

# Recollections of Early Miami

By J. K. DORN

President Gifford, Members of the Historical Association of South Florida, and Miami Pioneers:

In behalf of the Miami Pioneers I extend to you our heartiest appreciation for your cordial invitation to this wonderful meeting. It is just such cooperation that will make any organization a success.

Our two organizations have a similar objective. The Historical Association of South Florida, as I understand it, is gathering data to make history of the southern half of Florida, whereas the Miami Pioneers were organized to perpetuate the names of the Miami Pioneers who suffered the hardships and deprivations of pioneering so that we might enjoy this modern city of today.

Your invitation to give the history of the early days of Miami is very much appreciated, and I will try to make it as interesting as possible and touch on only the high spots of the early days.

In 1870 two men left Cleveland, Ohio, for New York. Their names were William B. Brickell and E. T. Sturtevant. They bought a schooner in New York, loaded it with supplies and building materials, and set sail for the South. After a voyage of three or four weeks they arrived at Cape Florida and set sail up the Bay until they arrived at the mouth of the Miami River. They were so carried away with the beauty of the scenery and the fresh water of the Miami River that they cast anchor and prepared to stay.

Mr. Brickell immediately made application to the Perrine Grant and purchased 640 acres of land on the South side of the Miami River, now known as Brickell Point. Mr. Sturtevant also decided to stay and he purchased a homestead of 160 acres of land north of Miami and just east of where Barry College is today. They enjoyed the climate and surroundings so much that they sent for their families, so Mrs. Brickell and her children,

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and Mrs. Tuttle and her husband and children arrived here about 1873, landing on the north side of the Miami River on which the old Indian Fort and Barracks (known as Fort Dallas) stood. Mrs. Tuttle was Mr. Sturtevant's daughter. She was also carried away with this country and purchased 640 acres of land from the Bay Biscayne Company on the north side of the Miami River.

The Brickell family remained here permanently, but Mrs. Tuttle and family went north each summer and returned in the winter. She went back to Cleveland in 1891 to sell out some of her belongings there and move to Miami. At a banquet given before she left Cleveland, she met a Mr. J. E. Ingraham, who, at that time, represented the Plant Railroad system which had built a railroad from Jacksonville to Tampa, Florida. Mrs. Tuttle told Mr. Ingraham that she would like very much to have someone build a railroad to Fort Dallas, and that she would give half her holdings to the one who did so. A few days later Mrs. Tuttle packed two carloads of furniture, groceries and building supplies, together with five head of cattle and a lot of chickens and dogs. These two carloads were sent to Jacksonville, Florida, and were transferred from there to Miami by a boat named the "Emily B", Captain Henderson in charge. A week later Mrs. Tuttle arrived at the mouth of the Miami River, unloaded, and began remodeling the old Barracks which had been occupied during the Indian War.

Not long after that she received word from Mr. Ingraham from Tampa, Florida, that they were about to start on an expedition from Fort Myers to Miami. This expedition was probably the forerunner of Mr. Plant's interest in building a railroad to Fort Dallas. Mr. Ingraham and his party arrived at the Everglades. There were about 20 in the party, and Mrs. Tuttle had been notified when they started. They left Fort Myers with wagons loaded with provisions and three flat-bottom row boats. The end of the first day found them at the head of the Everglades, but the saw grass and water prevented them from going any further by teams, so they abandoned them and left with their row boats filled with provisions. They patiently cut their way through the saw grass and brush, finding snakes so numerous that a few of the party returned to Fort Myers. The first night out they slept on an island; not having any tents, they slept on grass and leaves. They started early the second day, making good headway, covered a good many miles and passed several Islands and Cypress swamps. As they approached the real heart of the Everglades the water became deeper and the lakes more numerous. (They had to abandon their row boats and carry their supplies

in 50-lb. bags on their shoulders.) The first few days were easy going, but it soon became tiresome. Just east of the lakes they found a great stretch of white sand spotted here and there with grasses and just enough water to make progress more difficult.

Arriving at an island covered with thick underbrush, hammock, and cypress trees, they pitched camp for the night. They retired early on account of the strenuous going during the day and were aroused about midnight by the cries of wildcats and panthers. These prowlers had made their way to the outdoor kitchen and were feasting on ham and bacon which the cook had hung on the branch of a tree. One of the men picked up his gun, took several shots, but no one dared venture too near. Early next morning they found they had a prize of two wildcats and a panther. As they were eating their breakfast one of the men spied, off at a distance, a little black bear. He wasn't really black, however, for he had wallowed in the flour bag the night before while hunting for the sugar bag.

