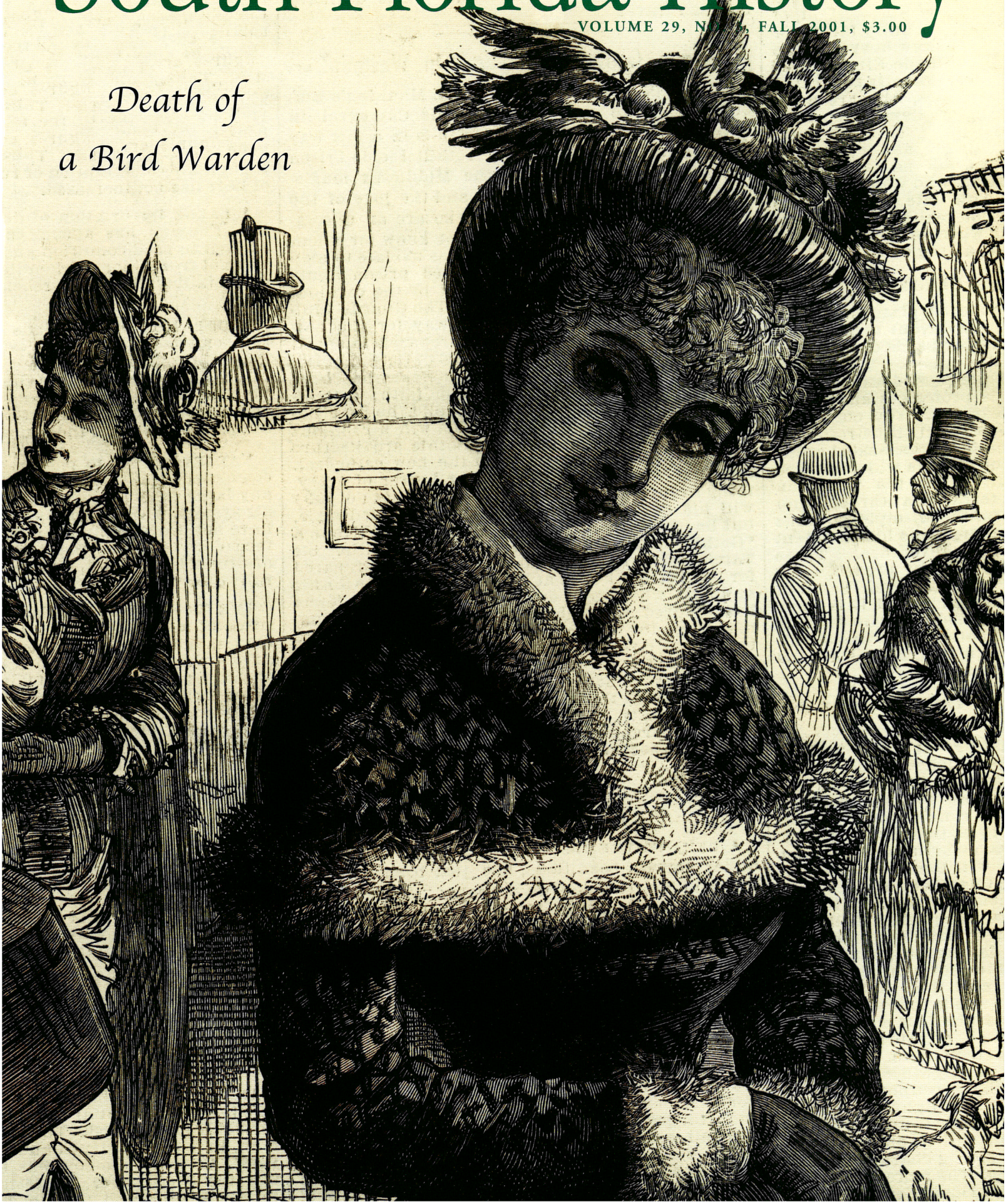
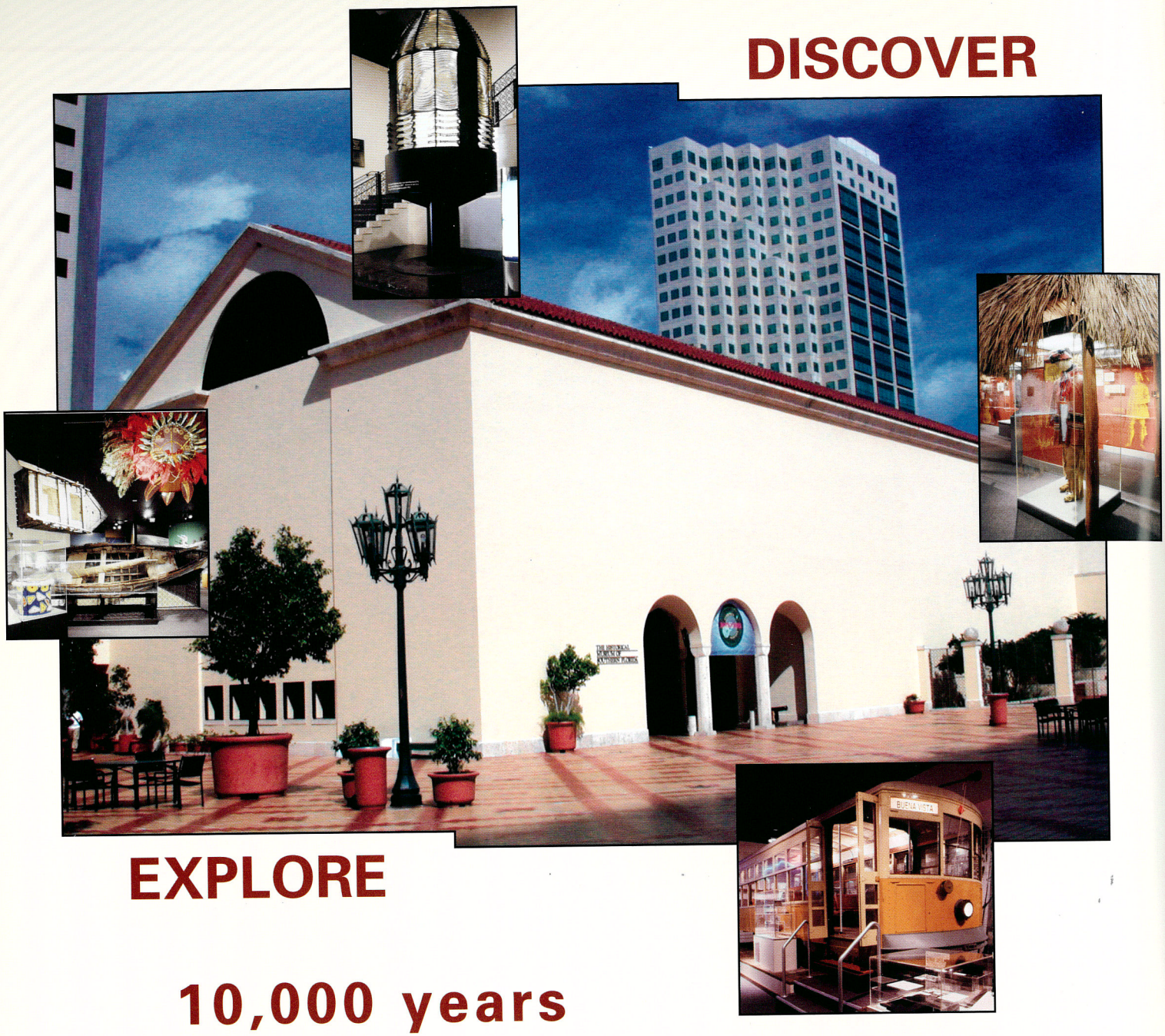
South Florida History

VOLUME 29, NO. 3, FALL 2001, $3.00

Death of a Bird Warden





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HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

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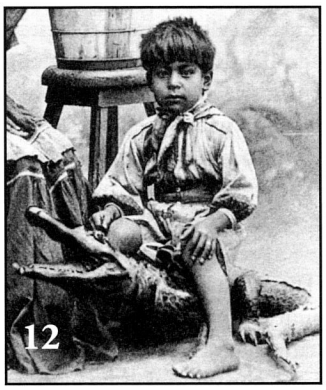
Features this issue

South Florida History *Volume 29, No. 3, Fall 2001*



Cover—A lady fashionably wears plumes supplied by Florida's plume hunters during the end of the 19th century. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, 1883. HASF 1997-267-1.

Editor's notes

Stories, tales and articles have come out of the Everglades for centuries. Some have been about exotic plants and animals, native Americans, preservation and conservation. Others have been about drainage and water management, parks and wildlife refuges, and agriculture. Many have been newsworthy; others have been simply figments of creative minds.

This issue of *South Florida History* features only a few of the thousands of stories the Everglades has to tell. Along with a selection of fascinating articles, you will also find some wonderful images.

Travel back in time and discover how the idea of Florida as a "wilderness in need of taming…replete with fierce people, dangerous animals, and destructive storms" emerged (page 12). Read about the tales told by those who "experienced" the wild and savage elements this land had to offer. And finally, learn how Florida's image slowly became that of a vacation paradise, a tourist destination with an exotic feel.

From beasts and savages, read on to learn about two people who dedicated themselves to the Everglades in two very different ways. The first, Harriet Bedell (page 10), an Episcopal deaconess who re-opened the long-abandoned Glades Cross Mission and who for 36 years was a devoted friend and advocate for the Seminole Indians.

The second, Guy Bradley (page 20), was hired as an Audubon warden for Monroe County during a time when it was the norm to hunt birds for their profitable and fashionable plumes, threatening them with extinction. After only three years of protecting his "wards, the plume birds," educating people and hunting the hunters, he became the first bird warden in United States history to be killed in the line of duty.

In this issue you will also be able to read about the 1839 incident aboard the schooner *La Amistad* (page 28), its ties to and significance for South Florida and the Caribbean, and the decision to commemorate the *Amistad* by building a reproduction of the vessel, the *Freedom Schooner Amistad* (in Miami through March 3).

After reading *South Florida History,* I encourage all of you to come and view the upcoming exhibition, *The Everglades: Exploitation and Conservation,* showing at the Historical Museum from February 22 through August 18. It will not only tell you many more stories about this unique and endangered habitat, but it will also delve into the complex history behind the issues the Everglades face today.

Sara Muñoz

South Florida History

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida is a nonprofit cultural, educational and humanistic institution dedicated to providing information about the history of southern Florida and the Caribbean, and to the collection and preservation of material relating to that history.

This publication has been sponsored in part by the Thomas B. Haggard Fund for Publications, the State of Florida, Department of State, Division of Cultural Affairs, Florida Arts Council and Division of Historical Resources, the Miami-Dade County Department of Cultural Affairs, the Cultural Affairs Council, the Mayor and the Miami-Dade County Board of County Commissioners, and members of the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. The contents and opinions do not necessarily reflect the views and opinion of the editors of *South Florida History* or the Florida Department of State, nor does the mention of trade names or commercial products constitute endorsement or recommendation by the Department of State.

Spotlight on...

Endowment & Planned Giving

Hope for the Future After 9.11

We never imagined the magnitude of the destruction that we as a nation suffered on September 11. The horror of the unprovoked acts of terrorism in New York, Washington and the skies over Pennsylvania has left us all grieving, diminished and searching for answers.

Answers will not come quickly. Much is being asked of us—including that we try to return to normal. One place to begin is here. The museum is a place connecting you with our history and the traditional values of our country and our community. The museum is where we can reflect on our priorities for the future and the kind of world we want to encourage for ourselves and our families. We hope you will come here and bring your children and grandchildren to recall how citizens in South Florida have triumphed over adversity in other times. History is important, and this may be time to heed the words of philosopher George Santayana when he said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

Just as you contemplate the future, so are all local cultural institutions, including the Historical Museum. The outpouring of financial support for disaster relief victims has been wonderful. We are responding in a typical American way—openhanded and generous. But, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* "All around the nation, charities and non-profit organizations are confronting the same stark reality. As nearly $1 billion floods into the more than 100 funds set up to aid victims of the terrorist attack, those that serve other worthy causes are going begging."

The Historical Museum is no longer assured of continued levels of government funding and the economic downturn which began before our national tragedy threatens support from the business community. Our response is simple: Support the victims of the terrorist attack, but don't forget your own community. We want to be here for the long haul to serve you.

We are grateful museum leaders had the foresight to create an endowment. Last year, that endowment provided $180,000 for educational programs, research, collections, exhibitions and all the costs involved in running a museum every day.

What endowment supports is very real. The hundreds of people who have contributed are real, too—people committed to preserving the story of who we are and the unique place where we live. We need to strengthen our endowment so we may continue to be a strong community institution.

At a time when many are unable to make cash contributions, the endowment offers Planned Giving opportunities. We can help you find a way to be a part of the museum's future. With your help we can weather dark days as we have done since our inception. The Historical Association of Southern Florida began in 1940 when our country was on the brink of World War II. We have been here ever since and with your help, we will be part of South Florida's future.

Endowment Basics

Make a gift to the museum's general endowment fund or to an existing named fund, or establish your own named fund.

The Flock—Audubon Birds of America Sponsorship. Become a member of The Flock by sponsoring one of the Florida birds at $10,000 or a National bird at $2,250 from the museum's Audubon collection of prints. Endowment gifts in connection with the Audubon birds may be made over a period of several years.

Planned Giving and the Endowment. Planned giving consultant Steve Benson can help you with philanthropic estate planning. This free service has resulted in a number of planned gifts for the endowment. Planned gifts include life income plans such as gift annuities and charitable remainder trusts, bequests, lead trusts, gifting of real property with a life estate provision and life insurance. Make an appointment for philanthropic estate planning process without obligation.

Named Funds in the museum's endowment:

The John C. Harrison, Sr. Endowment for Collections for the acquisition and curation of collections.

The Thelma Peters Fund for the curation of historic photographs.

The Olga M. Kent Fund for support of the Research Center.

The John Seybold Fund for historic research.

The Thomas K. Haggard Fund for publications.

The Teofilo Babun Fund for maritime history.

The Munroe Family Fund for the research and interpretation of Biscayne Bay and Coconut Grove.

The Joseph H. Fitzgerald Trust for Historic Maps, for the acquisition and curation of historic maps.

The Ronni W. Bermont Fund for education, community relations and preserving Jewish history.

The Paul George Fund for Research and Interpretation of South Florida History.

The Randy F. Nimnicht Fund for Interpretation of South Florida and the Caribbean.

For more information call Marcia Kanner, Endowment Officer, at 305.375.1492.

Historical Museum of Southern Florida

Miami-Dade Cultural Center, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami, 305.375.1492, 305.375.1609 fax, hasf@historical-museum.org, www.historical-museum.org. Open Monday through Saturday, 10 am–5 pm; Thursdays until 9 pm; Sundays, noon–5 pm Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Adults $5; Children 6-12 $2. Members Free.

Special Exhibitions

The Everglades: Exploitation & Conservation

February 22–August 18, 2002

Discover one of the world's most unique endangered habitats. Trace the history of the issues facing the Everglades today: drainage and water management; parks and wildlife refuges; the Everglades Restoration Act; agriculture, exotic plants and animals; and development plans that failed and succeeded.

Special Events

Everglade Evenings

Third Thursdays, 7–9 pm

Historical Museum of Southern Florida

Join the Historical Museum every third Thursday of the month for Everglade Evenings. This series, in conjunction with *The Everglades: Exploitation and Conservation* exhibition, will explore the history of human interaction with the Everglades through poetry readings, dramatic performances, films and panel discussions. For more information, call 305.375.1492

Thursday, March 21
TBA

Thursday, April 18
Campbell McGrath
Readings from his new book - Florida Poems

Thursday, May 16
Joan Wolfberg–Florida Humanities Council
An Evening with Marjory Stoneman Douglas

Historic Tours

Historic Hollywood Walking Tour

Sunday, February 17, 10 am–noon

Learn about the historic community boom-era developer Joseph Young converted from a square mile of mangrove swamp into a city of 18,000 in four years. Explore the palm tree-lined streets of this quaint coastal city and enjoy its Moorish-style architecture. Meet at the Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, 1650 Harrison Street, Hollywood. $10 for Members and $15 for Non-members. No reservations required. Call 305.375.1621 for more information.

