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**The Man for Whom Dade County Was Named**

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**Dade's County Seat on Indian Key**

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**Rough Politics in County Government**

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**José Martí: Cuban Patriot**

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**The Historical Association of Southern Florida**

# **UPDATE**

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

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**On the Cover:** Ken Hughs' vivid painting of Dade Massacre hangs at Historical Museum of South Florida (HASF Negative number 74-24-3)



## AROUND THE MUSEUM



### THE INNER SANCTUM

Gaining admission to the inner sanctum of the Curator of Collections gives one a bit of the privileged feeling that might come from gaining access to the rooms where they keep the codes and computers of the CIA. You enter a room where the silence is almost palpable and the light is rather dim. Here all is orderly, clean, and slightly austere, quite like the curator of collections himself, Dan Markus.

New acquisitions rest on shelves, waiting to receive identifying numbers. In an adjoining cabinet boxes of files contain detailed information about each of the thousands of items in the Museum's collections. The things on the shelves are an odd assortment: at any one time old milk bottles, straw boaters, ancient adding machines and Indian artifacts might reside together temporarily.

The identification system is based on donations and goes back to the early 1940s. Each new donation receives a number and a year date. Thus that straw boater, if received on January 1, 1985, would be numbered 85-1, because it was the first donation of the year. Because many donations contain multiple items, each item receives a subclassification. If the boater was a part of a donation including a striped blazer, a bow tie, and a pair of white flannels, each item would be given an identification within the general number for the donation. This careful system of

notation makes it possible to locate any of the thousands of items in the collections by referring to the cross-reference in the files.

From the workroom we went into the vast storeroom. Metal storage racks in serried ranks fill most of it like the stacks in a library, except that these stacks are filled with cardboard boxes and bundles, racks of old clothes, business machines, parts of boats and airplanes, and all manner of things that in a less enlightened time might have been dismissed as junk. Metal cabinets with tiers of long, shallow drawers line one wall.

Dan opened one of these drawers to show me an exquisite evening gown made of silk, lace and seed pearls. From the dropped waistline I judged that it was from around 1925, but it would be fashionable today. Vulnerable items like the dress and other biodegradable materials are stored carefully in acid-free containers. "There is in everything what we call inherent vice," said Dan.

"Is that like Original Sin?" I asked.

"In a sense," he answered. To combat the inexorable decay that is a constant threat to almost every item in the collections, the temperature and humidity are controlled, acid-free boxes and tissue paper are used, and no smoking is permitted anywhere in the Museum.

Among the most interesting collections is a vast array of pottery shards, stone objects and other artifacts from the archeological digs around Dade County. Dan, like Becky Smith, works closely with Bob Carr, the Metro archeologist. The collection of artifacts from the digs is on loan to HASF until the County has a suitable place to store it. This harmonious cooperation between scholarly institutions seemed very pleasant to me.

Dan Markus, the quiet presence who oversees this enchanting domain, was born in Belleville, Illinois. After taking a B.A. in history at the University of Southern Illinois in Edwardsville, he went to the University of Miami, where he got an M.A. in history in 1979. Chance and good timing got him a job at HASF after graduation, as a full-time Research Historian under the old CETA program. From researcher, eventually he worked into Collections.

I asked him if a Middle Western upbringing has any effect on his work. "I think it gives a better perspective geographically," he answered. "Both Easterners and Westerners tend to have a cramped picture of the country. There's a very large country out there in the middle."

Surrounded by objects that are exceptionally beautiful, like a propeller and the lace dress, or strange, witty, or merely old, all of them reminders of lives once lived and thoughts made material by human hands, it is easy to see why Dan Markus likes artifacts, and why the artifacts are fortunate to be in his scrupulous and exacting care.

**Lee Aberman**



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## A Gallant Soldier

By Harriet Stiger Liles

Francis Langhorne Dade was born February 22, 1792 in King George County, Virginia. His name reflects the Virginia heritage of preceding generations. His father and mother were both Dades, Townshend and Elizabeth. They were married August 5, 1782 in St. Paul's Parish, where their fathers and grandfathers had been vestrymen. They descended from the 1649 immigrant, Francis Dade, and his wife, Beheathland (Bernard) Dade.

Francis was named for this immigrant ancestor, who patented over two thousand acres of land on the Potomac River in what was Northumberland County, then became Westmoreland County and later was King George County. The Langhorne in his name was from the family of his great-great-grandmother, Mary (Langhorne) Townshend.

The families from which he descended were English and the earliest ancestor in America was Robert Beheathland, who was listed with the "Gentlemen" who accompanied Capt. John Smith to Virginia in 1607. Elizabeth Dade contributed, in addition, Alexanders, Ashtons and the Stones of the family of the 3rd Governor of Maryland. Francis grew up with a brother, Lawrence Taliaferro (Toliver), and sisters Elizabeth, Verlinda and Anne, who married into the Washington, Storke, Pope and Ashton families.

The military career of Francis Dade began during the War of 1812, when he received a "direct commission" as a 3rd Lieutenant in the U.S. 12th Infantry on March 29, 1813. He was following in the family's patriotic tradition, which included his grandfathers, who supported the Revolutionary War effort. He served throughout the War of 1812, earning a promotion to 2nd Lieutenant. In May of 1815, he transferred to the 4th Infantry and became a career soldier. He was promoted to Captain and was assigned in 1818 to Fort Barancas, nine miles southwest of Pensacola on the north bank of Pensacola Harbor.

Harriet Liles has been interested in genealogy since she moved to Miami thirty years ago. She is regent of the Coral Gables chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, president of the Genealogical Society of Greater Miami and vice-president of the state society.

Captain Dade served under General Andrew Jackson and marched with him from Montpelier, Alabama, to Pensacola in July of 1821 to take possession of the newly pur-

chased territory. General Jackson's command camped outside the city near Cantonment until the Spanish Governor, José Callava, completed arrangements to relinquish control



Monument to Major Dade, one of few at West Point dedicated to a nongraduate of the U.S. Military Academy. (US Army photo)

of the city. Dade was with the battalion of the 4th Infantry that witnessed the transfer of power in the Plaza Ferdinand on July 17th. Former Governor Callava angered Jackson when he refused to surrender government documents. The general sent Dade with a squad of men to arrest Callava. Dade placed him under arrest and brought him to Jackson, who incarcerated him until the papers were produced.

According to military records, Dade took a six-month furlough in May 1823, followed by a sick leave at his home in Virginia. He was later described by a nephew as a "tall man who wore the entire tail of a gamecock on his hat."

Dade was with the four companies of the 4th Infantry sent to the Tampa Bay area in 1824 to patrol the Suwannee River territory. In the ensuing months, his duties took him to various places in northern Florida, including the trail from Tampa Bay to Fort King.

The Pensacola Gazette reported on April 15th, 1826 that there had been three days of racing at Cantonment. "First day - Mr. Page's horse Bacchus, Mr. McCall's horse Packingham and Captain Dade's Richard the Third were entered for the three mile heats - won by Bacchus in two heats, which were well contested."

On December 14, 1827, the Pensacola Gazette and West Florida Advertiser reported "Married - on Thursday Evening, 6th, Inst. of the Rev. Mr. Hardy, Captain Francis L. Dade, U.S. Army, to Amanda Malvina, eldest daughter of Isaac S. Middleton of this city." Amanda was born in Washington, D.C. circa 1811 (her age changes from one document to another) and her father was born in Virginia. Francis and Amanda lived near Pensacola Bay on Palafox Street in a "large, comfortable frame house."

In 1828, Francis was breveted a major for ten years' faithful service in one grade. The 4th Infantry continued to be in and out of Pensacola, but Francis was there when his daughter, Fannie Langhorne Dade, was born. He was sent to Tallahassee, and Ellen Call Long wrote in her Florida Breezes that "Major Dade, who for his known prudence and gallantry, had been placed by Gen. Clinch in charge of the middle district and the protection of its inhabitants . . . News had reached Major Dade, at Tallahassee, that the Indians had murdered a Mr. Chaires' family, and were directing their course to Col. Jack Bellamy's. Major Dade followed in hot pursuit and captured the Indians."

The November 29th, 1834 issue of the Key West Enquirer reported, "Ship Superior, Captain Smith, arrived at this place 22 inst. from Baltimore bound to New Orleans. Major Dade of the U.S. Army and family, together with 15 U.S. Soldiers, came as passengers in this Ship." General Duncan Clinch, Commander of the United States forces in Florida, designated "protection of the country lying between Cape Florida and Charlotte Harbor" as Major Dade's responsibility.