Again they started, covered many miles and had almost made Fort Dallas when they saw an Indian in his canoe. They hailed him and learned that they had only 25 miles more to travel. From the time of their meeting with the wildcats and panthers (and the loss of their ham and bacon) they had been very hungry, having only grits to eat, which they were forced to ration in diminutive portions.

In the meantime, Mrs. Tuttle was becoming anxious. Several weeks had passed; she had received no word from the expedition, so she had a tall flagpole erected on her grounds and a flag flying, hoping that if Mr. Ingraham and his party were anywhere near they could locate her property.

The Brickells, living on the south side of the River, had established quite a trading post with the Indians and Mrs. Tuttle also became very friendly with the Indians and made a practice of allowing the Indian families to land on her property and lie around while the braves did their trading with the Brickells. They brought in alligator hides and otter skins and traded them for groceries and ammunition. Mrs. Tuttle was especially friendly with one Indian named Matlo. She often visited their camps and attended their dances. In fact, Matlo once said to Mrs. Tuttle, "You be my squaw". In other words, he wanted to marry her but Mrs. Tuttle couldn't see it that way. However, she did ask him to do her a favor. She engaged Matlo, with two or three other Indians, to go into the Everglades and search for the missing party. In about a week Matlo returned with the nearly starved Ingraham party. They had had only about two tablespoonfuls of grits a day each to live on. This Indian, Matlo, was severely punished by

his Chief for assisting the white men across the Everglades. The lobes of his ears were cut off and he was sent into exile on a lonely island for three months.

The Brickells and the Tuttles continually tried to interest people in coming into Dade County, or rather, to Fort Dallas. Mr. Flagler had started his railroad, which ran from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, from St. Augustine to Daytona, from Daytona to New Smyrna, and from New Smyrna to Ft. Pierce. During this time Mrs. Tuttle wrote him numerous letters and made several trips to see him, urging him to extend the railroad to Fort Dallas, but he couldn't see it that way. He ran his railroad into West Palm Beach in 1893.

In 1894-1895 the State of Florida had a terrible freeze which killed almost all the orange trees and vegetables in the State, causing millionaires to become paupers. Florida was in a terrible condition. At this time Mrs. Tuttle wrote Mr. Flagler another letter. Mr. Ingraham had switched from the Plant System to the FEC with Mr. Flagler, and together they discussed Mrs. Tuttle's proposition. Mr. Flagler sent Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Parrott down to see Mrs. Tuttle and when they arrived here, they too were carried away with the beautiful surroundings. Mrs. Tuttle made up a box of fruits and vegetables, palms and flowers, and had them sent to Mr. Flagler to prove to him that the freeze had not hurt this part of the State. When Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Parrott returned to St. Augustine with the box of fruit and flowers, Mr. Flagler immediately became interested and said, "How can I go down there?" Mr. Ingraham said, "It will take about three days to notify Mrs. Tuttle." This was done and Mr. Flagler, Mr. Ingraham, and Mr. Parrott took a special train to West Palm Beach, then a boat from there to Fort Lauderdale. Mr. McDonald, Mr. Flagler's contractor, accompanied them. Mrs. Tuttle met them at Fort Lauderdale and brought them to Fort Dallas in a wagon and a buckboard.

They arrived here late in the afternoon, looked the situation over, and before midnight of that night, on Mrs. Tuttle's front porch, an agreement was entered into with Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Brickell whereby Mr. Flagler was to build his railroad to Fort Dallas, build a hotel, a freight and passenger depot, and was also to lay out the City of Miami. In return Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Brickell were to give half of their holdings in real estate to Mr. Flagler. Mr. Flagler instructed Mr. McDonald to build the hotel, Mr. Parrott to extend the railroad to Miami, and Mr. Ingraham was to lay out the city.

The next morning the party took a boat and went up the Miami River, and were again carried away with the beautiful scenery. They also took a

trip down the Bay and Mr. Flagler said, "This country has wonderful possibilities." On returning from the boat trip, Mr. Flagler was walking around Mrs. Tuttle's grounds when he sprained his ankle. Before we could get him back to the house his ankle was so swollen his shoe had to be cut off with a knife. We sat him in a chair on Mrs. Tuttle's upper porch, and Mrs. Tuttle and Maggie Carney, the Tuttle cook, put hot bandages on his leg. While he was sitting there smoking a cigar Mrs. Tuttle asked him just how much of the railroad he did own. Mr. Flagler replied, "Just as much as I own of this cigar." This, of course, pleased Mrs. Tuttle very much, for she knew she was dealing direct with the owner.

