

STARS

Florida Historical Quarterly

Volume 1
Issue 1 *Florida Historical Quarterly, Vol 1, Issue 1*

Article 1

1908

Florida Historical Quarterly, Vol. 1, Issue 1

Florida Historical Society
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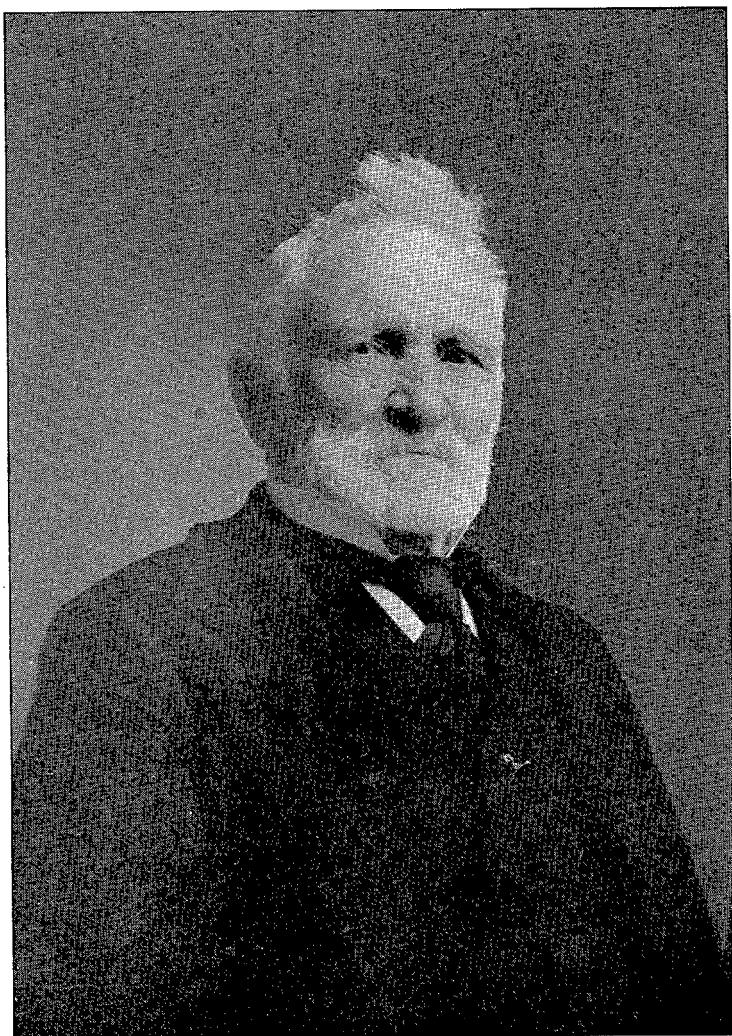
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Recommended Citation

Society, Florida Historical (1908) "Florida Historical Quarterly, Vol. 1, Issue 1," *Florida Historical Quarterly*. Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 1.

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MAJOR GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS.

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 1

PUBLICATIONS

OF

The Florida Historical Society

QUARTERLY

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

Public Library Building
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PROSPECTUS.

The Florida Historical Society was organized November 26, 1902. It was chartered as a corporation May 15, 1905. The objects of the Society, as set forth in its charter, are as follows:

“The collection, arrangement and preservation of all material pertaining to the history of, or in any manner illustrative of Florida, including books, pamphlets, documents, archives, manuscripts, newspapers, diaries, notes, letters, speeches, maps, plats, surveys, portraits, photographs or other likenesses of men and women prominent in Florida history, pictorial illustrations of Florida scenery, relics and products. Also relics of every kind, whether historical or prehistorical, fossils, geological specimens, and everything in any manner illustrative of Florida. To prepare, edit and publish articles, sketches, biographies, pamphlets, books and documents, descriptive or illustrative of Florida.”

In the early part of 1905, through the courtesy of the Trustees of the Jacksonville Public Library, the Society was established in a commodious room in the fireproof Public Library building, where a valuable collection of literature, relics, etc., a list of which appears elsewhere in this number, are kept.

It is with much gratification that those in charge of the work are issuing this initial number of the “Publications of the Florida Historical Society” which will be continued each quarter if our members and friends will sustain us with such financial aid as may be necessary.,

These publications will contain articles, sketches, historic incidents and other matter relating to Florida, which it is hoped will prove of interest and add much to the value of Florida literature. It will keep the Society in more direct touch with its members, who, receiving this periodical from headquarters, will have something substantial for the payment of their dues, besides the consciousness of aid in a collection of literature and relics of great value and interest.

Contributions to these publications, whether original or otherwise, are requested, and will be gratefully

received. It must be understood, however, that the editorial management will exercise its discretion as to what may be published.

Our readers will appreciate by a report of the President to the last annual meeting, published in this number, how much we are in need of financial aid. This may be given by gratuitous donation, or by an increase of membership. Any persons sufficiently interested in Florida to be willing to contribute five dollars per annum toward the work in which the Society is engaged, are requested to send their application for membership, with one year's dues, to C. S. Adams, Treasurer, at Jacksonville. In this connection members are requested to respond promptly to the notification sent them of their annual dues. Don't make it necessary for those who are devoting their time and labor in the interest of the Society, without financial compensation, to have to send a second notification to delinquent members.

Contributions of Florida literature or relics will be received with grateful appreciation and kept safe for all time. We earnestly invoke the aid of all friends of Florida and its historical society.

CHAS. S. ADAMS,
Secretary.

F. P. FLEMING,
President.

MAJOR GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS.

BY F. P. FLEMING.

Major George Rainsford Fairbanks, the first president of the Florida Historical Society, whose likeness appears in this number, died at his summer home in Se-wanee, Tennessee, on the third day of August, 1906, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was born in Watertown, New York, on July 5, 1820. At the age of nineteen, he graduated from the Union College, Schenectady, with the degree of B. A. Later he received the degree of M. A. from his alma mater, and the same degree from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. At the age of twenty-two he was admitted to the bar of New York, and the same year (1842) he came to Florida, settling in St. Augustine, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. For some years he filled the position of clerk of the Superior Court of the Territory, and afterwards the United States District Court. He was a member of the State Senate from 1846 to 1848.

Casting his fortune with the State of his adoption, after Florida seceded from the Union, he heartily espoused her cause and that of the Confederate States, which he served throughout the war as a Major in the Commissary Department. After the cause failed, he exerted all his energies to aid in repairing the wreck of war and disasters of reconstruction.

Major Fairbanks took an active interest in horticulture, and was an extensive orange grower when that was the principal industry of the State. He was president of the Florida Fruit Growers' Association and also of the Florida Fruit Exchange. Of a cultivated mind and fond of literary pursuits, he found a congenial field in the research of the history of the State of his adoption. In 1856 he was prominent in organizing "The Historical Society of Florida," located at St. Augustine, of which he was one of the vice-presidents, the president being Hon. B. A. Putnam. On April 5, 1857, he delivered a lecture before the Society on the early history of Florida, a copy of which, presented by him, is in the collections of the Florida Historical Society. In 1858 he published "The History and Antiquities of St. Augustine." This

volume was revised and reissued in 1868, entitled "The Spaniards in Florida" etc. In 1811 he published "The History of Florida." This was revised and added to by him, bringing it up to date, and republished in 1898, and a third edition was issued by him in 1904, including a chapter on the Jacksonville fire of 1901. In 1905 he wrote and published a "History of the University of the South." The foregoing were his principal literary productions, but he contributed besides many valuable newspaper and magazine articles.

Major Fairbanks was brought in full communion with the Episcopal Church by Bishop Elliott of Georgia on his visit to St. Augustine in 1844, and from that period of his early manhood until, in the fullness of years he was called to reap the reward of a well spent life, he was a faithful, active and consistent member of that church, and a delegate to all but one of its Triennial General Conventions from 1853 to 1904, the only exception being that one held in the time of war, when he attended the General Convention of the Church in the Confederate States.

Major Fairbanks was one of the leading spirits in planning, founding and promoting the University of the South and shared actively in its reconstruction after the withering blight of war had destroyed almost everything connected with it except the faith and zeal of its promoters. At the time of his death he was the last survivor of those who had participated in its organization in 1858, from which time he was continually a member of the Board of Trustees, and for many years occupied the responsible position of Commissioner of Buildings and Lands. In 1866 he built a cottage on the University grounds, on which he resided about six months of every year, devoting his time, talents and energies to the good of the University which he was permitted to live to see take a proud position among the great educational institutions of our country. Soon after his death a distinguished speaker, referring to his having been at the Chapel, said: "On his way home he met the vice-chancellor, and by his request went into his office to act for the last time in his time-honored capacity of counsellor and adviser. His hand was on the map of the University, its business was in his head and its interest upon his heart, when the change came which forever closed his consciousness to terrestrial affairs."

Upon the organization of the Florida Historical Society in November of 1902, all turned to Major Fairbanks as its proper head and he was unanimously chosen president, holding such position to the time of his death.

His name, influence and energies were potent factors in the success which the Society has attained, and his memory will ever be an inspiration to those who labor in the fields of Florida's history and for Florida's prosperity.

Report of President F. P. Fleming to the Annual Meeting of the Florida Historical Society, Held November 19th, 1907.

Gentlemen of the Florida Historical Society— It gives me pleasure to again greet you on this occasion of the annual meeting of the society. Though we have failed to accomplish within the past year all that we had hoped, much has been done to encourage us in the work which promises so much for our State. At the time of our last meeting, as then reported, we were in debt considerably more than the small balance in the treasury. By securing six life members, paying \$50 each and collecting all but a small portion of the annual dues of members, we have been enabled to pay off all indebtedness, and, by the employment of an assistant to the secretary, to keep the room of the society open during the year for three days in each week and to add, by purchase, to our collection of literature, with a balance in the treasury of \$86.79.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at the last annual meeting, a neat pamphlet, containing the report of the president, the constitution and by-laws of the society and a list of membership, was published, which has been sent to all members and many others in the state.

