

# Tequesta:

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## C O N T E N T S

	PAGE
Colonel Thompson's "Tour of Tropical Florida" <i>George R. Bentley</i>	3
The Indians and History of the Matecumbe Region <i>John M. Goggin</i>	13
Army Surgeon Reports on Lower East Coast, 1838 <i>James F. Sunderman</i>	25
John Clayton Gifford: An Appreciation <i>Henry Troetschel, Jr.</i>	35
Across South-Central Florida in 1882	49
Contributors	89
Treasurer's Report	90
Roster of Members	91

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# Tequesta:

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## Colonel Thompson's "Tour of Tropical Florida"

By GEORGE R. BENTLEY

In the fall of 1865—as in most subsequent autumns—many Northerners were eager to gain information about Florida. The New England Emigrant Aid Company was trying to plant a colony there.<sup>1</sup> Discharged soldiers of the Union armies were already moving into the Peninsular State, and other Yankee adventurers were with them.<sup>2</sup> Harrison Reed, who would one day be Florida's Governor, had newly arrived from Wisconsin and was opening a newspaper at Jacksonville.<sup>3</sup> The man destined to be his Lieutenant-Governor, William H. Gleason, appeared in Tallahassee in the latter months of 1865 and sought an opportunity to inspect the state.<sup>4</sup> In Virginia one W. H. Hunt inquired if the Freedmen's Bureau would not build some mills—probably cotton mills—on Government lands in Florida. He proposed to operate them for the Bureau, and he would promise "to place one thousand Freedmen and their families above requiring assistance from the Government . . . . Provided: they are placed upon lands of my selection under the Homestead Law in the State of Florida . . . ." The Bureau did not give Hunt either the mills or the contract he wanted, but some of its leaders became greatly interested in Florida as a possible refuge for Negroes. Orlando Brown, head of the federal agency in Virginia, submitted to Bureau Commissioner Oliver O. Howard a plan to invite as many as 50,000 Virginia Negroes to migrate to Florida.<sup>5</sup> Howard thought so well of this proposal

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<sup>1</sup> Robert L. Clarke, "Northern Plans for the Economic Invasion of Florida, 1862-1865," in *The Florida Historical Quarterly*, 28:263-264 (April, 1950).

<sup>2</sup> General John G. Foster's report of July, n.d., 1866, in Freedmen's Bureau Records (in the National Archives), Records for Florida, Letters Sent.

<sup>3</sup> L. J. Farwell and others to Oliver O. Howard, May 26, 1865, in the Oliver O. Howard Papers, Bowdoin College Library, Letters Received.

<sup>4</sup> Thompson's Report, in the Tallahassee *Sentinel*, April 19, 1867.

<sup>5</sup> W. H. Hunt to C. B. Wilder, September 28, 1865, in Freedmen's Bureau Records, National Office, Adjutant General's Division, Letters Received (Hereinafter records of this office will be cited simply as "Bureau Records."); Orlando Brown to Howard, October 4, 1865, and December, n.d., 1865, both in *ibid.*

that he began drawing up a bill by which Congress might set aside public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas for Negro homesteaders. And to facilitate matters he directed his Assistant Commissioner in Florida to inspect and report upon the lands that might be made available.<sup>6</sup>

This officer, in fact, already had commenced such a survey. He was Colonel Thomas W. Osborn, of New York state.<sup>7</sup> Because of a railroad accident in which he had suffered a severe injury to his shoulder, Osborn had not begun his duties in Florida until the first week in September. By then the Bureau was organized and operating in the other ex-Confederate states. To compensate for his late beginning—and for his complete unfamiliarity with Florida—Osborn had decided to divide the state into five sections and to send out parties to inspect and report what they found. They were to be concerned especially with the needs of the Negroes but also with the attitudes of the white people towards the Union, the products of the soil and employments of the people, the economic opportunities and the lands available for homesteading or purchase, and any other matters that might be helpful to the Bureau in its work or to Northerners seeking opportunities for profitable investment of capital.<sup>8</sup>

For his inspection of the sparsely populated, wilderness-like southern half of the peninsula, Osborn chose a thoroughly competent observer, George F. Thompson, Commissary Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.<sup>9</sup> Thompson received his orders on December 4, and on the 6th he left Tallahassee to visit the counties of Hillsboro, Manatee, Moore, Dade, Brevard, Polk, Orange, and Volusia. Accompanying him was William H. Gleason, whom Osborn had appointed a "special Agent" of the Freedmen's Bureau, and who could hardly have found a better opportunity to inspect those parts of the state most available for immigration and exploitation.<sup>10</sup>

The first stage of Thompson's and Gleason's tour was by rail but was neither direct or easy. They wanted to begin the inspection at Tampa, where they believed they could both get the desired information about Hillsboro

<sup>6</sup> Howard to G. W. Nichols, December 29, 1865, in the Howard Papers, Letters Sent, 1861-1866:164; Howard to W. H. Hunt, December 18, 1865, in Bureau Records, Letters Sent, 1:456.

<sup>7</sup> For an interpretation of Osborn see my article "The Political Activity of the Freedmen's Bureau in Florida," in *The Florida Historical Quarterly*, 28-28-37 (July, 1949).

<sup>8</sup> I have not found any of the five reports except Thompson's. However, there is a lengthy, composite synopsis of all of them in Bureau Records, Synopses of Reports, 1:228.

<sup>9</sup> Thompson's report was published in serial form in the Tallahassee *Sentinel*, April 19, 23, 26, 30 and May 3 and 7, 1867. An official copy is enclosed in Osborn to Howard, May 8, 1866, in Bureau Records, Letters Received.

<sup>10</sup> Thompson's Report, Tallahassee *Sentinel*, April 19, 1867.

County and learn the most feasible way to make an examination of Manatee, Monroe, and Dade Counties. To reach Tampa they went via the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile Railroad to Baldwin and thence on the Florida Railroad to Gainesville. Both railroad companies were reluctant to transport Thompson's and Gleason's horses, which were delayed twenty-four hours at Lake City. When an additional two days' delay was threatened at Baldwin, Thompson had his orderly drive the horses to Gainesville. From that point, on December 11, the inspection party went by horse to Tampa.<sup>11</sup>

There Thompson conferred with Captain O. B. Ireland, of the 99th United States Colored Troops, who was then the commanding officer at Tampa. Ireland assured Thompson that the Negroes in the vicinity were doing well, "even better than the whites," that they did not want for food or clothing, and that they found plenty of labor at fair wages. However, reported Ireland, white Unionists at Tampa and for miles around were less fortunate. They formed a small minority ostracized and oppressed by the "rebel" majority. Some were "pursued with murderous intent," and "there was no safety for a Union man to walk the streets, or be found alone in the highway . . . ." Deputy United States Marshal Jenks corroborated these opinions and said that he himself was "hunted . . . day and night, and upon more than one occasion had barely escaped the assassin's bullet."<sup>12</sup>

As if in direct proof of these assertions, in the evening of December 19, at about ten o'clock, three pistol shots rang out near Thompson's quarters. Hardly had the reports sounded when Ireland and Jenks rushed in to report a fresh attempt on Jenks' life. But Thompson felt that this was a trick, and one "too patent to impose upon our credulity," for he reasoned that if there had really been an attempted murder the officials would have hurried to capture the would-be assassin rather than to inform the colonel of the alarming state of affairs.<sup>13</sup> The next day Thompson talked with several of the local citizens and deliberately made opportunities for them to express hatred of the United States. "Yet," he reported to Osborn, "we failed to detect any ground for those highly colored statements which had been made [by Ireland and Jenks]. We neither saw nor heard of any murdered victims or rebellious hate; no bands of roving desperados roaming through the country for their prey . . . in fact, nothing to excite the fears or to discourage an honest and courageous man." He concluded that there might be some danger of "collisions" between Floridians who had supported the Confederacy and

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<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*

those who had been Unionists—because of their war-born hatred for each other—but that there was little likelihood that any class would attempt to “subvert, or to resist the Government.” At the end of his tour he felt that “so far as the hostility of the people to Northern men is concerned, I would as soon live in any part of Southern Florida as in the city of Washington or Boston.”<sup>14</sup>

Thompson had thought he might cross Florida from Tampa and go down the east coast to the Miami River. However, several men who knew the country told him that the water was so high in the creeks and rivers of the interior that it would be impracticable to cross the peninsula, and perhaps very hazardous. Therefore he decided to charter a boat and sail down the Gulf coast, occasionally stopping to go up a stream or to march into the interior far enough to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of the country and its condition. As a guide, he employed Mr. Louis Bell, a native of the region, whose experiences during the Seminole War, in 1857, as mail carrier from Tampa to Fort Myers, gave him an intimate knowledge of the whole coast.<sup>15</sup> Thompson would have liked also to hire a man to assist in sailing the boat and to cook for the party but could find only two unemployed white men in Tampa, and they both demanded \$1.50 a day, a sum Thompson deemed exorbitant. Suspecting that the men were simply avoiding labor by setting their price so high, the colonel decided to do his own work, and sailed without a cook.<sup>16</sup>

Between December 20, 1865, and January 5, 1866, Thompson and Gleason visited several points on the Manatee River, some of the islands in Charlotte Harbor, the Peace Creek country, Fort Myers, and Estero Bay. They spent two or more days at a point ten miles up Peace Creek, where they found a detachment of colored troops and a party of cattle herders. From the latter they received much valuable information about the country, and from the soldiers they borrowed horses to extend their explorations several miles back from the river. This seemed to them a sufficient inspection of the area, for most of the men living within fifty miles were in the party of cattle herders at Peace Creek.<sup>17</sup>

These men, Thompson discovered, were not at all true to the stereotyped “lazy Southerner.” “Action and physical exercises” were “the requirements of

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, April 23.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, April 19.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, April 30.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, April 19. Thompson used the spellings “Pease” Creek and “Ostero” Bay.

their vocation," and they were "as active, hardy [a] set of men as are found in any northern latitude."<sup>18</sup> One of the cattle owners told Thompson that he had almost to live with his stock, and that he could be at home with his family but little. Indeed, the care of the cattle was so exacting an employment that the people of the area had not even time to produce corn for their own use. Several told Thompson that they brought the grain from sixty or more miles away, after paying \$2.25 or more per bushel. Their cattle were small, the best "netting no more than five or six hundred pounds." They would bring \$6.00 a head for an "entire stock," or \$14.00 to \$18.00 for selected animals. The principal market was Havana, but many cattle went also to Savannah and Charleston. The drovers Thompson had met were employed by Mr. Jacob Summerlin "(reported to be the largest stock raiser in the country)." Thompson saw them load 250 head aboard a steamer bound for Havana, and doubted that the cattle would average over 350 pounds. He estimated that there were in the area, "both east and west of the Kissimmee river" some 150,000 cattle worth perhaps \$900,000.<sup>19</sup>

Homes in this part of Florida were generally log houses or huts, raised two or three feet from the ground, and lacking both windows and chinking. Thompson wondered "whether Adam and Eve had fewer comforts or conveniences for housekeeping" than the family of a "principal stöckraiser" he visited.<sup>20</sup> It seemed to him that the men of the region had "extremely limited ideas as to providing" and the women no idea at all how to use the little that was provided them. Their cooking was so repulsive to Thompson that he averred that only "the direst necessity and a deep sense of moral obligation to preserve his own life" could induce "a person of refined habits and taste" to undergo such a diet. The principal articles of food, as Thompson described them, were pork fried "to the consistency of a piece of dry hide," corn bread "about as delicious and gratifying to the taste as an equal quantity of baked saw-dust," "Hayti potatoes" boiled "until the vegetable matter leaves to the water a proportion of about 1 to 100," and hominy "prepared by scalding with hot water." With everything else grease was used to the greatest excess. On the Gulf Coast, said Thompson, women gave much more attention to the culinary arts, and the articles of food were more numerous.<sup>21</sup>

Thompson interrupted his journey from Peace Creek to Fort Myers by visiting several fishing parties located on the islands in Charlotte Harbor.

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<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, April 30.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, April 19 and 23.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, April 23.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*

The largest was a group of eighteen men employed by "Messrs. Dewey, Bennet & Co., from Conn." In five or six weeks they had taken and cured more than 1800 quintals of fish worth \$6.00 to \$7.00 per quintal at Havana. The waters seemed to Thompson to be "completely alive" with mullet, and he was also impressed with the large numbers of tarpon, jewfish, redfish, and oysters. An important sideline for the fishermen—who received for their labors \$25.00 to \$30.00 per month and their found—was catching sharks and extracting the oil. Thompson predicted that "at no distant day" the fisheries of South Florida would be the basis for an important industry.<sup>22</sup>

Another enterprise which appeared promising to Thompson was citrus culture. He believed there were only three or four orange "orchards" on the Gulf south of Tampa and only one on the Atlantic coast of the counties he toured. The two groves he inspected were located at Sarasota Bay and at Fort Myers. The former, owned by a Doctor Snell, contained about three hundred orange trees and one hundred lemon trees, while the Fort Myers grove was slightly larger. Both were badly neglected but produced the most delicious oranges Thompson ever had tasted. He noted how easy it would be to transport such fruit to New Orleans and St. Louis, and thought it could not be many years before citrus culture would support a thriving population all along the coast from Tampa Bay to Cape Romans. The banks of the Caloosahatchee and Manatee Rivers seemed to Thompson especially well adapted to the citrus business because of their fertility and ready access to transportation.<sup>23</sup>

After visiting briefly Fort Myers and Estero Bay, Thompson and his party went on to Key West, the largest city in their tour of inspection. They found there four churches for white people and one for Negroes. At Tampa they had found three churches, though not all of them held regular services. Tampa's two schools had accommodated about eighty pupils, in the primary grades only; while Key West had schools for 160 scholars, two for white children and one for Negroes.<sup>24</sup> Thompson gathered the impression from the local authorities that the younger Negroes learned as rapidly as whites, but that Negroes from sixteen to twenty "do not seem to have that power of application, and learn less rapidly." From his own observation he was "thoroughly convinced . . . that, compare the negro with the whites, in reference to his desire for education, his respect for religion, or his disposition to

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<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, April 30.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*

lead an industrious life, he is in none of these respects their inferior."<sup>25</sup> This opinion was not entirely complimentary to the Negro, for Thompson had very little esteem for the Gulf Coast Floridian's industry. His experience with the two unemployed white men at Tampa rankled Thompson, and one of the most intelligent men of the area had informed him that the long summer heat resulted inevitably in a "lassitude, an unavoidable indisposition to physical exercise, which neither habit nor any amount of mental stimulant or association could remove." That this was a "libel upon the climate" seemed to Thompson to be proved by the great physical activity of the cowboys in their vocation. Thompson believed that the Negroes in the region he inspected were no lazier than the white people, and that they had "a higher regard for the law and civil authority than a majority of the whites."<sup>26</sup>

In all of Dade County Thompson found but three Negroes, and none of them was in any need of Freedmen's Bureau aid.<sup>27</sup> However, so enchanted was the inspector by the area that he remained there from January 27 to February 14, and gave the county much more than its proportional share of his report. "Exhilarating" Biscayne Bay breezes, mid-winter flowers, singing birds and verdant vegetation convinced him "beyond all question" that Dade County's climate was "the most equable of any in the United States." His guide, who for several years had lived at the "Hunting Grounds" beside the Bay, testified (with some pre-Chamber-of-Commerce-ish exaggeration) that he never had suffered in midsummer with the heat more than he did just then—when the temperature was staying close to 74°!<sup>28</sup>

In this inviting land Thompson said there lived only about 200 white people, and most of them were on the keys to the south of Miami.<sup>29</sup> There were perhaps 600 Indians living in the Everglades at the rear of the county, but they were friendly to the whites. They had a "passion for wrecking" and they made their own decrees of salvage-division. Another passion was for whiskey, which they could obtain at a dirty shanty store operated on the Miami River by "French Mike" Sayers. Deer, bear, panther and other skins were the Indians' chief stock in trade, and they lived principally on game, fish, corn, and the indigenous, wide-spread kountee.<sup>30</sup>

The latter vegetable provided a means of livelihood for some of the white people also, for a fine starch could be made from kountee roots. At

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, May 3.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, May 7.

one of the "factories" on the Miami River three workers with very rude machinery were producing a thousand pounds of starch per week. It would sell for from ten to twelve cents a pound in Key West, where kountee starch was preferred to all others for laundering. Thompson thought the supply of kountee was inexhaustible, and he reported that six barrels of the root would make one barrel of starch.<sup>31</sup>

Other Dade County occupations noted by Thompson were wrecking, fishing, sponging, and turtle hunting. There had been several attempts to manufacture lumber, but it seemed that most of the trees were too small for any other uses than those of making turpentine or building cabins and fences. The hammocks were thickly forested with such trees as red, white, and live oaks, mastics, wild figs, and—thought Thompson—magnolias, but these small islands of high ground comprised in all not one-tenth of the non-Everglades part of the county. Six-tenths of the "available surface" was pine barrens, whose small, scattered, gnarled trees and "honey-combed, rotten limerock surface" presented a sight rather repulsive "at first." The most promising parts of the county, Thompson judged, were the low prairies of 500 to 5000 acres in extent. Apparently formed by the washing of vegetable matter from the Everglades, they had deep soil of great fertility. After making a "somewhat careful examination of several of them," Thompson believed that "a system of drainage and dyking [*sic*] would succeed in reclaiming some of them for profitable cultivation."<sup>32</sup>

The products of the soil of the county especially attracted the attention of the inspecting party. Besides the plentiful kountee there were oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, "cocoa nuts," grapes, "and all tropical fruits." The easy growth of the castor bean, combined with an increasing demand for castor oil and the government's liberal tariff protection, caused Thompson to commend the cultivation of the bean "to the especial attention of those who seek the settlement and development of this county."<sup>33</sup> Sisal hemp also stirred the colonel's imagination. It would grow "with astonishing rapidity, even upon the poorest soil." If some feasible means could be found for separating the fibre from the rest of the plant, the hemp would "open this country to rapid development even by the lowest class of labor."<sup>34</sup> A former South Carolinian told Thompson that Dade County yields of fine long-staple cotton were much larger than those in the Palmetto State. The south Florida

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<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, May 3.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, May 7.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, May 3.

county, reported Thompson, would also produce excellent Cuba tobacco and sugar cane of a "prodigious size."<sup>35</sup>

Not even Eden was perfect, and Thompson did find that Dade County had some disadvantages for settlement. There were many moccasins and rattle snakes in the hammocks, and wild cats, panthers, and bears. But worse by far than these were the hordes of mosquitoes and flies which seemed to "vie with each other in their efforts to torment humanity." Even in mid-winter Thompson's party found the insects "almost intolerable." They were informed that in April and May there would appear blue-head flies and grey flies almost as large as honey bees, which would attack cattle and horses in such painful numbers as to drive them mad and even to kill them.<sup>36</sup>

But on the whole both Thompson and Gleason were most favorably impressed by Dade County. Its people had no educational institutions whatever, but their frequent contacts with seafarers and others from all parts of the world made them more intelligently alert than Florida's inlanders.<sup>37</sup> The county's comfortable climate and promising opportunities attracted the official visitors. They liked also the springs of cool, clear water "boiling up and rippling the waters of the bay" along the beach at the Hunting Grounds—in the bed of the Miami River, about four miles from its mouth, they saw a spring which had been enclosed so that its waters formed a fountain three or four feet above the river's level.<sup>38</sup> They concluded that Southern Florida might some day become the "Garden of the United States."

For the realization of this possibility, however, Thompson believed that one thing was essential—the lowering of the waters of Lake Okeechobee. He believed if the lake level could be lowered by six feet nine inches, which he understood to be the amount of fall from the Everglades to Biscayne Bay, much of the wet lands of Dade County and the Kissimmee River Valley could be opened for cultivation and settlement. Unless these areas could be spared "annual inundations"—by a reduction of the Lake level—Thompson believed the southern part of Florida could never be generally settled.<sup>39</sup> He recognized that the Hunting Grounds springs he so much admired must have their sources in the Everglades, but apparently it did not occur to him that a draining of those sources might work evil as well as good.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, May 7.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, May 3.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, May 7.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.* For an account of some of the damages implicit in Thompson's plan see Marjory Stoneman Douglas, *The Everglades, River of Grass*, 314, 316, 246-350, 373-379.

In concluding his report Thompson said he thought the Negroes in the southern half of Florida needed little aid from the Freedmen's Bureau. Perhaps it should help them establish schools. And it might well encourage their "universal desire to become land owners" by assisting them to settle upon the public lands, under the conditions of the homestead law.<sup>41</sup> The Bureau did both of these things, but not to any great extent in the counties where Thompson had travelled. Orlando Brown's plan to send Virginia's surplus Negroes to Florida came almost to naught,<sup>42</sup> and Oliver Howard's bill to reserve Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas lands for Negroes was weakened in Congress and did not result in much Negro homesteading.<sup>43</sup>

A more important effect of Thompson's tour of inspection was one of its by-products. A few months after the end of the tour William H. Gleason brought his family from Virginia to the shores of Biscayne Bay.<sup>44</sup> Colonel Thompson had commended his "superior intelligence and enthusiastic devotion" to the work of inspection, and had reported Gleason's services to have been "indispensable to the measure of success" achieved by the tour.<sup>45</sup> Now Gleason was beginning a seventeen years' residence in Miami and its vicinity. In those years he would grow tropical fruits, speculate in Dade County lands, and play an important role in Florida's political history.<sup>46</sup>

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<sup>41</sup> Thompson's Report, Tallahassee *Sentinel*, May 7, 1867.

<sup>42</sup> Horace Neide to Orlando Brown, March 17, 1866, in Freedmen's Bureau Records for Virginia, Letters Received.

<sup>43</sup> *United States Statutes at Large*, 14:66-67; Bureau Records, Endorsement Books, 2: 231, 292.

<sup>44</sup> W. H. H. Gleason to J. C. Yonge, May 22, 1947 (ms in the P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History).

<sup>45</sup> Thompson to Osborn, April 30, 1866, in Freedmen's Bureau Records for Florida, Letters Received.

<sup>46</sup> The Tallahassee *Floridian*, March 10, 1868.