Calle Ocho Walking Tour and Brunch

Sunday, February 24, 10 am–1 pm

Work up an appetite on a leisurely stroll along Little Havana's main thoroughfare, Calle Ocho, once a desolate strip of motels on the road to Florida's Gulf Coast. Explore the shops selling exquisitely embroidered guayabera shirts and cigars made in the finest Cuban tradition and cafes filled with the aroma of steaming café con leche. Experience the sounds and rhythms of Cuba's capital city and enjoy the tastes of authentic Cuban cuisine during a brunch at La Esquina de Tejas. Members $30; Non-members $35. Advance reservations and non-refundable payment required.

Miami River Boat Tour

Saturday, March 2, 10 am–1 pm

Take a relaxing cruise along this working river and explore the historic site of a Tequesta Indian village, the Miami Circle, three Spanish missions, and the Brickell mansion. View slave plantations, WWII era boatyards, early tourist attractions and Flagler's Royal Palm Hotel and see where William Brickell traded with the Seminoles. $32 Members; $37 Non-members. Advance reservations and non-refundable payment required. Call 305.375.1621.

Art Deco/Ocean Drive Walking Tour

Saturday, March 9, 10 am–1 pm

Experience Miami's hotspot and enjoy the colorful collection of textbook Art Deco architecture along Ocean Drive. Peruse the Spanish Mediterranean Revival buildings decorating Española Way and learn about the historic hotels that provide the backdrop for this trendy beachfront community. Meet at the corner of Ocean Drive and 13th Street, across from the Cardozo Hotel. $10 for Members and $15 for Non-members. No reservations required. Call 305.375.1621 for more information.

Mystery, Murder & Mayhem Bus Tour

Saturday, March 16, 10 am–1 pm

Voted **Best Tour 2001** in *Miami New Times.* Investigate Miami's historic crimes and criminals from Sam Lewis's 1895 murderous spree in Lemon City to Stanley Cohen's murder in Coconut Grove to the slaying of fashion icon Gianni Versace in South Beach. Learn about the police victims of homicidal rage, river cops and Boom-era bootleggers. $32 Members; $37 Non-members. Advance reservations and non-refundable payment required. Call 305.375.1621 for more information.

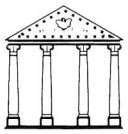
COLLIER COUNTY MUSEUM, 3301 Tamiami Trail East, Naples—941.774.8476. The Collier County Museum explores the people, places and everyday events that have shaped Collier County's heritage. The museum and four-acre historical park are open Monday–Friday, 9 am–5 pm. Free.

BOCA RATON HISTORICAL SOCIETY TOWN HALL, 71 N. Federal Highway, Boca Raton—561.395.6766. The Boca Raton Historical Society operates a museum and gift shop at the old town hall. Hours of operation are Tuesday through Friday, 10 am–4 pm.

CLEWISTON MUSEUM, 112 South Commercio Street, Clewiston—863.983.2870. The Clewiston Museum, founded in 1984, is a growing museum, collecting and displaying items, large and small, important and trivial, which reflect the past of Clewiston and its surrounding area. The Clewiston Museum is open 1–5 pm. Tuesday through Saturday, with seasonal adjustments. No admission fee is charged; however, donations are encouraged.

FORT MYERS HISTORICAL MUSEUM, 2300 Peck Street, Fort Myers—941.332.5955. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 9 am–4 pm. Closed Sundays and Mondays and most holidays. Admission is $6 for adults and $3 for children ages 3–12. Museum members are free.

FLORIDA HISTORY CENTER & MUSEUM BURT REYNOLDS PARK, 805 North U.S. Highway 1, Jupiter—561.747.6639. The Florida History Center & Museum is open all year. Examine artifacts from early Florida inhabitants in the permanent museum collection and view the traveling exhibits. Open Tuesday through Friday, 10 am–5 pm and weekends 1–5 pm. Closed on Mondays. $4 adults; $3 seniors; $2 children. The Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse is open Sunday–Wednesday, 10 am–4 pm (must be 48″ tall to climb). For information: 405.747.8380. $5. The Dubois Pioneer Home is open Sunday and Wednesday, 1–5 pm. $2.



THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PALM BEACH COUNTY, 139 North County Road, Suite 25, Palm Beach—561.832.4164. A nonprofit membership organization devoted to collecting and preserving archives and artifacts pertaining to the history of Palm Beach County and Florida. Make local history a part of your life and join as a member to help support this effort. You will enjoy lectures and special events, discounts on historical books and research fees. Office hours are Mon.–Fri. from 9 am–5 pm. Research hours are by appointment Tues.–Thurs. from 10 am–3 pm.

The above institutions subscribe to South Florida History.

New Exhibits on the transformation of MIAMI

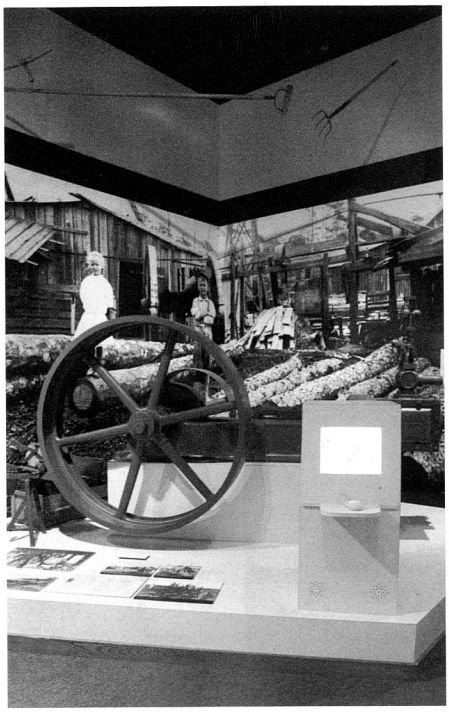
by Stephen Stuempfle

In 1984, the Historical Museum of Southern Florida moved from its old location next to the Museum of Science to its current home in the Cultural Center in downtown Miami. The reopening of HMSF showcased a brand-new, 10,000 sq. ft. permanent exhibition, titled *Tropical Dreams: A People's History of South Florida.* Over the years, hundreds of thousands of visitors have enjoyed this exhibition, including more than 200,000 fourth-grade students who were provided with a hands-on experience of Florida history. No "permanent" exhibition, however, is intended to last forever. The Curatorial staff at HMSF constantly collects artifacts and archival materials that offer new insights into the past and that can be used to update exhibitions to more fully reflect the ever-changing South Florida community.

Two years ago, HMSF's Collections and Exhibitions Department began work in earnest on the revision and upgrading of its permanent exhibition. We decided to start with two sections of the exhibition titled "New People, New Technology" and "Miami: Gateway of the Americas." These areas explore the transformation of Miami from a frontier town, established in 1896, to the cosmopolitan metropolis of today.

One of our first challenges was to refurbish HMSF's largest artifact: City of Miami trolley car #231, which is 30 feet long and weighs more than 17,000 pounds. Senior Preparator Armando Sotero and Preparator Marcos Laffitte, in consultation with ex-HMSF board member Sam Laroue, spent weeks installing additional trolley parts from the HMSF collection. After the fitting of a bright new headlight and much cleaning and polishing, the trolley looked as sharp as it must have appeared in the 1920s on its first trip through downtown Miami. In fact, visitors to the museum are now transported to this era through a video monitor located at the front of the trolley. Close-Up Productions, a local media company, created a digital video disk (DVD) that takes viewers on a trolley ride through the streets of Miami, Miami Beach and Coral Gables, via vintage photographs from HMSF's collection and film footage from the Louis Wolfson II Media History Center.

While work proceeded on the trolley car, Jorge Zamanillo (Curator of Object Collections) was busy identifying new artifacts that could expand our understanding of the growth of Miami. Among the many new objects now on display are a



Steam engine and interactive computer kiosk in "New People, New Technology." HASF.

Refurbished City of Miami trolley car # 231. HASF.

New artifacts in "Miami: Gateway of the Americas." HASF.

bamboo canteen from the Spanish-American-Cuban War, crafts from Seminole Indian tourist attractions, a model of the construction of Interstate 95 through downtown Miami, and a collection of Caribbean drums, acquired through HMSF's Folklife Program.

Meanwhile, Rebecca Smith (Curator of Research Materials), Dawn Hugh (Assistant Curator) and Steve Stuempfle (Chief Curator) spent weeks scouring HMSF's Research Center for photographs of post-World War II Miami history. Given that over one million images are stored in HMSF's collection, much effort was required to select the photographs that would best offer visitors a cross-section of views of the tumultuous past fifty years. Curators integrated these images with a revised exhibition script (series of text blocks) that examines such issues as mass migration to Miami from the north and south, suburban sprawl, the expansion of the city's transportation infrastructure, civil rights and the cultural life of an urban center that has become a microcosm of the Americas. This story is also presented through video monitors, which feature such footage as the arrival of tens of thousands of Cuban refugees during the Mariel Boatlift in 1980.

Curators always hope that visitors will intellectually engage with exhibits, rather than walk through them quickly. With this goal in mind, Registrar Emma Heald, Curatorial Assistant Brooke Roberts-Webb and part-time assistant Clint Beharry developed sophisticated interactive computer kiosks, now located in the exhibition gallery. In the "New People, New Technology" section, visitors, through the clicks of a mouse, can navigate an array of images of transportation, land drainage, agriculture and the real estate boom during the early twentieth century. Similarly, computer programs in the "Miami: Gateway of the Americas" section offer numerous views of the architecture of Miami Beach hotels and the destructive impact of the building of Interstate 95 on the thriving African American community of Overtown during the 1960s.

All of these enhancements to the permanent exhibition came to fruition through the guidance of George Chillag, Exhibits Curator/Designer. It is the designer's job to assemble diverse artifacts, images and texts into displays that are both visually stimulating and logical. HMSF hopes that its members and friends will revisit its permanent exhibition soon. An exploration of the conflicts and accomplishments of Miami's past century can offer our community perspectives essential to interpreting and acting on the challenges of the present. *–SFH*

Model Missionary was "white sister" to the Seminole

by Ron Jamro

A tiny, frail looking woman, she seemed the most unlikely person ever to want the hard and demanding life of a pioneer in the trackless swamplands of Southwest Florida. But that was exactly the kind of place that Episcopal deaconess Harriet Bedell stepped into in 1933. And for the rest of her life, she considered each day here a blessing.

Born in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1875, Bedell carried her missionary work first to the Cheyenne Indians in western Oklahoma and later, to Alaskan Eskimos near the Arctic Circle.

When the church closed its Alaskan mission, the deaconess accepted an assignment to reopen the long-abandoned Glades Cross Mission in South Florida, begun by Bishop William Grey in 1898. She moved the mission to a small, rented cottage in the Everglades and set out in a second-hand Ford to care for the sick and give spiritual talks to the Seminole Indians in their wilderness camps and at scattered villages along the Tamiami Trail. The rugged circuit sometimes took her to places that only could be reached by dugout canoe.

But winning the Seminole's friendship proved to be the hardest task. At first, most turned their backs on the new missionary, instinctively shunning any kind of help from the white man's world. "For a long time none of them would speak to me," the deaconess recalled in 1957. "I would talk and they would listen. Then they would return to their sewing, and I to my knitting."

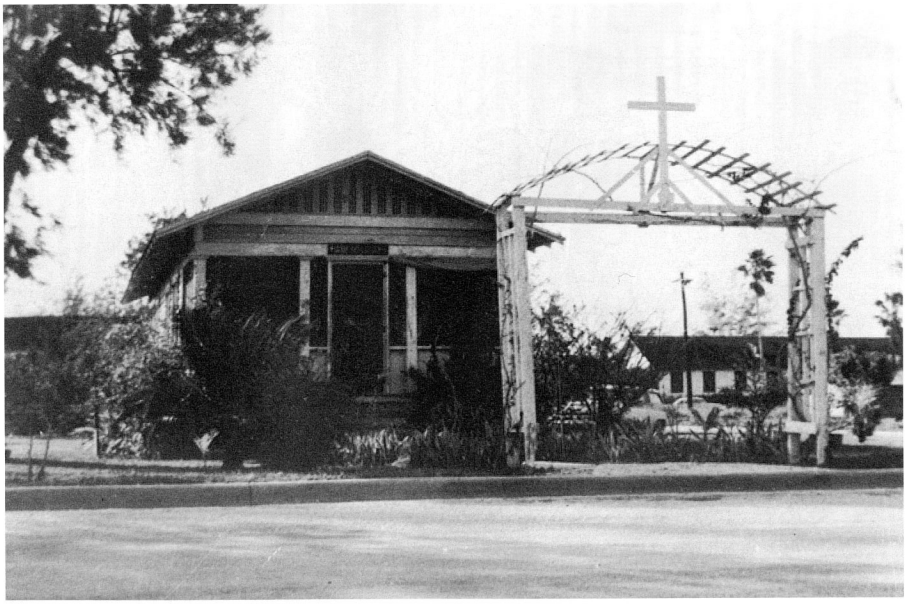
The simple but moving example of her faith, kindness and single-minded love of teaching, gradually won the trust of the Seminole people who came to know her as "In-co-shopie" (one who prays). She remained their dedicated friend for the next 36 years.

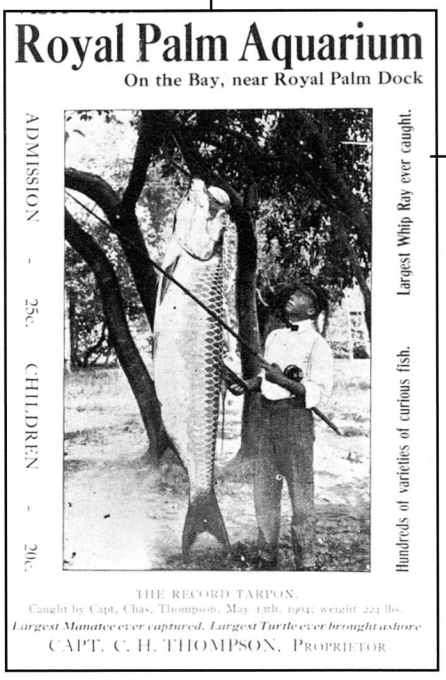
Recognizing the art, beauty and sales potential of Seminole craftwork, the enterprising deaconess also helped revive interest in traditional skills and developed retail outlets and a mail order business for Seminole-made baskets, dolls and patchwork clothing. In one of her few recorded uncharitable moments, in 1937 she filed a sharp protest with the Seminole Indian Association for allowing competition from fake Seminole handicrafts from Japan.

Although officially retired in 1943, Deaconess Bedell continued her work among Collier County's 250 Seminole Indians until 1960, when Hurricane Donna destroyed the Glades Cross Mission. She died at the Bishop Grey Inn retirement home in Davenport, Fla., in 1969. *–SFH*

Ron Jamro is the Director of the Collier County Museum, Naples.

Above—Deaconess Harriet Bedell at the Glades Cross Mission, 1960. HASF 1975-1-58. **Right, top to bottom—Glades Cross Mission, 1960.** HASF 1975-1-129. **The deaconess among Seminole Indians.** HASF-1975-1-47. **To keep her appointed rounds, Deaconess Bedell bought her first car—a Ford Model A—for $298, and taught herself to drive at the age of 58. She rarely exceeded school zone speeds, often backing up traffic on the Tamiami Trail for miles.** Courtesy of the Collier County Museum.

