as such have been inclined to ignore the claims of a sister city to a like distinction. But like Cinderella in the fairy tale, Pensacola has bided her time in sequestered humility, awaiting the advent of the prince, who is coming to her, apparently, in the shape of the Panama canal. The deep water bay of Pensacola—33 feet over the bar—has commercial advantages that must be appreciated by those who

would establish a direct route for trade that is expected to come through the canal from the East. Even now, there are rumors afloat of new railroads, with Pensacola as a shipping and receiving point.

Aside from its commercial advantages, Pensacola is one of the beauty spots of the earth. Its bay may be ranked with the Neapolitan harbor in point of scenic magnificence, and, if dreams come true, may equal that once famous port in commercial importance. The city spreads out northward over gently rising hills. Here its likeness to Naples ceases, for no towering volcanic summit hovers in threatening altitude above its streets and homes.

Known to Spaniards.
Early in the sixteenth century the

existence of this beautiful harbor was known to the Spaniards. In June, 1539, Don Tristan de Luna Y. Arellano, a Spanish explorer, sailing northward on the Mexican Gulf discovered this indentation of its northern shore and beheld—with what emotions of gratification and surprise, we can easily imagine—the panorama of shimmering blue water. Although it is not generally known, it is claimed that this settlement antedated that of St. Augustine by about four years. Perhaps this knowledge was obscured by the fact that the settlement established by de Luna did not occupy the site of the present city, but was located farther down the bay, on or near the place where Fort Barrancas now stands. In the Pensacola of the present day there is nothing but a narrow

side street to commemorate De Luna's name. A puny plant, the settlement of de Luna—then known as "Santa Maria de Pensacola"—struggled for a quarter of a century through the various vicissitudes of early colonization in a country where the lurking savage was a perpetual menace. In 1696 Don Andres d'Arriola laid the foundations of the future town of Pensacola, near the present site of Barrancas, where he erected a small fort, "San Carlos." In 1719 the town was destroyed by the French under Champmeslin and San Carlos was blown up.

Gathering themselves together, the despoiled band of Spanish fugitives re-established the colony on Santa Rosa—an island at the mouth of the bay, where its shores are washed on one

side by the water of the Gulf—only to be swept away in 1754 by a tidal wave. When it seemed that even the elements had conspired against it, the colony still clung to the shores of the beautiful bay. Instead of becoming disheartened and abandoning the settlement, the few wretched survivors of this last disaster moved to the northern shore and laid the foundation of the present city.

A Fishing Hamlet.
For many years it just subsisted, a mere fishing hamlet, and a century later had only developed into an Indian trading post. Later, when European wars and treaties wrought changes in the boundary lines between French and Spanish territory, the little hamlet sprang into notice and claimed a place in the history of that

era. In 1763 when England had a finger in the pie, Pensacola became the resident city of the governor of West Florida. Colonization from the Old World, now pushed and encouraged, increased the population and awakened the town from the somnolent inactivity of a hundred years.

The flood of immigration had introduced a Scotch element of thrift and shrewdness, doubtless attracted by glowing accounts of the resources of the country and the trading facilities afforded by the harbor.

Companies were organized and the lucrative lumber trade inaugurated that has since proved the backbone of the town. The old Spanish inhabitant, raised his hands with the national expression "Caramba," to find something doing in the old Spanish settlement.

With Prominence Perils Came.
But with prominence came perils. The tramp of armies echoed through the narrow streets, and rattling musketry resounded over the gently rising hills that lie behind the town. West Florida had become a shuttle-cock which the fortunes of war threw back and forth between English and Spanish rule, and later in 1821 the same lottery assigned that territory to Amer-

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

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(Formerly Williams Naval Stores Company)

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