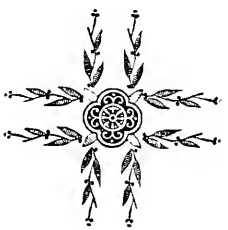
CHRONICLES OF FLORIDA.



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INTRODUCTION.

About the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, when we judge the following extracts of the chronicles open, Spain had already been drained of the larger part of her boldest and most enterprising sons, who, led by the insatiable thirst for gold, had exhausted their energies in the wilderness of the new world; and already had the national prosperity sunk helplessly in consequence of this diversion of enterprise from its legitimate, industrious and commercial pursuits. Spain, now with the empire and mines of a world, presented the marks of internal decay and of real poverty, her vigor was impaired, her character degraded; the once proud blazonry of Castile y Leon had faded.

Still the tide of emigration and adventure flowed onwards, though in a diminished current; and now that the El Dorados of Mexico and Peru had become monopolized to a considerable extent, later adventurers sought for newer fields, where as the

first pioneers, they might hope to derive the greater advantages.

Having premised this by way of introduction we shall proceed to give a free, yet fair rendition of such portions of the chronicles as may prove of sufficient interest to the general reader. We deem it proper to state that we shall alter the orthography of proper names in the text wherever this can be done with propriety to meet the requirements of another language and the lapse of one hundred and fifty years: thus for Tanase, Vatoga, Coueke, Quanasse, etc., we shall substitute Tennessee, Wautoga, Cowee, Hiwassee, etc.

In conclusion, the regret may here be expressed that this work necessarily begins and ends abruptly, for want of ampler material, and that many difficulties existed in the correct rendition of the text given.

Chronicles of Florida.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION TO CATENGEMA.

EN esta tiempo, at this time, says the chronicler, a company was formed here (Pensacola) for the prosecution of mining operations among the high mountains which are situated about one hundred and fifty leagues towards the northeast. Having a perfect knowledge of all the material facts connected with the expedition that followed, I trust my friends will not blame me for digressing at this point of my narative, though what I am about to relate will be of some length.

The person of most influence concerned in the business was Don Carlos de Lerida, a Catalan by birth, who in the indulgence of a wild career, had

risked the forfeiture of his patrimony under a mortgage, which he was now anxious to redeem. With this intent, accompanied by an only son, he had crossed the sea—and like other noblemen—in the hope of soon amassing wealth. His original destination under a commission from the court had been for Mexico, but his views underwent a sudden change when the vessel in which he sailed touched here by the way to disembark some troops, some of the first that were sent since the French cession. He had no sooner landed than he heard of the existence of immense mines in the interior. This information struck the right chord of his heart, and he forthwith applied himself with ardour to procure all means necessary to enable him to reach the desired region. His informant was one Oliviera Payez, a galley fugitive, an unprincipled braggart whose pompous speech and affected heroism covered the darkness and baseness of his purposes.

For a few years previous to this time, Oliviera had enjoyed the patronage and admiration of the

Senor Governor, whose own deficiency in all the qualities of true and generous bravery,incapacitated him from discriminating these from the mere froth of the bully. Oliviera then lodged at the palace, a constant attendant to echo his excellency's vain and silly boasts. Matters stood thus for awhile, till when under the influence of wine, in an unlucky moment, Oliviera ventured to insinuate some decided doubts respecting one of Don Diego's vaunted exploits. The offence was unpardonable and to be rid of one whose presence had become undesirable, the Governor despatched him on a secret mission among the Indians to the northward —adding slyly, "that it suited a person of indomitable valor to go there." He had been absent a considerable time after leaving Saint Augustine, when he suddenly reappeared at Pensacola. His object in unbosoming himself to Don Carlos was to secure in the enterprise one possessed of means and ability to set it afoot, also whose disconnection with the existing Governor was the more likely to yield the greater consideration to his informant

and indispensible guide. Oliviera gave an extravagant account of the mineral wealth of that region, called by the natives Catengema, whose confines he had recently visited. Another Mexico, he represented, rich in unappropriated mines and but thinly peopled, was ready for their possession. Nor were occular proofs wanting to stimulate still further the awakened cupidity of Don Carlos. Fourteen ounces of gold dust were exhibited and reported to have been collected from the surface in less than six weeks by an old Indian. In the eagerness of the moment, Don Carlos paused not to enquire whether the country had been sufficiently reconoitered; all he desired was to be led forthwith towards it. It will be seen presently that neither he nor Oliviera were altogether misled in his enthusiasm.

Fifty-seven persons having clandestinely enlisted, rendevouzed on the island of Santa Isidora, at the mouth of the Apalachicola, whither also were conveyed three larger boats, a few periauguas, a liberal supply of arms, ammunition, provisions,

mining implements and articles of trade. Previous to their embarkation, Don Carlos assumed the chief command and assisted by Oliviera and his son Don Pacheco, the first and second officers under him, proceeded to draw up articles for the government of the company, and to fix the shares in the enterprise, which received the sanction of all the rest of the adventurers who with but two exceptions, deserve no particular notice in this place. These two had reached the point of rendevouz a few days before, on their route from the Santa Fe settlement to Pensacola. When the objects of the expedition were made known to them, together with an invitation to join it, with the intimation that they would in no case be allowed to resume their journey, they at last consented, but claimed no share or compensation for the services they were willing to render. The latter of these two named Teodoro, though poorly clad and deeply bronzed by a tropical sun, was remarkable for the high intellectual cast of his countenance. His commanding forehead, the piercing fire of his eye,

the energy of his lips, united to prove him no ordinary man, yet there were traces in his features of past care and trouble, things never to be obliterated quite from the memory or the outer man, but over all these prevailed, as a halo, the holy calm of resignation, internal peace, and unfeigned benevolence. Andreo, his companion, was a very personification of meekness and contentment, though of an intellectual order, inferior by nature and cultivation to Teodoro, his nice moral sense could scarcely be surpassed. He was also gifted with great strength, courage and power to endure excessive hardships and privations. He had a favorite maxim: "That enmity *in* the heart was worse than a thousand enemies *without*."

On Easter Monday, all things being in readiness, we (here the chronicler inadvertently shows that he also was present) commenced ascending the river in the boats. The neighboring Indians were at this time in league with the Government, and therefore friendly towards the Spaniards. Seizing upon this favorable circumstance Don Carlos had

engaged the chief of the Talachy (Tallahassee) tribe with upwards of a hundred warriors to march along the left bank of the river as an escort to the few men who took care of the beasts of burthen belonging to the expedition, until they should reach the confines of the Muscogees. When they had proceeded about fifty leagues, they were threatened with a serious disaster, for Soquilla, a Creek (Cree in the original) chief, being informed that boats were ascending the river, accompanied by Indians on the war path, had collected his warriors about a league below his village, for purpose of giving battle. The position of the Creeks on a thickly wooded promontory at a bend of the river, where of necessity the boat must hug close to the shore to avoid the main current, was admirably chosen for an effective discharge of arrows and to screen the Indian canoes from view, till the decisive moment should arrive for an advance, while at the same time an ambuscade was laid against the land force among the canebrakes. To the acute perception of the Talachy chief was due the timely

detection of danger; for pausing suddenly on the march he declared they were watched by spies and ordered immediate preparation for battle. At a preconcerted signal Don Carlos repaired with the boats to the place where the halt had been made. Indian scouts were sent out in various directions, who finally confirmed the apprehensions of the chief. Meantime Soquilla, having found the plan of an ambuscade frustrated, came to the determination to hold a parley. He therefore sent an Indian down the river to communicate with the expedition. Glad of a chance to avoid all collision the Spaniards received the messenger with joy, and sent him back with presents, and friendly assurances. This soon brought about a council, at which all smoked the calumet and partook of the black drink (a decoction of a species of holly) of nauseous taste, denied to all but warriors. Soquilla was so delighted with the present of a burning glass, fancifully set in false stones, by means of which he could draw fire from heaven, that he swore to conduct the expedition in person, to the

mountains of Catengema. Before doing so he entreated the Spaniards to spend a few days with him at a village called Achitta, a short distance west of the river. His invitation was cheerfully accepted under the assurance of a safe conduct for the rest of the journey.

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About the fifth week the navigation proved impracticable and the boats were abandoned. The route thence extending overland though mainly along the banks of the same river. Soquilla's train generously assisted in transporting the provisions and mining implements. Several villages lay in their way, of which Coweta was by far the most considerable. Here the Spaniards were received with marked hospitality, as indeed they were everywhere, through the influence of Soquilla. Up to the village of Kesauke the company had proceeded entirely by direction of Oliviera; there however the question was debated whether the route should continue towards the northeast or turn due north. Oliviera contended for the latter because from that

point had come the specimen of gold which had first conjured up the expedition; but the natives having displayed an entire ignorance of mines in the latter direction and spoken of the high mountains to the northeast where gold had been found, Don Carlos decided to preserve the general line of march. They had not gone far from the village when they entered one of the most charming regions of this continent, of forest-clad mountains and of fertile valleys, reposing in a balmy atmosphere—a region whose wild and exhuberant beauty rose to view as fresh as when creation first burst into existence.

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They now reached the pass of Tulamassee, the approach to which is so gradual that one would scarcely know he was crossing a dividing ridge but for the fact of two rills issuing from the same source, a little morass at the summit, and running in opposite directions. At this point they were met by Hiantuga, the young war chief of the Cherokees (in the original Cherake, at times Che-

lake) who, in the midst of his followers, demanded the object of this visit to his country. Oliviera replied through a Creek interpreter that they were Spaniards, friends of the Indians and enemies to the English (who had a few years before spread havoc among the savages), and exhibiting offerings intended for the great chiefs, requested permission to search the mountains for gold. Hiantuga appeared quite satisfied. He invited them to proceed with him to Attinha, a town situated about five leagues below on the Tense (Tennessee) at which source they now were; Soquilla and his escort being well remunerated by Don Carlos took leave to return home.

Attinha or Itlah, for it was called by either name, is built on a hill, from the base of which a plain of small extent intervenes to the river bank. The village consists of a single row of lodges constructed of poles, mud and bark, of very humble appearance—but for its commanding site. In the center of the plain below rises a singular monument of earth, having a semi-cir-

cular base and flattened top. The use of this mound could not be ascertained as no tradition now existed to reveal its origin, only this—that it was of great antiquity. Here Don Carlos took formal possession of Catengema, in the name of the King, by planting the cross and displaying the banner of Spain. The mound was called the Star of Mary (Estrella de Sta. Maria). Tents were then erected and such military precautions taken as the situation required. In the meantime Don Carlos was invited to a talk with the great chiefs of that region, who, attended by the grandees in all the gaudiness of their warlike attire, had come down into the plain. Augichee, otherwise called Eion Augichee—or Drowning Bear—was venerable in appearance, though seventy winters had not bent his frame or impaired his vigor. Unlike his attendants he wore no ornaments except a few eagle feathers of uncommon length bound with a red fillet to his forehead, while a simple, though glossy, bearskin hung from his shoulders. Don Carlos having sent Oliviera in advance with pre-

sents for the chiefs to gain their good will, when he arrived he found the chiefs not only willing but eager to negotiate with people who had shown themselves so generous. The amiable disposition of the old chief, as events afterwards proved, was owing to higher motives, for being in advance of the intelligence of his race, he sought for knowledge, and turned hopingly to the Spaniards as those likely to instruct them. No difficulty ensued in concluding a sort of a treaty on the terms dictated by Don Carlos. Full permission was accorded and guides tendered him for the exploration of the country. He received a liberal present of provisions, with the promise of continued supplies upon very moderate terms, and was allowed to make a settlement at any place not already appropriated. With their affairs so favorably arranged, all that was immediately wanting by the Spaniards was language to enlarge their intercourse with the people. In the late conference the interpretor was a Cherokee who understood the Creek language, and was thus able to communicate with Oliviera

and Don Carlos. In passing, it must be remarked that Oliviera had learned the language of signs whilst at the galleys, and was also so apt a linguist that a few days in his transition from tribe to tribe enabled him to acquire enough of the dialect to express himself intelligently. In the meantime a freshet came on and delayed a reconnoissance of the country for a few days.

As Augichee demands our attention in this place I shall go back to relate some adventures connected with his past career. When, by inheritance or natural ability, he had risen to the rank of a war chief, he immediately planned an attack on the Creeks. All attempts to dissuade him from this project were vain, and to such he opposed the claims of an hereditary grudge and the necessity he felt to show that his dignity was not unmerited. As it often happens, the young warriors who had never been in battle were warm in his support and had given him the token.

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Seeing matters at this pass, an old chief advised

the mustering of the whole tribe before entering upon a war against so warlike a nation as the Creeks. This counsel was bitterly opposed by Augichee, because he was well aware how very averse that portion of the Cherokees in the immediate vicinity of the enemy were to a renewal of their feuds, and beside, he feared if other townships beyond his influence were brought into the enterprise, the command might fall into the hands of some older and more popular chieftain. He therefore used every means and argument to keep the movement within his preconcerted plan. By well managed threats and promises he eventually won over all whose influence and aid were desirable, even the two chiefs of Oconorocto and Watauga (Vatoga) hastened to offer their services; an offer doubly acceptable to Augichee, as he had hitherto looked upon them with suspicion, or as possible rivals for public favor.

To attract as little attention as possible, five or six hundred warriors set out in the night. The month of August had been fixed upon for the cam-

paign, because the maize then nearly ripe, stood ready in the fields to supply the foraging parties. The march was kept in single files with long intervals from man to man, with scouts in advance, and sentinels on the flanks. Whenever it was necessary runners kept up a constant communication between the front and rear. As they approached the confines of the Creeks, they marched only in the night, carefully avoiding every circumstance that might attract the attention of the enemy. The first irruption was in the night, a whole district and its villages were surprised, the people indiscriminately slaughtered and the dwellings laid in ashes. From this time scenes of disaster attended Augichee, which the bravery of his men and his own undaunted behaviour could not withstand. The vengeance of the Creeks burnt fiercely after them. From river to river, from forest to forest, Augichee sternly and unrelentingly maintained the war, but with a courage now bordering on despair. His force had now diminished to two or three hundred half famished wretches when he

reached the fork of two large rivers, with the enemy in hot pursuit. A dark stormy night intervened as a short respite from impending ruin. A leader of ordinary character, well knowing that the vanguished were devoted to certain death, seeing no means of escape, would have decided to rush in desperation on the foe and sell their lives at the highest price; but Augichee was of another stamp. That very day a Creek woman had thrown herself in his way, with the avowed purpose to claim protection or fall beneath the tomahawk. She was the wife of a chief who had cruelly maltreated, then threatened her with divorce. The latter indignity in favor, too, of a rival, had so stung her into madness that she had attempted to kill him, but failing in this, she had escaped to the Cherokees. Her features were masculine, her person was tall, robust and of a haughty bearing. When Augichee had assured her of protection, she uttered these words in a solemn tone, "Now your foe is my foe." It was in the midst of a retreat with his hands reddened with blood that Augichee met Chiusteh.

When questioned concerning the present locality, Chiusteh described one of the rivers as then entirely impassable, while the other was only fordable for about two-thirds of its breadth, at a certain point which passage she thought was strictly guarded by a strong party of Creeks. She informed him that for sometime past the enemy had determined to drive the Cherokees into this dangerous position and that on the previous morning, when about to succeed in the attempt, the great Creek warrior had sent a message to a large gathering of warriors recently arrived, and now encamped two leagues below, with orders that they should move up at sunrise and assist in the capture of Augichee and his band. It appeared that so soon as they had found the snare to succeed, the pursuers had called a halt in order to receive reinforcements, for the number of combatants, although still considerable, had been much reduced by the conflicts of the last few days. In this strait the decision of Augichee was instant, his words brief—"We, too, go to the great meeting."

He at once proceeded to construct rafts of poles, branches and vines, rude indeed in appearance, but sufficient for his purpose. On these rafts they safely floated down the river—though half immersed in water. They had scarcely entered the main current when some dim watch-fires became visible, the beacons which were to light them to their foes. The landing at a proper place was effected with great difficulty and caution, but once ashore, Augichee so disposed his force that the main attack should proceed continuously from one point of the encampment, while some picked men whom he had sent to the opposite point should disconcert the enemy. Aroused by an attack in the dead hour of the night, in absolute surprise, the Creeks made, in the first place, no attempt at resistance; those who were found on the spot were killed; the others flying in the opposite direction to rally there, as soon as they had reached the outskirts, were asaulted with a fierce war whoop which sent them back with a fearful recoil towards the center among a group of terrified women. Dread-

ful collisions now ensued among themselves. By estimation upwards of fifteen hundred souls were congregated on the spot, of whom not one-third escaped the great slaughter, which was believed to have been due mostly to their turning arms against each other in the darkness and consternation of the hour. When the sun arose it was over a field of the dying and the dead. Of the cruelties practised there I will not write.

When the din and excitement of battle had subsided and the braves were still prowling among the debris of the field of carnage, Augichee, possessed by one master thought, sought around for Chiusteh. He had seen her at the onset exhibit acts of heroism with cool determination that might have graced a warrior, but when hurried on by fury into the thickest of the fight, he had missed her presence till the shouts of victory sounded in his ears. With gloomy forebodings he retraced his steps. On approaching the river he discovered her bending in mute agony over the corpses of her husband and brother, which she had dragged together from

the midst of the slain; for a moment the natural tenderness of woman's heart had triumphed over her wrongs. "Woman," said Augichee, mournfully, as he gazed upon her, "Woman, leave the dead; they are deaf to the voice of grief and love. No voice can rouse them from their sleep; no, not even Augichee's battle cry." "Ah," she rejoined in anguishing tones, "let Chiusteh die the traitoress of her race; with hands red with kindred blood where can she claim a country or a friend?" "Both, in Augichee," was his reply, for his fixed determination was to make her his wife. He thought not of her consent, for was she not his captive? So, with gentle compulsion, he led her into the midst of the assembled warriors.

"Chiefs," were his words, "when I was urged to wed, I said 'the bear mates not with the muskrat;' now I have found a mate." Such was the marriage.

The Cherokee having seized many canoes at the landing place and taken such booty as they prized, embarked homeward for the highest point attain-

able on the river. In a few weeks more, some two hundred warriors returned to Attinha amidst the mingled shouts for victory and the wailing of women for departed friends.

Though obedience was shown to Augichee as the most renowned warrior of his time, and he was called at the council fires "the drowning bear who had reached the shore to destroy his enemies," yet he was not happy. The father of several children, he had witnessed the death of all but two, a son and a daughter. The first was now a young man of diminutive stature and lame because of a club foot, for which natural defects he was for a long time the peculiar aversion of his father and had acquired the nick-name, in derision, of Taco-taka. A few years before the advent of the Spaniards, the neglected Taco-taka had, notwithstanding his youth, gained a reputation for wisdom on account of his shrewdness and powers of observation. This, together with a most affectionate disposition, had in a measure so softened the old chief's heart that he was no longer heard to say "Taco-taka is a

dog," but simply "Taco-taka is no warrior." It is to Taco-taka that I owe many facts in this narrative.

The other surviving child was now about eighteen years old. As she was reckoned quite a beauty in the nation, I will endeavor to describe her in a few words, to show how relative are our notions of beauty. Unlike her father or mother she was of a middle size, rather square built and fleshy. Her movements exhibited nothing of the agility or grace so apt to be associated with our ideas of the savage maiden. Her features corresponded with her person, a degree of passiveness was inscribed on all; rarely was she moved to animation. Her face was rather large and heavy, with cheek bones very prominent, over which peered two very small, black eyes. Her mouth, with a set of large and prominent teeth exposed to view, was certainly not enticing to any but Cherokees, especially when added to these she possessed the nasal twang of the language in its perfection. A gently arched forehead surmounted by coarse coal-black hair would

be with us redeeming features. Such was Eusteka (in the original Huesteka) the pride of the Cherokees, both from her personal charms and social position, the belle of belles.

CHAPTER II.

THAT portion of the Tennessee valley in which the explorers were now encamped, is an irregular oval space comprised between the Cowee mountains on the east and the high Nantehali range on the west. It extends about twelve leagues from Tulamassee to Iallatta at its nothern extremity where the two chains just mentioned converge, and through whose disrupted rocks the river forces its way. Within this valley numerous mountain streams pour tribute into the main or central river, which latter is fordable at an ordinary stage of water. Though charmed with the fertility of this valley, its picturesque beauty and mild climate, together with the amiable inhabitants, the Spaniards were soon satisfied that the main object of their search was not to be there attained. In due time the persons who had been sent out to explore the country to the north and east, beyond the

Tuckasege river, returned with unfavorable reports as to gold deposits, but they were charmed with the country.

Here I am tempted to give the verses of a youth who had wandered with a companion from Santa Fe, one gifted with poetic, though uncultivated powers, whose graces, like the humble violet, bloomed in obscurity:

["Arboles, los montes y bosques," and all that are too much for the present pen. The following is adopted as a substitute]:

The tangled forest's silent shade
  Has greater charms for me
Than wealth, with all its gay parade
  And gorgeous finery.

Beneath the wild wood's pleasant gloom
  My mind is free from care,
Each waving leaf, each floweret's bloom,
  Brings sweet reflections near.

The lofty oak, the creeping vine,
  And blossoms rich and fair,
In one embowering roof combine
  To make the scene most dear.

While warbling songsters sweetly sing
  In notes of tender love,
And cheer the stranger wandering
  Beneath the shady grove.

But to return, the only hope of success then rested on those who had gone to explore the westward, and when for three days afterwards no tidings had arrived from that quarter, the greatest uneasiness prevailed in the encampment. At night all eyes were turned in the direction of the Nantehali range and its highest peak the Marihaez, when suddenly a signal fire appeared near the summit of the latter, which no sooner had Don Carlos seen, than he exclaimed with joy, "It is Pacheco's, the mines are discovered." Indeed, this had been preconcerted in the event of success, and his reaching the summit at night. In a moment the fire descended in a waving, serpentine line. The mountains were on fire, a fringe of flickering and moving lights skirted the western horizon, starred here and there, whenever the drier trees became ignited from the leaves and grass below. A revulsion of feelings now succeeded; anticipating the realization of their hopes and the rewards of their toils, the Spaniards spent the night in glee and carousals.

I will now relate what occurred to Don Pacheco.