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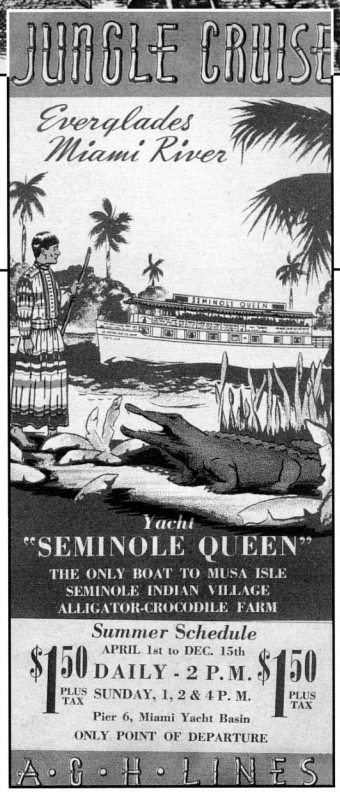
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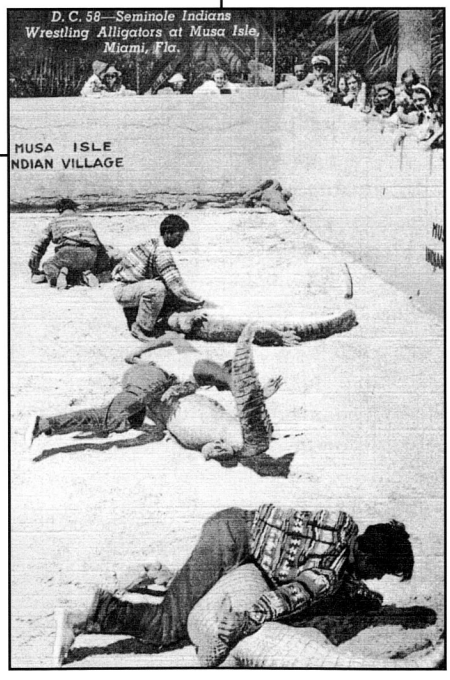

D. C. 58—Seminole Indians
Wrestling Alligators at Musa Isle,
Miami, Fla.
MUSA ISLE
NDIAN VILLAGE

BEASTS &

Taming the "Wilds" of Florida in the Popular Imagination for Five Centuries

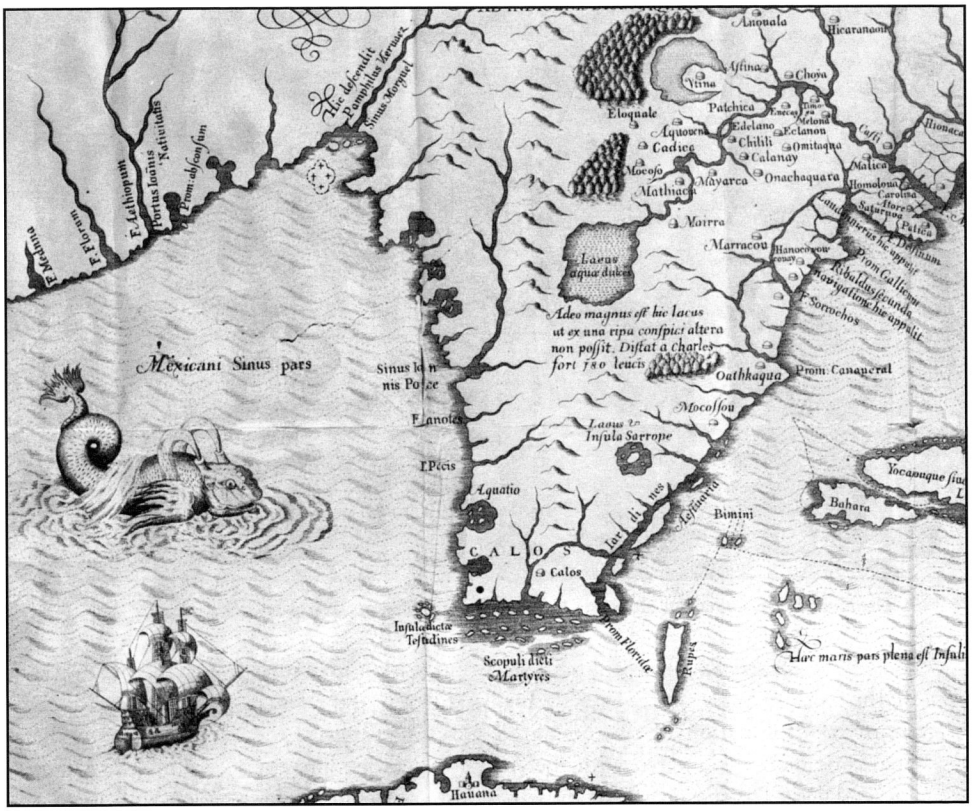
BY CHRISTOPHER R. ECK

Ever since the "discovery" of Florida by the Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de Leon in 1513, the image of the peninsula in Western consciousness has been one of a wilderness in need of taming. Although this is not necessarily unique to Florida—since this was a view that was held by Europeans for much of the New World—it is a sentiment that has persisted in the popular imagination until quite recently.

In fact, Florida is a place that long has been defined in great measure by its relationship to the idea of the "wild." The modern view of a vacation paradise often has co-existed paradoxically with another view of the state—particularly in South Florida—as a subtropical jungle replete with fierce people, dangerous animals, and destructive storms.

Over the past century, however, as the actual wilderness was conquered—as Seminoles were removed or crowded onto reservations, as wolves, bears, panthers, alligators and snakes were hunted to near extinction, as the vast Everglades was channeled and drained—the idea of wilderness was reinvented in the sanitized form of tourist destinations with an exotic feel: Indians became attractions to gawk at on Musa Isle, the vast Everglades was leisurely toured by guideboats, and native and exotic animals were viewed safely in artificial habitats such as Parrot Jungle, Monkey Jungle, the Serpentarium and the Seaquarium, to name but a few.

The seeds for viewing Florida as a wilderness to conquer were planted long ago. For much of the first three centuries of European interaction with the peninsula, most of the attention that was directed toward Florida focused on the dangers from the various Indian tribes that existed for Europeans who attempted to visit or settle along its shores. During Ponce de Leon's two visits to Florida, in 1513 and 1521, interaction with Florida's Indians was decidedly unfriendly. In fact, upon his second visit—an attempt

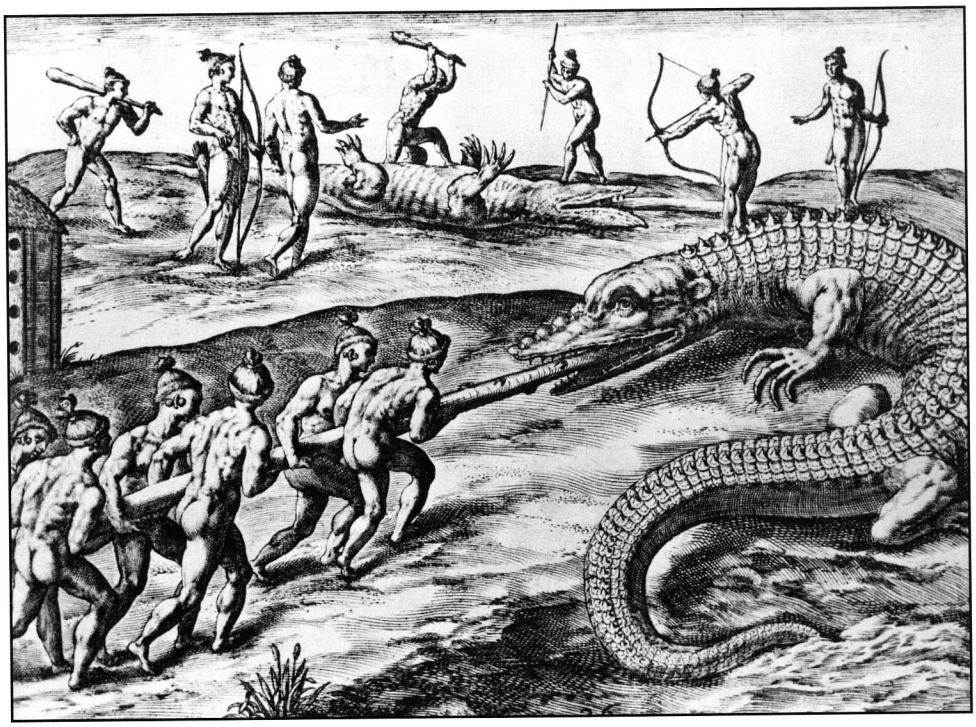


Left—Clockwise from left: Theodore de Bry's engraving of Florida Indians in disguise hunting deer. HASF x-229-15. **Seminole Indians wrestling alligators at Musa Isle for tourists.** HASF 1981-142-293. **Promotional pamphlet for the Miami River Guide Boat *Seminole Queen*.** HASF. **Royal Palm Aquarium advertising postcard, ca. 1904, showing a record Harpon caught by Captain Charles Thompson.** HASF 1987-232-1. **Above—A de Bry map of the Florida Peninsula, ca. 1591, with a sea monster depicted in the Gulf of Mexico.** HASF 1946-3-4.

SAVAGES

to establish a settlement on Florida's Gulf Coast—he received a mortal wound in an attack that led to the withdrawal of the expedition.

To the Spaniards, the various Indian tribes were the "wild" and "savage" elements to be most feared. As in the rest of the Americas, unfamiliar animals were a factor, but a minor one, and most official correspondence from the colonies to the royal government in the 16th century stressed unfriendly natives over unfriendly creatures. The general hostility of Florida's tribes—mostly small and independent groups with few highly stratified societies—limited Spanish exploration within Florida for much of the 16th century and was a decidedly different experience from the capitulation of the organized governments that the Spaniards had encountered with the Aztecs in Mexico and the Incas of Peru. To the people of those regions, the Spanish conquistadors became surrogates for the deposed ruling classes.



A Theodore de Bry engraving of Florida Indians hunting alligators. HASF x-229.1.

Adding fuel to the fires of Western imagination was the fact that the few published reports that came out about the wilds of Florida described the numerous cruelties visited upon those Europeans that went ashore, especially shipwreck victims. As one of only four survivors out of the 400 member's of Panfilo de Narvaez's expeditionary force that landed on the Florida panhandle in 1528, when Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca struggled into Mexico City in 1536 after eight years of wandering and hardship, he wrote that "neither [the Indians nor the snakes] in Florida err when they strike."

A later writer, the Inca chronicler Garcilaso de la Vega, in writing the first comprehensive history of Hernando de Soto's expedition of 1539 that was published in 1605, admits, "It will be difficult for us to paint as complete a picture of the vast land of Florida as we should like because, this region being as yet unexplored and unconquered, its confines are still a mystery." For many years much of the interior of the Florida peninsula would remain "terra incognita."

The best early illustrated views of the Florida wilderness and its "savage" Indians to reach a mass audience was the 1591 publication of Jacques Le Moyne's account and drawings of the short-lived (1562-1565) French settlement of Fort Caroline near present-day Jacksonville. Le Moyne's detailed drawings of the Timucua and other Florida Indians were engraved by Theodore de Bry and quickly became a best-seller (in 16 and 17th-century terms) with numerous editions running through the18th century in several languages.

The de Bry engravings were the first reasonably detailed depictions of the native peoples and their customs, the strange places, and the great "beasts" of the Florida wilderness. Whether completely accurate or not, the bizarre scenes illustrated, such as one of an alligator (a "crocodile" to de Bry) being impaled by a group of Indians, further served to reinforce the primeval nature of Florida to the European public.

There was also a fear among the early Spanish that the wildness and savagery of the place itself would corrupt those who tarried too long in Florida without the benefit of civilization. After the Adelantado, or military governor, Pedro Menendez de Aviles established his series of forts along the Florida coasts following the defeat of the French at Fort Caroline in 1565, men at the garrisons worried about their own state of being among the "heathens." In 1567 Menendez's chronicler Gonzalo Solis de Meras wrote that the soldiers stationed at the village of Tequesta along the Miami River "begged the Adelantado that he might be left with them, for otherwise they would soon be savages like the Indians themselves."

In the 17th century, as missions were successfully established among several tribes and the countryside explored in northern Florida, the southern part of the peninsula, with its sub-tropical climate, jungle-like flora and fauna, and the vast unexplored Everglades, became the portion of the state that remained the most mysterious in the imagination. This was a land that would afford shelter to those people who were outcasts from the developing colonial settlements, a place that appeared beyond the pale of civilization.

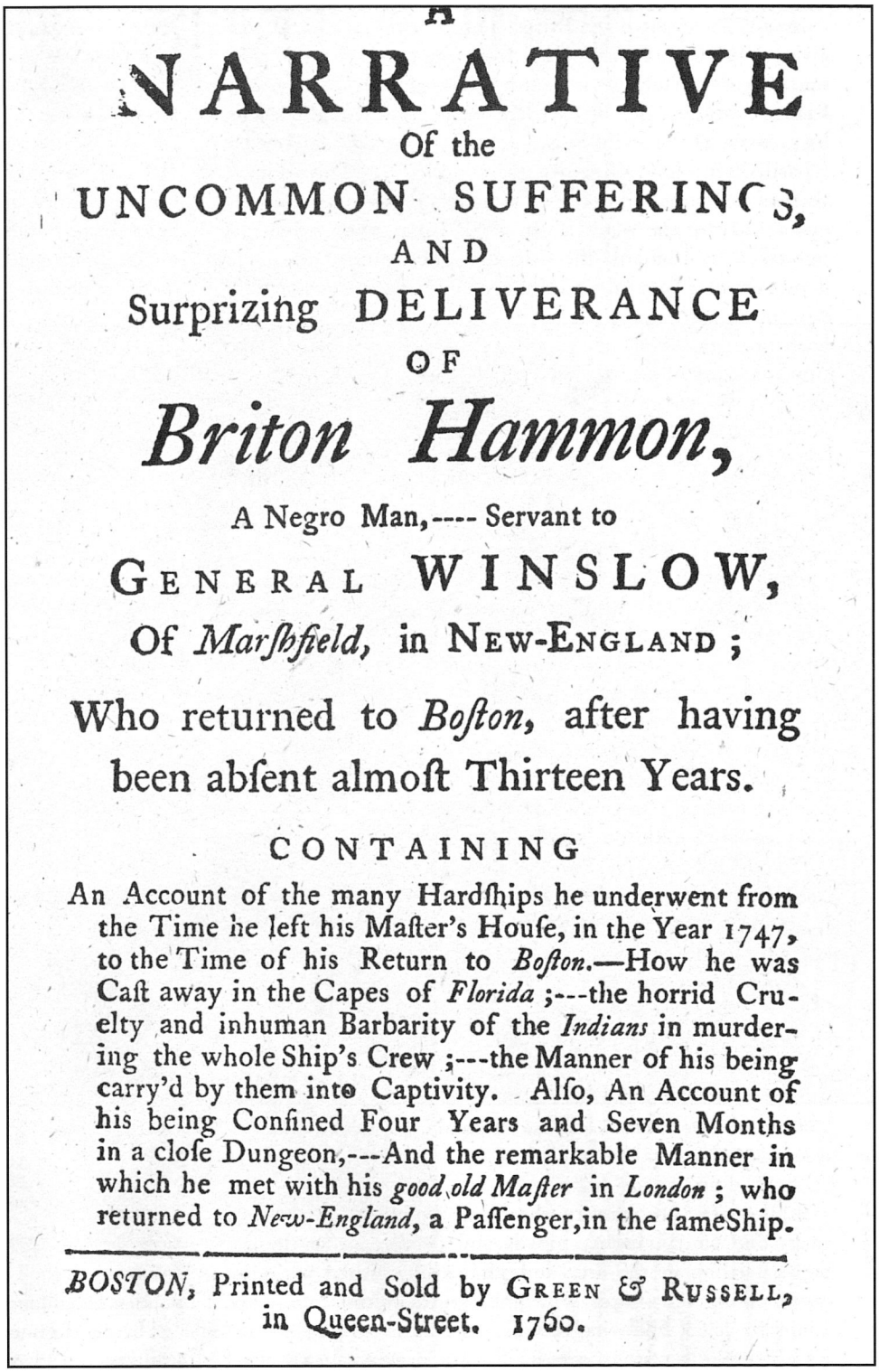
Tales of victims shipwrecked along Florida's shores and their hardships and encounters with Indians continued to be popular reading throughout Europe and elsewhere in the Americas in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The lack of knowledge and

understanding of the native peoples of South Florida, of course, was a major cause of both fascination and fear among Europeans. The story of Pennsylvania Quaker Jonathan Dickinson and his travails of being wrecked in a hurricane near Jupiter Inlet and his subsequent survival among the Indians there in 1696 are legendary.