The departure of the Indians from Florida to settlements in the West was to take place on January 1st, 1836, and they were gathering in towards the Tampa Bay area. On December 19th, 1835, the Key West Enquirer headlined, "Important from Tampa! Key West troops ordered there." General Clinch ordered Dade to leave one trustworthy non-commissioned officer and three privates at Key West and proceed with the remaining men to Fort Brooke on Tampa Bay. They left on December 15th on the schooner Motto and arrived at Fort Brooke on the 16th. Clinch ordered Captain Belton and Captain Gardiner to proceed with their companies to Fort King as soon as practicable.

Captain Gardiner's wife, who had accompanied him to Tampa, was quite ill. The doctor felt that she would die while Gardiner was on the march. It was at this point that Major Dade volunteered to take Gardiner's place. In Frank Laumer's Massacre!, the Major is described from an observer's recollection of that fateful day of December 23rd: "His natural good looks were enhanced by the cut of his uniform, from the silver epaulets on his broad shoulders to the knee-high black leather boots that rested on silver stirrups. His black beard lay against the dark blue of his greatcoat and the stock of his favorite double-barrelled shotgun projected from the rifle boot slung to his saddle. His great curved cavalry saber hung below his left hip, the gleaming silver grip matching the embroidered silver horn on the skirt of his coat." Executing a saber salute, Major Dade led his command forward to destiny.

When news of the planned march from Fort Brooke to Fort King reached Brigadier General Call, he was aghast and wrote the commander at Fort King, "All that can save Major Dade's command is that he has disobeyed orders. Disturbed as the country is through which he must pass, he can never reach you."

On December 28, 1835, Major Francis Langhorne Dade fell in the

first volley from Indian guns, and the men in his command were massacred, with only three survivors.

Amanda and Fannie Dade were in Key West, awaiting the Major's return. The news of the massacre was brought to them by J. M. Armstrong on the Motto on January 9, 1836. He related how Dade had volunteered to replace Captain Gardiner, who had remained at Fort Brooke, but had rejoined the march. The January 19th issue of the Key West Enquirer reported that "Dade had been highly esteemed here." The rest of Florida was stunned when word was received of the terrible fate of the Major and his men. Ellen Call Long stated that "This melancholy news has confirmed the community in genuine distress, for Major Dade having been in command, for many months, of the Tallahassee District, was endeared to the citizens by his social qualities, as well as daring gallantry."

Amanda and little Fannie Dade returned to their home in Pensacola. The War Department files reveal lengthy correspondence regarding a pension for Amanda. Popular sentiment was with her, and the June 8th and 11th, 1836 issues of the Key West Enquirer reprinted an appeal which had been made by the New York American for the relief of the families of Major Dade and his officers. Later that year, she was awarded \$300.00 per year for five years. This pension was later suspended, then reinstated.

Escambia County, Florida, records show that in 1839 Amanda purchased some of her father's household goods for \$407.00. Among the items listed were 3 dozen Silver Table and Tea Spoons for \$35.00, 3 looking glasses for \$10.00 and 3 Mosquito Bars for \$15.00.

(continued on page 14)



Gen. Duncan Clinch  
(Florida Photographic Archives)



# A March of Death

By Willard S. Steele

As Maj. Francis Langhorne Dade swung into his saddle on the morning of December 23, 1835, he faced a familiar challenge. He was to lead two companies of 108 soldiers across more than 100 miles of wilderness between Fort Brooke at Tampa and Fort King, near modern-day Ocala, a march he had made twice before. This march was to be made even though the small garrison at Fort King had not been heard from for some time, an ominous indication of Indian activities between the two posts.

Tall and built like a boxer, Dade had served as an officer under Gen. Andrew Jackson and had been commanding officer in Key West. His extensive service in Florida had led to his assignment as commander of the territory lying south of a line drawn from New Smyrna to Tampa.

The men of Dade's command reflected a recent change in army recruiting. Until 1835 immigrants were not accepted into military service. This was changed and of Dade's men nearly one half - 47 - were from Ireland, Germany, Scotland, England, Prussia, Canada and Saxony.

One member of his command was Pvt. Ransom Clarke, a 19-year-old American, described as a vulgar, unappreciative youth. He had been the only survivor of the crew of a small ship that sank in Mobile Bay. As courier on the mail route between Fort King and Fort Brooke, he was captured twice by the Indians, it was reported.

Louis Pacheco, a black, served as a guide and black interpreter. It appears that Pacheco had been hired to be sent ahead and flush the quarry. Pacheco is an enigma to historians. A lowly slave, yet fluent in four languages, he has alternately been judged a hero of freedom or a traitor. Osceola had told him no man could save him from the

wrath of the Indians. General Thomas S. Jesup, U.S. Army, said Pacheco was a dangerous man who should be hanged. There is still controversy as to which side Pacheco was on in the approaching battle.

On December 28 the soldiers awoke before dawn. Quiet relief accompanied them as they cooked their breakfasts under overcast skies. A belief that the danger may have been behind them ran through the command. They were moving into the open country where ambushes would be difficult.

As the soldiers moved out of camp in a drizzling rain, they marched with their hands up their sleeves, muskets carelessly held across their arms. Even Dade was serene, as he failed to post men on his flanks to guard against surprise.

Concealed to the west of the road to Fort King were 180 Seminoles, led by Micanopy, Jumper and Alligator. The scene at the Indian camp was one of intense excitement. The warriors danced to keep warm. The moment had come which could wait no longer.

Shortly after 8 a.m., the Indians struck suddenly. By mid-afternoon, it was all over. Only the guide Pacheco and three soldiers survived the day and one of the three wounded soldiers died later of his wounds. The Seminoles lost three braves, five wounded.

Three eyewitness accounts embody nearly all that is known of what happened that day. Almost poetically, in justice to the three factions involved, one is from a soldier, Ransom Clarke, one from the black guide, Pacheco, and one from an Indian, Chief Alligator.

## Alligator's Account

"Just as day was breaking we moved out of the swamp into the pine-barren. I counted, by direction of Jumper, one hundred and eighty warriors. Upon approaching the road, each man chose his position on the west side; opposite, on the east side, there was a pond. Every warrior was protected by a tree, or secreted in the high palmettoes. About nine o'clock in the morning the command approached. In advance, some distance, was an officer

on a horse, who, Micanopy said, was the captain; he knew him personally; had been his friend at Tampa. As soon as all the soldiers were opposite between us and the pond, perhaps 20 yards off, Jumper gave the whoop, Micanopy fired the first rifle, the signal agreed upon, when every Indian arose and fired, which laid upon the ground, dead, more than half the white men. The cannon was discharged several times, but the men who loaded it were shot down as soon as the smoke cleared away; the balls passed far over our heads. The soldiers shouted and whooped, and the officers shook their swords and swore. There was a little man, a great brave, who shook his sword at the soldiers and said, 'God-damn!' No rifle ball could hit him. As we were returning to the swamp supposing all were dead, an Indian came up and said the white men were building a fort of logs. Jumper and myself, with 10 warriors, returned. As we approached we saw the six men behind two logs placed one above another, with the cannon a short distance off. This they discharged at us several times, but we avoided it by dodging behind trees just as they applied the fire. We soon

