

— A —
VETERAN OF FOUR WARS.

— THE —
Autobiography of
F. C. M. Boggess.

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Record of Pioneer Life and Adventure,
And
Heretofore Unwritten History of the Florida Seminole
Indian Wars.



F. C. M. Boggess.

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A Veteran of Four Wars.

CHAPTER I.

Frances Calvin Morgan Boggess, the author of this book, of which the frontispiece is a true likeness, herewith gives the missing link in the history of the Florida Seminole Indians and sketches of four wars which are all actual reminiscences participated in by him. He has had many adventures and took part in acts of daring and heroism such as rarely fall to the lot of one individual. He still survives and has already lived to a good old age and has today a clear head and is sound in mind. He was born in Huntsville, Madison County, Alabama, the 21 day of November, 1833; the year which in history is marked by the great meteoric shower. His grandfather, Bennett Boggess, was a Frenchman who came to the United States and served as a soldier under the Count de Estang in the battle of New Orleans with General Andrew Jackson behind the cotton bales. At the close of the war he returned to France and married and emigrated to the Big Cove in Madison County, Alabama. He settled on 160 acres of land under the armed occupation act. He raised six children, four boys and two girls. Both himself and wife lived to an old age.

The author's father, was the third son and was named for his father, Bennett. The oldest son, Abija, married and

moved to Tennessee and raised a large family. The second son, Giles, married and moved to the state of Texas and also raised a large family. It was left to Bennett Boggess to care for his sisters and his youngest brother Brazilla, who was bitten on the instep by a rattlesnake as he stepped on the door-step and lived but a few hours. Mary Boggess married Captain John McDonald and moved to Maringo County, Alabama. Her sister, Vashti married Peter Morrison, who bored the first well in that canebrake country. The water except in these bored wells was so full of lime that it was very unhealthy. Bennett Boggess showed his sons the post and rail fence, that he built for Tom Brandon, near Huntsville, where he made the first money that he could call his own, as his sisters and brother were left for him to support. He then married. His wife's parents were Pennsylvania Dutch named Harlan, neither of whom could speak a word of English. They had settled under the armed occupation act, her father being a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Grandfather and Grandmother Boggess could speak no other language than French. Bennett Boggess volunteered and fought through the seven years' Seminole War in Florida. He held the office of captain in the service. After the war he amassed a fortune speculating in cotton, but his health gave way and he lost his fortune by buying 4,000 bales of cotton and shipping them down the Tennessee River to New Orleans. Cotton could only be sold through commission merchants. Bennett Boggess ordered the cotton sold as there was a rise of two cents a pound. The merchant held it until a drop of four cents and sold without orders, which ruined Mr. Boggess and so incensed him that he shot at the merchant and was arrested

for attempt to murder. The trial cost him a large sum of money, and this together with the loss on the cotton embarrassed him and at the same time he had a security debt to pay for William E. Phillips, who sold his property and fled to Texas. Bennett Boggess took thirty of his negroes to New Orleans to sell and while there a tumor formed on his neck. He was brought home but never recovered. After his death things went on from bad to worse. All of his lands, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and 200 slaves were sold and the administrators brought out things even.

Frances Calvin Morgan Boggess went to Mobile, where he saw his first steamboat at Demopolis, Alabama. He got on board and soon landed in Mobile, a green country boy with but little money and no friends. His father and mother had separated some years before and Bennett Boggess had married again, by which marriage he had six children, four daughters and two sons. One son died at an early age and his brother fought through the Civil War on the Confederate side but has since died as well as the oldest daughter. There are three sisters still living. There are no persons of the same name known except they can trace their relationship to the same stock.

Francis Calvin Morgan Boggess entered school at the Barton Academy and completed what education he ever received. He wished to go to college at Lincoln but his mother wanted him to go to Spring Hill.

The Mexican War was then in progress and Captain Blanton McAlpin was raising a company to fill up the Alabama battalion commanded by Colonel Seibles. It was with much difficulty that the mustering officer could be persuaded to

take Calvin on account of his age and his boyish looks. His former schoolmates shunned him for being a soldier. The battalion went to New Orleans and camped on Jackson's Battle-Ground, where they waited for uniforms and learned tactics. They boarded the steamship *Virginus* and before getting across the bar nearly all were seasick and ate nothing for three days and came near dying. They had a long and rough passage to Tampico, having to stop for coal several days, and thence to Vera Cruz. The boats, after landing the men, loaded up for the return trip with sick soldiers, who looked more dead than alive and related dreadful stories about the soldier's life, which was not encouraging to the new recruits. The battalion was ordered south of the city at Camp Begarro, which was barrels filled with sand and set on top of one another. There had been soldiers stationed there and they had left long enough to raise millions of fleas. The new recruits carried in leaves, trash and brush to burn the whole place over not to be eaten up with fleas. They were next ordered through the city to Camp Washington, as the guerillas were making raids to that part that was not within the walls.

There was an old castle four miles north and the command which was one regiment of Mississippians, one of Indianians, and mounted company of Georgians and the Alabama company to make a scout and capture the castle as it was reported the guerillas had fortified it. The Indiana regiment was in the lead. When they arrived there was no signs of Mexicans. They stacked arms and broke ranks and were all through the castle, which was three stories high. A gun was accidentally discharged and a cry of guerillas went up. The soldiers leaped from the castle and broke at break-neck speed for the

camp, leaving their guns behind. The officers of the Alabama regiment ordered their men to charge bayonets. This they avoided by turning around us. They threw away canteens, haversacks and anything that would prevent them from running. They went by the camp and did not stop until they were inside the walls of the city. The officers were powerless to do anything with them. The command went on but found no signs of guerillas. The soldiers' accouterments were scattered for five miles.

There was a large pack train and under General Wool the battallion was ordered to Cardenas, a distance of ninety miles. There had been a severe norther a few days before and the sand was blown in high hills and it was impossible for the mules to draw the wagons over them and the soldiers had to push them over. The first night out all the troops, wagon train and pack mules and jennys and jacks unloaded. The immense amount strapped on one animal was truly surprising. The march was slow and tiresome. The third day the troops were halted to rest and clean up their guns and the guerillas began showing themselves thick. The Mexican that owned the hacienda treated the command royally; while stopped at noon he came up and reported that he had lost a fine saddle; search was made and the saddle found in a teamster's wagon. The saddle was nearly covered with silver. The owner said the cost was \$250.00. The wagonmaster had the teamster strapped by his head in the wagon wheel and in the presence of all the command was given 100 lashes on his bare back and ordered to leave.

The troops passed through the town of Cordova, where they saw coffee-trees full of fruit and fine orange trees that had

fruit in all stages on them. The seventh day they arrived at their destination, Orizaba. It is a good large city in a valley thirty miles from the snow-capped mountain that is always covered with snow. Here began the soldiers' life in reality. It was not play by any means. General Bankhead was in command. The command was stationed there to guard the mountain passes and were never engaged in battle, remaining there until peace was declared.

After the declaration of peace there was an expedition formed to plant the Stars and Stripes on the top of the snow mountain. It required three days to reach the summit. The command was divided into three detachments and the three commanders drew straws for first choice. Major Mannigold was first choice and they started early carrying a large flag. In the evening of the third day they began returning, having failed. About two hours after dark Major Mannigold and one man returned, having succeeded in planting the flag on the highest peak. The flag could be seen next morning with glasses. They brought back with them pieces of lava, showing that it had been a volcano in previous times. The soldiers experienced strange feelings that day while camped near the snow. They would wish to be in the shade and to have a fire at the same time. The Mexican Indians pack snow from the mountains to the city; they put the snow in matting and have a wide board strapped to their backs and the board prevents the dripping water from off their heels; they strike a dog trot and make the entire distance of thirty miles in a day. The soldiers made the descent in a day, but few of them could walk a step for several days afterward.

Orders were received to march to Vera Cruz and although

peace was made the guerillas were as thick as ever. They caught two men and cut them with their swords until they died that night. The company of which Calvin was a member lost five men by death. On arriving at Vera Cruz they were ordered on board a schooner and a brig was also to sail the same day. The captains bet \$100 on which vessel would reach Mobile first. The evening they sailed the two vessels kept near together, but in the night a great wind rose and the schooner on which the Alabama boys sailed was blown out of her reckoning and for three days and nights went before the gale. The brig reached Mobile forty-two days ahead of the schooner. The schooner ran out of drinking water and the men had to drink water from vinegar barrels that had been used for ballast. This water made them sick and Calvin, who had never suffered a day's illness in his life before, took the diarrhea and came near dying.

CHAPTER II.

After reaching Mobile Calvin went to Demopolis and remained nearly a year, and when he returned to Mobile he had fully recovered. That city was very dull so he went to Middletown, Carroll County, Mississippi, and engaged as overseer for Henry Pittman, a Baptist preacher. In December of the same year he returned to Mobile, where he saw one of his old schoolmates who was also a comrade in Mexico. He said there was an expedition fitting out to go to Cuba to free the people of that island. They decided to join the expedition and went to New Orleans for that purpose. The recruiting station was at the St. Charles Hotel. At the St. Charles and Verando Hotels were many persons from whom was learned that the expedition was organizing and were to wait there for the balance of the force from Ohio, Kentucky and Mississippi. It was soon after the war and it was understood that all recruits were to be Mexican veterans. There were thousands of discharged soldiers who were at a loss for something to do to earn a living and were ready to engage in anything, no matter how dangerous.

General Lopaz, a native of South America, who had emigrated to Cuba and had amassed a fortune in growing coffee and sugar cane, was dissatisfied and wished relief from taxes that were burdensome, and he, with many others, decided to rebel against the Kingdom of Spain. They began organizing and the Spanish authorities, learning of their plans, arrested

Lopaz and many of his followers. They were tried and it was proven that General Lopaz was the head of the revolution. His property was all confiscated and he was banished from the island of Cuba. He at once began making preparations to organize an expedition to free the people of Cuba from the burdensome taxes. The headquarters of this expedition were at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and it was there that all arrangements were made. The Louisiana Regiment was organized and all that were there were officers. It was understood that no one was to be enlisted that had not been to the Mexican War. The men entitled were to be put in command of the Cubans and all to be perfect in military tactics. The Louisiana Regiment was to embark on the Brig, Susan Loud. When they went on board a motley crew met their sight. Calvin had not sought a commission and felt like turning back at this point but two friends, who were with him from Mobile, begged him to go on. He also met a cousin whose name was Frank B. Boggess. He was an exact counterpart of F. C. M. Boggess and even themselves could scarcely tell each other apart. Frank Boggess was on his way to California to the gold diggings and offered Calvin sufficient money to assist him in paying his way if he would go with him but Calvin lost sight of him or he would have gone.

On the third day of May 1850 the forces had arrived and preparations were made at once to sail. A large commission house chartered three vessels, the Steamer Creole, which was one of the James L. Day Line of Steamers that carried the mail from New Orleans to Mobile; the Bark Georgianna and the Brig Susan Loud. Each man was furnished with a ticket for Chagres, as the gold excitement was intense. The ves-

sels all cleared for Chagres. All the war material had previously been loaded on the vessels, the men took their valises and went on board and there was no suspicion as to their destination. The Louisiana Regiment commanded by Colonel Bob Wheat, Colonel William Bell second in command, boarded the Susan Loud. All who would pay ten dollars could have the privileges of the cabin. Calvin, with two others, paid ten dollars, and the second day got into trouble about eating in the cabin as they had not been appointed to hold commissions. They then demanded their money back, which was refused. An open rupture was the result and a resort to arms. Their cause was just and they were in the majority and Colonel Wheat was in the minority. Their money was promptly paid back and Colonel Wheat lost his popularity for all time to come. Colonel William Bell, who lost an arm at Chapultepec, Mexico, hearing the author's name approached him and asked if he was a relative of Bennett Boggess. When told the relationship he said that he and Calvin's Father had been through the Seven Years War with the Seminole Indians. He at once appointed Calvin as first sergeant of a company of stevedores numbering twenty. None of the companies were large as it was intended to recruit them to their full strength with Cubans that would join them on their arrival in Cuba. Calvin had the captain of the stevedores appointed third sergeant and at once began drilling them and by the time they landed in Cuba they were well up in tactics. Sergeant Boggess and his company lived equally as well as if they had been in the cabin as all the company were good foragers; they had a ham for each day and the best of everything on board. They drew for uniforms a red

flannel shirt and striped cloth cap and their arms and accoutrements. The guns were rifles and were primed with a pill of powder, on top of the gun, easy to explode and very dangerous to handle. While at dinner, one day, Captain Semmes was shot from the lower deck and killed instantly. He was a captain in the first expedition on Cat Island. He was buried at sea with military honors. As he was lowered in the water three volleys were fired.

The orders were to make landing on the coast of Yucatan. When the Susan Loud arrived she found the Bark Georgianna already there with the Ohio and Kentucky regiments. There were some fishing boats that supplied the soldiers with fish and turtle. A 300 pound green turtle sold for fifty cents and fine ten pound grouper fish for five cents. The soldiers did not go on shore but could see that the land was flat and timber low but growth dense and thick.

The fifth day the Steamer Creole landed with General Lopaz, General Gonzalez and the Mississippi Regiments on board. A council was held and it was decided to put everything on board the Steamer Creole and to run into Cardenas and that the other two vessels should return to New Orleans for General Quitman and 2000 men as they would be ready at short notice to embark. This move caused much dissatisfaction as many of the men were determined to return on these vessels. The soldiers were formed on the deck of the Creole and all of those who wished to return were asked to march out. Ten marched out. They were marched up and down and the command gave orders to growl at them. Some of the soldiers refused and one big Kentuckian, who had two large navy pistols and a double-barrelled gun told Colonel

Wheat if he gave the order to have him marched it would be his death knell as he would shoot him instantly. The order was not given as Colonel Wheat had already made himself unpopular, and only one little fellow was marched up and down.