He had started, in company with Oliviera and two other persons, under the guide of Hiantuga. After ascending along a stream, called Catuga, for nearly five leagues, they reached the very steep pass of the Nantehali, which they surmounted with considerable difficulty and fatigue. The descent on the other side is less abrupt and along a small mountain rill which falls into the Nantehali river at the base. At the confluence they found the village of Oconorocto, where they were received with great kindness by its venerable chief Shawnee. At this point the river is quite shallow, and not very rapid, though the scenery is most imposing. The mountains present very bald or steep aspects. The trail here is frequently interrupted by fallen trees or swept by torrents, and at times overhang fearful precipices. Three leagues onward occurred another mountain pass, the descent from which was exceedingly steep for about a thousand paces. From this, however, a short distance placed them beyond the great mountain ranges, and thence they pursued the way down a small stream, called Tus-

quitta, which meanders in a very pleasant valley. Here Oliviera first discovered traces of gold dust. Further on they entered the fertile valley of the Hiwassee whose scenery is more open and milder than any they had yet passed. On the third night they stopped at the village of Charna on the left bank of the river. In consequence of important information, Hiantuga conducted them on the next morning in a northern course to Hiattee river, a branch of the Hiwassee. The way was over a beautiful and spacious plain which extends on the east towards the great mountain range. The Indians called this "the plain of the dazzling bird"—the subject of a fanciful legend. After a journey of about seven leagues they entered the valley of the Hiattee which presents a most beautiful vista, indeed, one of the most beautiful in the world, extending eight leagues up a gently inclined plane of varying widths, through which meanders the river. This plane is bounded on either hand by steep hills that gradually rise in elevation as they approach the high peaks in the distance. The

indications of gold became very evident as the valley was ascended, till examining the roots of an uptorn tree they discovered enough gold adhering thereto to justify operations there. Pursuing the search, gold deposits were found in almost all dependent situations, that is, at the base of steep hills, in ravines and in the beds of rivulets. Gold dust was usually found in the gravel but little removed from the surface and immediately above the slate rock.

Elated with joy, the explorers would have hastened back to their comrades had it not been for a love adventure which detained Don Pacheco for a few more days at Wahu. The charmer was Omuna, who was regarded by the Spaniards, but not by her countrymen, the most beautiful woman of the nation. Her form and features and her voice reminded one more of an Andalusian maiden than aught else. While roaming through the forest in quest of game, Don Pacheco came suddenly where she stood alarmed. Mutual surprise, and perhaps admiration, rivetted then for awhile,

but when he ventured to approach nearer she darted through the tangled bushes and was lost to his sight. Thoughtlessly, he dropped his gun and pursued in the direction she had gone, but his efforts to reach her were in vain. Her image haunted him till, on inquiry of some friends, he learned she lived at Wahu. There he sought her and found she was not indifferent to him, but she prudently reserved her final decision till her brother (who had gone on a hunt) should return. For this cause he entertained a high sense of respect for Omuna. Thus they became mutually attached to each other—because she, like her sex in general, admired a superior nature in him, and because he found his heart fascinated with the idea of loving a savage in love. When they parted it was, with her faith, that he would return to take her to his lodge.

Up to this time the most friendly relations existed between the two races, but before returning to Attinha, Oliviera had a serious difficulty with the chief of Charna, because the former had im-

prudently boasted of his prowess in disparagement of the latter; bloodshed must have resulted but for the timely interference of Teodoro at the risk of his own life. When this matter was adjusted the pacified chief went from one extreme to another—so far, indeed, as to offer one of his wives to Oliviera.

On the arrival of the explorers, the company at once broke up the encampment on the Star of Mary and took the march to the field of operations. Hiantuga acted again as guide, having been liberally rewarded for his services. In the valley the Spanish quarters were temporarily located in the vicinity of Wahu, in order to organize matters for the future welfare of the expedition. To Teodoro, Andreo, and one or two others, was assigned the task of procuring means of subsistence from the Indians or the chase, and an abundance of provisions was cared for, and stored away for future use. These men by their frequent intercourse with the Indians, were soon masters of the

language, and learned also the manners and customs of the natives.

The summer was spent in searching for gold among the ravines, but with a success entirely disproportioned to the expectations formed; the average amount obtained daily being not more than seven reals per man. Don Carlos, disatisfied with the slow progress made so far, wandered incessantly among the hills in search of indications that might lead to the discovery of richer deposits of the precious metal. A certain restlessness, an acerbity of temper, a careless dress, marked him as he wended his way with spade and mattock. His meals were neglected or hastily dispatched at irregular times, and very often he passed the night without sleep.

In this condition about the first of September, guided as he stated by mineralogical appearances and a dream, Don Carlos, unhappily pitched upon a spot which included the sepulchres of the Indians.

This may be described as a small rounded hill,

a spur of the principal river range, having a gradual descent to the river, and connected on the other side to the adjoining eminence by a narrow neck of land difficult of access from the sides. It is of sufficient elevation to command a full view of the heights, in its immediate vicinity, but more from the general features of the ground than from its own isolation. This hill was covered by numerous heaps of stones, beneath which reposed the dead of centuries. Passing over the natural causeway, one came to the adjoining hill which was of much larger extent, and there it was that the main mining operations were to be prosecuted and a furnace built. Desirous to secure a permanent location for the winter, the company readily assented to the wishes of their leader.

A fort or block house was erected upon the spur near the point, where the causeway commences, and so constructed, that a deep ditch cut quite across its narrow part, interrupted all access in the direction of the river, which was about a mile off; the only passage left free was to and from the prin-

cipal hill. I omitted to mention, that about a month or two previous, Oliviera, with the consent of Don Carlos, had sent a messenger to Pensacola to one Padre Riquez, urging him to bring on the enforcements, promised on receiving the news of their success.

This Riquez, had been sent to Pensacola by the Senor Obispo, on a mission. When solicited to join the expedition, his reply was: "My mission in the new world is not in quest of gold, but to extend the religion and monarchy of Spain. Should you find the natives tractable, write to me and I will join you with additional men and ammunition."

No sooner had the fortification been completed, than it was visited by Santnoh, the Kongateh, a sort of priest, juggler and physician, whose very name filled the Indians with awe. He demanded with an air of conscious authority, "Who had given the pale faces permission to build among the burial places of his fathers or to dig within the sacred precincts?" Don Carlos coming forward replied, that as no objection had been made to his careful

selection of a locality, he had chosen this spot, but would guard the tumuli of the dead from all desecration. It soon appeared that no argument, apology or present could pacify Santnoh, or win his good will towards the Spaniards; after some impassioned gesticulation and muttered imprecations, this meddlesome guest departed with malice and revenge pent up within his bosom.

Meantime, an Indian, employed in the excavations of the hill, had found a nugget of gold which circumstance so flattering to the hopes of Don Carlos, deprived him of whatever remains of prudence he might have had. Though now urged to change his location by some who by recent observation among the Indians saw the full danger of their situation, he gave heed to no remonstrance, but on the contrary, became the more infatuated. He now spoke hurriedly, urged the work in spite of all obstacles, and behaved at times as if the very hills should burst open at his bidding and disclose their treasures. A large majority of the company sided with Don Carlos, and all dissatisfaction

hitherto existing, was hushed up in the enthusiasm of the moment.

Within a few days the Indians who had been employed in the mines suddenly withdrew, as also did others in the vicinity of the fort, under the pretext of a hunt, but in reality to obey the mandates of the Kongateh. Alarmed by these indications, Don Pacheco entreated his father to invite Augichee to a conference, that impending difficulties might be avoided. This request was obtained at last solely on the score of interest to get back the Indian miners, the want of whom had become serious—for the Spaniards themselves disliked to work. The mines in consequence were greatly neglected. Insubordination was manifested, which Oliviera fostered to suit his views and thus rose to sudden popularity. He would have made a capital Athenian demagogue. He declared his scheme from the first was to obtain a sufficient force to compel the natives to labor in the mines, as had been done in other settlements. In the meantime

he concurred with Don Pacheco, for a council, till he could mature his plan.

Teodoro and his colleagues having to visit Attinha in quest of certain articles and provisions, were also commissioned to make arrangements for a conference with the chiefs.

On their arrival there, Augichee lay dangerously ill; indeed, by common report, his recovery was past all hope. Yielding to the dictates of his heart Teodoro requested permission to visit the chief. Though Augichee had permitted no one to approach him, except the family and Santnoh, yet when it was whispered that one of the white chiefs had called to see him, the thought came that possibly the stranger was possessed of some means to alleviate his sufferings, and Teodoro was granted admission.

This hut or lodge of the chief (for he had several) was constructed, as it were, expressly to exclude the fresh air, having but one low entrance, through which, one was constrained to crawl, after having removed the raw hide that served as a door.

Within was a warm, loathsome and offensive atmosphere, and on one side lay Augichee, stretched on a pallet of deer skin. The fitful glare of a decaying fire in the center of the earthen floor, flickered occasionally upon the face of the old man, whose features appeared almost obliterated, by the inroads of the disease, erysipelas, under which he suffered.

In a husky and tremulous voice, he entreated Teodoro to give him the white man's remedy, "For,' added he, "Santnoh had already sung the death song and gone on a journey." Impressed with the delicacy of his position, Teodoro, nevertheless consented to prescribe as he had acquired some knowledge of physic, both at Montpelier and in his travels. Indeed, he thought it a solemn duty to give assistance to the needy on all occasions. As a first step he ordered the chief to be conveyed to a more airy lodge, where he yielded him the most assiduous attention. The next night Augichee lay restless and delirious till midnight when the fever abated and he fell into a

calm slumber. Towards morning he dreamed of the spirit land, but it was far different from any conception he had previously formed. Instead of shadowy warriors engaged in the full career of the chase, and ranging through ever verdant forests, a multitude of joyous people, radiant with light, stood before him, among whom and not the least conspicuous was Teodoro. As he gazed entranced in admiration, a united shout overspread the mighty host in which he heard his name pronounced, and himself welcome as a brother.

The next day the three Spaniards and family, being gathered around Augichee in the lodge, he expressed the greatest gratitude to Teodoro and related the dream. The conversation which ensued lasted some time, and I can only relate a few topics. The chief spake to the following effect:

"Brother, the red man looks at the sky, he sees the lightning's flash, he hears the growl of the thunder, 'tis all, he knows no more. I have found my white brother. His medicine is life. Santnoh knows nothing. Augichee has often seen the trees

cast their leaves, his sinews are stiff, his sight is dim, yet his spirit wanders over the past, as a bird returns to the nest where he was fledged. Why does his heart sink within his breast? Why is it when warriors stoop before the great chief, he feels like a dog? Tis this—Augichee mourns his years of crime; he knows all is not right within his breast. Augichee hears the wailings of women for their untimely slain, he hears the dying warrior's groans, he sees the outstretched hands of supplicating mothers screening in vain their infants and themselves. Say it is war, still Augichee's hands are red with blood. The blood of enemies is in his eyes—now death looks at Augichee. How shall he look at the slain in the spirit land? Can the Great Spirit who is himself so good tolerate the evil? What says the white brother? Santnoh knows nothing; the red men's Kongateh is a fool." When the chief had ceased, Teodoro scarcely able to restrain his emotions, informed him that from their first meeting he had not ceased to pray to the Great Spirit to enlighten and bless Augichee and his

people. He then proceeded to instruct the family. At the conclusion, the chief begged for a few days for reflection, adding that he thought he had heard the truth for the first time.

A short time sufficed to put Augichee in a condition to undertake the journey to Charna, whither he had notified the subordinate chiefs to meet in council. He was now well aware of the bitter hatred of Santnoh for the Spaniards, and especially for Teodoro, whose skill had triumphed over that of the Indian Kongateh, though Augichee hoped to pacify the wrath of the latter, little knowing how unreasonable is the spirit of fanaticism.

The chief's train consisted of some thirty persons, about one-half were women carrying provisions and a few infants on their backs, while the men led the way in single file, unshackled save by their arms. Having been unavoidedly detained on the route, they arrived at the pass of the Marihaez, at nightfall and encamped a little further on the other side. While most of the party sat about the fires, absorbed in a species of gambling so

strong a passion of savage life, or regaling themselves, Augichee approached the white men, and pointing to the path which led up the mount, beckoned them to follow him. The chief walked firmly before them up a serpentine and precipitous path till the great ascent to the summit was reached. This was so abrupt and difficult, that they were compelled to clamber up its sides for some distance. As they proceeded the trees became more and more stunted and sparse, till the party emerged upon the bald portion of the mountain, and a little distance upwards stood upon the summit. The moon had just risen. The view was grand, awful and overpowering, well calculated to make one see his utter insignificance in the vast scale of creation. There they stood as on a rock, isolated as it were in the midst of a boundless ocean, whose dark and heavy billows heaved silently below to sink in chasms, whose depths, night rendered more appalling. A calm, frosty night reigned on the heights.

When oppressed with care and in trouble, Augichee had oftimes resorted to this spot to address

the Great Spirit, thus in his estimation it had became sacred, and thither he had thought proper to hear the words of those who bore a message from Him. Now, seated at the foot of Teodoro, he said, "Augichee has two ears for his brother." In the course of Teodoro's address he gave the following account of himself: "When I was a boy the Great Spirit gave me wisdom. The people of my country save my own kindred did not love that wisdom. In exile we were driven from place to place. At length, though I had been commissioned to teach others the way of life, I was shut up within a dark place, apart from mankind. Six and twenty moons had passed overhead, while I pined there; but God was light to my soul and balm in my distress. At length he who brought my daily food, stopped once to listen to my prayer. He heard me pray even for my enemies. This touched his heart. He found means to open my door, to talk with me in private and to kneel together in prayer. We embraced, became brothers and found means to escape. Thenceforth the wide world was

our field, all men our brethren. We resolved to do good wherever we could. We sought at first such countries, whose language we understood. We travelled far, but men hated us, so soon as they heard we had wisdom—wisdom that would keep them from evil ways which they prized. We left them and passed on, 'till Andreo said, 'perhaps the red men will hear us,' and we were brought here."

Their conference lasted until the gray of the morning; contending emotions had alternately swayed the bosom of the venerable chief, as he found the long cherished notions and educational prejudices of his life vanish one by one under the calm manly pleadings of Teodoro, till the latter rising up, pointed eastward as the dawn approached and then spoke of the sublime transactions away in Judea, and of that salvation which angels desired to look into. "There," said he, "you will find love, light and life—and there alone." Then Augichee's features beamed with joy—all doubts had vanished forever, embracing his friends he exclaimed. "It is the truth! It is the truth!" The

gorgeous sun had sprung from behind the hills—night had fled—each dew drop glistened in the light as they went down the mountain rejoicing.

Before they set out again they were overtaken by Santnoh, who approached Teodoro and said: "The white medicine man is stronger than the red man, ha!" The former replied that he was no Kongateh, and left that honor entirely to Santnoh, to whom it belonged, and that he had never intended to offend the Kongateh of the Cherokees. At this point Santnoh appeared pacified. "Ah," then said he, "very good." Still on the way, he neglected nothing to excite mistrust if not hatred against the Spaniards. With all the Indians except a very few, he succeeded but too well, by frequent appeals to their religious fears on account of the desecration of the burial places. An accident soon after came near ridding the Spaniards of this troublesome enemy, for while in advance at the descent of the next range Santnoh was attacked and overpowered by a couple of panthers (gatos de montes) and must have been destroyed but for the seasonable haste of Andres to his deliverance.

CHAPTER III.

APPRISED of the arrival of the chiefs at Charna, Don Carlos, at the request of Oliviera, sent presents to all who possessed influence in the approaching council, Oliviera knowing that Eusteka engrossed the affections of her father, declared his intentions in advance, to win her heart if possible, but at all events to be so devoted in his attentions to her, as to gain her confidence, which might lead to a knowledge of the secrets of the Indians. Don Carlos himself would not go to Charna at this time, because a few miners having resumed operations in the course of the recently discovered gold deposits, became so transported with the notion of the wealth of the mines now to be reached, that he solemnly resolved not to abandon the spot, but at the last extremity. Feeling that the emergency might arise to force

the natives to work the mines, he concluded so soon as the conference should end, to send his son with Andreo, to Achitta to hurry on the expected reinforcement.

Several days elapsed at Charna while the preliminaries of council were being arranged, and this gave scope to the intrigues of Oliviera. This individual was not devoid of personal advantages, from past experience with others, he was confident of soon making an impression on the chief's daughter—even if it should end by his winning a principality in the nation. Though Eusteka received his attentions with the secret pleasure, natural to her sex, she cautiously avoided any encouragement, her policy appeared merely to be to allow them, as of right, her due, and a matter of pure courtesy. Baffled, and piqued by her coldness and reserve, he felt but the more anxious to succeed. Nothing however could change her general tone of conduct, nor would she wear any ornaments he presented for her decoration. Meanwhile the frequent visits of Oliviera gave rise

to exaggerated reports. During all this time, Oliviera knew not, dreamed not, that danger lurked in his path—that Eusteka was the affianced bride of Hiantuga the young war chief. When the latter came to Charna, having returned from a long hunt near the Kanosege, (Tuckasege) he was shocked with what appeared the perfidy of Eusteka and the success of his rival. Without inquiry, in the distraction of his mind, he turned away abruptly and plunged back into the recesses of the forest.

Taco-taka's poetical version in the Cherokee style may be pardonably rendered as follows, (the nasal imitation left out):

Maddened by jealousy, his first thought was revenge—violent and instant.

When the sun sunk in the west, he saw in the sky but the hue of blood.

The night came on, and yet he moves lonely through the dark avenues of the forest, cut off from every human tie and chilled at the heart.

Onward he moves, the wind moans—

Is it the voice of commiseration or in mockery?

Onward he moves.

The eyes of the night, the cold white stars look down upon him ; is he lonesome now, since for good or evil, those watchers follow him through the mazes of the forest ?

Onward he goes, the sound of flowing waters met his ear.
Flow on thou stream! forever! Must he, too, move thus?
Onward he moves, the morning star has crowned yon mountain height; there is hope now, hope of light and life.
Onward he goes—the gray streaks of morn appear, and the sounds of waking life are heard upon the hills.
Once more he is connected with the world and with the living.

Early in the morning Taco-taka and his sister on their way to visit a near relative whose lodge was on the Hiattee; within sight of the place a stream descends the river almost at right angles, there they spied Hiantuga as he sat upon a fallen tree absorbed in thought, while before him stood his javelin stuck in the ground. On being hailed his surprise was great when he saw Eusteka. After awhile he rose and walked besides her, going in the same direction, his soul was full, his agitation extreme. Controlling himself he said: "The stranger stands between us, you no longer behold Hiantuga." "Old friends," she replied, "are not to be forgotten, they rise every morning to gladden our eyes, their presence is like the perfume of the purple flower (Calycanthus) when dew is on the leaves." "If so,"

he resumed, "why seek new faces? Is not blood in the face of the red man? Is there not warmth in his hand? The pale face is dear to Eusteka, let him beware!" Finding his wrath increasing, she spoke suddenly: "Hiantuga, threaten not! The strangers came here in peace, let them remain here in peace. As for Unaik, (Teodoro) he is all gentleness and noble—far above our race. The Great Spirit made him to excel, why should we repine?" Hiantuga, with drooping lids, looked on the ground, but could not command the terrible emotions at work within, for with a keen, piercing glance towards her came words in impassioned utterance: "You love him! I am deceived, betrayed! Thus it is ever with your sex—like that vine which has wound itself around the first sapling within its reach. See! It has killed it! and now, aspiring still higher, it clasps the trunk of the sturdy oak; such is woman's love!" Eusteka, who little understood the cause of such a storm, at length said, with unaffected sincerity: "Eusteka is to be the bride of Hiantuga—she weds not above

her people. Then let not Hiantuga look upon his Eusteka in anger—his smiles is her joy—she lives for Hiantuga." She then told him of various incidents that had happened since their last interview, especially how a pale face, Unaik, had saved her father's life, and had taught him many great and good things. She begged, Hiantuga would seek instruction of Unaik, who was a true friend of his, and had cautioned her to behave with reserve towards the pale faces, which advice she had strictly followed. Oliviera was not mentioned even once by either, yet he, it was against whom a scheme of private revenge had been formed, and although Hiantuga listened with calmness and interest to his beloved Eusteka, that scheme was finally merged and lost in the fixed determination to destroy the entire expedition, save only one, for the sake of the tender petitioner. Thus, as it has always been in all regions and ages—we find the spirit of poetry, epic or amatory, in the man and in the woman, the object and the cause.

Although Charna had been selected for the

conference, Don Carlos could not be induced to leave the neigborhood of the mines; so the chief had, after some difficulty, reluctantly consented to meet near the fort, at a sort of ampitheater, on the principal river—hill in the rear. The foliage of the trees now exhibited all the gaudiest tints so remarkable a feature of this region in Autumn. When the chiefs arrived they sat in semicircles on the ground, and awaited in silence the coming of the Spaniards. Then Don Carlos with his officers and such armed men as could be spared from guard, all dressed in imposing military costumes, marched out to meet them by the sound of martial music, and bearing aloft the flag of Spain. Indeed every effort was made to gain the admiration and respect of the natives.

It may be well to state here, Oliviera, ever full of inventions had since his difficulty with the chief of Charna, closely shaven his head and colored it with a red dye, over which he wore a flowing wig, for the purpose, he declared, to practice a trick on the

Indians. When the procession reached the river range, the flag was planted and the conference began. The chiefs on their part observed much formality, but in a very quiet way. Oliviera who still acted as spokesman addressed them as follows:

"It is with regret, O chiefs, that we have heard of unfriendly feelings existing on your part against our people, though we have smoked the pipe of peace together; because we have built our great lodge here, it is said, you are angry. Now we wish to maintain peace with our red brothers, and in that view, promise never to violate the sepulchres, if we are not molested in our present place. On the other hand we cannot now remove without great loss and hazard; for this cause we desire all opposition against us to cease. Our brothers must know that in seeking peace we are not actuated by fear; for though we are few in numbers, our power is great and our prowess unquestionable."