# The Indians and History of the Matecumbe Region\*

By JOHN M. GOGGIN

Upper and Lower Matecumbe Keys and the nearby Tea Table, Indian, and Lignumvitae Keys have been an important focal point of human activity from very early times. Five archeological sites on these islands suggest that prehistoric peoples found the region suitable for living.<sup>1</sup> In addition a study of historic source material on the Keys also shows the importance of the region to the later Indians and contemporary Europeans. More data on the early historic periods are available for here than for any other region of the Keys—in itself indicative of the area's relative importance.

The very name of the region, Matecumbe, is itself of much interest, as it is the only place name in South Florida which dates from the sixteenth century and is still used to designate the same or approximate location as at that time.<sup>2</sup> On Spanish maps it is a name which frequently appears, as it did in their records. The exact meaning of the name is unknown, but the suggestion that it was derived from the Spanish *mata hombre* is a weak one. When the term Matecumbe first appeared in use it was in a form very close to its present spelling and pronunciation. As was often the case in Florida, the name was applied interchangeably to the chief and to the tribe.

## ETHNOLOGY

At the beginning of Spanish occupation in Florida there were two dominant Indian groups in the southern part of the state. The most important were the Calusa, otherwise known as the Calos or Carlos, who centered on the lower Gulf Coast. On the east coast the Tekesta, located on Biscayne Bay, were the most powerful.<sup>3</sup> Both of these groups were political confederacies

\* At the request of certain members of our society this paper is being presented in *Tequesta*. With the addition of an introduction and slight textual modifications it is essentially two sections, written by the present author, which appeared in *Excavations on Upper Matecumbe Key, Florida* by John M. Goggin and Frank Sommer III (Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 41, New Haven, 1949).

<sup>1</sup> A study of the archeology of the region will be found in Goggin and Sommer (1949).

<sup>2</sup> Miami is another sixteenth century name but it was originally used to designate the present Lake Okeechobee. The early Calusa is perpetuated in Calusahatchee River, although that is an eighteenth century appellation of the Seminoles.

<sup>3</sup> A paper now in progress (Goggin, MS) will present detailed data on these groups.

rather than tribes, and the exact affiliations of some of the smaller groups are unknown.

The political position and relationship of the Matecumbe Indians is uncertain. Fontaneda (1944:12), describing the Keys, previous to the 1560's says "Running from south to north between Habana and Florida, the distance to the Tortugas and the Martires,<sup>4</sup> is forty leagues; twenty leagues to the Martires, and thence other twenty to Florida—to the territory of Carlos, a province of Indians . . ." It would appear from this that the Keys were distinct from the territory of Carlos, yet we find further on in Fontaneda's narrative (1944:17) that the two towns of Guarungunbe and Cuchiyaga on on the Keys were subject to Carlos. López de Velasco (1894:165), writing in the period from 1571 to 1574, also reports the inhabitants of the Keys to be subjects of the Cacique Carlos. Contemporary workers like Swanton (1922:330) generally place the Keys in the territory of the Calusa, although the evidence does not seem to be conclusive.

Later in 1573 we find several references to the "cabeza de los Martires." One writer says that it is in the territory of the Cacique Tequesta (Connor, 1925:59), while another says it is in "the land of a cacique they call matecumbe" (Connor, 1925:51). It seems probable that since the Matecumbe and other people of the Keys were relatively small groups, they were subject to either the Calusa or the Tequesta, who were much more powerful. But the relative power of the two tribes apparently fluctuated so it is likely that control over the Keys may have changed often.

Linguistically the Calusa and Tequesta were probably related, and the Matecumbe language was very likely similar to one of them. Swanton (1922:30) believes that there is a possible connection of the Calusa language with some Muskogean dialect.

There is only a small amount of ethnological data available for the Indians of the Keys, and no specific data have been noted for the Matecumbe. Much of what is available refers to the town of Guarungunbe and Cuchiyaga and is given by Fontaneda (1944).

The individual groups were apparently small and ruled by a cacique or chief. Besides the chieftanship there may have been other social or class rankings, as Fontaneda (1944:12), says, "Some eat sea-wolves; not all of them, for there is a distinction between the higher and lower clases, but the principal persons eat them."

<sup>4</sup> Martires or Los Martires is the earliest name for the Florida Keys and was used throughout the Spanish occupation.

The natives are described as being large and the women well proportioned with good countenances. The men wore breechclouts woven of palm while the women cover themselves with Spanish moss.

Fish, turtle, molluscs, tunny, and whale were the common foods, and sea-wolves, which were probably seals, were eaten by the principal persons. The Florida lobster or crawfish was important in their diet as was the chapin or trunk fish.<sup>5</sup> Deer and bear were present and an un-named animal, which was most likely the raccoon, was good to eat.

Fontaneda's reference to a palm fiber breechclout as being the usual apparel of men is confirmed by Twitt who apparently stopped briefly somewhere in the Keys in 1591. The Indians he encountered wore "a platted mat of greene straw about their waist, with the bush hanging down behind" (Twitt, 1941:153).<sup>6</sup> Gold and silver ornaments were worn by the natives who traded several to the English for old knives and a rusty hatchet. They included "a piece of gold wound hollow, and about the bigness and value of an English ancell, which the Savage wore hanging about his knee," and two silver ornaments "in forme like unto the bosse of a bridle" (Twitt, 1941:153).<sup>7</sup>

The Key Indians were said to be great archers and dart throwers (*tiradores de dardos*) and they traveled between the islands by means of shallops (*chalupas*) and canoes (López de Velasco, 1894:165). It is unfortunate that the reference to dart throwing is not more detailed, but this may indicate the use of the atlatl or spear thrower, of which archeological specimens have been found at Key Marco. Shallops, of course, were introduced by Europeans but the *Chalupa* is also used in reference to light canoes. It may have been that in this instance the word shallop was used to indicate some kind of a sailing vessel in contrast to a canoe which was paddled.

Apparently bodies of the dead were set out for the flesh to decay as in other parts of Florida. At least a sixteenth century reference from Sparke (1941:42) would suggest this, for he relates that Hawkins' men found dried bodies and heads on a shore. He thought this indicated cannibalism but it is more likely that the exposure of the bodies was in preparation for secondary burial.

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<sup>5</sup> The chapin is considered by Buckingham Smith to be the *Lactophrys sexcornutus* Mitchel or Knuckle Fish (Fontaneda, 1944:40).

<sup>6</sup> Breechclouts of this form must have had a broad distribution in south Florida as Dickinson (1945:28) reports similar ones with a brush hanging down behind from the Jobe or Jeaga.

<sup>7</sup> Specimens of the last form are found in certain archeological sites in the Glades Area (Goggin, MS).

At a much later period (1743), we have more ethnographic data concerning the inhabitants of the Keys (Alegre, 1842:277), although they were then reduced to only a few families. These were migratory, have no permanent homes, moving from island to island according to the abundance of wild fruits and fish which composed their diet. Each group or *rancheria* had its own cacique, and a second in command, the *capitán grande*. The influence of Spanish names had also spread to the priest or shaman, who was known as the *obispo*. His duties included control of the weather, for he summoned the wind with whistles and broke squalls with various "noises" (chants?). He also participated in certain rituals with incense which the Indians offered to the cacique and his sons. Their ceremony of consecration (*consagración*) consisted of three days of continued races, in the meanwhile drinking (what?) until falling senseless. The recumbent participants were considered dead until revived after sanctification. A fish (*picuda*) painted on a small board was worshipped. This was a very gross and badly formed representation pierced by a harpoon. Surrounding the fish were several figures like tongues.

The attitude of the Indian towards death explains to some extent the archeological problem of the isolation of the burial mound on Lignumvitae Key. The Indians are reported to have had a great fear of bodies and to have interred them in a constantly guarded place some distance from the village. On the death of a cacique one or two children were killed to accompany him. The grave was adorned with turtles, other animals, stones, tobacco, and similar things.

### HISTORY

The general historical background of southern Florida is too detailed to be considered here so only the details directly concerning the Matecumbe area and the Keys will be covered. Slave catchers from Hispanola probably raided the Florida coast in the early years of the sixteenth century, but we have no direct record of Spanish visits until Ponce de Leon's first voyage to Florida in 1513. Neither this visit, nor the second of Ponce in 1522, were of much significance as he did not stay long in the Keys.\*

For a period of some years little attention was given to the Keys although the west coast of Florida was well known from the trips of Narvaez, De Soto, De Luna, and others. About 1545 Hernando de Escalante Fontaneda was shipwrecked on the Florida coast and spent many years as an Indian captive,

\* Recent attempts have been made to locate certain islands visited on Ponce de Leon's first voyage. They are apparently in the Keys; however, the writer is of the opinion that the available accounts are too vague to identify the islands with any reasonable certainty.

at Carlos the greater part of the time. He visited and described the Keys, mentioning two villages by name, Guarungunbe and Cuchiyaga.

Pedro Menéndez de Aviles founded St. Augustine in 1565, and was busied for some time thereafter with the French to the north on the St. John's. When they were finally disposed of, Menéndez turned his attention to the exploration of Florida. The various tribes of South Florida were visited and missions were established, those closest to the Keys being at Tekesta on Biscayne Bay, and at Carlos on the southwest coast. Indian settlements on the Keys may have been visited on this trip; at least the party must have passed close to them going from the east to the west coast.

In the years closely following the initial trip of Menéndez, there are found a number of references to an Indian settlement at Los Martires, which lay between the Calusa and Tekesta. Judging from its name, it was on the Keys, but its exact location is unknown (Vargas Ugarte, 1935:88). It is entirely possible that Los Martires and Matecumbe were the same village; in fact the killing of the Spaniards later described is variously stated to have happened at Los Martires and Matecumbe.

The first mention of the name Matecumbe was in 1573, in a petition from Menendez to the Spanish Crown. Menéndez stated that the Indians of South Florida were very bloodthirsty and a menace to the Spanish, particularly castaways, and requested permission to exterminate or enslave them. This petition was accompanied by sworn affidavits of a number of Spaniards who testified to various incidents of Indian cruelty, among which are several accounts of an incident perpetrated by the Matecumbe Indians.<sup>9</sup> It appears that a shallop with nine Spaniards aboard was enroute from St. Augustine to Havana. The men stopped to fish in the territory of the Cacique Matecumbe, where the Indians first protested friendship but later attacked them. Eight of the men were killed but one, a soldier named Andrés Calderón, was only wounded. For some reason he was spared, kept as a slave, and fed by an Indian friend. He was later ransomed by Menéndez. Until the time of this incident, the Cacique Matecumbe had been at peace with the Spanish and his son was in Havana in care of the Theatines. The sending of relatives of important Indians to Spain or Havana was a common practice, providing hostages and interpreters, and serving to impress the natives with Spanish power, although it did not seem to do so in this instance. The outcome of the

<sup>9</sup> This petition and affidavits in Spanish and English are in Connor (1925:30-82). The above account of the incident has been compiled from several of the affidavits, as none gave complete details.

Matecumbe incident is unknown, but the petition for the "giving up as slaves the Indians of Florida" was rejected in 1574.

The next recorded contact of the Spanish in the area was in 1605, when the frigate *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, carrying a number of missionaries to St. Augustine, ran aground off the coast of Matecumbe (Geiger, 1936:185). These friars, however, had a more fortunate experience with the Indians. The passengers were delayed several days while the ship was being freed, and meanwhile the Indians came out in their canoes, declaring themselves friends of the Spaniards and visitors of St. Augustine. They furnished the stranded Spaniards with fresh water, fish, and wood, and aided in freeing the vessel. The belongings of the travelers had been taken ashore to lighten the ship, and these were returned aboard by the Indians. It is further stated that nothing was lost by theft.

It is probable that there was much contact in this period, although little information is available. The Florida Straits directly off the Keys was the main route of vessels bound for Spain from most of Spanish America, and probably as many ships were wrecked then as in later times. We have Fontaneda's statement (1944:21) to the effect that the Indians of Guarun-gunbe were rich because of wealth derived from wrecks. Matecumbe, which was later famous as a watering place, was probably utilized for this purpose from a very early time. The lack of information on the Keys may be the result of a deliberate attempt to keep such information out of circulation and away from the enemies of the Spanish King, as the area lay along one of the main routes of their plate fleets.

Nevertheless some English did visit South Florida. Sir John Hawkins aboard his famous vessel *Jesus of Lubeck* watered along the east coast near the head of the Keys in 1565. Apparently he had no contacts with the Indians although he feared them (Sparke, 1941:40). The fleet of Christopher Newport some years later, in 1591, fruitlessly searched for water in the Keys, where they encountered some Indians who were noted to be courteous and far more civil than those of Dominica, a dubious compliment (Twitt, 1941:152). The above mentioned visits probably represent only a small sample of the many casual contacts which must have taken place.

Besides the Spaniards who came to the Keys, there were many Indians who visited the Spanish in St. Augustine. We have the above mentioned case where the Indians told of their visits to the capital. Two years later, in 1607, Governor Ibarra received visits from a number of the Caciques of the southern coast among whom were "... the principal lords of the mouth of Miguel

Mora" (Swanton, 1922:342). This opening has been considered to be that between the Keys and the mainland, or it may possibly be the present Black Caesars Creek.<sup>10</sup>

The next mention of Matecumbe is in 1628, when it was listed by Vásques de Espinosa (1942:109) as one of the villages of the south towards Havana. There appears to be the implication that the inhabitants were Christians.

The Matecumbe Indians drop into obscurity again until 1675, when Bishop Calderon made a trip to Florida inspecting missions. He apparently did not visit the southern part of the state, but listed a number of the groups on the Keys, among them the "Matecumbeses." To the north of this group were the "Viscaynos," probably located on or near the present Biscayne Key, and to the South were the "Bayahondos" possibly located on the present Bahai Honda Key or on Key Vaca, and the "Cuchiagaros," who may have occupied Big Pine Key. Calderon refers to these tribes in general as "savage heathen Carib [sic] Indians in camps, having no fixed abodes, living only on fish and roots of trees" (Wenhold, 1936:12).

In 1697 the Catholic Indians of Matecumbe supplied refuge to five Franciscans from the Calusa country. The Franciscans had been preaching the faith at Cayo de Carlos, but the Indians attacked them, and drove them naked from their region (Barcia, 1723:316). It is probable that the Matecumbe Indians are the only ones in South Florida who could possibly be considered as Christians at this period.

It is interesting to note the continued interest the Indians of the Keys had in the Catholic Faith. For some years they sent petitions to Havana requesting missionaries and in 1743 two Jesuits, Fathers Monaco and Alaña, went to Florida. However, they did not stay in the Keys but traveled further north, landing near Miami.<sup>11</sup> The strategic position of the Keys at this time is well shown by the Governor of Havana's belief that sending missionaries was important not only for the glory of God and the good of the Indians' souls, but also as a service to the Crown for the safety of the coast and of Spanish ships (Alegre, 1842:277-8). This last missionary attempt, like all

<sup>10</sup> An early map shows "Abra de M. de Moure" between "Caió de Biscainhos" and "Caió de dose leguas" or Key Largo (Jansson, 1650, Pl. 35, "Insularum Hispaniolae et Cuba").

<sup>11</sup> Several unpublished documents exist concerning this missionary effort which might contain interesting material. Two documents of 1737 and 1738 are to be found in the Archives of Archbishopric of Havana (Anonymous, 1944: lxviii). A later document of 1743, together with an excellent map of the Keys, is in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville, Est. 58, Caj. 2, Leg. 10 (Lowery, 1912-299). A tracing of the map is in the Library of Congress. It is of special interest to South Floridians because it is the first map to indicate the presence and nature of the Everglades.

previous ones was of short duration. Moving from Miami to the southern Indian River, possibly close to the present Fort Pierce, the padres worked with several tribes including the St. Lucies and Miamis. However, raids from the north, carried out by Muskogean peoples so disrupted their work that the mission attempt was abandoned (Alegre, 1842:279).

From this time on we have little information about the Indians of the Keys and none about the Matecumbe Indians as such. Roberts (1763:21), refers to “. . . Cayo Ratones about four miles in length, on which is an Indian town called Pueblo Raton, which is the only settlement of Indians that we have any account of on the Martyres.” This Cayo Ratones may be the modern Virginia Key, as Roberts located it north of Cayo Biscayno, although Virginia Key is not that large. In any case this village is near the present Miami and at some distance from Matecumbe. Roberts (1763:19), however, does give evidence that Indians at least visited the Keys for fishing; he describes the fisheries near the Tortugas, saying that “. . . the Indians of Ratones and the south parts of Florida cure great quantities of this fish, which with the hats and mats they make of grass, and barks of trees in perfect condition, they exchange in traffic with the Spaniards who come here from the Havana with European goods for the use of the natives.” Roberts (1763:21) also mentions the use of Indian divers by the Spanish in salvaging a wrecked plate fleet in 1733. These may have been from one of the other portions of the Spanish possessions but they were most likely South Florida Indians for they had an excellent reputation as divers.

The population of South Florida was apparently dwindling rapidly by the early part of the eighteenth century, and Pueblo Raton may have been a focal point for the last remnants on the east coast. Even this group was not secure for Father Monaco, a missionary on the southeastern coast in 1743, reported that this region was raided by the Yuchi (Alegre, 1842:279). From sources among the Creeks we find that they carried on warfare against the Indians of Cape Florida, who were at length reduced to thirty men and moved to Havana with the Spaniards (Adair, 1775:134). Romans (1775:289), who apparently considered all of the South Florida Indians as Calusa, says they were driven into the mangroves of the Ten Thousand Islands and to the Keys, but that even then they were not safe. Apparently before Roman's time most of the Indians had left the Keys, but were later forced back by this pressure from northern Indians.

The removal of the Spanish above referred to took place in 1763, after a treaty had been signed by Great Britain, France, and Spain in November,

1762. By the terms of this treaty Florida was ceded to England in exchange for Havana, which had fallen to the English earlier in that year, and all of the Spanish residents of Florida were given an opportunity to evacuate if they so wished. Many did, taking most of the South Florida Indians with them. A few, however, remained and were known henceforth as "Spanish Indians." Romans (1775:291), the best authority of the English Period, says that the Calusa remnants on Key Vaca and Key West "... consisting of about eighty families, left this last protection of their native land and went to Havannah" in 1763. Apparently by this time there were no Indians left on the Keys, although Romans himself used a Spanish Indian guide further up on the coast.<sup>12</sup> He does name Matecumbe (Lower Matecumbe) as being one of the last refuges of the Calusa, and apparently various later writers make this statement on his authority. The story of the first massacre on Indian Key must have originated with him, as no earlier source is known. He says (Romans, 1775:292), "A little key lying before Matecombé is a dreadful monument of this [the cruelty of the Calusa], it is called the Matanca, (i.e.) slaughter, from the murder of near four hundred wretched Frenchmen, who being cast away fell into the hands of these monsters; who after keeping them in the adjacent island from some time carried them all to this little key, which now serves them for one common grave."<sup>13</sup>

The Spanish returned to Florida in 1784, but we have no good evidence that any of the Indians accompanied them, although we find that "... Cayo Vaca or Cow Key is remarkable for having been inhabited by the Caloosa Indians from Havana" (Forbes, 1821:109). This might indicate that some did return, but if so they were gone from the Keys by the time the United States took over Florida.

The modern occupation of the Keys apparently began just before Romans' time, possibly around 1750, and was greatly accelerated by the departure of the Spanish and the removal of the Indians. The forerunners in this period were the men from New Providence and other Bahama islands

<sup>12</sup> Manuscript of Romans quoted in Forbes (1821:97).

<sup>13</sup> The above version is in the text. In the appendix, which is a pilot guide to the coast, he gives another account. "This key is called Matanca, i.e. Murder, from the catastrophe of a French crew said to have amounted to near three hundred men, who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Caloosas, which savages destroyed them on the spot." Note the discrepancy in the number of Frenchmen slain. Many later writers have repeated this tale apparently on his authority and as far as can be ascertained it began with him. (See Ellicott, 1803:247; Forbes, 1821:108; Vignoles, 1823:120; Williams, 1837:36.) The Florida Guide places the time of the incident as about 1755 but gives no authority (Federal Writers Project, 1939:331). If such an incident did give the key its name it must have taken place somewhat earlier, for Matanzas is the name of this island on a map of 1742 (Liguera Antayo, 1742).

who came to the Keys for turtles and mahogany. According to Romans (1775:292), they always came armed and had frequent brushes with the Indians. This enmity was apparently encouraged by the Spanish. With the English occupation of Florida, many of the former visitors from the Bahamas spent more time in the Keys, mainly fishing and wrecking, for by then most of the valuable timber had been cut.

Tavernier Harbor off Key Largo became an important wrecking station but the Matecumbe region was one of the main headquarters probably because of its strategic location and the presence of fresh water. Even with the reversion of Florida to the Spanish in 1784, there was little slackening in its use, as privateers from the Bahamas patrolled the waters.<sup>14</sup>

Florida was acquired by the United States in 1821 and the Matecumbe region immediately grew in importance. Indian Key was one of the three settlements in Monroe County in 1823, the others being Key Biscayne and Key West. Indian Key early became a naval station, port of entry, and admiralty court for adjudicating the claims of wreckers. When Dade County was created in 1836, the county seat was established at Indian Key, and 50 voters cast their ballots at that precinct (Hudson, 1943:24).

In 1838 Dr. Henry Perrine, a botanist interested in tropical plant introduction, settled with his family on Indian Key. He planned to establish a nursery and to cultivate tropical plants suitable for introduction into the United States. However, his plans were frustrated two years later when a band of "Spanish Indians," headed by Chakika, attacked the little settlement. Dr. Perrine attempted to parley with the Indians in Spanish, but was killed along with several other inhabitants. His family, however, managed to escape to Tea Table Key, then a small military or naval post.<sup>15</sup>

These "Spanish Indians" were probably Calusa, but some may have been of Matecumbe ancestry. In any case this is the last time they attract notice, as from this time on all trace of "Spanish Indians" is lost except for a few scattered references to them in papers relating to the removal of the Seminoles from Florida to the west. Some of the "Spanish Indians" were undoubtedly incorporated with the Seminoles who remained, while others may have gone west.

<sup>14</sup> See Ellicott's experiences here in 1799 (Ellicott, 1893:251).

