

Tequesta:

THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Editor: Charlton W. Tebeau

NUMBER XXIII

1 9 6 3

C O N T E N T S

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Lieutenant Hartsuff and the Banana Plants <i>By Ray B. Seley, Jr.</i> | 3 |
| The Wreck of the <i>Victor</i> <i>By Mrs. Bessie Wilson DuBois</i> | 15 |
| Cycles of Conquest in Florida <i>By Charles W. Arnade</i> | 23 |
| North to South Through the Glades in 1883 <i>Edited by Mary K. Wintringham</i> | 33 |
| Contributors | 60 |
| The Association's Historical Marker Program | 61 |
| The Treasurer's Annual Report | 62 |
| List of Members | 64 |

COPYRIGHT 1963 BY THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Tequesta: is published annually by the Historical Association of Southern Florida and the University of Miami. Communications should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, 2010 North Bayshore Drive, Miami 37, Florida. Neither the Association nor the University assumes responsibility for statements of fact or opinion made by contributors.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

Tequesta:

Lieutenant Hartsuff and the Banana Plants

By RAY B. SELEY, JR.

Most readers of Florida history have come across the story of how the third phase of the Seminole Wars was started in December of 1855, when the soldiers "chopped down the banana plants, just to see Old Billy cut up," and how Billy Bowlegs retaliated by attacking the party next morning. The incident changed the pattern of the efforts of the United States Government to send the Seminoles to the Indian Territory and should not be dismissed so lightly. For several years before the attack a system of pressure tactics had been used in the attempt to persuade the Seminoles to emigrate to the Indian Territory.¹ Increasing numbers of troops were placed on the frontier, military roads and outposts were built and more citizens were allowed to occupy the areas vacated by the Indians. At the same time, the Indians were urged to migrate by some of their brethren who were brought from Indian Territory for that purpose, and rewards were offered for the capture of Indians. Following the attack, open hostilities broke out, ending in 1858 when all but a few of the remaining Seminoles had been captured and sent to Oklahoma.

The Military records indicate that the story of the destruction of the banana plants has no foundation in fact. While there is mention of some soldiers taking bananas from a deserted village, it appears likely that the Indians making the attack did not know it. When advised that the first small military patrol of the new dry season was proceeding along the road to the outposts established during the previous winter, Bowlegs probably ordered

¹ James W. Covington, "The Indian Scare of 1849," *Tequesta*, Number XXI, 1961 contains a discussion of government policies and status of the Indians during this period.

a party of warriors to watch their movements. The route of the Indians from their home near Royal Palm Hammock to the site of the attack would not likely have taken them through the deserted village.

The story of the destruction of the banana plants stems from the pen of Andrew P. Canova, private in the Volunteers, who wrote a series of interesting letters to his home town newspaper at Palatka, describing his adventures and explaining to the folks back home why he had come to south Florida to fight the Indians. Later, with the help and urging of friends, he added an introduction and some other stories which were published as a pamphlet in 1855. His introductory remarks tell the story of the banana plant episode. He was not present at the attack but joined the Volunteers in 1856.²

By 1854, posts had been established for some time at Fort Meade, Fort Dallas, Fort Brooke at Tampa Bay, and an outpost at Fort Myers, among others, and preparations were made to advance the frontier of white settlement to the south, on the west side of Lake Okeechobee. In December, 1853, George Lucas Hartsuff, 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Artillery, was transferred from the Eighth Department of the Army, at Fort Brown, Texas, to arrive in Florida some months later.

Hartsuff was born at Tyre, New York, on the 28th of May, 1830, and moved to Michigan with his family in 1842. In 1848, he secured an appointment to the Military Academy, and graduated in 1852, in nineteenth place in a class of forty-three members.³ After a month at Governor's Island, he went with a detachment of recruits to join his Company at Fort Brown, Texas. Here he was engaged most of the time in scouting and escort duty. Under confidential orders from Department Headquarters, he made an examination of the Rio Grande Valley from Rio Grande City to the Gulf to find suitable locations for posts at a time when there was threatened difficulty with Mexico concerning the Messila Valley.⁴

² Andrew P. Canova, *Life and Adventures in South Florida*, Tribune Printing Company, Tampa, Florida, reprinted 1906.

³ George W. Cullum, *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy*, Vol. II, page 484-490.

⁴ National Archives, *Records of the War Department*, "Office of the Adjutant General, Appointment, Commission and Personal Branch," 2557 ACP 1871.

In the fall of 1853, Yellow Fever ravaged the whole Gulf coast. Hartsuff was extremely ill during the month of December, and was granted two months leave which was extended three months longer for him to recuperate. Returning to duty in June, he was ordered to join his company and arrived at Fort Meade on July 1, 1854.⁵

In April and May of 1854, Lt. Henry Benson had examined the country between Fort Meade and Fort Thompson, and between Fort Meade and a point opposite Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchee with a view to making roads.⁶ In October, Lieutenant Hartsuff examined the country between Lieutenant Benson's blazed route and Peas Creek.⁷ Lieutenant Benson, meanwhile, explored the route for a road from Fort Thompson to the ford on Thlathlopka-hatchee, or Fisheating Creek, and the rest of the route from Fort Meade around the headwaters of Fisheating Creek to Fort Thompson.⁸

On the second of November, Major Lewis Golding Arnold was ordered to move his command from Fort Meade to Fort Thompson, making a road as he went. The re-activation of Fort Thompson was the beginning of five months of extensive study and exploration of the area south of the Caloosahatchee, and attempts to find routes across the Everglades to connect Fort Dallas and Fort Capron with the west coast.

Lieutenant Hartsuff left Fort Thompson December fifth to explore the country between the Thathlopopka south down the shore of Lake Okeechobee and back along the Caloosahatchee. He found that he could get no nearer the lake than five miles with his wagon, but learned the extent of the marsh bordering the lake. Returning on December eighth, he was ordered to examine the south bank of the Caloosahatchee and continue along the shore of the lake. Two days sufficed to convince him that it was of the same character and that it was "totally unfitted for human habitation."⁹

In the early part of January, 1855, parties were sent to make further explorations. Lt. Thomas McCurdy Vincent left Fort Thompson to explore

⁵ National Archives, *Memo Book, Headquarters Troops in Florida*, Series II, Vol. 16, page 11, RG98.

⁶ National Archives, *Records of the Department of Florida*, "Letters Received, Florida," RG98, B 6 1854.

⁷ *Ibid.* H 19 1854.

⁸ *Ibid.* B 11 1854.

⁹ *Ibid.* Enclosure with 64 M 1855.

Fisheating Creek. Taking a boat, he launched it at the first place where he could approach the banks, descended to the site of old Fort Center, continued to its mouth, and explored the lake shore for a few miles on each side. He found only marsh and the only solid ground at the site of Fort Center and at the place where he launched his boat.¹⁰

Lieut. Stephen H. Weed explored the Caloosahatchee River from Fort Myers and found it navigable for large size boats as far as Fort Deynaud.¹¹ Lieutenant Hartsuff explored some thirty or more miles to the southeast from Fort Thompson and found he could not approach closer than a mile to Lake Okeechobee because of the marsh, and found only one site where a blockhouse might be built. He followed an Indian trail northward to where it crossed the Caloosahatchee and recognized the crossing as the place he had been the month before when exploring the north side of that river.¹²

Colonel Harvey Brown arrived at Fort Myers on January 12th with six companies of recruits for the 2nd Artillery, and assumed command of the troops south of the Caloosahatchee. On January 20th, instructions were issued to him to build a blockhouse at Fort Deynaud, one on the opposite bank of the river, one at the site of old Fort Center, and one on the east side of Lake Okeechobee. A blockhouse was to be erected at the site of old Depot No. 1, at the head of the Big Cypress, one at Punta Rassa, and additional storehouses at Fort Myers. Roads were to be built to connect these posts, and to be extended southeast to the Everglades. These works were to occupy the rest of the dry winter season. ¹³

To Major William Hays was given the work at Fort Deynaud and Fort Center.¹⁴ Captain Henry Clay Pratt was ordered to build the road from Fort Myers to the head of the Big Cypress about forty miles southeast, find a suitable site and erect a blockhouse.¹⁵

Lieutenant Hartsuff was appointed Topographical Engineer on January 22nd, and ordered to accompany Captain Pratt. His instructions from Colonel Brown were, in part:

¹⁰ Ibid. 1/64 M 1855.

¹¹ Ibid. 2/64 M 1855.

¹² Ibid. 3/64 M 1855.

¹³ Ibid. 3/54 M 1855.

¹⁴ Ibid. 4/54 M 1855.

¹⁵ Ibid. 5/54 M 1855.

"I have selected you to perform the duties of Topographical Engineer, to survey the country in the vicinity of the Big Cypress Swamp & Everglades, in connection with the parties to be sent to cut roads from this post & to build forts at such places as may be selected . . . The chief objects to which you will direct your attention besides the general geography of the country and the marking out of roads, will be the finding and conspicuously marking pine islands, hammocks, & other high grounds where troops can be encamped in the summer, or in the wet season, water courses, streams, ponds and wells where water can be provided in winter . . . You will also note the quantity of arable land and its quality that you may discover, where and how located and as you will have seen & reconnoitered nearly all the practicable country south of Fish Eating Creek, you will please give the results of your observations, as to its value & capability of supporting a civilized population . . ."16

Lieutenant Hartsuff went with Captain Pratt, helped with the selection of a site for the blockhouse, which was named Fort Simon Drum. He explored to the southeast for a few days and then blazed a trail northward to Fort Deynaud. On February 16th, the blockhouse was finished and Captain Pratt's command was relieved by Captain Arnold Elzey and his company. Accompanied by Hartsuff, Elzey proceeded eastward towards the Everglades, and selected Waxy Hadjo's landing as the site for his blockhouse. It was named Fort Shackelford.¹⁷ From there, Hartsuff explored south along the Everglades three miles, which was as far as conditions would permit. To the northward, he reached the area he had explored in early January.

Finding the country south of Fort Shackelford too difficult, it was decided to continue explorations from Fort Drum. A supply depot was established 18 miles southeast of that base. From there, Hartsuff explored the country to the east and south. He found several Indian villages, including those of Assunwa and Billy Bowlegs, who were both friendly and visited the encampment of the troops. The explorations from there reached the area explored from Fort Shackelford.

¹⁶ Ibid. Enclosure with 116 M 1856, Report of reconnaissance, Hartsuff, June 18, 1855, and 7 B 1855.

¹⁷ Ibid. Enclosure with 7 B 1855, Elzey to Brown, February 26, 1855.

In April, Hartsuff explored to the southwest from Fort Drum, finding old Fort Keais, but was unable to find the site of Fort Foster. A base camp was established eighteen miles southwest from Fort Drum, and explorations extended towards the Gulf of Mexico. Parties on foot were able to penetrate to Malco River (now Marco River or possibly Henderson Creek), but it was not possible to find a route suitable for a wagon road.

The arrival of the spring rains terminated the operations in early June. The supply depots and Forts Shackelford and Drum were abandoned for the season, and the troops went back to Fort Myers and Fort Deynaud. On June 18th, Hartsuff submitted his report and maps. Following are excerpts from his nineteen page report.

“On my arrival at Fort Deynaud after an absence in the swamp of more than three months, my field duties as Topographical Engineer ended. The map accompanying this I have made full and complete as possible with the limited means in my power, and to it I must refer you, for any information of the country, not contained in this report. There is not a trail or road represented that I have not passed over . . .”

“For agricultural purposes, I can conceive of no country not entirely a barren waste, more utterly & wholly worthless than this. The only portion, that can be made at all productive are the hammocks which are small few & scattered, for all other purposes it is in my opinion equally valueless to a civilized population. It can never be occupied except in the same manner as the Indians who occupy it. For them in consequence of their peculiar habit & wants it is habitable & considering its resources *to them* both for subsistence & concealment, and the smallness of their number, as a stronghold in case of hostilities, it is impregnable.

“There are dense tangled hammocks, thickets, lily ponds, etc., innumerable in which every part of their nation might baffle the search of our whole army. They have a large number of hogs, some cattle, their storehouses contain more or less corn & they seem to have plenty of powder and ball. There are cabbage trees alone in the swamp provided they had no other means of subsistence, sufficient to last them a century & to prevent them from obtaining food

from the coast in fish oysters etc., would require a force in boats throughout its whole extent from Punta Rassa to Cape Sable. Their perfect system of espionage and signal fires, will effectually prevent their ever being taken by chance or accident. Considering all this & keeping in view the result of a former expedition in the same country by a large force, led by experienced guides in which after a long and severe campaign, two soldiers were killed & not an Indian seen, I think I may be justified in asserting that if the Indians are properly led, I would engage to take Sebastopol in the same time and with the same number of men that I would require to forcibly expel them."¹⁸

Further explorations would have to wait for the end of the rainy season. From June to November, in an average year, water covers much of the area. The land is essentially flat. Except for occasional pine islands a few inches higher than the surrounding area, the ground will not support the hooves of horses or wagon wheels. The heavy rainfall usually ceases in October, and a few more weeks must elapse before the ground dried sufficiently to permit exploring parties to take the field. Early in December, Colonel Brown issued orders to Hartsuff; ". . . you will proceed to Fort Simon Drum, and from thence to Fort Shackelford, and those parts of the Big Cypress Swamp explored last year, and will examine their present condition; whether the forts are in good order and have not been disturbed; and the country as to water, cultivation and provisions of the Indians and more particularly, whether inhabited now or at any time during the winter by them; in what numbers, and whether and to what extent they have planted."¹⁹

Hartsuff left Fort Myers on December 7th, 1855, with six mounted men, two foot soldiers, and two teamsters driving two wagons drawn by mules. They encamped the second night about thirty miles southeast of Fort Myers, and on the third day, while exploring, saw an Indian man and a boy

¹⁸ Ibid. Copy of report of reconaissance, George L. Hartsuff, enclosure with 116 M 1855. The map, opposite page 26, Memoirs of Major Frances N. Page, Series II, Vol. 8, Records of the Department of Florida, RG98, appears to be the original by Hartsuff. L89-7, RG77, bears the signature of "H. C. Pratt, Capt. 2nd Arty., 1856," and appears to be a working copy. L89-3, March 1857 and L89-6, were drawn by Captain J. W. Abert, probably in the course of preparation for L89-1, April 1857, which is a large map of Florida on tracing paper, encompassing the information from Hartsuff's map and report.

¹⁹ Ibid. 49 B 1855.

herding hogs. The Indians tried to avoid the soldiers and showed no disposition to give any information. The next day the scouting party found Fort Simon Drum had been burned. They proceeded to Fort Shackelford and found it burned also. Two days examination of the country and deserted Indian villages, and the trails overgrown with weeds convinced them there had been no Indians in the vicinity in recent months. Returning to Fort Drum, they went southeast and encamped on the night of December 17th on a pine island, in the vicinity of the supply depot used the previous spring. On the 18th, they went to Billy Bowlegs' camp of the previous year and found it deserted, with untended vegetables growing where previous gardens had been. Private William Baker, in his statement says, "they saw no one there; some of the party took a bunch of bananas." On the 19th, they visited some other Indian villages but these also were deserted and they found no signs of the presence of Indians.²⁰

Having been told the evening before that they were to return to Fort Myers, the teamsters rose early on the morning of Thursday, the 20th, to harness the twelve mules, and the rest of the men were called shortly thereafter. Private Otto Hersch cooked breakfast and fed the men, and while he was packing the equipment the others started to saddle their horses. Baker was preparing breakfast for Lieut. Hartsuff who was dressed and had washed and was combing his hair. Sergeant Holland and Corporal Williams were on the far side of the pines with their horses. Hanna and Murtagh were saddling their horses near the wagons. The teamsters and two other men were lounging near the fire. Suddenly, shots rang out, accompanied by war whoops. A party of Indians had approached to within a few yards undetected. The men near the fire fell instantly.

Upon seeing the Indians, Hanna and Murtagh fired their own guns and finding three others nearby, fired these also. Hanna was wounded and Murtagh sought protection under the wagon. After firing once more, Hanna followed to the wagon.

²⁰ Ibid. 59 B 1855. The sequence of the scout and skirmish are reconstructed from the reports of the survivors. The cover endorsement states that 59 B 1855 contained thirteen enclosures. Some of the enclosures were forwarded to the Adjutant General's Office, with 15 M 1856, Letters Received, AGO, RG94. No statement of Private Ernest Bordsedh, of Company "K," was found. He was not listed as among those killed, nor among those who escaped uninjured. The extent of his injuries is not known.

When Baker saw the Indians, he dropped the officer's breakfast, seized his musket, fired once and then ran to the wagon to join Hanna and Murtagh. Hersch, by himself, packing the mess equipment, fired at an Indian and fell to the ground. After reloading, and seeing no more of the soldiers, he endeavored to escape in the high grass. Holland and Williams had left their muskets behind. They retreated to cover around the edge of a nearby hammock.

Meanwhile, Hartsuff from the door of his tent, fired his revolver with effect at close range at Indians whose attention was directed towards the wagons, and after receiving a wound in the arm, ran to the wagon. After five minutes of fighting Hartsuff found his command reduced to three privates, one wounded, and himself with a broken arm.

After firing a few rounds, Murtagh fell with a wound in the abdomen, and Baker was disabled by a ball striking his knife, bending it, and severely injuring his thigh. Hanna, whose wound had been less serious, continued to fight. Hartsuff fired with his right arm, while Baker loaded the guns for him. A ball struck the lieutenant's revolver in its holster and the pain and shock disabled him for a few minutes. After receiving a third wound, a ball in his chest, Hartsuff decided to give up the fight. He ordered Baker and Hanna to retreat and tried to reach a hammock twenty yards away.

Baker loaded two rifles for Hanna, and then retreated. Hanna fired the loaded guns, passed Hartsuff and overtook Baker, and they made good their escape. Approximately sixty-five miles from the nearest help, both wounded, and low on ammunition, the two men started making their way to Fort Myers.

Expecting pursuit on horseback, they avoided the road to escape detection, until within three miles of Fort Drum. When they reached the Fort Drum to Fort Myers road, they still had forty-five miles to go. Late in the afternoon of Friday, they came to a camping area fifteen miles from Fort Myers used previously by troops. Baker, completely exhausted, stayed there. Hanna reached Fort Myers about seven o'clock that evening. In addition to the shallow wound from the left side to the right side of his abdomen, he found he had a bullet hole through his hat, two through his coat, and three through his pantaloons.