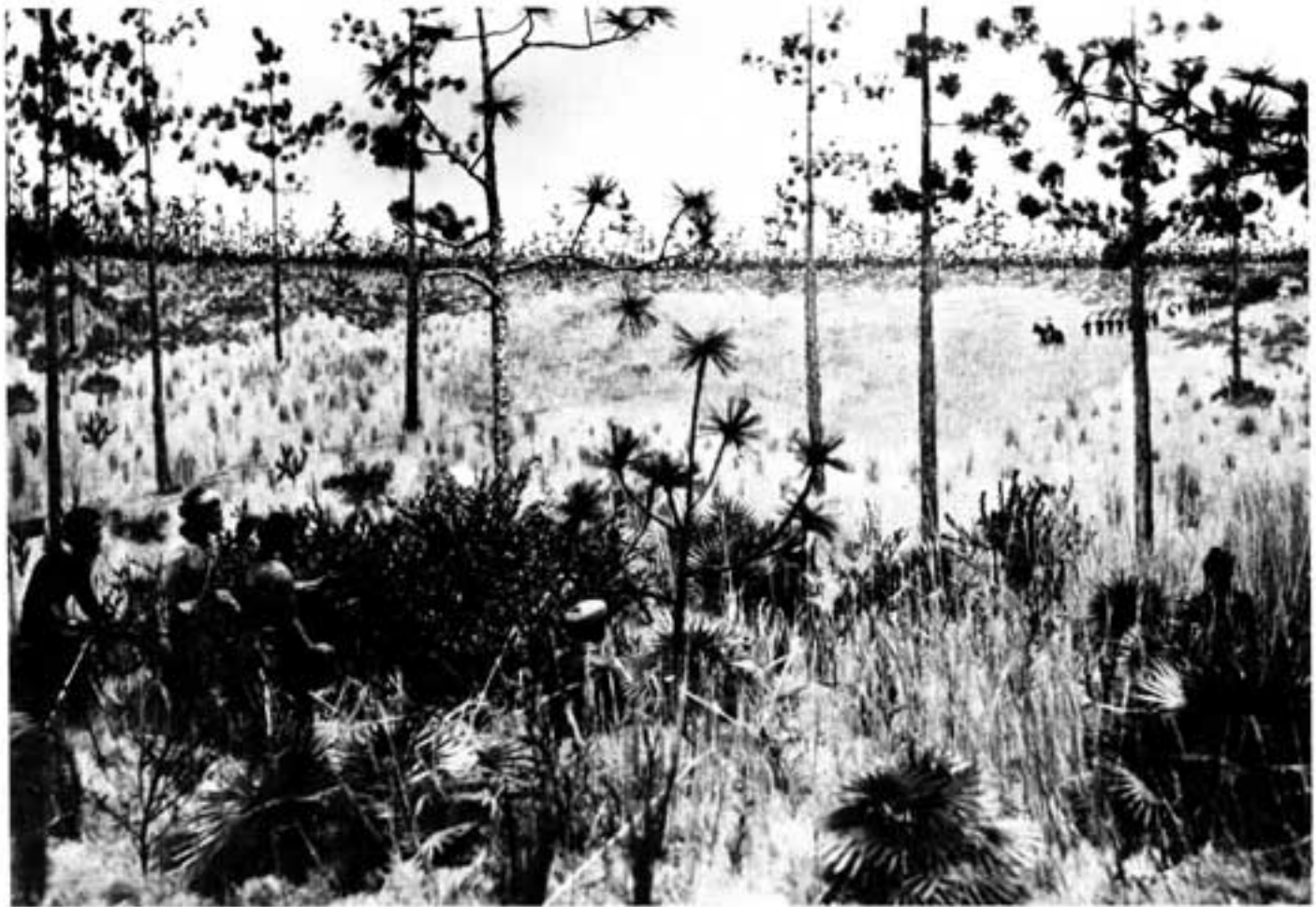
came near, as the balls went over us. They had guns but no powder; we looked in the boxes afterwards and found they were empty.

"When I got inside the log pen, there were three white men alive, who the negroes put to death, after a conversation in English. There was a brave man in the pen; he would not give up; he seized an Indian, Jumper's cousin, took away his rifle, and with one blow with it beat out his brains, then ran some distance up the road; but two Indians on horseback overtook him, who, afraid to approach, stood at a distance and shot him down. The firing had ceased, and all was quiet when we returned to the swamp about noon. We left many negroes upon the ground looking at the dead men. Three warriors were killed and five wounded."

W. S. Steele wrote "War in the Everglades," a chapter in the soon-to-be-published book, *Lost and Found, a History of Man in Dade County*. He is currently military historian for the Archaeological and Historical Conservancy.



Gen. Andrew Jackson  
(Florida Photographic Archives)



Diorama at Dade Battlefield State Historic Site Museum near Bushnell shows Indians lying in wait for Dade's command.

#### Pacheco's Account

"About 10 o'clock, while I was with the advance guard, Captain Fraser and I turned aside to examine an old gray horse we found by the road, and finding it worthless, had returned to the road, and had nearly overtaken the advance guard, when I heard a single rifle shot, and I looked back to see if someone was shooting game, but just in time to see Major Dade fall just in front of me, shot in the breast. Although this was perfectly open country, and I had just looked carefully for Indians ahead, the country was now filled with large numbers of them on our left, coming for us with the war-whoop; I immediately threw down my gun and laid down behind a tree, very much frightened.

"As I could speak the Seminole language, I begged each one for my life, as they leveled their guns at me, and they were not a few, telling them I was a slave and was doing what I was bidden, etc. Finally, Jumper, the chief in command, interfered and ordered as well as he then could, that I should not be shot, but even after this, one Indian was determined to kill me, but fortunately another Indian got his rifle ball stuck in gun and

ran, when the other Indians seeing this one run, became frightened, and all ran, when Jumper again took me and put me under guard. This same Indian, though, still assured me that when he came back he would kill me yet, but luckily for me, he was shot by the whites. The battle lasted from about 10 o'clock in the morning until nearly sunset."

#### Clarke's Account

"It was 8 o'clock. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the advance guard, and this was immediately followed by a musket shot from that quarter. Captain Fraser had rode by me a moment before in the direction. I never saw him afterwards. I had not time to think of the meaning of these shots, before a volley, as if from a thousand rifles, was poured in upon us from the front, and all along our left flank. I looked around me, and it seemed as if I was the only one left standing in the right wing. Neither could I, until several other volleys had been fired at us, see an enemy - and when I did, I could only see their heads and arms peering out from the long grass, far and near, and

from behind pine trees. The ground seemed to me an open pine barren, no hammock near that I could see. On our right, and a little to our rear, was a large pond of water some distance off. All around us were heavy pine trees, very open, particularly towards the left and abounding with long high grass. The first fire of the Indians was the most destructive, seemingly killing or disabling one half our men.

"We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. I, for one, never fired without seeing my man, that is, his head and shoulders - the Indians chiefly fired lying or squatting in the grass. Lieut. Bassinger fired five or six pounds of canister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one half or three quarters of a mile off, after firing not more than 12 or 15 rounds. We immediately then began to fell trees, and erect a little triangular breastwork. Some of us went forward to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground by the first volley, and his



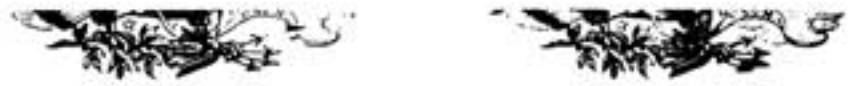
horse dashed into the midst of the enemy.

"Whilst gathering the cartridges I saw Lieut. Mudge sitting with his back reclining against a tree, his head fallen, and evidently dying. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. The interpreter, Louis, it is said, fell by the first fire. (We have since learned that this fellow shammed death - that his life was afterwards spared through the intercession of Chief Jumper, and that being an educated negro, he read all the dispatches and letters that were found about the dead to the victors.)

"We had barely raised our breastwork knee high, when we again saw the Indians advancing in great numbers over the hill to our left. They came on boldly till within a long musket shot, when they spread themselves from tree to tree to surround us. We immediately extended a Light Infantry, covering ourselves by the trees, and opening a brisk fire from cannon and musketry. The former I don't think could have done much mischief, the Indians were so scattered.

"Capt. Gardner, Lieut. Bassinger, and Dr. Gatlin, were the only officers left unhurt by the volley which killed Major Dade. Lieut. Henderson had his left arm broken, but he continued to load his musket and fire it, resting on the stump, until he was finally shot down toward the close of the second attack, and during the day he kept up his spirits and cheered the men. Lieut. Keys had both his arms broken in the first attack; they were bound up and slung in a handkerchief, and he sat for the remainder of the day, until he was killed, reclining against the breastwork - his head often reposing upon it - regardless of everything that was passing around him.

"Our men were by degrees all cut down. We had maintained a steady fight from 8 until 2 p.m. or thereabouts, and allowing three quarters of an hour interval between the first and second attack, had been pretty busily engaged for more than 5 hours. Lieut. B. was the only officer left alive and severely wounded. He told me as the Indians approached to lay down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs, and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy-made Indian of middle stature, painted down to the waist, (*corresponding in description to Micanopy*) seemed to be chief. He made them a speech frequently pointing to the breastwork. At length, they charged into the work; there was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive - offering no



# LECTURES.



MR. RANSOM CLARK,

**The only survivor of Major Dade's ill-fated command in Florida, proposes to deliver lectures of the above character at** **on**  
**at** **th, 1839.**  
**o'clock, in the evening,**

**Mr. CLARK** was employed to carry the U. S. Mail from Fort Brook to Fort King; taken prisoner by the *Seminoles*, and held in captivity *eight months*; escaped by killing *seven Indians* who were left to guard him; resumed his post as mail carrier, with a guard of 116 men, under the command of the gallant *Major Dade*, who were *massacred* by the *Indians*, December, 25th, 1835. During the engagement, *Mr. Clark* was severely wounded, the marks of which he now bears upon his person, and have been exhibited to respectable persons in this place. He has also abundant certificates from officers of the army and others to substantiate his tale of blood and suffering.

**His lectures will embrace a description of the local scenery of the country** which has been so long the theatre of a sanguinary contest, with the *fate* of his comrades in that *horrid massacre*, and a sketch of the *disastrous campaigns* of 1835 and 1836,—and in connexion he will relate his own adventures,

"Wherein he'll speak of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach  
Of being taken by the savage foe  
And held in slavery; of his escape from thence,  
And with it all his travel's history."

**Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend.**

**Advertising poster for Ransom Clarke's lecture tour.**

indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accoutrements and carrying away our arms. They then retired in a body in the direction from whence they came.

"Immediately upon their retreat, forty or fifty negroes on horseback galloped up and alighted, tied their beasts, and commenced with horrid shouts and yells the butchery of the wounded, together with an indiscriminate plunder, stripping the bodies of the dead of clothing, watches, and money, and splitting open the heads of all who showed the least sign of life, with their axes and knives, and accompanying their bloody work with obscene and taunting derisions, and with frequent cries of 'what have you got to sell?'

"Lieut. B., hearing the negroes butchering the wounded, at length sprang up and asked them to spare his life. They met him with the blows of their axes, and their fiendish

laughter. Having been wounded in five different places myself, I was pretty well covered with blood, and two scratches that I had received on my head gave to me the appearance of having been shot through the brain, for the negroes, after catching me up by the heels, threw me down, saying, "d\_\_\_\_\_n him, he's dead enough!" They then stripped me of my clothes, shoes and hat, and left me. After stripping all the dead in this manner, they trundled off the cannon in the direction the Indians had gone, and went away. I saw them first shoot down the oxen ... and burn the wagon.

"One of the other soldiers who escaped says they threw the cannon into the pond, and burned its carriage also. Shortly after the negroes went away, one Wilson, of Capt. G's company, crept from under some of the dead bodies, and hardly seemed to be hurt at all. He asked me to go

*(continued on page 14)*

## County Seat in the Keys

By Irving R. Eyster

If you are new to the southeast coast, you may think it has always been wall-to-wall people and cars. But this is a recent development that gets more hectic each year.

It was only 150 years ago that a small eleven-acre island in the Florida Keys had a larger population than all of the Gold Coast put together, but let's start at the beginning.

About 100,000 years ago, millions upon millions of little coral polyps were building a reef, which centuries later would become the Florida Keys from Big Pine to Biscayne Bay.

Indian Key, a small island about 70 miles south of Miami between Upper Matecumbe (Islamorada) and Lower Matecumbe, and three quarters of a mile out in the ocean from today's highway, would affect the history of Florida and that of Dade County.

This island was inhabited by Indians 2000 or more years ago. Ponce de Leon sailed by the Keys and named them Los Martires. Hernando D'Escalante Fontaneda

When not leading tours of Indian Key for the Historical Museum, Irving Eyster acts as vice president of the Archaeological Historical Conservancy and, by appointment by Governor Graham, chairs the Historic Florida Keys Preservation Board.

lived with the Indians of Florida after being shipwrecked. Years later, he was rescued and returned to Spain, where he wrote his memoirs. He told much about the Indians and places of this area.

Pedro Menendez de Aviles passed through the Keys many times in the 1560s. He was looking for a river that he thought crossed Florida, a modern day barge canal, which did not exist. He also hoped to find his son Juan, who was shipwrecked and believed to be living with the Indians.

Bernard Romans, in 1775, published a book and maps of the Florida Keys, referring to Lower Matecumbe as being one of the last habitations of the Caloosa Indian nation. He went on to say "about a mile to the east of the northeast end of Matecumbe lies a small, bushy, gravelly key on the extremity of the reef (Indian Key). This key is called Matanca (meaning murder)" from the catastrophe of a French crew, said to be nearly 300 men, who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Caloosa Indians after surviving a shipwreck. The Indians destroyed them to a man on the spot.

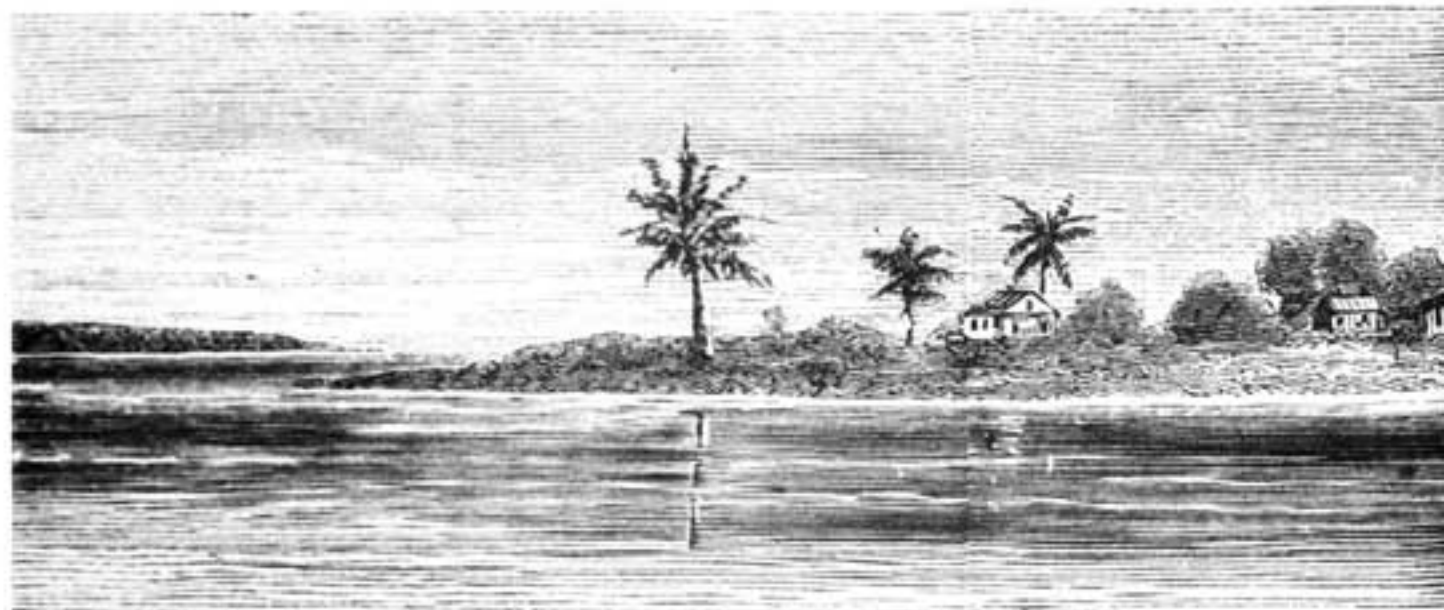
Romans also used Matanca (Indian Key) as a checkpoint to get to old Matecumbe (Lower Matecumbe) to secure fresh water. He said it was the most handy and best watering place on all the coast. On the east

end were five wells in solid rock.

Pirates used these islands until Congress enacted legislation outlawing piracy in 1819. The West India Squadron was founded under Commodore Oliver Perry. This fleet put an end to pirates in the Keys and Caribbean Sea.

With Florida becoming a territory of the United States, the Keys attracted the wreckers. The wrecking business was the salvaging of distressed ships. At that time, there were no lighthouses or weather reports, and most maps were crude and unreliable. The wreckers used fast ships that drew little water. These crews would spot wrecks, save the people aboard, the cargo and if possible, the ship, which was a great service to the shipping industry. In return the wreckers would receive a percentage of the value of the cargo or ship. Most of the master wreckers became very wealthy.

In the 1820s, a young sea captain piloting one of his father's vessels around the harbor at Staten Island, New York, was bored. He saw little future in the shipping business. So John Jacob Housman borrowed one of his father's schooners, the *William Henry*, without permission and headed for adventure and excitement in the West Indies. Traveling as far as the Keys, but knowing nothing of these waters, he, like so many others, went aground. He waited for some time in Key West while the ves-



Woodcut of Indian Key from "Along the Florida Reef" by J.B. Holder, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 1871. (NASF. Negative number 76-49-4)

sel was being repaired.

Key West was a new little town and almost everyone there depended upon the wrecking business. This appealed to Housman. It would furnish the adventure and excitement he was looking for, as well as being profitable.

He became a wrecker and operated out of the southernmost city for a few years, but could see that the local captains worked together and he could never do as well. While looking for wrecks, he began looking for a new base, where he could have more control. He thought Indian Key was perfect, halfway between Cape Florida and Key West. It was nearer the shipping lanes so he could get to the wrecks first. The first captain to a wreck was the master wrecker who took charge; other captains worked under him. Indian Key had deep-water harbors and fresh-water wells nearby.

Indian Key was inhabited by a few people before Housman came to the island. There was a general store on the island owned by Snyder and Appleby. It had been built and run by Silas Fletcher and Joseph Prince, who had also built a home near the store where Fletcher, his wife and children lived. A few years later, Silas Fletcher purchased the store and island. He ran the store until 1828, when Thomas Gibson bought all his interest in Indian Key. In 1830, Gibson offered the island to Housman.

Housman operated from Indian Key for a year or two before purchasing Gibson's interest in July 1831, for \$5,000. The Monroe County records show the purchase to include most of the island, a two-story

house, store, billiard room and tables, outhouses and a nine-pin bowling alley.