Less well known are other equally interesting accounts. One concerns a French Jesuit priest, Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix, who was wrecked along the northern Florida Keys during a storm in 1722 while traveling from Canada to Louisiana. An English translation of his journal published in 1761, the year de Charlevoix died, describes his encounters with Tequestas in the waning years of the tribe's existence. De Charlevoix notes that the Indians he encountered "did not seem so bad as the [Calusa] so infamous for their cruelty" although he describes the keys they inhabited as seeming "to have been cursed by God and man" because of their lack of good soil and resources. Consequently, he thought that the islands would likely be uninhabited were it not for the fact that the Tequesta "subsist on the destruction and miseries of others" by salvaging the remains of shipwrecks on their shores.

Other "deliverance" narratives, similar to Dickinson's and de Charlevoix's, include that of Briton Hammon. Hammon was a black sailor from Massachusetts who was aboard a Boston merchant ship returning from Jamaica when it became stranded off Cape Florida in 1747. While grounded on the reef, a group of Tequesta Indians in canoes raided the vessel and killed all of the crew and passengers except Hammon—who had jumped overboard in a vain attempt to swim away—and, as he describes in an account he published in 1760, they "then set the Vessel on Fire, making a prodigious shouting and hallowing like so many Devils." Hammon was eventually saved by a Spanish sea captain from Saint Augustine who took Hammon to Havana and, after more adventures, returned to Boston in 1759 following an absence of more than 12 years.

In 1763, when the last few hundred remaining Tequesta and other South Florida Indians left to Cuba with the colony's turnover to the British, the lower peninsula essentially was depopulated for the first time in several thousand years. The void soon was filled, however, by Seminole hunting parties from central Florida, West Indian pirates, and the rough and tumble fishermen from the Bahamas



A

NARRATIVE

Of the

UNCOMMON SUFFERINGS,

AND

Surprizing DELIVERANCE

OF

Briton Hammon,

A Negro Man,---- Servant to

GENERAL WINSLOW,

Of *Marſhfield,* in NEW-ENGLAND;

Who returned to *Boſton,* after having been abſent almoſt Thirteen Years.

CONTAINING

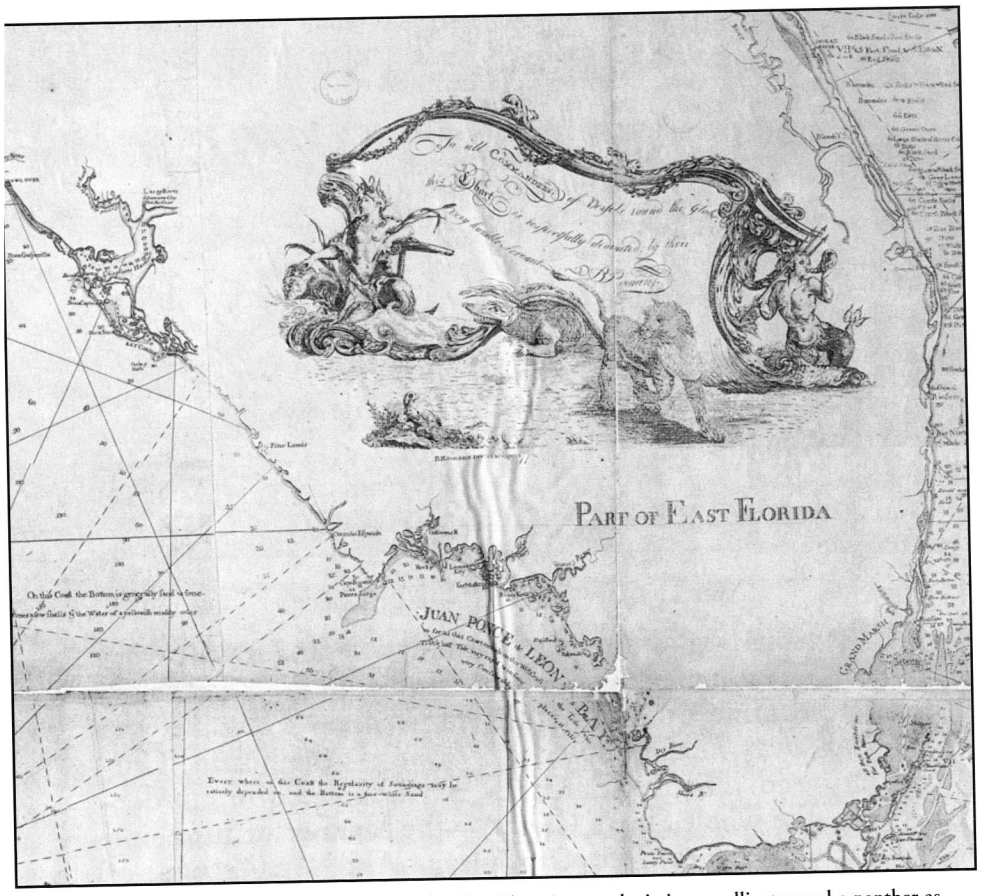
An Account of the many Hardſhips he underwent from the Time he left his Maſter's Houſe, in the Year 1747, to the Time of his Return to *Boſton.*—How he was Caſt away in the Capes of *Florida*;---the horrid Cruelty and inhuman Barbarity of the *Indians* in murdering the whole Ship's Crew;---the Manner of his being carry'd by them into Captivity. Alſo, An Account of his being Confined Four Years and Seven Months in a cloſe Dungeon,---And the remarkable Manner in which he met with his *good old Maſter* in *London*; who returned to *New-England,* a Paſſenger, in the ſame Ship.

BOSTON, Printed and Sold by GREEN & RUSSELL, in Queen-Street. 1760.

Title page of "A Narrative of the Uncommon sufferings and surprising deliverance of Briton Hammon." 1760. Courtesy of Chris Eck.

and Cuba. When the British under Surveyor General William Gerard De Brahm and Assistant Surveyor Bernard Romans visited the old Tequesta settlement along the Miami River around 1770, they noted only the abandoned village on the north side of the Miami River.

In a 1773 letter to the British Lord Dartmouth, who was given a 40,000-acre land grant from the crown around present-day Cutler Ridge in south Miami-Dade County, De Brahm cautioned that any settlers of the grant would need to be mindful of the "wild beasts": panthers, bears, rattlesnakes ("basilisks"), and alligators ("crocodiles"). "Crocodiles," writes De Brahm, "in deed will attaque a person but not otherwise than in the water..." In a 1774 map of East Florida published by Romans, the title and dedication of the map depict an alligator and a panther as emblematic of the land.



William Gerard De Brahm's map of East Florida with a vignette depicting an alligator and a panther as symbols of Florida. HASF 1985-61-1.

By the late 18th century, the image of South Florida was again one of dangerous animals and people, as Seminoles began settling in the area and pirates established periodic camps along the shore. With the return of the colony to Spain in 1783 following Britain's defeat in the American Revolution, discussions were held in the provincial capital at Saint Augustine to settle and farm the southern part of Florida, both to civilize the area and to help bring safety to shipping off the coast by discouraging pirates from hiding there. But, as the prominent Saint Augustine merchant and planter Luis Fatio declared in writing to the colonial authorities about the feasibility of such a plan, no private citizen would be willing to risk such an attempt because of the "inroads of the Indians, pirates, and rogues from the Bahamas who infest all these coasts."

Problems between white settlers and Seminoles in Spanish Florida drew the young United States government into the colony and led to its eventual purchase and annexation from Spain in 1821. The Seminole Wars were to receive a great deal of attention from the American public through the 1850s. Accounts of the fights in the Florida wilderness between the Indians and the U.S. military were widely published in newspapers and books. One of the more renowned accounts of the conflicts and the role of runaway slaves living among the Seminoles was Joshua Giddings' 1858 tract entitled *The Exiles of Florida: The Crimes Committed by Our Government Against the Maroons, Who Fled from South Carolina and Other Slave States, Seeking Protection Under Spanish Laws.* The frontispiece for the book depicts U.S. soldiers on horseback shooting the Seminole leader Waxe-hadjo in a swamp, emphasizing the wildness of the place and recalling earlier Spanish fears from three centuries before that even civilized men—when left without the constraint of common society—can themselves become debased and wild in such a place.

With the Indian "problem" and Civil War over by the late 1860s, northerners and Europeans began flocking to the sparsely populated state to take advantage of the reputed health benefits of its mild winters, its rejuvenating clear springs, and its unrivaled opportunities for fishing and hunting. Soon numerous books were published extolling the rugged virtues of the place, reversing the view that the wilds were an evil to be overcome but rather offered an opportunity for the adventurous to test their mettle. Titles such as F. Tench Townshend's *Wild Life in Florida with a Visit to Cuba* (1876), Charles Hallock's Camp Life in Florida; *A Handbook for Sportsmen and Settlers* (1876), and W. H. G. Kingston's *In the Wilds of Florida: A Tale of Warfare and Hunting* (1880) began appearing in the United States and Europe and again piqued the popular imagination for the state's unique environments.

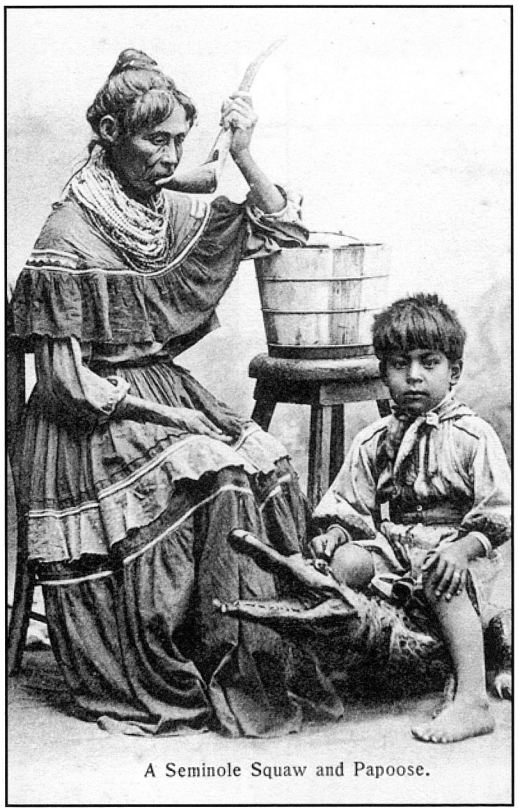
The development of Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway and his string of resorts down the coast allowed the growing American leisure class to visit Florida in a manner and comfort never before available. The lure of the vanishing

wilderness became an amenity to wealthy tourists who wished to envision themselves as gentle adventurers. Excursions into the Everglades were made from hotels such as the grand Royal Palm built at the mouth of the Miami River so that visitors could experience the wilderness but still remain civilized enough to return for afternoon tea. Hotel guests could also have pictures taken upon the back of a stuffed alligator or with the now friendly Seminoles who came into town dressed in strange and colorful clothes. It was all a great lark.

All the while, the accessibility and notoriety of Florida continued to grow and by the early 1900s people were arriving in droves to settle the former wilderness. The medium of photography soon captured these early "pioneers" showing their prowess at ridding the land of beasts such as rattlesnakes and "wildcats" (panthers and bobcats) for the sake of civilization.

As Florida's unique inhabitants and animals became more publicized and as larger numbers of visitors flooded into Flagler's wildly successful resorts, greater numbers of people sought to sample (or simply be associated with) the thrill of hunting and fishing adventures. Photographers posed visiting patrons alongside fierce sharks, large catches of fish and sea turtles, and other wildlife so that the "folks back home" could see what a great time their friends and family members were having on vacation in the "wilds" of Florida.

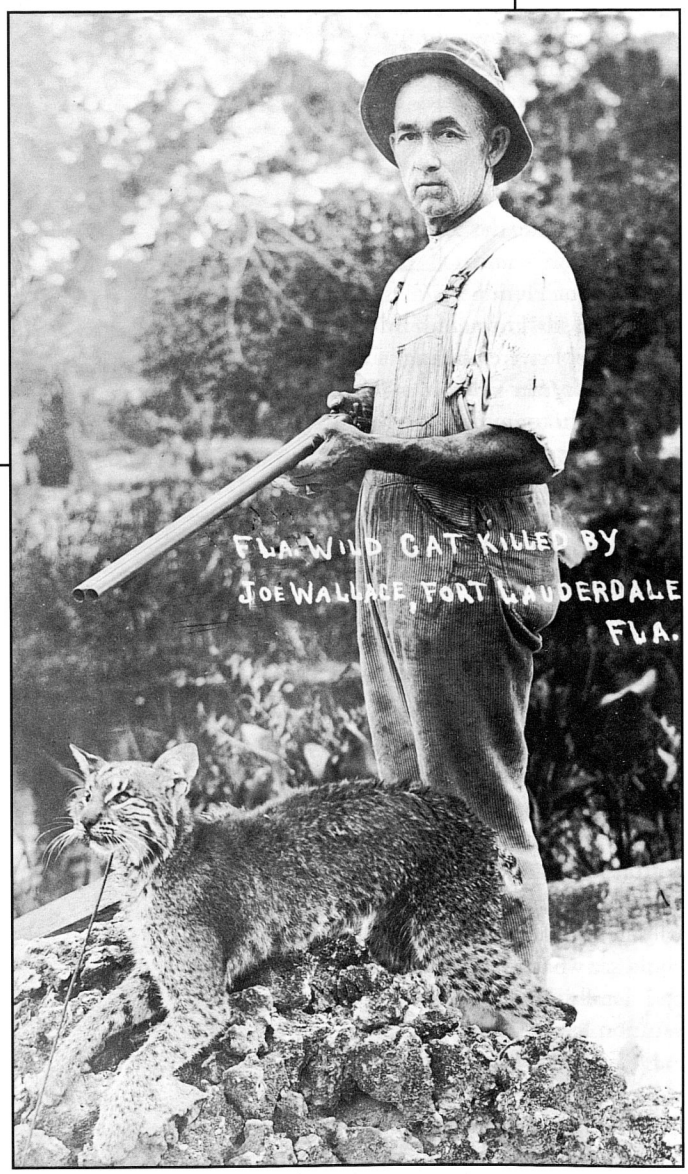
Despite the fact that natural areas were quickly being altered by human development, the vision of Florida as a wilderness continued to be fostered by novelists and naturalists. The novelists saw ample literary fodder still thriving in the state whereas it had largely disappeared elsewhere in the country. Adventure novels such as Fisher Ames's *By Reef and Trail: Bob Leach's Adventures in Florida* (1909), A.W. Dimock's *Dick Among the Seminoles* (1911), and sometime Miami resident Kirk Munroe's *Wakulla: A Story of Adventure in Florida* (1913) were but a few works to grace bookstore shelves. Meanwhile, naturalists such as Charles Torrey Simpson were attempting to document the rapidly vanishing and unique environments with books such as *In Lower Florida Wilds* (1920) before it was too late.



Top—The frontispiece from Joshua Giddings' book, *The Exiles of Florida.* Courtesy of Chris Eck. **Above—a seminole mother and child in traditional dress posed for a tourist postcard, ca. 1905.** HASF x-1541-1.

The reality is that by the 1920s Florida's attractiveness as a vacation paradise—where palms no longer symbolized the untamed jungle but instead the exclusivity of the leisure class to vacation during the winter in comfort in a tropical Garden of Eden—sealed the peninsula's fate as a place to be developed and exploited. The view of South Florida as a place of civilized comfort in the tropics stood in stark contrast with its past less romantic, untamed image. With the virtual subjugation of the wilderness, a means had to be created to continue to offer the illusion of the jungle within the confines of convenient urbanity.

