

A Dash through the Everglades

Introduction

When preparing the Journal of James E. Ingraham's Everglades Exploring Expedition in March-April, 1892, for publication in the 1947 *Tequesta* the editor was assisted materially by the sympathetic interest and whole-hearted cooperation, among others, of one of the last known survivors of the expedition, Alonzo Church of New Orleans. At the time of the expedition Mr. Church was a young man of twenty-two, just out of the University of the South, Suwanee, Tennessee. The experience had made such an impression on him that he had recorded in narrative form his recollections of the personal hardships, elements of danger, daily incidents and some of the rough humor characteristic of the expedition. A few copies of his manuscript were distributed among his friends.

Mr. Church's narrative is warm, human, personalized and recaptures more nearly the impressions of the conflict of man against nature when challenging the Everglades in 1892 than normally would be found in any official journal. Because of its contribution toward a better understanding of the hardships suffered by the exploring party the editor is of the opinion that the narrative will prove to be of special interest to the readers of *Tequesta*.

In response to our letter to Mr. Church regarding the publication of his account of the Everglades expedition of 1892, he replied in part as follows:

"Some years ago, I believe in 1939, I visited Miami for the first time since 1892, but I could not identify the site of the Tuttle home, nor the site of the camp we made under the cocoanut trees when we emerged from the Everglades. Where the Tuttle home stood was then, and is now, the heart of the downtown city district, and where we had camped in a cocoanut grove, the ground had evidently been filled in, and the shore line altered so that I could not recognize the place fixed in my memory. The greatest change is in Miami Beach and Biscayne Bay, and even now it seems incredible that in such a comparatively short time, the face of nature could be so altered by man.

“The development of Miami, and the east coast of Florida, seems to me a striking illustration of the benefits of adequate transportation. Without railroad transportation, that part of the state would still be comparatively worthless. . . .

“I am a native of Florida, and some of my ancestors were identified with its early history, and I am in a general way familiar with its advance in civilization, but in no generation of my family was anyone able to foresee what seems evident now, the direction that progress would take. It requires the foresight that seems to belong to the ‘outsider,’ to tell where and when wealth will be created.”

Alonzo Church was born on the Kirkland plantation at Madison, Florida, on June 27, 1870, the son of Captain William Lee Church, veteran of the Confederate Army, and grandson of Alonzo Church who was for years president of the University of Georgia. His mother was Laura Randolph of Tallahassee and his maternal grandmother was Laura Duval, daughter of Governor William P. Duval, first civil territorial governor of Florida. His father having died while he was quite young, he was virtually adopted by the Whitner family of Sanford, Florida, to whom he was related. He entered the University of the South at Suwanee, Tennessee, but left before his graduation to become an employee in the office of the construction engineer of the South Florida Railroad at Sanford. In 1892 when Mr. James E. Ingraham, President of the South Florida Railroad, proposed an exploration of the Everglades at the suggestion of Henry B. Plant, Church as an employee of the Railroad was invited to accompany the party as compassman for the expedition.

A year or so following his Everglades adventures, Alonzo Church left the South Florida Railroad to join the fire insurance business with friends in Louisiana and Mississippi. He established his home in New Orleans where he was married in 1901 and where he has since lived except for brief periods. In 1933 he moved to New York City to become vice president and manager of the Eastern Department of the Inter-Ocean Reinsurance Company, and in 1940 he retired and returned to New Orleans.

—WATT P. MARCHMAN

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being a full and accurate account of the strange things seen by a party crossing that place, with a very interesting account of their adventures and a record of the great hominy eating done on that journey, all by an observer.

By ALONZO CHURCH

Preface

From all who read the following pages, the author begs that charity which is said to cover a multitude of sins . . . The narrative was written only for those who had a personal interest in the author, and therefore has more of the "ego" than would otherwise be allowable. It is a record of *his* feelings, ideas and fancies under circumstances which he has endeavored to describe as accurately and clearly as he could. There are no exaggerations as to facts and what little sentiment may be discovered is as natural to the author as the hair on his head.

Trusting to Providence, the amiability of the reader and the innocence of my motive, I say proceed, reader, if you still have a mind to.

—ALONZO CHURCH

I

The members of the party forming the Everglades Exploring Expedition were: James E. Ingraham, Sanford, Fla., president of the South Florida Railroad, secretary of the expedition; Sydney O. Chase, Sanford, guest of Mr. Ingraham's and official photographer; W. R. Moses, secretary, who kept the official journal; John W. Newman, engineer and surveyor and captain of the party; Alonzo Church, Sanford, compassman; D. M. Baker, Orange Home, Fla., levelman; A. W. Clarke, Boston, Mass.; W. E. Gradick and G. E. Matthieux, Geneva, Fla.; J. E. Minchin, Chipley; Wesley Boyd, Robert Dean, H. W. Lucky and W. M. Wilson, Fort Myers; P. N. Handley, Lewisburg, West Virginia; J. T. Anderson, S. L. Caruthers, T. C. Shepard and T. N. Sutton, Hawkinsville, Georgia; and two colored cooks, Jeff Bookman and Reece Livingstone, both of Sanford, Fla.

II

The "Everglades" was always associated in my mind with Seminole Indians, plenty of deer, turkey, fish and all kinds of game usually found

in the wild and undeveloped sections of our State, besides being endowed with that glamour that unexplored regions shroud themselves in and which to an ardent fancy have all the attractions that the imagination can bring forth.

The opportunity of joining an expedition for exploring this region was therefore eagerly embraced despite the advice of friends who had been upon the border of this country, and the wishes of relatives that I should not run the risks of such an undertaking.

The plan was to have enough men to carry everything we should need, in packs, as we knew it would be impracticable to carry horses with us all the way. This plan necessitated a rigid economy in baggage. For several days before we left home we were busy calculating the least possible bulk of blankets, clothes, shoes and all the various articles which each of us wished to carry along for comfort or convenience. Finally despairing of being able to make a selection from the many things which my friends knew would be necessary and which I knew I couldn't take, I put everything aside except 1 single blanket, 1 change of clothes, 3 prs. of socks, 1 extra pair of shoes and my cheesecloth mosquito bar, to which I afterwards added a piece of oil cloth to wrap around my pack during the day and to sleep on at night.

Provisions estimated to last our party 12 days had been selected and carefully packed away in sacks, each sack not to weigh more than 40 lbs. Our party was armed with 2 shotguns, two Winchester rifles and numerous pistols besides which we had to carry 2 portable canvas boats, 3 tents, axes, cooking utensils, etc., to which was added at Fort Myers 2 wooden boats between 12 and 16 ft. in length.

III

We left the dock at Port Tampa 11 P.M. the 12th of March, 1892, on board the *S. S. Tarpon* bound for Fort Myers, the nearest town to the point on the edge of the Everglades from which we were to embark. Next morning when we awoke the *Tarpon* was going through Boca Grande Pass, the entrance to Charlotte Harbor from the Gulf, to take the inside passage from there down to Fort Myers, and steaming steadily southward we caught a fine view of the magnificent bay we were leaving behind us.

