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THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF INDIAN ATTACKS IN FLORIDA

AN INDIAN ATTACK OF 1856 ON THE HOME OF
WILLOUGHBY TILLIS

Narrative of James Dallas Tillis

In December, 1855, my father, Willoughby Tillis, and my mother, Celia Tillis, with their seven children moved from Tampa to within 3 1/2 miles of Fort Meade. Those children were myself, James Dallas Tillis, aged 6, Calhoun, aged 8, William W., a baby, and three sisters, Mary Ann, aged 10, Callie, and Cantacey. We had also one grown half-brother, Lafayette.

The Seminole War had impoverished all settlers in our part of the State and my father left Tampa to seek fertile grazing lands for his cattle and fine horses. Locating a homestead suitable for his purpose near Whidden Creek, he began work on a substantial house. While this home was in the process of building, our household goods were stored under a temporary shelter where we ourselves slept. Travelers repeatedly warned my father that the Seminole Indians had been ravaging solitary homes nearby, but being of a courageous and venturesome nature (having been through the Indian War of '36 and '37), he ignored these warnings, confident that he could ably protect his own. However, these warnings became so persistent that he was persuaded to move up within one mile and a half from Fort Meade where he shared a house with a Mr. Underhill, his wife and three children. This gentleman was also a refugee from his own home, an

Note-This narrative was dictated to the assistant editor of the **QUARTERLY** by James Dallas Tillis in October, 1929. Perhaps none now living, other than Mr. Tillis, have seen a hostile Seminole Indian.

unsafe distance from Fort Meade. A Mr. Russell had built and owned this house. It was constructed of pine logs, so finely notched that no cracks were visible between them, except in two or three instances where the brick chimney joined the logs. My father did not then appreciate the fine workmanship, but there came a time when he did.

A short distance from our new home was a large cattlepen enclosed by a worm rail fence. Into this my father drove his fine cattle. They immediately thrived in their comfortable quarters after having been penned in at Tampa for so long a period. Near the cattlepen was a barn in which my father's thoroughbred horses and a very fine animal of Mr. Underhill were stalled. A smoke-house adjoining the barn completed our little farm.

We lived contentedly in our new surroundings until May-I do not remember the exact date. The Indians, to all appearances, were quiet and at peace and were; therefore, far from our happy thoughts. One night my baby brother was ill, and after midnight, my father persuaded my mother to lie down and obtain a much needed rest. At sunup she arose and quietly prepared to go to the cattlepen to do the morning milking. As father had remained up all night, she wished to spare him this, and her consideration undoubtedly saved his life.

Waking our negro maid (Aunt Line, as we children called her), my brother Calhoun and myself, we made our way in the dim morning light to the cattlepen. Calhoun and I remained at the gap ready to lower the bars when the cows were ready for pasture. My mother and Aunt Line advanced towards the cows. From the first moment, my mother realized that all was not well with the cattle. The cows were restless and milled around, pushing against one another incessantly. She approached a cow which she knew from

experience was quite docile. The animal refused to stand and be milked. "Attempting to soothe it, she remarked, to Aunt Line, "Something is wrong with these cows."

Suddenly, the cow at whose side she knelt, bowed its head as though to charge and peered in fear towards the worm rail fence. My mother followed its gaze. Peering between the bars of the crude fence was the copper-colored face of an Indian! Instantly she discerned in the half-light many other faces lying close against the rails. She did not hesitate, but crying loudly, "Indians! Run for the house!" she suited her action to her words.

I can well remember my sensation at hearing that dread cry. My brother and I bolted in the direction of the house. I stumbled and fell. Precious moments were lost. The Indians were now firing rapidly. I rounded the smoke-house. A bullet struck the corner by which my small head had just passed. I skimmed a corner of the rail fence, scarcely touching the top. Under ordinary conditions, I could never have cleared it so easily, but fear lends wings to our feet.

After what seemed to us all an unendurable time we reached the door of our house. My father, who had heard us, rushed to the door, frantically trying to load his gun. He pushed us past him, shouting within, "My gun won't fire! Underhill, if yours will, for God's sake, shoot!" He then slammed the door and shot the wooden bolt in place, and it was not one moment too soon! A bullet from an Indian's gun splintered the planks and ploughed through the forehead of Aunt Line. She was painfully wounded, but my mother eventually nursed her back to health.