Housman must have made money in Key West, since he spent a fortune to make this small island a beauty spot, as well as the first resort of South Florida. Streets were put in, a town square was landscaped, warehouses were built to store the salvaged material, and cisterns were installed. Large wharves were built to accommodate even the largest ships and many shops were opened. Rich dirt was brought to the island; trees and plants made the island a tropical paradise.

The Tropical Hotel, with a large ballroom, was opened and run by Samuel Spencer. He advertised across the country, boosting the key as a resort for anyone with respiratory troubles. Indian Key's climate and pure air would help or cure most any breathing ailment, claimed his ads.

Housman owned the general store which did more than \$30,000 a year. The bar was a popular place with seamen. Many houses were built and the town had a post office, which may have doubled as a Customs House. Charles Howe was Customs Inspector from 1832 to 1842, and served as postmaster after the death of Dr. Waterhouse in 1835.

James Egan built a home and later operated a rooming house. He was one of the first landowners of what is today's Miami, owning 640 acres on the north bank of the Miami River.

In spite of Housman's success, he was unhappy. The salvage cases still had to go through legal procedures. Since the judges were in the wreck-

ing business, he thought the courts were envious of him and trying to freeze him out. His dislike of those who monopolized the wrecking business grew. He took one case to St. Augustine, but the courts of Key West brought charges against Housman.

Housman wanted Indian Key to be made independent of Key West control. He found a friend in Richard Fitzpatrick, one of the first citizens of Key West, arriving in the 1820's. A property owner and auctioneer, he started the salt industry there and became a Monroe County representative to the territorial legislature. He also owned four square miles of what is now downtown Miami.

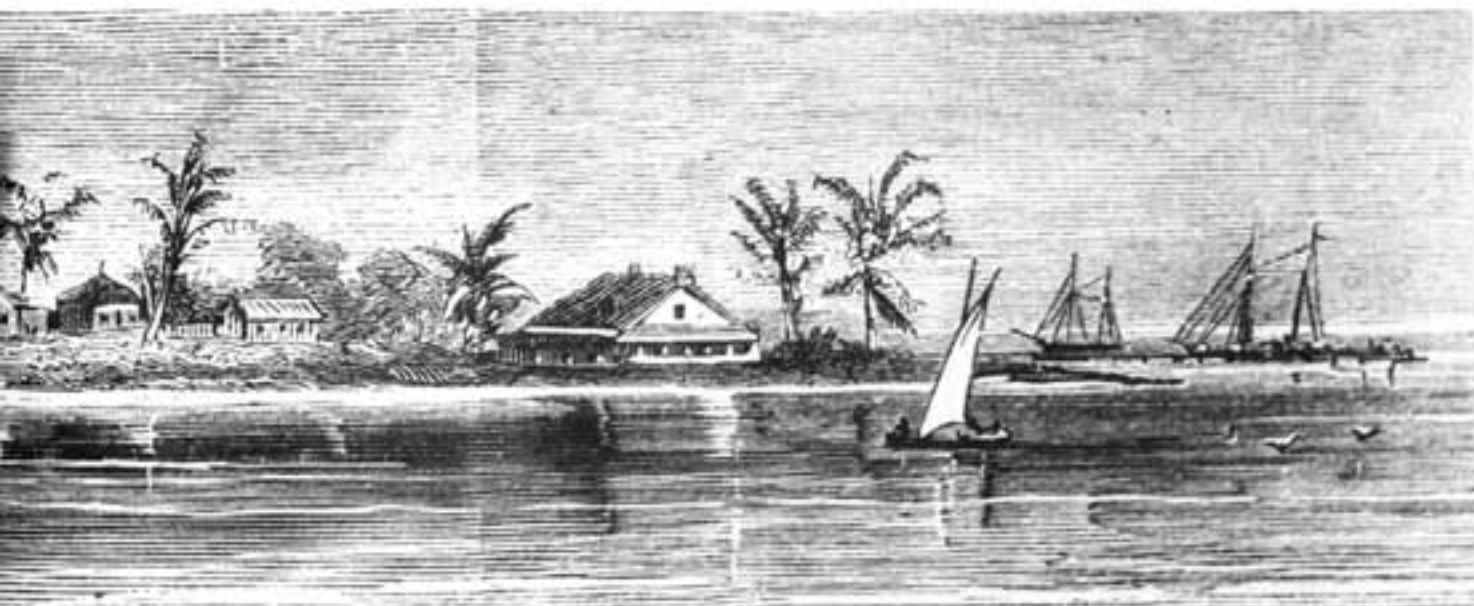
Fitzpatrick introduced a bill favoring Housman's plan to split Monroe County. He may have had a personal interest in this move, as his property on the banks of the Miami River was larger than the entire city of Key West.

Representative Fitzpatrick's bill to divide Monroe County passed and on Feb. 4, 1836, Indian Key became the county seat of a new county called Dade. It was named after Major Francis Dade. The major and over 100 of his men were killed by Indians in an attack between Fort Brooke and Fort King.

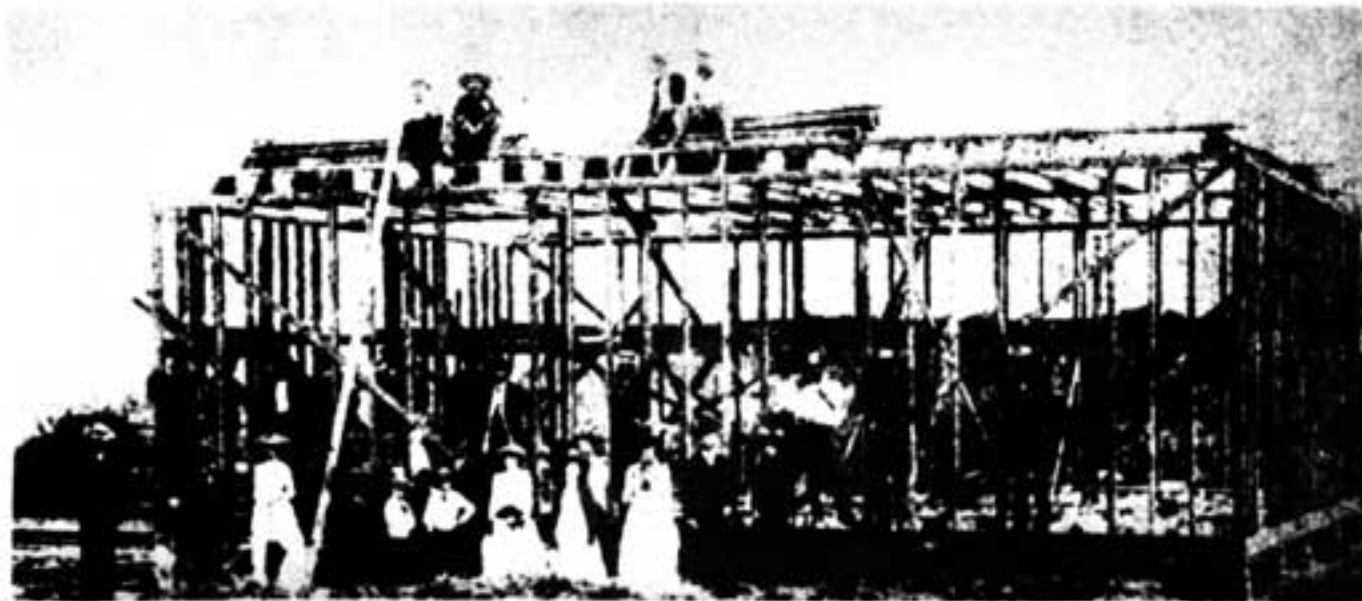
This new county extended from the west end of Bahia Honda Key to Cape Sable, then to Lake Macaco and the Hillsboro River to the Atlantic Ocean. Today this would include more than half of Monroe, all of Dade, Broward and part of Palm Beach counties.

It's hard to believe that little Indian Key, seat of Dade County, had a

*(continued on page 14)*







The Dade County Courthouse at Juno. (Historical Society of Palm Beach County)

## Interlude in Juno

By Charles W. Pierce

In the election of 1888 James Wood Davidson, a resident of Palm Beach, was elected county representative. Davidson had a fine personality and was highly educated. The citizens of the lake were jubilant over the result of the election, as Davidson received the vote of every citizen in the north end of the county. We also noticed that the north end of the county had outvoted the Biscayne Bay section by a large majority.

This majority encouraged the leading Democrats of the lake, such as E. N. Dimick, George W. Lainhart, George W. Potter, and Allen E. Heyser, to propose moving the county seat to Lake Worth in the next election. On investigation they found they could not get the vote of the entire upper end of the county for Palm Beach, and since they had to have it in order to carry the election, they agreed to locate the courthouse at Juno, a newly established post office at the north end of the lake. If the courthouse were built at Juno, the people of the upper end of the county could reach it as quickly and as easily as the people of the lake, so the agreement was made. The ques-

tion of the removal of the county seat came up at the next election, and the north end of the county won the fight by a large majority. (107 votes to 80.)