The party left for St. Augustine a couple of days later, and it leaked out that the railroad was to be extended to Fort Dallas. People began coming in by the hundreds. Bay Biscayne was filled with boats. A hack line was started from West Palm Beach to Miami; barges were built to cross the streams and rivers to Fort Dallas. People who came here lived in tents and palmetto huts, while hundreds of them slept in their boats while waiting for the railroad to arrive. Days went by, weeks went by, and people became frantic. Their money had already been spent for groceries and groceries were getting scarce. The Brickell Point Store was the only place to obtain supplies, and it took them about two weeks to go to Key West and return with each new supply of provisions.

Finally word was received that Mr. McDonald, Mr. Riley, E. G. Sewell and John Sewell would arrive the next day to start work on clearing the grounds for the Royal Palm Hotel. On March 15th, 1896, this party arrived. The people were wild with joy, knowing that their long wait was over. The following day the old stern-wheeler "St. Lucie" arrived with tools of every description—wheel barrows, shovels, etc., along with 12 colored men, and work was started on the point where the Royal Palm grounds are today. At that time there was an Indian Mound about ten or eleven feet high, and this had to be leveled down in order to erect the Hotel.

Work of clearing the grounds was almost completed when Mr. McDonald told all his employees that the train would be here in thirty days. The first train arrived April 15, 1896, bringing lumber and building supplies. Several trains followed later, but the first official train bringing passengers arrived here April 22, 1896, about nine o'clock at night. The first official engineer was Herbert S. Rogers, while the first official conductor was Ed Steinhauer.

Mr. McDonald built the first house on the Bay Front and used it for his residence and office. Catholic Church services were also held there on

Sundays. He also built the first hotel—the Biscayne. Mr. Connelly built the Connelly House and Mrs. Tuttle erected the Miami Hotel, a 200-room frame structure with porches around the second story.

As building materials arrived, cottages were erected and stores were built. The first store was a clothing store opened by Isidor Cohen. I will have to tell you a little story of how Isidor first came to Miami. He arrived in Lemon City in 1896 with several large boxes of dry goods. Being unable to secure a boat large enough to bring his merchandise to Fort Dallas, he stored them in a fish house in Lemon City. He finally managed to secure a boat and began loading. As he was about to load an extra large and rather heavy box of dry goods, it fell overboard. Of course, Isidor exclaimed that he was “ruined, ruined”, but in due time this box was lifted, the water was drained out and it was loaded on the schooner. When Isidor reached Miami he landed on the south side of the Miami River. He immediately hung his dry goods, including laces and wearing apparel, all over the branches of the hammocks there at the time. In a few days he had an auction sale and sold out almost the entire stock.

The first drug store was opened by Townley Brothers; the first grocery stores were opened by Mr. J. E. Lummus and Mr. E. L. Brady; the first cold storage plant was opened by Lake and Goodwin; L. C. Oliver opened the first lumber yard; Salem Graham, the first bakery; Alice Brickell was the first postmistress; and the first photographers were Geer and Campen, who worked in a tent on Avenue “D” (now Miami Avenue).

As work on the Royal Palm Hotel progressed and was about ready for the plastering, I walked down the Bay Front one day and saw a man sitting there crying. He was an Irishman named Jerry Hourihan. I went up to Jerry and asked him what in the world was the matter. He burst into loud weeping and finally I got it out of him that he had received no mail in three weeks, and that he usually got two letters a week from Ireland. . I said, “Jerry, have you been to the Post Office?” He replied, “Yes, but there is nothing there.” As I was going fishing, I invited Jerry to go with me, which he did. We went down to the River front, pulled ourselves across on a barge and chain, landed at Brickell Point, got out on the dock and fished. We fished there for about an hour and a half, caught quite a mess of fish, and as I had brought lunch along, I said to Jerry—“You eat this while I go up to the Post Office and see if there is any mail.” The Post Office was at that time on the south side of the Miami River. While at the Post Office and grocery stores I inquired for mail for myself. There were two letters for me, and I then asked for mail for Jerry Hourihan and received this very

curt reply from the lady clerk—"I have been telling that old Irishman for three weeks there wasn't any mail for him." Going back, I found Jerry half asleep under a coconut tree. There was a trash pile nearby. Someone had set fire to it but being damp from the rain, it was not burning very fast. Jerry was sitting there half asleep with his fishing rod in his hand. He was slapping it up and down on the ground and happened to hit this trash pile. That started a fresh blaze. This awoke Jerry and he noticed some letters in the pile of trash. He got up, walked over in a hurry, stooped down, and saw on these letters, "Jerry Hourihan". There were four or five letters there all bearing his name. He didn't know what in the world to make of it, but was the happiest Irishman I had seen in many a year. We pulled ourselves back to the other side of the river (on the barge) and of course Jerry had to tell everybody we met about his letters.

