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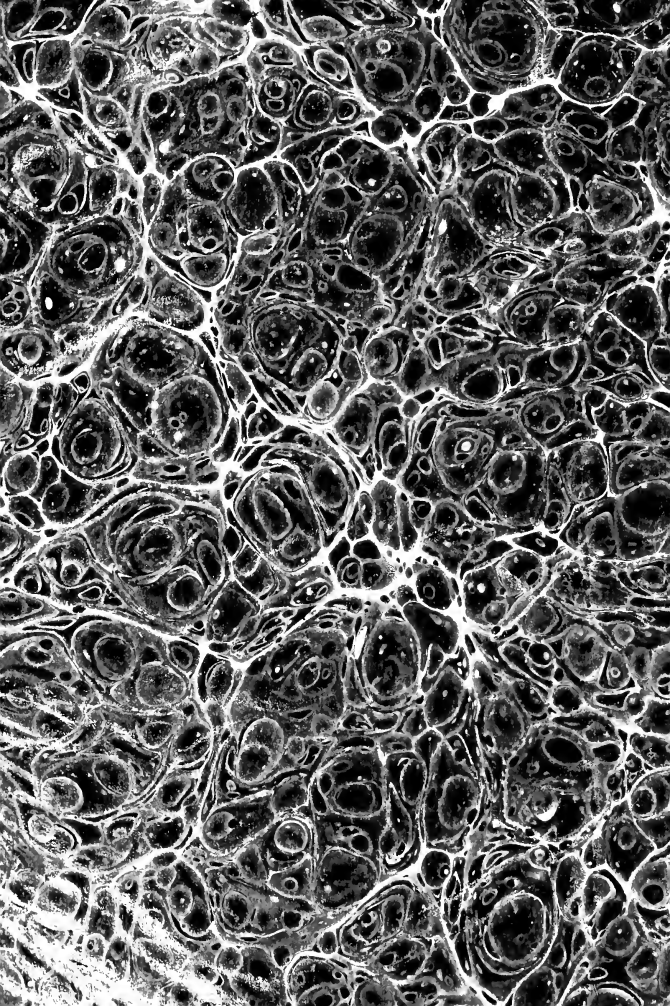
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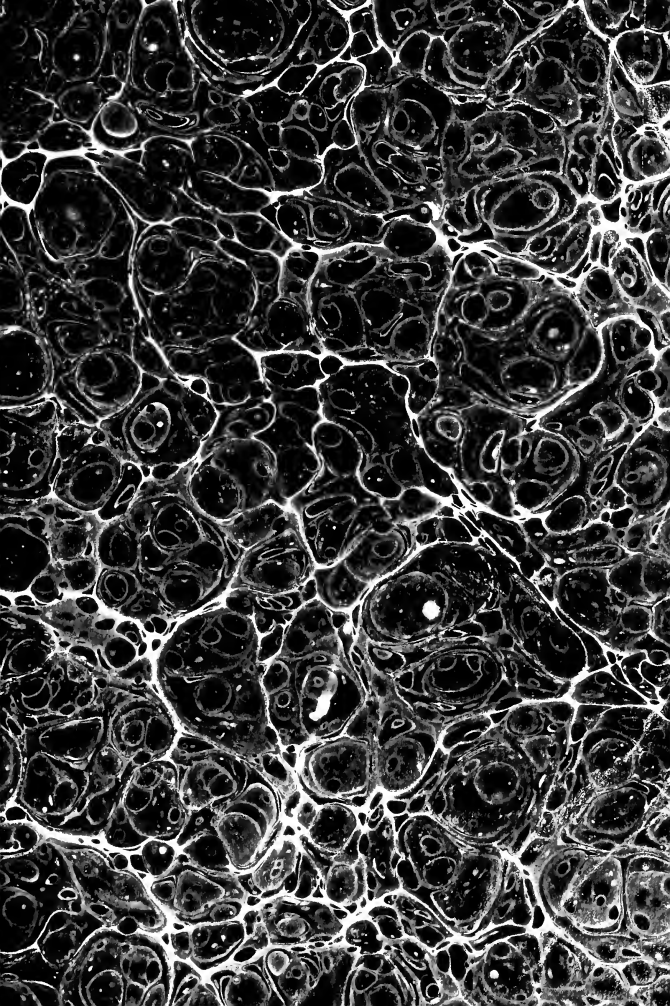
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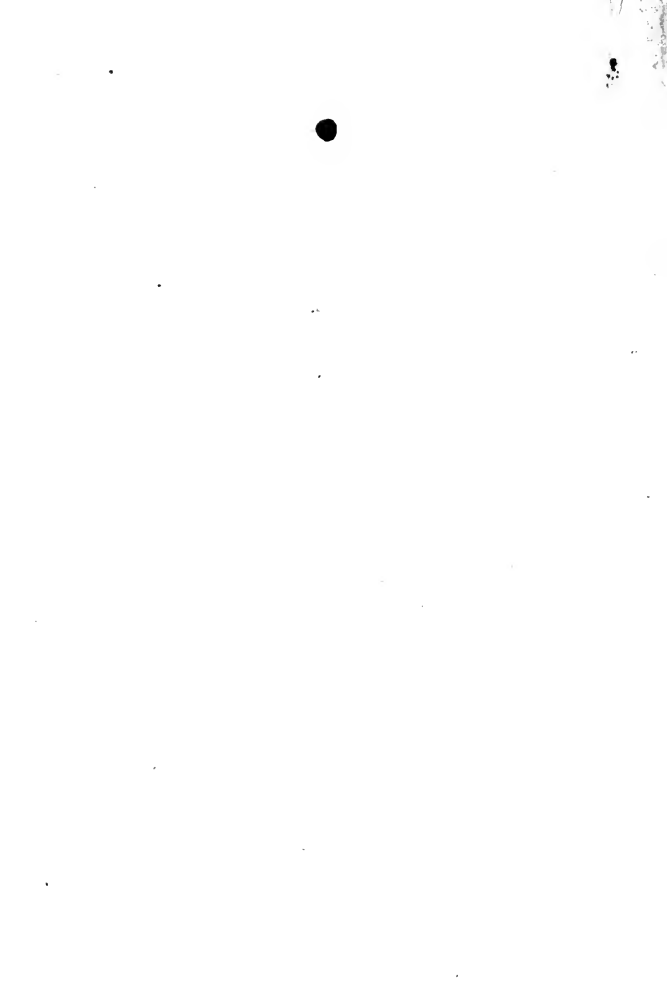
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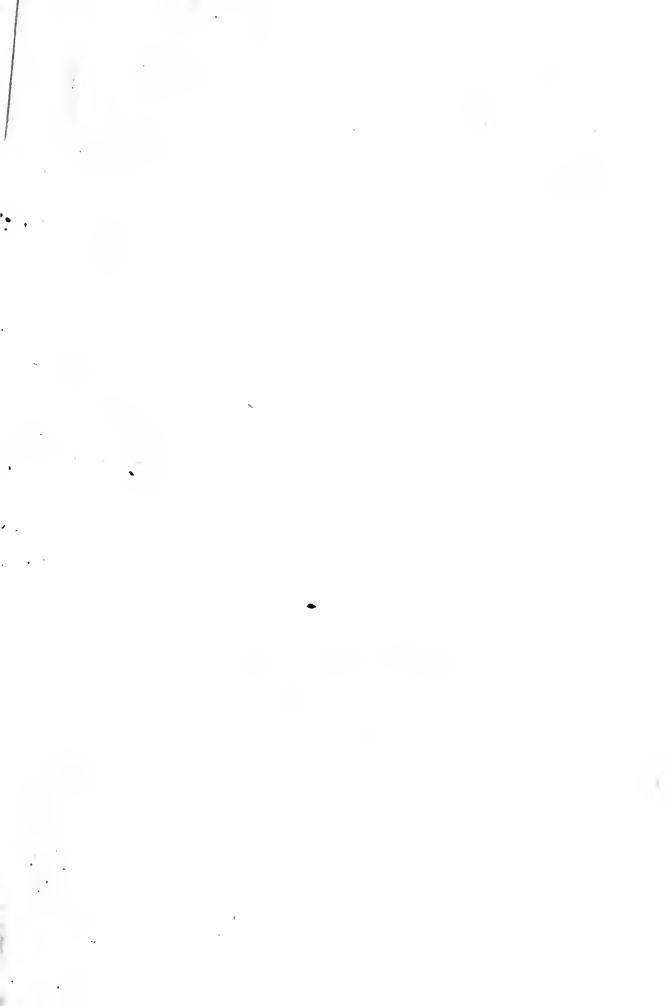
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James P. Carter.
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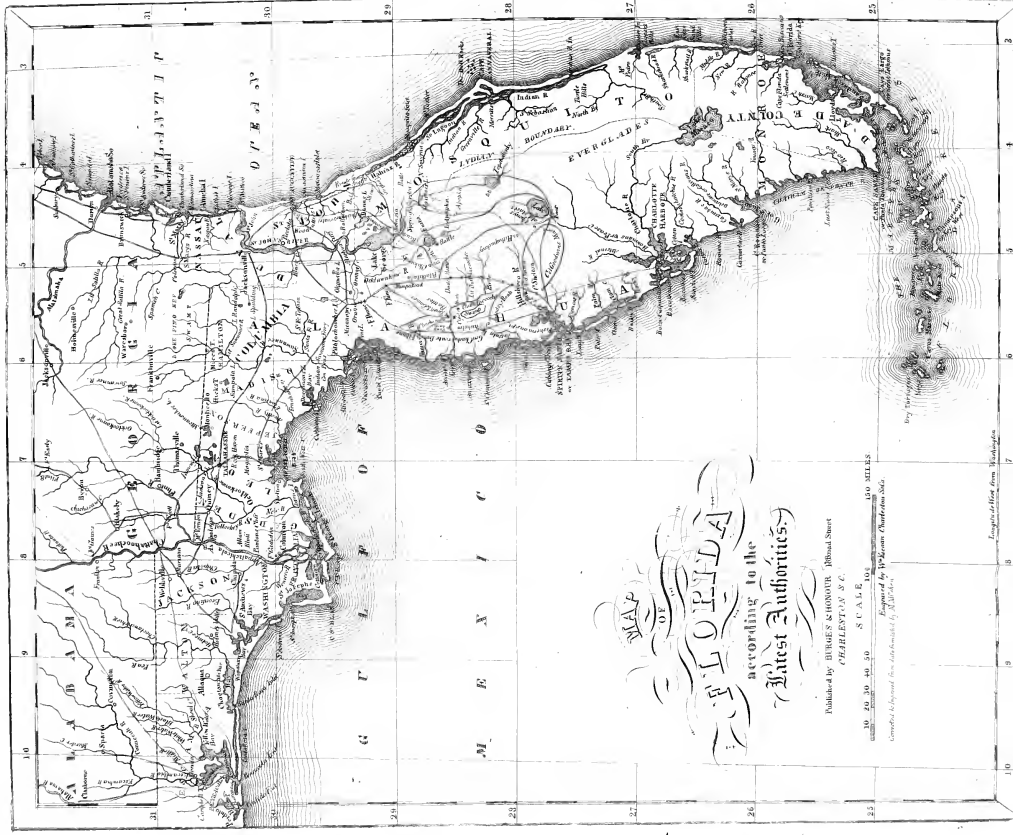












MAP
OF
FLORIDA
according to the
latest Authorities.

Published by HUGHES & HUNTER, Broad Street
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Hanna Engraver, Printer to W. K. ...

NOTICES OF FLORIDA

AND

THE CAMPAIGNS.

BY M. M. COHEN,
(AN OFFICER OF THE LEFT WING.)

“All may have, if they dare try,
A glorious life or grave.”

CHARLESTON, S. C.
BURGES & HONOUR, 18 BROAD-STREET.

NEW-YORK:
B. B. HUSSEY, 378 PEARL-STREET.

1836.

May 3. 8
E.C. 67

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DEDICATION.



TO

JOHN L. WILSON, Esq.,

(Ex-Governor of South-Carolina,)

AS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC
SERVICES, AND EMINENT WORTH AS A LEGISLATOR
AND JURIST, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY, VERY RESPECTFULLY,

THE AUTHOR.



☞ A FEW days after my arrival in Charleston from Florida, (which was on the 18th of last month), a proposal was made me for a work on that country, and the recent campaign therein. To this I acceded, and commenced literary labours almost in the spirit with which I had entered upon military operations, namely, a wild wish for adventure, and a *humble hope to be useful!* All my written *material* consisted in a few notes (mainly in pencil) which I had taken, sometimes on horseback, and at others, supine on the earth. At one moment I would write, reclining against a tree, my desk being a cartridge-box or knapsack, borrowed from one of the soldiers under my command: at the next, I was scribbling under my rain-beaten tent, my pine torch flaring in the wind, and my table a saddle, which served my triple purposes as a rider, a writer, and a sleeper: sometimes not writing for a week, at others, a week's writing lost on the road, or wadded into a rifle, or wet with water higher than my saddle bags. These hints were intended, not for publication in a book, but merely as the basis of a contribution to "the South-Carolina Society for the Advancement of learning," or as hints towards a paper to be read before "the Literary and Philosophical Society of Charleston." My notes, therefore, were on themes connected with Topography, Philology, Geology, Zoology, and other *ologies*, which are the portions of the volume that (together with additions and corrections of the Map) have cost me most time and trouble. 'Twas only a few days before publishing, that I discovered I would have to omit (*fortunately* for the readers,

“O! *fortunatos* nimium, sua si bona nôrint”) all, or nearly all, I had worked out on these dull, yet difficult topics : for we found that the “Historic Sketches,” and the account of the Campaign, would occupy as many pages as we had proposed to print.

It will be seen that our book has been put to press in less than thirty days from its being undertaken, and composed during frequent interruptions by varied and pressing affairs ; for I had been called to Columbia in November by legislative duties, as a Representative of the good people of Charleston. (I like to be civil when speaking of my constituents, especially as the period of re-election is approaching.) At the seat of our State Government, I remained till late in December, and crossed over, as is my wont, to eat my Christmas turkey and drink my New-Year’s draught with the charming society of Augusta. A few days after my return from Georgia, I embarked for Florida, and thus I have been absent some six or seven months from my law office, and all the other offices which home imposes. It will readily be conceded then, as *vraisemblable*, that I had many avocations from literary pursuits on my arrival. And beside business, the warm-hearted hospitality of Charleston, to a returned son of hers, is apt to unfit him (especially after dinner) for any *composition* except the *composing* himself to sleep. And this the more, if he be just from an Indian campaign, and exchanges gopher for turtle, crocodile for drum-steaks, (of drum-head I had in the army quantum suf. parched corn for plum pudding, and pond-water for port-wine!

All the foregoing is by way of apology for the manifold and manifest imperfections of the work, obvious even to the purblind partiality of an author for his own book. For I flatter not myself that I am freer from the pride of paternity than other parents, and fancy I shall be as much gratified

as they, if folks call my rickety bantling—"fine," "stout," "really pretty," and "very like the father!" I hope, at least, that the reader will take my excuse for what it is worth—though I don't know that it is worth much. He *may* say, that Minerva sprang ready-armed from the brain of Jupiter—yet this is a vastly different affair: for we do not read that any book ever sprang ready-written from Minerva's brain. And even if it were the same thing, or any book had been so born, yet there are other differences between that lady and myself, beside sex, (as must, by this time, be evident to the reader.) Or he may ask, if I had not time to carve or chisel a grace, why I did not snatch one; and remind me that the Cartoons of Rafaëlle, by their thought, composition, expression and drawing, are as immortal as the exquisitely finished elaborations of Corregio, with the divine colouring and *morbidezza* of his flesh, his angelic grace, and joyous airs of his figures and *clair-obscuré*. The remark may be very true, but 'tis not a case in point, seeing that I am neither Rafaëlle or Corregio, but only, their ardent admirer, and the public's obedient servant,

M. M. COHEN.

June 20th, 1836.

N. B.—The above is my Preface; I'd have told you so before, but fancied you'd find it out at last, and feared, had you discovered it at first, you would pretermit the perusal thereof, (prefaces being dull to a proverb) and thus have lost the knowledge of many interesting and instructive facts, such as where I eat my mince-pies, &c. Oh! what a dear delightful valve for letting off egotism is a Preface! Yet the reader hath this solace—that by how much the more I "prate of my whereabouts" here, by so much the less shall I play the egotist elsewhere.



INTRODUCTION.

CÆSAR begins his celebrated Commentaries with the passage so familiar to the reader, that "all Gaul is divided into three parts;" and we might, as truly, commence our historic notices by declaring, that all Florida is divided into four parts, Eastern, Middle, Western and Southern. But as, on the one hand, we lay claim to no such soldiership as Cæsar's (modest fellow that we are!) so, on the other, we cannot pretend to the stilted dignity which the Commentaries contain. We scarce could find a title humble enough to express our estimate of our unpretending little book, and our chapter on *Bridges* shall contain no such bug-bear to future school boys as Cæsar's was to us. Fair reader! (*all* readers of *one's own* book are *fair*) if you have read our Preface (which we greatly doubt, and do not strongly advise) you will deem it difficult for us to be serious enough for History. "To prove the contrary," let the following "be submitted to a candid world." (We like, you see, to compare little things to great.)

CHAPTER I.

HISTORIC SKETCH OF FLORIDA.

[Its Discovery—Exploration—interior penetrated by De Soto—its first Colony—its occupation by different powers of Europe—Revolution—Gen. Jackson and Captain Laval in 1814—Col. Clinch in 1816—Cession by Spain to U. S.—Gen. Jackson and its succeeding Governors—present condition of its Government—Religious Denominations—Judiciary—Newspapers—Education—Population—Banks.]

Florida was discovered in 1497, by Sebastian Cabot, under the English flag.

Discovery and Exploration—Ponce de Leon.

Cabot, though the son of a Venetian, was born at Bristol. He was engaged, with his father, by Henry VII. for the discovery of a north-west passage to India, and after touching at Prima Vista and St. John's Island, they sailed as far as Cape Florida before their return home. Succeeding voyages completed the discoveries thus began, a settlement was made on the coast of Newfoundland, and Sebastian, by being the first among Europeans who touched the new continent, established a claim to give his name to those unknown regions as well as Americus Vespucius, or Columbus himself. Tho' Cabot was the discoverer of Florida, he did not explore the country.

Ponce de Leon, a Spanish adventurer, was led by the fictions of a Carib girl a few years after, to explore the country in search of a fountain famed for renovating old age. (He was not the first, nor will he be the last old gentleman to be led up and down a *bootless* dance by the fascinations of the fair.) Theodore Irving (on whom the elegant mantle of his uncle has fallen, and by whom it is so gracefully worn) observes, in his finished style, that those who are conversant with the history of the Spanish discoveries will remember the chimerical cruise of the brave old Governor of Porto Rico. Ponce de Leon, in search of the fountain of youth. This fabled fountain, according to Indian tradition, existed in one of the Bahama Islands. Ponce de Leon sought after it in vain, but in the course of his cruising discovered a country of vast and unknown extent, to which, from the abundance of flowers, and from its being first seen on Palm Sunday (Pasche Florida) he gave the name of Florida.

Obtaining permission from the Spanish government to subjugate and govern this country, he made a second voyage to its shores, but was mortally wounded in a conflict with the natives. Such was the fate of the first adventurer into the wild regions of Florida, and he really seems to have bequeathed his ill fortune to his successors. A few years after his defeat, a captain of a carnival, named Diego Muricho, was driven to the coast of Florida by stress of weather, where he had obtained a small quantity of silver and gold in traffic from the natives. With this he returned, well pleased to San Domingo, spreading the fame of the coun-

Discovery and Exploration—Pamphila de Narvaes.

try he had visited. About the same time a company of seven wealthy men of San Domingo concerned in gold mines, at the head of which was Licentiate Lucus Vasques de Ayloa, auditor and judge of appeals of that Island, fitted out two vessels to cruise among the islands to entrap Indians to work in the mines. In the course of this righteous cruise the vessels were driven by stress of weather to a cape on the east coast, to which they gave the name of St. Helena. The country in the neighbourhood was called Chicorea, and is the same now called South Carolina. Here they anchored at the mouth of a river which they called the Jordan, after the name of the sea captain, who discovered it. It is the same now known by its Indian appellation, the Cambahee.

[We follow the general opinion, strengthened by the circumstance that the neighbouring Sound and Island are still called by the name of St. Helena. Herrera places Cape St. Helena and the river Jordan in the thirty second degree of latitude, which is that of Savannah river, vide Herrera, D. V. 1 lib, x, c. 6.]

The natives hastened to the shores at sight of the ships, which they mistook for huge sea-monsters; but when they beheld men issue from them, with white complexions and beards, and clad in raiment and shining armors, they fled in terror. The poor Indians were kind and hospitable, brought provisions to the ship, and made the strangers presents of martin skins, pearls, and a small quantity of gold and silver. The Spaniards gave them trinkets in return, and having completed their supplies of wood and water, and provisions, invited their savage friends on board of the ships. The Indians eagerly accepted the invitation.

Florida was visited a few years after by Pamphila de Narvaes—who was born at Valladolid, and came early to America which was then just discovered—sailed in 1528 with 400 men intending to establish a colony in Florida, discovered the bay of Pensacola, and having marched into the country was never heard of more. Mr. Williams however states that he landed without opposition in Appalachee bay; and suffered himself to be decoyed into the heart of the country in search of gold. On a sudden he found himself en-

Discovery and Exploration—Hernando de Soto.

compassed by hostile enemies, who making a desperate attack, soon routed his forces with great slaughter. De Narvaez died fighting, few of the Spaniards made good their retreat to the vessels, and those were reduced to the necessity of eating their companions, for want of other food. His progress and cruelty were however traced by subsequent adventurers, especially by Ferdinand de Soto, who in 1539 disembarked an army in Spirito Santo Bay.

The talented writer to whom I have before alluded, (T. Irving,) observes that never was the spirit of wild adventure more universally diffused than at the dawn of the sixteenth century. Of all the enterprises undertaken in this spirit of daring adventure, none has surpassed for hardihood and variety of incident, that of the renowned Hernando de Soto and his band of cavaliers. It was poetry put in action; it was the knight errantry of the old world carried into the depths of the American wilderness; indeed the personal adventures, the feats of individual prowess, the picturesque descriptions of steel clad cavaliers, with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wilderness of Florida, Georgia, and the prairies of the far west, would seem to us mere fictions of romance, did they not come to us recorded in matter of fact narratives of contemporaries, and corroborated by minute and daily memoranda of eye witnesses.

Hernando de Soto was of the old Spanish hidalgua, or gentry, for we are assured by one of his biographers that "he was a gentleman by all four descents;" that is to say, the parents both of his father and mother were of gentle blood; a pedigree which, according to the rules of Spanish heraldry, entitled him to admission into the noble order of Santiago. Whatever might be the dignity of his descent, however, he began his career a mere soldier of fortune. All his estate, says his Portuguese historian, was but a sword and buckler. He accompanied Pedrarias Davila, when he went to America to assume the command of Terra Firma. The merits of De Soto soon gained him command of a troop of horse; with these he followed Pizarro in his conquering expedition into Peru. Here he soon signalized himself by a rare combination of prudence and valor, he

De Soto's interview with Atahualpa, and return to Spain.

was excellent in council, yet foremost in every perilous exploit, not recklessly seeking danger for danger's sake, or thro' a vain thirst for notoriety, but bravely putting every thing at hazard where any important point was to be gained by intrepidity. He was sent by Pizarro on the first embassy to the renowned and ill fated Inca Atahualpa, whose subjects, we are told, were filled with surprise and admiration on beholding his wonderful feats of horsemanship. He afterwards commanded one of the squadrons of horse that captured this unfortunate Inca and routed his army of warriors.

Herrera, (Hist. Ind. Decad. v. l. 3. c. 10,) says Hernanda de Soto sprang upon his horse, and aware that the eyes of the Inca were upon him, he made his steed caracole, and striking in his spurs, dashed up so near to the savage prince, that he felt the very breath of the snorting animal. The haughty Inca was as serene and unmoved as if he had been accustomed all his life to the charge of a horse. Many of the Indians, however, fled in terror. Atahualpa immediately ordered the fugitives to appear before him, and sternly reprehending them with their cowardice, ordered them all to be put to death for having behaved so dastardly in his royal presence.

Hernando de Soto returned to Spain enriched by the spoils of the new world; his shares of the treasures of Atahualpa, having amounted, it is said, to the enormous sum of a hundred and eighty thousand crowns of gold. He now assumed great state and equipage, and appeared at the court of the Emperor Charles V. at Valladolid, in magnificent style, having his steward, his major domo, his master of the horse, his pages, lacqueys, and all the other household officers that in those ostentatious days, swelled the retinue of a Spanish nobleman. He was accompanied by a knot of brave cavaliers, all evidently bent on pushing their fortunes at court. Some of them had been his brothers in arms in the conquest of Peru, and had returned with their purses well filled with Peruvian gold, which they expended in soldierlike style, on horses, arms, and "rich array." In the magnificent spirit of a Spanish cavalier, he asked permission of the Emperor to undertake the conquest of Flo-

De Soto sails from Havana, and lands at Tampa Bay.

rida at his own expense and risk. This prayer was readily granted. The Emperor conferred on him in advance, the title of Adelantado, which combines military and civil command, and a Marquesite, with an estate thirty leagues in length and fifteen in breadth, in any part of the country he might discover. He moreover created him Governor and Captain General for life of Florida, as well as of the Island of Cuba.

On the 12th May, 1539, Hernando de Soto sailed from Havana, on his great enterprise. His squadron consisted of eight large vessels, a caravel and two brigantines, all freighted with ample means of conquest and colonization. In addition to the forces brought from Spain, he had been joined by many volunteers and recruits in Cuba, (volunteering being then, as now, the order of the day,) so that his armament, besides the ships' crews, amounted to a thousand men, and there were three hundred and fifty horses. It was altogether the most splendid expedition that had yet set out for the new world. On Whitsunday, the twenty fifth day of May, they arrived at the mouth of a deep bay, to which in honor of the day, De Soto gave the name of Espiritu Santo, which it still retains in some measure, and on some maps, altho' it is only spoken of by our fellow-campaigners as Tampa Bay, its more modern and frequent appellation.

A boat was sent on shore to procure grass for the horses. The sailors brought off also, a quantity of green grapes, resembling those of Spain, which had been found growing wild in the woods. They were of a kind different from any that the Spaniards had seen, either in Mexico or Peru, and they regarded them with exultation as proofs of a fruitful and pleasant country.

At length, on the last day of the month, a detachment of three hundred soldiers were landed, and took formal possession of the country, in the name of Charles V. Not a single Indian was to be seen, and the troops remained all night on shore, in a state of careless security. Towards the dawn of day, however, an immense number of savages broke suddenly upon them with deafening yells; several of the Spaniards were wounded with arrows, and many were seized with panic.

Marches through the interior—dies—succeeded by Moscoso.

De Soto marched through the interior, warred against by the Indians, and himself and many of his troop wasted by difficulty and disease, and, after turning his steps towards the Mississippi, died at the end of three years, near the mouth of the Red River. Mr. Irving, whom I have already cited, remarks, that thus died Hernando de Soto; one of the boldest, and the bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western world. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career! how humble and hapless its close! cut off in the very vigor and manhood of his days, for he was but forty-two years old when he expired; perishing in a strange and savage land, amid the din and tumult of a camp, and with merely a few rough soldiers to attend him; for nearly all were engaged in the preparations making for their escape in this perilous situation.

Of the Spaniards who survived him, we will only add, that, under Louis de Moscoso, whom de Soto had nominated to succeed him in authority, they commenced their march to the westward—there received vague tidings of Europeans—wandered in a wilderness and found themselves in the hunting ground of the far West—commenced building brigantines and embarked on the Mississippi—continued the voyage down the river—found themselves in the territory of Mexico, and were joyfully received at the town of Panuco. There the Corregidor took Moscoso into his house, as a guest; and his followers were quartered among the inhabitants, who were touched with pity at beholding this forlorn remnant of the gallant armament that had created such a noise on its outset from Cuba. The survivors in fact were blackened, haggard, shrivelled and half naked—being clad only with the skins of deer, buffaloes, bears and other animals, so that (says the Spanish historian) they looked more like wild beasts than human beings. They then proceeded to the city of Mexico where some accepted appointments under the viceroy for a future visit to Florida, but most of them shrunk from revisiting a country where they had suffered such hardships, which reluctance prevails in 1836. Some returned to Spain; others entered into the Priesthood—a

First Colony planted—St. Augustine built.

few remained in New Spain, but the greatest number went to seek their fortunes in Peru.

Mr. Williams, however, states that the Spaniards, without a leader, could not long sustain a warlike attitude; they retired to the coast of the Appalachee bay; where they, for some time, sustained themselves by hunting and fishing; at length they were, by necessity, reduced to manual labour. The country was fertile, self preservation obliged them to treat the natives with respect, and they, of course, became friendly. The impression made on them by Soto, paved the way for conciliatory feelings: success and prosperity were the consequence; the Spanish population soon spread over the fine country betwixt the Oclockney and Suwannee rivers; and by intermarriages, and good example, they induced many of the natives to adopt the arts of civilized life. Wholly lost to, or neglected by the mother country, they grew up in the wilderness of Florida, planted towns, extended highways, and built fortifications, whose ruins still cover the country. Becoming effeminate, they at length fell a prey to the Seminoles, Moscokees, and other northern tribes, perhaps one hundred and thirty years ago.

The first colony in Florida was planted by Ribault, a Frenchman, in 1562, near the mouth of the river St. John, but these Protestants of France, who had fled from persecutions in Europe, were exterminated by Menendez in 1564. Dominique de Gorgues, in 1568, revenged the Protestants and hung the murderers on the same branches from which depended the bleached skeletons of his copatriots.

In 1565, St. Augustine was built, and is the oldest town on the continent of North America, except the Mexican settlements. Sir Francis Drake in 1586 pillaged the town, as did the Indians in 1611, and Capt. Davis, in the piratical spirit of the times, once more desolated the place. In the year 1702, Gov. Moore, of South-Carolina, as is stated by Dr. Ramsay, (one of the first and best of American Historians) conducted an expedition against St. Augustine, the capital of Florida. This consisted of six hundred militia men, and an equal number of Indians. The enterprise being without any proper naval support, was abandoned, on the appearance of a small Spanish marine force, in the

Occupation by different powers—Gen. Oglethorpe's Expedition.

vicinity of St. Augustine. Though it was abortive, and of short duration, it cost the infant colony six thousand pounds sterling. From this period till the peace of Paris, 1763, the Spaniards planned sundry expeditions, for the recovery of South Carolina and Georgia, both of which they claimed as belonging to Florida. These were thrice retorted against St. Augustine and Florida; but in every instance, and on both sides, proved abortive as to conquest, or settlement of boundary. They produced an immensity of individual distress, without any national benefit.

From Lawson's Voyage to Carolina, printed in the early part of the 18th century, the following is extracted.

"They have a well disciplined militia; their horse are most gentlemen, and well mounted, and the best in America, and may equalize any in other parts: their officers, both infantry and cavalry, generally appear in scarlet mountings, and as rich as in most regiments belonging to the crown, which shows the richness and grandeur of this colony. They are a frontier, and prove such troublesome neighbours to the Spaniards, that they have once laid their town of St. Augustine in ashes, and drove away their cattle, besides many engagements, in which they have defeated them, too tedious to relate here."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to be reminded that Lawson died by the hands of the savages, of whom he entertained a too favorable opinion, and who, in revenge for pretended injuries, roasted him alive, as is narrated in Catesby's Natural History.

In 1740, Gen. Oglethorpe, with a large force from Savannah, was repulsed. Gen. O. (at once a hero, statesman, orator, the patron of letters, the chosen friend of Peterborough, Marlboro', Eugene and Argyle, and the theme of praise for Johnson, Pope and Thomson) found his plans of improvement for his colony of Georgia (one of which was the introduction of the Olive) frustrated by the alarm of Spanish and Indian wars. The *benign* legislator and magistrate, who had rivalled Penn in the arts of peace and in acts of mercy, then resumed at once the habits of his youth, and approved himself the hardy, daring and adventurous soldier. By his unwearied activity, and the ex-

Act of Assembly of South-Carolina in 1742.

ample of his personal courage, not less than by his military skill and enterprize, in the laborious Southern campaign of 1740 and 1742, he repelled the inroads of a far superior enemy, who threatened the subjugation of Georgia, and the devastation of the Carolinas.

In the month of June (1742) the new colony of Georgia was invaded by an armament from St. Augustine, commanded by Don Manuel de Monteano, Governor of that fortress. It consisted of thirty-six ships, from which 4000 men were landed at St. Simons', and began their march to Frederica. Gen. Oglethorpe, with a handful of men, took such wise precautions for opposing their progress, and harassing them; they met with such activity and resolution, that after two of their detachments had been defeated, they retired to their ships, and totally abandoned their enterprise.*

On the 10th day of July, 1742, an Act of Assembly was passed in South-Carolina, "for the immediate relief of the Colony of Georgia, and for the defence of this Province." The preamble recites, that "*Whereas* a considerable body of Spanish troops are already actually landed in the Colony of Georgia, and a large fleet of Spanish ships and vessels are hovering upon these coasts, so that there is an absolute necessity, with all possible expedition, to fit out ships and raise a number of forces sufficient (with the divine assistance) to repel his Majesty's enemies, and to contribute the utmost of our power to the defence of the Colony of Georgia and this Province. *And whereas*, it is impracticable in the time of immediate danger, to levy a sufficient sum by taxes on the inhabitants, to answer the purposes aforesaid. *And whereas*, nothing but the apparent and inevitable ruin

* Smollet's England, reign of George 2d.

The history of this campaign, and that of the preceding one, is given in a much more detailed manner in M'Call's History of Georgia, and in Dr. Trumbull's History of the United States. For a very flattering and eloquent sketch of Gen. Oglethorpe, see a discourse before the N. Y. Historic Society, by the polished and learned Mr. Verplanck, a chief of that elegant and enlightened literary coterie, which has accomplished more towards conferring on New-York the enduring renown of being "*the great city*," than all her wealth, population, industry and enterprise, great as these undoubtedly are. Mr. Verplanck is but one of the many Roscoes of this American Liverpool.

St. Augustine Evacuated—Pensacola Founded.

with which these Colonies are immediately threatened, could have induced us to engage in measures which have met with his Majesty's approbation. We humbly hope for and implore his Majesty's royal favour and indulgence in this great exigency, and therefore pray his most sacred Majesty, that it may be enacted: And be it enacted by the Hon. William Bull, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-chief, in and over this Province, by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Honorable Council, and the Commons House of Assembly of this Province, and by the authority of the same." The act then proceeds to direct Commissioners hereinafter named, to procure two sets of orders to be stamped equal to the sum of £63,000 current money of the Province: these orders to be delivered to the public Treasurer, to be paid to the Commissary-General, Captains, and other officers employed in the service aforesaid. The act further directs muster rolls to be kept of the men to be employed in the service, and that the orders should be applied solely to defray the charges of the assistance intended to be given to the Colony of Georgia, and for the defence of this Province.*

St. Augustine was evacuated by the Spaniards in 1763, and the peace of Paris, of that year, gave the Floridas to Great Britain, and it greatly improved 'till 1784, when it again reverted to Spain. During its occupancy by the Spaniards, neglect and consequent decay attended it, and at the period of the cession to the United States, its appearance was ruinous and unprepossessing.

Pensacola was founded previous to 1696; was in that year taken from the French by Riola, and in 1699 Mon-

* See also the report of the committee of both Houses of Assembly of South-Carolina, on the disappointment of the expedition to St. Augustine, under the command of Gen. Oglethorpe, 1 vol. folio. Charleston, 1743. We regret that our limits do not permit us to extract from this and other articles, in connection with this volume; but our regret is greatly diminished by perceiving, as we do with pleasure, that B. R. Carroll, Esq. (the highly intelligent and able Editor of the Southern Agriculturist) is preparing for publication an edition of rare and valuable works, embracing a full and authentic account of the early history of South-Carolina. Mr. Carroll intends prefacing the edition with an Introductory Discourse from his own pen, embracing an exact account of the early Spanish, French, and English voyages to Florida. In such hands, such a work will be truly interesting.

Revolution—Col. Nichol's Expedition.

sieur D'Iberville failed in his attempt to retake it. In 1719, it was three times captured and recaptured, and at length retained by France, but in 1722, was restored to Spain.

In consequence of the revolution which had broken out in the northern district of Florida, an Act of Congress was passed in the year 1810, under which Gen. Mathewes was authorized by the Executive to proceed to the frontiers of Georgia, to accept possession of East Florida from the local authorities, or to take it against the attempt of a foreign power to occupy it; holding it, in either case, subject to future and friendly negotiation. The government of St. Augustine becoming alarmed, appealed to the British Ministry at Washington, who expostulated with Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of State. Gen. Mathewes, taking possession of Amelia and other parts of East Florida, was officially blamed, and his commission revoked in 1812, and the Governor of Georgia was commissioned in his place, in consequence of Gen. Mathewes having employed the troops of the United States to dispossess the Spanish authority by force.

The revolution commenced in March, 1812, and spread desolation over the Province; and on the 6th March, 1813, the assailants were withdrawn, and Fernandina restored to the Spanish authorities. In August of the same year, hostilities recommenced, and the insurgents captured and retained the territory lying to the West and North of St. John's River.

In the month of August, 1814, Col. Nichols brought into the Bay of Pensacola, a British fleet, from which he manned the forts of Banrancas and St. Michael with troops, and hoisted the British flag. On the 31st, he published a proclamation, dated at Head Quarters, Pensacola, in which he calls on the people of Louisiana and Kentucky to join his standard, and release themselves from the slavish yoke of the United States. The Indians were abundantly furnished with arms and ammunition, and commissioned to butcher the defenceless inhabitants of the frontier States. Ten dollars a piece were offered for the scalps of men, women, or children.

On the 6th of November, General Jackson, with five

Gen. Jackson storms forts St. Bernard and St. Michael.

thousand Tennessee militia, and a considerable Indian force, arrived in the neighbourhood of Pensacola, and sent Major Pierre with a flag, to inform Governor Marequez of the object of his visit. On approaching one of the fortifications, the flag was fired on by the cannon of the fort, on which the Major returned. General Jackson, with the Adjutant General and a small escort, immediately reconnoitred the fort, and found it manned with British and Spanish soldiers. He returned, encamped for the night, and prepared to carry the town by storm. On the morning of the 7th, he marched with the regulars of the third, thirty-ninth, and forty-fourth infantry, part of General Coffee's brigade, the Mississippi dragoons, part of the West Tennessee regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Hammond, and part of the Choctaws, commanded by Major Blue, of the thirty-ninth, and Major Kennedy, of the Mississippi troops.

Jackson had encamped on the north side of the town, on the Blakely road, which passed by the forts St. Bernard and St. Michael. The British naturally supposed, that the attack would be made from that quarter, and were prepared to rake the road with their batteries. To cherish this idea, a part of the mounted men were ordered to shew themselves in that direction, while the army marched past the rear of the forts, to the east of the town, undiscovered, 'till within a mile of the streets. They were now fully exposed to Fort St. Michael on the right, and seven armed vessels on the left; several block houses and batteries of cannon defended the streets. They, however, marched into the town with perfect firmness, and with trifling loss. As the centre column, composed of the regulars, entered, a battery of two cannon was opened on it, with ball and grape, and a shower of musketry from the houses and fences. They had made but three fires, when the battery was stormed by Capt. Laval.*

* Mr. Williams, in his excellent views of West Florida, says: "This promising officer was killed in the act of storming the battery." We state with great gratification, and we are quite sure Mr. W. will learn with no less pleasure, that the gallant Laval is at this present writing, perfectly alive. He has this day told us so himself, and being a high and honorable gentleman, it would be cruel to doubt him. After having filled many im-

Gen. Gaines and Col. Clinch in 1816.

The fire of the regulars soon silenced the musketry. The principal fortifications of the harbour being destroyed at Pensacola, Gen. Jackson evacuated the town, after holding possession only two days.

The Spaniards immediately commenced rebuilding the fortifications at Barrancas, in which Nicholls proffered his assistance, but the Governor answered him, that when he needed any assistance, he would call on his friend Gen. Jackson. The whole conduct of the General, says Williams, appears to have been satisfactory to the Spaniards. At parting, he notified them, if any injury had been done to private property, to draw on him for payment: no demands were made.

About the 1st of August, Col. Clinch received advice from Gen. Gaines, that he had ordered a supply of provisions, two eighteen pounders, a five inch howitzer, and a quantity of ordnance stores, to ascend the Apalachicola river to Camp Crawford; and in case any opposition should be made by the negro fort, he was instructed to reduce it. He immediately despatched Laforka, an Indian Chief, to the bay, for intelligence. He returned on the 15th, with news of the arrival of Lieutenant Loomis in the bay, with two gun vessels, and two transports, laden with provisions, ordnance, stores, &c. On the 17th, the Colonel ascended the river with one hundred and sixteen chosen men, in two companies, the one commanded by Major Muhlenburg, and the other by Captain Taylor. On the same evening, he was joined by Major McIntosh, with one hundred and fifty Indians; and the next day, by Captain Isaacs and Mad Tyger, with a large body of Indians badly armed. The meeting was accidental; the Indians were on a long projected expedition against the negroes, with an intention of restoring them to their owners. A council was held, and an agreement entered into respecting the campaign. The Indians were ordered to keep parties in advance, and secure every negro that could be found. The Indians demanded a sur-

portant appointments by the United States and this State, he is now Comptroller General of South-Carolina; and we trust he will live to a green old age, to gladden his many friends with his presence, and to benefit his country, as he has already often done, by his very valuable services.

Indian and Negro Disturbances.

render of the forts, but were treated with great contempt by the negroes, who hoisted a red flag, with the English jack over it. On the 26th, they arrived within four miles of the fort, and the Colonel (Clinch) went on board the gun boat 149. After reconnoitering the river in company with the commander of the boat, he ordered Major Muhlenberg and Captain Taylor to cross over to the west side of the river with their companies, to erect a battery; while Lieutenant M. Garrick, with a party of men, and the main body of Indians, were left to secure the rear. The battery was immediately commenced; the vessels were ordered up, and the transport *Similante* was directed to be in readiness to land the artillery under cover of the night. At 6 in the morning, the two gun boats sailed up in handsome style, and made fast near the battery. In a few minutes after, they received a shot from a 32 pounder; it was immediately returned in a gallant manner. On the 5th discharge, a hot shot from gun boat No. 154, entered the magazine, and blew up the fort. The explosion was awful, and the scene horrible beyond description. The fort contained about one hundred men, and two hundred women and children: not more than one sixth part were saved. The cries of the wounded, and the yells of the Indians, rendered the confusion most dreadful.

The property taken and destroyed, amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. Three thousand stand of arms, and six hundred barrels of powder, were destroyed: one magazine, containing one hundred and sixty-three barrels of powder, was saved. The negro force had been rapidly increasing from runaways; their fields extended fifty miles up the river. The Choctaw Chief, and the negro commandant, named Garcon, were put to death by the Indians. On the 30th, the ordnance and stores were sent to Camp Crawford, in small boats. On the 1st of September, Col. Clinch received notice that a large Seminole force was descending the river to attack him. He immediately placed himself in a position to receive them, but they dispersed without making an attack, or even showing themselves.

The republic of Florida, as it was called, fell into a state of anarchy, and so remained till August, 1816. At that

Clarke and Bell's complimentary notices of the Floridians.

period, preparations were making on the Maine for a descent on Fernandina. Governor Coppinger, who had lately received the command of the province, authorized a plan of reconciliation and restoration to order, which plan was proposed by George I. F. Clarke, Esq., Surveyor General of East Florida, and Lieutenant Governor of the Northern district of that province, while under the dominion of Spain. Mr. Clarke tendered the people a distribution of all the territory lying between St. John's river and St. Mary's, into three districts, to be called Nassau, Upper and Lower St. Mary's. A Magistrate's Court, and a company of militia in each; elections of officers from the mass of the people of each, &c.; and oblivion of the past.

These proposals were received with general satisfaction, and in a few hours, a territory, containing, as it is said, about one-half of the then population of East Florida, was brought to order.

I can readily conceive the indignation that must have fired the eye, flushed the cheek, and quivered on the lip, of the gentlemen of Florida, at the perusal of Gen. Scott's recent remarks in derogation of Floridian valour. And as an act of justice to the citizens of that territory, as well as in continuation of our historic sketch, we here cite the remarks of Mr. Clarke, (to whom we heretofore referred) which stand out in bright contrast to those of Gen. Scott. "Where but in this meritorious division can it be said, that any part of, or the whole physical force, of three districts, have never failed to meet, at the earliest notice, and that cheerfully, to execute any orders given, armed, mounted, and victualled, each at his own expense, and without any pay? A people, 27 of whom sought for, gave battle to, and drove from the field above 100 of M'Gregor's men, in a body, commanded by Irvin, in sight of their own quarters, without losing one drop of blood."

Capt. Peter Bell, Secretary of the province in 1821, in a letter from St. Augustine, calls the Floridians a virtuous and industrious people, and adds, that "the time is not far distant, when, under the favoring influence of the American Constitution, the virtues of the ancient inhabitants and proprietors of Florida will be duly appreciated."

Cession of Florida to the U. S.—Gen. Jackson appointed Governor.

A treaty of amity, settlement, and limits, was at length concluded between his Catholic Majesty and the United States, by which the two Floridas and the adjacent Islands were ceded to the latter. West Florida then extended westwardly to the Apalachicola river. The exchange of flags under this treaty, took place on the 17th of June, 1821, when Gen. Jackson was appointed Governor of the Floridas, with very ample legislative, judicial, and executive powers.

Governor Jackson removed the dividing line between East and West Florida, from the Apalachicola to the Suwanee river, thus rendering them more equal in size, and established in each, courts with civil and criminal jurisdiction. At the same time, he published several ordinances for their direction in the distribution of public justice. We extract the following from a pamphlet, published by W. Riley, Charleston, 1822; and attributed to my esteemed acquaintance, Col. James Gadsden, who is distinguished, not only for the possession of much valuable knowledge, but also by the kind alacrity wherewith he communicates it.

“On the reduction of the army in 1821, General Jackson was gratified with the opportunity of retiring from it; but the President again demanded his services in the capacity of Governor of Florida, then recently ceded to the United States. General Jackson accepted the appointment, with the understanding that he might retire as soon as the Government was organized. Aware that he had a most arduous duty to perform; invested by an act of Congress, with all the powers of the Spanish Governor, and Captain General of Cuba; he exercised his prerogatives in behalf of the best interests of the new acquired territory, and uniformly in protection of the rights of our adopted citizens. By the stipulations of the treaty, all papers relating to the sovereignty, and the property of the Province, were to be delivered up to the American authorities. Some of the most important, however, relating to property, were withheld (for what motives it is unimportant to inquire) by the former Governor, who, fortunately for the United States and her citizens, had not yet removed from the territory. On the knowledge of the facts, Governor Jackson demanded their

Retirement of Gen. Jackson—His Successors.

surrender, and being positively refused, resorted to such measures as the case seemed imperiously to demand. The papers were taken possession of both at Pensacola and St. Augustine, and filed among the public archives of the territory; while the former Governor, Calava, of West Florida, who had been summoned before General Jackson, then acting in capacity of Supreme Judge, displayed so much indecorum in his presence, as to compel the General in support of his public authority, to remand him to gaol for contempt of Court. After a few hours confinement, during which he was treated with becoming respect by the police officer of the day, Calava was dismissed, and by this arrest, respect for public authority was supported, and the rights of the citizens and territory maintained.

“Since the commissioners for adjusting land claims in Florida have met, it has been discovered that the papers seized by General Jackson were of the most essential value. Without them the grantees of land would have been deprived of all evidence of their claims, and the United States defrauded, in some cases, of immense districts of country, and left with little more under the cession from Spain, than the sovereignty of Florida. Having organized the government of Florida, General Jackson again sought on his farm the retirement of private life.”

On the 30th of March, 1822, Congress passed an act, creating into a territory the two Floridas, and his Excellency Wm. P. Duval was appointed Governor. He was succeeded by John H. Eaton, in 1834, who, in 1836 being made minister to Spain, was succeeded by Gov. Call.

Present and contemplated improvements in this section.—First, is the Rail Road between Tallahassee and St. Marks actually commenced. Second, two steam boat companies have joined in order to transport passengers by a speedy and cheap conveyance from New-York to New Orleans via Jacksonville, for the contemplation of which object, a Rail Road is to be cut from Jacksonville to a fort on the Gulph, near Vacassar Bay. A third is a contemplated Rail Road from Pensacola to Columbus, in Georgia. A more feasible one although distant, is a Rail Road from Jacksonville, 270 miles, through Tallahassee westward, to the Choctawhochie

Condition and Government of Florida.

river. It is also contemplated to clear the shoals in the Chattahouchie river, which impede the navigation in summer to Columbus, and lastly, a canal from the Chipola, to connect the Apalachicola river with St. Andrews Bay, is still spoken of, although for the present suspended until a more favorable moment.

PRESENT CONDITION OF FLORIDA.

Government.—The present Governor of Florida is J. K. Call—Salary \$2,500. Secretary, Geo. K. Walker—1,500.

The Governors of Florida are appointed by the President of the United States, with the consent of the Senate—for three years.

Religious Denominations.—The Episcopalans have four ministers; the Presbyterians 2; the Methodists 2; the Roman Catholics, 2;

Newspapers.—There are 7 newspapers published in Florida—1 at Augustine, 1 at Jacksonville, 2 at Tallahassee, 1 at Pensacola, 1 at Apalachicola, and 1 at Key-West.*

Judiciary.

	Judges.	Salary.	Attorneys.	Marshalls.
W. F.	J. A. Cameron,	\$1800	Geo. A. Walker.	J. W. Evans.
M. F.	Th. Randall,	"	J. D. Westcott,	T. E. Randolph.
E. F.	Robt. Reid,	"	Th. Douglass,	S. Blair.
S. F.	Is. Webb,	2,300	Wm. Marvin,	T. H. Eastin.

The territory now comprises 19 counties; and the county courts consist of the Judges of the respective counties; and they have a limited civil jurisdiction in all matters re-

*Another paper is about to be established at St. Augustine, by one of the gallant Volunteers to Florida, of whom the talented editor of the Columbia Telescope, (a most judicious judge on most subjects) expresses the following opinion, in which we cordially concur:

The Florida Intelligencer.—In giving a place in our columns to the prospectus of the paper, which Mr. Cocke is about to establish in St. Augustine, we are bound to add our testimony in favor of the zeal and fidelity with which the former editorial career of that gentleman, assures us he will perform the duty which he undertakes, both as to the immediate community of which he becomes a member, and as to that part of the public elsewhere who may desire the earliest and most authentic information of what passes in the existing seat of war. Mr. Cocke, let him fix himself where he may, is sure to be, as a citizen, the zealous and loyal defender of the community in which he casts his lot—a friend every where, of the people against power—a guardian of the public rights, equally vigilant, independent and fearless.

Courts—Education—Population.

lating to estates, testate and intestate, and to guardians, wards, and orphans and their estates.

The stated sessions of the District Superior Court are held on the first Monday in May and November; in the Western District, at Pensacola; and in the Southern at Key West. A court of Appeals composed of the Judges of the Superior Courts holds one session annually at Tallahassee, commencing on the first Monday in January; the decision of which is final when the amount in controversy does not exceed \$1000.

Education.—No system of education is yet matured and no funds are realized for the use of common schools. Two townships of land, consisting of 46,080 acres have been reserved by Congress for the Territory, which are as yet unavailable, but it is expected they will eventually produce a sufficient fund for founding a College. Besides these lands, each county is entitled by act of Congress to the 16th section, or 640 acres in every township of 23,040 acres for the use of common schools.

POPULATION, &c.

Table of the Counties—their location—their population—their Towns, and the distances of those Towns from Tallahassee and Washington.

<i>Counties and their locations.</i>		<i>Pop'n.</i>	<i>C'y. Towns.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>		
				<i>fm T.</i>	<i>fm W.</i>	
West Florida.	Escambia, Jackson,	N. W.	3386	Pensacola.	242	1050
		} W.	6092	Mariana.	77	927
	Walton, Washington.			Alaqua.	161	1011
	Franklin,			Holmes' valley	121	971
	Fort Gadsden.					
Middle Florida.	Gadsden,	N. W.	4894	Quincy.	23	873
	Hamilton,	N. W.	553	Miccotown.	70	995
	Columbia.			Tolosa.		
	Jefferson,	N. W.	3312	Monticello.	29	925
East Florida.	Leon,	N. W.	6493	TALLAHASSEE.		896
	Madison,		525	Hickstown.	45	941
	Alachua,	W.	2204	Dell's.	178	875
	Duval,	N. E.	1970	Jacksonville.	252	801
	Mosquito,		733	Tomoka.		
	Nassau,	N. E.	1511	Fernandina.	313	776
South Florida.	St. John's,	E.	2535	St. Augustine.	292	841
	Monroe,	S. W.	517	Key West.	455	
	Dade,	S. E.		Indian Key.		
Total,		34723—of whom 15,510 are slaves.				

Banks.—Central Bank of Florida, at Tallahassee; Commercial Bank, at Apalachicola; Florida Bank, at Talla-

Banks, &c.

hassee, Merchants Bank, at Magnolia; Pensacola Bank, at Pensacola; Apalachicola Bank, at Apalachicola.