Now and then between the mangrove islands we could catch a glimpse of the Gulf on our right, while to our left stretched the solid shore line as far as the eye could see. A fresh breeze was rippling the water but no disagreeable motion was given the boat because our course lay in a

land-locked channel which enabled us to appreciate the exhilarating effect of the pure salt air, the shifting scene of water, woods and sandy beach, the sentinel-like lighthouse, distant and indistinct in the shadow of a cloud—and then when the cloud rolled by the morning light flashed upon its white walls, gleaming brightly and showing its outline sharply against the sky.

The *Tarpon* stopped a few minutes at St. James City, a large and fashionable hotel on the south end of Pine Island, and there took in tow 2 sail boats for the use of a party of fishermen who were anxious to go faster than the wind would carry them. As the steamer left the dock the sail boats, which lay around the corner of the wharf and at right angle to the steamer, became entangled in the fender piles and after filling full of water one of them broke loose and much to the grief of those on board who were to use her, was left behind.

We stopped next at Punta Rassa where most of the cattle raised in South Florida are shipped and where the Cuban and Key West cable comes ashore. From there we went up the Caloosahatchee to Fort Myers. The river as far as Fort Myers is as majestic as the Mississippi, never less than 3 miles wide, with quite a strong current, and back of the mangroves, bordered with what seems a heavy forest.

The channel, however, is crooked and very narrow and it is difficult for vessels drawing more than 5 ft. of water to come up to Fort Myers. It was Sunday when we arrived and as the steamship was to lie at the wharf all night we decided to stay on board her; indeed, the hotel was so crowded with tourists that we were fortunate not to be thrown on the tender mercies of the town for a night's lodging, where I am sure we would have fared badly.

Fort Myers is on the south bank of the Caloosahatchee and during the Seminole war and for some time afterwards was garrisoned by the government. Some of the old concrete houses, built for officers' quarters, still remain, and many of the palms planted by the soldiers along the river bank now beautify the place by their stately presence and furnish shade and coconuts to their owners. The town has about 1000 inhabitants, is handsomely situated on ground 8 or 10 feet above the river, is regularly laid out in broad streets. In winter it has a delightful climate. Semi-tropical and some tropical fruits grow luxuriantly protected by the broad river from the cold northwest winds.

The afternoon we spent inspecting mango orchards, avocado pear trees, etc., and the beautiful growth of bamboo to be seen at this place, after which

we returned somewhat leg weary to our steamer. We sat down to a hearty supper and then occupied the evening on the upper deck of the steamer gazing at the full moon, at the glorious expanse of heaven left open to our view by the wide river, and at the play of the moonlight upon the water and on the fringe of palms along its border. The town was silent and the only sound to be heard was the wind whispering in the rigging overhead or dashing little wavelets against the side of the vessel. Too much impressed by the beauty of the scene and the harmonies of Nature's music to say a word, our men one by one, as Morpheus stole upon them, silently dropped off to bed.

IV

Monday, March 14, 1892.

The boat left next morning [Monday] at six o'clock but the steward kindly gave us a cup of hot coffee before we got off. When we had loaded all our belongings on two wagons and dispatched them, with a detail of men, to the place selected for our first camp, we went to the Hendry House for breakfast. After the early exercise we had undergone, we did full justice to it. It was now determined that we should stay a few days at Fort Myers in order to make the final preparations for our trip and to orientate the men into camp life and discipline.

The remainder of the morning was spent in making camp as comfortable as possible, but as our cooks had not exhibited a very high degree of culinary skill, several of us decided that it would be discretion to take dinner at the hotel, which we did.

That afternoon we unfolded and tested in a neighboring pond our two folding canvas boats. We found they worked admirably and the next morning they, with two wooden boats we had purchased that day, were shipped by oxen express to await our arrival at Ft. Shackelford on the edge of the Everglades.

As soon as the canvas boats had been tested I put on my new canvas hunting coat, leggings and bowie's knife and strolled in town with Mr. Sidney [O. Chase] to take supper at the Hendry House, sport my "tough dyke", admire Mrs. Jones, the handsome guest, and find out what news there was floating around.

At the hotel we talked with several men who had been in the employ of the Disston Drainage Co. and who claimed to be familiar with the border of the Everglades. They said no man other than an Indian had ever been through the 'Glades except one "Brewer" who had been arrested for selling

whiskey to the Indians and released on bond, when the Indians in order to effect his escape had carried him across to Miami.

Of the Everglades they gave conflicting accounts, one man assuring us that there was nothing to be met with but terrible saw grass which extended on every side as far as the eye could see. The saw grass, he said, is from 5 to 10 ft. tall, very thick and so stiff and sharp that it cuts like the edge of a razor; no gloves or clothes can withstand it and where it touches it makes a wound, which, if not attended to, will shortly become a festering sore.

This saw grass, he claimed, extended all the way across the 'Glades and would be an impenetrable barrier to our advance. Another account, vouched for by the author as correct, said that the 'Glades were a labyrinth of bayous running through a dense jungle of tropical growth, and he assured us if we attempted to penetrate it we would be lost in the maze wandering around trying to find a path or channel, and would starve before we could get out. Of the snakes and alligators to be met with in the 'Glades, a particularly glowing account was given us. A Mr. Towns assured us that as we advanced through the saw grass the snakes in front of us crawling out of our way would make such a crackling in the dry leaves that we would not be able to hear each other speak; and as for alligators, he said when you get to water they will "just be so thick you can walk across on their heads." Mosquitoes, red bugs, alligator fleas, *wampee*, and a thousand other horrors, known and unknown, were detailed for our information, until I for one felt very much inclined to sacrifice the pleasure of wearing my canvas coat, leggings and bowie knife and the distinction of being with a party of Everglades explorers.

But on the other hand, from equally reliable authority we were assured that after passing through a few miles of the Everglades we would strike higher land and find a rich island, covered with both pine and hammock growth, inhabited and cultivated by Seminoles and where grew the most luxurious of tropical fruits and flowers. This, the man assured us, was the home of the Indian, where he went when troubled by the white man and found secure haven and harbor of refuge. Here the Indians had villages, fields, cattle and in the surrounding swamps, plenty of game.

When Mr. Sydney [O. Chase] and I returned to camp that night we found most of our "babes in the wood" slumbering sweetly as was evidenced by the "saw gourd" music heard before we came into sight. It seemed to us our heads had hardly touched our pillows when we heard our Captain calling vigorously for the cooks to get up and get breakfast, "for it was most day and he wanted us to form the habit of eating breakfast before the sun was

up." However, it turned out that our worthy leader had "looked crooked" at his watch for it was hardly midnight and so we were quickly slumbering again.

Tuesday, March 15, 1892.

Next day [Tuesday] we amused ourselves as best we could, during the forenoon Mr. Sydney [O. Chase] and I going out in a buggy to inspect a neighboring lemon grove and in the afternoon packing our valises to send around to Miami to await our coming. Near our tent and close by a well stood some wash tubs which during the day some of the Fort Myers "ladies" had been using and which we thought we could utilize to as much advantage as they, only in a different manner; so Mr. Sydney and I stripped and enjoyed the pleasure of bathing in a tub.