<sup>15</sup> Robinson (1942) gives a more complete account and bibliography. There is some dispute about the date of this massacre; Robinson follows many others in citing August 7, 1840, but Swanton (1922:344) says May 7, 1840. It appears that August 2 is the correct date. An account by Dr. Perrine's daughter may be seen in Walker (1841). Most writers believe that Chakika was not present on this raid, as he is considered to have been killed earlier. However, an anonymous account (1841) gives a contemporary description of Chakika's death after the Indian Key raid.

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# Army Surgeon Reports on Lower East Coast, 1838

By JAMES F. SUNDERMAN

Young Jacob Rhett Motte, descendant of two distinguished and colorful South Carolinian families, graduated with an A .B. degree from Harvard University in 1832. Disappointed at his failure to receive an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, he returned to his home in Charleston. There he entered the Medical College of South Carolina and served his apprenticeship under the direction of a Doctor J. E. Holbrook.<sup>1</sup> Upon the completion of his medical studies he became a citizen M. D. at the United States Government Arsenal in Augusta, Georgia.<sup>2</sup> A yearning for a military career finally led the young physician to Baltimore where in March, 1836, he was examined by the Army Medical Board. His application for a commission as Assistant Surgeon was approved on March 21, and around the first of June he was ordered to active duty with the Army in the Creek Nation.<sup>3</sup>

For seven months he participated in the so-called Second Creek War in Georgia and Alabama—an action which was nothing more than the employment of about 10,000 regular and volunteer troops in a giant round-up of the demoralized and dispossessed Creek Indians.<sup>4</sup> Early in 1837 he was transferred to the Army in Florida and for the next fourteen months took part in the campaigns against the Seminole Indians.

During his period of service with the Army in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, Motte faithfully kept a journal in which he recorded, in a fascinating style, his travels, experiences, activities, observations and impressions. The bulk of Motte's Journal deals with Florida during the early years of the Seminole War, 1837-38.

After participating in the campaigns in north and east Florida, Motte was assigned to the east wing of the Army which, in 1837, was converging on South Florida attempting to penetrate and capture or destroy the Seminole and Mickasukie Indians who used its fastnesses as a haven of refuge.

To accomplish this objective the Army had proceeded south from St. Augustine, establishing bases and supply depots at such places as New

Smyrna, Fort Anne( at the Haulover), Fort Pierce, Fort Jupiter, Fort Lauderdale, and Fort Bankhead (on Key Biscayne). Having established bases of operation, General Thomas S. Jesup, Commanding General of the Army in Florida, ordered Colonel William S. Harney, with fifty picked dragoons (armed with the new Colt repeating rifles), to proceed south from Fort Jupiter to find Sam Jones and his band of resolute and vindictive Mickasukie Indians. Colonel Harney proceeded south to Fort Lauderdale where he was reinforced by several companies of artillery. Continuing on his southward trek, Colonel Harney established his encampment several miles south of Fort Dallas. At this place Assistant Surgeon Motte rejoined Harney's small command.

The following excerpt from the Motte Journal (chapter 34) is an account of the subsequent expedition:

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Col. Harney in pursuance of his intention to attempt a surprise upon *Abiaka* (Sam Jones),<sup>5</sup> in his Southern retreat, had ordered a part of the detachment under his command to be in readiness for proceeding in small boats along the coast towards the southern extremity of Florida. Accordingly on the evening of the 21st April about 8 o'clock, the party selected for this secret expedition embarked in fifteen canoes, and immediately got under way, proceeding along the coast in the open sea; a rather hazardous position for such small and frail boats; but from the character of this part of Florida horses could not be used as means of transportation, and with difficulty could the men get along even without any extra rations. The party consisted of Col Harney with his fifty picked Dragoons armed with Colts' rifles, and Lt. [Robert] Anderson<sup>6</sup> of the 3d Artillery with part of his company armed with muskets.<sup>7</sup> Lt. A. Rutledge of the 1st Artillery and myself comprised the Colonel's staff. We pursued our course all night, both to avoid being seen by the enemy, and in hopes of detecting their position by the light of their camp fires. At daylight the following morning we found ourselves about twenty miles south of Cape Florida, without having seen any signs of the foe during the night. With the view therefore of looking for them on foot, we approached the shore for the purpose of landing; but from the nature of this part of the Florida coast, we found it impracticable to effect our object, the coast presenting as far as the eye could see, at low, and at high water an inundated shore, protected from the sea by a natural breakwater of tangled mangroves, their roots forming a perfect network higher than the knee, and thereby rendering these swamps, even where accessible, places of most laborious locomotion. The entire coast about there

seemed to be formed of one mass of Mangrove islands packed in upon each other, and separated from the water of the everglades by a lagoon, fresh or salt, by turns it was said, according as the waters of the glades or the tides of the ocean prevailed. We succeeded in finding a narrow strip of beach, it being low water, upon which we rested for awhile by stretching our cramped legs, while the men endeavoured to make some coffee, which was very much needed after the night's fatigue.<sup>8</sup> Near this spot we discovered a freshly impressed mocassin track, and in hopes of catching the individual who made it, we started off with the intention of following it up to its termination. We continued our pursuit for a distance of several miles through the mangrove swamp, constantly wading in water which was from knee deep to waist deep, and occasionally stumbling over the network of roots hid beneath its surface whenever we neglected to raise our feet to a sufficient elevation in stepping. Such a fatiguing mode of locomotion soon exhausted us, and finding it a difficult task to keep the tracks which were under water—in sight, we returned to our boats. Again embarking we pushed off, and proceeding along the shore in search of a suitable landing place, after going three miles northwards discovered a part of the coast free from Mangrove, and where the country back off the beach appeared open and having a growth of pine. We there landed and encamped, having drawn our boats upon the beach for better security against the force of the sea. We were fortunate in hitting upon this spot, for we there found a remarkable spring of fresh water, of the coolest and most delicious flavour I ever drank. This spring was remarkable from the circumstance of its being upon the beach considerably below high-water mark, and consequently covered by the salt-water twice every twenty-four hours.<sup>9</sup>

On the 24th April, we started on foot for the interior in search of *Abiaka*, with a part of our detachment, taking in our haversacks one days rations, and leaving as guard for the boats and camp the rest of our force, under charge of a sergeant. Our first six miles progress was through a saw-grass prairie, when we struck a trail which led us to an Indian camp that had not been long deserted.<sup>10</sup> We were at first somewhat bothered by the numerous trails leading from this place, and knew not which to take, until after a careful examination we selected the one which presented signs of being the most and the last trodden, when following it up, we pursued our way through a pine-barren, the ground being formed of coral-rocks jutting out in sharp points like oyster-beds, which caused us great suffering by cutting through our boots and lacerating our feet at every step, as much as if we were walking over a surface from which protruded a thick crop of

sharply pointed knives. The whole of this part of Florida seemed to present this coral formation protruding through the surface of the earth, and which rendered it impracticable for horses, and almost impracticable for men unless well shod. We were puzzled in guessing how the moccasined Indians got over such a rough surface, until we subsequently ascertained that they protected their feet from the sharp rocks by making their moccasins of alligator hide when in this part of Florida. We suffered also very much for want of water, not a drop even of that which was stagnant to be met with in this parched up region. We consequently suffered more under the excessive heat of the sun's rays from this absence of everything like moisture. It was certainly the most dreary and pandemonium-like region I ever visited; nothing but barren wastes, where no grateful verdure quickened, and no generous plant took root,—where the only herbage to be found was stunted, and the shrubbery was bare, where the hot steaming atmosphere constantly quivered over the parched and cracked land,—without shade,—without water,—it was intolerable—excruciating. Oh! for the murmur of some brook,—and the chirp of some solitary bird to break the stillness and dreary aspect of the place! But there was neither brook, nor bird, nor any living thing except snakes to be met with. About 1 o'clock P. M. we emerged from this rocky pine-barren, and were doggedly following the Indian trail across a prairie when a distant but loud and repeated shout struck upon our ears.<sup>11</sup> It could be none but a hostile shout; and immediately after, while we were rounding a small projecting point of woods, there arose to our view from the edge of the prairie right before us, and a mile distant, the smoke of an Indian camp. We could see that a terrible sensation prevailed the camp, and considerable excitement prevailed there, caused by our sudden and miraculous appearance in their vicinity, for the warriors appeared to be seizing their arms for defense while the women were bundling up their packs for flight. We lost no time in preparing for attack, and dividing our small party into three divisions, we immediately charged forward at double quick, one consisting of the Artillery under Lt. Anderson extending to the left to intercept the Indians in flight, the second, of part of the dragoons, to the right for the same purpose, while the third under Col. Harney accompanied by this staff advanced directly for the enemy. As we approached near, we found the Indian warriors with rifle in hand standing behind trees awaiting us, and on getting within the open pine-forest, we followed their example, and each of us taking to a tree immediately commenced our fire upon the enemy. The Indian warriors held their ground for some time, but finally began gradually to retreat from tree to tree; as they fell back, we advanced

in the same cautious manner, only leaving the shelter of one tree to seek another nearer the enemy. In this way we followed them up some time, until finding that we were pressing them too hard, they at last broke cover and ran. We gave chase, and in the ardour of pursuit our men became scattered in all directions, in small parties of two or three, and in the most extended order. At one moment Col. Harney was left with only Rutledge and myself, the Indians keeping up a brisk fire and yelling in every direction. One of the warriors more courageous than the rest, stood out in open ground before us, and throwing up his arms yelled out his defiance, until the whistling of a ball from our Colonels repeating rifle, warned him off in a most expeditious manner, for it told him that he was in dangerous proximity to a good marksman. By the rapid firing and loud yelling of the Indians heard in the direction in which Lt. Anderson with the few men of his company had gone, and by their delay in joining us, the Colonel was apprehensive they had encountered the enemy in greater force than themselves, and therefore ordered all hands to proceed to their assistance. On approaching the spot it was found that the Indians having retreated in greater force in the direction where Lt. Anderson was with his party of only ten men armed with muskets had hemmed them in, and were keeping up a hot fire, and would no doubt have soon destroyed the whole of them had they not received timely assistance, for nearly all their ammunition was expended when rescued. This desultory fight lasted two hours and a half, from the moment we discovered the enemy, until we found ourselves in complete possession of their camp. We captured one prisoner only, owing to the difficulties of making rapid progress over the rocky ground with our lacerated feet; and not possessing this experience of the Indians in locomotion over such a surface, they beat us in running. We left another Indian on the ground, shot through the body.

The enemy being taken so much by surprise, had to decamp without carrying off their chattels, which we found in their camp strewed about everywhere, as they dropt them in their hurried flight. We found any quantity of cooking utensils, coontee-graters, bows and arrows; also large supplies of prepared coontee or arrow root, and some fresh venison, as well as skins of cattle, bear, and deer, and of alligators; the latter for making mocasins in which they traverse these rocky parts of the country. Among other things we found a bag of gun-powder.

After the severe march of the morning, and the fatiguing exertions of the fight, we found ourselves too wearied to return to our boats without some previous repose; so after supping upon the enemy's coontee and

venison, our own scanty rations having given out, we built large fires, and not having any blankets with us lay down upon the bare ground around them, their genial warmth very necessary during the excessively cold nights, which in temperature were diametrically the reverse of the days.

Upon questioning our prisoner, we ascertained that this was *Abiaka's* encampment; and that he himself had been present when we first appeared, but ran away from the prospect of being captured. We counted twenty-five fires in their camp; and allowing three warriors,—which is the usual proportion,—to each, the Indian force must have amounted to seventy-five warriors, exclusive of women and children. Our captive gave this as the number in camp at the time of our attack, consisting of Seminoles and Micasukies. Although when first captured, our prisoner was very much depressed at the loss of her liberty, she soon got over her distress, and talked and laughed as freely as with her own people. She stated herself to be a niece of my friend *Blue-Snake*,<sup>12</sup> and from her having at least a pound of silver ornaments on her person, I should have judged that she belonged to the nobility. She told us that *Abaika* had upwards of a hundred warriors, altogether, and that this was the same party that Col. Bankhead had attacked on Pine Island in the everglades. A short time before our arrival at New River; and also informed us, that if he had continued the pursuit one day longer, he would have come upon the whole tribe, without the possibility of their escaping. We also learned from her, that *Alek-Hadjo* the chief of the Indians whom we captured at Jupiter,<sup>13</sup> and who afterwards had been sent out from Fort Jupiter with five other Indians, to persuade the rest of his people to come in, were met at the South Fork of the *Coontee-Hatchee* or *New River*, and the whole of them shot dead by a party of their own people, who accused them of being spies for the whites, and did not therefore deserve to live.<sup>14</sup> When asked if she knew where *Abiaka* would retreat to with the party we had just routed, she gave it a sherr opinion, that they would take refuge on some island in the *Oahatka*, or ocean; evidently meaning some of the numerous Southern Keys.

On the 25th April, the morning after the above skirmish, we returned to our boats. In consequence of several of our men being taken sick, and there being no means of carrying them over the sharp rocks, our progress was very slow and tedious. The night had been very cold, and the men not having their blankets with them, the contrast of temperature with the burning days, easily accounted for the sickness, which was much augmented in suffering by the absence of water. When within a mile of our boats, I found my strength fail me; and completely knocked, I was compelled to

knock under, not being able to budge one step further, my boots being cut like ribbons and my feet severely lacerated by the sharp rocks. I threw myself on the ground, feeling perfectly indifferent at the time as to what should become of me; but Lt. Arthur Rutledge who would not quit my side, persuaded me after resting awhile, to make some exertion, and with his friendly assistance I was enabled to regain our boats long after our party had reached them.

On the 26th April, we remained quiet, to recruit ourselves after the recent fatigue; and on the 27th, a part of us embarked in seven canoes to proceed south on an exploring expedition among the islands or Keys. The party consisted of Col. Harney, Lt. Rutledge and myself, with the Colt's-rifle company. Lt. Anderson being left in command of the Artillery to guard the other boats and camp. We commenced our voyage early in the morning, and continued all day progressing in a Southerly direction. About sun-set we attempted to land, but found it impracticable on account of the dense mangrove swamps. Night overtook us in the canoes, not being able to find a place to land; and long after dark while cruising about in search of a landing, we discovered a small rock near Key Largo sufficient to hold a part of our men. Making fast our canoes to the rock, as many as could stretched themselves on its hard surface for repose; the rest spent the night in the boats.<sup>15</sup>

On the morning of the 28th observing a small schooner at anchor a few miles off the Key, some of us were sent to board her to ascertain what she was doing there, but she proved to be only a wrecker, of whom, so many infest this dangerous coast, seeking a hardy livelihood from the misfortunes of others. We also saw another schooner at anchor further out, engaged in the same business; and still further off, near the distant horizon, appeared a ship heading north in the gulf-stream. In returning to shore, or rather to the rock, the Colonel amused himself in harpooning the denizens of these waters, through whose clear depths they could be distinctly perceived, slowly moving about. Among others he succeeded in securing an immense *Sting-ray* and *Whip-ray*, the latter so called from the length and appearance of its tail. On regaining the rest of our fleet at the rock, the whole command was got under way, and we took up the *line of sail* for our encampment, without being able to see or hear anything of the enemy. Having fine fair-wind, we dispensed with our oars and raising sail, made such rapid progress, that we reached camp a little after sunset of the same day.

On the morning of the 29th April, our whole detachment embarked in the canoes, and in consequence of our rations being expended, returned to

Camp Center at Lewis' settlement near Key Biscayne, which we reached a little after sun-set of the same day.<sup>16</sup>

- <sup>1</sup> *The Christian Register*, July 24, 1869; *South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, IV, 1903; and the introductory remarks in Arthur H. Cole (ed.), *Charleston Goes to Harvard, Diary of a Harvard Student of 1831* (Cambridge, 1940).
- <sup>2</sup> Jacob Rhett Motte, "Life in Camp and Field," manuscript in the Florida Historical Society Library, 106 (cited hereafter as Motte, MS).
- <sup>3</sup> *Army and Navy Chronicle*, May 5, 1836.
- <sup>4</sup> For an account of the causes and prosecution of the Second Creek War see: "The Report of Thomas H. Crawford and Alfred A. Balch, appointed to investigate the causes of the Creek Indian Hostilities under a resolution passed by the House of Representatives on July 1, 1836," *Executive Document 154*, 24th Congress, 2nd Session (Washington, 1837); Angie Debo, *The Road to Disappearance* (Norman, 1941), 72-107; and James F. Sunderman, "Life in Camp and Field, The Journal of an Army Surgeon, 1936-38," unpublished Masters Thesis, 1949, University of Florida, xvii-xlvi.
- <sup>5</sup> Abiaka or Sam Jones was the head chief of the Mickasukie Indians. He was an old man, near seventy years and a self-declared prophet and medicine man. Violently opposed to emigration, his advice and opinions were highly regarded due in great measure to the Indian regard for age. His territory was in the neighbourhood of Lake Okeechobee. The active war chiefs in the Big Cypress Swamps, along with the sub-chiefs and the warriors religiously abided by his decisions believing that he ". . . could make known the approach of troops, find game, and control the seasons, heal the sick, or inflict disease upon any one—even death." Declaring eternal hostility and cruelty to the whites, he planned many of the Indian attacks, fired the first gun, and then retired. After the capture of Osceola, King Philip, Euchee Billy, Micanopy, Toskegee, Halle-Hadjo, and many other warrior chiefs in late 1837, Sam Jones became the head and front of the hostile Seminoles. Much importance was therefore placed upon his capture or destruction. John T. Sprague, *The Origin, Progress, and Conclusions of the Florida War* (New York, 1848), 99, 252, 318-319; Motte, MS, 140.
- <sup>6</sup> First Lieutenant Robert Anderson, a graduate of the Military Academy in 1825, was promoted to Brevet Captain in April, 1838, for gallantry and successful conduct in the Florida War. He was cited for meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, during the Mexican War, and promoted to Major. For his gallant defense of Ft. Sumter in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, in 1861 (the action which precipitated the Civil War), Major Anderson received a promotion to Major General. Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army, from its Organization, September 29, 1789 to March 2, 1903*, House Document 446, 57th Congress, 2nd Session (Washington, 1903), I, 164.
- <sup>7</sup> A few weeks prior to the departure of Colonel Harney and the dragoons, Samuel Colt, the inventor of the repeating rifle, arrived at Fort Jupiter with a number of his new rifles. He submitted them for examination and testing to a Board of Army Officers appointed by General Jesup for that purpose. The Board reported favorably upon the performance of the weapon which was described by a group of Indians, who witnessed the testing of the gun, as "great medicine". The Army immediately purchased fifty of the new rifles and placed them in the hands of fifty picked dragoons. Motte, MS, 231-232, original "Order Book of General Thomas S. Jesup," manuscript in P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, 12.
- <sup>8</sup> The troops undoubtedly landed at a small beach about two miles north of Black Point. See Soil Conservation Map 35, Everglades Drainage District, Washington, 1946.
- <sup>9</sup> Many springs in this section of Florida, including various bayside springs are no longer flowing due to the lowered water tables. An example of this is Mangrove

Springs at Coconut Grove which “. . . supplied water for the United States Fleet at Havana in 1898 . . . flowing at 100 gallons per minute.” Today it no longer exists. C. W. Lingham, and others, “Springs of Florida,” *Florida Geological Survey Bulletin Thirty-One* (Tallahassee, 1947), 65.

The troops landed in the present Cutler Hammock, a large part of which is encompassed in the Deering estate, directly east of Perrine, Florida. This is the only spot on the coastline of Biscayne Bay where pine-land approaches to the waters edge. Before the water table in the Everglades was lowered there were many springs located in this vicinity. The location is easily found on the Soil Conservation Map 35,

- 10 Leaving their bayshore camp, the troops ascended the transverse glade which today crosses highway No. 1 immediately south of Howard and one mile north of Rockdale. These transverse glades were strips of low lying productive soil stretching like fingers through the rocky pine land from the coastal area into the Everglades. In wet weather they were inundated and the Seminoles used them as canoe trails, and in dry weather as foot trails. Today the transverse glades are productive tomato growing areas. See Soil Conservation Map 35.
- 11 After proceeding for over six miles the troops left the transverse glade and struck out across the rocky pine land to the edge of the Everglades. The rim of the Everglades was the favorite camping spot of the South Florida Indians. This specific location was undoubtedly a few miles south-west of the present Dade County Hospital. The information concerning the transverse glades area and the probable route of this expedition was furnished by Dr. John M. Goggin, a native of Miami and a professor in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of Florida.
- 12 Blue Snake was a chief of the warlike Tolofa tribe of Seminoles. In September, 1837, while acting as a courier from the hostile Coa Hadjo to the captured King Philip, who was imprisoned in St. Augustine, Blue Snake was seized by the Army. He promptly volunteered his services as a guide and scout for the troops. While serving in this capacity he and Assistant Surgeon Motte became good friends. *American State Papers, Military Affairs* (Washington, 1861), VII, 848; Motte, MS, 130.
- 13 About five hundred prisoners, including Indians and Indian negroes, were seized on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of March. They had been camping near Fort Jupiter under the flag of truce awaiting word on a petition they had sent to Washington requesting they be permitted to retain a small part of the Everglades and remain in Florida. Twice before General Jesup had violated the flag of truce, justifying his action on the grounds of military expediency and the ever present Indian characteristic of deception and trickery. Jesup to Poinsett, July 6, 1833, in Sprague, *op. cit.*, 195; *Niles National Register*, September 8, 1838, and Motte, MS, 230.
- 14 The Seminoles claimed the murder of their chieftain was a Mickasukie plot and offered their assistance in finding Sam Jones and his Mickasukies. *Savannah Republican* as quoted in the *Apalachicola Gazette*, May 17, 1838.
- 15 In the days of the Spanish galleons and privateering, according to tradition, the rock was used by pirates as an anchor for their ships. An iron pin, driven into the rock, served to hold fast the anchor ropes.
- 16 Camp Center was undoubtedly located near the spring known as the Devils Punch Bowl, a few hundred yards south of the present Rickenbacker causeway in Miami. This was a spring flowing out of a round pot hole in the rocks at the base of the cliffs near the south end of Brickell Hammock—between the present S. W. 25th Road and the north end of the Deering estate.

