

Minorca

From: "The Story Of The Minorcans"
By Eleanor Philips Barnes, 1949

Minorca is the Golden Isle of Romance, the Isle of incomparable beauty, of history and mysterious legend! The people are simple-hearted, industrious and honest. Many of them originated on Majorca, the larger island, and many came from the Spanish and French mainland, specifically Catalonia.

Seventy miles east of the Spanish coast, nestled in the blue Mediterranean, is this famed Isle of Minorca. White cliffs rise from a crystal sea, the bluest on the face of the earth. Little white and pastel villages face the sea, hidden on the slopes of the hills. Beyond, purple in the distance, towers the peak of Mount Toro. History was made here. Mutely, the monuments attest to fallen races. The Druids left mysterious prints while the Moors left their watch towers that now stand in crumbling decay. Ancient castles have endured for centuries and long deserted monasteries stand on crests of inland hills!

Even in 1768, the name MINORCA had magic. During the mild winter of that year, the colonists for America were waiting for spring. RAMON ROGERO dwelled here with his bride LLINA. Their son, little ALBERTO, was born in this picturesque setting and will be coming with his parents when they leave for the new land!

FRANCISCO VILA and his wife were there with a family to transport to this far-off Florida of the British Dominion. They were unaware of their fate in the future. The Italians and the Greeks had come, also. Some Corsicans had wed the lovely Minorcan Lassies and planned to take their chances with this new colony in the warm and sunny climate of the southern tip of the American British Empire.

The POMAR, the HERNANDEZ and the USINA families were all eager to leave. The tiny ships floated quietly on the water inside Mahón's beautiful harbor. All were in readiness to put to sea and were just waiting for good weather to start the crossing.

SEGUI, ANDREU and VILLALONGA had all signed up. They were from this Island of strong arms and loyal

hearts for which the people were justly famous for generations.

The people of MINORCA bid farewell to over 1000 of their sons and daughters. They also bid a fond adieu to those other "foreigners" when this colony of over 1400 departed its shores in April of 1768. Minorca's mountain peak showed purple in the dusk. Its towering cliffs, chalk-white in mute good-bye, were clear until clouded by a hazy tear in the eyes of your ancestors. Oh, so deep is our heritage!

Such is the quantity of history that has passed the Isle of Minorca. The "tramontana", the North wind of this golden Isle, has not succeeded in clearing the atmosphere that is loaded with domination and with traditions.

The history of this Isle dates to prehistoric times. Its heritage comes from the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Roman warlords. From the origin of the Carthaginians and under the domination of the Almohade, the Moorish Conquerors of Spain, and as victims of many piracies, our ancestors have lived and died upon this lovely Island!

The day finally came. From the Port of Mahón in the year 1768, they set sail toward the New World. They were going to an ancient Spanish province and a tiny Spanish presidio called St. Augustine. It was now bursting with British activity. As the surf and sun bathed and burned the shores of Florida, your forebears planted their origins firmly into the sands so that we could go forth from the meld of this heritage!
DEEP ARE OUR ROOTS!