He then entered more minutely on the subject of Spanish grandeur and imprudently hinted of succour from abroad. When he ceased, a silence of

some minutes elapsed, in the hope that Augichee, to whom all eyes were turned, would next speak. At length Stikititla, a chief of great shrewdness, arose and asked: "How long did the pale faces intend to stay in the country? If for a short time, huts like those of the Indians or their own tents might have answered, but their great lodge was to stand for many summers." This question Oliviera endeavored to evade by saying that the Spaniards were accustomed to such dwellings. But Stikititla again put the question: "How long do the pale faces intend to stay?" To this Oliviera merely remarked, he hoped they were echulahe (all one) that is brothers or friends.

Santnoh now sprung up not able to restrain his feelings, and as he assayed to speak blood spurted from his nostrils: "The bones of our fathers are violated or trodden under foot. Corn would not grow—the chase would fail unless the pale faces were sent or driven away. They had corrupted the youth by employing them to dig the hills or to carry burdens. The nation would become ener-

vated, would become women." It was evident when he stopped, he had checked himself in midway. It was plain that his views swayed a majority of the chiefs, as manifested by their marks of approbation. The time had now arrived when Augichee could no longer remain silent, so he stood up calmly while expectations waited on him. He proposed that if the chiefs did not approve of the permanent occupation of the locality by the Spaniards, justice demanded that they be allowed time enough to make a removal elsewhere without loss. He thought some four or five moons at least ought to be granted to them. As the white friends had been encouraged to make a settlement they should not now be turned out in the winter.

Santnoh opposed this proposition with warmth. "Not one moon," he exclaimed, "shall be yielded them, and if they will not go we shall compel them." "Compel them, indeed," said Oliviera with scorn, "when I alone can eat up the whole tribe. Santnoh sprung backwards, poised his war club for action, and then with a sudden leap

had certainly slain Oliviera, had not Augichee and Teodoro interposed. When the former called Santnoh's attention to the solemn nature of a council, he replied aloud, "Very well—let this pass now but I vow to have his scalp." "Here take it now," exclaimed Oliviera, while he threw his wig at the foot of the Kongoteh, thus exposing his reddened scalp. The Indians were utterly appalled at the phenomenon — indeed Santnoh fled some steps in utter amazement; nor was their emotion abated when Oliviera quickly picked up the wig and replaced it on his head with a shout of exultation. This and a demonstration of the effects of fire arms, so overawed the chiefs that a majority were soon obtained to extend to the Spaniards the terms proposed by Augichee as the middle ground of concession. By the advice of Teodoro, Don Carlos agreed to them as the best terms that could be obtained at present. A treaty was duly ratified; by the terms of which the Spaniards were to remain in the present locality till the spring, when the leaves of the oak should be as large as a squirrel's ears, when they

should abandon the fort and then either enter into a new treaty by which a new location should be assigned them or forever quit the country. This latter clause was added by Santnoh, in the hope that it would not be accepted as events immediately proved. Don Carlos saw in this treaty an opportune means to postpone his difficulties, that by bribes and duplicity he might eventually obtain his own terms, and be in a position before spring to dictate to the refractory natives.

Taken entirely off their guard by what they had witnessed and the unexpected decision of the majority, Santnoh and his immediate associates, after the preliminaries had been settled, preserved a solemn silence, till the calumet of peace was offered around, when they arose and marched off the ground without so much as looking behind. Thus troubles were brewing against the expedition that rendered efficient vigilance and measures for protection necessary.

When once more congregated within the fort, the company deliberated upon the present aspect of

affairs, and the contingencies that might arise. Oliviera began by saying that the interval now obtained was only to be employed in preparation for hostilities and in expectation of reinforcement. A cherished object in the meantime was to create dissentions among the Indians, and to form a party in alliance with the expedition. The good will of some had already been won, by supplies of aquadiente and the female portion was much inclined to be friendly with the whites, as it oftimes happens among inferior races. Any advice to abandon the fort or loose the fruits of their operations was to be denounced at once as cowardly, unless indeed this advice was based upon the certainty of better prospects elsewhere. But having secured an ample supply of provisions against a siege to keep up this supply for the future, it will be necessary to retain prisoners of influence as hostages. He proposed for his part to decoy and entrap the chief's daughter, because the intimacy he had attempted to maintain with her, might afford reasonable grounds to show that she had taken her abode at

the fort through love and her own choice, not violence; others might imitate his example. Any hostility on the part of the Indians would prove vain and futile, since the fort was well supplied with arms and ammunition. Before all he hoped to make it appear, that he knew how to combat the savages, having heretofore defeated more than half a dozen in the open field. To all this Don Carlos yelded his hearty support.

When Teodoro would introduce a few words of entreaty and advice, Oliviera, in a rough and harsh manner, interrupted him, saying: "Comrades; be careful how you hearken to this man, for I have good reason to suspect him to be in league with the Indians. Heard you not with what reverence he was styled 'Unaik the Kongateh?' Heard you not how earnestly he pleaded for Augichee's terms of the treaty?" Extending his arms to address the company, the accused was checked by hisses and groans, which did not cease till Don Pacheco interceded, or rather interposed, an authority rarely disputed. Comparative order being intro-

duced, Teodoro said: "By your leave, Don Carlos, I am permitted to defend myself. I call upon every man here to testify whether I have done him wrong, or whether (which I boast not) I have ever ministered to the wants of the sick and necessitous. To you, Don Carlos, I especially appeal. Have I not with fidelity and economy used the means placed in my hands for the purchase of provisions? That I have acquired the respect and confidence of the natives, bespeaks not an intriguing spirit, but one actuated with a sense of justice and love to man. That I advised the treaty was to spare the effusion of blood—to spare which my voice shall ever be heard, though it brings destruction on my head. I essayed to speak awhile ago in the cause of justice, in the cause of innocence, but I was silenced. By an examination of your stores you will find provisions collected there for several months, at least to last through the winter. This is the work of myself and my colleagues—without assistance or without remuneration. If, after this

exhibit, you are dissatisfied with me, you will please give me permission to accompany Don Pacheco to Achitta. 'Tis all I ask."

After he had finished, Andreo and another friend asked leave to go with him. Hereupon Don Carlos, alarmed lest a defection should extend further and others for various causes should break off from the expedition, and perhaps imperil its success, after a brief conference with Oliviera, brought about a reconciliation, which was as false on one side as it was sincere on the other.

On the following day Don Pacheco, with Andreo alone, was sent out to meet the expected reinforcement and conduct it by the nearest route. Teodora still continued to exchange trinkets and commodities for maize and other provisions, though opportunities for barter became fewer every day. Three other persson were detailed to hunt and cure venison and other game.

Now a strange mutation took place in the mind of Don Carlos. As he had been the slave of pleasure, then of gold, he finally became that of

ambition and military glory. Already, in his estimation, he was destined to become the Cortes of Catengema. Oliviera, who was *un hombre politico*, (a politician) hailed this change with pleasure, hoping to take the rule when the affairs of the expedition should become involved. Arms were ordered to be distributed to each man, a strict military discipline was instituted; sentries were regularly posted and the mines abandoned for the winter. The ammunition had been so carefully husbanded that little less remained on hand than the quantity brought. A piece of Artillery or swivel (*una pieza de artilleria, un pedrero*) was placed over the gate to command the entrance and causeway.

After the council had adjourned, Santnoh sought with eagerness for the young war chief, but he had hurried on with all expedition homewards. While on this quest the medicine-man accosted Taco-taka, who was engaged in spearing fish on the river. "Well met," exclaimed Santnoh, "I looked for one and behold the other; now follow me to a spot that has no ear. Santnoh's spirit fills his bosom

nigh to bursting." At the base of an overhanging rock they sat on the ground opposite to each other. Santnoh fixed a sad gaze on Taco-taka for a few minutes in profound silence. Wearied, at length the latter asked, "What means the cloud on Santnoh's face?" Then followed from the chief a sort of chant in measured cadences, impossible to be correctly rendered here, but scarcely to be omitted altogether:

"When Augichee spurned his crippled son,
Because no warrior he might be,
Who helped his feeble steps among the hills?
Santnoh!

"When the cruel father called him 'dog,'
Who hugged him like a petted fawn
And taught the way to fame and power?
Santnoh!

"Who gloried more, when with youthful face
Taco-taka sat among the wise
For honors won, unsurpassed in council?
Santnoh!

"Who would say: 'Be not Taco-taka
But now Tetishko, the kongateh,
And ever wear this wampum belt for me?'
Santnoh!"

"My heart feels big towards Santnoh," replied

Taco-taka with deep emotion, "I call upon the Great Spirit to guide him. Oh, Santnoh! What is the wisdom we have known? Nothing! The true wisdom I have received from the white Kongateh. Go to him, also, and learn what it is to live. Taco-taka can never be a Kongateh."

This he said with the best of feelings, then what was his surprise to see Santnoh leap upwards and stare at him with horrified aspect.

"Does my eye prove false," he cried, "is this my bosom's child? Does the storm enter my ears? My child gone to the foe! The stars have indeed vanished before the rising sun, and Santnoh falls at the feet of Unaik. Down sinks his honors and his name, in clouds and darkness, is borne by the winds away. Spirits of departed warriors, and thou, the shadowy Kongateh of my dreams, howl the song on the hills afar, as Santnoh leaves the world. But, no! The time has not yet come! Santnoh has friends though Taco-taka be lost. Santnoh will yet save his people. I will, in life, stay the downfall of the Cherokees. Now let war

come, let our foes be destroyed ere others come, and our own mountain home is free!"

He then quickly returned to the forest determined once more to seek Hiantuga, who he learned had gone back to his lodge on the Tuckasege; but pursuing a direct route scarcely heeding obstacles. Santnoh arrived there in advance of the war-chief. Hiantuga had traveled on in deep thought resolved upon hostilities of some sort against the pale faces. At this interview, both chiefs were in full accord; but to urge Hiantuga to instant action, Santnoh related the tradition of an ancient sage, who had predicted that the red man for their bloody ways, should in time be driven away before the pale faces, that the water courses should shrink and the hills be cut down; a saying about which he had often pondered without coming to a solution until lately when the full meaning suddenly flashed upon him. Would Hiantuga live to see the evil day? That indignant chief drew himself up to his stature and after a deep inspiration said: "Hiantuga can indeed fall, but who shall drive him

away?" The conversation then turned upon the fire-arms of the Spaniards, termed by the natives, the little thunders, and about the self-scalping feat of Oliviera. After further deliberations they came to the conclusion that with superior numbers, resources and stratagem, the enemy would soon be overpowered and for the first time Santnoh smiled for joy. By fostering hatred for the Spaniards, and harping upon the desecration of the sepulchres, they began in their present vicinity to organize a powerful league among the chiefs. Soon they sent abroad messengers to chiefs, more remote and not under the immediate influence of Augichee. But their main desire was to obtain the concurrence of the vaunted chief Hilnota, who resided near the Creek country, and for this purpose they sent Stikititla. As weeks must have intervened before he could join them with his braves and confederate chiefs, they determined to advance at once towards Charna and hold a secret war council at the great town house near that place. They assembled around them as they went some of

the most turbulent of the tribe over whom they held a sway; these after due instructions were sent out with the war token, and with as much secrecy as possible to the various townships scattered within the space of six days journey, Augichee and those who could not be influenced by these secret emisaries were passed over by strict instructions in the general summons. But however secret these movements were, some notices of them did not fail to reach Augichee and the Spaniards. Oliviera had received early information through the nephew of Stikititla, whose services he had bought by occasional supplies of aquadiente. Full of self importance, full of the brags he so frequently made, he expressed a resolution to repair to the council in a disguise that would enable him to mix unobserved in the crowd during the night. Having made the banter too openly, calmer reflections and appeals came too late to admit of an abandonment of so dangerous an enterprise.

The council house was a large conical edifice, built of poles and bark on a slightly elevated hill

a very few leagues from Charna, a small babbling rivulet flowed at the base, while around in a sort of a semicircle arose undulating heights covered with timber. A more secluded spot could scarcely be imagined. As the guide led the way, Oliviera followed with an indescribable dread of discovery or treachery, using great circumspection. Several times he was on the point of retreating, but each time the dread of pursuit and capture deterred him, for he knew that many Indians were still on the way to the council. As he drew near, the scene presented to his view was not at all calculated to reassure his spirits. A chill star-lit sky reigned on high, from whence a thin vapor, more perceptible to the feelings than to the sight, had settled towards the earth, rendering the outlines of objects less defined. Before him rose in the dark a shapeless mass, around which he saw a number of indistinct forms in motion, or in stationary groups, all reminding one more of the abode of disembodied spirits than of aught earthly. Oliviera's fears were overcome at last by the antagonistic prin-

ciples of shame and prudence; so worming his way through the motley crowd in front of the door, he reached it just as the council fire was about to be kindled in the center of the interior; and when this was done the horrors of the moment were but increased. The light made the darkness of the smoked interior the more apparent, while it revealed the grim savages, ranged around in all the appalling disfigurements of their warlike and uncouth ornaments.

Shortly after Augichee arrived. He had been apprized of the movement late in the day before and had travelled hither with all haste. There was no change from his ordinary dress—the bear-skin still hung down his back and from beneath it gleamed a bright hatchet, affixed to his belt, the only weapon he wore. This unexpected appearance threw the ringleaders into some consternation, but no sooner had he taken his seat, than Santnoh arose and said: "Let the aged speak." At this Augichee, rising slowly, said:

"Warriors! But yesterday, when the sun had

sunk beneath the hills, I was in the wigwam smoking the calumet of peace, when suddenly screamed aloft the eagle of war. The cry went through all the land. The aged could not rest his limbs. That cry drove sleep away. Through the dark night I followed the sounds of war. Here stands Augichee. This is the war council. A war against whom? A handful of peaceful men who came here to dig the earth for stones. Fallen, fallen are the Cherokees if they speak with forked tongues and regard not the clasping of hands nor the force of treaties. Shall the Cherokee kill his brothers? Augichee wars not against the pale faces. Warriors, I have said."

The next that spoke was Hiantuga, bold, daring, full of fire: "'Tis not the young who speaks, 'tis my father's spirit that gives me words. The pale faces are treacherous. 'Tis they who speak with forked tongues. Weak are they now, so was once the oak. Peaceful will they be so long as they are weak. Take my advice, chiefs, attack them now. The spark that falls among the dry leaves may be

easily put out with the foot, neglect it and soon the mountains are involved in a general conflagration. Drive the pale faces away or let them die ere they overshadow the red man."

Augichee now rose again. Somewhat excited, but soon subduing his emotion, he proceeded with calmness:

"Chiefs and warriors, when the pale faces came they asked for leave to dig among the stones of the hills; we said dig. We said the Great Spirit sent the rain and gave the game—eat and drink with us. We smoked the calumet of peace and, as the smoke went up, Augichee said who knows but these men may bring good to the Cherokees. Augichee's heart felt big towards them. Sickness came. Santnoh said, I must go to the spirit land and he sung the death song. Then Unaik, sent by the Master of Life, raised me up and taught me wisdom. Food is necessary for man, but far more that wisdom. The wisdom of the red man is darkness and thunder.

Santnoh hastily sprung up and interrupted

him thus: "Fallen is the great chief of the Cherokees. He speaks words that should cause each warrior to raise his tomahawk and utter the war whoop. The Great Spirit of the Cherokees, the wisdom of our ancestors whose bones lie mouldering and polluted on our hills—are they to yield to the pale faces? Has Augichee turned traitor? Has he lost the red blood in his age? Let him fear the curse of the evil-eye or the blast from the spirit land. Warriors, Augichee leads us no more on the war-path. Warriors, speak if the red blood still warms your hearts."

Then a savage yell began within the lodge, and caught up by those without, made the hills resound and re-echo with that most fearful note, the war whoop. This told Augichee, too plainly, that for the first time in his long career he was abandoned by his people. The thoughts of departed greatness and a mixed emotion of indignation and boiling wrath rose within him. Deprived of reason for a time he advanced toward Santnoh with the uplifted hatchet, exclaiming: "Then the

war begins here." Youthful vigor and manly strength seemed to pervade his form, but the next moment the hatchet dropped from his nerveless grasp as if paralyzed, and he stood like a statue with his eyes turned upwards.

The wiley Santnoh, pointing at him, uttered these words with a hissing sound: "The curse of the evil one upon him who supports our enemies." All eyes were rivetted upon the aged chief in the belief he was under a supernatural spell, which belief estranged even his nearest friends. But he resumed a look of cool and calm composure, saying at the same time: "Augichee's hands shall never more be stained with blood." He then walked out of the council, and from this time he must be considered as virtually deposed. The council then resolved to massacre the Spaniards to a man, lest some might escape to return on a future day with forces to take vengeance on the Cherokees. But one voice was raised in mercy, and but for one man —Hiantuga pleaded for Unaik—all in vain, till Santnoh reluctantly yielded the point, fearing to

alienate the young war chief. As the Indians expected considerable resistance to their penetrating within the fort, the time for action was put off for one moon to allow a full collection of forces and the arrival of Hilnota. They then proclaimed death to any one who should inform the Spaniards of this meeting and that he should also bear the curse of the medicine man.

Oliviera had escaped detection so far. Having learned enough of the purpose and aim of the council, he descended the hill with stealthy steps to take the route to Charna, where some comrades were waiting at an appointed spot, hoping to hurry on without stopping to the fort. It was well he had left so early, for the wild orgies or ceremonies of the savages attained their height soon afterwards, and he continued to hear those dismal whoops resounding through the forest for some distance as he proceeded. He was unaware, that just then it was the custom of warriors to scatter themselves around and inspect the ground; and thus the footprints of a white man were detected.

On turning round, while hurrying on he saw, dismayed, two or three torchlights fast appoaching on his tracks. He examined his pistols, as a last resource, then hastened on the way, which in the trepidation of the moment he unfortunately missed by winding at the base of a hill. The further he pressed the more he diverged from the right path. After some time so spent, the route was regained towards Charna. Meanwhile, the warwhoops still continued in the distance, though the torches were no longer seen; the presumption was, the Indians had gone back.

Santnoh was about to quit also, when his practiced ear detected footsteps, which he knew to be those of a white man, and he hid himself among some bushes. The sharp twang of a bow, a pang in the shoulder arrested Oliviera. His pistols were ready, but where to direct the shot he knew not, so throwing himself on the ground, as if mortally wounded, he awaited the appearance of the enemy, in which event, he was not deceived. He shot at Santnoh twice, in rapid succession but without effect, for

Oliviera though expert with the knife, was a bad marksman with firearms. The next moment Santnoh brandished a war club over Oliviera ready to slay him.

Teodoro, who was among the men posted near Charna, becoming uneasy about the safety of Oliviera, went out to meet him on his return. He had reached the place about the same time, when the lights caused him to take shelter in the bushes. The discharge of pistols revealed what was going on. He rushed forward regardless of consequences. Oliviera had been disabled by a blow, and the Indian was about to give the finishing stroke, when he was suddenly disarmed and overpowered. Santnoh's strength forsook him when he recognized Teodoro, for he saw an evil augury for the future, the more that he was prostrate and in the power of the white Kongateh.

He groaned out saying, "Will Unaik slay Santnoh?" "No!" answered Teodoro, in a voice of thunder, "Flee and learn to be merciful to a fallen foe." On finding himself released, Santnoh immediately fled, pursued by supernatural terrors.

For having witnessed his humiliation, for having allowed the enemy to escape, Oliviera hated Teodoro the more, even while with the aid indispensable to him in his crippled condition, he was supported till he should meet the guard near Charna and reach the fort in safety.

CHAPTER IV.

N the next day, at a sort of a council held at the fort, Oliviera blazed forth the night adventure and claimed the credit of daring valor. When he spoke of the combat with Santnoh it was in the most exaggerated terms, taking care to apply the harshest epithets to Teodoro, who refused to kill an unarmed man. He maintained that he could, though disabled, have easily killed his opponent but for the unseasonable interference of Teodoro.

He declared the prospects of the expedition very threatning, but he feared not to contemplate them, because he felt the Spaniards must come out victorious in the strife. In conclusion he urged the immediate seizure of hostages, as had been before determined, but with the additional intention that, should it become necessary, the Indian code of blood for blood might be turned against

them. He now asked Teodoro if he could defend his conduct before the company, and further, what was his advice in the emergency. To which the latter replied: "Don Carlos and Senors—If it is a crime to spare a powerless man, then I am guilty, I plead no more. I was not brought up to the profession of arms. Senors, I am asked for advice. Permit me to say that a pacific policy towards the Indians is best under all circumstances. To maintain peace we must be just. It is contemplated to seize Eusteka and others as hostages. What would result from the capture of Eusteka but the alienation of one of our most valued and tried friends—her father? Would not the Indians be the more incensed; would they not endeavor to recapture the hostages or retaliate? Is it not wiser—I should say more prudent—to yield in some degree at least to their prejudices? This might be done without detriment to the expedition, by commencing in good faith to build another fort on the opposite hill, which, while it commands the approach to the mines, would be beyond the precincts of the burial

ground. If you, Senors, should so decide, no doubt amicable relations may be established. In conclusion, we are here as strangers and need to conciliate the favor of the red man that provisions may be supplied to us."

These views not being in accord with the lieutenant, he again charged Teodoro, as in league with the enemy, as proved by many evidences of a mutual understanding between them. Having said this, Oliviera assumed airs of great authority, and resorted to threatning language. Though somewhat nettled at the arrogance of this man, Don Carlos could not well forego his services, nor resist his popularity in the expedition. In fact, without his knowledge, he was a mere tool in the hands of this unscrupulous officer. Preparations were therefore made to seize Eusteka and such others as might be deemed prudent.

Just at this juncture as if to facilitate this scheme, Augichee, with his family, came to Wahu to receive those consolations in his distress which his soul yearned to obtain of

Unaik, his friend. Abandoned by his people, degraded, shorn of all influence, now with his purpose and aim in life so truly changed, he needed encouragement and support. The night was dark and drizzly, when Teodoro, who had been informed of the chief's desire, started to visit him. It was a matter of no little difficulty to avoid the vigilance of Indian scouts, who were always prowling about the vicinity. He had succeeded well till almost in Wahu, but when near the place, Hiantuga tracked him as if by instinct, till he met Augichee in front of a lodge that stood apart from the rest. They saluted each other with joy, in the Indian mode, which is by grasping the elbows of each other. The old chief said he had lost all power to serve his brother, for bad men ruled in the council of the Cherokees. "As you fortold, my trials have indeed come, but I will hold on in the path I have chosen."