A great effort was made to get some state aid for the society through a small appropriation by the last legislature. I prepared a bill for that purpose, which I placed in the hands of the senator and a member of the house from this county, whom I personally interviewed on the subject. I also wrote, asking the influ-

ence of members of the society outside of this city. Unfortunately a serious illness prevented my presence at Tallahassee during the session and such further explanation before the house committee as, I am inclined to think, would have secured a favorable report. The bill was reported unfavorably by that committee and, though it passed the senate unanimously, was lost in the house by a majority of three. I still hope that the next legislature will provide some aid for our work which, with our small means, has already accomplished so much in the interest of Florida.

Since our last meeting we have added thirty-six volumes on Florida to our collection, most of them by purchase, besides a number of pamphlets, maps, documents, etc., and photographs of prominent state officials, also a group of the signers of the ordinance of secession of the state of Florida, donated by Miss Minnie Sanderson, daughter of Col. John P. Sanderson, one of the signers.

I make special mention of an interesting relic which tells a sad story of the past, when it was customary to settle personal difficulties by a meeting in accordance with the code of honor, which not infrequently ended in tragedy. I refer to the rifle used by Gen. Leigh Reid in a duel with Col. Augustus Alston, near Tallahassee, just across the Georgia line, in 1840, which resulted in the unfortunate death of Col. Alston. By reason of the prominence of the parties engaged (both residents of Florida) and the fatal result, this was one of the noted duels which marked the history of our country during the first half of the nineteenth century. This rifle was the property of Dr. Edward Bradford, who acted as the second of Gen. Reid, and was kindly donated to the society by his grandson, Mr. Edward Bradford Eppes of Tallahassee.

I would also make special mention of a most valuable donation, among others, by Miss Caroline Mays Brevard of Tallahassee, being the commission of her grandfather, Gen. Richard K. Call, as territorial governor of Florida, under date of March 19, 1841. This interesting document, on parchment bears the signature of W. H. Harrison, president of the United States, and Daniel Webster, secretary of State. Gov. Call had before held the position of governor of the Territory of Florida. During his incumbency, on November 21, 1836, he com-

maned the troops which engaged and defeated the hostile Seminoles, in the battle of Wahoo Swamp, one of the important battles of that seven years' bloody struggle with the Florida Indians.

I append to this report a list of our collections within the year.* Such additions, together with those formerly reported, constitute a collection of rare value and a great interest to all who feel a pride in our beautiful state, rich in its romantic, tragic and industrial history.

We are under obligations for donations to the society during the year to Mr. Clarence B. Moore of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, who for a number of years has made extensive investigation of Florida Indian mounds; the Peabody Academy of Salem, Mass., Mr. A. E. Phillips of Sanford, Mr. J. Y. Detwiler of New Smyrna, Gen. Fred L. Robertson of Tallahassee, Mr. Edward B. Eppes and Miss Caroline M. Brevard of Tallahassee, the Smithsonian Institution, Washington; Mr. Samuel A. Swann of Fernandina, Mr. Julian C. Yonge of Pensacola, the Florida Times-Union, Mr. T. Tipping, Miss Minnie Sanderson and Miss F. Irene Bacon of Jacksonville. I have also had the pleasure of contributing somewhat to our collection.

We have recently added an appropriate show case for the display of relics.

I urge upon each member of our society, as well as other friends throughout the state, to make an effort to procure additions to our collections. I know, by my own experience, how much can be accomplished by personal effort in obtaining literature and relics. Remember that nothing pertaining to Florida is too insignificant to be gratefully received.

Under a resolution of the Board of Directors adopted August 19, last, I have investigated a proposed work on Florida to be published by a well known southern publisher, which will treat specially of the various industries of the state and its political history, containing also biographical sketches of prominent Floridians. From the standing of the gentlemen connected with the proposed publication, the character and scope of the work itself, and the fact that it is in the direct line of the objects of this society and will be a valuable addition to the literature on Florida, I have commended the work and by

*The collections for the past year are not published herewith separately, but are included in the list of all collections.

authority of the directors have entered into an agreement with those engaged in the work authorizing them, upon terms agreed upon, to procure new members for the society.

I regret to have to report only two additions to our membership during the year. It is very important to increase our membership, as the dues of members is our only source of income. I, therefore, recommend and urge upon each member to secure at least one new member for the society. We have been unable to avail ourselves of the opportunity to purchase certain old works on Florida, out of print, for lack of funds; the same reason has so far prevented us from publishing a periodical which would add greatly to the interest in and the usefulness of the society. We are hoping, however, that we will be able to commence such publication in January, next, but can give no assurance to that effect.

The success of the society so far, with the small means at our command, is most encouraging. Let us enter upon the coming year with a determination to make an earnest and united effort to promote in every way the interesting and most useful work in which we are engaged.

CATALOGUE OF COLLECTIONS.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

La Florida del Ynca (Spanish), 1605, De la Vega.

Histoire de la Floride (French), 1735, De la Vega.

Hakluyt's Voyages, 1600, Hakluyt.

The Letters of Dr. Diego Alveres Chanca, 1494. Relating to the second voyage of Columbus to America, 1907, A. M. Fernandez de Ybarra.

Life and Adventures of Hernando DeSoto, 1858, Wilmer.

Conquest of Florida, 1835, Irving.

DeSoto in the Land of Flowers, 1899, Grace King.

The Spanish Settlements In the United States, 1513-1674, two volumes, Lowrey.

The Unwritten History of Old St. Augustine. Copies of letters and papers in archives in Seville.

St. Augustine, Fla., 1869. By an English visitor.

History of St. Augustine, Fairbanks.

History of St. Augustine, 1881, Dewhurst.

- Sketches of St. Augustine, 1849, Sewall.
Bartram's Travels, 1792, Bartram.
The Lily and the Totem, or the Huguenots in Florida, 1562-1570. W. Gilmore Simms.
Story of the Huguenots, 1898, Mann.
New France, 1900, Charlevoix.
Sketches of the Floridas, 1821, Forbes.
The Florida Peninsula, 1859, Brinton.
History of Florida, 1904, Fairbanks.
School History of Florida, 1904, Green.
History of Florida, 1904, Brevard.
Memoirs of Florida, 1902, Rerick.
Colonial Florida, 1892, Campbell.
Florida History, Topography, Climate, Soil, Etc., 1904, McLin, Commissioner of Agriculture.
Memoir, Geography and Natural and Civil History of Florida, Darby.
The Purchase of Florida, 1776-1819, Fuller.
Florida Climate, Scenery, etc., 1876, Lanier.
Florida for Tourists, Invalids and Settlers, 1883, G. M. Barbour.
Message from the President of the United States in Relation to the Seminole War, 1818.
Correspondence Between Gen. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, President and Vice President, on the Occurrences In the Seminole War, 1831.
Examination of the conduct of the President Upon the Invasion of the Spanish Territory of West Florida, 1811, Lowell.
Message from the President of the United States, with report and documents relative to the boundary line between the United States and east and west Florida, 1787.
The Florida War, 1848, Sprague.
The Exiles of Florida, 1858, Giddings.
The War in Florida, 1836, Staff Officer.
Notices of Florida and the Campaigns, 1836, Cohen.
Executive Document, Twenty-fifth Congress, Court of Inquiry, Operations in Florida, 1838.
Red Patriots, Story of the Seminoles, 1898, Coe.
The Seminoles of Florida, 1896, Wilson.
Report of Senate Committee on Memorial of Dr. Henry Perrine, 1838.
Eventful Years, with Account of Massacre on Indian Key, Perrine.

- Report of Committee on Investigation of the Location of the Capitol at Tallahassee, 1823.
- Gov. Duval's Message to the Territorial Council, 1824, First at the present capitol.
- Branded Hand, trial and imprisonment of Jonathan Walker of Pensacola, Fla., 1850.
- Commission of Territorial Governor, Richard K. Call, 1841.
- Letter of Gen. R. K. Call, February 12, 1861, on Union Slavery-Secession.
- Address of Gov. R. K. Call on Mount Vernon, June 24, 1859.
- Letters of notification and Acceptance of Gen. R. K. Call of nomination as candidate for governor of Florida, 1845.
- Journal of the Secession Convention of Florida, 1861.
- Silk Culture, Mrs. Ellen Call Long.
- The Florida Troops in Virginia, 1881, Fleming.
- Dickison and His Men, 1890, Dickison.
- Soldiers of Florida, Robertson.
- Life of Albert J. Russell, 1897, Russell.
- Carpet-Bag Rule in Florida, 1888, Wallace.
- Why the South is Solid, 1890, Pasco and others.
- Messages and Documents, Florida 1889, 1891, 1893, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905.,
- Message of Gov. Harrison Reed, 1872.
- Various Department Reports, Florida.
- Minutes of Trustees of I. I. Fund of Florida, Five Volumes.
- Sand Mounds of St. Johns River, 1894, Moore.
- Certain Aboriginal Remains of the Northwest Florida Coast. Parts 1 and 2, 1901, Clarence B. Moore.
- Certain Aboriginal Remains of the Black Water River, etc., Miscellaneous.
- Investigations in Florida, 1905, Clarence B. Moore.
- Antiquities of the Florida West Coast, 1900, Clarence B. Moore.
- Certain Aboriginal Mounds of the Central Florida West Coast, 1903, Clarence B. Moore.
- Moundville Revisited; Crystal River Revisited, etc., 1894, Clarence B. Moore.
- Special Editions Florida Newspapers, 2 volumes.
- Certain Shell Heaps of the St. Johns River, Florida, 1894, Clarence B. Moore.
- Miscellaneous Papers Relating to Anthropology, 1882.