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# John Clayton Gifford: An Appreciation

By HENRY TROETSCHER, JR.

To many Dr. Gifford's chief claim to fame was his ability to tell a story; a very valid claim to those who heard him; any kind of a story, be it a broken down joke that expired before the Doctor's birth, or a sparkling tale of early Miami, or even of events that most people spoke of with reverence but he told with unhidden contempt.

To this writer, one of a younger generation, who had never met the man until his last years, there seemed to be in Dr. Gifford's telling of a tale an indication of an older generation that had possessed more spirit than the present one. His skeptical attitude created by his scientific background or perhaps by reasons previous to that training was ever present.

He would sit with his pipe clenched in his mouth, usually holding the bowl, as he talked, the words and smoke drifting from his mouth. Whether the story be one of domestic affairs, our troubles with Russia (Dr. Gifford did not care for Russia at all. Even in the days of American friendship for the Soviet he violently protested against the Soviet. It seems that he had bought several thousand dollars worth of Russian Imperial war bonds during the first World War only to have them repudiated within the next few months. These bonds were found in his deposit box after his death.), or of his life he spoke in what we called his "classroom voice." A strong natural voice, shaped by years of classroom lecturing and thousands of luncheon club engagements it never once faltered. Try to interrupt. Impossible. The voice had a purpose and knew where it was going. A Florida hurricane. And as fascinating and as interesting as one. And, incidentally, as destructive to young egos who foolishly stepped in the way.

And then usually there would be a loud, booming laugh as if what he had said had been a surprise to even himself. The listener might say a few words and again the Doctor would be away with his reminiscences and tales.

No person could claim that he stuck to a subject. His books as well as his vocal achievements were rambling, disjointed works that often left the reader or listener who had been trained or hoaxed into believing that organization was king in writing or speaking agog, impatient, or frankly mar-

velling. He had tremendous ability at shifting subjects, but even more at holding the interest of his audience.

His writing and speaking were akin to the house in which he lived and to the man himself. Mere rules meant nothing. Late in 1946 he showed members of the family a review of his latest book, *Living By the Land*. The review was from one of the scholarly botanical journals and though it praised the spirit of the work was critical of its style. "I just can't understand it," were his words, "they like what you write but they're mad because you didn't write it exactly like they wanted you to." Dr. Gifford was not in the habit of doing things exactly as "they" wanted him to.

Yet his rambling was like that of a river; it may cover half a continent, crisscrossing every which way, turn around and come back again, but eventually it reaches the sea. Spotted throughout Dr. Gifford's writings are a few great ideas. He had an intense interest in South Florida and the Caribbean area. His writings are filled with ideas as to how this area could best be developed. Another main thread was his Tropical Homestead. And a third, and perhaps the greatest, was the soil and soil products. "Remember this," he would say, "everything comes from the soil. You lose it and all your machines aren't worth anything."

These ideas were his work. It would be a fair appraisal to say that all of his written work could be compressed in one small book, simply outlines of his major ideas.

But such a book would interest no one except perhaps scholars. This writer once asked him why he didn't use outlines in his classroom lectures and draw up complete outlines before he started to put together a book. "I know what I want to say," he answered, "I've said it enough before. And I'll tell you, you just can't get most people to understand what you're talking about unless you tell them again and again. Now you know that nobody will read a book if every chapter is word for word the same as the last one. But lots of people will read it and enjoy it if you tell them some stories along the way and just keep slipping in what you really want to say."

Dr. Gifford himself had done a lot of rambling during his 79 years of life and like his books he always managed to slip back to the subject no matter how far he had wandered. He was born in 1870, the son of Emily Gifford and Daniel Gifford, a sea captain. He often mentioned that his two earliest memories had been of ships and forests. Much of his early life had been spent on his father's ship, but every possible moment was spent in the woods around Mays Landing, New Jersey, the place of his birth.

Much of his spare time during his school years was spent on the ship and by the age of twelve he had done more sailing than most do in their lifetime. He graduated from the public school in the village. While a student there he had discovered a new variety of oak tree, *Quercus Giffordii*. He often said later that he had seen but two or three of them all of his life and that he was sure the tree was not actually a distinct variety. But, as he pointed out, he thought that it was when he found it and his feeling was backed by scientific authority of the times.

He next attended Swarthmore College from which he received a B. S. degree in 1890. He often told the story of his entrance into Swarthmore. It seemed that his youth and the size of the small public school from which he had graduated had effectively kept him from entering the college that year. Finally, however, the college authorities decided that they would allow him to take a special test in identification of plants. If he passed he would be allowed to enter. The botany professor to whom he was directed took a leaf specimen from their collection and asked him the scientific name of the plant. Dr. Gifford answered immediately and even pointed out its habitat. The same scene was repeated three times. Finally he said to the professor, "I don't know if this test is quite fair, for, you see, I gathered these plants that you showed me." And, sure enough, he had in his hunts around Mays Landing. He had given them to the local minister who was collecting for the professor now conducting the examination.

He was admitted and made a student assistant to the professor.

At Swarthmore where he taught Economic Botany in 1894, he developed the belief in Quakerism which he held till his death. His early religious training had been in the Presbyterian faith, but the Society of Friends with its quiet inward faith had greater appeal.

He did not believe in miracles. The writer remembers well his story of how one time when his sister was visiting him, she expressed a desire for fish for dinner. At the same moment a small fish dropped outside the window near which she sat. As he explained it, "They all said it was just like a miracle. But I'll tell you that fish dropped from the mouth of a bird that caught the fish in the bay down there. If she'd sit there for another fifty years and keep saying that she'd like to have fish for dinner, not another fish would drop. And if that's anything like they call miracles, then there isn't any such thing." And that was that, no miracles.

After Swarthmore the rambling began again. At his Mother's insistence he attended the University of Michigan and Johns Hopkins in search of a

medical degree. (And incidentally studied some architecture at the University of Michigan.)

One of his favorite stories (and one must remember that these are Gifford stories from the doctor's mouth and may contain some if not much poetry. Flavoring sharpens the listener's interest. Dr. Gifford knew that rule well and religiously practiced it,) was of his break from a medical career.

During one summer toward the end of his medical studies, he was studying in Tulane University and working in the hospital there. "Now they had a carbuncle and boil ward there at the hospital, and that's where they put me. I must have fixed 500 of the things, and was beginning to feel that if the practice of medicine was like this, I didn't want it. I never had really cared to practice medicine anyway. Well, one night I left the hospital early and went down to the docks and walked around wondering what to do. Who should I see but an old sea captain, one of my Father's best friends. I told him all of my troubles and he said that he was leaving for South America in the morning, and if I wanted to go he'd find a place for me on his ship. I told him I couldn't, that I'd gotten too far along on my medical degree, but I wanted to go.

"Well, come the next morning, I was on board his ship and never studied medicine again, for when I came back after six months I decided to go to Germany to get my degree in forestry." And then came the laugh, the smoke from the pipe, and the twinkle in his eyes.

In the 1890's there were no universities in the United States that offered the work in forestry that he desired, and like many others in search of graduate work in their fields he turned to Germany. In 1899 he was awarded the D. Oec. degree (Doctor of Economics) by Munich University.

Munich, Dr. Gifford would explain, was a predominantly Catholic city and many resented Americans because of their participation in the Spanish-American war opposed to Catholic Spain. Thus, when he came forward for his oral exam prior to the awarding of the degree, he was bombarded with questions that had little bearing on the subject matter of his degree but had great emphasis on the foreign policy of the United States. Soon, however, everyone was appeased and with much handshaking and celebration he was awarded the freedom of the city for a week, an honor customarily bestowed on successful candidates. He often remarked that that week was a glorious memory. The Germans respected the higher degree and opened their stores, heart, and beer mugs to the successful candidates.

Upon his return to the United States he was appointed Assistant Professor of Economic Forestry at Cornell University. The forestry school there, authorized by a state act of March 26, 1898, was the first of its kind in the United States.

While in service at Cornell he suggested the degree of Forest Engineer which is now used in Italy, Spain, and Canada.

Perhaps his first important published paper was a geological survey of New Jersey, published in 1896 while he was engaged in public service work there. Shortly thereafter he founded the *New Jersey Forester* which was purchased by the American Forestry Association in 1898 to be used as its official organ. Dr. Gifford was retained as editor and the magazine published as *The Forester*.

He had first come to Florida in 1892. Just two years after his graduation from Swarthmore he had voyaged to the Bahamas in an effort to find a site for a tropical forestry laboratory. This trip had carried him from Tampa, and thence by steamship toward Nassau. When the boat passed offshore of Miami, the captain remarked that there was good water there and that he thought the village would grow.

In 1902 he stopped at Peacock's Inn in Coconut Grove. He wrote at this time of Indians loafing around the porches of homes. By this time he had decided to settle here and insured his residence by a purchase of a home in 1905.

Coconut Grove is dotted with houses that he built. The one in which he lived most of his years at 2937 S. W. 27th Avenue is a good illustration of what he thought a house should be in this sub-tropical climate.

Basic to his theory was the notion that homes of a given area should reflect the resources of the area, this to be accomplished by a judicious use of the available products of the region in the construction of the home. Thus Dr. Gifford's homes were constructed primarily of coral rock and Dade County pine.

From 1905 until 1931 Dr. Gifford was in one way or another involved in the purchase and sale of real estate. This activity was not by far the only one in which he was engaged during these years. As a matter of fact, he later claimed that he was retired when he moved to Florida and had hoped just to work around a little on tropical forestry. He became interested in real estate, however, especially as the problem of Everglades drainage became an issue in South Florida. During this early period he wrote many

articles, some later collected in book form, urging the immediate drainage of the Everglades. He spoke of American Venices springing up on the canals which would be arteries leading to a super rich farmland in the heart of the Everglades. The sum total of these writings is that he believed that drainage of the Everglades would be an act similar to the Dutch's building of dams to reclaim lost land from the sea.

In later years he infrequently referred to these writings. He then said that the Everglades should have been drained by a plan he ascribed to Napoleon Broward; the canals should have followed the natural drainage flow and carried the water out into the Gulf of Mexico.

His dealings in real estate were for the most part of a private nature. He was associated with various companies usually in the capacity of an adviser. Among these were the Sunshine Real Estate Company and the Everglades Land Sales Company. Later he was included in the Elliott Key Lime Company and the Triangle Corporation.

He gave his time willingly to the writing of real estate promotional literature, for he was firmly convinced that everyone should live in Florida. He was directly influential in bringing some ninety settlers to Florida.

Of his private real estate dealings he said that he followed but one rule: buy a piece of land, split it in half, and then hold off selling until you can get back your original investment from one of the halves. This formula seems to have worked successfully for him.

On the birth certificate of Emily Jane, his second daughter, born in 1925, Dr. Gifford's occupation was listed by the attending physician as "Capitalist." Unquestionably he was a man of considerable wealth at that time. He at one time told this writer that he had had a fortune of over one million dollars, not in paper holdings but in cash. He said that he went to the wisest investment men he could find and was told to invest in two items: small first mortgages on good property and bank stock. This he did. But with the real estate collapse in South Florida the mortgages were practically valueless and shortly banks were failing quickly.

He was Vice-President of both the Miami Bank and Trust Company and the Morris Plan Bank. The collapse of the latter was a source of great sorrow to Dr. Gifford. In later years he spoke but little of the incident and once mentioned that this had been his biggest failure.

Dean Russell Rasco of the University of Miami Law School, tells that he had done legal work for Dr. Gifford in connection with the collapse, and that they had always been warm friends. One day, coming across the dean

in his office, Dr. Gifford had said, "How's the old shyster these days?" Rasco, answering in the same vein, had inquired, "How's the old broken down banker?" Dr. Gifford became very angry about the exchange. His reaction reached the Dean by means of a letter in which Dr. Gifford made it clear that he felt Rasco had not spoken with proper respect. Rasco telephoned him immediately and smoothed his feelings.

Dr. Gifford was a director of the Coconut Grove Exchange Bank until his death.

In 1923 he married Martha Wilson. At this time he had extensive real estate holdings throughout South and Central Florida, and for the next few years the couple spent their time in Stuart, Orlando, De Soto City and Miami. Two girls were born within the next few years. Dr. Gifford's first marriage to Edith Wright had been childless.

Before his marriage in 1923 he had worn a beard, knee boots, and generally affected a colorful manner of dress. As was to be expected marriage ended this whim. Except for such clothes (he looks quite dapper in old photographs), he did not ever purchase personal articles that ran to great expense. Clothes during his last years meant nothing to him; they were either purchased for him by his wife or ordered from a mail order catalogue. Perhaps his prize possessions were his pipes. To even these he paid little attention, and all of his grandchildren have to some extent been reared on dirty pipestems.

When questioned by this writer on his attitude toward losing such a fortune, he replied, "Well, I don't have as many worries without it. And I don't really need much. We've got the house here and I've got my job at the University."

Dr. Gifford had taught evening classes for the University before 1931, but it was in that year that he accepted a post as Professor of Tropical Forestry. He taught from that chair until his death.

He was easily one of the most popular teachers at the school. And why not? Not more than four or five people failed his courses during his full tenure. But many people looking for an easy mark usually found to their surprise that they were enjoying the course, and often before the end of the semester, Dr. Gifford would have made more converts to his ideas.

He lectured not to the class but to the window. Frequently when he had made a point he would turn from the window and laugh. The University officials, because of the magnitude of his voice, aimed out the window as it was, usually found it expedient to put his classes as far as possible from

any others. In spite of such precautions occasionally an instructor would complain that his class was learning Tropical Forestry rather than the mathematics it should have been listening to.

Visitors were frequent. He told the story of how one day, he glanced at the class and noticed that an older man was sitting reading a newspaper. This Dr. Gifford could not tolerate. Students could miss class as often as they wished but once there were expected to listen. "Get out, get out. Young man, I'm telling you that they need men in the outdoors. Go there, don't come to this classroom." The fellow left attempting to sputter an explanation that was lost in a gale of laughter as the class began to laugh. When he asked why, they answered that the fellow now departed was not a member of the class but a mere visitor. "Well, let it be understood that even visitors shouldn't read newspapers in classrooms."

One of his courses became required for students who wished to teach in secondary schools. It was with these students that he made his most lasting impression on South Florida. During the last years of his life literally hundreds of his former students would stop by his home. Many of them are now teaching and making the ideas acquired by them from him known to a new generation.

As a scientist Dr. Gifford was an enigma. This writer has heard one highly noted scientist comment that if Dr. Gifford had backed his theories with more experimentation he would unquestionably have been one of the century's greatest scientists.

The statement indicates a concise analysis. Perhaps because he was a forester and often close to nature in its more poetic phases, he carried to his science a spirit that seemingly rebelled at the close, hard, often boring work of experiment, experiment, experiment. In fact, he often made fun of appropriations made for research and considered such conduct a waste of time. Ironically enough, he constantly experimented in an offhand manner with the plants that grew in his yard.

Actually in this writer's opinion Dr. Gifford served his science best by the role he had assumed. He made articulate for many people the whole vast potential, scientific or otherwise, of this Caribbean area. In these days of public relations men under each lamppost, we know the importance of getting the problem or answer before the public. This he did—though he may have added a little *Giffordia* along the way.

Strangely enough, in spite of all his platform lecturing wherein he performed the function of teaching the public about South Florida, he belonged

to but few of the clubs or societies he addressed. He was, however, president of the Florida Botanical Garden and Arboretum Association in 1934 and of the Historical Association of South Florida in 1942. The honor that he most prized was election as a fellow in the Society of American Foresters.

During these years his life achieved a routine. He normally was teaching an hour or two a day, usually in the late morning, had one to five invitations a week to speak, and spent the rest of his time writing or sitting in the large living room entertaining guests. His children were growing to maturity and having children of their own.

The side of the man I like most to remember is his relations with children. Though sometimes as stubborn as a mule when dealing with older folk, he was completely generous and forgiving with a child. His daughters tell of one time that a visitor was bewildered by the scene of complete chaos that existed as he spoke to Dr. Gifford. The children were beating with a hammer on an antique chair, shouting and occasionally engaging in free-for-alls. "Dr. Gifford," he said, "do you see what they are doing to that chair?" Dr. Gifford smiled, withdrew his pipe, and answered, "Well, they're only children."

In July, 1946, he made a misstep from a lecture platform at the end of one of his classes and fell and broke his hip. This injury was soon healed but caused him to declare that with all the time he was spending in hospital beds because of the hip injury, he did not believe he would ever have any other work done on him.

The hip injury, though it healed perfectly, effectively cut him out of speaking and social engagements. Now in response to invitations to speak he would declare that he hadn't been feeling well since the hip injury.

He continued to instruct his classes, however, until the early part of May, 1949, at which time he was taken to the hospital because of a kidney ailment. Complications developed and he died on June 25, 1949, two weeks after he had been returned from the hospital.

Interment was at Elliott's Key on land he had known and loved for many years.

That fall the University of Miami established the Gifford Arboretum in his honor, commemorating his long devoted service to the university and to the cause of forestry.

An editorial in the Miami Herald on the occasion of his death paid tribute to his services and summed up the nature and importance of his life work:

“Not only this community, but all Florida as well, has lost one of its most distinguished citizens in the death of Dr. John C. Gifford.

. . . Dr. Gifford was a giant of a man. The years made no appreciable inroads on his seemingly inexhaustible store of energy. His booming voice . . . never ceased to tell the story of the forest, man’s abuse of them, and the need for conserving the trees that a bountiful nature has given us in our scheme of using. . . . He has left a notable impression on its (Miami’s) structure and its progress.”

*American Forests* in its August, 1949, issue noted his passing as follows:

“The nation lost an eminent citizen and the world one of its most distinguished foresters in the death on June 25 of Dr. John C. Gifford . . . internationally known forester, scholar and scientist. . . .

“Closely associated at the turn of the century with Dr. B. E. Fernow, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Gifford Pinchot and other far-sighted men in pioneering the forest conservation movement in this country, Dr. Gifford has left a notable impression on its progress.

. . . recognized as an outstanding authority on tropical forestry . . . (his) work with tropical forests and fruits brought him worldwide recognition. . . . But of even greater satisfaction to him, it resulted in closer educational and social association between the peoples of the American tropics.”

Mr. F. Page Wilson, a long-time resident of the community, in a letter dated October 20, 1949, suggests that since Dr. Gifford’s death much had been said about his use of trees and conservation, etc., but that the broader aspects of his teaching had been ignored. He suggests that his interpretation of the Bay Biscayne-Keys-Caribbean country, his pointing out of the many subtle differences of this area, and their relationship to human living were his chief teachings.

Mr. Wilson suggests that if a short inclusive name be selected for Dr. Gifford that it might well be “This region’s great interpreter.” This writer tends to agree. One of the main threads running through his books is a constant attempt to get the residents of the area to recognize the differences in this area as compared to the Northern climes from whence they came.

In the *Tropical Subsistence Homestead*, published by the Colonial Press, Clinton, Mass., 1934, he says:

“There is one thing certain, that the settler from the north in order to succeed must leave his northern notions up north where they belong and adopt a system fitted to the place, the plant and the people. The natives have been at it in their special land hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years

before America was ever discovered. Much that we have was given us by the Indian. I once saw a high school student in the West Indies struggling through a bulletin on how to preserve fruits for winter use. I have seen them wondering about planting in the fall or spring. . . . On the other hand I have seen northerners dig cellars under their houses for cool storage, put steep roofs on their houses as if to shed snow, in short try out everything in the catalog just as though their neighbors had never tried it before. When northern experts unfamiliar with the tropics prescribe confidentially for tropical conditions it is well to be beware."

In his *Living by the Land*, Glade House, Coral Gables, 1945, he indicated the result of a failure to make the necessary adjustments to this or any other newly used area:

"Lands, plants, and people must work together, wherever they are; else disaster comes soon or late. The simple unsophisticated native may be untutored in book-learning but he can show the new settler a thing or two about living by the land."

In a conversation shortly before his death, Dr. Gifford remarked: "About the silliest thing you ever see in these parts is someone from the north who is determined to plant the same trees in his yard here that he had in New Jersey. I knew a fellow one time who brought seed and sprouts from the north and sat up nights with them for over a year before he realized that they just weren't going to work. I could have told him all of the time." (He used to say that nobody would ever catch him sitting up nights with plants. If they couldn't grow without that kind of attention they weren't worth growing.)

The aim of his pleading for adjustments to the area to be settled was the creation of a more abundant life, which to him meant a return to the farm which varied, of course, from area to area, but in all regions meant a strong, basic economic unit that would serve as a wall against future economic unrest.

Dr. Gifford conceived conservation to be a series of subjects touching all facets of human affairs. He argued that a man's concept of any one phase of conservation was usually determined by his point of view and his occupation. There was nothing new in conservation, it was age old, usually practiced by a nation after it was too late. A mere saving or hoarding of things was not conservation. Basically it was an intelligent use of all of a nation's resources. Only through this use would a nation learn the importance of the subject and appreciate its necessity.

His life was in many respects a projection of this intelligent use theory. His thoughts as applied to the conservation of forests and other natural resources were equally applied to the facts of day by day living. To him intelligent use meant more than the mere replenishment of forests.

In *Living by the Land*, page 24, he wrote:

“Movement back to the land is altogether a practical scheme, since despite our growth in population we still have sufficient space for the purpose. In places where good agricultural land is scarce and population dense, homes and sustenance can be won from forest lands so rugged that they are classed by some agriculturists as marginal. . . . Often it is the man who is marginal, and not the land.”

*Living by the Land* was his last published book and contains in full scope the man and his ideas. The book contains all of the technical faults that were an almost essential part of his writing. To read it, however, is a warm experience, for the reader knows not when he will suddenly, perhaps in the midst of a description of a tree, be faced with a sentence or paragraph of great writing.

Included in his writings you will come across such words as these: “Conservation is a kind of philosophy of living . . . not so much a study of any thing in itself as it is a study of man’s relation to things.”

“Most primitive peoples kill to live and not live to kill.”

“A covey of quail is often of more value to the community than the man who kills them.”

“Real experts are usually men who have not lost their sense of relativity.”

“A weed is merely a plant out of place.”