The Union Bank of Florida was chartered in 1833—commenced operations January 15th, 1835, with a capital of one million, and with the privilege of increasing it to \$3,000,000—which capital shall be raised by means of a loan on the faith of the Territory, by the Directors of the Bank. Stockholders are to be owners of real estate in the Territory, and bonds and mortgages given upon their real estate, to ensure their subscriptions. Holders are entitled to damages at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, should the Bank refuse specie.

The charter of the Southern Life Insurance and Trust Company of St. Augustine, (E. F.) was confirmed by the Territorial Government in the winter of 1835. The books for subscription to the capital stock, were opened last November, and the stock was readily taken, leaving an over subscription to a large amount. Its capital is two millions, with liberty to increase it to 4,000,000. The stock is required to be paid in, within three years. Only one instalment of ten per cent. has yet been called in. It has the power to make insurance on lives, to grant and purchase annuities, to receive monies in trust, and to loan upon real and personal estate—with a banking power to buy, discount and sell bills and notes, to issue bills and to establish branches. By one of the charters, we see, they first loan upon real and personal security, which they will commence doing as soon as the state of affairs in Florida will permit. As yet they have done little except to cash short drafts and exchange. They will loan upon bond and mortgage for a length of time—several years—thus giving the Planter time to pay, from the produce of the soil, for facilities, the use of which, he has been enabled to anticipate. The beneficial results of this course to the country, are very evident, and they will be doubly so, (when the Indian disturbances cease) as the country has been impoverished, Planters driven from their plantations, and their houses destroyed. Many will, through this means, be able to raise funds to carry on their operations, who otherwise must have been obliged to abandon them. Mr. Clark, a gentleman well known for

Life Insurance and Trust Company.

his worth and respectability of character, is the President of this institution—in whose financial reputation the public have a sufficient guaranty for its safe and judicious management. Its Cashier, Mr. A. M. Reed, is a highly intelligent gentleman, familiarly conversant with the practice and principles of banking, and distinguished, no less by the elegance of his manners, than by the amiableness of his disposition. They have a board of thirteen Directors, three of whom are to be appointed by the Territorial Government. Among its stockholders, it ranks many gentlemen of the first respectability and wealth in most of the Northern cities, in Charleston, and in Augusta. Arrangements have been made by which its bills are current in New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Augusta, Savannah; and we doubt not they will be made redeemable at some few other points, and their currency throughout the country completely effectuated. A Trust Company of this character appears to be particularly adapted to the wants of a new country like Florida, where there is much rich and productive land yet unreclaimed or uncultivated, and where capital, aided by enterprise, is required to bring forth its hidden treasures. When once this Institution, and others, and all contemplated improvements, get into full blast, the facilities which will be afforded the industrious and enterprising to carry on their operations, will, we doubt not, give an impetus and life to business, which will be felt throughout the entire Territory. That no rifle but that of the sportsman may ring through her thick foliaged forests, that their magnificent laurels may crown, not hammocks but heroes, that the olive may flourish o'er her fertile fields, as an appropriate emblem that the blood-stained tomahawk of war may be soon and forever "in the deep bosom of the" woodlands "buried"—and the calumet of peace long send up its gracefully curling and azure smoke to blend harmoniously with the blue, the beautiful, and serene skies of Florida, is the ardent hope of the author of this Historic Sketch, who, knowing from personal observation, that country and its occupants, must needs highly appreciate the former, and sincerely admire and esteem the latter.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE FLORIDA INDIANS.

[Ancient possessors of Florida, Seminole, meaning of the word—origin of that People—Yemasees—connection of their history with that of South Carolina and Georgia—the Spanish and British Systems—first disorganization of Florida Indians—Hostilities in the South—Tecumseh—he enlists the Creeks—Gen. Jackson—Col. Coffee—Border Warfare—Duncan McKrimmon captured by the Prophet Francis—saved by Milly, (Francis' daughter)—Gen. Jackson's Seminole Campaign.]

The Palarches, Hamuses and Kaloosas, were the ancient possessors of Florida, and are all extinct. The present Florida Indians are the remains of that ancient and warlike tribe on the Mississippi, which being almost extirpated by the French, retreated along the Northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and united with broken bands of Biloxies, Red Sticks, and runaway Creeks, called Seminoles. The largest portion of these Indians are Lower Creeks, and are of the most dissolute, daring, and abandoned of that tribe.

The word Seminole signifies a wanderer or runaway, or it means a wild people or outsettlers, the ancestors of the tribe having detached themselves from the main body of the Creeks, and dwelt remotely, wherever the inducements of more game, or greater scope for freedom of action, might casually lead them. They settled in Florida about 115 years ago.

That this is the period of their becoming a separate community, is confirmed by the connection of their history with that of the Yemasees, of whom there occur frequent notices in the account of the early settlement of Georgia and South Carolina.

In a talk, which the Seminoles about the year 1820, transmitted to the American government, they say, alluding to their ancient independence: "An hundred summers have seen the Seminole warrior reposing undisturbed under the shade of his live oak, and the suns of an hundred winters have risen on his ardent pursuit of the buck and the bear, with none to question his bounds, or dispute his range."

The greater part of East Florida appears to have been

The Yemasees and Seminoles.

originally in possession of the Yemasees—a powerful people, who not only occupied this province, but spread themselves over Georgia, and into the limits of South Carolina, which on its first demarcation was bounded on the South by the Altamaha. Some of the tribes resided within the present limits of that State, in and about Beaufort and Savannah River, and also the Sea Islands. Bartram relates that these people, after a hardy contest, and many bloody defeats, were *entirely exterminated by their ancient enemies the Creeks, who had a tradition, that a beautiful race of Indians, whose women they called Daughters of the Sun, resided amidst the recesses of the great Oakefanokee wilderness, where they enjoyed perpetual felicity, in ever blooming islands, inaccessible to human approach.

Bartram with probability supposes, that this fable took its rise from a fugitive remnant of the Yemasees, who found a refuge in this swamp, and were perhaps, after a lapse of years, accidentally seen by some of the hunters of the Creek nation.

There is frequent mention, in the early colonial history of South Carolina, of wars between the first settlers and the Yemasees, the latter having been excited to attack the Colony by the Spanish authorities in St. Augustine. The curious may find in the Charleston Library, some early acts of the colony in MS. relating to this topic.

A formidable war was kindled by these people, which would have proved destructive to the infant settlement of Carolina, had not timely intimation of the danger been obtained by means of one of the outsettlers to whom Sanute, a chief of the hostile Indians, from a feeling of friendship, gave notice of the impending attack. On this occasion the Indians were defeated by Gov. Grant, and driven out of the province. Dr. Ramsay mentions that the Yemasees retired into Florida, to which country they seem to have been subsequently restricted by the increasing power of the whites, and by the Creeks. No further mention of them occurs, until the Seminoles came into notice, by whom they were

*Bartram should have said *nearly* "exterminated," or almost, instead of "*entirely*."

Spanish and English systems of dealing with the Indians.

conquered, and nearly exterminated, in 1721, in the manner mentioned by Bartram. When in the year 1715, the Yemasees were driven within the limits of Florida, they became slaves to the Seminoles. Another account states, that the Yemasees left St. Augustine in a body in 1722; or rather were expelled by the Spaniards, who essayed in vain to compel them to labors which were regarded as degrading drudgeries by the warriors of Yemasee.

The Yemasees were remarkably black people, and the Ocklewahaw tribe, who are of a deeper shade than the Seminoles, are descendants of the conquered race. The chief of the Ocklewahaws, Yaha Hadgo, who was killed by General Shelton in the campaign of '36, was very dark; but generally, the Seminole's complexion is like that of the Creeks.

Under King Payne, grandfather of Micconope, (the present Chief) the Seminoles invaded and achieved the conquest of the territories they now occupied. He lived to near 100 years of age, and married a Yemasee woman, his slave, by whom he had the late chief Payne, who bore, in the darkness of his complexion, a proof of his Yemasee descent.

The Indians were formerly very numerous in Florida, perhaps as much so as in Mexico. They are now reduced comparatively to small bands, in few villages.

The *Spanish system of dealing with them, was by treaties of incorporation:

The British principle was that of demarcation, when they obtained possession of Florida, at the peace of 1763.

A treaty was made with the Indians in 1769, pointing out the lands of the red and white inhabitants respectively.

Bartram (in 1777) says, "I prepared to set off again to Augusta, in Georgia, through the Creek Nation, the only

* "I love," said Dr. Johnson, "the University of Salamanca, for their decision on the lawfulness of the Spanish conquests in America."

This decision, the reader may remember, was against the right and duty of making war upon pagans and heretics to propagate the true faith, and was made on the public disputation held at Valladolid in 1550, between "the good" Las Casas and Zepuveda. The reader's recollection of the mild and benevolent Las Casas, will assure him that his thesis maintained the most liberal principles of universal toleration.

Incorporation of the Indians into the Spanish Monarchy.

practicable way of returning by land, being frustrated of pursuing my intended route which I had meditated, through the territories of the Seminoles or Lower Creeks, they being a treacherous people, lying so far from the eye and control of the nation with whom they are confederate, that there had lately been depredations and murders committed by them at the bay of Apalache, on some families of white people who were migrating from Georgia, with an intention of settling on the Mobile."

In 1784, the Spanish Government of East and West Florida, met the Tallahassee and Seminole Indians in a body, who held those districts, with their celebrated warrior McGillvray at their head, and formed and executed a treaty of incorporation. By this treaty they were incorporated into the Spanish monarchy, with certain reserved rights, depending chiefly on the will of that government. The following is extracted from Travels in Louisiana and the Floridas, in the year 1802, by John Davis.

"An American named Bowles, at the head of a handful of Tallahassee Indians, attacked and carried, about two years ago, the fort of Apalachas, fortified with cannon, supplied with ammunition and provisions, and garrisoned by a captain and company of Spanish troops, who like base cowards abandoned their posts without making resistance; but getting into their galleys moored at the foot of the fort, escaped to Pensacola.

"Had the captain exhibited but the smallest portion of the spirit of a Smith, he would have heard unmoved the war-whoop, and smiled at the arrows of a host of Indians. But let me not profane the tomb of the dead, by associating the memory of the great father of Virginia, with such a miserable poltroon.

"And what was the object of Bowles, in getting possession of this fort? solely that of carrying on with less restraint, and more extent, the trade in fur skins, with the Indians of the surrounding country. It is true, that about three months after, the fort was retaken, without striking a blow, by the Spaniards; but the troops they collected, and the pomp of artillery, &c. showed how formidable they considered an

 First disorganization of the Florida Indians—Tecumseh.

American, at the head even of a few timid, raw, and undisciplined Indians.

“Bowles, in his turn, deserted the fort at their approach, and decamped without beat of drum, or sound of trumpet.”

The first disorganization of the Florida Indians, arose on the retirement of the trading house of Pantou, Leslie & Co.; then came the irruption of the Georgia borderers in 1812, when the Alachua settlements were destroyed, and their King and Chief, Payne, received his death in the field. His brother Bowlegs (whose Indian name was Islapacpaya, which means Faraway,) died soon after of a broken heart, as it is said. But certain it is, that his country was laid waste by the Tennesseans in 1814, and he mortally wounded in a subsequent rencontre with the *Americans.

To the pamphlet (which we have referred to in our first chapter as) attributed to Col. Gadsden, we are indebted for the following account of the Indian hostilities which manifested themselves in the South about this period. An artful impostor, †Tecumseh of the Shawnees, a man of most extraordinary abilities and consummate address, conceived the bold design of an union of the red against the white population of America, under a hope that by a general and continued assault along the whole line of our frontiers, the future extension of settlements might be checked, if the present inhabitants could not be driven into the ocean. Assuming the attributes of a prophet, and, among other things, assisted by the fortuitous occurrence of an earthquake, of which he had hazarded a prediction, a confidence began to be reposed in the sacredness of his character and mission. A majority of the Creek nation were enlisted in his cause, and the storm of an exterminating savage war hung over the West. Its first explosion was on Fort Mims; a rude

*We have found it impossible to separate completely the history of the Indians from that of Florida in our first chapter, to which therefore we must refer the reader, as throwing some light on this, our second chapter, and vice versa.

†This is the Tecumseh who was (or was not) killed by Col. Johnson. The word Shawnee, or more properly Shawaneu, signifies south, that tribe having come originally from the south, where they dwelt near Savannah and in the Floridas. The Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and Yemasees, formed a league to expel them, and thereupon the Shawnees migrated northwardly.

Gen. Jackson's Campaign—Battle of Talladega.

stockade defence, into which the Southern inhabitants of Alabama had lately retreated for security. More than 300 persons, including women and children, fell victims to savage barbarity. "The slaughter was indiscriminate; mercy was extended to none, and the tomahawk often transfixed mother and child at the same stroke. But seventeen of the whole number in the fort, escaped to give intelligence of the dreadful catastrophe." In the midst of an alarm which such an inhuman outrage was calculated to excite, the eyes of Tennessee were turned on Jackson. Though confined at this period to his house by a fractured arm, his characteristic firmness did not desert him, and he cheerfully yielded to a second call for his services in the cause of his country. Two thousand militia were ordered to assemble at Fayetteville in Tennessee, in addition to five hundred cavalry previously raised under the command of Gen. Coffee.

The alarming accounts of the concentration of the forces of the enemy, with a view of deluging the frontier in blood, compelled Gen. Jackson (though individually in a most disabled state of body) to take the field before the ranks of his army had been filled, or his troops organized.

With this undisciplined force, he prepared for active operations; but the wisest dispositions were counteracted, and all his movements embarrassed, by the failure of unfeeling and speculating contractors.

The enemy were gathering strength, and on the advance; they had already threatened a fort of Indian allies. In this situation, to retreat was to abandon our frontier citizens to the mercy of savages; to advance, was with the certainty of exposure to every privation.

Jackson hesitated not on the alternative, and with but six days rations of meat, and less than two of meal, he moved with his army upon the Coosa; and, with Coffee's command, gave a most decisive blow to the enemy at Tallushatchee, in less than twenty-five days after he had marched from the rendezvous at Fayetteville. The loss of the Creeks in this engagement, was 186 killed, and 84 prisoners.

Though compelled by the want of supplies to return to his depots on the frontier, we find him in less than six

General Jackson's Campaign.

weeks in the field, at the well fought battle of *Talledega, and in the subsequent conflicts at Emuckfau, Enotichopco, and Tohopka, annihilating the hopes and expectations of the Creeks, and crushing the hydra of savage hostility in the South.

The combination of difficulties which embarrassed the operations of his campaigns, called forth all the resources of his genius, and the energies of his character.

He penetrated the wilderness with an undisciplined corps of militia and volunteers; the different departments of his staff unorganized, his most zealous officers untutored in the art of war, and his movements controlled by a most defective system of supply, leaving an army and its efforts to the mercy of speculating contractors.

Most of his operations were paralyzed, while his men were alike exposed to the inclemency of weather, and the sufferings of starvation; marching whole days without a single article of subsistence in camp; then subsisting on acorns and esculent roots of the forest, and at length reduced to the extremity of resorting to the putrid offals of a bullock pen.

In all these hardships and privations did General Jackson participate, his own private stores were turned over to the hospital for the comfort of the sick; and he exhibited an example of fortitude and zeal, which should have encouraged the timid, and buoyed up despondency.

To add to these trials, discontent manifested itself among his troops; the mutiny of his militia was one day suppressed by the volunteers; while to the defection of the volunteers, on the next, was opposed the militia. Finally, the militia and volunteers united in the same objects, and deserted by squads, companies and corps.

He appealed ineffectually to their affections, their past services, their good conduct, and their patriotism; and at one crisis was seen alone with a musket arresting the desertion of a column, and forcing it back to its duty. His troops, however, (with the exception of a few determined volunteers) deserted, and in the midst of these embarrass-

*A touching Poem "Aldana of Taledega," by S. L. Fairfield, may be found in his N. A. Quarterly Magazine for April.

Treaty of Fort Jackson.

ments, the General was strenuously advised by the Governor of Tennessee, to yield to the difficulties which had accumulated, and abandon the campaign until more favorable circumstances should enable him to prosecute it with success. No difficulties, however, could daunt him; no obstacles shake his determination, and no disappointments divert him from his object; with a few resolute men he maintained the ground he had conquered, and the posts he had established, until reinforcements from Tennessee enabled him subsequently to triumph over the enemy, and give security to an agitated frontier. By the efforts of his genius he wrested from fanaticism the spells and incantations of deception, and left to a deluded tribe nothing to hope, but from the clemency of a magnanimous Republic. The spirit of the Creek nation was intimidated by his victories, and the survivors of the sanguinary conflicts of Talledega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfau and Tohepka, readily embraced the terms of peace proffered, and guaranteed by the treaty of Fort Jackson. In the provisions of that compact, indemnity for the past, and security for the future, were obtained; the sales of the lands ceded have more than quadrupled the expenses of the war; while such a demarcation has been given to the Creek limits, as to separate them from the neighboring tribes by an interposing white population (supposed at that time) sufficiently numerous to overcome savage hostility, and give security to a hitherto exposed frontier.

A few of the most hostile of the disaffected Creeks (who had not accepted the terms of peace under the treaty of Fort Jackson) had fled to Pensacola; and the information received of their constant intercourse with a British force, then in possession of the Spanish forts, directed the attention of the American General to that quarter. Having concentrated his army, about 3000 strong, at Mobile, and the cut-off near the junction of the Tombeckbee and Alabama rivers, he addressed the Spanish Governor, Maurequier of Florida, on the apparent violation of the neutrality of his territory by the enemies of the United States, demanding at the same time the surrender of the hostile Indians, who had sought his protection, and the dismissal of the British, gar-

Entry of Gen. Jackson into Pensacola—Termination of the Creek War.

risoning his forts. To this letter he received an evasive answer, acknowledging the facts of which Gen. Jackson complained; but refusing a compliance with his wishes, as contrary to that hospitality which had uniformly characterized the conduct of his Catholic Majesty towards his allies.

The apprehension, therefore, of a new Indian War by British instigation, on the left flank of a frontier entrusted to the defence of Gen. Jackson, at a moment when New Orleans was menaced by a powerful armament, hourly expected on the coast; connected with the fact of a very recent attack on Fort Bowyer, at the mouth of Mobile Bay, by a combined land and naval force, which had been prepared for the enterprize, and had embarked from Pensacola; left the American General the only alternative of carrying his arms where he found his enemies. Having resolved on the movement, he entered Pensacola on the 7th of November, 1814, expelled the hostile Indians, and forced the British to retreat for protection to their shipping.

This object accomplished, he withdrew from the Territory of Florida, and, after informing the Spanish Governor of the motives for his entering, he concludes his letter with stating, "that as the enemy had retreated, and the hostile Creeks had fled for safety to the forest, he now retired from the town, leaving the Spaniards to re-occupy their forts and protect their rights."

Trumbull says—"The Creek war happily terminating in the spring of 1814, and a treaty of peace having been mutually concluded upon between the surviving chiefs of that nation, and commissioners appointed on the part of the United States, but little opposition was then apprehended from the fugitives who had fled towards Pensacola, and who remained hostile to the interest of the Americans. But, contrary to the expectations of our government, it was soon after discovered that these Indians had sought refuge among the different savage tribes living within and on the borders of the Floridas, denominated Seminole Indians, who it was suspected cherished feelings of hostility to the United States. This fact having been ascertained, the executive department of the government deemed it necessary, for the security of the frontier, to establish a line of forts near the South-

Border War between the Georgia and Seminole Indians.

ern boundary of the United States, and to occupy those fortifications with portions of the regular forces, and by this means peace was maintained with the Indians until the spring or summer of 1817, when the regular forces were withdrawn from the posts on the Georgia frontier, and concentrated at fort Montgomery, on the Alabama river, a considerable distance west of the Georgia line."

But it seems that about this time, a border warfare was commenced between the Seminole Indians, and the frontier inhabitants of Georgia. Duncan M'Krimmon, (a resident of Milledgeville, a Georgia militia man, stationed at fort Gadsden) being out one morning on a fishing excursion, in attempting to return, missed his way, and was several days lost in the surrounding wilderness. After wandering about in various directions, he was espied and captured by a party of hostile Indians, headed by the well known prophet Francis. The Indians having obtained the satisfaction they wanted respecting the determination of government, the position of the American army, &c., they began to prepare for the intended sacrifice. M'Krimmon was bound to a stake, and the ruthless savages having shaved his head and reduced his body to a state of nudity, formed themselves into a circle, and danced round him some hours, yelling most horribly. The youngest daughter of the prophet, about fifteen years of age, remained sad and silent the whole time. She participated not in the general joy, but was evidently, even to the affrighted prisoner, much pained at the savage scene she was compelled to witness. When the burning torches were about to be applied to the faggots, which encompassed the prisoner, and the fatal tomahawk was raised to terminate forever his mortal existence, Milly Francis, (for that was her name) like an angel of mercy, placed herself between it and death, resolutely bidding the astonished executioner, if he thirsted for human blood, to shed hers; being determined, she said, not to survive the prisoner's death. A momentary pause was produced by this unexpected occurrence, and she took advantage of the circumstance to implore upon her knees, the pity of her ferocious father, who finally yielded to her wishes; with the intention, however, it is suspected, of murdering them both,

Major Twiggs attacks Fowl Town.

if he could not sell M'Krimmon to the Spaniards; which was luckily effected a few days after at St. Marks, for seven gallons and a half of rum. As long as M'Krimmon remained a prisoner, his benefactress continued to shew him acts of kindness. The fortune of war afterwards placed her in the power of the white people, being compelled, with a number of others of her tribe, who were in a starving condition, to surrender themselves prisoners. As soon as this fact was known to M'Krimmon, in manifestation of a due sense of the obligation which he owed to the woman who saved his life, at the hazard of her own, he sought her to alleviate her misfortune, and to offer her marriage; but Milly would not consent to become his wife as a consideration of having saved his life, declaring that she did no more than her duty, and that her intercessions were the same as they would ever have been on similar occasions.

In these frequent outrages committed upon the frontiers, it was somewhat difficult to determine on whom the greatest injuries were inflicted. Gen. Gaines, however, demanded a surrender of the Indians, who had committed depredations on the frontiers of Georgia. With this demand they refused to comply, alleging that the first and greatest aggressions had been made by the white men. In consequence of this refusal, Gen. Gaines was authorized by the Secretary of War, at his discretion, to remove the Indians still remaining on the lands ceded to the United States by the treaty made with the Creeks. In so doing, he was told that it might be proper to retain some of them as hostages, until reparation was made for depredations committed by the Indians. In pursuance of this discretionary authority, Gen. Gaines ordered a detachment of near 300 men, under the command of Major Twiggs, to surround and take an Indian Village called Fowl Town, about 14 miles from fort Scott, and near the Florida line. This detachment arrived at Fowl Town in the night, and the Indians taking the alarm, and flying to an adjacent swamp, were fired upon by the detachment, when one man and one woman were killed, and two Indians made prisoners. The detachment returned to fort Scott.

A day or two afterwards, as stated by Capt. M'Intosh,

Gen. Jackson and Gaines take the field.

who was of the party, about the same number of troops paid a second visit to the same village, for the purpose of obtaining property. While loading their wagons with corn, and collecting horses and cattle, they were fired on by the Indians, and a skirmish ensued, in which a small loss was sustained on both sides. It was stated by Capt. Young, the topographical engineer, that this town contained forty-five Indian warriors, besides women and children. From this time the war became more serious. The Indians, in considerable numbers, were embodied, and an open attack was made on fort Scott. Gen. Gaines, with about 600 regular soldiers, was confined to the garrison. In this state of things, information having been communicated to the War Department, Gen. Jackson was ordered to take the field. He was put in command of the regular and military force, amounting to 1800 men, provided for that service; and directed, if he should consider the force provided insufficient to beat the enemy, (whose force was estimated by Gen. Gaines at 2800 strong) to call on the Governors of the adjoining States for such portions of the militia, as he might think requisite.

On the receipt of this order, Gen. Jackson appealed (to use his own expressions) to the patriotism of the West Tennesseans, who had served under him in the last war. One thousand mounted gun-men, and two companies of what were called life-guards, with the utmost alacrity, volunteered their services from the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, and repaired to his standard. Officers were appointed to command this corps by the General himself, or by other persons acting under his authority. Thus organized, they were mustered into the service of the United States.

About the time Gen. Jackson was organizing this detachment of volunteers in the State of Tennessee, or previous thereto, Gen. Gaines was likewise employed in raising forces among the Creek Indians. Gen. Gaines raised an army of at least 1600 Creek Indians, appointing their officers, with a Brigadier General at their head, and likewise mustered this force into the service of the United States. It appears that Gen. Jackson advanced into Florida, with a

Francis, Arbuthnot and Ambrister executed.

force of 1800 men, composed of regulars, volunteers, and the Georgia militia; and afterwards, on the first day of April, was joined by Gen. M'Intosh and his brigade of 1600 Indians, who had been previously organized by Gen. Gaines. Opposed to whom, it appears from the report of Capt. Young, topographical engineer, and other evidence, the whole forces of the fugitive Seminole Indians and runaway negroes, had they all been embodied, could not have exceeded 900 or 1000 men,* and at no time did half that number present themselves to oppose his march. Of course little or no resistance was made.

The Miskasuky towns were first taken and destroyed. The army marched upon St. Marks, a feeble Spanish garrison, which surrendered without firing a gun, and was then occupied as an American post; the Spanish Commandant having first, by humble entreaties, and then by a timid protest, endeavored to avert the measure. Here Alexander Arbuthnot was found, taken prisoner, and put in confinement for the purpose, as it was stated by Gen. Jackson, "of collecting evidence to establish his guilt:" and here also were taken two Indian chiefs, one of whom pretended to possess the spirit of prophecy. They were hung without trial and without ceremony. Francis, who by the entreaties of his daughter, was persuaded to spare the life of M'Krimmon, a captive, was the prophet above alluded to. This being done, and St. Marks garrisoned with American troops, the army pursued their march eastward to Suwanee river, on which they found a large Indian village, which was consumed, and the Indians and negroes were dispersed; after which, the army returned to St. Marks, bringing with them Robert C. Ambrister, who had been taken prisoner on their march to Suwanee. During the halt of the army for a few days at St. Marks, a general court-martial was called, Arbuthnot was arraigned, found guilty, sentenced to suffer death, and hung. Ambrister was tried in like manner, found guilty, and shot.

Gen. Gaines, in a letter to the Secretary of War, dated in 1817, says—"The Seminole Indians, however strange and

*Another estimate makes the number of warriors 2,700.

Fort Gadsden erected.

absurd it may appear to those who understand little of their real character and extreme ignorance, entertain a notion that they cannot be beaten by our troops. They confidently assert, that we have never beaten them, or any of their people, except when we have been assisted by the 'red people.' And he adds, "I feel warranted, from all I know of the savages, in saying, they do not believe we can beat them. This error of theirs has led them, from time to time, for many years past, to massacre our frontier citizens—often the unoffending and helpless mother and babes."

As a well earned tribute to a most meritorious officer, we make the following extracts:

Gen. Jackson to Secretary of War, March 20, 1818.—"I immediately directed my Aid-de-camp, Lieut. Gadsden, of the Engineer Corps, to furnish a plan for, and superintend the erection of, a fortification. His talents and indefatigable zeal displayed in the execution of this order, induced me to name it fort Gadsden; to which he is justly entitled."

Extract of a letter from Adjutant General Butler, in 1818, to the Secretary of War.—"On the same morning, Lieut. James Gadsden, Aid-de-camp to the Commanding General, descended the Suwanee river to its mouth, with Capt. Dunlap's and a few of Capt. Crittenden's companies of the life-guards, and a small detachment of the regulars, and captured, without difficulty, the schooner of A. Arbutnot, which had brought supplies of powder and lead to the Indians and negroes."*

*In Niles' Register—in the U. S. Senate documents—and in the Journals and Debates of both Houses—may be found many interesting papers touching the Seminole war.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE FLORIDA INDIANS.

Concluded.

[Indian population described by Peniere, U. S. Agent—Indian Villages enumerated by Bell, U. S. Agent—Treaty of 1819 between Spain and United States—Treaty at Moultrie between United States and the Indians—Col. Gadsden's letter in 1833—Treaty at Payne's Landing between U. States and Seminoles—Treaty at Fort Gibson, 1833—Seminole Agreement in 1835—Talk of Seminoles with Gen. Thompson, U. S. Agent.]

The following description of the Indian population, is from manuscript communications of the intelligent J. A. Peniere, Esq. then Indian Agent, stationed in this Territory, to General Jackson, and the Secretary of War, about the year 1821.

The population of the Indian tribes, known under the collective name of Creeks, composed of six others, designated by the names of Miccassauky, Souhoine, Santafee, Redstick, and Echitos, in time past furnished one thousand two hundred warriors, which, at the rate of five to each warrior, would give a population of six thousand souls. The nation, known by the name of Seminoles, is composed of seven tribes, which bear the names of Latchioue, Okleouaha, Chokehaitta, Pyaclekaha, Fatehouyaha, Topkelake, and one other.

There are, besides, some remains of ancient tribes, known by the names of Outchis, Chias, Canaake, but they consist of only a few straggling families.

There is also on the frontiers of Georgia, another tribe called Cahouita, which raised one hundred or one hundred and fifty warriors, under Mackintosh. Seven years ago, they waged a barbarous warfare against the whites and Seminoles, who detest them. We must add to this enumeration, which will make the Indian population amount to more than five thousand souls, fifty or sixty negroes, or mulattoes, who are maroons, or half slaves, to the Indians.

These negroes appeared to me far more intelligent than

Names of Indian Villages.

those who are in absolute slavery, and have great influence over the Indians.

The Indians are very mistrustful, very poor, very lazy, and very great beggars.

They love the English and Americans very little.

I have neglected no means of contradicting reports which were spread among them; for instance, that two thousand troops are coming by your (Governor Jackson's) order, to drive them off, and take from them their slaves and cattle.

It will be difficult to form a prudent determination with respect to the maroon negroes who live among the Indians, on the other side of the little mountains of Latchiona.

Their number is said to be upwards of three hundred. They fear being again made slaves, under the American Government; and will omit nothing to increase or keep alive mistrust among the Indians, whom they in fact govern.

If it should become necessary to use force with them, it is to be feared the Indians would take their part. It will, however, be necessary to remove from the Floridas, this group of lawless freebooters, among whom runaway negroes will always find refuge.

In a letter from Capt. John H. Bell, (who succeeded Peniere as Agent for the Indians in Florida,) addressed to a Committee of Congress, in February, 1821, the following Indian villages are enumerated, viz.

1. Red Town, at Tampa Bay. Number of souls unknown.
2. Oc-lack-o-na-yahe, above Tampa Bay. A number of souls.
3. O-po-nays Town, back of Tampa Bay.
4. Tots-ta-la-hœets-ka, or Watermelon Town on the seaboard, west side Tampa Bay; the greater part of all these fled from the Upper Creeks, when peace was given to that nation.
5. A-ha-pop-ka, situated back of the Musquitoe.
6. Low-walta Village, composed of those who fled from Coosa, and followed M'Queen and Francis, their prophets.
7. M'Queen's Village, east side Tampa Bay.
8. A-lack-away-talofa, in the Alachua plains. A great number of souls. Took-o-sa-mothlay, the chief.

Names of Indian Villages.

9. Santa-fee-talofa, at the east fork of Suwana. Lock-taw-me-coocky, the chief.

10. Waw-ka-saw-su, on the east side of the mouth of the Suwana, on the sea-board; these are from the Coosa river, followers of M'Queen and Francis.

11. Old Suwanee Town, burnt in 1818, on the Suwanee river. These are from the Tallapoosa towns, and they are from the Upper Creeks.

12. A-la-pa-ha-tolafa, west of Suwanee, and east of the Miccasuky. The chief, Ockmulgee, is lately dead.

13. Wa-cissa-talofa, at the head of St. Marks river. These are from the Chattahoochy, Upper Creeks.

14. Willa-noucha-talofa, near the head of St. Marks river, west of Wa-cissa-talofa, natives of Florida.

15. Talla-hassee, on the waters on the Miccasuky pond. These have lived there a long time, have about 100 warriors, and suppose 10 souls to a warrior, say 1,000 souls.

16. Top-ke-gal-ga, on the east side of the O-clock-ney, near Tal-la-hassee.

17. We-thoe-cuchy-talofa, between the St. Marks and O-clockney rivers, in the fork of the latter; very few of them are natives of the land.

18. O-chuce-ulga, east of the Apalachicola, where Hamby and Blunt live; above 250 souls. Cothun, the chief.

19. Cho-co-nickla Village. The chief is Nea-thoe-omotla; the second chief, Mulatto-king: they were raised here; have about sixty warriors on the west side of the Apalachicola.

20. Top-hulgar. This village, and Cho-co-nickla, join each other. Raised in East Florida, and removed there.

21. Tock-to-eth-la, west of fort Scott and Chattahoochy, ten miles above the forks; forty or fifty warriors were raised at the O-cun-cha-ta, or red ground, and moved down.

22. Another town in East Florida Point, called O-chu-po-crassa. These moved down from the Upper Creeks. About 30 warriors, and a great many women and children, settled there.

The foregoing list is extracted from a talk held by Gen. Jackson, with the Chiefs of the Florida Indians, viz. Blount, Nea-math-la, and Mulatto King, at Pensacola, 19th Sep-

Cession of Florida to the United States.

tember, 1821. To which may be added the following settlements in East Florida,

23. Pe-lac-le-ka-ha, the residence of Miccanopa, chief of the Seminole nations, situated about one hundred and twenty miles south of Alachua.

24. Chu-ku-chatta, about 20 miles south-east of Chuck-uchatta, at the same distance from the head of Tampa.

25. Hich-a-pul-susse, about 20 miles south-east of Chuck-uchatta, at the same distance from the head of Tampa.

26. Big Hammock settlement; the most numerous north of Tampa Bay, and west of Hecapusussee.

27. Oc-la-wa-haw, on the river of that name, west of St. John's river.

28. Mulatto Girls town, south of Caskawilla lake.

29. Bucker Woman's town, near Long Swamp, east of Big Hammock.

30. King Heifahs, south, and Payne's negro settlements in Alachua; these are slaves belonging to the Seminoles, in all about three hundred.

31. John Hicks' Town, west of Payne's Savannah, Mic-casukys.

32. O-ke-a-fenoke swamp, south side, a number of Cow-etas.

33. Beech Creek, settlement of Cheehaws.

34. Spring Garden, above Lake George, Uchee Billy is their chief.

35. South of Tampa, near Charlotte's Bay, Choctaws. The whole number of Indian population in Florida, may be estimated at about five thousand souls.

By the treaty between the United States and Spain, of 1795, it was stipulated that the Spanish Government should restrain their Indians from committing hostilities against the United States.

In this state of things the Floridas were ceded, in full dominion and absolute property, to the United States, by the treaty of the 22d February, 1819. In this treaty there was no allusion to, or provision for these Indians, in any manner whatever. The two provinces of East and West Florida were delivered to the United States by the Spanish commissioners. The white population was confined to the

United States take possession of the Floridas.

towns of St. Augustine and Pensacola, and the whole region between these two places, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Gulf of Mexico, distant four hundred miles from each other, was occupied in some sort by these roving savages. The United States took possession of the country, and one of the first questions that occupied the attention of the Administration, or of Congress, was, What should we do with these Indians? It was then represented, even at that period, that they were reduced to great extremities for the want of the ordinary articles of subsistence. They had nearly abandoned the chase, on account of the scarcity of game; and their idle, vicious habits, presented an insuperable obstacle to the cultivation of the soil.

To have acquired a territory of such extent, embracing one thousand two hundred miles of sea-coast, to be left in possession of these Indians, was too absurd to merit one moment's consideration. The Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, on the 28th January, 1823, in answer to a call of the Indian Committee, at the head of which was General Metcalf, late Governor of Kentucky, communicated various reports and correspondence; among which were several letters from the present President of the United States, then Governor of Florida. In one of these letters from General Jackson, dated 20th of September, 1821, referring to a talk he had had with the head chiefs of the Florida Indians, he says, "They acknowledge that it is just, that those who rejected peace when it was offered to them, and fled from their own country, continuing the war, ought to return to their own nation." The President proceeds, "I am of opinion, from the smallness of their numbers, and the shape of the Floridas, that it would be much better policy to move them all up, and amply to provide for them by an annuity."

General Jackson, in a talk to the Indians on the 18th September, 1821, told them, "those who fled from their nation, and joined in the war against us, must return to their country, where their chiefs are willing to receive them. They cannot be permitted to settle all over the Floridas."

The chiefs were satisfied with what was then communicated to them. By a letter subsequently addressed to the

Treaty at Camp Moultrie.

Secretary of War, he says, "The exposed situation of the Floridas, imperiously demands that its frontier upon the coast should be immediately inhabited by white citizens." He states, "the largest portion of the Seminoles are a part of the Creek nation;" and adds, "with what pretence of justice, can those who fled from the Creek nation, and kept up an exterminating war on our frontier, until crushed by the arm of our Government in 1818, set up such claims!"

After examining these documents, the Committee of Indian Affairs of this House reported that, in their opinion, the Indians, as a nation, own no lands in Florida, except where it was granted to them by the Spanish authorities—that they stood in the relation of domestic dependent communities. This report was concurred in by the House. It was apparent, therefore, that it was the intention of the Executive Government, as well as of Congress, that the largest portion of these Indians should be sent back to the nation to which they belonged—being, as I have said, *run-away Creeks*, and having no such attachments to the "bones of their ancestors," as is so often and so falsely ascribed to them, a mere fancy, much better suited to poetry, fiction and romance, than what we know of their characters.

Some time after this, a commission was authorized to treat with these Indians, and their negotiations led to the treaty of Camp *Moultrie. At this treaty, these very runaway Creeks, were permitted, in conjunction with the others, to contract for and obtain the possession of about 5,000,000 of acres of land in the peninsula of East Florida. Congress also engaged to pay certain annuities to the Seminoles for twenty years. I admit that this treaty constitutes a guarantee of possession, until changed or rescinded by some subsequent contract or convention. Within a few years after the conclusion of this-treaty, the Indians were found actually in a state of starvation, and a large sum was appropriated by this Government. A much larger sum, said Mr. White, than has been doled out by a reluctant hand to our own suffering fellow-citizens,

*The Commissioners at Moultrie were Col. Jas. Gadsden, Governor Duval and Mr. Cigni.

Treaty at Payne's Landing.

who have a right to appeal to this government for protection, and who were intended to be provided for under the generous resolution which passed this House with such unanimity, at the commencement of hostilities.

In consequence of intimations given by these Indians, through their agent, that there was not sufficient game to support them, Mr. White was appointed a commissioner, in the year 1827, to offer them a country of sufficient extent to the west of the Mississippi, with a guarantee of title and possession forever, in exchange for the lands occupied by them in Florida. They were unwilling to go without an examination of the country, and he had no authority to enter into a contract to pay the expenses of a deputation: all of which was reported to the Government. In 1831 or 1832, it was represented to this Government, by the Indians themselves, that they desired to form a treaty with the United States, to exchange these lands for others on the west of the Mississippi. Colonel Gadsden was appointed the commissioner; and, in a council of all the head chiefs and warriors, fully represented, at Payne's Landing, on the 9th of May, 1832, a conditional convention was entered into.

In the preamble to this treaty, it was recited, that "the Seminole Indians, regarding with just respect the solicitude manifested by the President of the United States for the improvement of their condition, by recommending a removal to a country more suitable to their habits and wants, than the one they at present occupy in the Territory of Florida, are willing that their confidential chiefs should be sent to examine the country assigned to the Creeks; and should they be satisfied with the character of the country, and the favorable disposition of the Creeks to re-unite with the Seminoles as one people, the articles of compact and agreement shall be binding on the respective parties."

By the first article of this treaty, which was thus to be binding upon the performance of two conditions precedent, the Seminole Indians relinquish to the United States all claim to land they occupy in Florida, and agree to emigrate, &c.

This same article provides for an additional extent of ter-

Treaty at Tallahassee.

ritory to be added to the Creek country for the Seminoles.

The second article provides that the United States shall make compensation for all improvements, and pay certain annuities.

The third article provides for goods to be delivered after their arrival. The fourth and fifth for blacksmiths and valuation of cattle.

By the 6th article, the United States are to pay \$7,000 for slaves and other property alleged to have been stolen by the Indians.

The 7th article provides for their removal within three years, and that the expenses of the removal should be paid by the United States, with their subsistence for twelve months after their arrival.

This treaty was signed by Col. James Gadsden on the part of the United States, and by fifteen chiefs and head men from the vagabond *Seminoles nation.

In a letter from Col. James Gadsden, dated Wascissa, 1833, he says, "I feel assured that they (Ecouchatti Micco and Mulatto King) will ultimately negotiate under the last stipulations of their compact, relinquishing their lands, and coming in as parties to the treaty of Payne's landing. There can be no difficulty on this subject, for they are a component part of the Seminole Nation, were parties to the treaty of Camp Moultrie; and in the additional article in that treaty here made them on the Apalachicola, the Government reserved the right of ordering them within the Seminole limits, whenever it thought proper to do so."

On the 13th February, 1833, was ratified a Treaty between the United States and the Apalachicola band of Indians in Florida, made at Tallahassee, 11th October, 1832, by James Gadsden, Commissioner on the part of the United States, and John Blunt, together with certain warriors of the Apalachicola band, on the part of said band; in which Treaty, they surrender to the United States all their right to a reservation in the additional article of the Treaty of Camp Moultrie, in the Territory of Florida, 18th Sep-

*Vagabond may be used in the sense of roaming. When Dr. Johnson's Rambler was about to be done into Italian, the title was—Il Vagabondo.

Treaty at Fort Gibson.

tember, 1823, and agree to remove to the *West, &c.
This treaty is signed by

JAS. GADSDEN, Commissioner.

WM. P. DUVAL, Superintendent.

S. RICHARDS, Interpreter.

And by

JOHN BLUNT.

OSAA-HAJO, (OR DAVY.)

CO-HA-THLOCK-CO, (OR COCKRANE.)

The confidential chiefs and agents, in pursuance of the convention entered into, visited these lands west of the Mississippi in the year 1833, and in a treaty then and there entered into at Fort Gibson, on the 28th of March, 1833, with three United States Commissioners, they express their satisfaction with the country assigned them; and the 'favorable disposition of the Creeks,' was manifested by a treaty solemnly entered into, by which they agree that the Seminoles should be reunited with them."

The following is the substance of this treaty between the United States and Seminoles at fort Gibson, 28th March, 1833, by Stoke, Elsworth and Schermerhorn, on part of United States, and delegates of Seminoles on part of said nation. Whereas, by the 1st article of treaty at Payne's Landing, 9th May, 1832, "The Seminole Indians relinquish all claim to the land they at present occupy in the territory of Florida, and agree to emigrate to the country assigned to the Creeks, west of the Mississippi river, it being understood that an additional extent of territory proportioned to their number, will be added to the Creek country, and that the Seminoles will be received as a constituent part of the Creek nation, and be re-admitted to all the privileges as members of the same." "And whereas the said agreement also stipulates and provides that a delegation of Seminoles should be sent at the expense of the United States to examine the country to be allotted them among the Creeks, and should this delegation be satisfied with the character of the

*From Senate Documents, 1st Session, 23d Congress, much interesting information may be gleaned, on the subject of the removal of the Indians, generally, to the West.

 Conditions of the Treaty at Payne's Landing.

country and of the favourable disposition of the Creeks to unite with them as one people, then the aforesaid mentioned treaty would be considered binding and obligatory upon the parties. And whereas a treaty was made between the United States and the Creek Indians west of the Mississippi at Fort Gibson, on 14th February, 1833, by which a country was provided for the Seminoles in pursuance of the existing arrangements, between the U. States and that tribe.

“And whereas the special delegation appointed by the Seminoles, 9th May 1832, have since examined the land designated for them by the undersigned commissioners on the behalf of the United States, and have expressed themselves satisfied with the same, in and by their letter dated March 1833, addressed to the undersigned commissioners.”

The commissioners then designate to the Seminole tribe of Indians for their separate future residence forever, a tract of country lying between the Canadian river, and the north fork thereof and extending west to where a line running north and south, between the main Canadian and north branch will strike the forks of little river, provided said west line does not extend more than 25 miles west from the mouth of the said little river.

“And the undersigned Seminole chiefs express themselves well satisfied with the location, &c. and agree to remove as soon as Government will make arrangements, &c. Signed by the American commissioners, and

JOHN HICK, representing SAM JONES.

HOLATA EMARTA.

JUMPER.

COI HADJO.

CHARLEY EMATA.

YA-HA-HADGO.

NEHANTHCLO, representing BLACK DIRT.

ABRAHAM, Seminole Interpreter.

The treaty of Payne's Landing was to take effect upon the happening of two contingencies—the expression of satisfaction of the confidential chiefs. and the favorable disposition of the Creeks; both of which were ascertained, reported, and acted upon, and the treaty regularly presented by the President of the United States for the advisement

Assent of the Seminoles to the Treaty of 1832 and 1833.

and consent of the Senate, and due proclamation of the ratification made in April, 1834.

The period arrived when, by the expiration of three years, the tribe were to remove. They manifested some reluctance to execute this contract, and after various equivocations, delays, and impositions, they were told they must go. Yes, this Government, who were urged on by some gentlemen to make war on France for a delay in not executing their contract, signified to the Indians as they did to Louis Phillippe, that we insisted upon the treaty; they were further told that if they longer delayed to perform what they had promised, after they had accepted the annuities and considerations stipulated by this Government, they must be *forced*. After some remonstrances and petitions on their part to the commanding general, they entered into a new agreement with him, as follows:—

“We, the undersigned chiefs and sub-chiefs of the Seminole tribe of Indians, do hereby, for ourselves and for our people, voluntarily acknowledge the validity of the treaty between the United States and the Seminole nation of Indians, made and concluded at Payne’s Landing, on the Ocklawaha river, on the 9th of May, 1832, and the treaty between the United States and the Seminole nation of Indians, made and concluded at Fort Gibson, on the 28th day of March, 1833, by Montford Stokes, H. L. Ellsworth, and J. F. Schermerhorn, commissioners on the part of the United States, and the delegates of the said nation of Seminole Indians on the part of the said nation; and we, the said chiefs and sub-chiefs, do, for ourselves and for our people, freely and fully assent to the above-recited treaties in all their provisions and stipulations.

“Done in council at the Seminole agency, this 23d day of April, 1835.

“*Signed by sixteen chiefs and sub-chiefs.*”

In presence of

“D. L. CLINCH, *Brig. Gen. U. S. A.*

“A. C. W. FANNING, *Brevet Lt. Col. U. S. A.*

“C. M. THRUSTON, *Capt. 3d Regt. Artillery.*

“T. W. LENDRUM, *Capt. 3d Regt. Artillery.*

Powell signs the agreement to perform the Treaties.

“JOSEPH W. HARRIS, *First Lieut. 3d Artillery.*

“WILEY THOMPSON, *Superintendent to remove Seminole Indians.*

It appears by this agreement, thus voluntarily entered into, that a further time of nearly one year was given to them, upon a solemn pledge that they would execute their agreement, in conformity with the provisions of the treaty, by a removal to the land assigned them. This agreement was signed by sixteen chiefs.

Some time after this, Powell, who had made the greatest difficulty, came in and signed the same agreement voluntarily, as detailed in the report of the War Department.

General Thompson, in a letter of the 3d June, reported that Powell, one of the most influential chiefs of Seminoles, had behaved so badly in his office that he was put in irons and confined. On the next day, however, he signified his regret, and his willingness to sign the agreement and emigrate. To test his sincerity he was released, and had five days given to him, while at liberty, during which he could come forward to affix his name to the instrument the others had signed. ‘True to his professions,’ says the agent, ‘he this day appeared with seventy-nine of his people, men, women, and children, including some who had joined him since his conversion, and redeemed his promise. He told me many of his friends were out hunting, whom he could and would bring over on their return. I have now no doubt of his sincerity, and as little, that the greatest difficulty is surmounted.’

Between the 25th of April and the time of gathering their crop, the whole period was employed in preparations for war. The period arrived at which, by this new agreement the Indians were to remove. It will be observed that this was the *third* contract, signed by all the chiefs. When, in violation of these promises and conventions, they commenced open hostilities against the unoffending inhabitants of Florida, laid waste and desolated three counties, destroyed more than a million of property, and massacred one hundred and nine of our best officers and troops, before any adequate force could be called into the field to resist them.

As shedding some light on their objections to removal

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs.

we submit the following Talk on the part of the Indians, at the Seminole agency, in 1834—being the first great Talk held with them by Wiley Thompson, after his appointment as Agent, for the purpose of ascertaining from them their wishes, as to the disposition of their stock, and other persons, preparatory to their removal, and their preference as to the mode of transportation.

The Agent harangued them at great length.

On the day appointed for their answer, the Talk was opened as follows, and the several speakers succeeded in the order herein observed.

HOLATI-MICO.—“We come to make our Talk to-day. We were all made by the same GREAT FATHER, and are all alike HIS children. We all came *from the same Mother*, and were suckled at *the same breast*. Therefore we are brothers, and as brothers, should treat together in an amicable way, and should not quarrel and let our blood rise up against each other. If the blood of one of us, by each other's blow, should fall on the lap of the earth, it would stain it, and cry aloud for vengeance, from the land wherein it had sunk, and call down the frown and the thunder of the Great Spirit.”

JUMPER.—“At the treaty of Moultrie, it was engaged that we should rest in peace upon the land allotted to us for twenty years. All difficulties were buried, and we were assured that if we died, it should not be by the violence of the white man, but in the course of nature. The lightning should not rive and blast the tree, but the cold of old age should dry up the sap, and the leaves should wither and fall, and the branches drop, and the trunk decay and die. The deputation stipulated at the talk of Payne's Landing, to be sent on the part of the nation, was *only authorized to examine* the country to which it was proposed to remove us, and *report* to the nation. We went according to agreement, and saw the land. It is no doubt good, and the fruit of the soil may swell sweet and taste good, and be healthy, but it is surrounded with bad and hostile neighbors, and the fruit of bad neighborhood is blood, that spoils the land, and fire that dries up the brook. When in the West, I told the Agent, ‘you say our people are rogues, but you would

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

bring us among *worse* rogues, to *destroy* us.' Even of the horses we carried with us, some were stolen, and their riders obliged to return with their packs on their back. The Government would send us among Tribes with which we could never be at rest. When we saw the land, we said nothing: but the agents of the United States made us sign our hands to a paper, which *you say* signified our consent to remove; but *we* considered we did no more than say we liked the land, and when we returned, *the nation would decide*. We had not authority to do more. Your talk is a good one, but my people cannot say they will go. We are not willing to do so. If their tongues say yes, their hearts cry no, and call them liars."

*CHARLES O. MATHLA, (the same who was afterwards killed by his people.)—"Our old speaker was *Hicks. He has died, and left us as a father his children; but we have not forgotten his counsels. I was not at the treaty of Moultrie, but it was not made by *children*. *Great men* were the actors in it. That treaty is *sacred*. It stipulated that we should receive the annuity for twenty years, and enjoy the land defined to us. The time has not expired—*when it* does, then we can make a *new* bargain. There may be some slight causes of complaint between the white man and red, but they are not enemies. The whites complain of depredations. We have a law to punish offenders, which I have always endeavored to enforce against the people of my own town. As to the subject of removal, my understanding was, that we were not to go till the end of the seven years remaining of the ten agreed upon at Moultrie. Then we may be ready. I am a *full blood* Indian, and *never alter my mind*. I adhere to my engagements, and will comply with them according to my understanding. When a man has a country in which he was born, and has there his house and home, *where his children have always played about his yard*, it becomes sacred to his heart, and it is hard to leave it. Our Father, the President, has repeatedly said, he views and regards us as his children—and

*For some account of Charley Omathla and Hicks, see the early portion of chapter 4th.

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

does'nt he know that when a man is settled, with his little stock around him, he has some assurance of support for his little ones? But break him up and remove him, and they must be exposed to suffer! I wont complain of the Agent's talk as a bad talk. I was not dissatisfied with it, but my people are around me, and they feel that while they remain here, they can be happy with each other. They are not hungry for other lands, why should they go and hunt them? The country is very distant. It was with difficulty we, with firm health, reached it. How then would it be with the sickly and infirm? If the sound tree is uprooted by the spirit of the storm, can the decayed branches stand upright? When we went there, Major Phagan was the Agent. He was a man of violent passion. We often quarrelled on the way, and that has caused much of the difficulty. If I know myself, I have a good heart. My feelings are kind to all. I view you (*the Agent*) as a friend, but if we differ in opinion, *I am a man, and have a right to express my sentiments.* I feel gratified that you are our Agent. I am pleased with our first acquaintance, and hope there will be mutual satisfaction. I am done. We will meet in council to-night, and to-morrow we will talk again. May the Great Spirit smile, and the sun shine on us."

Before dismissing the Indians, the Agent addressed them with excited feelings, complaining that they had not answered his talk—that they had evaded the points submitted to them; and that he would not receive their talk of this day as a reply. Although in the view of white men, the circumstances may have justified the indignation exhibited and expressed by Gen. Thompson, yet to the untutored mind of the savage, it is not to be wondered at, that his language fell with harshness upon their feelings, and that in his address they discovered more violence of passion than, in *their* minds, and according to *their* habits, comported with a deliberative occasion.