There was an island near called the Island of Moharies or the Isle of Women, so-called because the women are banished there from Cuba or Spain when guilty of crime. They are a hard looking lot being branded, some with an ear or nose cut off and branded on the cheeks and foreheads. The population numbers from one to two hundred all being women and children. They catch fish and turtle and the island is covered with grape vines and they make wine to sell very cheap. The vessels had to take on water here which was procured from springs and is splendid water. The Creole was now ready to leave. There was a schooner manned by Spaniards and she was employed to pilot them out. When ready to sail it was reported that there were fifteen men that had hid and intended to remain behind. Search was made for them but it was of no avail as there are caves and the growth is so thick that it is an utter impossibility to penetrate it. The Creole weighed anchor and with the schooner in the lead sailed out on the west side of the island and on a high cliff those fifteen men had assembled. They had a black handkerchief tied to a long pole, which they waved with yells as the vessel passed by. They, that same day, went on board the two vessels and were captured and were put into Morro Castle for life.

The schooner that was piloting the Creole was released and headed for the nearest military station. Here a sad mistake was made that came near ending the career of all members of

that expedition. The Steamer Creole was crowded with humanity with hardly standing room. At two a. m. on the nineteenth day of May, 1850, she landed at the wharf. The bells were ringing and sentinels calling out "All is well." It required some time to get the men out and to their proper commands and for them to get their guns and accoutrements ready for the march and all was done in the dark and in whispers. The patrol hailed but no answer was returned. When they arrived up at the Palace there was a sudden burst of bells of all dimensions ringing. No man living ever heard more bells rung at the same time than was heard by the soldiers that day. Word was given to march forward, which when they had done for some distance, they met an assemblage of people, some two or three thousand. General Lopaz made a lengthy address to them, which at intervals they cheered. When he had finished his address his audience cried "Viva la Lopaz," and "Cuba Libre."

While he was talking to the people guns were heard firing in the distance. The plan was to land at Cardenas, where no opposition was expected, but on the contrary, reinforcements. The soldiers were to board the train and run into the city of Matanzas, where they would be in the heart of the city before being discovered and the pilots effect the capture of the forts. General Lopaz expected no resistance but believed that the army there would at once join him as soon as they saw him in person. When the guns began to be heard the cry went out "Run boys, run, or you will lose all the fun." The first volley from the guard at the jail killed one man and wounded two others. But the troop soon dispatched the guard, got the keys and turned out near one hundred outlaws and murderers.

This delay caused the city to be thoroughly aroused. When the Kentuckians reached the station the engineer had his engine fired up and at the approach of the soldiers he started off. He was ordered to stop and the troops began firing on the engine. He began to whistle and as long as the engine could be heard the whistle sounded, going around the mountains. When the soldiers reached the Palace the soldiers on top began firing at them. General Lopaz called out but it had no effect although the Lieutenant General said he did not understand what was said to him. The Americans were all in line and some of the Spanish officers were running up and down calling not to shoot saying that they would kill as many friends as foes. General Gonzalez, Colonel O'Hara and Colonel Bob Wheat were standing at the head of the column when the Spaniards fired a volley at them wounding all three. Colonel Wheat cried out to the command "Boys, avenge your Colonel, he is mortally wounded!" That put a damper on the whole command. He was shot through the flesh only of his shoulder. Colonel O'Hara and General Gonzalez were both shot in the thigh. At one volley three officers were wounded and unfit for duty.

The command could be restrained from returning fire no longer, but opened on the Palace and rushed up and broke in. The Spanish troops retreated up stairs, barring the doors behind them.

A company of horsemen was formed to charge on the Americans, who left the castle to meet them, intending at daylight to attack the castle. The lancers retired at the soldiers approach, firing as they went. The soldiers returned the fire but were too far away to do any damage.

On returning to the castle they found that the soldiers had barricaded the doors, and as daylight had appeared, they could look around and see what was being done. The palace was a large, square, four-storied house, with a parapet above the roof, so high that the Spanish could hide and load their guns, shoot over the walls, and dodge back and reload.

The fight was now getting hot. The Americans shot at the wall, as they could only see Spanish heads for a moment above it. The Americans were continually being shot down and the Spaniards were getting bolder. They were armed with the old English muskets, inserting the cartridge in the muzzle and striking the breech down, never having to use the ramrod. They were sorry weapons, but the range was so short, they were thinning the American ranks.

Colonel Wheat was wounded and Colonel Bell was in command of his regiment. He came near where Sergeant Boggess' company was and said to him, "Sergeant, can we not storm the building?" This company threw down their guns, and picking up large stones, four men to each, with the Stevedore yell, they began battering the doors, and it did not take long to burst those strong oak doors to splinters.

The troops in the castle were shooting at the Americans from the top through doors and windows. As soon as the Americans had the doors battered down they rushed in and up the stairs, when such a storm of bullets met them that they had to retreat. General Lopaz struck a match and fired the papers that were in the desks, after securing the treasure that was in them, which amounted to several thousand dollars.

The wind was blowing lightly from the north and soon the whole building was enveloped in smoke which soon smoked

the enemy out. They raised a flag of truce, sounded the bugle and rushed from the castle, throwing down guns, coats, caps, and cartridge boxes. The number that surrendered was small, not more than fifty, the balance escaping. The Lieutenant-General, with his staff and their families, came out, and on meeting General Lopaz, denied that he knew it was Lopaz, and appeared glad to meet him.

Cardenas was now taken. The Spanish soldiers at once joined the victors and their guns and accoutrements were returned to them. The jail birds had left, and the citizens appeared to be overjoyed at the victory. The negroes had a holiday and they were singing and dancing, thinking they would be released from slavery. A guard was placed throughout the town and strict orders were given not to molest anything.

None had slept or eaten for twenty-four hours and they were completely broken down. General Lopaz had as much soup, meat, bread and coffee cooked as the soldiers could eat. Then all but those on guard lay down to sleep. Some of the men were dissatisfied and had determined to return to New Orleans on the steamer Creole, which was still discharging.

About three p. m., when most of the men were asleep, a company of horsemen came charging among them, yelling and shooting and trying to ride them down. Lopaz rallied the men and it was but a short fight until fifty of the lancers with their horses were dead. Not one of the troop escaped alive. The invaders had some wounded, but none killed in this fight.

They were now in a dilemma. They had no cannon and no means of getting any. The Creole would soon leave, and

they had no other means of leaving the island. The reception they met had not been what they were led to expect. All of the soldiers and citizens of Cardenas were represented as friendly to their cause. They had met only a small force, who had fought like devils, and killed and wounded several of their men. They were on an island that had a large regular army, and their force numbered not more than 500 available men.

General Lopaz had no thought of leaving, but intended to fortify and meet the enemy, though he still believed that as soon as the news reached the inhabitants that he had landed, he would receive large reinforcements of men and cannon. The agreement with his friends before he left Cuba was not to believe anything they heard nor to make any move until they saw him in person. This is why no one joined him.

Up to that time they had secured no quarters. Their equipment and provisions were on the wharf. It was growing late and something must be done. They had some men killed that had to be buried. The wounded were in a temporary hospital. The fifty lancers and dead horses were in the public square. All of the men were worn and needed rest.

Just at that moment a horseman came at full speed down the street, with his hat off and holding up a white handkerchief. He dashed to the square and called for General Lopaz, who ran to meet him. The horseman threw himself from his horse, and he and General Lopaz clasped each other in an embrace. They were soon talking excitedly in Spanish.

But a few minutes elapsed before his troops had orders to retreat to the boat, which was then ready for her return trip. All of their stores and munitions were piled on the wharf.

The wounded men were hauled down in volantes. The men were summoned together, companies formed, and the retreat commenced.

The horseman proved to be a nephew of General Lopaz. When the engine that escaped from the soldiers reached Matanzas with the news of their arrival at Cardenas, preparations were at once commenced to send all the troops, with artillery to capture them before they could escape to the mountains. Lopaz's nephew heard of this, and started on horseback to bring the news to his uncle. He rode three horses down before reaching him.

CHAPTER III.

Fifty men and their horses were killed. Not one escaped. They were commanded by an Irishman named O'Reiley, who had been among the soldiers professing great friendship, treating all who would drink. In fact, all were friendly, and appeared glad that the soldiers had come to relieve them of the Spanish yoke. The charge upstairs in the palace, when the steps were crowded with men from top to bottom, the Spaniards fired a volley blinding their opponents with smoke and splinters, but strange to relate, never wounding a man.

James M. Stanley, George Ferguson and the author were promoted from first sergeants to captains, as all of the commissioned officers failed to be on hand at the storming of the castle, and intended returning with the Creole. Capt. Bog-gess company was composed of a stevedore gang, and were game and knew no danger. A "crack company," Colonel Bill Bell called it.

All was confusion as the only means of escape was by the Creole. Every one had appeared glad to meet them, but now that they were going to retreat, each one was an enemy. As the soldiers marched down the long, narrow street they were fired at from every house-top, window, door and alley, with guns and pistols. Some of the latter would not have shot across the street.

Captain Bog-gess' regiment was behind. The firing increased, and shot and bullets whistled thick. The troops

began returning the fire into houses and alleys, but did not stop to see what damage had been done.

When they arrived at the steamer she had steamed up ready to leave, but her cargo was on the wharf. Soldiers, officers and sailors at once began to load her again. There were not many Spaniards on the wharf, but the negroes crowded on it, intending to go too. They were made to help reload the steamer, and then they had to be unloaded and kept off the steamer by force.

As soon as this was accomplished, the lines were unfastened, and as the steamer left the wharf, the rabble began advancing and began shooting at the steamer, the bullets coming like hail. The troops returned the fire until out of reach of their guns. They expected the four thousand troops with their artillery to arrive before they got off.

It was now dark, and the steamer was in waters strange to any on board. She was steered into the wrong channel and run aground in sight of the city of Cardenas. Ammunition, guns and stores were thrown over to lighten her, but without effect. Then it was decided to run the men to an island, about a mile distant, in the yawl boats, and as the steamer had but two, it was slow work to load and unload 600 men.

They escaped capture by getting off as soon as they did and by taking the wrong channel. The train came in shortly afterwards with the army of Matanzas. The Spanish Frigate Fizarro, which learned from the fishermen they left at the Isle of Woman of their intentions, landed but a short time after their hasty departure, and immediately followed but she took the main channel and passed the Creole in the dark.

On board the Creole were the Lieutenant-General and staff

and the soldiers that surrendered. The General promised Lopaz that if he would let him return he would save the lives of the men who had been left behind in Cardenas. Some of them had remained through choice and some were stragglers. A fishing boat was hailed, and the General and staff, after embracing and kissing Generals Lopaz and Gonzalez were lowered into the boat and they sailed for Cardenas, which was in plain view. On their arrival, all the men who had been left were immediately shot. So much for Spanish clemency.

The sun was now an hour high, and the Creole was headed up the coast of Cuba. Nothing was known of the Frigate Pizarro, and the Creole intended to run the coast and effect a landing at Vuelta Abajo and there fortify and recruit, as that whole country was said to be favorable to the Cuban cause and would have the mountains to go to for protection, and send the Creole back for General Quitman and his troops and munitions.

The men were badly used up and there was small chance to sleep, as there was not room sufficient for them to lie down. The cabin was full of the wounded. There was plenty to eat but on examining the supply of water it was found to be short and a guard was placed over it and the men put on an allowance of one quart a day.

This was the twentieth of May, 1850 and it was a beautiful day. Many steamers and sailing vessels were sighted but none of them were spoken to. In the evening the wind began to blow, and by dark it was blowing a gale and continued through the night. Captain Lewis was in command of the Creole. He remarked, after the storm was over, that it was

lucky that it came in the night, when all were worn out and asleep, so the vessel could be kept in trim; otherwise might all have been lost.

That stormy night ended the expedition, as a majority of the officers and men, in the morning, were in favor of returning to the protection of Uncle Sam. General Lopaz called for volunteers, and got one hundred, which he would have landed with, but that the majority would not allow it, and the Creole was headed for Florida, Captain Lewis assuming command.

Land was sighted in the evening and the Creole ran up in three fathoms of water, where it was decided to remain until morning. The shore was low, and reached to the west and east as far as the eye could see. The captain of the Brig Susan Loud said it was the Florida Keys, but whether above or below Key West he could not tell. While lying at anchor, the Spanish frigate went in and came out of Key West looking for the Creole.

The sun rose clear the next morning, a nice breeze sprang up, and the day bid fair to be a lovely one, and so it proved to be. A schooner was seen making sail near the land and heading for the Creole. She proved to be a wrecker, and came to see if she could take the Creole in. She was commanded by Captain William Smart, who came on board and asked if there was any assistance required. Captain Lewis tried to hire him to pilot the Creole into Key West. He charged \$1,500, which so enraged Captain Lewis that he threatened to kick him overboard. After a good deal of talking Captain Smart agreed to carry the Creole into port for \$150 which was agreed to.

The steamer was raised, and with a fine breeze and all on board in fine spirits, the Creole steered for Key West, having given up all hopes of obtaining the bounty in land and money, or of liberating the poor oppressed Cubans.

While running down the coast to get to the channel at Sand Key lighthouse, at about ten a. m., the lookout cried from the masthead, "Steamer ahead!" and soon the smoke could be seen from the deck. Spy glasses were brought out and the distant vessel was carefully examined. General Lopaz mounted the pilot house and surveyed her for quite a time, and then resting the glass, on his foot, stood without speaking for some time with his head cast down, absorbed in deep study. He again held the glass to his eye and cried out, "Cararho Pizarro!" The course of the Creole was northwest, while that of the Pizarro was northeast. It was soon discovered that she was heading off from the pass at the lighthouse, and was getting much nearer to the Creole.