In this election A. F. Quimby was elected county clerk; Allen E. Heyser, county judge; George W. Potter, county surveyor; and George W. Lainhart, county commissioner; all were Lake Worth men. Quimby succeeded T. W. Faulkner of Miami and Lainhart took James W. Porter's place on the board of county commissioners on January 1, 1889.

There had been considerable hard feeling in evidence between the north and south ends of the county in this election, and as trouble was expected when the results arrived on Biscayne Bay, Ned Brown, Patrick Lennon and a man from New Jersey, all husky young men, were selected to take the election returns to Miami and to assist in removing the more important records for transportation to Juno. Heyser, the county judge-elect, Quimby, the clerk-elect, and Commissioner Porter accompanied the huskies on the walk down the beach (Lennon was a member of the militant Fenians, forerunners to today's terrorist group, the Irish Republican Army).

The Lake Worth delegation had a stormy time at the meeting of the county commissioners when the

vote of the county was counted and the results made known. A number of the men from Biscayne Bay openly declared they would use force if necessary to keep them there. E. L. White, county commissioner from the bay, took the floor and said, "Gentleman, I am opposed to moving the records just as much as anyone, and I certainly hate to see them go, but Lake Worth and the end of the county have won in a fair fight by an honest vote of the majority of the citizens of the county. We have got to take our medicine, however much we dislike it, and let the records go."

When Commissioner White finished his little speech, there was a prolonged howl of dissent, followed by cries of "Never!", "Not on your life," and other expressions of anger and disagreement. The controversy continued until late in the afternoon, when the larger and more turbulent part of the crowd, many of whom lived some distance up or down the bay, departed. They promised to return early next morning, well armed and prepared to take care of the situation.

These men believed they would be perfectly safe in waiting until the morrow to settle the question. They were sailors enough to know the sea was far too rough for boats to venture upon it, and they thought that there was no other way of making off

Charles W. Pierce moved to Florida in 1864 at the age of seven. His journals of his life and times were edited and published after his death.

with the records.

After the agitators had departed, the Lake Worth men and a few of the cool-headed Miami men met in the clerk's office to decide on their courses of action. A. F. Quimby had gone upriver and borrowed a big Indian canoe. He now proposed loading the records into the canoe and starting for New River at once, by way of the Glades. He declared that if they could reach the Lauderdale station they would be able to hold the records until help could come from the lake. All agreed that Quimby's plan was the best and should be carried out without delay.

The night was very dark, so there was small danger of anyone seeing them carrying the most important of the records to the canoe, which was then towed to the mouth of Snake Creek. Here Quimby, Porter, and Pat Lennon crawled on board the canoe and headed up the dark channel of the creek.

The next morning the remaining three men of the lake delegation hired a man to take them over the bay, where they started on their long tramp up the beach to their homes. After all the excitement at Miami the day before, they found this walk up the lonely beach rather monotonous and very tiresome.

The three men in the canoe made a quick trip through the Everglades and down New River. At three o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the station landing. From there they had to carry the heavy records up the beach about half a mile to the

*Quimby armed himself  
with an iron crossbar . . .  
Pat produced his gun . . .*

house. The keeper was surprised to see the three men coming along loaded down with big books, but he helped with the work, and by four o'clock everything was safely stacked away.

Some fifteen minutes or so was then spent in giving the keeper a history of their adventures and the hazards they had encountered since leaving his place on their mission to Miami. Then one of them happened to look to the south down the beach and see three men coming up the shore at a rapid walk. They were sure they could recognize some of the more turbulent men they had en-

**'Where in the Hell  
is Dade?'**

For one brief, not so shining hour after the Presidential election of 1876, Dade County enjoyed a peculiar kind of fame.

Since neither party's candidate had enough electoral votes to win, the final result depended on the returns from three states - South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida, all under the control of carpetbaggers during the Reconstruction Era.

The last returns to come in were from Dade. The missing Dade votes were holding up the

outcome of the nation's Presidential election, which would eventually place Rutherford B. Hayes in office.

Major U.S. newspapers wrote about an obscure southern county which was playing an unexpectedly pivotal role in the election. One paper called it the "Kingdom of Dade." The most memorable account, however, was the one which asked the question:

"Where in the hell is Dade?"

countered at Miami the day before, so they quickly decided to fight it out in defense of the records. Hurriedly, the lake men carried the books to the attic and then took up positions at the head of the stairs, ready to repel the attack they expected within a few minutes.

Quimby armed himself with an iron crossbar from one of the sleeping cots. Pat produced his gun but stood back a little out of the range of anyone coming up the stairway. Porter took his stand at the head of the stairs. They were even in numbers now, an advantage over their former situation in Miami. Moreover, their location made it impossible for more than one person to attack them at a time.

The men in the attic were kept in suspense but a few minutes, for they soon heard the pounding of bare feet on the porch floor. Then they caught the sound of the keeper talking to the new arrivals in a sharp tone and a few quiet words in answer that were immediately followed by a shout of laughter. The rest of the lake delegation had arrived at the Lauderdale station in time for supper.

That night after supper they decided that since there was now very little danger of anyone following them from Miami, Quimby would remain at the station to guard the records while the rest would go on up the beach the next morning. A boat was then sent to pick up Quimby and the records. Al Field's little house at Juno was used as an office by the clerk until a courthouse could be built to take care of the rapidly increasing county business. The new building was completed the following summer. It was a large two-story frame structure with the clerk's office, county judge's office, and sheriff's office on the ground floor and one large room the full size of the

building on the upper floor. This was the courtroom, but it was also frequently used for dances.

This account of the move to Juno was excerpted from **Pioneer Life In South Florida**, edited by Dr. Donald W. Curl, Florida Atlantic University, and published by the University of Miami Press.

**Back to Miami . . .**

*(In The Commodore's Story, Ralph M. Munroe commented on the move to Juno and the return of the Dade County seat to Miami in 1899.)*

About this time the growing rivalry between Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay for the possession of the county seat (Dade County then included everything from Broad Creek, about 35 miles south of Miami, up to Jupiter) came to a head. Lake Worth felt that its new privilege of steam communication with Jacksonville, by alternate rail and steamer, gave it unquestionable preeminence in the county, and insisted that the county records and offices be moved up from the "wilderness" of the Miami River. To this, naturally, the Bay settlers did not consent, and the issue remained drawn until the Lake Worth folk took things into their own hands in a raid closely resembling piracy, sailed on Miami after dark in force, loaded the records on board their boats and hustled them off to a hastily-built courthouse at Juno, at the head of Lake Worth. This remained the county seat until the great area of the county and the very diverse interests of the north and south ends came home to all concerned, and Palm Beach County was created. A still later division resulted in a third county - Broward - with its seat at Fort Lauderdale.



José Martí (bearded man at right standing behind little girl in white) at Key West. House is now popular restaurant and inn known as La te Da. (HASE, courtesy Sue Goldman, negative number 76-129-2)

## Martí's Voice Still Strong

By Jeanne Bellamy

A voice heard in Florida nearly a century ago still calls to Cubans in Miami, Key West and Tampa, reviving their national hero's vision of an island republic "with all for the good of all."

That dream looked like a will-o-the-wisp when José Martí visited our state for the first time in 1891. For 20 years, the frail poet-journalist had devoted his pen and energy to freedom for his homeland — in vain.

At age 16, he dragged leg chains in a rock quarry for advocating Cuba's independence from Spain. Deported to Spain, he earned three university diplomas and discovered that his oratory could "wring tears from a corpse." He drove himself to learn English because "the political base of operations would have to be in the United States, in whose centers of Cuban emigrés the desire for a free homeland was kept alive."

Freedom for Cuba seemed beyond reach when Martí received the invitation that proved to be the turning point. Cubans in Tampa wanted him to launch a money-raising drive with a speech. "The Cubans of the South were calling him," writes his

Jeanne Bellamy was a journalist with *The Miami Herald*. She is on the Advisory Board of *Update* and is a frequent contributor to its contents.



famous biographer, Jorge Manach. "They were new people, modest folk who had not wanted to go too far from the sun of their island: Cuban tobacco workers, landowners and members of professions who were obliged to flee into exile and, in a strange land, to take up the most menial work. They were folk as open-hearted as children, desperately homesick, and without that hard shell of suspicion which a large city obliges one to grow for armor. And without the evasive shyness of the foreigner, because Tampa and Key West were their own."

The Magic City of Miami didn't exist then.