- Discussion as to Copper from the Mounds, 1903.
Observations of a Gold Ornament from a Mound In Florida, 1878, Charles Rau.
Notes of Florida Reference to Howgate Grant, on Lake George, 1881.
The Florida Wilds, Alberton.
Camp Life in Florida, 1876, Hallock.
Camping and Cruising in Florida, 1888, James A. Henshall, M. D.
Hunting and Fishing in Florida, Cory.
When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida, Gregg.
Across the Everglades, Willoughby.
In Biscayne Bay, 1891, Caroline B. Rockwood.
A Florida Farm, 1903, Frederick Whitmore.
Acres of Ashes, 1901, B. Harrison.
Many Pamphlets on Florida, Historic, Descriptive, etc.

MAPS.

- Spanish Map of Fernandina, 1811.
Map La Florida,. Hieron Chiaues, 1584.
Map Floridae Americae, Icobo le Moyne, 1594.
Map Occidentalis Americae, Theodoro de Bry Lead, 1594.
Map Virginia et Floridae, J. Jansson, 1653.
Map Florida, H. Moll, 1728.
Map Southern Florida, old, no date.
Many modern maps of Florida to 1903.

RELICS.

- Fragments of bronze candlesticks found at ruins of old Spanish mission near New Smyrna. One restored.
Old Spanish bell, 1758, found in pond in Madison county, in 1840.
Section of live oak taken from center of masonry near Old Rock House, supposed to be the foundation of the traverse of a gun to command the entrance to New Smyrna inlet.
Name board of filibuster steamer, Commodore, sunk off coast of Florida.
Gold dollar coined at private mint of A. Brechter, Rutherford county, N. C., about 1843.
Grating of stamp window old Jacksonville post-office.
Old and Recent Maps of Pensacola.

Rifle used by Gen. Leigh Reid in duel with Cal. Augustus Alston.

Old axes found in Turnbull Hammock.

Impression of old seal of the State of Florida.

Indian Relics— Stone pipes, hatchets, chisels, spear and arrow heads, pottery, etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Major George R. Fairbanks, Senator D. L. Yulee, Judge J. M. Baker, Judge B. M. Pearson, Gov. N. B. Broward, former Govs. W. D. Bloxham and F. P. Fleming, Mr. H. M. Flagler and Mr. George W. Wilson.

Hons. P. W. White, S. M. Sparkman, W. A. Hocker, W. S. Bullock, Gen. Robert Bullock, Florida House of Representatives of 1907, Signers of the Ordinance of Secession, River Front of Fernandina. Ruins of Old Spanish Mission, New Smyrna, Ruins of Old Rock House, New Smyrna, Old Stereoscopic views of St. Augustine, Jacksonville and other localities.

ORIGIN OF THE SHELL MOUNDS.

BY J. Y. DETWILER, FLORIDA FISH COMMISSIONER.

Modern methods of traveling and the corresponding number of travelers, permitting easy access to all parts of the civilized world; and especially throughout the United States, cause many persons to spend their winters in a semi-tropical climate, thereby combining the opportunity to escape the rigor of winter and secure that change of climate conducive to health and happiness. To entertain this vast concourse of people, whose dispositions and tastes vary almost as much as their personal appearance, is no small matter. For the success of each city or locality, in obtaining its proportion of tourists is in proportion to their being properly and satisfactorily entertained. Time, unless satisfactorily occupied by the individual, hangs heavily on his hands, and a change is made for the better, the first available opportunity. The first questions arising in regard to a given locality are its accessibility, its living accommodations and its opportunities for enjoyment.

Hunting, fishing, and sight-seeing are among the

principal time-killing occupations, and the locality that can combine the three mentioned requisites is favored in proportion as these opportunities are known. Perhaps no location in the State of Florida possesses better opportunities in these three directions than New Smyrna for the class of people whose means permit them to retire from business for a time, leaving their home duties for a period of rest, recuperation and enjoyment, at a price within their income. Hunting has its advantages among the sterner sex. Fishing is enjoyed by the majority of ladies, some of whom are enthusiasts on the subject, but sight-seeing, especially that which abounds within the realms of nature, is enjoyed by all classes. New Smyrna possesses in a very great measure all and more than that of any other place. The heavy hammocks within her environments, portions of which are under cultivation and embrace the largest orange groves in the State; her prehistoric buildings, dating beyond the memory of man, without sufficient historic data to inform the present generation as to their antecedents, comprising the foundations of a prehistoric fort, a building from every indication a Spanish Mission, and other historical objects. In addition to this, we have the prehistoric Shell Mounds located at different points along the river, showing conclusively that races of men subsisted upon the oysters, the shells of which remain, for countless ages. These shell mounds in some instances are of such magnitude as to cover several acres, and in places are forty feet high. Along the west banks of the North Indian river the shell ridges extend for a distance of many miles. They are also found along the Halifax river from Ormond to New Smyrna, but more especially observed along the new automobile road connecting the later city with Daytona. These shell piles are of such magnitude that an intelligent person said to the writer "what an upheaval of nature's forces must have occurred to produce this vast pile of shells," little realizing that they were the "kitchen middens," or the refuse of the culinary department of forgotten races of men, which, having withstood the ravages of time, excite the wonder and curiosity of succeeding generations. It is mainly the object of this article to correct the misleading ideas possessed by the public on this matter, and to explain satisfactorily and intelligently how these shell piles were formed by those who erected them.

Centuries ago the waterways of the East Coast of Florida were virtually of the same character as to-day, a system of lagoons forming, century after century, the ridges dividing the fresh water from the ocean at intervals, an inlet permitting the fresh water to enter the ocean. The St. Johns river at one time was what the Halifax and Indian rivers are to-day. At DeLand an examination of the shell banks or marl pits shows decomposed, shells, an occasional clam shell or conch shell entire. At Enterprise there are large shell mounds of fresh water shells, collected for the purpose of food by those living at that time. They are a species of snail and their shells are entire; the method by which the edible matter was removed will be explained later.

The present marshes in the vicinity of New Smyrna were at one time a vast oyster bed, covered daily by the ebb and flow of the tide. The topography of the surrounding country was the same as now; no fresh water streams other than creeks emptying into the lagoons, the density of the water was too great for deep water cultivation of oysters, and the limit of the fixation of the oyster spat was that of extreme high or low water or the spring and neap tides. The marsh was composed of soft mud and the oyster beds, when once formed, covered vast areas and were the sources from which the oysters were collected that produced the mounds. An examination of the shell in the mounds today shows they were entirely similar to those in the marshes at the present time as collected for an oyster roast by the tourists. These are culled, the larger ones broken off, the smaller ones remaining to increase in size. The point of juncture is easily discerned. The length of the oyster shows that it was restricted in lateral growth by being bunched with others to elevate itself out of the mud. An oyster grown on a hard bottom lying on the side having depth and width made like a saucer. The calcareous matter of the shell was thin, showing but little lime in the water. The edges of the shell are invariably found unbroken, showing that they were not struck with an implement in order to obtain the edible matter inside. How was this accomplished in a speedy and satisfactory manner? Pots, pans and kettles were not then in use or the question could be readily solved. It is supposed game was plentiful, and the skin of a deer would make a satisfactory receptacle for hot water to open the oyster by

immersion therein. How to heat the water with no stones to heat in the fire but coquina which would burn into lime. Necessity knows no law and by building up an earthenware pot from the marsh clay the mystery is readily solved. A hole was dug in the sand lined with a deer skin; this was filled with water, the earthenware pot was placed therein, a fire built inside which soon boiled the water, oysters were placed around the pot, or dipped in until the shell opened and they were pried open with another shell, and the oyster was ready for eating. In the case of the donac or soup clam, the conditions were reversed; the clams were boiled, the broth made use of with fish, game and other food. Pieces of broken pottery are plentifully found among the shell piles, as well as large conchs with the point broken to obtain the contents. In the case of the fresh water snails along the St. Johns river, the dipping in the hot water would loosen the animal, leaving the shell intact. As to the method of making fire, it was presumably obtained by friction in some manner, and in their travels by canoe or overland could be kept in the cooking pot. All the pieces that are found are black on the inside. In the investigation of the conditions that then existed there is as much enjoyment and satisfaction secured by the lover of nature in his search for information as in other pursuits, and if the mystery of how the shell mounds were formed is satisfactorily made plain, it is but a contribution to knowledge freely imparted to those who have not had the opportunity to investigate for themselves.

INDIAN MASSACRE IN GADSDEN COUNTY.

BY A. L. WOODWARD.

Published by the Times-Union, 1902.

Sixteen miles southwest of Quincy, the county seat of the grand old county of Gadsden, and about a mile from the banks of the Tallogee creek, spelled on the maps Taliga, lives John K. McLane, now in his eighty-third year, and a descendant of those, sturdy old Scotch colonists who have contributed so much to the history of this republic.

Hearing that the old man had passed through some

thrilling experiences in his early life and being in the immediate vicinity, I availed myself of the opportunity of calling at the home of his son, Alexander McLane, where the old gentleman is passing his declining years, surrounded by all the comforts which his dutiful sons are able to provide.

I reached the house about noon of a September day, and found the object of my quest seated upon the piazza in a large and comfortable home-made rocker.