On the next day, the Talk was again opened as follows, by

HOLATI-MICO.—“As I said yesterday, we are children of the same Father. We are brothers, and should not quarrel, and say hard things. I am sick and unable to express

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

myself as I would wish, but others will give the Talk of my people. I am not excited. Our way of doing business is to proceed coolly and deliberately, and in a friendly manner. We have to represent in our Talk a *great many people*, for which reason we must proceed with *care and thoughtfulness*. The people differ in their opinions, and they must be indulged with time to reflect. Time makes out of many little branching creeks that run different ways, one large river, the waters of which then flow smoothly all in one direction."

MICONOPA.—"The Talk of *yesterday* is still the Talk of *to-day*. Our sentiments are unaltered. *When* the twenty years from the date of the treaty of Moultrie are ended, we may consent to remove. *Now* we cannot do so. If suddenly we tear our hearts from the homes round which they are twined, our heart-strings will snap. By time, we may unbind the chords of affection—we cannot pluck them off, and they not break."

JUMPER.—"Those of us who went to the West, consented; but the rest of the nation do not. *The popular sentiment rejects it*. We were called up to visit and view the land set apart for us. We went. The country is good, but the distance is great. Our present habitation is *poor*, but still we *prefer* it. We are used to it, and habit has made it dear to us. It was our home when the game was plenty, and the corn high. If the deer have departed, and the corn tassels not, it is still our home, and therefore we love, we prefer it."

CHARLES O-MATHLA.—*My* talk remains the same. Our Agent told us yesterday, we had not answered *his* talk, and what we gave as a reply, could not be received. If we intended to go, *then* it would be proper the points be proposed to us should be decided upon. But why quarrel about dividing the hind quarter, when we are not going to hunt. Why strain the water, when you are not thirsty. At Moultrie, I was not. At Payne's Landing, I was. The treaty there, was one of the white people's making. I agreed to go and see the country. I went. I got on board a strange vessel, where I had never been before. It made me sick, till my heart turned in me. I endured it, because

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

my nation might be benefitted by the result of the expedition; but how will not the women and children suffer in such a passage? When the men, the grown men and warriors, sunk, and their legs were as broken reeds. There were but few of us in the deputation. We were ill used by the Agent. We were abandoned when sick on the road. We were sometimes made to walk on foot. If the *few* on that expedition were exposed to such hardships and ill-usage on their journey, how much more suffering must there be, when the *whole nation* is moving in a body? If the heart is not big enough for tens, how can it contain hundreds? You have just come among us. You meet us in council now for the first time. Remain here with us, and be as a father to us, and let us be as your children. The relation of parent and child to each other, is peace—it is soft and sweet as arrow-root and honey. The disorderly among us may have committed some depredations, but we have spilled no blood. Our hands are not stained with red, and need no water to wash them pure. At Moultrie, my head men and yours agreed that all ill feeling should be buried, and a lasting peace take place between us. The tomahawk was to be under ground, and the smoke of the calumet was to rest forever above it. We agreed that if we met with a brother's blood on the road, or even found his dead body, we should not believe it was by human violence, but that he had snagged his foot, or that a tree had fallen upon him—that if blood was spilled by either, the blood of the offender should answer it. That we were always to meet as friends and brothers, without distinction of rank; and that if one was hungry, the other should share his bread with him. When a man calls another his friend, *let him be poor or mean as he may*, he ought to yield to him his rights, and not say that HE will judge for that other, and compel him to do as HE pleases. Yet while you say you are our *friend*, you tell us we *shall* go to the West. The half breed read and write, but what *we* know, is from nature. We drink in our knowledge from her, as our red lip grows white from a mother's milk. When our Headmen visited Washington, the President and Secretary assured us we should not be disturbed in the enjoyment of the territory marked out to

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

us, while we observed the stipulations of our treaty. We have done so!

I love my white brothers, and feel no disposition to displease them. I am done! I am an *Indian*, and do not make *long* talks.

POWELL.—*The sentiments of the nation have been expressed.* THERE IS LITTLE MORE TO BE SAID! The People in Council have agreed; by their Chiefs they have uttered: it is well, it is truth, and must not be broken. When I make up my mind, I *act*. If I *speak*, what I say, I *will do*. Speak or no speak, *what I resolve, that I execute*. The nation have consulted, have declared, they should *perform*—what *should* be, SHALL be! There remains nothing WORTH WORDS! If the hail rattles, let the flowers be crushed—the stately oak of the forest will lift its head to the sky and the storm, towering and unscathed.

NOTE.—For the substance of the foregoing talk, as well as for much interesting information, we are indebted to the kind courtesy of our highly intelligent friend, David Levy, Esq. of Augustine, (E. F.) who is not only one of the most enlightened, but also one of the most patriotic inhabitants of Florida. And as no gentleman is more thoroughly imbued with a ripe knowledge of all the rich resources of that land, so none would experience more pride and pleasure in developing its capabilities yet hidden to the many, and none have more at heart the furtherance of its permanent prosperity. Mr. L. was present at the above Council, and took notes of the Talk; but as he has not favored us with any written account of the *locale*, we regret that (not then expecting to publish a book) we did not listen more attentively, as he described to us (while we were at Augustine) in his own eloquent and glowing terms, the beautiful scenery around the translucent and placid spring, whereon was faithfully reflected the green foliage that thickened over and around it; and wherein might be clearly discerned the tiniest fish, and each minutest object that sported at the bottom, all clothed in the blent hues of the o'erarching sky—the impending shrubbery and the transparent waters. Then the Council House and the conference within—the excited Agent on one side, the calm Chiefs on the other—the very women who had left their unclad little ones to gambol on the grass and dally with the flower—while their mothers, with the warriors, crowded the gallery or pressed about the council door—with the most intense, yet subdued interest, catching every look as it gleamed from the countenance, and hanging on every word as it fell from the lip of the Headmen who spoke. Then Powell—his eye calm, serious, fixed—his attitude manly, graceful, erect—his rather thin and close pressed lip, indicative of the “mind made up” of which he speaks—his firm, easy, yet restrained tread—free from all stride or swagger—his dignified and composed attitude—his perfect and solemn silence, except during his sententious talk—the head thrown backward, the arms firmly folded on the protruding chest—all, all instantaneously changed, as by an electric touch, whenever the Agent sta-

Talk of the Seminole Chiefs continued.

ted a proposition from which he (Powell) dissented. At such times, the fireflash of his indignant eye—the withering scorn upon his upcurled lip—the violent and oft-repeated stamping of his foot—his clenched hand, and the rapid gesticulation of his uplifted arm—the short quick breathing, and the heave of the agitated bosom, like the rushing wind and swelling wave of ocean tempest tost—and these swiftly subsiding into the stillness of melancholy, (the very moment the Agent would correct his own error,) and presenting only that aspect and attitude of *repose*, wherewith the ancient statuary loved most to invest the gods and heroes of Greece.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIAN OUTRAGES.

[Causes of the Seminole War—John Hicks—Powell—Charles Omathla—General Clinch's demonstration on the Ouithlacochee—slaughter of Gen. Thompson, Lieut. Constantine Smith, and others—massacre of Major Dade and his command—Indian depredations East of the St. Johns—murder of Woodruff and of Cooley's family—abduction of slaves—their fidelity to their owners.]

THE Seminole War originated in the opposition of the Mecasukeans, and some hostile Chiefs of the Seminole nation, to the execution of the treaty of Payne's Landing. That treaty was negotiated in the life time of John Hext. Hext, or Hicks, was the name given to him by the English, as he himself said, but his Indian name was Tuckasee Emathla, or the groundmole-warrior, one who works by undermining. He was possessed of much talent, and of more wisdom and forecast than usually falls to the share of the red man. He was head chief of the Mecasuky tribe, and although recognizing the legitimacy of Miconope as hereditary chief of the Seminole nation, he still, by his talents, exercised so powerful a control over that legitimate, and the whole of the Seminoles, as to be, in fact, the real head of the nation. Hext early foresaw the impossibility of the Indians sustaining themselves in Florida, and the impracticability of their stemming the current of white population, which was setting with a gulf-like velocity towards the extremities, the Capes, and the Keys of Florida. He was therefore the decided friend of emigration, and favored the views of the General Government in locating the red men in some permanent home at the West, where in a territory of their own, they might be exempt from State interference, and be under the sole and uninterrupted control of the General Government. It was unquestionably, therefore, much by the influence of this chief, backed by the exertions of Charley Emathla, Holath Le Mathla, and Black Dirt, that the Commissioner, Col. Gadsden, succeeded in effecting a treaty, and seemingly without opposition. But

Death of John Hext—Powell—First Rupture.

one difficulty at that time interposed, and that was the personal ignorance, on the part of the Indians, of the country to which they were to be removed, and this was remedied by a section, permitting a deputation to proceed West at the expense of the United States, to examine for themselves the region whither they were to migrate.

This deputation, or exploring party, at the head of which was John Hext, and with which was associated Ya-ha Hajo; or the Mad Wolf, (since killed by General Shelton) returned and reported most favorably of the country. Every preparation was therefore made for the execution of the treaty, conformably to its terms, and no apparent opposition was manifested by any one until after the death of John Hext. That old chief died early in the spring of the year 1835, almost immediately after which, symptoms of disaffection began to manifest themselves, and Oseola or Powell, who previous to that period was a young Tustenuggee* of no known or extraordinary powers, began to display abilities, which soon gave him, with the Mecasukeans, the mastery exercised by John Hext, and which unfortunately he began to wield with far different objects and views. Penetrating his designs, Major Fanning, commanding at Camp King, and in the absence of Gen. Thompson the Agent, had him arrested and put in irons. But the Agent, with a misplaced confidence in the sincerity of his professions, had him released on his return to Fort King, for which he afterwards paid the forfeit. Scarcely was Powell released from confinement, before hostilities began to appear.

The first rupture which occurred between the Indians and whites, was near the Hog's Town Settlement, on the 19th June, 1835. It appears that a party of seven Indians, went out of their bounds clandestinely, for the purpose of hunting; after a short time they separated, and agreed to meet again on a certain day, and at a certain spot. Five of them having assembled according to agreement, they were met by a party of white men, who disarmed four of them, and flogged them with their cow whips. Whilst in the act of whipping the fifth, two other Indians made their appear-

*Tustenuggee, a sub-chief.

Murder of Dalton, the Mail Carrier.

ance, who seeing what was going on, raised the war whoop and fired upon the whites. The fire was returned, by which one Indian was killed, and another fatally wounded. Three of the whites were also wounded. On the receipt of information at the Agency of what had transpired, General Thompson, the Agent, immediately summoned a council of all the chiefs, and laid the matter before them. They unanimously disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction, and agreed to deliver up the culprits, to be dealt with according to the laws of the white men.

The statement of the Indians and whites agreed in all respects, except as to the number of Indians, the whites contending that there were fifteen or twenty. Five of the Indians were confined.

On the evening of the 6th August, 1835, Dalton, a private soldier in the United States Army, who was employed in carrying the mail from Camp King to Tampa Bay, was met near the Hillsborough Bridge, by a party of six Mecasuky Indians. Dreaming of no evil, he approached them in a peaceable and friendly manner. One of them seized the bridle of his mule, and another shot him. He was scalped, and his bowels ripped open and thrown into a neighboring pond. The mule was also shot, and the contents of the mail, and the saddle and bridle taken off by the murderers. The reason assigned for this barbarous murder was, that the Indian who had been wounded in the skirmish near the Hog's Town Settlement, had returned amongst his relatives, and there died; they wanted a victim to satisfy their revenge, and this was the first they met with.

Upon the reception of this news at Camp King, Gen. Thompson, the Indian Agent, again convened the Chiefs, who promised to take measures to bring the offenders to justice. With this promise, however, they never complied. It was merely intended to delude the whites with a show of friendly dispositions, when they contemplated murder and rapine in their hearts. During this time, and for some time previous, they had been busily employed collecting arms and ammunition for the intended war. Their preparations had not been completed, and it was their object to gain time. This murder probably originated with those who

Murder of Charley O'Mathla.

perpetrated it, and it was the interest of the Chiefs for the present, at least, to disguise their motives, which had thus been developed by the precipitancy of a few turbulent spirits. Powell himself visited some of the white settlements just before the commencement of hostilities, ostensibly with the intention of selling cattle and ponies, &c., and of laying in stores for his intended emigration to the West. His real motive was, no doubt, to ascertain their state of preparation, and the opinions which they entertained. On his departure he shook hands with several that he knew, and bade them good bye. In this, as in all of his actions, manifesting the peculiar traits by which he is distinguished and characterized, the wily caution of the beast, who steals with noiseless step upon his prey.

Late in the month of September, Charley Omathla, a friendly Chief of great influence, was put to death. Charley had been out with a number of his friends collecting his cattle, for the sale which was to have taken place on the 1st November, 1835. Whilst on his return homeward, accompanied by his daughters, he was waylaid and shot by some of the Mecasuky tribe, led on by Powell. He was somewhat in advance of his party when killed—nine balls were found in his body. His friends immediately retreated towards the Agency, and a detachment of U. S. Troops was sent to protect the family and tribe of Charley Omathla. It was afterwards ascertained that Powell fired the first gun. This cruel act was intended to intimidate those who were friendly to emigration, and to force them to unite with the hostiles, opposed to that measure. No doubt many who did not fly for protection to the white settlements or military posts, have been constrained to join in with the opponents of emigration.

On the reception of intelligence of the death of Charley Omathla, Gen. Thompson, the Agent, issued the following notice:

“To the public.—The Seminole Indians, hostile to emigration, have, for the purpose of embarrassing the execution of the Treaty of Payne’s Landing, concluded in 1832, murdered Charley Omathla, the most intelligent and enterprising Chief in the nation. They threaten to shoot any one who

Forces of Gen. Clinch—Attack on Mr. Rogers' house.

shall attempt to surrender Cattle according to the Treaty. The Indians in the northern part of the nation, friendly to emigration, are panic struck, and will not attempt to attend the contemplated sales. Under these circumstances, an indefinite postponement of the sales is unavoidable.

“The citizens are warned to consult their safety by guarding against Indian depredations.

“WILEY THOMPSON, Sup't. Sem. Re'l.

“Seminole Agency, Flo. Nov. 30, 1835.”

Most of these incidents occurred in the fall of the year, but Gen. Clinch, the commanding officer on that frontier, was induced, from the indications of the preceding spring and summer, to make such representations to the General Government, as ought to have insured the presence of an adequate military force, to overawe the savages, and compel a peaceable submission to the terms of the treaty. The Secretary of War reports, that fourteen companies were placed at the disposal of the General, but it is certain they were not there in time to prevent the disastrous consequences which ensued.

Gen. Clinch had, at the time of the commencement of hostilities, not more than 250 regulars. That officer, in addition to the requisitions made on the government, called on the Executive of Florida for aid and troops. These troops were sent to Fort Drane late in November and early in December. With these and the regulars, being about 900 men, 650 militia and 250 regulars, Gen. Clinch made a demonstration on the Outhlacoochee. Whilst he was moving in the direction of that river, and on Monday, the 28th December, ten individuals, who were dining at the house of Mr. Erastus Rogers, were fired upon whilst sitting at table, by a party of Indians. The house was distant not more than 250 yards from the block house at Camp King. Mr. Rogers was sitting at the head of his table, the other gentlemen around it. The first intimation given of the presence of the Indians, was a volley of shot, poured in upon them through the door. The Indians immediately rushed upon them; those who were not killed, sprang out of the windows on each side; five of them escaped; others, fleeing for a hammock close by, were shot and killed. Gen.

Murder of Gen. Thompson—Massacre of Major Dade's command.

Thompson, the Indian Agent, Lieut. Constantine Smith, U. S. Army, Erastus Rogers, Sutler, and Suggs and Hitzler, were slain. Gen. Thompson received fifteen balls through his body; it is said that one at least of these was from a rifle which he presented to Oseola. Thus fell the unfortunate Agent, a victim to his own misplaced confidence. These individuals were scalped, and their skulls beaten in. Suggs and Hitzler were dreadfully mangled. This deed was done in open daylight, and almost within gunshot of a block house, containing fifty U. S. soldiers. No blame, however, should attach to the officer in command, as he was in charge of a military post of some importance, and could form no estimate of the number of Indians. Indeed, they disappeared before he had time to make a sortie, even had he been so disposed to do.

In the course of events, it now becomes our painful duty to record one of the most melancholy and dreadful massacres ever perpetrated—that of the gallant Major Dade, and his command. On the morning of the 23d December, the companies of Captains Gardiner and Frazer of the U. S. Army, consisting of fifty bayonets each, with one six pounder, four oxen, one light wagon, and ten days provisions, were put on the march from Tampa Bay towards Camp King. The first halt of the command was at Hillsborough Bridge. Here Major Dade wrote to Major Belton, urging him by all means to forward the six pounder, it having been left four miles out, in consequence of the failure of the team. Three horses were purchased, with the necessary harness, and it joined the column that night.

The detachment pushed on the next morning, and no more was heard from it, until the 29th December, when John Thomas, one of the soldiers, returned, and on the 31st, Rawson Clarke. From the statement of these individuals, it appears that the Indians were prying about their Camp on the march. Clarke brought in a letter from Capt. Frazer to Major Mountford, which was fastened in a cleft stick, and stuck in a creek, urging him to push on, as they were beset every night. Entrenchments were formed nightly for the protection of the men. On the morning of the 28th, when about four hours march from the camp of the pre-

Statement of Rawson Clarke.

vious day, the detachment was attacked in an open pine barren, by a large number of Indians. The enemy lay concealed in the high grass and saw palmetto, and commenced with a most destructive fire, by which nearly the whole advance guard was cut down. The gallant Dade, who rode up to ascertain the cause of the firing, was shot from his horse at the commencement of the fight. It is said that he fell by the hands of Miconope. Capt. Frazer, who also rode in advance, was next shot down. During this time, the Indians lay concealed. The men were ordered to form themselves as Light Infantry, each taking a tree, the cannon having been got ready, several discharges of cannister were fired, which, together with a sharp play from the muskets of the infantry, induced the enemy to retire, after killing and wounding half of the men. Those who were able to work, cut down some pine trees, of which they erected a triangular pen for their protection. They had not, however, time to complete their fortification, before the enemy returned with a reinforcement. Being hemmed in on all sides, they fought until nearly every man was either killed or wounded, when the Indians rushed in and overwhelmed them. Of the whole command, consisting of 112 men, only three escaped. For the particulars of this tale of horror, we refer to the following statement of Rawson Clarke, one of the three soldiers who survived the horrid butchery.

Statement of Rawson Clarke.—After describing the early stages of the march, he thus proceeds:

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

Statement of Rawson Clarke—continued.

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

“We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. I, for one, never fired without seeing my man, that is, his head and shoulders—the Indians chiefly fired lying or squatting in the grass. Lieut. Bassinger fired five or six pounds of cannister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one half or three quarters of a mile off, after having fired not more than 12 or 15 rounds. We immediately then began to fell trees, and erect a little triangular breastwork. Some of us went forward to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground by the first volley, and his horse dashed into the midst of the enemy. Whilst gathering the cartridges, I saw Lieut. Mudge sitting with his back reclining against a tree—his head fallen, and evidently dying. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. The interpreter, Louis, it is said, fell by the first fire. [We have since learned that this fellow shammed death—that his life was afterwards spared through the intercession of the Chief, Juniper, and that being an educated negro, he read all the despatches and letters that were found about the dead, to the victors.]

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

“Capt. Gardner, Lieut. Bassinger, and Dr. Gatlin, were

Statement of Rawson Clarke—continued.

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

“Our men were by degrees all cut down. We had maintained a steady fight from 8 until 2 P. M. or thereabouts, and allowing three quarters of an hour interval between the first and second attack, had been pretty busily engaged for more than 5 hours. Lieut. B. was the only officer left alive, and he severely wounded. He told me as the Indians approached to lay down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs, and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy made Indian, of middle stature, painted down to the waist, (corresponding in description to Miconope) seemed to be the Chief. He made them a speech, frequently pointing to the breastwork. At length they charged into the work; there was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive—offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully quietly stripping off our accoutrements, and carrying away our arms. They then retired in a body in the direction from whence they came.

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

“Lieut. B. hearing the negroes butchering the wounded at length sprang up, and asked them to spare his life. They

Statement of Rawson Clarke—continued.

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

"One of the other soldiers who escaped, says they threw the cannon into the pond, and burned its carriage also. Shortly after the negroes went away, one Wilson, of Capt. G's. company, crept from under some of the dead bodies, and hardly seemed to be hurt at all. He asked me to go with him back to the Fort, and I was going to follow him, when, as he jumped over the breastwork, an Indian sprang from behind a tree and shot him down. I then lay quiet until 9 o'clock that night, when D. Cony, the only living soul beside myself; and I started, upon our journey. We knew it was nearest to go to Fort King, but we did not know the way, and we had seen the enemies retreat in that direction. As I came out, I saw Dr. G. lying stripped amongst the dead. The last I saw of him whilst living, was kneeling behind the breast-work, with two double barrel guns by him, and he said, "Well, I have got four barrels for them!" Capt. G. after being severely wounded, cried out, "I can give you no more orders, my lads, do your best!" I last saw a negro spurn his body, saying with an oath, "that's one of their officers." (G. was dressed in soldier's clothes.)

"My comrade and myself got along quite well until the next day, when we met an Indian on horseback, and with a rifle, coming up the road.—Our only chance was to separate—we did so. I took the right, and he the left of the road. The Indian pursued him. Shortly afterwards I heard a rifle shot, and a little after another. I concealed myself among some scrub and saw palmetto, and after

Report of Capt. Hitchcock.

awhile saw the Indian pass, looking for me. Suddenly, however, he put spurs to his horse, and went off at a gallop towards the road.

“I made something of a circuit before I struck the beaten track again. That night I was a good deal annoyed by the wolves, who had scented my blood, and came very close to me; the next day, the 30th, I reached the Fort.”

This statement appears to be correct in most respects. Subsequently, Gen. Gaines’s army passed the spot, and found the dead lying in the position in which they had been left by the enemy. Clarke was however mistaken, in regard to the dead having been stripped. They were probably despoiled of their arms, accoutrements, blankets and great coats, but not of their watches and money, as will appear from the following report of Capt. Hitchcock.

“WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
Fort King, Florida, Feb. 22, 1836. }

“GENERAL—Agreeably to your directions, I observed the battle ground six or seven miles north of the Withlacoochee River, where Major Dade and his command were destroyed by the Seminole Indians, on the 28th December last, and have the honor to submit the following Report.

“The force under your command, which arrived at this post to-day from Tampa Bay, encamped on the 19th instant, on the ground occupied by Major Dade on the night of the 27th December. He and his party were destroyed on the morning of the 28th, about four miles in advance of that position. He was advancing towards this post, and was attacked from the north, so that on the 20th instant we came upon the rear of his battle ground, about nine o’clock in the morning. Our advanced guard had passed the ground without halting, when the General and his Staff came upon one of the most appalling scenes that can be imagined. We first saw some broken and scattered bones; then a cart, the two oxen of which were lying dead, as if they had fallen asleep, their yokes still on them; a little to the right, one or two horses were seen. We then came to a small enclosure, made by felling trees in such a manner as to form a triangular breast-work for defence. Within the triangle, along the north and west faces of it, were about

Report of Captain Hitchcock.

thirty bodies, mostly mere skeletons, although much of the clothing was left upon them. These were lying, every one of them, in precisely the same position they must have occupied during the fight; their heads next to the logs over which they had delivered their fire, and their bodies stretched with striking regularity parallel to each other. They had evidently been shot dead at their posts, and the Indians had not disturbed them, except by taking the scalps of most of them. Passing this little breast-work, we found other bodies along the road, and by the side of the road, generally behind trees, which had been resorted to for covers from the enemies' fire. Advancing about two hundred yards farther, we found a cluster of bodies in the middle of the road. They were evidently the advanced guard, in the rear of which was the body of Major Dade, and to the right that of Capt. Fraser.

"These were doubtless all shot down by the first fire of the Indians, except, perhaps, Capt. Fraser, who must however have fallen very early in the fight. Those in the road, and by the trees, fell during the first attack. It was during a cessation of the fire, that the little band still remaining, about thirty in number, threw up the triangular breast-work, which, from the haste with which it was constructed, was necessarily defective, and could not protect the men in the second attack.

"We had with us many of the personal friends of the officers of Major Dade's command, and it is gratifying to be able to state, that every officer was identified by undoubted evidence. They were buried, and the cannon, a six pounder, that the Indians had thrown into a swamp, was recovered and placed vertically at the head of the grave, where it is to be hoped it will long remain. The bodies of the non-commissioned officers and privates were buried in two graves, and it was found that every man was accounted for. The command was composed of eight officers, and one hundred and two non-commissioned officers and privates. The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were interred, four men having escaped; three of whom reached Tampa Bay; the fourth was killed the day after the battle.

"It may be proper to remark, that the attack was not made

 Other accounts of Dade's Massacre.

from a hammock, but in a thinly wooded country; the Indians being concealed by palmetto and grass, which has since been burned.

"The two companies were Capt. Fraser's of the 3d Artillery, and Capt. Gardiner's of the 2d Artillery. The officers were, Major Dade of the 4th Infantry, Captains Fraser and Gardiner, Second Lieut. Bassinger, Brevet Second Lieutenants R. Henderson, Mudge and Keais, of the Artillery, and Dr. J. S. Gatlin.

"I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

E. A. HITCHCOCK,

Captain 1st Infantry, Act. In. General.

Major General E. P. GAINES,

Commanding Western Department, Fort King, Florida."

A negro who had been captured by the Indians, subsequently making his escape, came to Augustine, and stated that he was at Powell's camp when expresses arrived with the news of this massacre. The Indians stated that they had been fighting all day, and had killed 200 whites, taken a big gun, and lost 100 men themselves. After the first attack, when they retreated, it was with great difficulty that the chiefs induced them to renew the assault. Jumper and Alligator upbraided them with their timidity and tauntingly asked them if they were drunk, sick, or women, to be afraid of a few white men. Their councils finally prevailed.

Any one who has travelled, as we have done, the road from Tampa Bay to Camp King, will perhaps wonder why the Indians selected an open pine barren for their attack, in preference to the thick hammocks which skirt the Hillsborough and Outhlacoochee rivers. We think it can be easily explained. Powell, by his spies, had perhaps been informed of the movement of Dade's command, and sent a large force to cut them off, before they could form a junction with Clinch. Had the attack been made in the hammock, a number of the whites would have escaped under shelter of the woods. The object of the Seminoles was to destroy every man. Possessing, as they did, an overwhelming force, they would neither attack in these positions, nor attempt to surprise the camp at night, when the troops

Major Dade and Captain Gardiner.

were well protected. and might have held out against a thousand Indians, or destroyed a large number of them. In the pine barren, the red men fought at equal and greater advantage, whilst all chances of retreat for the pale faces was cut off. We may account for the omission to plunder the dead in the following manner. Oscola was hourly expecting an attack from Clinch, and no doubt had ordered his men to rendezvous on the Outhlacoochee at a given time. This party probably constituted the reinforcement which came up late in the battle.

There is a circumstance of peculiar interest connected with this affair, which, as it redounds to the honor of those concerned, we must not omit to record.

Lieut. B. Alvord, of Major Dade's company, which was left behind at Fort Brooke, writes to Lieut. R. C. Buchanan, the Adjutant of the 4th Infantry, at New Orleans:—

“Major Dade took command of this detachment under circumstances which reflect upon him the highest honor. Capt. F. S. Belton, of the 2d Artillery, commands here. Gen. Clinch had ordered the commanding officer at this post, to detach there two companies on their arrival. They arrived several weeks since, but being very weak, and the other companies ordered not having arrived, the accounts received at this time, of the hostile intentions of the Indians, were such as to induce Capt. B. to postpone the march. On the arrival of our company from Key West, the two companies were strengthened from the whole command, so as to make them 100 strong. Mrs. Gardiner was exceedingly ill, and it was supposed that if her husband left, she would not live. Nevertheless, Capt. Gardiner, (who was to command the detachment) prepared to go, and at reveillé on the morning of the 23d, he mounted his horse in front of the detachment which was about to start. Major Dade made a proposition to the commanding officer to take Capt. G's. place, on account of the situation of Mrs. G. The proposition was accepted, and the command commenced its march. Before they proceeded many miles, Capt. G. ascertained that the U. S. schooner *Motto* was about to sail for Key West, for the purpose of bringing two twelve pounders from that post, ammunition, &c. His chil-

Outrages on the East of the St. John's.

dren, with their grandfather, were already there, and he concluded to send Mrs. G. to Key West in the *Motto*, and thus gratify his earnest desire to go with his company; (and on joining his company, the relation in which he stood to Major Dade, of course induced him not to demur to his continuing in command, and proceeding to Fort King)—they took along a six pounder, from the belief that it would produce a panic among the savages. But they seemed to have assembled in such numbers, as to render the stout defence of the unfortunate troops quite unavailing. One hundred of the Indians are said to have been mounted.”

Thus perished the gallant Dade and his command, by the hands of a cruel and savage foe. Their death is unavenged, but their fate has excited a deep and lasting interest in the minds of their countrymen.* They have descended to their bloody graves mourned and regretted by all. And though the solitude of nature reigns around their place of rest, it is to be hoped they will not sleep unhonored and unsung; but that a nation's sympathies may erect some enduring memorial, which shall mark the scene of their suffering, and record the virtues of these martyrs in their country's cause.

Whilst these incidents were passing on the west of the St. John's River, the Indians on the east side were not idle, but extended their ravages from Cape Florida, almost to the gates of St. Augustine. The red men composing the band who destroyed the settlements along the Atlantic coast, are under the direction of an old chief, named Philip, who resides at Topkoliky. There is a large lake, containing a number of islands, upon the largest of which Philip is established. This island is surrounded with water so deep, that it cannot be forded, except in one place, nor can it be approached from any point without discovery. Here the old chief resides, with his women, children, old men and negroes, attending to the cultivation of his crops, whilst his warriors are marauding about the country. The negroes are compelled to work under the supervision of armed sen-

*With a fine feeling, that does infinite honor to their heads and hearts, the Legislative Council of the Territory have recently created a new County, and denominated it Dade County. It is located on the Map which I have prepared for my book.

Massacres—Mr. Cooley's family.

tinels, and should any of them attempt to escape, they are shot. This tribe numbers from 250 to 300 warriors, and perhaps as many negroes. From the rapidity with which the plantations were destroyed, it is evident that they must have divided themselves into parties of from 30 to 50, so as to extend themselves over the country, almost simultaneously.

On the morning of the 25th December, Mr. Henry Woodruff, who was riding between Spring Garden and Volusia, was waylaid, shot and scalped, by a party of Indians. It is said that he was killed by McKenzie, the son of a half breed of that name. About the same time, Messrs. Lenovar and Hatch were killed near Picolata. On the 6th of January, whilst Mr. Cooley was from home, a party of about thirty Indians made an attack upon his family, settled at New River, about 12 miles from Cape Florida. They murdered his wife, three children, and a Mr. Flinton, who was employed as their teacher. The children were sitting in the hall, getting their lessons, when the Indians came up by stealth, and shot them down. Flinton was killed on the threshold of the door; the little girl about eleven years old was found dead, with her book in her hand. As soon as the firing commenced, Mrs. Cooley snatched up her infant child, and endeavored to effect their escape by a back way. She was shot at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from the house, the ball entered between her shoulders, and after passing through her breast, broke the arm of the child which was cradled on her bosom. The little boy, about eight or nine years of age, was found in the yard with his skull and arm fractured, probably done with a billet of wood. Having destroyed all of the white inhabitants, they shot the cattle, plundered the house of property worth from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars; took away two negroes, and all the horses, and finally set fire to the house.

The circumstances attending the murder of Mr. Cooley's family, are well calculated to illustrate the treachery of the Indian character. He had resided among them for many years, spoke their language well, and treated them with uniform kindness and hospitality. Indeed, such was his

Destruction of property on the Keys and Plantations.

friendship for them, that he named two of his sons after their chiefs Alnomock and Montezuma. His wife had once been a captive among them, and was esteemed a great favorite. Standing in this relation, and confiding in their professions of friendship, which lulled him into a fatal security, he left his home for a few days, and returned to find it desolate. It is a remarkable fact, that the villains who perpetrated the deed of death, had not the hardihood to scalp the poor mother and her three innocent children. Was it the the recollection of former friendship, that induced them thus to spare? Or were they conscious that their own savage colleagues would have blushed for the chivalry of those warriors, who could find no work more befitting their tomahawks and scalping knives, than the cruel butchery of women and children. Did they fear that some chief, more feeling than the rest, would ask,

“Oh wherefore strike the beautiful, the young,
So innocent, unharmed. Lift the knife,
If need be, 'gainst the warrior; but forbear
The trembling woman.”

The unfortunate schoolmaster shared a different fate. To him they owed no obligations of friendship, he was a man, and as such, capable of resistance; his scalp was therefore torn from him, and borne off as a testimony of their savage triumph.

The families which resided in the neighborhood, were fortunately apprised of what was going on, and effected their flight to Cape Florida. Mrs. Rigby, her two daughters, and son, ran through the bushes and mangrove swamps; a distance of twelve miles. When they arrived at the Cape, they were without shoes, and almost naked; their clothes having been torn to pieces by the bushes in their course. From fifty to sixty men, women and children, hastened to the light house on Key Biscayne, where a stand was made for one or two days, but provisions being short, they were compelled to retire upon Indian Key, accompanied by Mr. Dubose, the keeper of the light, and his family. The plantations extending from Cape Florida to Augustine, were visited in turn, and nearly all the buildings, including the sugar mills, were destroyed. It is esti-

Fidelity of the Slaves.

mated that property to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars was burnt in one week. The houses of the planters were plundered, and every thing of value carried off. Nothing was left except the storehouses containing corn and provisions; these were reserved by the Indians for their own consumption. Independently of this destruction of property, the loss to some of the planters was ruinous, in respect to their negroes; upwards of three hundred having been carried off; Col. Rees alone lost about one hundred and sixty. And here we cannot but remark, in terms of high commendation, the fidelity of some of the slaves to their masters. Ya-ha-Hago and Abraham the black had been round to all the plantations, some time previous to the commencement of hostilities, and endeavored to seduce them from their allegiance to their owners, with promises of liberty and plunder. With but few, very few exceptions, they rejected the overtures, and voluntarily preferred the condition in which fate or providence had placed them. In several instances, after being captured by the Indians, they escaped at the risk of being shot, and returned to the whites. They also apprised their owners of the approach of danger, and frequently enabled them to escape. Some of them took up arms, and others who were acquainted with the country, officiated as guides. The negroes of Gen. Hernandez, and of Mr. Dupont, were singularly distinguished for their truth and fidelity to their owners. To such examples as these, we may proudly point those misguided men, who are urging upon the public their schemes of mistaken benevolence. A vast majority of our colored population, are attached to their owners from motives of gratitude and affection, and neither ask nor seek for an interference which can do them no possible good. The "pale face" will find, as did the dark Yemassee of yore, and the red man of our day, that the relation of owner and owned at the South, is that of the protector and the protected—the kind, the indulgent master—the fond, the faithful servant.

CHAPTER V.

DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST THE INDIANS.

]Battle of Ouithlacoochee—movements of Gen. Hernandez—battle of Dunlawton—Gen. Gaines's movements—arrives at Tampa—passes the spot of Dade's massacre, and buries the dead—proceeds to Camp King, and thence attempts to return upon Tampa by Gen. Clinch's battle ground—endeavors to cross the Ouithlacoochee—sends express to Clinch—Lieut. Izard killed—the Indians cross the river, and attack Gen. Gaines in his trenches—an armistice and interview with Oseola, interrupted by the arrival of Gen. Clinch, and retreat of Indians—Gen. Gaines returns to Camp King—turns over his command to Clinch, and repairs to the western frontier.]

On Monday, the 31st December, Gen. Clinch crossed the Ouithlacoochee, about twenty miles from its mouth, with his regular troops, having but a single canoe, with which to effect his passage. The volunteers prepared to follow; but whether from the noise made in attempting to force their horses into the river, or from some other cause, the Indians (encamped about a mile distant, and who otherwise might have been surprised) were made acquainted with their position, and immediately repaired to the scene of action. Their attack upon the regulars, who, awaiting the junction of the volunteers, were rather at their ease, many of them reclining and asleep, was vigorous and desperate. At this period but few volunteers had reached that bank, and many who had crossed, having swam their horses, were stripped and unarmed. They had to re-cross for both clothing and military accoutrements. Almost however at the same instant with the attack upon the regulars, some shots were fired from the opposite bank upon the volunteers, and the word having been given that the Indians had passed, or were passing the river, induced the commanding General of militia promptly to form for action on that bank. This movement, although very natural and correct, proved a mistake, as the Indians still remained in force on the opposite bank, and were pouring their fire with a deadly aim on Clinch's little band of regulars and twenty-seven volunteers. They sustained themselves gallantly, and having repulsed

Gen. Clinch recrosses the Ouithlacoochee—his Official Report.

the enemy, and driven them back into the hammock from whence they had at first issued, the General re-crossed with his force the Ouithlacoochee, and retired upon Fort Drane. There it was ascertained that most of the volunteers had been enlisted but for a very limited period; in some instances but for three weeks. So confident were their commanders, that even within that period, they could annihilate the Seminoles. Indeed, it has been correctly reported, that many who volunteered, believed it a frolic, in which there would be little or no fighting, the Indians submitting on their approach. Fatal mistake! this premature and unpremeditated attack, with the immediate withdrawal of the volunteers, emboldened the Indian, previously distrustful of his powers, and led to consequences the most fatal to the future, as the best season for operations had been encroached upon.

The following is the Official Report of General Clinch:—

“HEAD QUARTERS, TERRITORY OF FLORIDA, }
Fort Drane, Jan. 4, 1836. }

“SIR—On the 24th ultimo, Brigadier General Call, commanding the volunteers called into service by order of his Excellency G. R. Walker, Acting Governor of Florida, formed a junction with the regular troops at this post, and informed me that his command had been raised to meet the crisis; that most of their terms of service would expire in a few days, which made it necessary to act promptly. Two large detachments were sent out on the 15th, to scour the country on our right and left flank. Lieut. Col. Fanning, with three companies from Fort King, arrived on the 27th; and on the 29th, the detachment having returned, the Brigade of Mounted Volunteers, composed of the 1st and 2d regiments commanded by Brigadier General Call, and a battalion of regular troops commanded by Lieut. Col. Fanning, took up the line of march for a point on the Ouithlacoochee River, which was represented by our guides as being a good ford. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, after leaving all our baggage, provisions, &c. protected by a guard commanded by Lieut. Dancy, we pushed on with a view of carrying the ford, and of surprising the main body of Indians, supposed to be concentrated on the west bank

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of the river, but on reaching it, about day-light, we found, instead of a good ford, - a deep and rapid stream, and no means of crossing, except in an old and damaged canoe. Lieut. Col. Fanning, however, soon succeeded in crossing; the regular troops took a position in advance, whilst Brig. Gen. Call was actively engaged in crossing his brigade, and in having their horses swam over the river. But before one half had crossed, the battalion of regulars, consisting of about two hundred men, were attacked by the enemy, who were strongly posted in the swamp and scrub which extended from the river. This little band, however, aided by Col. Warren, Major Cooper and Lieut. Yeoman, with twenty-seven volunteers, met the attack of a savage enemy, nearly three times their number, headed by the Chief Oseola, with Spartan valor. The action lasted nearly an hour, during which time the troops made three brilliant charges into the swamp and scrub, and drove the enemy in every direction; and after the third charge, although nearly one-third their number had been cut down, they were found sufficiently firm and steady to fortify the formation of a new line of battle, which gave entire protection to the flanks, as well as to the position selected for re-crossing the troops. Brig. Gen. Call, after using every effort to induce the volunteers remaining on the east bank, when the action commenced, to cross the river, and in arranging the troops still remaining on that bank, crossed over and rendered important service by his coolness and judgment in arranging part of his corps on the right of the regulars, which gave much strength and security to that flank. Lieut. Col. Fanning displayed the greatest firmness throughout the action, and added much to the high reputation long since established. Captains Drane and Mellon exhibited great bravery and judgment, and likewise added to the character they acquired in the late war. Nor was Capt. Gates wanting in firmness. Capt. Wm. M. Graham, 4th Infantry, was fearlessly brave, and although severely wounded early in the engagement, continued to head his company in the most gallant manner, until he received another severe wound, when he was taken from the field. His brother, Lieutenant Campbell Graham, commanding adjacent company, was likewise severe.

Battle of Ouithlacochee.

ly wounded early in the fight, but continued with his men, till another wound forced him, from loss of blood, to retire from the field. Lieutenant Maitland, who commanded a company, contributed much, by his gallantry, to encourage his men. Lieutenants Talcot, Capron, John Graham, Ridgely, (who was wounded early in the action) and Brooks, all displayed great courage and coolness throughout the action. When almost every non-commissioned officer and private exhibited such firmness, it was almost impossible to discriminate between them; but the Com. General cannot withhold his high approbation of the judgment and courage displayed by Serg't. Johnson, of H. company, 3d Artillery, on whom the command of the company devolved, after Lieut. Graham was removed from the field; and who, although severely wounded, continued at the head of a company till the action was over. Also, of Sergeants Kenton and Lofton, and Corporal Paget, 4th Infantry—Sergeants Scofield and Potter, D. company, 2d Artillery—Sergeant Smith, C. company, 1st Artillery, and Corporal Chapin, C. company, 3d Artillery. Col. John Warren, Commandant 1st Regiment Volunteers, Major Cooper, and Lieut. Yeoman, of same corps, who had formed on the left flank, were all severely wounded, while leading their little band to the charge; and all behaved with great bravery, as well as Adjutant Phillips. Lieutenant Col. Mills displayed great coolness and judgment during the action, and in recrossing the river with his command. Lieutenants Stewart and Hunter, of the 2d Regiment, with a few men of that regiment, were judiciously posted on the right, and from their reputation for firmness, would have given a good account of the enemy, had he made his appearance in that quarter. Col. Parkhill of the F. Volunteers, who performed the duties of Adjutant General, displayed much military skill, and the utmost coolness and courage throughout the whole action; and his services were of the first importance. Col. Reid, Inspector General, displayed much firmness, but he had his horse shot, and received a slight wound early in the engagement, and was sent with orders to the volunteers. My volunteer Aid, Major Lytle, and Major Welford, Aid to Brigadier General Call, were near me throughout the ac-

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tion, and displayed the most intrepid courage and coolness. Col. J. H. M'Intosh, one of my aids, and Major Gamble Aid to General Call, both displayed much firmness and courage, and were actively employed on the left flank. I also feel it due to Lieut. Col. Bailey, Capt. Scott, and Lieutenant Cuthbert, to say, that although the action was nearly over, before they could cross the river with a few of the 2d Regiment, they took a judicious position, and showed much firmness. Capt. Wyatt, of the same corps, was entirely employed in erecting a temporary bridge, and manifested much firmness. Much credit is also due to the medical department, composed of Drs. Waitman, Hamilton, Randolph and Bradon, for their activity and attention to the wounded.

"The term of service of the volunteers having expired, and most of them having expressed an unwillingness to remain longer in service, it was considered best, after removing the dead, and taking care of the wounded, to return to this post, which we reached on the 2d instant, without the least interruption, and on the following day the Volunteers from Middle Florida took up the line of march for Tallahassee, and this morning those from East Florida proceeded to their respective homes, leaving me a very few men to guard this extensive frontier. I am now fully convinced, that there has been a great defection among the Florida Indians, and that a great many Creeks have united with them, consequently it will require a strong force to put them down.

"I also have the honor to enclose you a list of the killed and wounded of the respective regiments and corps.

I am, Sir, with high respect,

Your most obedient,

D. J. CLINCH.

B. B. General U. S. Army, Commanding.

R. JONES, Adj't. Gen. U. S. Army."

Soon after the departure of Col. Warren for Fort Drane, intelligence reached Gen. Hernandez at St. Augustine, that a large body of Indians belonging to the tribe of Philip, and headed by an Indian negro slave, by the name of John Cæsar, had concentrated themselves near the planta-

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tion of David Dunham, Esq., at Mosquito—that they evinced a disposition to be hostile, and had been tampering with the negroes, particularly those on the plantations of Messrs. Cruger and Depeyster. On receiving this information, Gen. Hernandez, then in command of the 2d Brigade of Florida Militia, issued his General Order, No. 1, requiring the 2d Regiment under the command of Col. Jos. S. Sanchez, to be embodied forthwith, and to hold themselves in readiness to take the field. On the 10th November, General Order No. 2, was issued, declaring that the Eastern district of Florida was invaded by the savage foe, and although he (Gen. H.) was not instructed by the Governor of the Territory, nor the U. S. Government, to call out the troops of his brigade for the defence of the country; yet from the present alarming prospect of an Indian war, and the exigency of the case, he felt it his duty to do so, in accordance with the authority vested in him by the laws of the Territory. It was therefore his intention to prosecute the war with the greatest activity, and to check, if possible, the threatened destruction of lives and property. On or about the 20th November, General Order No. 3 was promulgated, commanding Col. Jos. S. Sanchez to detail from his Regiment, Companies A. B. C. & D. Companies B. & C. being mounted men, under the command of Captains Dummett and Williams, were ordered to scour the country, from the head of Matanzas river, as far South as Mosquito, and thence to the St. John's River or Spring Garden. Company A. a volunteer corps, called the St. Augustine Guards, commanded by Capt. K. B. Gibbes, was ordered to take post at the plantation of Darley, and to co-operate with Captains Dummett and Williams, as circumstances might require—the whole force being placed under the immediate command of Major Putnam. Company D. commanded by Capt. Keogh, was ordered to Picolata, on the St. John's River, for the protection of the U. S. Military Stores at that place.

Whilst these preparations to meet the enemy were on foot, intelligence reached St. Augustine that John Cæsar, with his party of about 200 Indians, had set fire to the elegant mansion of Mr. Dunham, at Mosquito, and that it was

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in flames when the express left. This information induced the several commanders to equip their companies with all possible despatch. It was a melancholy sight, however, to see how miserably these troops were provided with the necessary equipments for a winter campaign, when, from the nature and geography of the country, they were to encounter great exposure and fatigue. This want of proper munition for the militia of Florida, must, however, be attributed to the unexpected commencement of hostilities, and to the impossibility of procuring fit supplies at St. Augustine. Gen. Hernandez was under the necessity, therefore, of making out for the present with such articles as the place afforded, and marched off the troops with as little delay as possible.

About the 13th November, Capt. Keogh took up the line of march for Picolata, and in a day or two after, Major Putnam embarked with the Augustine Guards, for Darley's Plantation. So rapid were the movements of the Indians in their devastations, that in four or five days after the burning of Dunham's house, and before Major Putnam could reach Darley's, they had burnt and destroyed the Sugar plantation of Messrs. Cruger and Depeyster, and taken their negroes, about 45 in number, prisoners. The mills and houses of Col. Rees, at Spring Garden, were also destroyed, and his negroes, together with those of the estate of Woodruff, Alexander Forrester, and Joseph Woodruff, amounting in all to about 180, were carried off. The Sugar plantation and negroes of Mr. Heriot, about 80 in number, shared a similar fate. With these negroes, amounting to more than 300, and all the plunder and provisions which they could collect, they moved off to their town at Tohopkeleky.

Gen. Hernandez was induced by these alarming events, personally to take the field, and to assume command of the troops in that quarter, leaving Col. Jos. S. Sanchez in charge at St. Augustine. He left Augustine, attended by his aids, and an escort of about twenty mounted men, who volunteered for the occasion. After visiting the different posts in his route, he took up his head quarters at Darley's, where he found Major Putnam encamped. The intelligence concern-

Murder of Llenovar.

ing the Indian depredations having been confirmed by Major Putnam, (who had in his possession a negro slave belonging to Cruger & Depeyster, named Castalio, and who had been recaptured from the Indians by Capt. Dummett; and the same negro having further stated that it was the intention of John Cæsar to return and carry off the provisions which had been left at the different plantations) an immediate pursuit was resolved upon. At daylight the next morning, the General started, accompanied by his escort, a portion of Major Putnam's Company, and Captain Dummett's corps of mounted men. The Infantry was ordered to scour the banks of the Halifax River, and the mounted men to penetrate the interior. The General's exertions, however, proved unavailing; the enemy had fled far beyond his reach, and the pursuit was commenced about two days too late. Recent traces of the Indians were however discovered; the smoking ruins, sugar works demolished, and the huge masses of shattered brick and stone work, the wrecks of Indian barbarity, marked their course.

Fatigued and disappointed, Gen. Hernandez, with his little band of followers, returned to Camp Darley. In the mean time, the city of St. Augustine had been thrown into great alarm, by intelligence received through a negro, of the murder of Llenovar, at Mr. Bayar's plantation, by a party of about 30 Indians, led by John Hicks, (son of the celebrated John Hicks, one of the signers of the treaty.) It was also stated that they were murdering the inhabitants, and laying waste the plantations in that vicinity. It may not be uninteresting to state the circumstances attending the death of Llenovar. When the Florida Militia were called into the field by Gen. Hernandez, a large portion of the men under his command, were inhabitants of Augustine, a majority of whom are the descendants of persons brought from the Island of Minorca, by Dr. Andrew Turnbull, about the year 1763. These people are accustomed to labor for their support, and many of them cultivated the soil in the vicinity of St. Augustine, in this way supplying their families with provisions. Some of them, however, had established plantations, between the city and the St. John's River, and among them was the plantation of Bayar, about 12

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miles from Augustine. Llenovar was an unmarried man, and a tradesman. Being obliged to take up arms in defence of the territory, he was forced to abandon his trade, and the cultivation of the soil by which he supported an aged mother, who was entirely dependant upon his exertions for a maintenance. His supply of corn being exhausted, he was desirous of obtaining a sufficient quantity to meet the expected emergency. He therefore resolved, with a full knowledge of the danger to which he exposed himself, to go to Bayar's, accompanied by his brother, about 15 years of age, and to bring in a load. It was, however, necessary, that he should procure the permission of Col. Jos. S. Sanchez. The Colonel, on his application, told Llenovar that he did not like to refuse him permission, but at the same time he considered it an exceedingly hazardous undertaking, and begged him to abandon his project. Llenovar said he was determined to go, that he was not afraid of being scalped, and would return on the morrow. Col. Sanchez, finding him determined, reluctantly assented to his going, and he started immediately in company with his brother.

On the evening of the same day, one of Bayar's negroes fled from his place to Augustine, and spread the alarm produced by his murder, as already stated. The citizens immediately volunteered, and formed themselves into a company of mounted men, for the purpose of pursuing this party. In two hours after they were apprised of the occurrence, about thirty mounted men were on the route to Bayars, under the command of Major Smith. About six miles from the city, they met Mr. Weedman, accompanied by his family, who confirmed the intelligence respecting the death of the elder Llenovar. Young Llenovar, who fortunately escaped, stated that his brother and himself were loading their cart, when, without seeing an Indian, he heard the report of a rifle, and saw his brother fall, by his side. He attempted to raise him, and discovered that he was dead. In order to ensure his own safety, he ran into a palmetto scrub, near the spot. The Indians came up, scalped his brother, set fire to the house, and threw his body into the flames. They were painted, and their bodies

Major Putnam ordered to Dunlawton.

were much disfigured. So near were the Indians to young Llenovar's place of concealment, that he heard them distinctly say, that they intended to pay a visit to Mr. Weedman that night. After some consultation, the Indians moved off in the direction of Deep Creek. As soon as they were out of sight, young Llenovar fled, through the woods and bye-paths, to Weedman's plantation on the Picolata road. Mr. Weedman, without delay, very prudently placed his family on horseback, and started for Augustine.

After an absence of five or six days at the South, Gen. Hernandez returned to Augustine, and being informed that a company of volunteers from Savannah, under the command of Capt. Stevens, had arrived at Picolata, for the purpose of protecting that place—he ordered Capt. Keogh's company to be relieved by the Rifle company called the Florida Rangers, Company G. commanded by Capt. Geo. L. Phillips. Shortly after this, a communication was received from Major Putnam, stating the unsuitableness of the position which he had occupied at Darley's, for a post, and that he had fallen back upon Bulowville, a site, in his opinion, every way better calculated for the intended operations of the army. He, at the same time, requested a reinforcement, having received information that Philip's party had returned, and were committing depredations on the plantations of Samuel K. Williams, and Geo. Anderson. Capt. Keogh was ordered to repair with his company to Bulowville, and report himself to Major Putnam for duty. On the next morning, he embarked with his command. Previous, however, to this movement, despatches had been sent to Major Putnam, directing him to send a detachment to Dunlawton, (the plantation of Geo. Anderson) and remove with as little delay as possible, all the corn that could be found, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Indians, for which purpose flats would be provided by Mr. Anderson. On the arrival of Capt. Keogh at Bulowville, Major Putnam proceeded with the Augustine Guards, and Capt. Dummett's company, to Dunlawton, Capt. Keogh's company being left in charge of the post at Bulowville. The two companies embarked in three boats, and proceeded down Bulow's creek to its juncture with the Halifax ri-

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ver, and landed in the afternoon at Dummett's plantation. Very recent traces of Indians were discovered, a quantity of lead had been cut from the sugar boilers, the household furniture had been broken up, and as much injury done to the premises as could be effected without fire. About 4 o'clock, the command re-embarked, and about two hours after dusk, overtook the flats which had been sent on the day before with provisions, in charge of Sergeant Cooper, and three or four men. They reported that they had seen a number of Indians dancing around a fire made by the burning of G. & J. Anderson's dwelling house—the smoke from which had also been seen from the boats, after leaving Dummett's.