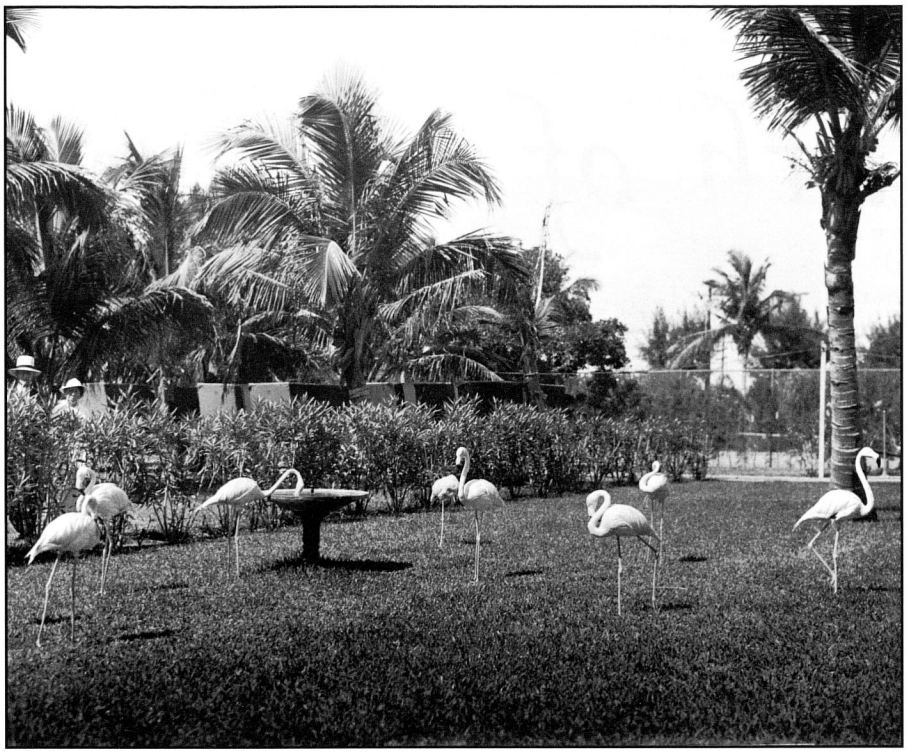
Soon the talents of various ingenious promoters would begin fulfilling the popular desire to participate in the illusion of a wild landscape in the form of packaged artificial tourist attractions. Tourists could enjoy South Florida's wilderness image by seeing Henry Coppinger at his Tropical Gardens Alligator Farm in Miami or Trapper Nelson at his Loxahatchee River homestead wrestling alligators or charming snakes in the 1920s and 1930s. Others would begin straying farther afield into rustic southern Dade County and be



Clockwise from left—Young boy poses with a dozen sawfish blades in a Key West dock, ca. 1912. HASF 1983-73-4. Palm Beach residents holding an 11′4″ rattlesnake killed in 1919. HASF 1982-167-1.

Fort Lauderdale resident, Joe Wallace, with a bobcat he killed, ca. 1915. Courtesy Chris Eck. Tourists posing with a 9′ shark caught off Miami Beach, ca.1920. HASF 206-24 Matlock.

transported into the mythical places of Monkey Jungle (opened to the public in 1935) or Parrot Jungle (opened to the public in 1936) where exotic animals roamed free and were viewed by visitors from meandering paths within jungle-like hammock parks.

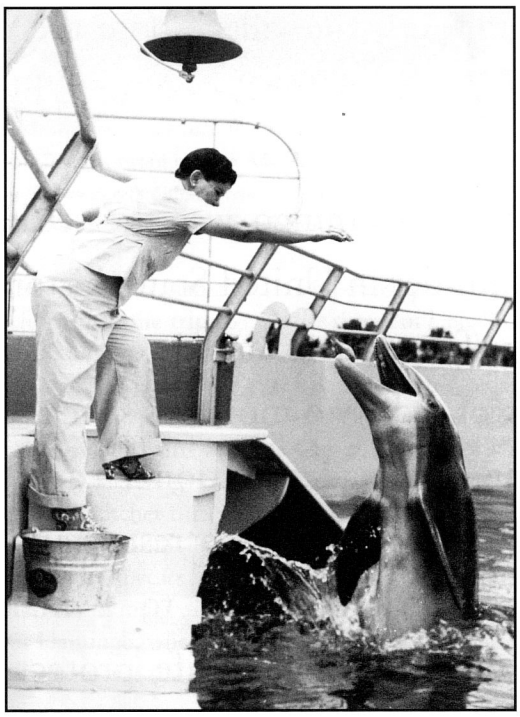


The creation of tourist attractions with animal themes was also part of a larger movement in Florida that saw the creation of numerous novel, and sometimes bizarre, tourist attractions. Some of these places have disappeared and are only a vague memory while others, such as Monkey Jungle and Parrot Jungle and the Miami Seaquarium (opened to the public in 1955), remain today and are still pleasing visitors.

Taming the land also involved recreating the landscape in other ways as well. Numerous tropical gardens were created on private estates and public spaces. Dr. David Fairchild, the eminent explorer and botanist who introduced thousands of exotic plants into the United States for their useful and aesthetic qualities, created "a paradise of plants" at his estate in Coconut Grove, The Kampong, following his purchase of the property in 1916. Fairchild Tropical Garden would be created in his honor along Biscayne Bay in Coral Gables in 1938. Eighty-three acres of land adjacent to Matheson Hammock were designed by famed landscape architect William Lyman Phillips as an artificial Eden that would comfort the soul by its beauty.

Large-scale development brought a revolution in landscaping throughout the region as former pine and palmetto forests and native hardwood hammocks were replaced by artificial palm-filled fantasies. Palms, peacocks, and pink flamingoes are the icons people believed should represent the state. In 1929, Dr. John Kunkel Small, another extraordinary botanist and a friend of Fairchild, wrote a prescient book entitled, *From Eden to Sahara: Florida's Tragedy,* which detailed how the rapid and thoughtless development of the state was destroying its unique native environments and natural beauty. To Small, the irrevocable destruction of Florida's wild places was an act of vandalism.

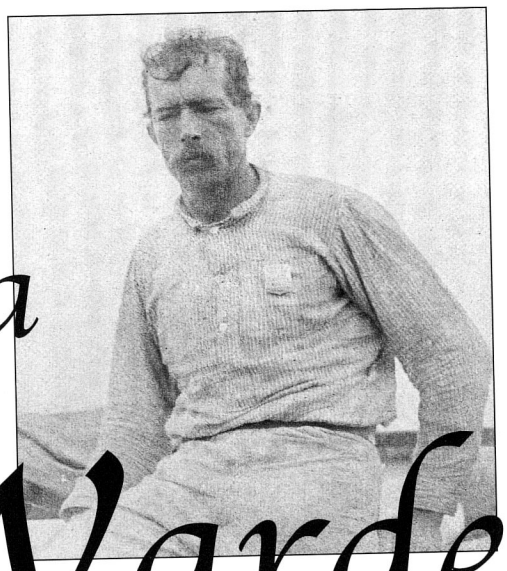
The dichotomy of Florida as both a place of wilderness and adventure and one of vacation and relaxation still exists in the popular imagination. This is a place where you can take an airboat ride or swamp buggy tour of the Everglades from a Seminole operator and gamble after a meal at an Indian casino in the same afternoon. This is a place where the news may report a deadly shark attack on the evening news and where dolphins and killer whales perform tricks to the delight of children at a marine aquarium. This a place where Spanish shipwreck treasures lost long ago in tragic storms are discovered in the sea one day and where Disney's Pirates of the Caribbean ride is enjoyed another. In the end, although we have tamed the wilderness, it remains an integral part of how others view Florida and how we ourselves view our home. ***–SFH***



Live flamingoes on a Miami Beach lawn, ca. 1930. HASF x-321. **Dolphin show at the Miami Seaquarium, ca. 1950.** HASF.

Christopher R. Eck is the Executive Director of the Miami-Dade Office of Historic Preservation and is a member of the state's Miami Circle Planning Group.

Death of a Bird Warden



by Stuart McIver

A CENTURY AGO, a lawless frontier settlement stretched along the waterfront at the tip of the Everglades. Home to a rough, unruly combination of fishermen, hunters, poachers, fugitives and dropouts, the village bore the romantic name Flamingo, a tribute to the flocks of flame birds that nested near Cape Sable a century ago.

On June 8, 1905, Flamingo was the setting for the first environmental murder in United States history, the killing in the line of duty of Audubon warden Guy Bradley.

The Flamingo of old is no more. Its shacks and docks have given way to an Everglades National Park office building and museum, a marina, a motel, restaurant, gift shop and campgrounds. And a memorial to a man named Guy Morrell Bradley, who gave his life protecting the egrets, herons, ibises, flamingos and roseate spoonbills of the Florida Everglades.

Near the end of the 19th century, the use of bird plumes to adorn women's hats reached such staggering proportions that whole species were threatened with extinction. Particularly endangered were the snowy egret and the American egret. An ounce of egret feathers, the plumage of four birds, brought $32, a rich reward to plume hunters living in a cash-poor land.

Plume hunting was a cruel calling. Since the egrets' nuptial plumes brought the highest prices, the birds were killed at nesting time, thus dooming two generations, the adults and the baby birds left to starve in their nests. An 1886 report by the American Ornithologists Union estimated that five million birds were being killed each year to feed the hungry market for plumes.

By the 1890s America's large wading birds were concentrated in the southern end of Florida. Lobbied skillfully by William Dutcher, chairman of the National Committee of Audubon Societies, the 1901 Florida state legislature passed a bird protection bill, outlawing the killing of plume birds. Unfortunately, the bill provided no state funding to get the job done. Paying wardens would be the task of Audubon.

The single most important area to be protected was Monroe County, a vast territory including the lower Everglades, the Ten Thousand Islands, the Florida Keys and in the area near Flamingo, a fabled rookery, the Cuthbert, named for the plume hunter who earned $1,800 from just one trip to the nesting area in 1889. John James Audubon, the famed wildlife painter for whom the society was named, had visited the area in the spring of 1832.

The only part of Florida Dutcher was familiar with was Tallahassee. To find a man qualified to perform the dangerous task of protecting the birds from plume hunters, Dutcher turned to the Florida Audubon Society. Its vice-president, author Kirk Munroe of Coconut Grove, had known Bradley for 20 years, dating back to the days when Guy was a small boy. A founder of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, Munroe set sail for Flamingo, where he talked at length with Bradley. Convinced that Guy was the right man for the job, Munroe wrote Dutcher:

"The utter extermination of these beautiful remnants (of birds) can only be averted by the prompt appointment of a resolute game warden and a rigid enforcement of existing laws... Fortunately for the birds and for us, I found residing at Cape Sable a man who combines in himself all these requirements (for the job). He is Mr. Guy Bradley, a young, recently-married man, brought up...on the East Coast of Florida, a thorough woodsman, a plume hunter by occupation before the passage of the present law, since which time, as I have ample testimony, he has not killed a bird."

Left—Guy M. Bradley, sworn in as an Audubon warden in 1902. HASF 1988-064. **Above—The Snowy Egret's plumes were used to adorn women's hats during the end of the 19 century. By John James Audubon.**

Guy Bradley was promptly hired by Audubon at $35 a month.

"He always wanted to be a lawman," Guy's son Morrell recalled years later. Bradley tradition pointed toward a career in law enforcement. An uncle was a sheriff in Cook County, Ill., another a chief of police in Chicago. To Guy, the badge was important.

Born in Chicago on April 25, 1870, Guy moved with his family to southeast Florida when he was six. His restless father, Edwin Ruthven Bradley, supported his wife Lydia and their two sons and three daughters with an ever changing sequence of jobs—farmer, keeper of the Fort Lauderdale House of Refuge, barefoot mailman, superintendent of Dade County schools, newspaper columnist and a land agent for the huge Henry M. Flagler railroad, hotel and land development empire. The Bradleys settled in Lantana, along the shores of Lake Worth just across in a barrier island that would blossom into the winter resort known as Palm Beach.

Guy and his older brother, Lou, made friends with young Charlie Pierce. Charlie's memoir, written years later, described Guy as a frail, sickly youth, a tag-along who followed Lou wherever he went. He usually had a hard time keeping up. The future Audubon enemy of poachers embarked on his first plume hunt, in the spring of 1877, when plume hunting was not only legal but also a handy source of a rare commodity—cash.

"Louie was only nine years old and small for his age but he was all 'grit,'" wrote Charlie. "Guy was seven and of no use at all to Louie except to keep him company while out after something to eat. Guy would follow along behind the little hunter and when there was no game in sight would entertain his brother with his whistling. He was good at that and could whistle any tune he had heard once or twice."

In the spring of 1885, Guy and Lou accompanied Charlie in the early stages of an extensive plume hunt. Charlie's 28-foot sloop, Bonton, had been chartered by Jean Chevalier, the legendary "old Frenchman," one of the most destructive of all plume hunters. The expedition would be a lengthy one through the Keys and the Ten Thousand Islands. In the Bradley family boat Guy and Lou went along with the expedition only as far as the Upper Keys. On the trip, Guy, 15 at the time, killed 10 plume birds, most of them white herons.

When the Bradleys arrived at the lake, they moved into a recently vacated house owned by Jesse Malden, the first plume hunter and the first musician in the Lake Worth country. Ironically the Malden house would be occupied by the area's second musician, Guy's mother. Lydia Bradley sang, played the guitar and taught music to her sons. Guy, the whistler, was particularly talented with the violin, Lou less so with his $25 cello. With Charlie the Bradley boys played as the Hypoluxo String Band at engagements at the Palm Beach Yacht Club and Coconut Grove House, Palm Beach's first hotel. The group entertained from 8 p.m. till 3 a.m., then sailed back across the lake before dawn.

A maturing Bradley began to take his place in shooting competitions. As a member of the Palm Beach Dudes, he scored 18 out of a possible 20 points, firing at a target a hundred yards away in a Cocoanut Grove rifle match.

In the fall of 1892, Guy's father was named superintendent of schools for Dade County. It was a vast area stretching from the Upper Keys to the St. Lucie River but its population was less than a thousand hardy pioneers, most of whom eked out a subsistence living by farming, hunting and fishing while struggling against heat, mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, panthers and bears. Great changes lay ahead, however, for the Bradleys and for a land that would soon become a popular playground for the very wealthy and for large numbers of elegantly dressed women, many of them wearing the plumes supplied by Florida's plume hunters.

Dade County... was a vast area stretching from the Upper Keys to the St. Lucie River but its population was less than a thousand hardy pioneers, most of whom eked out a subsistence living by farming, hunting and fishing while struggling against heat, mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, panthers and bears. Great changes lay ahead...for a land that would soon become a popular playground for the very wealthy and for large numbers of elegantly dressed women, many of them wearing the plumes supplied by Florida's plume hunters.

The changes began in 1893 with the arrival on the scene of two enormously different men. One, Captain Walter Smith, would bring personal tragedy to the Bradleys. The other, Henry Morrison Flagler, would transform the towns of Palm Beach and Miami into major winter resorts and create along the tracks of his Florida East Coast Railway many new towns that would one day become the backbone of a densely populated South Florida.

Smith, born in New Bern, N.C., was a Confederate veteran who had fought at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Shenandoah Valley. When the war ended, Smith, a sharpshooter, lay in Richmond's Chimborazo Hospital, recovering from a gunshot wound in his left arm and a powder burn in his left eye.

After the war, Smith went to sea until a shipwreck dumped him, half dead, on a beach near Charleston, S.C. At 36, he married 15-year-old Rebecca Brinson. In time they purchased a schooner and moved farther south to Brunswick, Ga., where their first child Tom was born in 1888. A smallpox epidemic drove them out of Brunswick and on down the Florida coast. Just south of the Jupiter Lighthouse they sighted an inlet. Captain Smith sailed through the pass and into the calm, protected waters of Lake Worth, crossing the lake and docking in the little town of Lantana. He liked the people he met, among them the Bradleys, and decided to settle there.

And so in 1893 the paths of Walter Smith, 51, and Guy Bradley, 23, crossed for the first time.

That same year Flagler, one of the founders of Standard Oil of Ohio, decided to extend his railroad and hotel empire south from his base in St. Augustine all the way to a small South Florida island covered with an impressive growth of palm trees. His railroad was scheduled to arrive in the Lake Worth country in 1894 and at roughly the same time the world's largest resort hotel, Flagler's Royal Poinciana, would open to welcome America's ritziest visitors.

Flagler also built West Palm Beach on the western shore of Lake Worth and in less than two years extended his railroad to Biscayne Bay. Miami quickly blossomed into an international winter resort as tourists flocked to the Royal Palm Hotel.