Despite his advanced, age, I found him in full possession of sight and hearing, with a mind clear and vigorous, and a memory which could recall with distinctness the most minute details of events which transpired three-quarters of a century ago. In personal appearance he is about the medium height, and walks with remarkable erectness for one of his age. His frame is well-knit and sinewy, and the clear glint of his blue eyes shows that within dwells the stuff of which heroes are made. He is pleasant and affable in manner, and when I had introduced myself and expressed a desire to hear from his own lips the story of his siege and battle with the Indians in 1840 he very kindly gave me the narrative, which follows:

"I was born in the city of Savannah, Georgia, in 1820, and came to Florida with my mother and step-father, who was also my uncle, in 1826, and settled a few miles north of Quincy, which was then a hamlet. In 1837 we moved to this place, cleared some land and built a small cabin of logs, twelve by fifteen feet, which stood just beyond that old house which you see out in the field there to the south.

"The bridge you crossed over the Tallogee, about a mile back, still has in its foundations some of the old mud sills put there by Gen. Andrew Jackson, and the road you traveled from there to this place is the old Federal Road, cut by Old Hickory in the early Indian wars.

"At the time of which I speak, the 23d of April, 1840, there were very few settlers in this part of the country. Our nearest white neighbor to the south was in the town of Apalachicola; on the north a man named Johnson, grandfather of J. R. Johnson, lived at what is now Sycamore, about five miles off. On the east, about four miles, lived Alexander McDougal, David Holloman and Stephen Pickett.

"Near Jackson's Bluff, on the Ocklocknee river, was

a camp of volunteers under command of Captain Duncan Bonie, and on the Apalachicola river, at what is now Bristol, was a camp of United States regulars.

"The face of the country has undergone a great change since then. There were no blackjack oaks, such as you now see, growing thick among the pines, but the country was open pine woods, with very little undergrowth. You could see a deer feeding for many hundred yards. The fields we cultivated were across the branch— you can't see it from here— while between us and the branch was a thick hammock, which is now, as you see, an open field.

"Some fifteen or twenty steps in the rear of the cabin was a small kitchen, and still back of this a workshop and blacksmith forge.

"Our family consisted of stepfather, my mother, a sister, thirteen years of age; another sister of two, a babe and myself. I was in my twentieth year, and had been sick with chills.

"What was known as the Creek War was then in progress. We knew that a band of Creek Indians from Georgia had crossed the Apalachicola and had gone down to the west bank of that river, recrossing it to the east bank in what is now known as the New River Country in lower Liberty County.

"I had gotten up about sunrise that morning. My mother had told me to go across to the field and get some herbs to make tea. My stepfather was absent in Quincy. My sister had gone out ahead of me and was at the cowpen attending to the milking. My mother and the two little ones were in the house. The door was on the east end of the house, also a window, with a chimney and fireplace between the two. The house had port-holes sawed in the logs for musketry, as most houses had in those days. We had several guns and plenty of ammunition.

"I had gone out and was between the house and the cowpen when I heard a ripping in the low bushes north-west of the house. At first I thought it was some of our cattle, which had taken fright at something and were running to the pen, but upon turning around, what was my horror to see a band of eighteen Creek warriors in full war costume, armed with guns, scalping knives and bows and arrows, coming toward the house in a run.

"I screamed to my sister, 'run to the house, the Indians! the Indians!' She sprang off like a deer and

soon gained the house. I also ran in the direction of the house, but before I reached it the foremost warrior stopped, threw his rifle upon me and fired. The ball grazed my left shoulder, inflicting a trifling wound.

"I succeeded in getting into the house and fastening the door when the Indians, with their usual cowardice, fearing they would be shot from the loop-hole, retreated to the kitchen and proceeded to hold a big feast with what they found there. We had plenty of bacon, meal and other provisions, and there was also a quantity of cooked food. We could plainly hear them as they cooked and feasted, but they were careful not to expose themselves to fire from the loop-holes. Then occurred the awful tragedy of the day, the memory of which will never fade from my mind. My mother had taken up the idea that she could take the children and escape to the east, keeping the house between her and the Indians in the kitchen, until she got across the branch, when she could then reach the Pickett or McDougal settlement, four miles away. I pleaded with her not to make the attempt, telling her that the Indians always had pickets out, who would see her, and begged her to remain and all die together. But she was determined to go, and I think her judgment was overcome by terror and excitement. She helped the children out of the window, then got out herself and with the two little ones in her arms and my eldest sister running by her side, they started for the fringe of timber that skirted the creek. Looking through a loop-hole my worst fears were realized, for I saw two Indians running around on the north side to head her off. I opened the door and jumped out and was taking aim at one of those Indians when a bullet from the rear whistled past my head and I was forced to jump back into the house and fasten the door. In another moment I heard the screams of my mother and sister and then two shots rang out and all was still.

"The next day we found them near the bank of the creek, where they had been murdered. My mother was shot in the forehead and her throat was cut. My sister was shot in the breast, her throat was also cut and she was scalped. She had long, beautiful hair. The two little ones had been brained with a lightwood knot.

"No language could possibly express my feelings at this moment, knowing that my dearest relatives were lying out there brutally murdered by those red devils,

and realizing fully that if captured alive a horrible and lingering death awaited me, shut up alone in the cabin and expecting momentarily that a rush would be made for the door.

“But I did not have much time to think. I have said that after the shooting all was still, but suddenly the silence was broken by an ominous roaring in the direction of the kitchen, which, as I have said, stood in the rear and west of the house, separated only by a space of fifteen or twenty feet. I realized at once that they had set fire to the kitchen in hopes of burning the house and roasting me like a rat in a trap, but the logs of which the house was built did not catch readily.

“There was a quantity of cotton in the workshop, and they rolled this into balls which they set afire and threw upon the roof of the house by means of long poles, which they cut near the branch. But the balls of burning cotton rolled off the steep roof without igniting it. This I did not know at the time, and, thinking that my jig was about up, I determined to sell my life dearly, and made preparations accordingly. Pulling the heavy dinner-table across the room to act as a sort of breastwork or barricade, I laid my musket, heavily loaded with slugs, upon it. Then taking my rifle, I placed the muzzle to my forehead to see if I could pull the trigger with my naked toe, having determined to kill myself rather than be captured. As I lowered the rifle I discovered to my dismay that it was cocked and the trigger sprung, and I had actually touched it with my toe in experimenting. It was a wonder I did not discharge it and kill myself prematurely.

“All this time I was praying with all my soul, ‘O Lord, if you are ever going to help me, help me now.’ I think this was the first time I had ever prayed, at least I don’t remember ever having prayed before. And my prayer was answered, too. The wind had been blowing from the west, and blowing the flames from the kitchen directly toward the house. Suddenly there was a lull, and then the wind shifted and began blowing from the east to southeast.

“The savages finding themselves foiled, now adopted a strategy. Peering through my loop-hole, I could not see an Indian— all had disappeared. Then I heard their calls and answers far off in the woods, as if they were leaving. But I knew too much about Indian character

to be deceived, and instead of rushing out and attempting to escape, as they thought I would, I remained in the house. Then again all was still except for the crackling and roaring of the burning kitchen. But I was watching with all my eyes, looking first through one loop-hole, then running across and looking through another. As I looked out on the north side of the house I saw a solitary Indian skulking from one pine to another. He had a torch in his hand and I knew at once what he was up to. He thought I was watching the west end, and he could slip around to the east end and fire the house. I kept my eye upon him; he was out of range of my gun and I did not care to venture a chance shot. Finally he got around to the east end and stood some minutes behind a big pine. Meantime the enemy on the west were making a great din, but I knew it was a ruse to attract my attention. Finally the Indian on the east end left his pine tree and came hopping as it were in a stooping posture toward the house. I had my old musket pointed in the loop-hole, and waited until he had got within twenty or twenty-five feet from the house, when I pulled the trigger and let the big charge of slugs loose. I had aimed at his breast, but I think he hopped just as I pulled the trigger, for he got the whole load in the bowels. The recoil of the old musket set me backward sprawling on the floor, but as I fell I heard the most unearthly screech and yell that ever came from a human throat, and I knew enough about Indians to know it was his death-scream.

“By the time I had pulled myself together, regained my feet and looked through the loop-hole he had staggered up and gotten around on the south side of the house, to the rail fence, and another Indian was helping him over. I tried to shoot, but my attention was attracted by a demonstration on the west side, and when I again looked for them they had disappeared. Then there ensued a period of profound silence, which was finally broken by a low, plaintive wail or chant, and it seemed that the whole band had gathered around the wounded one in the hammock on the south side. I could not see any of them, but could hear them, and knew that the wounded Indian was dying, and more from the noises made, that he was either a chief or a chief's son. I afterward learned that the latter was correct. He was the only son of the old chief, and was in command of this

raiding party. Now they would imitate the coding of a dove, then the hooting of an owl and the barking of a wolf.

"The siege had now continued the greater part of the day, and the sun had long since passed the meridian. I did not abate anything of my watchfulness, well-knowing that the Indians were enraged by the death of their comrade, but the chanting and wailing went on and I could not catch a glimpse of a single Indian.