The day had been very warm and as usual in that climate the night was correspondingly cool. Bathing in the open air urged us to seek the warmth of the camp fires which our men kept brightly burning. On all sides could be seen the cheesecloth mosquito bars showing snowy white against the dark background and arranged in picturesque confusion, while gathered around the fires in little groups, the men were smoking and chatting about the march they were to make next day and their prospects for getting safely through the Everglades. Captain John W. Newman was the center of one group in front of Mr. Ingraham's tent and he and Mr. Ingraham were planning our campaign and debating the chances of getting through to Miami. "You see," he said to Mr. Ingraham, pointing to a map which lay between them, "we know that rivers of a considerable size run into the Gulf on the West, the Bay of Florida on the South, the Atlantic on the East, and if this map is correct, into the Lake Okeechobee on the North; now if this is so, there must be a divide within these Everglades, between the head waters of these rivers, or else a large basin or lake from which they all flow.

"If we find a lake it will be an easy matter with the boats we have to ferry across it, while if we find the divide, as I anticipate, we ought to be able to cut our way through it. We may have to undergo some hardships, but we have an object in view which is worth the sacrifice and I hope when necessary they will be made cheerfully.

"Should our expedition be successful it may result in good to the whole country, for if this land can be rendered fit for cultivation it will be the most productive of any in this state. It is rich with the vegetable mould of centuries, has the mildest climate on this continent and once drained could be put into cultivation at a small cost.

"It might support an immense population and would doubtless supply the United States with sugar, rice and the fruits adapted to the climate.

"With the money spent on hotels in the city of St. Augustine to gratify the luxurious tastes of our millionaires I believe this land could be drained, and the promoter of such a scheme would have the right to be considered the greatest philanthropist of his age. It would be a glorious undertaking, for charity could ask no nobler enterprise, ambition no higher glory and capital no greater increase than would result from the redemption of this land."

The enthusiasm of our Captain was infectious and when he finished speaking every man who heard him had determined to do all in his power for the success of the expedition and felt the dignity of an explorer who belongs to an enterprise which, if successfully carried out, may benefit his race.

It was late that night before I left my place by the fire, so interesting were the possibilities and probabilities propounded by our imaginative Captain. He was up still later, and my last recollection that night was of him silhouetted against the bright glow of the fire, drawing inspiration from his pipe and peering into the bright coals as though he was reading there the secrets of the morrow.

V

Wednesday, March 16, 1892.

Next morning [Wednesday] our departure from this camp was delayed by the failure of the wagons to appear. About eight o'clock one came up and after being loaded went forward towards Ft. Shackelford, the driver being instructed that our camp that night would be at "Half Way Ponds."

Mr. Sydney and I were tired of waiting at camp so we decided to follow the first wagon. The sun was hot and I wore a pair of new shoes which began to gall me terribly, but I thought it would never do to complain so early in the game. I walked on "with a smile on my lips but a tear in my eye," trying not to limp any more than was possible under the circumstances. Tramping in the hot sun makes dinner time come early but as no sign of those behind us could be perceived we kept marching on, devoutly hoping those in the rear would come up with the provisions by supper time. About one o'clock just as we had passed a small pond where, as someone remarked, there was a beautiful place for a "picnic dinner", we heard shots and shouting behind us, and halting awhile saw a man riding toward us. When he came up it proved to be George Hendry, one of our guides, who had come forward from the other party to bring us some dinner. We found he had

brought a hunting coat with its pockets filled with crackers and cans of potted ham, and a coffee pot and some coffee. When he alit that day and exhibited his 6 ft. 4 inches of height with the picturesque addition of a broad felt hat, a pair of immense top-boots and jingling spurs, I was very favorably impressed with him, but when he said, "Boys, I've ridden up from the other crowd to bring you some coffee and crackers," I fell "dead in love with him." The most notable things about George Hendry were his big eyes and his big heart. Not that they were all visible to the material eye, but if you were with him long, one was to be perceived as plainly as the other. His large, tender grey eyes, fringed with long lashes, contrasted so oddly with his rough address and appearance, but they never missed seeing where he could be of any assistance, and his kind heart never failed to move him to attempt the service.

When we reached "Half Way Ponds" that evening my new shoes had raised a blister as big as a half dollar on each of my feet and what was worse one of the blisters had "gone into bankruptcy" and left literally nothing between my sock and my flesh. After resting a little I went down to the Pond and taking off my shoes and my socks with the smallest possible amount of cuticle adhering, tenderly bathed my poor feet in its cooling water; that duty attended to, I returned to the shade of the trees and before very long some of the other crowd came up and commenced making camp.

Several of the men had their feet in the same condition as mine but that did not take away our appetite or keep us awake, and I venture to say all of us enjoyed that supper and slept as sweetly that night as we ever did.

Thursday, March 17, 1892.

Next Morning [Thursday] Mr. Ingraham, Mr. Sydney and George and Frank Hendry had breakfast at daybreak and went off on a hunt leaving us to follow with the wagons when we got them loaded. That day George Hendry killed two deer which gave us plenty of fresh meat, but the hunt had completely exhausted the hunters. I had been driving one of the wagons that morning but gave my place to one of the tired hunters in the afternoon; I could not wear my shoes and couldn't go barefooted so I put on my two pair of extra socks and found that I could walk with tolerable ease.

So far we had been passing through the usual Florida pine land, but from this time on the country was more open, and was dotted everywhere with grass ponds and we had a great deal of wading to do. That night we camped in a very poor place, for we had to go a long way for water and could hardly find enough dry wood with which to cook.

VI

Friday, March 18, 1892.

Next morning [Friday] my blisters were no better and I felt that another day's walking in my socks would make the soles of my feet sore too. In this extremity I determined to cut out the back of my shoe just above the heel, where the worst blisters were, and try to walk that way. Much to my gratification this succeeded admirably and from that time I walked constantly. Our march now was on the great South Florida prairie and although we did not see any large herds of cattle we were assured that this range afforded grass for thousands of them.

About ten o'clock a heavy shower fell, and as soon as it held up we went into camp to get warm and dry off. We stopped under a clump of large oak trees which had, from the signs we found, evidently been an old Indian camp. Loosening our cattle to graze and taking out our shirts we all backed up to the fire to warm ourselves. While engaged in this pleasant occupation Moses, one of our group, sniffed the air and called out, "I smell something burning. See if a cinder hasn't fallen on something in the wagon." We all endeavored to assuage his fears but at this moment a sense of unusual warmth in the region of his shirt tail assured him that his worst fears were realized and caused him to exclaim in horror, "My God, boys, it's me!" and to seek in haste the cooling aid of a neighboring pond. At "shirt tail camp," as we dubbed it, we noticed a wild, shaggy pony that had been following us all day and which Hendry said belonged to Billy Conepache, a Seminole Chief.