"*Ningun pantano se encuentra en el camino,*" said Teodoro, in Castilian. "You will meet with no quagmire on the road," then he testified supreme

joy in finding him the same mind. "Stay not," he entreated, "but go back with Eusteka and Taco-taka without delay. Go at once and before dawn. These are the words of a friend." On his part Augichee warned Teodoro to keep within the fort after the present night. It was evident neither could divulge more to the other, and so far the duties of friendship had been observed. Calling the family around them, after brief religious exercises, Teodoro declared that he had a presentment, that his life on earth was about to close, but did not feel a sorrow on that account, but rather rejoiced. In departing, he thanked the Great Spirit that he had been honored to testify the truth, even to suffer in proof of his faith. Then said the chief, "Augichee's life is almost spent. He wishes to be buried beside his brother." After a few more words, they parted to meet under far different circumstances.

Immediately afterwards the chief heard footsteps, and Hiantuga soon appeared before him. When the young warrior had seen an unknown person

take the path to the lodge, haunted by suspicions of foul play, he followed to a crevice where he could easily see and hear what was going on. His words now were, "When the man stood before you, my eye was upon my arrow and upon him. I then heard all, I knew Unaik. He is a good man. Hiantuga will watch over him." Then whistling the note of a bird, two Indians came to meet him, whom he sent to follow the stranger to the fort, and keep him from danger. The family, with Hiantuga, then decided to start in the early dawn for Attinka, where the young war chief should receive his bride. With these illusory plans they parted for the night."

One of the Indians sent to protect Teodoro, was the spy employed on a former occasion by Oliviera, who thought it was that person he was now following. Teodoro was about half way on his return, when he was surprised to meet Oliviera and a party going to entrap Eusteka. They pressed him to turn back, but he positively refused. In the meantime, an Indian boldly came, who declared to

Oliviera, that he had been following him, since he had parted with Augichee. Startled at such an announcement, Oliviera took the Indian aside, and after vigorous questions, came to the conclusion that Teodoro held secret intelligence, not only with Augichee, but with the war chief. He then gave orders to arrest and bind the traitor who had given warning to Augichee. A squad was detailed to conduct the prisoner, with the Indian, within the fort.

In the dark of the morning, a single Spaniard called at the entrance of Augichee's lodge, when all were plunged in the soundest morning sleep. He stated that Teodoro had despatched him to conduct Eusteka and Taco-taka out of harm's way immediately. The unsuspecting old man hurried his son and daughter, with directions they should go with the stranger to Attinha, whilst he got ready to follow with Hiantuga. Thus they were led into the very midst of the Spanish party and thence to the block house, when the spy was dismissed under pledges with presents. An Indian scout who

witnessed some of these transactions near the fort, brought word to Hiantuga. His fury knew no bounds. Driven by its violence he hurried to Augichee, to organize a force sufficient to sweep the pale faces from the earth.

But the old man received the intelligence with his head bowed down in calm resignation, little in unison with the burning wrath of the young war chief.

Chiusteh's grief overwhelmed her—her severest trial had come. The villagers crowded to the lodge, and as they heard of the capture, each vowed vengeance.

The old chief now rose in solemn grandeur, softened however by tenderness for his afflicted wife, whom he approached. "Chiusteh," he said, "we have offended the Great Spirit. He has pardoned us. Remember, after sorrows here, we shall all meet again in the happy land. Sorrow is but for time—joy lasts forever. Why mourn for Tacotaka; why mourn for Eusteka? Behold, the Great Spirit watches over them, loves them more than we

can." At this, Chiusteh breathed forth these words: "Forgive a woman; true, our children are safe."

Then suddenly seizing Hiantuga by the hand, Augichee said: "Be assured, Eusteka loves Hiantuga—she will do what is right; she will be delivered. Tell me, you who are a Skiagusteh, a master spirit among the Cherokees, are you not weary with this world of sorrow and violence?" Hiantuga bit his lips, but made no reply.

In consequence of this seizure, the Indians redoubled their vigilance and increased their preparations for a vigorous attack. From this time no Spaniard dare leave the immediate vicinity of the fort, except in well armed squads. Within two or three days, notwithstanding the care they had taken of the prisoners, Taco-taka had escaped and rejoined his friends.

Shortly after this, matters were brought to a crisis sooner than was anticipated, and before the arrival of the redoubtable chief, Hilnota. It happened on this wise. On an excessively cold

night, while a severe snow storm, accompanied with sleet, prevailed outdoors, the inmates of the fort were surprised to hear a plaintive female voice, whose melancholy tones arose from below in the intervals or lulls of the fitful north wind. The words were Cherokee, and every now and then the burthens which could be distinguished from the rest, rang thus:

The cold wind blasts the early flower,
White man pity the lonely maiden.

Perhaps these lines, which an amateur poet composed afterwards, may serve as a version.

[The English version is still worse, but here it is]:

Untimely love, misplaced love,
A spark that falls upon the snow,
The arrow that finds the lonely dove,
Breasting on high the northern wind,
At one fell swoop she dropped below,
To icy death her form resigned.
The cold winds rush from yonder heaven,
White man, pity the lonely maiden.

Untimely love, misplaced love,
A flower that opes in winter, when
Balmy breeze from the sun above
Deceitful breathes of hope and joy,

And birds begin to sing again,
When sudden cold and frost destroy.
The cold wind blasts the early flower,
White man, pity the lonely rover.

Untimely love, misplaced love,
How burns the cold? How blows the wind?
The limbs, benumbed, refuse to move,
Life flutters only at the heart,
Now sleep descends the sense to bind,
Sweet sleep that never will desert.
The cold wind blows, why let it then,
Forever sleeps the lonely maiden.

As the possibility of a stratagem was feared, no one ventured out; the sounds gradually became fainter and died in a moan, then the storm reigned alone.

At dawn, Pacheco returned with the expected reinforcements. On rounding the hill to the ascent he discovered the body of an Indian female, lying prone on the snow. He turned the body over. It was Omuna—dead! Pacheco fell senseless. On recovery, he could scarcely be separated from her lifeless remains. Frequently he uttered: "Oh, had we lived separate from all the world besides!"

A belief prevailed that Omuna, unable to endure the long absence of Don Pacheco, fearing he was sick, and becoming distracted on this account, came towards the fort to seek information, and was on the way and without shelter when the storm overtook her. We shall soon see what influence her death had on the fate of the expedition.

When Don Pacheco had embraced his father, he gave orders for the decent burial of Omuna, whose character he publicly pronounced above suspicion; he then retired to a private portion of the fort to indulge in the intensity of his grief.

The reinforcement, now arrived, consisted of about thirty-six men, one of whom, the Padre Riquez, was a travelling ecclesiastic, ascetic and severe solely through educational influences, for otherwise he would have proved a man of generous impulses. His own native city of Seville was justly shocked at the mere relation of the bloody sacrifices of the Mexican priesthood, but would hail with holy zeal an auto-da-fe.

Don Pacheco found them near Cowetta. On en-

tering the Cherokee country they had been threatened with opposition, but by marching mostly at night, and being favored by the inclemency of the weather, they succeeded in reaching their place of destination in safety, bringing along a few horses, some necessaries and a supply of ammunition. At Achitta he learned of the recent visit of a few Englishmen to that place, which event Don Carlos regarded as adding to his other difficulties.

The first question of Andreo was about his friend. All to whom he applied averted the eye and remained silent. At length approached the young friend who had always been detailed to assist Teodoro as commissary, but he himself was too full for utterance. Then came Oliviera, who said "Your friend Teodoro is safe in prison. I now arrest you upon charges of high crimes and misdemeanor against the expedition." In the cell where Teodoro was chained, Eusteka was also confined. On seeing Andreo, the former was moved greatly saying: "A second time you find me thus, but I grieve to think the charges against me now are not for maintaining

the truth. Let us pray for our enemies, and petition that we we may not be permitted to suffer as malefactors." While engaged in their religious exercises, one portion of their hymn, which has been preserved by the sentry, was as follows (which I give almost verbally in English, not metrically:)

Bear up nor resign to grief,
The journey of life so brief;
Bend meekly 'neath chastisement,
Oft in kindest mercy sent;
Look upwards, the goal is near,
Christ the humble soul will cheer.

While so engaged, Padre Riquez opened the door and stood among them.

In the open court of the fort Don Carlos was deliberating about the proper disposal of the mules which had survived, and of the horses recently brought. As the beasts of burthen could not all be quartered in the fort, it was unfortunately decided without due military caution, to erect a shelter on the outside—in close proximity to the entrance—as the cannon placed above it was thought sufficient to defend the approach. Work-

men were set about the work and a foraging party detailed to go into the cane brakes after forage for the subsistence of the horses through the winter.

The new comers were greatly alarmed at the unexpected difficulties with the natives, but Oliviera reassured them by saying that the Indians were cowardly and easily terrified with fire arms. Besides, he was engaged in forming a party among them who should be subsidized to take up arms against the rest, when he should come in and decide the contest for good in behalf of the Spaniards. Teodoro and Andreo had had secret intelligence with the chiefs, and had thrown difficulties in the way, but they were now imprisoned; so was Eusteka, the chief's daughter, who was to become his wife in due time. Hostages would soon be captured and the Spaniards would thus have it in their power to retaliate. He intended to send for more men together with some choice blood hounds so soon as the season opened, he would then be ready to compel work in the mines to be resumed.

Just then, Riquez, with horror depicted on his countenance, rushed into their presence exclaiming: "Diavolos! Diavolos! I exorcise them. Holy Peter and Paul, the Holy Virgin of Toledo and all the saints witness against them. What impiety! I exorcise them, Diavolos!" Frantic with emotion, he went on gesticulating, with the cross in his hand, frothing out epithets, while the audience stood aghast not knowing what it all meant. "What" asked one, blanching at the thought, "are the Indians upon us?" "Worse," he exclaimed, "holy inquisition, don't you understand me? The heretics are here." Some one exclaimed: "The padre means the English!" and without waiting further many rushed for the battlements, and a scene of uproar and confusion ensued. "Are you mad?" Riquez shouted out, "the heretics are there!" pointing to the cell where the prisoners were kept.

In the din of the moment, Don Pacheco was roused from his grief and came forward; his soul had passed through a severe trial, and the traces were left imprinted upon the haggard and pale

countenance. He found Riquez, (though now in a hollow solemn voice) still declaring how the company entertained among them the most dangerous of heretics, men who were pursued by the wrath of heaven—proscribed by the faithful everywhere—whose presence brought pestilence, war and famine—for whom the hurricane gathered its force that it might sweep them away—the earth opened her strong jaws to swallow them—the lightning—aye the lightning of heaven flashed against them, and the thunders bellowed their curse. A deadly palor seized the auditors, who saw the most appalling evils impending on their heads; though, they themselves were *siempre fiel.* By this time it was pretty well known that Teodoro and Andreo were indicated in this charge.

Oliviera, well pleased, now proposed that Riquez should order the heretics to be disposed of as he might think best. This being approved by some, Riquez said: "Now, if they will not repent I will give them over for the destruction of their bodies." It was now that Don Pachéco interposed. "Do

you know what you propose? I will tell you, the destruction of the purest and best men. Kill them and take your proper names of murderers. I know Andreo well—a man as bold as a lion, but meek as a lamb, a man indeed, but with a woman's tender heart. Is he not a Christian? Which of you would be more ready to sacrifice his life for a friend, nay for an enemy? Which of you, when tortured with hunger, would deny himself food to give it to a famishing companion as he did for days to me on our last journey? Teodoro has served you well, to him you owe your present subsistence. He is no heretic or traitor. Had you followed his advice, the Indians would not this day be our enemies. Destroy them if you will, but let my lot be with them."

Don Carlos, seeing the sulky condition of his son, entreated Riquez and Oliviera to postpone further action for the present. "For," added he, "it is not his true sentiments he now expresses, but the result of a diseased imagination, which will give way when his strength shall be recruited. Do

nothing now to increase his illness; in due time shall those heretics be richly dealt with."

They acquiesced in silence, andDo n Pacheco entered the prison chamber.

CHAPTER V.

PREVIOUS to the occurences last detailed, Augichee had made several attempts to ransom Eusteka, failing in these, he had desired to be allowed an interview with her, which was also denied. Taco-taka proposed also to return to confinement on the condition of the liberation of his sister, but Oliviera declared emphatically that Eusteka was with him from choice. This declaration brought painful surmises to the minds of Chiusteh and Hiantuga, but the old man and his son maintained their trust in the fidelity of Eusteka.

During those abortive negotations, Hiantuga visited the old chief very frequently, and in those interviews he began to imbibe the elements of a new belief. His mind still wavered between accepting or rejecting them, when word was

brought that a number of new pale faces had arrived at the fort, and on reaching the base of the hill they had killed an Indian woman—supposed to be Eusteka, in the act of escaping—and had carried the body away. Maddened by this thought, Hiantuga resolved upon immediate action. The coming night was to witness his vengeance.

The night set in cold, and all around was a dreary waste of snow, above which arose the dark masses of the leafless forests, holding melancholy converse with the winds from the mountain tops. Fearing no assault in such an inclement night, the Spaniards collected around two fires in the open court and indulged in the sociable feelings of the moment. The new comers gave an account of their past adventures. The pioneers of the expedition spoke of their prospects. Then some excellent wine, which had been recently brought, was passed around. Music and songs brought before the minds Castilian fields and maids. Nor was the youthful poet and drummer forgotten then. For the rest, Don Carlos paced around as

one whose mind was ill at ease, while his son sat by the fire, not at all interested in what was going on. The prisoners—who were confined in one of the wings—were, evidently from the low sounds in that direction, engaged in devotional exercises. Sometime after midnight the merriment had in a measure ceased, and the greater part of the company was locked in sleep. The sentry usually posted over the gateway was permitted to withdraw on account of the cold, the other sheltered below near the gate, being thought sufficient.

Things wore on in this wise till the dark of the morning, when a sudden, shrill and appalling war-whoop rang overhead, while a volley of arrows were shot into the midst of the sleepers. The Indians had ascended the walls over the horse shelter and held complete command of the western end of the fort. Seeing Don Carlos badly, though not dangerously wounded, Don Pacheco, aroused from his lethargy, called upon the men to arm and follow him. It was the work of a moment for many to collect at the eastern extremity of the

court. Here, by well-directed shots at the heights on the opposite side, now in possession of the enemy, they enabled others to rally around Don Pacheco. The battle then raged. On one side were the Spaniards, discharging their muskets and carbines as fast as they could load them, to repel the advance of the Indians; while the latter on their side tore up the logs for defence or hurled them below upon those who had been wounded, at the same time, the twang of the bows, and the sharp hiss of the arrows threatened to silence the guns. At one moment a body of Indians descended into the court and rushed towards the Spaniards with their tomahawks and clubs, but a volley of shots did such execution that the survivors retreated with precipitation to seek shelter behind the logs of the battlements. But amidst the warwhoop and din of battle one voice was heard, one chief was seen leading everywhere—it was Hiantuga. In the work of destruction the Indians came to the place where the prisoners were confined. Just then they were preparing to set the fort on fire,

and the hope of resistance on the part of the garrison seemed almost at an end, the more so that the way to the ammunition was under the control of the enemy, and the supply now on hand was well nigh exhausted. The battle then rested upon a forlorn and desperate effort.

At this critical moment the voice of Eusteka reached Hiantuga—he forsook the fight to fly to her rescue. She had been led outside with her fellow prisoners, and a little beyond the gate, the captors were about to sacrifice the latter. It was her screams to save her friends that reached the war chief. Like a flash of lightning he came upon them, caught Eusteka in his arms, and dashed down the uplifted hatchet then ready to slay Andreo, crying: "Spare them! They are our friends!" After placing them under guard for safety, and leaving Eusteka with them, he rushed back to the fort; but matters were there changed. His absence had decided the contest. Unanimated by the example of their leader, the warriors had dropped back and slackened the fight, while the

Spaniards rapidly advanced, cheered on by Don Pacheco, who commanded them to press forward, exclaiming: "The day is ours!" This movement drove the enemy to the extremity of the western battlements, gave opportunity to extinguish the fires that had been kindled, and restored the magazine and swivel to the use of the garrison. Now came forward Oliviera, Riquez, and several others who had either secreted themselves through fear, or perhaps had been rendered useless by their position; these were, by order of Don Pacheco, placed under command of Lopez, a man of undoubted bravery and a veteran in former services.

Oliviera was too much alarmed for his personal safety to resist this order, knowing himself entirely unequal to the exigency. The enemy were upon the point of quitting the heights, or of being precipitated below, when Hiantuga appeared among them. A savage warwhoop was given, a partial advance attempted, when the war chief received a mortal wound. The Spaniards, cheered on by their leaders, sent a murderous discharge of shot at

such as attempted to make a stand or an advance. The Indians then retreated by means of vines attached to the battlements and over a portion of the horse shelter within their reach, and in so doing managed to carry off some of their dead and wounded.

While Teodoro and Andreo, in great anxiety for the fate of their comrades, stood guarded near the mining pit, a chief, fainting from the loss of blood, was borne near them. Teodoro recognized Santnoh. The blood still welled from a wound in the arm, which by his request Teodoro was allowed to inspect and arrest. When Santnoh had recovered full consciousness he said: "The white Kongateh; always the white Kongateh. Unaik is the friend of Santnoh."

Shortly after, the retreat went on with the greatest haste, and the two white men were left alone. They then returned to the fort to deliver themselves up, but were set at large by Don Pacheco, then in command. It was day; a truly sad spectacle presented itself. The partially dis-

mantled fort, with marks of incendiarism, rose amidst a hill of crimsoned snow. Before the gate, on the west and in the moat, the space was strewn with corpses. Inside of the fort the marks of combat were still more horrible. When the muster roll was called, seventeen men were found dead, upwards of thirty more or less severely wounded, and two unaccountably missing. The Indians must have brought to the assault some three hundred warriors, of whom, it was conjectured, they sustained the loss of at least one-third.

This was a day of sorrow to the company. Their attention was divided in burying the dead, ministering to the wounded (of whom two died), repairing the breaches and making further preparations for defense. In consequence of the severe wounds of Don Carlos and the present necessity Don Pacheco still retained command, assisted by Lopez, to the satisfaction of all but Oliviera and his warmest partizans. Oliviera, now smarting under what he now termed a degradation, endeavored to defend his conduct at the beginning

of the battle, which had been notoriously pusilanimous, by stating that his intentions had been to fire the magazine under the Indians, though ample evidence existed to show that he was engaged in making a way of escape on the east.

Pacheco's first care was to dismiss the few wounded prisoners with words of conciliation and peace to the chiefs, offering them permission to remove and bury their dead. He desired a conference with them, and promised, in advance to evacuate the fort at the end of the winter, provided they would not oppose his building elsewhere. He admitted the wrong that had been done by seizing hostages, and promised not to countenance such conduct in the future. This act of clemency and conciliation, together with their recent and disastrous defeat, induced the chiefs who had fought, all except Santnoh, to advocate a talk of peace. They came the next day to bury their dead, and after mutual recriminations and concessions a sort of amnesty was established to terminate after due notice by either party. Nothing could be heard of the fate of the two Spaniards.

The young war chief was borne to Wahu, whither Augichee and Eusteka accompanied him, in the hope by constant assiduity to give relief to the sufferer. When the old man knew that Teodoro had been brought out of the fort with Eusteka, he constantly regretted that the latter had not prevailed upon him to accompany her. Hiantuga lingered for a few days, and now the final scene drew nigh. Augichee knelt beside him, a little further off sat Eusteka, supported by her mother, both sobbing in the agony of their hearts, while at the foot stood Taco-taka, gazing in silent grief. Just then footsteps were heard and Santnoh appeared. According to Taco-taka, who was an adept in Cherokee poetry, having been brought up among the wise men, this was the song of the Kongateh, delivered in measured cadences and with grave movements:

"Shall the wounded warrior hear the war song?
Let Santnoh sing the fame of Hiantuga.
Let his name live among the warriors:
By his deeds they shall kindle the fires of war,
'Who was Hiantuga?' our children shall say,

'Hiantuga the first warchief of the red men,
Who fought the fires of the pale faces.
When their lightnings flashed, their thunders burst.
His proud war whoop rose like the storm in its wrath.'"

Hiantuga faintly called his attention and said, "Let Augichee, let my father sing the death song, not of war, not of blood—but of peace. Cease then to mention the bloody path of battle. I became a warchief to win Eusteka—I fought to revenge her death, now I go before her to the spirit land, the land of peace. Hiantuga has other thoughts. Augichee has told the truth. Sing, Augichee." The old man began in a low and plaintive tone, whilst Santnoh listened in wonder. The words were of peace, of love to God and man, of victory over death and of immortal life. New thoughts of a new belief were breathed in words, warm from the impulse of the heart. At every pause Hiantuga whispered "Truth." When Augichee had ended, Hiantuga called Eusteka to draw nearer; he then whispered: "I go in peace—will Eusteka meet me there?" and while she pressed his hand in token

of assent, a single word "peace," and a smile which passed not away, were the last signs of life exhibited by the chief. A loud wail rang among the hills. Santnoh left abruptly, saying to Augichee: "Thus have you corrupted the boldest warrior of the Cherokees!"

Eusteka died about six days after, of fever brought on by the trials through which she had passed. She never ceased to speak of Hiantuga while she lived, even in her delirium, she constantly called on her beloved. So soon as the weather would permit, their bodies were carried to be buried on a small hill, about which flows the rivulet Iola, within a league or two of Attinha, for there they had first plighted troth. They were buried there side by side at midnight. A long procession of friends followed them bearing torches.

On a former occasion it was stated that a lad from Santa Fe had accompanied a friend in search of their fortunes. He became the drummer of the expedition, and was also gifted by nature with some

poetical genius, which he exercised, however, rudely. To him or to Taco-taka, whatever metrical productions are here preserved, must be ascribed. I insert the following funeral dirge:

Mourn for the dead, who never return
From the tombs of their long sojourn,
Follow them now, as we'll follow
Them soon, in one continued flow.
They rest from their woes, they rest from their foes,
And their spirits have fled, like dew from the rose.
Where is the spirits' home?
Where do our beloved roam?
Dark clouds must intervene
Till death reveals the scene.
Mourn for the dead? No! Happy are they!
Mourn for the living—their woes display
The anguished heart—the tearful eye,
The tortured bosom's suppressed sigh.