All had found out what the Pizarro was by this time, and that if she overhauled the Creole fates were sealed, and from present appearances it seemed she would.

The Creole was sloop rigged, with mainsail and jib, and had a fair wind. The Pizarro was ship rigged, and had also a fair wind, and had the advantage greatly in steam power. Captain Lewis ordered the men to keep the Creole well trimmed, as the only means of beating the Pizarro, and ordered the engineer to put on steam. The Creole was running down the south shore of Key West Island, and should the Pizarro cut her off, Captain Lewis would have beached her.

The soldiers had red flannel shirts and striped cloth caps for uniforms. The excitement was at fever heat, and the

way those red shirts and striped caps were replaced by something else was amusing. Guns, swords and everything that looked soldierlike were stored below by some, while others retained their guns and uniforms, and intended to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The Pizarro was evidently gaining. Captain Lewis told the engineer to blow the steamer to hell or send her in port ahead of the Pizarro. Bacon and lard were put in the furnace, and the old Creole flew, and as she turned and headed for the wharf at Key West there went up a shout.

The wind was now with them, and the old Creole was making better time than she ever made before, Captain Lewis walking the deck and kicking the smoke stack for Bill to put on more steam. The Pizarro was not more than a fourth of a mile astern, and the black smoke that spouted from her smoke stacks showed she was making time, and the water at her bow looked like a large white sail. The Creole was not by any means safe yet, but a short time would decide. She ran up to the side of the wharf, which was crowded with citizens, and they knew what it meant from the Pizarro having been there the day previous.

Most persons have seen a flock of sheep jump a fence when the leader has gone over. That is the way the Creole was unloaded. All jumped at once and came near turning her over. The revenue cutter ran out astern of the Creole and prevented the Pizarro from running between her and the wharf. When the Pizarro passed all the port holes were open, and the men were standing ready to touch them off. She was a three decker and had a full crew, and one broadside would have been enough for the Creole.

Creole had no mabt

The Pizarro ran up the harbor and anchored, remaining three days. The men at once left the Creole, and Uncle Sam took charge of her and all her munitions of war and stores. An expedition was organized to endeavor to take the Pizarro. Uncle Sam had plenty of cannon in the barracks and plenty of ammunition. The men had good gunners with them, and they intended to man the cannon and commence firing at the steamer and board her with boats that had been secured for the purpose. The citizens of Key West prevailed on the Pizarro not to attempt the attack. The third day she left, and the three negroes that stowed away on the Creole were returned to Cuba.

Key West was not then what it is now, and six hundred men filled all the vacant houses and hotels. The wounded and sick were sent up to the barracks and nurses and doctors employed by General Lopaz to attend to them, and he even gave to them money that he captured in Cardenas.

The soldiers were now at a loss to know what to do. They were afraid of their own government as well as the Spaniards. General Lopaz and a good many of the men took passage to New Orleans to renew the expedition, with the agreement that those who wished to go again should be informed where to meet. There was a large majority still remaining in Key West that they had to get off in some way, as they were expecting daily United States troops to arrive and make them prisoners.

They found themselves without nationality, or, at least, with no government to apply to for protection, on an island, and with no money or employment. The citizens of Key West had acted nobly by them, by feeding and sheltering

them, and giving money to those who had none, and they assisted them in getting transportation to the main land in sailing vessels.

Most of them landed at Fort Brooke, now Tampa. The author with seventeen more took passage on a sloop running up to Bahia Honda, and coasting it around to Charlotte Harbor. They had calm weather and millions of mosquitoes, and their supply of provisions and water gave out at Charlotte Harbor.

A detachment of United States troops, commanded by Captain Casey, was stationed on Uzeppa Key. The troops landed at the wharf and were met by a detachment of armed soldiers and ordered to leave. They asked to see the commanding officer, and the sergeant sent one of the men up to his quarters to get permission. He returned with word that one might come up, the balance going back on board the sloop, with orders not to come on the wharf.

The writer was selected to go and was marched up to the commander's tent under escort of a file of soldiers. The captain returned his salute and abruptly inquired who they were, what was their business and where they were going. He was told who the men were, where they had been and were going. Then he questioned Captain Boggess closely as to the failure to catch the train and the narrow escape from being captured by the Spanish frigate.

Captain Boggess told him they were making for Tampa, that they needed provisions and water, and that he would pay him, as he still had most of the proceeds of his land warrant belted around him. Captain Casey directed his orderly to tell the sergeant to have some of his men get their water

water barrels, fill them and carry them to the sloop and report to him.

Captain Casey asked Captain Boggess' name and if he had ever been in service. On learning that he had been in the Mexican War he asked Captain Boggess to take a seat, as he had been standing up to that time, and hauled out his mess chest, a couple of bottles and glasses and asked him to drink with him. He told Captain Boggess he truly sympathized with his men and with the oppressed Cubans, but that he was hourly expecting orders to arrest all of the expedition that came that way, and that to arrest them would be repugnant to him.

The orderly reported the water on board, and that the soldiers had two large baskets of lightwood. They took another glass and he gave Captain Boggess a bottle and his hand, bade him good bye, and requested him not to delay but to leave at once. Captain Boggess was marched on board by the guard, they turned the lines loose and the boat left, feeling thankful that matters terminated so favorably.

The twenty-third day from Key West the expedition landed at Ballast Point, near Fort Brooke. They had to walk through the saw palmetto, the first they ever saw, to the fort. When they landed the place was covered with their men, every house in the place full. General Twiggs was in command. The third day after their arrival the men were all summoned to come into the garrison the next morning and told that he would have issued to them three days' rations and that they must leave.

The majority of the expedition drew the rations and went on foot to Palatka. One of the expedition stole Captain Bog-

gess' valise and clothes, and prevented him from going, and as a result he has resided in this part of Florida ever since, with a few others who are still living.

This ended the Cardenas expedition. The promised uprising of the Cubans was not verified, and to the expedition it appeared that they wanted to throw off the Spanish yoke, but wanted some one to do the fighting. Still, as General Lopaz had arranged things, the Cubans were to believe nothing nor make any move until they saw him in person.

His family and all he possessed were on the Island of Cuba and it was natural for him to make an effort to reach them, as he was banished from them forever, unless he could obtain the freedom of his beloved Cuba. General Lopaz was a fine looking man, and as brave as he was handsome.

He returned to New Orleans and at once began preparations for another expedition, and soon had together a larger force than he had before. The place where he intended to land in the first expedition was Vuelta Abajo, and for that place he set out, as he had been promised large reinforcements should he land and obtain a foothold until they could get word in different places.

He landed without any accident, in the night and marched up to the town, where he was met by quite a force of the enemy and an engagement commenced at once. The night was very foggy, rendering it difficult to keep the troops together, and Colonel Crittenden and his command got separated from the rest. Reinforcements arrived and Lopaz's men were obliged to retreat, and they got scattered in all directions. General Lopaz himself was severely wounded and not able to keep in command. ?

The night was very foggy and they had no pilot to direct them, and soon Colonel Crittendon found himself and command alone while the firing still continued in another direction. He should have marched up to the firing but he decided to do so would be running too much risk of life. Crittenden decided to surrender, and marched into the City of Havana, thinking by surrendering he could save the lives of his men and himself. He had fifty men with him. They went into a saloon that was open at that early hour, and when the Spanish troops found them they began firing on them without giving them an opportunity to surrender. They were, however, allowed to go before the Spanish authorities, and they were at once sentenced to be shot, marched out to the limits of the city, to a place used to haul all the dead animals to, and shot like dogs. Those who were not killed outright were stabbed with bayonets, swords and knives, and knocked on the head with the butts of their guns. Then they were loaded in carts and dumped in with the dead animals. An eye-witness said that some of them were not dead when dumped out of the carts. Colonel Crittenden made a great mistake, and men belonging to the command told the writer that if he had obeyed orders and not surrendered, they could easily have repulsed the Spaniards and taken the town.

The expedition was now scattered in all directions. Some had gone back to the boats and some to the mountains where they were hunted, and if found killed on the spot. General Lopaz made his way to a friend, who ran and met and embraced him, took him into his house and secreted him, hiring a physician to dress his wounds, and doing all he could to make General Lopaz feel comfortable.

There was at once a large reward offered for Lopaz, and this pretended friend betrayed him for the reward. General Lopaz was carried to the city of Havana, tried and sentenced to be garroted at the Punta opposite the Morro Castle. A platform was erected with an upright beam at one side. The criminal is fastened to this so that he cannot move, and there is a shaft that slides down and has on each side an iron spindle. When allowed to slide down, these two spindles run through the neck and cause instant death.

When General Lopaz was bound, ready to have the spindles send him to eternity, his last words were, "Good-bye, Cuba, good-bye my beloved Cuba." Thus ended a man of noble feelings, and who might have gained for Cuba that independence so long sought, but for unforeseen accidents, the failure to catch a train and a thick fog.

His betrayer lived but a few days to enjoy his bounty. They shot him in his own dwelling, and he is buried at the Morro Castle, a guard over his grave always, and a bell rung every hour during the day and night.

Some of the expedition that fled to the mountains took shelter on an old sugar estate and remained there for several years before they had an opportunity to escape. The natives saw them and thought the buildings were haunted. They would show themselves to those passing to market, when the Spaniards would run and leave everything behind them. In this way they subsisted with the aid of fruits, which there were plenty.

General Lopaz's family still live in Cuba. The Spanish Government gave back to Mrs. Lopaz a part of the property confiscated. The death of General Lopaz was much regretted

by the Cubans. They have often said they would never find another like him, one who could have the support of all the Cubans, and to be betrayed by one who claimed to be as a brother to him, and to die the ignominious death he did, was harrowing to their feelings. The writer can but contemplate his fate with sorrow, and exclaim, "Peace to his ashes."

This was related to the author by Col. John Bett, who lived in the city of Havana and who married a Cuban woman and had lived there for a number of years. General Lopaz was the prime mover of gaining the independence of the island of Cuba.

There is not a particle of difference between the Spaniards and Cubans; the big majority have their price.

CHAPTER IV.

When the author landed in Fort Brooke the country had but few settlers and it was impossible to get employment. He had no money but found a gentleman and lady from Alabama and lived with them as one of the family. Mr. Gideon Tyner, who lived at Fort Dade came down to Tampa to catch a supply of mullet. He had no school in his vicinity and he prevailed on Mr. Boggess to go and teach school for them.

School teaching was repugnant to him but as there was nothing else to do he accepted and went home with him.

The school house had only one door in the end, had no benches to sit on or to write. With the aid of the young men, as there were several older than the teacher, benches were made and he taught a successful school for three months, making thirty-five dollars a month.

After school was out he returned to his old Alabama friends. Mr. and Mrs. Oats and James Stanfield, on whose boat he had come from Key West to Tampa, had accepted to get out two sets of maple tenpins for John Grillon, of Key West. Mr. Boggess went with him in the woods, got out the timber and turned them and with Captain Dick Turner went over carrying some chickens, potatoes and the tenpins which were sold for forty dollars.

The life of a sailor suited Mr. Boggess and they went back again and by exposure he contracted a severe case of inflammatory rheumatism, which lasted until winter, when all of his

money was gone. Mr. Tyner came for him again and he went up to Fort Dade and taught there three months more. There seeming to be nothing better than teaching, he took a school on the Alafia River and taught almost continuously for three years in the same neighborhood, and taught the first free school, for forty days, that was ever taught in South Florida.

He found two young men that had been schoolmates of his near Huntsville, Alabama and went to their place and remained some time and got acquainted with Mr. John Carney, who was a whole souled Irishman. He had served in the U. S. Army for five years; he had an estimable wife and children, two of them now live in Arcadia, Florida. and own and run the Arcadia Hotel. Ed. Carney has also bought a fine orange grove. Neither Miss Julia nor Ed. have been married.

Mr. Boggess was married in 1852. His wife died and he has one son living, Capt. Thos. C. Boggess. He is married and has four children. He is engaged in the oyster business and makes his living on his boat, carrying fruits, as he is well acquainted with all the waters of this section.

Mr. Boggess visited his mother in Mobile, after a long absence. As he had failed in his expectations he was ashamed to let her know where he lived.

When he returned to Florida the Indians had lately been on the war path. A man by the name of Payne opened up a store to trade with the Indians. He had employed Dempsey Whitton and had employed Wm. McCullough and wife to keep house and cook for him.

The Indians came in and began to drink and Payne refused to let them have any more whisky. While at supper they shot a volley killing Payne and Whitton, McCullough

sprang for his shot gun and he and his wife left. Mrs. McCullough was wounded by the Indians while running and McCullough would urge her to go ahead. She had a baby one year old to carry as McCullough had to fight the Indians back and then run up to his wife. The Indians were too cowardly to rush on him and when he could see one he pointed his gun and the Indian would jump behind a tree. They followed him for some miles and went back to rob and burn the store.

McCullough and wife had to travel fifty miles with nothing to eat except birds without salt. He had to carry the baby and gun and lead his wife. The whole country fled to forts and a party went and took up Payne and Whidden's bones and buried them. A tombstone now marks the site of the store and remains of Payne and Whidden. Mrs. McCullough soon recovered.

Capt. John Parker, who had been all through the seven year's war with the Seminoles from 1835 to 1842 at once began to recruit a company to fight the Indians at his own expense. He mounted and equipped a company and began to scout for the Indians. There is no question but his prompt action in enlisting and equipping a company and hunting the Indians prevented a general outbreak and a long and bloody war.