There is an explanation as to why we managed to escape the shower of bullets with only the one casualty. The milling cattle, thoroughly frightened, constantly came between the firing Indians and our flee-

ing figures. This, of course, interfered with their aim. A Seminole ordinarily shot straight.

My father and Mr. Underhill took up their places at each side of the brick chimney and fired on the Indians who were hiding behind the corner of the fence. Mr. Underhill, on his first shot, brought down one who fell outside the enclosure between the pen and the smoke-house. His comrades immediately reached out and drew his body to safety. We afterwards learned that it was a custom of the Seminoles to protect the bodies of their dead. If a white man's hand first touched the corpse, it was forever abandoned.

As the smoke from the guns of my father and Mr. Underhill indicated their positions to the Indians, they were obliged to fire and jump back to safety. This, of course, forced them to fire much more slowly than their enemies. One bullet struck a crack near my father's leaning body, but the logs were so finely notched that the bullet was deflected and my father's life spared. He ever afterwards boasted of the fine workmanship on our house.

Suddenly, we were horrified to hear my half brother, Lafayette, yell from the barn loft! A moment later we saw him leap to the ground and run for the house. We unbolted the door and he rushed through amid a shower of bullets. We had not even known he was on the farm. The day before, he had gone into Fort Meade and returning late that night had climbed into the loft so as not to disturb the baby.

Lafayette told us that the Indians were then attempting to set fire to the barn. He had watched them in horror from where he crouched. Preferring a death by bullet to one of fire, he had leapt to the ground and taken his slim chance.

After several attempts to burn the barn (it was difficult owing to their lack of matches), they drove Mr. Underhill's horse from its stall, cut its throat, and

left it to die. Crawling to my father's horses huddled together on the edge of a nearby field, they shot and wounded them wantonly. We in the house grieved over the cruel deaths of our animals of which we were very fond.

At length the sound of the firing was heard near Fort Meade by two small boys who were driving their father's cattle out to pasture. Running to their father, Daniel Carlton, they reported the firing. He knew that it was the general practice of the soldiers of Fort Meade to improve their aim by shooting at targets in the surrounding woods, but as the hour seemed too early for such practice, he took no chance, and reported to Lieutenant Alderman Carlton,¹ his father, who was commander of the garrison at Fort Meade. Lieutenant Carlton hurriedly mounted six men: Daniel Carlton, John C. Oates, William Parker, William McCullough, Henry Hollingsworth and Lot Whidden.

The galloping hoofbeats of their approaching horses warned our enemies, who crawled from their position behind our cattlepen and fortified themselves in the south end of a ten acre field to the south of our house.

Lieutenant Carlton, the first to round our house in a cloud of dust, called out, "Where are the Indians?"

My father indicated their direction, but shouted, "How many men have you, Lieutenant?"

"Only seven" was the reply.

My father cried warningly, "You are outnumbered more than two to one!"

Lieutenant Carlton whirled to give his command, but at that moment William Parker sighted the Indians moving cautiously in the field, and calling "Come on, boys, we'll charge them!" wheeled his horse and tore for the field. Behind him followed the other six.

¹ Lieutenant Alderman Carlton was great-grandfather of the present governor of Florida.

Three raced down one side of the field and four down the other, closing in on the Indians in the center. But the crouching Seminoles had the advantage. They were stationary and their brave attackers were mounted and moving rapidly. The Indians fired, and Lieutenant Carlton, William Parker, and Lot Whidden fell dead, while John Henry Hollingsworth was badly wounded.

McCullough, infuriated at the deaths of his comrades, dismounted, and ran towards an Indian whom he spied behind a pine tree. Pulling him out he grappled with him, man to man. Daniel Carlton ran to his aid and between them they bent the Indian to the ground and cut his throat with his own hunting knife.

Oates and McCullough then dragged the wounded Hollingsworth back to our house.