Bury the dead at dark midnight,
Seek not the tombs in the sunny light.
Darkness and woe are fitting mates,
With every funeral intimates.
So when morn shall return with her roseate crest,
We shall seek for those who are at rest.
We shall go to the scene
Where their presence had been
And there, their image dear
Shall seem forever near.
Oft shall we start when memory recalls,
As evening's dewy shadow falls,
The forms, the features that we love,
And longing, hope to meet above.

Not long after the battle, Don Pacheco was confined by sickness, and so Oliviera assumed the command he had long coveted. He then proceeded again to imprison Teodoro and Andreo as enemies to the Spanish faith, and therefore natural allies of the English. He urged Riquez to excite the prejudices of the company to the highest pitch against those men. "No doubt," said Riquez, "those disasters we have suffered were sent in the wrath of Heaven, because we harbored heretics. Let us now show our true repentance by bringing them to trial. If they recant, well; if not, we shall see." With this intent Riquez called on Don Carlos, who was still suffering from his wound, and under the fear of death had entirely abandoned all his former aspirations and would, indeed, prefer the walls of a monastery to his present position—and had thus undergone another mental phase and become childishly superstitious. These two, with natural bigotry, decided to appoint a commission, with powers of life and death—whose judgment should be final in the matter of those

men. Oliviera, Riquez, and a tool of the former, by name Pedro Blanco, were constituted such. The prisoners were examined, teased and annoyed day after day, and their confinement became extremely rigorous. Finally, they were put to the torture. Teodoro's more delicate frame gave way at once, and after the first question he could no longer use his limbs; still his constancy remained, and greatly awed Riquez, whose nature was not harsh, and whose mental culture caused him to doubt the correctness of his own actions. Andreo, whether from his own iron constitution or the greater leniency shown him, was little disabled. Far from denying their religious tenets, they gloried in them, but scorned all idea of being traitors to the King, or in the pay of the English, as charged. Oliviera, finding Riquez about to temporise, ordered them either to renounce their faith, or to prepare for trial the next day—that is, for condemnation. He did not wish to await for the possible recovery of Don Pacheco, for he looked upon those men as in the way of his ambition.

Soon after this, Oliviera and some cavaliers rode out and when near the river came up to a single Indian, apparently on the way to the fort. The leader, viewing him as a spy, hailed him in insulting language, using an epithet very obnoxious to the Cherokees; whereupon the Indian, not the least daunted, returned taunts for taunts, till the wrath of Oliviera getting the better of his prudence he ordered a charge against the defenceless Indian, who was seized and mercilessly beaten. When turned loose the Indian asked: "Is this the way you keep the truce?" It is now believed that this Indian was Hilnota, himself.

At night an individual, born indeed under the Spanish flag, but whose ancestry (regardless of earthly fame, yet anxious to be inscribed in the Book of Life) had sacrificed all in the cause of religious liberty, contrived by management to secure the post of sentry over the prisoners in the latter watch. He entered the cell unobserved, and he found the prisoners, for whom he was concerned, soundly

asleep. Andreo first awoke, and when he found the sentry was a long and tried companion, who had risked himself in their behalf, he entreated him to depart. But the latter urged them to prepare to escape, for he had made arrangements with Augichee to receive them, that even now Taco-taka was below awaiting to conduct them to the chief, with the consent of the heads of the nation. Teodoro replied briefly: "My children, it is my desire that you two shall escape from this place. For my part, I should but endanger your flight, and my loss of strength would again put me in the power of my enemies. Go, in mercy, and may the blessing of God accompany you." Andreo, being by this time liberated from his chains, rushed to the embrace of Teodoro, saying: "We are one in life, let us if there is need be one in death. O come, I will bear you on my shoulders in safety or perish with you in the attempt to escape. Stay not here to be butchered; but if you are determined to stay I will not desert you in this extremity, but share your fate." Like-

wise said the sentry, only regretting that the drummer, who followed from Santa Fe, was not now with them, but hoped he would soon escape. Teodoro could not endure this any longer, but still begged they would not hazard their lives for him. "Go, then," said he, "with my blessing; God can deliver me from this extremity. If not," he added, "we shall meet above." "Remember how St. Paul was let down a wall," said Andreo, "suffer the same to be done for you." "I yield, then," said Teodoro, "but first let us commend ourselves to God."

When Teodoro's chains were entirely removed he looked sadly at his excoriated limbs, and said, "I fear your love and assiduity are in vain. I think I shall sleep before another sunset. Where shall I see Augichee?" The answer was, near the furnace. "The furnace," he mused, "aye, that is the place. I pray God to have you in his keeping when I am gone."

Andreo and the sentry having removed part of the roof, conveyed him to the palisades, there they

let him down by means of a rope and blanket, safely into the arms of Taco-taka, at the base of the western side near the precipice. Andreo next descended followed by the sentry. Teodoro was supported in the arms of the two friends, while Taco-taka, who silently and cautiously led the way, watched around and above lest they should be discovered.

They had thus safely reached the main ridge, when Oliviera, going the rounds of duty by an odd chance, for this was usually entrusted to Lopez, saw the prison door ajar and without a sentry. He ran up the ladder and calling others to follow, discovered by the aid of flamebeaux that the prisoners had escaped. The alarm was instantly extended throughout all the fort and all were called to arms. The sentry over the gate, saw for the first time, though indistinctly, some moving objects in the dark going towards the furnace. Furious with excitement Oliviera sprung to his side, and cried out: "Hang them! turn the gun towards them, and let them have it." Riquez

handed up the match; a loud report followed, the garrison stood in breathless suspense, when a cry of distress was heard in the distance. Oliviera exclaimed: "They have got it!" He then ordered the few horses to be saddled and prepared to sally forth at the head of some choice men. But before this could be accomplished Don Pacheco, who had risen from his hammock, appeared, and though still feeble, resumed the command, Oliviera vowed vengeance for this second affront, but he checked his feeling when he saw Lopez and others follow the lately recognized leader of the expedition.

The fugitives had scarcely reached the furnace when Teodoro was committed to the arms of Angichee and his wife, who gladly received him. The friends went in search of poles to form a litter, while Taco-taka was sent a little way back to watch against pursuit. Teodoro sat on the trunk of a tree between the aged couple when a discharge of grape or slug shot bore all three to the ground. Chiusteh was killed on the spot. The other two were mortally wounded. Pointing to Chiusteh,

Teorodo said: "She is gone before us but not long." Then clasping the old chief in his arms, he uttered a brief prayer. The words soon became faint and ceased. When Taco-taka saw what had occurred he uttered a cry of woe. Andreo examined the dead calmly. No sign of grief escaped him, but on taking up the old chief, neither he nor the sentry, who stood near could refrain from tears, because the wound was fearful. Augichee then slowly said: "I have shed blood, it is just, my death should be bloody. Unaik never harmed any one. Great was the day that brought this man and you to Augichee. O take Taco-taka with you. Take the only tie that binds Augichee to this world. Be a father to him." Having said this the chief fainted through loss of blood. The tramp of horses now drew nigh. Taco-taka would not leave the body of his father; but Andreo drew him away telling him it was useless to expose themselves since their friends were beyond human help. At some little distance they concealed themselves behind some kalmia bushes. Pacheco was the first

to alight and examine the bodies. The old chief showed signs of life, which was ebbing fast away. He could speak again a few words. Pointing to Teodoro he said almost inaudibly: "His fault and mine was to know more than our people." Then Augichee's eyes shone with an effect to startle the Spaniards, and with the words, "my dream," his spirit passed away. Pacheco's indignation was aroused against Oliviera: "How dared you to imprison those just men," he said, "and when they had escaped, preferring the wild woods and their tenants to your society, you basely murdered one of them thus. Behold your other victims, if the darkness of the night will allow you to see your dark deeds. This aged Indian was our best friend, when all his people were our foes. Whoever will, let him stay in this region, dishonor and Pacheco cannot live together." Oliviera merely rejoined, "take care, Pacheco, or you will try our patience too far." "But," interposed Riquez, who had come up, "Teodoro and his friends were heretics." "Heretics," said Pacheco, sneeringly, "heretics whom God will avenge."

He had scarcely said this, when that sound which had often struck terror in the stoutest heart (the warwhoop) rose loud and sharp in the direction of the fort. In the panic of the moment, Oliviera threw his lantern on the ground, put spurs to his horse, and dashed for the fort to seek for shelter.

On the other hand, Don Pacheco, more calm, endeavored to keep the men back. Seven alone remained, three of whom were mounted. Having seen their arms were in order, Pacheco thought it best to re-approach the fort cautiously, lest they might fall into an ambuscade. The two other fugitives came forward from their hiding places, and reported to Don Pacheco, who was glad to meet them unhurt, and also to learn that no enemy was in the direction from whence they came. Taco-taka also joined them, and stated that he had anticipated an attack on the fort, but did not expect it so soon. A report was pretty current that the Spaniards had violated the truce.

Andreo and Taco-taka were sent ahead as scouts, while the rest followed after, slowly leading the

horses. They had not gone but a few steps when two riderless horses came galloping along and were caught by those with Pacheco. Again the war-whoop and reports of firing redoubled; the party stopped, warned that the Indians were between them and the fort. Presently a horse dashed by dragging something after him. The horse was pursued and caught by the bridle, the corpse of Oliviera was found attached by the foot to the stirrup. Now a bright glare burst up from the fort; it rose and fell for a moment, then towered on high with a crackling noise. Pacheco lost all hope, and exclaimed in agony: "My father! Oh, my father!" Then came another tramp of horses at full speed, and the riders (when they saw persons in their path) manifested a disposition to turn away. One of the horses bore Lopez and the other Riquez and the drummer. As Lopez drew up he said: "Don Carlos was one of the first victims! Let us escape with all speed!"

The persons now on the brow of the river hill were fourteen in number, including Taco-taka, and

had among them nine horses. They determined to take Taco-taka along as guide, and hurry on their flight, all being mounted by causing some to ride double. Chosing the most hidden routes they arrived in safety in the vicinity of Wahu, when a report of a terrific explosion reached their ears. The powder magazine had been blown up, destroying numbers of the Indians, as was afterwards understood, and thus possibly interfering favorably for the flight of the whites who had so escaped. The sun was now risen. At Wahu, Taco-taka obtained leave to call at the lodge of the mother of Omuna, to whom he committed the burial of his parents and Teodoro, for which he received assurances that all should be done according to his desire. This detention was momentary, and then the fugitives rode on with all possible haste. As they approached Charna, a woman espied them and ran to alarm the village. Being in want of provisions, they saw on consultation no alternative but to make a dash into the place, which upon entrance was found entirely deserted by the

women and other feeble inmates, its late sole occupants. Having procured provisions enough for a couple of days, they quickly remounted and rode off in haste. When night overtook them a few leagues onwards, and as the horses were well nigh broke down, they diverged from the banks of the Hiawassee and made for the recesses of the mountains to obtain some rest. Then it was that Lopez began the doleful recital of the capture of the fort:

The excitement consequent upon the escape of Teodoro and his friends, and the departure of Oliviera, had not subsided, a species of insubordination reigned among those who remained behind, amounting to a little over forty souls, part of whom had not recovered from their recent wounds. The gate was open and curiosity led many to it and the battlements overlooking the river hill. The sentries had quit their posts ostensibly to aid the forward movement, where all interest centered. Such was the state of things, when a war whoop unexpectedly rung in the rear of the fort. The Indians had silently filled the moat with fascines

and surmounted the ramparts, whilst at the same time masses of them had climbed the precipitous sides of the hill to the front of the entrance and forced their way to it. That point became the seat of the combat. There was no opportunity to close the gate. The attack was so close that fire arms could scarcely be employed. In the meanwhile the Indians having piled an immense mass of combustibles in the rear, rising against the palisade, set it on fire—beyond the hope of extinction. Just now, some of the Spaniards had succeeded in making a proper use of fire arms, but the swivel having been discharged could not conveniently be reloaded, and was thus more than useless in the crisis, as it took the attention of some few who might have been better employed. But all resistance was vain. The flames increased—the fort was on fire. Indeed, the Indians and the fire had surmounted the battlements in the rear. War whoops and "Hilnota! Hilnota!" rung in their ears. Don Carlos came forward, his face was deadly pale. At this moment the Indians penetrated into the fort from the gate.

Two Indians fought with Don Carlos, one of whom he killed upon the spot; the other, Santnoh, uttering a yell, cleaved him to the ground with a tomahawk. Thus fell Don Carlos. Unable to protect Don Carlos, and as the place was lost, Lopez seized the only remaining horse, resolved to cut his way out. Finding the gate partially clear, he made a sudden dash towards it, upsetting the savages in the way, or cutting them down with his sabre till he had gotten past unhurt. On the way he saw the corpses of the Spaniards who were slaughtered on returning from the furnace. A horse lay dead beside them. Further on he met Padre Riquez, and another on horseback. They rode together—not dreaming they should ever meet with any more of their comrades, and in utter despair of ever escaping from the savages.

Riquez related that in approaching the fort he had been taken upon the horse of his companion, who finally reined in, saying: "After all, Don Pacheco may be right?" Presently, blows and cries were heard ahead, and some horses—one

dragging a body—passed them. They then concluded to return towards the furnace.

The next day the fugitives resumed their retreat. When they had crossed the Naucouchee mountains three of the horses were abandoned as unfit for use. In this emergency Andreo and Taco-taka resigned their horses to Riquez, so they, Lopez and another individual, were reduced to travel afoot. As they came to the few villages on their route, the inhabitants fled away, thus giving them a chance to obtain provisions from time to time. In a few days there remained but one horse among them, and as their progress was necessarily slow and circuitous, they begin finally to suffer from want, and might have perished had it not been for the indefatigable labors of Taco-taka, Andreo and another, who procured for the party roots, and occasionally game and eggs, which enabled all to subsist, though somewhat scantily. For a day or two Andreo and his friend had to assist Padre Riquez on the journey, often bearing him on their shoulders. Broken hearted, sick and weary, at last they

reached the confines of the Creeks, a friendly people, who received them with unbounded hospitality. That night Andreo was called upon to offer up thanks for deliverance and prayers for their future welfare. But he said the place belonged of right to Padre Riquez, an ecclesiastic. "Not so," said the latter, "I yield to you whose heart is pure, who has won your enemy by unheard of kindness. For me to learn of Andreo is now the desire of my heart." Here Andreo could not contain himself, but wept aloud, saying at the same time: "O that my brother had lived to witness this!" "Yes," said both Pacheco and Riquez, "would that he now were alive!" "He was slain unrighteously," Pacheco continued, "the true gold was in him. We indeed sought ignorantly for that which has brought misery to us, when we might have been filled with eternal riches. Our miniature state, with all its elements of authority, like the kingdoms of the earth, has passed away. Behold its sad remnants. Give me your hand, Andreo, I was reclaimed through you." "And I,"

said Lopez, "when I saw and heard a captive pray, he won my heart." "Last of all," added Riquez, "put me down conquered by love. The voice of all concur that Andreo shall be our leader in name, as indeed he was and is, in fact." "Not I, not I," exclaimed Andreo, "who am the least among you. Teodoro was indeed an an ointed minister, though banished and proscribed of men. I was but his servant; after having been forced to serve in the Inquisition against my will, I found in Teodoro a brother." They then united in heart-felt devotion.

I will now draw this narrative to a close. About eleven months after the expedition had started, fourteen men returned to Pensacola. Pacheco and another of the party, a good linguist and geometrician, received employment as commissioner and secretary to locate and set the metes and bounds of the great Arredondo land grant, a task of no little difficulty. Riquez was proscribed because of his changed sentiments. For a time he lived with Andreo, who embarked in the fishery, assisted

by the lad who was the poet and drummer of the expedition, but whose father resided near Tomoko on the coast. Jealousy among the fishermen soon drove them from their labors, and so in company with Pacheco, forming a party of six (including Taco-taka, now called Juan) took their way back to the Santa Fe where they had friends.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOVERNMENT UNDER DON DIEGO (WHOSE FULL NAME IS NEVER GIVEN) CONCLUDED.

AFTER the unsuccessful attack by Colonel Palmer, on St. Augustine, which as we have seen, took place in 1725, the senor governor fell sick of a calenture, from which he recovered with difficulty, being left for a long time subject to an unhappy disorder of the nerves with some impairment of his mind, to such an extent, indeed, that he could not tolerate any sudden noise or emotion of any sort. Malicious persons had their surmises as to the cause, but as he was there under the tender care of the senora, we will not withdraw the curtain of the sick room.

In time however, through good nursing and care, Don Diego convalesced, and though the tone

of his mind was not restored, once more the usual rounds of festivities resounded through the Governor's Palace. It was now for the first time, that he saw his duty to render the Royal Government a relation of what had transpired in Florida. As the secretary of the governor was constantly now under the influence of wine to keep off the calenture, a young scribe was dictated to write in part, as follows: "The king requires of me wonders—and wonders I have done. Consider what difficulties I have heroically surmounted. With a handful of men, not of the most courageous sort, and badly supplied with arms and ammunition, I was placed here to protect a vast country from the attack of the English and savages. Well, I have succeeded. This bulwark of the Spanish possessions is once more safe after a severe campaign against the English pirates and their Indian confederates. The enemy in prodigious numbers was led by one Palmer. Our little force was about to succumb through a panic, when I hastened to their relief and by a flank movement turned the scale

in our favor. The enemy finding his plan frustrated retreated with precipitation. Our troops then followed, afoot and in barges, till he was out of sight." For this service the governor received the cross of Saint Iago.

The 19th day of September, 1726, is memorable for the occurrence of a terrible storm. At noon of that day, the air appeared unusually clear and calm, not a cloud rested above the horizon. A little later the pelicans began to wing their lazy flight landward. Thin vapors then began to settle from above or move in from the sea. The temperature, then rather high for the season, fell; the mist thickened while the sun, now declining, shone shorn of his beams. Then came a puff of wind and ceased. Transparent, watery clouds heaved up in strange commotion and hung overhead as if an ocean flowed above. Then came a warning gust which shook all things as it passed. It ceased, but not long, for now the hurricane, gathering all its rage, rushed to the charge with the sound of a mighty torrent. Its terrific and appalling dirge

was mingled with the crashing of the forest and buildings, the lashing of the tempest-driven rain and the roarings of the sea, whose angry and foaming billows dash far beyond the shore line. Man, bewildered, knows not where to betake himself. The sea, the sea rises—it now flows over spots that for centuries had been without its reach. A night—starless—a night of substantial darkness, of horror and dismay, reigns over all. Who now can sooth the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the helpless? Thou, God, seest me! 'Tis He alone who can bid the storm to cease, the sun to rise!

Yet, hark! The last fitful howl is past and the storm has swept by. Vain delusion. From landward it now returns, and with redoubled force descends to the work of destruction. Morning returns but the sun appears not. Watery clouds yet spread on high, over a waste of ruins on earth. Still the storm, though now abating, holds its sway. Horror holds every tongue mute. The sea has receded leaving its shores with the marks of it

wrath. Ye storm-tossed sufferers in the wildest hour when despair was near, did ye not hear the Voice: "It is I; be not afraid!"

I am almost ashamed to leave the solemn train of thought to dive into the ludicrous; but it cannot be now avoided. During the storm where was our hero? Pale, through fear, and trembling in every limb he sat muffled in a blanket in the kitchen corner. Was not the roaring of the storm enough? Could it not silence the excessive wrangling and rattle of his wife, who, puffing in the excess of pinguescence, scolded and bandied him for his lack of manliness? Where was his Castilian pride, his noble demeanor? Shall the very menials laugh at him?

This had been a gala day at the governor's house. Thither had congregated all the officers of the establishment, in honor of the senora's birthday. The choicest venison and fish had graced the board, while wine and wit had flowed to excess. The chief servant, Jose, had witnessed his most trying time. A little before the storm, the gov-

ernor, who sat at the head of the table, with a cup of wine in one hand and a cigar in the other, was engrossing the attention of the company as follows: "Your worships do not know, you cannot realize until deprived of this *multum in parvo*—that is of me—what a blessing it is to have as a commander, a man who studies the interest of his post night and day. When the redoubtable Palmer came against you, what would have become of you had you had the misfortune to have been under the command of my predecessor? Why you would have been killed by the English and scalped by the Indians. Now you have seen what superior bravery and military stratagems can do. I sent Sebastian Seco to pepper the enemy with all his might, even though they had buried their balls in the walls of the fort. I was the soul of this movement. Presently, as I stood on the plaza giving orders—I don't know how the enemy knew I was there, but so it was—down came a cannon ball and made a great hole in the ground. They wished to get rid of me and make an easy conquest. 'Forewarned is forearmed,'

thought I. A commander should not expose his person till the trying hour. So I hurried to a secure position and kept couriers running to and fro. This black, Jose, did his part well. At length the enemy fell back, and I knew it was only a feint to change position, I rushed to the scene of action."

Here he was interrupted by the storm. A dead palor seized him notwithstanding the potations, and he asked in a whisper: "Is that the English? Yes, yes, I know the sound; the English have taken the town! Rush out, men, and do your best!" Now, when the wind shook the building to its very foundation, he ran seeking the senora. "O, Juanita," he cried, "why did we come here to be murdered by the barbarous English?" The senora was too much accustomed of late, to the humors of her husband, to be easily carried away with them. So, in his alarm, he ran out and immediately saw his error. Jose was sent to call back the officers who were ordered to their posts and enjoined to use increased vigi-

lance—an order for which they had reason to curse the governor from the bottom of their hearts. But to Don Diego the sense of danger was as great from a hurricane as from the English, so he retired to the kitchen, as before stated, and spent the time more dead than alive. Scenes like the preceding had been so frequent during the summer, when the thunder squalls peculiar to this region occurred, that they ceased to demand any serious notice.