Sergeant Cooper and his men were transferred to the boats, and the whole command was ordered to approach in silence, and with the utmost caution, towards the burning buildings. It was the intention of Major Putnam to land some distance from the buildings, and to advance upon their rear, but from a misapprehension of the order by a Lieutenant in charge of one of the boats, that intention was frustrated. He having advanced directly towards the flames, the other boats were compelled to move up to his support.

On landing, the men were formed in the rear of the smouldering ruins, in a position where they were out of the reflection of the light. A consultation was held by the officers as to what course should be pursued, and it was determined to march up to the Sugar House, which was distant about one mile from the river. The command had not, however, proceeded more than 150 yards, before they came to a pen, containing cattle, which had been probably enclosed and held in readiness for an early start in the morning. This circumstance induced a change in the plan of operations, and it was agreed to divide the men equally, and to place them in two negro houses, situated on either side of the road leading to the Sugar House, and beyond the pen. It was expected that the Indians would pass these houses to get at the cattle in the morning. The men kept this position until day-light, very soon after which, the sentinel reported that he saw two Indians approaching. They were allowed to approach within good shoot-

Retreat from Dunlawton.

ing distance, when the signal was given by Capt. Dummett, firing his rifle at the foremost. They were much startled and astonished, particularly when both companies rushed out and fired upon them. One fell on the spot where he was first shot at—the other succeeded in moving off to some distance before he dropped, leaving his rifle behind him. The men were ordered immediately to extend themselves in open order, in the pine barren, and be ready to receive the enemy, who was not long in making his appearance. The Indians came down the road from the Sugar House, talking loudly, and it was supposed from their boldness that they must be in considerable force. As a thick scrub lay in the rear of Major Putnam's men, and between them and the river, they were ordered to retire beyond it to the burnt buildings on the river side, so as to prevent the enemy from cutting off their retreat to the boats. They had not taken up their position more than fifteen minutes, when their right was fired upon by a party of the enemy, which advanced boldly down the canal bank, until checked by a heavy discharge. A second party now advanced directly in front through the scrub, and opened a severe fire, which was returned with interest. This lasted about fifteen minutes, when Major Putnam ordered his men to retire to their boats. Some got on and pushed them off, when the order to retreat was countermanded, as the enemy was rushing down, whooping, and flourishing their guns over their heads, as they let them off. At the call to rally, the troops immediately returned, with the exception of one or two, and poured upon the advancing foe so hot and deadly a fire, that he was forced to retreat back into the scrub. Shortly after, a large reinforcement to the Indians was seen coming down the main road, headed by a chief on horseback, who was encouraging and leading them onward. The order to take to the boats was again given. The descent from the shore being very gradual, the boats were at some distance from the landing, and were, at the time, aground. The smallest, which was built like a whaler, was left, whilst the two canoes, after some considerable difficulty, were got afloat. It was while the men were pushing them off, that most execution was done by the enemy, as it required the united strength

Arrival at Bulow's.

of all. Independently of this, in wading out, few had taken the precaution to hold their guns over their heads, consequently, most of the locks were wet. Of the party who abandoned the whale boat, one, a negro belonging to Mr. Anderson, was killed in the water; another, a white man, entered one of the canoes, and a third swam over to Pelican Island. When they had proceeded some distance from the shore, the Indians came down, dancing, and whooping, and performing all sorts of antics, to testify their joy. They seized the whaler, and by main strength, dragged her off, and about ten of them, getting into her, came out a short distance from the shore; they were immediately fired upon by such as had dry guns, which stopped them. When the savages first came out, they were seen to pick up one of the two negroes, who left the whale boat, without harming him.

To return to the two canoes. One of them got ashore on the point of Pelican Island, which lies directly opposite the battle ground, in the middle of the river. The men were all obliged to jump out so as to lighten her, as the tide was rapidly ebbing. It was at this time that young Gould sprang out with the rest. It is supposed that he mistook the object of the others, for instead of remaining by the boat, he ran up the island, and no persuasion could induce him to come back. The necessity was urgent; the men could not wait for him except at their own peril; he was therefore left! Sails were hoisted, and all speed was made to overtake the other boat, which was hastening to Bulow's creek, in order to reach his place before the Indians. Had they not done so, the savages might easily have cut off their retreat, and slaughtered them to a man, in their present crippled condition. There were positions all along the river, where the woods stretched down to the water's edge and where situations presented themselves admirably adapted for an Indian ambush.

The two canoes arrived safely at Bulow's, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a party was immediately despatched on horseback down the beach, to look for Gould and Marks. They soon returned with the latter, and the negroes who had manned the flats, and taken the beach as soon as they

Statement of Killed and Wounded.

saw the result of the battle. Marks stated that he swam over to Pelican island, and found Gould there, whom he advised to cross and take to the beach; but he would not venture, having no confidence in himself as a swimmer. As soon as Marks had rested himself, he jumped overboard and swam to the beach. While there crouching under the bushes, he saw the Indians cross in the whale boat to the flats, and destroy every thing that they contained; after which, they recrossed without seeing Gould. His friends, therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing almost to a certainty, that he fell not into the hands of the merciless savage, and though his sufferings must have been great, they were not aggravated by the refined tortures of the ruthless barbarian.

The following is a correct list of the killed and wounded, in the battle of Dunlawton:

Killed.—One negro, belonging to Mr. Anderson.

Wounded.—St. Augustine Guards—Major Putnam, Lt. John R. Mitchell, Lieut. N. C. Scobie, Sergeant Cooper, (disabled) Sergeant Domingo Martinelli, (since dead;) Privates Julius Reynolds, John Simpson, Bartolo Canovas, Charles Flora, (since dead) Domingo Usina.

Capt. Douglas Dummett's Company B.—Capt. Dummett, Lieut. W. H. Williams, Sergeant Ormond,* Privates M'Furchie and Shelden. Ben. Wiggins, a colored man, who acted as a guide, after killing three Indians, was himself severely wounded.

About the 20th January, despatches reached General Hernandez from Major Putnam, detailing the results of the battle of Dunlawton. The Seminoles had several men

*We are greatly indebted to this very amiable young gentleman, and Captain John C. Cleland, (Adjutant 2d Brigade Florida Militia) for much of the information detailed in relation to the movements of Gen. Hernandez, the battle of Dunlawton, &c. These two very intelligent and gallant volunteers, now resident in Charleston, were eye-witnesses or participants in the events just narrated. Sergeant Ormond, it will be perceived, was wounded; his person has several proofs of his valor, and one of the balls struck so critical a spot, that it must have proved fatal, but for the fact that the Indians loaded very inefficiently, and without patches. This hypothesis is also confirmed by the case of Mr. Shelden, who was shot in the forehead, (between the eyes) whence the ball was readily extracted, by a very slight incision.

Post at Bulowville abandoned.

killed,(about ten) and many wounded. Maj. P had,however, been compelled, from the great superiority of the enemy, to retreat, and succeeded in reaching Bulowville. His force having been so much reduced, it would be impossible for him to do any thing more than act on the defensive, should the Indians attack him with all their strength. In addition to this, his men being worn out with constant and arduous duty, had become dissatisfied; he therefore requested that he might either be relieved, or permitted to abandon the post. Major Putnam was directed by General Hernandez to maintain his position, until Col. Sanchez, with about fifty men, all the available troops at St. Augustine, should be able to reach St. Joseph's. If, however, it was no longer practicable for him to remain at Bulowville, he was directed to fall back on St. Josephs, where he would be reinforced by Col. Jos. S. Sanchez, and that they should both co-operate in protecting and saving the negroes, and other property in that quarter, from the hands of the Indians.

These orders were strictly complied with, and about the 27th January, all of Bulow's, Williams', Dupont's, and Gen. Hernandez' negroes, with such other property as could be removed, were safely landed at Anastasia Island, opposite Augustine, where the city authorities had directed that the negroes should be located. The troops then retired to St. Augustine.

Gen. Games, who left his head quarters at Memphis, (Tenn.) on a tour of inspection, arrived at New Orleans about the 15th January, 1836. Here he was informed for the first time of the disturbances in Florida, and particularly of the massacre of Major Dade and his command. He immediately communicated with the Governor of Louisiana and requested him to call upon and ho'd in readiness a body of volunteers for service, in subduing the Seminole Indians. He then proceeded to Pensacola for the purpose of soliciting the co-operation of the naval forces on that station. Arriving there, he found that his wishes had been anticipated Commodores Dallas and Bolton, and Captain Webb, having already directed their attention towards Tampa Bay

Gen. Gaines reaches Camp King.

and other inlets of Florida, whither they had ordered marines and munitions of war.

On his arrival at Mobile, Gen. Gaines felt called upon to adopt the most prompt and decisive measures to sustain the military post within his command, and secure peace to the frontier. He therefore ordered Lieut. Col. Twiggs, to receive into service eight companies of the volunteers requested from the Governor of Louisiana, and (together with the regular force at Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and other stations in the immediate vicinity of New Orleans,) to hold himself in readiness for a movement to Tampa Bay. This order was dated at Mobile, on the 18th day of January.

On the 26th January, after visiting Pensacola, the General returned to New Orleans. His forces were equipped and organized, and started the 4th day of February, in three steamboats. He arrived at Tampa Bay on the 9th, and on the 13th, took the field. His first movement was in the direction of the Alafia river, but being satisfied, after two days march and reconnoitering the county, that the Indians could not be in that vicinity, he directed his steps toward Camp King. He had taken only ten days rations with him, but was under the impression that a large supply of stores had been collected at that post.

The march was continued to Fort King, passing on the 20th Feb. the battle ground of the gallant band cut off under Major Dade, where Gen. G. had the bodies of 106 heroes interred. The troops moved to solemn music around the little breastwork. The march was continued for a short distance on that day. On the 22d February, the command arrived at Camp King, and agreeably surprised the garrison of one company of artillery stationed at that post.

On his arrival at Camp King, Gen. Gaines found a very insufficient supply of stores. The next morning, the 23d, all the horses were sent to Fort Drane, 22 miles north-west, with a convoy for provisions. On the 24th, the convoy returned with all that could be procured, which was but seven days' rations. This, with two days supply found at Camp King, made up all that could be looked for from this quarter. After mature deliberation, the General determined to move south by the battle ground of Clinch.

Gen. Gaines arrives at the Ouithlacochee.

The General left Camp King on the 26th February, and on the 27th, at 2 o'clock, reached the right bank of the Ouithlacochee, at the point where General Clinch crossed the river on the 31st December. From the time of leaving Tampa Bay, the same order of march had been observed, viz., the army had been divided into three columns, a right, centre, and left, being about one hundred yards distant from each other, with a strong advance and rear guard, the baggage being in rear of the centre column. In this order, the army struck the river at three points, the advanced guard as the centre being at the usual crossing place. The baggage and rear had been ordered to halt, as the General only intended to examine the crossing place. Up to this time, no conveyance had been offered, and but few anticipated it at the Ouithlacochee. Many of the men exposed themselves while sounding the river: suddenly, a spirited fire was opened on the left flank, accompanied by the war-whoop of the savages. The fight continued about half an hour, the enemy being on the left bank, when the General ordered the troops to encamp near the river. One man was killed, and eight wounded in this engagement.

On the 28th, the army moved down the river about two miles, where the bank was more open and less covered with thickets. The advanced guard was fired upon, and Lieut. Izard, of the U. S. Dragoons, mortally wounded. He fell, but partially recovering himself, commanded his men, with the utmost composure, to keep their positions and lie close. After five days of suffering, he died on the 5th day of March, and was buried on the banks of the Ouithlacochee. The fight was continued on the 28th, from 9 o'clock until 1 P. M. with little or no intermission, when the army again encamped. During this time, the Indians kept up a continuous yell, except during an interval, when they retreated for a short time. The loss this day, beside Lieut. Izard, was one man killed, and Capt. Sanders, commanding the friendly Indians, and Capt. Armstrong, commanding the U. S. schr. *Motto*, both volunteers, wounded, the latter slightly. On the evening of this day, an express was sent to Fort Drane, to report to the officer in command, that the enemy had been found in force, and recommending an immedi-

Battle on the Banks of the Ouithlacoochee.

ate movement, crossing the Ouithlacoochee some distance above, and thence to move upon the enemy's rear, which it was hoped would terminate the war.

On the 29th, in the morning, the enemy was silent, which the General considered as indicating an intended attack. One third of the command was kept at the breast works, and the others employed in making preparations to cross the river. About 9 o'clock, the working party was attacked, and simultaneously a fire was poured in on three sides of the camp—that next the river being the only one not assailed.

The fight continued more than two hours, during which time one man was killed, and three officers and thirty men were wounded. Gen. Gaines was wounded by a ball through the lip, which knocked out one of his teeth. He seemed less affected by the accident than any one in the army, the men being much attached to him by his gallant bearing and devotion. The enemy at length retired in confusion, and contrary to their custom, left one of their dead on the ground, after having dragged him some distance. The number of Indians was estimated at fifteen hundred.

The enemy having crossed the river, another express was sent to Fort Drane, with intelligence of the fact, and suggesting a corresponding movement; also requesting a supply of provisions. On the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of March, the enemy kept firing at intervals, and our sharp shooters were employed in picking them off wherever they showed themselves. In the mean time, the scanty supply of provisions became exhausted, and some were three days without food. In the midst of this distress, not a murmur was heard, nor a suggestion made of retreat; although, as a last resource from famine, some horses were killed, and the flesh distributed among the men.

On the evening of the 5th, a parley was requested by an Indian, stating that they were tired of fighting, and would make peace. He was directed to come in the morning with a white flag. On the morning of the 6th, at about 10 o'clock, about 300 Indians filed out from the river, and took up a position in the rear of our army, at a distance of three hundred paces. They were armed, and our men were fully

Interview between Gen. Gaines and Oseola.

impressed with the belief that this movement was a mere feint, supposing the residue of their force to be in a neighboring hammock: and were confident of an assault from some other quarter. A period of some minutes elapsed, during which each party appeared to be awaiting the movement of the other. At length, one or two Indians advanced a short distance, with considerable trepidation, from the apprehension of being entrapped; they approached near enough to be heard, and after being joined by four or five others, came within about 200 yards, and repeated what had been declared the night before. The General then directed a staff officer to go out to them, and hear what they had to say. A report was brought back to the General, that the Indians did not wish to fight any more, but they wanted him to retire from the Ouithlacoochee. The staff officer was then ordered to return and inform them of the exact truth, as to the force ordered into the country to subdue them; that additional force was expected every day; that the time was near, when every Indian found with a rifle in his hand, would be shot down. This was communicated with such explanations as were deemed necessary to give it force; and they then said they would go and hold a council, and would assemble again in the afternoon to give an answer. In the afternoon they came as before, including, as in the morning, the celebrated Powell, Jumper, with several others, and the interpreter Abram. The General's Staff Officer had two or three others present with him from Gaines' camp, at this talk. The Indians repeated much of what they had said in the morning: that they had lost many men by wounds and death, and were tired of war, and wanted peace: but as their Governor, as they called him, Micanope, was not with them, they wanted time to consult him. They, therefore, asked a cessation of war. They were then informed, that if they would cease from all acts of hostility, retire south of the Ouithlacoochee, and promise to attend a council when called upon by the U. S. Commissioners, they should not, for the present, be molested, Oseola, however, willing to suspend hostilities for the time, or indefinitely, was not willing to leave the country, but stipulated that the Indians would confine themselves on the

Gen. Gaines relinquishes the command to General Clinch.

other side of the Outhlacoochee, and have that for a boundary between them and the whites. Whilst this interview was going on, Oseola informed Gen. Gaines' officer, that General Clinch was on his way to join him, with a large number of horsemen. He expressed his willingness that hostilities should cease, and to give up his arms.

In the midst of these negotiations, Gen. Clinch's army came up, and his advanced guard, seeing the Indians in battle array, and not being aware of what was going on, immediately fired and charged upon them. The Indians retreated to the hammocks, and the armistice was of course broken up.

On reaching the Camp, Gen. Clinch found Gen. Gaines' men in great distress, they were literally in a state of starvation. They had killed and eaten several horses and dogs; and articles of food, even of the coarsest kind, were sold at most extravagant prices. The Alachua Volunteers cheerfully distributed their biscuits and corn, reserving none for themselves; and it was an affecting sight to see with what thankfulness the boon was received at the hands of their deliverers.

On the 9th day of the month, Gen. Gaines thought proper to deliver over the command to Gen. Clinch, and issued the following order:

HEAD QUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT, }
Fort Izard, on the Outhlacoochee, Florida, }
 March 9, 1836. }

ORDER NO. 7.

I.—Called to East Florida by the savage massacres and conflagrations on the 28th Decemler, and the following month, the Commanding General hastily collected, in Louisiana, the forces which accompanied him through that patriotic State. These troops, in the short space of thirty-six days, have marched by land and water nearly eight hundred miles—one hundred and forty through the country occupied by the enemy, whose principal force they have met, beaten, and forced to sue for peace.

II.—These important objects of the campaign having been accomplished with the hearty and cordial co-operation of Brig. Gen. Clinch, (to whose sound judgment the de-

Gen. Gaines' orders.

fence of this frontier had been wisely confided, and by whose gallantry the enemy had been chastised on the 31st December, and since held in check as far as his limited means would allow,) the troops of Louisiana are placed under his command, in order to guard against the known faithlessness of the enemy, until the arrival of the forces under the officer charged with the diplomatic arrangements of the War Department. Whenever, and as soon as that officer shall mature his plan of operations, and accomplish the duties assigned him, the forces from Louisiana will return to New-Orleans.

III.—The Commanding General cannot, consistently with his views of propriety, take leave of the troops by whom he has been so manfully sustained, without tendering to them his grateful acknowledgments for the constancy and courage with which they have performed every duty, and borne privations, the recital of which would not fail to command the admiration of the virtuous and wise of every section of the Republic. The officers and soldiers of the whole of these forces, (including the Artillery from Tampa Bay, acting as a Light Brigade under command of Lieut. Col. Twiggs of the 4th Infantry,) have performed their duty so much to the satisfaction of the General, that he cannot discriminate between the relative claim of corps, of officers, or other individuals, without the risk of invidious distinction:—all did their duty cheerfully and gallantly, and when it became necessary to meet the question, whether to eat the meat of their own horses, or to abandon an important position, all cheerfully preferred this unpleasant subsistence, to any movement that would endanger the frontier. The horse meat was accordingly eaten by officers and men, until the enemy was beaten, and sued for peace. A timely supply of provisions arrived, escorted by the brave Georgians, Floridians and Regulars, under Gen. Clinch, at the moment the pacific propositions of the enemy were in the act of being answered. The Indians were fired upon by the General's light troops, before he could be notified of the object of their being near the camp: they have since disappeared.

IV.—The General deeply regrets the fall of 1st Lieut.

Remarks on the terms proposed by Oseola.

J. F. Izard, of the Dragoons, acting Brigade Major, and in command of the advance guard. He fell at the head of his corps, and though mortally wounded, had the heroic presence of mind to order, "Keep your positions, men, and lie close." 2d Lieut. Duncan, 2d Artillery, was slightly wounded. Capt. Sanders commanding the friendly Indians, was severely wounded. Capt. Armstrong, of the U. S. transport schooner *Motto*, was slightly wounded. The two last named officers were in the advance, where their services had been highly useful during the march. This officer and twenty-nine N. C. officers and soldiers of other companies of the Regiment, evinced their gallantry by their good conduct, as well as by their honorable wounds. The General is convinced that he never commanded a finer corps: its chief would do honor to any service.

The Officers of the Medical Department merit the approbation of the General, for the attentive and skilful manner in which their duties were discharged.

List of killed and wounded:

Killed—1st. Lieut. J. F. Izard, Dragoons; Sergeant F. Dunn, 2d Artillery; Privates F. Bolie, V. Beck, H. Butler, of Louisiana Volunteers—total 5.

Wounded—Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates; 2d Artillery, 8; 4th Infantry, 8; Louisiana Volunteers, 30—Total wounded, 46.

By command of Major General Gaines.

GEO. A. M'CALL,

A. D. C. Act'g. Ass't. Adj. General.

It is difficult to explain the motives of Oseola, in requesting an interview with Gen. Gaines, when he had entirely surrounded him with his followers, and had nearly starved his army, unless we attribute his conduct to a belief on his part, that having his enemy completely in his power, he might dictate his own terms. Indeed this hypothesis becomes greatly strengthened, when we take into consideration the fact, that he *only* asked for the Indians to be left alone in the quiet possession of part of the territory—in opposition to solemn and re-affirmed treaties. He chose too a time for making these *modest* proposals, when he knew that Gen. Clinch was coming to the rescue and sup-

General Clinch assumes the command, and retires to Fort Drane.

port of Gaines. It has been supposed that the affair was a stratagem, by which he hoped to introduce five hundred Indians into the camp, under the pretext of delivering up their arms, when he intended to make an attack with his whole force, and taking advantage of the confusion, to massacre the entire command before Clinch could render them any assistance. We think this suggestion highly improbable. The Indians are not fond of close quarters, and were not provided with weapons suitable for contending against the bayonet.* After a careful investigation of all the circumstances, we think that every impartial mind must arrive at the conclusion, that Gen. Gaines' victory at the Ouithlacochee is not an event, the repetition of which is greatly to be desired. We regret the results of some of his movements, esteeming and respecting him as an old, an experienced, and gallant soldier; and more especially, believing that he is entitled to great credit for the promptness and energy with which he entered upon the discharge of what he believed to be his duties. If, however, the Indians had been so severely handled as to induce them to sue for peace, how did it happen that Gen. Gaines was unable to make a sortie upon them, and by a decisive blow, put an end to the campaign. Not such, however, was the fact. The Indians were not only able to hold their own ground, and keep the whites within their entrenchments, but also succeeded in moving off unmolested, after Gen. Clinch arrived with five hundred additional troops, many of whom were mounted. Another such victory would be more than the reputation of any one General could stand without detriment.

On the arrival of Gen. Clinch, the command of the troops was transferred to him, and for reasons assigned in his orders, he retired with all his forces to Fort Drane. Gen. Gaines, in pursuance of an order from the Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, from which the following is extracted, returned to the Western frontier.

*If we conclude that Micanope was not at any great distance, or that the need to consult him was unreal, the idea is more likely that the object of Oseola's interview with Gen. G., was to gain time to remove the women children and effects.

Force of Gen. Gaines.

WAR DEPARTMENT, 23D JAN. 1836.

SIR—I am instructed by the President to request that you would repair to some proper position near the Western Frontier of the State of Louisiana, and there assume the personal command of all the troops of the United States, who are, or may be employed in any part of the region adjoining the Mexican boundary. It is not the intention of this order to change at all the relations between yourself and the military departments under your command, but to require your personal presence at a point, where public considerations demand the exercise of great discretion and prudence.”

General Gaines's Army was composed as follows:—Officers,

Maj. Gen. GAINES, Commanding.	
Lt. Col. TWIGGS, Commanding Brigade.	
Capt. SHANNON, Quarter Master.	
Capt. HITCHCOCK,	} Staff.
Lt. McCALL,	
Lt. IZARD,	

Lt. Col. Foster, Commanding 4th Regiment, United States Infantry, seven companies, two hundred and sixty-five soldiers. Officers,—Lt. Col. FOSTER, Maj. WILSON, Major Lear, Lieutenants T. Paige, Screven, Buchanan, Alvord, Scott, Myers, Mitchell and Reese.

Major Belton, commanding Artillery, four companies, one hundred and seventy soldiers. Officers, Major Belton, Majors Mountford and Zantzinger, Lieuts. Grayson, Linard, Adams, Duncan, Stockton, Henderson, Allen and Morgan. Medical Staff, Drs. Heiskell, Leavenworth, Cuyler and Reynolds.

A Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, twelve companies, seven hundred soldiers, commanded by Col. T. F. Smith, together with seventy friendly Indians.

On his return to his station, Gen. Gaines was greeted with the applause and commendation of the inhabitants of the several towns and cities through which he passed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL—CHARLESTON TO AUGUSTINE.

[Sympathies of Charleston in behalf of Florida—public meetings and proceedings consequent thereon—departure of Volunteers to defend Augustine—state of men and things during the voyage to Savannah—the Author *tries* to be funny—brief visit to Savannah—leave for Florida—the Author does'nt quote a verse because he does'nt recollect it—omits another in deference to the judgment of his publishers, as to what will *take*—reception at Augustine—public meetings there and at Jacksonville—the thirty days *campaign* in the city (?)—the Volunteers Gazette—their return to Charleston.]

A voice from the South tells a sad mournful story,
Of ruin and carnage, and war's dread alarms,
And the Angel of Freedom moves by in her glory,
And summons Columbia's proud patriots to arms!—
Not in vain does she call, for the pure flame is gushing,
Like the sun when it breaks through the morning's soft tears,
And the light of true courage is joyously flushing
The unclouded brows of the brave Volunteers.

[M. E. L. in the *Southern Rose*.]

January 1st, 1836.—The community of Charleston will long remember the sympathies stirred up by the intelligence which I have detailed in the early portion of our 4th chapter.

We felt that the cause of Florida was a *good* cause, and that hers was no manly enemy waging equal battle, in the broad face of day, in behalf of violated rights; but an ambushed foe, in mockery of the most solemn treaties, striking, like a cowardly assassin, from behind—stealing, like Tarquin, with feline stride to the couch of Lucretia. I should rather compare the Seminole to the ravenous beast of prey, prowling, at the dark hour of midnight, when no shepherd is out on the hill, and no whistle warns the devoted lambs that the wolf is on his walk. We had learned that the red man was on the white, and we feared that infancy in its helplessness, old age in its decrepitude, man in his matured vigor, and woman in her bloom and beauty, might all alike

Sympathy of the people of Charleston.

sink 'neath the ruthless knife, or keen edged tomahawk of the blood thirsty savage.

Glancing an instant from the condition of our friends in Florida to our own, we beheld our city prospering and to prosper—that her anticipations were bright, her march onward, and above all, her spirit up! The Roman poet and epicurean philosopher (Lucretius) has said,

“Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
 Eterra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.”

Yet *we* experienced no pleasure from the prospect of *other's* shipwreck, because *we stood safely on the shore*, but rejoicing that *we could* succour, we rushed to the rescue. We felt that “now's the day and now's the hour,” to sacrifice something of self; to leave, for a while, the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and the profitable employ of time and capital; to give up the student's pen for the soldier's sword, and his book for a shield, and to exchange the hammer of the worthy mechanic, for the musket of the militia man. We had stood up manfully for our *own* rights; we desired to assume the loveliest attitude of power, when it is seen to stoop to the weak and unprotected; to bind the wounded, and raise the drooping head. Animated by these impulses, we resolved to hasten to the aid of Florida; what *we could* do, *we would* do, and do at once; not withholding our help in her hour of utmost need, and when all peril should be past, suffocating her half recovered citizens with our tardy embraces.

Accordingly, the good people of Charleston were convened, in compliance with the invitation of the Hon. Edward North, Intendant, who had given it at the request of many respectable citizens, and in accordance with the popular will. At that meeting, Gen. Hayne, who should emphatically be described by the proud appellative of THE USEFUL CITIZEN, presided, and his eloquent and spirit-stirring appeals to all the best and holiest sentiments of our nature, with those of Messrs. I. E. Holmes, J. L. Petigru, and Alfred Huger, met a ready response from the generous and warm-hearted auditory.

Committee appointed to receive Volunteers.

On that occasion, the author of this little book, (hurried on by the same sympathies that subsequently led him to raise his feeble hand) there lifted his humble voice, in advocacy of the Floridians, (a small fact, *more interesting to the author to relate, than for the reader to learn.*) Mr. I. E. Holmes, *ever prompt to do good or diminish distress*, introduced a series of resolutions, and among them, that a committee be appointed to receive and forward Volunteers to Florida.

On the 1st of January, 1836, the gazettes of our city auspiciously began the New Year, by announcing the proceedings of the meeting, and the names of the committee above alluded to. They were Messrs. I. E. Holmes, Alexander Mazyck, Alfred Huger, Samuel Patterson, Charles Edmondston, J. L. Petigru, and R. Y. Hayne—names that, for talent and high character, are unsurpassed by the same number any where.

I have been, and shall, for a little while, continue to be thus minute in detailing the feelings and actions of our own community, because I regard them as fair exponents of those of other places. And neither time or space permit me to introduce the no less enthusiastic emotions and generous conduct of other portions of our own State, of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and elsewhere. And as a general remark, I would here state, that many of the observations I shall apply to our own troops, are intended to be equally applicable to the other gallant Volunteers, whom I regard as emanating from one family, all sons of the South.

January 6th.—Our city papers of this date contain one of the earliest evidences of that singular misinformation and want of knowledge, which, added to other acts, omitted or committed by the General Government or its agents, has caused the Florida campaign in 1836, to be termed by our faithful sentinel on the watch-tower, Waddy Thompson, "the grave of the fame of four American Generals."

The journals of this day state, that the committee above named were informed by Gen. Eustis, that the force under Gen. Clinch, and that of the mounted volunteers under Gen. Call, were fully adequate to subdue any force of Indians and negroes, that could possibly be raised in Florida, and

Assistance sent from Charleston to St. Augustine.

if necessary, to expel them from the territory. The committee add, that requisitions having been made by the military authorities in Florida, upon the U. S. Officers in this harbor, the requisite supplies were immediately shipped, and that it is not probable, therefore, there will be any occasion either for volunteers, arms, or supplies, to be forwarded to Florida on the part of our citizens.

A few days dispelled this pleasing illusion, (would that all errors of the campaign had been as early detected and repaired!)

January 12th.—On receipt of intelligence that a battle had been fought on the banks of the Amaxura, or Outhla-coochee river, in which about 300 regulars were engaged, and 27 volunteers, under the command of Gen. Clinch, the committee were convinced that the time for action was come. They despatched a special messenger to Gen. Eustis, requesting that a company of regulars should be forthwith forwarded, with the requisite arms and ammunition. Their request was promptly complied with, and Capt. Porter, of the artillery, ordered to hold himself in readiness, at an hour's warning. A letter was written to the authorities of Augustine, apprising them of the intention to send on in forty-eight hours, a company of U. S. soldiers, arms, munitions of war, and provisions. Accordingly, the steamer John Stoney was chartered, and by her was sent, under the orders of Gen. Eustis, a company of artillery, and a field piece. At the same time, the committee placed at the disposal of the authorities of Augustine, 1000 bushels corn, 87 whole and 26 half barrels flour, 10 tierces rice, 30 barrels beef, and 20 pork.

The committee state, that every assistance has been readily afforded them by Gen. Eustis, and desire thus to express publicly their thanks for his active co-operation.

The return of the Stoney brought a reply from the Mayor (F. Weedon) and Aldermen (Robinson and Gould) of Augustine, to the forenamed communication of the 12th.

In their letter of 20th January, they remark, "While we are thankful to be able to say your liberality has left us nothing more to ask or desire in this way of gratuitous pecuniary aid, there are other not less important aids you may

Public Meeting in Charleston, Jan. 21.

render us. If a body of volunteers can be sent us to relieve our old men and invalids from the arduous duty of guarding the city, they would be most gratefully received."

From Jacksonville, also, despatches were received, earnestly entreating every aid in our power. They declared that "starvation or murder stared them in the face."

These communications, and this condition of affairs, induced an immediate invitation to the citizens to convene.

January 21st.—A public meeting was held at the City Hall, at which the Hon. Judge Colcock presided, and R. Yeadon, jun. Esq., the able and indefatigable Editor of the Charleston Courier, acted as Secretary. I. E. Holmes Esq. Chairman of the committee of citizens, appointed at the previous meeting, read a highly interesting report, which contains the following passage: "Whether assistance will be afforded by the General Government, remains to be seen. At present, confusion seems to prevail both in the War and Financial Department of the Government at Washington—a confusion which threatens utter ruin to the poor inhabitants of Florida."

Gen. Hayne then addressed the meeting, and among other remarks, stated that "Gen. Eustis had promptly repaired to his post on learning the emergency, and had since zealously co-operated with the committee. Gen. E. had received no official communication in relation to the affairs of Florida, but concluding from the late report of the Secretary of War, that there were fourteen companies, consisting in all of 700 troops, under the command of Gen. Clinch, for the protection of Florida, the measures for the relief of that Territory were shaped and regulated accordingly. It appeared, however, that the force under the actual command of Gen. Clinch, fell far short of that number, and to this are to be attributed the disastrous results which have ensued. Gen. Hayne then read a letter of the 10th inst. from Gen. Joseph Hernandez, the military commandant at St. Augustine, stating the competency of the troops agreed to be furnished by Gen. Eustis, in conjunction with the militia of the vicinity, to the defence of that part of the Territory; also a letter of the 14th inst. from Col. Warren, of the Flor-

Speeches of Generals Hayne and Hamilton.

ida militia, at Jacksonville, making a strong appeal for provisions and other aid.

Gen. Hayne stated in conclusion, that \$4000 had already been expended by the committee of citizens, and that despatches had been forwarded to the Executive of this State, informing him of the whole course of proceeding on the subject.

Gen. Hamilton, ever among the foremost in all noble enterprises, next rose, and in an animated speech touchingly alluded to the calamitous condition of the people of Florida; stated the gratifying fact that the Banks of the city had that morning raised between 20 and \$30,000, as a loan to Government, for the succour of our fellow-citizens of that Territory, now exposed to the conjoint horrors of starvation and savage warfare; and added, that if men were wanted, he knew that the 4th brigade, which he commanded, would do its duty. He also declared his full confidence that the chivalry and patriotism of our city would be manifested in the efficient shape of numerous volunteers, ready to take the field against the savage foe, and arrest the tomahawk and scalping knife, making even defenceless women and children their victims, in their ferocious work of death and desolation. He concluded with offering the following, among other resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee of seven persons be appointed, for the purpose of conferring with the City Council, as to the best mode of organizing a system of immediate and efficient relief for our fellow-citizens of East Florida, until the resources of the General Government can be brought to their aid.

Resolved, That the committee have full power to receive from the military authorities of the 4th brigade, such Volunteers as may tender their services for duty, for the defence of our fellow-citizens of East Florida.

Resolved, That the citizens of Charleston will not stop to inquire on whom the awful responsibility rests, for not having foreseen, and taken the necessary measures of precaution, to have prevented the calamitous posture of affairs in East Florida. It is enough that our fellow-citizens are in urgent peril and extreme suffering, to invoke not alone our

Meeting of Volunteers, Jan, 24.

deep sympathy, but our energetic exertions for their succor and relief.

R. B. Smith, Esq. seconded the resolutions in an appropriate and effective strain of remark, and they were then unanimously adopted by the meeting.

The Chairman appointed the following gentlemen to compose the Provisional Committee under the third resolution:

Gen. Jas. Hamilton, Hon. Thomas Bennett, James Legare, H. W. Conner, Ker Boyce, H. A. Desaussure, R. B. Smith.

As if to mark the peculiar interest we felt for Florida, the above committee was selected from among the first and best of our citizens.

January 24th.—A call was made for a meeting, this evening, of all who had volunteered, or were disposed to volunteer, for the defence of our fellow-citizens in Augustine, and it was responded to in a manner that became Charlestonians.

The meeting was opened by calling Gen. Hayne to the Chair, and after the object of assembling was stated, lists of volunteers, already organized, were handed in, amply sufficient to meet the end desired, which was declared to be the defence of St. Augustine. Thereupon it was announced, that others present disposed to engage in the enterprize, could not be received, the purpose of the meeting having been accomplished.

In the course of the evening, while the business was progressing, they were most unexpectedly joined by a gallant corps from Hamburg, under the command of Capt. Cunningham. They marched into the room, conducted by our patriotic and warm-hearted fellow-citizen, John L. Wilson, Esq., who, in an eloquent and animating address, announced them as Carolina volunteers, and tendered their services, which were accepted with joyous acclamations. Among this fine band of brothers, was a youth of about fourteen years of age, who could not be restrained by the most earnest entreaties, from joining in the expedition. [I do not forget thee, "little John," and you must remember him who dubbed thee Ball o'fire and Marston Hall.]

More volunteers offer than can be accepted.

Capt. R. K. Payne tenders the services of a company from the Neck, to proceed with us to Augustine, and they are at first accepted, but subsequently have to be declined, as the numbers already received are more than required.

Our gallant and generous fellow-citizen, Capt. John Magrath, (with the liberality and kindness towards the unfortunate or distressed, which characterizes *all* his conduct) voluntarily offered the use of his steam-boat, the *Augusta*, to the 16th and 17th regiments, should they furnish the requisite number of volunteers, to convey them to St. Augustine free of expense, and will himself accompany them, and bring back to Charleston, without charge, any ladies and their little ones that might be disposed to leave that place.

Jan. 25th.—The Sumter Guards and Irish Volunteers have made an offer of their services to-day, and are anxious to take part in the enterprise, but as our complement is made up, they cannot be accepted; which I greatly regret, on *their* account, not on *mine*, for I think with Henry V. before the battle of Agincourt, on the Earl of Westmoreland's wishing more men—

“If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.”

There are repeated efforts of individuals to be incorporated, as such, with some of the companies that are going to Augustine. Hundreds can be enrolled if found necessary, as a disposition is evinced by many to volunteer, which is only repressed by the announcement, that the requisite number has been obtained.

An order, dated this day, is issued by Gen. Eustis, requiring “the patriotic volunteers, who have so gallantly offered themselves for the protection of their fellow-citizens in St. Augustine, to embark the following day on board the steam boats *Dolphin* and *Santee*.”

January 27th.—The tempestuous weather prevented the ammunition and supplies from being shipped yesterday, and therefore we will not depart till this afternoon. Capt. Finley's company constitutes a corps of Light Artillery; Capt.

Departure of the Volunteers from Charleston.

Ravenel's, and Capt. Cunningham's, are to act as Riflemen, and Capt. Timrod's as Infantry.

On board the Dolphin.—It must not however be fancied, that we left Terra Firma so quickly, or that all the foregoing occurred in as “quick time” as it has taken me to record it. The foregoing sketch no more reflects the reality, than a *cold and stilly skeleton* can represent the *warm flesh and circulating blood* of the *breathing man*. The SOCKET is here, yet the EYE is banished from its throne of light! But the citizens of Augustine are anxiously awaiting our arrival, and it would be cruel to detain the troops, only in order to describe them, and the parting scene. Besides, the details would little interest any but our own citizens; and on *their minds*, we flatter ourselves it yet rests, and

“Lingering, haunts the greenest spot,
On memory's waste.”

I therefore hasten over the busy hum of preparation—the inspection at the City Hall, where we were mustered into service—the march to the Citadel, whence the soldiers were supplied with arms—the valedictory nod of acquaintances—the hurried departure from friends—the fond farewell of relatives—the rapid tho' warm grasp of a brother's hand—the tender yet clasped embrace and sad kiss of a sister—the kiss, sweeter because stolen, from the coy maiden, who in soul half consents to all—but our departure, which, were she frank, she would confess, is the only act of ours that gives her pain. (Vain youth!)

Nor while life's crimson current circles at our hearts, can we forget the fearful forebodings of an anxious mother, as again, again, and oft again, she clings to a son on whom she may be gazing, as she dreads to think, for the last time—nor the manly encouraging adieu of a father, within whose secret bosom the waters of bitterness swell the more, for the stern effort at suppression—the advice, the prayer, the benediction of both! Oh, surely there is “no sanctity of touch like that wherewith a parent blesses the bent head of a duteous and affectionate child.”

And think you that all this while the volunteer was soulless, senseless, or was he less a man, because momentarily melted into girlish grief—not for himself, or any prospect of per-

Author's reflections.

sonal peril, but for the pangs his absence would bring to others.

"Oh do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek."

He never can forget, however slightly he here alludes to that parting hour, the sword girded, the musket shouldered, the knapsack slung—the march thro' the streets—the attendant crowd of anxious friends that pressed around—the hand waved from the thronged window, the hat touched from the filled piazza, and even the very judges of the land, the grave* minister at the sacred altar of justice, wafting us an adieu with their white kerchiefs that they give out to the streaming air.

But above all, can there ever come a time when the Volunteers shall cease to remember the last look of the beautiful maiden, her once lustrous eyes now shaded in dim suffusion—the tear tremulous on the lid, like stars reflected in a glassy lake, or betraying by its fast and frequent drop, a love her lip hath ne'er confessed, as she leaned over the balcony, or peered through the casement, arch peeper, at the favorite brother, the pet cousin, or it may be, one who stood in the yet more delicate relation of the betrothed of her affections.

And how looked the Volunteers, when they, and all these things, were passing? There were "eyes right," "eyes left," any where but "front," for *behind* them they were leaving all they held dearest. And how felt they the while? We had been a gay and giddy set (some of us at least) yet, at that solemn moment, we were subdued to sadness. But my feeble pen would wrong their powerful emotions.

My description must not linger on the shore, and initiate the delay wherewith we proceeded "on board ship." The German Fusileers and Hamburg Volunteers have already sailed in the *Santee*. With the accustomed privilege of an author, my little pen lifts up the Washington Volunteers and Washington Light Infantry, and sets them down on the deck of the *Dolphin*, alternately the saddest

*Specially *grave*, when the arbiters of life and *death*.

Author *tries* to be funny.

and merriest of men. For nature (that flings the smile and tear in quick succession on the youthful front) never for long permits her laws to be violated, but by a recurrence of gay emotions, vindicates her outraged decree—that youth should be the season of liveliness.

On board the Dolphin, January 28th, early morn.—Wizz, wizz, goes the steam, and off go we.

“Off, off, said the soldier,
And away flew the *light** barque.”

When Madame Geoffrin was told of St. Bartholomew's walking some ten or twelve steps with his head in his hands, she replied, “It is only the first step that counts,” but it was not so with us, our *first* step on the Dolphin which bore us from home, was into privations which ended only with our *last* step out of the vessels that restored us to Charleston. To realize this, you are to remember that we were, in part, a set of genteel† young fellows about the town, who had been *raised* (as they say of horses in some States, and of men in others) most daintily by our dear mamas—Pelhams who had wielded nothing heavier than a cane or a cologne bottle, a riding whip or a curling iron—Bloods, who bought linen cambric handkerchiefs and ribbed silk socks, only by the lightness of the former, and the weight of the latter—Chemists, who could extract liquids from solids, (a whole bottle of champagne from three hard dollars) —Philosophers, who had the best possible theories about all things in the world, and a few other things besides—Politicians, who prated of the constitution of the United States ere our own were matured—Moralists, who fancied that they, in their own persons, realised and illustrated the doctrine of the perfectibility of man—Philanthropists, too busily engaged in adjusting plans for the government of the universe, to, selfishly, think of laying down any for their own self-government—delicate souls, who could not get *hot*, without catching *cold*.

*One must be fond of quoting, to call a steam-boat thus.

†What a horrid, *ungenteel* phrase this is!

 Quotes Buonaparte and a celebrated Senator.

Being such, and so constituted, you will readily conceive that our first step was from comfort into discomfort—out of pleasures, (not of memory, like Rogers', or hope, like Campbell's, or imagination like Akenside's) into privations. But to be serious for a minute, and to do justice to my brother volunteers, [and to myself too, I suppose] we were men, and manly men. Soldiers we had assumed to be, and soldiers we mean to prove ourselves. But sailors [Tars! just "think of that, Master Brook," a title telling a whole vocation!] we did not purport, nor prove to be. Cooks we had never been, and thought it

"Strange there should a difference be,
"Twixt" Callipash and Callipee,

but cooks we became for lack of lacqueys, and minced our *unspiced* meat most *gingerly*, and drank rye coffee without wry faces.

Buonaparte said there was one but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—but from the Dolphin's deck [where sea and sky presented in their boundlessness, a source of the sublime] to her cabin [where, in the groans of the sick, might be heard an element of the ridiculous] there were a dozen steps. Preferring to freeze above, rather than suffocate below,* we *hardly* slept on the *softest* boards aboard.

Kind reader! (for you must be kind, else would you never have bought this book; and borrow it I'm quite sure you did not, for that's a practice decidedly ungentlemanly; and I think the word borrower might be better spelt with its four letters, B O R E, than with all eight. Indeed, so strongly, though *suddenly*, convinced am I of the impropriety of borrowing, that I intend subscribing to all Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, though not immediately, Messrs. Editors, lest you might fancy I had a view to a favorable critique!) Well, as I was saying, kind reader, I fear you fancy all this is sad stuff, mere *silly* bub, fit only for *whipping*—but wait awhile, and you'll perceive I grow quite solid and scientific, and dull and prosing, *exemplum generis*; my remarks on soil, climate, &c. You must not expect learning in the

*For we had not "four alternatives," as a justly celebrated Senator said we had, as to the Tariff.

The Author makes some Reflections on the *Bar*.

juvenility of a book, any more than during the youth of its author. I become vastly erudite anon, and my very next sentence shall evince it.

We lay in *strata*, the *primitive formation* being a *deposit* of fat on which we leaned. [Now I consider those italicized terms unequivocal evidence of scholarship, for they smack of the geologist. Yet I shall not stop here, but soar from geology, which is "of the earth—earthy," even up to Astronomy, which should not

"—————leave the skies,
To read its lore in ladies' eyes."]

As I have said, we lay in layers, to keep out the cold air, and render our feelings warm towards each other and ourselves—a coil of rope our best bolster, and a cable chain (so hard, that I hope "the last links *are* broken") our downiest pillow. But thanks to the benevolent ordinations of Providence, that philosophy comes early, which teaches us to make a virtue of necessity, by shewing us the necessity of the virtue, patience. So we laughed bitterly at bitter things, which is no *crying* sin, we opine.

Having now reached the *Bar*, I may be allowed one of my professional phrases, and confess that, *with malice aforethought*, we tortured our fancies to eke out supposititious feasts and ideal viands, racking our brains for want of arrack, and becoming as merry as punch, punched each other with solids for want of liquid punch, for some had wit at their finger's ends, who had none on their tongues—a sort of manual exercise in which soldiers soon grow perfect. We were all busy, idling—for, as Cowper says,

"How various his employ,
Whom the world calls idle."

Some were trimming garments, while others were trimming ship. On one side, leaned a youth agitated by the waves—opposite him reclined another, moved by the affections: there was no affectation in this, though both were affected, sea-sickness and home-sickness ruling with alternate sway. Nor were there wanting

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,"

Goes to sleep, and borrows ideas from a friend.

the laugh, the jest, and paper bullet of the brain. It was then and there was formed that Debating Club, (of which I had the honor of being Vice President) that had the temerity to undertake the elaborate discussion of that knotty point in political science—Whether this country was so free, that a man might *displease* when he pleased; and if he did not do as he pleased, had the people a constitutional right to *force* him to do as he pleased?

Gentle reader, do not let us fall out by the way, because I seem to detain you too long, or go out of our course, for all the while the Dolphin is steadily pursuing *her* course, and I have delayed her so little, that we are now nearing Savannah. For, amid these bitter jests and pleasant privations, we pursue our onward way, our motto being “*en-avant.*” And as

“Time and the hour
Run through the roughest day,”

We, at length, find ourselves in view of Tybee Light.

Off Cockspur Island.—My friend and brother volunteer, M— describes the entrance to the harbor of Savannah as very imposing. [I hope he does not *impose* on me, for I was too *dead* with sleep to be *alive* to its beauties.] He tells me, that a full moon sheds its broad and silvery light upon the dark blue sea, (all which I willingly believe, and deem highly probable, for I have ever noticed that most moons, in *written descriptions*, are “full,” and their light “broad” and “silvery.” And if I remember my readings aright, the “sea” is generally “dark blue,” when read of.) The light houses were also full in view at the same time: (in my friend’s view, not mine, for I continued asleep, and my eyes were too *tightly* closed to give *loose* to aught but dreams:) their brilliant light is truly calculated to inspire hope in the most forlorn condition of the shipwrecked mariner.

So pleasingly, playfully, joyously danced the waves, that I thought of all that Byron ever said of the ocean, and felt disposed to lay my head upon its bosom. (It is still my friend that speaks, as must be obvious to all who will be at the pains to remember, that I was dozing, not even dreaming of Byron, but of Bacon and hard bread, and not feeling “dis-

 Remarks on the beauties of nature.

posed to lay my head" on any damper "bosom" than where it was—on the dew and sea-sprent deck.)

From these comments, you think me very unsusceptible to the beauties of nature, my romantic reader, and so you'd own, were you candid—but don't anticipate. I have, or rather, I am getting up, a moon for you—and *such* a Luna, a Florida sultana of night—a real Indian-Queen Moon, yet not a savage Moon—oh no! a very sweet one—but as I've just said, let's not anticipate. At present, you *must* excuse me; I can't stop the Dolphin's passage, nor expect Capt. King, though a very clever gentleman, to let off *her* steam, merely that I may let off *mine* on poetic rhapsodies of the waters, now beautifully, intensely blue, then darkly, deeply green, or loveliest of all, roseate with the last flushings of departing day. You know the lines about "parting day dies like the dolphin," (the fish, not the boat) at any rate I won't repeat them, and for two reasons: 1st. I'm disposed to compliment you by taking it for granted that you do know them; and 2dly, I can't recollect them myself, they being "in my memory, but not in my recollection," as once said that eloquent and exact Philologist, John Randolph of Roanoke. Besides the glorious and gorgeous sunsets of Southern climes are too familiar to need delineating, (or if not, you may see them in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; better and brighter than I can do them up.) For just the contrary reason, I arrest not the steam boat's progress, to prate of daylight on the waters wide; of infant sunbeams struggling into life, and Aurora modestly yet beauteously blushing from the embrace of night, in whose arms she had been reclining, and on whose cheek reposing,

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

For, as few of my readers have ever beheld that *rarest* of of *city* sights, a rising sun, so few would enter into my detail of all the purple glories that it flings athwart the fair face of nature.

Savannah, 9 P.M.—As I do desire to detail somethings not beheld by untraveled eyes, but which "I've seen and sure I ought to know," I cannot afford space to do justice to what is so intimately and extensively known as the city of Savannah,

Waking thoughts.

at which we have now arrived) and the warm-hearted hospitality of its enlightened and courteous inhabitants. Hurriedly lifting the volunteers over its bluff, (so competent to satisfy the most ardent admirer of sand,)—and lightly bounding over the massy monument, beautiful in its perfect proportions and severely* chaste simplicity, and the noble blocks of tall brick edifices—my magic plume lets down the volunteers, at one moment, at the City Hotel, to partake the unpremeditated, but frank and cordial civilities of the citizens; and the next, parting in the Dolphin for Augustine with mutual regrets—*they* that our short stay prevented their *extending*, and *we* that the same cause debarred our *receiving*, further attentions. For we know how admirably and heartily the Georgians do these things. But I will not praise them; for when I speak of the South, I feel that the allusion is to those, one of whom I am.

On board the Dolphin, January 29th and 30th.....We had to leave Savannah, pleasant place though it be, so I may as well do so by saying that we started thence at early morn on one day, and about the same time the next, the Augustine light house appeared in view.

But mercy on me! ar'n't we getting over a whole twenty-four hours too rapidly. What, no description here either? asks the inquisitive reader. Were you asleep then too? No—this time I was not “caught napping,” but enjoying “the sober certainty of waking bliss,” and so, here goes to fill up the time. As this day was marked by no peculiarities, 'twould be easier to say what we had *not*, and did *not*, than what we had or did. As for example, we had not, like Othello, “most disastrous chances,” or “*moving* accidents by flood,” except that we were *moved* off our feet by the heaving of the boat as it neared the bar.

As another quotation may help to fill out “the journey of a day,” I add that we went, as Byron's Corsair did before us,

“O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free.”

*The publishers may knock out a few epithets hereabouts, if they want room, for there are plenty and to spare, tho' all are deserved.

Opinions of the Trade as to what will *take*.

While one was staking his tender honor to a tough yarn, another was steaking his tough beef, but made no tender of it. (This *line* is hardly *tender* enough to be swallowed by the reader.) Here, a very young soldier was curling his unrazourable *moustache*, and there an old campaigner was picking his dinnerless teeth. On every side the milk of human kindness was poured *out*, and "in our flowing cups remembered" the more, for that on no side was there any other milk to be poured *in*.

From the cabin might be heard the merry peal of some happy, because accepted, suitor, singing

"Come o'er the sea
Maiden with me,"

and on the deck, the plaintive tones of some pale dreamer, lowly murmuring—

"Will you, Ellen, when you hear,
Of your lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry shed a tear—
Bonnie lassie O!"

I might add, as we are approaching the coast of Florida, that 'tis very handsome, *à la distance*, just to furnish occasion for citing the entire passage of Campbell, commencing

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes, &c. with its azure hue."

But Messrs. B. & H. will exclaim that these scraps of poetry will never do, that they're not the thing, their day is past, and that they'll not *take* with the public. This last argument is conclusive; and for judgment of books, give me the intelligent gentlemen of *the Trade*, all the world before. Deferring therefore to my worthy, good publishers, the steam boat and I rapidly cross the Bar, rough enough to be dangerous, and two hours after, we land in Augustine; admiring, as we entered the harbor, the fine fort at the northern extremity of the city, which I may describe hereafter, (or not at all) for we are so anxious to forward march, that we can't stop at the fort, and lots of folks are awaiting us at the wharf. (I say *the* wharf, for there is but one in the place.)