Captain Parker was a great Indian fighter and he was always among the first to respond if any fighting was to be done and he has led several detachments of volunteers to the relief of the whites that were penned up in houses or forts. The government opened up a new road from Fort Brooke, (now Tampa,) to Fort King, a distance of one hundred miles, through the Indian settlements. Major Dade, in command of

one hundred men with a wagon train of supplies marched from Tampa. He had an Indian negro as guide and interpreter. Major Dade took no precaution against an attack or ambuscade, the negro guide telling him that there were no signs of Indians. The command crossed the Withlacoochee river and encamped beyond the Little Withlacoochee river in a pine barren, as they had come safely through all swamps they were completely taken by surprise.

At daybreak the Indians attacked them from all sides. At the first shot the negro guide fell down and then the Indians rushed on them as they came out of their tents and they had no time to get their guns. Major Dade was killed at the beginning and the whole command was killed except one man who made his escape by outrunning the Indians. That old negro no doubt betrayed them, and he saw and planned with the Indians the time and place for the massacre.

The soldier that escaped went back to Tampa and troops were at once sent to bury the dead. This massacre emboldened the Indians and they were always lying around forts, ready to scalp any one who would venture outside of the stockades.

General Clinch, with one thousand regulars was attacked at the Withlacoochee River and he had to make breastworks of his wagons until they could build a stockade. The whole tribe of Indians were surrounding his men. Their rations became exhausted and they had to eat their horses. Without reinforcements they could not dare to leave the stockade as the Indians outnumbered the army ten to one. The Indians fired on them day and night.

A man offered to run the risk and to go to Black Creek

where the volunteers were stationed, and one rainy night he crawled out and through the line of Indians and succeeded in reaching Black Creek. Lieut. John Parker at once called for volunteers to go to General Clinch's relief. He soon had one hundred men and they mounted their horses and rode without stopping until they reached the stockade. They at once made a charge and with the yell of the cowboy. The Indians fired a few scattering shots and fled.

The men were nearly starved and completely exhausted for want of sleep and rest. There was great rejoicing among General Clinch's men. The Indians had killed and wounded several, shooting them over the stockade by climbing up trees.

The whole country was in forts and if any one ventured out they were shot. Volunteers were mustered in the service as the Indians did not fear the regulars.

Moses Barber, his sons and sons-in-law left the fort and built one as there was enough of them to have one on guard all the time. Moses Barber saddled his horse, took his gun and pack of dogs to pen up a steer for beef. He had very savage dogs and Indians are afraid of dogs. When nearing his stockade the dogs run in the bushes and the Indians rushed out and began firing at him. The Indians had him cut off from the stockade as they were at the mouth of a lane and Barber screamed to his dogs and began firing on the Indians at the same time, he put spurs to his horse and ran through them. By the dogs trying to bite the Indians Barber got through but he had several bullets through his clothes and was slightly wounded in several places. They kept the Indians off by shooting when they saw one. The Indians would light a torch and run up and throw it against the stock-

ade but it being built out of green pine it did not burn.

The men in the fort heard the firing and the next morning Lieutenant Parker took fifty men and when he arrived at Barbers they were out of powder and would have to surrender and all of them would have been killed and scalped.

On the approach of Lieutenant Parker and his men the Indians retreated to the river swamp. Although they had a large force. The whites took Barber and his family and retreated to the fort. The Indians falling behind them. There were no regular engagements as the Indians always sought to ambush. Occasionally some men would get tired of living in a fort and hostilities would cease for a while although scouting parties were out all of the time. And the Indians would appear in first one locality and then move to another.

Flemming Johns had a place near where the town of Baldwin now stands and he decided as his place was so near the fort and no Indians had been seen lately that he would move home he and wife. About ten days after he got up one morning and went out to cut some wood for his wife to cook breakfast. He had cut the wood and picked it up and started to the house when the Indians yelled and fired on him wounding him. He got in the house, shut the door and reached for his rifle which was in a rack above the door he fell with the gun and broke the hammer off. He plead with the Indians as he knew some of them well to spare his life they only laughed at him and broke the door down and shot him down by the side of his wife. One old Indian took hold of her and he pointed to the door telling her to go. As she turned to go she looked back and saw him level his gun to shoot. She

threw up her arm and he fired, hitting her arm and on through her neck. The shot knocked her down and she fell face down on her arm. The Indian at once pulled out his knife and began scalping her. She came to her senses and lay perfectly still until they finished scalping her and cutting the bed tick open, emptying the feathers out and putting what things in the tick they wanted. They set the house on fire and hurried away.

As soon as she knew they were gone she got up and pulled her husband to the door, fainted and fell out of doors but caught the bucket of water that was on a shelf by the side of the door and it emptied the water on her and it brought her back to her senses. She got up and had to leave as the house was burning. She had to leave her husband. She started for Baldwin but becoming so faint from loss of blood she went in a pond and sat down, putting a towel on top of her head to prevent the sun from shining on the place they scalped.

The people at the fort heard the firing and Lieut. John Parker gathered together a few volunteers and mounting their horses rode in the direction of the house. They soon discovered smoke and rode at the top of their speed. Mr. Johns, the father of the man killed was one of the party. As they rode by the pond some of the party saw Mrs. Johns and thought she was an Indian, as the blood covered her face, and they were about to shoot her. She also saw them but she said she was so overcome that she could not speak. Mr. Johns exclaimed, "It is Jane, don't shoot!" just in time to prevent the men from shooting her. She told them of the death of her husband. Some of the men assisted her on a horse and rode to the fort, while the balance went on to the

burning house. The roof fell in just as they got there, making it impossible to get his body out and it was burned with the house.

Mrs. Johns, after the death of her husband, married a man by the name of James C. Mathews, of Savannah, Georgia. A crazy man stabbed him and after a few months he died from the effects. Mrs. Jane Mathews was sent for to go to Washington City, and she was a great show to the people. A woman who was shot and then scalped and to live through it all was something remarkable. She was given a pension but by some means it was cut off. She said that their house was burned in Savannah, and her pension certificate was also burned and that she never made an effort to have it restored.

She lived with the author of this book for many years, being a sister of his first wife. When they lived on Josh's creek, DeSoto county, the Indians often came to their place. At one time there came about twenty of the Indians; they were old warriors. They would point at her and make signs as if scalping a person and jabber to one another. She said she recognized two of the Indians, and the one that made her go and shot her. His name was Tallahassee, one of the chiefs, and one who never became friendly with the whites. Ossian, another chief, was another she recognized. He was never friendly to the white people.

Mrs. Jane Mathews died and is buried in the Fort Ogden cemetery. She was a Christian lady, could not endure the looks of an Indian. The Indians no doubt recognized her and none of those old warriors ever came back again while she lived. Whether through superstition of killing of Fleming Johns, scalping his wife and burning the house.

CHAPTER V.

The war was waged against the Indians and troops were continually out scouting for them. And some fighting but no decisive battle. The Indians were forced deeper in the Everglades and some of the people getting tired of being in forts they moved home.

A Mr. Sykes his son and son-in-law moved out and built a log house, cut portholes to shoot from. They were never without their guns and while some worked they always had one on guard, without any signs of Indians being seen for some time.

One morning one of the men went out to get some wood and all at once the dogs ran out and found the Indians. The man ran for the house but the Indians having to fight the dogs they did not have time to shoot until he gained the house. Sykes called his dogs and got them in the house. The Indians kept them in the house for several days shooting at and trying to burn the house. But Sykes his son and son-in-law stood guard and the Indians could not set the house on fire.

At the expiration of five days Sykes family were out of anything to eat and nearly out of ammunition. And without relief they could not hold out much longer. Sykes owned a young negro woman. She volunteered to go to the fort and carry the news. It was a dark and rainy night; they pulled up one of the puncheon but the space was too small to admit

of the negro woman getting out and Sykes had to stand on and force her through the opening; she knew the way and by crawling off she got off without the Indians finding her out; she made her way to the fort and Lieutenant Parker with twenty men mounted their horses and went to the relief of Sykes and family. On the approach of the volunteers the Indians fled to the swamp.

The Indians would go farther south and the country was full of game and the squaws would plant crops of corn, potatoes, pumpkins and peas and build cribs a long distance from their clearings and it was a difficult matter to find and destroy them.

General Zack Taylor, with three regiments marched south to near Lake Okeechobee, and each day the Indians seemed to gain in numbers and they would shoot at the troops continually until Okeechobee was reached at a large swamp on the north. There the Indians made a stand and a great battle was fought. The Indians were in such force that General Taylor had to stop and build a stockade.

An eye witness told the author that it appeared that there was an Indian behind every tree and up in the tops of the trees. He said he never in his life heard such yelling and shooting. That the troops had to retreat as they had several men killed and wounded. Among the killed was Captain Van Swearinger. The place was named for him and the creek was called Taylor's Creek. The author has been in the battle field and a man with him picked up a gold watch and chain.

The government could not make a treaty with the Indians as they would not agree to emigrate to Arkansas saying they would fight until all were killed. At the end of each year the Indians were as far as at the beginning from being

subdued.

General Harney was dreaded by the Indians as he would hang up any that he captured. He was on the Caloosahatchee river and the Indians attacked him one morning about daylight and killed nearly the entire command. General Harney to keep from being captured had to swim the Caloosahatchee river two miles wide. Others that escaped had to run and either hide or swim the river. This enraged General Harney so much, having to run and lose everything he had but his night clothes that he made an oath to hang every one that he captured. And he faithfully kept his oath.

General Harney had succeeded in driving all of the Indians in the Everglades. He went to Key West and procured boats and learning that there was a large body of Indians on a big hammock up Shark river he procured boats and when he was ready to start he bought a coil of three-quarter rope. Some of the officers asked him what he intended doing with so much rope. He told them that he had a special use for it.

The command located the Indians by the smoke and he had the hammock surrounded in the night and attacked them at day light and killed and captured all of them and he had what he captured hung on the spot to the live oaks. He was court marshalled but nothing was done with him.

That battle made the Indians shy and they remained in the Everglades. Osceola was the head chief and they persuaded him to meet to arrange for peace and they captured him. He was a brave and daring chief; his father was an Irishman and his mother a Seminole squaw.

After the arrest of Osceola peace was made with the Indians. This was in 1842. The white people kept moving and driving

their stock nearer the Indians, which forced them to move as the cattle would destroy their crops as they made no fences only with brush and nearly all the houses were built of palmetto fans.

They remained peaceable until 1849 when they again went on the war path by killing Payne and Whidden and burning the store after taking all they could carry off.

The government intended to remove them to Arkansas and agents were negotiating with them to move without paying them for the lands that properly belonged to them.

A chain of forts was built through the state and regular troops stationed in them. Fort Myers was the base for supplies. The Indians did their trading there. Billy Bow Legs was the principal or head chief with Sam Jones, Tiger Tail and Tallahassee under him. Ossian was also a chief and war-like ugly disposed fellow never having anything to do with white people. Billy Bow Legs was a fine looking young chief and also brave. He and Lieutenant Hartsuff had a quarrel and Hartsuff kicked him down the steps. This made Billy very mad. Lieutenant Hartsuff was locating forts on the borders of the Everglades and with three teams and thirty men they passed Billy's garden one evening and some of the soldiers pulled some heads of bananas and went in the direction of Fort Simon Drum and camped for the night near a sawgrass.

Billy with his braves attacked him the next morning at daylight and killed all but three men and wounded the Lieutenant badly. Hartsuff killed four Indians and went in the sawgrass and laid down so the Indians could not see him. They fired many volleys in the sawgrass but missed him. Billy cursed

him for a coward daring him to come out. The Indians robbed the wagons and dead scalping them, killed the mules and burnt the wagons and left. That night after dark Lieutenant Hartsuff although badly wounded he traveled all night but slow. At daylight he left the road and went in a cabbage palmetto hammock and remained there all day. Two chambers of his revolver were loaded; he took off the caps and let them and the powder dry, intending to shoot two more Indians. They hunted him, as he heard them near him but they failed to find him. He went into a small hammock. The Indians hunted the large hammocks. By entering a small hammock he escaped. As soon as it was dark he began his terrible march with a high fever badly wounded and thirsty and hungry he traveled until daylight having to stop often to rest. He had heard nothing of the Indians and after sleeping a while he resumed his dreary march. He was at rest near fort Simon Drum. He went into a cypress pond and sat down on a log and while sitting there they began to beat retreat. He said he could not have gone one step farther. He took out his pistol intending as soon as they finished beating retreat to make the troops in the fort hear his pistol. He said he had hopes of life if the pistol fired but if it failed death was inevitable. He pulled the trigger and the report rang out clear; he tried the last one and it also rang out clear. He knew they had heard his pistol and that they would know it was him and come and look for him. Tey Hanna was with him when he was wounded and he had told him to run and save himself and he had been to the fort and told the news.

Lieutenant Hartsuff saw his comrades coming but he could not utter one word, but they saw him and having a litter

with them they soon had him at the fort with friends and plenty of anything he needed.

The author was with him for forty days after he recovered scouting all through the Big Cypress which borders on the Everglades and he has heard him relate the fight and all the particulars. Lieutenant Hartsuff said all he wished was to come up with Billy Bow Legs. That he did not wish to shoot him but to grasp him by the throat and choke him to death throwing him to the ground a corpse. We rode for forty days hunting the Indians but never saw one the entire time. There were five detachments of thirty men each, all volunteers and we were all volunteers and we were all anxious to help Lieutenant Hartsuff find Billy Bow Legs.

When our time had expired we bade him goodbye. All of us were attached to him and we did not wish to part from him. When we arrived at our respective stations we were given furloughs. We had not seen one Indian in the forty days and knew there was none north of the Everglades. With the massacre of Lieutenant Hartsuff's command, volunteers were called and soon five hundred volunteers were in the field and several regiments of regulars to guard and keep up the forts. The Indians fear the volunteers but care nothing for the regulars.