Some time after this, a sail was descried in the offing, beyond Anastasia Island, making for the bar. As the tide would not serve till midnight, the pilots were of opinion she would not venture to cross the bar—at best rather difficult—till noon of the next day. Don Diego, ever apprehensive, walked down the plaza to the water wall. He then spied the vessel for a long time, and occasionally cast a glance on the pilot boat on the way to reach her. He then turned to the lieutenant and remarked there was cause to give rise to suspicion that the vessel was only in advance of a strong squadron, for though he could descry the ensign of

Spain, other marks showed she was under false colors; in proof, her sails were too white, her hull too black for a Spaniard. "Besides, the pilot, as he draws near, has evident fears of an enemy. See! How he goes this way then that way instead of pursuing the direct course!"

The lieutenant who was a man of few words, a brave and obedient soldier, made no reply, but hastended at the command of the governor to put the guns in order. He was not a Spaniard, but as an artillerist he could not be superceded, and in truth, Palmer had been repelled by his brave defence. But such is fame, even his name had been metamorphosed by the Spaniards, for which he cared not a maravede. When Don Diego could see no objects in the offing, through the shades of the evening, he retired for the night to the fort as the safest asylum, leaving the senora to the care of Jose and the aged padre, a man of unquestioned worth.

The night was dark and objects could not be distinquished a few paces off. Lieutenant Seco had

retired to rest, according to the routine of the garrison, and Diego was entertaining an ecclesiastic in front of the chapel with some of his wonderful exploits, when the sentry near the tower reported that the sound of oars were heard in the harbor. Being in a place of comparative security surrounded by massive walls and bastions, knowing, too, that the porous lime-stone blocks with which San Marco had been built could not be fractured by cannon balls, Don Diego was not at all daunted by the intelligence, but in the haughtiest tone of command, ordered the men to open the batteries upon the enemy and then hail them afterwards. "They will find we are not asleep, but prepared to meet them." Then a tremendous discharge ensued; Don Diego lost all presence of mind and hurrying the padre along, sought the recesses of the chapel to hide himself, under the impression that a bomb of the enemy had exploded within the fort.

The flash of the guns had revealed only a single boat or canoe a short distance from the shore, over

which the balls had luckily passed. When the roar had subsided, continued cries of "Amigo! Amigo!" arose from the surface of the water. Seco, who had reached the parapet by this time, shouted out, "Qui viva?" The answer then again was "Amigo!" After which a female voice screamed out: "It is no one but Franchita and her father!" Thus the battery of San Marco had been opened upon an old man and his daughter on their return in an open boat to town—fear having magnified this into a flotilla of the enemy.

In reflecting upon the occurrences of life, we sometimes in our shortsightedness, are tempted to say, how much better if such and such a thing had happened, forgetting for the time that all things are under the direction of Infinite Wisdom, who alone can see the end clearly from the beginning. I was on the point of saying how many woes had been spared had Franchita died on this night—but I recall it as sinful. The vessel seen in the preceding day, arrived at noon and proved to be one with supplies from Havannah.

Franchita had been not long married to Francisco Corello, a subaltern attached to the garrison. Under a gay exterior she carried a deeply tender heart from which welled up the purest emotions. Corello was about 35 years of age, of strong, athletic build, with features rather stern, enclosed by very black whiskers, in disposition somewhat taciturn, but in great esteem with his comrades on whom he had spent his wages in treating them to aquadiente. Four or five months of married life had indeed curtailed this liberality, but his friends were always ready to help him with purse and service so much had he won upon the esteem of his associates. I must now relate the tragical affair in which he was the victim.

Having obtained permission to go on a hunt within a couple of miles of the town, where deer abounded, he proceeded to the gate early in the morning, accompanied by his wife to that point. There a sad presentiment seized her and she could scarcely be prevailed upon to part from him. He, however, managed to slip through the gate and had

it closed against her. Taking the Camina del Rey he then turned into the forest and palmetto jungles. He had not gone far when he was encountered by two Indians, one of whom, whether in earnest or not, levelled a gun at him. With intrepidity, the Spaniard cocked his gun, and the next moment the Indian fell dead. The other Indian on seeing this fled with all speed.

All thoughts of game for the present were out of the question, so Corello returned in haste to the gate. Franchita had not retired far, but sat on a stone, weeping. Taking her by the hand he led her homewards and as they walked he whispered: "I wish I had stayed with you, Franchita, for I have shed the blood of an Indian in my defence." He there related to her the circumstance. She hurried him on, saying: "Let us go at once to the senora; she is kind to me and will listen to the truth as you have spoken it." Senora Juanita was in the reception room when Franchita entered, and, without preface, related what had befallen her husband. The senora replied: "The Indians are

revengeful and may involve us in war; but it would be better thus, than to truckle to them especially in a case where your husband was so clearly in the right." When Don Diego was called in and the matter reported, turning round, he looked up at Corello. "So, *caraho*, you have transcended your duties! You have murdered an Indian! Fine hunter, indeed, to shoot a man instead of a deer. Do you intend to bring the Indians upon us? Ten chances to one you will not shoot them as truly as you did the one this morning. If the worse comes I will hang you in chains." "Alas!" said the senora, "for the *sangre azul;* alas! for the descendant of the Compeador."

Early in the evening the governor retired, or rather was borne to bed in profound intoxication. The night was dark, and about the hour of ten a drizzly rain began to fall. The town was well defended on the land side by a deep moat and redoubts, which extended from Fort San Marco on the east to Saint Sebastian, a creek on the west, and was entered only by a single gate. From the fort

and wall extended three parallel streets, one along the water wall, another from the gate passing by the palace, and the third lying between them. Fronting the palace is the plaza which interrupts those three streets for an interval.

In consequence of the rain, the sentinels posted near the gate took shelter within the boxes. Awhile after, certain strange, grating sounds and blows were heard against the gate from the outside. Greatly alarmed, intelligence was at once sent to the governor, who when aroused, ordered the *general alarm* to be beaten which called the whole soldiery and volunteers to be put under arms to meet danger. Seco then waited on the governor and stated that while there were no real causes for apprehension, yet as the populace were so alarmed it was necessary that his excellency should show himself in order to keep them from committing some act of folly in the panic in which they were.

His excellency then said: "Lieutenant, you are very unfortunate—you cannot see danger till it is too late. You know one of our men murdered an

Indian; is it not plain they have now come to avenge his death? I can indeed fight with civilized people, but don't like the murderous assaults of these scalping cannibals. I will, however, go to the place, speak to the people and send them all with whatever weapons they can find to defend the gate and the wall."

He then ordered the war horse, Boracho, to be brought out by Jose. This horse had been chosen for no other quality than his size and the gentleness brought about by age and hard usage, and perhaps, because small men are apt to choose large women and large horses—for what cause if not by contrast? Together, with the horse, came the music band, the standard bearer and the body guard, with torches. The unmilitary portion of the citizens, a motly crowd, were ready to show their zeal and to follow the governor. At last the senor appeared, supported by the lieutenant, when the band played the tune of "Catalina de Llana." Taking off his hat he ordered most of his escorts to pass on ahead. Seated on Boracho, by the aid

of Seco, to the joy of his rider the ill-natured beast would at first scarcely move. At length he whispered: "Lieutenant, I wish you would act in my stead, for I really feel very ill from my frolic. Do let me take the repose I need." The only answer given was to prick Boracho slyly with a dagger, when the beast started off in a heavy gallop, to the great dismay of his rider. In this mood he labored up the narrow street regardless of the crowd. Confusion reigned in his path; the torches were scattered in various directions and the musicians silenced. "Stop! Stop him!" cried the governor, now encircling the horse's neck with all his strength. But an attempt to stop Boracho only made matters worse, by reminding him of a dagger's point. As he drew towards the gate, the terrors of the governor, and the consternation of the soldiers there, knew no bounds. A brief delay might have given the entire custody of the gate to Don Diego and Boracho, for the soldiers were averse to attacks in front and rear at the same moment. However, when Boracho saw the way

closed ahead—having gone as far as he could—he suddenly stopped and began leisurely to crop the weeds that grew on the side of the street. When the troops gathered around, full of curiosity to learn the cause of so hasty a visit, the governor could only ask: "Have you seen the enemy?" in tones of alarm. On being told that they continued to hear strange noises at intervals, he muttered: "That fellow, Corella, will be the death of us all yet." He had dismounted to readjust the saddle when Seco and the escort arrived. The former congratulated and praised him for the alacrity displayed in reaching the point of danger. "Danger?" groaned his excellency, "do you really —do you really think there is danger now?" While asking this the gate shook slightly, with a grating sound that startled the soldiery. This was enough for our hero. Remounting Boracho with such aid as he had, he ordered all to mount guard till morning. As he put spurs to his horse he exclaimed: "Let us see if the enemy will now dare show his face." He then wished in vain that

he might go down the street as fast as he had come up.

On reaching his wife, he exclaimed: "O, Juanita! The Indians are at the gate; let us hide ourselves." Tradition holds that Don Diego and his wife (for the first time mislead by him) hid themselves on this memorable night among some tall plants in the garden; that twice they quarelled because they had drawn too near to each other; that once Don Diego mistook her for an Indian; that finally both of them, terror stricken at the entrance of Jose into the garden, had actually jumped over the wall into the adjoining marsh where they remained in miserable plight among a species of small crabs till morning. Some may think these relations are exaggerated. Let them think so if they will, yet these were the revelations of personal witnesses.

At early dawn a sentinel on the battlements of San Marco espied the cause of the night's alarm. Close to the gate lay three or four cows that had been shut out in the evening;

their attempting to gain admittance to their calves, was the cause of the panic now revealed. The soldiers at the gate dared not look over the wall during the night, so great was their fear of Indian stratagems. The lieutenant had, however, investigated enough of the matter to express himself without any apprehension of the least danger; this not satisfying the senor, Seco thought the whole too good a joke to be suddenly interrupted; and in this he was encouraged by a lady whom he had met on the way to the palace.

The governor returned in a pitiable plight, covered with mud, and on finding the true nature of the nocturnal noises, resorted to a happy invention; he declared that yielding to a strong desire to make a personal investigation he had passed over the wall into the marsh, determined to outflank the works of defence. His wife, of her own accord had followed him saying that he should not perish alone in the public service. The tides having recently been so high, they made but a slow progress, sinking in the soft mud and quick-

sand at every step, till the approach of day induced them to return. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been history.

A month precisely from this day, a vast number of Indians made their appearance in the vicinity of Saint Augustine. The warriors were tall, athletic, well proportioned and went almost nude, but with warlike decorations of repulsive characters. At this time of which I am treating, their good will was bought by the Spanish authorities with supplies of goods at stated periods. This proved to be a bad policy and had the effect to place the sovereignty of the colony in abeyance, and to subject the government to pay tribute at the dictation of a people known to be treacherous, and never long satisfied.

Almost with the news of their arrival, the chief, with a numerous retinue, came to the gate, without fear, and demanded satisfaction for what he termed the murder of one of his men. To the lieutenant, who went out to meet him, he said in plain terms that he "wanted blood for blood." Seco remon-

strated that it was now utterly impossible to identify the person who had done the deed; that it might have been done in self defence, and in either case he offered valuable presents to satisfy the friends of the deceased. To this the chief gave no heed but averred that he could and would identify the murderer (if allowed to enter the place) who must be delivered and devoted to death, else the tribe would seek ample and multiplied vengeance. Indignant at the stern attitude of the chief, the lieutenant was about to deliver an appropriate answer, when the reflection came, that in strict military subordination, it was proper for the governor to assume the responsibility of what might ensue from the conference.

Word was then sent to the colonial head that the Indian deputation awaited his presence at the gate. In that moment Don Diego would have feigned sickness, but for the sneers of the senora and the opinion she expressed that a bold demeanor was sure to prevail with the savages, who of all things admired a fearless temper. This, and a

consideration of his various mishaps of late, came to the aid of a desperate resolve, and turned the scale of his deliberation; in an evil hour he decided to meet the chiefs. Previous to this time, Don Diego had always so contrived matters as to avoid being present at the numerous conferences held with the Indians during the past years of his government, but had always confided the task to Seco, or some other officer, and as the Indians had never been permitted to enter the town he had only had glimpses of them at a distance. In fact, he esteemed them only as ferocious wild beasts.

Boracho was brought out fully caparisoned for the occasion, and Don Diego at length approached, fantastically dressed and armed to the teeth. Now, when assisted to the saddle, his attitude was ineffably droll and grotesque. The decorations and accoutrements on a person of his dimension and symmetry (the more so when seated on so large an animal) gave him the air of a very buffoon. Now, placing his body in a half bent posture, and clasping the bridle and mane, he ordered Jose to lead

Boracho, and moved off attended by a strong armed escort under lieutenant Seco. In the pride of his martial attitude and surrounding, his excellency dilated his chest, and said with exultation, "Ah! the savages will find they have no child to deal with." In the next moment, he added: "I wish they were a thousand leagues off." Then he whispered to Seco: "Suppose they should take it into their unreasonable heads that I am the murderer?" He seemed pacified when told there was no fear of such a silly mistake.

Arrived at the gate, his resolution gave way; on one pretense or another he would have turned back. At one time he had forgotten a present for the chief, then again he had not bid adieu to the senora, and to sum up all, in truth, in very truth, because he "felt indisposed." Seco gave him some drink and prevailed upon him to proceed. Seeing no Indian when the gate was opened, he plucked up courage and rode out, not forgetting to give directions, should he ride back in haste, that the gate should be immediately thrown open for his entrance.

On reaching the camina real, he saw the chiefs at a short distance off. The nudity and determined air of these grim savages alarmed him much and he exclaimed: "They are dangerous wild beasts, cannibals; nay, very devils. O, my fate! Why should I be brought here to be scalped and devoured?" He then struck spurs to his horse and would have lumbered back to the gate had not Jose and Seco interposed. "Get away," he cried to Jose, "are you also against me?" Just now three of the chiefs, who had separated from the others, came down fearlessly into the midst of the Spaniards. When Don Diego saw them he was nearly paralyzed by fear and gave up all attempts to escape as entirely useless. One of the chiefs asked of the interpreter to point out the great white chief and when this was done the chiefs clapped their hands, exclaiming: "Sticky! Sticky!" and rushed to the place where he still sat on horseback. The old chief caught him by the hand, in courtesy, when Don Diego, aroused to desperation, endeavored to escape and called upon the men not to desert

him. Seco hailed him to take care how he offended the Indians, who were there too few to be dangerous with impunity, and the governor reluctantly yielded and returned the salutations. The old chief then turned round to the interpreter and observed: "If your great chief is no bigger in soul than in body he is little indeed." I would not have dwelt so long on the tiresome narrative of such a scene but that a faithful record demands occasional pictures of the officials sent out into the colonies—officials that were commissioned through bribery, not for merit.

As an immediate sense of danger wore off, the arrogance and pomposity of Don Diego increased in proportion, till the chiefs reminded him of the visit. "Give me," said the principal chief, "give me the guilty man that I may slay him, and I will smoke the pipe of peace with the little great chief; deny this and the tomahawk is unburied." When his excellency saw the features of the chiefs lowering and knew their fixed determination, his fears once more returned and he answered: "Don't be

angry, gentlemen, we are all friends; I am your best friend. I say, with you, the guilty person ought to be punished, killed. What right had he to interrupt our friendship? But you know I have a vast, a great number of warriors here—a great many great warriors—then, how can you find out the guilty person among so many?" The chief replied: "If they were so numerous as the leaves of that tree," pointing to a pine, "he shall be found." "If that be the case you should not be so angry," said the governor, "I agree to deliver the man if he be detected." "Beware," interposed the lieutenant, "how you promise lest it be rashly done." "Do you wish these savages to eat us up, lieutenant?" "Better to die all, than give up one innocent person," replied Seco, with indignation. "You may say so," his excellency said, "but my decision is made up. At all events, the Indians cannot indicate the same person twice, I will manage to cheat them." The sincerity of the lieutenant gave grave offence to his superior, who soon sent him to the frontier to inspect the defences and report on his return.

According to agreement made, an Indian accompanied by three chiefs was introduced into the fort on the next day. The force of the garrison was paraded in lines in the open court. At a signal given the Indian ran along the lines twice and singled out Francisco Corrella. This Indian proved to be the one who had run away after the death of his comrade. The governor then feigned that he was not satisfied, and that Francisco could not have been the person who shot the Indian. The witness maintained his point with vehemence, in which he was also supported by the chiefs who charged the governor with want of good faith. "Well, come again to morrow, and if you point out the same person I will believe you."

The next morning Francisco being thoroughly disguised and placed in quite another position, awaited his singular trial. The Indian this time ran along the ranks but once, and again pointed out Francisco. The governor thought he could not refuse the chiefs the retaliation they demanded. So with no just regard for the lives of those en-

trusted to his care and with the worst policy in the world, he ordered Francisco to prepare for death. A few minutes only were allowed him to confer with the priest. He was then lead to the ramparts where the Indians stood with loaded muskets awaiting his coming. He then spoke to the priest: "Franchita knows I am innocent. Tell her my last regret is to die without having seen her. Yet it is perhaps best she is spared this sight. *Adios comarados!* He knelt, a command, a few reports of musketry followed, and Francisco was no more.

As he fell the Indians rushed forward to scalp him. Then, and not till then, the superstition of the governor stronger then his fear, impelled him to interpose between the lifeless corpse and the vindictive malice of the savages. "Hold! hold!" he exclaimed, "you have taken his life; I claim his body. He must receive a Christian burial!" The Indians received presents and returned homewards praising the justice of the little great chief, only regetting that they bore no bloody trophy of their revenge.

Were I writing a romance I might here depict the grief of Franchita, but think it is best to leave it to the imagination, with the brief remark that she survived not the spring flowers—indeed a withered flower, and its accompanying bud were harshly cropped by death.

CHAPTER II.

THE next winter was perhaps the severest ever witnessed at this place; it commenced on the night of the 23rd of December, with so very sudden a fall of temperature as took the people by surprise and totally unprepared for the intense cold. Up to that night the weather had continued pleasant and rather warm, indeed almost like summer, so much so that the fair sex went about of evenings in light clothing, with bare necks, but still adorned with flowers and fire bugs (cuchillos). But about midnight the northwest wind blew in force and before morn water was frozen to the thickness of a dollar (pesos). The suffering of the people became great for want of fuel and clothing; moreover unaccustomed to stand a low degree of temperature, and the piercing wind which accompanied it, they were forced to abandon the fisheries

and indeed all work in the open air, and kept close at home in a sort of a stupor, muffled up to the best of their ability to screen their persons. In this emergency the venerable priest with a couple of other ecclesiastics, the physicians of the post, and other charitable persons, came to the front as Christians always do in the distress of a community, nor did they avoid yielding all assistance in their power.

Since the terror, for it was no less, caused by the Indians had ceased, Don Diego only experienced that another and still worse had sprung up in its place with redoubled force, for it was ever present within and around him. True the Indians had departed in peace, and well pleased, but now the fears of a supernatural world, that slackened not a moment overwhelmed him. Day or night, awake or asleep, the name of Francisco sounded in his ears. No greater injury could be inflicted upon him than to pronounce that inauspicious name, even when calling an individual to whom it rightly belonged. Added to this, the padre, like another

Nathan, had, after some deliberation and hesitation, privately upraided him for the heinous deed. He would have shunned the presence of the lieutenant, who evidently abhored the late tragedy, had not his own mental inability rendered it necessary when that officer had returned, to surrender to him much of the business of the government. At home as well as abroad, his excellency found no rest. The senora, however vain glorious she had been of power, could not but express her horror and deep detestation of the act; nor did she rest even there, but taxing her memory, she unburied the hidden things of the past, his various derilictions of duty, his meanness of soul and cowardice. Shut out, then, from what might have proven his chief source of solace—the bosom of his wife—the world was a barren waste before him; no flowers of hope grew there, the future loomed instead and in view, dark, boding and fearful. He only looked for the lightning gleam of approaching wrath. Was there no one who might sooth his feverish agony? O, for a Lazarus to give him a drop of

cold water! During the crisis, Jose, yes, the faithful Jose, alone in all the world stood by his side. He had shared the prosperity of his master, and now, in the days of his affliction, stood closer than a brother.

For several months the relations of the colony remained peaceful. A severe though not fatal epidemic prevailed in the place; it began with the sudden seizure of pain in some joint and after a few days of racking fever, left the persons attacked unhurt. During the summer, fearful thunder storms occurred. Scarcely three days passed away without noises like close cannonading followed by the rattling of unnumbered chariots overhead. During the summer a few deaths took place by lightning, but the trees in the vicinity were struck in innumerable instances.

On All Souls Day, the tolling of the church bell had commenced, and many who had lost friends during the year, as they passed through the vestibule, seized the bell-rope, each in turn, and tolled according to the number of the departed

whom they wished to commemorate. It was on this occasion the crowd at the door gave away as Don Diego, pale, emaciated and dressed in sombre habiliment, entered. He would have tolled the bell, when a rough voice startled him, saying: "Away with your sacriligious hands." Then an individual stepped up, seized the rope, and tolled the bell, solemnly emphasizing the words: "Rest to the soul Corella! Rest to the soul of Franchita!" Don Diego recognized the father of Franchita; he swooned away and was carried out of the church.

When the governor had recovered from the shock, he resolved, against the strong intercession of Jose, to issue a process against the old man. The latter had just reached home when a file of soldiers arrested him. He was brought to an audience. "You stand accused of an assault on his excellency, this morning," said the secretary, "what have you to answer against so grave a charge?" The prisoner, fixing his eyes on the governor, replied: "I am a man, your excellency, and the feelings of a man and father urged me to what

I did. In the heat of the moment I thought that the slayer of my children meant to toll their knell, and I could not brook the action." "How dare you," interposed the governor, "how dare you term the commander-in-chief the slayer of your children?" The prisoner paused awhile as if to collect his thoughts, then said: "There was a man, senor, under your authority; one of undoubted bravery, who would have sacrificed his life in your defence; one, though poor, of undoubted honor and integrity whose word was never called into question—one, in whose veins coursed the royal blood of Cordova." Here the old man hesitated, and Don Diego, with impatience cried, "go on! go on!" "Such a one then, your excellency, was shamefully delivered up to be murdered by the Indians, to the eternal infamy of the Spanish name. And why? Because the Indians, jealous of the lives of their people, demanded it and because the flag floated over cowards, who were not actuated by a simular regard for the lives of those they should protect." Don Diego taken by suprise, and the force of words

spoken from the heart, hung down his head, while the prisoner proceeded: "His death brought on that of my daughter. Let mine follow, too, how soon I care not. For what can now bind a friendless old man, an outcast in a foreign land, to a life of sorrow? Finish now the work, I have said." "Enough! enough!" shouted the governor, "away with him to dungeon!" As they led the prisoner out, he drew back and said: "The day of retribution will come on you, on Spain, not at once—yours first. Then another flag shall wave on poor Francisco's grave." "Francisco, always Francisco," muttered the governor; how his eyes glared!