For extending his railroad, Flagler acquired vast acreage from the State of Florida. Ownership of these lands enabled his Model Land Company to create new farm towns which he called "colonies," now better known as Delray Beach, Boca Raton, Deerfield Beach, Pompano Beach, Dania Beach, Hallandale, Perrine, Homestead and Okeechobee.

What would be his next major goal? Flagler considered two options. One was extending his tracks out into the ocean across the Florida Keys and on to Key West. Or, since he owned acreage

The Cruelties of Fashion-fine feathers make fine birds. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, **1883.** HASF 1997-267-1.

near Cape Sable at the tip of the Everglades, possibly build tracks across the lower Glades to Flamingo and set up a steamship company to carry passengers over to Key West—and then possibly from there on down into the Caribbean.

The Model Land Company hired Edwin R. Bradley in 1895 and two years later named him its Cape Sable land agent. If Flagler picked Flamingo as his railroad terminus, the Bradley family would find themselves quite comfortable financially. Worth taking a chance, E.R. reasoned.

His first sale proved to be a fateful one. E.R. convinced Walter Smith and his family to move to Flamingo. When the Bradleys moved in, Smith was already the village's postmaster.

A strange collection of renegades, misfits and dropouts lived at the cape. Somehow they had mustered up enough sensitivity to name their cluster of driftwood shacks after the glorious flame birds that sometimes nested nearby. Some shortened the name to Mingo, others embellished it to Fillymingo. Others cynically called it "the End of the World." The southernmost settlement on the United States mainland, it was in a sense "the end of the world" for many down-and-out losers—and also for thousands of plume birds harried to the Everglades from the north. For man and bird alike there was nowhere else to go.

Flamingo's people, numbering less than a hundred, made their meager livings by fishing for mullet, farming, distilling moonshine from sugar cane, making charcoal from buttonwood trees and hunting gators and plume birds.

The Bradleys owned three quarters of a mile of bayfront property, stretching all the way to the mangrove wilderness. Walter Smith lived just to their west. Rebecca Smith, and Guy's mother, Lydia Bradley, both music lovers, continued the warm friendship they had formed in Lantana.

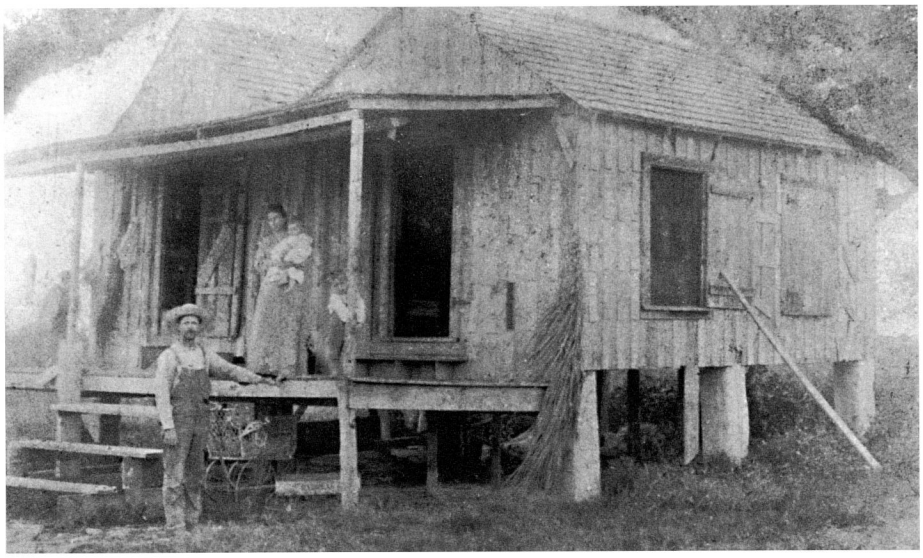
In 1898 a schooner docked one day in Flamingo, enroute from Appalachicola to Key West. Aboard were the two Vickers brothers, Almon and Shelley, and their pretty sister, Sophronia, a jolly, outgoing girl who laughed freely. Serious, introverted and shy, Guy was just the opposite of Fronie. But shyness in a man can sometimes be an appealing trait. Fronie apparently thought so, for she consented to marry Guy. In 1899 Fronie became Mrs. Guy Bradley. Their first child, Morrell, was born September 29, 1900.

Around the same time, Guy's sister Maggie married Bill Burton, whom the Bradleys had known in Lantana. Burton had served in the Spanish-American War in 1898 and now was ready to settle down. He and Maggie built a house between E.R. Bradley's home and the Walter Smith property and Burton opened Flamingo's first general store.

Guy worked hard, farming, skippering the family boat, and surveying for the Flagler organization. An inscription carved on a tree at Seven Palms Lake indicates where Guy spent part of New Year's Day, 1902. The carving read: "GMB, Jan.1. 1902." It would be a fateful year for Bradley, the year in which he went to work for Audubon.

That summer, Guy was sworn in as an Audubon warden and deputy sheriff for Monroe County, a territory containing the largest city in South Florida, Key West, and the largest and most important bird rookery remaining in America, the Cuthbert. The rookery was named after George Cuthbert, a plume hunter from Marco Island in the Ten Thousand Islands. He discovered the rookery in 1889 and came back the following year to shoot its rich bird population one more time. From the first trip he collected $1,800 worth of plumes and probably about the same for his second trip. With the proceeds he bought one half of Marco Island—and ceased plume hunting. Furthermore, he refused to tell any one else where the rookery was.

In an early letter to Dutcher in Audubon's New York headquarters, Guy wrote about the hunters from the islands: "The hunters are a roving set who live around and in the Ten Thousand Islands on the West Coast of Florida. They often come into our neighborhood and hunt...It would be necessary for a warden to hunt these people and hunt carefully for he must see them first, for his own sake."



Bill and Maggie Burton at home in Flamingo. HASF 1974-95-5.

In the letter he made no mention of the two most famous plume hunters from the islands, Cuthbert and Ed Watson, a notorious legend of a man who lived on Chatham Bend. Watson was rumored to have killed as many as 50 people and undoubtedly more birds. Bradley was right about one thing. The Ten Thousand Islands were dangerous country.

One of Bradley's major tasks was educating people who lived in areas so wild that many of them simply did not know that killing birds, legal in 1901, was now against the law. He nailed posters to trees near rookeries and when he could corner them talked to plume hunters he knew. The penalty for breaking the plume law

was a mild one, confiscation of the hunter's plumes and a fine of $5.

Guy developed a network of informants to keep him posted on when hunters planned to strike a given rookery. If he was waiting at the Cuthbert when they arrived, they retreated, hoping to try another time. Some of his best informants were African-Americans, who worked in Flamingo converting buttonwoods into charcoal.

That year in September a hurricane struck, killing 14 people and inflicting heavy shipping losses. Guy wrote Dutcher: "The sea birds are all coming inland and are either flying very low or roosting on the trees near the river sides. I have seen about two thousand Man-o-War birds and four thousand gulls and terns today." After the gale broke, he reported "two flocks of Blue-winged Teal Ducks, 3 flocks of Florida Black Ducks, a flock of 6 American Egrets and many white Ibises."

Because of its plumes, the Great Egret was popular among hunters. By John James Audubon.

Those were busy times for all the Bradleys. His brother Lou helped him part of the time as a deputy warden. Guy also found time to continue surveying for the Model Land Company and also to sail the family boat to and from Key West to carry mail.

Meanwhile, Captain Smith, a strong-willed, often cantankerous man, was quarreling with too many of his neighbors. In 1903 he tangled with a powerful newcomer to Flamingo, one Steve Roberts. He had come to Flamingo two years earlier from the Orlando area, some say to flee cattle rustling charges. He and his wife brought with them five sons and three daughters.

Smith and Roberts were working at cross purposes to bring a school to Flamingo. No coward, Smith stood his ground, used his Key West contacts and won the battle. His choice, Mabel Maloney, became the teacher. She stayed with the Smiths but not for long. No teacher ever stayed long in Flamingo.

Smith's victory over the Roberts' faction proved costly. He had demonstrated superior ties to the power structure in Key West, seventy miles away. But in Mingo, where Smith had to live, Uncle Steve, as Roberts was called, had already become the power structure. Three who were drawn to the Roberts faction were the two Bradley boys and their brother-in-law Bill Burton. Guy was particularly close to two of the Roberts boys, Gene and Loren, both of whom served at times as his deputy wardens.

That same busy year Guy was visited by two prominent members of the American Ornithologists Union, authors A.C. Bent and the Rev. H.K. Job. He guided Bent and later Job to Cuthbert Rookery, an arduous journey through narrow channels and dense mangroves.

"Indeed," Job wrote, "we were well-nigh exhausted when we glided into the lovely lake and reached the islet known as Cuthbert Rookery, with its thousands of breeding ibises, herons, egrets, spoonbills, flamingoes and cormorants."

That night they slept on Guy's small skiff in a chilly rain. In the distance a panther screamed.

"Well, how would you like to try this alone?" Guy asked Job. "I come in here two or three times each season, first to post warning notices and then to see if the birds are doing well. And whether any plume hunters are killing them."

Job was impressed. "Tough as a red mangrove" was his description of Bradley. Job and Bent wrote Dutcher, giving a favorable report on Guy and his deputies, brother Lou and Bill Burton.

"The rookery itself is a mangrove island of less than two acres, on which we estimated that there were at least 4,000 birds nesting," they reported. About half, they wrote, were Louisiana herons. Another thousand were white ibises, 600 were cormorants and only 18 were American egrets.

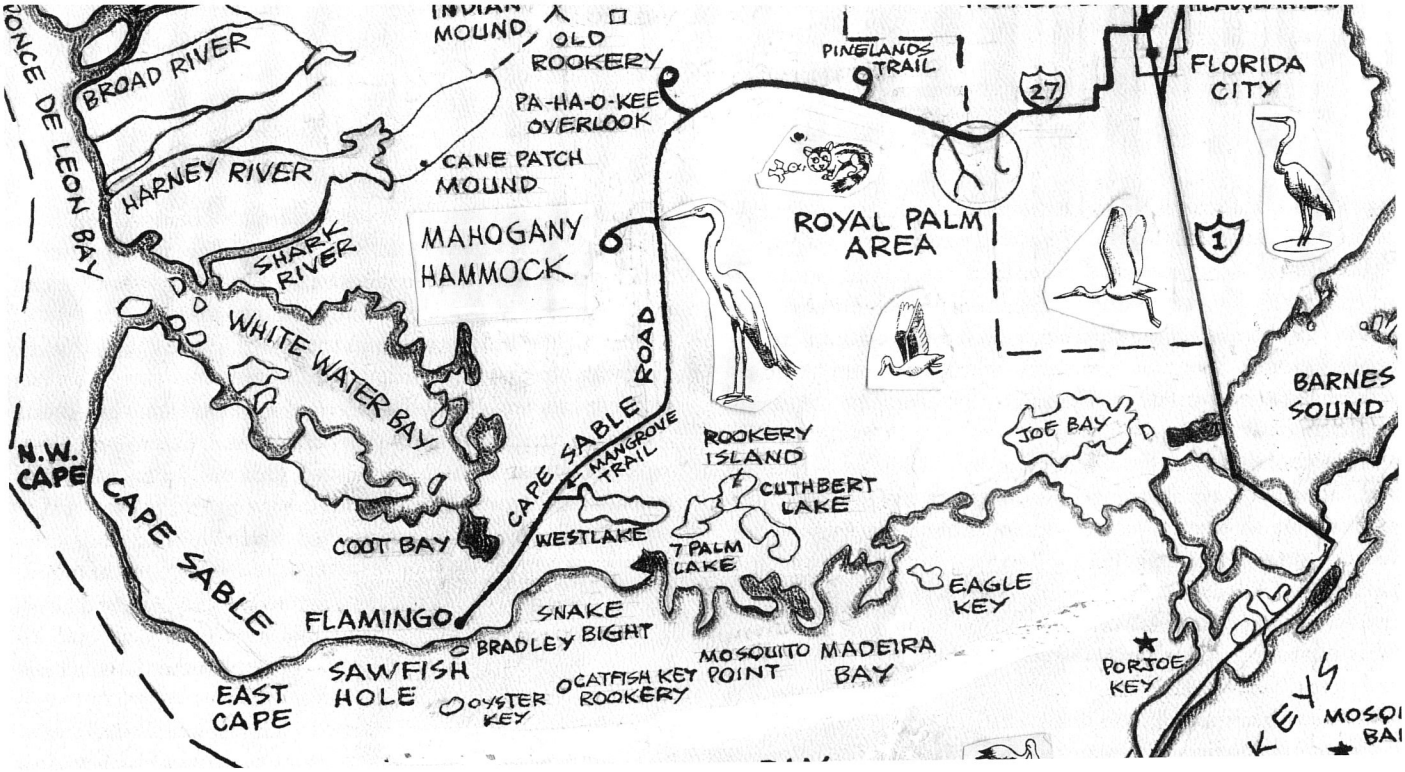
Unfortunately Bradley's territory was so large he found it impossible to cover the rookery at all times. In the winter of 1904 hunters penetrated the mangroves and "shot out" Cuthbert Rookery. Who did it? Accusations filled the Everglades air. Some said the notorious hunters from the Ten Thousand Islands. Other charges were closer to home. Uncle Steve Roberts, a friend of Guy's? Or Walter Smith and his son Tom, no longer friends of the Bradley family?

And one accusation pointed at Guy. He was a former plume hunter and who could pillage a rookery easier than the man guarding it?

The timing of the Cuthbert raid was particularly unfortunate. That winter the noted ornithologist Frank Chapman made plans to visit Cuthbert Rookery. Guy headed him off at Tavernier Creek, Key Largo, and told him the rookery had been "shot out." A deputy with Bradley told Chapman, "You could'a walked right around the rookery on them birds' bodies, between four and five hundred of them."

Chapman wrote Dutcher: "I was favorable impressed with Bradley…He is somewhat inclined to talk about himself and his work and the risks he runs in the performance of his duties, but he has, I think, a pride in his office and an enmity for law breakers which would lead him to convict them, if possible. He seems especially outraged by the looting of the Cuthbert Rookery."

If Bradley was upset by the destruction at Cuthbert, his father was even more shattered by another development. Flagler had



Cape Sable. Detailed map from manuscript map by Chuck Thordike. 1960. HASE

decided not to extend the railroad across the Everglades to Flamingo. Instead Flagler was heading down the Keys to Key West. The Bradleys' dream of real estate riches was over.

Sometime in the late fall of 1904 and again in early 1905 Guy arrested 16-year-old Tom Smith, one of Walter's sons, for shooting birds. Why did Guy arrest him rather than just warn him? The answer seems to have been that Tom's flagrant killing was a challenge to Guy's authority. If a mere boy could shoot birds under his nose, what kind of lawman was he?

After Tom's second arrest, his father exploded: "You ever arrest one of my boys again, I'll kill you."

In the early winter of 1905 Captain Smith attacked Guy from an unexpected angle. Through the Monroe County Commission he tried to take over Guy's job. Audubon, however, wanted nothing to do with Smith.

Dutcher headed immediately for Key West, his first trip deeper into Florida than Tallahassee. It would also be his first meeting with Bradley. Dutcher met with the county commissioners and made them an offer they couldn't refuse. He pointed out that Audubon paid the salary of Bradley and his part-time deputies and also provided him with a power boat. If the county did not reappoint Guy, he told them, they would simply transfer Bradley and his boat to another county. Dutcher's stand left the county free to name another warden and to pick up all the expenses. The board promptly disregarded Smith's bid and approved Guy.

On March 25 the Bradleys greeted an old friend from Palm Beach: Sanford Cluett, a textile magnate who invented the no-shrink process called Sanforizing. Later Cluett wrote that Guy "told me he was going to arrest a poacher who was a dangerous character. This matter worried him very much, and he showed me his nickel-plated, I believe, .32-caliber pistol…I told him I thought it was altogether inadequate. We said goodbye when leaving there, in fact, he came out in his rowboat with his little boy to say farewell."