Augustine, January 30th.—Yes! here we are, and re-

Arrival at St. Augustine.

ceived with the most cheering welcome; men, women and children, all crowd to see us; doors are thrown open, and sashes up. We read our welcome "in a people's eyes;" some of which eyes are sparkling with joy and gratitude; from the same causes, others shine yet lovelier with tears, as the sun beam is more beautiful when seen through the rain drop. Our arrival creates a sense of security in the minds of the inhabitants, to which they had long been strangers, and brings "rest to their feet, and slumber to their lids." The rose that has been exiled from the maiden's cheeks, again divides its empire with the lily that had usurped sole sway o'er the throne of beauty, and York and Lancaster may be seen to reign together—for I may truly say of *some* of the ladies of Augustine, that

"Of nature's gifts they may with lilies boast,
And with the half blown rose;"

although on the face of *others*, Phœbus has printed his embrowning kiss. The aged, too, yield us a tribute of gratitude, and the pious parent who kneels in thanksgiving to God, invokes a blessing on the head of the South-Carolina Volunteers.

In pursuance of orders from Gen. Eustis at head quarters, we report to Capt. Porter, the officer commanding the troops at this station on our arrival, and march to St. Francis' Barracks, whence we (that is, the Washington Volunteers and Washington Light Infantry) remove to Allen's. A detail is made to-night from our companies, to defend two posts above a mile distant; one beyond the city gates at the North, and another at the bridge westwardly; the former with 20 men, and the latter with ten and a field piece.

The German Fusiliers and Hamburg Volunteers, arrived yesterday, are stationed at the Government House, and were highly gratified in witnessing the confidence inspired by their coming on. They were disappointed in not being attacked last night, and regret our arrival only so far as it has somewhat diminished that prospect. For the Indian scouts prowl near the city, and will keep their body advised of the additional force we bring. Although the German Fusiliers and Hamburg Volunteers are very excellent gen-

First night at St. Augustine.

flemen, and have every kindly feeling towards the Washington Volunteers and Washington Light Infantry, yet they would have preferred facing *all* the *danger* of an attack from the Seminoles, for the sake of reaping all the glory of conquest, which, in the event of battle now, they must divide with us. They are brave soldiers, officered by very competent commanders, and will never turn their backs on friend or foe. But for my own part, when I regard this place, with its fort and barracks, its stone walls and narrow streets, where every corner may prove a Thermopylæ; and when I contemplate the Indian habit, to surprise small, and avoid large bodies, I cannot either hope, or fear they will assail any party, while actually in the heart of the city, although spies and plunderers may often hover o'er us and around, and attack all who wander in the suburbs. But I have just arrived, and am a fallible being, therefore to the arbitrament of time I leave the sequel.

An express, sent by Capt. Porter to Gen. Clinch, has arrived, and reports that he was fired upon across the river. Indian tracks are seen near St. Augustine, and, on dit, their head quarters are between us and Picolata, which is eighteen miles distant from this place. This report cannot be true of the main body of the Indians. Gen. Clinch at the Outhlacoochee has impeded their descent. Powell's plan, doubtless, was to cut off Major Dade's command, in all 110, (in which he succeeded but too fatally,) and then to attack and defeat Gen. Clinch, in which effort he has been foiled by that gallant General. Powell therefore cannot advance North without placing himself between two fires—Clinch at the South, and our troops here. His effort, I fancy, will be to cut off supplies, and prevent a junction. A meeting of the citizens of St. Augustine has just been held at Trinity Church, to express their thanks to Georgia and South-Carolina, for the aid extended to Florida. Thomas Douglas, Esq. (the much and deservedly esteemed District Attorney) was called to the chair, and Major B. A. Putnam and Capt. K. B. Gibbs appointed Secretaries. The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chairman, he appointed Dr. A. Anderson, Dr. S. S. Peck and Major B. A. Putnam, a Committee to prepare and present a situa-

Resolutions of the citizens of Augustine and Jacksonville.

ble Address and Resolutions, which they did in a very warm and eloquent manner, and which were adopted *nem con.*

January 31st.—The ladies, too, (God bless 'em) had a special meeting, and passed sundry resolutions complimentary to the Volunteers, and tendering their services. This evening responsive meetings were held by the several companies.

Not only by words, but by acts, have both sexes in Augustine evinced their high appreciation of the motives which have called us hither. Committees of the fair convened and toiled in our behalf, and in the language of one of the many mottos inscribed on a portion of the comforts they furnished us, "the soldier's bed" was "quickly made;" what tho' they be of straw? do not "straws shew which way the wind blows." Do we not perceive that a favorable current sets strongly towards our *quarter-s*?

About this time, resolutions equally eloquent and enthusiastic were adopted by a meeting of the citizens of Jacksonville, returning thanks to the citizens of Savannah, Augusta, Darien and Charleston, generally, and to Generals Hayne and Hamilton.*

February 1st.—We go on quietly with our camp duties, without interruption from the Indians. A report reached the city to-day, that Powell has sent word that he will breakfast at Picolata, and dine in Augustine.

Lieut. Dancy, Quarter Master to the United States forces under General Clinch, is on his way from the Bay of Tampa to Fort King, with provisions, accompanied by an escort of about 100 mounted militia. Great apprehensions are entertained for their safety, as it is believed the Indians under Powell intend to surprise and massacre them on the way. †

On dit, that Powell wrote a letter to General Clinch a

*We regret that the limits of this little book do not permit us to detail these, and the like proceedings in other places, nor to describe them and the Georgia Volunteers stationed there, while we were at Augustine.

†It affords me great pleasure to state, that either the belief was mistaken, or the intent foiled; as Lieut. D. is still left to aid and adorn the regular service by talent and valor.

 Routine of duty.

few days since, stating that if the General would only give him a few days for defence, he would be prepared to carry on a five year's war. The following is said to be an extract from it. "You have guns, and so have we----you have powder and lead, and so have we----your men will fight, and so will ours, till the last drop of the Seminole's blood has moistened the dust of his hunting ground."*

Much incertitude prevails as to the force and position of the Indians. By reason of these and other circumstances, previously detailed, the greatest vigilance and the strictest discipline are enforced. Constant and severe are our duties, and none are allowed to leave the barracks without permission from the officer of the day; and then our routine is such, that absences are necessarily very brief. For instance, reveillé is sounded at day dawn, when every soldier is obliged to turn out and answer to roll call. He is then dismissed for a half hour, at the expiration of which, the sheep skin calls to drill—that occupies till near breakfast, for which the drum is beat between 8 and 9. At 11, drill again for an hour or more. At 2, peas upon a trencher being played, hey, for dinner: at 4, drill encore: at 5, dress parade. At half-past 8, the retreat is struck up for supper, extinguishing lights, silence, and sleep—when they eat nothing, have no candles to put out, and make a prodigious racket, never closing mouth or eyes. Going to bed, with them only means tumbling on the floor, and wrapping themselves up in reflection and a blanket.

The guard duty is exceedingly irksome and perilous: each volunteer is detailed every alternate night, and during the evening, when not on duty, it oft occurs that the alarm is given, and he has to relinquish the bed I've just described, repair to his post, and remain under arms in momentary expectation of the foe, for hours, and oft till reveillé.†

Subsequent events during the three month's campaign,

*The style is the same as that of Powell's terse but resolute talk. Chap-3d, page 62.

†This may seem like exaggeration to those who were not of us and with us, but it will be readily responded to by every brother in arms, then there, if he recall to memory the relief of heart he felt when, at reveille, he beheld his fellow-soldiers return from the pickets unscathed.

Perils of the Volunteers.

confirmed the belief, that in the thirty days just prior to the army's advancing south, the Indians were ever and anon prowling about our picquets, and were prevented from nearer advances towards the city gates, by the unceasing vigilance of the volunteers, who had come to Augustine's defence.

This strict police cannot now be maintained by the Florida militia, for few are left in the town, and of that few some are disabled, or dying of wounds, and the remainder are exhausted by the severity of previous and oft renewed vigils.

The volunteers who guard the post beyond the city gates, and that at the bridge, never leave the barracks unattended by fears and hopes for their safety. For it is regarded as a forlorn hope, (*les enfans perdus*, as the French phrase it) predestined to certain annihilation in the event of a night attack by the Indians. Such are the positions and duties of these guards, that they can do but little more than fire, not in their own defence, but to alarm the city. They go out under these impressions, and go out willingly, for they are well content to die, if *their* deaths may save the lives of women and children.

February 2d.—We have a hard time of it, and miserable rations, shamefully and scantily doled out. The only thing good about our provisions is, that they are distributed by the merry and amiable Assistant Quarter Master, John E. Dunn, who toiled most ardently and incessantly to promote our comfort and content. Had his powers equalled his will, his kind and generous heart would have converted our slops into potable coffee, and our flinty biscuits into bread capable of being manducated. Large lots of volunteers are crowded into small rooms, and the floors on which we lay, are of what is known by the appropriate name of *hard pine*. Thus have we hard *boarding* and hard lodging.

February 4th.—The ladies, angels as they are, have made up and sent matrasses to the volunteers, and bunks are framed to fit them, by our brother soldiers, Messrs. John Smith and Edward Axson, and a few other kind and clever souls like them, whose names not being now recollected,

The Sunday Morning's Herald, and Volunteer's Gazette.

they have thus lost their chance for immortality, by not being handed down to future times on the records of this journal. Most of us who can, are hiring rooms and furnishing food for ourselves, at our own expense, and *decline* a *consumption* of the U. S. *accommodations*, as they are inappropriately called. In verity, the fact of ours being a surplus revenue government, would not be found out by its fruits here. To "drive dull care away," Dr. Mackey and I are getting up a newspaper, somewhat smaller than Col. Webb's or "the Sunday Morning News." It will be printed by some of the Washington Volunteers.

This little newspaper was adapted to the meridian of the garrison only, but as it got out of that atmosphere for which alone it was intended, grew into *deservedly* great demand, and a copy is difficult to procure, the edition having been eagerly bought up, and being now out of print—we furnish the following extracts. Thus while we afford a "brief and abstract chronicle of the times," we serve the cause of science and literature, by rescuing from oblivion this gigantic gazette, which measures at least six inches long, by five broad.

"The *Sunday Morning's Herald, and Volunteer's Gazette*. Vol. 1. No. 1. *Appetitibus sed non victu parati*.—[Garrison Motto.] Mackey & Cohen, Editors. J. D. Miller & Co. Printers. St. Augustine, Feb. 6, 1836.

"Prospectus of a weekly paper to be published in this Garrison, and to be entitled "*The Sunday Morning's Herald and Volunteer's Gazette*. A. G. Mackey & M. M. Cohen, Editors.

"We beg leave to offer (not to the *Public*, but to the *Privates* of this Garrison) a paper, which as it will be published every Tuesday and Saturday evening, may not inappropriately be called "*The Sunday Morning's Herald and Volunteer's Gazette*." As regards the immense expense and responsibility of the Editors, in getting up this paper, none can have any idea, except those who are engaged in the publication; in evidence of which, we would state, that the

Extract from the Author's Sunday Morning's Herald.

Ink has been stolen, the Paper borrowed, and the pens purchased upon a credit, which will never be repaid. We make no promises, because we intend to keep none—and we ask for none, because we know none will be fulfilled. With respect to our principles, we would with great respect say that it is not our interest to be explicit, and it will hardly interest any to know more than that the principals of this work will endeavor to make it one of interest.

☞ For further particulars apply to the General, as in general we have no disposition to be more particular.

Terms—Half a bit per number; payable before delivery, by which means we shall be delivered from all danger of bad debts.

For sale, in Garrison—63 good appetites, sold for no fault, but because they are of no further use to their owners.

Wanted, in Garrison, coarse canvass to drink coffee through.

Attention Volunteers!—Volunteers will hereafter appear on parade in drill pantaloons.

Bill Puzzle Club.—At a meeting held January 29, on board the steamer Dolphin, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing campaign:

A. G. Mackey, President; M. M. Cohen, Vice President; D. Miller, Secretary; J. G. Landon, Treasurer.

A stated meeting of this Club will be held on Tuesday Evening next, at the Room of Mess No. 8, when the following question will be proposed for debate:

“Is it constitutional to *compel* a man to *volunteer!*”

By order. J. D. Miller, Secretary.

Bill of Mortality.—List of deaths, diseases and disasters in Garrison, for the week ending, Feb. 6th.

Starved to death, 10; surfeit from too much food, 0; Lock Jaw from picking teeth with a bayonet, 5; Drop-sy—down the well, 1; Drowned by the sound of the drum, voices, 3; Consumption—of beans, 5; Died in the Greece-ian war of fat pork, 7; Sick—of Parade, 63; choked by coffee grounds, 8; total 105. Being 39 more than ever were in Garrison.

Continuation of Extracts from the Author's Newspaper.

Hard Fare.—One of the Volunteers is reported to have dislocated his jaw in cracking a U. S. biscuit.

One of the Editors of this paper tenders his professional services to any volunteer who may have gorged himself by a surfeit upon salt pork and beans.

He makes *drawings* of landscapes and teeth.

The other Editor offers professionally to defend any member of the corps who may be charged with a want of appetite.

He will also undertake to make *draughts* of marriage settlements and *small beer*.

The thanks of the Editors of this paper are returned to Mr. Gould, our brother Editor of the "Florida Herald," who allowed us to use his press as our own, and so prove quite a *Gold mine* to us!

← Wanted by the Editors—information on various subjects.

On Dit.—It is said that the Picquet Guard having last night negligently left their flints at home, were supplied with a substitute in the biscuits furnished by the Government for the subsistence of the volunteers.

Military Definition.—Quarter Master—An officer who gives no quarters (of Venison.)

Prices Current.—Stocks rising, as the military are compelled to hold their heads high. *Beans and Salt Pork* go off very rapidly. *Eatables*, none in the market, those bought are underdone. (Dunn, Ass. Qr. Mr.) *Modesty* great demand. *Musket Balls* go off at a round rate. *Potter*, very rapidly. *Lead*, in heavy demand. *Fish, Drum* in great plenty. Dolphin has left the harbour; but some *pluice* for eating has been furnished to the volunteers.

Wonderful Circumstance.—One of the Sentinels upon Picquet the night before last, was alarmed by a violent and continued noise, which induced him to call the guard to his assistance. After a strict and patient search "by flood and field," the expectation of meeting a body of hostile Indians was singularly disappointed by the discovery that the tumult

 Night alarm from the Picquets.

rose from the ineffectual efforts of a crooked strick which was trying to lie straight.

Conundrum.---Why is a member of congress like a man in a close room?

Ans.---Because he is not liable to a draught.

We are informed that by a late rule of the Garrison, not more than fourteen persons are hereafter to use the same Tooth Brush.

February 9th.---The alarm was sounded to night, and a report reached us that the city was attacked. We repaired rapidly to the post of danger, (which thus became the post of honor) marched through bushes and swamps, and remained under arms there during the entire night. Our sentinels fired on a scouting party of about seven Indians, whom they distinctly saw file to the left, and retreat through the thubbery. On this occasion, every soldier placed his fingers upon his weapon, as upon the shoulders of a tried and rusty friend, and every officer grasped his sword as he would the helping hand of a brother. Never was more promptitude evinced than by the volunteers, as they marched out to the relief of their sentinels, whom they feared might be cut off. Never was greater ardour manifested than theirs, as the guns continued to be discharged by the entry during our progress to the picquet, and after our arrival.

February 11th.---The prints of the Indian mocasins were distinctly traced by us yesterday near the spot to which the ring was directed on the 9th. On that occasion, there were several guns discharged, both by officers and privates, and none drew trigger who did not believe their sight was drawn upon a foe. The news of Gen. Hernandez' place being burned, which has just* arrived, confirms the correctness of the impressions entertained by us, that the Indians were in the vicinage.

But to proceed from grave to gay. Our five by six news-

*That is, the news, not the place, has just arrived

Some prospect of an Obituary Notice.

paper will indicate, that we are not without our occasional mirth. My co-editor is a genius, and therefore an oddity of the former, of which he affords *proof* to our printers by his puns, and of the latter he gives testimony to me, by growing vastly *fond* of me. When at one time I was about leaving the volunteers, having agreed with Capt. Porter that I would march with him to join Gen. Clinch, as he then expected to do, the Doctor really grew pathetic, as he contemplated the parting hour, and my perilous enterprise. I should have cried had I not laughed; and to prevent piping, resorted to punning. My co-editor visits me "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve." and then calls at midnight to spend the evening. To him, rather than to myself, I attribute the spread renown my room enjoys for its "noctes cœnæque," and the flow of souls that come to his feast of wit. He oft invites a half score boon companions to take tea, not with himself, but with me, at 1 or 2 in the morning; and at such periods we lead old father Time by his single grey lock in front, down the merry dance of life, disarming him of his scythe, and shivering his hour glass into a thousand atoms.

Although my motto, on these occasions, is "*vive la bagatelle*," yet I sometimes sadden as the Doctor perpetrates a violently funny witticism, for I fear that he will, one day or other, be the death of me. But then I shall die, as the philosopher Democritus lived, a laughing. Alas! my brother Editor, what keen reproaches will harass up your sensitive soul, should your eye meet my obituary, commencing,

Died of a fatal joke; or, departed this life of a sudden pun; or, fell down in a fit, of laughter.

February 12th.—On this day the volunteers obtained permission from Gen. Eustis to go into the country and scour it for Indians. It is not their fault, if time thus spent in a march of 18 or 20 miles, through a wet and toilsome region, brought them not in contact with the foe:

"Sed tamen aliquid est tentasse."

Lo! a splendid soldier and gallant gentleman, deservedly high in public confidence, is rapidly dashing through the

The Volunteers honorably discharged.

narrow streets of Augustine, his charger flaked with foam, his martial cloak floating in the breeze, and his chapeau-bras doffed to greet us. And Col. Brisbane (for the reader who has seen him, we trust, will at once recognize the Colonel in our sketch) with his glorious companies, must not be detained. I therefore draw rapidly to a close this imperfect outline of the thirty days' defence of Augustine, by stating, that the 1st Regiment of South-Carolina militia, and Major Kirby's command, arriving, Gen. Eustis deems it no longer needful to retain in this city the volunteers, who have been specially charged with its protection, as may be seen in his order about this period.

We are accordingly honorably relieved, and transports furnished for the return to South-Carolina, of all except the few of us who will continue in the ensuing campaign. And if a larger number do not re-volunteer, it is not because the will, but the power, is wanting. The regiment has arrived fully officered and manned—many an applicant cannot be accepted, and of others, the public relations or private affairs call them imperiously homeward.

It is gratifying to be enabled to declare, with perfect sincerity, as I now do, that during the entire period of our stay here, the utmost harmony has prevailed among the several South-Carolina companies, as well as between the officers and privates of each. And I add, with unaffected pleasure, that the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, who has accompanied us, won, and will carry back with him to Charleston, and through a life of future usefulness, (prosperous and prolonged, I trust it will be) the respectful regards of every heart that could estimate amiable worth, and every mind capable of appreciating virtue, severe only to itself, and sweetly smiling a toleration of the venial frailties of others—persuading all, persecuting none, and impressing, not by words, but acts, the solemn and salutary Bible truth, that “except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”

The services of the thirty day volunteers have been slighted, and in some sort, sneered at, or attempted to be ridiculed—but I have no other idea of dignity than as it consists in a faithful discharge of duty, in whatever situa-

Vindication of the Volunteers.

tion Providence may have assigned us. It will be perceived by reference to the Charleston resolutions, and Gen. Eustis' order from head quarters, that it was made the peculiar province of these volunteers, to guard and protect the *city*, and the proceedings of the Council at Augustine shew that they fully discharged this undertaking. Yes! they did so with all the fervour wherewith the devotee kindles and continues the sacred fire on the altar. The flame of their martial zeal never for a moment flickered, but like the pious and perennial light in the Catholic Church at Augustine, was fed by daily diligence, and burned upward and onward with a steady, though undazzling lustre.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL—AUGUSTINE TO VOLUSIA.

[Character and conduct of the Volunteers of the South generally—Col. Brisbane and the 1st Regiment South Carolina Militia in the Army of Florida—Captain Elmore and the Columbia Volunteers—operations of Col. Brisbane's Command East of the St. Johns—Brigadier General Bull arrives at Camp McCrea—the 1st Regiment leaves there and proceeds to Volusia—Cols. Butler's and Brisbane's concerted movement upon Spring Garden—the former proceeds to Tomoka—the latter returns to Volusia, where we find Brigadier General Eustis and Staff.]

"IMPEDIMENTA."

The carriages of an army—bag and baggage.

[*Vide Cæsar's Commentaries—passim.*]

Augustine, Feb. 15th.—Never did Rome or Greece in days of yore—nor France, nor England, in modern times—pour forth a nobler soldiery, than the Volunteers in the Army of Florida, during the campaign of 1836, from Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and South Carolina. As the sandal tree sheds perfume on the axe that fells it, so would the vilest Seminole become ennobled by the slaying of the least one of these gallant sons of the South. Had the disposition of them equalled the disposition *in* them, peradventure the time-honored parent would cease to tremble for the safety of a son; the young and doting sister's roseate cheek to pale with fears for a brother; and the affianced maiden's lip to quiver, her eye to fill with tears, and heart to quake for a lover absent.

If the most determined valor, indomitable energy, and competent self-resources in the officers—seconded by cool courage, unshrinking firmness and generous enthusiasm in the soldiers under their command, could have availed aught, Florida would have been tranquilized, and the ring of the Seminole rifle never more be borne on the breeze, rousing the peaceful slumbers of midnight.

To cause the citizen-soldier to shoulder the slung musket, draw the girded sword, and rush to the battle field;

Tribute to the Volunteers of the South generally.

it was enough for him to know that his brethren of Florida were weak, and assailed. But he knew also that the Indians were the aggressors—that not content with retaining the soil they had covenanted to cede, (a retention violatory of treaties ratified and re-affirmed, and therefore, of itself, just cause of war) they invaded regions which they never pretended to possess, and commenced offensive operations on the whites. He had learned that the dark demon of ruin was rioting, not 'mid barren wastes, where no grateful verdure quickens, and no generous plant takes root---or where the herbage is stunted and the shrubbery lare, but on the cultivated lands, the valuable mills and mansions; that the planter could only flee for succour and for safety (as flee he must) to the garrisoned city, guided by the conflagration of his own dwelling; that where the sun was wont to shine most brightly, there rolled dark clouds of war ----where the crops had been most luxuriant, there the fields were laid bare----where the herds were once most numerous, there the cattle had been dispersed----where heretofore arose the stately edifice, now stood a smouldering, ashy heap. He knew, moreover, that where man once dwelt in peace 'neath his umbrageous and wide-spreading oak, or by the flower-enamelled margin of some limpid brook, there

“Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far—
The Angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!”

there the trees were fired, the flowers trampled, and above all, human blood poured out like water. Yes! where the lark had carolled its matin hymn most gaily, thence it fled affrighted from the shrieking bird of prey, and for its

“Native wood notes wild,”

were substituted the groans and gnashings of despair.

The Volunteers were *men*, and resolved if *their* right hands could accomplish it, the land should not blush but with roses, nor know any bleeding but the vine. They felt that chivalry were of little avail, if it warmed only at the fireside of peace, and chilled in the battle field; that its fruit were little worth, if the first blasts of war could shake its “buds from blowing.”

Col. Brisbane's Regiment, and Capt Elmore's Columbia Volunteers.

But I find myself hurried away, by feeling, from the plan of the present work, which requires that this chapter be confined to a *portion* of the *left wing* of the Army. To *its* operations, therefore, I shall proceed.*

Camp Eustis, Feb. 16th.—On page 133, we stated the appearance in Augustine of Col. Brisbane; his regiment arrived here about the middle of February, the different companies landing nearly at the same time. Soon after, Capt. Elmore's Company of Columbia Volunteers sprang upon the shores of Florida. The fine appearance of the troops from South Carolina, armed *cap à pie*, and well appointed---their lofty port and fearless front---their step pre-saging their future firmness, and their eyes enkindled by the holiest impulses, threw an air of life and liveness o'er the city, to which it had long been a stranger. They are confident in their cause, and in their commanders—Colonel Brisbane and Capt. Elmore, gentlemen and chevaliers in the fullest sense of these most comprehensive terms.

The Columbia Volunteers are, temporarily, stationed within the city; the first Regiment having already occupied the tented field South of St. Francis' Barracks. How animated, how interesting, the scene Camp Eustis presents! It appears like some gay drama, in which each man has to play his part, and each strives to perform it well. Like other actors, some are perfect, many not so, and the rehearsals are frequent. Lo! the curtain is drawn, and the

*NOTE.—We would only premise two things: Firstly—That our pre-termitting the mention of the gentlemen of the regular Army in the foregoing reflections, is with no derogatory intendment. In the proper place we shall "speak of" them as they deserve, "nor aught set down in malice;" and will here only add, that some of them are our personal friends—and for others we entertain no sentiments but those of kindness and respect. Secondly—We have ascribed to other Volunteers "the motives which, in a war like this, can actuate their breasts and ours." And we take leave to say, once for all, that if heretofore we have made, or hereafter do make, any observation or statement which shall be proven error, we will gladly avail ourselves of any fit occasion to repair the wrong. We *intend* to express nothing but what we know or believe, and conclude this reference to others by declaring with Buffon, as to ourselves, that

"J'aime autante une personne qui me releve d'une erreur, qu'une autre qui m'apprend une verité, parce qu'en effect une erreur corrigée est une verité."—Buffon Quad. IX. 158.

The tented field south of St. Francis' barracks, described.

ardent Col. B. enters upon the stage—the drama's very life blood; like it, pervading every part. *Here* may be heard "left"—"right," "left," "right,"—to the end of the chapter, (or rather to the end of the field) and *there*, "shoulder arms" ----"order arms"----"stand at ease" (an order promptly obeyed.) *At the front*, may be seen our able Adjutant, (my valued friend A. G. Magrath, whom the men used to say was born for a soldier; and the officers, that he was intended by nature for an Adjutant) extending orders to the amiable and willing Sergeant-Major, the modest yet manly Sumter, grand son of the game cock of the South. *In the rear*, behold our active Quarter Master, (my handsome friend A. P. Aldrich) receiving, and the indefatigable Commissary Hatch, distributing rations of bread and pork, while my brother member of the Bar, Edward Carroll, Esq. appropriately placed in the *Ordnance* (Qu. Ordinance) Department, takes *issue*, and *counts* rations. (Certainly the Commissariat contains the most *ration*-al of gentlemen.)

In *one* corner of the field, the young officers----Captain Ashby, Lieuts. Bryan, Simmons, Holmes, Russell, are presented to their respective companies; and in *another*, the ever diligent Dr. Strobel, is wiping alternately the lancet and double barrelled gun, wherewith he is so well qualified to draw blood. But the curtain must drop upon description, the scene changes from rehearsal to performance.

Camp Hanson, Feb. 19th.----In consequence of the deficiencies of transportation, we cannot move *en masse*. Captains Jones and Henry, and our Regiment Surgeon, were therefore directed to take up the line of march early on the morning of the 18th, for Hernandez'; and Captains Parker and Quattlebaum followed to day. Major Kirby started yesterday with two Companies United States Regulars, in the steamer Dolphin, for Bulow's. The remainder of *our* Regiment left for the present encampment this afternoon.

As we quit the city, many of the inhabitants turn out to see us, and give us a heartfelt "God speed!" They know, alas! too well, that the foe are merciless when met, and that we are bent on meeting them----that we have relinquished home, and the sweet endearments of domestic life----tear-

First view of a "burn" in Florida.

ing ourselves from those we love, to respond to their wailing cry for succour. And the Floridians reflect on the parting scene, as we left all for their sakes; even the cousin's token of remembrance, and the very menials' honest shake of the hand, as we rushed from the roofs under which we were born, and the old nurse who had borne us in her arms, and parted for months----perhaps forever. And feeling these things, the people audibly ejaculate, "God preserve ye!"

We pause not, as does the narration, but proceed to this place.

Camp Debut, Feb. 21st.----Our station yesterday was within the plantation of Mr. Hanson, one of the members of the Territorial Council. To-day the Regiment is encamped a few yards without Mr. H's. enclosure, but the Staff continue to occupy the snug room to which he has invited us. Every thing is at our service, even the servant Sandy, whom I call Alexander the Great, "with a difference," as Ophelia says—"Macedonia's madman," slew unfeathered bipeds—Sandy, the wise, slays feathered ones, and cooks them too, but plumes *himself* on first unpluming *them*.

The weather being very cold last night, and we sleeping on the floor, Col. B. gave us the benefit of his experience, and commended our laying feet fireward, that thus the heat might radiate. But alas! it did more; it *irradiated* blankets, clothes and all, and we saw the first smoke of a *hostile* fire (for sure it was *no friendly* flame.) We had heard of the "burns" in Florida, but did not anticipate so early a sight of one. But so it is! "All flesh is grass."*

February 22d.—We are still here, sedulously engaged in drills, and the thousand other duties of a camp—distributing munition, clearing the ground, and pitching tents out of the way of watch fires, aye, and of cooking fires too. For no where is the definition of man, as *the cooking* animal, more correct than in an army, when not on the march,

*We inform the lady reader, who is not supposed to be quite a Columella in agricultural lore, that the best grazing ground in Florida is always to be met on what are called "burns," where the shrubbery has been fired

Nearly all remaining puns condensed into one page.

(and he has any thing to cook.) The staff are often sent into the city for supplies, and most catagmatic falls do our horses favour us with, as we gallop over the broken bridge.

We leave here to-morrow for Hernandez', at least some of us, for, by reason of the wretched transportation, we have to move in detached bodies. The best friends must part.

Oh now, Mr. H.,
 "Farewell," the roofed house! "farewell" Hyson!
 "Farewell" th' "unplumed" bird and the "big" rice
 "That makes" the dinner meal the best! "O, farewell!"
 "Farewell" ' the game of whist, and the high "trump,"
 "The spirit stirring" spoon, the throat "piercing" wine,
 The "royal" punch: "and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious" Eude!
 "And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's" fine suppers well may fit,
 "Farewell!" cook Sandy's "occupation's gone!"

Camp Edgefield, February 23.—When I said Sandy's occupation's gone, I should have added—and, with it—so am I, or rather should be, for I paused so long at Mr. H's. door, where we were cracking whips and jokes, that ere I started, the detachment got *a-head*, but as they were *a-foot*, and only *a-mile* off, and their wagons *a-wry*, I soon reached them. We marched 'till near sunset, tracing, on our way, the frequent mocasin print, and halted in a wood near (yes! quite too near) excellent water, (at least I should have thought it good, having been used to rain water all my life; and it *rained* water most copiously; no sovereign ever *reigned* more plenarily or potentially. Here we received the first *damper* to our feelings, which would have been yet *damper*, but that our thoughtful friend, Lieut. Hatch, brought with him some five or six feet of india rubber cloth. This we placed on a sapling, secured to two opposite trees by our bridles, dirks, &c., and thus we had a roof impervious to water. Our horse-blankets formed the sides of our spacious mansion, and the saddle bags our pillow, our lodging being "on the *could* ground." With many a *dry joke* we passed a *wet night*.

To this place I gave the name of Camp Edgefield, in compliment to Capt. Hibler, (the senior officer in the detach-

Camp Brisbane—A Botanic stranger.

ment now here) also to Lieut. Col. Huit, and Capt. Jones' officers and privates, they all being, like Capt. Hibler, from Edgefield District.

Camp Brisbane, February 24.—Up rose the sun, and up rose we. As sunrise is a rare show to me, I noticed it particularly, and could not help observing, that the eye of day was very red, which I attribute to its previous weeping. However, it soon began to kiss up the tears it had shed on every blade of grass, as they trickled off like pearls running over emeralds. We proceeded till past dinner time (even in England) as we judged by our appetite, that most accurate horologe. We passed Flotard's, Dupont's, Hernandez', at Mala Compra and Long's, neither of which have been yet disturbed by the Indians.* On the way hither, I gathered an early but a splendid plant, the long stalk of which, after rising high, turned till the flower touched the soil. This botanic stranger, notwithstanding its position, has a queenly look, and seems to say to the passer by, like Constance (in Shakspeare's King John) as she throws herself on the earth,

"Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

I shall preserve this floral gem, nor will I pretermit any pains to collect all the rare and beauteous products of this country; and then, let the world tremble, as it anticipates a botanic disquisition, stamens, pistils, classes, orders, sex, habits, history, and all that Linnæus or Jussieu could desire.

Halting to slake our thirst in an embowered brook of cool, clear water, we are gladdened by the sight of a few soldiers from the detachment which had preceded us. They are on a foraging excursion, they tell us, and that Camp Brisbane is just *in view*, (by which is ever meant, not far *out of sight*.) They add, with all the gravity which the

*This refers to the date, Feb. 24, but while I was at Augustine, in May, Mr. Dupont came into the city with his two little ones, who had to walk all the way, half clad. The Indians had surrounded his house, killed Mr. Long, carried off the negroes, and destroyed his buildings. So in like manner, of other places subsequently to the time at which I journalized,

 Five Companies assembled at Hernandez?

communication deserves, that of Indians they have met none, but of pumpkins, a plenty. Chips and pies! cried I, and spurring my horse, dash into Camp Brisbane, as our encampment here at Gen. Hernandez' plantation, (St. Joseph's) is named, in deserved compliment to a most meritorious officer. Capt. Hibler, with his company, came up the next moment, also Lieutenants Smith and Bacot, with a portion of Capt. Doucin's corps—the rest of whom, having taken *water* conveyance, were found high and *dry*, and brought here, this evening, by the boat with Col. Brisbane, Adjutant Magrath, Quarter Master Aldrich, Capt. Doucin, and Lieut. Pinckney. At this place we find the companies of Captains Henry and Jones, with our regimental Surgeon, Dr. Strobel. They had **enjoyed bad* weather, worse roads, and a tedious march, not arriving here till the third day after they left Augustine, a distance little over 30 miles. Some, on the last day, had but one biscuit each. They were joined at Camp B. by Capts. Parker and Quattlebaum, on the day before yesterday. From the frequent mocasin tracks, with the general belief that there were large bodies of hostiles in the vicinage, we expect an attack, but thus far, are disappointed therein, whether agreeably or otherwise, this deponent saith not.

That we have not, in all this time, proceeded farther, or accomplished more, must be attributed solely to the fact of our not being provided with transport fit to do aught but carry poultry to market, and of these fowl wagons, not enough. We have not even a hospital cart, and in the event of an engagement, should any of us be shot, the rest will have to throw out the provisions of the hale and whole, to make provision for the wounded. Then as to the sick, what could we do with them on a march?

A reconnoitering party visited Williams', and found his valuable mill and dwelling house burnt. Gen. Hernandez' costly mill is also destroyed, but the lead is taken from neither, whence a conjecture that the Indians have never re-

*I know folks who complain that they *enjoy bad health!* Now, 1stly, *health can't be bad;* and 2dly, if it could be, where would be the *enjoyment* at such times?

Desolation at Bulow's, and elsewhere, described.

peated their visit, after firing these buildings. We have occasional "alarms," but no *frights*, the soldiery turning out with great promptitude and zealous valour.

Camp Bulow, February 25th.—Two days' rations having been prepared, Col. B. orders a move. The line of march is taken up at 9 A. M. by the companies of Jones, Henry, Quattlebaum, Hibler and Doucin, for Bulow's plantation, on which the Indians were reported to be in considerable force, having a stockade, swivel, &c. After a fatiguing march of twelve miles, rendered more so by the delays of the wagons, we arrived here, found no foe, took quiet possession of the fort and a four-pounder, and encamped for the night.

We gazed, not without regret, on a scene over which ruin brooded, or stalked with no stealthy pace. The noble mill and mansion are utterly destroyed, and an extensive Library of splendid works is scattered over the field, torn, or fired, as if the Seminole willed not that we should sip of the pleasant waters of the Pierian spring, "the pure well of English undefiled," to the savage, but a sealed fount. Here we rescued a Milton and Shakspeare, and mean to make them the companions of our otherwise weary way, the solaces of our heart-heavy hours. Think of one of these insensate sons of the forest, with a "Paradise Lost," or a "Hamlet," holding it up, looking at it, and trampling or burning it. What to *him* is the mighty English lion? What to him the sweet swan of Avon? In *his* hands they are but "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout," as Solomon saith. But I check my wanderings—let paradoxical Rousseaus go write essays to prove the superiority of savage over civilized life, and let learned Academies crown them therefor.

Camp Henry, February 26th.—Leaving Capt. Doucin's company to garrison the fort at Bulow's, we take up the line of march with what provisions and baggage we can carry on our backs. The tents, &c. are sent round by boats, which we found at our last encampment. Our road is through heavy sands and occasional swamps; wet pine barrens on either hand, succeeded by thick scrub. The bridge on the road having been destroyed, we go round about two

Rifles heard and Indians descried.

miles, come to a watering place, at the base of a steep hill, shaded by foliage almost impervious. Here we find a miserable ox, nearly starved to death, having been tied to a tree by the Indians, who have never returned either to save or slay. We gladly cut him loose, and quickly let him roam where he will.*

We passed onward, traversing in our course the plantations of Ormond, Darley and Dummett, which were in ruins.

Having stopt several miles behind the regiment with a sick soldier, as I carelessly hurried up, the men winked, nodded, beckoned; but 'twas all dumb show to me, till coming nearer, I heard the whisper, distinctly audible amid silent hundreds in the quiet woods—Indians, Indians, Indians. And I found that as the companies were proceeding on a causeway leading from Dummett's to M'Crea's, the report of three rifles were heard, and immediately after, several Indians were descried watching our movements. We are now certain of a brush. Every precaution is taken to prevent an ambush, or the escape of the savages. Capt. Quatlebaum's corps is ordered to advance, so as to outflank the foe on the right, and Capt. Jones' company, on the left—the Irish Volunteers and Capt. Hibler's command forming the centre. Never did officers or men behave with more coolness or firmness; yet all are, not only ready, but anxious for the conflict. I am placed in command of a party, and directed to despatch an express on the earliest intelligence of Indian approaches. To effectuate this, one of the men is made to climb the tallest tree, reconnoitre and report. Notwithstanding my stern orders for silence, some of my troop continually interrogate the scout as to the prospect from the tree top. These questions, with his answers, remind me of Fatima in Blue Beard, and her oft enquiries of sister Ann:

*This may seem too trivial to mention, yet it was no trifling pleasure to liberate the poor dumb thing—to lead him to the water *which had been for days in his view, and out of his reach!* and then to guide him to a grazing ground. Besides, that this wretched and famishing creature should have been thus tied, and so abandoned, illustrates the heartless and thoughtless cruelty of the Seminole, who, as we subsequently see, is in the vicinage of this deserted animal. In this point of view, I have thought the incident worth recording, as holding up a light wherewith to peruse a passage in the volume of Indian character.

The troops fall back on Dummett's.

"Sister Ann, do you see any body coming?" His replies were almost in the words of "sister Ann." "Oh yes! I see a great dust, a great way off—now I see something moving—now I see a large body, but I cannot tell which side they are moving—they may be cattle; no, they are men, and they are approaching, but I don't know if they are white, black, or red men. Yes I do, they *are*—yes, now I see them plainer, they *are* *Indians*, and a heap of 'em, and coming right towards us." I post a mounted express to the Colonel, and by the time he returns. the scout aloft discovers—that they are—our own troops, Capt. Quattlebaum's riflemen, who I stated were sent out in advance. As they returned from a fruitless search, the sun shining on their tin canteens, shewed who they were. To complete this account, I add, that while some of my command were constantly interrogating the scout, others were with great difficulty kept from sleeping. Such are the differences between individuals. Such is man! the strangest sex in the world, (except woman.)

Having scoured the hammocks in every direction, and stationed troops at every point where the Indians were likely to escape, we find that they have nevertheless given us the slip. After reconnoitering M'Crea's, where a corn house is seen yet burning, we are ordered to fall back upon Dummett's, so as to have the causeway between us and the Indians, should they be in force. As we are retiring upon Dummett's, a fine fat bullock is discovered, which the savages had shot and partly skinned. I need not add, we carried the prize with us.

At Dummett's, stationed with Capt. Hibler's company, in the ruins of the sugar mill, I very politely invite Dr. Strobel to partake my couch; the which accepting, he and I creep into a bake house of the burnt building. Overcome by excessive fatigue, we fall, or rather rush into a deep sweet sleep, from which we are aroused by a discharge from the guns of the two sentinels on the broken wall, just over our heads. Endeavouring to get out, by getting my feet out, (for from want of width in our bed chamber, we can only proceed feet foremost) I find I am impeded. I conclude that I am pinned to the wall by one of the mosquitoes

We scour the scrub, and see and shoot the Indians.

which are here perfect Anaks, regular Titans. But I discover that my spur (which from fatigue I had not pulled off) has caught in the Doctor's sword-guard.* In extricating the rowel, I happen to run it rather deeper than is pleasant through his epidermis: whereupon the Doctor exclaims, "the Lord deliver us! what gallinippers! Cohen, did you ever feel such?" No, said I, (divining what spurs him "up to such a sudden flood of mutiny") I never did feel any *exactly* like that, but it's not as biting as a rifle-ball, so let's bolt out. 'Tis a tough job, what with the spur and the little space, but I have ever found that man *creates* a way of doing what *must* be done, so out we got.

The officer of the guard orders a detail to beat the bushes for Indians. While they are looking at each other, doubtful which side to go, the Doctor steps up, cocking his double-barrelled gun, and heads the party to the woods, exclaiming, "forward, men! I'll lead you on—cock y'r guns, for in partridge shooting, we must be prepared to take them on the wing." Whereupon, we scour the scrub, observing a moving light as we enter it, and pursuing it, see and shoot—no Indians, and return. The light proves to be only an inoffensive fire-fly.

Concluding that a cool wetting will be better than a hot one, though it looks for rain, we resolve to bivouack in the open air. So we "ground arms" and legs, lay "at ease," and "rest" on the brow of a hill, hoping that the breeze will blow off one formidable foe, the mosquitoes. I remarked in the preceding sentence, "it looks for rain," I should add, it finds it, and the continuous dropping wakes me up. On looking around, I discover that my friend does not play me *fair*, but at the approach of *foul* weather, *whether* I will or not, deserts my spacious bed of broad acres, which I was sharing with him, and *staves* himself into a sugar hogshead, (to prevent getting *whooping* cough, I fancy.) I am almost tempted to pretend that my purpose is only to wake him, and give the hogshead a kick, for being on the summit of a hillock, off it would roll, and round would my friend go.

*For we realize the passage in Proverbs, "Every man has his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night."

We leave Camp Henry and arrive at Camp M'Crea.

But as he is sick, I leave him to the difficulties he already has to surmount. The Doctor's berth is too narrow to permit his exit, save feet forward, and the undulating surface of the sloppy ground, prevents his steadying the barrel for this purpose. Finally, and not without much heaving, like a ship in a heavy sea, he emerges. And now that he is out, what with his upturned hands, mournful shake of the head, long drawn breath, the soot from the burnt bakery, the sugar from the soiled hogshead, and the perspiration which flows from his face over all, like streams wearing a channel through the fields they irrigate, there is such a confused blending of *black* and *white*, that, 'till I grow *grey*, I shall remember my friend's sad, funny plight.

Camp M'Crea, February 27th.—We leave Camp Henry, as I name our last Camp, in compliment to the Captain of the Irish Volunteers, and his gallant corps, who so well represent Ireland in generosity and bravery. Our boats arriving last night, we go down early this morning to the landing, on the Tomoka, where we cook our *spoils*, to prevent its *spoiling*. After eating *one* hearty breakfast of *fresh* beef, we proceed to this place, distant from Augustine about fifty miles, and but a few miles from Anderson's, (the scene of the Dunlawton battle, for an account of which, see ante page 92.)

A company being left in charge, a party is sent out to *scour* the adjacent country, which is already *clean* of Indians. We, however, discover traces of their recent visits and a yet smouldering fire. We return after a wet and laborious expedition, the fatigue of which prevents this day's journal from being more tiresome to readers, by inducing me to abridge it. So I only add, that we send down to the boats which had come round, thence procure and pitch our tents, and establish ourselves. And now for bed, that is, for palmetto-leaf couches, and pine-stump pillows.

February 28.—To-day we are out in the scrub and hammock land, up to our heads in briars, and our knees in mud. I start on horseback, but finding it impossible (as the guide foretold) to progress with my horse, I have him returned to

 Visit to Major Heriot's fine lands on the Halifax.

camp, and proceed a-foot.* I enter the hammock just after Col. B., who is seen toiling laboriously, and heard hacking at round rate, but coming up to the spot, I can find no trace of his work, on which the lithe woods have completely closed. My valued friend, Adjutant M., who is close behind me, tells me that he heard me making a terrible to-do, but that, on his arrival at the same point, he can't ascertain what it's all about. The fact is, that he who follows, "takes nothing by the motion" of his predecessor, as we lawyers phrase it, each having to carve a path for himself with his own sword. The vines woo us most lovingly, and clasp us with so tenacious an embrace, as to render parting scarce practicable. Major W. informs me that he could not keep his file-leader in sight, so dense was the shrubbery.

Camp McCrea, March 6.—Events are so few and unimportant, that I have not journalized since the 28th.

On the 29th, Col. B. and staff, with Jones' and Henry's companies, went down to Major Heriot's, on the Halifax, 12 miles south of our present position, and found it exhibiting the usual evidence of visits from the Indians, who come but to blast. At Williams', a neighboring plantation, the mill was standing.† Our troops remained at this place, 'till two companies U. S. arrived under command of Major Kirby, who will take post there and establish a depot, if advisable.

We have thrown up an extensive breast-work, (with deep trenches around it) constructed a commissary store-house, and mounted a small cannon a-top of it. This piece we named M'Duffie, to do honor to one who honors Carolina and the country at large, uniting the incorruptibility of Aristides, with the eloquence of him who

"Shook the Arsenal,
And fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

*These things are stated in the first person singular, not because I pleasure in promulgating what *I* do, but for the reason that the mention of *my own* action or feeling, is oft the readiest mode of describing the soil, or the sentiment of others, at the particular time or place.

†These lands are very fine, no one need wish better. Major H. has 900 to 1000 acres of first rate land. The soil is capable of yielding from 1 to 2 hogsheds of sugar to the acre.

Having nothing else to do, the Author grumbles a little.

We have also levelled the embankments, burned the grass, cut the palmetto and scrub, and removed all objects that were within rifle shot of our camp, behind which the enemy could conceal himself.

Having nothing else to do, let's grumble a little. We have a great deal of sickness in camp, but thanks to luck and the Doctor, no deaths. It has been raining and blowing from N. E. for three days, without intermission.

The men are in fine spirits, and nothing mars the pleasure, which, in every expedition, is derived from unanimity of feeling, except the difficulties of intercourse with other places, and the deficiencies in our list of comforts. Officers, who were forced to leave Augustine without any thing but the single suit on their backs, find it impossible to procure a change of clothing from their ample stores at that place. Capt. H. had to leave his trunk there, and borrow a pair of socks here, and is almost barefooted. It is near a month since the regiment sailed from Charleston, and yet we have only been empowered to proceed fifty miles.

Now that the stockade and other labours are completed, we are absolutely idle, (except at drill) and frittering away that precious time which might be employed in serving or in saving the country. They say we are waiting on the Carolina horse—why were they not furnished with the means of transportation, and all things needed to bring them here two weeks ago, as was expected?

March 7th.—Col. B. and Adjutant M. left us early yesterday morn for Augustine, and returned this evening, alone, 100 miles in two days. The very necessity which could induce this perilous ride, speaks trumpet-tongued as to the state of things. We felt solicitous for their safety, and thank heaven they have returned unscalped to their friends in camp, as they are dear to our affections, and invaluable to our future operations. They went to tender communications to Gen. Eustis, and receive commands from him.

Our regiment is strung along the entire line from Augustine to Camp M'Crea, where there are but five companies out of ten.

Here we remain, awaiting orders, and never more than

Spirits rising high among the Volunteers.

two or three rations at a time in store. We should have been in the field and at our solemn work. God send us a quick departure, and a forward march upon the foe.

March 9th.—Alas, still here, and all here, still. Yes! we may be “dreadful as the storm,” but we are certainly “still as the breeze.” We *did* hope ere this to have been down upon King Philip and his two or three hundred warriors. Why are we not ordered to his residence, Tohopkeli-ki? We are here doing nothing, or worse than nothing, consuming our stores. One dollar is offered for an ounce of tobacco, and five dollars for a bottle of brandy. Nay, a soldier speaking of his intention to catch and sell an Indian poney, was offered by an officer ten dollars for it if he caught one. Another said he had’nt money to pay for a pony, but he would give a pint of whiskey for one. The soldier jumped up, and rubbing his hands, exclaimed to the former officer, “Sir, keep your useless silver,” and to the latter bidder, “my dear sir, the pony is yours, as soon as caught, and then the pint of whiskey’s mine!”

But let us speak of necessaries. Such is the difficulty of procuring supplies, that notwithstanding the unremitting exertions of Dr. Strobel to provide for the sick, and his giving them, with characteristic disregard of self, his private stores—yet an invalid paid 25 cts. for one tea-spoonful of brown sugar. I record this merely as an exponent of affairs, and in no unmanly or repining spirit; for as to my single self, I come here with a mind prepared for privation. I came to be useful, and thus discharge a debt to mankind, without even the selfishness of ambition. For little glory can be gleaned even by a triumph over an ignoble foe, and to such conquests, “*nec Deii, nec homines, nec columnæ,*” award immortality. Yet even such garlands as may be gathered here, shall be snatched at; if discipline strictly obeyed, and duty rigidly discharged; if difficulties overcome and perils braved, may accomplish it.

But as to our *short commons*, I have *long* made a *common* jest of them. This very day, my amiable friend Major W. and I have been drinking our unsugared coffee, with an iron spoon in it, laboriously stirring and daintily sipping it,

King Philip's son heads 50 Indians at Camp M'Crea.

as if to ascertain if it were sweet enough yet—and then getting Lieut. B. to call the attention of our brother officers to our *stirring* times, that they, like other men in other places, may envy us for goods which we possess not.

March 10th.—The scene shifts—we are no longer still—the curtain of the campaign is lifted, and the bloody drama of war has commenced. Nay, the first act of the tragedy has just been performed. The Indians are upon us. At day-light this morning, I am aroused by the horrid whooping of about fifty savages, and the clear, sharp, ringing report of their rifles, so easily distinguishable from a Harper's Ferry manufacture.*

It is but the work of a second to draw the girded sword, cock the belted pistol, and rush towards the quarter whence the yells issued. I see the animating sight of the companies of Doucin, Quattlebaum, Henry, Jones, Hibler, repairing rapidly to their posts. I hear the awful cry, "they are shooting down our unarmed men like dogs," shrieked in a tone of agony from the lips of (I think) Col. B., who had hastened to the battle field with a wind-like velocity.

What a scene presents itself! A half hundred hideous, copper-coloured savages, some dressed most fantastically and frightfully; others but half-clad with hunting shirts; the rest naked; all with glaring eyes, black hair, and red-painted faces; jumping and screaming like insensate brutes, looking like gaunt and famished wolves thirsting for blood and springing on their prey. Our unarmed men hurrying towards camp, bleeding, falling, groaning, dying! All this within 150 yards of the fort, the cannon of which we dare not use, lest we slaughter our own soldiers, who are between it and the foe.†

The ruins of a sugar-mill are about two hundred yards from our tents, with extensive hammocks in the rear, and towards them our men are in the habit of going daily, to

*But for this, I should have conjectured that the firing proceeded from the guard, who upon coming off duty, used to discharge their loads, as it had been very rainy, and the powder became damp and the piece foul.

†See ante pp. 78—9, for an account of King Philip and his gang, of which these Indians are a portion, commanded by his son.

The enemy kill three of our Regiment.

procure wood and sugar cane. This morning an unusual number had gone thither without arms. The Indian wretches must have previously noted their wont, and stealing down before day, secreted themselves in the ruins, allowing twenty or thirty of the soldiers to pass beyond them from a campward direction, without show of fight. But no sooner do they retrace their steps, cumbered with their heavy loads, than the Seminoles emerge from their concealment and scatter themselves, so as to cut off as many as possible. The manœuvre succeeded but too fortunately for them, but too fatally for three of our regiment.

The line of battle is instantly formed, and leaving a few men to guard our fort, (which is struck by the Indian balls) and protect the sick and the stores, we give hot pursuit. Need I add, we strain every nerve to o'ertake the enemy? We had been greater brutes than they else!

Their spy, stationed on the wall of the sugar mill, watches our movements, and gives the whoop, which is their signal for retreat, and like affrighted kites, they abandon their prey. Powers of rapid locomotion, and superior knowledge of the *locale*, enable them to escape our clutches.