Then the prisoner was delivered to Seco, with the order for his close confinement within the dungeon, on the charge of being dangerous to the governor. The dungeon lay beneath the northeastern bastion of the fort, was filled with damp exhalations and infested with filth and vermin. Whoever was there detained for a length of time was sure to loose health, if not life. As Seco led in the old man, he whispered: "Courage; I will

work for your speedy deliverance from any other fare than mine. In the meantime one night must be spent within the dungeon, lest I incur the displeasure of the governor; to-morrow, simply give me your promise not to attempt an escape. Corella was my friend." The prisoner was then led into this tomb of the living, and when the massive doors were closed he was involved in impenetrable darkness and unwholesome stench. Is it thus that man treats his brother—the image of his God? The lieutenant kept his word the next morning, but though the prisoner was allotted a good private room, he had contracted a fever from which he recovered with difficulty.

Let us now return to other events. Two shipwrecked voyagers had arrived at Saint Augustine about this time, of whom I must write.

Juan de Alvarado, of a noble family of *nuevos Christianos*, having received a commission from the Captain-General to repair forthwith to Florida, on important business, the purport of which was not even known to those in the confidence of that

officer, embarked on one of those small vessels called *guarda costas*, as the only chance immediately at hand. His effects and servants were to follow in December, when the usual supplies for the military station of Saint Augustine were to be forwarded. The Pintado, *guarda costas*, mounted a small gun at her bows and had a compliment of eleven men, besides three passengers Alvarado, his servant, and an ecclesiastic, the Padre Trello.

Twelve hours after leaving the Moro Castle, head wind began to impede her progress, though now she had entered the powerful current of the gulf. Early on the next morning a vessel, apparently of the same class, was spied in the distance, bearing directly down on their course, with the wind in her favor. The stranger bore the Spanish ensign and as no suspicion was at first entertained regarding her character the Pintado kept on her way. But not long afterwards the captain, going aloft, annouced fears that the stranger was a well armed pirate and immediately gave orders to 'bout ship and run back under a full press of canvass for the

Havannah. The pirate, for so she proved, saw the movement and also increased her sail and speed, the latter being far superior to that of the Pintado. In a few minutes the pirate ran up the black flag and began to discharge her guns with fearful precision. All chance of escape being out of question, the Pintado hove to for action with the redoubtable piratical cruiser, the Bloodsucker, commanded by a desperado nicknamed "The Sea Tiger" (*Tigre de la Mar*). The crew and passengers of the Pintado fought well, as men determined to sell their lives at the highest price, but she was soon boarded and carried by the pirates. Alverado and his servant were both wounded, though not seriously, and they and a few other survivors, including the padre, were put under guard while the vessel was being pillaged. The Sea Tiger had lost several of his boldest men in the combat, and according to his custom, made proclamation of favor to all prisoners who would willingly join his crew. Alvarado, who stood near his servant, advised him, in a language not under-

stood by the pirates to accept the terms. "For," added he, "we may have a chance to escape, or after all, we can but die—by blowing up the whole concern." So these two consented and were forthwith sent off to the Bloodsucker, leaving behind five of their comrades who had survived. The Sea Tiger was heard to say to them, with the most sinister and malicious expression, with the ferocious voice of the devil within his breast: "You hesitate; you deliberate—it is is too late—the manes of my brave comrades cry against you!" I will not polute my page with the relations of the cruel inventions of the pirates, to increase and intensify the sufferings of their victims. The padre seemed by account to have risen to the dignity of a prophet before his death. "Incarnate demons," said he, "look not for your punishment from man. Such atrocious monsters will not be permitted to live much longer to pollute the face of nature. Your punishment will be sudden—yet with my latest breath I call upon you to repent. Repent!" After the work of butchery and pillage was done, the Pintado was scuttled and left to her fate.

The wind having shifted in the meantime, the Bloodsucker reversed her course for the northward, on the lookout for an expected prize. But the next day a dead calm ensued off the banks of the Bahamas and the sails hung loosely on the masts. Alvarado, feigning that his wound was more serious than the reality would justify, sat leaning on the taffrail. He could see the bottom of that clear and transparent sea and fishes that gambolled below the vessel. Neither the dolphins, the pilot fish, nor the shark, nor yet the flying fish that took to the air could divert his mind from the awfulness of his present situation. He had heard relations of cruelty that almost curdled his blood, and at any moment he might be called upon to be initiated in barbarity. He wished to have access to the magazine—he longed for it.

In the afternoon a terrible storm came up from the northeast, attended with terrific lightning and thunder; all sails were reefed and the helm was lashed. The storm howled above, the waters roared around. Now, in the midst of rolling billows toss-

ing on high with froth and spray, all seamanship was lost. The vessel yawned in every seam; the water rushed into her hold. The cry was raised that she had sprung a leak; next, that she was sinking. The crew, composed of such inferior men, became frantic through despair and the free use of ardent spirits; all subordination had ceased, all thoughts of a hereafter was merged in the present, the animal alone then survived the spiritual. The Sea Tiger then brawled out hoarsely in the endeavor to restore order, but how vain. Some got the long boat ready to be launched, and in such a sea; others heaved goods overboard to lighten the ship; but none could be got at the pump. The vessel broached to; the sea broke over the deck and swept several men into a watery grave; utter helplessness now seized upon the Sea Tiger himself, he quivered in every muscle as he saw the men about to quit the vessel, impelled thereto by madness and drink. Alvarado had never seen a countenance like his, bad as it was before, in a moment he was transformed into an image of the

damned. With a supreme effort he said: "Go who will, the Sea Tiger and Bloodsucker will go down to the bottom of the sea together." Mistaken man, another fate was reserved for thee. The boat was lowered on the lea side and the greater part of the crew jumped into her, to be engulfed immediately. As the cry again rose up, that she was sinking, the rest followed with precipitation, without thought or motive, and threw themselve into the sea with such articles as were calculated to buoy them up, but in vain. While his comrades were being drowned around him the Sea Tiger tied himself to the mast.

The only other persons now remaining on board were Alvarado and his servant, who had armed themselves and stayed in the cabin during the confusion, being pursuaded that the great danger was not from the leak, which though alarming enough might have been delayed by the use of the pump, but through the panic which had seized the crew. When the vessel was deserted Alvarado ascended to the companion way while the storm was still

howling and the thunders pealing with little intermission. Amid these, however, he thought he could distinguish by the roar and dash of infuriated breakers, they were possibly near a lea shore. By a flash of lightning (for it was night) the position of the Sea Tiger was revealed to Alvarado, who said: "Wretch, either from the elements or from me thou shalt receive thy doom." "Spare me! spare me!" shrieked the pirate. That moment the vessel struck the outer reef and came near broaching to, but the next surge bore her off and she settled upon the beach with a fearful convulsion. A vivid flash of lightning, an overpowering shock succeeded, the mast was shivered and the Sea Tiger gone to his account. Fractured in every seam, the vessel would soon have been swept to pieces had not the winds and the waves abated with a veering of the former for the land. The two remaining survivors from the vessel then escaped to the shore. On the next day, having buried a large amount of money and valuables, which they had found on board, taking some provisions with them they

started for the northward. The body of the Sea Tiger was left still tied to the shivered mast, the prey of carrion birds.

Our travellers were now on a long sand bank, varying from half a league to a league in breadth, which separated the sea on the east from a lagoon interspersed with low mangrove islands on the west. Abut three or four leagues on their journey they found a canoe which had drifted to the shore of the lagoon. Gladly they set about getting materials to caulk her that they might cross to the opposite shore in search of water. When they had gone over they found there a long island which still intervened before the main land could be reached. There search for fresh water proved fruitless. Re-entering the canoe, with excessive thirst and fatigue, they still paddled on into an inextricable maze of mangrove islands, or rather (as called) keys, in whose confusion the course was lost and the travellers were compelled again to seek the sea beach and abandon the canoe. Weary and faint they dragged along with no prospect to allay their

burning throats. A cape appeared ahead, Alvarado had just presence of mind left to notice that the bank widened considerable to the westward and was probably connected there to the main land. Without reflecting further he turned to the left, while the servant slowly followed. A short distance revealed quite a large pond of fresh water into which the travelers rushed to slake their thirst. In consquense of this over indulgence, a sojourn in this place became imperative. After this, when the locality was reconnoitred, it soon appeared that the sand bank adjoining the ocean was indeed connected to the main land at this point by a very narrow neck which divides the lagoon on the south from another on the north. Alvarado resolved to travel along the main land, and after excessive privations met some fishermen who kindly relieved the necessities of the travelers and escorted them to the Tower of Matanzas, near the Barra Chica. The fishermen declared it was possible to have obtained fresh water along the beach by scooping out the sands a couple of feet below the surface in certain spots.

At Saint Augustine, Alvarado appeared simply in the character of a shipwrecked gentleman. He took care to write to the Captain General what had happened and request a renewal of his credentials which had been lost on board the Pintado. Meantime he entered into all the gaieties of the place with an assumed levity of manners. Not a ball, not a party of pleasure, not a hunt occurred, but he was present as the leading spirit. He soon won the warm friendship of the lieutenant, whose own good nature and unsuspecting disposition led him to see in the fascinating stranger only an embodiment of refinement and high chivalric feelings.

There lived in the business portion of the town, a Jew, named Manasseh, whose business, in connection with a mercantile firm in Havannah, was to supply the station with stores and ammunition. He was of strict commercial integrity and business habits, in good repute with the Captain-General. Alvarado had very naturally called upon him at the first opportunity when a mutual understanding subsisted between them; for besides financial

affairs to be transacted, Alvarado had fully confided to his friend that he was of the stock of Israel and only a Christian outwardly, through prudential consideration. As he spent most of his leisure moments at the house of Manasseh, surmises began to be made, that he had fallen in love with the Jew's daughter, and rumor in this case was more than half right.

Judith appeared to be about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. Gifted with a high order of intellect, in thorough literary training and in strict subordination to refined moral feelings, she approached near to human perfection, Her features were in unison with her mind; singly, none could be called beautiful, but their united expressions of intelligence, benevolence and purity, never failed to fascinate the beholder. Graceful in person and action, with a soft, musical voice, her vocation seemed like that of an angel of light on errands of mercy.

Judith had no suspicion of the inclination or attitude of Alvarado till the day he formally offered

her his heart and hand; then she could have politely declined, but when, in the endeavor to please her, he avowed his religious faith, she could not hide her horror and detestation of such dissimulation. "You cannot think," said she, "that I descended from those who gave their lives to the flames for the sake of principles, that I should link my fate with one holding your sentiments?"

"Hear me, Judith," he said, "ere you condemn too harshly. Some generations gone, my ancestors underwent the most cruel persecutions. Some were put to death, others were coerced to abjure their faith. Their mouths pronounced the words but their hearts consented not. Riches flowed upon them and they purchased power, though still incurring the suspicion alike of Jew and Gentile. Some few rose high in the Spanish monarchy and were thus enabled to shield their people from persecution. These advantages resulted from their conforming to a few external ceremonies, while in all else the will was unshackled. I now find myself in this position—not from my own doings but

from inheritance. Must I now abandon wealth, friends and titles to brave the flames? Be it so, if Judith wills it and will share her lot with mine. Behold me, then, no longer the Spanish nobleman Juan de Alvarado, but Moses ben Jacob!"

"Neither will this avail your purpose," she replied, "for I am a Christian, not by profession merely, but from the heart."

Taken by sheer surprise, he knew not what to say for a while, at length he said: "Then Juan de Alvarado is also a Christian for your sake."

"Unprincipled man," she interrupted him, "seek elsewhere for a fit mate, for Judith can never be your bride."

His eyes flashed with anger as he said: "Know you whom you have rejected? You know my name, now learn. I am governor of Florida. In a few days I shall be installed, when Judith shall find the result of her rashness. Till then beware you tell aught of what has here transpired."

In the evening, Seco visited Judith. A close intimacy had subsisted between them for a consider-

able period, but contrary to what generally happens, it had given no cause for gossipping, for the lieutenant was a general visitor among the ladies of the place—young or old, single or married—none could complain of neglect. He was considered a military man who belonged to the whole sex—none in particular. Nevertheless, Seco and Judith loved each other with deep devotion. The open frankness of Seco, his moral rectitude, and a certain community of thoughts had won the heart of Judith. They now met, there was nothing secret between them. Judith told him of all that had transpired that day. In reply, the lieutenant told her that he now perceived the cause of many of Alvarado's inquiries concerning the government of Don Diego, adding that he was now put on the guard against the new governor and would be circumspect towards him.

CHAPTER III.

THE Santa Fe settlement, as its designation imports, was composed of a number of small haciendas, in supporting vicinity. The people were generally quiet and orderly, and quite a number of them were French, who had remained under the Spanish flag since Florida had been ceded back. Because they had contrived to maintain peace with the Indians in the neighborhood, and had themselves been orderly towards the authorities, they were treated rather with contumely than harshness. Still there remained with them a fixed determination to migrate, not to France—from which they considered themselves exiled—but to some more congenial country and sympathising people. Lately, as we have seen, their number was somewhat increased by a few who had come from Pensacola. When word was brought

to one of these last, of the unhappy condition of Don Diego, he arose and said: "I will take my staff and go to him with words of consolation, for who can sympathise with him more than I?" Three persons had already gone to Saint Augustine, and now he was accompanied by three more.

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Franchita's father was liberated and invited to the governor's house. Don Diego spoke feelingly, thus: "I repent having ordered the death of Francisco. Would that I could recall the deed? All that now remains is repentance. I now beg your pardon, before all, for the harm I have done you. Grant it, and I will be to you in your old age instead of son and daughter." The old man extended his hand to the governor, saying: "O, senor, forgive me, also, for having offended you."

For a month that his excellency continued in office after this, it was the observation of all persons, that a notable change had come over him. When reviled by his wife, he opened not his mouth, until tired of offending one who did not resist, she

resumed her obligations and affections. Resigning all military affairs to Seco—whom he learned to respect and esteem, nay, to adopt as a son and his heir—he walked among the people like a father in the midst of his children. He was ever easy of access and administered justice with kindness. Henceforth, to the surprise of his intimate friends, death had no terrors for him, and in this manner his moral courage was confirmed beyond all doubt. Peace and humility marked his footsteps.

In December, Alvarado's equipage arrived, together with the document that installed him governor of Florida. Immediately he proceeded with whatever show of parade he could command to the fort and demanded the keys of Seco, but that officer very justly deferred doing so until he should hear from Don Diego, when he would give the customary salute to the new governor in recognition of his authority. Irritated, however, beyond endurance, Alvarado lavished threats and abuses against Seco, but seeing he could not prevail upon that officer to commit a breach of discipline, he

proceeded up to the palace. Don Diego had been apprised by these transactions and had already made ample arrangements, (with a few friends, some of whom had come from the settlement) forthwith in a small vessel now ready to sail for Cadiz. Though Alvarado, on his entrance, behaved very insolently, Don Diego extended every courtesy towards him and immediately issued a proclamation announcing the change of officers.

In the meantime the vessel had dropped down towards the bar, awaiting the arrival of passengers. The wind favorable and tide would soon serve. Alvarado spent some time in examining the papers which had been delivered to him. In doing this he came to a list of persons who had been condemned to the dungeon for various crimes and misdemeanors, and suddenly he arose, exclaiming: "That is the proper place for him—he shall go there." He then sallied forth bent upon sending Seco to prison.

Now he found no obstacles. The gate was immediately open and the garrison received him with

all military honors. His first inquiry was for Lieutenant Seco. They informed him that the lieutenant had just left the shore in a boat to visit some friends, who were about to sail in the vessel at the bar. As Alvarado looked over the parapet, two boats were wending their way across the waters. It was a beautiful afternoon and the merry waters flashed like molten gold at every stroke of the oars. "What means all this," the governor exclaimed, "I see a lady in the boat." The reply was that Lieutenant Seco had accompanied Manasseh's daughter to the boat. If suddenly blasted by lightning Alvarado could not have undergone a greater change. It was momentary however. "Fire a gun," he cried, "as signal to return." A gun was fired, some confusion was observed on board of the boats, so much so that some observed they were about to put back. But once more the oars were plied with redoubled vigor in one boat while the other displayed her sail and soon distanced her now heavily laden partner. Alvarado raved—at one time he ordered

the batteries to be opened on the boats—but he soon countermanded this. He then sent off several messengers—some to get boats ready—some to enquire for Judith at her father's house. He was soon informed that she was not at home, that her father feared she had married and eloped with Seco.

The boats being ready, Alvarado threw himself in one and soon they were on the course of the others. By this time, the passengers, including Don Diego and the senora, Seco and Judith, Franchita's father and some three or four persons from Santa Fe, had reached the vessel in safety, and now that the tide served, sail was made for the bar. After thumping once or twice in the channel she got over into the open sea and the pilots were dismissed. She was bearing under a fine breeze abont half a league on her course, when Alvarado reached the pilots. Cursing their stupidity because they had not put back when signalled, he asked who was with Lieutenant Seco. They then confirmed the fact that Judith was with him in his boat. They

stated that Don Diego and his party, who composed the great majority in the pilot boat, ordered them not to obey the signals. "Enough, enough!" shouted Alvarado, "sail out to sea!" The sun was now setting; Alvarado's boat gained somewhat on the vessel, but it was judged hopeless to hold out much longer, unless she would heave to. Alvarado was pale as a corpse. He stood up at the bow of the boat, waving a handkerchief. No regard was paid to this and still the vessel held on her way. Once, and once only, the men thought they saw the waving of something white, from the stern. Alvarado, who held a small spy-glass in his hands, dropped it suddenly and his whole frame quivered. He murmured: "This is too much; too much," and with a leap, plunged into the sea and sunk forever.

Having disposed of their property in Spain, Don Diego and Donna Juanita repaired to England, from whence they recrossed the Atlantic to seek a home outside of the Spanish dominion, with Seco and others, in the hope that liberty of conscience could be enjoyed in peace with God and man.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

RULE AND MISRULE.

THE colony, now deprived of an executive head, in the absence also of an officer next in regular succession, fell in charge of a council held at the palace, by whom, after mature deliberation, the temporary rule was placed in the hands of Marino Sanchez, then a private gentleman, but of good military reputation. He began his administration under rumors of great turbulence among the savages of the interior, which ranged from Tampa Bay northward—and even extended to the settlements. From the commencement of winter heavy rains had prevailed, which soon so flooded the immense low grounds that only the slightly elevated piney knolls appeared, like

islands in a watery waste. As a consequence, the subsistence of the tribes became precarious, and impelled by famine—like prowling wolves—they made inroads wherever they could secure a footing or capture food. The settlers became greatly alarmed. How to organize military movements in that impracticable country, especially at this season, or where to locate posts for protection, the governor *ad interim*—with all his known ability—found to be beyond his means. He sought for information and advice in vain; even the charts of the colony could not be depended on for even a partial knowledge of the great interior. In this dilemma he was told that the only person that could be of service to him was then in the town, having been left behind by the late Santa Fe visitors. This person was represented as having a most extensive influence, not only where he habitually resided, but over the greater portion of the inland country, both among the whites and savages. His excellency, without the least delay, went to visit him. When Merceron rose to receive his

guest, there stood up one of the most remarkable, if not the most august, personages of the age, with a look at once apt to strike the beholder with awe and reverence. Though aged, as proclaimed by long, flowing hair and beard, yet in strong contrast his body exhibited the muscular development of mature manhood coupled with the nimbleness of youth. His mental faculties were both acute and solid; his language, from a richly stored memory for words, was uttered with clearness and precision in a sonorous, manly voice. The history of Merceron was singular: Born of a noble family of Normandy, a passion for sport in the open field, a thorough disgust for books, fostered by the weakness of his mother, who ruled at the chateau, kept his teachers from instilling in him methodical learning. At length by civil commotions, the death and outlawry of his family, he was left when still quite young an orphan, not only without a friend or support but proscribed by sad heritage in the estimation of bigotry. In this strait some good Jesuits took him under their protection, whom, as

he shirked all confinement to religious exercises, he repaid with personal services. Even from these he would have been dismissed on account of his stolid want of conformity but for an unaccountable partiality on the part of the chief father, who always maintained there was some good in the lad. The mission of the company extended to the coast of Mozambique and thither they led Merceron, who by necessity and choice still followed out-door work picking up information wherever he could by intercourse and observation. In time all the Jesuits learned to love Merceron for they could but observe that his actions were devoid of selfishness, his chief delight being to minister to the poor, afflicted and sick. Personally his great craving was to admire the true and beautiful in Nature, to venerate the sublime in the works of God, for this raised the mind beyond, to the Great First Cause, and towards the attainment of moral worth. He in after years ever spoke of the Jesuits with affection and profound respect. He parted from them at the Cape of Good Hope on the return home-

wards, but parted with mutual expressions of love and good wishes, although they knew that he had yielded to the inherent temper of his mind and embraced the Lutheran faith.

Henceforth, without family or worldly ties, he wandered at large, as he declared, a "Protestant Jesuit," and in fulfilment of a vow he had made in early life, that his efforts should be devoted to doing good to man. Strange to say, from all that could be learned, in all his rambles, everywhere he had met with no serious mishaps, all dangers, all obstacles, all intricacies seemed to have yielded to him as if he possessed a charmed life. In fact, he himself never faltered in the belief that he bore in his person the motto of his family: "Shielded by God, when in the line of duty," and thus he did things which in other men would be looked upon as imprudent or rash. He ever wore next to his heart, a small black cross, from the time it was there placed by his friends the Jesuits, both as a gift and an appropriate emblem.