"Looking through a loop-hole on the north side about the middle of the afternoon, what was my joy as well as horror to see my stepfather with the mare and cart. I jumped out of the door and ran to meet him signaling him to keep quiet, that the Indians were around. It seemed they were so much engrossed with their death ceremonies that they had not seen him or heard the cart. As soon as I got to him, I told him to unhitch the mare quickly. He asked me where mother and the children were. I told him hurriedly they were murdered, pointing in the direction they ran. He said 'I am going to find them.' I said, 'No, you can do them no good; let us both get on the mare and try to escape.' 'No,' said he, 'you get on the mare and run; I am going to find them.' With that he soon disappeared in the direction of the branch. There was no time to stand on ceremony. so I jumped upon the mare just as the Indians discovered me and came running and yelling at my heels. The mare had got the scent of them and needed no whip or spur. She fairly flew across the pine woods with the Indians in hot pursuit. She soon distanced them, but not before I heard the 'sing' of several rifle balls as they went by me. In order to stick to the bare-backed mare I had dropped my gun and powder-horn, but strange as it may appear the Indians did not find them in the long grass, and we recovered them next day. I headed straight for the McDougal and Pickett settlement on the east, and reached there about dusk or just before. My father came in during the night; the Indians did not discover his trail, and failing to find the bodies of mother and the children, he had hidden between two old fallen trees in the swamp of the branch, and after he heard the Indians leave he crawled out and escaped. Before they left they robbed the house of all they could carry, ripped up our feather beds and scattered the feathers every-

where, shot eight or ten head of fat hogs and wounded a fine colt, then burned the house.

"Immediately upon my arrival a courier was sent to the camp of volunteers near Jackson's Bluff. They reached Picketts early next morning, and we all proceeded back to what had been our home. The scene there presented beggars all description. The finding of the murdered remains of my mother and sister and the little innocent babies I can never forget. I am an old man now, but that sight will never fade from my memory. The volunteers made immediate pursuit, and later on a detachment of the regulars joined in, but the Indians made good their escape. They never captured one of them. A year or such a matter afterward a treaty was made, and all the Indians came in and surrendered. The old chief said through an interpreter that a white boy killed his son up on the Tallogee, and had it not been for his death the war would have been continued. So you see I may say that I was the cause of the Creek War coming to an end. I am receiving pension of only eight dollars per month, which is not sufficient for my support, if my sons did not take care of me."

I listened with breathless attention while the old man gave me the foregoing thrilling adventures, but no words of mine can convey the interest or describe the dramatic recital as it fell from his lips. One must see the grizzled old hero, watch his gestures and note the flash of his eye to enjoy the narrative as I did.

I hope this may fall under the eye of one of our Representatives in Congress and that they will endeavor to secure for him an increase of pension. Surely he deserves it, and there are few of these old pioneers now left.

After dinner the old man showed me the bow which had belonged to the young chief whom he killed. This he preserves with religious care as a priceless relic.

Then we walked down into the field, and he showed me first where the little house had stood, and I picked up some broken fragments of old-fashioned crockery and a few pieces of charcoal, all that remained of the settler's cabin of the long ago.

A clump of gnarled and giant pines, which must be at least a hundred years old, stand silent guardians of the spot. They looked down upon the thrilling tragedy of that April morning, sixty-two years ago, and as I stood with uncovered head beneath the pendant moss that

clung to their weather-beaten limbs, the summer breeze stirred the long needles in their emerald crowns and a soft, sad whisper, sweeter than the music of an Aeolian harp, floated out upon the sunlit day, a fitting requiem for those who perished there, and I, too, whispered "Rest in peace."

Then the old gentleman grew reminiscent again, and among other interesting facts connected with the early history of Quincy, he gave me the following:

"The first Methodist preacher," said he, "who ever preached in Quincy was a man by the name of Tarentine, and he preached there in 1827. The first Presbyterian minister was named Blackstock, who preached there the same year.

"The first court of justice was held in the bottom, near where the Bruce house now stands, just west of the Seaboard Air Line depot. The Judge was Dr. White, who was a judge, a physician and a preacher. I think he was the father of present Judge P. W. White. There was no courthouse, but the Judge sat on the stump of a recently felled pine tree, and the jury retired to the other end among the branches to make up their verdict. The first Justice of the Peace was Thomas Linson, and the first Sheriff was a man named Robert Forbes."

But it was now long past noon, and I was due in Bristol, the capital of Liberty, that night, and so thanking the venerable hero for the genuine pleasure he had bestowed upon me by his deeply interesting narrative, I got into my buggy and drove away speculating upon the wonderful changes which had occurred since the day the old man fought the Indians—the Mexican War, the great Civil strife, the developments of steam and the wonders of electricity—and through it all he had lived quietly near the scene of his life's epoch and could now sit upon his piazza at the age of eighty-two and look down upon his battlefield.

Verily, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

THE SELECTION OF TALLAHASSEE AS THE CAPITAL.

Published in House Journal of 1903.

Mr. Wall, Chairman of a Special Committee on Examination of a Site for a Governor's Mansion, submitted the, following report:

Sir— On the 15th of this month there was presented and read to this body a communication from the Council of the city of Tallahassee, in which they agree to give a "Fee Simple Title" to six town lots of land within the city for a Governor's Mansion, provided the Legislature will grant \$20,000 to build the same.

Therefore, I ask permission that the following history relative to these lands be presented in the Journal.

WALL (of Putnam).

An act to provide for the establishment of the seat of Government in the Territory of Florida.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and the Legislative Council of the Territory of Florida, That with a view to the permanent location of the seat of government for the Territory aforesaid, there shall be appointed by the Governor two Commissioners, one from that part of the Territory known as East Florida, one from that known as West Florida, that the Commissioners thus appointed shall meet at St. Marks on the Gulf of Mexico on the first day of October next, and then proceed carefully to explore and examine all that section of country embraced between the Ockolockony on the west and the Suwannee river on the east and between the northern boundary line of said Territory and the Gulf of Mexico.

Section 2: Be it further enacted, That the said Commissioners shall be and they are hereby authorized and empowered after making the examination aforesaid to select the most eligible and convenient situation for the seat of Government for the Territory of Florida.

Section 3. Be it further enacted, That the said Commissioners shall keep a journal, and take notes on the topography of the country examined by virtue of this act, particularly describing the quality of the soil, the local

situation, and the streams by which it is watered. That on or before the first day of January next the said Commissioners shall submit to the Governor of the Territory a report in writing of all their proceedings by virtue of this act, accompanied with their journals and topographical notes on the country by them examined.

Section 4. Be it further enacted, That if the said Commissioners should disagree with regard to the situation on which the seat of Government should be located, then and in that case, the journals and topographical notes of the said Commissioners, together with the subject of their disagreement, shall be submitted to the Governor of the Territory who shall be and he is hereby authorized from all the information adduced, to decide in favor of the situation selected by either Commissioner.

Section 5. Be it further enacted, That the situation thus selected shall thenceforth constitute the seat of government for the Territory of Florida.

Section 6. Be it further enacted, That the next session the Legislative Council of said Territory shall be held at the situation selected by the said Commissioners, or by the Governor, and either of them in case of the disagreement of said Commissioners, if in the opinion of the Governor the Legislative Council can be there accommodated.

Section 7. Be it further enacted, That if the Seat of Government for the Territory aforesaid should not be located in time for the meeting and accommodation of the Council at its next session then and in that case the Governor shall be and he is hereby authorized and empowered to issue his proclamation, directing the next session of the Legislative Council to be held at the City of St. Augustine.

Section 8. Be it further enacted, That the said Commissioners shall receive five dollars each per day in full compensation for all services rendered by virtue of this act.

Endorsed— An act to provide for the establishment of the Seat of Government in the Territory of Florida.

To lie upon the table until Wednesday, March 2.

Five copies.

Leave to sit on Monday.

Leave to sit on Wednesday, the 18th of June— Passed.

JOURNAL OF DR. W. H. SIMMONS,

Commissioner to Locate the Seat of Government of the Territory of Florida.

St. Augustine, Sept. 26th, 1823.

Left St. Augustine and reached Buonavista, late at night, the road being impeded with water nearly the whole way. The flats being on the other side, there was no possibility of getting my horses over before the morning. I however passed over myself in a canoe and slept at Vibrillia.

September 27th.—Vibrillia. The day stormy and the river so rough that my horses could not be brought across 'till toward evening when the wind had somewhat abated. Though it had continued to rain at intervals and the weather looked very unpromising, I resumed my journey and proceeded on eleven miles, where I encamped for the night.

September 28th.—Set forward at daylight and arrived at Alachua at sunset after a fatiguing ride of near fifty miles.

September 29th.—Alachua. Felt very unwell, and resolved not to proceed this day.

September 30th.—Found it necessary to procure another pack-horse, and did not obtain one 'till it was too late in the day to pursue my journey.

October 1st.—A rainy day but there being no likelihood of better weather I set out with two guides, two pack-horses, and sufficient provisions for ten days. Having been informed that an Indian, who passed through Alachua before my arrival there, had said that he intended to take the boat from the lower crossing place on the Suwannee and go to St. Marks by water, and that I should therefore have to raft it if I went by that route; I determined to pursue what is called the middle road, which leads over the Santaffy near to its junction with the Suwannee, as I understood there was an Indian settlement there, where I could procure canoes to put me over the latter river. After proceeding about twelve miles the weather became so bad that we were obliged to take shelter under some bark camp left by the Indians where we remained over night. Our road crossed the southeastern end of the great Alachua Savannah which at this time did not contain much water, and presented a beautiful expanse of fresh and living verdure. The sink

called the Alligator Hole, at its western extremity, where the waters discharged themselves underground, I have never had an opportunity of examining, but from the testimony of the Indians and negroes it appears that the account given it by Bartram is substantially correct. Happening casually to observe that I wonder where the waters finally vented themselves, one of my guides, an Indian negro, promptly replied that they ran into the Suwannee. On my asking him how he knew this to be the case, he said that some years ago, an Indian bathing near the sink was drowned and his body afterwards found in the Suwannee. I give this story as I received it. If it should be correct, this Savannah, which drains a considerable extent of country, probably joins one of the tributaries of that mentioned river. As the country between the Alachua and the Suwannee is but little known, I shall describe as I proceed such features of it as were presented to me on this route.