“The smartest man in the world is helpless without opportunity.”

And thus the man, John C. Gifford. The only tangible things left behind are some books, all out of print, and the number constantly dwindling as attics are cleaned; numerous magazine articles, all but disappeared; and certain trees.

The trees; the *ficus altissima*, the lofty fig, brought here by him in 1902, now lines our streets. He brought the coral tree from Jamaica, the bay rum, *Thespesia grandiflora*, from the West Indies, the cajeput brought in 1906 from Australia, tender barked and beautiful. Here certainly are memorials that shall not dwindle though forgotten be their origin.

But even more important is the intangible heritage, the thoughts, the ideas and impressions many, perhaps almost all, not original with the man as he

easily admitted, but this articulate man for many years in front of the garden clubs, luncheon clubs, historical society meetings and, most important, college classrooms, gave meaning to these ideas. So that now there is not a part of this wide Florida landscape that does not contain at least one man who has learned from him and remembered.

Perhaps there is a Dr. Gifford among them.

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# Across South Central Florida in 1882;

THE ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST NEW ORLEANS *TIMES-DEMOCRAT*  
EXPLORING EXPEDITION

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*Edited by*

MORGAN DEWEY PEOPLES

*and*

EDWIN ADAMS DAVIS

The development of modern Florida may be said to have begun in 1876 when the Federal military control which followed the War for Southern Independence ended. But the financial heritage of that conflict and of the reconstruction years was near bankruptcy, and after struggling against almost insurmountable odds for five years, in 1881 the state sold 4,000,000 acres of undeveloped lands in the south-central portion of the peninsula for \$1,000,000 to Hamilton Disston and his associates. Other extensive land sales followed and the intensive development of the state through private capital began. By 1890 Florida's population had reached nearly 400,000, having tripled since 1860.<sup>1</sup>

When these land companies began to plan drainage projects to prepare their holdings for cultivation and for sale to small investors they found that little was known of this section of the state. In 1882 one southern editor wrote that the area was "a region mysterious, unknown, beautiful—a *terra incognita*—of which as little is known as of the centre of 'the dark continent'."<sup>2</sup> The statement was practically true although from the 1840's onward many individuals had become acquainted with various portions of the region: soldiers, sailors, and marines engaged in the Seminole Wars; the members of the Federal-sponsored Buckingham Smith expedition of 1847; numerous scientists, sportsmen, and men of letters; and those who had accompanied the naturalist, Frederick A. Ober, during his excursions of 1872 and 1874. The decades of the 1880's and 1890's, then, was a period of intense investigation and exploration of the central and southern sections of Florida.

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<sup>1</sup> See *Florida, A Guide to the Southernmost State* (American Guide Series, New York, 1939), 59-60.

<sup>2</sup> New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, December 3, 1882; also quoted in Alfred Jackson Hanna and Kathryn Abbey Hanna, *Lake Okeechobee, Wellspring of the Everglades* (Indianapolis, 1948), 108.

Interest in unexploited Florida lands was but one phase of the active post-reconstruction development of the South and it was natural that southern newspapers began to devote considerable attention to these potentially productive agricultural and timber areas, and to encourage their exploration. Frequently they added a touch of glamour and mystery to the region, some of which has carried over to the present day, for only recently the Everglades have been described as an area "thickly overgrown with marsh sawgrass, tough as bamboo, its edges razor-sharp. Out of this drowned plain thrust rounded hammocks, overgrown with scrub oak, willow, cypress, cabbage palm, and palmetto. No visible life stirs across these broad reaches of marsh except that on the road and canal."<sup>3</sup>

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* was one of the most vocal of the Southern newspapers in heralding the potentialities of south and central Florida.<sup>4</sup> The *Times* had been founded in 1863 as a Union paper in the hope of mending the political division of the city's population, while the *Democrat* had come into existence in 1875 and had been ably edited by Richard Tyler of Virginia, who was the son of the former president, and Major H. J. Hearsey. The two sheets merged in December, 1881, dedicating the new publication to the upbuilding of the South. Before the end of the century it had published more than three score special editions describing the resources and singing the economic possibilities of the southern states, urging the development of timber and agricultural lands, propagandizing for Federal aid during flood years, and, not the least important of these activities, urging the feasibility of draining the Florida Everglades.<sup>5</sup>

In keeping with this policy of aiding Southern development, and also perhaps to aid in enlarging its circulation through news stories regarding the area, the *Times-Democrat* announced that it would sponsor an expedition to investigate the Everglades region. "The country generally is very anxious just now to get information about this new territory which will soon be thrown open to settlement and cultivation,"<sup>6</sup> it editorialized, anticipating the optimism of the correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times* who six months later wrote glowingly of the three Florida seasons—"the orange, vege-

<sup>3</sup> *Florida, A Guide to the Southernmost State*, 407.

<sup>4</sup> The owner and editor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* was Edward A. Burke, at that time state treasurer of Louisiana. Later, Burke was indicted for fraud and fled to Spanish Honduras. For a brief account of his life see Alcee Fortier, *Louisiana*, 3 vols. (Atlanta, 1909), I, 134.

<sup>5</sup> For a brief sketch of the early history of the *Times* and the *Democrat* and their merger see Thomas Ewing Dabney, *One Hundred Great Years; The Story of the Times-Picayune from its Founding to 1940* (Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 1944), 378-79.

<sup>6</sup> New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, December 3, 1882.

table, and invalid" and that 30,000 Northern people had recently moved to the state.<sup>7</sup>

The exploring expedition was to be headed by Major Archie P. Williams, a former Confederate Army officer and the representative of the *Times-Democrat*. He arrived in Jacksonville on November 7, 1882, made the preliminary arrangements for the trip, and then suffered an attack of dengue fever.<sup>8</sup> After recovering, he proceeded to Palatka, where he inspected Hart's orange grove,<sup>9</sup> then boarded one of the St. John's River steamers<sup>10</sup> for passage to Kissimmee, at which point the expedition was to rendezvous.

On December 3, the editor of the newspaper wrote that the "*Times-Democrat* exploring party" into "the celebrated Everglades of Florida, famous in poetry and almost equally famous in history," had started, and gave its general itinerary. "Starting from the source of the Kissimmee River, it will descend that stream into the celebrated Lake Okeechobee, lying in the center of the Peninsula. After thoroughly investigating this lake and the character of the lands surrounding it, the expedition will proceed on its way to the Gulf, through the Caloosahatchie and other rivers, and canals of the Diston Company, reaching the Gulf at Punta Rasa."

The expedition left Kissimmee on November 28. Its equipment consisted of two sailboats, the *Daisie* and the *Crescent*, a considerable quantity of baggage, including fire arms, fishing tackle, a medicine chest, and complete camping paraphernalia, supplies for thirty days (including "a few gallons of newly invented antidote for snake bites"), and "last but not least, a first class cook." The *Daisie* was a whitehall boat twenty-two feet in length, with a five and one-fourth foot beam, carried a single sail, and was fitted for two sets of oars. The *Crescent* was a somewhat smaller vessel.

The party's personnel included Williams, who captained the *Daisie*, Colonel C. F. Hopkins, a Jacksonville engineer and a former United States

<sup>7</sup> Quoted in *Harper's Weekly*, January 6, 1883.

<sup>8</sup> A febrile epidemic disease, which used to occur in the southern part of the United States and which occurs in the West Indies, was characterized by severe pain, particularly in the joints, and was sometimes accompanied by an eruption somewhat resembling that of measles. The attack was sometimes violent but brief, although seldom fatal. It first appeared in the British West Indies, where it was called dandy-fever. The Spaniards of the neighboring islands mistook the term for their word dengue, denoting prudery (which might also express stiffness) and eventually gave their name to the disease. It is also called dandy, and break-bone fever.

<sup>9</sup> This was one of the oldest and most famous groves in the state. It was budded from wild stock during the early 1830s, was badly damaged by the frost of 1835, and began bearing about 1845. See Charles Ledyard Norton, *A Handbook of Florida* (New York, 1892), 190.

<sup>10</sup> For a brief account of the "St. John's River Fleet" about this time see George M. Barbour, *Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers* (New York, 1887, first edition published in 1881), 123-24.

naval officer, who captained the *Crescent*, Captain Greenleaf Andrews, former president of the New Orleans Wrecking Company, and Will Wallace Harney, called the "professor", who acted as the artist of the expedition and who was a correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*. Sam Maxwell was the crewman of the *Daisie*, while Fred Humphreys handled the *Crescent*. Caesar Weeks was the colored cook.

The party accompanied Captain Rufus E. Rose,<sup>11</sup> who at that time was engaged in dredging a canal between Lake Tohopekaligo and Lake Cypress, in his small steamboat, the *Okeechobee*, as far as Lake Kissimmee. The two sailboats followed, the *Daisie* in the lead, "flying at her peak the flag of the TIMES-DEMOCRAT."

A Mr. Cowden, who was the correspondent of the Jacksonville *Union*, accompanied the expedition in a small boat of his own, the *Cary*, until Lake Kissimmee was reached, from which point he returned to Jacksonville. Here also Captain Rose left the party to make a surveying trip to Lake Rosalie and Lake Walking Water. From this point the "Times-Democrat Exploring Expedition" plunged toward that "mysterious and unknown region hitherto concealed from the white man."<sup>12</sup>

The party continued without mishap down the Kissimmee River to Lake Okeechobee, camping along the stream, fishing and hunting, and visiting the few scattered settlers who inhabited the area. After exploring a considerable portion of the coast line of Lake Okeechobee it reached the dredge of the Atlantic, Gulf Coast and Okeechobee Land Company, then engaged in cutting a canal between Lake Okeechobee and Lake Hicpochee, where their boats were hauled overland to the dredge boat on the canal. Then it continued along the canal to Lake Hicpochee, through Lettuce Lake and Flirt Lake to the Caloosahatchee River, and down that stream to Fort Myers, which was reached on the night of December 14. The explorers had traveled approximately 500 miles in a little over two weeks. Three days later the *Times-Democrat* proudly announced that they were "the first white men who ever succeeded in making the journey" through the "unknown" Everglades region.

At Fort Myers the *Crescent* was abandoned and the crew discharged, while Williams, Andrews and Hopkins continued up the Gulf Coast in the *Daisie*, touching at Charlotte Harbor, Tampa and Cedar Keys, from which point Williams returned by railroad to New Orleans.

<sup>11</sup> For information of Rose's dredging and planting activities in Florida see Hanna and Hanna, *Lake Okeechobee*, 102, 178, 305.

<sup>12</sup> New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, December 26, 1882.

The account of the expedition, which hereinafter follows, was written by Williams and was published in the *Times-Democrat* in seven installments during the interim from December 26, 1882, to March 16, 1883.<sup>13</sup> According to the newspaper's editorial of December 17, the expedition had "been very generally discussed by the press of the North as well as the South," and the opinion had "been expressed that it would result in material advantages to the country by making known a rich and promising section, hitherto closed to settlement."

That the New Orleans newspaper took considerable pride in its sponsorship of the expedition is obvious, for in an editorial, published March 16, 1883, it bragged: "Florida is now one of the most promising portions of the South. Much of it has hitherto been unknown wilderness to the rest of the world, but is now being opened up, redeemed and rendered habitable. Immigrants of the best kind are pouring in from all directions and helping to build up the State, and everything is promising there. THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT claims some of the credit for this Florida 'boom'. Its articles, which were copied by the northern and western papers, have done much toward creating this 'boom'." Without doubt it had rendered Florida a noteworthy service by directing public interest to the Everglades-Lake Okeechobee region which was soon to be opened to settlement.

In the account of the expedition which follows the articles have been continued without a break for the sake of continuity. Rivers, lakes and other geographic sites have not been located as in practically all cases the readers of *Tequesta* will be familiar with them. Persons have not been identified for, with the exception of a few well-known individuals, they would be almost impossible of identification. Incorrect and variant spellings, inaccuracies, and inconsistencies have been left untouched. The only liberty taken by the editors has been to capitalize such titles as "Captain," "Major," and Colonel."



[DECEMBER 26, 1882] After leaving Orange lake, from which place my last communication was dated, it was my intention to proceed to Jacksonville, fit out an expedition to visit Lake Okeechobee, in the Everglades, and from there try to work our way through to some point on the Gulf of Mexico, something not at that time done by any party of white men. I arrived in Jacksonville on the morning of November 7, and after calling upon several

<sup>13</sup> See issues of December 26, 1882; January 21, 1883; February 5, 1883; February 10, 1883; February 23, 1883; March 15, 1883; March 16, 1883.

parties who were acquainted with a portion of the route through which I intended proceeding, and making other necessary arrangements for the trip, I was warned by certain premonitory symptoms that I was soon to become a victim to the prevailing disease of Florida, viz: the dengue fever. Not wishing to lay up among strangers in a strange city, I decided to visit some relatives living in Rosewood, near Cedar Keys, and with that intention boarded a train running to that place, and soon found myself under kind hands, where I remained for two weeks. I was made painfully aware, during my suffering, of the number of bones in my body by the aches and pains which always accompany the disease.

Well, all good things have an ending, and thank Heaven the bad ones follow the same course, so on the morning of November 22, considerably lighter in weight, a change of clothing in my valise, a pair of heavy blankets, shotgun, and 500 rounds of ammunition, I find myself on the transit road on my way to join my party, which has been waiting for me 10 days at Kissimmee City, on Lake Tohopokaliga.

Leaving Gainesville at 5 o'clock that evening (having left the transit road at that place), I take the Florida Southern, a narrow-gauge road, and reach Palatka, its present terminus. Palatka is a town fast growing into the proportions of a city, situated on the banks of the far-famed river St. John. After a good supper at Graham's Hotel, I retired to bed, and woke up in the morning with the disagreeable feeling that I had been awfully fooled in imagining I had bid an eternal farewell to the dengue fever, for it had followed me, and I was once more in its grip. Determined not to give way to it I am soon dressed and sauntering around the town, taking in the sights of the place. Palatka is one of the most beautifully situated and laid off towns in Florida, consisting of many fine buildings, and many more in process of erection. The sound of nailing and sawing is heard on every side, and I was informed by a gentleman that 50 new buildings were then going up. Of course, as in every town and hamlet in either North or Middle Florida, there is not only one fine hotel, but several, notably the St. John's Hotel, considered one of the finest in the state. One peculiarity of Florida is that the first building erected when the site for a town is selected is a fine hotel, and if the hotel succeeds, other buildings soon follow.

The St. John's River at this point is a little over half a mile in width, and in many respects resembles the Mississippi river in appearance. Opposite to this town is the celebrated Hart's orange grove, considered by all the finest in Florida, both as to variety of fruit, size and cultivation. It is one

of the first points that the Northern tourists visit when they come to Florida, consequently Palatka is a lively place during the winter months. The streets of the town are wide, and everything has been done to make the sidewalks as beautiful and attractive as possible. Orange trees are planted every 15 or 20 feet on every street, and when walking down the streets they resemble wide avenues fringed on each side by the orange tree; not only the main streets being so arranged, but every side street in the town. Every tree is loaded with the golden fruit, which, strange to say, is undisturbed, even by the street boys. As every yard in the town is an orange grove in itself, and every one has plenty at home, it may account for the fruit being undisturbed upon the sidewalk, and the branches of private trees which hang over the streets from the different yards.

Palatka, like every other town in the State that I have visited lately, is filled with Northern visitors. There are a few Southerners also here looking for lands, but they do not tarry long in any one place, continuing to travel around until they find a location suited to their taste. They are considered better judges of soil than their Northern cousins, and almost invariably make good selections. Before finishing my walk around the town I inspected several Artesian wells which are placed at several points where the streets intersect with each other, for the use of the public. They furnish ample water for the use of the whole town and are an ornament in the appearance of the place. I can't say I have accustomed myself to the taste of the well water of Florida, which is limestone of the greater or less strength. I notice throughout the whole State that those families who use cistern water are free from chills, fevers and other ailments, while with those who drink the well water it is exactly the reverse. Cisterns are coming into very general use, as the people are beginning to realize the importance of having them.

At 8 o'clock that night I was joined by my old friend, Capt. Greenleaf Andrews, a resident of New Orleans and formerly connected with the New Orleans Wrecking Company, who, by invitation, is to join our party. His smiling and jolly face, his loud and cherry voice, issuing his orders to every one in the hotel from the bootblack to the headwaiter, in a tone well-suited to the quarter-deck of a man-of-war in a storm, makes me for awhile forget I am a sick man, and I soon found myself joining in the general laugh as he related some of his Florida experiences since his first arrival in the State. He was a great addition to our party, and from my knowledge of the old gentleman, I was certain he would make things lively for every man in the party. At 1 o'clock a.m. we boarded one of the St. John river steamers

bound South, and found, after getting on board, that every stateroom was occupied, half the floor of the cabin, and not a bare mattress or blanket. All the gentle whispering of the captain in the ears of both steward and chambermaid with the exhibition of a silver dollar failed to get even a pillow to put under our heads. "What can't be cured must be endured," so tired out with waiting for the boat, burning up with fever, and in no enviable state of mind, we unrolled our camp blankets, found a soft plank on the floor of the cabin, put our overcoats under our heads for a pillow, and with a gentle blessing from the lips of the captain upon Florida steamboats in general, and this one in particular, we dropped off into a troubled sleep.

We were awakened at sun-rise next morning by the sound of female voices, and it did not take us long to find out that both the captain and myself were becoming objects of attention to several ladies on board, who had risen early to view scenery on the river and had crowded to the forward part of the boat for that purpose. We both consoled ourselves with the idea that we looked very handsome as we lay, but the Captain said he heard one of the girls say: "If I was ugly as those two men I'd drown myself." But he said she had a red head and was crosseyed, so we did not think she was a good judge. We arose, and after washing our faces and making the acquaintance of the man who mixes the "pizen", we took our seats among the crowd, all of whom seemed to be strangers to Southern scenes, and were amused for some time by the remarks around us. The sight of a huge alligator lying lazily upon the banks of the river caused quite a commotion among the ladies, except our red-headed girl, who remarked after bestowing a casual glance at the captain and myself, that "The alligator wasn't half as ugly as she had expected". We passed large numbers of large and flourishing orange groves, but saw few fine residences, most of the highly improved places being below (north) of Palatka, where we embarked. Of this fact we were informed by others.

The great peculiarity of the St. John river is that it is one of the only two rivers in the United States that run North. The water of the river is of an inky hue, being almost black. It is a chain of lakes for many miles, at least it so appeared, for at times we found ourselves passing through sheets of water four or five miles wide, and again we were steaming between the banks of a stream no larger than our Louisiana bayous, with hardly room for our boat to pass without touching. We were a little disappointed, having formed quite a different idea from all we had heard and read of the great beauty of the scenery which would meet our eyes at every turn. Perhaps my companion and myself were too much inclined to draw a comparison be-

tween the rivers of our own State and that of the black stream over which we were passing. We were summoned by the breakfast bell to go below and get our morning meal, and in obedience thereto we took that direction at the tail end of the crowd, who were hurrying toward the dining room. Suddenly the stream of human beings who were crowding the doorway turned back with disappointed face, and we were informed that we would have to take the second table. A second time we made the same attempt, and were turned back to wait for a third table. The captain remarks that "this thing is a little monotonous", and so when the third table is ready we head the column in gallant style and secure a seat. It is about all we do secure for a while, for the waiters are rather exhausted, but after a few nautical phrases from my companions we are served with the whole bill of fare. As a cup of coffee was all I required, I was soon satisfied, and in fact I shall remain satisfied all my life that a meaner resemblance to a genuine cup of coffee never was invented in any land. I believe the remainder of the breakfast was better. I certainly hope so for the benefit of those who partook of it.

After breakfast, one of the state-rooms becoming vacant, the Captain and myself took possession, and were soon trying to catch up with our lost sleep of the night before. The balmy breezes which fanned the cheek of the Northern tourist upon the promenade deck of the steamer, the beautiful, grand and magnificent scenery of the St. John, through which we passed while in our unconscious state, we take for granted, and are willing to believe what we heard concerning it when we arose at 3 o'clock that evening, but of our own knowledge we were unable to say a word, but that the sleeping accommodations were good, the berths being clean and airy, we do say, and certify to it. When we arrived on deck we found that we were in sight of Sanford, where we intended disembarking and taking rail to Kissimmee City, where the expedition will start. We arrived about 4 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock took the South Florida road, and in a short time were in the heart of Orange county, a county on which more printer's ink has been used in advertising its beauty and attractions as an orange-growing section of the State than any other portion of Florida. It has certainly succeeded in settling almost every acre of the soil, the land being sold at almost fabulous prices. It is settled with many Northerners who do not hesitate to spend any amount of money in improving and fertilizing their groves. Consequently the county, which is nothing more or less than poor pine woods, sandy soil in the majority of cases, teems with fine residences, groves in the highest state of cultivation, brought to their present perfection by the profuse use of fertilizers,

which have cost perhaps double the original price of the whole place. Money has been spent with a lavish hand, but whether in the far future the money so spent will ever be returned to the pockets of the owner we are unable to prognosticate. The citizens claim to be beyond the frost line (every county in Florida claims the same thing with but few exceptions); but alas! ere I got beyond the borders old Jack Frost made his appearance, and waked them up from their fancied security in rather rough style. Not only once did he make his appearance, but he continued to come for several days. I think that the subject of "frost line" is a sore subject today, and the stranger seeking an investment will not be regaled with the tale of "no frost", "only place in Florida for raising tropical fruits," etc. We must give Orange county its due, and when we say that her citizens have shown more pluck and perseverance, expended more money, and are today enjoying more of the comforts of home-life than any other county in the State, we speak the truth. We pass on our journey a starch manufactory, and see acres of the cassana growing from which they manufacture the starch, which is of a very superior quality.