Relations between Smith and the Bradleys grew steadily worse. The simmering troubles came to a head on July 8, 1905. Gunfire rang out from Oyster Keys, a rookery within eyesight of Guy's house. From his porch the warden looked out over Florida Bay and saw a large schooner anchored near Oyster Keys. He recognized it. It was Smith's boat, the Cleveland.

Bradley faced a dangerous situation. He needed support from one of his deputy wardens. But Lou and Bill Burton were both away. He didn't have time to chase down one of the Roberts boys, who would have gladly helped out. To make matters even worse, there was no breeze for his sailboat. He would have to row.

One who saw him rowing out toward the Cleveland was little Ed Smith, Walter's eight-year-old son. He sensed something dreadful was about to happen. He looked out across the water with a feeling of dread. His father was out there on the Cleveland, with his brothers, Tom and Danny.

Soon more gunfire. Then silence. And still no wind to move the Cleveland away from Oyster Keys.

Finally a breeze began to stir and late that morning Ed saw the Cleveland sailing in toward Flamingo. A grim-faced Captain Smith called out to his family: "We've got to load up and get out of here. I'm going to Key West and give myself up. I've killed Guy Bradley."

Smith loaded his family aboard the Cleveland and disappeared out into Florida Bay. At Guy's house Fronie was terrified. She had heard gunshots from the rookery that morning, then nothing during the afternoon and now it was night. She slept poorly and awoke the next morning to the sound of rain, dreary and depressing. She asked for help.

"I'll look for him, Fronie," said Gene Roberts.

Later that morning Gene sighted Guy's little boat, drifting in the distance. It had floated west, almost to Sawfish Hole, where a small village of African-Americans lived. Guy lay dead in the bottom of the boat. A bullet had gone completely through his body. His revolver lay beside him.

Gene rounded up a group, including Judge H.C. Lowe, the village coroner, and returned to Sawfish Hole. The judge conducted a makeshift inquest, while the others began building a coffin from cypress boards they found nearby.

East Cape Sable was picked as the burial site. It was the southernmost point on the mainland of the United States, a serenely beautiful site, isolated and unspoiled.

Bill Burton had been in Key West when Smith arrived to give himself up. After he learned of Guy's death, Burton telegraphed Dutcher. The Audubon chairman promptly authorized him to engage the services of lawyer Louis Harris, cousin of the country's prosecuting attorney who had helped Dutcher get the Model Law passed in Talllahasse.

Louis Harris wrote Dutcher: "Smith...requested me to defend him, stating that he could raise whatever fee I should charge. I told him that Guy Bradley was a personal friend of mine and that the prosecution would suit me better. He insisted upon giving me his version of the case, after being warned by me that anything he should state might be used against him."

GUY M. BRADLEY

THE startling announcement was sent to the National Association on July 14, that Guy M. Bradley was shot and instantly killed while making an arrest at a rookery on Oyster Key, Florida, on July 8. Full particulars of this unfortunate affair have not been received, although it is known that his murderer has been captured and is now confined in the county jail at Key West. L. A. Harris has been retained to represent the National Association at the preliminary hearing in the case. The deceased acted as warden in Monroe County, a wild and thinly settled district, for over three years, having commenced his duties in May, 1902. During all this time he faithfully guarded his wards, the plume birds, traveling thousands of miles in the launch Audubon, in order to watch over them. He was originally recommended to the Association by Mr. Kirk Munroe, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Florida Audubon Society, who said that he was fearless and brave and had an extensive knowledge of the country and the birds that lived there. A number of well-known ornithologists and members of the Association visited Bradley at different times, and always found him alert and faithful in the performance of his duty, and willing to undergo any hardship to protect the birds. He took a personal interest in his work and was genuinely proud when he could report an increase in numbers. He told the writer in February last that he felt while he was away from his home, cruising among the Keys, or patrolling the swamp, that his life was in his hands, for the plume-hunters, whose nefarious traffic he so seriously interfered with, had sworn to take his life. Even this knowledge did not deter him, and he proved faithful unto death Personally he was gentle and somewhat retiring, was pure in thought and deed, deeply interested in and a supporter of the small Union Church near his home. A young wife is left to mourn his sudden and terrible death, and his two children, too young to realize their loss, will never know a father's care.

A home broken up, children left fatherless, a woman widowed and sorrowing, a faithful and devoted warden, who was a young and sturdy man, cut off in a moment, for what? That a few more plume birds might be secured to adorn heartless women's bonnets. Heretofore the price has been the life of the birds, now is added human blood. Every great movement must have its martyrs, and Guy M. Bradley is the first martyr in the cause of bird protection.

WILLIAM DUTCHER.

Guy Bradley's obituary. HASF 1988-064.

Smith's version amounted to a plea of self-defense. His sons, Tom and Danny, he said, had gone ashore at Oyster Keys, where Tom shot egrets and cormorants. As Bradley approached, Captain Smith fired his rifle as a signal to his boys. They brought the birds aboard the Cleveland in sight of Bradley.

"I want your son Tom," Guy called.

"Well, if you want him, you have to have a warrant."

Bradley denied that a warrant was necessary.

"Well, if you want him you have got to come aboard of this boat and take him." Smith picked up his rifle.

"Put down that rifle and I will come aboard."

Bradley drew his pistol, Smith claimed, and fired up at the captain, missing him and striking the main mast instead. The old sharpshooter then aimed his Winchester down at Bradley and fired.

Harris did not buy Smith's claim of self-defense, "particularly as he killed an officer of the law engaged in the discharge of his duty." He pointed out that Smith had claimed he would kill Bradley if he ever tried to arrest Tom again.

"In my opinion," Harris wrote, "it was a cold-blooded murder, and he deliberately sent his boys into the Rookery for the purpose of killing him."

The attorney's accusation was so damning it completely overshadowed the sentence that followed. It read simply: "At the preliminary hearing Senator W. Hunt Harris defended Smith and put up a very strong fight."

Warning bells should have sounded. When Smith gave himself up, the very influential Hunt Harris was the county's prosecuting attorney. Now the prosecuting attorney, probably the most powerful politician in Monroe County, had switched sides. He had become attorney for the defense.

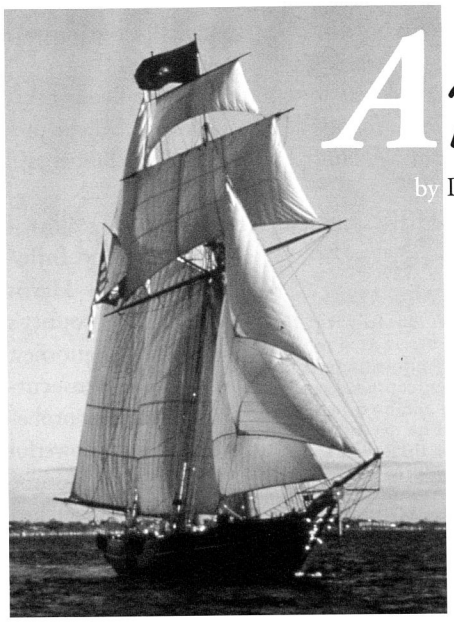
While Smith sat in his jail cell, awaiting the action of the grand jury, Fronie Bradley's brothers, Almon and Shelley, sailed from Key West to Flamingo. Then they burned Smith's house to the ground.

Meanwhile, Dutcher, waiting for the grand jury to convene, replaced his Key West lawyer with one from Miami, the highly regarded Col. James T. Sanders. But Key West was an old fishing town and an island at that. All too often out-of-town talent is no match for hometown stringpullers.

On December 8, five months after the killing, the Monroe County grand jury convened. The prosecution convened only one witness, Uncle Steve Roberts. The jurors found no true bill. By day's end Guy Bradley's killer was a free man.

Within five years the fight against the feather trade had produced the legislation that outlawed the commercial use of wild bird plumes in New York state, the center of America's millinery industry. The battle that Bradley had waged so bravely was now on the road to victory and in the years ahead much of the land he protected would be preserved for the plume birds as Everglades National Park. ***–SFH***

Stuart McIver, former editor of South Florida History, *is currently writing a book on Guy Bradley, planned for publication by the University Press of Florida next year.*



The *Freedom Schooner Amistad,* a replica of the *Amistad.* Courtesy of AMISTAD America, Inc.

Amistad comes to Miami

by Dinizulu Gene Tinnie

AMISTAD in Spanish means "friendship." In English, the word is inextricably associated with the famous incident of 1839 that swayed a nation, and, in its own way, changed the world. It began as a tragedy, arising from the very antithesis of friendship, but concluded as a triumph, albeit a costly one, which gave new meaning to the word. The revolt that occurred aboard a small, otherwise unremarkable schooner called *La Amistad* in the coastal waters of the then-Spanish colony of Cuba would have its global ramifications, but has a special significance for South Florida and the Caribbean. That significance continues today, particularly as the *Freedom Schooner Amistad,* a larger, state-of-the-art commemorative reproduction of the original vessel, brings its inspiring message of true friendship, social harmony, and justice to Miami from January 12 through March 3, 2002.

The early nineteenth century was a time of tumultuous changes on both sides of the Atlantic. New political regimes were still consolidating and defining their tentative grasp on power seized from the Old Order. National boundaries and territorial claims changed with the varying outcomes of battles and wars. Yet, even out of these chaotic circumstances emerged a host of social and intellectual breakthroughs that would transform knowledge and prepare the way for the Industrial Revolution. At the heart of all these developments lay the economic engine that had driven the Atlantic economy for more than three centuries already; the Middle Passage or so-called "slave trade." And it was this institution that was undergoing the most momentous changes of all, with no clearer example than the *Amistad* Affair.

The Background

The geographical nexus of these developments was the Caribbean Sea, and by extension, Florida, with ramifications that eventually extended to the rest of the Americas. It will be remembered that the first settlement to be established by Columbus was in Hispaniola (modern-day Dominican Republic and Haiti), and that he also explored portions of Cuba. The Atlantic slave trade was already a well-established fact of life by the time of his storied voyage of 1492. Columbus, in fact, is even reported to have previously visited the Portuguese fort of Elmina Castle on the Gold Coast (modern Ghana) to engage in that trade. It was his "discovery" of the western hemisphere that would, in short order, unleash the dual nightmare of the forced removal of Indigenous populations and the insatiable demand for enslaved African laborers in order to reap the vast natural and mineral wealth of the "New World." The fertile soil and tropical climate of the Caribbean islands suited them for the lucrative cultivation of sugar, if the labor force could be found for the grueling work. Likewise, the gold and silver from the mines of South America had to be extracted, and in some cases, carried over land across the isthmus of Panama to the Spanish treasure fleet. Such were the prevailing winds and currents that many of the homeward-bound ships had to pass through the Florida Straits, a waterway equally treacherous for lurking pirates as for natural hazards. (South Florida's direct connections, both past and present, with this commerce became tangibly evident with treasure hunter Mel Fisher's uncovering of the wrecks of the treasure galleon *Atocha* and the slave ship *Henrietta Marie* in waters near Key West. Enduring legends, like those of infamous pirates Black Caesar and Jose Gilbert, for whom Gilbert's Bar, on Hutchinson Island in Jensen Beach, is said to be named, are ensconced in Florida lore.)

From its beginnings in the mid-15th century to its peak near the end of the 18th, the Atlantic slave trade had become refined by experience into a highly organized mercantile system, known as The Triangular Trade. (Such three-cornered trade routes actually abounded, as ship owners sought to maximize profits, in any number of regions, but this was by far the best known and most profitable.) Briefly, the route entailed cheap trade goods (beads, cloth, iron bars, etc.) carried from home ports in Europe or North America (rum) to Africa on the "Outward Passage." There, the goods were exchanged for captive human beings and supplies for the Atlantic crossing to the Americas, the "Middle Passage." In the slave markets of the Caribbean and the Americas, the captives were sold, and the ships laden with the products of enslaved labor—gold, silver, sugar, cotton, tobacco, indigo, dyewood, etc.—on the "Homeward Passage." At each point of the triangle enormous profits were realized. Furthermore, the imported raw materials often fed the very industries that produced the trade goods in an unending vicious cycle, such as sugar into rum, or cotton into textiles. This is why Trinidadian scholar and former Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams could state with accuracy, in his

classic study *Capitalism and Slavery,* that it was the Middle Passage that financed the Industrial Revolution and built a number of Europe's ports into major cities.

It should also be noted that this nefarious commerce posed enormous risks to those who participated in it, which, in turn, only further heightened the profits for those who succeeded, and deepened the devastation that was being wrought upon the societies of Africa. There was not only the ever-present danger of hazards at sea on all three legs of the voyage, but the Middle Passage presented its own unique gamut of threats. Europeans succumbed to illnesses and diseases at twice the percentage of African deaths. Resistance and revolts by captive Africans were a constant possibility, and often a reality, taking their toll of lives and limbs whether they were successful or not. The number of ships and cargoes (including human) lost at sea, made the commodities which did arrive in port at any point of the triangle more scarce, and therefore more expensive. For the African captives involved in this "trade" (a generous misnomer for a practice that routinely included murderous raids, kidnapping, torture and worse), the conditions were literally unspeakable, and went largely unspoken, at least in public discourse. It is estimated that for every African who survived the Middle Passage to disembark in the slave markets of the New World, anywhere from four to seven others perished in the process that included raids and captures, the march to the coast, detention in coastal "barracoons" and dungeons, the transport from land to ship and the ocean crossing itself.

The silence was largely broken toward the end of the 1700s, when shocking images of the conditions aboard slave ships were published and revealed to many for the first time. A new literary form, the Slave Narrative—a unique creation of the New World—appeared. The narratives of Ottobah Cuguano of the Gold Coast and Olaudah Equiano gave long-awaited African voices to the matter. Valuable as they were, these works could barely present a fraction of the reality. Nonetheless, increasing public moral outrage combined with pragmatic politics to create a social movement for Abolition.

It was not until 1807 that these forces in Britain finally secured the Abolition of the slave trade (but not of slavery itself) on all ships and in all dominions of the British Empire.

A similar law was passed by the United States Congress in the same year, but for a different motive. The success of the Haitian Revolution (which deprived France of the richest colony in the hemisphere, the "Pearl of the Antilles" whose enormous sugar profits financed Napoleon's ambitious military forays, and which consequently led directly to the Louisiana Purchase) struck fear into all slaveholding precincts, including the Southern states, whose representatives quickly responded with legislation that forbade the importation of Africans into the country, a victory of sorts for the American Abolitionists as well. These changes in law led to a flurry of international treaties, designed to establish multinational cooperation in the suppression of a "trade" which had finally become illegal. By 1821 (the same year Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States), laws were strengthened to equate slave trading with piracy, a capital offense.

In spite of all the legal restrictions, however, reality was another matter, and Florida had its role to play in the ensuing drama. The need for enslaved labor in order to keep a well established and highly profitable system in operation did not diminish with either laws or fears. If anything, it only shifted in methodology and focus. The two major changes that took place after Abolition of the trade in 1807 were a radical change in ship design and the emergence of two new destinations for the illegal trade. Scientific advances in the evolution of ship design produced the sleek, fast "Baltimore Clipper" schooners and brigs that greatly aided the United States during the War of 1812, by serving as privateers (essentially legalized pirates) that disrupted British shipping. After the war, these designs found practical application and a ready market in both Cuba and Brazil, where the recently established and burgeoning sugar plantations created an insatiable requirement for both enslaved labor and for vessels fast enough to deliver the labor force in defiance of the laws and British patrols. (An interesting sidebar to this story is the extent to which the Baltimore shipyards that supplied the demand were themselves dependent on enslaved African American laborers and craftsmen, the most famous of whom was Frederick Douglass himself.)

The change in ship design combined with other factors to make the Middle Passage even more hellish in the 1800s than it had been in all of the preceding centuries, as smaller and narrower hulls created even more grotesque and fatal overcrowding, raising the loss of life among the captives from approximately ten percent to twenty on a typical voyage. Yet, the illegal trade also became more profitable than ever, because a serious new risk, that of capture, which would mean loss of "cargo" and possible hanging, was now added to the existing list. Sometimes the "loss" meant that the Africans aboard captured vessels that were "liberated" by British authorities in Freetown, Sierra Leone, a colony established for this purpose. Too often, however, it actually meant literally throwing the captives overboard to escape prosecution by removing all "evidence" of the vessel's involvement in the trade. Moreover, "capture," in this lawless and chaotic environment, could be by pirates as much as by British patrols; indeed pirates and slave traders were, more often than not, the same individuals, and mutual predation became the rule, with even more horrific consequences for the Africans aboard.