* The state of Florida had called for volunteers and ten companies were mustered in the service. The U. S. government called on the state for five detachments of thirty men, from five companies. The author was first sergeant of one of the companies and his detachment was commanded by First Lieutenant E. T. Rendrick. On rendezvousing at Fort Denaud we were ordered to march as soon as we could draw rations,

to Fort Simon Drum to report for duty to Lieutenant Hartsuff.

On arriving the Lieutenant came out and greeted them with a hearty welcome. On the next morning they saddled their horses and began scouting the country, going to all the Indian villages but found nothing but empty houses. The fields had sugar cane, potatoes and tomatoes growing, the Indians having gathered their corn and hid it in cribs built of cabbage palmetto logs. They found some that were full of fine corn and many deer skins, tools and seeds. The author found a small bag of tools and seeds, among the seeds were a lot of mush melon, he planted them and has never seen finer or better melons grown. The kind grown was as black as ink and as slick as satin.

They scouted every day for thirty and never during the whole time saw an Indian and no fresh signs. Lieutenant Hartsuff would often relate the difficulty he had with Billy and the attack and his escape and reaching Fort Simon Drum.

At the expiration of their term of thirty days, they bade Lieutenant Hartsuff good by and marched to Fort Denaud. The horse flies and mosquitoes were terrible on their horses, and a continual scout for thirty days the horses were badly jaded.

Lieutenant Rendrick was always foremost in doing any act that was pleasing to the regular officers. Captain Gibson was at Fort Denaud but was waiting for an escort to guard him to Fort Simon Drum. Lieutenant Rendrick readily volunteered to escort him. This by no means was pleasing to the men under his command and they flatly refused to recross the river and escort the Captain. Lieutenant Rendrick went to the fort to get relieved and did not come back until two a. m., when

they were ordered to come over at once. There seemed to be no way out of the trip but to go. The evening previous there had been a very heavy rain and their guns, that were loaded, and in fact everything they had was as wet as water could make them.

After starting Lieutenant Rendrick tied his horse to a wagon and crawled in and went to sleep, leaving Sergeant Boggess in command. They were wet and hungry and on getting to a creek he asked the Captain if they could not halt and eat breakfast and feed their horses. He seemed to be much surprised that they had not eaten and fed their horses. He very reluctantly agreed to halt. The teamsters had eaten nothing or fed their mules.

After hurrying the men all he could they began their march through the prairie, the sun shining hot. Sergeant Boggess usually carried his gun slung, and he had fired it off when it began raining and had not reloaded. It was half cocked. Sergeant Boggess saw the Captain looking at it. He asked him if his gun was loaded, and Sergeant Boggess told him no and that he had no idea one gun was loaded, but what was wet. He began asking the men and they all told him that their guns were not, and would not shoot or were empty. He ordered a halt and for the men to load their guns. And he in the mean time marching or hopping, as he had a stiff knee. He threw his cap on the ground and would jump up and down, yelling and swearing. Sergeant Boggess remarked to him that there was no danger of the Indians attacking the volunteers. He exclaimed, "Hell and damnation, neither did Major Arnold think there was any danger, when he was attacked by 1,000 warriors." He kept up a continual swearing. He said

'suppose his brother officers heard of this, that he was escorted by a lot of volunteers, through an Indian country, with not one loaded gun, that they would laugh him out of the service.' Sergeant Boggess told him that it made no difference with them, that they clubbed their guns and yelling went for the smoke of the Indians guns. That had a quieting influence on him and to be even with them he began maneuvering them ordering them to dismount and standing ten minutes by their horses and then ordering them to mount. He did this several times and Sergeant Boggess got very tired of the tactics, mounting on a saddle that was as hot as a stove. He told him after the third time that those horses belonged to them and not to Uncle Sam and that he should certainly refuse to obey a similar order. He then told Sergeant Boggess that another batch of volunteers should never again escort him. Sergeant Boggess then told him that their term of service had expired and that it was not in their line of duty to escort him while the balance of the command had gone home. When in sight of Fort Simon Drum he struck spurs to his horse and galloped to the fort.

Major Gibson was a strict disciplinarian and Sergeant Boggess afterwards met some officers that belonged to his command and were stationed at Dry Tortugas. He told them of the episode and they said they would not have missed the recital for \$100. They went off and brought all of the officers that were in Key West, that Sergeant Boggess might relate the incident to them. Major Gibson was by no means a favorite with the officers of his command.

CHAPTER VI.

When they arrived at their respective stations they were all given a furlough. They arrived back the first of June 1856. A few days after they were all sitting down at the station and some one discovered a man on a horse riding as fast as the horse could run. When he came it was Daniel W. Carlton, a member of their company. His arm was bleeding and he said that he was shot by the Indians and that his father, Lieutenant Alderman Carlton, Lott Whitton and Wm. Parker were killed and that he and J. N. Hollingsworth were wounded.

The Chief Ossian, knowing that the troops were all down in the Everglades, took all of his braves and the first depredation they committed was killing two of Captain Robert Bradley's little children, near Brooksville, Hernando county, two hundred and fifty miles from the Everglades. The old chief had passed through thick settlements and no one saw them or heard of them until they killed the children.

By going up that far in the country the people did not know what to think, whether Indians or not. There is no doubt that the Chief Ossian made that move to draw the soldiers from the Everglades, where their families were. After killing and scalping the children the next was heard of them when they attacked Captain F. M. Durrance's train that was on its way from Fort Brooke to Fort Frazier, where a company was stationed. They killed Jas. Starling and his fifteen year old son, John Roach and wounded James Hingson. An old

colored man escaped unhurt by cutting the saddle mule loose and running off, although they shot at him many times. The Indians killed the mules except the one that Jim Seward, the colored man rode and Hingson's own horse. They took what they could carry and burned the wagons and the contents. This was within two miles of where Captain Simeon Sparkman was encamped with his company of one hundred mounted men. The next that was heard from them they found John Carney working in his field and they ran him down, killed and scalped him. His family was at the station and he had, that day, gone to his place to plow his corn.

Although by this time the news was spread no one saw them or any sign of them. The next bold attack they made was on W. Tillis and his son and Thomas Underhill, within two miles of Fort Meade. They attacked them about daylight. The women had gone to milk the cows and saw them walking down the field fence in their direction and ran to the house and got inside before any of them were shot. There were seven horses in the yard and the Indians began shooting them and at the house. The men began to shoot and kept them at a distance. There were only a few men at the station and Lieutenant A. Carlton took six more and rode to the Tillis place. As soon as the Indians saw them they ran into a hammock. Tillis warned the men that there were sixty Indians but did not halt but run right among the Indians. The first volley from the Indians killed Lott Whitton, Wm. Parker and Lieutenant A. Carlton and wounded Daniel Carlton and John N. Hollingsworth. Those that were not killed began to leave and Wm. McCullough and an Indian ran into each others arms and clinched. McCullough threw the Indian and

called Daniel Carlton and he cut the Indian's throat. They left the dead and returned to the Tillis house and Daniel Carlton was sent to Fort Frazier to carry the news. A few men went at once as there were but few men at the station. That night Captain Boggess ran away, for Captain Durrance refused to let any more men leave as there was a great many women and children at the fort. On the next morning Mr. Boggess began to get the men together, but the quartermaster refused to issue them rations as they were state troops. They intended taking them forcibly and he had to submit.

The soldiers went to the battle field and then took the trail. The Indians crossed Peace River and at every favorable place they would cut a plain road and lie in ambush. The swamp was wet and trailing them was slow work. The men would come out and camp at night. They had two expert trailers that could follow a single Indian through the swamp and the ground covered with leaves. A man that was not an expert trailer could not discover a track. It was tedious and slow work, But there was no other manner to ever catch up with them and we were expecting every moment to hear the yell and the crack of their rifles. They all had Kentucky rifles and plenty of caps, powder and bullets. The Indians had been preparing for the outbreak for some time.

Ten of the men went to Fort Meade to procure rations and this left the company with but seventeen men. At sunrise the reports of two rifles were heard. Immediately the men were ordered to get ready and not wait for reinforcements. Two men were left with the horses, having them saddled ready to let the fence down and drive the horses off if the Indians should happen to come. On the previous evening they had

ridden several miles and went into the swamp and examined closely for tracks and they were confident that the Indians were behind them. They must have had some wounded as they had taken up logs along their route to make a raft.

With fifteen men all anxious to fight the Indians, they struck for the place that the reports of rifles came from and in a mile they saw buzzards lighting down and were confident the Indians had killed a beef. They soon saw some cattle come running by and a large white cow had blood running down her side. The Indians had decided that the men had gone home the previous evening. The men soon reached the place where the Indians had killed the beef but nothing was left. From the beef the trail was plain and was followed rapidly. The trail struck the river and turned down. As they felt that they were near the Indian camp they stopped to rest for Captain Boggess wished to give the men some instructions. He was anxious to get up with them to avenge the death of his old friend, John Carney, as they were fast friends.

After a short rest they started, feeling certain that they would come to the camp in a short time when all at once an Indian jumped up ahead of them and ran at the top of his speed. The men ahead shot at him and they ran as fast as they could after him. The trail they were running bore off from the river and when the men struck it again there was no sign except the smell of smoke and Captain Boggess ordered the men to go ahead in single file that one bullet would only hit one man. They soon saw the camp which was in a complete horse shoe made by the crook of the river. The men were warned not to go in the camp as every Indian had his

gun pointed. At the camp their packs were lying around and the beef was stuck on sticks all around the fire. When in twenty feet of the river they fired and yelled at the same time.

The cabbage palmetto was thick and with the dry fans falling and the smoke blinded the men for an instant. They yelled and rushed to the bank and under it the Indians stood in water with all their guns empty. The white men's guns roared until they had killed about thirty. The water was covered with brains and blood as the men had to shoot them in the head. The fight lasted but a short time. It was only those that swam the river that were not killed.

Robert Prine and George W. Howell, both young men, were killed; Wm. Brooke and James Whitton, both of the trailers, and John L. Skipper were wounded. The wounded men begged not to leave them for the Indians to kill and scalp.

As there were only ten men to help the wounded and all of the Indians on their side of the river were killed and those on the opposite side had all advantages by being behind trees, they took up two of the wounded, as they were both shot in the legs and could not walk. Men were put on each flank and began the march, which was slow, owing to the thick brush and briars. They went far enough from the swamp to prevent the Indians from shooting them and halted to await developments.

The two men left with the horses heard the guns and the yelling and the detachment of ten men that came from Fort Meade arrived and as soon as they heard the news mounted and rode down the swamp until they found the company. The meeting was a feeling one. A guard was left with the

wounded and the rest marched back to the battle ground. There was nothing left but the dead men. The Indians had turned their pockets and took their hats and shoes but did not interfere with the dead, not scalping them as is their custom. The Indians' loss was heavy and they were in a great hurry to get away.

Litters were made and the wounded were carried out and they were put upon the horses behind men. They started for Fort Meade, while the balance of the command marched down the river to a crossing. They used much caution in crossing for fear of an ambushade. They could not find any sign. They marched up to the battle ground and found hid in a bunch of saw palmetto the famous old Chief Ossian, wrapped up in one of the wagon covers that the Indians had carried from the wagons that they had robbed and burnt. Captain Wil. Tillis knew the chief well and as they unwound his body from the cover he at once declared it to be Ossian, who would never have anything to do with the white people. Ossian had ten sons all killed in the battle with their father.

The trailers were both wounded and the men were at a great loss without them. They have been seen to walk on a trail of a single Indian when the ground was covered with leaves.

In the river bend was an Indian, his shot bag was floating being full of wind. Captain Boggess told the men if they would stand guard and keep the alligators off he would swim in and get the shot bag. He soon stripped and taking off the shot bag pulled him up to loosen him and give him a push down stream. The shot bag was made of dressed buck skin and double, had one hundred bullets and a horn of powder,

caps and patching. Captain Boggess afterwards sold it to a Serjeant in the regular army for a five dollar gold piece. The men searched every trail but could not find a single track. The Indians must have all got on rafts. When they returned to where their horses were there was a hundred men. All of the men that had been in the battle were worn out. Their feet had holes in them and they could scarcely walk. The new forces kept up the hunt for several days but never saw an Indian or any signs. During the remainder of the war there was never an Indian seen north of the Big Cypress. The battle was fought on the sixteenth day of June 1856 and that day was their day to have the green corn dance. That battle got rid of one of their fighting chiefs and all of his sons who were a fine looking lot of Indians.

There was a regiment of volunteers called for besides ten independent companies of mounted volunteers, and all of them were ordered to the Everglades and five boat companies.

A reward was offered for all Indians; \$500 each for warriors, \$250 for each woman and \$100 for each child. Captain Jacob Mickler found a village of Indians and he captured the entire lot. The Indians were too valuable to shoot. There was a continual scout kept up but it was seldom an Indian was seen.

The government sent General Blake and some Indians and two negroes to treat with the Indians. But they would not talk to them. The war was dragging slowly along and no fighting.

Major Arnold went with 1000 regular troops, made a scout in the Big Cypress and the Indians ambuscaded his command and they had to build a stockade to prevent the Indians from killing all of them until reinforcements of volunteers arrived.

He lost several men and if any Indians were killed they were unable to find them. The Indians were continually shooting at them, but they would shoot and then hide.

General Blake was endeavoring to treat with them to move them to Arkansas, and finally he persuaded a small number to come in and go. Sam Jones was one of the head chiefs and he told them he would die before he would leave Florida and some others Tiger Tail and Tallahassee. They all died in the Everglades of Florida. The war had been in progress two years and the Indians were apparently as numerous and fully as determined as in the beginning not to go through persuasion or force.