The first Bus System was organized by Mr. Brundage; the first Dairy was operated by Louis Becker of Allapattah; the Gas Company was organized by H. M. Van Court; Mrs. Tuttle opened the first Episcopal Church with Father Huntington presiding; the first ferry to run to Miami Beach was the boat "Sally", operated by a man named Burch; the first bicycle shop was opened by Charles Thompson; the first hardware store by Frank T. Budge; the first pool room belonged to a man named Chase; the first steamship to operate out of Miami was the "Miami" owned by the Florida East Coast Railway Company; the first passenger boat between Key West and Miami was the "City of Key West", a large boat and a side-wheeler; the first club to be organized was the Tuxedo, which was afterwards made the Elks Club.

Rev. E. V. Blackman organized the first County Fair in the State of Florida in the Royal Palm Hotel in 1897.

The first bank was opened by Banker W. M. Brown. I will have to tell you a little story on Banker Brown. In the early days a man named Schneiderman opened a gents' clothing store. He had quite a nice stock, but one day he went into the hands of a receiver. Isidor Cohen, who knew Schneiderman very well, and also knew me, came to me and said, "Joe, I want you to do me a favor." He said, "Go down and offer Banker Brown \$400 for Schneiderman's stock." I went down and saw Mr. Brown. He politely told me he couldn't do anything about it until the Board of Directors met, which was once a week. Several days later Mr. Brown stopped by my office and told me he would accept Mr. Cohen's offer. Mr. Cohen went down and closed the deal with Mr. Brown. Then he went to Schneiderman and gave him the bill of sale to start over again. He said to Schneiderman, "Now, don't you do this again."

Mr. Flagler was the first man to build substantial residences for the people of Miami. He built thirty-five. People at that time were living mostly in shacks and tents. Mr. Flagler made the remark, "The people of Miami are entitled to better homes," so he erected them. Some of them are standing today on S. E. 2nd St.

As the town got pretty well under way Mr. McDonald suggested that it should be incorporated. Politics got pretty lively, and the city of Miami was incorporated on the 28th day of July, 1896, with 520 voters. John B. Reilly was elected the first Mayor. Mr. Reilly has since passed on. Jack Graham was elected City Clerk.

The first white boy born in Miami was the son of John B. Reilly. The first doctor in our midst was Dr. James M. Jackson. Dr. Baskin was at Lemon City and Dr. Simmons in Coconut Grove.

On January 18, 1897, Mr. Flagler completed and opened the Royal Palm Hotel. He wired Mr. Plant, of the west coast, to come over to Miami to the opening. Mr. Plant wired back "Where is Miami?" Mr. Flagler replied, "Just follow the crowd."

The first excursion from Jacksonville to Miami was in 1896, the train arriving here on a Saturday. The first church services were held in a tent across the street from where the Miami Herald is today. The church was filled to overflowing. The mosquitoes were bad; in fact, almost unbearable, and the smoke from the smudges was terrible. Rev. E. V. Blackman was to hold the services that night. He arrived late. He pushed his way through the crowd into the pulpit and said, "Let's sing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow,'" gave the benediction and dismissed the crowd. A number of the people then woke up some of the storekeepers and purchased all the mosquito netting available. I can remember several occasions where church services were held in the Dauthit building on N. E. 1st Street, and everybody that attended brought their smudge pot and a switch in order to kill the mosquitoes.

There was a convention of the Florida Tobacco Growers Association held at the Royal Palm Hotel in 1897. Rev. Blackman, who was representing the East Coast, and also editor of the Florida East Coast Homeseeker, conceived the idea that it would advertise this part of the country to hold a Fair. He went to Mr. Merrill, Manager of the Royal Palm Hotel, and asked him if he could have one of the rooms on the ground floor for this purpose. This was granted. Rev. Blackman wired Mr. Ingraham at St. Augustine what he had done. Mr. Ingraham was very pleased and said, "Draw on me for your expenses." He shipped down a large tent which was used to display the

many vegetables, fruits and palms which Mr. Blackman was instrumental in securing. These vegetables were raised by a man named Richards and C. O. Richardson, who were the first to raise vegetables in Miami. This fair was such a success that Mr. Flagler erected a Fair Building on the Bayfront. This later had to be enlarged. Mr. Blackman has the honor to be the first man in the State of Florida to hold a County Fair.