At 7 o'clock we had reached Kissimmee City, situated on Lake Tohopokaligo. I was met at the cars by Col. C. F. Hopkins of Jacksonville, and Capt. R. E. Rose, of New Orleans, now in command of the dredge on the canal between Lakes Tohopokaligo and Cypress. Col. Hopkins is one of the most prominent civil engineers in this State, who, being well acquainted with the topography of the country through which we intend traveling, has kindly consented to direct everything. The Colonel served for several years before the war, with distinction, in the U. S. Navy, and is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. He is a thorough gentleman, full of humor, and looked forward to our coming expedition with the eagerness of a school boy. We wended our way from the cars to the Kissimmee Hotel, an unfinished building, and being still with fever on me, I retired to a very airy chamber, which I do not leave for three days. Every kindness and attention were shown to me by my future companions, and to their efforts and the skillful treatment of Col. Hopkins, who acted in the capacity of physician, there being none within twenty miles, I owe my speedy recovery. Feeling that life in a comfortable tent was far preferable to lying in bed with the wind whistling through the unfinished walls of my abode, I announced myself ready to start. Our party received an addition in the person of Prof. W. W. Harney, a resident of Orange county, who accompanies the expedition as an invited guest, acting in the capacity as artist and correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*, and on the trip sketched all the most important points. Mr. Cowden, son of Capt. Cowden, of Mississippi river fame, also joined us, acting as correspondent

of the Jacksonville *Union*. He accompanied us a portion of the way and then returned.

Everything being ready for the start on the morning of November 28, our little party, with bag and baggage, fire arms, and fishing tackle, wended our way toward the wharf, where our two sail boats, the *Daisie* and *Crescent*, were riding at anchor in the lake. The *Daisie* is a whitehall boat 22 feet long, 5¼ feet beam, carrying single sail, and fitted for two sets of oars, well provided with comfortable seats and good "lockers" fore and aft. Her crew consisted of Sam Maxwell and Caesar Weeks (cook) in command of your correspondent. The *Crescent* is a smaller boat, fitted with mainsail and jib, her crew consisting of Fred Humphreys, the professor acting as volunteer, in command of Capt. Andrews. The *Daisie* is loaded with the tents, baggage, ammunition and medicine chest; the *Crescent* with cooking utensils, provisions, axes, etc. Col. Hopkins accompanied your correspondent in the *Daisie*, both boats being under his supervision, as well as every member in the party. When we arrived at the wharf we were met by Capt. Rose who tendered us the use of his steamboat, the *Okeechobee*, to go as far as the dredge now working in the canal, a distance of about twenty miles from Kissimmee. We accepted the invitation, and followed in the rear by our boats, everybody in good spirits, provisions in abundance, a few gallons of newly invented antidote for snake bites, and last but not least, a first class cook in attendance, we bid adieu to Kissimmee City, and steamed across the lake, followed closely by our two little sail boats, the *Daisie* in the lead with all her canvas set, flying at her peak the flag of the TIMES-DEMOCRAT, and followed closely by the *Crescent*. An invitation from Capt. Rose brought us all together in his private room, and we there found a delicious cold lunch set forth, and were soon busily engaged in tasting the delicacies set before us and listening to the very musical sound of popping corks. Capt. Rose rose and proposed the health of the TIMES-DEMOCRAT, and predicted success to the enterprise. At his close every man in the party, considering himself interested in THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, rose from his seat to respond. Who made the most eloquent response, future posterity will never know, for all spoke at once. Suffice to say, our first day's journey toward that almost unknown region of a thickly populated Southern State, the Everglades, had begun, and as we were leaving behind us the last postoffice we should see until we reached the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, no more would be heard of or from us until our journey of 500 miles had been completed.

[JANUARY 21, 1883] The whistle of the steamer warns our party that we have finished our journey across Lake Tohopotaliga, and are nearing the en-

trance to the canal of the Florida Land and Improvement Company, which is under the process of construction by our genial host and fellow-Louisianian, Capt. Rose. All of us soon find ourselves on the hurricane roof listening to Capt. R., who explains to us the work already done and to still be accomplished by the company. Several beautiful islands on the lake are in sight, which we are told but a short time before, were subject to inundation at a high stage of water, but that now, owing to the level of the water having been lowered about three feet by the canal not yet finished, and to be still lowered about two feet more when finished, were now being planted in orange groves, and although originally bought for a trifle could not now be purchased for \$100 an acre. The islands are owned by private parties, and the great work now going on in the interest of the company and State in this instance, as in many more, are of incalculable benefit to those who own lands in the neighborhood of the State lands being drained. There is not one of our little party that does not envy the possessors of the beautiful islands, and especially as we are aware that there is not a pocket-book in the crowd that does not contain cash enough to have paid the original purchase price of that, which, if we owned now, would be a competence for the remainder of our days, the magical work of turning cents into dollars having been but the labor of months.

We are now within a few hundred yards of the entrance of the canal which is plainly marked by the jetties which Capt. Rose has caused to be constructed for several hundred feet into the lake, to prevent a bar from forming while the canal is being dug, and to wash and deepen the channel, as the lake is lowered, a wise piece of engineering, as his experience has proved, for, without it, the dredge would, ere this, have had to return and recut and deepen the channel, as the work of lowering the water went on. The steamer, as she reaches the entrance, turns and backs down between the lines of jetties into the canal. This is done, we are informed by Capt. Rose, on account of the swiftness of the current in the canal, it being almost impossible to stem the same on his return by backing his boat, as it runs at the rate of about four miles an hour, and the boat being almost as wide as the canal, a mile or two after leaving the entrance, makes it a difficult feat. The canal is dug directly across the mouth of the Kissimmee River, leaving the river, and running due south across the marsh to Lake Cypress, a distance of three and one-half miles. After getting into the canal, the boat is landed, and we all go on shore to examine the work accomplished. Eight months ago, the ground upon which we stand was covered by surface water to a depth of from one to two feet; today it stands, high and dry, two feet above the level of the lake and the canal, the great instrument of the reclamation not yet cut through. As

we walk across the land, we crush beneath our feet the dried and dead water lilies, cresses and lettuce, which a few months ago grew, bloomed and flourished in their natural element (the water), and in their place the familiar switch cane of Louisiana, the sure indication of rich alluvial land, is fast taking possession of the soil. It, too, may grow and flourish for a few months longer, but as Louisianian's hand directed the great work which wrested and reclaimed this, the richest land in the South, from the water, so will a Louisianian's hand perfect what has already been done, by showing how sugar cane can be made to grow and yield by Louisiana cultivation upon Florida soil. The land for about one-half mile from the lake, has more sand intermixed with the soil than the remainder of land in the direction of Lake Cypress. The whole body of land lying between the two above named lakes, containing five or six thousand acres is nothing more or less than decayed vegetable matter, to a depth of from six to eight feet, resting on a subsoil or pan of hard clay, except about two hundred yards bordering on or near Lake Cypress, and in that case, the clay comes to within two feet of the surface. We have no difficulty in determining the depth of the soil, for the dirt thrown up in digging the canal to a depth of eight feet, shows for itself. How much greater the depth of soil such as I have mentioned is than eight feet, as regards about two miles of the land through which the canal has been dug, I do not know, the dredge not having reached the hard clay on that portion in dredging. Although for several months the land has been exposed to the hot sun, it has neither baked nor become hard. The soil which I see before me is that which, in my journeying through Florida I have seen hauled for miles in carts, after having been dug from the bottom of ponds, and used as a fertilizer for orange groves. Its richness is unsurpassed in Florida, and I doubt if its equal can be found in any State. Having secured a specimen of the soil for future analyzation, we wend our way back to the steamer, and are soon backing down the canal in the direction of the dredge, whose bulky proportions and black smoke-stacks, is seen at a distance of about three miles.

"You'll soon see plenty of alligators," remarked Capt. Rose, as he glanced at the array of shotguns, rifles and ammunition we had brought on board. We look around the cabin for the familiar notice which has always heretofore greeted our eyes upon every steamer we have traveled on in Florida, to wit: "No one allowed to discharge fire-arms on this boat," and not seeing it, we ask Capt. Rose if he has any objection to our indulging in the sport of shooting at the reptiles. The captain says that it is not pleasant to have dead alligators floating down the canal and lodging against the dredge; still,

as he knows Col. Hopkins could not hit an alligator if he tried to, and your correspondent does not look dangerous, he is perfectly willing we should try our hand. At first we were inclined not to take advantage of the permission, but when a reflection was thrown upon our proficiency in the use of a rifle, our pride was roused, and the Colonel and myself after remarking in our most sarcastic tones that "appearances were sometimes deceptive," picked up our rifles and took our seats on the hurricane deck, determined to have no mercy on any alligator that might appear. We were hardly seated, after the Colonel and myself had made an agreement to shoot together, he selecting the head and I the tail, as our mark, when we saw, a few yards ahead, a huge monster lying quietly sunning himself on the bank. Two shots fired simultaneously bring the remainder of the crowd upon deck.

"Shot right through the head," yells the Colonel! "Through the tail, too," I remarked as I slip another cartridge in the rifle, and prepare for the next. "Shot no where," says Capt. Rose, as he throws a billet of wood over the side of the boat at the alligator, which, quick as lightning, slips into and under the water. I looked at the Colonel, the Colonel looked at me, and we both looked at each other, and I am certain each look reflected a doubt of each other's skill as a marksman. It was rather hard on us, and we felt considerably mortified, as at a meeting held the night previous, we had elected ourselves the huntsmen, and Capt. Andrews and Prof. Harney the fishermen of the party. Capt. Rose tried to console us by promising as soon as we arrived at the dredge, to make one of his men rope an alligator and tie him up for us to shoot at the balance of the evening, as he says, he knows from experience that the motion of the boat, and Capt. Andrews bellowing in such a loud voice to the steward "to put plenty of sugar in his, with a squeeze of lemon", is enough to destroy the aim of the best marksman alive. He even indulged in a little flattery by remarking upon the beautiful style in which I closed my left eye when I took aim, and how gracefully the Colonel bent his right knee as he pulled the trigger, all of which had the desired effect, and being once more happy and contented that it was not our fault that we missed our alligator, we went below, determined to do no more shooting before company, for the present at least. By the time we had interviewed the steward upon what he had learned in his long experience of the best and most profitable means of utilizing corn, and what his opinion was as to the size of the lemon drop, we were landed at the dredge.

As we step from our boat to the deck of the dredge, we notice how swiftly the waters are rushing by the sides, with seemingly enough force to prevent the workings of the huge machine, but the steady thud of the engine

tells us the work is going on. Moving to the front of the boat, we watch with interest the perfect work being done by this machine, which is an improvement on the Menge dredge in several respects. The improvements were thoroughly explained to your correspondent in plain words and good English, and I felt that, if necessary, I could construct one myself; but alas, when I pulled out my notebook that night to put down the little occurrences of the day, and got to that portion relating to the new mechanical devices, which had been added to the original machine, I felt that my education had been sadly neglected in that respect, and was as much bothered as I was years ago as a school boy, when I wrote my first composition on "the dog"; so all I can say is that everything seemed to work like clockwork. The dredge was within a quarter of a mile of Lake Cypress, and had struck the clay subsoil, which at this point comes to within two feet of the surface, and consequently was experiencing great difficulty in cutting through. Capt Rose informed us that in ten days they would be into Lake Cypress, at which point they turn back and recut the canal, widening it 20 feet, and at the same time deepening the channel. There about 15 men regularly engaged and at work in and around the dredge. Noticing how healthy and well looking they all appeared, we asked Capt. Rose how often he had been compelled to change his crew, how many had died, the number of cases of malarial fever, etc., for of course I felt certain that, working as they did, from sunrise until dark in rain and the sun, water and mud, drinking the water, and sleeping every night beside a bank of freshly turned up earth, that necessarily there must be a large amount of sickness. Capt. Rose kindly allowed me to look over the books of the boat for the information I wanted, and strange to say, but one single case of sickness was reported in eight months. In conversation with the men, who represented both Northern and Southern States, they confirmed what I had already learned.

We took supper that night on the dredge and cannot compliment too highly the "cuisine" of Pat, the chief cook, who spread himself for the occasion. Capt. R., in the kindness of his heart, tells Pat, who acts as waiter as well as cook to "see that the Major is well helped as he has been under the weather", etc., and so I am brought prominently under his notice. There is nothing mean about Pat, and he certainly had most winning ways about him, perhaps too winning for what with his good cooking and careful attention to every man at the table we feel as we rise that we can with little difficulty get along comfortably for the next week without much trouble as regards eating.

Returning to the steamer, every man pulls out his pipe, gets a chair, fixes himself comfortably, and prepares for a pleasant evening. The Professor busies himself arranging his sketching materials for our journey next day. Capt. Andrews goes to work on his fishing lines, hooks, etc. Col. Hopkins files and remodels the sights of his rifle, and your correspondent and Capt. Rose hold a conversation on the subject of draining. By 10 o'clock everybody is sleepy, and we retire to our different berths. In 10 minutes thereafter, every man is snoring to suit himself, and with as much independence as if the boat belonged to him alone.

At daylight the next morning everybody is awake and listening to the pattering of rain upon the roof. In looking out we are greeted by a gloomy prospect. The sky is black and lowering, and the rain comes down as it only can in Florida. As we all meet together in the saloon of the boat there is nothing but disappointed and gloomy faces. We all agree that it would be madness to attempt to start on our journey on such a day, so determine to remain where we are until the weather clears off. We feel better after the determination, still better after a cup of coffee, considerably better after taking a dose of malarial medicine, and by the time Pat has informed us that breakfast is ready we feel as if a week spent with such genial host as Capt. Rose would certainly be to our advantage. After breakfast some of the party watch the working of the dredge, the Professor makes a sketch, the Colonel and myself amuse ourselves shooting at a mark to get accustomed to our rifles, and in fact everybody does as he pleases, even to our cook Caesar, who gets royally drunk. By 12 o'clock the weather begins clearing, and procuring a pair of field glasses, I mount to the top of the dredge, to view the surrounding country. On both the east and west side of the land now in process of being drained, is a thick and heavily timbered pine woods, a prairie of about one-half mile intervening between the woods and this land. In the distance in the woods, I see a field planted in cane. Without glasses I should say it was corn, for the cane, which is in full bloom, and tasselling, certainly to one like myself, unaccustomed to seeing cane in bloom, resembles at a distance a field of corn. This is the only cane field in sight, although I am told that there are several small fields a short distance in the interior. I obtain a stalk of the cane, which would cut for the mill about eight feet.

This cane has been growing about 12 months, and the proprietor would not begin grinding until the latter part of December when I see cane growing upon pine woods land, of the size which obtain, and on soil, if fertilized at all, is with the very soil on which I stand, I can hardly realize what the

difference will be when all the vast area of land I see before me, under proper hands, is put in the same product. I have neglected to say, in speaking of the lands just drained and being drained, that the future settler will have no difficulty in clearing, as there is not a tree to remove, and only such brush as may spring up in the next few months. From \$25 to \$50 per acre will be saved in that respect.

Suddenly the sun bursts from the clouds and the whole scene is transformed. All is soon hurry and bustle. Capt. Rose orders steam raised on the steamer as he intends taking us back to the mouth of the Kissimmee river, from which point we leave in our boats tomorrow morning. Capt. Andrews goes below to superintend the ducking of our cook, Caesar, who is still drunk, and the remainder of the crowd begin putting our traps in order. On arriving at the mouth of the river a camp ground is selected, tents are pitched, fires lighted, and Caesar, looking piously inclined and very damp, goes to work to give us our first taste of his skill as a cook. Capt. Andrews, wishing to try the excellence of a new "spinner", among the fish, we get in one of the boats and row down the river, with the "spinner" glistening in the water, which is as clear as crystal, about 10 yards from the stern of our boat. "Stand from under", yells Capt. Andrews, and looking behind, I witness for the first time in my life, the fight for his life, of the gamest fish which swims to-wit: The black bass. Darting from side to side, the line cutting through the water like a knife, never allowing it to slacken for a second, he is hauled to the side of the boat, and the captain his face red from the exertion, and his fingers tingling from the cutting of the line, lands safely in the bottom of the boat our first fish of the expedition, which we find, upon putting him in the scales, weighs just  $10\frac{1}{4}$  pounds. Our oarsmen send the boat skimming through the water, and ere a quarter of a mile has been passed over a dozen fine bass lay in the boat, and we begin our return to camp. Another and another is hauled over our gunwale, until we begin to feel the fish must be a foot thick at the bottom of the river. As I step from the boat to the shore, I feel for the first time in my life, I have had half an hour of such fishing as I have often heard, and read of, but never seen or experienced. In one short half hour, by actual weight, with one single line, we had caught 108 pounds of fish. Caesar is an important personage tonight, to judge from the numerous private interviews held with him by the members of the party, every one of whom thinks he alone knows the most artistic and delicate mode of cooking bass. He certainly tries to please everybody, for when supper is announced the delicious flavor of fried, broiled, baked and stewed fish brings a heavenly smile upon

the face of each and every one. Bottles of different sauces are opened, every man receives his tin plate, cup, knife and fork, and beneath the spreading branches of a large oak we sit down, a merry and happy party, to partake of our first supper in camp. Capt. Rose had insisted on our remaining that night on the boat, which was moved to the bank in front of us, but we had concluded to "break everything in" as soon as possible, and no better opportunity could have been offered to find out what, if anything, had been overlooked or forgotten for our voyage. Sam Maxwell, better known as "Mac", our head man, an old campaigner, has everything in charge, and knowing that on his devoted head will fall most of the blame if anything is missing or wanting, he stirs things around lively looking for the different articles required. By 10 o'clock Mac reports everything is all right, and if Capt. R. in the future, when taking an inventory of the furniture, etc., of his steamer should find it minus a few articles, I hope he won't lay it on Mac. Caesar also reports his department correct, with nothing lacking. Pipes are filled for the last time, and ere another hour is passed all are sleeping soundly upon our beds of green moss, dreaming of tomorrow's journey.

Everybody is awake at 4 O'clock, and, after getting our morning coffee, the men begin packing the boats; Capt. Andrews arranges fishing tackle, the Professor sharpens his pencils and prepares his paper for sketching, while the Colonel and myself clean our guns and load cartridges for a day's shooting. Capt. Rose, accompanied by Mr. Cowden, reporter for the *Jacksonville Union*, will sail with us for a day or two, so his men, too, are busy packing his little yacht, the "Cary", with a week's provisions. At daylight Caesar announces breakfast, and, with appetites sharpened by our early rising, we soon demolish what is set before us. As the last blanket is rolled up and strapped, and the last box stowed away in the boats, the two oarsmen in each boat take their places and announce all ready. We take a last farewell of the steward of the steamer Okeechobee, and we somehow feel as if it was bidding farewell to civilization, step on board of our different boats, and as the captain cries in stentorian tones, "All aboard for the Gulf of Mexico", our boats are shoved off, the oarsmen bend to their work, and we go whirling down the swift-running Kissimmee, and with as much excitement and pleasure depicted in our faces as if we were a parcel of schoolboys turned loose, instead of four men with faces upon which old Father Time has already begun to put his mark, and whose heads are fast becoming like old Uncle Ned's—barefooted on top.

The Kissimmee, from where it leaves Lake Tohopotaliga until it enters at the same point as the canal and comes into Lake Cypress within a few

hundred yards of where the canal comes into said lake. The canal will be  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and the river is 15, so one may judge of the crookedness of the stream. The river, previous to the dredging of the canal, was navigable, so far as depth of water was concerned, for small steamers about 4 feet, but since the canal has lowered the waters of the lake the river is hardly navigable for small boats, and ere many months go by, the Kissimmee river, between Lakes Cypress and Tohopotaliga, will be a thing of the past, leaving naught behind to remind one of the past existence except the line of willows and oaks, which fringe its banks, and a dry bed of white sand which once was its bottom.

The Kissimmee river at this point is hardly thirty feet wide, but crooked and narrow as it is, still it is a beautiful little stream, with its clear and sparkling water, soft and sweet to the taste—so different from some of the other rivers of this State, whose waters are so impregnated with lime that it reminds one more of some nauseous dose of medicine than anything else. The trees upon the banks are small and stunted, but if any deformity or ugliness exists in their construction it is hid by the mass of flowering vines which have twined themselves around their trunks, crept from branch to branch, until from top to bottom it is clothed in a lining green, with here and there a white, purple or crimson flower, peeping forth between the leaves, which add an additional beauty to the scene. Large white water lilies upon their slender green stems line the shores, and it seems almost a sacrilege as the oars of the boatmen in their swift strokes crush and bury them beneath the water, and we see them rise to the surface in our wake, crushed and disfigured beyond recognition.

“Here comes a flock of ducks”, says the Colonel, in an excited tone, and in a second both he and myself, with guns in hand, the men resting on their oars, are gazing at a large flock of mallards coming right toward us. Nearer and nearer they come, and when within 20 yards we fire together, both of us emptying both barrels of our guns ere we cease. The splashing in the water of the wounded ducks in the marsh tell us we have bagged some. The Colonel says he is certain we have killed at least 20, and I am more certain we have killed 30. The high marsh grass covered with water “hide our game” from view. We have no water dog to bring it to us, so we give Caesar, our cook a dose of “antidote for snake bite”, and tumble him overboard. We hear him splashing around in the marsh and in about 10 minutes he reappears with one duck. He says it is all he can find, and we begin using some very polite language to him. In fact, we insinuated that he never descended from any of George Washington’s old family servants, etc. We

give him another drink, as his teeth are chattering like castanets, and send him back. Another 10 minutes pass, and back he comes with two more, which he swears are all. We don't believe him, haul out the bottle, and send him back grinning again. Five minutes more, and two more ducks are added to the pile. Caesar looks serious, as we again haul out the bottle and insist on one more search. Once more he primes himself against snake bites, and is rewarded by a single duck. Either Caesar has had enough to drink, there are no more ducks, or he don't want the bother of cooking and cleaning any more, for no persuasion can induce him to try it again, so we haul him aboard and continue our course.