All the troops were near the Everglades and the Indians had their families hid in them. It was impossible to operate only on foot and boats. The Indians were acquainted with the Big Cypress and Everglades and the troops had no pilots and their progress was slow. A dense swamp with saw grass and custard apple thickets, briars and boggy. Colonel Rogers regiment were mustered in the service and they had their camp on the edge of the Everglades. And they kept up a continual scout all the time. The Indians would shoot at them from every thicket and then run. His men would shoot in return but not killing or wounding any that they saw.

There was five companies ordered from Fort Brooke to Fort Capron to scour out that portion of country extending from Lake Okeechobee to the Atlantic Ocean. They were to rendezvous at Fort Capron and then to scour the whole country south to Miami. They had no wagons or tents, had to pack ten days rations for themselves and horses. They had forty rounds of ammunition also. When all the pack was on the

horse there was no room for the rider to get up. They had to draw oats as there was no corn and this made the bulk much greater. They went west fifteen miles and camped for the night. The woods were rough, not having been burned for several years. They found a stockade that had been built by a surveying party and they left in a hurry as their tents, axes, steel-mill, pots, pans, provisions and camp equipage were still there. The men set the grass on fire and had great difficulty in keeping from being burned up. The next morning they saw crows alighting on the barn end and saw three large rattlesnakes that were burned up the previous night. The burnt ground was covered with crows and in all probability there were many more snakes burned to death.

They found a large village but nothing there but fleas. They did not investigate closely as the fleas covered the ground. There was a new pen built and some of the men tore it down and found a young Indian woman who had died. She was nicely dressed and many things, clothes and a profusion of beads were about her. She, no doubt, was the daughter of a chief.

CHAPTER VII.

The second night they found another village. Indians all gone but many fine hogs that were fat. They killed them. What they could not carry they left for the buzzards.

The third day they struck the road leading from Fort Kissimmee to New River and thence to Miami.

They were ordered to rendezvous at Fort McRae on the east shore of Lake Okeechobee. The sixth day at noon Captain Boggess found a land post and he had been watching for them. He went to it and knew that they were a long distance from their place of destination. They retraced their steps and camped at the same place they had the night previous. The next morning they met Major Pemberton, of Vicksburg fame, and 600 men; they were also lost.

It was in the month of February, continually raining, and many of the command were sick with the measles, the Author being one of the number. They arrived at Fort McRae and with blankets for tents. It was two miles over a saw-grass to the shore of the lake where the regular troops were encamped. They had cut and split cypress slabs to walk on. If you missed stepping on one of the slabs you would bog up entirely.

They remained there a few days and had orders to draw ten days' rations and scout to New River and thence to Miami. When they got to New River there were no boats, rations, or any signs of men. The river was deep and wide and no pos-

sible way of getting over, although they were out of rations for themselves or horses and at least seven days march to Fort McRae. The regular troops killed Major Pemberton's dog and horse. There was no game of any kind but jack-daws. The trees were full of them croaking, and although a miserable bird, the men had to resort to them to keep from starving. When they arrived back at Fort McRae men and horses were near famished and completely tired down.

The Lake Okeechobee looked good on their return. It is a beautiful sheet of water, 40 miles across. The rations were shipped in metallic boats from Fort Centre and shipped from Fort Myers up the Caloosahatchee river to Fort Thompson and hauled in wagons to Fort Centre.

No Indians but a squaw and small boy were seen during the trip. The Indians were all in the Everglades, south of Lake Okeechobee. They knew the country and could evade the troops. Scouts of five days would result in effecting nothing but clothes and shoes in tatters and the men completely exhausted. The Indians would attack scouting parties in all directions. The Indians became more bold each day and they were near the camps all the time. If any soldiers left the camp for any distance they would be fired on and run into camp.

Captain Stevens commanded a company in Rogers' regiment. He wished to immortalize himself and he with his company were continually on scouts, penetrating the Everglades in all directions. The Captain rode a fine gray horse and the Indians knew the company from the others and when he went on one of his scouts they would be invariably shot at. They would have a guard with the horses all of the time.

On one occasion two men were out grazing the horses. The Indians crept up and shot at the men, running them to within a few yards of the camp, killing them. This exasperated Captain Stevens so that he was scouting continually.

On one occasion they had returned from a five days' scout and they had their horses near the camp in a prairie, not dreaming of Indians, as they had seen none while on the scout. A large number of warriors shot at the men and horses, killing Captain Stevens' fine gray horse. They cut his head off and stuck it on a pole near the camp. This made the Captain fearfully mad and he swore to have revenge. His brother officers laughed at him and told him that Billy Bow-Legs and his braves would treat him as they did the horse.

Captain Stevens took his entire company and seven days' rations, intending to enter the Everglades as far as they could and to find the camp where the Indians had their families. The third day out the Indians began firing on the company and leading them on, getting thicker all the time and shooting at them at night. The Indians shot at them from all directions, Captain Stevens' men shooting when they could see an Indian. On the fourth night the Indians shot into the camp all night and continued shooting after daylight. They said it appeared that every tree had an Indian behind it. The Indians shot and killed the trailer and two other men. They buried them and decided to retreat as the Indians got more numerous each moment and they kept up a continual shooting and killing.

There was nothing to do but to retreat, which they did. They entered a glade with palmetto on each side and Captain Stevens ordered a halt to ambuscade them as they would

occasionally hear a shot and yell. Captain Stevens placed his men with positive orders not to shoot until he gave the signal by firing his pistol. They had but a short time to wait when they saw the Indians enter the opening in a trot on the trail. When they were opposite to his men he fired his pistol and the men opened fire on the Indians with double-barreled shot-guns. The havoc was fearful as two-thirds of the Indians were shot down, being killed and wounded. Captain Stevens ran a chief down and killed him, thinking it was Billy Bow Legs.

Stevens' command did not tarry to see how many were killed but they made all haste to get to camp and they reached it the same day that took them five to go.

The old doctor talked to the Author of the fight. He said that Stevens' buck-shot killed Indians too much. This put a damper on Billy Bow Legs and he was never as brave as before, as he had lost about thirty of his young warriors.

The war was no nearer the end than at the beginning. When the Indians had an opportunity they made good use of it. Captain Jas. S. P. Johnson found the trail of a large body of Indians that were moving. He followed them and overtook them in a prairie and attacked them. The Indians killed one of his men and wounded others and they would jump up and yell, daring him to advance. By having one dead and others wounded and the Indians outnumbering them two to one, they were not in a position to fight. That was a golden opportunity to capture them as the company were mounted, the Indians on foot and no "thick" to hide in.

The only two important battles that were fought during the war were the fight at Bowlegs Creek, on Peace River, and

Stevens' ambuscade. General Blake was still endeavoring to treat with them and there was some rivalry as to who was head-chief. Billy Bow Legs and his followers came in and on the Mississippi river one of Billy Bow Legs' braves killed him.

There still were left three remnants of tribes, one under Sam Jones, one under Tallahassee and one under Cohacheochopeo. There has been no outbreak since and the Indians, although badly treated, have not gone on the war path. The white people have moved their cattle near their settlements and they destroy their crops. The result is that the Indians have moved farther and deeper into the Everglades.

The government is now having homes surveyed for them and a society is formed by some of the leading citizens to look out for and protect the Indians in their rights. Owing to former treaties the Indians here sold all their lands and they are not entitled to aid from the government unless they are on the reservation set aside for them. Those here wish to remain and the move on foot will secure them homes and protection. They have not increased but little as their children die, living in swamps.

The hammocks are rich and the women make corn, potatoes, rice, sugar-cane, melons, peas, pumpkins, etc. There is a great abundance of coontee that they manufacture into starch which is healthy and palatable. The men hunt alligators for their skins, otters, coons, etc. They killed birds for their plumes before there was a law against selling and buying them. There are always some white people anxious to trade with them. They buy the Indians' skins and plumes and give in exchange goods, tobacco, whisky, etc. They are getting gradually civilized and are being taught. The government

has an agent and he has a saw-mill to furnish the Indians lumber to build houses and fence their crops from cattle.

There is something remarkable about moving the Seminole Indians from the Everglades as they are not suitable for the habitation of the white man. The Indians want them and they should be allowed to remain. There are no minerals, gold or silver. They are composed of cypress, custard-apple thickets, briars, lettuce. It is too thick to travel in boats and too boggy to travel on foot or with teams. Every day when the sun is shining and the wind is not blowing hard you will see in all directions something resembling smoke. This is a fog that arises from the mud or bog.

The Indians know how to travel through them. In 1850 there was a boat company that went in the mouth of New River. They had an old Spaniard and his Indian wife. His name was Chico his wife Polly Murphy. They got out of provisions and were lost. They told Polly if she did not pilot them out they intended to kill her. She became much frightened and began crying. She took some dry leaves and crumbling them up she laid them on the water shielding them from the wind. All at once she cried out, clapping her hands, telling them that she knew where she was. They went in the direction indicated by the floating of the leaves and entered Shark River.

The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans, sent an expedition through from Lake Okeechobee and going out in Shark River.

The law is to prevent killing of plume birds. Men go in the Everglades with light boats and hunt all through as the birds were driven off by being shot at so much. A man by the name of Ash Hambleton told me he saw 1000 egrets killed

from one willow pond. The plumes are very valuable.

The Everglades are not worth the cost of surveying and they are too near on a level with the Gulf of Mexico to drain. It is utterly impossible to walk only in the hammocks and they are covered with briars and vines of all descriptions.

The Indians now own stock, horses, cattle and hogs. And they are learning by degrees to build houses and plant more varieties of crops. The men work yet but little in the crops as their time is taken up with hunting alligators, coons and otter. They have ready sale for all the hides and skins. They all have improved guns of which they are very proud and they keep them clean and in first rate order. They own slaves but an outsider cannot distinguish the master from the slave and no inducements could be offered one of the slaves to leave the Indians. One of the negro men went crazy and he got his Winchester and began shooting the Indians promiscuously and kept it up until the Indians killed him. He killed three of the men before he was killed. He had a forbidding countenance and always seemed morose and surly. His mother, old Naneg, was a great talker. She had one of the Indians for her husband. The other Indians associated with him but little. He had two grown daughters by a former wife. They all lived together and old Naneg was always with them and seemed to take great care of them. At times Old Naneg would not speak English and she would never tell how she came to be with the Indians. It was thought she would not tell for fear of being restored to her master.

During the War of the Rebellion, the refugees endeavored to get them to fight the Confederates. Captain Boggess had command of thirty men to gather cattle and forward to the

army of Tennessee. There had been for some time a detachment of their company hunting the Indians. They had cloth, tobacco and other things for them, but the Indians avoided meeting them. There was a hammock in the Big Prairie and they intended to camp there for the night and intended to kill a beef. When they got to the hammock they saw an Indian camp. They shot the beef and struck their camp a short distance from the Indians camp. Captain Boggess intended to make the Indians stay away from their camp or come in that he might see them. Before the soldiers had completed skinning the beef Captain Boggess saw an Indian standing on the edge of the hammock, he at once beckoned to him and started to where he was leaving his gun and going by himself. Captain Boggess kept on advancing and beckoning to the Indian to come. He came to meet Captain Boggess who shook hands with him and invited him to come on and get a quarter of beef. When they arrived at the beef and the men all of them shook hands with him telling him that they were good friends. Captain Boggess took his gun and laid it down and told him to help skin. He at once drew his knife and began helping to skin the beef. When it was completed Captain Boggess invited him to take a quarter. He took a fore quarter and some of the men helped him to carry the quarter to his camp. It was not long before the balance of them appeared. Captain Boggess told them that Mr. Jacob Summerlin was at Mr. Tippins and had plenty of homespun, tobacco, shawls and for them to go and get some. Mr. Summerlin and party had been hunting them for months.

They parted next morning and the soldiers met Mr. Summerlain and party. Telling him of camping with the Indians the

previous night. He insisted that they had done a great wrong, that they should have surrounded this camp and not spoken to them. Captain Boggess thought differently, and when Mr. Summerlin reached Mr. Tippins the Indians were there and in a few days all of the Indians had been there and received some of the goods sent to them.

Old Micco was in the party and he always claimed to Captain Boggess that he shot him in the leg and he would show the scar. In the Bowlegs Creek fight Captain Boggess had a double-barrel shot gun. He had killed two, shooting them in the head and he shot at one on the opposite side of the river, shooting at his leg as his body was behind a cypress tree. When Captain Boggess fired he fell down and yelled with pain. Captain Boggess had a long beard and was standing on the bank of the river and he always told him he shot him and would always mention that he had a long beard.

Micco appeared always glad to meet Captain Boggess and he would always drink with him saying they were good friends. By meeting them as they did it no doubt had the effect of keeping them friendly. They kept up distributing goods to the Indians as long as the war lasted and they remained friendly. And the Indians never shunned them again.

At the close of the war, in 1858, Captain Boggess lived in Polk county, near Fort Meade, taught school, hunted cattle, assisted in driving beef cattle to Tampa to ship to Key West, and farming. He lived a quiet life.

The Indian war brought in some bad characters and the people had to band together for self-protection. There were several men hung and shot. But like all other things of like nature prejudice got hold and men were whipped and run off for personal spite. This did not last long as all similar things do not.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hillsborough county was a large county and there were many for and many against. It was an exciting election but those in favor of division were successful.

There were many exciting events happening in Congress and slavery was brought out as an issue. The North and South were getting farther apart each day. Captain Boggess had been through the Mexican War and loved the flag. He was opposed to secession as he thought the only way was to fight for their rights under the stars and stripes. He had an opportunity of engaging largely in the cattle business and he thought by moving off on the frontier that he would not have to go in the war. He moved near Fort Ogden, where he has lived nearly ever since.