Miami had its first fire at Christmas in 1896. It destroyed many of the buildings, among which was that of a man named Castelanno who was manufacturing beverages of different kinds. When his building burned, a large tank exploded, a particle of which struck a man named Frank one block away, instantly killing him. Not long after that Frank's son climbed a coconut tree in front of the Royal Palm Hotel, fell from the top and broke his neck.

Our first Fire Department was organized by M. J. McDonald. We used to have daily practice pulling a reel down Flagler Street. The first string band was organized by the writer in 1897. It consisted of Earl Munfort, Louis Wolf, Mr. Rutherford and myself. We used to practice every Sunday afternoon in the Biscayne Building.

The first telephone company was organized by J. R. Dewey in the spring of 1898, on the second floor of the Kronowitter Building. He started with half a dozen subscribers, and I can see Mr. Dewey today making fast his wires from house to house and from tree to tree. In a few months time he had something like a hundred subscribers.

One Sunday afternoon Dewey heard our orchestra and stopped in to listen. He asked if we would like to come up to his office some Sunday night, stating that he would like to have his subscribers listen in on their 'phones. We went up two weeks later and played for an hour and a half.

I also organized our first brass band. Mr. Weaver was our leader. We practiced in the old church tent across from where the Herald building now stands. We made many chords and discords, and the neighbors all threatened to put us out of business, but we managed, in the course of several months time, to play one piece very nicely and we used to march up and down Flagler Street playing this one piece.

The first man to take an interest in the boys of Miami was Dan Hardie. He organized the Swaves and had about 25 or 30 boys in his organization. They drilled regularly and were very fine performers. It was an interesting sight, especially when they came out in full dress—green bloomer trousers,

white shirts, blue vests, and red fezzes. We were very proud of Dan Hardie and his company.

The first steam car to arrive was owned by a man named Correll. Mr. Rice used to operate this car and one day he stopped in front of the Hoefer Bakery, went in, purchased some bread, and before he came out his steam car started up and ran across the street into the Forsell building, breaking the plate glass windows.

The first gasoline car, an E. R. Thomas Flyer, was owned by the writer. It was a one-lunger, with the engine under the back seat. We had only a few miles of road around Miami—Flagler Street, Miami Avenue, and the road to Buena Vista. It seemed that every time I got as far as the cemetery the gasket would blow out and I would have to be towed in. Bob Einig was the first gasoline engineer in Miami.

The first steamship line between Miami and Key West operated the steamer *City of Key West*. The first trip was made on May 21, 1896. The steamer left at 5 A.M. after the arrival of the early morning train.

The first newspaper published in Miami was the *Metropolis*, operated by Walter S. Graham and his assistant, W. M. Featherly. The first piece of real estate was sold by Charlie Oxlar to a man named Benest. It was a forty acre tract where Miramar is located today. The purchase price was a white mule and a wagon. The first subdivision to be laid out adjoining the city of Miami was by Robbins, Graham and Chillingsworth. Among the first real estate men were A. E. Kingsley and E. L. White who represented Mrs. Julia D. Tuttle. Fred Morse represented the Florida East Coast Railway and other corporate interests. There were also J. B. Bailey of the Fort Dallas Land Company and E. A. Waddell.

Our first judge was A. E. Hyser. Our first judicial officers were Robert R. Taylor, S. L. Patterson, and G. A. Worley. The first criminal court was presided over by J. T. Sanders. The first case tried in Miami courts was for disorderly conduct, for driving a horse recklessly on the streets. Such cases were usually tried before Mayor John B. Reilly. The fine for reckless driving was one dollar, for fighting one dollar, and for cursing one another five dollars. Robbins, Graham and Chillingsworth were the first lawyers. A well known citizen was once haled into court for having slept in the streets over night. Being unable to pay the one dollar fine, he was required to work ten days on the streets. Y. F. Gray was our first city marshal.

The first real trial was that of a Negro charged with manslaughter. It was held in the court room down on the Miami River in an old frame building used as a fish house. Court was held on the second floor in the one large room. On the first floor were fishing nets and barrels. The trial lasted several days. Robert R. Taylor was defending the Negro. The jury was composed of twelve Conchs. Just as Bob Taylor was finishing his speech to the jury, someone downstairs yelled, "There's a wreck on the Beach! There's a wreck on the Beach!" He went all around Miami yelling this. In less than ten minutes there was not a jurymen in the box. They jumped out the windows, ran down the stairs, and made for their fishing smacks, for in those days the first man to arrive at a wreck was made captain of the wrecking operations, and others received shares according to the time of their arrival.