Daniel Carlton, deaf to the pleas of my father and his comrades, turned his horse in the direction of Fort Fraser and made for the open road, directly in the fire of the crouching Indians. As his horse shot past, they fired. The bullet ploughed through his horse's forehead and pierced his arm. Those watching thought it was the end, but Carlton only swerved in his saddle and galloped on. He had his father's death to avenge, and it would take more than one Seminole bullet to stop him.

I suppose his object in going to Fort Fraser was to solicit the aid of my mother's brother, Captain F. M. Durrance, who was in command there. The tie of blood would, of course, insure the promptest action.

After a day of horror and anxiety and constant firing, Captain Durrance, with a command of 50 men, came to our rescue. The Indians had by this time fled into the surrounding pine barren and Captain Durrance pursued them there relentlessly.

My recollection is that the attack on our home took place on a Saturday morning. Captain Durrance

did not overtake his quarry until sundown of the following Monday. At that hour, he and his command stole upon a sleeping Seminole sentinel. Killing him, they crept cautiously through the pine barren, confident that the remainder of the band lurked near. On a narrow bridge spanning a river east of where Bowling Green now is located, they came upon them. They were sitting in the water beneath the overhanging bridge waiting to take their pursuers at a disadvantage. A fierce battle commenced. Two soldiers under Captain Durrance were killed. These were privates Robert Pine and George Howell. Three were wounded; namely, J. L. Skipper, William Brooker and J. L. Whidden.

The Seminoles afterwards admitted fifteen casualties. Captain Durrance killed their chief and ring-leaders, but some of the band escaped into the pine barren.

This engagement was, I believe, the last of the Seminole hostilities in Florida.

Captain Durrance afterwards told my mother that he had come across the camp site of the Seminoles prior to their attack on our home. They had undoubtedly surrounded our cattlepen, where the rails protected them, soon after midnight Saturday, and were awaiting the exit of my father and Mr. Underhill from the house. Killing them, as they had planned to do, the women, and children would have been easy prey. The ill baby brother saved the lives of us all.

The body of the Indian whom McCullough and Daniel Carlton killed was buried in the stockade of Fort Meade, but was afterwards disinterred by a U. S. government physician for ethnological purposes. Examination of the body at the first burial disclosed the fact that the dead Seminole had undoubtedly been a medicine man of his tribe, for he carried secreted about his person many healing herbs and medicinal

plants. I do not now remember what became of his body. I never cared to look at it.

*A Confirmation from the Files of the United States War Department.*¹

In the time of the last Seminole War, 1856, Colonel John Munroe, 4th Artillery, was in command of the Department of Florida with headquarters at Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay. There were at the time garrisons of soldiers at different posts in Florida, including a garrison at Fort Meade in the present Polk County, where several companies were stationed. Among the companies there in June, 1856, were three companies of Florida Mounted Volunteers commanded respectively by Captain William B. Hooker, Captain F. M. Durrance and Captain Leslie. Captain S. L. Sparkman's Company of Florida Mounted Volunteers was stationed at Camp Gibson, not far distant from Fort Meade.

There are on file three lengthy reports relating to clashes with Indians in that vicinity in June, 1856, one by Colonel Munroe, the others by Captains Hooker and Durrance. It appears from these reports that on the morning of June 14 a party of hostile Indians in number some 30 to 50 attacked the home place of Mr. Willoughby Tillis about 2 1/2 miles from Fort Meade, wounding one of the occupants of the home, a servant, and killing the horses on the place. The men in the house made a successful resistance, firing through apertures in the walls, and killing, it was supposed, two Indians.

While that attack was in progress about 7 men under Lieutenant Carlton came to the rescue from the fort, when the Indians fled to a nearby thicket pursued by the soldiers. A fight ensued in which Lieu-

¹ This account was prepared from the files of the War Department through the interest of Senator Duncan U. Fletcher.

tenant Carlton was killed and several men wounded. Near noon of that day, June 14, a few more men went out from the fort and pursued the Indians for some distance, when, finding that the foe had been reinforced, returned to the fort late that day.

It is stated that the occupants of Mr. Tillis' house at the time of the attack were Mr. Willoughby Tillis, his wife and son, a Mr. Underhill and a colored woman servant.

On several days immediately following, a larger force from Fort Meade, aided by men from Captain Sparkman's Company, pursued and fought the Indians. Many details are given in the reports of Colonel Munroe and Captain Hooker.