What a delusion! A man was hunted, no difference where he went. There was a great deal of bad management and prejudice, one neighbor against the other. The people were poor, they were not able to move and maintain their families. If they joined the Confederate army they would have to move their families. They could go to Fort Myers and join the Federal army and be with their families. The woods were full of conscript officers. They allowed a man no time to prepare to move his family. He was arrested and carried off at once. He had no choice; he had no rights. At the beginning a good many volunteered. They were jealous of any one

remaining at home and they were the foremost men to arrest and carry any one. Age nor anything else had nothing to do with it. They were afraid that the man at home would mark more cattle than they did. He had to go. All had to go. None were exempt until they were carried hundreds of miles to where headquarters were, and but few were exempt then. All had to go.

Captain Boggess had a family but he was not able to support them and go to the front. He had no thought of going in the Federal army, although a strong Union man. There was a blockade put on in Charlotte Harbor. Refugees would make small boats, go to a man's house in the night time, arrest him and carry him to the vessel to take the oath. If he took the oath and returned and it was found out he was hung as a spy at once. A man was between two fires and he did not know what to do. A party of refugees went to Captain Boggess's house one night to capture him. He had just left and they missed catching him.

Captain Boggess was elected a member of the Legislature and he had to go. He left his family—told them to move at once to Fort Meade—which they did. That move kept them from catching him, or of his killing some one or they killing him.

There was a battalion enrolled that was subject to the orders of the Quarter Master Department. It was their duty to gather and forward cattle to the Western army. Beef cattle brought \$1.50 each.

The troops from Fort Myers would make raids up as high as Fort Meade. There was a skirmish at Bow-legs Creek. One man was killed and one wounded. The Yank's went

at once to Fort Myers.

The Confederates kept up gathering and forwarding cattle until the war was ended. The war here was with refugees and negroes. There was no general engagement. Major William Footman endeavored to capture Fort Myers. He made a complete failure. On the night that their anticipated attack was to be made it rained until the water was knee deep over the entire country. They made a feint of an attack next morning and killed a negro sargeant and captured five men.

Major William Footman left the command and went on a chase after some horsemen that were herding cattle. The Confederates had a brass six-pounder and the Federal garrison had two. There was no discipline displayed, and after firing at the fort and the fort returning their fire, it was seen that nothing would be accomplished. The Confederates drew off to where the cattle were and killed some of them as they were short of anything to eat. After supper they resumed their march homeward. The entire country was covered with water. They halted for the night five miles from Fort Myers. When morning came there was no enemy in sight and after a council it was decided to abandon any further attempt to capture the place. It took the entire day to reach Fort Thompson, where they had left their train.

There was plenty of corn but no bread stuff except some that Captain Boggess had provided for his company and also some salt that was his private property. Major Footman got very mad at him for not distributing the salt promiscuously. The Caloosahatchee River was swimming for half a mile and only one small skiff boat to ferry 200 men over. Captain Boggess had charge of the crossing to prevent disorder. It

consumed the entire day to get over. The whole thing had been a failure and with no bread or anything to eat but beef and parched corn. The whole command was demoralized. Their march was slow as all streams were swimming and the entire ground covered with water.

It appears to Captain Boggess now after this length of time that the whole thing was providential. That the rain coming on and preventing them from attacking the fort and saving the lives of many, and it would have had no effect on the result of the war.

The ordinance of secession was carried by a large majority. And any one advocating the cause of the Union was in danger of his life. Captain Boggess had been a Mexican Veteran and he loved the flag and was bitterly opposed to seceding and advocated fighting for their rights under the flag.

To be situated as a Union man was in the South it was anything but pleasant. If a man's sympathies were with the Union he could not forsake his family and all he possessed. Captain Boggess let everything shape its own course and abided by chance. He remained out of the army until he was driven in to it by the force of circumstances. He, as it happened, came out honorably. He did but little fighting, and, in fact, it was a war distinct from the real war. They had a war among themselves. Those that had been neighbors fighting with the Confederates. It was a war against refugees and for the possession of this country. The Federal troops, mostly negroes and refugees, were stationed at Fort Myers and the Confederate troops were stationed at and above Fort Meade. About 100 miles apart, and but one or two families living between the two stations. The refugees at Fort Myers

had a regular line of communication to the Confederate lines. The troops at Fort Myers made a move to go through the country to burn, destroy and capture everything from Fort Myers to Jacksonville. They marched up to Fort Meade with 1000 white and negro soldiers. There were but few men to meet and repel them. The settlers kept up a regular scout on the road all of the time. When the troops came the settlers would show their men first in one place and then in another. And the troops thought they had a large force when in fact there were but ten. They had long range guns and would shoot when they saw the scouts. They decided to return and they carried with them all of the families, horses and tore down the potato banks for the hogs to eat. Captain Boggess had thirty men and followed after them putting up the fences. The troops then made a raid from Bayport to Brooksville and had some skirmishing, and captured some prisoners and also some horses and negroes. The settlers kept up gathering and driving lean cattle to the army of Tennessee. Nearly all of the troops were ordered to Brooksville and it was the ultimate intention to move them to Lake City. This order was never given. The result of such an order is unknown. To order soldiers from their families, as it would have been impossible to carry them and the men would not have left them in the hands of their enemies and negroes. The whole country would have been demoralized. It would have been country or families. It is fortunate it never was given as there would have been a terrible state of affairs beyond comprehension.

Mr. Boggess was first lieutenant and quarter-master in Company A, commanded by Captain F. A. Hendry, who now lives at Fort Thompson on the south bank of the Caloos-

ahatchee river. He is one of the most popular men in the state and would make a good governor as he is well qualified, being well acquainted with the interests of the people. High minded, honorable and well qualified by education and experience to fill any office within the state, and he would make an executive that the state would be proud of. Captain F. A. Hendry is too modest to push himself before the public. He has been in both branches of the Legislature and he will represent his county as long as he is a candidate. He is charitable to a fault.

Lieutenant Boggess was at Brooksville for some six months prior to the surrender. Was called to Tallahassee on a court martial and had not been away from home for more than four years. When he got off from under Major Foot's command he intended to remain away as long as possible. He had two passes on the railroad and rode from Baldwin to Tallahassee; stopped off at Madisonville and the news of General Lee's surrender was received while he was there. He had known for some time that his surrender was not far distant. There Lieutenant Boggess met Mayor Titus who was with him in the Lopez Expedition to Cardenas, Cuba. It was like two brothers meeting after a long separation.

Lieutenant Boggess then went to Lake City and was there the night that 100 shots were fired in honor of Lee's surrender. The town was packed to its full capacity with people and there were more men intoxicated than Lieutenant Boggess ever saw at one time, bewailing the surrender of General Lee. To be honest the author really did not know whether to be sorry or glad, as no one knew what would be the fate of the South. He fully expected to have all that he owned confis-

cated. But he was whipped and glad the war was over. As it terminated as he always believed it would he was not disappointed in the least. There was nothing for him to do only return to Brooksville.

Lieutenant William B. Henderson, who now lives in Tampa, came to Brooksville from Tampa the same day. He had been told by the Federal officers that General Lee had surrendered, which he told. Major Footman was intending to put him under arrest for telling the news. That night when they went to their room, as they roomed together, Lieutenant Boggess told him that he had also heard that General Lee had surrendered. Lieutenant Henderson asked why he did not verify what he told and Lieutenant Boggess told him that he knew it would only make matters worse but that if anything out of the way was likely to happen he would then verify what he told.

In a few days Lieutenant Boggess' met James Roberts, who had also been in the Cuba Expedition, and he said that he had his parole and that he had surrendered with General Lee. Lieutenant Boggess at once took him to Footman to convince him of the fact.

Captain James McRay's son was the quarter-master. There were clothes that should have been issued to the men as they were needing them badly. He refused to issue them. Lieutenant Boggess made a requisition for them and he still refused. Lieutenant Boggess told him in the morning he intended to take them forcibly. The quartermaster saw he was in earnest and the next morning issued them. It was a grand sight to see the boys don their new kerseys and caps. This was only a few days before the surrender.

When Lieutenant Boggess rode up to Captain Hendry's residence after leaving Brooksville, he came out to meet him and asked the news. Lieutenant Boggess told him he was a prisoner of war. He exclaimed, "Thank God it is over with one way or the other."

Lieutenant Boggess had moved from Manatee county up to Fort Meade in Polk and he at once moved back. His house and all fences had been burned by the refugees and he only had a rail pen built four feet above the ground. It had a good board roof. He put plank over the rail floor of this and himself and wife slept in it for years. They named it the Castle.

In a short time Lieutenant DeCosta was sent out with his negro company to parole all. Some held back but Lieutenant Boggess did not. He reported and was promptly paroled. He disliked to be paroled by a negro commander.

He was in the prime of life, not one gray hair in his head. It was not long before many reports were in circulation that all property would be confiscated. Lieutenant Boggess had made a nice stock of cattle and during the war the calves had not been marked and as soon as he could split rails and build cow pens he went to hunting and marking and branding and remained at home and attended to his own business.

The refugees began flocking back to their homes. They were largely in the majority and they at once began to domineer, forming leagues, planning and plotting. After they went off and joined with the Union forces the Confederate officials gathered their hogs and cattle and sold them. This Lieutenant Boggess had nothing to do with. The refugees at once went to the commanding officer at Tampa and they made out many fictitious claims and had the settlers summoned to

Tampa to court. Captain Boggess had thirty men with him on a scout and they met soon one morning four of the refugees that were coming from Fort Myers. They were riding and they had shoes that some of them sent back to their wives. The men ran them in a bay and surrounded it and captured them. The shoes were sold and the proceeds distributed among those that captured them. The horses were turned over to men that owned them. Mathew P. Lyons was one of the men captured and his black stallion horse. He sued Captain Boggess for three hundred dollars and was riding the horse at the trial. Col. John A. Anderson went with Captain Boggess and introduced him to Major Cumbee, who had only a few days previous relieved Lieutenant Smith, the officer who issued the summons. Captain Boggess explained how matters stood to Major Cumbee and he told him to go and tell all of those that were summoned to go home.

This was glorious news to them for some of them were sued for large amounts. Mathew P. Lyons was there and Captain Boggess gave him a nice talk and could scarcely refrain from beating him. He has been always guilty of similar acts: was separated from his wife and he is now living on charity; is not respected by any one and he has acted so badly that he is hiding from those he once endeavored to swindle. His family will have nothing to do with him.

The refugees held a high hand and they have banded together, some of them, but all of their schemes have fallen to the ground and good feeling prevails today.

CHAPTER IX.

Before the war Capt. Jas. McRay and Col. Jacob Summerlin opened up a cattle trade with the Island of Cuba. South Florida was now raising more cattle than there was a market for and the trade was opened up again. Captain Boggess assisted in shipping a steamer load to Cuba and while there made arrangements to continue shipping and during the year 1867 he shipped twenty thousand beef cattle and made ten thousand dollars. Being in the cattle business is a nice business and exciting enough to be attractive at all times.

From 1862 to 1867 there were but few cattle marketed and the prairies were covered with fine cattle that were wild, and it required a man that was a good horseman and that understood the business thoroughly to handle them. Rounding up, marking, and branding was begun in February and never stopped until December.

Some of the shippers let the Spaniards have ten thousand head and although they went to the City of Havana, identified the cattle and all they effected nothing only a stay in Havana of six months. While there Captain Boggess learned a great deal of the language and if he had remained some longer would have known it perfectly.

While there he had a fearful experience. John M. Pearce and Captain Boggess were up late one night and stopped in the park of the Palace and laid down on the benches. Both of them fell asleep and Captain Boggess was awakened by

four Spaniards handling him roughly. He fought them off and would grab hold of Pearce and pull him off but he would crawl back. Captain Boggess fought them and could knock one down every time he hit him. One of them from behind him hit him on the cheek with a machete and knocked him down. Captain Boggess had pulled out his knife but could not open it. He knew if they found it on him it would go hard with him and he threw it away. They all broke for the knife and he broke the other way and scaled the iron pickets and would have escaped but he ran into the patrols. There was no resort only to surrender. Those four followed him up and they, with a rabble of a hundred, took him to Fort Cubanás, and tried to force him to enter a trap door. This he did not intend to do. A long, yellow slink would run in near him and spit in his face. He pointed to him but they all only laughed. Captain Boggess gave him a kick under his chin the next time he came, and sent him backwards a howling. This made them all laugh and cry, "Bravo, Americano."

Lieutenant Canock, of the army, knew Captain Boggess well and he heard of the trouble and came and at once made them release him and sent two men to escort him back to where he had left Pearce. He was still there and asleep. He was awakened and with Captain Boggess went to the Hotel San Isabel. There they had Captain Boggess' cheek, which was cut through to his teeth, dressed, by applying arnica; there is no scar. He appealed to the American Consul, but they said that it was a case of mistaken identity. There was a reward of several thousand dollars offered for a man that resembled Captain Boggess greatly. Therefore he had no redress.

Captain Boggess was in Havana when the Steamship *Virginus* with Captain Fry was captured at Santiago. Those were squally times. One morning Capt. Geo. Booker and Captain Boggess were walking down the street and just ahead of them there came out of an alley a crowd of men, some of them armed. They began to beat three of the party down and with their bayonets and the butt of their guns they soon had them dead. This was a common occurrence. These three were insurgents that had slipped in. When one was caught he was instantly killed and his body hauled out to where the dead animals are hauled and thrown down for the dogs and buzzards to feast on.

Col. John B. Bell, who had lived in the City of Havana for fifty years, said that there was not an official in Havana, from the captain-general down, that did not have a price and proved his assertion to be correct in several instances.

The duty on American cattle is regulated by a body of inspectors or the chief of that body. The chief has seven assistants. When the butchers wish American cattle shipped in they go before them and make the best terms possible by paying the chief and his assistants. Then when the duty is low cattle dealers rush in, and when they get well stocked the butchers again go before them and pay to have the duty increased.