The first cigar manufacturer was E. Gonzalez. Huntington and Tyler were pioneer hotel men. C. T. McCrimmon operated the first livery stable. Chase and Harney set up the first fire insurance business. Reynolds and Hull operated the first fish and oyster business. Before hotels were built Captain E. E. Vail operated the floating hotel Rockledge. John Kronowitter kept the first tailor's establishment.

A clause in the Warrant deeds from both Mrs. Julia Tuttle and Henry M. Flagler to the City of Miami made it unlawful to sell liquor within the city limits. Outside the city limits Billy Woods and the Singleton Company provided this service.

The first jewelers were R. J. and W. L. Riles. The first brick store building was erected by the Frank T. Budge Hardware store. Cabott and Carrell first contracted to build roads and streets in the new city being laid out under Henry M. Flagler's direction. These men lacked experience in the type of road building required by the rock base, and when they failed the contract was turned over to John Sewell for completion. Harry Tuttle, son of Mrs. Julia D. Tuttle, was the first to drill a well for water in Dade County. It was a four inch well to supply the Miami Hotel.

The first school was started by Captain C. J. Rose. The captain was much interested in children, and he disliked to see Miami's children grow up without schooling. He tried without much success to interest numerous other people in the need for formal education. Finally, he and a few others gathered what lumber they could find around Miami, went over to the Beach and picked up what they could from wrecks, tied it together with wire, floated it across the bay and laid it out on the beach to dry. In a short time

they had enough lumber to erect a small three room building. Mrs. Ada Merritt was the first teacher. The same C. J. Rose was later to be the first manufacturer of concrete blocks.

Doctors M. D. L. Dodson and R. E. Chafer were our first dentists. The first funeral home was operated by Edwin Nelson who also had the first furniture store. His first burial was hauled to the cemetery in a small wagon pulled by a pony that was led by Nelson himself. Fifty dollars covered all expenses of the burial. The first burial at sea was in charge of H. M. King. The deceased was Captain A. R. Simmons of Coconut Grove who had made arrangements with Kirk Munroe, the author, to bury him at sea in the Gulf Stream. A large anchor weighing some 400 pounds was attached and the body lowered into the sea as the deceased Captain had requested.

Among the first to make orange and grapefruit groves were C. J. Rose, Bernice Potter, Skyles Plant, John Douglas and C. E. Davis.

In 1897 we had a terrible freeze. It killed all fruit trees in the State of Florida back to the ground. It was so cold in Miami that a bucket of water thrown on the streets would freeze in a few minutes. The streets were covered with birds. I picked up 27 mocking birds, stuck them inside my shirt, took them to my room and kept them alive. The vegetables were killed and the coconut trees were burned brown. Mr. Flagler was at the Royal Palm at the time and he wired for Mr. Ingraham to come from St. Augustine. Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Parrott had already been around to see a number of the farmers and offered to give them seeds free of charge and to haul their fertilizer without charge. Mr. Ingraham arrived at the Royal Palm at six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Flagler was standing out in front. He didn't take time to say good morning, but immediately went into a private room. He said to Mr. Ingraham, "Just how bad is this freeze?" Mr. Ingraham replied that it was a terrible loss and told Mr. Flagler about what he had done and the offers he had made the farmers. Mr. Flagler said "That is all right as far as you have gone, but you haven't gone far enough. I want you to go out right away and see these people. Tell them they can have all the seed they want and also all the fertilizer. We will take their notes at 6 per cent. You can draw on me for \$50,000, \$100,000, \$150,000 or \$200,000, whatever you need. I would rather lose it all than to have any man, woman or child in Dade County suffer."

In 1898 the war with Spain broke out. The Maine was wrecked in the harbor of Cuba, and of course all Miamians thought the war would be

brought over to the Florida shores. In fact, we became so worried that we had the state build us a sand fort about a mile south of Brickell Point, adjoining Commodore Roome's place. The state also sent us two 10-inch guns which we never used, but they were admired by all who saw them.

We had 7200 troops stationed in Miami and did they paint the town red! What we now call hot dog stands were all over the city. Townley Brothers, the only drug store, was doing a rushing business. In fact, they had six large barrels all connected at the top by a small pipe, all filled with water, made into lemonade, and it would take only a few hours to empty them.

One afternoon a couple of boys from Company L of Texas came out of Townley Brothers' store and walked over to what is now Budge's Hardware store. A big, burly negro was coming down the sidewalk on what is now Miami Avenue. Two ladies were walking towards him. Instead of the negro stepping off the sidewalk and allowing the ladies to pass, he made the ladies get off and let him pass. This was too much for the boys from Texas. They grabbed this negro, gave him a good beating and started to string him up to a pine tree across the street. Some officers happened to come along just in time to prevent a tragedy, but the boys did string up the negro's shirt. The negro was taken back to colored town and everything was quiet until eight o'clock that night.