After dispatching an ambulance for Baker, Colonel Brown instructed Captain Elzey to start at daybreak for Fort Drum, with his command and a six pounder. An express rider was sent to Fort Deynaud with orders for Major Arnold to withdraw the small garrison from Fort Center, to warn Lieut. Larned who was repairing the road from Fort Meade, and for Arnold to lead two companies to Fort Drum, join with Elzey, and search for survivors. Three men were sent to Fort McKenzie to warn the small command there.

About three o'clock Saturday morning, Sergeant Holland and Corporal Williams arrived at Fort Myers reporting an uneventful escape. Private Otto Hersch, who had lost his way, returned Saturday afternoon by way of the Fort Deynaud road.

On Saturday morning, Captain Elzey departed for Fort Drum. Colonel Brown sent another dispatch to Major Arnold, advising him to hasten his departure from Fort Deynaud, and to send back some horses, as there were no more available for express riders.

Major Arnold left Fort Deynaud at one-thirty P.M. that day and arrived at Fort Drum on Sunday, December 23rd, and Captain Elzey arrived shortly after. At eight o'clock that evening, Lieutenant Hartsuff made his way to their camp.

While trying to reach the protection of a hammock, Hartsuff had fallen into a lily pond. Too exhausted to rise, he remained there with only his head out of the water. While there he heard an Indian repeatedly cry, "Come out, come out." After about two hours, he managed to walk about two hundred yards towards the road, where he fell among the dwarf palmettos. He stayed there until night, and then moved about half a mile. There he stayed concealed two days, until the evening of Saturday, the 22nd. Suffering from exhaustion, wounds, thirst, and hunger, he alternately walked and rested until sunrise. Finding water, he rested until Sunday afternoon when he resumed his march. The glow of campfires and beating of "tattoo" led him to Arnold's camp.

The Surgeon with Major Arnold's company probed two and one-half inches for the ball in Hartsuff's chest, but was unable to find it. The Surgeon at Fort Myers did not deem it advisable to make further search.

Major Arnold marched on the 25th to the scene of the skirmish and buried the dead. The mules and two horses had been killed and five other horses apparently taken by the Indians. The wagons had been burned. Four men had been killed, four others wounded, and three escaped uninjured.

Hartsuff had realized that the burning of the forts meant that he should exercise caution, but in view of the abandoned villages and the absence of any sign of recent occupation by Indians, he thought it safe to continue his scout as ordered. The expeditions of Rogers and Parkhill during the two succeeding years found that the Indians had moved to the vicinity of the present Collier Seminole State Park, in southwestern Collier County, some fifty miles away from the scene of the skirmish.

The Indian man and boy herding hogs, seen on the third day of the scout, had probably communicated the progress of the scouting party to the other Indians. Bowlegs was an old man and would not likely have led the war party himself. Sergeant Holland reported that he saw a tall Indian that seemed to be a chief. Canova describes a tall Indian named Safajahojee, as being second in command to Bowlegs. When advised that the scouting party was heading southeast into the Big Cypress, Bowlegs no doubt sent Safajahojee with a group of warriors to observe the soldiers. Traveling northeastward from their home to the nearest point on the military trail, Safajahojee and his men found Lieut. Hartsuff's camp. Bowlegs' old banana plants were several miles away to the east and not on the route the Indians would have followed. The attack was most likely prompted by the exuberance of Safajahojee and the desire of the Indians to do something that would impress their own people.

By February 27th, Hartsuff had recovered, and was given the command of a special detachment of thirty mounted men, organized for patrol and escort duty. They were given special equipment, including Colt revolvers and lariats, and were known as the "Mounted Volunteers." They saw action in several skirmishes in the succeeding year's efforts to remove the Seminoles.²¹

Hartsuff's last scout in south Florida was from Fort Myers north to Charlotte Harbor, and back along Peas Creek, in June, 1856. Expecting some

²¹ Ibid. 28 B 1856, and Order No. 6 and No. 8, Headquarters Troops on the Caloosahatchee, Fort Myers, February 27, 1856.

leave, he started northward, on July 11th, in command of a detachment of invalids, who were being transferred to Fort Columbus, New York. He was diverted without leave, to be assigned as Assistant Instructor of Artillery at the Military Academy at West Point. After two years at the Academy and various other assignments, he accompanied the secret mission to defend Fort Pickens, just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War.

After serving in several major battles during the Civil War, and being wounded again at Antietam, he was assigned to less active duties, serving on advisory boards and in the office of the Adjutant General. He was retired as a Major General in 1871. In May 1874, he was stricken with pneumonia, and died on the 17th at Sturtevant House, New York City, at the age of forty-four. He was buried at West Point. An autopsy revealed the pneumonia infection which caused his death was centered around the wound in his chest received 19 years earlier at the skirmish in the Big Cypress.²²

²² 2557 ACP 1871, see note 4.

The Wreck of the Victor

By MRS. BESSIE WILSON DuBOIS

Unravelling the mystery of two barnacle encrusted, sea-grown boilers of a sunken steamer south of Jupiter inlet, about 300 yards in the Atlantic off the Jupiter Civic Center, proved to be one of the most fascinating quests in researching we have ever attempted.

The old ship had rested there so many decades that her identity had long been forgotten. The place was known to fishermen as simply "the boilers". Grouper and snapper abounded in the shady depths. The twenty or so feet of water covering the wreck was usually crystal clear and of that lovely blue green so characteristic of south Florida sea water. A huge jewfish made the old fire box of the ship his private retreat until one day he was hauled forth to become the prize trophy of his generation.

Searching in the Florida material in the Memorial Library in West Palm Beach we came across a small item from the memoirs of Charles Pierce which gave us our first clue to the identity of the vessel. It told of the Steamer *Victor* which sank off Jupiter in 1872.

Our first inquiries to the Coast Guard and National Archives were not fruitful. There was no record of the *Victor*. Finally however a letter was received from National Archives with the following information about the *Victor*:

"A Steamboat Inspection Service casualty report states that on October 20, 1872, the S. S. *Victor* (Official No. 25686), while enroute from New York to New Orleans, "broke her shaft" near the Jupiter, Florida, lighthouse, filled with water and sank quickly without the loss of life. The vessel, which was valued at \$140,000, was described as having three decks, a round stern, and a carved head; and as measuring 205.5 feet in length, 36 feet in width, 19 feet in depth, and 1326 gross tons. The cargo, which was valued at \$150,000, was also a complete loss. Charles Mallory of Mystic Connecticut, was listed as the *Victor's* owner. No crew or passenger lists for this voyage have been located in the National Archives."

A much more graphic account of the shipwreck came however from Mrs. Lillie Pierce Voss of Boynton, Florida. Her father was assistant keeper of Jupiter lighthouse for one year, 1872. The shipwreck occurred before she was born but she had heard her father relate the story of that stormy October day many times and her brother Charles had recorded many of the details.

Her father, H. D. Pierce, was on duty in the tower of the Jupiter lighthouse. A northeaster was blowing. Shortly after midnight he saw a glare of Coston lights south of the inlet and knew a ship was in distress. He ran down the spiral stairway to the dwelling occupied by the three keepers and awakened Captain Armour and the other assistant Charles Carlin. The three men climbed the tower and presently more lights indicated the location of the distressed vessel.

The three men were all resourceful and used to the sea so they immediately set about loading Captain Armour's sailboat, the *Almeada*, with ropes and other paraphernalia necessary to rescue operations. Before daylight they sailed down to the inlet and landed on the south side. Captain Armour carried a lantern shielded by his coat. They dragged the ropes and other tools down the beach.

At daybreak they could see the steamer lying broadside with waves breaking over and around her. People were huddled amidship. The three men on the shore were the only white men along this desolate shore for a hundred miles. The gleam of the Captain's lantern must have been like an answer to a prayer.

When daylight came signs from the ship indicated that a buoy was being sent ashore. Even with a shore breeze blowing it came in with tantalizing slowness after it was lowered from the stern of the *Victor*.

For nearly two hours the men attempted to capture it, wading into the surf almost up to their armpits. They had planted a big timber from the beach in the sand. It took the combined strength of the three men to haul the heavy cable attached to the buoy up the beach and make it fast to the buried timber. Then the men on the steamer took up the slack and they were ready to launch the first boat. This was in charge of the first officer and carried the passengers and the stewardess. This boat was pulled to land

without any mishap. The second one also came in safely but the last one was capsized by an extra big sea. Those on shore managed to pull the half drowned men up on the beach.

Mrs. Libby, her 7 year old daughter and a Jewish merchant from New York were the only passengers. Mrs. Libby was on her way to New Orleans to join her husband who was captain of a barque loading in New Orleans preparing to sail for Bordeaux, France. She hoped to accompany him on the voyage.

They were told that when the shaft first broke they anchored the steamer but the torrents of water rushed in so fast, they feared the steamer would sink, so slipped the cable to let the ship drift toward the beach. Mrs. Libby said no one could imagine what a relief it was to them to see the lantern moving along the shore.

There were sheep and pigs on board but they all drowned, washing about in the surf. There were three fine dogs who swam to shore safely and were adopted by the lighthouse families. The two small boys on lighthouse hill were Henry Carlin 4 and Charlie Pierce 8. The Pierce dog was named "Wreck", the Armour's dog, "Vic" and Carlin's was "Surf". Poor Wreck never forgot that storm and sought refuge under the bed whenever the northeasters blew.

The captain and crew made tents of the sails and camped on the beach. The Libbys and the stewardess were taken aboard the *Almeada* to be cared for at the lighthouse.

This proved to be an exciting day of days for the lighthouse families for Charlie Pierce came running up from the dock to announce the arrival of seven canoe loads of Seminoles. These Indians always stopped in to visit Captain Armour on their rare visits from far south. Mrs. Armour managed to somehow convey to them, the story of the shipwreck.

One by one as if they did not trust the tower with their combined weight, they climbed up and looked down past the inlet where the steamer lay. Then to the great relief of the three ladies the Indians embarked in their canoes and paddled down to the inlet.

At 10 P. M. that night the *Victor* began to break up. The valuable cargo was given to the sea. The beaches were strewn with merchandise of all sorts. Packing cases and boxes surged into the inlet with the incoming tide and floated around in the river. H. D. Pierce was standing beside an Indian on the lighthouse dock when a particularly interesting case appeared. The Indian moved toward it but Pierce had read the markings and knew what was inside. "That's mine", he cried. That is how Mrs. Pierce came by the Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine that did a lifetime of stitching for her family. Indeed salvage from the *Victor* provided many much needed items for this family had lost all their possessions in a fire on Indian river a short time before they came to Jupiter. Three fifty yard bolts of black silk came ashore twisted and full of sand to be sure, but usable, and a case of fifty men's suits and bolts of bleached and of unbleached muslin which must have been useful for sheets, shirts and any number of garments.

On October 24th the steamer *General Meade* upon signals from the lighthouse stopped and took the passengers and crew of the *Victor* from the beach and the next day transhipped the crew to the steamer *City of Austin* bound for New York. The *General Meade* proceeded with the passengers to New Orleans.¹

Down on the beach near the shipwreck were encamped the seven canoe loads of Indians. Among the debris coming ashore was a case of Plantation Bitters. Other eatables were plentiful and a feast was in progress with joyous whoops heard all the way to the lighthouse.

According to Mrs. Voss the Seminoles stayed on the beach for several days salvaging food and merchandise that came ashore, which must have been as great a bonanza to them as to the lighthouse families.

When we learned the *Victor* was a Mallory ship one of our friends suggested we write to the Marine Museum at Mystic Connecticut. This led to an extremely interesting correspondence with Mr. James Kleinschmidt assistant to the Curator of the Mystic Seaport Museum of the Marine Historical Association Inc. He gave us information about the *Victor* from the personal diary of Mr. Charles Mallory. Most exciting of all, he was able

¹ This information comes from the personal diary of Mr. Charles Mallory—Marine Historical Assn., Inc. The *City of Austin* was lost in 1881 at the Fernandina Bar.

to provide us with a picture of the *Victor*. By now our interest in the old steamer was becoming intense and each new development fascinated us anew.

Mr. Kleinschmidt told us the *Victor* was built at the Mallory shipyard, Mystic Conn. in 1863 and her sole owner was Mr. Charles Mallory. Her first master was Capt. Elihu Spicer, Jr. of Mystic. In 1865 Capt. Gurdon Gates became her master and was with her when she came ashore at Jupiter. Her description tallies with that given us by National Archives except for a few more details such as, Iron screw steamer, two masts, brig-rigged. He says "the stern tube was damaged by the thrashing shaft and great volumes of water entered the vessel."

"The *Victor* was a total loss and although insured for \$50,000 her actual value amounted to about twice that sum. Mr. Mallory stated that his personal loss amounted to at least \$12,000, the balance being carried by the company. Ship owning could be a discouraging business in those days."

There seems to be no record of the part played by the Jupiter lighthouse men in the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Victor*. Mr. Mallory says "Capt. Gates and eight men landed at 11 A. M. The passengers were landed soon after. During the afternoon wind and sea increased and by 10 P. M. the *Victor* began to break up."

Mr. Kleinschmidt was much interested in the Florida report of the shipwreck of this Mallory vessel, many of which had been sunk in the early coastwise service.

Captain Armour continued at the Jupiter lighthouse for forty years. Mr. Pierce moved in 1873 to Hypoluxo. Charles Carlin was in charge of the Jupiter Life Saving Station from 1886 to 1896 located only a short distance from the resting place of the *Victor*.

The story might well have ended here but strangely at this point in May of 1957 we were approached by two young men, Harry Akers and Herb Michaud. They had been scouting the coastline in a small plane and saw through the clear green water the bones of the *Victor* swept clear of a deep blanket of sand by an unusual current. They wanted to salvage the metal from the engines of the steamer and asked permission to keep their barge and equipment at our dock. This was something we could not resist. The

day soon came when the *Victor* like a great shaggy dog we have petted only to have it follow us home—was piled piecemeal beside our dock. By that time not only ourselves but our children and grandchildren were obsessed by the *Victor* and we eagerly awaited the first diving expedition to the wreck of the old steamer.

The two young divers set forth before day on a May morning. The outgoing tide helped the twin outboards on the aluminum skiff to move the barge out of the inlet to the gentle sea. Presently they were anchored over the *Victor*. All day they dove and hoisted. When Zeke, our oldest grandson, ran in at sundown shouting that they were coming in the inlet with their first load, the whole family assembled on the dock to gaze at the great pile of fascinating debris piled on the scow. Each sea grown relic was eagerly inspected. With a feeling of sadness, we looked at the piece of unworn brass Harry held up as he said, "She was a young ship."

The divers found part of the wooden stern still in place and also the great shaft that, breaking, had brought the *Victor* to her grave on this shore. The iron blades of the propellor were also embedded in the sand and the dynamite used to break away the rust and coral formation, stirred up intriguing odds and ends.

Our none too gentle hint for souvenirs was not forgotten. We were presented with a heavy white china plate with a serving of six nice oysters growing right on it. The plate was made in England with the stamped address of J. M. Shaw, Chatham and Duane St. N. Y. Then we were handed what appeared to be a lump of rust and shells, but proved to be a clock. The face fell off in my hands and wheels and works could be seen in the growth. Next was a copper plate from the steam pump, green with verdigris and frail as lace with the name "A. S. Cameron" and a patent date of 1866 still discernable.

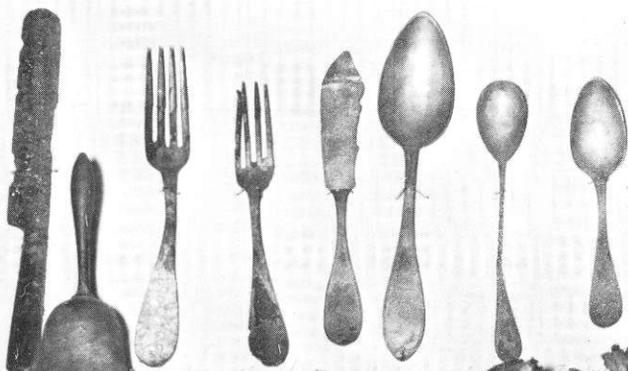
Photo by Shirley Floyd

Salvaged from the Wreck of the *Victor*

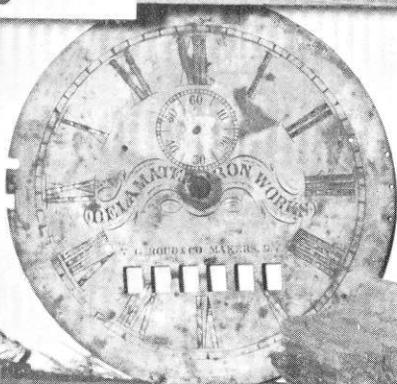
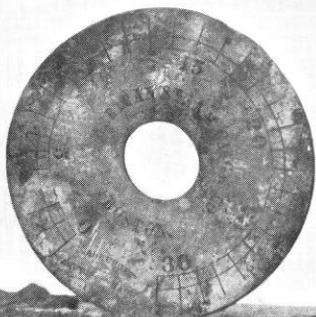
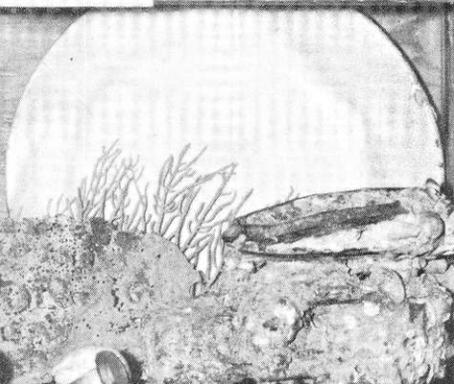
Top shelf: hand bell, silverware and baggage tag

Middle shelf: china plates, clock, door knobs, plate from steam pump

Bottom shelf: brass vacuum gauge, clock face, and hames



7
TRAVEL
MOTOR
CO
6



This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

One day, the men came in with great lumps of coal on the barge. Pieces of metal stuck out at every angle from the coal and proved to be some of the ship's table silver so well buried that it had hardly become corroded by the salt water. There was a box of steel knives and another of three dozen axe heads all rusted solidly together. The contents of a box of several dozen curved wooden things fitted with iron rings had us all puzzled until someone identified them as hames for horses harness. Several little handbells when soaked free of shell growth and the clappers repaired, still rang merrily for waiters who were long gone.