Having chased the Indians as far as practicable, we return to ascertain our loss. We discover two of our regiment, Winster and Barefield, of Capt. Doucin's company, lying dead, a few yards from the mill. They are both shot through the heart, and butcherly scalped, to the very corners of their heads. Continuing our search, we discover poor old Kennedy (the only aged man in Capt. Henry's Irish Volunteers) dead, but unscalped. After being shot down, he is fired at, and rushed upon by a dozen Indians, as he lay on the ground weltering in his blood.* We bring in the dead, and bury them with military honors. No vol-

*Several of them jump upon him to secure his scalp, but their contest as to who should seize it, creates such a delay as to compel them to flee ere their bloody purpose is accomplished, as, by that time, our troops come in view, and are nearing them. Hennessee, of the same corps, was with the unfortunate Kennedy; they were bringing in a log of wood between them, and H. was repeatedly fired at by the foe, from a distance of fifteen or twenty paces, but escaped unhurt, only one ball cutting his coat at the collar. That so many shots, so near, should all have missed his body, shews their inaccuracy of loading and firing, after the first discharge.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, &c.

unteer this morn eats a welcome meal; it sticks in our throats, almost choked by horror at the sight of butchery upon defenceless men, but a few moments before full of life and hope. Or our food rests heavily upon hearts, swollen by regret, that our fellow-soldiers have fallen low, in a foreign grave, and their murderers unpunished by us. But the day of retribution, we trust, is not distant. No man returns from the field the same being that he was yesterday; we are changed, we are roused. Our blood is up, and can only be appeased by blood. Our brethren's shades shall not "complain that we are slow," or their "ghosts walk unrevenged amongst us." These sentiments may have a savage sound, but they only evince that it is the curse of savagery, by its deeds to extend its dominion, even over the civilized mind. Yet our sternest retaliation will only be the strictest justice upon a fiendish foe.

March 13th.—Thank God we leave here in a few days, for the Indian country. I have the honor of occupying, with Dr. Strobel, the cock-loft of a fowl house, the entrance to which is up a ladder, and through a window. What a place of repose! The *eye* falls through interstices in the floor, (if floor that may be called which floor is none) big enough for the *body* to fall through, and beholds the invalid stretched on a pallet of straw, (the lower story being the hospital.) The ear is regaled by the long groan and the short cough, da capo, the affettuoso of a sigh, the adagio of a whine, the diapason closing in a trombone-like snore, vocal, accompanied by instrumental music. Can't a rational being sleep but

"In notes with many a winding 'bout,
Of linked" snoring "long drawn out."

I am a patient man and a philosophic, but that snore, flesh and blood (at least mine) can't stand. The deuce take all snoring noses, Grecian or Roman, snub or Strasburgian, even though they be as lovely as that nose which King Solomon compares to "the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus;" and with them, take that restorer of lost sternutatory processes and schneiderian membranes, Gaspar Taliacotius of Bologna, and his folio treat-

A bird's eye view.

ise, "de curtorum chirurgia per Insitionem." There it is again! First low and short, then loud and long, as if rejoicing in its course. What right has any man to trumpet forth his triumph, while depriving me of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," that "swift on downy pinions flies from" me, "and lights on" ears disturbed not "by a snore."

But what a scene does our room present! Here, a bird's eye stuck on a dirk—there, various specimens of the grasses. On one side, riband snakes, rattle snakes, and all sorts of snakes—on the other, fresh skinned paroquets, their stuffing of tow but half inserted, half dangling out. On the pine sapling table, the Paradise Lost which we found at Bulow's—on the floor, the Army Regulations, which are no Paradise Regained. But I leave the further description of an abode, which I hope soon to abandon for the tented field of battle.

Volusia, on the St. John's, March 17th.—We left Camp M'Crea on the morning of the 15th, and though thence to this place is but thirty miles, we did not arrive here 'till today. Three days occupied in traversing such a distance, will sufficiently attest the condition of the road, I should rather say, of the trail, for road we had none, except of our own making. Great indeed have been the toil and fatigue endured on this march, and nobly did our fine soldiers accomplish it. They were often in water to their waists, more than half the way being through swamps. To any one who has ever travelled over this region, it will be enough to state that we had to pass the *Haw Creeks, which are the chief supply of Dunn's Lake. After toiling for hours to cut away the dense growth of trees, the very stumps left beneath the surface of the water, (and which therefore could not be trimmed lower) were so numerous that it became impossible to guide the horses through the tortuous clearing. They were accordingly taken out, and the men put in; or, to express myself in other words, the teams were unhitched, and the soldiers drew over the wagons by main strength, unassisted by horse power.

*So called from the Haw trees abounding in the vicinage of these creeks.

Concerted movement upon Spring Garden.

On these trying occasions, it was truly gratifying to witness the energy and alacrity alike of officers and privates, the latter of whom were encumbered by their armour, knapsacks, fifty rounds of ball cartridges, and three days' provisions in the haversacks of many, while the rest suffered from not providing the requisite rations.

In what bright contrast with this recent wretched route, does Volusia stand! The fine stockade erected by Capt. Elmore's Columbia Volunteers,* is on one eminence, and our camp on another, with a clear rivulet watering the intervening vale. The broad bosom of the St. John's, with its profound repose, as it seems to sleep at the base of a far reaching hill—the varied verdure of the surrounding scenery—the tree tops, as bent by the air over the river, they cast, on the liquid surface, shadows which appear like islands in a sunny lake—all conspire to render this one of the most romantic spots we have yet visited.

March 19th.—Col. Butler, Col. Brisbane, and Capt. Elmore, this day make a concerted movement upon Spring Garden, with a portion of their respective forces. Col. Brisbane and staff, with the infantry, start at 3 o'clock A. M. by land—Captains Elmore and Henry having proceeded by boat. Col. Butler, with the mounted men, leaves some hours after us, overtakes us in the course of the day, and we arrive together at Spring Garden. On our way thither, we pass the bones of the late Mr. Henry Woodruff, and are the first whites who travel the road since this murder by the Indians. What a lamentable fate was his! the bones bleaching in the wilderness—but let us not lift the veil which solitude throws over the sad event. We intend, on our return, to pay the last sad tribute to humanity, by decently interring the few remains of the unfortunate Woodruff. The rites of sepulture at least should be performed.†

*In compliment to whom, it has been called fort Columbia, but is also known as fort Barnwell, Capt Allen's company from that district having subsequently occupied it.

†It will be perceived that we repassed too late at night to execute this intention, which was subsequently accomplished by the humane hands of others.

The Indians fly at our approach.

Immediately on our arrival at Spring Garden, we are sent out to scour the country in different directions, as recent Indian tracks are, at once, obvious. The main body invest the country centrally, while I, with Lieut. Holmes, and a party, am directed by Col. Brisbane to occupy the river bank on the right, and a detachment skirts the left. The mounted men endeavor to surround the hammock, and cut off the enemy's retreat. I proceed but a few paces towards the post assigned me, when I discover the fresh print of the heel-less moccasin. Pursuing it, I am conducted to a potato-patch, where the soil is freshly turned up, and the potatoes still strewing the field. Continuing the trail, I next come across a spot where the earth has been levelled and smoothed for the plain purpose of repose, and there behold the impression of the human form extended. Following it up, I find recent fires, and moss collected around, with traces of cattle. The path thence leads to the thick sugar cane, which is beat up by Lieut. Holmes and some of the men, with gallantry and promptitude, for we believe the foe concealed there, though in numbers unascertainable. Traversing the cane growth to the water's edge, I find an Indian "dug out" fastened to a tree on the bank of the stream, with the paddles still wet. In this boat I perceive two piles of the potatoes carefully packed, and by the side of the canoe, a parcel of sugar cane trimly clipt, as if ready to be put in by the Indians, who were compelled to leave all and fly to ambush. To close this rather minute detail of a small affair, I briefly state that I send the canoe to the point where our own boats are landed, and its contents prove an acceptable prize to our men. When at the water's edge, two Indians are seen on the other side, and while the "dug out" is being brought round, another is observed to enter the hammock. Thereupon, Col. B. directs Capt. Ashby's company to enter and take him alive—the former they accomplish, the latter they essay in vain.

A portion of the party sent into the other hammock, discover a number of tracks of grown persons and children, terminating in a distant trail. This they follow, and find six or more palmetto Indian huts. Whereupon Gen. Shelton, Dr. Strobel, Captains Henry and El-

Return to Volusia, and find Gen. Eustis there.

more, with one of the Irish Volunteers, (name not remembered) determine to carry the lodge by assault. Expecting to surprize the tenants of these wigwams, they cock their double barrell'd guns, and rush in upon them. *The nest is warm, but the bird has flown.* The fires are yet burning, but the Indians stay not by them, to take off the chill which our arrival creates. The palmettos are still green, the cane freshly cut, and portions of garments scattered around. Such is the fortune of war, often a game of chance! Here are five gentlemen charging, as they believe, on as many times their number, whom, had they found, the gallantry of the attack would be trumpeted to the world. They do not find them, and the intrepidity of this assault (equally great, whether Indians were there or not, as they thought them there) passes unnoticed. With the multitude, success is too often the standard of merit.

Col. Butler and the mounted men then leave us for Tomoka, and we return to this place at 9 o'clock to-night, having been on our feet, with but brief intermissions, since 3 A. M. Here we learn that Gen. Eustis and staff have arrived during our absence, but the operations of the Left Wing under his command, must form the subject of the following chapters.*

*Spring Garden is a beautiful spot, with as good land as can be wished for. The Spring yields twenty-thousand hogsheads of water in an hour, as clear as crystal, but of a brackish taste, and impregnated with sulphur. The bank descends precipitately, and the force of the water turns a wheel which communicates with the sugar works, and supersedes the necessity of steam power.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL—VOLUSIA TO TAMPA.

[Operations of the Left Wing—Ashby's and Frigg's companies cross the St. John's—are attacked by the enemy—We move upon Pilaklikaha—bridge the Ocklewahaw and pass over—Gen. Shelton and Ya-ha-Hajo—Battle of Okihumpki—Burning of Miconope's town—arrive at the scene of Dade's massacre—cross the Ouithlacoochee—touch at fort Alabama on the Hillsboro'—proceed to Camp Shelton—Gen. Bull, with Col. Brisbane's Regiment, and Major Kirby's Battalion, remains there—Gen. Eustis, with Col. Goodwyn's mounted Regiment, proceeds to Tampa.]

"Stat pro ratione—Voluntas."

Stop for rations—Volunteers.

[The Author's *new and free* translation of an *old and slavish* maxim.]

Volusia, East of the St. John's, March 21st.—The Left Wing is now concentrated at this place preparatory to their movement upon the Ouithlacoochee, towards which the Right Wing and Centre are also marching. These advances are in obedience to the orders of Major General Scott, commanding the Army of Florida, whose plan of the campaign is briefly as follows. The enemy, if concentrated at all, is supposed to be still in the cove of the Ouithlacoochee, at or near which he attacked Generals Clinch and Gaines. General Scott's Army is in three divisions, of which the Right Wing, consisting of Georgians, Louisianians and Regulars, commanded by Gen. Clinch, is to advance from Fort Drane upon the Ouithlacoochee, at Gen. Gaines' old position. Gen. Eustis, with the Carolinians, and Major Kirby's Battalion, composing the Left Wing, (but by this operation actually in the centre) after having previously scoured the Tomoka country, is to advance West from Volusia upon Okihumpky and Pilaklikaha. Col. Lindsay, with the Alabama troops, constituting the centre, is to move from Tampa upon the Chicuchatty settlements, and having examined that country, to remain in position for a concerted movement with the other divisions. Signal guns are

 Gen. Scott's plan of the campaign in 1836.

to be fired at 10 o'clock each day from each wing, and as soon as the respective forces reach their destinations on the Outhlacoochee, at Pilaklikaha, and at Chicuchatty, they are to advance simultaneously, concentrating towards the Outhlacoochee, in the swamp or cove of which, it is expected that the enemy will be enclosed and conquered. If he escape, he is to be pursued to the everglades.

The following list of the Officers composing the Left Wing, is as accurate as I am able to render it.

GENERAL STAFF.

Abraham Eustis, Brigadier General 1st Artillery, commanding L. W. A. F.; J. H. Prentiss,* 2d Lieut. and Adj. 1st Artillery, Aid-de-camp Adj. General; J. E. B. Finley, Aid-de-camp; W. L. Wharton, Sen. Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.; A. Canfield, Capt. Top. Eng. and Asst. Insp. Gen.; W. H. Betts, Bt. 2d Lieut. 1st Regt. Art. H. A. A. C. Subsistence.

W. H. Bull, Brigadier General; W. E. Martin, Aid-de-camp; M. Z. Bonham, Brigade Major, vice W. F. Davie, resigned; R. J. Brownfield, Brigade Quarter Master.

ELMORE'S COMPANY COLUMBIA VOLUN'TRS

B. F. Elmore Capt. commanding; J. Douglas, 1st Lieut.; J. Hemphill, 2d do.; T. P. Cooper, 2d do.; E. Friday, Ensign; — Starke, Surgeon.

BRISBANE'S REGIMENT.

A. H. Brisbane, Col. commanding; J. Huiet, Lieut. Col.; N. G. Walker, Major; A. G. Magrath, Adjutant; A. P. Aldrich, Regt. Qr. M.; B. B. Strobel, Surgeon; L. J. Trotti, Asst. Surgeon; Wm. Graham, Acting Asst. Surgeon; T. R. Aldrich, Paymaster; M. M. Cohen, comm'ng. Pioneers; E. Carroll, Asst. Q. M. Dept.; G. S. Bryan, Acting do.; L. M. Hatch, Commissary; — Pearson, do.; T. Russell, do; — Sumter, Sergeant Major.

*To the kind courtesy of this admirable and unexceptionable officer and gentleman, I feel deeply indebted for access to official documents, which he afforded with the utmost urbanity and promptitude.

List of Officers of Left Wing continued

Captains.—P. Quattlebaum, George Henry, P. M. Doucin, T. S. Hibbler, D. Denny, J. D. Allen, T. J. Fripp, T. Parker, J. Jones, J. A. Ashby.

1st Lieutenants.—D. Austin, T. Ryan, W. W. Smith, P. Brunson, J. Shambert, J. M. Hutto, C. B. Capers, P. F. Morange, E. Simpkins, J. B. M'Michael.

2d Lieutenants.—H. Drafts, E. Henry, H. Pinckney, J. Yeldell, W. S. Abney, J. J. Ryan, W. M. Calhoun, J. Penn, H. L. Toomer, E. W. Holmes, J. P. Pillans.

Ensigns.—B. Poindexter, J. Dougherty, J. Malphus, G. Holloway, J. Johns, A. M. O'Dom, D. D. Bacot, J. Dubose, G. W. Wimbush, Gough Simmons.

GOODWYN'S REGIMENT.

R. H. Goodwyn, Col. commanding; P. M. Butler, Lieut. Col.; R. F. Simpson, Major; H. Maxcy, Adjutant; J. E. Nott, Surgeon; A. G. Nagle, Asst. do.; W. C. Percival, do. do.; G. Ker, Reg. Q. M. promoted to Q. M. Gen. Left Wing; J. S. Cohen, Paymaster; — Nettle, Commissary.

Captains.—R. Child, A. C. Jones, D. Smith, J. Chesnut, S. R. Gibson, J. J. Pickens, T. Dubose, J. Mathes, J. Whitmore, S. C. Hargrove.

1st Lieutenants.—W. B. Arnold, H. Saxon, W. A. M'Right, B. Boykin, L. Secrest, P. R. Shaw, M. C. Spann, S. Fair, A. C. Grazier, J. T. Sims.

2d Lieutenants.—W. R. Swain, J. Campbell, T. S. Sitt, J. J. Mickle, C. Humphries, E. Major, D. E. M'Cloud, D. P. Warters, W. Darby, J. L. Lyles.

Ensigns.—D. Bradley, C. Manning, H. B. Robertson, L. P. Patterson, T. C. Massey, D. Howell, J. B. Douglass, J. Cook, M. R. Pooser, Robert Dugan.

MAJOR KIRBY'S BATTALION 1ST REGT. ART.

R. M. Kirby, commanding.

Captains.—G. Porter, company A; D. Van Ness, company H.

1st Lieutenants.—J. R. Irwin, company A; and G. Nauman, company G.

2d Lieutenants.—G. W. Turner, company E; George

The Indians attack Captains Fripp's and Ashby's companies.

Watson, comp. G; R. F. P. Allen, comp. H; Alfred Herbert, comp. G; A. V. Brumby, comp. E, acting Adjutant.

The following officers of the 1st Regiment Artillery, were stationed as below stated.

H. Saunders, Captain and Brevet Major, E, absent with leave.

1st Lieutenants.—C. Dimmock, E, absent A. Q. M.; W. A. Barry, E, do. do.; J. F. Kennedy, H, absent A. Ord. office at Augustine; L. B. Webster, A, do. A. A. Q. M. at Augustine; J. Williamson, H, absent on ord. duty; J. Green, G, do. A. C. S. at fort Monroe; J. Ammon, E, do. Military Academy; L. A. B. Walbach, A, Engr. duty.

*Camp *Preston, March 22d.*—Gen. Eustis issuing an order early this morning for the troops to commence crossing the St. John's, the companies of Captains Fripp and Ashby pass over and take post about one hundred yards from the western landing. While bivouacked there, and engaged in various fatigue duties—the arms of all but the guard being stacked—they are fired upon by fifty or more Indians, who creep up and conceal themselves in the surrounding hammock and scrub. They approach within twenty-five or thirty yards of the sentinel, before they are discovered. Upon hearing the never to be mistaken sound of the Indian rifle, I rush out and perceive Col. Brisbane dashing towards the river. I follow; and Captains Henry and Hibler's companies commencing to cross in the larger boat, the Colonel, with a portion of the staff, enters a small "dug out," and all push over. Upon landing, the fire is very general, and at great disadvantage on the side of our troops, who are much exposed. The companies of Captains Fripp and Ashby are engaged with the enemy, who, upon the arrival of Captains Henry and Hibler, with their commands, (the earliest on the battle field after crossing) begins to give way, and is finally beaten back. Most of our regiment, and two of the U. S. companies under Capt. Porter; and Lieut. Irvin, all commanded by Gen. Bull, are

*I have named this Camp after one of the U. S. Senators from S. Carolina; another encampment, formerly occupied by Lt. Col. Huiet, near Augustine, being called Camp Calhoun.

Killed and Wounded in the battle of the St. John's.

conveyed by steamboat two or three hundred yards above the place of attack, in order to intercept the flight of the foe Northwardly. Two companies of Col. Goodwyn's mounted men cross in flats, to cut off his retreat South and West—the St. John's hemming him in on the East. All of the troops then scour the woods, but in vain. To show the face of the country, the following fact is stated. After the forces under Gen. Bull land on the Western bank of the river, they penetrate a thick hammock in that direction, and when the foremost company emerges, it is ordered to re-enter the hammock, South of the point whence they issued, and charge it Eastwardly. While thus proceeding, the next company, traversing the trail that the first had just pursued, plainly hearing but dimly seeing, mistake the former for the enemy, fire upon and wound privates Fielding and Todd. Some of the men, under the same error, return the fire. The truth is then discovered, and the cry heard, "Great God! our troops are shooting our own men for Indians."

The loss on our part, is as follows: in Capt. Ashby's company, Sergeant Austin, privates Weymier and Hunkerpiller, killed, and James Cook wounded severely. Sergeant Grose and privates Blocker, Simons, Flowers, Black and Getsinger, are the wounded in Capt. Fripp's command.

March 23d.—We slept last night in the open air and under arms, having a strong guard, but the Indians reappeared not. Such of the troops as did not come over yesterday, are now crossing. As always happens to soldiers when they have to leave their tents, we had bad weather, but it has cleared up finely. That gay gallant, the sun, who dallies with all he meets, at his approach puts aside the sable mantle of clouds from the face of nature, like a bridegroom lifting the virgin veil, as he tenders the first kiss of wedded love.

The companies of Ashby and Fripp bring in the body of one of the Indians, and find that they dragged five of their gang to the river and threw them in. They are trailed in another direction, and a great effusion of blood is seen; indeed, the galls and palmettos are dabbled with Indian gore.

Euchee Billy, or Billy Hicks, described.

Doubtless, the enemy's loss is greater than we are aware of, but the dense growth conceals his killed, if left on the field, which he never does if it be possible to prevent it.* The Indian corpse brought in, is supposed to be that of Euchee Billy, or King Billy, as he is otherwise called, late chief of the small remnant of that tribe occupying the country near Spring Gardens. He is one of the most elegantly formed men I have ever beheld—chest broad and high, leg and ankle beautifully rounded, the muscles being greatly developed by constant exercise. His arms, though well turned, are small in comparison with his lower limbs, as would be the case with one who lived by the severe use of the latter, rather than of the former. His hands are the smallest I have ever seen in our sex, small to a fault.† His cheek bones are prominent, mouth wide, and shaped like that of a catfish. His eyes and hair are black, the latter being clipped at the sides, but left like a fowl's comb on the top of his head. Billy is regularly marked with lines from the ankle to the hip. These scars are produced by scraping with the sharp teeth of the garr fish.‡ This the Indians do either to relieve themselves when sick, or to remove the soreness of the muscles arising from excessive exercise in the chase, ball play or travel. They not unfrequently walk from forty to sixty miles a day. One was sent by an officer, with a letter, a distance of forty miles, and returned with an answer the next day. When greatly fatigued, the Seminole sits by the side of a stream, scrapes himself with the garr fish teeth, and by a sort of local depletion, soothes the soreness of the muscles. When he has drawn a sufficiency of blood to effect that purpose, he bathes the limb in the cool water of the stream, to arrest the hemorrhage, and re-

*The vultures were subsequently seen to hover in flocks over the vicinage, a sure indication of the presence of dead bodies.

†Lord Byron thought small hands the certain token of nobility, and if his theory be sound, what a patrician was Euchee Billy.

‡This is the great brown spotted garr, found in the inland waters and lakes. It is clothed in an almost impenetrable coat of mail, and preys upon other fish. When fully grown, it is from five to six feet long, and thick in proportion, and is of a dusky color, spotted with black. The Seminole made use of their pointed scales to arm his arrow, before that weapon fell into disuse.

Two Indians killed and one wounded.

sumes his journey, which I must leave him to pursue alone, as I may have already wandered too far from our own route.

March 24th.—As the transport is deficiatum, and the face of the country renders travel difficult, but three tents are allowed to a company, and one camp kettle to every twelve men. The order adds, that “the time of vigorous action has at length arrived, and it is believed that a few days of patient submission will terminate the campaign.”
Nous verrons!

Yesterday, a Lieutenant and twenty-seven mounted men, with a guide or two, were sent in quest of Col. Butler and his command, who have not yet returned from their visit to Tomoka. As they took with them but little provisions, great anxiety is felt by us on this account, and our ignorance of the cause that delays them, renders us solicitous for their safety. Besides which, Gen. Eustis is said to be only waiting for them, and sufficient guides, in order to push on towards the point whereat he is directed by Gen. Scott to take position on the 25th. The detachment of twenty-seven had orders to proceed as far as New Smyrna, if they did not previously meet Col. Butler's command. On their way, some six miles from Volusia, they fell in with about sixteen Indians, in an open pine barren, far removed from any thicket. They attacked the Indians, kill two, and wounded another, when the Lieutenant commanding ordered a retreat for a reinforcement. Every man in the detachment behaved admirably, and the whole party of savages might have been taken or cut up, but for the ill-timed prudence of the officer. The following is an extract from an order issued this day from head quarters:

“The General (Eustis) is happy to announce, that in the encounter with the enemy on the 22d, the two companies attacked, (Ashby's and Fripp's) maintained their ground with great gallantry and steadiness, and that upon the advance of Col. Brisbane with Henry's and Hibbler's companies to their support, the savages were instantly routed, and put to flight, with very considerable loss.

Anxiety of the Captains to move on the Indian reserve.

"Captains Allen's and Quattlebaum's companies will remain at Volusia, under Major Gates."

Maj. Gates had arrived here from Picolata, which he left on the 23d inst. Lt. Pettes is to act as Commissary, and Dr. Berry as Surgeon to the troops stationed at Volusia. The second company mentioned in the foregoing order, remain because of sickness, and the first from lot. Col. Brisbane had been required to furnish one of his most efficient companies to guard this post, where valuable stores and many sick were to be left. Col. B. knows that all are efficient, and none willing to remain, each being anxious to encounter the foe, the chance of which they deem greater by proceeding farther into "the Indian reservation."*

Our Colonel cannot find it in his heart to nominate any corps to be left, and proposes to determine by lot what they regard as the hard fate of one of them.

I had seen, in the ugly Greek letters of Homer's beautiful Iliad, how Minerva, fearing for the Grecians, had agreed with Apollo to put off the general engagement for that day, by inviting Hector to challenge them to single combat, and nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax, "which mine eyne have redde, when birchen were a lessonne of the schoole of nigh applyance. I doe note it well, I' faith by that token."

But in the case of our regiment, though there are nine to draw, yet it is to decide not who shall go out to combat, but who is to be excluded therefrom (as they suppose.) Never shall I forget the deep interest felt, and the strong solicitude vividly depicted on each countenance as they approach, what in the instance of Ajax was the classic helmet, but now is, the forage-cap, containing their fates. The Captains most desirous of proceeding with the main body, (if the wish of a part can be strongest, where that of the whole is so powerful) are loudest and oftenest in pre-declaring, each his certain conviction, that the dreaded doom will be *his*. Their names are read out *seriatim*: slowly and solemnly, as if to a sacrifice, they advance, and tremulous with anxiety, draw forth their respective lots. It falls on

*An erroneous supposition, as manifested by events subsequently detailed.

Weary Nature gapes, and the Ocklewahaw is thereby formed.

Capt. Allen to remain, who, dashing down the paper on which it is inscribed, and trampling it under foot, retires a few paces, and gives vent to feelings which he cannot restrain—the manly, though mournful emotions of a gallant spirit, eager for the fight.

Camp Butler, March 29th.—At 4 o'clock, P. M. on the 26th we began our march, Col. Butler and his command having previously arrived. We made but two miles before it became dark enough for us to halt for the night, at a place which I call Camp Goodwyn, this being the first move since the foot united with the mounted men, and their very worthy and much esteemed Colonel.

On the 26th, we traverse a wretched trail through gall and scrub, and proceed but seven miles, when, having an arduous march in anticipation, and finding a favorable camping ground, we there pitch our tents on a spot which I name Camp Huiet, in deserved compliment to our Lieut. Colonel. On the 28th, we made thirteen miles, and halted at Camp Walker, as I style it, after our amiable good Major.

To-day we move eight miles, and arrive at the Ocklewahaw. Nature, in her sternest mood, has been darkly frowning upon the past scenery, but just here she renounces her tristful mien, and assuming a gayer, gentler aspect, smiles upon the surrounding prospect. Nay, she not only smiles, but gapes prodigiously, (we speak in no irreverent spirit of dame Nature) as if weary of her previous gloomy work. Alas! this gape makes *us* weary of our labours, for just where it occurs, there is a hiatus in the land, and the waters rushing in from the lakes, form the Ocklewahaw river. It is now higher than formerly, and we are detained to throw a bridge across it, for the foot and wagons, though the mounted men swim it. We commence about meridian, and finish our work at near dark, but the passage of the entire transport is not effected 'till after midnight. The ordnance and heavy carriages sinking the bridge somewhat at the centre, the water overflows at that point, and the lateral timber getting out of position, renders the footing for the teams too hazardous. They are accordingly unhitched, and

Gallant charge of Gen. Shelton.

ed along, and a portion of the wagons, with their contents hauled over by the men with the drag and prolonge ropes. After midnight, some of the transport has to be unladen, and the baggage carried over on the backs of the soldiery. Thus it was exceedingly late ere the foot joined the mounted men, at our present encampment, which is about a mile, south of the river.

Soon after we reach the Ocklewahah, two fires are discovered, on the opposite side of a lake, which are kindled while we are bridging. We conjecture they are signal lights from one party of Indians to another, and Col. Butler with his command crosses to ascertain the fact. Upon their proceeding three or four miles, four savages are discovered and pursued by the advance guard. Gen. Joseph Shelton gallantly dashes ahead and charges upon one of the enemy, within twenty-five steps of whom the General levels his gun. The Indian abouts face and aims his rifle at Gen. S. who fires earliest and puts a ball in the Seminole's neck. Finding no cap on the nipple (or chimney) of the undischarged gunbarrel, Gen. Shelton drops the gun, and draws a pistol, approaches within five or six feet of the savage, presents the weapon at his breast, and *it snaps!* Thereupon the Indian brings his rifle to his shoulder, and shoots the General in the hip. At that instant Mr. Barclay Gibson, of the Fairfield mounted men, who had rapidly galloped up, discharges his musket load in the back of the foe who is thrown on his knees by the shot of Gen. S., essays to reload in that position, and dies *game*. Were General Shelton a private, his noble daring on this occasion would richly entitle him to rapid promotion, but he is already a full Brigadier General at home. After waiting to ascertain if his regiment would be called to Florida and finding they are not, he magnanimously waves his rank and attaches himself to the volunteers from his State (South-Carolina,) as a mere individual—an amateur of glory, and friend to bleeding humanity.

This patriotic alacrity to encounter the duties and dangers of the toilsome, hard, and hazardous campaign, confers high and ever-during honor on the name of Shelton. May time, that can never obliterate the recollection of his worth

 Ya-Ha-Hadgo, or the mad wolf—Scalps.

and valour heal his wound even to the effacing of its cicatrice.*

Our present camp (Butler) I have called after one of the noblest spirits in the whole Army—the very model of a perfect gentleman, patriot, and soldier.

Camp Kirby, March 30.—This day's progress is about 15 miles. Soon after taking up the line of march we meet the corpse of the Indian killed yesterday during the rencontre with Gen. Shelton. He is distinctly recognized as Ya Ha Hajo (or Hadgo)† the crazy wolf. There are a few lodges adjacent to the spot on which he was slain, whence the Indians fled and our men captured a rifle, moccasins, powder pouch, hunting shirt, shawl, and the like, among other things, forty or fifty scalps. How complex the emotions wherewith I gaze upon my handfull of small pine sticks, each having at its termination a natural tassel, and a portion of the human scalp cut into flag forms. Some of the locks are of the most elegant hue, and softest, finest texture. Their surpassing beauty impresses the belief that they must have originally crowned the loveliness of fair and gentle woman. As I hold them up to view, the sunbeams are struggling with these yellow, glossy tresses, as if in corivalry of their golden tints, and silken shine, to which the light but adds. My mind gathers up busy, vague conjectures, of the history of these scalps, and the sad events it, doubtless, would reveal. The sufferers were evidently of the softer sex! Were they maidens? Youthful brides? Mothers? Fancy rapidly calls up images which the feeling mind will readily conceive, though I depict not; but which

* The merit of such generous renunciation of a superior, for a humbler post is participated by others. Captain Broom came to Florida to take charge of his company, which through a few days retardation of his arrival, he finds already officered, and enters as a private in Capt. Allen's Barnwell Volunteers. Lieut. Col. Huiet and Major Walker of Brisbane's Regiment are both full Colonels in commission in South-Carolina. Colonel Walker came as a private, in Capt. Cunningham's Hamburg Volunteers, to the defence of Augustine, and while there, unexpectedly received from Gov. McDuffie the appointment of Major to the 1st Regiment of South-Carolina Volunteers. Col. Simkins acts as lieutenant, and Major Bacon as a private in Capt. Jones' Edgefield Blues.

† See his signature to the Treaty, ante p. 54.

Phrenological examination of the skulls of two Indians.

the callous could not embody, though I were to pourtray them ever so fully. I proceed, therefore, from conjecture, of what may have been, to description of that which is. These tasselled sticks from which the scalps depend, are triumphantly flourished by the Indians in their dances, and *at feasts!*

With regard to Ya Ha Hadgo, he was the Chief of the Ocklawahaw tribe, numbering about fifty, and bears in the darkness of his complexion the evidence of his people's descent from the Yemasses.* He was considered one of the best hunters in Florida, and his fine form admirably adapted him for success in the venatic life. It is too similar to that of Euchee Billy† to need description. Hadgo's feet have the hollow sole and high instep common to Indians, and are the best shaped I have ever seen, except that they are too small for just proportion. His nose is completely Roman; of his eyes I cannot speak; on them the vultures have already done their work, and left only the empty sockets. We abandon him to the awful fate he has merited, (unredeemed even by his valor) to be hawked at by the kites, his flesh gnawed by the wolves, and his bones crunched by the bears.

The following are deductions drawn from a deliberate examination of the skulls of Ya Ha Hadgo (No. 1) and Euchee Billy (No. 2.)

They are smaller than the medium size of European skulls, their facial angle is also less, and cheek bones more prominent, but it would be difficult from the examination of only two specimens, to assign to the race their station. Virey, who has divided the human species into two classes, (in the first of which the facial angle ranges from 85 to 90 degrees, and which comprises three races, the white, the swarthy, and the copper colored) places the American Indian in the last, immediately after Laplanders, and below the Chinese and Mongul Calmucs, but in a higher scale than the Malays, Caffres, Hottentots and Negroes.

Cuvier, who has established three races of the human species, appears doubtful to which they should be referred;

*See ante p. 81.

†See ante p. 163.

Analysis of the Skulls,

in the colour of their skins and hair, and their scanty beard resembling the Monguls, they closely approach the European in their well defined features, projecting nose, and large eyes.

As a nation, the place assigned to the American Indians by Virey, we believe to be the most correct; but, as Desmoulins observes, they may be subdivided into many tribes, each distinguished by characteristic traits of features, different language, color and form—as it is well known that they readily distinguish one from another tribe.

The head of No. 1 (Ya Ha Hadgo) presents many interesting points in a phrenological view. The following careful analysis will show the relative size of the several organs.

SKULL No. 1.—(YA HA HAJO.)

AFFECTIVE FACULTIES.	VERY LARGE.	LARGE.	MODERATE.	SMALL.
PROPENSITIES.	Destructiveness. Combativeness. Acquisitiveness. Secretiveness.	Aquisitiveness.	Philoprogen'ness Amativeness. Inhabitiveness. Constructiveness.	Desire to live Aliment'ness
SENTIMENTS.	Cautiousness. Firmness.	Approbati'ness Self-Esteem. Imitation. Ideality. Hope.	Mirthness. Conscient'ness. Marvelousness. Reverence. Benevolence.	
INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.				Colour. Order. Calculation. Tune. Time.
PERCEPTIVE FACULTIES	Eventuality. Locality.	Individuality.	Size. Configuration.	
REFLECTIVE FACULTIES			Comparison. Casuality.	

SKULL No. 2.—(EUCHEE BILLY OR KING WILLIAM.)

AFFECTIVE FACULTIES.	VERY LARGE.	LARGE.	MODERATE.	SMALL.
PROPENSITIES.	Acquisitiveness. Secretiveness Destructiveness.	Combat'ness. Amativeness	Philoprogen'ness Constructiveness Inhabitiveness. Desire to Live. Alimentiveness.	
SENTIMENTS.	Firmness. Approbatiiveness. Self-Esteem.	Cautiousness. Reverence.	Imitation. Ideality. Hope. Benevolence. Conscient'ness.	Mirthfulness
INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.				Colour. Order. Calculation. Time. Tune.
PERCEPTIVE FACULTIES	Eventuality. Locality. Individuality.	Configuration	Size.	
REFLECTIVE FACULTIES		Comparison.	Casuality.	

Cols. Butler and Goodwyn ordered to reconnoitre Pilaklikaha.

No. 1.—Exceedingly circumspect in all his actions, he must have been remarkable for persevering in every undertaking on which he had determined, how cruel soever the means. His cunning and courage ably fitted him for the station he is supposed to have held among his countrymen; acquisitiveness, although very large, would not from its relative size have formed a prominent feature in his character. His eloquence must have been of the persuasive, and his images not wanting in boldness—his attachments must have been firm. The recollection of events and places is strongly marked in this skull, but the reflective organs are small. Grave in his demeanor, moderate mirthfulness, large love of approbation.

No. 2, *Euchee Billy*.—Very prone to thieving—more remarkable for cunning and cruelty than for courage, his designs not so well matured as in No. 1; he would be alike distinguished for perseverance in their execution. There is a mixture of self-conceit and vanity combined in this character, which it is difficult to define, both organs being prominent—recollection of places and events very remarkable, ably fitting him for his wandering life.

Cols. Butler and Goodwyn, with the mounted men, are sent forward to reconnoitre the vicinity of Pilaklikaha. On their route thither, and five or six miles from our last night's encampment, their advance guard is shot at, from a hammock on their left, by about fifty Indians, who keep up a brisk fire. Sergt. Nicholas Summer, of Capt. Hargrove's company, from Newberry, has his leg broken; and private Wm. Jackson, of Capt. Picken's corps, from Anderson, receives a rifle ball in the thigh. Four horses are wounded and one killed under his rider.

While these events are happening, the foot are several miles in rear, but on hearing the discharge of musketry, they push up. Their advance, consisting of Capts. Parker's and Denny's companies, march up in "double quick," as also Major Kirby, with companies A. G. E. and H. of the 1st Regt. Art. (U. S.) and Capt. Elmore's Columbia volunteers. On their arrival at the mounted men's recent scene of action, they are drawn up in battle array, under

Battle of Okihumpki.

the immediate direction of Gen. Eustis, who orders them to charge the hammock and rout the enemy. His command is promptly obeyed, in that fine spirit which induces Lt. Jas. Irwin to exclaim, before entering the woods, to company E. which he headed, "Now, my fine fellows, act like men, and *don't let me see one clean bayonet* when you come out of the hammock." And he, with the other gallant officers, would have led their companies near enough to the foe, to dye every bayonet in the blood of the red men, but the Indians, as if with a felicitous prescience, kept almost out of gunshot. The companies of Capts. Parker, Denny, Porter, Van Ness, and Lts. Irwin and Nauman, all commanded by Maj. Kirby, valiantly charge the hammocks, wade the swamps, and repulse the enemy from wood to water, and from water to wood, under a heavy pouring of balls, and after a long forced march to arrive on the battle field.

The Indians are discovered sitting round a fire, in an old field, beyond the first hammock. With them are evidently blacks, for I discern one with my naked eye, and designate him to Gen. E. who confirms my impression, that he is a negro.

Great anxiety is felt on account of those who enter the hammocks; for the actual firing lasts at least forty minutes. Such is the computation of Gen. E. and Capt. C. in my presence, at the time, on the spot. The former declares there is firing enough to kill 500 men, and exclaims with much feeling, "Now I begin to fear!" The Gen. is eagerly asked, what he is afraid of? and replies, "for the fate of our men! Poor fellows! I fear* they are badly hurt, and we shall have a sad report of them." Thereupon he despatched Surgeons Nott, Starke, and Trotti, to see to and succour the wounded. Dr. Wharton comes up soon after, and relieves him, by stating that only one of our men is wounded—a private in Major Kirby's command. This U. S. soldier is struck in the cheek by a rifle ball, which entered the stomach.

*The only kind of fear Gen. E. ever entertains, is this fear for others. The above remarks, in my hearing, convince me that notwithstanding all his harshness of manner, and apparent coldness, his heart melts at the prospect of suffering and slaughter inflicted on his soldiers. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*

Commendable conduct of the Troops.

When our troops arrive at the spot whence they drive the enemy, after his first fire, they find the trees cut at a height, and with a force calculated to do fatal execution, were the savages to approach near enough for their balls to reach us. But the great distance at which the Indians generally fire, prevents a larger loss on our side. In reference to which, when called upon by some of our officers to nickname this skirmish, (for we have our sly jokes on occasion,) I dubbed it the Battle *a la distance*. In my serious mood I call it the Okihumpki battle, as near that place it occurs. The imperfect loading, without patches, after the first fire, may be another cause of the little damage the savages effect; for Capt. Parker, an officer of distinguished coolness and correctness, tells me that at one time to day, they shot at his men from a distance of only seventy yards. Capt. P. farther informs me, that on emerging from the hammocks, he found a cloth soaked in a puddle of blood, and various spots of it along the grass. In one place was seen the impression of a hand, in the soft damp earth, as if grasped to apply to a wound.* These circumstances indicate that we lodged some balls where they should be.

The Indian force in this rencontre is variously estimated. I take it to be about 100, but neither their strength or loss can be ascertained. They are seen only through intervening apertures, or when putting their heads from behind trees, or passing from one hiding place to another. In pursuance of their custom, a half dozen are seen, *flagrante bello*, busily engaged in carrying off their killed and wounded.†

All our troops acted throughout this affair in the most commendable manner, evincing their patriotic enthusiasm, by zealously overcoming the most formidable obstacles, to reach the enemy. And when on the field of fight, they manifest their freedom from all flurry, by never firing, except

* The Indians are in the habit of thus using the cool clay to stop the hæmorrhage. The bear also plugs its wound for the same purpose.

† A half-breed, taken at Charlotte harbor, by the cutter, was carried to Tampa, where he confessed, that in the Okihumpki battle, the Indians had eight killed and fourteen wounded. This half Spaniard, half Indian, was a runner to the latter, and procured powder for them from Havana.

 Burning of Pilaklikaha.

at striking distance. Our halting place to night I name, as a tribute to the deserving Major who commands the foot in this day's engagement.

Camp Simpson, March 31st.*—We this day reach and burn Pilaklikaha,† the town where recently resided the (once hereditary) "Governor," Miconope, with his two wives, a few Indians, and many negroes. This is the largest settlement we have seen, and is about sixty-five miles S. W. of Volusia, midway between it and Tampa. It was the chief town of the Seminoles, whence (or from the Outhlacochee Cove,) they issued to attack Major Dade and his little band of heroes. In the centre of Pilaklikaha stood, a few hours ago, one of its best houses, which we may suppose the late abode of the "top chief," (as Miconope's name is literally translated.) Before it, and towering over it, grew, but this morning, an orange tree, in stately grandeur and full bloom.

"So lovely, fair, and smells so sweet,
That the sense aches at" it.

I could scarce reach, on my horse, this tall branch of fair blossoms, which, as I wave them, fling their exceeding fragrance on the air, as if laying incense on nature's altar, in gratitude for simple, snowy beauty, and surpassing perfume. As the starry train of heaven shine out more luminously from the blackest clouds, so is the white lustre of this orange tree enhanced by the deep green of its foliage. Or we may contrast its pale purity with the dark hue and darker heart of the owner. Did the pond governor, (as he is at times called,) who coolly murdered the martyr Dade, prune and nurture this glorious tree, and pleasure in the beauty of its spotless blossoms, and the delicate verdure of its leaf, and the agreeable odour of both? Did the hand that pulled that cruel, fatal trigger, ever pluck hence a wreath to twine, like pearls, amid the raven and braided tresses of wife or daughter?

* I named it thus in token of my respect for the worthy Major S.

† Scattered hammocks, as Holathlikaha, where the right wing, with Gen. Scott, encountered the Indians, signifies scattered ponds.

Gen. Eustis sends an Express to Camp King, for Forage.

But the impatient reader may exclaim, where is the left wing all this while? Ay! where? Why, it ever will be the *left* wing, by such a wanderer as I, whose pen, like my pony, curvets, and must be curbed. I quit therefore the spot, with a last look at the crackling dwellings, which, as the fascines are applied, blaze out into splendid conflagration. The lurid and lambent flame ambitiously climbs up the ruin itself has made. The dense smoke evolves in graceful, spiral clouds away. I behold, for a moment, the stainless blossoms, amid the dark mass, like "white handed Hope" triumphing over the blackness of despair.

*Camp Elmore, April 2d.**—At 10 A. M. we discharged a field piece, as the right wing and centre are also to do, to apprise each other of their respective positions. We hear no responsive cannon! How is this? Where are they? Repulsed? Ah no. Americans may be massacred, but they never, never fly. What if we flush the enemy? Can they not effect a junction with us? There is solace, though selfishness, in that last thought. If the Seminole will but stand and fight, our wing is enough of itself. I like Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, but I *love* Carolina, and for *her* I covet glory—not the fame of triumphing over savages, so much as that best glory, to diffuse peace over a distracted land, heal the wounded, and bind the bleeding heart.

Yesterday Gen. Eustis despatched an express to Camp King, to procure forage for our famishing horses, and instructions as to the movements of the other divisions of the Army, and our own.

Messrs. Campbell, Weathers, and Baskins, of the So. Ca. mounted Regt. who constituted the express, have this day returned. We are informed that Gen. Scott had proceeded towards Tampa, whither we are to bend our course, and put in for repairs, in distress. We are several days behind the march of Gen. Scott, and they have no corn to send us. But for the fine pasturage which this country affords on the

*This I name in compliment to the Columbia Volunteers. and their justly popular Captain.

 Visit to the Graves of Dade's Detachment.

"burns," our poor horses must ere long die. Notwithstanding the frequent good grazing, they are drooping daily. I have seen them gnawing at the very harness, aye, at the wagon bodies themselves. While awaiting the return of the express, I examine the prize captured at Pilaklikaha. Here are a ball-stick, an Indian flute,* and small gopher shells, or box-turtle, with rattling Indian shot, or palmetto seed: the music of their dance. But I must defer a description which would too long detain the army. I therefore continue the march by saying, that we this day strike into the Camp King road, about two miles west of the ground of Dade's massacre, and soon stand upon that consecrated spot.

I have heretofore (page 69 to 78,) fully described this heart-rending event, and yet I must pause a moment at the graves which Gen. Gaines has made, and pluck away the weeds, where only saddest flowers should bloom, and weeping willows bend. How still! how solemn the scene! Its profound repose interrupted only by the low wind, which moans as in sympathy with sighs. The very waters come not gurgling and foaming over cataracts, but flow as gently as *tears!* Man here *holds his breath*, or speaks only in whispers. All is quiet, motionless, save where, scared by the presence of the living, the harshly-screaming vulture wings its flight from the sepulchre of the dead. Why is it, when all is dark within the mind, that the glare of light breaks offensively on the view? Does not the saddened soul seek unison e'en from inanimate creation?† Here, the blue of this sky should be as deep as the green of these pines is dark, or mourning clouds intervene between the war-stained earth and the peaceful vault of heaven. How is it then, that the great Eye of Day has the hard-heartedness to look down gaily on a land wet with human blood, and on which only sorrowing night should shed her dews? Oh! out of place is all this lively lustre

“————— of the Sun,
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?”

* Lord Kaims says, the Mexican Indians had flutes made of large canes.

† “Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon: and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.”

[*Othello, on Desdemona's death.*]

Arrival at the Ouithlacoochee River.

Or is his vermeil hue but a blush for their butchery? Alas! what need of looking up and interrogating the distant arch, or its presiding planet? Do but look down upon the near and lowly hillock 'neath which heroes are interred, and ask of it their story. You may read it in that soldier's belt, these cartridge-boxes, this shoe, *with the feet bones yet in it?* Here, near the unfinished triangular stockade lie the oxen yet yoked—there rests the gallant steed, his bit unchamped—next him a little dog, who could *not recognize* the mangled features and once familiar form of his master, and faithful to the last gasp, came to die by that master's well known war-horse.

We gaze upon these things, and we *gaze upon each other*, but we speak not—deep feeling chokes up utterance! Curiosity in the soldier yields to grief of heart and *awe*, and these give place to indignation. But why prolong regrets unavailing?

“The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous MASSACRE,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.”

Let us therefore leave the dead in the wide wilderness, that we may hunt out their murderous foe, and wreak our vengeance on forms less savage than their souls.

Camp Parker, April 3d.—Pursuing our weary way, at 10 A. M. we arrive at that branch of the Ouithlacoochee improperly called little Ouithlacoochee.* We have to reduce the declivity of the precipitous northern bank, and the acclivity on the south, towards which we are travelling. The shelvy surface, the immense trees, the jutting rocks, all present so many obstacles, that though we bridge not, yet we do not completely pass till 2 P. M.

At. 4, we reach the Ouithlacoochee, inaccurately stiled

* The word, like many in the Indian language, is formed on their system of agglutination; of which hereafter, if we have space. This compound is created from the words Ouithlocko, a river, and uchee, which denotes their diminutive; and when we say the little Ouithlacoochee, we in effect call it the little little river. It is as if we spoke of *the Alcoran*, although *Al* signifies the, and *coran* book, which would be styling it the the book.

Construction of a Bridge across the Ouithlacoochee.

the big, that is the big little river. How full of interest the scene before me! Of itself, the spot would be too remarkable to be lightly pretermitted, without pausing on the river bank in meditative mood. But when the genius of the place calls up the names of Clinch and Gaines, who fought, and Izzard who fell, how intensely is that interest enhanced.*

The accomplished Capt. C. of the Top. Eng. and my humble self, are occupied in superintending the construction of a bridge over the river, from our arrival till near night fall. In this we are greatly aided by Capts. Van Ness and Lt. Allen, both of the 1st Regt. U. S. Art'y. The latter almost entirely denuding, promptly takes to the river, and floats to us the immense timbers which the fatigue parties, detailed, throw into the water, from the ruins of the once noble bridge that the Indians have recently burnt.

Little space have I to gratify my own feelings, by doing justice to the merits of many friends, yet I *must* mention Lt. Allen's frequent volunteering and unflinchingly accomplishing the arduous duties he generously assumes. Often does he say to me, "Well, Cohen, what's to do next? Any work going on? You know I'm always ready to give a helping hand." And so indeed he is and does. From his judgment and energy, his aid is most efficient. I ought too to make mention of other officers and privates, not omitting many fine fellows under my immediate command, but want of room imperiously forbids.

The pass for the teams being concluded, I revisit the tree whereat I had hitched my horse. I find him not, for, true to his Seminole nativity, he is a wanderer, as that term imports. Proceeding in quest of him, I penetrate the thick hammock, which borders the Ouithlacoochee, and coming down to the river bank, long after dark, I am struck with the beautiful resemblances which the water and the sky bear to each other. Their hues are similar, and the heavens appear like some cool liquid stream. The few and fleecy

*To these must be added the laurelled name of the intrepid Foster Blodget, who three days anterior to the date of this day's journal, with the prospect of imminent personal peril, gallantly volunteered to dash into the Ouithlacoochee, and with freedom's flag twined around his brow, planted it on the opposite bank, where it waved all that day.

The Hillsborough River forded.

clouds, moving languidly along, image the ripples formed by the waters of the Ouithlacoochee, as they lazily leap the rocks imbedded at its base. The river does but seem a sidental sky: for each particular light is faithfully mirrored on its serene bosom. Its surface is so nearly placid, that its limples the better represent the stars when they

“Do wink, as 'twere with overwatching.”

To day we cross the river over our stone based bridge, and after marching through a sandy country, interspersed with highland ponds, we halt and bivouac at this place, which I name in compliment to the excellent Abbeville troops, and their sterling captain.

Camp Shelton, April 4th.—Reveillè at half past three, and make sixteen miles in all this day. Near fort Alabama, and on the road to it, a remarkable pea is found, at an Indian camp. A single pea is contained in a pod, almond shaped, out of the structure of a ground nut shell. It very closely resembles what is called the Gullah ground-nut, introduced into this country from Africa. If it be the same, it becomes a question whether it is indigenous to Florida, or introduced by the Spanish fishermen, at Charlotte harbor, from Havana, whereat it may have arrived in some African trader.*

Nine miles from our yesterday's camp, we reach the Hillsborough, on the Camp King road, twenty-two miles from Tampa. The horses ford it with great difficulty, after wading through a long rich hammock, preceded by an extensive gall. This river is beautifully bordered by varied foliage; and on the side nearest Tampa, the Alabama and

* One of these Spaniards has been a fisherman on the coast of Florida for the last fifty years. This pea must have been long known in South Florida, for the Tolopchopko river, or Peas Creek, is said to derive its name herefrom. The Alabama troops, previously to our arrival, discovered about a bushel of these peas collected in one place. They found them very palatable when boiled, resembling the cow pea, though sweeter and more delicate. We are not able to determine the character of this pea or ground-nut, never having seen the plant in flower, or in bearing. We may do so hereafter, as it is now growing in the garden of that most enlightened and enterprising philosopher, the Rev. Mr. Bachman, of Charleston.

The Commissariat becomes only *half ration-al*.

Florida troops, under Col. Lindsay, erected fort Alabama.

During the halt here of the Left Wing, an Indian Chief presents himself bearing a white flag, and despatches from Gen. Scott, informing us of his march upon Tampa. The express has been following us for two days, but came not up earlier from fear of being fired on by our troops. He is copper-colored, Roman nose, and rather stouter than these warrior hunters generally, in whom indolent exercise works down all superfluous flesh, and fully develops the muscles. This Indian is finely and fantastically drest, and his hat, saddle bags, and the like, give token of his commerce with the "pale faces." How this scout travels, with a lot of ponies for sale, without being seen and shot down by the hostiles, is a mystery inexplicable, except on the hypothesis that he acts as spy to both sides, as oft occurred, with fairer outside, in our revolutionary struggle with Great Britain. Prior to returning, the Indian enters the deep wood, and, concealing himself, (as he fancies) disrobes, thus evincing that pride of appearance, which, pervading savage as well as civilized life, induces the chief to present himself before us with the utmost effect.

April 11th.—On the 5th, Gen. Eustis and staff, with the mounted men, left us for Tampa, to recruit; the foot remaining at Camp Shelton under Gen. Bull. Here we have been for a week doing nothing, except to entrench, after the manner of Gen. Gaines, some of whose stockades are encountered on the fort King road. On one occasion, but a half day's ration is issued, and the amiable, generous Col. Huiet, with whom I tent, requests the Commissary to serve out to the privates the portion due him as Lieut. Colonel. A protest or remonstrance, signed by Col. Brisbane and Major Kirby, was forwarded to Tampa, declaring their resolve to abandon this post, and proceed thither with their forces, if provisions were not sent down to Camp Shelton by meridian on the following morn. They did arrive ere that hour!