Negro town then was across the railroad tracks and Flagler Street, about 40 or 50 houses. That night Company L of Texas marched through colored town, pulled out their colts and shot out every kerosene lamp found burning. This caused a stampede of the colored people to Avenue G bridge on their way to Coconut Grove. Next morning our restaurants, hotels and stores were without help, so we sent a squad to Coconut Grove and promised them they would be protected, so they returned and by eleven o'clock were working again.

But that wasn't enough for the boys from Company L. The next night they marched north a mile, outside the city limits to a place where liquor was sold. Billy Woods was operating a saloon and he had a colored department. The boys went into the saloon and threw rocks at all the bottles standing on the counters. They were eventually quieted down and taken back to camp.

The troops caused so much trouble and dissension among the colored people that the people of Miami complained to the authorities and they were finally withdrawn from Miami and sent to Jacksonville and Tampa.

After the troops left Miami we had another fire in which the Miami Hotel was destroyed. John Frohock was our Sheriff at that time. His men sent their officers into the burning hotel and rescued Dr. Fowler.

We had another catastrophe after the troops left—yellow fever. A great many of you may not know how the yellow fever started in Miami. I will give you a brief history of it. A man named Hargrove and myself were giving dancing lessons in Mrs. Tuttle's hotel, the hotel being closed for the summer. Mr. Hargrove and two men named Brittingham and Saxelby and myself had rooms on the second floor. Every Saturday night we had these dances. One Saturday night Mr. Hargrove didn't show up. There was a Captain who ran a cattle boat between Miami and Cuba whom Hargrove was accustomed to visit when he was in port. The next morning I went down to the docks to see if he was with this captain. It seems that on one of the return trips of this boat the Captain had buried two men at sea with yellow fever. In those days, of course, we had no Custom House office, and the boats came and went as they pleased. Hargrove and this Captain were good friends and used to play poker together. When I got to the boat I asked for Hargrove and was told he was ill. I immediately hired a colored hack driver, got Hargrove into the carriage, took him to the Miami Hotel and put him to bed. I called for Dr. Jackson, but he wasn't available until the afternoon. When he came he prescribed medicine and asked me to stay with Hargrove and give him his medicine every two hours, saying that he was a very sick man. Several days later Dr. Jackson wired for Dr. Porter of Key West to come up at once. The trip took Dr. Porter two and one half days. He examined Mr. Hargrove and immediately pronounced it yellow fever. You can imagine how I felt. I thought every minute I was going to die, as I had taken care of him during these several days. Dr. Porter told Dr. Jackson to immediately quarantine the city and not allow anyone to go out or come in. He did say this, that all those who wanted to leave Miami could go into quarantine for ten days and then leave. The old stern-wheeler "Saint Lucie" was chartered and anchored about two miles down Biscayne Bay for ten days. About a hundred people went on board.

Meanwhile Dr. Porter put my two friends and myself on a separate boat, as we had all been exposed to the fever. This boat was also taken down to the head of the bay. Every afternoon we went in bathing and would swim over to the "Saint Lucie". They didn't let us come too close, however, and would pick up an oar or a board and threaten us. In fact, one man pulled out his gun, in fear that we would attempt to get on the boat. When the

ten days were up the Saint Lucie landed at Buena Vista and all on board went to different parts of Florida. Our crew, as I called them, and I came back to Miami and Dr. Jackson asked me if I would assist him. He said he would give me \$10 a week. As the fever spread throughout Miami Dr. Jackson and I were kept pretty busy. I used to go around with him every morning and afternoon. It was my duty to post the yellow flag in front of every building where there was a case of yellow fever, and to make a record of the names and deaths and post these on a blackboard placed in front of the Townley Brothers' Drug Store.

About November 10th we had a very cold snap. There were no new cases of fever after that so the quarantine was lifted on December 1st, and business went on as usual.

Some of you may be interested in knowing how yellow fever was treated. This will give you some idea. A group of us were standing on the corner one day during the epidemic. There was a fellow with us named Oscar Nicholson whom a great many of you may know. He was with Raulerson & Company's meat market. He was a great big strapping man. Suddenly he had a terrible chill. We immediately rushed him to his room, got a bucket of boiling water in which we placed his feet, put him to bed with several blankets over him, a mustard plaster on his stomach and cracked ice around his throat and at the top of his head. In a few minutes he was delirious. It took six of us to hold him in bed. He would yell until, as the old saying is, you could hear him in Cuba. The six of us held him in bed for five hours until he finally dozed off from weakness. The next morning he was convalescent. He was fed mostly on liquids and especially a tea made from roasted watermelon seed which we thought in those days was a cure for yellow fever. We didn't know at that time that the fever was caused by a mosquito bite.