Marti's train reached Tampa at midnight in a downpour. Next day he toured the cigar factory of Martinez Ibor, for whom Ybor City is named. The workers stood up to greet him with polite applause. "He understood. These Cuban workers were too familiar with the glow of vain words, the incandescence of fund-raising visitors — and no results." At the big dinner, Marti's pallor, his high-domed forehead beneath a receding hairline, his drooping mustache and slim figure must have contrasted with the power of his words. "Now! Form your ranks!" he ordered. "Countries are not created by wishful thinking in the depths of the soul." Marti did his part, writing the resolutions which united the exile groups in Tampa. Four thousand Cubans escorted him to the railroad station.

He had hardly returned to New York before a call came from Key West, then Florida's most populous city. There, despite a fever, he made four speeches in one day. From a sickbed he reconciled warring factions, bringing them together in the new Cuban Revolutionary Party. By early 1892, the party was completely organized as "a great chain of local organizations within a functional uniformity." Marti set out to raise money. Cigar makers pledged one day's pay each week — \$2.50. His aim was a concerted uprising all over Cuba, backed by invasion forces. Marti sent a secret agent to Cuba, and began buying arms.

"The Spanish embassy and the island government," Manach records, "had planted agents in all the colonies who busily plotted subtle treacheries among the exiles." Marti almost drank poisoned wine in Tampa. Spaniards in Cuba tried to provoke a premature rebellion so that they could crush it and catch the leaders.

Much of Marti's time was spent in correspondence by code, in foiling spies and soothing ruffled feelings.

## An Ancient Kinship

By Jeanne Bellamy

The kinship between Florida and Cuba goes back nearly five centuries.

Juan Ponce de Leon, who discovered the peninsula in 1513, came back in 1521 to set up a colony. Instead, he suffered a mortal arrow wound and sailed to Cuba, where he died.

The great expedition led by Hernando de Soto sailed from Havana on May 18, 1539, and landed near Tampa on May 20. A number of priests and friars were with his 550 men, and De Soto's force wintered near present-day Tallahassee,

He made at least seven more trips to Florida. The last was calamitous. He had chartered three ships and stocked them with arms disguised as farm implements. The three were to rendezvous at Fernandina, bringing freedom fighters from Costa Rica and from Hispaniola for the landing in Cuba. On Jan. 10, 1895, Marti learned the worst: all three vessels had been seized by the U.S. His tears of despair flowed in Jacksonville. Miraculously, the disaster yielded a good result. Cuban exiles, inured to seeing their money frittered away, were astonished at what Marti had been able to accomplish, and sent him fresh cash to repair the wreckage of their hopes.

Marti went to Santo Domingo to see Gen. Máximo Gómez, chosen as military leader of the revolution. With four other officers, they landed in Cuba and joined a rebel band while Gen. Antonio Maceo came ashore near Baracoa to head a force of 3,000. Spain was sending an army of 22,000, the largest ever seen up to then in the Western Hemisphere.

Marti died in a skirmish with Spanish troops May 19, 1895. News of his death fired the spirit of rebels throughout Cuba. Within three years, the USS Maine had been sunk in Havana Harbor and the Congress of the U.S. had declared: "The people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be independent." U.S. soldiers and ships arrived to enforce that verdict.

Thus was expelled from the New World the only alien power then ruling Americans by force.

(Reprinted from the *Miami Herald*)

where they surely observed the first Christmas on soil now part of the United States. De Soto sent to Cuba for more supplies and went on to discover the Mississippi River.

By 1555, the Catholic Bishop of Cuba was urging the settlement of Florida. His suggestion was carried out when King Philip II of Spain sent Pedro Menendez de Aviles to chase the French out of Florida and protect the route of the treasure fleet between the New World and the mother country by planting a colony.

The French, ensconced on the St. Johns River, threatened to attack Menendez's people at what is now St. Augustine, but Menendez's forces wiped them out. His settlement, founded in 1565, is now the oldest community in the United States created by Europeans and inhabited continuously since.

Successors of Menendez as governor usually sent their representatives to Mexico by way of Havana to collect the annual subsidy for the colony in Florida.

"By the second century of colonization," writes Charlton Tebeau in his history of the Sunshine State, "Florida depended more and more upon Havana for most goods and services . . . Spanish Florida was little more than a military outpost of Havana."

The Cuba-Florida connection waned thereafter for nearly a century, although Cuba was an important market for Florida cattle and salted fish. David Levy Yulee, one of Florida's first two United States senators in 1845, favored annexing Cuba.

"Some 6,000 Cuban cigar makers migrated to Key West and Tampa after 1868 to make cigars, for which much of the tobacco was imported from Cuba," according to Tebeau.

It was in 1891 that José Martí and Tomás Estrada Palma reorganized in New York a junta to arouse sympathy and seek U.S. aid.

The ties across the Strait of Florida became close after the USS Maine was blown up in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898. The war lasted only 51 days, from June 22 to August 12, 1898. Forty-one months of American occupation ended on May 20, 1902. Cuba, at last, was free. Today, Cuba is free no more. But more than ever the kinship continues between the island nation and Florida.

## Gallant Soldier

(continued from page 4)

The records show that Amanda paid taxes in Pensacola through the years and mortgaged some of her property. Just before she died in July 1867, she transferred ownership of those pieces of property to cancel the mortgages. The will was probated July 23rd, leaving everything to her "beloved sister, Mary Stuart Wilkinson, including lands, lots, money, jewelry, furniture, debts and everything else I may own."

The death of the courageous and gallant Major Dade created among people throughout the country a wish to commemorate his name. On February 4, 1836, Dade County, Florida was created. Within the year, Fort Dade was established near the battle site. Later, Dadeville, Alabama, and Dade City, Florida, were founded and on December 25, 1837, Dade County, Georgia, was organized. Three large concrete pyramids in the National Cemetery in St. Augustine mark the place where the remains of the men were eventually buried.

In 1845, a beautiful monument was erected at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in honor of Major Dade and the seven officers in his command. In 1948, it was offered to the State of Florida for the Dade Memorial State Park, but Florida did not act upon the offer and the monument was moved to the West Point Cemetery.

On the Flagler Street entrance of the Dade County, Florida, Courthouse, there is a bronze plaque that tells of the creation and naming of the County.

In the Dade Memorial State Park near Bushnell, Florida, cylindrical white monuments mark the places where the officers fell. Major Francis Langhorne Dade, professional soldier, horseman, husband, father and volunteer, fell in the advance guard, leading his command.

On August 28, 1848, Fannie Langhorne Dade died of tuberculosis. The *Pensacola Gazette* reported on September 2, 1848 that she was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery "just a few blocks from her parents' handsome frame house on Palafox Street." Her grave is marked by a beautiful stone depicting a rolled scroll and roses. The inscription identifies her as Fannie, daughter of the late Major F.L. Dade, U.S. Army, August 28, 1848, aged 18.



Monument to Major Dade at Dade Battlefield State Historic Site. (HASF, negative number X-1012-1)

## Clarke

(continued from page 7)

back to the Fort, and I was going to follow him, when, as he jumped over the breastwork, an Indian sprang from behind a tree and shot him down. I then lay quiet until 9 o'clock that night, when DeCourcy, the only living soul beside myself, and I started upon our journey. We knew it was nearest to go to Fort King, but we did not know the way, and we had seen enemies retreat in that direction. As I came out I saw Dr. G. lying stripped amongst the dead. The last I saw of him, whilst living, was kneeling behind the breastwork, with two double barrel guns by him, and he said, Well, I have got four barrels for them! Capt. G., after being severely wounded, cried out, I can give you no more orders, my lads, do your best! I last saw a negro spurn his body, saying with an oath, That's one of their officers (G. was dressed in soldier's clothing.)

"My comrade and myself got along quite well until the next day, when we met an Indian on horseback and with a rifle coming up the road. Our only chance was to separate - we did so. I took the right, and he the left of the road. The Indian pursued him. Shortly afterwards I heard a rifle shot, and a little after another. I concealed myself among some scrub and saw palmetto, and after a while saw the Indian pass, looking for me. Suddenly, however, he put spurs to his horse, and went off at a gallop towards the road.

"I made something of a circuit before I struck the beaten track again. That night I was a good deal an-

noyed by the wolves, who had scented my blood, and came very close to me; the next day, the 30th, I reached the fort."

## Indian Key

(continued from page 9)

greater population than the entire county outside the island village.

A courthouse was built on Indian Key and the judge of the superior court was to hold court alternately between there and Cape Florida. Just after this, however, the Indians attacked Cape Florida, burning the buildings and killing several people. Those who escaped moved to Indian Key, giving the island the unquestionable position of new county seat.

Dr. Perrine, his wife Anne and children Henry, Hester and Sarah, came to Indian Key on Christmas Day, 1838. The doctor had been appointed by President John Quincy Adams as consul in Campeche, Mexico. He and Charles Howe had incorporated the Tropical Plant Company, which would cultivate tropical exotics, in hopes of starting a new industry.