By 10 o'clock we find ourselves on the border of Lake Cypress, quite a pretty sheet of water, about seven or eight miles long, and five or six miles in breadth. Here we join the other boats which are waiting for us, and as there is a stiff breeze blowing across the lake, we lay aside our oars and at once begin getting ready sails for a small size regatta of our own. At the word, all the sails are hoisted, and off we go together. Before a mile is passed, Capt. Rose in his yacht draws ahead, and we are compelled to acknowledge defeat in that quarter, but there is one consolation—we forge ahead of the Crescent and dance merrily over the waves in the direction of the Kissimmee river, which resumes its course on the South shore of Cypress Lake. A cool north wind is blowing, the sun shining brightly, the atmosphere clear, cool and exhilarating, and with the incitement of our impromptu boat race, there is not a man in the party that does not feel the pleasurable excitement, caused by his surroundings. After a delightful sail of three-quarters of an hour we find ourselves once more in the Kissimmee river. Lowering sails, for it is impossible to sail in this crooked river, oars are resumed, and, with a swift current to aid us, we are soon floating down stream at the rate of about seven miles an hour. The river is somewhat similar in appearance to that portion we have just left, except that no trees are growing upon the borders, and all the land is covered with water to a depth of from one to two feet, with marsh weeds growing to a height of six or eight feet. Capt. Andrews once more unwinds his "spinner" and gets ready for slaughter among the finny tribe. The fish are so plentiful we do not begin fishing until evening, as we wish them to be alive and fresh when we arrive in camp.

Before the fishing commences we anchor one boat and wait for the others to come alongside that we may eat our noonday lunch. The others fall into line with alacrity, and after passing around the tin cups together with "a

five-gallon keg of nails", we soon discuss the merits of canned corn beef, boiled ham and crackers. We miss our coffee, but there is no dry land to build a fire on, so we do without. Lunch finished, we are once more off, with the captain watching his spinner, which is trolling behind the boat. He does not watch long ere his labors are rewarded by a fine bass. He continues to pull them out until we arrive on the borders of Lake Hachinaha, when finding that there are enough fish for a regiment we throw about half of them back into the water, hoist our sails, and are once more enjoying a sail over the waters of Lake Hachinaha, about the size and similar in appearance to Lake Cypress. The marsh extends to the waters of the lake as far as the eye can reach, with a few trees to mark the borders. Both Lakes Cypress and Hachinaha are quite shallow, and it is the intention of the Drainage Company to drain the first-named lake perfectly dry, and to do the same to the second named lake as far as practicable. The lands between and around these lakes are identical with those of Lake Tohopotaliga.

We once more enter the Kissimmee river on the southern shore of Lake Hachinaha, about 2 o'clock p.m., and after a pull of a few miles we reach our camp ground for the night, which is a high hummock, situated upon the banks of the river, owned by a Mr. McQuade. On landing we walk up the banks, and find ourselves in a thick woods of oak, ash, gum, interspersed with cabbage palm. This piece of land is considered one of the most valuable tracts within many miles. No one is living here, but I understand that the owner, who is a western man, is soon to begin clearing, and planting an orange grove. While Caesar is building his fire, and the men cleaning fish and picking the ducks, rifles and guns are taken from the boats, and we will start off into the woods to try and kill a turkey or deer. Capt. Andrews accompanies your correspondent to assist in bring home his game. After walking about one-quarter of a mile in the woods, we come upon an old Indian camp, consisting of seven or eight palmetto shanties. This is one of their summer camps. During the winter they go further South, in and around the Everglades, for the purpose of hunting. The bones and antlers of deer which lay scattered around attest the excellence of the surrounding country as a hunting ground. The captain and myself feeling very tired from our great exertion of walking a quarter of a mile, conclude it is a bad day for hunting and return to camp to see how supper is coming on. The first to come in from the hunt, as night approaches, is the reporter of the Jacksonville *Union*, who has killed nothing, but has found a large highland terrapin, which is turned over to Caesar to be transformed into a turtle

stew. A little later Col. Hopkins returns with a fine gobbler, and congratulations have hardly ceased, when Capt. Rose appears, and suspended between him and one of his men, on a pole, is as fine a buck as we ever saw. Words are inadequate to express our feelings of satisfaction, so we haul out the tin cup, and the keg of nails, and all smile sweetly. The turkey is picked, the deer skinned and cut up, fresh logs thrown on the fire, and we prepare to watch the busy fingers of Caesar prepare our supper. The ducks are already roasted, the fish cooking and soon Mac has rigged a spit and before a hot wood-fire is turning a haunch of venison, while on the other side is the turkey keeping it company. We are all hungry, but such a supper is worth waiting for, and so to pass off the time pipes are lighted and I wager that a happier or merrier party the Florida oaks beneath which we sit never saw before.

At 10 o'clock Caesar announces the first course on the table, and twelve hungry men set to work in earnest. We drop the curtain, and when we raise it again two hours later all is quiet in camp except Caesar, who is washing dishes, and an occasional snore from the Professor's side of the tent. Twelve pairs of eyes are closed in sleep, and so they will remain until daylight, unless the Captain wakes up and catches the Professor snoring, and then we are certain to have our usual row, and the whole camp waked in consequence.

[FEBRUARY 5, 1883] We are a lazy crowd on the morning of 30th November, and the sun is shining brightly as we open our eyes, and meet the smiling face of Caesar with the coffee pot in one hand, and a tin cup in the other, and I admonish it is time to get up. We take our coffee, make our toilet (which means putting on our hats, and sauntering toward the river tin basin in hand, and towell and soap in the other), and join the group who are waiting around the campfire for Caesar to dish up the breakfast. The remains of our sumptuous repast of the night before await us, and when we finish that morning meal, I guarantee to say Caesar will have but few remnants to gather up to add to our lunch basket for that day.

When we start from Lake Tohopotiliga, it was understood we are to branch off from Lake Kissimmee and visit Lake Rosalie and Walking Water, which are connected with Lake Kissimmee or a small river or creek, but finding it would cause a delay of at least six days, we determined to keep on our course; so, with a great deal of reluctance, we informed Capt. Rose of our determination. In so doing, we will be compelled to part company with him and Mr. Cowden, reporter for the Jacksonville *Union*, the Captain being

compelled to visit those two lakes on business connected with the Drainage Company.

By 9 o'clock tents are struck, blankets packed up, and everybody is stirring around to assist in getting the boats loaded. We are not exactly "in harness" yet, for things do not work smoothly, the men do not yet understand their different duties, etc., but when Capt. Andrews has finished his fatherly talk to Caesar, turned the white of his eyes in the direction of Mac., picked up the "keg of nails" and stepped on board the Crescent, we feel that all is serene, and that little trouble will be experienced in the future. As each boat is loaded the oarsmen push off from shore, and the voyage is resumed.

From the time we leave McQuiag's hummock until we reach Lake Kissimmee, we find no difficulty of navigation, the river being over 100 feet wide, deep and not quite so crooked as yesterday. Still we are unable to sail and depend upon our oars. The morning is quite cool and overcoats are brought into requisition for the first two hours of our journey, but before eleven o'clock the sun is pouring down upon us, coats and overcoats are thrown aside and the boat's awning stretched to shield us from its rays. By 12 o'clock we reach the border of Lake Kissimmee, one of the largest lakes in Florida. The banks of this lake on the northern shore were low and marshy, with some little high land above the water. On the west and east shores there are a number of valuable tracts of land high above overflow. Of the east shore I speak from information received, as I did not visit it. As far as the eye can reach in a southerly direction, even with glasses, we are unable to discern any land, nothing meeting the view but a wide expanse of water. A stiff norther is blowing, and the whitecaps of the waves remind us more of salt water than that of an inland lake.

As we leave the river Capt. Rose lowers the sails of his yacht, casts anchor, and we come along side for the purpose of two things—taking our last lunch together and bidding farewell to pleasant and genial companions, who have been a great addition to our party, and with whom we loath to part. The best of friends must part, for after we have broken bread together, passed around the "keg of nails" and received the wishes of our friends for our success on our present undertaking, the sails of our little boats are hoisted, headed to the south, and ere an hour passed the little yacht, sailing in a westerly direction, is but a speck upon the water.

We have no pilot to guide us, and are dependent entirely upon maps drawn, (as we find out by experience) more from imagination than from any real knowledge of actual surveys, and are therefore compelled to head closely

to the shore, for fear of passing the point at which the Kissimmee river resumes its course. At 3 o'clock, finding ourselves opposite a point of land which is covered with cabbage-palm trees, we land our boats for the purpose of having a cup of coffee made. We find ourselves on a narrow strip of land running right through the marsh to the pine-woods in the distance. After the fire is extinguished, Capt. Andrews brings from his boat a half dozen fine bass, which he suggests should be cooked. A haunch of venison from the buck killed the night before is exposed to our view by Mac and visions of broiled bass and juicy steaks compel us to give additional orders to Caesar, and, instead of the hot cup of coffee, bread and butter, which we intended to take and then resume our journey, we sit down to a dinner fit for the gods. The 15 minutes that we had allotted to the making of our coffee have been extended to two hours, as we once more hoist sail and continue our search for the river. As the sun is sinking, we find ourselves once more floating down the Kissimmee, peering anxiously across the marsh, which, covered by water from a depth from two to three feet, is the only marsh to show us the channel of the river. We look in vain for some friendly clump of trees in the distance, under which we may pitch our tents for the night. Nothing meets the eye but sky, marsh and water, without a foot of dry land in sight. Night comes upon us, and we feel that our chances are slim of discovering the few feet of dry land that we require, in the almost Egyptian darkness which surrounds us, even though it might be near. We cannot sleep in our boats, and the oarsmen prefer pulling to sitting up all night in the boat, so we row ahead, hoping each minute to discover dry land. Every once in a while our boat crushes in among the tall cane, which, as far as we can discern in the darkness, covers the shores and fills the marsh grass, and we experience a great deal of difficulty in keeping the channel.

About 12 o'clock we are aroused from our sleepy state by a noise a few yards ahead of us, which in our half unconscious condition we think is the paddlewheels of some large steamer beating toward us and bearing swiftly down upon us. We do not stop to argue the question with ourselves or anybody else, but head our boat for the shore and are soon stuck fast in the canes, and with a long breath of relief of having escaped impending danger we wait for the supposed steamer to pass. The noise of churning and splashing water continues, but we see no lights, and as we gathered together our scattered senses, the absurdity of a steamer being on those waters strikes us, and if a light could have been flashed upon the faces in our boat, I am afraid a sheepish looking crowd would have appeared. In our rest on the shore,

we had not neglected to give the command to the Crescent which is in our rear to pull for the shore also, and we soon hear above the terrific noise in our front the voice of Capt. Andrews quoting scriptural phrases with vehemence worthy of the call, as he calls for our boat and wants to know "What in the thunder is the matter" with us. We explain the matter as well as we are able, which is no sooner done than a lantern is lighted from atop the Crescent and flashed across the water ahead, and we find out the cause of our alarm. We have struck a rookery of water-fowl, and the water ahead is a moving mass of the feathered tribe, flapping their wings and beating the water, without giving forth a single sound from their throats. They do not attempt to fly until our boats are among them, and then it seems as if pandemonium had broken loose. As they rise they strike against the boatsmen's oars, and the mast of our boat, and we actually feel the touch of their wings as they bring their upward flight toward the banks, and then light among the reed and cane, to resume their perches in the water after we pass. By the light which streams across the river from our bow we are able to discern a dozen different varieties of the crane specie. The common white and blue cranes, the egrets with their long beautiful white plumes, flamingoes, curlews, and the water turkey, are among the varieties we note in their hurried flight. A few hundred are passed, and by the noise we hear in our rear we know that they have once more settled down in security upon their watery beds, and are making night hideous.

The little adventure has chased all inclination of sleep from our eyes, and our oarsmen strike out with new vigor, hoping each moment to find dry land. At 2 o'clock the moon rises, as it lights its shed over the surrounding country we see, to our joy, three palm trees, a few hundred yards ahead, which to us is a sure indication of dry land. Landing our boats is but the work of a few seconds and we find ourselves on a high bluff bank, and our feet once more touched *terra firma*. We are too wearied and tired to do aught but lay ourselves on our blankets and go to sleep and when the sun rose next morning it found a quiet camp. At eight o'clock everybody is awake and hurrying up the cook for breakfast. After taking a survey of our night's camp ground, we came to the conclusion that there is certainly a better one somewhere ahead, and so conclude to take a hurried breakfast, push on to some more desirable place and there camp until the following morning, hoping by the worst to recover from our 75-mile journey of the night and day just passed. So off we start, after a cup of coffee, and we are once more floating down between marshy banks, the Captain amusing him-

self with pulling out black bass, while Col. Hopkins and myself are using our guns to some effect on the ducks, which at almost every turn of the river allow us to approach without fear until we get to within shooting distance. Many are wounded, and once they get in among the tall marsh grass we give them up, but many more we safely housed in the bottom of our boat. At 9 o'clock we land at the most beautiful high hummock we have yet seen on our journey. Tying our boats to the trunk of a tree on the water's edge we go to the bank, when to our amazement we find ourselves on the borders of a most beautiful, highly cultivated and at the same time extensive orange and lemon grove. A small house was in process of construction in the middle of the grove, the carpenter's tools lying scattered about, and everything looking as if the women must be somewhere near, but all our calling and noise failed to unearth a living soul. Needing some lemons, to be used for Capt. Andrews' sore throat, and the Professor, who will get dry in spite of the soft, sweet and delightfully tasting water of the Kissimmee river, we gather about a bushel of lemons having the card of "Prof. H., correspondent Harper's Magazine," stuck to a tree, take to our boats, and continue our voyage, as the owner on his return might object to so large a party camping in his orange grove. We learn afterward that the owner had gone out on a hunting expedition down the river, to kill pink curley, which sell to a taxidermist, in Jacksonville, for \$5 a piece.

A five-mile row brings us to another "hummock," high above the river, heavily wooded, with the exception of a small clearing of a few acres, which some enterprising settler has already cleared, and where, from the young orange trees being set out, we will expect in a few years to see a flourishing orange grove instead of the present wilderness. Determining to go no further for that day, the tents are pitched under the trees, and our dinner, as well as breakfast, is in process of preparation. While waiting, the Colonel, Professor and myself take our guns and go on an exploring expedition through the adjoining woods. The Professor may not be either a good fisherman or a hunter after game, but there is one thing sure—when he puts his spectacles high on his nose and takes a bee-line through the woods, he will be certain to discover some Indian mound, unearth some relic of a past age, or find some tree or flower of surprising beauty in his eyes. At first, in the beginning of our journey, we referred to the Professor for information as to the main species, etc., of the different beautiful flowers we saw on every side, with Latin phrases and names which would have dislocated our jaws to pronounce, the Colonel and myself decided to ask no more questions, for fear

of displaying our ignorance on such matters, and thereby gaining the pity, if not the contempt of the Professor. We mutually agreed to swallow everything the Professor says and never to ask questions. On this particular day we do not go far, ere the Professor spies a slight elevation of the ground, and with the explanation that he was sure it was an Indian mound, he rushes in the direction of his beloved object while we continue our work. Coming to the edge of the woods we see a short distance ahead of us quite a neat and comfortable residence, situated on the edge of the prairie intervening between the "hummock" and pine woods in the distance. On arriving at the house we find not a living soul in sight, but the chickens and the ducks in the yard tell us quite plainly that the absence of the owner is only temporary. We return to our camp by a different route, and in passing through a small clearing we see a man at work, and make towards him. Strangers must be an unusual sight, for he continues to stare at us until we arrive in speaking distance. We are informed that the owner and family left for church that morning, and will be back home some time during the following week. We conclude that going to church in that country must mean something.

After making a few inquiries about the backcountry, which we are informed is pine-woods for hundreds of miles, and "mighty pore lands for craps," we continue our course toward the camp. We are hardly 20 yards from the scene of our conversation, on our way across the open field, when we notice a tremendous gobbler running in front of us. I pull my gun up to shoot, but the Colonel interfered with my aim by yelling, "Don't shoot, it is a tame turkey" and although I miss, that turkey rises in the air and flies away, despite the fact that the Colonel takes a shot at him with his rifle and I get another one in. We find utter relief by giving vent to our feelings in language remarkably mild but very plain. It is my first chance for a wild turkey since our journey began, and I feel very sore over my failure. The Colonel consoles me by telling of the number we will see ere our journey is completed. It is poor consolation, and although before we reached our destination I see many a one fall before my gun, still, to this day I remember with anything but pleasure the terrible failure of that day.

On returning to camp we find Caesar smiling and ready to dish up dinner. Our morning's row down the river has given us all an appetite, and we sit down to our dinner of fish, dried venison and cold ham, and eat with a relish only acquired after a few days' camping in the open air. After dinner the Professor exhibits his specimens, found in his search through the woods, which consists of bones and various specimens of rocks, flowers, etc.

We leave him in his glory, and Col. H., Capt. A., and myself take refuge from the hot sun under an adjacent tree, to discuss the programme for the next day's journey. Unintentionally the Colonel, in his remarks, casts a reflection upon the speed of the "Crescent," under the command of Capt. Andrews. Immediately the Captain is up in arms, and the storm of words which ensues bring all the men around us. The matter is compromised by a race the following day, to last for twelve hours, a "go-as-you-please" affair. The men seem to partake of the excitement, and the Captain, assisted by his crew, has his boat pulled on shore, turned over, and all go to work to soak her bottom, and in various other ways get her ready for the race. Our boat is all right, so we amuse ourselves offering suggestions to the Captain and the Professor in the arrangement of their boat, which the Professor treats with contempt, and the Captain answers in language only seen occasionally in scripture. Night soon comes upon us, and every man arranges his seat around our brightly burning campfire, and prepares for the evening talk. It was a pleasant camp, and the sharp contrast between the dark background of the forest in our rear and the river at our feet, shining brightly in the starlight as it glides swiftly on its course to the great Okeechobee, add an additional charm to the scene. Pipes are lighted, anecdotes related and by 12 o'clock Caesar passes around the sugar dish and the tin cups; each man selects a lemon and for a few minutes the clinking of the metal spoons against the cups as the sugar and lemon are mixed, is all the sound heard. One by one we all pay a visit to the roots of a large oak in our rear, where the medicine chest is lying, and return with smiling faces to lie down upon our mossy beds.

Before the sun rises upon the horizon next morning, we are moving swiftly down the Kissimmee, the Captain who has got the start of us, is a short distance in front. The clear, cool, morning air is very refreshing, and we note with interest the beauty of the scenery, changing at every turn of the river. As we leave our camp of the night before, our course lies between high banks covered with a thick forest of oak, which only lasts for a mile or two, when we are again passing between marshy banks, which at first glance remind us more of high green walls, with the different flowering vines having interwoven themselves so thickly among the reeds, and scrub trees that it is impossible for the eye to penetrate the thickness. The morning sun has not yet withered or marred the freshness of the beautiful tropical flowers of every imaginable hue and beauty of form, which peeked forth through this living wall. Once in a while we see an opening about two feet high, look-

ing as if cut by the hand of man, and it takes but little imagination to fancy it the entrance to the bower of some water sprite, but we on our journey have learned a different lesson, and as we approach this sylvan bower our men rest on their oars, and we glide silently down the river until opposite, when the changes are 99 out of 100 that the two bullets from our rifles leaves one less alligator to answer to his name at roll-call. On all sides of us at times these huge monsters are to be seen floating on the water, or lying quietly on the banks sunning themselves. During the early morning we leave them unmolested, unless one is particularly bold, and use our shotguns among the ducks and jacksnipe; at about 11 or 12 o'clock shotguns are laid aside and with rifles we play havoc among the alligators. They are bold and fearless, and in several instances have been known to attack a single man. They are so seldom molested and shot that the crack of our rifles do not disturb them, unless a bullet takes effect, and then if not killed dead make things lively around them for awhile.

At 10 o'clock we overhaul the Crescent, which is moored to the bank of quite a pretty little island covered with a growth of palm and oak trees, the Captain and crew lying exhausted from their morning's work under the shade of a tree. We hear, as we land beside them, murmurs, both loud and weak, about somebody having stolen the lunch they had prepared the night before, and something about having a cup of coffee. Everyone in our boat is quite willing to lose the time necessary to make a cup of coffee, so we also land, and Caesar soon has spread before us the missing lunch belonging to the Crescent, as well as our own. We smile as we notice the peculiar look Captain Andrews gives Caesar as he recognizes his missing lunch. He asks for no explanation from Caesar, but about 10 minutes afterwards, we heard a splashing in the water, and upon looking in the direction of the river we see the Captain standing on the bank, shaking his fist and quoting Scripture to a black and befogged object just emerging from the water, whom we recognize as Colonel Caesar Weeks (colored). A few minutes afterwards we are once more pulling down the stream, the Crescent far in the rear, and Caesar grinning as he remarked: "I made dat captain stop and wait fo us, when he found dat somebody done stole his lunch." He also remarked that "He was sorter careless in goin' so near de ribber dis mornin', specially as de captin was so near behind him."

At 2 o'clock, after passing numerous small hummocks bordering on the river, we come to one containing about fifty acres, with high bluff banks and covered with large and majestic oaks. It is the highest point of ground we

have yet seen, and we have little difficulty in recognizing it, upon reference to our maps, as one of the most celebrated spots of ground during the Indian War of Florida.

Here it is that Micco, an Indian chief, celebrated in his tribe for his great bravery and strategy in war, assembled his warriors, determined to make his last stand against the soldiers before taking to the impenetrable fastness of the Everglades. From this point we find, after climbing up the banks, that a perfect view is attained of all the surrounding country. A huge oak stands upon the bank, towering high above all the others. We can see where, many years ago, the limbs were cut off to give an unimpeded view of the surrounding country, and in the body of the tree are the remains of steps cut in the wood to place the feet in when climbing. Taking a field-glass, I climb to the top of the tree, and obtain a perfect view of the whole country through which we have passed that day. The fire we lighted to cook our breakfast was plainly seen in the distance about five or six miles, although we have come at least twenty-five miles by the river. No wonder Micco selected this spot for a lookout, for anyone approaching by water, coming either from the north or south, could be seen plainly for 12 hours before they arrive. Looking south we see the Kissimmee river, winding like a snake between its marshy banks, until our view is obstructed by a hummock through which it passes and is lost to sight. We select this distant hummock as our camp ground for the night, get down with some difficulty from our lofty perch, take a shotgun and wander into the woods in search of game. We do not go far before we come upon an abandoned Indian camp, which from evidence around it has been occupied in the last few days. We continue our walk until we come to the edge of the woods and find ourselves gazing across an open prairie four or five miles wide on which numerous herds of cattle are grazing. We also see a herd of deer about half a mile from us, but we have not time to spend a couple of hours in an attempt to call within a shooting distance. A shot from Col. Hopkin's gun in the woods tells us that he has found some game, and when, a few moments afterward, we find him, a couple of wild turkeys lying dead at his feet attest his skill as a marksman.