That day we passed deserted old Indian camps, and about three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a wire fence which Hendry told us was 28 miles long. He said that the land did not belong to the man who fenced it in but that custom allowed him to fence off for his own use as much land as he needed to graze his cattle on. The grass on this range seemed to be finer and more tender than the ordinary wire grass of the pine lands, and our guides assured us it made a fine pasture. We camped that night in a clump of pines where we could get plenty of wood but it was so cold we could not keep warm. Many of our men, unaccustomed to walking, were terribly fatigued so that every movement caused them pain. That night I was awakened by the melancholy sounds of "Oh, Lord, Oh, God!" repeated in the most supplicating tones. Fearing someone to be sick or injured, I jumped up ready to give the alarm when I discovered it was our "President" (Mr. Ingraham) trying to find for his blistered and aching limbs a more comfortable position.

VII

Next morning [Saturday, March 19, 1892] I decided to go with Frank Hendry and Moses over a different route from which the wagons were to take, to try and kill some game.

We had not gone far from camp when we heard the baying of our dogs coming rapidly toward us. We were standing ankle deep in water and just in the edge of some young cypress trees no higher than our heads when I saw a deer on the run in the edge of the swamp about 100 yards to our right. As I had only a shot gun I did not fire, believing the distance to be too great for me to kill, but Hendry who had a rifle and was standing about ten yards back of me, shot and missed. Hardly had that deer disappeared before I saw another one heading straight for me at top speed. Now, thought I, is the time for me to make a reputation as a hunter; I'll wait until he comes as close to me as he will and then I'll drop him in his tracks. Hardly had the thought passed when the deer was upon me. I took deliberate aim and fired a load of No. 8 bird shot into his flank. I thought that deer was going fast before I fired but those bird shot seemed to make him fly. The instant after my shot I recollected that I had that barrel loaded for snipe and sent my load of buckshot whistling after, but all to no purpose, and all I could do was watch that deer make tracks (20 ft. apart) across that prairie, while Frank Hendry took long range shots at him with the rifle.

Very much crestfallen at our failure and vowing to do better next time, we took our way towards camp and had hardly gone two miles when the baying of the dogs announced that they were again on the trail of some game. From the actions of the dogs we surmised it was a wild cat and peering about amongst the bushes, Frank Hendry soon got a shot. He shot at the cat in a thick swamp, and while he was certain he had not missed he was not certain that his shot had been fatal. A wild cat wounded is a very savage and dangerous foe and as the dogs had gone off on back track we had to venture in without them. We peered cautiously about us as we advanced, fearing the cat would spring on us from some bush or limb, but just at this time the dogs came dashing back and found our game shot dead by a bullet through his fore shoulders. After skinning the cat and taking a small piece of his meat for Moses to taste and see whether or not it was good for eating, we pushed rapidly on towards Ft. Shackleford where our party was camped.

On our way we saw plenty of Indian signs and found one of their camps hidden away in a dense little hammock. Only a squaw and some pickaninies were at home and they seemed to be very much alarmed at our visit. We did not stay long but went on about a mile further to Ft. Shackleford.

"Old Fort Shackleford" had been so often mentioned as a definite place that I expected to find our camp in the midst of some picturesque old ruins, the relics of the last Indian war, or in any event to see the remains of an old stockade or some evidence of the soldier camps which had been made there. "Fort Shackleford," however, is merely a clump of pine trees on the edge of the prairie bordering the Everglades, where common report says Ft. Shackleford was located. Not a vestige or sign of the Fort remains. This is not surprising when one considers that the whole fortification probably consisted of only a small stockade which was perhaps burnt by the Indians as soon as the soldiers left.

To the east of our camp about four miles off lay the unexplored Everglades. As this was Saturday and we were too tired we decided not to enter them until Monday morning.

The ox team we had sent before us from Fort Myers was waiting at Ft. Shackleford when we came up and that afternoon we went down to the water's edge and unloaded the boats and other things on it. To mark our camp and render it conspicuous for some miles around, Mr. Newman hoisted to the top of one of the highest pines a large flag made from a piece of canvas on which he marked in black ink the Plant Investment Co. emblem, a Maltese cross.

That afternoon we were visited by the old squaw and pickaninnies we had seen in their camp that morning and we fed them as well as our larder would permit. The old woman, "Nancy" she said her name was, grew very talkative for an Indian. She was much amused at the idea of our going to Miami and when we asked her how long it would take us to get there, laughed and said, "Indian two days, white man ten, fifteen days." Pointing to the north, she advised us to go that way, for north of Okeechobee she said we could take our wagons to Miami. She told us she had been to Miami and that it was a hundred miles from Shackleford but we knew she was mistaken, for as the crow flies it was only about half that distance. This old woman said she had been "Jumper's" squaw but that a few days before our arrival Jumper "had got big drunk" and falling out of his canoe had been drowned; also, that she lived with Billy Conepache (or little Billy) who had married her daughter; that all her men were at Chockiliskee hunting and her daughters had gone to the nearest trading post, some twenty-five or thirty miles away. Finally about dark, finding we had nothing more to give her, she and the two children took their departure.

Sunday, March 20, 1892.

The next day was Sunday and as there was little work we had plenty of time in which to do as we pleased; some hunted, some explored the surrounding country but most of us were well pleased to sleep, eat and chat, thoroughly enjoying the rest and quiet after our eighty mile walk from Fort Myers.

In the evening the old squaw came back again, bringing two younger women with her—her daughters—and half a dozen or more little children. The two younger women were rather better looking than I expected but had the usual Indian features, black, bead-like eyes, straight inky black hair and low foreheads. They were dressed in *sacques* and skirts of bright colored calicoes. The *sacque* and skirt did not quite meet, which omission left a small rim or zone of the native and primitive Indian in view, giving the idea that each woman wore a belt. Possibly alligator skin belts were in style there and if so these might have been excellent imitations of the genuine article: or, maybe the dress reform lecturer had instilled some of her principles into the native minds and this was a new system of ventilation. The most pleasant features about these women were their soft voices, although of course accustomed to speaking in the open air, their tones were low and musical, and very distinct to our ears. They left us about eight o'clock that night, having amused us very much, and promising to bring us some chickens early next morning before we got off. That night I wrote in my diary, "From what squaw Nancy says I judge there is nothing between Miami and here but saw grass and an occasional hammock island." O, my prophetic soul!

VIII

Monday, March 21, 1892.

Next morning [Monday] we were up early and after bidding goodby to the Hendrys and others who were to go back to Fort Myers with the wagons, we set our compass and ran S. 32 E. towards the Everglades.

Tom Boyd, one of the men from Fort Myers who had agreed to go through with us, became frightened at the prospect before him and decided to go back with the wagons. Before we reached Miami, many a man in our party wished he had swapped his valor for some of Tom Boyd's discretion.

After running about 4 miles on our course we struck the Everglades. As far as the eye could reach a vast expanse of saw grass and water was seen, dotted with islands here and there. Part of our force was detailed to set up

the canvas boats and to store the provisions and equipage they were to carry. The rest of us went on with the survey.