The paradise island prospered, according to Hester Perrine, who referred to it as a "gem in a tropical sea."

This all came to a sudden end about two o'clock on the morning of Aug. 7, 1840. Indians attacked the island, killing a number of people, including Dr. Perrine. The savages looted and burned buildings.

The next year, the island became a Navy base with twelve buildings and a hospital. Indian Key was never again a significant town.

## LETTERS

Our "Wings over Miami" Special Exhibition elicited two interesting letters from aviation buff Joe Fishwick, before and after, you might say.

Nov. 28, 1985

Dear Becky:

I wanted to write to you and tell you of my appreciation for your current excellent exhibit - "Wings over Miami." A native Miamian, I have many memories of the aviation community from the mid-forties to the present.

Incidentally, in the interest of historical accuracy, did you know that one of your prints in the current exhibit is backwards? It was printed wrong side down! In the NE corner of the exhibit area, it's the one that shows Miami Int'l Airport.

Regardless, thank you, thank you, and thank you for a swell job. I was so pleased to see you all showcase an important area of Miami's astounding growth.

Sincerely yours,  
Joe Fishwick

Nov. 29, 1985

Dear Ms. Smith:

Please disregard my previous letter (in which I pointed out that the picture of Miami Int'l Airport was printed backwards). My Dad was down from Melbourne Beach for Thanksgiving, and I took him to the Museum so he could see the exhibit, and I noticed that the correction had already been made. So, no problem...!

Apparently, when I pointed it out verbally to the girl at the desk last week, action was taken; or maybe some other sharp-eyed nit-picker had spotted it and brought it to the staff's attention.

Anyway, my Dad loved the exhibit too, and it's so plain to see what a great part aviation has played in South Florida's development.

Sincerely yours,  
Joe Fishwick

## ANY ANSWERS?

I used to live in Miami and still get down for brief visits. Recently a friend of mine showed me a copy of your *Update* November 1985 issue. I am interested in aviation and enjoyed the articles but I was left with a number of questions.

On p. 4 the Curtiss Flying School is located at N.W. 17 Ave. and 20 St. in 1911. On p. 8 the Glenn Curtiss flying field west of the Miami Canal and south of N.W. 36 St. was leased to the Marine Corps in World War I. This sounds like where Miami International Airport is. Was the first field short-lived and when did it close?

On p. 10 Pan American Airways opened Pan Am Field in 1928 at 36th St. Is this the same field that Curtiss leased to the Marines in World War I? Did Pan Am fly land planes from this field before



## INTO THE TRUNK

Here is one more wonderful picture from the Munroe family that was recently given to the collection. Soldier Key is just north of Elliott Key in Biscayne Bay.

(NASF collection number 85-197-1)

it flew sea planes from Dinner Key in 1930?

I do know a blimp from a dirigible although I've never seen one of the latter. On p. 14 the USS Akron and Los Angeles are referred to as blimps but it seems to me that they were dirigibles.

Sharon Gorman (Mrs.)  
11210 NW 43 Ct.  
Coral Springs, FL 33065  
Any experts out there?

As it turned out, we found them right here in our Research Center. Tom Zamorano, a volunteer, came up with the following answers:

1. The airfield leased by Glenn H. Curtiss to the Marines during WWI was not the Pan Am Field at 36th Street; states the Miami Herald (2/3/52), "For it was in Miami that the Marines' first air arm trained in World War I, at the old Curtiss Field, now the site of the Miami Springs Country Club..." The first Marine Aviation Force trained there in 1918.

2. The first airfield was short-lived. Miami established the fourth airplane landing field in the country in 1911 just north of the Florida East Coast railway golf links at Allapattah, where a school was established by Curtiss. Later he decided to build a field where he would have water available for landing, as well as land, and chose a site on Miami Beach (Miami Herald, 11/8/53). The flying school was then set up at Miami Beach and then moved to Hialeah. The school was abandoned in 1925.

3. Pan Am flew land planes from the Pan Am Field at 36th Street before it flew sea planes from Dinner Key; states the Miami Herald (7/16/65), "PAA in 1928 bought a 116 acre field near 36th

Street, present day location of Miami International Airport, but shifted operations from there to Dinner Key as the sea plane entered the big era."

4. The USS Akron and USS Los Angeles were dirigibles.

## ANY RUSSELLS?

The article in the August issue of *Update* about the 1935 Labor Day storm in the Florida Keys was most interesting.

Was the R. L. Russal of Windley Key a member of the large Russell family men-

(continued on page 16)



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## THE FINAL WORD

In this instance "the final word" happens also to be the first word. As Marie Anderson told you in the November issue of Update, she and I will share the editorial duties - two issues a year for her, two for me.

Don't be alarmed that drastic changes lie ahead for a publication already well received by its readers. Actually, we will be working in close cooperation on future issues, just as we did on this one.

One change you can expect, however. Since I live in Broward, and before that in Palm Beach County, issues I edit will in time tend to range a bit more around the area we loosely call South Florida. To me it means Lake Okeechobee and points south. This expanded scope seems an appropriate move, particularly if you take into account the phrase "of Southern Florida" which modifies the official name of both the Historical Association and the Historical Museum.

In this issue our theme is the creation of Dade County, 150 years ago, when Dade was so big the county was virtually synonymous with South Florida.

*I trust me = done*



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## BOOK REVIEW

**Beyond the Next Mountain: An Autobiography by Robert Crawford Woodard, December 9, 1867-August 31, 1949.** (Banyan Books, Miami, Florida, 1985. 122 pp. Forward, prologue, epilogue, illustrations and index, \$14.95.)

There are those among us for whom adversity serves as a springboard to greatness. Such a one was Robert Crawford Woodard, M.D. In the above autobiography, published several months ago, the central theme is the ingenuity, vigor and persistence with which Woodard met seemingly insurmountable problems and overcame them.

Woodard was born to a South Georgia family shortly after the Civil War. His family, once wealthy plantation owners, were barely able to feed and clothe themselves in those stringent times. By dint of hard work, first on the farm and later as an accountant, he obtained a public school and business school education. He served as a teacher and later superintendent of schools in Adel, Georgia. Woodard attended the full course of study at the Medical Department of the University of Georgia in Augusta, graduating with honors.

He set up practice in Cecil, Georgia, but after six months moved to Adel, Georgia, where he practiced medicine and surgery and with another physician built the first hospital in the area.

Hard times fell on South Georgia when the boll weevil came to destroy the "money crop," Sea Island cotton. Again Woodard was dogged by adversity. Looking for an area where he could better provide for his family, he visited his nephews in Miami. Things were much more promising here, so he moved his family down and opened a practice here in late 1921. There followed the heady days of the real estate boom, the devastating hurricane of 1926 and again the economic hard times of the Great Depression.

Woodard took an active part in the medical community and was elected president of the Dade County Medical Society in 1927. He also took a keen interest in civil affairs and was respected by the "movers and shakers" of the community. In 1931, the Miami City Commission appointed him superintendent of the James M. Jackson Memorial Hospital. This appointment initiated one of the most challenging periods of

Woodard's life. At this time money was scarce and yet there was great need for the modernization of the hospital facilities and the provision of more beds. This autobiography provides much insight into the problems of that period, how they were addressed and the names of those who, with the constant goading of Woodard, brought the hospital to the first rank of the nation's hospitals by the beginning of World War II.

Georgia historians will find his small volume a source of material on daily life in South Georgia and Georgia politics during the first two decades of this century. Dade County historians will find it useful in the study of the Depression days of South Florida, especially as they affected the Jackson Memorial Hospital during those stringent times. All readers will find his life an inspiration and a stimulus to redouble their efforts when going gets rough.

**William M. Straight, M.D.**

Dr. Straight is a practicing internist and cardiologist whose hobby is the history of medicine in Florida. He started in medicine as an orderly at Jackson Memorial Hospital in 1937 where he first met Dr. Woodard.

## Letters

(continued from page 15)

*tioned on page four of the booklet "The Railroad That Died at Sea" by Pat Parks, published in 1968? Many Russells went to the Keys from the states during the Civil War. The cemetery in Hopetown, Abaco has many Russell grave markers.*

*My family were friends of the Clifton Russell family who lived in a large two-story frame house on the ocean in Islamorada. After the storm only Clifton and his oldest son Floyd survived. This was typical of what happened to many, many families. After the storm Floyd stayed with us in Miami for a time while his father Clifton was in the hospital here in Miami.*

Phyllis A. Buhler  
(Mrs. Jean Emil Buhler)  
5169 SW 71 Place  
Miami, FL 33155

The writer, born in Miami in 1925, is the daughter of the late Phillip and Dorothy Arthur. Her father had real estate interests in the Keys, Miami and Miami Beach.

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