On another trip down, the divers found a shotgun. As they lifted it the rusted barrels fell away leaving only the worn and wormeaten stock. The large brass face of another clock, doorknobs, hinges and even buttons were added to our array of relics.

We continued to hope something would be found with the name of the vessel on it. One day Harry came up with an impish grin and handed us a small brass tag in the form of a shield with the words *Steamer Victor* and the number 26 below engraved in the metal. Of the several picked up, one still had a bit of leather in the slot. They were evidently baggage tags with the numbers of the staterooms still resting in the debris of the luggage.

One of these baggage tags was sent to the Marine Museum in Mystic, Connecticut where the *Victor* was built.

The scrap metal from the *Victor* had long since been hauled away and sand drifted again over the remains of the old shipwreck. We thought the story ended, believing that no tribal records existed among the Seminoles. We were wrong for these stories of the past are graven upon the memories of the elders of the tribe. Billy Bowlegs III recalled hearing of the 1872 shipwreck although he was not one of those who paddled up to the lighthouse dock that October day. This is his version of the shipwreck as told to his friend, Mr. Albert DeVane.

The seven canoe loads of Seminoles were a band living in that territory from there to Ft. Lauderdale. Billy said four clans or families were at the wreckage and got quite some articles strewn along the beach.

Old Tom Jumper's family, he was Otter clan, his wife Wildcat. He had quite a family, one daughter, Annie, who married Dr. Tommy, and who died

at Big Cypress a few years ago, had eight children. One of them is Rev. Sam Tommy of the Brighton Reservation. Another family there was Indian Henry Clay and his family, his wife Bird clan. Their descendants at Dania and Big Cypress were the Osceola boys.

Another was the Wind clan who were from the sister of Billy Cornpatch, Billy Fewell (Billy Bowlegs III's father). There were probably some from Bear clan now represented by Josie Billy's present wife and Bobby Jim, her brother, at Brighton Reservation.

I asked Billy what all they got from the wreck, "Cloth and clothing, barrels of flour, kegs of rum, brown sugar in barrels, different articles in trunks and suitcases and boxes, also cured and salt bacon that floated and washed ashore."

He had heard the story many times—Mr. DeVane estimated the seven canoes held twenty-five or thirty Indians including the children.

With this last piece in place the story of the wreck of the *Victor* closes. Neither the old bones of the ship, nor the snapper and grouper seeking its shady recesses are assured of much peace. It is close enough to attract young skin divers who almost daily visit this most accessible shipwreck. One, getting a glimpse of part of the great shaft which still lies on the bottom, excitedly imagined he had discovered a cannon.

Old ships seem to assume a personality of their own and judging from the way their history comes to light when researched, we feel they like to be remembered.

Cycles of Conquest in Florida

By CHARLES W. ARNADE

The celebrated anthropologist from the University of Arizona, Edward Spicer, has recently published a most valuable study entitled *Cycles of Conquest*. It deals mainly with the impact of the three successive sovereignties that ruled the American Southwest: Spain, Mexico and the United States. The Spicer book discusses the Indian policies, Indian behavior and Indian acculturation problems of the three civilizations. A similar study of the Southeast, Florida for example, would be most appropriate. Since the Indians are not as numerous any more in the Southeast, the Indian emphasis could be less and the study of the various cultural contacts and their comparisons could be most exciting. This little essay will explore this topic in a most superficial fashion, using the state of Florida as an example.

First of all, Florida is the classical example of the Southeast. Here the Spanish occupation was far the longest, going from 1513 to 1821 with only twenty years of English rule, that is from 1763 to 1783. Furthermore, Spanish rule was more intense, not equaled by any other state in the Southeast (with the possible exception of Louisiana whose Spanish occupation was far shorter). Also the Spanish control of Florida had some basic similarities with those of the Southwest, say Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. Spanish occupation was not for exploitation of resources and for active colonization such as in Peru or Mexico but was rather peripheral and was more of a protective military frontier or buffer zone. It had military forts and these were reinforced by missions. These missions served a double function—religious and military. They were there to convert the Indians and change their way of life and also to serve as forts on the frontier.

At the same time there were some basic dissimilarities from the example of the Southwest. Indians, climate and topography were different. Florida is sub-tropical and had far less clearings than today. Indeed there is the need of a good historio-geographic study which should sketch the topography and ecology of Florida at the time of the conquest. The Indians were somewhat less civilized; they were forest Indians and many quite adapted to the ocean. Not doubting that Indians of the Southwest were often

ferocious—and more colorful to the eye of the modern movie and T. V. industry—but I think that the Florida Indian of the time of the conquest, especially those of central and southern Florida, was a much more difficult individual to acculturate. And Spanish success with these Indians and again especially with those of the central and southern region, Tequestas, Caloosas, Ais, etc., was nearly nil. Not even the mission system had the slightest success. In north central and north Florida and in the Florida panhandle the more sedentary Indians made the mission system far more satisfactory.

Another difference was the relative unimportance of cattle and horses as key elements in the cultural developments and acculturation processes. The arrival and utilization of the horse by the early Florida Indians is still a matter of speculation and another interesting subject of research. In my own Spanish Florida investigations I have found little mention of the horse, either by the Spanish or Indian side. There were horses in the St. Augustine garrison and there are indications that the horse was used by soldiers and officers and that often the Spaniards traveled by horse. But we also know that a common way of moving was by foot and by boat. The Franciscan priests, who covered huge territories visiting their widespread flocks, have left us little news as to their means of transportation. But apparently their favorite means of transportation were the waterways since most Indian settlements were located along the water. The same applies to the Indians who mostly moved on the water in their famous dugout canoes. But again here is a valid subject of research as what has been said is based on flimsy documentations. Because of the tropics and the waterways the horse was not as important as in the Southwest.

As to cattle the same conclusion can be reached, although my recent research and as explained in the journal *Agricultural History* show that there was much cattle in Florida especially during the period 1650 to 1750 and that this cattle industry had some sociological impact. But cattle in large proportions did not arrive in Florida until the Seminole period and later with the coming of the Americans. Indeed the whole story of cattle during the three sovereignties remains a needed topic for research. As commendable as the book of George Dacy, *Four Centuries of Florida Ranching* is, it is inadequate and based on insufficient research in the primary documents. The arrival of cattle as an industry always has an influence on acculturation and on the social structure of a given area. For example, I discovered that the establishment of cattle ranches during the Spanish period was really to give

more independence and freedom from military rule to the St. Augustine garrison. Most leading citizens in St. Augustine were employees of the Crown and subject to the rule of the Governor who was always an outsider. Grabbing land and making cattle ranches out of it gave them not so much more economic well being but rather a sense of independence and also a feeling of pride for Florida. For the first time there was no great desire by everyone to leave Florida for more civilized places such as Havana or Mexico City. At the same time a strong trend of conservatism developed with the establishment of cattle ranches and the social structure became much more rigid with the development of a landed gentry. It must also be stated that since little other agricultural enterprise was developed such institutions as Indian peonage or Negro slavery, as practiced in the English colonies of Carolina and Georgia, did not come into existence under the Spanish rule. But again we do not know who were the cowhands on these ranches—probably soldiers of the garrison on excused or illegal absences.

We know very little about cattle, land tenure and the Seminole Indian relationship during the twenty year English interlude. Apparently whatever changes the English tried to make had little permanency because of the short period of their Florida occupation. For example, the much advertised Minorcan project—colorful and good for a good story—had little overall influence on the whole structure of civilization of Florida. The true plantation system that tied Florida to the antebellum American South did not come into existence until the nineteenth century. Only a few roots go to the English period. It was rather a continuation of the thin geographical distribution of Spanish Florida with southern Florida and the interior removed from European impacts. St. Augustine turned from a Spanish garrison town into a small English colonial town and this transformation is an interesting chapter but of little significance for the whole of Florida. More or less the same occurred with Pensacola. Pensacola was since its existence more tied in with the Mobile - New Orleans complex than with the Florida peninsula. The history of Pensacola is more an independent history or part of the history of the Mississippi Delta than that of Florida. England did make Pensacola the capital of West Florida and therefore gave it more status than under Spain. There were a few more successful attempts by the English to expand—especially along the coast—the area of European civilization.

The real change occurred in the interior where the original aborigines had died out during the last days of the first Spanish rule. The disappearance of the original native remains a valid topic for a good scholarly book. The mission system had failed to save the Indian although in the mission area along the St. Augustine - Gainesville - Tallahassee trail, the decimation of the natives was less severe than in the wilds of south Florida, mostly untouched by strong European contacts. But at the same time it must be admitted that outside forces (which includes the arrival of new diseases) were primarily responsible for the death of the pre-Columbian Indians of Florida. The repopulation of Florida, begun during the first Spanish period, now in the English occupation received great impetus. Most of these were Indians of the Southeast—run aways from English oppression or caught in the international rivalries of the great white powers. Among them were a few Negroes who too escaped from the harsh Anglo-Saxon concept of total slavery of men of their race. All these runaways—who started to come to Florida around 1715—became around 1763 (the year of the cession to England) under the leadership of Secoffee and Cowkeeper two identifiable units that soon became to be known as the Seminoles. The Indians of the Tallahassee areas who had responded to Secoffee were pro-Spanish and became the Mikasukis and the Indians of Cowkeeper of the Gainesville neighborhood tended to be pro-British and became the Seminoles. Both bands actively took possession of interior Florida that had either been Spanish mission territory or totally in the hands of the aborigines of Florida. The Indians were attempting to build an Indian nation in Florida, the area so neglected by Spain and by England. The Indians failed.

This failure was for two basic reasons. There was never Indian unity and petty rivalries within and between the Apalache group (Mikasuki) and the Alachua ones (Seminoles) was always intense. This made it possible for the repopulated Indians to become a tool of the International rivalries—Spanish, English and later Americans. The European powers played the Indians against each other in all parts of North America but this game was intensively done with the new Indians of Florida. The second reason was the expansionist nature of the young United States. The Indians could have forced the Spaniards and the English to turn all of Florida or at least the non-coastal areas over to them. Once the Americans came into the picture with their lust for expansion, their belief in Manifest Destiny and their Indian hatred there was no hope for a Seminole nation. With the arrival of the Americans also arrived their economic and agricultural system of the

American South which rapidly integrated northern and part of north central Florida into the ante-bellum way of life. The Negro slave arrived and the Seminole was pushed into the depths of the peninsula. When the American frontier advanced farther south it was obvious that the Indian must be eliminated since the American system of land proprietorship coupled with the dominance of Protestant ethics clashed or did not agree with the Seminole philosophy of free hunting grounds and liberty from imposed religious dogmatism.

With the defeat of the Seminoles the peninsula was made free of Indians. Just then occurred the Civil War which overthrew the rule of the southern plantation owners who had previously failed to acquire Cuba—the natural geographical extension of Florida—as new slave territory. Should Cuba have become a part of the South then the plantation complex would have swept into southern Florida. It did not and the area was now open for new ventures not related to slavery and the Southern complex. These came with such men as Flagler and Plant. These came as the railroad came; as the cattle industry, as citrus, as tourism and as advertisement of year-round sunshine. Therefore two Floridas had been created. The one rooted in the St. Augustine - Gainesville - Tallahassee - Pensacola axis of the mission time and later the plantation complex which has tradition, a long history, a deep conservatism. The other Florida was that of the wild Caloosas, Tequestas and others who died out and whose land was never settled either by Spain or England. It has no good recorded history and no long traditions. Its emptiness served as a refuge for the new Indians and as a new place for the dynamic America of the post Civil War period, as a base for the War of 1898 and for the renewed dynamism of post World War I. Today's fight for reapportionment is one clash of these two Floridas.

Today's state political struggle can be among other things explained by history and by anthropology. What was in the history of Florida; in short, the difference and impact of the three sovereignties—Spain, England and America? Spain was in Florida longer than any other nation. The United States will have caught up with Spain in 2009. Yet when one looks at Florida today there is hardly anything left from the Spanish period—only St. Augustine stands as a reminder. But even here the Spanish flavor and the Spanish remains are slowly dying a sure death and the fight for preservation and true honest restoration is difficult and nearly impossible. Only the Fort stands as an authentic monument. Some materialistic business enterprises

have capitalized on the Spanish heritage and created false claims and monuments. The heritage is there in history and in nothing else—Florida does not even have one restored mission such as California can claim. Florida's Spanish heritage does not even have a veneer imprint such as Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and other states. The Spanish impact has vanished completely.

It has vanished because it was never really there. Spain never occupied Florida except a few tiny spots. Spain never brought its institutions, political, social, economic and cultural, to Florida. Not even St. Augustine was a typical Spanish colonial town. It had no municipal government. It was strictly a military garrison and over ninety percent, if not nearly a hundred percent of the economy came from the military payroll. In the countryside we cannot find such institutions as the *Encomienda* or the *Repartimiento* which were the core of the Spanish American colonial land tenure system. There was the mission system which was indeed identical to those of the other Spanish areas. But the missions were not successful and were wiped out by the English and the pro-English Indians. They—the missions—had no permanent effect. The Spanish-Indian relationship was based on a strict paternalism and in sharp contrast with the English system. This relationship was indeed influential in enticing runaway Indians from the English colonies and was, I believe, greatly responsible for the emergence of the Seminole nation. This then is all—not even the trails used by Spain have become later routes of communication. When Spain left in 1763 the total—and by total is meant every one—Spanish population left St. Augustine. Florida was Spanishless. Florida had lost its aborigines, too. The replacements were the English and the Seminoles.

As said, the English left little impact and no permanent institutions such as was the case in other English colonies in North America where the English heritage was quite strong. They failed to settle the Indian problems and their presence only aggravated the whole issue. The English did do something that had some effect for the future. It was in the field of letters rather than administration or institutions. There developed a vast literature about Florida written by Englishmen or those employed by the English Crown. During those days such Florida classics as the reports of William De Brahm, Bernard Romans and John Bartram for the first time advertised Florida as an exciting land full of beauty and riches and a nature's paradise. Many lesser meritorious books also saw print in England. Florida, thanks to the

British, became known in America and Europe. If Florida had remained English there is no doubt that its effect would have been profound for the two colonies called East and West Florida. But twenty years were not enough.

There is one interesting matter which should encourage more investigation. Florida was English during the War for the American Independence. Its northern neighbors such as Georgia and the Carolinas rebelled. The Bahamas and Bermuda remained loyal. Florida followed the Bahamas-Bermuda example and there was not even a revolutionary ripple. This steadfast loyalty or the revolutionary apathy is an interesting development that requires much research to determine the why. We all know that English Florida became the haven for the loyalists but there is some doubt if this was the main reason for the revolutionary apathy or the staunch loyalty of the English Floridas. In Florida there was no institutional heritage as there was in Virginia, for example. The American colonists rebelled when the Crown introduced innovations and changes which challenged their customs and doings of the past. But in Florida there was no such past and there were no colonists with a long colonial genealogy and with deep local roots. But by the end of the English period there had arrived in Florida a large number of restless adventurers and of undesirable elements. These roamed around the Florida provinces and when the English settlers left in 1783—just as the Spaniards had done 20 years earlier—this riffraff stayed. Dr. Helen Tanner, who is a leading authority on the second Spanish periods, strongly believes that the legacy of the short English period was these undesirables who plunged Florida during her second Spanish period into anarchy. Indeed these Spanish years from 1783 to 1821 are those of immense confusion and the many figures such as William Augustus Bowles, Daniel McGirth, Alexander McGillivray, Gregor MacGregor, Ruggles Hubbard, Luis Aury, Jesse Fish, the men of the Panton, Leslie and Company and many others were, using the most gentle word, “adventurers”. They had no loyalty toward anyone and they used Florida as their hunting grounds for fast riches, saluting this and that flag and playing the Spaniards, English, Americans and the many Indian groups against each other.

This second Spanish period is difficult to assess. What was its impact? Spanish authorities in St. Augustine and Pensacola were trying to establish a system of order in accordance with the Spanish rule and the Spanish heritage of Florida. It wished to reestablish its benevolent paternalism; this time trying to diversify its rule by breaking the military monopoly. Spain

failed and its authority was challenged or ignored or cheated everywhere by the Indians and the adventurers. What Spain needed was a stern policy and total reform and new ideas. This it did not have, but the new United States had it and it was pressing on the Florida border. Spain had in St. Augustine benevolent rulers such as Governor Don Vizente Manuel de Zespedes y Velasco. America had such a man as Andrew Jackson who hated Spain, who hated the Indians and who was ruthless enough to fight them and liquidate them. Jackson was not paternal and he was as ruthless as the riffraff whom he bought, used, or killed. And it was this Jacksonian policy combined with other pressures and the tough bargaining of Washington from a position of strength which brought Florida into the American domain.

In evaluating the American period it should never be forgotten that a whole new system was erected. That the Spanish heritage—even people (with a few exceptions)—was eliminated at once and that there never was much of the English. Neither St. Augustine, the old capital from 1565, or booming Pensacola was accepted as the capital and a whole new town, Tallahassee, was built. A plantation system identical to other Southern states was created and Florida became one of the ante-bellum states with one of the heaviest percentages of a Negro slave population. Indian hatred became more intense than in other states at that time. Pro-Southern sentiments were even stronger than in other slave states and President Lincoln did not receive one single vote in Florida. Florida was the third state to secede from the Union. At the same time Florida, better than any other slave state, showed the traditional democratic tolerance so prevalent in the South, but so much in contrast with their fanaticism for slavery, when it elected a Jew as the first Florida senator in Washington, David Levy. The American period in Florida until the end of the Civil War is one of the most interesting chapters in American history because we have the successful creation in a few years of a democratic slave system in the lush wilds of Florida which were not tamed for many centuries by the Spaniards and the English. Then we have the total collapse of the system with the War although Florida was hardly a military battleground. In that same period the Indians had finally been defeated at tremendous cost and effort. Florida was again wide open for new ventures. But this time the collapse of the slave system did leave a long heritage—different from the disappearance of the Spanish and English rules—that still can be felt today. It is usually called North Florida, small counties, rural region, cracker country, wool hat, etc. It is allied

today with the forces that oppose reapportionment, gradual integration and other policies usually classified under the heading of liberalism.