When we entered the 'Glades the water was only ankle deep and clear except when stirred up by some movement in it. The ground was not so boggy as we found it later on. Here the saw grass seemed to be stunted for it was only four or five feet high and lay in detached bodies and was not a solid mass as we afterwards found it. Small clumps of trees or islands could be seen on all sides, and we felt confident that if they were as numerous as this all the way across, we would always be able to find a camping place.

My first experience with saw grass was not very encouraging. In forcing my way through some of it I had my right hand cut severely in several places. However, after being tied up in a cloth greased well with mutton suet it gave me very little trouble.

We camped Monday evening about a mile from land on a little cypress island hardly above the surrounding water. After bringing up all the wood we could find for our campfire, we made a place for our beds. Each bed was fixed for two. When practicable we had a foundation of ferns or leaves of some sort; on top of this mattress of ferns or leaves we put our oil cloths to keep out the moisture from the ground, then the blankets, one to lie on and the other to cover with. Then the mosquito bars had to be hung and for this purpose four sticks were necessary.

When camp had been made the men who were not too tired waded out to explore the neighboring islands. On their return they reported they had seen a deserted Indian village on one island where a lemon grove was growing, and on another island they found what seemed to be a bear's den, but no bear could be discovered. That night all were in good spirits except P. N. Handley of Lewisburg, West Virginia, who vomited and seemed to be threatened with an attack of fever. The bare idea of any of the men falling sick in this wilderness made me faint at heart and that night I could not help feeling uneasy on that account.

Next morning (Tuesday, March 22, 1892) we decided to change our course in order to avoid the saw grass and this necessitated the abandonment of a portion of the line we had run the day before, which I did not like very much. Early that morning Mr. Ingraham, Mr. Sydney and Mr. Moses went off to the south to examine a large body of cypress timber, barely visible from where we then were. About noon they returned, bringing with them, or rather I should say being brought in by an Indian in his canoe. They said they had gone to the cypress swamp and finding the ground very boggy

had started to return when they suddenly came upon an Indian on foot who said his name was "Billy Fuel". They tried to hire him to go to Miami and act as our guide but he refused; despairing of making any terms with him they started off again when Mr. Ingraham, who had on boots, became bogged and in his efforts to get out, exhausted. The Indian seeing this seemed to pity them and said, "Wait, I get canoe." He then walked to a thick clump of bushes near by, pulled out a canoe and taking two of our explorers in it with him, came on to where we were. We ate lunch that day as we stood in the water; and crackers, potted ham and cold coffee never before tasted so good. The Indian stayed with us until we had camped and had supper; before he left we offered him every inducement to guide us to Miami and when we offered him *wyomie* (whiskey) he seemed to yield to our wishes but said he had to go home first and see his squaw and would meet us at our next night's camp ready to go to Miami. We never saw Billy Fuel again. That day's march had completely worn me out although we had advanced since morning only about five miles. However, they were equivalent to about twenty on dry land. I was so tired I had lost interest in everything—I didn't care whether Billy stayed, went or ever came back—all I wanted to do was to lie down and rest. I managed to help Mr. Sydney Chase arrange our bed, flopped down on it and slept until supper was ready and when I had swallowed that, dropped off to sleep again. What appetites we had and how delicious everything tasted! To be sure, our biscuit had a heart of dough and were appropriately called "sinkers," and our coffee was a little muddy and our bacon salty and not always well done, but how refreshing this food was to us poor boys, wet, weary and muddy as we were.

IX

Wednesday, March 23, 1892

Next morning [Wednesday] before starting off we reconnoitered from the top of a large fig tree which grew in the center of our island and we thought we could see an opening through the saw grass leading in the direction we wished to go, but about eleven o'clock the saw grass closed us in and in order to go forward we had to go through it. We stopped a few moments to rest and eat our lunch of soda crackers and fat bacon soaked in a bucket of grease, and then started forward again. The nearest island was several miles ahead of us and, although we could see no passage through the saw grass leading up to it, we knew we must reach it to find wood with which to cook and a dry place to sleep.

The grass was high and thick, the ground so boggy that at every step we sank into it up to our thighs, and the sun was scorching hot; it soon became evident that at the rate we were going we could not reach the island by night fall. Mr. Newman proposed to me that we two go ahead and fire the saw grass so as to clear the way for the boats. The grass directly in front of us had already been lighted and was rapidly spreading around the little pond we stood in, fanned by the stiff breeze that was blowing.

To get beyond this first ring of fire was now our objective. Edging up to where the saw grass was thinnest we waited until the wind lulled a little and then with one dash we were through it. We now pushed our way towards the island, lighting fires every hundred yards or so, knowing that if the wind held and the saw grass burnt with its usual fury, there would soon be behind us a clear path for the boats. I was very weary when I started with Mr. Newman and after building fires and forcing my way through the saw grass for a mile or so, my strength completely gave out. I stopped in a lagoon where the water and mud was nearly waist deep, while Mr. Newman went on making fires toward the island. On all sides the grass was burning with a fury I have never seen equalled; to my rear the smoke and flames completely hid the boats and the men struggling to bring them forward, while very soon the fires, kindled ahead, swept down towards me and but for the bayou in which I stood would have burned me up. I thought little of the fire, but rather of the dreadful fatigue.

A sense of faintness came over me and the saw grass went round and up and down in a most strange fashion; I felt I could stand no longer. Wading through the saw grass to where the water shoaled a little I sat down in the mud, and oh, how good it felt to rest! The severe exertion I had made had been too much for me and a deathly sickness followed the faintness and made me fear I would have to stretch out full length in the mud. Resting in the mud the better part of two hours, I recovered some of my strength and the clouds of smoke behind me having rolled away, I could see that our men had abandoned the boat and one by one were struggling on, each with a pack on his back. Nothing but stern necessity compelled me to move.

Realizing that I must reach that island before night I gathered up my strength and crawled slowly along. Never did shipwrecked mariner eye with more longing the distant land than I did that island. The smoke had cleared and there it lay before me, not a mile away, with the delicate tracery of its trees outlined against the sky and the glistening leaves showing bright in the setting sun. Yet it seemed I never would get to it. Slowly I

“bogged” along, my feet working like suction pumps in the mud, stopping now and then to blow and to wonder where the strength for the next step was coming from. Occasionally someone would overtake and pass me but we had no breath to waste in words so nothing was said. Just as the sun set, I saw a little smoke curl up from the island and I knew that our Captain had reached it and was doing his best to cheer us on. About dark I reached the goal for which I had been making and was happy to stretch myself on the ground once more. Weariness is no name for the suffering I underwent and comfort no expression for my sensations of pleasure when I threw myself down on the ground by the fire Mr. Newman had made—and rested.