How a communion was maintained among so lit-

tle a flock thus scattered in various countries is now unknown, yet Merceron had come to Florida to seek out and confirm his countrymen of the same faith, who had remained behind after the cession to Spain. By them this apostolic man was joyfully received everywhere, and everywhere while ministering in love, his wants were cheerfully ministered to. His fame, besides, was scattered over the territory among the Indians, and his person was so well described in the tribes that he could visit them at any time and meet a welcome reception. His renown had this origin, dating back a few years: The most high and powerful chief in the peninsula, while on a war path, saw Merceron approaching through the forest. From behind an ambush he aimed at the white man four arrows (which having been conjured had never missed before). Each in succession stuck in the ground at the feet of the assailed, who deliberately stooped, picked them up and carried them to the concealed foe, who stood now stupified, trembling and worshipping. Henceforth, believed invulnerable and

sacred, walking in goodness and mercy, no Indian could be prevailed upon to approach him but in kindness, while he could go everywhere with impunity.

When, therefore, the acting-governor had made known his difficulites, and appealed for direction or aid, Merceron undertook the task to attempt a pacification. He might have quoted what was taught at Salamanca, *Veni! Vidi! Vici!* for he succeeded in an incredibly short period and all discontent was removed; in what mode is not revealed, but some averred, among other means of persuasion he indicated to the tribes—from his superior knowledge how and where to procure food—where they could get unexpected supplies of molusks, how terrapins could be raised from their hybernation, when schools of fish would ascend the streams, called attention to the palm-cabbage and a peculiar bulb root, indicated where the deer would likely gather during the freshet, how to set traps for birds, and other matters.

The pacification being effected; on the part of the

Indians they were not to pass certain fixed boundaries; on the part of the government a certain fixed supply of molasses should be sent to the chiefs at stated periods. Merceron having returned and reported to Senor Sanchez, that officer, thanking him for his services (for Merceron would receive no reward) cordially approved of all that had been done.

During the same interim, while awaiting advice from Cuba, a courier arrived in haste with intelligence still more alarming than the preceeding troubles with the Indians. He brought official reports of marauders having penetrated from the north into the country near Fernandina and the mouth of the Saint John river and driven the settlers before them. In the panic, which his excellency simply pitied, Captain Santarem offered to raise a volunteer company to go at once against the English invaders. No soldiers could be spared from the fort, so this offer was accepted to allay the existing panic and to reassure the frontier settlers of protection. The patriotic ardor—nay,

military ambition—of Santarem was so buoyant, that he almost wished himself a thunderbolt to reach the scene of action, and consequently hurried the departure of the force without proper preparation, yet, as far as the men were concerned, it was composed of rather good material, for the rest it was poorly equipped and provisioned. Santarem, however, thought they could depend for supplies on the route and partly on the chase and fisheries. Among other arms they carried quite a number of rusty *escopetas* to supply the settlers.

The route extended from Palatka, at first by boats down the river, and thence overland to a block house built of palmettos, as recommended by a Frenchman, near the frontier. On the river they had much sport with the alligators and sharks that were encountered on the way. The land travel, chosen for greater secrecy, began and continued with many difficulties. The force passed through sandy plains redundant of briars and thorny plants, through stifling pine forests that dropped ticks on the person, through interlaced fallen palmettos

lying in inextricable maze and tied together by clinging vines. Beneath, were innumerable snakes and other reptiles; above, the men had to fight swarms of mosquitos and gnats without cessation. At last after slowly plodding, sore and harrassed, they arrived at the block house, and even there they could not rest till it was somewhat cleared of vermin and scorpions.

The Captain sent out scouts in every direction to feel for the enemy. These were all infantry and spent most of the time smoking their pipes. Recently, however, a daring horsewoman had volunteered her services. Inez Campo, now aged 22 years, had been an orphan consigned to the cold charity of strangers, and trained from an early age to woodcraft and the care of horses and cattle, yet with all this rough usage, her correct behavior, fearless self-possession and refined feelings always commanded respect from her employers and others. She rode her accustomed horse in cavalier style and showed to advantage, with a gracefully symmetrical person, supple in every limb, a small

Spanish hat, a flowing mantle, a pistol and cutlass by her side. But when, on nearer look, her large black eyes and perfectly chiseled mouth appeared, no one could refuse the praise that she might be termed the "Pride of Florida."

Without hesitation, she rode directly into the camp of Captain Turner, the commander of the English force, waving as she came, a white scarf. He saluted her, courteously, and said: "Are your warriors women?" "No, Senor Capitano, only one." To which he added, "Then you are the first and best of them." She simply remarked, "You flatter me." After a brief and rapid scrutiny the captain asked, "How can I serve so charming a messenger?" "By avoiding the shedding of blood and respecting the territory of Spain," she told him. After a pause, in deep thought, the reply came, "I will give up all Florida for you." "Are these your only terms?" said she. Captain Turner then very feelingly spoke: "Yes, and honestly meant, if you will accept." To which she replied: "Perform your part; I will see you again, if you

are in the same mind." Without another word, Inez immediately turned her horse around, and putting spurs dashed away through the forest. What had transpired, her modesty would not allow to be reported at headquarters, so she at once retired home, resolved to abandon the life of an amateur scout.

On the next morning she saw by the direction of the smoke that the English camp was on fire, and soon learned that its occupants had retired beyond the frontier. Thus Inez, who was the heroine of the campaign of a battle fought without bloodshed —victorious, though now a voluntary prisoner— became in due time the wife of Captain Turner. But, like many other meritorious persons, her laurels won in military life were gladly appropriated by those not entitled to them. Santarem showed himself an apt disciplinarian and diplomatist of the late governor's training by appropriating all credit, whether due or not, to himself. By his dictation his amanuensis wrote as follows to the government: "A report of our advance in battle

array having reached the enemy, he became very alarmed, set fire to his works and retreated with the utmost precipitation. When the smoke of his camp was seen, we pressed on with ardor, hoping to meet at least some stragglers whom we might chastise. Our troops rushed forward shouting, 'Santiago! Fuego, fuego! Ingleses, Ingleses!' But when we entered, not a soul remained, they had all deserted on the bold advance of Castile y Leon." Yet it must be noted, though indications of the new encampment of the enemy were distinctly seen at a spot about less than half a league off, and though the line of the frontier was by no means well fixed, Santarem would not pursue him. After leaving about twenty men at the block house, as a rallying point for the settlers, Santarem started on his march to town. Two or three hours afterwards, the report of a gun, followed by the appearance of a deer that bounded away from a thicket, caused the commander to order the locality to be instantly surrounded. The party came up to a very athletic man, who having just discharged his

gun, threw up his hands in token of surrender. He proved to be an Irishman, Odonno (*sic.*) by name, who had wandered from the marauder's camp and been lost in the forest during the past day and night. The captain now exulted beyond bounds for this capture of a prisoner of war to grace his triumphant return. He attempted to treat Odonno with studied arrogance and harshness —but the latter received all with mirthful mimicry, ludicrous remarks, or boisterous laughter. When they had reached Saint Augustine, Odonno, still domiciled with Santarem for safe keeping and support, his chief service consisted in bearing presents of fruits, fish, flowers and rose-colored billets to a certain Senora Leonardo, (a widow) the affianced of the captain. Some who were fond of a joke, said this was done in imitation of a renowned demi-historical character—Don Quixote—of whom the captain had heard in his youth, and that Odonno was deputed as a vanquished giant to present letters of love, composed by a hired scribe in grandoliquent style, to the vast delight of the

lover. In a short time, through the patronage and intercession of the priest, the Irishman was enlarged on parole and allowed to resort to such private means of self support as presented, among which was an engagement as pugilist—no unnecessary office—to the head gambler of the town.

Santarem, who habitually frequented the tables, still affected to regard the Irishman as a conquered vassal—even so far as on one occasion to kick him, the latter immediately returned a well planted blow, which not only disabled the captain but drew a profusion of blood. Parted for the moment, Odonno was challenged to fight a duel to the death at early dawn, the gambler, nothing loath, being chosen for his second. The terms were simply that the parties should meet at the appointed place and time, armed with sabres of their own respective choice, the combat to begin at sight. There was in the establishment a sword said to have belonged to a Knight of Malta and kept merely as an object of curiosity; it was well tempered, heavy, of unusual length and breadth of blade, and few men

besides Odonno could handle it easily. When Santarem drew near the scene of combat he saw his antagonist approaching through the chaparal, like a tornado, before whom every object, bush and branch were flying through the air as the sabre cut around, far-reaching and with great velocity. Santarem cast a glance at his own sabre, then at Odonno's, dropped his weapon and commenced running away at full speed. The combat was over, but the news reached town before the principals.

On arriving home, Odonno received an invitation to call on the senora, who was anxious to learn the particulars of the combat, but he would say nothing in disparagement of his antagonist. She, on the contrary, remarked: "He cannot now win the widow of a brave officer *a la punta de su espada*," —at the point of his sword. To which he archly asked, "If he can't, can anyone else?" The reply was, "You have never tried." He then declared his utter aversion to a marriage with her, but that, if she chose, he would give Captain Santarem a chance to retrieve his honor and gain her hand.

In her fury she uttered many threats, and through her influence, the result was another duel. In this the terms were that the combatants were to be placed at a distance of sixty paces and armed with pistols, to march towards each other at the word, and fire at will and at any distance. Odonno, who had a good insight into human nature, after he had taken some twenty steps, stopped and deliberately aimed, which act Santarem imitated and at once fired, without hitting the person. Odonno, having reserved his shot, marched up to the captain and placing his pistol by his head for one brief moment, then lowering it said, with emphasis, "Take your life and the old woman." Santarem then said, "Senor, your worship has saved my life three times, give me your hand." "Here it is," was the reply, "and remember, an Irishman carries his heart in his hand!"

These occurences took place soon after a new governor had been sent from Cuba. To the great regret of the good people of the colony, the rule of the governor *ad interim* had proved of too brief a

duration, for during its continuance good order and security were maintained with consumate ability. The incoming governor had acquired a renown at Caraccas, in a career half piratical and half banditti, that is: by robbing the inhabitants of their gold and silver plate and the merchants at sea of their goods. He was overbearing, pompous, difficult of access by the people, whom he ruled through his menials. He soon, however, gave place to a successor, because the colony was not large enough for his ambition. Very little of interest can be recorded of the public acts of the officers of the place. The time was passed in a useless display of rank and decorations, in festivities and military pageants.

In the meantime the commerce of Florida was much reduced, the exportations had almost ceased, while the colony was merely held as an advanced military possession, whose chief supplies came by the way of Cuba. The principal inhabitants spent much time in gambling, cock-fighting and dancing, yet, strange to say, in the midst of these dis-

sipations drunkenness was rarely noticed. Gambling led to a few assasinations at night, and rivalry at the balls to a few duels—mostly with knives—for firearms were not fancied. Although the sea wall was repaired and the fort well mounted, the people were under constant panics for fear of incursions by the English, who it was said, had emissaries among the savages as reported by some traders, who under the rules and regulations of the Council of the Indies, were licensed to traffic in the interior.

CHAPTER II.

FOR want of better occupation, a spirit of intolerance began to be manifested by the government, and once more was heard the cry of *hereticos*, which it was believed had died out within this sparsely peopled colony. Some invaluable immigrants thought proper, therefore, to make preparation for a change of residence in order to flee from threatened persecutions or confiscations; chief among whom was that apostolic man, Merceron, who early foresaw the necessity to provide for the exodus of his little flock. The alarm increased when it became known that a sharp lawyer, of a class that live by fomenting dissentions among men, had undertaken to institute prying investigations in the interest of the government and clergy, and even now, like a venomous spider, was spreading his nets in every direction to catch his expected

victims. He was ready to act when quite a large margin of property was confided to his hands for sale and transfer.

The two men engaged for the survey of the extensive Arredondo land, while awaiting for additional means and force, now boarded, in common with others, at the house of Pierre Menard, situated at the southeast angle of the plaza. In the capacious upper room of this large stone structure the proprietor kept his school during the day, but at night it was strung with hammocks for a dormitory. Here, also, at stated periods met a small coterie of choice spirits, whose delight was music, recitations from French and Spanish authors or other pastimes.

Pierre Menard, a provincal by birth, was gifted with all the fire and much of the poetical ecstacy of the Troubadours, but it was evident, from prudential considerations, he ever maintained the dignified restraint of the better class of Spaniards, except, indeed, when in the midst of intimate friends. In early life forced to wander beyond the

Pyrenees, to travel he knew not whither, because he would not yield to the dictates of the majority, he ever declared he had realized the blessing that God takes an especial care of strangers. Truly he had reached Florida in penury—but with peace in his heart and a Greek Testament in his pocket. After teaching awhile, he succeeded in collecting through various sources such works as those of Florian, Cervantes, Moliere and others. He was subject to a species of nostalgia whenever any of the odes or lyrics of his native land was repeated in his presence; then no regal court, with all its noblemen and beauties, could in his estimation compare with the shepherds and shepherdesses of his youth, no festivities, no enjoyments equal to theirs. The following lines from Florian always brought tears down his rugged cheeks:

> "Ye beautiful trees that now remind me
> Of those on which my hands inscribed Estella."

He had been married for more than twenty years to the daughter of a French gentleman of Tomoka, but this lady, though one of the meekest and most

refined of women, had nothing to remind him of his shepherdesses but the name of Ermine. They were the parents of two daughters and a son. Their society was peculiarly agreeable to those, who, like themselves, had drifted from their native soil. De Lerida became so passionately fond of Isadore that he began to look upon himself as already adopted into the family.

Occasionally there came a few boarders whose habits or tastes were far from being acceptable, but —for prudential considerations—Menard could not exclude all such. One of them was a Morisco, named Safet, who had been the servant of Governor Alvarado; the other was an Italian, who proved to be a spy brought over by the present governor. In a moment of intoxication the Morisco had revealed his knowledge of a considerable treasure that belonged to him and was buried on the southern coast. But when he pointedly refused to share with Mancini, the latter made a report, with many additions, to the rapacious governor.

In the dead hour of night Safet was taken out

of bed and conveyed to the dungeon of the fort; but there no promises or threats could wring the secret from him; indeed, no harsh treatment could crush the free born spirit of this son of the desert. The only admission they could ever gain from him was to this effect: The treasure was buried by two joint and equal owners, with the full understanding that at the death of either the survivor should take it all.

Incarceration in a place so damp and foul brought on sickness to Safet, and eventually impaired the use of his limbs. Being so disabled, the commander allowed him the free air of the open court. Now, whether this was effected through bribes or not it matters not, nevertheless his further liberation was by bribes given the guards when he was taken out in the disguise of a sick washwoman—the wife of one of them. With secrecy, at nightfall, he was carried up the river in a canoe, and thence to the Camina del rey; there a conveyance was in readiness to convey him by nightly stages to the hacienda of De Blanton, the

father-in-law of Menard, at Tomoko. The authorities of St. Augustine could find no clue to the escape of Safet, except his iron anklets, some cast off clothes and a pair of old shoes, adrift in a canoe in the harbor.

The residence of the Sieur Valverde de Blanton was situated in one of the most charming localities on the coast, having a fine water prospect. The house itself, with its many pillars supporting a moderately low roof, appeared embowered in the midst of immense oaks that bore long trails of grey mosses that waved in every passing breeze. To the right and left extended orchards of oranges, lemons, figs and other fruit trees, separated from each other by hedges of cactus and approached by long alleys of evergreens. Evidences of scientific culture could be seen in the selection and arrangement of choice, botanical specimens, most of which were indigenous.

His pedigree, of which he never boasted, certainly extended to one of the Norman conquerors of the Byzantine Empire, and besides, he was allied

by marriage to the historic family of Conde. This lady, whom he tenderly loved, had died some seventeen years past, leaving in his charge two daughters and a son. The domestic arrangements of this family would have been entirely disrupted had it not been for the kind services of an elderly housekeeper who had followed its fortunes for more than thirty years and become endeared therein. Too much cannot be said of the self-sacrificing devotion of Celestina and of her enlarged faith. She was reputed as descended in the third generation from one of the companions of Columbus and the daughter of a cacique of Cuba. The other persons now residing at the hacienda were Jose—the slave of a late governor—his wife and some three or four children.

After the retrocession of Florida to Spain, De Blanton and other refugees still remained in the colony. His leisure moments were spent in the study of metaphysics, natural history and mechanics in all of which he was by no means a mere amateur. Indeed, the exiles of this class who had

passed southward through Spain were, on the whole, people of moral worth and superior attainments. Many of them were scattered in this colony, where their orderly conduct, their retired, industrious habits, gained the tolerance, at least, of the authorities for a long period.

At a house in this vicinity, built of shell limestone, but of only one story—to avoid the frequent storms—dwelt an Englishman, Glover, the husband of the elder daughter of De Blanton, with an only daughter, Estella, now about eighteen years of age. Glover's history was also singular; rescued from a wreck near Cartagena—supposed, whether true or not, to have belonged to the fleet of Admiral Vernon, long the dread of that coast—and at so early an age that he only recollected the name of Jack Glover and a few English words, he was brought up by Spaniards, so as to forget most of the past, yet in all things else he was still English, which describes him fully. What shall be said of Estella —beloved and loving Estella!

Though Safet had regained much of his health

it became very evident that his crippled condition was permanent and would interfere with the usefulness of his person in any avocation. In gratitude he surrendered his right to the treasure to those who had saved him as a dear brother, on condition that he should be at their charge for the balance of his life. He then imparted to De Blanton, Menard and Glover, the exact bearings that would lead them to the treasure. These men accepted the trust with the proviso that the contemplated migration and settlement should be promoted, the feeble and old be assisted, the young educated and the larger portion devoted in the cause of civil and religious liberty—freedom of conscience.

A few Indians from the mainland came over at times to this settlement, partly for the purpose of trade, but mainly through gratitude for past services or the kind receptions extended to them by Celestina, whom they venerated as princess born. But the most frequent visitor among them was Poetla, the chief of a small village, formerly situ-

ated some leagues from Palatka, which had been broken up by the Spaniards and its people driven into the interior by arms and bloodhounds; Poetla, when pursued, bleeding and wretched, in the last throes of despair had been rescued at great risk by De Blanton and Glover, and properly cared for till he could regain the tribe in their new hunting ground. The devotion of this Indian knew no bounds.

After awhile, the search for Safet proving useless, the government abandoned its further prosecution. It was then that Mancini conceived the project to secure the treasure for his exclusive benefit, but being of great credulity and very superstitious, he knew no better plan than to seek the conjuration of one of those negresses, so common in the colonies —the reputed adepts in African mysteries and occult practices. She lived in seclusion, as usual with her class, in a spot rather difficult of access, on the shores of the Mari-Sanchez. This woman, after many incantations with a black cock, a black cat, a black snake and a carrion crow, at length

resorted to disgusting jugglery with more revolting objects. In conclusion, she declared that awful spells had been pronounced over the treasure for its security, which could only be dispelled by certain ceremonies, charms and amulets to guard against danger and ensure success. Her demands in money were so large that she counselled Mancini to raise it through a party duly sworn to secrecy. The wreck, of which the debris still existed ashore, pretty well indicated the locality to be searched, which she assigned to an area of fixed dimensions as determined from questions propounded to Jose. Over this space the party to be formed were to march in open order, thrusting pikes into the sand as they went, but at midnight, in profound silence, (for a word spoken would instantly dissolve the charm) until the coffer was struck and lifted from its bed; this injunction was to be strictly observed. All this Mancini received in implicit faith and proceeded forthwith to form a club of some base associates.

It was deemed best by De Blanton first to clear

the beach of these prospectors before acting in the interest of Safet and others. So, when Mancini came with a number of men, ostensibly for the purpose of fishing and gunning on the coast, when they pitched their tent for the night, about bedtime a ship on fire suddenly sailed on the land and discharged a broadside towards the camp. This display of pyrotechnic art from behind one of the sand hills, magnified by fear and superstition, so frightened the group that they instantly retreated and could not be induced to remain, firmly of opinion that the Tigre de la Mar had come to defend his treasure. But in a few days more the conjuress counselled them to make a second attempt under more potent spells, the main one was for each man to burn a lock of his hair on marching out to the ground. All went well till they had reached a place where a caboose had been purposely buried, which returned a hollow sound to the pikes. At that instant the sudden appearance of Poetla, adorned with antlers and covered with phorescent oil, so surprised them, that one exclaimed "Ave

Maria!" and so broke the charm. Poetla as suddenly disappeared. At a safe distance the party broke up, at enmity, and threatened the life of him who had first spoken when the treasure was—as they thought—almost within their grasp. All attempt at renewing the search was then at an end. When the treasure was brought to the house of Glover it was found not to exceed two hundred thousand pesos in value.

Two days after this there was joy in the settlement when Merceron, with certain elders and friends, was seen approaching. All who could, ran out to meet him. He bore important news, and letters from brethren, some of their former associates, now quietly setted in the vicinity of Port Royal. Cordial invitations and many inducements were offered to urge their immediate migration thither. One letter, that from Col. Turner, was as warm as it was unexpected. Merceron had secured three haciendas on the route under the respective charge of friends, Dupre, Garnet and Langlois, to transfer those present as also others from Santa Fe.

Senor Sanchez had also agreed to purchase the habitations at a fair valuation, so that nothing now remained to interfere with the exodus beyond the boundary, save what hindrance might be thrown in the way by the government, which was not now to be anticipated.

Having said this much, Merceron proceeded in the open air to call around him the convocation of elders and brethren. "We are here assembled," he began, "to show to men by what test the true church is to be known. This test is not zeal but *love*, love in the bond of unity, so that opponents can only say, 'Behold, how they love one another!' In this let us walk in God, with God in us. Whoever knows that God is love must love his fellow men. It has been said, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' then go forth, as a preservative element to social progress, but let your influence be felt as the gentle dew of Heaven. Go forth, now, and add your agency to whatever is promotive of good in the development of a great and holy people on this continent. Other matters will come for your

consideration before we leave for the north country. Now we have formally to receive five members into our fold, after an examination by two elders. In the meantime, I will proceed to unite in marriage these two young brethren, now present, to two granddaughters of our brother De Blanton."

After this ceremony, Merceron concluded thus: "And here admonished by the approach of age, and the wishes and necessities of this little flock, I resign my wandering life in the hope that I may be approved by God and man as a faithful pastor. And, my beloved flock, when my eyelids close in death, let my humble remains be buried beneath a palmetto tree, with this verse inscribed above the grave:

"'*Wise as serpents, but innocent as doves.*'"

FINIS.