Here our regimental Surgeon procured a nest of the Pol-

The greatest of misfortunes is to *sink* under them.

yborus vulgaris, or Caracara eagle, first found in the United States by Audubon in 1831.*

To-day I have to forage from my horse some of the corn sent via Tampa, parching which, it constitutes my whole dinner.† Poor pony! he was without grain many days consecutively, but he is an Indian, and can live on the grass of the burns, the leaf of the palmetto, or any green thing, e'en though it be green moss, of which he eats heartily. Yet even these he cannot always procure, and if the army be on the march, I may not pause to let him browse, and when we halt at night, the pasturage is at times distant or sparse, and I fear to let him loose to graze. For *his* privation I have suffered, but for my own I care little. Coarse, scant rations, the dewy earth my couch; the serrate palmetto pillow; the blue sky my pavilion: these are but as the small dust of the balance, in the scale of my feelings, where pain preponderates; On daintiest fare and downiest beds, the campaign would be a sacrifice to many of us, and the merit thereof (if aught there be) privation does but enhance. The wrestling with difficulty is a salutary excitement to the mind, that is, as it were, ventilated by the storms of life, without which it might stagnate in the calm of content. From every triumph over obstacles, the invigorated soul gathers new accessions of strength wherewith to struggle against coming hardships. I have long known that the *greatest of misfortunes is, to sink under those we have!* But what my heart sickens at is, the inaction here, as at Camp M'Crea. And e'en when we march, there is so little prospect of battle worth the name.

Opportunity! thou art indeed a leaden-footed goddess, and mere mortals, who cannot, like Cromwell, lend thee wings, must await thy tardy approach, and as Jacob of yore

*The Doctor brought these birds to Carolina, and by experiment ascertained that they constitute an intermediate species, between the Vulture and Hawk family: with the former they devour carrion, and like the latter prey upon living animals.

†I am not quite as badly off as were the adventurers under Capt. Miles Standish, the military leader of the noble pilgrims who, in 1620, landed on the coast of New England, in the May Flower. At one period of their struggles with the Indians, they were reduced to five grains of parched corn for each individual.—[*Dr. Thatcher's Hist. Plym.*—*Dr. Whitridge's Oration, Charleston, 1836.*]

Bars of molten gold, amethystine gems, and flaming rubies.

in his wrestling with the angel, hold thee fast until thou blessest us. But a soldier's feelings are like his dress—first new, bright, gay and pleasing; then worn, torn, tarnished and disagreeable. I read Milton or Shakspeare, or listen to the more elegant readings of Lieut. Bryan, or converse with him, Col. Brisbane, Adj. Magrath, Qr. Master's Aldrich and Carroll, and the other talented and educated officers, whom Col. B. has been so fortunate as to collect about him—and among them, I grow cheerful, or *seem* so. But though a forced merriment may hide, it cannot relieve the weary mind, as the gaudy uniform conceals, but cures not, the warrior's wounds. Any change must bring relief, and therefore, thank God, to-morrow I visit Tampa, *speciali gratiâ*.*

Tampa, April 12th.—Action, Action, Action, replied Demosthenes, on being asked the first, second, and third requisites of oratory. And so I say of a pleasurable campaign. Though I allude rather to action with the enemy, yet it is something to be a-doing. And this, with all I have seen here, has put me in better spirits. Yes! my mood became merrier the moment I turned my back on Camp Shelton, and my face towards Tampa, this morning. I continued to go on gaily like a bird that had been beating its breast, 'till it was bruised against the wires of its cage, and had, at last, escaped from imprisonment. And though I did not exactly "shake thousand odours from my dewy wings," yet I certainly shed (as a snake, his skin) lots of smoke and dust, the accumulated discomfort of a week's stagnation at Camp Shelton. Seen through my relieved weariness, the most ordinary objects have an interest, as straws through a prism appear like bars of molten gold, and rags seem amethystine gems, or flaming rubies. But there are real charms enough on the route, to gladden *any* eye. The rich hammock land, the †Magnolia Grandiflora,

*My enlightened publishers, Messrs. Burges & Honour, may omit all the foregoing which refers to my private feelings, as of no interest to the public; or they may insert it as a probable index to the sentiments generated in the bosoms of others, as well as my own, by the inaction of a camp life.

†The Indians call it, Tolochlucco, i. e. the big Bay Tree.

The vicinag  of Tampa described.

king of the forest; the dark green of the pine, russet trunked; the pale verdure of the silver shafted water oak; the babbling stream; the proud glories of the liliun superbum, the far reaching prairies of brown and yellow broom straw, which skirt the forest; the sunlit lakes, in the centre of these prairies, bordered with beauteous flowers, all harmoniously blend in one delightful coup d' eil. Then the occasional dwelling abandoned; the few rude implements left there; the old chair unoccupied, (the back bent, as is common with age) all remind one of similar scenes in travelling through some of the Southern States, where the small farmers have "broken up," as they phrase it, and with stock and store, emigrated to the far West.

A little beyond this is a field, where the cotton is so high that the tallest man, on the loftiest horse, can scarce reach its tops.* Numerous pretty little birds are crossing and recrossing the road, and not to scare them out of view, as well as to linger over and enjoy the loveliness of the shrubbery, whence they emerge, Lieut. Hatch and I slacken our pace, and are left behind by Col. S. and Major W., as lag-gards ever should be. We pass the skeleton of a horse, who, with his rider, had been shot by the Indians, a little while before. While my hands are still shading my eyes, and excluding the external objects which environ me, that I may ruminat  of the slayer and the slain, the horse and the rider, Lieut. H. suddenly leaps forward and exclaims, see there! how broad and beautiful! At one bound I spring to his side, and behold, through the intervening trees, the expanded, the magnificent sheet of water, and drink in the enlivening air that has been toying with its ripples. I feel a strong impulse on me to moisten my parched lip, by kissing the cool liquid surface. I readily admit the truth of

*Col. Gad Humphries, a most intelligent resident of Florida for years past, tells me that in 1832, about thirty miles S. E. of Tampa, a little North of Sarasota Bay, he saw a number of Cotton trees of 15 to 20 feet high, and the diameter of the largest stocks 4 inches. The appearance of the Cotton, boll and leaf, shape and color, staple and seed, were all the same as the domestic Cotton. The stalks had the appearance and firmness of wood. Within two miles from the cantonment at Tampa, a crop was gathered from stocks which were the growth of seed planted three years before, and not renewed, nor ratones.

Beauty of Nature and exceeding beauty of Holiness.

Mythology, and believe that Venus *was* born of the froth of the sea. The very waters seem to smile, 'till they dimple, as the fresh wind wantons with their waves, and I am cheered 'till I sing, as the breezy pinion fans my fevered cheek. No man, who has spent all his life in a seaport, can enter into my feelings, even though he remember, that I have journeyed from Augustine hither, upwards of 200 miles, through sun and sand, the eternal pine and perennial palmetto.

The sea breeze acts on me like exhilarating gas. I had been pent up, and am now free. And I experience a pleasure like Socrates', when he rubbed the place on his limb where the chain *had* been. My meditation is lifted from the beauty of Nature, to the exceeding beauty of Holiness; from the fair *creation*, to the merciful and munificent CREATOR, and prayer and thanksgiving arise from my lips in orisons to the MOST HIGH.

It may be, that the preceding will be deemed exaggeration, or the writer regarded as peculiarly susceptible to the charms of scenery. But my companion participated all my feelings! We both were gay as matin larks, and gratefully like them did we send up our hymn of gratitude to God, then joyously gallop forward to the tents of Tampa.*

*I have continued the explication of my own feelings, not from egotism, but for illustration. And there are those who pleasure in perceiving the *influence* of events or things upon their fellow men, as much as others gladden in the thrilling incidents or gorgeous localities themselves, without reference to their operations on the human heart. The reader versed in German lore, will readily recognize the æsthetic philosophy and the trait that distinguishes the classic from the romantic school.

CHAPTER IX.

OPERATIONS OF THE RIGHT WING AND CENTRE.

[Gen. Scott arrives at Picolata—the Right Wing moves towards the Outh-lacoochee—Richmond Blues and Hussars—Attack at night—Foster Blodget—Camp Blodget and Blodget's Ferry—Parley and battle of the cove—Indian town burnt—Fort Cooper established—Arrival at Tampa—Centre division of the army—marches to the Hillsboro', fort Alabama—battle there—return to Tampa—the cove—Gen. Scott takes the field again—movement to Charlotte Harbor and on the Peas Creek trail—Expedition of Major Reid and his command—movements of Gen. Clinch and Col. Lindsay—Major Cooper and his battalion—the Block House.]

Having reached Tampa with Col. Goodwyn's Regiment, we find here the Right Wing and Centre of the Army. A due regard to chronological order now requires, that we should state whence they came, their operations on the route, their departure from this place, and movements subsequent thereto, up to the period at which they were honorably discharged. The present chapter will therefore be occupied with these subjects.

Major General Winfield Scott was, on the 21st day of January, 1836, charged by the War Department at Washington with the command of the army of Florida, and the direction of the campaign in that Territory. He accordingly issued orders, calling for troops from the States of Georgia, Alabama, and South-Carolina. As we have heretofore observed, the South-Carolina foot took the field early in February. The Carolina mounted men did not, however, reach the St. John's until March, in consequence of the deficiencies of transportation and supplies. Captains Robertson's and Bones' volunteers were on the scene of action at a very early period. With this exception, the Georgia quota did not arrive at Picolata until March, at which period Major Cooper's battalion of foot, and four companies of mounted men, reached that place. On his arrival at Picolata, and in assuming the command of the army, Gen. Scott issued the following order:

Major Gen. Scott's Order No. 1.

HEAD QUARTERS—ARMY OF FLORIDA.

Picolata, February 22d, 1836.

ORDERS NO. 1.

Major Gen. Scott, having arrived at Florida, assumes the general direction of the war against the hostile Seminole Indians.

The Staff-Officers attached to General Head Quarters, at present are Capt. Canfield, (Topographical Engineer); Lieut. Chambers, Chief of the Commissariat: and Lieutenants Van Buren, Temple and Johnston, Aids-de-Camp. All orders and instructions conveyed by either of them in the name of the Major General, and whether orally or in writing, will be duly obeyed.

The right and left wings of the army, or the troops on the West and East side of the St. John's river, will be continued under the respective orders of Brigadier Generals Clinch and Eustis, and the forces which are to operate from Tampa Bay, under Col. Lindsay, will, when they come into line, constitute the centre. The wings will soon be greatly reinforced by the arrival of both regulars and volunteers.

The three immediate commanders of the right, left and centre of the army, respectively, will generally receive orders direct from General Head Quarters, but of course, every junior will obey any senior, according to the rules and articles of war, and the usages of the service, whether the parties belong to the militia, or to the militia and regular army.

As for the first time, patriotic volunteers from South-Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Florida, are to come into the same line, with a portion of the regular army, it is confidently hoped that a beneficial emulation, without unkindness or prejudice, may animate the different forces. All are equally Americans, actuated by the like determination—to subdue a treacherous and a common foe.

But valor and patriotism alone, are not sufficient for that end. Some tactical instruction, and an exact obedience to commands, are also necessary. Instruction can only be acquired by opportunity and labor. A firm resolution to

The Right Wing marches from fort Drane.

obey, accomplishes the other great requisite at once. Let the resolution be taken by *all* who have nobly turned out to avenge their butchered countrymen.

But again—to parade, to march, to mount guard and to fight, are not the only duties of war. To handle and preserve the supplies of the army, and to construct camp and other field defences, are equally required of every good soldier. A corps of servants, for these purposes, would be too large and cumbrous. It would double the army, and render one half too *mean*, and the other too *delicate*, for the glory of a well contested field. Fatigue parties must, therefore, when wanted, be furnished by all the corps in their turn, and proportionally. WINFIELD SCOTT.

The movements of the army were delayed, for nearly one month beyond the time appointed for their commencement, by unavoidable accidents. Among these may be mentioned, the difficulty of procuring transportation, bad weather, the dreadful state of the roads, and the consumption of the provisions which had been collected in that vicinity, by the unexpected arrival of Gen. Gaines' army at Camp King. These difficulties having been surmounted, as soon as practicable, the Right Wing, accompanied by Gen. Scott, and under the immediate command of Gen. Clinch, commenced operations on the 26th March. This division consisted of the Louisiana Volunteers, and Regulars, (who had been transferred by Gen. Gaines to Gen. Clinch) of the Georgia and Florida Volunteers, and the Regulars under the command of Gen. Clinch. On the first day, the Right Wing marched from fort Drane, about ten miles, and encamped near Charley Town. Shortly after halting, news came in that two wagons, which had broken down and been left in the rear, had been attacked by Indians, the persons accompanying them being obliged to fly. Several companies of mounted men were immediately despatched, for the recovery of the carriages, and in search of the enemy. They discovered the fragments of the wagons lying along the road, their contents broken up and scattered. They also found a negro belonging to Capt. Malone, named E-

Foster Blodget swims the Ouithlacochee.

dom, lying dead near by, with a ball through his breast. The Indians had effected their escape.

The Right Wing arrived at the Ouithlacochee on the 29th March, (no other incident of interest having occurred) and encamped about three hundred yards from the river, and two hundred from Camp Iazard, which was found in the same condition as left by Gen. Gaines. On this morning, the signal guns of the Left Wing were heard by the Right. The Richmond Blues and Hussars, who were out on a scouting party, and a number of stragglers, were fired upon by Indians from a hammock, near the crossing place. But one man was hit—six or eight shots were heard, accompanied by yells. Anticipating an attack, a breast work, three logs high, was constructed during the day. Soon after dark, a heavy fire was opened upon it from the hammocks—no one being hurt, as the distance was so great, as to render the shot of the enemy ineffectual.

March 30th.—Before day-light, the whole camp was in motion, and just at dawn, the first man swam the river, with a line, and the star spangled banner bound around his head. The bank was lined with his brother volunteers, and others, to protect him as far as possible from an expected attack, and the deepest anxiety prevailed. On reaching the opposite bank, the flag was planted, and a hawser drawn over by the line, from shore to shore. This gallant and perilous feat was performed by Foster Blodget, one of the Augusta Volunteers, who nobly offered his services to cross on the preceding day. The hawser being thus extended over the river, the flat-bottomed boats, brought from fort Drane, were launched, and the men commenced crossing at this point, which was named by Gen. Scott Blodget's Ferry, and the encampment on the opposite bank, Camp Blodget, a just and well merited tribute to the brave volunteer who led the way.

Whilst the main body of the Right Wing were crossing, at this point, the Washington troop of Cavalry, Capt. Malone, and the Hancock Troop, Capt. Swinney, under the command of Major Douglas, forded the river below. The approach to the river was difficult, the ground adjacent to

Com. Jordan and Major Holmes lead the way.

the banks being covered with a dense hammock, almost impassable on horseback, and interspersed with lagoons. Nero, the negro guide, entered first with a small detachment on foot, and returned, when the Washington Troop entered on horseback, and in single file. After much wading through the more accessible parts of the thick brush, vines and lagoons, the bank of the river was reached, the Hancock Troop following in the same track. The former corps dismounted and formed on the bank, to protect the first who might cross, when it was discovered that there was no ford at that point. After considerable search, one was found at some distance above. Commissary S. Jordan and Major Holmes, immediately volunteered to lead the way on foot, whilst the remainder extended themselves behind trees and on the ground, to protect them. After much labor and difficulty, Jordan succeeded in crossing, up to the neck, seventy or eighty yards above; whilst Major Holmes, getting into deep water, and being borne down by a rapid current, was compelled to return. The banks on the opposite side were fringed with a narrow strip of hammock, in the rear of which was high and open pine land. No attack was made, and the Washington and Hancock Troop proceeded to Camp Blodget, the formation of which had been already commenced. As the last portion of the army was crossing, it was fired upon by the Indians—no damage being done.

March 31.—The line of march was commenced this day on a trail, which had been discovered by the mounted men, and by which it was supposed that the savages had retreated. An Indian encampment was discovered, about one mile from Clinch's battle ground, and close by, an Indian town, which was burnt. On entering a prairie, about three miles from this camp, numbers of Seminoles were discovered on the edge of a dense hammock. An Indian and negro interpreter were sent out, and reported that the enemy manifested a disposition to parley. The army was then ordered to fall back upon the camp, to induce him to come in. By dawn on the next morning, the troops were in the prairie, and no friendly disposition or movement being manifested, orders were issued to the infantry, consisting of the Augusta vol-

The Right Wing reaches Camp Georgia, near Tampa.

unteers, under command of Capt. Robertson; the Georgia battallion, under Major Cooper; the Louisiana regiment, commanded by Col. Smith, and the U. S. regulars, to scour the hammock in front; which was immediately done. On entering the forest, a heavy fire was opened upon them by the Indians, directed chiefly against the Louisiana volunteers; which was returned in the direction of the enemy's shot, as the men were unable to discern the foe. Small volleys of grape were also thrown from the cannon into the hammock. The savages retreated through the woods, closely pursued by our men. On the other side they gained a narrow strip of pine land, where they kept up a running fight for some moments, and were finally driven into another hammock, from whence they succeeded in reaching the river, a distance of about three miles. The loss of the whites was two killed, and thirteen wounded; that of the Indians unknown. The number of Indians engaged was computed at 200, exclusive of women. Their retreat was so sudden, that the meat for their breakfast was found half cooked at their fires. About mid-day the troops returned to the prairie, whence they proceeded back to camp, carrying with them the dead and wounded.

April 1st.—The right wing proceeded this day in a south west direction, for Tampa Bay. On this march, a large Indian town was discovered and burnt.

April 2.—In order to facilitate the movements of this wing, the Georgia Battalion, under the command of Major Cooper, was left with the sick and wounded, on the Holathlikaha lake. They were furnished with all the provisions which could be spared, amounting to about eighteen days rations, with a promise of being relieved in nine days. Nothing of farther interest occurred on the march to Tampa. The men and horses suffered greatly for want of provisions and good water. This division of the army reached Tampa on the sixth of April, and established itself at Camp Georgia, where we shall very respectfully take leave of it for the present.

The Centre leaves Tampa—battle at Fort Alabama.

The centre, commanded by Col. Lindsay, of the U. S. army, consisting of a regiment of volunteers from Alabama, three companies of volunteers from Louisiana, and a detachment of United States regulars, took up the line of march from Tampa Bay, on the 10th March. On reaching the big Hillsborough river, a post was established, and called fort Alabama. A company of seventy or eighty men, from New-Orleans, commanded by Capt. Marks, was left in charge.

On the 27th March, this garrison was attacked simultaneously, on every side, by about two hundred Indians. They caught one man outside of the pickets, and killed and scalped him. A steady fire was kept up for two hours, during which they discharged as many thousand balls at the fort. Being unable, however, to make any impression upon the garrison, by which they were warmly and cordially received, a number of them ascended the trees which overlooked the pickets, and thence wounded several men. One of them being observed by a rifleman, was fired at and hit: the wound given being so severe, that the blood was seen to trickle down the tree. Notwithstanding the extent of this injury, the savage succeeded in descending, and made off with himself and rifle. From this incident, the difficulty of catching an Indian alive may be inferred. Even when fatally wounded, he will run like the wild beast, until dead.

It is supposed that from fifteen to twenty savages were killed. A chief of some note, as indicated by three different colored plumes, which he wore in his head-dress, was among the slain.

After establishing fort Alabama, Col. Lindsay, with his command, proceeded to his position at the Chicuchatty settlements, where he remained waiting to hear from Gen. Scott, until his provisions were exhausted, when he returned to Tampa Bay. No general engagement was had with the enemy by this division. Nor did they see any considerable number, except in the engagement at fort Alabama. Small parties followed them throughout their march, and killed and wounded several men.

We have had frequent occasion to allude to the swamp

The Centre, Right and Left Wing at Tampa.

or cove of the Ouithlacochee. It is an extensive, inundated district, formed by the juncture of several tributaries to the Ouithlacochee or Amaxura river. It is spotted with islands, many of which are large enough for cultivation. The negroes belonging to the chief Sitachey, had a settlement on this inland Archipelago, in 1824. It is supposed that the Indians concentrated upon this strong hold, as soon as they had determined upon war; and from it they issued in their movements against Clinch and Gaines. It was under the impression that they continued to occupy this position, that the concerted movement of the three divisions of the army, from three different points, was made by Gen. Scott: the object of which was, if possible, to enclose them.*

In the progress of events, we have now brought the three divisions of the army to Tampa Bay and its vicinity. The campaign, so far, had been a complete failure. The enemy had not been found in sufficient numbers to induce any thing like a general engagement; and when met and defeated, he had always succeeded in effecting his escape. All was conjecture as to what had become of him. It is probable, however, that Oseola, availing himself of the information received from Gen. Gaines, "*that the country would shortly be overrun with troops,*" had directed his warriors and chiefs to divide and scatter, availing themselves of their knowledge of the country, to annoy our troops, whenever occasion might offer, without great risk to themselves. Our progress was so slow, that by spies and expresses, the enemy could always be apprised of our movements in time to avoid us. A different result could scarcely have been anticipated, under the circumstances of the case. The supply of transportation and provisions was so scanty, that the army could not budge from the main road to search for the enemy; and in order to gain our positions at the appointed time, the three divisions were compelled to make forced marches; and even then, one of them arrived too late by several days. It is stated, moreover, that on one occasion, a division passed

* A reference to the MAP which accompanies this Book, and which I have prepared with great care, and at the cost of much time and trouble to myself, will explain the routes of the army.

Louisiana and Florida Volunteers—Gen. Smith—Major Reid.

within two miles of an Indian camp, where the women and children were collected, without being conscious of it. This fact speaks volumes as to the character of the country, and the difficulty of finding the savage in his fastnesses, and of bringing him to battle.

Baffled in his efforts to find and subdue the foe, Gen. Scott determined once more to take the field. A mixed Indian, who had been captured by friendly Spaniards near Charlotte Harbor, having confessed that the women, children, plunder and negroes of the Indians, were concentrated at the head of Peas Creek, it was determined to make a demonstration against them. The Louisiana Volunteers were ordered to move down to Charlotte Harbor by water, whilst Col. Goodwyn's Regiment of mounted men were directed to proceed by land to the head of Peas Creek. Major Reid, with the Florida Volunteers, was sent to the mouth of the Ouithlacoochee, with directions to explore that stream as far as practicable, with a view to future operations. Col. Lindsay was ordered to move up, explore and scour the fork of the Ouithlacoochee, and to meet Gen. Clinch, who went by a different route, at a given point. The Left Wing, under Gen. Eustis, after the return of Col. Goodwyn's mounted men, was to retrace its steps to Volusia, and thence to St. Augustine.

In pursuance of these orders, the Louisiana Regiment, under the command of Gen. Smith, went down by water to Charlotte Harbor. Col. Goodwyn, with his regiment of mounted men, left Tampa Bay on the 14th of April, and passed the South-Carolina foot at Camp Jefferson, on the Peas Creek trail. On leaving Tampa, the command was supplied with six days' rations in their haversacks, and carried two bushels of corn on each horse. The men were ordered by Gen. Scott, (Order No. 28, April 11) to walk, and lead their horses, for two days. The mounted men returned to fort Alabama on the 18th April, after having visited the head of Peas Creek. No Indians were found, or recent traces of them. Col. Goodwyn, however, discovered and burnt a large Indian town on the left bank of that stream, called Tolopchopko. The men and horses suffered dreadfully on this expedition; many of the latter escaped,

Alabama Volunteers—Battle of Clonoto Lassa.

and a number died, or were reduced to such a state of distress and suffering, as to render it necessary to kill them. The Louisiana Volunteers were equally unsuccessful, and returned without accomplishing any thing. Major Reid touched at the mouth of the Ouithlacoochee, and explored it to a certain extent, after which, he departed for St. Marks, where his command was honorably discharged.

Col. Lindsay moved upon the Ouithlacoochee, near the bank of which, he built a fort for the protection of his baggage wagons. He was attacked by Indians whilst crossing the Hillsborough, and had one of his men killed, Mr. James Branham, of the Alabama Volunteers. Col. L. entered and scoured the fork of the Ouithlacoochees, and formed a junction with Gen. Clinch, without being able to find the enemy concentrated. Having separated from Gen. Clinch's division, he returned to Tampa Bay.

On the 26th April, the Alabama Volunteers, several companies of the 4th regiment U. S. Infantry, and one company of the 2d regiment of Artillery, with one field piece, in all about seven hundred and fifty men; left fort Brooke, at Tampa, for fort Alabama. The object of this expedition was to destroy the post, and to bring off the sick and wounded. The command reached it on the following day. After securing the provisions and stores, a quantity of powder was so placed in the magazine, that it would explode on opening the door. This accomplished, the troops commenced their return, and when about a mile and a half distant from the fort, a loud report was heard, occasioned no doubt by the explosion of the magazine. Proceeding about ten miles further, they found the dead bodies of two of the men, who had been missed during the previous day, one of them horribly mangled, the other untouched. Whilst the men were beholding this scene, they were fired upon by about five hundred Indians, (as was supposed) from a hammock thirty yards distant. A general action ensued, the enemy maintaining his ground, until he received several rounds of grape. On the hammock being charged by the infantry, the savages took to flight. Several dead Indians were found on the field of battle, and numerous traces might be seen where they dragged off the wounded. Our

Washington and Jefferson troops—Capts. Malone and Campbell.

men behaved with great gallantry. Col. Lindsay having been confined by sickness, the command devolved on Col. Chisolm, of the Alabama Volunteers, and Lieut. Col. Foster, of the regular army. The troops returned to fort Brook on the 28th, where the volunteers were disbanded, and took shipping for home.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded at the battle of Clonico Lassa, 27th April.

Capt. Dent's Company.—Muns Jemison, Qr. Master Department, killed; Samuel N. Archibald, slightly wounded; Henry Webb, do.

Capt. Cypers' Company.—Benj. Parker, slightly wounded; Joshua M'Intyre, do.

Capt. Martin's Company.—James C. Butts, slightly wounded; Felix G. Dodson, do.; James W. Dodson, do.

Capt. Minter's Company.—John Morgan, slightly wounded; H. Raiford, do.; W. Randall, badly wounded.

Capt. Campbell's Company.—Peter Freely, killed; Wm. Horr, killed; Wm. J. Clough, severely wounded; S. P. Lewis, badly; Henry Taylor, do.; L. B. Strange, do.; Daniel Prentiss, do.; Lake White, do.

Capt. Nott's Company.—J. H. Evans, killed, 26th April; James Saukege, badly wounded, 27th.

Capt. Water's Company.—Lieut. R. H. Moble, slightly wounded; Ensign S. Handley, do.. J. C. Boyd, do.

Capt. Bonham's Company.—James Vickers, slightly wounded.

Gen. Clinch remained at Tampa until the 14th of April, when his command moved on the return march towards fort Drane. On the 17th, he arrived at a deserted, friendly Indian town, within about four miles of fort Cooper. The next morning a detachment was sent to apprise Major Cooper of the arrival of the division, and an escort to carry his wagons. He was also directed to abandon the place, and bring on his battalion. The detachment consisted of the Washington Troop, Capt. Malone, and the Jefferson Troop, Capt. Campbell, under the command of Capt. Malone. So little apprehension was entertained of an attack, that on the previous night, Nero, a negro guide, and several men, proceeded to the fort. When, however, the detachment of

Sortie of Major Cooper's Georgia Battalion.

cavalry arrived with a mile of the fort, it was fired upon by Indians from a hammock on the right of the road. The men were riding along carelessly, but soon rallied at the command of their gallant leader. They all dismounted, made a breastwork of their horses, and fired into the hammock, upon which the enemy's rifles ceased. Agreeably to orders, in case of an attack, an express was forwarded to Gen. Clinch, who immediately sent on Col. Bankhead with a detachment of infantry, which scoured the hammock. The enemy had retreated, and the whole command then proceeded to fort Cooper. Two of the Washington Troop, Cornet J. H. Dawson, and private Howard, were wounded.

On reaching fort Cooper, the garrison, which consisted of Major Cooper's Georgia Battalion, and a few regulars, was found to be extremely short of provisions. They had been subsisting, for some time, on two and a half ounces of meat per diem, with flour in proportion. On the third or fourth day after being left at this post, and whilst erecting their defences, the command had been assailed, and the attack had been renewed, regularly, for thirteen successive days. On one occasion, the enemy, to the number of from three to five hundred, made a most daring and determined, but unsuccessful effort, to take the fort by storm. They were headed by four or five chiefs, who were distinguished by their white plumes, and their movements in directing and inspiring their men. A sortie was made on them from the fort, on this, as on nearly every other day of attack, and a party of our men advanced within thirty steps of them, through an almost continued fire, pursuing their way from tree to tree, and firing as they advanced. One of these, private Zadock Cook, of the Morgan Guards, disregarding the order to advance under cover of the trees, and completely exposing himself to the enemy, while in the act of firing at them when only thirty yards distant, was mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. Several others were wounded, on that and other days, but not mortally, or dangerously. The action on this day continued considerably more than an hour—perhaps near two—till the Indians retreated; and several were seen to fall during it, and others to drag them instantly, as usual, from the ground—the Indians al-

Bravery of the Georgians and their gallant Commander.

ways dreading the scalping of their men, even more than the killing of them, and never suffering any difficulty or danger to prevent them from carrying them off, the moment they fall, so long as it is possible to do so.

Previously to the first attack, a party of Indians was seen to approach the pond with cattle, from the opposite side. These savages were doubtless unaware of there being white men in the neighborhood, as on sight of them, they hastily retraced their steps and disappeared.

And again, before the fight commenced, some draught oxen, belonging to Gen. Clinch, and several poor beef cattle, left with Major Cooper, being at grass near the pond, in charge of the regulars, were secured and carried off by the Indians. It is presumed that the Indians knew the oxen to belong to Gen. Clinch, and therefore supposed him to be in the fort, as they came at night within hearing of it, and called to Gen. Clinch to come out and give them a fair fight saying that he had killed their men, and they desired satisfaction, and that if he wanted provisions and rum, they would give him some if he would come to them. They were fired on, and immediately ran.

The bravery and general conduct of the Georgians, and their gallant commander, at fort Cooper, and particularly the manner in which they carried on their work, in the erection of the fort, under the fire of the Indians, are spoken of with the warmest approbation.

The meeting with the Georgia battalion at fort Cooper, was a most warm, cordial, and gratifying one on both sides; and all who marched to meet them, regretted that they had not been with them, or had an equal opportunity of encountering the foe. Except about twenty on the sick list, their general health was tolerably good, though all were weak for want of sufficient food.

Fort Cooper was evacuated, and the command joined Gen. Clinch's division. After going back two miles on the Tampa road, a trail was taken, which, being followed a few miles in an easterly course, brought the army to the southern branch of the Ouitalacoochee. A junction was formed with Col. Lindsay according to arrangement. The margin of the stream was followed for a few miles, when the army

Georgia Troops return to Fort Drane, and are honorably discharged.

encamped for the night at the edge of the hammock, which skirts its border. After dark, a lot of thirty very fine cattle, taken in the woods during the fourth day's march, escaped from the pen, and next morning a party was sent for them, with orders not to remain more than hour. Having exceeded that time, and hereby delayed the march, Gen. Clinch sat down waiting impatiently for their arrival, and on their coming, with the cattle, in his haste to proceed, he forgot his sword and belt, which, on sitting down, he had taken off and rested against a tree. He did not discover the loss, till he had proceeded about four miles. One of his aids, Maj. Holmes, then went back after it, with four or five horsemen from the Jefferson troop, and on arriving at the camp ground, discovered six Indians there, and one of them with the sword on, suspended on the wrong side. They fired on the Indians, who returned the fire wounded private Bostwick's horse, and fled to the hammock, pursued by the mounted men, who perceiving on their way another body of Indians, about twelve or twenty, on the edge of the hammock, and attempting to cut off their means of retreat, halted, and returned to the camp,

On their return to fort Drane, the Georgia troop were honorably discharged. and proceeded to their homes and fire-sides, after having faithfully performed their duty as good and gallant soldiers.

Major M'Elmore volunteered. at a late period, to bring a supply of provisions to the Ouithlacochee, stating that he had a suitable boat, and could effect the enterprise without risk to his party. It was late, say the 22d or 23d of March, before Gen. Scott received Major M'Elmore's offer. All the preparations for the march had been matured. In reply, Major M. was informed, that a supply of provisions would be acceptable, if it could reach the Ouithlacochee by the 29th of March, but that the Major must be the judge of the security he gave to his command, and must not unnecessarily expose his small party. He was also instructed, that if he reached the river after the 29th March, he must not, unless joined by the army, remain later than the 4th of April, as after that day, the army would probably be in

Major M'Elmore—Capt. Holleman—the Block House.

motion for the South, and could afford his small command no succour whatsoever.

Major M'Elmore reached the river on the 4th day of April, and on the 5th. left one half of his force under the command of Capt. Holleman, at the block house. He returned to the Suwanee with the remainder, and, it is stated, did not advise Gen. Scott of what he had done. By a singular oversight, the men occupying this position were left there until after the volunteers were all disbanded and sent home. For six weeks they were alone in the wilderness, assailed by more than a thousand warriors. This is the number reported by the savages themselves to have been employed in besieging the post. On the 12th of April, at the dawn of day, they were attacked by a large body of Indians, and from that time were surrounded by them almost continually—only two men were killed; Eli Sealy, on the 13th April, and Capt. Holleman, on the 3d of May, and five slightly wounded. On the 15th of April, the garrison was attacked by four or five hundred Indians. The battle lasted two hours and forty-five minutes, and while pending, the savages got possession of the flat, which drifted down the river, and was destroyed by them. During this attack, a chief, who had made himself conspicuous, was brought down by a marksman; four or five Indians sprang forward to his assistance, and fell at one fire. The Indians ascribed their own losses, and the invincible courage of our men, to *witchcraft*, and, in accordance with a well known superstition prevailing among them, fired *silver* bullets. The bravery displayed by this little band, was worthy of all commendation. From the commencement of the seige, not a single shot was fired, unless at a particular object.

The retreat of the garrison being cut off by the destruction of their flat. it was determined to send an express for relief. Three men were drawn by lot, and embarked, at 11 o'clock at night, in a canoe, which required constant bailing. They heard the Indians on both banks of the river, trying to intercept them. They were fired on, near the mouth of the Suwanee, by a party in ambush, but were out of the reach of their guns.

Lieut. Walker—Major Reid—Florida Volunteers.

As soon as the express arrived, with a letter from Lieut. L. B. Walker, the gallant commander of this post, after the death of Capt. Holleman, a volunteer company was raised, consisting of eighty men, under the command of Maj. Reid. This corps proceeded to the block house, and succeeded in bringing off the whole garrison, without firing a gun. This enterprise would have done honor to the best days of chivalry, being projected from the noblest motives, and surrounded by a thousand dangers. In an affair on the 9th March, where Major Reid ordered out a detachment, consisting of the Franklin, Gadsden, and one company (Capt. Searvice) Leon Volunteers, (all from camp Allison, near fort Brooke) who routed one thousand Indians; they also covered themselves, their Captains, and Major, with distinguished honor.

We conclude this chapter, by expressing our indebtedness to Capt. Hitchcock's letter for information as to Gen. Gaines' movements, and to Major Pemberton, of the Augusta Chronicle, for the operations of the Right Wing.

CHAPTER X.

THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL—TAMPA TO AUGUSTINE.

The Author describes Espiritu Santo, the Generals and Col. Gadsden, whom he meets there—leaves Tampa and proceeds with Gen. Scott and the Left Wing to Volusia—the Generals take boat thence for Picolata—the Colonels, with the 1st and 2d Regts. volunteers, march to Augustine,—the Author's views of the campaign, its total failure, causes thereof, the Gen. Government, the Generals in the field—City and society of Augustine—Florida Lands—Seminole Chiefs—Return to Carolina—The Author's Farewell.]

"We will not fear, albeit our way we thread,
Through some wood-wilderness, where all the night,
Cry loud the ravening beasts; and where we tread,
Marsh vapors, and the strange, malicious light,
Of serpent eyes, gleam round us to betray
Our feet that bleed upon the thorny way:

God is our hope and refuge!"

[*Hymn of the old Discoveries, H. F. Chorley.*]

Tampa, April 12th.—Surely the coldest heart would warm with admiration, for beauties which the dullest eye *must* here perceive. Come with me, and note this romantic grove of lofty trees—these venerable oaks, crowned with streaming locks of gray, and contrasting with the young and verdant orange, this row of Pride of India, faintly flushed with pale, purple blossoms—yonder graceful group of officers—this motley crowd of variously occupied soldiers—these files of tents, that whiten in the sun—the hundreds of gallant war-steeds *couchant* or *rampant*, on a field *vert*, (as the heralds say,) some picketed, others caracolling in a thousand sportive evolutions. Then let us view the circular tower, and the houses so curiously built around huge trees, that seem to grow from the floor, and actually emerging through the roof, cast all over and about the building their umbrageous shelter.* Visit next with me the post-office,

* This singular mode of constructing mansions here, is very accurately delineated in one of a series of excellent sketches shewn me from the pencil

 The Author describes Tampa Bay.

which, like some modest little cottage, embosomed in the shade, and almost shut out from view by the thick shrubbery that environs it, scarce lifts its humble head above the white palings, and the neat, trim gateway. And if I may be permitted to add the interest of meditation to mere external charms, let me remind you, that this is the only spot, for hundreds of miles, whence you may receive letters *from home*, or wherein you may deposit them *for home*.

In proud preëminence, towering above all, yet in solitary grandeur, like Pompey's pillar at Alexandria—lo! Columbia's striped and starry banner—floating as freely as that "chartered libertine, the air." No matter what his political sentiments, let him have drawn the vital breath, and imbibed the milky tide of existence, north or south of Mason and Dixon's line, be he as dissentient and mal-contented as he may at *home* or *in peace*, no citizen of these United States may see, *abroad* or *in war*, this national emblem, and not exult, that he too is an American. The moment it meets the eye, the heart warms to it, as Jenny Deans said she knew that Argyle's would to the tartan, and the verse bursts from the lips,

"FLAG of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given—
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

Proceed we yet onward, even to the Hillsborough—do but observe the busy throng—the vessel that they are unloading, as she anchors idly at the wharf, and her sails flap lazily with the breeze. We are at the water's edge—how broad, transparent, and deliciously cool! extending far as the eye can reach into the capacious bay that enters the very gulf stream itself, and dotted with distant sail. Take a nearer view:—observe fort Brooke, on a jut of land, between the Hillsborough and the Indian river. See the

of Mr. J. H. Gray, a volunteer in Capt. Elmore's company, during this campaign. The fidelity of these views, taken on the spots, I can verify from personal inspections of the scenes and drawings. Aided by the elegant and ingenious graver of a Keenan, they would reflect credit on the rising condition of the fine arts in Charleston.

What Gen. Scott repeatedly declared to the Author.

small boat with the Spaniard that owns it, aided by the Seminole sailor. Looks not the savage oddly in his large white trowsers, his pea-jacket, and tarpaulin hat? But we may not now pause to conjecture the feelings and the fate of the red hunter, who renounces the venatic life of the woods and launches on the stormy waves of ocean. Cross with me his "dug out," the tempting water, and enjoy the inviting prospect on the other side of the river.

'Tis but a little way to the shantees of the friendly Indians. We are there—Having seen them—let us advance a few steps farther. Yes, there they are, the men and mounds and tents of the Right Wing. Descend this "wood-crowned height," and tread yon ample beach, and regard the tiny shell and the waters wide, alike the work of Him whom vastness confounds not, nor minuteness evades: And as, with your sword, you carve on its wave-washed surface, as you did, a mother's or sister's name; and your heart melts, and your eye moistens, and is raised in mute piety from the white and sandy shore, to the blue and serene sky—will you not confess that Tampa is a glorious and a beautiful Bay, and worthy to be called *Espiritu Santo*?

At the cottage wherein is the post office, I had the pleasure of meeting Gen. Scott, who, with Col. Gadsden, occupies a part of it. The elegant manners, and the polished phraseology of Gen. S., his yielding demeanor, with his towering form and splendid appearance, are too well known to need description. To me he exercised his accustomed urbanity, and in the course of a prolonged and interesting colloquy, he with great emphasis repeatedly declared—that I have not the least idea of doling out to others. For I have a thorough contempt, and inbred horror, of all who hang on great men's words, and culling a few, out of many sentences, meanly vend them to the world, in base violation of the sacred confidence always implied in the conversations of gentlemen.

Col. Gadsden, one of the leading minds and master spirits of the war, is different, yet preferable. Possessing much merit, and the most extensive and varied knowledge, he yet makes no pretension; and you see so much of intellect, and so little of self-esteem—such energy, activity and firmness,

Col. Gadsden—Generals Clinch and Eustis.

tempered by frankness and courtesy in communicating it; in his own mind so much of deliberation and decision; and to the conviction of his hearer, such mathematical demonstration, that you are at a loss whether you shall admire or esteem him most.

At Tampa, I also met Gen. Eustis, who had left camp Shelton for this place, a week prior to my arrival here. Of him, as of the other Generals, I shall have occasion to speak anon, and will here only say, that to write most favorably of his manners, all that you can state is, that they are those of a stern, blunt, and busy soldier, rather than of the mild and leisurely officer. His words are few, and as unlike a courtier's as roughness is to polish, or harshness to suavity. The jests of Gen. E. are still fewer, and are the most solemn, serious things in the world—they are any thing but laughing matter. His grace is *such* as oftener to throw sand between the helmet and the wound of the soldier, than to pour in the latter the wine and the oil of balmly consolation. Yet Gen. E. is a brave commander, and a business man.

On crossing the Hillsborough, I had the pleasure of meeting my intelligent and esteemed acquaintance, Major Lytle, who politely invited me to the marquee and supper which he participates with Gen. Clinch, to whom he is the aid-de-camp. This invitation I declined, through a desire to see my friends, Major Pemberton and Capt. Robertson, of Augusta, and others of the Georgia gentlemen, in the camp of Gen. Clinch, in which I was then strolling. I was gratified to find the Gen. looking so heartily, and could not help admiring his bluff honest appearance, and republican simplicity of manner. Like all the Generals of the U S. army,* whom I have seen, he is tall and stout; but he stands loftiest and strongest in the opinions of his troops, who all speak of him in the highest terms, not merely of approbation, but of affection. They emphatically call him the *friend* and FATHER of his troops! Endearing title! proud appellative! honestest tribute. and most conclusive testimony to worth.

*They are all said to be Virginians, and there also appears to be a natural vigor about the native state of George Washington (whom no title can honor,) that gives birth to a race of Presidents and Generals.

Left Wing on the Pea Creek trail.—The Pseudo-stoma Bursarium.

But I weary of riding and writing, and the reader, doubtless, does of perusing, and so, good night. Throwing myself on a bundle of hay, in the open air, and pulling down an armfull for my pillow, I and the stars wink at each other. For I am kept awake by a small pest not to be named to ears polite, to which Gen. S. compares the Indians—when you put your finger on them, they are *not* there. I drop asleep, repeating, in reference to this plague, a verse very differently applied by its author, Byron, two words on the last line of which, I alter thus—

Oh! that to me the wings were given
That bear the eagle to her nest,
Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
And flea away—*I'd* be at rest.

Camp Shelton, April 15th.—On the morning of the 13th, the foot of the Left Wing moved five miles from this place, and took position on the Peas Creek trail, at a point which I named Camp Jefferson, after liberty's great apostle. Lieut. Hatch and myself arrived there late in the afternoon of the same day. We had most imprudently loitered on the road from Tampa thither, awaiting the return of our servant and horse. He had pushed on to Camp Shelton to carry our personal baggage to Camp Jefferson, but left it, on our friends frightening him by sending him back to us immediately with the horses, and a message, that we were very foolish to run this risk of our scalps, and that we must at once return. We concurring, took their advice, as men are apt to do, when it accords with—*their own*.

While on the Peas Creek trail, a salamander was burrowed from his hole. We had thousands of times observed the numerous traces of recently turned up earth, indicating their presence, but never succeeded in procuring more than this one. It looks like a small greyish brown rat, and—but I omit my long description of it, and refer to Godman, Nat. His. vol. 2, p. 90, where it is spoken of as the *Pseudo-stoma Bursarium*.* The day after the arrival of the

*Rafinesque mentions his having seen a Salamander in Mississippi, which had no cheek pouch on the outside.

Col. Goodwyn and the mounted men proceed to Tolopchopko.

foot at Camp Jefferson, (14th) the mounted men left Tampa for Peas Creek. When they had proceeded some ten miles, an officer in advance descried a party through the woods before him. He therefore rode back to the main body, and announced to Col. Goodwyn his belief that there were Indians a-head, and that he had discerned the smoke of a fire from the road. The Colonel galloped up, and perceived the smoke as described. He therefore directed the officer to move down with a portion of his company upon the Indians, and as soon as they beheld the enemy, to abandon the corn that impeded the celerity of their steeds, and dash after him. This party, in pursuance of these orders, had proceeded but a little way, when the ever exciting cry was heard from one of them—Indians! Indians! through the trees, there! there! The moving human forms were seen by the others, and all immediately rushed towards them. But ere they arrived at the spot designated, they discovered that the men upon whom they were thus charging, composed the foot of their own division of the army. Mutual astonishment gave place to mutual explanations, and the small, but natural mistake, was cleared away. The mounted men “put up their bright weapons,” and very quietly walked their horses into our encampment, where we are all rejoiced to behold our friends. This morning (15th) they left us, and pursued the trail to Tolopchopko,* on Peas Creek. Of their expedition thither, which was made in concert with a portion of the Right Wing, I have spoken in the preceding chapter.

Shortly after the departure of Col. Goodwyn's regiment, the foot returned to our present encampment. On our way hither, we could not but admire the picturesque appearance of the soldiery. The sun beamed brightly on each musket, as the men, one by one, defiled through a curve in the woods, and emerged into a prairie, presenting *en masse* a contrast to their previous apparent isolation. The scenery too was romantic, and beautifully varied, from the rough brown trunk of the pine, and the bluish green of its bushes, to the polished and light-hued stem of the water

*For the origin of this name, vide ante p. 179.

 One of the Left Wing wounded by Indians.

oak, with the pale pea-colour of its leaf. Yet a little further, and we met the Magnolia and Black Jack, their dark foliage dotted with innumerable white cranes, as with flakes of feathery snow. Capt. C. of the Top. Engineers, has three spotless plumes, plucked from a Heron which he killed on the march to this place.

Camp Sidney, near fort Alabama, April 18th.*—Late on the night of the 15th, while we were at Camp Shelton, and after I had closed my journal and my eyes, we had an alarm. A cry like that of owls was heard from three different trees, succeeded by the report of three rifles. Our faithful sentinels promptly replied with their leaden messengers, and we plainly perceived the Indians, arms trailed, dashing across the camp, their dusky forms relieved by the bright blaze of the guard-fires. In the earlier periods of the campaign, we often heard cries which we took to be those of wolves, and various birds. We became, subsequently, convinced that they were but signals from one Indian party to another, and that they have the faculty of mimicking, with great accuracy, the sounds of bird or beast. The early imitation of the former is alluded to, even by a writer as ancient as Lucretius:

“At liquidas avium voces imitauer voce,
 Ante finit multo, quam læva carmina cantu.
 Concelebrare homines possent, auresque iuvare.”

On the 16th, we heard that one of the garrison at fort Alabama, seven miles distant from Camp Shelton, had been killed the previous night. On that day, private Radford, of Capt. Jones' Edgefield Blues, who was fishing at a stream, about fifty yards in advance of our sentinels, was shot in the arm. Capt. Parker's company immediately charged the hammock, and Capt. Henry's, with a party of mounted men, went out to circumvent the Indians, or reinforce Capt. P. if the enemy should be found in numbers. In vain! after a wet and toilsome march, they discovered

*This camp I call after Sir Philip, and Algernon Sidney, names dear to chivalry, patriotism, and poetry!

The Indians at fort Alabama.—Gen. Scott's kindness to the sick.

only the traces of two savages. They had approached on ponies, secured them, crept up through the hammock, fired, and galloped off.

On the 17th, Gen. Scott, Col. Gadsden, who acted as Qr. Master General, Major Watson and Lieut. Johnson, with Gen. Eustis and staff, joined us from Tampa, when the Left Wing started for this place. On our arrival here, we found Lieut. Col. Huiet, Dr. Trotti, and the companies of Captains Hibler and Fripp, who had been sent to this station a few days previously. They have had a very busy, anxious time of it, the Indians constantly hovering around and picking off all stragglers from the camp.

Although this day's march was short, yet it proved a most fatiguing one, being made during the meridian heat, and many of us having walked and carried corn on our horses, by Gen. Eustis' request. Even an officer of the grade of Col. Brisbane, led his heavy laden horse the entire way from Camp Shelton to Camp Sidney, while the very attendants of superior U. S. officers, (superior in grade, I mean) rode all the while, carrying little or no corn. The weather was oppressively warm, and soon after we arrived, many might be seen panting and prostrate on the earth. While I was reclining under the canvass, disarming myself, and essaying to "keep cool," Gen. Scott paused at the door of my tent, and entered into conversation. He was still wearing his thick cloth military frock and his sword, while I had more luxuriously disrobed, as far as propriety permitted. I enquired what had led him from the refuge of his marquee, and found that, while I was lolling, he had been visiting fort Alabama, in a broiling sun, over a ground unrelieved by a foot of shade, all the trees having been cut down by previous encampers. The Gen. had gone to see the sick, to care for and comfort them. Discovering that they were confined in a miserable spot, he had ordered a bower to be erected, whither they should be brought out during the day, to be revived by a breath of air. Gen. Scott extended the same soothing attentions to the sick at Tampa, and this beautiful trait of his character is too meritorious in any commander ever to be pretermitted in silent coldness.

The Hillsborough.—The sun's disc shivered into splinters.

The Hillsboro', near which we are now encamped, is rendered diaphanous to the eye, and flat to the taste, by the limestone abounding therein. As I stood upon the flower and foliage-clad river bank, about to plunge in and lave my fevered limbs, I was arrested by the confused, though lovely images on the bosom of the water, and at its base. The broad, smooth, clear sheet, was imprest with every beauteous object and hue, from above and around. Its leaf-enamelled borders seemed arched and almost united, and their trees to grow on, or out of, the liquid surface. Through all this might be seen the silver and golden and emerald and sapphire tinted fish, as if sporting in the sky, or amid the tree tops. As I rose up from diving, and thus parted the agitated water, I looked again for the gay and gaudy picturings, but they were gone, in their completeness! The sun appeared divided into parts, the trees broken into branches, and earth and sky were oddly, yet splendidly, jumbled together. I again climbed the bank, and standing on its edge, beheld in the now tranquilized river, the perfect and unbroken images I had seen. I leaped in, and meseemed, shattered into fragments the stoutest trees, and shivered into splinters of light the sun's ample disc. On returning to my tent, he paid me, with his fierce regards, for the liberties I had been taking with his majesty. Col. Goodwyn rejoined us here.

Camp White, April 21st.—Since the 18th, so little has occurred on our now uneventful march, that I have not journalized till arriving at this place, which I name in compliment to Florida's zealous delegate. The incidents most interesting to me, though least so to others, are the loss of my *hortus siccus*, and the finding some glorious flowers. Ah! would that my *herbarium* were fit to receive them. Yet my *heart* does—it cannot reject such signal manifestations of the lavish prodigality wherewith the Creator scatters beauty and fragrance, even 'mid the wilderness scarce tracked by the foot prints of His creatures. I have mentioned my *hortus siccus*—it is *siccus* no longer. In attempting to ford the Hillsboro', my saddle bags were soaked, and my

The Left Wing meets the Centre, and passes the Outhlacoochee.

botanic collection ruined, I fear, forever.* I may be regarded as attaching too much importance to these trifles. Yet who knows not how much we value those objects on which we have bestowed time and labor. Yes! how much have these plants and flowers cost me. How oft have I jumped from my horse, knee-deep, to cull them. How many briars have I braved, how many weary steps wandered, in quest of them. But they are precious to me, like virtue, for their own sakes, and are their own rich reward. They have a purifying and refining influence, and lifting the soul from nature up to nature's God—but I check my musings.

On the 20th, the Left Wing passed the big Outhlacoochee where we found the Centre engaged in constructing a defence for its baggage train, preparatory to entering and scouring the forks of the Outhlacoochees, while the Right Wing was advancing by the cove and the left bank of the main river.

To day, we revisited the scene of Dade's massacre, and no man but lingered as if his

“Heart was in the Coffin there with Cæsar,

And he

“Must pause till it come back to him.”

Over the hillock, wherein were interred the last mortal remains of Dade and his officers, might be seen to lean, one who had known them long and loved them well. Folding his arms o'er his grief-surcharged bosom, as if to repress its swelling sighs, mournfully shaking his head, and pulling his forage-cap low upon his brow, as tho' to conceal his private regrets from the public eye, he would retire to some distant shade, and there relieve his choking emotions. The solemn silence, the sombre scenery, the soldiers curiously examining the pines which were raked by the can-

*I the less regret the loss, and the having to omit my chapter on the climate, soil and productions of Florida, as I find all these topics have been very copiously handled in many previous productions relating to that Territory.