October 2d.— Leaving our encampment, we traveled through a region of high, rolling pine land, intermixed with some oak and hickory; the soil generally a yellowish loam. This region extended for about twelve miles, when we reached St. Felasco Lake, a small sheet of water, where commence a beautiful hammock, through which we rode for nearly three miles. The chief growth was of lofty and spreading Spanish oaks, set wide apart, having a fine carpet of verdure underneath. I was informed that it extended a considerable way to the North and South, and forms a very rich body of lands. There was a settlement of Indians on its northeastern border. It bears due West from the Alachua Savannah. On passing through this tract, we again entered upon high pine land of good quality, being interspersed with oak and some hickory. After refreshing ourselves and horses at noon, we recommenced our journey and traveled on till nine at night, in search of water, which is very scarce in this region. We at length met with a small pond where we encamped. Frequent pits or funnel shaped depressions in the soil occurred in this and succeeding days' ride; but no runs of water, though in some instances a pond lying a great deal higher and in their immediate neighborhood, was quite full. Before halting we struck the hammock that borders the Santaffy. It lies but little below the level of the adjacent pine lands, and does not appear to be subject to inundation, or at any rate could be easily freed from it.

The growth is live oak, bay, laurel, cedar, mulberry, poplar, cypress, etc., etc. It rained in the night and we suffered from the want of a tent. I did not bring one from the idea it would prove too heavy an addition to the baggage.

October 3d.—The morning proved clear, and we were on our way by half past six. In about an hour we arrived at a stream running to the northeast. It was of inconsiderable width, but was up to our saddle skirts at the crossing place. It is one of the tributaries of the Santaffy into which it falls near its mouth. My guide called it "Low Creek," and said it headed in a lake on the southwest. There is a Low Creek laid down in Vignolie's map which is represented as heading to the northeast. The sources of the two streams must be in some low region or country intermediate between them. After crossing the stream first mentioned, which has some very good land upon it, we arrived, after little more than an hour's ride, at the Santaffy, but found it so high that we could not attempt to cross it without a boat; we therefore determined to go down to a small Indian settlement to the West, where we supposed we could obtain canoes. On reaching the town which consisted of fourteen or fifteen houses, a public square and a ball yard, we found the Indians were unwilling to lend us a boat. A bribe, however, of two dollars, soon occasioned one to be produced. They told us it was necessary to return a few miles south to where there was a crossing place, by which Neamathla had passed over but a few days before and promised to bring the canoe around in time to meet us. We were nearly an hour in reaching the place described to which a trail led from the town, but from no other direction; though this would certainly be the nearest point at which to cross the river from Alachua. We found the river bluff on this shore, but apparently low on the other. It is here bordered by pine lands, and is a bold and broad stream not less than 150 yards wide. It is remarkably rapid and as clear as a fountain. A chain of rich hammock extends from Alachua along the Santaffy all the way to its confluence with the Suwannee, and there are high, healthy pine lands to the southwest, which would form eligible sites for settlements, and it appears to me that the neighborhood of this crossing would afford a fine situation for a town. The Indians soon arrived with the canoe, but we were a long time in

getting over, as the river is so broad and rapid that we could not venture to swim over more than one horse at a time and we had five to cross. This place is not more than three-quarters of a mile below where the Santaffy enters the Suwannee. The former river is nearly as wide as the Suwannee itself at the place where it falls into the latter. As our horses were very much fatigued from the traveling, swimming and short allowances for food, we proceeded very slowly for the rest of the day, and did not go more than twelve miles, when we stopped for the night. The lands through which we passed (the trail keeping near the river thus far) was a low, sobby pine barren.

October 4th.— We were off at an early hour in the morning and with the exception of two hours' rest at noon, traveled steadily till after sunset. The country was of the same description as that we passed over the preceding day. There occurred numerous small ponds covered with a small species of weed called by the Indians "phitalickney," and which forms a very rich pasture for cattle, so that this otherwise poor region would at least afford a fine range for stock.

October 5th.— Our rate of traveling this day was about the same as on the preceding day. There was no variation in the character of the soil until we reached a remarkable sink, which I called the Rockwell.

Then the land became higher and we passed two rich hammocks on the left or to the northwest (their extent I could not ascertain) and two lakes of an elongated form, which appeared to terminate in low cypress swamps. Our course had hitherto been north and northwest, but from the Rockwell the trail deflects northwesterly and continues in that direction for the distance of twenty miles. We stopped at night near a run of water where our horses suffered much from want of good pasturage. We had heavy showers during the morning and got completely wet.

October 6th.— As our horses have had no corn since we crossed the Suwannee, and the grazing was bad where we encamped, we proceeded today very slowly. The quality of the land did not differ very materially until we arrived at the southern borders of the hammock Champetchee, which stretches east and west between the Suwannee and Ausilly for almost twenty-five miles, and is reported to be from ten to twelve miles in breadth. We

reached after sunset a settlement of King Higo's negroes, where we lodged and succeeded in obtaining corn for our horses. The distance from the place where I crossed the Suwannee up to this point I concede to be not less than eighty miles, though we traveled, as it appeared to me, on the chord of the bow, the river making the curve to the east.

October 7th.— I was informed by an Indian that the direct distance from this settlement to the Suwannee could be easily walked in one day. I could not learn, however, how far the good land extended toward the east. My horses having strayed during the night, I could not get under way till late. At the end of five or six miles the road descended from the hammock into a bay swamp through which we waded nearly up to our saddle skirts for upward of a mile. We slept eight miles on this side of the Ausilly. We passed two or three Indian settlements. This day it rained a little in the morning.

October 8th.— Set out this morning with a prospect of making but a very little way, our horses being worn down and a good deal gaunted, though we had taken great pains to prevent it. One of them, an Indian horse, that would not eat corn, threatened to fail altogether. We proceeded, or rather crept, at the rate of about three miles an hour, and in something more than an hour and a half, came to the Ausilly fork, where one of our smallest horses nearly swam. The breadth of that part of the channel, which was free from canes and cypress, was about seven yards. A mile further on we reached the Ausilly itself, which was now very high. We formed our hide into a boat, which conveyed across our baggage, and swam over ourselves on horseback. We did not swim more than ten yards, but the whole distance from shore to shore is probably about 260 yards; a considerable space, however, on either side is obstructed by canes, logs and cypress trees. The last seven miles of our ride to the Ausilly was through comparatively poor pine land. The Ausilly is the boundary of the country called Champelee or Sampelee by the Indians; and on the other side commences the hammock of Miccasukies. The Ausilly, when I crossed it, was running nearly due South, but I understood that some thirty miles lower down it makes a sudden turn to the west and empties into the sea about fifteen miles from the mouth of the St. Marks. It

runs, before making a turn, for a short distance underground. From the river, after passing a narrow strip of pine land, we rose into a rich hammock, which continued for fifteen miles. It is interrupted at one place by a swamp of something more than a mile in width. We passed through an Indian settlement and several luxuriant fields of corn and peas. Toward night we became bewildered by the number of tracks leading to different Indian towns and wandered about until after nine, when we came up with a small Indian settlement where we encamped, being promised by the people to be put on the right road in the morning.

October 9th.— Our course all this day was through pine lands, some of which was of good quality. We crossed twenty miles on this side of the Ausilly a pretty deep creek five or six yards in width. I ran from the Southeast, emptied into the Ocholochney, and appeared to be subject to extensive inundation from the marks of a recent flood upon its west banks. Toward night we reached a small hammock, where we camped.

October 10th.— Our course lay through indifferent land for the greater part of the day; for ten miles, however, before we reached St. Marks we passed through a fine tract of high, dry pine land, which, being backed by the rich region of the Mickasuckies and near to navigation, would form an eligible situation for a town. At sunset, arrived at the Fort, where I was hospitably received by Captain McClintock and the rest of the officers. I found that Mr. Williams, my colleague, had not arrived. The weather all along was warm and cloudy, with frequent showers.

The soil of the hammocks of Champelee and Mickasukie is a brown loam of from ten to twelve inches thickness, resting on a foundation of red clay. The surface is rolling and intersected by but few runs of water. A few ponds occurred along the trail that I came. The growth consists of the various species of oak, laurel, magnolia, bay, Spanish cedar, sassafras, dogwood, and some beech, the first I have observed in Florida. The undergrowth in most places is principally cane of from ten to fifteen feet in height.

October 11th.— The weather warm and clear.

October 12th.— Very cool and clear.

October 13th.— Again warm, with flying clouds.

October, 14th.— Warm, with great appearance of rain.

October 15th.— Violent northeast storm of wind and rain.

October 16th.— Very cool but cloudy and threatening rain.

October 17th.— The weather cool and clear.

October 18th.— Set out with Captain McClintock, commander of the post, for Judge Robinson's on Little River in the hope of meeting my colleague in that direction or of hearing of him. The day was fine and cool enough for frost. We passed through a low pine barren the first part of the way. After traveling about ten miles, we entered upon hammock land of good quality. This did not extend more than a mile when we again passed into high pine land. This continued to the Ocholochney, rising to considerable hills before it reached the river and becoming also poorer. We passed some ponds which are said to be connected with the sources of the Wachulla lying above its head spring. We crossed also two small streams, both of which appeared to be mere leads from one pond to another. We reached at sundown, the ferry of the Ocholochney, where we spent the night under an unfinished shed. The river here is about twenty yards wide and appeared to be much obstructed by logs. The Ocholochney is a narrow but very long river penetrating far into Georgia. There is but very little good land on its eastern side, but there are some tracts of fine quality on its western border.