While Cuba and Brazil became notorious in written records as the newfound destinations for the illegal slavers of the 19th century, these were not always the final destinations. A parallel development to the sudden growth of the sugar economies in those countries took place in the American South as well, following the invention of the cotton gin, which greatly increased productivity, and therefore demand for labor as well. But with anti-slave trade laws in place, there was no legal way to meet this demand, and smuggling, especially from Cuba, became the methodology of choice.

Florida, because of its terrain and other factors, had never become dominated by plantation slavery, as did other states of the American South. On the contrary, the very characteristics which made the region so unsuitable for large scale plantation

agriculture aided and abetted the smugglers, who could transport Africans through Florida and into Georgia, for example, where it could be pretended that they were American-born, not having arrived on any visible ship.

Paradoxically, these same factors aided and abetted the little-known Florida Underground Railroad escape route, particularly during the period when the state was Spanish Territory, by which enslaved African Americans could make their way to Haiti, the Bahamas, or even Maroon enclaves in Cuba. Or, as often was the case, they could join the Maroon communities of Blacks and/or Indigenous peoples in Florida, collectively known as the Seminoles. (Both "Maroon" and "Seminole" derive from the Spanish word cimarron, meaning "wild" or "runaway.") This was the real motive for the Seminole Wars, and the advantage, from the perspective of Southern slaveowners, of bringing Florida under United States authority.

By the 1830s, this was accomplished, but the institution of slavery was increasingly under attack from without, for political and economic, as well as moral reasons, even as it became more entrenched from within. Revolts, like that led by Nat Turner in Virginia in 1831, only heightened the nation's awareness of the horrors and the dangers inherent in slavery, but also sharpened the divisions on this issue that had plagued the Union from the outset. This was the state of affairs when the nation's attention became riveted on the mysterious case of a low, black schooner, in a destitute condition, apparently manned by Black men, with two White captives aboard, which was captured by a United States Navy vessel off Long Island, N.Y., and taken into Connecticut.

The *Amistad* Incident of 1839

The story of the revolt of 53 African captives aboard the small coastal trading schooner *La Amistad* on July 1, 1839, is told in any number of books and articles, and more recently video and film productions, in both factual and fictional terms. In brief, it is a story which originates in Sierra Leone, West Africa, subsequently unfolds in Cuba, and reaches its climax in the United States Supreme Court. In early 1839, a larger ship, the *Teçora,* flying the Portuguese flag, departed Lomboko, Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa with a "cargo" of over 500 African captives, mostly women and children, many of whom were of the Mende nation, bound for the island of Cuba. The *Teçora,* clandestinely disembarked the survivors of her Atlantic crossing (over one-third had died) by night on the coast of Cuba, from where they were marched overland to an inland hiding place, then, weeks later, brought to the holding pens of the sprawling Havana slave market. It was business as usual for the times.

So it was when two Spaniards, José (Pepe) Ruiz and Pedro Montes, purchased 53 of the Mende captives from the *Teçora,* 49 men and 4 children, including 3 girls. Among the men was Sengbe Pieh, the son of a principal man in his African community, who soon would become famous in America as José Cinquez, or Joseph Cinqué. To transport their newly acquired "property" from Havana to Puerto Principe in eastern Cuba, Ruiz and Montes chartered the sleek black schooner *La Amistad.* Three days into the unexpectedly long voyage, on the night of July 1, all of these circumstances, and the very debate on slavery, seemingly converged in the event whereby history thereafter would be indelibly branded with the name of that vessel.

Using a loose nail he had found, Sengbe quietly freed himself from his fetters, and his compatriots as well. Making use of the cane knives that were stored aboard, the Africans, who had endured capture, an ocean crossing and months of imprisonment in unspeakable conditions on their way to an uncertain fate, in yet another vessel, rose upon the deck in a desperate strike for freedom and survival. In the ensuing melee, the captain and crew all were killed, as was one of the Africans. Only Ruiz and Montes (along with the mulatto cabin boy Antonio) were kept alive, for the sole purpose of sailing the ship eastward back to Africa. The Spaniards did guide the vessel east by day, but north by night, in hopes of perhaps reaching a port in the southern United States and sympathetic authorities. For 60 days, the *Amistad* thus zigzagged northward along the East Coast until finally captured by the U.S. Naval vessel *Washington*. Because the American commander sought prize money for his capture of the Africans as "slaves," he elected to take the ship into New London, Conn., a state where, unlike New York, slavery was still legal. Almost from the very outset, the capture caused a huge sensation. While it may have appeared to be a simple enough case—a slave mutiny on the high seas combined with the murder of several individuals, as Ruiz and Montes recounted—it very soon became evident that there were serious complications. Since the Africans spoke no Spanish, and the children were too young to have been born before the treaty went into effect, the captives could only have been illegally imported, therefore could not legally be slaves, and the Spaniards' claims became more questionable.

These questions, along with the larger legal, constitutional and diplomatic issues that were raised, the rapidly growing public interest in the case, and the forthcoming presidential election, all brought the case to the front and center of American politics. In fact, once the case was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court (by an incumbent Van Buren administration that was fearful of losing Southern votes after a lower court ruled in favor of the Africans), no less a personage than former President John Quincy Adams would come out of retirement to become the lawyer for the captives. Following his eloquent defense, the justices upheld the lower court decision that the Africans were human beings and not property, and therefore entitled to their freedom. This landmark decision allowed the 34 Mende survivors to be returned home to Sierra Leone, as most of them in fact were, two years later from New York.

The case would have a lasting impact, in the solidification of the Abolition movement, in the founding of the American Missionary Association, which, in turn, would establish several of the best known historically Black colleges and universities, and in American jurisprudence and foreign policy. The most remarkable legacy of the case is the rare instance of heroism and unity that it fostered, as individuals came together, transcending "racial" and ideological differences to stand strong, even in the face of anti-

Abolition terrorism, for a higher cause. At stake: What kind of nation will we be?

The *Freedom Schooner*

This very question, and the question of whether we can find true "amistad," or friendship, among ourselves is, of course, still very much with us today. It is this fundamental question, as much as the need to evoke the answers that arose from the *Amistad* case, that lay at the base of the decision to commemorate the incident in a way befitting its importance. The interest in doing so was shared by many, but the building of an actual ship was the dream of Mr. Warren Q. Marr II, founder of Amistad Affiliates, Inc. in Rockland County, N.Y., a former editor of the NAACP *Crisis* magazine and a distinguished board member of the National Maritime Historical Society. The effort began in earnest when the historic *Amistad* was represented in the National Bicentennial Tall Ship parade in New York in 1976 by the schooner *Western Union,* chartered for the occasion.

With that gesture, Mr. Marr and others fully realized the need and the value of nothing less than an actual, physical vessel to tell the story fully, both of the *Amistad,* which was still insufficiently well known, and of America itself. Amistad Affiliates would be joined by six other organizations around the country to form the consortium of Amistad America, Inc. (AAI), which presently owns and operates the vessel. With the support of a major challenge grant from the State of Connecticut, actual construction of the *Freedom Schooner* began in 1998 at Mystic Seaport Museum, under the guiding hand of expert shipbuilder Quentin Snedeker. From the keel-laying ceremony (at which even a libation of water from Sierra Leone was poured) to the launch of the vessel in March 2000, interest and support grew as the nation witnessed the construction of more than just a magnificent historic vessel. In that symphonic assemblage of different woods and metals, of frames, planks, rigging, sails and fittings, what took on physical form at long last was the very embodiment of one of America's finest and most defining moments. Indeed, the cooperation, the support, and the diversity of interests represented in the modern-day construction of the *Freedom Schooner* fully mirrored the unity, the courage, the strength, and the promise that were fostered by the *Amistad* Africans and their supporters more than a century and a half earlier.

The *Freedom Schooner* now travels to port cities, bringing with her tangible reminders of our past and present challenges. Hers is a mission of healing, that begins with remembering the heroism of the event which inspired her construction, but also includes the challenge of remembering the larger history beyond this one documented victory. We are invited to remember the other Africans who came with the 53 insurgents to Cuba aboard the *Teçora,* who may have descendants in Cuba, or even in Miami for that matter, today. We are reminded of the thousands of other ships and the tens of thousands of other voyages that comprise this horrific chapter of human history, with all of its past and present consequences.

In many ways the *Freedom Schooner's* visit to Miami could not have come at a better time, or to a better place. Arriving just before the celebration of the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. holiday observance and remaining for the duration of Black History Month (February), the vessel brings a message that greatly heightens the significance of both occasions. The *Amistad* case in 1839, launching a nonviolent and fearless movement of diverse individuals united by their demand for social justice, was most certainly a precursor of the Civil Rights struggle which Dr. King led and the Dream for which he gave his life in the 1960s. Although, as we have seen, the story of the *Amistad* is by no means exclusively, or even mainly "Black," the fundamental issues that catapulted those events into history for all time lie at the very heart of the African/American saga in the New World.

While these historic connections would apply to virtually any location that was fortunate enough to have the *Amistad* visit for six weeks during this fortuitous time period, there are few places where her story resonates with more meaning than in Miami and South Florida. In a city with such a large and significant Cuban population, a story of this magnitude, which had its genesis in Cuba, can only become all the more meaningful. It invites not only an examination of Cuba's preeminent role in perpetuating the slave trade, but also of Africa's preeminent role in the defining of Cuban culture.

Additionally, we are invited to become more aware of the largely unrecognized Abolition movement that existed in Cuba, and of the future role that Afro-Cubans, such as Antonio Maceo, would play in the Independence struggle, for example.

Perhaps the strongest South Florida connection with the *Amistad* story is to be found in Key West. It was barely forty miles from this southernmost city that the aforementioned wreck of the *Henrietta Marie* was discovered, yielding an impressive touring exhibition of artifacts, including iron shackles. It was also here that, shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War, three slave ships captured by the United States Navy arrived, and the Africans aboard detained in a "slave depot" prior to adjudication of their case. Many of them, like those of the *Amistad,* were repatriated, but 294, who died of a variety of causes during their detention, are buried at a site which is now part of Higgs Beach. (It has recently received Historic Landmark status.)

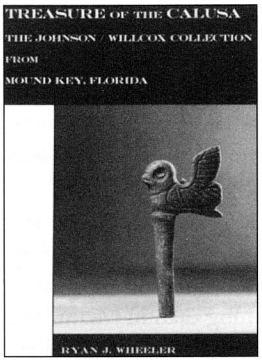
All of these connections, and the many opportunities that the *Freedom Schooner's* visit to Miami offers, make the words of University of Alabama historian Howard Jones, author of the acclaimed *Mutiny on The Amistad,* especially relevant to South Florida. "The questions highlighted by the *Amistad* controversy are part of America's national heritage, as provocative to Americans of today as they were to those of the nineteenth century." ***–SFH***

Dinizulu Gene Tinnie is an adjunct professor of Humanities at Miami-Dade Community College and at Florida Memorial College. He is co-director of the Dos Amigos/Fair Rosamond *Slave Ship Replica Project (unlike the* Amistad, *an actual transatlantic slaver, whose original design plans have survived), and is a member of the Historical Museum Board of Trustees.*

Book Review

TREASURE OF THE CALUSA: THE JOHNSON/WILLCOX COLLECTION FROM MOUND KEY, FLORIDA

by Ryan J. Wheeler. Tallahassee: Monographs in Florida Archaeology, 2000. 187 pages. Figures, tables, preface, acknowledgments, illustrations, photographs, appendices, references, index. $24.95



by Christopher R. Eck

Even though the opening sentence of the book's preface begins with the type of language that only a professional archaeologist can endure—by stating that the goal of "this study is an attempt to present a synthetic approach to the phenomenon known as the terminal Glades Complex"—Wheeler nonetheless succeeds in producing an easily understood and thorough synthesis of the waning era of one of Florida's most significant native cultures, the Calusa. Through his publication of this work, the full range of the Johnson/Willcox Collection, which is today held largely by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Philadelphia, is made readily accessible to interested researchers and lay persons for the first time since it was unearthed more than a century ago by pioneer Frank M. Johnson and his family on Mound Key, Lee County, in 1890.

Based upon his study of one of the few comprehensive and well-provenienced collections of high status burial caches from post-contact Florida, Wheeler articulates from his observations of both the artifacts and his review of other ethnographic, archival and archaeological sources a wealth of information on this "treasure of the Calusa." Without prematurely rushing into esoteric theories, the study methodically lays out the foundation for a broad understanding of the Calusa after briefly describing the prior work of other archaeologists at Mound Key. After the terse introductory discussion of what is known or interpreted from other sources (interaction with Spaniards, settlement patterns, population, language, exchange systems, et cetera), there is an interesting chapter on how the collection came to be recovered, collected, and deposited with the University of Pennsylvania. This leads to the extensive study of the objects themselves.

What makes Wheeler's work so compelling to both professional and avocational readers is the comprehensiveness of his examination of the artifacts. Few works on archaeological collections in print today—from Florida or elsewhere—review any extensive assemblage with the depth and detail as this. It starts with a full listing of the items by tables (importantly referencing each object's catalog number) and then successively groups artifacts by classes (e.g., traditional objects of Indian manufacture, objects of European manufacture, and objects reworked by Indians but derived from European derived materials) and subclasses (i.e., such as within the class of "traditional objects of Indian manufacture" artifacts made from bone, shell, stone). More importantly as a reference work for others studying late pre-contact and post-contact sites in Florida, there is a profusion of clear, well-executed, and scaled line drawings of virtually every object in the collection as well as companion photographs that additionally depict most of the objects.

Following the extensive review of the artifacts within the collection, Wheeler's thesis ("to present a synthetic approach to the phenomenon known as the terminal Glades complex") is tackled. He presents a general model of the development of the terminal Glades complex through three phases: early (AD 1500-AD 1566), covering the initial interaction between southern Florida Indians and Europeans; middle (AD 1566-AD 1700), covering the period of both formal and more extensive Indian and European contact; and, lastly, the final (AD 1700-AD 1763), which was the last flickering of the light of the Calusa before their final extinguishment in Florida in 1763 with the remaining Indian families leaving for Cuba at the takeover of the peninsula by the British. This part of the study is distinguished by its trenchant clarity, which is so often missing from many academic works.

Overall, Wheeler's work is notable for keenly detailing this "golden age" of the Calusa and the manifestations of their material culture in the "treasure" they have left behind. Unfortunately, with the Calusa extinct as a people, what emerges for the reader is both a tantalizing yet sobering glimpse of a society that was both stubbornly, probably even proudly, refusing to fully abandon its traditions (as manifested artistically) while inventively adopting some aspects of European culture that were beginning to wash up upon their shores and figuratively wash over their ancient way of life.

As one of the most prolific and observant writers of Florida's fairly young batch of archaeologists, we should look forward to this work as a preface by Wheeler of what should be a long series of studies by him that should only continue to add measurably to our understanding of Florida's complex past. What Wheeler actually shows us by his work is that the real treasure of the Calusa—the Calusa themselves—has been irretrievably lost and what we view today is merely a pale and dim reflection of their "golden" years which, archaeologically, is known as the "terminal Glades complex".

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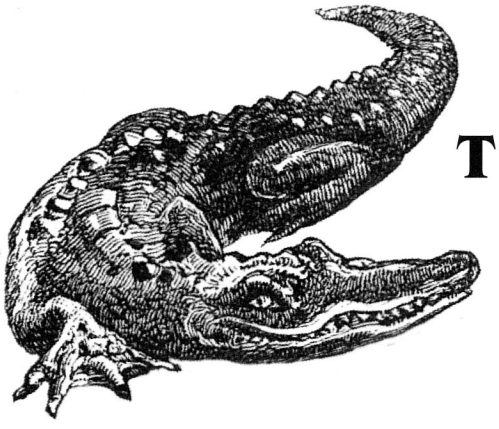

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