With the end of Reconstruction—indeed an era that still requires much more study—the empty Florida made up of the peninsula now became a new frontier for the aggressive northern forces. There were the Disstons, Flaglers and Plants followed by the Carl Fishers, D. P. Davises and others. There was the Spanish American War which brought Florida national fame. There were the new Spaniards and the men from Cuba like Vincente Ybor who brought a new industry to Florida and then there were the Greeks who went to look for sponges, and many more such enterprises. This then was the last period of Florida—when it became the tropical garden of the North.

In the end we have in Florida history the following periods: The pre-Columbian period, and Professor Hale Smith of Florida State University believes that what we call Indians first arrived in Florida fifteen thousand years ago. This lasted until 1513 when the Spaniards arrived. Then we have the first Spanish period, the age of St. Augustine which terminated in 1763. It was followed by the twenty years of English interlude and continued by the second Spanish period. Both eras can also be called the age of the Seminoles. By 1821 or even a few years earlier started the American plantation period which came to an end with the Civil War. And by that time the Seminole empire had also gone down in defeat. Reconstruction was a twilight that led to the new era of Florida when the state became a booming frontier region of American industrial enterprise which is now culminating into the Rocket Age of Florida.

We started out by mentioning a book called *Cycles of Conquest*. This essay should have made it clear—maybe in a very shallow way—that such a title is most appropriate for Florida history where there were many cycles of conquest. Each has an interesting story that engulfs all aspects of life and civilization: politics, economics, social matters etc. Florida history is not local history; Florida history is not alone history for the amateur, the dedicated ladies of the local societies. It is also for the trained specialist and it is wide open for research adventures.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

North to South Through the Glades in 1883

The Account of the Second Expedition into the Florida Everglades
by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*

Edited by MARY K. WINTRINGHAM

By 1883 the first South Florida land boom was well underway. Several factors contributed to this boom. In 1881 the state had sold a large tract of public land to Hamilton Disston for development. Disston and other developers had started large drainage projects and sold the reclaimed land in small plots to private individuals for cultivation. A New Orleans newspaper, the *Times-Democrat*, claimed a share in promoting the boom. The editors had an expressed policy of promoting interest in the development of the South following the Reconstruction period, and in 1882, the *Times-Democrat* had sponsored an expedition into the hither-to unknown and almost unexplored Everglades. This first expedition was designed to explore the Kissimmee River to Lake Okeechobee and to the Gulf via the Caloosahatchee River. The first expedition had been a great success, and the story had captured the attention of many newspapers in the North and West which reprinted the story of the expedition and "attracted much attention toward Southern Florida—its picturesqueness, its climate and the possibilities of its soil. The articles in the *Times-Democrat* interested the whole country in Florida, and a general desire was felt to know more about the country and particularly about the Everglades."¹

Because of the awakening interest in the area, the lack of exact knowledge of conditions, and the absence of any recent explorations, the *Times-Democrat* in 1883 decided to extend its investigations and send an expedition into the north part of the Everglades. No white man it was thought, had ever crossed the Everglades from north to south. "It was discovered that in this country,

¹ New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, January 6, 1884. For the full account of the first exploration by the *Times-Democrat* see Morgan Dewey Peoples and Edwin Adams Davis (editors), "Across South Central Florida in 1882; The Account of the First New Orleans *Times-Democrat* Exploring Expedition," *Tequesta* (Miami, 1950), X, 49-88 and (1951), XI, 63-92.

in a State which can boast of being the first colonized of any portion of the Union, there existed a region, of which less was actually known than of the interior of Africa.”

Major Archie P. Williams, who had successfully led the first expedition, was to lead the second one. He was the correspondent for the *Times-Democrat* and was to report conditions as he found them. Wolf Hollander was the artist of the expedition. J. R. Phillips was the mechanic and commissary; and Colonel C. F. Hopkins, the civil engineer. Captain F. A. Hendry was to join the expedition at Fort Myers, and a Dr. Kellum, who lived on the Caloosahatchee River, was to join the group on Lake Okeechobee. There were six colored crew men; one, Caesar Weeks, had been the cook on the first expedition. However, Allen Robertson was to be the cook on this trip.

Two large canoes, the *Susie B.* and the *Daisy W.*, had been built for the expedition. The *Susie B.* was the flagship, carrying the flag of the *Times-Democrat*. Three smaller canoes and two provision batteaux completed expedition.

The plan of the trip was to take a steamer from Cedar Key to Punta Rassa. Captain Jackson ran a regular schedule along this route. From Punta Rassa the men would paddle the canoes up the river to Fort Myers. This trip in the canoes would give the men experience in learning to handle a canoe. Two separate ducking and “numerous other smaller accidents occur, which teach the men better than words that a canoe, like the mule, ‘is a very uncertain animal’, and bears watching.” Provisions had been stored at Fort Myers. A careful listing of all the things necessary for the trip had been made. Machetes and knives for hacking the passage through the dense jungle and saw-grass, buckets for storing provisions that could be ruined by getting wet, food for twelve men for ninety days, and a “keg of nails” for drinking to give the inner man strength after a hard day’s work—all was on hand. As they started packing the food into the canoes and batteaux, they found that they had room only for thirty days’ supply and planned to live off the game and fish on the way to fill out their rations. From Fort Myers the expedition would use *The Spitfire*, a small propeller captained by Captain Bill Nelson who made a regular run up the Caloosahatchee River for about thirty miles from Fort Myers, in order to save on supplies. Then by canoe they were to continue up the Caloosahatchee to Lake Okeechobee and enter the Everglades from the south shore of the lake. The plan was to

head straight south through the Everglades and to emerge at the source of the Shark River. A Mr. Christain had brought a boat to this point which would take the expedition down the river to White Water Bay. Mr. Christain had been instructed to set up a camp, wait for the expedition, and to send smoke signals by day and flares by night to guide the expedition to his camp.

An account of the expedition, which hereinafter follows, was written by Williams and published in the *Times-Democrat* in six installments from November 30, 1883, to January 6, 1884.² According to the editorial in the *Times-Democrat* of January 6, 1884, the expedition accomplished all it had set out to discover. "It has set at rest all questions about the Everglades, which have been found much different from what was imagined. . . . In 1848, when the United States Senate investigated this question, the possibility of draining the Everglades a committee reported that the swamp could be drained. Major Williams reports adversely. He can see no hope or possibility of redeeming the greater portion of this region, which must remain a swamp forever. The Country is very low, in most cases below the level of the land fronting on the Atlantic and Gulf, and a canal will not drain it, but will probably increase the depth of water in the glades. In the Southern glades many of the islands can be utilized and cultivated, but with this exception, the Florida Everglades are of no value agriculturally. We regret to learn this, but it is better that it should have been brought out now, instead of the world being encouraged into the mistaken belief that the Everglades could be redeemed."

The articles which appeared in the *Times-Democrat* follow without a break for the sake of continuity. Rivers, lakes, islands, and other geographic features have not been located because they, for the most part, are familiar to the readers of *Tequesta*. No corrections have been made in the text of the newspaper reports or editorials.

Article appearing in the New Orleans *The Times-Democrat*, Friday, November 30, 1883 (page 4, column 5 and 6)

² See the issues of November 30, 1883; December 10, 1883; December 12, 1883; December 21, 1883 (editorial); December 23, 1883; December 30, 1883; January 6, 1884 (editorial); January 6, 1884.

THE EVERGLADES

Start of the *Times-Democrat's* Exploring expedition.

The trip from Cedar Key to Punta Rassa Up the Coloosahatchie to Fort Myers—Incidents by the Way—The Parting at Cedar Key and the Welcome at Fort Myers.

Special Correspondence of the *Times-Democrat*.

Fort Myers, Fla., Oct. 25, 1883

All aboard! There is a jingling of bells, a sound of churning water, as the wheels of the steamer *Lizzie Henderson* begin to turn, and *The Times-Democrat* expedition, bound for the unknown wilds of the Florida Everglades, has begun its journey south. There is a waving of handkerchiefs, and perhaps a faint cheer or two from some of the colored population, in token of good-bye and God speed to the six stalwart, fine-looking and handsomely uniformed colored members of the expedition who stand upon the deck of the vessel and give an answering cheer and chant their last words of instruction to wives or sweethearts, standing grouped upon the wharf of Cedar Key, as they slowly move away in the darkness toward the light burning brightly upon Sea Horse Key in the distance. Another group gaze more silently upon the fast receding shore, sitting upon the upper deck of the steamer, of which your correspondent forms one. There has been no waving of handkerchiefs or cheers for the white members of the expedition. We are all comparatively strangers in that little seaport town, and the hands that would have waved a last adieu, and the voices that would have spoken words of cheer, are many miles away, still we are not affected by the gloom which first affected us on leaving for very long, and the cherry voice of Capt. Jackson, of the steamer, soon dispelled the last cloud, as we sat enjoying the bright moonlight, the pleasant roll of the Gulf and a good cigar, scudding before the wind as fast as steam and canvass could take us.

ADDITIONS TO THE EXPEDITION

Since the first formation of the expedition two gentlemen have been added to the list, viz: Wolf Hollander, an artist, and J. R. Phillips, who will act as mechanic and commissary for the party. The colored men consist of Caesar Weeks, Richard Little, Wash Bruce, Madison Williams, Mose Gordon

and Allen Robertson. They are all stalwart, strong, and, with the exception of Caesar, black as crows. Caesar did not exactly come up to our standard of what we required in our men, but as he had been our chief cook in the former expedition from Kissimmee City to the Gulf of Mexico, we could not refuse to take him. One other of our crew needs particular mention, and that one is Richard Little, whom we nick-named "Tiger Tail," after the warlike Seminole chief now gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. He applied to us in Jacksonville for a place in the expedition, and at first I was inclined to refuse him; not that in frame and appearance he did not fill the bill, but his gloomy looks were in such contrast to the balance of the crew, who, like the majority of their race, were a merry, light-hearted crowd, but when he told me that his wife was just dead, and that the house was so lonely now at night, that it almost run him crazy, and that he wanted to go anywhere, or do anything to make him forget his trouble, my heart warmed toward him, and he was put in charge of our flag canoe, the *Susie B.*, in command of Col. C. F. Hopkins, civil engineer, and has so far proved himself the best boatman and most daring man we have.

We go below before returning to our stateroom, to look after our canoes and men.

The first we find well stored away where they can't be injured, and the second gathered in a group, listening to Caesar, who is relating his hair-breath escapes from both Indians and alligators on the banks of Lake Okeechobee, on his former expedition with *The Times-Democrat* party down the Kissimmee River, and across Lake Okeechobee. He has an attentive audience, and among that dusky group there will be many who will sleep uneasily in their beds, as their dreams tend toward the sportive alligator and bloodthirsty savages of Caesar's imagination. We are well pleased with our crew, all of whom are first-class boatmen and accustomed to camp life.

Morning finds us still sailing before a stiff and favorable wind. To the steward's disappointment we all occupy our seat at breakfast, and from the way the provisions are stored away, he soon finds out that every man has his sea legs on, and that sea sickness in our crowd will be a stranger during our short voyage. We are hugging the shore closely, and with our field-glass are enabled to recognize many familiar places visited in our pleasant voyage of last December in our sailboat around that portion of the coast. Soon we reach Boca Grande Pass, see Captiva Island with its little village of

palmetto huts, occupied by as warmhearted and hospitably inclined a set of fishermen as we ever met. We recollect with pleasure the willing hands that hauled our boat upon the beach, as we landed to camp for the night, the barrel of fresh mullet sent as a present, and the many small acts of kindness of which we were the recipients on that occasion. May their nets always come up filled, and success attend them in their avocation. In the dim distance in Charlotte's Harbor we catch a glimpse of Mundungo Island, with its tall cocoanut trees, and lying a mile farther the Island of Euzepa. Both of these islands are uninhabited, containing forty or fifty acres each, and are the most beautifully situated on the coast of Florida.

As night approaches, our captain begins to look anxiously for the buoy which will guide us into the pass at Punta Rassa, the place of our disembarkation. When we engaged passage on the steamer, she reserved the right to carry us on to Key West and put us out on her return, in case the captain saw fit, which would necessitate our remaining three days longer on the boat, and as the time drew near for us to enter the harbor, we began inquiring anxiously of the captain as to our prospects of being landed that night. "Gentlemen," says the captain, "I always work in the interest of my boat, and as much as I shall miss your pleasant faces and genial company, still the idea of boarding twelve such men for three days free, which I will be compelled to do if I take you to Key West and return, is not to be thought of for a minute. You shall be landed to-night if the ship's compass don't blow up or the vessel sink." Sure enough, at 8:30 p. m. we find ourselves wandering through the tortuous channel which leads through the harbor to Punta Rassa.

After tying to the wharf, each one of our men picks up his canoe and lays it gently down upon the shore. The paint looks too nice and fresh to treat them roughly, and they get gentler handling than they ever will again. In half an hour after landing we find ourselves standing in darkness upon the wharf, realizing for the first time that we are to a certain extent thrown upon our own resources, and *The Times-Democrat* expedition is standing upon its own bottom. All our supplies are at Fort Myers, eighteen miles above on the river, so we march up to the hotel, and to the surprise of mine host, ask for rooms for six and meals for twelve men in the morning. Mr. Samuel Summerlin and his charming lady, both of whom are old acquaintances, receive us in a most hospitable and courteous manner. Clean and soft beds soon make us forget the rolling and tossing of the vessel we have just left,

and we wake up in the morning feeling refreshed and ready for work. After a good breakfast, in which juicy venison steak and fresh mullet form an important part, we settle our bill, which is a very moderate one, and repair to the wharf, where our canoes are ready for launching. As we have hired a sloop to transport all our baggage to Fort Meyers, there can be no better time for the men to learn how to manage their canoes and in no danger of injuring anything, or suffering any greater hardship than a good ducking. The wind is blowing quite fresh and waves rolling high in the harbor, yet each man is willing to make the attempt to reach Fort Meyers, ducking or no ducking.

As soon as the word is given the *Susie B.*, with the *Times-Democrat* flag flying, glides into the water, and is followed by the *Daisy W.*, with the stars and stripes at her mast-head. Each of the smaller canoes follow in quick succession, and we are soon riding the waves of Charlotte's Harbor, heading for the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River, which is two miles wide at that point, and over a mile wide for twenty miles above. The *Susie B.* and *Daisy W.* being large canoes, and perfectly sea-worthy, hover around the small canoes in case of accident, to render assistance. The first to suffer is the *Page M. Baker*, in command of W. Hollander, artist. We hear a yell, and on looking around see nothing but a black face on one side and a white one on the other of the boat, which is bottom up. Not being far from shore the water is shallow, and the canoe is carried to shore, emptied and launched, with two wiser men than started in it in the morning.

But a short time passes before we hear a cry of "Look out for the shark!"

And in a second he is among us, creating considerable consternation as regards the occupants of the small canoes. His lordship heads directly for the *E. A. Burke*, in command of J. R. Phillips, commissary and mechanic of the expedition, and for awhile we think he intends cutting the boat in two, but he swerves as he gets within a few feet of it, and his fins cut the water in such close proximity that the occupants instinctively lean to one side, and consequently two more dripping objects and a swamped canoe is the result. There is, as usual, a general laugh, especially from the artist and his boatman, who are glad to find companions in misfortune. Numerous other smaller accidents occur, which teach the men better than words that a canoe, like the mule, "is a very uncertain animal," and bears watching.

We notice that the land lying upon the bank of the Caloosahatchie, between Punta Rassa and Fort Myers, which last year had but few settlers, is now being built up, and it will be but a few years before the two places will be connected by groves of cocoanut trees and pineapple orchards.

It is dark when we arrive at Fort Myers, and after dragging our canoes upon the shore, find a vacant building near, or at least a carpenter-shop, which the owner has neglected to lock, and as the men are too tired to wait to look for better quarters, we take possession for the night. Being in rather a bad plight from our wettings received during our short and stormy voyage, we decline numerous invitations from the warm-hearted and more than hospitable citizens of the town, and content ourselves with beds at the hotel for the gentlemen of the party. Our men wring the water out of their wet blankets, roll themselves up upon the floor of the carpenter-shop and are soon oblivious of all surroundings. Salt water is not very beneficial to shot-guns and rifles, so we sat up quite late that night wiping off and greasing our arms and drying books and papers, which have suffered. A warm supper, and we, too, follow the example of our men, and forget in sleep the hardships of the day.

A. P. WILLIAMS

(second letter, December 10, 1883, page 1)

THE EVERGLADES

Second letter from the *Times-Democrat's* expedition.

The Voyage Up the Caloosahatchie—Fort Myers and its Surroundings—A Beautiful Country—The First Night in Camp.

Special Correspondence of *The Times-Democrat*.

LAKE OKEECHOBEE, Fla., November, 1883.

We wake up in the morning (Sunday, 21st October) after reaching Fort Myers with the rain pattering upon the roof and the wind whistling around the house. We console ourselves with the thought that our dose of bad weather had better be taken comfortably housed than in the Everglades without covering, for in that condition we will have to take it, being unable,

from the smallness of our canoes and lack of room, to carry anything in the way of tents except two tent flies, which will be used for provisions in case of rain.

After breakfast we have our tents and boats moved to more comfortable quarters, in a house kindly placed at our disposal by Major James Evans, one of Fort Myers' most prominent citizens, famed throughout the land for his hospitality, genial and amiable qualities, but more especially for a peculiar habit he has of never saying no, and carrying his generosity and charity so far, that we believe he would give away the very shirt off of back if he thought the stranger within his gates needed it more than he did.

Col. Hopkins and myself accepted an invitation, extended by Capt. F. A. Hendry, one of our future companions, to all the gentlemen of our party to make his house our headquarters during the stay in his town, the remainder preferring to remain at the hotel. Our surroundings in the captain's palatial home were too pleasant for us to refuse, so our baggage was removed from the hotel to his house. We would all prefer camping out, but our provisions are yet in the hold of the schooner, which has just arrived from New Orleans, and is at the wharf unloading. We have bought provisions and borrowed cooking utensils for the men, and they are enjoying themselves in their comfortable camp.