October 19th.— Crossed the ferry and soon met with good pine land, alternating with strips of hammock, until near Little River, where commences some of the finest land I have seen in Florida. On this side of Little River it is a black hammock, in some places low, but not too much so for cultivation; on the northern side, to which we crossed by a handsome plank bridge, built by Major Robinson, the soil did not vary until near Judge Robinson's, when it became a red loam, resting on clay. This river runs about twenty miles and empties into the Ocholochnie; it appeared navigable. Its head prongs, called the Big and Little Attapulcus, have their sources high in Georgia. The Indians called this region Conchati, signifying red ground, and a chief named Conchatimico, or head man of the red ground, has a settlement somewhere in the neighborhood. I was most hospitably received by Judge Robinson, who has opened an extensive plantation near Little River, where the growth

of everything evinced the raciness of a new and fertile soil. The cotton crop of long staple was superior to any I have ever seen in the Southern States; the average height of the stalks was from ten to twelve feet and many of the plants reached fifteen, yet all were loaded with forms and opening freely. Some rice and cane had been planted, which also flourished well. The Judge informed me that the high land did not produce corn well the first year but very abundantly the second. Cotton did better the first year than corn.

October 20th.— The weather warm and cloudy.

October 21st.— Warm with some rain.

October 22d.— Very cool and clear.

October 23d.— Cool and threatening rain.

October 24th.— Hearing nothing of Mr. Williams, I determined to return to St. Marks, and there wait a week longer, not being able to extend my stay beyond that time, from the unforeseen expenses to which I have been put, and the urgency of many calls I had in St. Augustine. On my way I stopped at Mr. Ellis', four miles from the ferry.

October 25th.— This morning Mr. Williams, in company with Dr. Foster, came up on foot, having arrived at St. Marks by water, after a passage of twenty-four days from Pensacola. As Mr. Williams had not been able to obtain horses at the Fort, I lent him mine to go to Judge Robinson's where he hopes to procure them. In the evening he returned, having been unsuccessful. I now determined that my two guides should walk and we would forthwith commence our survey with the horses I had.

October 26th.— We resolved to take a view of the situation about Tallahassee, which had been represented as high, healthy and well watered. We had received satisfactory information that there were no eligible sites on the Ocholockney. Not having been furnished with any funds by the territory, and traveling being difficult and expensive, it was impossible for us to undertake the minute survey contemplated by the act. We crossed the Ocholockney, and set forward for Tallahassee, pursuing a northeast course. We camped at the end of six miles as we had set out late and it was nearly dark.

October 27th.— Renewed our journey. When near Neamathla's settlement crossed a watercourse running to the North, which the Indians considered as a source

of the St. Marks. This would make the whole course of the river not more than twenty miles. Neamathla and his people appeared much disturbed by our visit, and were inquisitive as to what object we had in view. We told him that we came to search out a spot where the governor and his council could conveniently meet, and that we should not in any way interfere with the Indians. He seemed, however, much dissatisfied. He invited us to spend the night, and in the meantime sent off for an interpreter. The Indians were dancing the snake dance, a superstitious and stated festivity, which was always held in this month. Its object is to lay the serpents before they go out on their great hunting expedition. We slept under the shed of the council house and were disturbed a good part of the night through. I felt a melancholy interest in watching these last exhibitions of the amusements of these poor people, who, by the treaty, were soon to quit the country. In one of their dances called the "mad dance," most of their gestures and movements were highly martial and graceful and served to illustrate the natural elevation and fire of their character. The African dances, on the contrary, were characterized by vulgar and awkward antics, and these circumstances alone evince a great difference of character between the two peoples.

October 28th.—Neamathla again questioned us on the purpose of our visit and on our re-assuring him that we had no design to interfere with the rights of the Indians, he told us we might proceed, but not to tell any of the Indians that he had sent us. We passed to the old Tallahassee town, where Chifixico, chief of the settlement, evinced an equal opposition to our proceeding. He angrily caught up a handful of dirt, and presenting it asked if that was not his land; he then mounted his horse and rode off to Neamathla's to inquire further into the objects of our visit. From the behavior of this chief and other Indians whom we met, I am convinced these people will not be removed without difficulty. From this point we proceeded down to examine the sources of the St. Marks. For the rest of our proceedings I must be allowed to refer his excellency, the governor, to the journal of my colleague, as the vessel sails immediately, which affords the only opportunity I shall have to transmit my document safely to him.

(Signed) W. H. SIMMONS.

JOURNAL OF JOHN LEE WILLIAMS

Commissioner to Locate the Seat of Government of the Territory of Florida.

Journal of a voyage from Pensacola to St. Marks and the district of country included between the rivers Ochlockney and Suwannee, in West Florida, during the months of October and November, 1823.

On the 30th of September, 1823, I set sail in an open boat owned and commanded by a Captain Ellis and steered by a boy named George, being accompanied by Dr. Charles E. Foster. We laid in provisions for thirty days. In the evening crossed Pensacola Bay lay at Deer Point. Four miles.

October 1st.— Wind ahead; crossed to Santa Rosa Island but found that our boat in beating would make no headway. In the evening we crossed and again slept near Deer Point.

October 2d.— Dragged the boat a few miles and landed late in the evening on Santa Rosa. Thirteen miles.

October 3d.— With great labor we arrived at the Bowery just before evening and thereby escaped a severe rain which poured down in torrents during the night.

October 4th.— Tarried at the Bowery. (Barnery.)

October 5th.— Arose at the dawn of day; finding the wind shifted to the northwest, got under way immediately. Sailed up the sound and at 4 p. m., anchored at Pass Celestie. The Captain fearing to go to sea so late in the evening, we lay till next morning. Thirty miles.

From an intimate acquaintance with the country about the sound of Santa Rosa and the Choctawhatchie bay, I have been led to believe that the whole of the Choctawhatchie river passed through the sound and that the Pass Celestie is of recent origin. The island of Santa Rosa and the peninsula between the sound and the Yellow Water bay are formed of white barren sand and although there are many shells intermixed, they are yet but little decomposed; vegetable remains are scarce and there is no clay underneath to support the soil. In a few places on the peninsula pea beds have been discovered enveloping numerous small cypress roots and stumps; but the whole betrays marks of recent decomposition. The springs which issue from the bank discharge waters extremely pure and untainted by any mineral qualities.

The Pass Celestie is constantly wearing off the penin-

sula to the eastward and the island of Santa Rosa is of course continually increasing in length.

The Choctawhatchie bay must necessarily decrease in size and depth. The shoals and marshes are evidently making further into the bay.

October 6th.— At 5 a. m., we proceeded from the pass into the Gulf, with the wind north and the breeze light. Nothing worthy of notice occurred until this evening when we came to in a strong surf and anchored till morning. Twenty-five miles.

October 7th.— At dawn hoisted anchor and sailed with a light north wind to St. Andrews bay, which was reached at 3 p. m. We could not persuade our captain to leave it till next morning. We took some red fish and crabs but found the mosquitoes extremely annoying. In this place Dr. Foster and myself, in seeking fresh water, came suddenly upon a female alligator nursing a numerous brood of young ones on the surface of the pool; she immediately sunk; the young ones did not seem intimidated, but continued to swim about barking like puppies. The water was brakish and highly flavored with decaying vegetables. Twenty-five miles.

October 8th.— Early this morning we sailed around Capt False, supposing it to be San Blas, and entered St. Joseph's bay, thinking it was the Apalachicola. I was unable to procure in Pensacola either map or chart of the coast. It was late in the evening before we reached the head of the bay and discovered that we were landlocked; our boat at length got on a shoal from which we were unable to remove it. Being much fatigued, we soon fell asleep and rested until the next morning.

October 9th.— This morning we took much pains in examining the coast. Upon crossing the peninsula we immediately discovered that we could not be in Apalachicola bay as there was no outlet to the southward. We here saw many water fowls and shell fish of which the conchs were extremely large. This bay, although very deep at the entrance, is very shallow after proceeding fifteen or sixteen miles inland. The cape which surrounds the south and east sides is narrow and formed of several sharp parallel ridges of sand, amongst which were some pools of fresh water. A large bayou at the southwest penetrates within five rods of the Gulf. The south shore is paved with beautiful shells. This bay will afford a harbor for large vessels, safe and of easy

approach. We anchored at 12 m., just behind the north-west point of entrance in rough water, the wind blowing strongly from the north. On this cape we discovered the finest cabbage trees, but it is said that they grow in St. Andrews bay. Twenty miles.

After doubling the point, with some difficulty, we had a pleasant sail down Cape San Blas and arrived at the east point about 3 p. m. Here the wind failing, we landed, caught some fine red fish and a sun fish and collected a few shells, when a light western breeze springing up, we sailed through armies of porpoises and shoals of medusas, to the Indian pass of Apalachicola bay. We found the entrance of this bay on a pleasant evening very beautiful. Before us opened a fine, extensive sheet of water; on the left grass meadows extended to the north and west, as far as the eye can reach. The shores are sprinkled with beautiful keys or islets of cabbage or cedar, whose intense verdure affords a comfortable relief from the dazzling white sandy shores which we had passed. We found that this flattering prospect, however, like many others in this uncertain world, was calculated for show more than use. As darkness approached, our brilliant landscape vanished, and a succession of oyster bars succeeded in encircling us on every side, among which we were obliged to anchor, but we took vengeance on the oysters by roasting and eating great numbers of them. Twenty-eight miles.

October 11th.— The wind blowing strong ahead, we were compelled to remain on St. Vincent's island. I took my gun and traversed it in various directions. It is large and contains some good, with much bad land. A very large peninsula runs on the north almost the length of the island, attached by grass meadows to its eastern end. Between this peninsula and the spot where we lay there runs an arm of water which our captain insisted was a strait through which we might sail. We attempted it in the evening, but after rowing until 9 o'clock we were landed in a bayou and returned to our camp about twelve o'clock.