My advice is to urge every discontented man to take a trip through the Everglades—if it doesn't kill it will certainly cure him. All who are suffering from “ennui”, who have no taste for the good things of the world and can feed on nothing but the dainties of the table—after a few days of such experiences as we went through, fat white bacon warmed through, will be as delicate to the taste as turkey's breast, and “sinkers” will sit as lightly on the stomach as the finest white bread. One may have been raised to think iced champagne the only drink fit for a gentleman, but one will grow to think cold coffee, without milk or sugar, equal to nectar. If a man is a dude, a trip through the 'Glades is the thing to cure him. A day's journey in slimy, decaying vegetable matter which coats and permeates everything it touches, and no water with which to wash it off, will be good for him, but his chief medicine will be his morning toilet. He must rise with the sun when the grass and leaves are wet with dew and put on his shrinking body his clothes heavy and wet with slime and scrape out of each shoe a cup full of black and odorous mud—it is enough to make a man swear to be contented ever afterwards with a board for a bed and a clean shirt once a week.

But to resume my story: as I said before, several of the men had reached the island before me, and from them I had learned that as soon as the saw grass had burned out before them they had advanced with the boats, making slow progress. Then they decided to pack what they would need for the night and go on without the boats. However it proved to be a case of “jumping from the frying pan into the fire,” because it was harder to carry baggage on their backs than to drag it in the boats. One by one the men came staggering up and it was late before we ate or slept. Memory still dwells with delight on the thought of that supper and gloats with tender affection over the recollection of my pleasure in eating mush that night—when ordinarily I detest mush.

X

Thursday, March 24, 1892

Next morning [Thursday], nine men went back for the boats, the cooks stayed on the island to prepare a supply of food and the surveyors went on with the line. Selecting our island we triangulated to it and then went back to our morning's camp where we found the detail of men had just succeeded in bringing up the boats. We had lunch and again took up our line of march but soon found our way obstructed by saw grass. We had learned from experience of the day before that it was little help to burn the saw grass, so we doubled our team and pulled through as best we could. Doubling up meant putting all the men on one boat and then coming back for the others, but, by doing this we found we could pull from one lagoon across the saw grass to another, which we would follow as long as it went in our direction. In this way we slowly fought our way forward, one moment straining every nerve to drag our boats through the grass and the next clinging to and shoving them before us through the mud and water. The march that afternoon was almost a repetition of the one the day before, several times the boats were stalled and the men exhausted but after resting a bit they would fall in with a cheer and at a "one, two, three, go!" from Mr. Ingraham, would break their way through. Everyone took his turn at pulling, Mr. Ingraham amongst the rest, and about sundown we came into a channel leading up to the island we were making for. That night it was plain to me that unless the marching became easier we would have to abandon one of the wooden boats because the men had commenced to show sprains and strains from a lot of spades, shovels and axes and cooking utensils that we did not need then—but which I hope have been useful to some Seminole brave, ere this.

Friday, March 25, 1892.

We had been making for an island almost directly on our course but in the afternoon Mr. Newman decided to turn back and try for one which seemed a little more accessible. Flying about this island we noticed a cloud of birds, principally white cranes, and when we reached it that evening we found it was a bird roost and nesting place, and that there were hundreds of young birds in the nests among the trees. The old birds flew away when we landed but came back next morning as soon as we left.

We had been anxious to see these great nesting places of the birds, and we had our curiosity satisfied at the expense of our comfort for it was a very disagreeable place to camp, the odor being of sufficient strength to down a tolerably strong man.

When cutting away the grass and brush for a sleeping place we discovered a moccasin nest and killed a moccasin, but that did not disturb us as one of the men slept on the hole and thus kept it effectually stopped up all night. This night three of our men were sick and had to be doctored—Minchin, Handley and Matthieux.

Next day, Saturday (March 26, 1892), we went almost south for a while and then fortunately discovered an opening in the saw grass leading in the direction we wished. The bog however was fearful and retarded us very much.

In the afternoon we passed another "rookery" as we called it and just beyond it found a small island, evidently a favorite camp site for the Indians as it had poles stuck up to mark the landing place and strewn over it were the shells of numerous terrapins they had eaten. It was decided to camp here, much to my delight, as my left big toe in the last few days had developed an ingrown nail which at this time was hurting me very much. It had been announced that day that our rations were in danger of being all consumed before our arrival at Miami and we would have to go on allowance from now on. A commissary had been appointed to serve out the food and that night we were each allowed for supper three biscuits ("sinkers"), a cup of coffee and a thin slice of bacon. After supper I operated on my toe and with Mr. Sydney's assistance succeeded in making a very satisfactory job.

On Sunday the 27th we were put on rations of hominy, coffee and bacon gravy but we did not suffer from hunger and none of the men seemed to be very despondent. We ate lunch that day in somewhat of a bad humor as we had worked hard all morning and had not made much progress in the right direction: in a nest in a bush near us were two little blue cranes who looked at us and opened their mouths and cried. I thought that we were great idiots to come into such a place when we had no wings with which to fly out.

This day Clarke, who had been appointed to serve out the rations, resigned as the men complained to him about their allowance, and George Matthieux was appointed in Clarke's place.

Since we had not seen any game in the 'Glades the guns were usually kept in the boats. This morning, however, as we were strung out through the saw grass I heard shouts of those in front, "Get the gun—shoot him—kill him—catch him!" and an instant later a deer emerged from the grass and plunged heavily in the bog not twenty yards from me. For an instant the frightened animal seemed stuck in the mud, but gathering all its strength made a supreme effort and disappeared in the grass just as several of us

made a rush to catch it. When the deer was gone and there was no prospect of venison steaks for supper, every one of those fellows who were so tired of hominy went back to the boats, strapped on their guns, loaded themselves with ammunition and vowed the next time a deer came by, they would be ready for him, but I didn't see a deer since and I don't think they did either.

All day long we hunted for an opening to the east and although we walked miles and miles north and south, no channel could be found. On all sides could be seen smoke—fires presumably lit by Indians, but they never came near us.

In the afternoon a cold wind was blowing and my wet, stiff clothes chafed me badly so that I could not walk without great pain and had to get in one of the boats and ride. At sundown there was no island near us, and we made our camp in the saw grass where it grew unusually tall and thick, near a little willow or custard apple tree.

We had no dry wood for our fire; the water was so muddy we could hardly get enough to make coffee; and we had to cut down saw grass to make mattresses thick enough to raise us above the water level. There was a clear, bright sunset and a cold Northwest wind which chilled me to the marrow as I stood changing my wet, muddy clothes for some dry ones. Thinking there was no possible chance for any supper, I went to bed as soon as the blankets were spread down and although hungry and exhausted, dropped off to sleep as soon as I had stretched myself out. About eight o'clock Mr. Sydney called and said they had managed to boil some rice and had made a pot of coffee, which I enjoyed very much although the rice was only about half cooked.

My fatigue being somewhat abated I got up to look at the fires which were still burning at a distance and which we or some passing Indians had lit during the day. A stiff northwester was rattling the saw grass and fanning the fires into magnificence. Although several miles from us, we could hear the crackling and roaring quite plainly and we could see the great tongues of flame leap fiercely towards the sky, burning with red fury in some tall bunch of grass; and as the wind died away and the grass grew thinner, fall back exhausted, as if to gather strength for a fresh outburst. Sometimes great masses of flame carried by the wind would leap forward beyond the advancing line as if urged by some fierce passion, and flames left behind would rush forward with a loud crackle as though angry at being out-distanced in the race. Our camp was on an island and the wind, luckily, was

not bringing the fire near us. The frosty air soon sent me back to bed and to such sleep as the cold would let us have.