Fort Myers is the most beautifully situated town in the State of Florida. Standing as it does upon the banks of the Caloosahatchie River, which, at this point, eighteen miles from the Gulf, is over a mile wide, its handsome residences, beautiful orange groves, the tall symmetrically shaped cocoanut trees lining the bank, every house surrounded by the rarest variety of tropical plants and trees, the guava growing wild upon every vacant lot in the town, handsome public buildings and churches strike the stranger with wonder that such a perfect little jewel of a place should exist in Southern Florida, a land yet unsung, and, to a large extent, untrodden by the Northern tourists that cover the other portions of the State during the winter months. Refinement and cultivation exists nowhere in the State to a greater extent than in this little town of 300 inhabitants. Pass down its streets on a pleasant evening, and from almost every house can be heard the sound of some musical instrument, or the rich tones of voices, which prove better than words that naught has been left undone to bring them to perfection that means or opportunity could offer. They seem to be a music-loving

community and the excellence of their public schools, of which there are two, a male and female, and the great attention paid to the education of their children speaks well for its people, and is the great solution of the problem of who Fort Myers is unsurpassed in the refinement of its society, its great prosperity, true Southern hospitality, and why, after one visit, either on pleasure or business, you yearn to return. The great personal beauty and loveliness of its women, the high commercial standing of its men, and its peculiar freedom from all the little vices of small towns, make it a little Eden in this wilderness of tropical beauties. A new large and commodious hotel has just been finished, built upon the bank of the river, on the edge of the town, handsomely and luxuriously furnished. The tourist is, or will be attracted here, and in a few years we will see this little village, yet unvisited by the hordes of visitors which overrun this State from the outside world, a busy, populous and, from its situation, naturally a thriving city, with all its present loveliness and attractive beauties swallowed up in the vortex of city life. We will always think of this little town as we first knew it, and although it may be best for its commercial interest that money and men should crowd to the wall and rob it of its present village simplicity, purity and sweetness; yet it seems to us like trampling to earth the roses which bloom before each door and putting an ax in the beautiful palm and stately cocoanut trees which grow and thrive on every side.

We spend Monday, the 22d, in receiving our supplies, comprising outfits, etc., from the schooner and transferring them to the *Spitfire*, a little propeller, which occasionally as necessity demands, runs up the Caloosahatchie for about thirty miles, as we intend using all the means of transportation the country affords for transporting our supplies as far as possible, wishing to enter the Everglades with every pound that our canoes can carry, at the very point of entrance, as on that depends the success of the present expedition. Our stores are ample for the subsistence of twelve men for ninety days, but from experience of one day in the canoes, we will only be able to leave Lake O'Keechobee with thirty days' rations, depending upon our guns and fishing lines to make thirty days' do us for sixty days' supplies. Our men are all busy making mosquito bars, grinding knives, axes and hatchets, and bothering me generally all day to buy certain little articles that they neglected to provide themselves, until this their last opportunity of doing so on the trip. Our artist takes a sketch of the place, and remainder of the gentlemen spend the day loading cartridges, fixing fishing lines and packing each a small hand satchel, the only baggage allowed, in which he is

expected to carry a single change of clothes. Our trunks are stored at Fort Myers, together with our extra baggage. We all pay a visit to Major Evans' beautiful home, and sitting in front of his vine-covered bachelor's (what a treasure some woman has so far missed) ranch, we regale ourselves eating cocoanuts, oranges and guavas, and drinking fresh milk from the cocoanuts, not flavored with water, and still there was a foreign element put in—say two fingers of element to one of milk.

Night finds us seated at the luxurious tea-table of H. A. Parker, Esq., one of Fort Myers' most prominent merchants, which table is presided over by his charming, accomplished and intelligent lady. Hours fly like minutes in that charming household, and it is with reluctance and a happy memory of true southern hospitality from Southern hearts and hands, that we bid good-bye to our host and hostess, and receive their god-speed and hearty wishes for our success in our present undertaking. We return to Capt. Hendry's, our pleasant temporary home, where we spend the remainder of our last evening in one of the happiest households in the State, made happy and attractive by all that education, wealth and refinement can do toward accomplishing that object. The halo of true religion prevades throughout this household, and all has been done by our host and his charming lady to make their childrens' home the sweetest and dearest spot on earth to them. How great their success has been it need but a visit in their midst to see and know.

We are all up early on the morning of Oct. 23 (Tuesday), and soon canoes are launched, each man in his place, and everything ready to start. I put Col. Hopkins in charge of the little fleet, to which a large batteau for carrying provisions has been added, put the *Daisy* in tow behind the steamer on which I intend taking the provisions and stores as far as possible up the river, get on board, leaving Caesar sitting in the stern of the canoe to prevent accidents, and in a few minutes we are all off, followed by the good wishes and hearty cheers from the citizens of Fort Myers.

Our steamer is not remarkably fast, or the canoes are, for it is a neck-and-neck race until we reach that part of the river in which the current is strong, and then we steam ahead, and at the first bend of the river lose sight of the boats. Dr. Kellum, the surgeon of our expedition, is on board, going as far as his place, at which point we intend establishing our first camp for the purpose of unpacking provisions and storing them in the boats. Capt. Bill Nelson, of the little steamer *Spitfire*, is a host within him-

self. He acts as captain, pilot and roustabout, and when his engineer is absent fill that office also. There are two or three ladies on board, and when the boat is well under way our captain finds time to leave the wheel, play the agreeable, keeping an eye on the wheel, and in fact be in more places, and doing more things about his little boat in a short time than any man I ever saw. It is a rule on the *Spitfire* that every man must bring his own provisions along, already cooked. We have not done so, nor has the doctor, so we are very polite and attentive to Capt. Billy, and when the time comes that we think any captain of good hard sense ought to dine, we redouble our attentions, the doctor even going so far as to open his medical case and bring out about four ounces of something which tasted quite pleasantly, and brought a smile and invitation from our captain to join him in the rear of the boat, where we take a seat upon deck, with our plate on our lap, and enjoy our dinner as we have not done for many a day.

At 5 O'clock we land at Dr. Kellum's, our stores are put on shore, the little steamer goes on her way to her destination, which is a few miles farther up the river, and Caesar and myself are left busily piling up everything, and putting things in shape ere the arrival of the other boats, which in half an hour land, and for the first time *The Times-Democrat* expedition begins to feel that they have cut loose from the balance of creation, and are independent of the outside world. Sufficient of our stores are unpacked to give the men their supper, while some of us begin trolling in the river for bass, and others, gun on shoulder, are soon lost in the dense woods which surround us in search of game of some kind. As night approaches our hunters return with about a dozen squirrels and a few birds (quail and doves) and our fishermen a fine lot of bass, which, when placed before us an hour afterward by Allen, our cook, make every man feel that if life in camp is always so pleasant, the luxuries of civilization will cease to have any attraction. Our camp fires burn brightly until late at night; our last cigars are smoked (pipes will take their place on the morrow); stories of adventure by field and flood are related, laughed over, or listened to with such gravity as to even make the narrator believe that what he relates is not part of his imagination, but of actual occurrence, and as blankets are spread upon the ground, each man lays himself down upon Mother Earth to drop off into slumber, or lie awake listening to the mournful notes of the whip-poor-wills, and hooting of the owls, which resound through the woods long after the whole camp is wrapped in sleep.

We spend the 24th October opening the provisions and unpacking our camp outfit. Such provisions as are liable to be spoiled by getting wet we have transferred to tin buckets, which can be easily divided among the boats. As soon as everything is unpacked and stored in as small space as possible the work of loading the boats begin. We load and unload, pack and repack, and still after each boat is loaded to its utmost capacity, and the men gaze with mournful countenance upon their different canoes, and wonder how they can possibly get in without capsizing, there remains a large pile upon the bank. The batteau we procured at Fort Myers is loaded to its gunwale, and can't carry a pound more. Nothing can be done without another boat, and a large one at that, so, after looking around the neighborhood, we find one, which, though smaller than we require, still we will make it do until we can do better.

Our artist, while wandering in the woods near camp, comes in contact with a snake which, from his account when he arrives white and breathless from a long run, must have been of an enormous size and quite ferocious, as it ran after him. He had his rifle with him, but in his excitement forgot to use it. In fact, to use his own expression, "De rifle maybe snap, and de snake bite me, *but de legs I know he don't snap.*" There is a good laugh in camp at his expense, and it is many days ere we cease to chaff him about it; but he is too good-natured a fellow for it to continue long, especially as we find out that no one is ever before him when coolness, endurance or daring is needed in the days that follow.

On the 25th of October, the sun shining brightly upon the surface of this beautiful river, the tall palmetto trees lining its banks, the dense, dark and sombre forest which the eyes from our canoes are unable to penetrate—all combine to lend an enchantment to the scene which no pen can describe, no pencil illustrate. We have started before sunrise from our picturesque and pleasant camp on Dr. Kellum's place, leaving the doctor behind, who promises to join us on Lake Okeechobee. The gentlemen of our party busy themselves with killing squirrels, as they leap from bough to bough; shooting wild turkeys, which fearlessly stand on the bank of the river looking at an approaching canoe until a rifle ball either lays him fluttering upon the bank or sends him flying back into the dense woods from which he has emerged to get his noonday drink. We often land and walk for miles, getting ahead for the purpose of hunting, and when our game-bag is sufficiently full, or we have walked ourselves down, we sit upon the bank and

wait for our canoes, which move slowly against the swift current of the river, which is confined to a channel of not more than thirty or forty yards, and consequently flows with great rapidity. We camped that night near old Fort Deneau, of which nothing remains to mark its former occupancy as such during the Indian war, except a small clearing of a few acres. We feel tired and weary from this our first hard day's pull, and the voices of our colored crew are not heard in song as on the previous nights, but as soon as their night's work is done, a fresh log is thrown upon our camp fires, each man rolls himself up in his blanket, and perfect silence reigns in camp.

A. P. WILLIAMS

(Article on December 12, 1883, page 1)

THE EVERGLADES

A preliminary report from *The Times-Democrat* expedition.

The Difficulties Overcome, the Rivers Explored and the Island Discovered—
General Character of the Country.

Special to *The Times-Democrat*.

Punta Rassa, Dec. 11.—*The Times-Democrat* expedition for the exploration of the Everglades reached Lake Okeechobee on the first day of November, and coasted around the southern shore of the lake for nine days, thoroughly exploring every river and creek running in the direction of the Everglades. The expedition discovered and explored to their source eight rivers, which headed in the dense swamps bordering the glades.

On the 10th of November we selected the T. - D. River as the best point of exit from the lake, and began cutting our way through the swamp. On the 11th of November we reached the borders of the marsh, composed of grass, scrub willow and custard apple. Our passage through this was most difficult, we being unable to make more than a few hundred yards a day.

On the 14th of November we reached the borders of the saw-grass, set fire to the same in our front and burned it ahead of us. We found about

four inches of water, which depth lasted for fifteen days, and during that time the expedition worked entirely in the saw-grass.

On the 28th we reached the grassy waters of the glades and sighted our first island, and after reaching the same we camped for two nights and one day, repairing damages to the boats.

Our progress was uninterrupted in our passage among the hundreds of islands composing the glades, until Dec. 3, when we encountered the rocks which border the southern glades. The boats were carried for miles by hand until the evening of the 5th of December, when we sighted the rockets from the camp of parties we had sent to camp, until our arrival at the head of Sharks River, with instruction to send up rockets by night and make smoke by day.

On Dec. 6, we reached the head of Sharks River and descended the same to the Gulf. We became separated during the night from our provision boat, in charge of two men, and being unable to find them, the next day we left for their use the boats sent from Fort Myers to our relief. We then chartered a schooner and ran for Punta Rassa. We have failed in no particular in carrying out the programme to the letter.

(Editorial comment on December 21, 1883.)

THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

Members of *The Times-Democrat's* Everglades exploring expedition reached this city Wednesday night, having made a very quick trip from Florida. They return the picture of health, burned a deep brown, but grown stout over their sojourn in this Florida wilderness. Judged by them, the Everglades must be the very fountain of eternal youth, for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain. Although the party spent more than a month in this region, exposed to the rigors of the weather, and the severest hardships, pushing their heavy boats through the swamps for four weeks without rest, there was not, during the entire trip, a single case of sickness among them, and all of the party added from fifteen to twenty pounds to their weight. The climate they describe as tropical and nearly perfect, and at no time did they experience any inconveniences from their long march through the swamp.

The trip was without serious accident, although very severe and fatiguing, the journey through the saw-grass, where there was neither land nor water, being about as arduous an undertaking as ever attempted by an exploring party. This region is described as gloomily monotonous, a broad stretch of grass extending as far as the horizon, without a single elevation to relieve it, and destitute of all animal life. Once in the Everglades proper the scene was different. Innumerable romantic islands were discovered, lakes and game in super-abundance, and plenty of Indians, suspicious but not unfriendly to the whites. Of the character of this region, however, and of the many important discoveries made, we must leave to Major Williams, the gentleman who had charge of the expedition, to speak. His account of the trip will be published very shortly, and the initial letter will probably be given Sunday and the rest of the trip told soon after. The attention of the world has latterly been turned to the Everglades as a *terra incognita*, whose mysteries it desired to penetrate. We promise that the whole story of that region shall be told so that every one will know its present and its possible future value, and whether it can be redeemed, improved and thrown open to settlement.

(December 23, 1883)

THE EVERGLADES

Up the Caloosahatchie River to Lake Okechobee.

The Times-Democrat's Expedition on its Way to the Glades—A Toilsome Journey Through a Delightful Country—On the Waters of the Great Lake of Southern Florida.

LETTER NO. 3

Special Correspondence of *The Times-Democrat*.

It is a clear, bright and beautiful morning, as we rise from our blankets on the ground and prepare for our second days' journey up the Caloosahatchie River. The first duty of our cook is to rouse each man before it is good daylight, and his second, to always have a coffee-pot of strong hot coffee ready to be partaken of as each rises from his luxurious bed. Woe to him if he neglects his duty in that respect. After coffee there is a general washing of faces at the river bank, and by the time that is accomplished breakfast is ready, which this morning consists of quail on cracker, broiled bass or

trout, the remains of a cold roasted wild turkey, bacon, crackers, corn bread and coffee. To be sure, we use tin cups and plates, and our table cloth is the grass, yet there is naught to disturb the digestion of the party, and the appetite with which each man charges upon the viands set before him is enough to make him smile himself in after days, when reviewing the incidents of his camp life. The gentlemen of the party are all keen sportsmen, the majority of them good shoots and fisherman, consequently we are seldom without game or fish in this country, that is teeming with deer, bear, wild turkeys, ducks, snipe, quail, and numerous water fowl of species quite new to us, which we will describe more fully hereafter. We generally camp at 4 o'clock in the evening, that the men may prepare camp for the night before it is dark, and at the same time get a little rest, which is not given them during the middle of the day.

Today the current in the river is strong, and our provision boats make but little headway. The canoes move with ease, and it needs but a paddle to make them skim over the water, but we have to keep together, and as there is plenty of leisure time for the occupants of the canoes they get ahead for a short distance, and spend the time scouring the woods in search of game, or lay on their paddles and fish, during the time we are waiting for the larger boats. The scenery of the river remains unchanged. It is all beautiful, and there is not a bend of the river, nor a curve, that does not present to the eye some new beauty or freak of nature, which from sunrise until sunset keeps us in a state of expectancy and excitement, regardless of fatigue or flight of time.

At dark we arrive at Fort Thompson, which, like all the other places with the cognomen of "Fort" attached in this portion of the State, have naught about the place to remind them of the former occupancy of the place as such, except the memory of the oldest inhabitant, or its mark upon the map. We camp for the night upon the eastern bank of the river, and when after seeing each boat landed and unloaded, we visit the last house we shall see until we are through the Everglades, for to-morrow we continue our course up the Caloosahatchie to Lake Okeechobee, which will be through an entirely uninhabited country.

We are joined at this point by Capt. Hendry, and by him are introduced to Mr. Frazier, the last inhabitant of the Caloosahatchie. At his place we find everything in the way of vegetation grew, and either in fruit or bloom.

Tomatoes and okra are in abundance. He is attempting to set out his whole land in grasses. The Johnson and Para grass are both planted, and fast taking possession of the soil, and when once they gain the ascendancy over the other grasses, he will have a stock farm not equaled in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. All the inhabitants of this portion of the State are interested more in the raising of stock than in using the magnificent and rich soil which nature has provided them, a climate unsurpassed for tropical fruits in the United States for the cultivation of either fruit, vegetables or grain.

At sunrise the next morning we get ready to leave, but previous to doing so we are warned by Capt. Hendry that our provision boats are too heavily loaded to cross Lake Okeechobee, which necessitates the hiring of an extra batteau and one man. Leaving Fort Thompson, we pass over that portion of the river in which were once the falls of the Caloosahatchie, but since we passed over them last December, the Okeechobee Drainage Company have blasted and dug them out, and the only thing to remind the stranger of where they stood are the piles of lime rock lying on the bank. From this point we enter Lake Flirt, which is but a widening of the river, very shallow and covered with rank marsh grass over almost the entire surface of the lake. Our artist takes a good sketch of the lake and its surroundings, including the dredge-boat, which is busily at work cutting a straight canal through the same.

We stop on board the dredge and spend a pleasant hour with our fellow Louisianian, Capt. Thenge, who has charge of this work for the Drainage Company. A good dinner is one of the pleasant features of our short visit. At 2 o'clock, with Caesar bending to his oars, our little canoe is sent spinning through the water, and at dark we overtake the balance of the fleet, and camp for the night on Coffee Mill Hummock. We take a peculiar interest in this place, first on account of having camped among its tall palmetto trees for two days last December and spent a pleasant time, and second because as far as the eye can see, and much further, the lands are owned by Louisianians. They entered it several months ago without ever seeing it, and, if they only knew it, have struck a bonanza.

We find our hunters have secured several wild turkeys, ducks, and the fishermen are equally successful with their fishing lines. It is all pleasant, smooth and delightful, this camping out; weather all that a man could

desire, plenty of game, and with nothing to do but eat, drink, and be merry, and we say nothing to mar the pleasure of our trip by referring to the dark days ahead.