October 12th.— This day, we with some difficulty, crossed the bay from the north shore, the wind blowing a gale from the east. The islands here are high pine barrens, with a few small but pleasant hammocks on the shore. The back country for some miles is intersected with swamps. The wind veering more northwardly,

we sailed at nine in the evening. I took charge of the boat while the rest slept. I ran about ten miles, but the wind coming more eastwardly, causing a rough sea, I anchored during the balance of a bad night. Twelve miles.

October 13th.— We this day raced against wind and tide to the north of the Apalachicola river, where there were several houses remaining and a small vessel on the stocks— the site of a pine barren with bad water. At one we found Major Jenkins, the collector of the port, with whom we dined and spent several agreeable hours, until the tide turned and we proceeded to cross the mouth of the river, but our captain in the dark, keeping too far out, was by the northwest wind driven into St. George's channel, and we were shaken to a jelly before we struck the island where we found a harbor at 12 o'clock. Fifteen miles.

October 14th.— As we are afloat among the family of the saints, we may as well here describe some of their domains. This island is nearly fifty miles long by three-quarters in breadth; on an average of about one-third of the width from the southern shore consists of parallel ridges of yellow barren sand. Across these there are a few places where the storms have broken through and carried the waves over the island. The centre and northern parts contain some good hammock lands, which run off into marshes intersected with numerous bays, affording safe harbors for small craft.

The St. George channel or sound affords a passage for small vessels drawing five or six feet of water, but the shoals and oyster reefs render the navigation difficult and dangerous.

The wind continues strong ahead. We attempted in vain to proceed and ran into a deep hole about two miles from our last anchoring place, where we continued till the next morning. We named this cove Alligator Cove, on account of the great numbers of these animals which constantly floated on the waters.

October 15th.— Although the wind was strong ahead, my anxiety to proceed induced me to push the boat about four miles up the inland, but the skipper appeared displeased and, refusing assistance, we anchored near some pleasant live oaks, under which we encamped during the day, which I spent exploring the island. In the evening a storm commenced, which I had for some days

anticipated. It began moderately, but rapidly increased in violence, until it put out our fires, sunk our boat and threatened staving it in pieces. We were perfectly drenched with rain and all our baggage shared the same fate.

October 16th.— The morning brought us no relief. On the contrary, a sudden rise of the tide, occasioned by the sea breaking over the island, threatened to drown us out. In this emergency, I assisted the captain to get up his boat, unload and bail her out. Having reloaded, with great difficulty, we sailed back to Alligator Cove, where we spent a very uncomfortable night, for the wind, coming around to the north, from which point alone it could reach us, it blew furiously, attended with showers of rain. In fidgetting with our sail, the captain broke the breech of my carbine and during the rest of the voyage we were without a gun.

October 17th.— Ran up to the east end of the island. With great difficulty crossed over the shoals and reefs over which at one time we dragged the boat nearly four miles. Twenty-five miles.

October 18th.— This morning opened with delightful weather, but without wind, and the tide had left our boat aground. Therefore, took a pleasant ramble on the seashore, which was strewn with the effects of the late storm. Cockles, conchs, mussels, escollops, newts, medusas, mosses and coralines lay bleaching in the sun, with an infinite number of smaller shells. I returned to the boat about 10 o'clock. It was nearly afloat. Dr. Foster brought in a large pelican, which he found dying, chocked by a fish he had taken, weighing six or eight pounds, whose dorsal fin had penetrated the pelican's pouch, from which he was unable to extricate it himself. The fish afforded us a fine meal. We soon got under way, and all taking to the oars, crossed over to the north shore near the mouth of Crooked river. A strong current passes from St. George's sound into the Gulf between St. George's and Dog island. We came to anchor about sunset ten miles east of Crooked river, to get fresh water and cook provisions, not having eaten any breakfast or dinner. After supper, the wind being fair, I wished to proceed, but could not move the captain, although our provisions were exhausted, for he had destroyed all of his the fourth day after we had left Pensacola, and being unwilling to let him and his boy suffer,

we had shared our stores with him till they were now at an end. Vexed with eternal unnecessary delays, I determined to attempt the passage by land, accordingly I left the boat. Twelve miles.

October 19th.— At early dawn I took as many articles as I could conveniently carry and proceeded up the coast, which was one entire marsh and swamp covered with palmettos. After traveling about four miles I discovered part of the vertebra of an enormous fish they were fourteen inches in diameter. The balance of the skeleton, with a huge mass of decaying flesh, I found toward evening on the shore surrounded by turkey buzzards, cranes and vultures. In the course of the day I found an old canoe, but after spending several hours in caulking it; I could not make it bear me, it was so much decayed. Encamped at sunset on the fine beach at Alligator harbor. This bay is extremely similar to St. Joseph's in shape, and the peninsula which surrounds it, but the entrance is very broad and full of sand bars, so far as I could discover. The northwest point presents a high, pleasant country, with a clean beach of white sand, over which run many fine springs of pure water. In the evening the boat reached the bay and anchored at no great distance. Dr. Foster visited me in the evening, and informed me that they had run four or five miles out from the shore and found the water shoal the whole distance.

October 20th.— Started at half past five, and after pursuing the beach about two miles, I took a northwest course, intending to strike the forks of the Ochlockney, but after toiling till 3 o'clock p. m., among ponds, swamps and marshes, I grew faint from want of provisions, and had to shape my course eastward, in order to reach the shore, which I accomplished toward evening, about five miles from Ocholockney bay. It being flood tide, I could get nothing from the ocean, so I walked on to the bay. Having struck up a fire and the tide being low, I caught a crab and found a few oysters, which I ate and slept soundly till next morning. Twenty miles.

October 21st.— I spent the whole morning in examining the bar at the mouth of the Olcholockney and the several channels through the oyster shoals. Breakfasted on oysters, which I found in great abundance. I then sought timber for a raft to enable me to cross the bay. This I at length accomplished with great difficulty, as neither

pinus nor oaks growing here will swim on the water. I was therefore obliged to seek, far down the coast, for driftwood that was seasoned. By evening I had procured sufficient for the purpose.

October 22d.— The wind and tide rendered the bay so rough that I dared not cross it. I therefore explored the country westward of the bay, which I found, as usual, full of ponds and marshes, some fresh and some salt water. The Ocholockney river is a fine, navigable stream for boats, and extends high up in the state of Georgia. It has several branches; Tologie and Little rivers enter it in the territory from the west. Twelve miles from the Gulf it forks— the western branch is called Crooked river, which after meandering twenty or thirty miles, enters New river, after which junction they enter the sound at the west end of James island. This river, I am informed, will carry six feet of water to the forks; the eastern branch, in four or five miles, spreads into the bay, which extends from one to two miles in width to the Gulf. The Bay of Ocholockney is about six miles long at the mouth. There are three channels— the western is narrow and shoal at low tide, the other two, though crooked and intricate, will, with good pilotage at ebb tide, admit craft drawing four feet of water. There has formerly been a commercial house established on the east side of this bay. The great quantities of excellent land in the vicinity of this stream will, at no distant period, give rise to very flourishing settlements.

October 23d.— This morning, after eating a breakfast of oysters, I started with my raft at ebb tide. I had to drag it near half way across the shoals. But the tide soon began to rise. I seated myself on my raft, but it being old and porous, soon became heavy and I was obliged to paddle with great energy to keep it from sinking. On the eastern shore I found the boat. It had entered the bay during the night and they had caught a raccoon, which was the only victuals they had found during the day past. I rested here a few hours while I spread out my baggage to dry, having wet it by the sinking of my raft. I then proceeded about four miles, the sun intensely hot, and no fresh water to be found. I became faint and blind with fatigue, hunger and thirst. After resting some time, I called to the boat, which was still beating in sight. After entering on board we proceeded nearly to the Indian pass of Apalachicola river. Twelve miles.

October 24th.— At daybreak we heard the morning gun discharged from the Fort, but we passed the Apalachicola river without discovering it, and continued till noon to cruise southwesterly; being unable to find an opening in the coast of sufficient magnitude, we became sensible at last that we had passed the place of our destination, and accordingly put about. At 3 p. m. we entered the river at ebb tide and beat among the oyster bars until evening, when we came to anchor behind the grass point. About 12 I discovered the tide was flowing into the river. I therefore awakened Dr. Foster, and with his assistance, in about three hours, we rode up to the Fort. We were received by Lieutenant Hutton, then in command, Captain McClintock having rode into the country for his health, with very pleasing marks of hospitality. Dr. Simmons, my colleague, had been awaiting me for fourteen days and had accompanied Captain McClintock into the country.

October 25th.— We found it necessary to rest this day. Some of us, among whom was myself, were so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that we were unable to walk without great difficulty.

October 26th.— I discovered this morning that horses could not be secured at the Fort, and being anxious to join my colleagues as soon as possible, I determined to proceed on to Ocholockney. In order, however, to make the most of our time, I procured a perogue and surveyed the Wakully river at its source. In this service Dr. Williams, acting surgeon of the Fort, volunteered his services.

The Wakully is altogether an extraordinary river. At the distance of about 11 miles from its embouchure, it bursts at once from the earth, a navigable stream. The spring is a beautiful oval basin of almost an unfathomable depth. It presents to the eye a pale azure translucent surface, under which are seen myriads of fish in little companies, at times sporting in the flood, and again disappearing behind the cliffs of rock which project into the fountain. During the first mile of its course the river may be 10 yards wide, about 6 feet deep, and after leaving the spring it is full of grass. During the next three miles it is divided into a thousand islands. Cypress, indeed, often shoot up in the middle of a deep channel.

(To be continued.)