It is stated that the body of an Indian killed June 16 was brought in for anatomical purposes, but nothing is found to show that the body was sent to Washington.

SEMINOLE ATTACKS NEAR NEW SMYRNA,
1835-1856

I was the daughter of George and Jane Jenkins Murray. The early records of our family were burned here in New Smyrna during the Indian War. My father was an engraver in Philadelphia, being employed by the U. S. Government to engrave the first bank notes they issued. In 1803 he with his young wife came to Florida and took up 600 acres, known as the Geo. Murray Grant on the McDugal plantation, situated a few miles south of New Smyrna, where F. Packwood now lives. They lived here but a short time, as the Indians became too troublesome. They went to St. Augustine, where after a stay of a year or two they returned to Philadelphia.

During their residence in Florida two children were born to them, Clementina and John. During their sojourn in Philadelphia, on Sept. 1st, 1813, I was born, making me over seventy-six years old. The family moved back to Florida in 1829. In the following year they took up their residence at Mandarin, on the St. Johns River. On May 8th, 1832, I was married to John Dwight Sheldon, and in October, 1835, removed with him and my mother to New Smyrna. Mr. Sheldon was placed in charge of the Cruger and Depyste property, in the absence of their manager, occupying their residence on the Hill, known as the Turnbull Castle.¹ On the morning of December the

Note-This narrative was dictated in the year 1890 by Mrs. Jane Murray Sheldon to her daughter Mrs. R. S. Sheldon. A copy was later given to The Florida Historical Society. It was published during that year in the *New Smyrna Breeze*, a weekly newspaper of local circulation. Footnotes are now added by Professor R. Lee Goulding, of New Smyrna.

¹This is the site of the present Old Fort foundations in the heart of the modern city of New Smyrna.

24th of that year [1835] my servant girl told me that she had been to a dance, on a Mr. Hunter's plantation one mile north of us, and that "there were nine Indians present with their faces painted" which was an indication of hostilities. Mr. Hunter, soon after came in and advised Mr. Sheldon to get the negroes and household goods away as soon as possible. Two lighters were loaded, and by sunset we left and went across the river to Capt. Dummett's place,² expecting to stay there until morning.

Captain Dummett and Mr. Hunter were with us. During the night a large body of Indians came into New Smyrna, and burned all the residences. Becoming fearful that the Indians might cross the river, at 3 P. M. Capt. Dummett and Mr. Hunter left in their small boat leaving orders for the negroes to follow with the lighter as soon as the tide was favorable. Mr. Sheldon having only a very small boat, took my mother and myself and put us on a schooner that was at the Inlet until he could go back to Capt. Dummett's place, to get our trunks. Upon nearing the place he found that the negroes that were left in charge of the lighters and large boat had started to return but were met by the Indians, who were crossing on a raft. They took the boat from the negroes, and came on across the river and landed and Mr. Sheldon could see them breaking open the trunks and destroying the goods.

He returned to us at the schooner with the sad news that we had lost everything we had except the clothes we had on. The Captain kindly gave us breakfast and a lunch, and we started up the Halifax in our small boat hoping to get to St. Augustine. As the Indians were busily destroying every plantation on the mainland we kept as close as possible to the eastern

² The site of the Dummett place is one block south of Flagler Avenue in Coronado Beach.

shore. We did not reach Bulow's landing until the day following, spending a most disagreeable night on the peninsula.

On our arrival at Mr. Bulow's plantation ³ we found all the inhabitants of the Halifax collected there, being afraid to attempt to go to St. Augustine without protection. They sent a messenger to St. Augustine for protection, but there were no troops there when he arrived; so, as no assistance could be had from that quarter, it was decided to picket in and protect themselves in case of attack.