Some of you remember Von Mose, an old German photographer who was here in the early days. He had quite a collection of snakes and reptiles. He finally moved over to the Beach and opened up a menagerie inside a wire enclosure. One day he came to my office and wanted to collect a little money; said he had an express package on which some odd dollars charges were due. He said it contained a large boa constrictor from South America. I helped him out with a small amount and others did likewise. He got his package and hauled it down to the boat "Sally" which was run by a man named Burch. The boa constrictor was taken over to the Beach and turned

loose inside the wire cage. Von Mose was quite a character. The owner of "Sally" did quite a business taking people over to see this snake.

Three or four months later the snake escaped. Von Mose was very unhappy. One afternoon Dorwood Moran, Wilbur Hendrickson, Harry Flood and I went squirrel hunting down in Brickell Hammock. We had walked about a mile and a half to the old Punch Bowl in which there was a spring of fresh water. It was used by the Spaniards and Pirates in the early days. The remains of an old Spanish chimney were still nearby. The forest around was almost impenetrable. As we sat there chatting in front of the Punch Bowl we looked up among the trees and saw a large snake, reddish in color. I said, "There is Von Mose's boa constrictor." We were frightened even though we each had a gun. We made our way back to the roadway, now known as Brickell Avenue. Harry Flood and I stayed there to watch the snake and the other two went to town to find Von Mose. They found him in front of Budge's store and told him what we had found. Von Mose was very excited. He hired a horse and wagon from Lester Granger, got a couple of frying-size chickens and came down. In the meantime the snake had made its way down to the ground. Von Mose said to me, "Hold one of these chickens." The chickens fluttered, jumped and made a lot of noise and this attracted the attention of the snake. Von Mose pulled off his coat, took the other chicken, made his way through the brush over to the snake. When he was about ten feet from the snake he kneeled down before it and held this chicken up in front. The snake gradually coiled itself into a spiral and raised its head about two feet. Von Mose gradually went nearer. By this time the chicken was not moving. The snake had evidently hypnotized it.

Von Mose was holding the chicken by the head, legs and wings. He called to me to bring him his coat, which I did. I sat behind Von Mose watching this snake very intently and I could see the fluid running out of its mouth. Von Mose was whistling to the snake and it opened its mouth with a quick motion and struck the chicken. There was Von Mose and the snake with the chicken between them. The fluid flowed more freely from the snake's mouth, it drew its body into a coil in which it finally crushed the chicken. Von Mose said the snake was now perfectly harmless and asked me to help him pick it up. He threw his coat over the snake's head, and I called the other boys to help us carry it to the wagon. We reached Miami, stopping just east of the Biscayne Hotel. About fifty feet away was a tent up against the Hatchet building and Von Mose said he would put the snake in the tent. I had the other chicken, which he fed to the snake, and in about

an hour it was like dead—it had fallen asleep. The Biscayne Hotel had a long veranda and there were quite a number of guests on it at the time. You can imagine the crowd that gathered.

Another interesting story is of a man named Coleman Bush. He and his wife ran a conservatory of music on Flagler Street. He was going home one afternoon through a hammock towards Coconut Grove when he heard a terrible scream. He said it sounded like a woman being murdered. He came back as fast as his horse would bring him and reported it to Officers Hendrickson and Moran. They asked me if I would go with them to investigate. It created a lot of excitement and the crowd wanted to follow but were not allowed to do so.

We walked all the way to Coconut Grove, reaching there about eight o'clock at night. It was pitch dark—couldn't see your hand in front of you. We heard nothing and saw no signs of any disturbance, but as we got about half way home, near the Punch Bowl, we saw two bright eyes on an upper branch of a large oak tree overhanging the road. Hendrickson said, "There is a wildcat." Moran had one of these bull's eye lanterns fastened to the top of his head, and it reflected the light in the cat's eyes. Hendrickson shot; the cat made one jump and landed in the hammock. Hendrickson said, "That is the scream Coleman Bush heard." About two weeks later a couple of colored boys were hunting in this same section and they came upon a nine-foot panther which had evidently been dead two weeks. They reported it to the officers, and that, they claimed, was what Mr. Bush thought was a woman being murdered. They say the screams of a panther are very similar to the cry of a woman in distress.

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