XI

Monday, March 28, 1892.

Early next morning [Monday] as I lay chilled and stiff, thinking with a sort of horror of the disagreeable business that was before us and wondering if we were to have any breakfast, Mr. Newman touched me on the shoulder and handed me a cup of warm coffee with sugar and milk in it, which made me feel like a new man.

Matthieux, our commissary, who had taken upon himself the duties of a cook, managed to get a fire going for breakfast with some pieces of plank he had found in the boats and a quantity of dry saw grass. About seven o'clock we were again on our way. Mr. Newman now decided it was better to pull through the saw grass than to wander around looking for a passage where none existed, so we started straight into it. The pulling was something tremendous and nothing but stern necessity would have kept the men at it. I tried for a while but became so faint I had to give up. At four o'clock there was no island near, and we could go no further. We stopped in the saw grass, wet and tired with no dry place to rest in, hungry with little chance to cook our meager allowance of hominy. Facing these conditions, with two sick men on our hands, we were very disconsolate.

Commissary Matthieux was the hero of the hour. After doing a hard day's work he took the cook's place and with a lump of rosin from the boats and a supply of saw grass, prepared hominy and coffee for the crowd. Caruthers and Dean were completely disabled, one with a strained side and the other with an inflamed leg. They had to be hauled in the boats all the time; and Gradick, one of our best men, strained his ankle and risked giving out at any moment.

Tuesday, March 29, 1892.

Next day [Tuesday] we made for an island directly in our course about two miles off but the pulling was so hard that we decided to pack forward a part of our baggage and come back for the boats. Mr. Sydney Chase and I divided our bundles between us. The bogs were so deep that after going a mile we were obliged to stop and rest. Mr. Newman sent most of the men back to bring up the boats which they succeeded in doing about one o'clock. We then decided to put all the baggage in the wooden boat, to concentrate

all our men on that boat and try to break a passageway through the grass for the canvas boat.

The island we camped on that night was a large rookery and the Indians had recently killed a great many birds—their remains were strewn all about.

The quantity of half grown birds on this island suggested to Mr. Newman the advisability of having some of them for supper. In his attempts to secure a young crane (equal to chicken) for his own repast, he got vigorously pecked on his tender, sunburned nose.

During the night two alligators, attracted by the provisions in one of the boats, came up and had not Mr. Ingraham been sleeping in one of the canvas boats and frightened them off, we might have been left with nothing at all to eat. That night we were also attacked by an army of red bugs and next morning we were so thickly peppered with their "whelps" that our bodies seemed on fire.

Next day, Wednesday, 30th, we struck a very fair channel. It ran, however, too much toward the south. We followed it until noon and then we had to make haul after haul across the saw grass until we were ready to drop from exhaustion. At sundown we were still a mile from our island and we could see no channel leading up to it.

Mr. Newman, Mr. Sydney and I went forward to explore the way toward the island. In the gathering darkness the boats became separated, took different channels and for a time went backward instead of forward. We shouted, discharged our guns and set the saw grass ablaze to mark the channel, and when we reached the island (which turned out to be a buzzard roost), we made a bright fire to guide them.

Sometime after dark the boats arrived and we made our camp in the saw grass as best we could. Next morning [Thursday] I found two stumps under our blankets; we had been so weary that night that not even stumps, red bugs and mosquitos could have kept us awake.

March 31, 1892

While we were triangulating to the island ahead of us the boats went and soon got out of hearing. . Now it should be distinctly understood that none of us were frightened or uneasy in any sense, but we were willing to admit that a feeling of loneliness came over us when our companions could nowhere be seen. We did hurry a little to catch up with them and we were a little glad when they were again in sight.

We struck a fine channel leading toward the east and since I could not walk without great pain from chafes I rode in the canvas boat all day, enjoyed it immensely, and concluded I had just begun to enjoy boating in the Everglades. That day we caught 7 hard shell turtles—an enjoyable addition to our scanty fare. Our channel now widened out and we felt certain that we had come into the Miami or some other stream flowing into the Atlantic. We had a good camp that night and enjoyed immensely our supper of hominy and terrapin. Our men who had been most despondent and complaining regained their strength and spirits and were as well and eager as any of us. Our thought was that now we could follow the channel we were in until it took us to the coast and we would have no more pulling through the saw grass.

Next day, Friday, April 1st, the channel we had been following lost itself in the saw grass and we again were back at pulling and tugging to break through. Soon we found a great many little channels, hardly wide enough for our boats, very deep and yet preferable to the saw grass. The fish became more plentiful and when trying to escape from us they would jump wildly out of the water and sometimes would fall into one of the boats. We managed to kill a large alligator and cut off his tail, intending to eat it, but finding some young water turkeys a little further on, we threw the 'gator meat away.

About five o'clock we neared an island and found it to be another buzzard roost but a much better place on which to camp than the last one. We had a hard time getting up to it and, indeed, had to leave our boats several hundred yards from our camp.

Mr. Sydney and I could not locate our bedding and baggage for a time, and were very much frightened at the prospect of losing them, but shortly afterwards we found our bundle and made a comfortable camp.

All during the day we had been constantly on the lookout for some indication of land or of an Indian camp, and late in the afternoon much excitement had been caused by someone crying out that an Indian was in sight. We had hurried onward, anxious to find anyone who could tell us how far we were from land and how quickly we could get there, but found only a bush on the edge of the saw grass. We became aware for the first time that looking constantly at a dead level of saw grass had destroyed our idea of perpendicular distance or height. As we waded along up to our armpits in mud and water, the bushes which now began to appear

seemed as trees and we were constantly thinking that just in front of us was a thick forest.

XII

Saturday, April 2, 1892

Next day [Saturday], we found open water most of the day. Consequently we made a good march but as we could see no sign of land and the water grew constantly deeper, the men settled once more into the depths of despair and some of them began to get sick again. Late that afternoon we struck what looked like might be a river and everyone cheered and waved his hat and thought that surely this must be the Miami and another day's march would certainly put the party on land. At this place we gave up all our efforts at continuing the survey; we had completely lost sight of the island from which we had last triangulated. Mr. Newman said that he could come back and connect the line from Miami—if we ever got there. Crows, cranes and aquatic birds were seen in abundance and we noted particularly the crows who seemed to profit by our advance. As we went along the water-turkeys would leave their nests out of fear and the crows fly to the nests, stick bills into the eggs and fly off. A feud seemed to be between the blackbirds and crows: the blackbirds would attempt to defend the water-turkey's nest after the "turkey" had left it.

Off to the east we saw a dense smoke rising, and some of the men thought that it might be a signal for our benefit, but it was later found to be fires started in the saw grass by the Indians.