Today (Oct. 28), being Sunday, I decide to remain in camp at this point. After breakfast, having secured a guide, with gun on shoulder we start on a tramp to visit the celebrated Indian Mound, lying about three miles from camp. One point of interest in connection with this mound is the fortification erected near it and two old canals diverging from it, both emptying into the Caloosahatchie at different points, about three miles apart. As we leave camp we enter a thick hummock of palmetto trees, which lasts for about half a mile, the soil as rich as any we have seen in the State, and susceptible of growing all and any fruit grown in a tropical climate. Leaving the palmetto trees, we enter a thick pine woods, which lasts until we reach the Indian Mound. The sun is blazing hot, and when we have climbed to the top of the mound our gun weighs about a thousand pounds in our imagination, and we are only too glad to sit down and rest beneath the shade of the bushes, which cover this pile of white sand from base to top. After a few minutes rest, with a good field-glass we get a view of the whole Caloosahatchie Valley to the eastward as far as Lake Hickpochee, a distance of about eight or ten miles as the crow flies. The two canals are plainly to be seen from near the base of the mound, one running about south and the other southwest. We leave the mound and follow the canal running south for a short distance. Why they were dug, or for what purpose, I shall leave to some one in the far future, better versed in Indian or ancient lore than I am. Two things are plain: first, that they were never dug for drainage, for they rise or begin in the high land and go toward the river, and the lands through which they pass really need no drainage; and, secondly, they, except at a time when the river is flooded, could not be used as a means of transportation, as they are perfectly dry, except at the time of some extraordinary flood, only one of which has occurred within the memory of the oldest white inhabitant or Indian living. We soon enter the land owned by Louisianians, as above stated. Most of it is the very best pine land in the State, dark and rich soil, easily cleared, and what gives it a present high value and a much higher one in the future is that it is the last timber for almost 100 miles going in the direction of the Kissimmee, and the last place that steamers will take on fuel going to Kissimmee City. Its soil has not its superior anywhere in the State, and we hope the next time we pass through this country to see a thorough and prosperous Louisiana colony established.

At present it is a rich tropical wilderness in the most beautiful portion of the State, where injurious frosts never occur, and needing but the hand of man to change its present wildness into blooming orchards of orange, lemon, lime, but more especially pineapple, that being the fruit which is at present attracting more attention than any other, in the portions of the State adapted by its tropical climate to the cultivation of the same. We do not know what the intentions of our Louisiana friends are as regards their investment, but it is certainly a good one as regards the pecuniary portion of the business.

After returning to camp at 3 o'clock p. m., I receive a call from a gentleman who has selected a portion of the land in question, built a small house and made a clearing, thinking it was United States lands. To his sorrow when he attempted to enter it he found he was too late. He now wishes to buy, but I am afraid he will find quite a difference in price from United States lands.

We are awakened at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 29th by finding out to our sorrow that mosquito bars are no protection against the rain, which is coming down in torrents. Bed clothing and every other article is but a secondary consideration in comparison with provisions and ammunition; so there is quite a commotion in camp erecting temporary shelters for their storage. We succeed in saving everything, and when daylight breaks it finds us as wet and bedraggled a set of men as ever met together in Florida. Down comes the rain in an almost solid sheet of water, and the tents utilized out of our canoe sails are but a poor protection. All day we sit in our India rubber coats, boots and caps, and have a jolly time under difficulties. As dark approaches the rains cease, and we take advantage of half an hour's sunshine to dry our clothing, bail out boats and get everything ready for an early start next morning. Our night's rest is not a pleasant one, sleeping, as we do, upon the ground soaked with water, and rivulets of water running down our backs, but still if we don't succeed in sleeping, nobody is out of humor, and everyone does what he can to make time pass pleasantly.

At daylight in the morning we are off, a leaden sky overhead and the swift running Caloosahatchie beneath us. It is a hard pull against the current, but our men bend to their oars with a will, for we shall see no more land until we reach Lake Okeechobee, and, therefore, no place to camp. Our whole day's journey is between marshy banks, although once in awhile we

get a glimpse of a line of timber lying to the north or south. At 12 o'clock we enter the canal running between Lake Hickpochee and the river, and we find a current almost impossible to stem. At 3 o'clock we reach the lake, and attempt to find dry land with an intention of camping on the bank of the canal where it enters the lake. We find land, but we find a moccasin coiled up to every square yard ready to spring. We don't stay long on shore, and after reporting that any man who sleeps on shore will have to take a snake for a bed-fellow, they unanimously decide to cross Lake Hickpochee, and go to Lake Okeechobee, even though we travel until late at night. Several of the party go to shooting alligators, that are swimming around us in numbers. Some fine shots are made, and over a dozen alligators are killed in that many minutes. The lake is quite rough, so the small boats, together with the provision batteaus, hug the shore, and the larger boats strike across under full sail. Night overtakes us in the middle of the lake, and we are compelled to make signal lights from the different boats every few minutes to keep from being separated.

Ten o'clock finds us at the mouth of the canal running from Lake Hickpochee to Okeechobee, with three miles yet to make against a stiff current and strong northeast wind. Lanterns are lighted on the boats, and before recommencing our journey we pass around the "keg of nails," and after inspecting its condition, turn our attention to something more substantial, consisting of crackers, bacon, etc. We feel considerably refreshed after our lunch, and all hands bend to their oars with renewed strength as we push from shore, and begin our battle against both wind and current in the almost Egyptian darkness which surrounds us. The splash, splash of the alligators from their resting place upon the bank of the canal, as they are disturbed by the passing boats, keeps the occupants of the small canoes wide awake, for if by accident the 'gators tail should come in contact with their frail bark, somebody would certainly get a bath in too close proximity to the animal to make it healthy.

About 12 o'clock we arrive at the mouth of the canal emptying in Lake Okeechobee.

The moon has just risen as we reach the lake. The roar of the water and the sight of the white-capped waves breaking against the scrubby trees which mark the shores do not have a very enlivening effect upon the tired and sleepy crowd just arrived. One thing certain, and that is, no one intends

attempting to sleep among the moccasins on the bank of the canal, and to sleep in our boats in the canal is equivalent to a night's battle with the mosquitoes. After discussing the question, we decide to pull out to an old cypress standing in the lake, tie our boats to the limbs, and wait until daylight. We reach the tree in safety, tie our boats, roll up in our blankets, and sleep soundly until daylight, notwithstanding the tossing of the waves or the bumping of the boats against each other. No mosquitoes—and that was happiness enough for one night!

A. P. WILLIAMS

(December 30, 1883)

FLORIDA EVERGLADES

The Times-Democrat's expedition on Lake Okeechobee.

Unpleasant Companions in an Unpleasant Camp—A Gale on the Lake—
Narrow Escape of the Canoes—A Fortunate Sail and a Happy Rescue—
Incident of the day.

LETTER NO. 4

We were waked up at daylight on the morning of Nov. 1, by the increased rocking of our canoes, and whistling of the wind through the branches of the trees to which we are tied. A perfect gale is beginning to blow, and those of our party who are not already awake are roused up, canoes are loosened, the wind and current sweeps us back through the mouth of the canal, and ere many seconds we are all landed upon the banks of the canal, busy with axes, hatchets and machettes cutting brush, and clearing away the vines which lay two or three feet deep upon the ground. The hissing of snakes, and the splash, splash of alligators, as they retreat from their beds and plunge into the waters of the canal, keeps the men working in rather a quick, nervous and excited manner for several minutes. We, who are sitting in the stern of our boats directing the work, encouraging some, and laughing at others who seem to have the misfortune of finding every snake, have rather an easy time, and have not the least anxiety to put our feet on terra firma until breakfast is cooked and snakes have vanished.

After breakfast, finding from a personal observation that the waters of the lake are too rough for our little fleet, orders are given to unload boats

and thoroughly dry everything which has become damp from exposure to the rain during our camp on the Caloosahatchee River. There is plenty to occupy the time of every man in the party until dinner, after which time begins to hang heavily upon our hands as we watch with anxiety the white-capped waves of the lake, and in our hearts pray most fervently for calm waters and gentle breezes. Night finds us still occupying the banks of the canal with a northeast gale blowing. The men make preparation to sleep on shore, but a few of us prefer our canoes. We are not afraid of snakes; we deny with scorn such charge. On the contrary it is really a pleasant sensation to feel on a hot night a cool, smooth, slick body gliding noiselessly over our bare feet, or hear a musical and gentle hiss as we put our hand out from under our mosquito bar to feel around for our pipe, and touch something that is not our pipe. Such little incidents enliven us, as well as everybody else, and considerably assist us in making life bearable. Still we prefer sleeping in our canoes, and do so on this occasion and many others in the future. We are disturbed a little during the night by the bellowing of alligators, and occasionally by one swimming back and forth under our boat, scratching his back, we presume, against the boat's keel. We have no objection to his scratching his back against anything else except our canoe; alligators are careless, is one reason; another is that, like many of the human species, the more liberty you allow them the more they want. Caesar, who is occupying the bow of the boat, sits up all night, a rifle by his side, and a boat hook in his hand, merely because we carelessly remarked, as we rolled over in our blanket, that "alligators never touched a white man when he could get hold of a nigger." Consequently I was well guarded all night, and had not asked for a guard either. Before we raised our heads above the gunwale of our canoe on the morning of the 2nd of November, we knew by the roar of the waves, that an angry sea was still before us to impede our further progress. The prospect of passing another day in our present camp was not pleasant, consequently a gloomy crowd gather around our campfire and watch the preparation of breakfast. We indulge in that repast in silence, after which we gather in knots and discuss our future prospects of getting away. One thing certain, if we could only get around a point of timber which lies about a mile to the southward, our smaller canoes and heavily laden batteaus could hug the shore, keep in the grassy waters which border the margin of the lake, and we could look out for a better camp, or slowly make our way around the southern shore until a place could be found for a harbor for boats, and a suitable spot from which to cut through to the Everglades. With that object in view, we unloose our canoe, row out

into the lake to see if the waves are really as high as they look, and at the same time if it is not possible for our boats to weather the point already mentioned. We return from our tour of observation, our canoe half-filled with water, wet to the skin with the spray, perfectly satisfied that none except the larger boats could live for ten minutes in such a sea. The wind blows a steady gale all day, and the prospect of getting away next day is gloomy indeed. Still we give orders to the men to load the boats before daylight, that we may be ready to take advantage of even half an hour's lull in the wind and get away.

We are all awake before daylight on the morning of Nov. 3, and our hearts are made glad by the knowledge that the waters of the lake are smoother and the wind considerably less than on the previous day. Breakfast is hurried up, the men work with a will to get the boat loaded, and sunrise we shove off from shore and make for the lake. The small canoes, and smallest batteaus keep in the grassy waters which lie between the open waters and dense swamp of scrub trees which constitute the borders of the lake, while the large canoes and largest batteaus hoist sail, stand out a short distance in the lake, and by making short tacks keep in the vicinity, and at the same time a close watch upon the smaller craft. We soon succeed in getting our boats safely around the point, but alas! wind shifts, and we are exposed to a stiff gale from the east, without any harbor in sight, and unable to return to that which we left. We who occupy the larger boats are in no danger—at least the danger is not very great; but the smaller canoes and batteaus will certainly not be able to weather the gale. For while we are in considerable trouble, as the only assistance we can offer is to take the occupants of the small in our large canoes, and tow the small ones until a landing can be made somewhere on the shores of the lake. It is rather a ticklish business, crawling from one canoe to another, with the waves tossing us about life feather on its surface, but the change is effected, and those of the larger boats soon begin to realize the difference 150 pounds make in their management. Our canoes have a tendency to take a short cut through the waves, instead of riding them gracefully as they did in the minutes previous to taking on our additional load, and sea after sea is shipped, which necessitates considerable bailing to keep afloat. Should we attempt to take cover in the brush and scrub trees which mark the margin of all that portion of the lake our small canoes would soon be dashed to pieces on the roots and snags, which are as thick as the hairs on our head. When things have about reached their worst, and we feel that even though

complete shipwreck awaits us, still we will have to run for the shore. We suddenly see emerging from behind the point of timber we have just left a large sail-boat, which heads directly for our little fleet in distress.

We wave our hats, shout, fire off guns, and generally behave like a parcel of school boys just released from school. For the last three days we have been looking for Dr. Kellum to form our party, and we are satisfied in our minds that our deliverer is our friend, the doctor. Our little fleet crowd together waiting anxiously for the boat which is speeding toward us. Suddenly Caesar jerks off his cap, begins waiving it like a crazy man, and shouting like a wild Indian, almost over-turning our canoe in his efforts to express some great joy. "What the devil is the matter with you?" we yell, and at the same time launch an empty bottle at him. It's the "*Daisy*, the Whitehall boat of de Major's!" Caesar still continues to shout. We take a closer look and soon recognize, to our surprise, the large Whitehall boat used on our voyage last December down the Kissimee and across Lake Okeechobee, with Caesar as one of the crew. This boat we had left at Manatee but a few days previous to our departure from Cedar Keys, and placed her at the disposal of Judge Marshall and Col. Bushnell, of Louisiana, who, in company with Mr. Marshall, a photographer from Jacksonville, Fla., intended cruising around the gulf coast.

The boat is soon among us, her anchor dropped, sails furled and each canoe busy transferring their extra load on to her decks. She is large enough to hold us all, but we who are in the large canoes consider ourselves safe in our boats as if we were in an hundred-ton schooner, provided we are not overloaded; so we stick to them after putting the small canoes in tow and their occupants in the large boat. Neither Judge Marshall nor Col. Bushnell is on board. Mr. Marshall, the photographer, is in charge of the Whitehall boat, accompanied by a Mr. Murray, and have followed us for the purpose of taking photographs of the expedition until we disappeared in the Everglades. We have no time for explanations, with the wind howling around us and the waves tossing us about in anything but a pleasant style upon the surface of the water, so sails are once more hoisted, and we are soon speeding along the western shore, hoping every minute to see high land sufficient to land our boats and camp. Night is fast approaching, and we realize the fact that we must make for the shore and find some shelter from the gale.

The Whitehall boat being the strongest, is put in front and ordered to make for the line of the woods on the shore, the canoes following some distance in her wake. She directs her course toward a slight opening in the dense swamp, soon disappears from view in the woods, but soon returns to the edge and signals to the canoes that are slowly feeling their way to come on. Away we speed, the waves, which are much higher near the shore, breaking over the small canoes at every step, and how they kept afloat is a mystery to us to this day. We are soon among the trees in comparatively smooth water, each boat tied to the branch of a tree, and their occupants busy driving their poles and oars down beside them to prevent being rubbed or crushed against the neighboring trees, or thrown upon the roots which stick up above the surface of the water in all directions. Rough as our surroundings are still we are in safety, and nothing seriously injured. Canned meats are distributed around, coffee is made on a small coal oil stove, lanterns are lighted and hung up among the branches of the trees, which illuminates this strange encampment on the water in this dense, dark, tropical woods. All are in good spirits, so when supper is finished and pipes lighted, we sit in our boats and laugh over the different incidents of the day.

Something amusing has happened to each and every member during the day. Very amusing, as told lying in perfect safety, smoking our pipes after a good supper, but we are satisfied nobody laughed at the time. I can't help relating one little incident of the day which came under my own observation. The largest one of our colored crew is a man by the name of Allen, about thirty years of age, black as a crow, standing about six feet three inches in his stocking fee, a devout Christian to all appearances, and a deacon in the colored Baptist church. When during the day it became necessary for the large canoes to relieve the smaller ones, it fell to our share to take charge of the canoe "Judson," rowed by Allen. After he had in fear and trembling (for he was badly frightened) crawled from his boat into our's, for awhile he felt safe, but when the gale increased, and our overloaded boat began forging through the waves, instead of riding them, the water dashing over us and into the boat, things began to look squally and Allen began praying in a most devout manner, notwithstanding our man Caesar's protestation to the contrary. "Throw dat nigger oberboard, majur," says Caesar, his own courage beginning to ooze out. "He's gwine to bring us bad luck, an' den he's so heaby dat he bound to sink de boat!" "Oh, Lord, save us!" prays Allen, and then follows a confession of his sins, each sin followed by a prayer for deliverance and promises of a better life. Each time the wind lulls Caesar gets brave, and is inclined to make fun of poor Allen, who,

wet to the skin, is crouched in the bottom of the boat, eyes shut to keep from looking at the waves, and his fervent prayer going on. "Allen," says Caesar, "it's too late to go to prayin' now; you has sartinly ben a mity bad man, from your own statemint to de Lord to-day, and what I knows of you myself. You fooled dat gal in Savannah; you went to R——, married dat widder wid nine children; went from dar to Tampa, and fooled two oder lady members of de church. I heard you tell dat gal in Fort Myers de oder night you wasn't married, and I cocht you stealin' de majurs whisky last night." The last accusation is too much for Allen. He rouses up and for awhile the Lord, the boat, the storm and his danger are all forgotten. A war of words ensues between them, which is only stopped by an extra large wave which dashes over us, which puts Allen at his prayers again and Caesar to thinking.

Caesar is the narrator of this incident tonight and it is greeted with uproarious laughter by both white and black. When the laughter subsides, Caesar turns to Allen, who is so glad he is living that smiles are wreathing his face, and says:

"Allen you mus'nt put off yer prayin' till de debbil got yer in his fingers. Too late den. Be good like me and de Majur, all de time. Didn't yer see de Majur cussed, just like he always does, and de only difference he made durin' de whole time, was he never took no sugar in it. but took it straight out of de keg of nails. Dat shows a clear conscience."

The rocking of our boats upon the swell of the water make it anything but pleasant or conducive to sleep; still one by one becomes silent, and soon nothing is heard but the roar of the angry waters as they break against the trees, or the pious ejaculation of some fellow, whose canoe will break loose from its fastening and bump against his neighbor's.

A. P. Williams

Contributors

CHARLES W. ARNADE, Ph.D. is a professor of Social Science at the University of South Florida. He is the author of *St. Augustine on Trial* and *The Siege of St. Augustine* and is a frequent contributor of articles to *The Florida Anthropologist*, the *Florida Historical Quarterly* and other professional journals.

MRS. BESSIE WILSON DUBOIS (Mrs. John R.) of Jupiter, Florida belongs to a pioneer family in that area, all of whom have been interested in preserving the historical record. In *Tequesta* XX 1960, she contributed the article "Jupiter Lighthouse."

RAY B. SELEY, JR., a resident of Miami, has made a hobby of historical studies. He used a vacation to visit the National Archives to search for documentary materials.

MRS. MARY K. WINTRINGHAM, now residing in California, was a graduate student at Louisiana State University when she prepared this item for publication. The work was directed by Dr. E. A. Davis, Chairman of the History Department at L. S. U., who also directed the editing of the account of the first *Times-Democrat* expedition published in *Tequesta* X (1950) and XI (1951).