After remaining here six weeks our stock of provisions was about exhausted and the men decided to go down to Dunlawton (present Port Orange). The buildings were not burned, and at daylight they found a large herd of cattle in a pen, which the Indians had gathered with a view of driving them away. These were turned out and about sunrise the Indians, who were camped back in the swamp, came out in large numbers and made a savage attack on all sides. Our men resisted as long as possible, but were finally compelled to retreat to their boats, which unfortunately the receding tide had left a long way from the water, and before they could get them afloat and out of the range of the Indians' rifles, nearly every man was wounded more or less. Capt. Dummett's servant, a negro, was the only one killed. He was shot while wading out with the boats. A young man, a Mr. Gould, swam out to an island where he was captured and tortured to death in their most fiendish manner. My husband had one ball in his right arm above the elbow, and another spent ball struck him in the head between the eyes. The wind being favorable they arrived at Bulow's at 4 P.M. where, luckily, there was a physi-

⁵ Bulow's plantation was situated on what is now known as Bulow's Creek, north of the Tomoka River. The remains of the Bulow buildings may still be seen.

cian who cared for the wounded. He took the ball out of my husband's head, a very painful operation ; but the one in the arm being only in the flesh it was not removed but remained there his whole life.

It was found necessary to get the wounded men to St. Augustine as soon as possible, so they were put in the plantation wagons and at 10 P.M. of the second day after the fight we started for Matanzas River, eleven miles distant, where we arrived at daytime the next day and took boats for St. Augustine, where we arrived at twelve that night. It rained all the way and we were without the least protection. The wounded were so well cared for that only two died. Some had friends in the place who cared for them and the others, ourselves being among the number, went to hotels, we going to the Livingston House, where we were kindly cared for, and remained two weeks, while Mr. Sheldon's wounds were healing; after which we took rooms in a private house, the government furnishing rations to all the refugees.

As soon as Mr. Sheldon was able to do anything he was employed by the U. S. Army officers as a guide, leaving my mother and myself alone, but we soon found many friends who were as kind as friends possibly could be.

Mr. Sheldon remained with the army until the latter part of May, having guided them over a great part of South and West Florida. He was in many severe battles, but escaped any further injury and arrived home just a few days previous to the birth of our twin boy and girl, on May 31st.

We remained in St. Augustine two years, during which time I saw many Indian prisoners, who were brought in to be sent West. There were a good many negroes captured with them, and it came to light that the negroes were in sympathy and had aided them in the first outbreak. I saw a number of the Cruger and

Depyste slaves and from them learned that they had secreted the Indians near there until the main body came up. But they were glad enough to get away from the Indians as they treated them very cruelly.

As there had been no depredations done by the Indians north of St. Augustine, we decided to return to our old home at Mandarin, when one evening one of our neighbors came in hurriedly and informed me that the Indians had killed a family two miles from us (Mr. Sheldon was in Picolata at the time), and that I should take my children and go into the village as soon as possible, as it was feared that the Indians would continue their work of destruction, and would probably come to our place, as we lived on the road. I took my two children, the youngest a babe of ten months, and walked a mile to the village, where I arrived about nine o'clock and found all the inhabitants collected preparing to go aboard an old condemned schooner that was anchored in the river, for it was feared that the savages would attack the village that night. We saw fires burning in the neighborhood where they had killed the family.

There were two other families near who had heard the firing and yells and had fled into the swamps, where they remained all night. We did not know of this and there was much anxiety as to the fate of our neighbors, and one man finally volunteered to ride out to see what had been done. He met the Indians about half way, coming into the village, but they became frightened and turned back. The next morning the men armed themselves and went out to see what damage had been done, and a most sad sight presented itself to their view. The farms had all been destroyed, and four persons had been killed at the first house and burned in it. Their charred bodies were collected and given decent burial.

The Indians took an old negro man, belonging to the family they killed, and kept him with them all night, but released him the next morning, and it was from him we learned of their cruelty and depredations. There were eighteen of them and after loading themselves with plunder they started immediately for their homes.

An express rider was sent to St. Augustine to the troops, hoping they might overtake them, which they did, capturing the most of them not far from Picolata. All the families slept on the old schooner for a week, but not being molested, we returned to our homes, where we remained in security until after a treaty was made with the Indians.

In December, 1843, we moved back to New Smyrna and commenced clearing our land on the Murray Grant, I with the three children living in a tent, until we could get a log-cabin built.