Col. Jake Summerlin and Captain Boggess shipped to Havana 110 head of fine steers. Captain Boggess went with them and they lost \$1000 on them. Captain Boggess at the same time made a contract to sell 240 one and two-year-olds. The duty on them was \$1.75 a head. Some of the two-year-olds were well grown and the inspector contended that he pay

\$3.50 per head for the whole lot. He shipped to J. C. Burnham & Co. and Louis Gonzales, a Cuban, was salesman for the house and he was shrewd. He made an arrangement that went at the low duty and Captain Boggess was to give him a black rooster for one cargo and a fawn that had the stripes on for the other cargo, amounting to \$320.

On the first trip over Captain Boggess secured a fine black Spanish rooster (he was a beauty) and by the time he arrived in Havana the sailors had him good and gentle and he would crow in their arms. The inspector always comes out in the boat. As soon as he saw Captain Boggess he stood up and enquired for his rooster. He was soon on board and had his rooster in his arms. On the way up Captain Boggess and the inspector stopped at a restaurant to get breakfast. The house was large and full. The rooster would crow and there was not one man that did not go over and take the rooster in his arms. The rooster was a great crower and he kept it up continually.

The next trip Captain Boggess carried the fawn. It was a beauty and he said he never saw anything to equal the reception he met. It must have equalled the reception of Admiral Dewey in New York. The inspector was always glad to meet Captain Boggess and afterwards he did him many favors. Captain Boggess often brought things over and had to slip them on board. He always found the man and offered him pay. If he gave him half an ounce and he was not satisfied he would put one hand up and close one eye and Captain Boggess would have to give him another to close the other.

CHAPTER X.

As soon as the cattle were on board, as a general thing, Captain Boggess would have to make the settlement. He started from Ft. Myers, intending to return the same day, but could not. When he left it was very warm and he left his coat. By next morning there was a severe norther blowing. He borrowed a thick, flannel, double-breasted shirt from the mate. When he got ready to leave all his men were gone. After riding up fast for six miles and not overtaking them he slacked up. Just as he rode into a wide slough there was an alligator fourteen feet long. He began coming towards Captain Boggess, snapping his ponderous jaws. There was a mangrove stump near by and the top was there also and cut off, but the one that had trimmed it left the knots two inches or more long. The Captain thought he would have some fun. He hitched his horse to the stump, got down and picked up the pole, intending to breach the alligator down in his loins. However, he would turn as fast as the man could and always had his head to him, ready for a fight. Captain Boggess got tired of going around and gave him a punch with the pole. As it hit him he grabbed it in his mouth and began turning over. The Captain held the pole but of course could not prevent it from turning, and the first thing he knew the knots had caught the shirt and he could not loosen it, and had to fall down, his head to the alligator's and hold the pole to keep from being choked to death.

The water was about six inches deep and there was some stool mangroves where he fell. He had no way of ascertaining how many times he turned but it appeared to be thousands and with lightning speed. When the alligator stopped his face was up but he was nearly dead from strangulation, as he could not breath when he was turning as he got his mouth full of salt water. He took his knife, opened it and stuck it in the ground, intending if the alligator began turning again to cut the shirt off. He gave one turn and cast an eye on the alligator. He was lying still with his eyes shut. He held the pole as still as possible and gave another turn. This relieved him greatly and he gave another and pulled the shirt loose. He then jumped, up grabbed his hat and knife, and the 'gator backed off the pole and came for him. He ran to his horse, jerked his revolver out of the holster and by that time the reptile was not more than six feet from him. He let him have a bullet between the eyes and kept up shooting until he emptied his revolver, which was a Navy six-shooter. He then took his knife, cut him open on both sides, gave him a few licks with the pole, went to the horse, put the pistol in the scabbard, took out a flask of gin he had in the saddle bags, took a square drink, mounted and flew for Fort Myers as wet as a rat, nearly froze, all the skin off his face, but a little wiser than an hour previous. He was wet and his hair and eyes and clothes were stiff with mud.

The men inquired what was the matter but he told them his horse fell in an alligator cave. It was some time before Captain Boggess told any one as he felt ashamed of being so foolish as to be fastened to an alligator.

When he was choked down by the alligator's turning he

had no thought then of ever being alive to narrate the incident. Previous to that time Captain Boggess had killed many with his w whip and knife. He could when in practice cut out an alligator's eyes with the whip and then finish killing him with his pocket knife.

In those days there were millions of alligators. Captain Boggess says he has seep lakes of water of two acres in extent that any one could have walked in all directions on their heads if they had been stationary. But owing to the great demand for their hides they are now scarce and wild.

This country was full of panther and bear. Three men, of whom Captain Boggess was one, chased a large bear and with a knife tied on a pole, killed him. Another large bear was run down with horses. Cow whips were used to turn him from the big cypress until one of the men threw a rope, catching him around the neck, tying him to a tree. He then caught him by the leg, throwing him down and cutting his throat. He would have weighed 600 pounds.

L. H. Parker, Z. I. Curry and the Author found one and gave chase, soon rounding him up with whips. Cutting a pole and lashing a knife to it they would throw it and stick the knife in him. The bear made a dash for Curry, jumping up on his horse. Curry, by suddenly wheeling his horse, threw the bear to the ground. They soon had him so weak from running and loss of blood that they killed him. Also another was killed in the same way. They never let one escape that they found. They killed another that was very vicious. He never attempted to climb. He was killed with lightwood knots and pocket knives. The bears were generally very fat and easy to tire. This one would weigh 800 pounds.

With a drag whip one could be turned in any direction. A drag is a long whip.

In 1868 Capt. Lewis Lanier, Lewis Parker and the Author had driven off some of their cattle on the Caloosahatchee River and could not find them. They had a cow pen opposite Fort Myers and decided that the cattle must be in the bay country. They made an early start down the river and soon after starting struck fresh-burned woods. When nearing the bay they turned north and at noon had not reached the edge of the burnt woods. They stopped for noon and started for camp. They had only ridden a short time until they saw some palmetto bunches that had not been burned, the first they had seen after reaching the burn. They had three dogs with them that would catch anything that walked. They ran in a clump of palmetto and out ran a panther. The dogs were at its heels and it ran up a pine tree in a short time. The pines are not tall. This one was stooping and had dead snags on the body until near the top where it had two forks.

They decided to chunk it out and while Louis Parker and Captain Boggess threw pine nuts, Captain Lanier would hunt and bring them to them. Parker and Boggess were both good throwers and could hit him but he was too high to knock out and for fear of the dogs would not jump. Captain Boggess remarked, "I wonder if any one would climb up the tree if he will not jump." Blount said "yes," he saw a man climb to one and it jumped out. This decided Captain Boggess as he was always a good climber from a boy. He stripped to under shirt and drawers. They were new and Mrs. Boggess always felled the seams to prevent fleas from hiding in them. He cut a pine pole. It was stubby and heavy, about nine feet

long. Parker attached his knife to the pole and up Boggess went with the assistance of a pole to rest his feet on. When he reached the first snags he reached down and got his pole. Bearing it on a limb, he kept going up. On nearing the fork it was a solid climb of about fifteen feet. By this time the rain was pouring down, making it much more difficult to climb. But he reached a snag just below the fork and looking through the fork could see the panther standing with hind feet on one limb and fore feet on the other. The Captain wound his arm around the tree and worked the pole up. He had an uncomfortable place to operate as there was nothing for his foot to rest upon. He had to sit on his left thigh. His right foot was continually slipping down. He braced the pole against a limb under the panther. The dogs were barking and jumping up the tree, which attracted the panther's attention. Boggess got the pole in position and gave the animal a jab. To his astonishment it turned and saw his head and made directly for him, with its eyes as big as saucers, its tail bristled up and teeth shining. Captain Lanier yelled to Boggess to give it another punch. The pole was so heavy that he could not in the situation he was in and he let it drop. He then threw his leg from over the snag and a knot caught the drawers at the seam and stuck through. The seam made a cord so large that he could not for his life break it. All of this time the panther was getting nearer and every effort the Captain made his body would get lower. He knew he could not hold on a minute longer and grabbed the tree with his left arm and with all the power he had in his right arm hit the snag and it broke. He went down, but just how he never knew. He broke for a tree, feeling the claws of that panther

tearing him to pieces. He happened to run to the same tree that Parker said he got behind to prevent seeing him fall and be killed. Captain Boggess remarked, "Well, I shall never climb to another panther." He took up two knots and threw at it, hitting it both times. He passed under the panther and saw blood on the palmetto. He had stuck the knife in it but hit the breast bone. That is why it did not jump. All at once it turned around and out it jumped, the dogs at its heels. Boggess grabbed a pole and Parker did also, and both ran after the dogs. In a short time they turned and came directly back. Boggess stood with his pole ready to break it down in the loins, but when in a few feet of him it turned and ran up a tree, stopping at the first limb. Parker and Boggess began to throw knots at it, and Captain Lanier brought the pole that had the knife lashed to it and he punched at the panther. It caught the knife in its teeth. He gave the pole a sling and down came pole, panther and all. The dogs covering it, with a pole Boggess hit it on the head and Parker with the knife. They killed it. The panther was a female and she measured nine feet from tip to tip. The Author never felt prouder of any feat than he did then, standing on that panther.

It continued raining. They got lost, remained out all night with nothing to eat for men, horses or dogs. They arrived at camp early next morning, where they had plenty, and dried themselves and went to sleep. They had left some cattle in the pen, those they turned out.

Previous to this trip Nelson Tillis had been over there and his dog had a fight with a panther in which the dog was killed. He had set fire in the woods to burn the panther up. Being a dry time there was a black burn for twenty miles square. The panther they killed was the same one.

CHAPTER XI.

F. C. M. Boggess moved from Fort Meade in 1861 and has lived in Manatee and DeSoto counties up to the present time. He has been engaged in nearly every occupation but has not been fortunate in emassing a fortune. He accidentally shot himself in the knee in August, 1869 and the bullet is still embedded in the bone but the time is drawing near when he intends to have it extracted.

He married the second time, Miss Pauline R. Seabrook, of Bluffton, South Carolina, on January 10, 1874. They have only three children, Mamie I., Frank S. and Georgia E. Mar e I. is married to Earnest E. Brown and lives at Carlton's Mill, in Osceola county, Florida. They have two children, a girl five years of age and a boy three years old. Mamie is 24 years of age, Frank S. is 23. He married Miss Clayton Garret, of DeSoto county, Florida. Georgia E. is fifteen and single and resides with her parents on Peace River, at the site of the original Fort. All the children were born at the present homestead. Frank S. owns a place near Fort Ogden and he will make it his future home.

If Captain Boggess has any enemies he is not aware of the fact. He is a member of the School Board of DeSoto county. The schools are all in a flourishing condition. But there are some things deficient. One is that the amount of money is not sufficient to run the schools five months and they should extend to ten months. There are sixty-eight white and two

colored schools in the county.

DeSoto county is a splendid place to live, good climate, very healthy and good lands that produce free but require fertilizing. There are fine bodies of pine and cypress timber. The county is rich in phosphate deposits. There will be more oranges shipped from here this season than from any county in the state.

The frequent freezes have retarded the planting of young groves, although it is no colder now than it has been for fifty years. Orange raising will in a short time be engaged in extensively.

Captain Boggess has always been patriotic—was educated to be that way, to respect old age and all officials. Believes in his country and wants it to be the greatest country on the earth, and there is no reason that it should not be. It has stood longer than republic ever did and if we can keep down fanaticism, anarchy and cow-stealing there is no reason that it should not stand a thousand years.

The Anti-Expansionists will cut but a small figure. We have already expanded and we will keep on expanding. Should China be parcelled off the United States will stand ready to get a good slice. The last war has taught the American people that we are the foremost nation on the earth and that where the stars and stripes are hoisted they will remain for all time to come.

This is the second book that Captain Boggess has written. The other was on Florida. The writer has avoided saying anything much about Florida in this and it is only a reminiscence of his life. He could have made it more extended but this gives the adventures in a condensed form and the writer trusts that no one will regret the price paid for it.

Kindest regards to all readers of this little sketch.

Respectfully,

Francis C. M. Boggess.

Appendix

The Seminole Indians.

The Seminole tribe of Indians that formerly occupied nearly all of the state of Florida and that was at one time considered to be the most warlike tribe if not the largest in the southern states, has diminished in numbers until today there are not one thousand, all told, remaining in the entire state of Florida. They have been driven through the entire state until now what few remain are in the Everglades. They do not take kindly to any aid offered by the government, and as to teaching them in schools there has been but little progress made. They have had an agent and they have had a saw-mill that they might build houses, but very little advance has been made in civilizing them. They prefer to be left alone to make their own living, which is done by means of the rich hammock lands that the squaws cultivate and the men hunt otter, coons and alligators, all for their skins. They also hunt plume birds for their plumes and the traders buy the skins and plumes and sell them what they want. They own now breech-loading guns and are good marksmen. They kill rattlesnakes and round skin them and get one dollar each for their skins.

They have been driven by the encroachments of the whites and the cattle eat up their crops as they have only primitive fences out of poles and brush which the cattle and hogs break

APPENDIX:

through and destroy their crops. On some of the hammocks they had orange groves. These the people have bought from them until there are now none of them living north of the Everglades.

They increase slowly. It would be better if the government would make a yearly appropriation and pay them the money and let them spend it as suited them. The cost would not be so great and be of much more benefit to them. There is no danger of their going on the war-path ever again.

There is a society formed to look after them and their interests and it has done more good than all the government has. If the Indians are mistreated the society investigates it at once. Capt. F. A. Hendry and myself are two of the members. The president and others live at Kissimmee City.

The Indians treat all who happen to go to their homes well but are suspicious of strangers. The old warriors know all of the pioneers and they have more confidence in them than strangers.

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