The Association's Historical Marker Program

On February 9, 1962, the Officers and members of the Association joined with civic leaders and citizens of Key West to dedicate a marker at the John James Audubon House. The ceremony was part of Key West's "Old Island Days" program. February 9 was declared "Mitchell Wolfson Day" by the Mayor of Key West, the Hon. C. B. Harvey, in recognition of Mr. Wolfson's great generosity in restoring the Audubon House and presenting it as a Museum to the public. The marker was unveiled by Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Wolfson. Mr. Carl W. Buchheister, President of the National Audubon Society, delivered the dedication address.

AUDUBON HOUSE

Built in 1830 for Captain John H. Geiger, skilled pilot and master wrecker who selected the original furniture from the cargoes from many lands wrecked on the Florida Reef. Here in 1832 he was host to John James Audubon when the famed naturalist and artist was studying and sketching the birds of the Florida Keys. On March 18, 1960, Mitchell Wolfson, native son of Key West, and Mrs. Wolfson also a native Floridian, restored and dedicated the house as a public museum to be named Audubon House. Refurnished with antiques of the period, the museum proudly exhibits one of the few remaining complete four volume Audubon Double Elephant Folio BIRDS OF AMERICA in which 18 of the 435 plates are identified with the Key West Trip.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA—1963

T E Q U E S T A

STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
 FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED AUGUST 31, 1963
 HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA
 MIAMI, FLORIDA

CASH — September 1, 1962 ----- \$15,481.56

RECEIPTS:

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------|
| Dues ----- | \$ 6,854.58 |
| Contributions to Museum Fund ----- | 5,578.50 |
| Interest on Savings Account ----- | 368.76 |
| Dividends on Securities ----- | 103.20 |
| Sale of Prior Tequestas ----- | 66.00 |
| Sale of "Bonton" Reprints ----- | 169.50 |
| Sale of Other Publications ----- | 592.35 |
| Marker Fund Income ----- | 550.00 |
| Museum Admissions ----- | 66.50 |
| Other Income ----- | 138.76 |

TOTAL RECEIPTS ----- 14,488.15

TOTAL CASH AVAILABLE ----- \$29,969.71

DISBURSEMENTS:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Salaries ----- | \$ 4,879.38 |
| Office Supplies and Printing ----- | 256.74 |
| Tequestas Publication Costs ----- | 989.16 |
| Newletter Publication Costs ----- | 430.35 |
| Other Publication Costs ----- | 150.00 |
| Meetings Expense ----- | 486.67 |
| Library ----- | 85.58 |
| Marker Fund Expense ----- | 596.94 |
| Purchase of Books for Resale ----- | 299.41 |
| Executive Secretary's Expense ----- | 69.85 |
| Other Expenses ----- | 278.59 |
| Building and Grounds Maintenance and Repairs ----- | 3,418.34 |
| Interest on Mortgage ----- | 1,337.09 |
| Insurance ----- | 322.94 |
| F.I.C.A. Taxes ----- | 133.52 |
| Fund Raising Campaign Expenses ----- | 2,520.88 |
| Building Improvements ----- | 275.55 |
| Furnishings and Equipment ----- | 303.19 |
| Mortgage Principal ----- | 1,362.91 |

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS ----- 18,197.09

CASH — AUGUST 31, 1963 ----- \$11,772.62

T E Q U E S T A

63

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF ASSOCIATION EQUITY
AS OF AUGUST 31, 1963 AND 1962
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA
MIAMI, FLORIDA

| | <u>Balance August 31, 1963</u> | <u>Balance August 31, 1962</u> |
|---|--|--|
| CASH: | | |
| First National Bank of Miami: | | |
| Checking Account ----- | \$ 2,899.71 | \$ 1,002.41 |
| Savings Account ----- | 8,797.91 | 14,429.15 |
| Petty Cash ----- | 75.00 | 50.00 |
| TOTAL CASH (EXHIBIT "B") ----- | <u>\$11,772.62</u> | <u>\$15,481.56</u> |
| SECURITIES (AT MARKET VALUE): | | |
| Standard Oil of New Jersey—18 Shares ----- | \$ 1,287.00 | \$ 936.00 |
| Continental Casualty Co.—12 Shares ----- | 942.00 | 906.00 |
| Hooker Chemical Co.—33 Shares ----- | 1,287.00 | 957.00 |
| Eastman Kodak Co.—3 Shares ----- | 330.00 | 304.87 |
| Eastman Kodak Co.—Contribution—3 Shares ----- | 330.00 | — |
| TOTAL SECURITIES ----- | <u>\$ 4,176.00</u> | <u>\$ 3,103.87</u> |
| OTHER ASSETS: | | |
| Tequestas On Hand ----- | \$ 1,155.00 | \$ 1,019.00 |
| Non-Association Publications ----- | 446.93 | 490.46 |
| Utility Deposit ----- | 50.00 | 50.00 |
| TOTAL OTHER ASSETS ----- | <u>\$ 1,651.93</u> | <u>\$ 1,559.46</u> |
| FIXED ASSETS (AT COST WITH NO PROVISION FOR DEPRECIATION): | | |
| Museum: | | |
| Land ----- | \$15,000.00 | \$15,000.00 |
| Building ----- | 25,749.44 | 25,749.44 |
| Building Improvements ----- | 8,679.10 | 8,403.55 |
| Furnishings and Equipment ----- | 1,478.18 | 1,174.99 |
| Total ----- | <u>\$50,906.72</u> | <u>\$50,327.98</u> |
| Less — Balance Due on Mortgage ----- | 21,539.71 | 22,902.62 |
| Net Equity in Museum ----- | <u>\$29,367.01</u> | <u>\$27,425.36</u> |
| Audio Visual Equipment ----- | 1,240.61 | 1,240.61 |
| TOTAL FIXED ASSETS ----- | <u>\$30,607.62</u> | <u>\$28,665.97</u> |
| TOTAL ASSETS ----- | <u>\$48,208.17</u> | <u>\$48,810.86</u> |
| LIABILITIES: | | |
| Employee Withholding Taxes ----- | 81.92 | 62.12 |
| ASSOCIATION EQUITY ----- | <u>\$48,126.25</u> | <u>\$48,748.74</u> |

LIST OF MEMBERS

EXPLANATORY NOTE: *The Association provides several classes of membership. "Sustaining" members who pay five dollars a year make up the basic membership. For those who wish to contribute more for the promotion of the Association's work the other classes of membership provide the opportunity, and the publication of their names in the proper category of membership is a means of recognition. "Patrons" pay ten dollars a year, "Donors" pay twenty-five dollars a year, "Contributors" pay fifty dollars a year, "Sponsors" pay one hundred dollars a year, and "Benefactors" pay two hundred and fifty or more dollars a year.*

*This printed roster is made up of the names of those persons and institutions that have paid dues in 1962, or in 1963 before September 30 when this material must go to the press. Those joining after this date in 1963 will have their names included in the 1964 roster. The symbol ** indicates founding member and the symbol * indicates charter member.*

Sustaining

- | | |
|--|--|
| Adams, Adam G., Coral Gables | Bow, Mary M., Miami |
| Albertson Public Library, Orlando | Bowman, Rt. Rev. Marion, St. Leo |
| Aldridge, Miss Daisy, Miami | Boyd, Dr. Mark F., Tallahassee* |
| Allen, Joe, Key West | Bozeman, R. E., Washington, D. C. |
| Allen, Stewart D., Miami | Brady, Mrs. H. R., Key Biscayne |
| Allison, Mrs. John D., Miami | Branen, H. S., Miami Springs |
| American Museum of Natural History | Brantner, Mrs. Wilma, Marathon |
| Anderson, Mrs. Nils E., Miami | Brigham, Miss Florence S., Miami |
| Anderson, Robert H., Miami | Bromsen, Dr. Maury A., Boston, Mass. |
| Anthony, Roscoe T., Palm Beach | Brookfield, Charles M., Miami* |
| Arbogast, Keith, Miami | Brooks, J. F., Key West |
| Archer, Ben, Homestead | Brooks, J. R., Homestead |
| Archer, Marjorie L., Homestead | Brooks, Marvin J., Miami |
| Arnold, Mrs. Roger Williams, Miami | Brown, Clark, Jr., Arcadia |
| Ashbaucher, Lorin F., No. Miami | Brown, Daniel M., Jr., Miami |
| Atkins, C. Clyde, Miami | Brown, T. O., Frostproof |
| Auerbach, Allen S., Hollywood | Brown University Library |
| Avery, George N., Big Pine Key | Buchheister, Carl W., New York, N. Y. |
| Axelson, Ivar, Miami | Bullen, Ripley P., Gainesville |
| Barker, Mrs. Edwin J., Miami | Burgess, Harry W., Miami |
| Bartow Public Library | Burghard, August, Ft. Lauderdale |
| Bassett, Rex, Jr., Ft. Lauderdale | Burkett, Mrs. Charles W., Jr., Miami Beach |
| Baxter, John M., Miami* | Burns, Edward B., Orlando |
| Bathe, Greville, St. Augustine | Burton, Mrs. Robert A., Miami* |
| Beal, K. Malcolm, Miami* | Bush, Mrs. Franklin C., Coral Gables* |
| Bergstrom, William I., Miami | Bush, James D., Jr., Miami |
| Berry, Mrs. Richard S., Miami | Bush, Lewis M., South Miami |
| Beyer, Dr. R. C., Miami | Bush, R. S., Miami |
| Bills, Mrs. John T., Miami | Busse, Raymond J., Miami |
| Bingham, Mrs. Millicent T., Washington, D. C. | Butts, Mrs. Halleck A., Miami |
| Bishop, Edwin G., Miami* | Byrd, Mrs. J. Wade, Miami |
| Blanton, Judge W. F., Miami | Cahill, J. F., Wonder Lake, Ill. |
| Blassingame, Wyatt, Anna Maria | Caldwell, Thomas P., Coral Gables** |
| Blauvelt, Mrs. Arthur M., Coral Gables | Caldwell, Mrs. Thomas P., Coral Gables* |
| Bose, John II, Miami | Campbell, Park H., South Miami* |
| | Capron, Louis, West Palm Beach |

- Carnine, Miss Helen M., Coral Gables
 Carson, Mrs. Ruby Leach, Miami**
 Cartee, Mrs. Horace L., Coral Gables
 Carter, Mrs. George deLain,
 Coral Gables
 Carter, Kenneth W.,
 Grosse Point Woods, Mich.
 Catlow, Mrs. William R., Jr.,
 Plainfield, N. J.*
 Central Florida Museum, Orlando
 Chance, Michael, Naples
 Charlton, Mrs. Elva B., Coral Gables
 Cheetham, Joseph M., Miami
 Clarke, Mary Helm, Coral Gables
 Close, Kenneth, Coral Gables
 Coconut Grove Library
 Comerford, Miss Nora A., Coral Gables
 Connolly, William D., Jr., Miami
 Cook, John B., Miami
 Cooper, Mrs. Myers Y., Coral Gables
 Coral Gables High School
 Coral Gables Public Library*
 Corley, Miss Pauline, Miami**
 Coslow, George R., Miami
 Covington, Dr. James W., Tampa
 Cowden, George E., Naples
 Crain Engineering Company, Miami
 Criswell, Col. Grover C.,
 Pass-A-Grille Beach
 Culpepper, Mrs. Kay M., Miami
 Cummings, Rev. George W., Venice
 Cushman, The School, Miami*
 Darrow, Miss Dorothy, Coral Gables
 Davis, Bernard, Miami
 Davis, Sidney, Ft. Myers
 De Boe, Mrs. Mizpah Otto, Coral Gables
 Deedmeyer, George J., Miami*
 Deedmeyer, Mrs. George J., Miami
 de Lamorton, Fred, Tampa
 De Nies, Charles F., Hudson, Mich.
 Dewhurst, John F., Hialeah
 Dismukes, Dr. Wm. Paul, Coral Gables*
 DiIullo, Mrs. Leudith, Downey, Calif.
 Dodd, Miss Dorothy, Tallahassee*
 Dorothy, Mrs. Caroline, Coral Gables*
 DuBois, Mrs. J. R., Jupiter
 Dunaway, Mrs. Carl E., Miami*
 Duncan, Marvin L., Miami
 Elder, Dr. S. F., Miami*
 Emerson, Dr. William C., Rome, N. Y.
 Englehardt, Leo, Ft. Myers
 Everglades Natural History Association,
 Homestead
 Fenn, Abbott T., Williamstown, Mass.
 Fite, Robert H., Miami
 Fitzgerald, Dr. Joseph H., Miami
 Fitzpatrick, Monsignor John J., Hollywood
 Fix, John, Miami
 Fix, Mrs. Virginia H., Miami
 Flemming, Bryan, Miami
 Florida Southern College, Lakeland
 Florida State Library, Tallahassee
 Flynn, Stephen J., Coral Gables
 Forcier, M. J., Pompano Beach
 Fortner, Ed., Ocala
 Foss, George B., Jr., St. Petersburg
 Freeland, Mrs. William L., Miami**
 Freeling, J. S., Miami
 Freeling, Mrs. J. S., Miami
 Freeman, Mrs. Ethel Cutler,
 Morristown, N. J.
 Freeman, Harley L., Ormond Beach
 Fuchs, Richard W., Florida City
 Fullerton, R. C., Coral Gables
 Fuzzard, Miss Jessie M., Miami*
 Gannaway, Mrs. K. C., Miami
 Gautier, Thomas N., Miami
 Gibson, Mrs. Walter C., Miami*
 Glorie, Rev. John W., Miami
 Godfrey, Clyde, Miami
 Goza, William M., Clearwater
 Greenleaf, John W., Jr., Miami
 Griffen, F. S., Miami
 Griggs, Mrs. Nelson W., Miami Shores
 Griswold, Oliver, Miami
 Halgrim, Robert C., Ft. Myers
 Hall, Willis E., Coral Gables
 Halstead, W. L., Miami
 Hampton, Mrs. John, Sparks, Md.*
 Hancock, Mrs. J. T., Okeechobee
 Handler, Frances Clark, Miami
 Handler, Cmdr. Frank Stevenson, Miami
 Hansell, Paul, Miami
 Harding, Col. Read B., Ret., Arcadia
 Harllee, J. William, Miami
 Harlow, Mrs. Frank E., Coral Gables
 Harlow, Rev. Frank E., Coral Gables
 Harrington, Frederick H., Hialeah
 Hart, Mrs. Reginald, Coral Gables
 Hartnett, Fred B., Coral Gables*
 Havee, Justin P., Miami*
 Havee, Mrs. Kathryn, Miami
 Hendry, Judge Norman, Miami
 Herin, Thomas D., Miami
 Herin, Judge William A., Miami*
 Hess, Mrs. E. L., Miami
 Higgins, Mrs. Donald E., Cotuit, Mass.
 Hill, Mrs. A. Judson, Miami
 Hills, Lee, Miami
 Hillsborough County Historical Commission,
 Tampa
 Hodsdon, Mrs. Harry, Miami

- Holcomb, Lyle D., Miami
 Holcomb, Lyle D., Jr., Miami
 Holland, Martin J., No. Miami Beach
 Holloway, Mrs. June, Miami
 Holmdale, Mrs. A. G., Miami
 Houck, Mrs. John Walter, Key West
 Hubbell, Willard, Miami
 Humphreys, Mrs. D. M., Ft. Lauderdale
 Huntington, Henry E., San Marino, Calif.
 Irwin, Mrs. John P., Coral Gables
 Jacksonville Free Public Library
 Jacobstein, Mrs. Helen L., Coral Gables
 Jenkins, Wesley E., Miami
 Johns, Dr. Robert, Coral Gables
 Johnson, S/Sgt. George W., Orlando
 Jones, Mrs. L. A., Miami*
 Jones, Mrs. Mary A., Miami
 Jones, William M., Miami
 Kasper, Dr. A. F., Miami
 Kelley, Mrs. Floy W., West Palm Beach
 Kelly, Peter Culmer, Nassau, Bahamas
 Kent, Selden G., Miami
 Kenyon, Alfred, Ft. Lauderdale
 Kettle, C. Edward, Miami
 Key West Art & Historical Society
 Kiem, Edgar C., Miami
 King, Dr. C. Harold, Miami
 Kirk, C., Ft. Lauderdale
 Kley, Marian Trimble, Miami
 Klingler, Mrs. Harry S., Coral Gables
 Knight, Telfair, Coral Gables
 Knott, Judge James R.,
 West Palm Beach
 Knowles, Mrs. J. H., Miami
 Kohl, Mrs. Lavenia B., Palm Beach
 Lafferty, R. S., Jr., Miami
 Lake Worth Public Library
 Lemon City Library & Improvement
 Association, Miami
 Lewis, Miss Carlotta, Coral Gables
 Leyden, Mrs. Charles S., Coral Gables
 Limmiatis, Ernest, Miami
 Lindsley, A. R., Miami Beach
 Littlefield, Miss Helena, South Miami
 Longshore, Frank, Miami
 Lyell, Dr. Robert O., Miami
 Lyell, Mrs. Robert O., Miami
 Lynch, Sylvester J., Sarasota*
 MacDonald, Miss Barbara, Miami
 MacDonald, Miss Betty, Miami
 MacDonald, Duncan, Miami*
 Mangels, Dr. Celia C., Miami Shores
 Mangels, Henry E., Jr., Miami
 Manley, Miss Marion I., Miami
 Manly, Albert B., Homestead
 Manning, Mrs. William S., Jacksonville
 Marchman, Watt P., Fremont, Ohio*
 Marks, Henry S., University, Ala.
 Martin, Mrs. Paul C., Miami
 Martin County Historical Society, Stuart
 Martin, Mrs. Kirby A., New York, N. Y.
 Martin, Melbourne L., Coral Gables
 Mason, Mrs. Joe J., Miami
 Mason, Dr. Walter Scott, Jr., South Miami*
 May, Philip S., Jacksonville
 McAdams, B. A., Miami
 McClelland, Richard, Miami
 McDonald, Mrs. John Martyn, Miami Beach
 McLin, C. H., Coral Gables
 McNeill, Robert E., Jr., New York, N. Y.
 Merritt, Robert M., Miami
 Merritt, Dr. Webster, Jacksonville
 Miami Dade Junior College, Miami
 Miami Edison Senior Library
 Miami Public Library*
 Miami Senior High School Library
 Miami Springs Memorial Public Library
 Mickler, Mrs. Thomas, Orlando
 Mileo Photo Supply Inc., Coral Gables
 Miller, Raymond M., Miami*
 Mills, Charles A., Jr., Miami
 Minshew, Rev. A. P., Ft. Myers
 Mission of Nombre de Dios, St. Augustine
 Mitchell, Leeds, Jr., Coral Gables
 Molt, Fawdrey, Key Biscayne
 Monk, J. Floyd, Miami
 Monroe County Public Library, Key West
 Morris, Allen C., Tallahassee
 Moulds, Andrew J., Coral Gables
 Moulds, Mrs. Andrew J., Coral Gables
 Muir, William Whalley, Miami
 Muller, Dr. Leonard R., Miami*
 Mullin, Thomas J., Miami
 Munroe, Wirth M., Miami*
 Nelson, Mrs. Erle B., Miami
 Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.
 Newman, Mrs. Anna Pearl, Vero Beach
 Nordt, Mrs. John C., Miami
 Norris, Hardgrove, Miami
 North Miami High School Library
 O'Brien, Mrs. Flora E., Miami
 Old Island Restoration Foundation, Inc.,
 Key West
 Otto, Mrs. Thomas Osgood, Miami Beach
 Pace, Rev. Johnson Hagood, Jr., Jacksonville
 Padgett, Inman, Coral Gables
 Page-Krofinger, M. Christy, Miami
 Paget, Richard L., Miami
 Palm Beach County Historical Society
 Pancoast, Lester C., Miami
 Pardo, Mrs. Ramiro V., Miami
 Parker, Alfred B., Miami
 Parker, Theodore R., Grand Bahama Island
 Parmelee, Dean, Miami