That evening we camped in the saw grass near some bushes to which we tied one end of our mosquito bars. I was coated by slimy, filthy mud from ears to heels, and when we had made our camp, pushed out in one of the canvas boats to try to find enough clear water with which to wash some of the mud off. I began taking off my clothes and found the little boat very unsteady. When I had both arms in the air and my coat over my head, the boat gave a lurch to one side and dropped me head first into the mud and water, much to the amusement of the lookers on.

Our men showed plainly the effects of the hardships they had undergone; their faces were haggard, their eyes bloodshot, and none had their usual energy: Clarke and Handley, in addition to Minchin, gave out completely today and had to be carried in the boats.

XIII

April 3-4, 1892

Sunday morning we decided to throw away everything we could possibly do without in order to make room in the boats for the sick men. We had not gone a mile when our channel once again gave out and we had to pull through the grass.

We had no dinner this day; we had determined to camp early and eat supper and dinner together, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The island we wanted to reach seemed almost unapproachable from the saw grass surrounding it on all sides and we had to go two miles around in order to make one forward.

About noon Mr. Ingraham climbed up a little bush and declared that with the aid of his telescope he could see the roof of a house on an island some distance ahead of us. Having grown faithless from so many disappointments, we laughed at the idea. A dozen or more fish jumped into our boats as we went along, one trout weighing, I judged, about four pounds.

At four o'clock we made camp on a high, dry island which had a growth of young hack berries on it. The island looked as if it had once been in cultivation. We also saw deer tracks and believed we must be near land. Next morning, April 4th, from the top of a tree the thatched roof of an Indian hut on a neighboring island could be distinctly seen and we knew then that this was what Mr. Ingraham had seen the day before. We started off in high spirits for the Indian camp, but found saw grass in front of us any way we turned. Just as we began forcing our way through the grass, an Indian in his canoe came into sight. Instantly there was the wildest excitement and everyone wanted to rush forward to meet the man; restrained, they stood on the boats, waved their hats, cheered, and shouted, "come on, old man, come on," in the most frantic manner. Even the sick men showed renewed vigor.

When the Indian came up, he said his name was "Billy Harney". Mr. Newman asked him how far it was to Miami, and he said twenty-five miles and pointed in direction different than that which we had expected. When he said twenty-five miles to Miami, our faces fell several feet because at the rate we had been going it would take us five days to get there and we had only enough rations, on half allowance, for two days more. Billy Harney talked such poor English that Mr. Newman decided to go with him to his camp, which he said was nearby, to try to find out whether or not he could

get provisions or boats there, and more definite information about the way to Miami than the old Indian could give him.

Mr. Newman got in the Indian's canoe and all of us started off. The Indian seemed to be taking us away from his camp rather than toward it, so it was decided that Mr. Newman would go on alone with the Indian while we cooked something to eat and waited for him. We found a little clump of bushes where we made our fire and cooked up enough food for our dinner and supper; and about two o'clock Mr. Newman came back. He did not get out of the canoe but told us there was no one at "Harney's" camp except some women; that we could get nothing to eat there; and that from the women he had learned that he could go to Miami and return in a day, if an Indian took him.

Mr Newman said that he had decided to go to Miami with Billy Harney and to bring back provisions for us; Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Moses were to follow the canoe in the canvas boat, and Mr. Sydney Chase was to come with him and the Indian. He took a bucket of cold hominy, cooked, for provisions; and the Indian in his canoe and Mr. Ingraham in his canvas boat shoved off and left us. As they went, Mr. Newman called to us to follow a certain course next day, make fires in the saw grass as we went and he would be certain to meet us at noon.

XIV

Tuesday, April 5-7, 1892

That night we stayed where we were and had an early supper and an early breakfast next morning [Tuesday]. Taking the course given by Mr. Newman, we followed it as nearly as the saw grass would permit. By noon we had made good progress but Mr. Newman was nowhere to be seen. The grumblers began talking as though there was little hope of ever getting home again. It was decided to push steadily on in the direction we had been told to follow, and when our provisions gave out we would then turn due east and try to reach the coast.

In the afternoon we had to make several pulls through the saw grass with the wooden boat and while we were looking for a convenient place to camp we saw something that moved on a little island nearby. We stopped and carefully examined the island in the distance but could not make out what moved; some thought it was an Indian watching us, another thought it was some wild animal; but no one was positive. Some of us went forward

to find out about it and a close inspection revealed the fact that it was a pair of breeches worn by Mr. Sydney Chase when he left us, hanging from a tree.

The sight of those pants was worth a gold mine to us because it assured us that we were on the right track and that the party ahead of us had been delayed in getting to Miami. Therefore, we should not expect Mr. Newman back until the following day. That night we decided to reduce still further our allowance of food and to have no dinner the next day but to save what we had left for supper. Next morning, Wednesday, April 6, when we left camp we could not but feel gloomy for we had had nothing for dinner and there was hardly enough food for another meal, and there was no certainty of Mr. Newman's return that day. We had gone about a mile when we saw smoke ahead of us and shortly after two canoes came into view—in one was Mr. Newman.

At sight of the canoes we became cheerful and in a few moments had covered the distance that separated us, and were shaking hands and welcoming our rescuers. Mr. Newman brought plenty of provisions with him and as soon as we could find a convenient place we stopped and cooked a fine meal of bacon, beans, rice, tomatoes and coffee, to which we did ample justice. As we feasted royally, Mr. Newman told us that he had not been able to reach Miami until one o'clock the day after he left us and therefore had not been able to come back as soon as he had planned. He said we could reach Miami next day, and that made us quite happy.

Satisfying our hunger, we pushed on as rapidly as possible and camped that evening in an abandoned Indian field just above the rapids in the Miami River—six miles from Miami.

For supper we had another big meal and went to bed feeling full and contented, but not for long; our hearty meals, after such long abstinence, made nearly every one sick and none of us were able to sleep.

One of the Indians (Matlo) who had come with Mr. Newman went back to Miami with us, while Billy Harney went on to his camp in the Everglades. Next morning, April 7th, I went down the river with Matla in his canoe, and sent back boats enough to bring the rest of the party down.

When riding in a canoe the hair should be carefully parted down the middle; rings on the fingers should be divided so that an equal number and weight are on each hand; and there should be no more tacks in one shoe than in the other. By observing these precautions I kept my balance and prevented the canoe from turning over and reached my destination safely after

a very monotonous ride. On our way we shot the Miami River rapids by getting out and carrying our canoe down; and at about eleven o'clock we came into sight of Fort Dallas, first seeing the government flag flying over it. For the first time in my life I felt that the stars and stripes really represented something to me; I felt that I had been in a foreign country and had come back to the comforts and blessings of home.

Those of our party who had preceded me looked fresh as roses; and soon, with the help of soap, water and clean clothes, I made myself appear half-civilized.

We made our last camp, with Mrs. Julia D. Tuttle's permission, convenient to the boat landing, from which we could cross to the store opposite. In the afternoon the whole Everglades Exploring party had congregated at Fort Dallas, and the expedition was at an end.

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