The Left Wing revisits the scene of Dade's massacre.

non more than twice the height of the tallest Indians*—our men gathering up relics of the dead—treasuring a button from the uniform of an officer, extracting a bullet from the triangular stockade—that unfinished defence itself, a *breast* work scarce *knee-high*, telling volumes, contrasting with the few and faintly uttered comments which we made to each other on what all, but too well, understood to speak of haste or despair;—the grief depicted on visages whereon sorrow and sympathy having made their visible temples, dwelt twinn'd, and owning “no dividual being”—these, all these audibly said that the tribute of a tear, was not indecorous even in grown men and gallant ones. I tore myself away from this *Acelanda*, almost envying Genl. Gaines the chance or the conduct which, placing him earliest on the spot, had conferred upon him the proud, sad privilege of gathering up their manes. These funereal rites are described in a manuscript poem, whence the following verse is extracted.

Lonely and sad is the spot where we laid them,
In the land of the savage there mouldering away,
No stone marks their graves, but mem'ry has made them,
A tomb in our hearts that will never decay.

It may not be uninteresting to add that Major Dade's soldiers were generally from the middle states and from that green isle which has so often furnished more than Erin's quota of heroes and martyrs. But

“We give in charge,
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture in her turn
Gives bond, in stone, and ever during brass,
To guard them, and immortalize her trust.”

Till then, *Dade county*, shall be their memorial, and no youth may learn the geography of Florida, and not know

*The motive for directing so high, was subsequently explained to be, the tearing down of the branches thickest at that elevation, in order that thus the savages might be expelled from the hiding places, whence they had been firing at the troops with impunity.

The Indians wound one man and two horses of the Left Wing.

the history of their martyrdom. The parent, as she aids her little one with his school day task, shall repeat to him the incidents of the massacre; mingled tears, appropriate to the sex of the one and the age of the other, shall wet the map, and even the fiercer passions of man swell the bosoms of the mother and her child.

Camp Hampden, April 23.—Last night our camp was fired upon by a party of the enemy, who wounded one man and two horses. At day light a mounted detachment was sent in pursuit of the Indians, but at the termination of a few miles, the trail was lost between some of the many hammocks and swamps abounding in this region. To day we recrossed the Ocklewahaw, which takes its rise in lake Eustis—formed by the accumulation of waters from the great southern marshes. Its course is north until near its disembogement into the St. John's with which it runs parallel. As I came down upon it, having been sent with a party in advance, I saw an Indian on the other side. On my information, a company of mounted men was sent over as a guard to others who were repairing the bridge we had constructed on our former passage.

On our first arrival at the Ocklewahaw, Capt. Ashby with promptitude and valour, volunteered to plunge in and carry over the line to which the centre stringer was attached. Capt. Finley, animated by the same fine spirit, soon followed, and they secured the first timber on the other bank.

The Indians had endeavored to burn our work, in which attempt they were foiled by its being level with the water; but this last circumstance had injured it.

In the neighborhood of the great Ockli-Waha, as this river is sometimes called, we found the only live *gopher*, or land tortoise, except one that L't. Russel caught near Volusia, which we met with—although their holes, on the high, dry sand hills, were seen in hundreds. I have omitted my account of the gopher, as it is very fully described by Bartram, who says, that "it will easily carry any man standing on its back, on level ground." As the one we saw was not as large as a turtle, which I found it to resemble in taste,

Major Watson and the Eucheas.—The Indians fire upon us.

the experiment was not made, but every other part of Bartram's description I confirm.

When we arrived yesterday at the point, where, two miles from the scene of Dade's massacre, the trail to Volusia turns off from the Camp King road, my friends, J. W. Simmons and Major Watson, left us, and proceeded to fort King. We are not without apprehensions for their safety, as they had to ride till near midnight, to arrive at their halting-place; and they are unarmed. Major W. came on to tender to Gen. Scott the services of five hundred warriors of the Eucheas tribe, which offer the General accepted. But Major W. told me, that on his return to Georgia, for them, a communication from the Department at Washington, had the effect of preventing their joining our army. Gen. Scott to the Adjutant General, fort Drane, March 20th, writes that "Generals Woodward and Majs. Watson and Flournoy, are strongly recommended to me, as suitable persons to direct the detachment of five hundred Creek warriors." Of Major Watson's energy and activity, we had an instance at the Hillsborough, where, upon the teams being imperilled, he plunged in deep water to their aid, without knowing how to swim, and saved *their* lives, while endangering his own. Of the Eucheas, whom he was to head, we may speak hereafter.

Just after our crossing the bridge, that we repaired at the Ockli-Waha, a few Indians emerged from a thicket: thus confirming my previous statement. They ascended an eminence, and from its brow, fired upon us, but at a distance too great for their balls to reach us, as they had often before practiced. Or their random rifle shots may have been intended as a mere taunting bravado, interpreted thus—well, there ye go, ye have entered our ancient boundaries, and are now retiring—you perceive that you leave us in possession of the soil.

Our present camp I name in token of my reverence for the memory of an English opponent of arbitrary and oppressive taxation.

Camp Russel, April 24th.—I have associated, in this and my preceding camp titles, names intimately allied in history,

The Indians seen, shot at, and pursued.

When we had marched but a little way this morning, I being in advance of the main body, as was my usual position, from the nature of my command—heard the report of a Hall's patent rifle, such as the mounted men carried. Gen. Scott, who loved to keep in front, and was never far behind, rode up to me, and suggested that it was an accidental discharge. I had scarce expressed my dissent, when a volley from our men confirmed my impression, and we galloped on. We found that the mounted advance guard, under Capt. Smith, had shot at a party of Indians.

The enemy had slept within two miles of our last night's camping ground; and ignorant of our approach from the south, he was travelling the same trail from the north. Some of the savages were fired on by certain of the soldiers under my command, who think their balls reached their destination. Capt. Porter, who commanded the foot advance, cried out to his company, with great promptitude, but with all his characteristic coolness—"Into line—trail arms—quick time—double quick—six paces extend—charge!" And so indeed they did, smash into the woods, and souse into the water—knee deep, waist deep. Col. Gadsden, not knowing what fear was, rapidly rode ahead, to the great exposure of his person, and reconnoitred the ground. On his return, he reported to Gen. Scott, that the hammock, into which the Indians had entered, was small, but that it was succeeded by a second and larger one, and that the effort should be to intercept them, ere they reached the latter. Thereupon Gen. Scott ordered two companies of mounted men to flank the first hammock, and attack the enemy as he emerged. At the same time, he or Gen. Eustis, who had by that time come up, directed Major Kirby's battalion to enter the wood, and drive the Indians out upon the horse. The foot pushed through with great alacrity, although almost held back by innumerable clasping vines; their clothes hooked, and hands torn by briars—their steps impeded by dense wood-lands, and sinking deep into mud and water. I weary of stating the one unchanging result of almost all our efforts; and the reader will readily divine, that the foot could not come up near enough to the Indians, to fire upon them, and that the

Packs, pouches, mocasins, &c. captured.—The Creeks.

mounted men, after flanking a series of hammocks, *found* that the enemy *were not to be found*.

When near the termination of the hammock, the foot discovered a trail by which they could proceed much more rapidly. The Indians must have entered the wood by this secret pass, and thus were enabled to flee so quickly, as not to be overtaken by our men, who knew not thereof. This one fact will explain, as fully as a volume could, the cause of the often escape of the Indians, in their superior knowledge of the locations. In a word, they are on their own familiar grounds—we are “strangers in a” *very* “strange land.”

In their progress through the hammocks, the foot saw many evidences that the Indians had been hotly pursued by them, and to lighten themselves, had thrown down their packs, and denuded even of their hunting shirts. Among the articles so seen, were mocasins, powder horns and pouches, bags, &c. In one of these last, was found an ivory whistle, having the name of its owner, Col. Franklin Elmore, cut upon it. On being shewn to his brother, Capt. Benj. Elmore, who, with his Columbia Volunteers, had charged the hammock, he, I think it was, stated that the Colonel had been travelling in the Alabama Creek country the preceding summer, and, on his return, told him of the loss of this very whistle.

The finding of this toy may seem unworthy of mention—yet a small matter sometimes indicates a great deal, as the stirring of the tiniest feather will determine if the vital breath yet linger in the body of some beloved friend. The presence of this whistle confirms and throws light on the statement that, last summer, several Creeks were reported to Gen. Thompson as being in the Seminole nation. He instantly despatched a party to seize and bring them to the agency, but the effort failed, as the Creeks had hurried home. A brief while after, information was received at fort King from fort Mitchell, Alabama, of several Seminoles having appeared among the Creeks, and that these Seminoles seemed to be acting as a deputation. The inference from this combination of little incidents, is almost irresistible, that the Seminoles circulated their war-belt

Gen. Scott leaves the Left Wing, and proceeds to Volusia.

among the Creeks, as they did even among the Winnebagoes, and that parties of the Creeks are acting as the allies of the Florida Indians, in the present war.

About fifteen ponies were captured, which the Indians were leading, with pack saddles laden with corn and beans, of which we had left on the road five or six barrels for want of transportation, and among other odds and ends, Col. Huiet's marquee, which had been forgotten at one of our encampments. These things are stated, not for themselves, but to illustrate how closely the Indians followed our camps as the wolves and bears visit theirs, all for the same purpose—the picking up of relics. By reason of the quantity of corn in sacks which we here found, this affair was dubbed the Battle of the Bags, in that spirit of good humoured jest, with which, as already stated, I called the Okhumpki skirmish, the Battle *a la distance*.

When at the distance of twenty-three miles, Gen. Scott took an escort of two mounted companies, and proceeded to Volusia on the 24th. Finding there the U. S. steamer Essayons, he embarked in her, and with a guard of only seventeen men, determined to penetrate, by the St. Johns, the southern part of the peninsula, as far as practicable. Col. Gadsden, Capt. Canfield, and Lieut. Johnson, accompanied him to note the course and depth of the river, together with the general topography of the country. They found no difficulty in passing up to the head of Lake Monroe, and might have carried to that point a draught of eight or nine feet of water. The distance ascended is two hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and sixty from Volusia. They found the river beyond the lake nearly as bold as below, and if they could have crossed the bar at the entrance, they did not doubt that they might have gone fifty or seventy miles further towards Cape Florida; but unfortunately, their boat drew more than four feet, and they only found four on the bar.

This *reconnoissance* was made with a view to several objects; Gen. Scott was anxious to discover whether the Indians had any settlements on the upper part of the river; to find out the place of concealment for their women, children, and negroes; to give to the well disposed among the

Gen. Scott fired at by the Indians. Left Wing at the St. John's.

latter an opportunity of communicating with us; to observe trails and crossings, and particularly to find a good point as far in the interior as practical, for the establishing of a new post before the recommencement of active operations on our part. Such point Gen. S. found about eight miles below Lake Monroe, on the east bank. A leading trail passes through it. Here he took the ferry canoe in ascending, and here on returning, a sharp fire was thrown in upon him by a party of ten or fifteen Indians, who lay concealed in high grass on the west side. But for their timidity, they might have killed the four officers who were standing exposed on the bow of the boat. They fired from a distance of three hundred yards.

Volusia, April 28th.—The Left Wing arrived at the landing or the St. John's, at meridian, on the 25th, yet was it midnight ere all our troops could effect a crossing, although the river here is not above two hundred yards wide. Ascending the rolling land at this place, I found that it was formed of periwinkle shells, which are said to be the exuviae of an insect, met with on the shores on the stream. As I viewed the prospect from an elevation which commanded the entire scene, I was struck with its exceeding loveliness.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.”

It seemed indeed a “Midsummer's night dream.” There stood fort Barnwell; here the river, which, embosomed in the impendent tree branches of either bank, was hushed as the slumbers of infancy cradled in a mother's arms. The sentinel stars kept their silent vigils in the serene sky. The air, redolent of magnolian perfumes, murmured low and languidly, as homeward bees “laden with their sweets.” On the north hill, long rows of tents were extended, like white crane-wings spread upon the dark foliage of the forest. On the southern eminence, the far stretched line of other tents receded, till lost to the beholder in the dim distance. The bases of these heights were occupied by the mounted men, and presented the varied grouping of riders and their steeds. The broad and beauteous moon, paling

Volusia viewed by moonlight. The attack at fort Barnwell.

the ineffectual watch-fires, revealed the lone sentry on his post, as

“The imperial vot’ress pass’d on
In maiden meditation, fancy—free.”

In the centre of the ample vale, a stately tree lifted its towering head above all meaner objects, and invested the soil beneath with its sombre shade, that contrasted with the surrounding, silvery light, as the emblematic coffin with the banquet at which the Egyptians ever introduced it. This comparison recalls the white paling that enclosed a single grave, over which two immense oaks o’er-arched their boughs, streaming with parasitical plants as though they were—*tears*. The nearness to each other of the head and foot stone, indicates a babe as the cold tenant of that silent tomb. At such a time, midnight, on such a spot, far from the abodes of civilization, ’neath the wan moon, ever ministrant to melancholy, what sad conjectures thicken o’er us. Our sympathies are unselfish ’neath the purifying influence of the solemn scene. O’er the tomb, to my view, presides not black Despair, that breathes of annihilation, but bright eyed Hope, whispering an hereafter. Yet *tristful* thoughts *will* intrude while gazing on the grave of the babe here interred—the rose blighted—

“With all its sweetest leaves yet folded.”

Haply, this head-stone is the last earthly effort of some woe-worn mother, in whose unexhausted and snowy fount of life, the lacteal tide was curdled up by stony grief. Per-adventure she dragged her feeble footsteps hither for many a weary mile, through thorns and briars—yet gathering sweetest flowers by the way side, to fling upon her infant’s grave, but when here, bending o’er this little hillock of endeared earth, *could not weep*, thus attesting that greatest agony of choking sorrow, which knows not the solace of tears!

On the 14th, while Sergeant Holiday and four men were digging the grave of Blocker, (who died of a wound received at the battle West of the St. John’s, recorded at p.

Gallantry and magnanimity of Major Gates.

162) they were fired on by Indians concealed in a hammock. The Sergeant, and one of the party acting as sentinel, were shot down. The other three retreated to fort Barnwell, amid a shower of balls. The engagement, which lasted thirty minutes, became general, our men remaining within the pickets. Major Gates, their much esteemed commander, acted with great gallantry and magnanimity. For when groans were heard, the source of which was to be ascertained, and when fire was required, to discharge the howitzer, the Major, instead of sending forth a party for these purposes, went out himself, at the imminent hazard of his life.

We have been discussing the point here, whether Major G. should have directed a sortie. To my view, it was altogether a question to be determined by his impressions at the time. He was entrusted with a most important depot, and of many sick, knowing not where else supplies could be procured, if these stores should fall into the enemy's hands. He had not heard of the Seminoles, nor from the Army, since the departure, from Volusia, of the Left Wing. He could only guess at the Indian force from the appearance they then presented. The nature of the ground here is calculated to defeat any accurate enumeration and favours ambuscade. Major G. could not determine how many of the fifteen hundred savages, reported to have attacked Gen. Gaines, might be down upon him. The officers who were present, whom I have heard express their opinion, speak of the Major in the highest terms. Of him I know little, but I know the valor and lofty honor of these volunteers too well, not to receive their approval as a guarantee for his good conduct. Had he displayed any want of courage, their expressions to us on our arrival, of withering indignation, would have forever blighted his now fair name. It is also argued, that the killed should have been brought in from the field and interred, at any and every hazard. That this is almost an axiom in the army, does honor to the bravery and humanity of the military character. Yet it is always a question, how far the survivors should be jeopardded for the procurement of the bodies slain. I have no doubt that, on this, as on the other topic, Major Gates acted

The Left Wing, under Col. Goodwyn, return to Augustine.

honestly on the conclusions at which he fearlessly arrived. There are occasions when the effort to carry out the principle, of speedy possession of the killed, would be an useless expenditure of blood, and exposure of life—a feeling for the dead, but cruelty to the living. The practice of the Indians, not to abandon their slain, is founded solely in superstition. For they believe that the scalped cannot enter the hereafter hunting grounds, which constitute their notion of a Heaven.

St. Augustine, May 1st.—Generals Scott, Eustis and Bull, having left Volusia by water for Picolata, and Major Kirby's command (except the Columbia Volunteers) remaining at that place, the rest of the Left Wing took up the line of march for Augustine, under the command of Col. Goodwyn, an excellent officer and most worthy gentleman. We started on the 28th, and the foot arrived yesterday, having marched twenty-seven miles on the last day, the mounted men halting one mile from St. Augustine. We entered the city, the shabbiest, the most smoked, sun-burnt, torn down and worn out set. We had left it a trim, neat, fresh and vigorous regiment. There have been five hundred and seven sick under the care of Dr. Strobel, our Regimental Surgeon, during the campaign, and of these, not one died under his treatment, a success attributable only to his medical skill and unceasing attentions to each and every patient. For Dr. S. was always at his post, and to his patients, not to his own ease or comfort, devoted himself, by day and by night. He and his medical assistants, Messrs. Js. Simons and Jos. Bensadon, (two students who volunteered for the purpose of obtaining experience in the practice of Medicine and Surgery,) have their hands full still.

The following order was this day issued.

LEFT WING, ARMY OF FLORIDA, }
St. Augustine, May 1. }
 ORDERS.

The season has so far advanced, that active operations must of necessity be suspended, and the term of service of

Gen. Eustis' farewell order to the So. Ca. Volunteers.

the S. Carolina Volunteers has nearly expired. Arrangements must, therefore, be made for the return of these patriotic citizens to their State and to their homes.

Transports have been sent for to convey the foot soldiers to Charleston; and depots of provisions and forage have been made for the supply of the mounted men as far as Darien, in Georgia.

The spirit and promptitude with which the men of South Carolina rallied at the first call, under the standard of the United States, the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they sacrificed all personal interests to the public service; the zeal and perseverance with which they have sought the enemy; the gallantry which they have uniformly exhibited, and the patience with which they have endured privations and hardships, demand a meed of applause far beyond the humble praise of their immediate commander.

Brigadier General Eustis deems it one of the proudest incidents of his military life, to have had the command of such men, all Carolinians, and congratulates them, as well as himself, on the perfect harmony which, from first to last, has pervaded all ranks throughout the line of the Left Wing. He hopes and trusts, that this cordiality of feeling may continue through life, among all his present associates; and that, wherever we may meet, we may recognize each other as fellow soldiers and comrades of the Left Wing of the Army of Florida.

By order of Brig. Gen. EUSTIS.

J. H. PRENTISS, A. A. Adj. Gen.

Allen's Hotel, May 2d.—Well! here am I, sitting on a regularly built chair, in a real room, which I would not, just now, exchange for the tented field that Othello did "agnize as his thrice driven bed of down." For here is neither tattoo, nor reveillé, nor scrub, nor gall, nor hammock. Alas! the form in which I would most love to see a tree, viz., as a vessel's mast, may not be viewed. Yet before me is a real mahogany table, and on it, those three luxuries called *stationary*—I suppose, because on a *march*, we never have them. Let me yield to the temptation

Causes of the Campaign's failing—face of country, climate, &c.

around my apartment, and write out some of the views to which recent events naturally give rise.

To *begin* then at the *end*, the Campaign has turned out a failure. For, though it went forth whizzing and shining like a rocket, it has come back like the rocket-stick, falling low, a dull, heavy, inert, burnt out, thing. We are not inaptly compared to a prize-ox, stung by hornets, unable to avoid, or catch, his annoyers; or we are justly likened to men harpooning minnows, and shooting sand pipers with artillery. While we are writing, the tomahawk is dripping with blood! A shudder comes over us as we reflect that, at this very moment, the Seminole may be dancing in triumph over the graves of Dade and his little band of martyrs! And why did the Campaign fail? Ah! this is a fruitful mystery, and may receive as many solutions as the French Revolution had origins, and all as different. To my view, the most prominent cause of failure was to be found in the *face of the country*, so well adapted to the guerilla warfare which the Indians carry on, affording ambushes and fastnesses to them, and retardation to us. In such a region, their strength was in the fewness, our weakness in the number, of our respective forces. A second source of failure arose from the *climate*, which did not permit active operations after the three months had expired, even though the volunteers had been mustered into service for a longer term. A third cause, and closely connected with one of the previous, was the *deficiency of the means of transportation*. A fourth, and on which some of the preceding sources of failure were dependant, was the *conduct of the General Government, and of the Generals in the field*. And first, of the General Government. Presidents and Ministers, like other men, can act only in obeisance to the lights they have received. But, by how much the more eminent the station, by so much more imperative the solemn duty, to keep well advised on all the topics in reference to which we may be called on to act. The Departments at Washington, and I, here, consider the Presidency as one of them, were either wholly ignorant, erroneously informed, or criminally apathetic, as to the affairs of Florida. I believe truth may be found, in the preceding proposition, as

Conduct of the President and the Departments at Washington.

on most occasions, in the middle, and that they were ill advised. But they well knew the number of treaties that had been made with the Indians, and should have known their reluctance to comply. They might have anticipated that difficulties would grow, nay, they must have known that difficulties had grown, out of attempts to coerce the Seminoles to adhere to their engagements. They should have exercised a liberality in expenditure, for early placing ample troops and stores at required stations, which would have proven the wisest economy, not to speak of humanity, character and the like. Promptitude, energy and vigilance, should have marked their whole procedure, and would have saved an immense subsequent expenditure of life and treasure. Had there been enough of U. S. troops at an early period, to protect the friendly Indians, many of them would never have joined the hostile Micasukies, as they were reluctantly compelled to do, for their own safety.

If chilling delay, cold apathy, and cruel neglect, are to characterize the future steps of our administrations; *if* ruin is to stalk abroad unchecked, pillage unrestrained, and blood may flow unavenged; *if* not only frontiers are to be devastated, but the entire country to be mortified, disappointed, and, in some sort, disgraced, by the signal and shameful failure of our arms; and *if* all these are to be matters of oft recurrence in the coming history of our campaigns, *then*, perhaps, a time may arrive, deplorable and dismaying indeed to every heart that loves regulated liberty—when it will be neither madness nor treason to count the value of the political machinery recognized under the sounding title of, the General Government.

For want of conveyance, twenty thousand rations had to be abandoned at Williams', on the Halifax, and when a steam boat was sent for them, it was found that the Indians had captured them all. Whence arose the awful deficiencies of transportation and supplies? Why were not rations conveyed betimes and in steam boats? Why were depots selected, injudicious, because distant from the scene of operations? Why not an adequate force of U. S. Regulars and Volunteers sent, at once, to Gen. Clinch, an old and able Indian fighter, instead of waiting till Gen. Scott could

Conduct of the Generals in the field, and firstly, of Gen. Scott.

come into the field from Washington, and gather, on the way, large masses of men, too cumbrous for rapid movements? Why were not hard bread and bacon (which require not equal delay and difficulty in cooking) furnished instead of flour and pork? Why were poultry-wagons and old, broken down, horses, sent into a country requiring the best appointed trains and teams? *If* the Departments cannot shift from themselves the responsibility involved in the answers to these questions, they must be content to stand out, as melancholy monuments of Governmental dilatoriness, and indifference to the sorrows and the sufferings of bleeding or butchered individuals. *If* not on any of the Departments, on whom of its agents must rest the just indignation of all good men? On whose heads should the full phials of public wrath be broken? Must there not be some one or more to go down to posterity, on the impartial historic page, of whom shall be recorded, in no stinted terms, the ignorance and imbecility?

Secondly—Of the Generals in the field. In the progress of my journal, I have made some statements as to these, and will only briefly add thereto. With regard to Gen. Scott, I have said that he was habitually in the front rank; indeed, on all occasions, exposing his person more than justifiable in a Commander-in-chief. So that, if any blame is to be attached to him on this score, it is for jeopardizing too much the one head that was to think for all. If his brilliant achievements, on former occasions, had not already established his valor beyond all cavil, his conduct in this campaign would have done so. Nor may tactical science or experience be denied Gen. S. But did he display a competent knowledge of the country into which, or the foe against whom, he proceeded?

It is the duty of even the humblest historian, not so much to discuss motives and merits, as to state facts. When I have once recorded events, the reader may judge of them as well as, or better than, the narrator. But lest I may be regarded as seeking an avoidance of the responsibility which attaches to the expression of opinion, I declare mine, that Gen. S. erred in laying down too artificial a plan of action, not applicable to the particular occasion and peculiar

Gen. Jackson's energy, promptitude and valor might have failed here.

enemy. His division of the Army into Right Wing, Centre, and Left, and their discharge of heavy artillery, at 11 o'clock each day, for several successive days, may be cited as examples. These means to reveal them to each other, also betrayed their presence to the Seminole, and enabled him to avoid them. The moving but in three bodies, by only three routes, caused delays in procuring sufficient provisions, and difficulties in carrying them, when so procured. It also prevented frequent excursions, such as could have been made by smaller parties, into bye-places and hiding holes, wherein the enemy might have been found, and whence routed, sooner than by adhering to a main road or principal trail.

I have heretofore described Gen. Scott's humane attentions to the sick, and his courtesy to the lowest as well as to the highest soldier. Without perusing all the orders he received and gave out, it is impossible to decide, how far the failure of the campaign is owing to Gen. S. I believe it to be very little, if at all so, and that, under the same disadvantages, like results would have followed, though almost any other General had been charged with the conduct of the campaign. Gen. Jackson himself, whose energy, promptitude, decision and boldness, peculiarly fit him for a command of this kind, might have failed here. I have been informed, on very high authority, that Gen. Scott complied with the letters of instruction he received, but did not find a like compliance with those he issued. Thus, his requisitions always were for three-fourths bacon and hard bread, and but one-fourth flour and pork. The effect of Gen. Gaines' movements, and information to the Indians, should also be borne in mind.

But the campaign, of many against a few, having been unfortunate, fatally so; the lustre of our military fame being tarnished, by not subduing a despised foe; the public mind will naturally become astounded, agitated, angered. The bolts of their indignation must be directed to some point, and they will probably fall upon Gen. Scott, not so much from his ascertained culpability, as from his position as Commander-in-chief. The tallest tree is earliest riven by the lightning of the flashing storm. The world may have

Gen. Eustis' high courage, but cold, stern, and repulsive manners.

seen enough of Generals bearing off the palm of victories won by their soldiers, and may consider there is some retributive justice in, for once, accumulating, upon the head of the highest officer in command, all the faults of all the agents. But in such a course, I perceive neither justice nor generosity.

With regard to Gen. Eustis, the effort would be idle and worse than idle, to detract from his pre-established reputation for high courage. His whole history, before and during the campaign, repels the idea, and my remarks of Gen. Scott, on this point, apply with equal force to Gen. E. As to his manners, I have spoken in my journal at Tampa, and need only add, that they were illy adapted to the gentlemen he commanded. The Brigade from South-Carolina contained some of the choicest of her sons. It is not for me to laud them, but I may be permitted to say, they were of the same sterling material as composed the commands from Georgia, Louisiana, and Alabama. May I add, that the volunteers from the South are of a frank and enthusiastic temperament. Led on by the chivalry and self-devotion of a Bayard, a Sir Philip Sydney or a James Hamilton, there is no achievement so daring that they would not have attempted, no victory so brilliant that they might not have accomplished. It was therefore the error of Gen. Scott, that he placed over them a commander of cold, stern, and repulsive disposition, or it was the fault of Gen. Eustis, that he did not adapt his conduct to his command—his misfortune and ours, if he could not. I speak with the freedom, but also with the impartiality of history. In *my own person*, I have nothing to complain of, at the hands of Gen. E. My position required me to confer with him, at least twice during every day, and, generally, much oftener. Against his deportment to me, on all these occasions, I have nothing to alledge, and my fellow-officers of the campaign will remember my iteration of this my experience, whenever they have spoken, in my presence, of the General's harshness or abruptness.

At pages 109, 110, and 172, I have stated wherein Gen. Eustis was commendable; I proceed to point out how he was faulty. Gen. E. never communicated to the South-

The S. C. Brigade regarded Gen. Eustis as one *over*, but not *of*, them.

Carolina Brigade, as a body, (nor individually, that I am aware) that he entertained any cordiality of feeling with them, or concurrence in the impulse that led them on. He never revealed himself to them as their commander, on any dress parade, or other occasion of their assemblage. Had he harangued them at the onset, in the spirit of his final order, (p. 220) and acted out the sentiments therein contained, or had he, through any medium, caused them to know the very high estimate which, it seems, he formed of them, and his resolve to afford them every opportunity of gathering laurels, how different, how much happier would have been the result. But in the absence of all this, so far from its ever being remotely surmised, that Gen. E. entertained any favorable opinion of the volunteers in the Left Wing, not only were they unapprized of his sentiments, but his very person was unknown to many, perhaps to most of them, for two months out of the three which constituted their term of service. His citizen's dress, and total disuse of sword, or other badge of office, aided to keep from them a knowledge of the personal identity of their commander.

Of the General's attention to the sick, I know nothing; of his harshness to them, I have heard much, and on very sufficient authority. But certain it is, that, as to the well, he very early contrived to alienate the friendliness of the officers, and shut out that social intercourse and harmony which should ever exist. This check to courteous interchange, wherewith the field officers were infected, spread like the plague-spot among the troops, and extended its deleterious influence to the humblest soldier. The sad effect of this forbidding aspect, in which they viewed Gen. Eustis, was to cut off communication, and thus to prevent complaints which, had they been made, he might have relieved. His being regarded as one *over* them, but not *of* them, kept him uninformed of hardships, which he could have lessened, and of irritations he might have assuaged. In this connexion, it is due to the General to state, what I have heard from a very competent source, that he did not know of all these things; that he actually believed that his command always had full and ample rations; that he was proud of commanding Carolinians, and his farewell order con-

Gen. Eustis' faults and merits. Gen. Gaines.

firmly this sentiment. But, till the close of the campaign, he, strangely, chose to conceal this high regard, and unfortunately, to shroud his esteem in silence. By his distant demeanor, he impressed them with the belief, that he was utterly indifferent, and by his rough replies, that he either knew not what would wound them, or was, purposely, contumelious. And it goes very little way to excuse a commander from the infliction, on his soldiery, of pain or privations, to state, however truly, that he was ignorant thereof.* He should have known their sufferings—it is his sacred duty to pretermitt no opportunity of ascertaining them.

As to the deficiency of supplies and means of transportation, it should be borne in mind, on behalf of Gen. Eustis, that he was subject to receive, and obligated to obey, orders. No man is better acquainted than he, with the unyielding military maxim, that the officer of inferior grade is, not to judge of, but to execute, the instructions of his superior; and that obedience, prompt and full obedience, to positive and precise orders from proper authority, is the one iron word that constitutes the whole vocabulary of the regular service. The conduct of the campaign was neither planned by, nor entrusted to, Gen. E., only that of the Left Wing, and therein but so far as not directed by his superiors in command. I am informed by a highly honorable and intelligent officer, having the best opportunities of knowing, that Gen. Eustis was indefatigable in his exertions to procure all possible facilities; that when the three divisions of the army met at Tampa, it was remarked that he had provided his Wing better than were the Right or Centre; that he subsisted on the same fare as the privates, and, not unfrequently, gave up his rations to them. Of all these things, stated on the information of another, I know nothing of my own. But I do know that another correct and enlightened gentleman, who had moved with both Wings, was strongly impressed with the superiority of the facilities of the Right.

For Gen. Gaines I have, on page 104, expressed my

*The Emperor Trajan, and his successor Adrian, knew even the names of every soldier in their armies, and were familiar with the men themselves.

Gen's. Gaines and Clinch—Other cause of the campaign's failing.

esteem and respect as an old, an experienced and gallant soldier, entitled to great credit for the promptness and energy with which he entered upon the discharge of what he believed to be his duties, and my regret for the result of certain of his movements—checking and consuming stores, and forewarning the foe of the force coming against them. I do not suppose, nor would I be understood as affirming, that General Gaines ever directed or advised the suspension of supplies. And the General is entitled to the benefit of the statement, that large supplies were at Tampa when he left there, and more were daily expected, and that the detention there of Col. Lindsay's forces awaiting orders, contributed to the deficiency, if any occurred. Gen. G. was placed in circumstances where a "forward march" would be blamed by some, his retrogression censured by others, and inaction, by all. He magnanimously chose that path wherein stood peril to himself, but by treading which, he might avenge the massacred, succor the distressed, and save the endangered. His conduct, judged by its effects, I would condemn, but estimating it as I always do that of any other man, from his motives, I deem it pure and patriotic.

Of Gen. Clinch, I have already spoken at p. 204, and will only add, that while this able commander resembles Trajan, not only in being deservedly called the father of his people, but in the many virtues of that Emperor—he exhibits in the republican plainness of his fare, dress and manners, all the simplicity which won for Fabricius the strong approval of his Roman countrymen. In the battle of the 31st December, with his regulars and the volunteers under Gen. Call, as in every other engagement, Gen. Clinch did all that skill and valour could effect.

I regret the length to which these remarks have extended, but ere I close I must briefly state three other causes of the campaign's failure. The first was, *the want of coöperation between the respective divisions of the Army*, according to the spirit of instructions, and plan of the campaign. Could Gen. Eustis and Col. Lindsay have been on the north of the Ouithlacochee, and in the forks of that river, on the day that Gens. Scott and Clinch had flushed the enemy on the

False positions assumed as Depôts. Under-rating the foe.

south, and driven him through the Cove to the north, and into the forks, the respective wings might have played into each other's hands with great effect, and possibly with a result far different from that we have to regret.

The second additional cause was, *the false positions assumed as depôts*. Picolata was not less than sixty-five miles from fort Drane, and eighty-five from fort King, the road being very bad in wet weather, and almost impassable.—Forts Drane and King had no natural relation to the frontier, and were themselves distant thirty to thirty-five miles from the point whereat operations had to be commenced. Thus many miles of extra wagoning, were rendered necessary ere supplies could be thrown into the nation. And this, in the face of the fact, that posts high up the St. John's could have been found; and the Ouithlacochee, within a very few miles of Powell's position, occupied at a point to which the munitions of war might have been furnished by sea. The mouth of the Ouithlacochee has recently been explored, by a detachment of sixty volunteers, under the command of Major M'Lemore, and the important fact ascertained, that the channel has four feet water. The Cedar Keys are twenty miles north, have a good harbor, and can be made a depot for provisions and stores, which can be sent by boats up the Ouithlacochee to the rapids, within eight miles of the battle ground, where the block-house has been erected.

The last supplementary cause which I shall state, was the *under-rating the enemy*, both as to numbers and capabilities, contrary to the military maxim, never to despise opposition, or count upon the fewness or feebleness of the opponents. This error is apparent in the report of the Adjutant Gen. to the Secretary of War, dated Feb. 9, 1836, and in Gen. Scott's remark to Capts. Rogers, Lee, and Williams, of the Louisiana volunteers, that "in less than twelve days from the time he left fort Drane, he would have the pleasure of shipping off the hostiles, and disbanding his army." For the very signal manner in which Gen. Eustis under-estimated the Indians, see his statement to the Charleston Committee, ante p. 108, Jan. 6th, and his calculation that it would require but ten days to proceed from Volusia to Pilaklikaha, subdue the

Old Augustine described. The Public Square. Fort Marion.

foe and return. Even the meritorious, and now martyred Dade, had been heard to declare, that he could march, with impunity, through the nation with 100 men. Officers and privates alike, under-rated the enemy, as is manifested at our p. 83, and by the remark, that fishing-rods would be more useful than rifles, on the Outhlacoochee.

May 11th.—Transport at length coming in—the volunteers leave, with *transport*, to-morrow, for Carolina. A word at parting from old Augustine. On my arrival in January, at this most ancient city in America, Mexico excepted, a cursory observer might have described it, by the one word, desolation. The oft abandoned mansions, closed stores, the hush of the once busy hum of commerce, the crumbling piles, all embodied the ideal of a city dying daily. Upon its ruins seemed to sit, brooding and enthroned—the giant image of Dilapidation. But now, in blooming May, to a meditative mind, wherein the flame of romance has not been utterly quenched by the tears and dampening realities of life, it is far otherwise. The contemplative, looking back with history, and forward with hope, perceives the germ of renovation in the antean powers of art, and buoyant tendencies of man.

There are, too, fine residences here, well libaried, where cultured taste has transplanted the forest flower, to adorn the city hearth. The government house, (containing post-office, court room, records, and, till interrupted by the war, an atheneum,) with its enclosure, forms the western line of a beautiful, grass-encarpeted, public square, having in its centre a column, the inscription on which, "Plaza del Constitucion," sufficiently attests the purport of its erection, by the Cortez. On the southern edge of this square, stands the Episcopal church, a neat and modest structure, the amiable and intelligent pastor of which, deservedly receives the respect and esteem of his enlightened congregation. But the Cathedral, at the north of the square, its solemn chime, its ancient forms, ritual, and architectural, its silver candelabre, its paintings of St. Joseph, St. Augustine, and Purgatory—its antique ornaments, have a charm for me, which newness and freshness cannot impart.

Fort Marion, situate on a line with the city gate, at the north, is of tabbia, massy and well modelled, and if in good

Fine Society in Augustine. The disarming of the Militia of that City.

repair, and duly manned, could hold out against almost any force. It is a square building, with a rampart twenty feet high—it is bastioned and casemated, having a parapet nine feet thick, and a moat, which may be flowed at any moment being near the water, whence I first beheld it, as I approached the city, carried, like Arion of old, by the *Dolphin*. About two years ago, one of its many subterranean dungeons, not previously known, was discovered, and opened, when several human skeletons were found. The remains of the unfortunate tenants of these vaults were seen by the volunteers, during our thirty days sojourn at Augustine, in January and February. Fort Marion was completed in the reign of Ferdinand VI. 1756, as might have been read on the now worn inscription, beginning “Reynando en España el Señor Don Fernando sexto,” &c. I have described this tower at some length, because such a building cannot elsewhere be seen in our country, but barracks like St. Francis’, or better, may be met with any where. I therefore only add, that they are occupied by the U.S. soldiers; and the observatory furnishes the most commanding view that can be had of Augustine and its suburbs.

The society of this city is composed of American, Floridian, Spanish and Minorcan families. In gratitude for many delightful hours passed with certain of them, I must be permitted to express my deep sense of their intelligence and refinement, their polished manners and elegant hospitality.

The Left Wing arrived here just in the season of posy-nights, flower-altars, promenades, serenades, lemonades, refreshing showers, gentle sea-breezes, sweet moon-light, and all that sort of thing.

I had intended to speak fully of the disbanding of the militia of this city, by Gen. Eustis—but all I can now do, is to evince my view of this affair, by stating the advice I this day tendered to some of the most influential citizens. I urged them to apply to my native state, for the loan of arms; and if any body then required them to be surrendered to him, that they should bid him *come and take them*. The gentlemen of Augustine should feel no distinction between the Seminole who would destroy, and the American who would disarm—and both should be resisted unto death.

The Florida Lands. The Seminole Chiefs. Oceola.

Of the LANDS of this country, I can now only briefly give the general character. East of the St. John's, they are mostly light. Sands of different granulations, and sandy loams, based upon limestone or clay, are chiefly found; indeed, the Peninsula of Florida may be said to be based upon soft, calcareous rock. Its lightness unfits it for a succession of exhausting crops, but, when thrown into old fields, the land soon renovates itself, from a fertilizing principle, which pervades the air, and subsides to the earth. This principle is generated from the saline particles which are carried from the sea to the soil. Owing to this, and the warm climate, some fields have produced well, though they had been fifty years under cultivation. Soil, which, on the surface, appears to be poor, is known to be fertile—such as some of Gen. Hernandez', and much other good land east of the St. John's. On the west of this river, the country becomes more rolling and hammocky. These hammocks contain some of the richest spots in the world, and would bear a series of crops, without need of artificial irrigation. When peace again dawns upon Florida, many tracts may become the object of very profitable speculations, or settlements. The volunteers generally, may not have formed as favorable an idea of the soil, as they would have done, had they diverged to the right and left. Whereas they pursued pre-established trails and roads, which have not been made through the most fertile regions.

At Sea, near Savannah, May 15th — Here we are, the vessel in a dead *calm*, and we in a furious *rage*. We—that is, Col. Brisbane and staff, Capt. Henry and his Irish volunteers, left Augustine on the 12th, in the Waccamaw, Capt. Budd. We have a good schooner, skilful master, and fine—every thing but wind. The hours may as well be whiled away in recording some account of the Seminole Chiefs. To commence *this* time, at the commencement, I will speak first of him who has most attracted the public gaze. Powell, Powel, Osceola, Oceola, Asse-ola, Osini-ola, Assiniya-hola—are the various names by which he is designated. They are just the number of the cities which boasted Homer's nativity.

Oceola's mother, after the death of his father, married a 'pale face' of the name of Powell, after whom the step-son

 Oceola, the Rising Sun, or the gurgling Tea drinker.

was sometimes called. Osceola, or Oceola, signifying the Rising Sun—seems a title applicable to an individual who has blazed on the eye after a night of obscurity. But all who know the history of this Talcy Tustenugge, anterior to the spring of 1835, are aware that he is,

“One whose orb of fame
Yet slowly laboured up from Time's abyss
To its unwaning noon.”

The name of Asse-ola is derived from *Asse*, the black drink or physic drink, wherewith the Indians purify, previously to the corn-dance festival or going into Council. It acts as an emetic, and they believe its effects to be moral as well as physical, and that it casts out all untruth. *Ola* is a cataract or waterfall, and the whole word is translated, “the gurgling or noisy tea drinker.” Oceola being said to make a great noise when drinking it, was so called ere he became the luminary he now is. *Osiniola* and *Assiniyahola*, are simply the names of the black drink which is concocted from the leaves and tender shoots of the cassine and of which he is said to take a great deal and to be called after it. But to proceed from words to things, (though Mirabeau said, words *were* things)—our hero is of the Talcy tribe and has charge of them. Latterly, he connected himself with the Micasukies, and recognized as his immediate Chief, *Olate-Mico*, or Blue King—one of the deputation to Washington, in 1827, to which we have heretofore alluded. At the Council in April, 1835, at Fort King, Oceola assigned as an excuse for not subscribing the treaty, that Olate-mico disapproved of it. That this was a mere pretext, to conceal his own opposition, seems probable from the known influence which this warrior wielded even at that time. And when Oceola was confined, he promised, if released, to procure the signatures of the Micasuky Chiefs to the treaty. They did so subscribe it, and he was, accordingly, released.

This gifted individual is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, rather slender than stout—but elegantly formed—of remarkable lighthness of limbs, yet capable of iron endurance, something of the Apollo and Hercules blended, or rather the easy grace, the stealthy step and active spring of the tiger. His grandfather was a Scotchman, his grand-

Oceola's fame did not flash like a Sun-burst upon all.

mother and mother were full Indians. His father was, of course, a half breed and Oceola is therefore a quarter-blood, or one-forth white, which his complexion and eyes indicate, being much lighter than those of the Indians generally.—When conversing on topics agreeable to him, his countenance manifests more the disposition of the white than of the red man. There is great vivacity in the play of his features, and when excited, his face is lit up as by a thousand fires of passion, animation and energy. His nose is Grecian at its base and would be perfectly Phidean, but that it becomes slightly arched. There are indomitable firmness and withering scorn in the expression of his mouth—tho' the lips are tremulous from the intense emotions which seem ever boiling up within him. About his brow, care and thought and toil have traced their channels, anticipating, on a youthful face, the havock and furrow-work of time.

To those who have known Oceola long, his fame does not appear like a Sun-burst, but as the ripening fruit of early promised blossoms. For years past, he has enjoyed the reputation of being the best ball player and hunter and the most expert at running, wrestling and all active exercises. At such times, or when naked, his figure, whence all superfluous flesh is worn down, exhibits the most beautiful development of muscle and power. He is said to be inexhaustible from the ball play, an exercise so violent that the struggle for mastery has been known to cause the death of one of the combatants. When this occurs in a fair contest, the survivor is not punished for murder, as in all other cases of taking life. On one occasion, Oceola acted as guide to a party of horsemen, and finding that, at starting, they proceeded slowly, he enquired the cause. On being told that it was on his account, with one of those smiles he alone can give, he bade them proceed more rapidly. They put spurs to their steeds, and he, a-foot, kept up with them during the entire route, nor did he exhibit the slightest symptoms of fatigue, at the close of day, but arrived at the point proposed, as early as the mounted body. To Col. Gadsden, sole Commissioner at the Treaty of Payne's Landing, Oceola rendered good service, at the head of thirty or forty warriors, posting himself nearer to the Colonel's

Oceola acted as Agent for Miconope. Oceola's Lieut. Tom.

position than the other Indians, and saying, he was more like the white man than they. He did not sign the treaty then and there made, nor did he refuse so to do. The fact is, he was never asked to subscribe his name thereto, being at that time, but a Tustenugge and of little note. This treaty must not be confounded with the subsequent agreement that Oceola finally signed, and into which he is said to have plunged his knife, when called on for his signature. The negotiations at Payne's landing were in the time of Tuckasee Emathla, or the Ground Mole Warrior, Chief of the Micasuky tribe, (see ante p. 65.) At that date it was not known of Powell, as Cotton Mather says of Roger Williams, in his *Magnolia*, that "the whole country was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a wind mill in the head of this one man."

Oceola acted as agent for Miconope, who is an imbecile, in reducing to subjection the Micasukies, who are not only the most numerous and powerful, but the most desperate and insubordinate tribe. By his boldness and energy, he always succeeded in bringing them in to receive punishment for offences committed—latterly he would beg them off, and finally went over to them, as one of their Chiefs. The U. S. Officers, as well as the Indians, all looked to Oceola to secure offenders—knowing his resolution and prowess.—And for this purpose, as well as to restrain the Seminoles within their limits, he has taken more pains, and endured more fatigue, than any four of the Indians put together. He is of elevated and upright character, and was of kindly disposition till put in irons, which converted, to gall, the milk of human kindness in his bosom—roused his fiery indignation, unquenchable but by blood, and excited him to deep seated, ample revenge.

Oceola's agency, and that of his Lieutenant Tom, in Omathla's death, ante p. 67, and his killing Gen. Thompson, with the rifle presented him by the General, ante p. 69, militate against the favorable estimate of his character. But that all his goodly feelings were not utterly eradicated, is proven by an incident, in the interview with Gen. Gaines' command. On that occasion, Oceola anxiously inquired after Lieut. John Grahame, and on being informed that he

Oceola has *two* better halves. The Seminoles seldom Trigamists.

was wounded, stoutly denied it. On being asked why he was so positive that Lieut. G. was unhurt, he replied that he had imperatively ordered his people never to molest that young man, and he knew no one who would dare disobey him; none should, and live! It was then admitted, that though the brothers, Grahame, had been wounded, yet Lt. G. had escaped injury; at which admission Oceola greatly joyed. It seems that Powell has a little daughter, to whom Lt. G. was kind, and had presented with frocks, in which the young girl, who grew very fond of him, always insisted on being dressed, whenever she perceived Lieut. G. (for whom she often looked out) coming to visit her. Oseola's motive in sparing Lieut. G. was gratitude for attention to his child, which he also endeavored to repay by teaching the Lieut. the English language, for he speaks a little English, and is very intelligent.

Powell has two wives, as is common with the Indians, but they are rarely Trigamists. His *two* better halves live in perfect harmony, having one table in common, but occupying separate "lodges." They are both young and comely; one of them is particularly pretty. They yield passive obedience to his vigorous intellect, and expressions which partake the character of his mind. His words are ever few, but apposite; see ante pp. 62, 63. At the conclusion of the Talk, p. 126, I have sketched his lofty mien and manly bearing. His address is courteous and affable, and his smile is witchery. Like most Indians, he is fond of a joke, the opinion that savages are always grave, being erroneous. His shake of the hand, like every thing from him, leaves a lasting impression, and if he have not a *vice* in his fingers, he has a *vicious* way of using them. Oceola is greatly ambitious, and like other Indians, revengeful, the *lex talionis* heading their bloody code. So that his conduct, like that of more civilized men, is made up of mixed motives, having just enough of the salt of patriotism to preserve the character from the taint of corrupting selfishness. What Shakspeare says of Cassius, applies to Oceola, and on seeing him, one would be very apt to repeat with Cæsar,

"Would he were fatter," &c.

Miconope, nephew of King Payne, wherein like unto a Trojan hero.

Miconope's name is compounded of *Mico*, a king, and *annuppa*, topmost. He is about sixty years of age, and is the nephew of King Payne, whom we have mentioned in chapter 2d, and who was killed in 1812, in an action with Gen. Newnan. The uncle of the "Pond Governor," as the compound name is also translated, distinguished himself in the war of 1812. At page 35, we have given his name and its import.

On the death of Islapaopaya, the 'top Chief' succeeded to the inheritance, although not the son of Payne or Bowlegs; and Sitarky, who was next in authority, was the nephew of Payne. The Indians consider themselves more nearly related on the maternal side. The authority of a Chief descended, and property was devised in accordance with this idea. But in 1825, the principle was altered, at the suggestion of Col. Humphries, and the office of head Chief became elective. John Hicks was chosen by the voice of the nation, without regard to the hereditary claims of Miconope, which were strongly urged by the royal family, and his immediate adherents, who stood up for the "right divine," for two days. Hicks dying, Miconope, by common consent, and without formal election, became the "chief Chief." He declares that he was always opposed to the treaty of Payne's landing, and that he never signed it. He has a crown which was given to "Cow-keeper," uncle of old Payne, by the British Government, for aid in the American Revolution. The Governor is of low, stout, and gross stature, and what is called loggy, in his movements—his face is bloated and carbuncled, eyes heavy and dull, and with a mind like his person. Col. Gadsden told me that, at Payne's Landing, after having *double* rations, he complained of *starving*. He reminds me of the heroes of the Trojan war, who could eat up a whole lamb, or half a calf. He owns near one hundred negroes, and a large stock of cattle and horses. The 'top Governor' has two wives, one a very pretty squaw, and the other a half breed negress. She is the ugliest of all ugly women, and recalls the image of Bombie of the Frizzled Head, in Paulding's *Koningsmarke*. The orange blossoms at Pilaklikaha, braided in such raven ringlets as Bombie's!!! See ante p. 174.

Jumper or Ote-Mathla. Abram or Yobly. Return to Carolina.

Jumper, or Ote-mathla, is a Seminole, although he denies it, and objects to being so called, boasting his descent from a distinguished race, of which he is the sole survivor. From these causes, he and his father-in-law, Miconope, fell out, and the Governor took away his daughter, till peace was restored in the family. Jumper was certainly eminent among the old Seminoles, and is now the first in the council, as Oceola is in the battle field—the former being the Nestor or Ulysses, the latter being the Ajax or Achilles of these modern antiques. For there is much resemblance between the Indians and early Greeks, though I've not space to illustrate it. But see Sophocles and Euripides as to inexorable fatality and blind destiny; also Thucydides' account of the habits of the Greeks. The crafty and designing Ote-mathla, is tall and well made, his face narrow but long, forehead contracted, eyes small but keen, nose prominent, countenance repulsive, and its expression indicative of sinister feelings. He is an orator, and what is better, a man of sense, and brave warrior.

Abrâm, or Yobly, as the Indians call him, is the chief Interpreter, and latterly succeeded Jumper as "sense carrier" to Miconope. This high chancellor and keeper of the king's conscience, also heads about five hundred negroes, of whom he is legislator, judge, and executioner, through his influence with the Governor. Yobly ran away from the whites at Pensacola while a lad, and like many of his blacks, dreads peace which would restore them as property. He is forty-five years of age, his figure is large, his face broad and square, having the thick lips of a full blooded negro. He is plausible, pliant and deceitful; and, under an exterior of profound meekness, cloaks deep, dark, and bloody purposes. He has at once the crouch and the spring of the panther, and certain traits of his character liken him to the Cardinal De Retz.

Charleston, June 20th.—We arrived here a month ago, and were received, but need I say how? We were Carolinians, welcomed home by Carolinians. That will tell all, and if it do not, the printer tells *me* that the last "form of my book is already made up." But my feelings will not

The Author, unmoved by menaces, meted out Justice. His farewell.

permit me to conclude, without acknowledging myself indebted to W. Simmons, Morse, Paine, White, whom I have not previously named, and in the Map, to the labours and science of Colonels Gadsden, Brisbane and Humphries, Dr. Strobel, Major C. and Capt. T. Parker, and the skilful graveurs of Messrs. Keenan and Sherwood.

One word more and I have done. Soon after this work was announced as in press, I was forewarned "that it would not go down with the public, if I did not score the Generals." Unmoved by that menace, I have meted out, to them, justice, and if that will not content the public, why, let the work *not* go down with them; aye, rather let it go down the depths of Lethe, and like the gulf stream, know no reflux, than that I should pander to the prejudices of any individual. If I could be so sordid as to consult selfish Interest, rather than generous Truth, I *would* "score the Generals." But I cannot sell my independence, that I may sell my book. I will not sink the man in the author, nor purchase fame, that "fancied life in other's breath," at the expense of one self-approving hour. Rather choose I to exclaim with Pope—

"Or, if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruin of another's fame;
Then teach me, heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none."

And now, courteous reader! thou who hast accompanied me all this weary way, our connection closes—perhaps forever! Bowing low to thee, humiliated by a deep and unaffected sense of many imperfections, my heart throbbing with thick coming fears for the fate of my little book—asking from the candid a forgiveness of numerous faults, and from the unkind, nothing—looking thee full, yet smilingly, in the face—permit me to take thy hand in both of mine, and to press it gratefully, though gently—as at parting, I bid you—a respectful Farewell!