- Pearce, Mrs. Dixon, Miami
 Pedersen, George C., Perrine
 Peirce, Gertrude C., Miami
 Pendleton, Robert S., Ft. Lauderdale
 Perrine, William, Hialeah
 Peters, Mrs. Thelma, Miami*
 Platt, T. Beach, Miami
 Porter, Jack E., Miami
 Powell, Mrs. Robert A., Miami
 Prah, William, Miami
 Price, Gaylord Leland, Miami
 Prevatt, Preston G., Miami
 Prior, Leon O., Miami
 Quigley, Ellen N., Miami Beach
 Rasmussen, Dr. Edwin L., Ft. Myers**
 Reed, Miss Elizabeth Ann, Delray Beach
 Reeder, James G., Miami Shores
 Reynolds, Mrs. Caroline P., Coral Gables
 Reynolds, Stan J., Miami
 Rhodes, Mrs. W. H., Miami
 Richmond, Charles M., Miami
 Rigby, Ernest E., Miami
 Rivett, Lois Culmer, Miami
 Riviera Beach Library, Riviera Beach
 Robertson, Mrs. L. B., Miami
 Rollins College Library, Winter Park
 Rosenblatt, Lee S., South Miami
 Ross, Mrs. Richard F., Boca Raton
 Santanello, M. C., Kendall
 Sapp, Alfred E., Miami
 Saunders, Dr. Lewis M., Miami
 Sawyer, Clifton A., Warwick, R. I.
 Schilling, Louis C., Miami
 Schooley, Harry, Ft. Myers
 Schubert, Wenzel J., Miami
 Schug, John W., Miami
 Seley, Ray B., Jr., Miami
 Sessa, Dr. Frank B., Miami
 Sevelius, E. A., Miami
 Shappee, Dr. Nathan D., Miami
 Shaw, G. N., Miami
 Shaw, Miss Luelle*
 Simmons, Glen, Homestead
 Simonsen, J. B., Miami
 Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Augustine
 Skill, Pearl T., Homestead
 Slaughter, Dr. Frank G., Jacksonville
 Smiley, Mrs. Nora K., Key West
 Smith, Gilbert B., Coral Gables
 Smith, McGregor, Jr., Miami
 Snodgrass, Miss Dena, Jacksonville
 Southern Illinois University Libraries
 Southwest Miami High Library
 Sparks, Mrs. Charles, Fortville, Ind.
 Speer, H. L., Starke
 Spellman, Henry M. III, Boston, Mass.
 Spinks, Mrs. Elizabeth J., Miami*
 State Historical Society of Wisconsin
 State University of Iowa Libraries
 Steckle, Jack, Miami
 Steel, William C., Miami
 Stetson, John B. University Library
 Stranahan, Mrs. Frank, Ft. Lauderdale*
 Stripling Insurance Agency, Hialeah
 Stuart, Mrs. Jack F., Miami
 Talley, Howard J., Miami
 Tampa Public Library
 Teachers' Professional Library, Miami
 Tebeau, Dr. Charlton W., Coral Gables*
 Tebeau, Mrs. Violet H., Coral Gables
 Ten Eick, Mrs. M. Nunez, Tampa*
 Tennessee State Library and Archives
 Tharp, Dr. Charles Doren, South Miami*
 Thomas, D. Vaughan, Miami
 Thompson, Fran, Miami
 Thompson, T. Roger, Miami
 Thrift, Dr. Charles T., Jr., Lakeland
 Tietze, Robert A., Coral Gables
 Tietze, Mrs. Robert A., Coral Gables
 Tottenhoff, John P., Miami
 Turner, Vernon W., Homestead
 Tussey, Mrs. Ethel Wayt, Miami
 Tuttle, Harry E., Miami
 Ullman, John, Jr., Ft. Lauderdale
 University of Florida, Gainesville
 University of Miami, Coral Gables
 University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
 University of South Florida, Tampa
 University of Tampa Library
 University of Tennessee, Knoxville
 Van Buren, Mrs. Sarah T., Memphis, Tenn.
 Vance, Mrs. Herbert O., Coral Gables*
 Wallace, Lew, Jr., Miami
 Walsh, Mrs. Charles H., Winter Haven
 Waranch, Joseph, Baltimore, Md.
 Warner, Miss Elmina, Miami
 Warner, William C., Miami
 Warner, Mrs. William C., Miami
 Washington, James G., Miami
 Wellman, Wayne E., Miami
 Waters, Fred M., Jr., Coral Gables
 Wenner, Henry S., Jr., Miami
 Wentworth, T. T., Jr., Pensacola
 West India Reference Library,
 Kingston, Jamaica
 Wetterer, Miss Mary Thiel, Bal Harbour
 Wheeler, B. B., Lake Placid
 White, Richard M., Miami
 Whitmer, Dr. Kenneth S., Miami
 Whyte, A. N., Coral Gables
 Wight, William S., Coral Gables
 Williams, Dr. H. Franklin, Coral Gables*
 Wilson, Albert B., Miami
 Wilson, Gaines R., Miami**

Wilson, Mrs. Gaines R., Miami
 Wilson, Peyton L., Miami*
 Wilson, Miss Virginia, Miami
 Wipprecht, Mrs. Marion H., Coral Gables
 Withers, James G., Coral Gables
 Withers, Wayne E., Coral Gables
 Witmer, Penn C., Miami

Wolf, Fred, Sr., Hallandale
 Woodman, Jim, Key Biscayne
 Woore, A. Meredith, Miami*
 Wright, Mrs. Victor A., Miami Shores
 Wylie, W. Gill, Jr., Palm Beach
 Zim, Mrs. Sonia Bleeker, Tavernier

Patron

Adams, Wilton L., Coral Gables
 Ansley, J. A., Ft. Myers
 Ayars, Erling E., Miami
 Baber, Adin, Kansas, Ill.*
 Bailey, Mrs. Ernest H., Coral Gables
 Baker, Charles H., Jr., Miami*
 Barge, Dr. Hubert A., Miami
 Barton, Alfred I., Surfside
 Baskin, M. A., Coral Gables
 Beardsley, Jim E., Clewiston
 Beare, Mrs. Richard, Miami
 Beckham, W. H., Jr., Coral Gables
 Bellous, C. M., Sr., Opa-Locka
 Bischoff, William Dixon, Miami
 Blackburn, Elmer E., Miami
 Bradfield, E. S., Miami Beach**
 Brody, Mrs. Margaret E., Key Biscayne
 Brunstetter, Roscoe, Coral Gables
 Buhler, Mrs. J. E., Miami
 Cameron, D. Pierre G., Miami
 Chase, Randall II, Sanford
 Clark, George T., Miami
 Cole, R. B., Miami
 Combs, Mrs. Walter H., Sr., Miami*
 Combs, Walter H., Jr., Miami*
 Corliss, C. J., Miami Shores
 Cotton, E. L., Miami
 Cowell, Dr. Edward H., Coral Gables
 Craighead, Dr. F. C., Homestead
 Crane, Mrs. Francis V., Marathon
 Crow, Mrs. Lon Worth, Miami*
 Davis, Hal D., Coral Gables
 Dee, William V., Miami*
 Dorn, H. Lewis, South Miami
 DuPuis, John G., Jr., Miami
 Dykes, Robert J., Miami
 Embry, Tally H., Miami
 Fascell, Dante B., Coral Gables
 Feibelman, Herbert U., Miami
 Ferendino, Andrew J., Miami
 Field, Dr. Henry, Miami
 Florence, Robert S., Miami
 Freeman, Edison S., Miami
 Frohock, Mrs. Jack, North Miami
 Fuller, Walter P., Clearwater
 Gardner, Jack R., Miami

Gardner, Mrs. R. C., Miami*
 Gibson, Henry C., Jenkintown, Pa.
 Gifford, Mrs. John C., Miami*
 Goldweber, S., Perrine
 Graham, Ernest R., Hialeah
 Graham, William A., Miami Springs
 Guilmartin, James L., Miami
 Hancock, E. M., Miami Beach
 Hanks, Bryan, Ft. Worth, Texas*
 Harris, Miss Julia Fillmore, Stuart*
 Harvard College Library
 Harvey, C. B., Key West
 Hawkins, Roy H., Miami
 Haycock, Ira C., Miami
 Head-Beckham Insurance Agency,
 Inc., Miami
 Hellier, Walter R., Ft. Pierce
 Herren, Norman A., Everglades
 Hogan, Francis L., Miami
 Holland, Hon. Spessard L.,
 Washington, D. C.*
 Hopkins, Dr. Oliver B., Miami
 Houser, Roosevelt C., Miami
 Hudson, Senator F. M., Miami**
 Hughes, Mrs. Fleda V., Miami
 Irwin, Frank, Jr., South Miami
 Jamaica Inn, Key Biscayne
 Johnston, Thomas McE., Miami
 Jones, Archie L., Miami
 Johnson, Robert V., Miami
 Kendall, Harold E., Goulds
 Kent, Mrs. Frederick A., Miami
 Kerr, James Benj., Ft. Lauderdale*
 King, Mrs. Otis S., Miami
 Kislak, Jay I., Miami
 Kistler, The C. W. Company, Miami
 Kofoed, Jack, Miami
 Krome, Mrs. Wm. J., Homestead*
 Leon County Public Library, Tallahassee
 Lindgren, Mrs. M. E., Miami
 Lipp, Morris N., Miami Beach
 MacNeill, Malcolm G., Miami
 Mayes, Mrs. C. R., Jr., Pompano Beach
 McCarthy, Don L., Nassau, Bahamas
 McKey, Robert M., Miami
 McKibben, Dr. William W., Coral Gables

McSwain, Dr. Gordon H., Arcadia
 Mead, D. Richard, Miami
 Meisel, Max, Miami Beach
 Melrose, Mary Jane, Miami
 Merrick, Mrs. Eunice P., Coral Gables*
 Mershon, M. L., Miami
 Miami Beach Public Library
 Modisette, Col. Welton M., Coral Gables
 Morison, Horace, Boston, Mass.
 Moseley, Albert B., Daytona Beach
 Mudd, Dr. Richard D., Saginaw, Mich.
 Nassau Daily Tribune, Nassau, Bahamas
 Newman, M. B., Miami
 Oglesby, R. M., Bartow
 Pace, Mrs. Johnson H., Miami*
 Pack, C. C., Coral Gables
 Pancoast, Russell T., Miami
 Pendergast, Mrs. Eleanor L., Miami*
 Pepper, Senator Claude, Miami Beach
 Philbrick, W. L., Miami
 Philpitt, Marshall S., Jr., Coral Gables
 Pierce, C. L., Ft. Lauderdale
 Pitt, Gerard, Miami*
 Plowden, Gene, Miami
 Polk County Historical Library, Bartow
 Preston, J. E. Ted, Miami
 Raap, Dr. Gerald, Miami
 Rader, Earle M., Miami
 Roberts, R. B., Jr., Miami
 Rosner, George W., Coral Gables*

Scott, Paul R., Miami
 Shank, H. W., Coral Gables
 Shaw, Henry Overstreet, Miami
 Smith, Charles H., Miami
 Smith, McGregor, Miami
 Snyder, Dr. Clifford C., Coral Gables
 Sokola, Anton, Miami
 Spaulding, Mrs. E. E., Miami
 Spence, Sam, Miami
 Stanford, Dr. Henry King, Coral Gables
 St. Augustine Historical Society
 Stiles, Wade, South Miami**
 Straight, Dr. William M., Miami
 Sumwalt, G. Robert, Miami
 Sutton, Myron D., Alexandria, Va.
 Taylor, Henry H., Jr., Coral Gables
 Taylor, Paul C., Bal Harbour
 Thomas, Arden H., South Miami
 Town, Miss Eleanor F., Coral Gables
 Towne, Robert R., Delray Beach
 Tritton, Mrs. James, Opa-Locka
 Vanderpool, Fred W., Miami*
 Van Orsdel, C. D., Coral Gables
 Walker, Mrs. Catherine C., Miami
 West Palm Beach Public Library
 White, Dorothy, Miami Beach
 White, Mrs. Louise V., Key West
 Whitten, George E., Miami Beach
 Wolfe, Miss Rosalie L., Miami
 Zimmerman, Percy, Miami

Donor

Ashe, Mrs. Bowman F., Coral Gables
 Baggs, William C., Miami
 Bickel, Karl A., Sarasota*
 Brown, William J., Miami
 Buker, Charles E., Sr., Coral Gables
 Burdine, William M., Miami
 Burke, Michael, Miami Beach
 Clinch, Duncan L., Miami
 Coachman, Mrs. Minette K., Miami
 Coachman, Richard A., Miami
 Cooper, George H., Princeton
 Coral Gables Federal Savings and
 Loan Association
 Dickey, Dr. Robert F., Miami
 Dohrman, Howard I., Miami
 Emerson, Hugh P., Miami
 Evans, Dr. Raymond L., Coral Gables
 Fee, David M., Fort Pierce
 Gardner, Dick B., Miami
 Gearhart, Ernest G., Jr., Miami
 Gegenschatz, E. R., Miami
 Giffin, John S., Miami
 Goldstein, Charles, Miami

Helliwell, Paul L. E., Miami
 Highleyman, Daly, Miami
 Holland, Judge John W., Coral Gables*
 Holmer, Carl, Jr., Miami
 Howard, Lee, Miami Beach
 Jaudon, Mrs. James F., Miami*
 Knight, John S., Miami
 Leffler, Miss Cornelia, Miami**
 Light, George H., Miami
 Lloyd, J. Harlan, Miami
 Lummus, J. N., Jr., Miami
 Mallory, Phillip R., New York, N. Y.
 Martyn, Charles P., Jupiter
 Mosley, Zack, Stuart
 Palm Beach Art League
 Parker Art Printing Association,
 Coral Gables
 Poyer, Charles E., Miami Beach
 Read, Emerson B., Coral Gables
 Ross, Donald, Benton Harbor, Mich.
 Saye, Roland A., Jr., Miami Beach
 Schilling, I. E., Miami
 Shipe, Paul E., Miami

Thomas, Wayne, Plant City
 Thord-Gray, General I., Coral Gables
 Underwood, Edwin H., Jr., Miami
 Wallace, George R., Miami Beach

West, William M., Miami
 Will, Lawrence E., Belle Glade
 Wilson, D. Earl, Miami**
 Wolfson, Col. Mitchell, Miami

Contributor

Chase, K. M., Pebble Beach, Calif.
 Keyes, Kenneth S., Miami*

John E. Withers Transfer &
 Storage Co., Miami
 Withers Van Lines of Miami, Inc., Miami

Sponsor

Geiger, Mrs. August, Miami Beach*
 Gondas Corporation, Miami
 Link, Edwin A., Binghamton, N. Y.
 Loening, Grover, Key Biscayne
 Mook, Mrs. Roger G., Rye, N. Y.

Pan American World Airways, Miami
 Peninsular Armature Works, Miami
 Southern Bell Telephone and
 Telegraph Co., Miami

Benefactor

Crane, Mrs. Raymond E., Miami Beach
 Florida Power & Light Co., Miami

The Baron deHirsch Meyer Foundation,
 Miami Beach
 University of Miami, Coral Gables

TEQUESTA

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA, INC.
FOUNDED 1940—INCORPORATED 1941

Roland A. Saye, Jr.
President

Charlton W. Tebeau
First Vice-President
Editor of Tequesta

E. R. Gegenschatz
Second Vice-President

Justin P. Havee
Executive Secretary

Miss Virginia Wilson
Recording and
Corresponding Secretary

J. Floyd Monk
Treasurer

David T. Alexander
Museum Director

DISTRICT VICE-PRESIDENTS

Karl A. Bickel
Sarasota

Dr. James W. Covington
Tampa

David M. Fee
Fort Pierce

Mrs. James T. Hancock
Okeechobee

Norman A. Herren
Naples

Judge James R. Knott
West Palm Beach

Dr. Charles T. Thrift, Jr.
Lakeland

Mrs. Louise V. White
Key West

DIRECTORS

Ben Archer
August Burghard
Mrs. Ruby Leach Carson
Carlton J. Corliss
Robert J. Dykes
Mrs. William L. Freeland
Lee Howard
Mrs. Mary Jane Melrose
Mrs. Andrew J. Moulds
Wirth M. Munroe

John B. Orr, Jr.
Gene Plowden
Charles Edison Poyer
Gaylord L. Price
George W. Rosner
Dr. Henry King Stanford
Mrs. Frank Stranahan
Mrs. Herbert O. Vance
Gaines R. Wilson
Wayne E. Withers

ADVISORY BOARD

George H. Cooper
George J. Deedmeyer

Hugh P. Emerson
Kenneth S. Keyes

Dr. Jay F. W. Pearson