We return to the camp fire where we find Caesar with dinner ready, and the crew of the Crescent, which has just arrived, lying under the shade of a tree, resting from their morning's work. The Captain gives up the wager, and as there is nothing mean about the Col. and myself we call on Caesar for the "keg of nails", wish the Captain better luck next time, and then hide

our blushing faces behind our shiny tin cups. The captain will always imagine that he would have won the race if Caesar had not stolen his lunch, for compelling him to wait for us or travel all day without anything to eat. Caesar always smiles, and looks innocent when anything is said about the race, but for several days thereafter, he keeps out of the way of the Captain.

Dinner is soon disposed of, and our journey resumed. Two hours rowing brings us to the mouth of Istoktoga creek, which is the only outlet to Pokpoga lake, for a large sheet of water, lying twelve to fifteen miles westward of us. We are very successful on this day in shooting ducks and snipe, and when we go into camp, about an hour before dark, we are proud of the array of game lying in front of our campfire. According to our own calculation and the maps, we have traveled over 80 miles, the greatest distance traveled in one day since we began our journey.

As we land we are met by a man on horseback, who, having seen our boats approaching, waits for us to come up. A house in the distance, he tells us, belongs to a Mr. Daugherty, quite a large stock owner; in fact, all the workmen in this country attempt to do nothing else except raise cattle and hogs.

After supper we are visited by several of the residents. We received pressing invitations to visit their houses, and remain several days, which we are reluctantly compelled to decline, except as regards Mr. Daugherty, we have an engagement to visit him next morning for the purpose of inspecting one of the largest Indian mounds in south Florida. We gather from our visitors a great deal of valuable information as to the surrounding country, and the journey that lies before us.

A good supper, followed by a good nights rest, and we rise at daylight feeling perfectly refreshed and ready for our day's journey. After breakfast we visit Mr. Daugherty and are introduced to his family. Mr. D. is busy killing hogs, and on inspecting the lot in the pen waiting their turn to be transferred into bacon, I noticed they were all jet black in color. To my surprise, Mr. Daugherty informed me that no other species could be raised in that section on account of the paint root or warm pea, which is shaped similar to a carrot, both ten times hotter than tap water, and any person coming into contact with bare feet, is affected with a burning sensation, worse than itch, for which there is no relief. White or spotted hogs lose their hoofs, whether from eating or coming in contact with it I was unable to learn. The black hogs keep fat upon it and are not affected at all by contact.

The Indian mound that we have come to visit, we find about 200 yards from the house. It is about 40 feet high and about 80 feet at its base, built of white sand, and covered with a stunted growth of trees. Some gentlemen from the Smithsonian Institute visited this mound last year, and dug into it for about eight feet, their search being rewarded by quite a number of relics. I obtained several relics myself, consisting of beads, three pieces of silver, and a small ornament, round in shape, about the size of an acorn, and hollow, so corroded with rust and age that the species of metal it is made of I have as yet been unable to determine. To tell the truth, not being much of an antiquarian, I have taken very little interest in the relics, and they still lie at the bottom of my trunk. Numbers of skulls and bones lie scattered around in the sand. The remains of a canal, running in the direction of the river, is plainly to be seen, and I suppose that the land of which this mound is built is the same which was dug up in its construction. Whether in digging the canal they had any other object than to obtain the material for the mound I know not, and leaving the problem to be solved by some more scientific mortal than your correspondent.

Before leaving we are presented with a basket of fresh eggs and several chickens, which we accept with many thanks. We return to our boats, find tents struck and everything ready for departure; so bidding farewell to our new friends, we pass around the tin cups, smile at Caesar as he solemnly pauses before each individual with the "keg of nails" under his arm, his polite invitation of "Drive a nail in yer coffin, sar," causing a look of surprise to show itself upon the face of our new friends, step on board our boats, push off from shore, and are soon rowing swiftly down the river, our oarsmen keeping time with their oars to the singing of the Professor in our rear, the only words of his song distinguishable being something about "Johnny fill up the bowl."

We are now about 125 miles from Lake Okeechobee, and ere two more suns shall set we hope to be sailing over its surface.

[FEBRUARY 10, 1883] A run of 10 miles on the morning of December 3 brings us to Fort Bassinger, so named from it having been used during the Indian War as a depot of supplies for the army. For a long time after it was abandoned by the government the surrounding country was without a single inhabitant, but such a magnificent grazing country could not remain forever without an occupant, and so one by one the stockmen were attracted, and moved in the neighborhood, until the space of six or seven miles there are at least a dozen families now residing. We were in hopes of finding a

postoffice here, or some means of communicating with family and friends, but there was none and no chance of getting a letter to the nearest post-office under two weeks, so half-dozen letters were torn up and thrown aside, and we were all soon seated in the little country grocery which this place boasts, listening to the proprietor, who gives us some valuable information about our route. The proprietor is a gentleman by the name of Pierce about 59 or 60 years of age, who is an old settler, and has seen a great deal of frontier life. Being a man of intelligence and education we listen to him with interest and attention. We visit his garden, which is quite an expensive one, and in it we find ripe tomatoes, beans, peas, watermelons, green corn, Irish and sweet potatoes, and other varieties of vegetables, growing luxuriantly and bearing in profusion. All this we see on the 3rd. day of December, when in the northern portion of the State frost and ice are the order of the day. We have not yet passed the frost line, for our entertainer says he has seen vegetation killed many times since he came here to live. We accept with thanks, a large basket of vegetables for the use of our party.

We see no fruit trees planted, but Mr. Pierce informed us that now that there were in a short time being opened a communication from the Gulf to Kissimmee City, that he intends planting quite a large grove of orange, lemon and pineapple on his land, which is high hummock, the soil very rich. Being anxious to push on, we are compelled to decline Mr. P.'s invitation to spend the night with him, and wend our way to our boats. As we reach them we find Caesar with true hospitality has forestalled us by making preparations to offer Mr. P. hospitality by placing upon the bow of the boat that delapidated "keg of nails," surrounded by his attendant tin cup. With many kind wishes for a successful voyage, and admonition from Mr. P. to beware of sleeping too near the waters edge when in the vicinity of alligators, we push off from shore, and are once more riding down the river.

For the first five miles we note a great deal of high hummock land but a short distance from the bank of the river on the west side. Pine woods extend backward as far as the eye can reach. After traveling about 10 miles we come to a beautiful camp ground, high hummock composed of large oaks and tall palms, and a good landing for our boats, and as we have adopted a rule never to pass a good camp ground after 1 o'clock in the evening, our boats are headed for the shore and all the men are soon busy arranging camp for the night.

An open field lies on our left of about 40 acres, and about a quarter of a mile distance we see quite a neat house and outbuildings. Taking our

guns, we saunter across the field in the direction of the house. We have not gone many yards before we come upon a flock of partridges feeding in front of us, seemingly undisturbed by our approach. I take the first shot at the birds on the ground, and the Colonel stands ready with cocked gun to shoot them as they fly. Although I kill several at the first fire, the rest remain huddled up together, and I take a second shot with the remaining charge in my gun with some effect, they still remained huddled together attempting neither to fly nor run. The Colonel steps in my place and opens fire on them with both barrels of his guns, the few remaining birds, instead of flying, begin running across the corn rows in the direction of the woods. We kill several more as they run in front of us, we count our game and find that we have killed twenty-three birds. I will state here, that after passing Fort Bassinger, although we fired into numerous flocks of partridges, and killed many before our journey ended yet in not one single instance would they fly or attempt to move until after the third or fourth shot. We come across one more flock before we reach the house, and fifteen more birds are added to our bag. On arriving at the house we are received in a very hostile manner by a big bobtailed crop-eared "yaller dog," who, after a few preliminary barks, drops in our rear, and while we are opening conversation with a man seated on the fence, he (the "yaller dorg") tests the thickness of the Colonel's "unmentionables," and being a dog of noble birth, he bites high. We have always heard that when a man receives a bullet through his heart, he leaps in the air before he falls; but we saw a man on that occasion who wasn't shot through the heart or anywhere else, and instead of falling to the ground, he stayed on top of the fence. I am not fond of climbing fences myself, but when I do climb, I always do it quickly. We are not afraid the dog will hurt us, but we are very much afraid we will hurt the dog, as he is made to retire before we come down.

In our conversation with the man, we learn that the owner is absent. He also informs us that there are fifteen of twenty flocks of partridges that stay in the field through which we have come; that they never before had been shot at until that evening, and were so tame that they frequently fed in the yard with the chickens.<sup>9</sup>

Seeing twenty or thirty milch cows around the pen, waiting to be milked, we engage some sweet milk for supper, and start on our return to camp. On our way we came across one or two more flocks of partridges, and as a result of an hours shooting we count forty-three birds. Perhaps, as Colonel H. said, "It was unsportsmanlike to shoot birds on the ground," but as far as

I myself are concerned, I much prefer picturing myself seated before our campfire, watching Caesar broiling the same upon the coals, than banging away at a lot of flying birds, killing none, and coming to camp demoralized with an empty game bag. In fact, I, as a boy took my first lessons in shooting from an "old darkey" whose whole and only advice was to "shoot 'em in de head, shoot 'em in de tail, shoot 'em in de wing, shoot 'em anywhar, so you kill 'em," and I have never gone back on my teaching.

When we arrive at camp Colonel H. goes to work with needle and thread to repair the damages caused by the contact with the "yaller dorg," and all prepare for supper.

Moss we find in abundance, and after the tents are stretched, the interior is filled to a depth of three feet which makes a soft and comfortable bed. After our supper of ducks, fish and partridges, not forgetting a cup of rich sweet milk which is sent from the house, we all retire to our soft beds and sleep soundly until sunrise next morning.

We learn from the man we met the evening before, that this is the last house we will see on the rest of our journey until we reach civilization on the Caloosahatchee, a distance of about 225 or 250 miles. A point of timber is shown us about five miles off, which we are told is the last timber we will see and the only dry land we can camp on before reaching Lake Okeechobee. We cannot tell how far it is to Lake Okeechobee, never having been there, but think it is 100 or 125 miles.

The Colonel and myself, while the men are packing the boats, take one more turn among the partridges, and when we step on board to resume our journey half an hour afterwards, we feel that we have enough birds on hand to last for a day or two. We take our last look at civilization as we glide down the river, and our sensation is not a pleasant one in some respects. No one makes any remarks except Caesar, who in a most serious manner, suggests he "Hopes Capt. Andrews goin' to stop dat way he got of pushin' dis nigger in de ribber every chance he gits, fur fust thing he know I sure to cotch cold, and den whar is de doctor to come from?"

Our course down the river lines through the same marshy banks and the only different scene is in the increase in the number of alligators and ducks. Today we killed a large number of species of ducks quite new to me. It is a small teal, gray in color, and as fat as a butterball. Like the teal of Louisiana, they go in large flocks. They are so tame that our boat is often in the midst of a flock before they attempt to fly. We have seen but few large mallards on our journey, as we understand they prefer feeding in the

rivers near the gulf coast. We see numerous flocks of sandhill cranes but so far we have been unable to kill a single one. Nor have we been able to get a shot at a pink curlew. The common white crane, eagrets and ibis we see in numbers, and could kill at any hour of the day but we do not waste ammunition in useless slaughter. The eagret when in full plumage in the month of August, is hunted and killed for their plumes, which rivals the ostrich in beauty, are much sought after by our northern belles, during their winter sojourn in the Land of Flowers, and used to adorn hats and bonnets.

At 10 o'clock we arrive at the point of timber seen in the morning, and conclude to pitch our tents and remain there until next morning. Orders are given for unpacking both boats, which are to undergo a thorough washing and cleaning; valises are opened and contents put in the sun; provisions are inspected, in fact a general overhauling takes place and every man is soon busy at work. The Professor selects a good point for a sketch of the camp, and is soon oblivious to all surroundings; Capt. Andrews sits complacently upon a fallen tree, smoking a cigar and sewing on a missing button. So, while everybody is preoccupied, the Col. and myself, after a parting conjunction to Caesar to wash, clean and dry everything before we get back, we take our guns and start through the woods, hoping to knock over a duck or turkey. We separate after getting a short distance in the woods and each take an opposite route. After traveling a short distance the "gobbling" of a turkey puts me on my guard, and I lie down behind a tree to wait quietly until I can locate my game. As the sound comes nearer and nearer I lie quietly and await his approach. In a few minutes I see approaching a fine specimen of a gobbler, followed by two hens. Nearer and nearer they come, unconscious of danger, the male leading the way, the dark purple plumage on his breast fairly glittering in the sunlight, until they are within close shooting distance, when, after taking deliberate aim across the tree I fire at his majesty with deadly effect, and as the hens rise in the air I empty my remaining barrel and bring one of them down. I think I have done my duty for one day, so tying my two turkeys together, I take my seat on the fallen tree, light my pipe, and wait to hear the sound of the Colonel's rifle, that I may know where he is and join him, we having agreed on parting that after hunting an hour, to return to the spot at which we parted, the first to arrive to fire off his gun. Now, to tell the truth, in wandering around I have not exactly lost myself in the woods, but I certainly don't know in what direction to go to reach the rendezvous agreed on. Over an hour has passed, when the stillness of the woods is awakened by the

crack of a rifle within 50 yards of me. There is a cracking of dried twigs, a rushing of some object through the bushes, and, as I reach for my gun, a huge buck bounds within 30 feet of me, drops to the ground, attempts to rise again, and then falls back struggling. I give a whoop to notify the Colonel of his proximity to me, and he, having answered, soon joins me, and with cocked guns we approach the stricken animal, which is still struggling on the ground. We are both aware of the danger in "tackling" a wounded buck, so when we get within a few yards, we do not hesitate to give him a second bullet, which ends his career. The Colonel draws his hunting knife across the bucks throat and while we wait for him to quit bleeding, pipes are lighted, and we sit on a log and discuss the "ways and means" of getting our game to camp. Our discussion ends in cutting a short sapling, tying the bucks feet together, passing the sapling between his legs, and, with the turkeys across also, each puts an end upon his shoulder, and we trudge in the direction of camp, which we soon reach.

On our approach to camp it certainly looks like "washing day," for every bush and bunch of grass is covered with some article drying in the sun. I remark to the Colonel that Caesar is obeying to the letter instructions to wash everything in camp, from the looks of things; and it would not have surprised us to have seen the Professor and Capt. Andrews well washed and stretched out on a limb to dry. On getting into camp we hand over our game and inquire for the Captain. We are informed he is asleep in the tent, after having been fishing all the morning. We next look for the "keg of nails," which we do not find in its accustomed place in the tent, so we wake the Captain up to assist us in searching for it. He joins us in the search, but we search in vain. The Captain inquires as to the whereabouts of Caesar, and on being informed that he is on the river bank obeying our instructions of washing everything in the camp, he suggests the idea that perhaps he (Caesar) thought the "keg of nails" needed washing, and had put it among the soiled clothes. Acting upon his suggestion we start to look for Caesar. We have no difficulty in detecting his whereabouts, for from the river bank in anything but a musical voice, we hear him singing in stentorian tones the following refrain: "When de rocks begin to tumble and de elements to fall oh, sinner where will you stand!"

As we near him we take a look at the result of his labors, and oh, horrors! On every side each one of us recognizes some familiar garment we thought safely housed in our valise, that that morning nicely starched and clean we had looked at with pride, and fancied with much pleasure to don

them when we reached civilization, while now wet and steaming in the sun they lie wet and spread out before us. On one side lies the Colonel's blue cloth coat, the pride of his heart, and keeping it company is a pair of lavender colored pants belonging to the Captain. Words give but a poor expression of our feelings. The Captain's face turns red, the Colonel's pale, and both make some remark about mill-dams, etc. A few steps farther we come upon Caesar. Behind him, in reach of his hand, sits the "keg of nails," a tin cup by its side, while he, drunk as a lord, sits upon the Captain's fine ulster, the sleeves of which he is lathering with soap. We do our best to look dignified, speak calmly, but I am afraid it was a failure. He says he is obeying orders, and as we left our valises wide open he supposed we wanted the contents washed; as for the "keg of nails," he carried it with him for safe keeping during our absence, and on his word of honor as a gentleman he has not touched a drop that day. We see he is too far gone to argue with, so we gather up our delapidated effects with the remains of the "keg of nails," and sorrowfully return to the camp to get a courtmartial to try Caesar as soon as sober enough. Mac takes charge of the cooking, while Caesar rolls up in his blanket, and is innocently snoring a short distance off. Caesar's little mistake does not prevent us from enjoying our supper, and we sit around our campfire that night, the remembrance of each others face causes many a hearty laugh. Capt. Andrews describes, most graphically, how I looked and acted, which complement our return, and then we join forces, and go for the Colonel. It is 12 o'clock before we retire to our tents, and we are not long in searching for the "land of Nod."

At 4 o'clock the camp is aroused, tents struck and boats packed, while Caesar, looking as innocent as a lamb, is preparing breakfast. We all understand that if we do not reach Lake Okeechobee before dark, that we will be compelled to sleep all night in our boats, as we know it would not be too prudent to travel after dark through the country which we expect to find difficult enough by daylight. Pine wood is cut, split, and thrown in the bottom of the boat, for making torches in case of need, and after a hearty breakfast, just as the first streak of dawn appears, we push off from shore, and our men with a determination to reach Okeechobee before dark, provided it is not more than a hundred miles, turn to their oars and send our boats spinning down the swift current of the Kissimmee. We feel certain of making a hundred miles that day, if necessary, at the rate we start off; and we know our men will work as they have never worked before, rather than spend a sleepless night in our little boats, anchored in the middle of the river.

After traveling about 25 miles between marshy banks, covered by a depth of water from two to three feet, the river gets wider, and the current becomes stronger. No dry land as yet meet our eyes. A few miles further on we come to a place where the river divides itself. Which branch to take we are unable to decide, as they are equally wide and the current flows swiftly down both. Not wishing to blame ourselves in case we make a mistake, we allow Caesar to suggest which we shall take. Without hesitation he says the left hand stream is the genuine river, and to the left we go. For four or five miles we are of Caesar's opinion concerning the right course; but, alas, we are doomed to disappointment, as we suddenly come to where the stream is obstructed by lettuce, saw grass and marsh weeds, and after a few vain attempts to get through, we conclude that it is a useless waste of time, and so, with disappointed faces, we begin our toilsome row against the swift current toward the point at which the river had divided itself, for the purpose of taking the other prong. We arrive there after a while; but the men are worn out with their heavy pull against the current, so we anchor, rest, and take lunch, which consumes an hour of precious time to us.

By 1 o'clock in the afternoon we resume our voyage, the men refreshed and rested, and as we have had an opportunity of venting our ill-humor on Caesar for his mistake in taking the wrong course, we feel in much better spirits. We do not use our shotguns to-day on ducks, as we have no time to stop and pick them up; but our rifles are kept warm all day, and many an alligator's spirit winged its flight toward the "haven" from which no good alligator ever returns. Mile after mile is passed and the same vast area of marsh and water meets the eye on every side, with not a foot of dry land, and not a tree in sight to relieve the monotony of the scene around us. Hour after hour passes, and our eyes are not gladdened by a sight of the waters of the lake.

At 4 o'clock Mac volunteers to climb the mast of our boat and attempt to get a view over the tall grass, hoping to cheer us with good news, but he comes down and reports that the view is so obstructed that he can only see about a mile ahead. But one short hour lies before us for work, so calling to Capt. Andrews to come on at his leisure, as we intended pulling rapidly until sundown, hoping to either find a small spot of dry ground or reach the lake, and the men knowing what a short time lies before them, pull with renewed vigor and we shoot ahead of the Crescent, losing sight of her at the first bend in the river. Six or seven miles are passed over; the sun will in a few minutes set and we see no other fate in store for us but a miserable night

in our open boats, without even the consolation of a cup of coffee, when our boat glides around a bend of the river and hearts are gladdened and eyes greeted with our first sight of the far-famed Lake Okeechobee, the sun, like a ball of fire, resting upon its surface as if ready to sink beneath the waters, which, in our eyes and imagination, it certainly does a very few minutes afterward.

Editor's Note: The description of the remainder of this journey around the lake shore to the Caloosahatchee river and thence to Fort Myers will be printed in the 1951 *Tequesta*.

## Contributors

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HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

TREASURER'S REPORT

FISCAL YEAR ENDING AUGUST 31, 1950

RECEIPTS

On hand September 1, 1949

Building Fund.....	\$ 15.00	
General Fund.....	771.73	\$ 786.73

Dues Collected.....	1,577.00	
Contributions to Building Fund.....	58.27	
Miscellaneous Income.....	103.63	1,718.90

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing & mailing Tequesta.....	\$ 676.67	
Corresponding Secretary.....	364.49	
Treasurer .....	146.64	
Program Meetings.....	244.18	
Miscellaneous Expenses.....	34.15	1,466.13

On hand August 31, 1950

Building Fund.....	\$ 73.27	
General Fund.....	966.23	1,039.50
		<u>\$2,505.63</u>
		<u>\$2,505.63</u>

Dues	Membership for	Annual	Sustaining	Total
	1948	433	70	504
	1949	430	120	550
	1950*	328	113	441
*1949 dues collected to 9/1/49		317	102	419

*Building Fund.* The Association solicited contributions in an endeavor to have the Cape Florida Lighthouse declared a National Monument. \$33.27 was not used and was added to the Building Fund, together with individual contributions of \$25. Further additions to this fund should be encouraged.

*Miscellaneous Income.* Of this, \$40 was derived from the sale of former issues of Tequesta and \$63.63 from profit on the sale of other publications.

*Publication of Tequesta.* The 1949 Tequesta was somewhat reduced in number of pages, with consequent savings. 1949—\$676.67. 1948—\$910.75.

The corresponding secretary is charged with stationery, stamps, P. O. box rent, and expenses for circularization for new members; the treasurer with bank service charges and expense of sending notices of dues; and the program meetings with notices of meetings, lights and janitor service.

EDWIN G. BISHOP, *Treasurer.*

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