There were three companies here cutting live-oak, and Mr. Sheldon was employed as pilot for their vessels, which enabled us to get material for a new house from New York, and before the end of a year we had a comfortable two-story house of six rooms, built on the hill where Mr. Packwood now lives.⁴ My husband planted out an orange grove, and we lived very quietly for a number of years, raising much of our provisions on the place. Game being very plentiful, we were abundantly supplied.

In the summer of 1849 I made a visit to my sisters in Jacksonville, leaving my mother to keep house and take care of my children. At that time there were a few settlers at Fort Capron, near the mouth of the Indian River, on lands that were above the boundary line of the lands assigned the Indians. The latter lived in harmony with them, coming into the settlement to

⁴ The Packwood place is about eight miles below New Smyrna.

trade, until they became dissatisfied with the whites through trading. They made an attack upon the settlers, killing one man, a Mr. Barker, and wounding another, Mr. Russell. The families made their escape in their boats and came up to our house, but Mr. Sheldon, becoming alarmed, took our family and accompanied the refugees up to Dunlawton, where he found a small schooner upon which he placed them and sent them to me, in Jacksonville. After a time troops were sent to New Smyrna, and Mr. Sheldon wrote me to return, thinking the troops would remain and we would be protected.

In October I found that a government steamer was going to Smyrna direct, so I hastened to avail myself of the opportunity of getting back to my home, not stopping to notify my husband of my coming. On my arrival I found that the troops had been sent down to Fort Capron, and that Mr. Sheldon had gone with them as guide. The stores and few remaining troops were taken on board the steamer and went on to Fort Capron.

I was landed on the hill, the site of Turnbull's Castle, then owned by Mr. Stamps,⁵ and left alone with my children, without food and with a constant dread of an attack from the Indians. My feelings on that day may be imagined, but they cannot be described. I spent a sleepless night and the following day I found an old boat sunk in the creek, and with the help of my children raised it and corked it with rags, placing some boards on the seats to keep the children out of the water, my little eleven-year-old daughter and myself each taking a slat from the bedstead as a paddle, and with the little colored girl with a water pail to bail with to keep the boat from sinking, we started

⁵ Mr. Stamps, of South Carolina, was one of those who attempted to develop the sugar industry near New Smyrna. It was he who converted the old mission there into a sugar mill.

out on the river, thinking only of getting away. from the mainland and going over to the mangrove islands to remain over-night. But the tide being fair and we were getting along so nicely that we ventured to cross the river to Capt. Dummett's place, where we landed safely and found a colored family who furnished us with food and shelter.

Mr. Sheldon soon returned, but did not think it safe to return to our home, and as he was soon after appointed Deputy Collector of Customs, which necessitated his being near the Inlet, he purchased Mr. Stamps's place, which we made our permanent home.

Troops were kept at Fort Capron for a number of years, while they were fighting the Indians further south. As the Indians had not been known to come further north than Capron, we had no further fears of them.

In December, 1856, a Mr. Shine with wife and two children from Philadelphia moved out and rented our old home eight miles south. They came intending to settle permanently. On the 23rd of December my two sons were returning from the Lagoon with a quantity of wild ducks which they had shot, and thought they would stop and give Mr. Shine some. As they neared the place they saw the house was gone. Still thinking it had burned by accident, they went up to the landing, when to their horror they saw Mrs. Shine and the little girl lying dead near the water. Then they thought it the work of the Indians and returned to warn Mr. E. K. Lowd and John Lowd and their uncle Arad Sheldon, who were the only settlers at Oak Hill, and then came home and told the news.

The neighbors got together and went down to investigate further. They found Mr. Shine's body back of the hill and the bones of the little boy, who had been burned in the house. The bodies were horribly mutilated. They were brought to New Smyrna and

buried, and a despatch was sent over to Melonville to a company of Volunteers, who came over and followed the Indians 70 miles, but they having several days start, were not overtaken. As near as they could judge there were nineteen Indians. They packed themselves with so much of the goods, clothing, etc., that they had to leave much of it on the way.

This created much excitement, and all the settlers for a distance around came to our house, expecting to try, in case of an attack from the Indians, to resist them, but that was their last raid in this part of the country.

After this we had no further trouble until the Civil War, which brought to me the sorest trials and greatest sorrows of my life.

JANE MURRAY SHELDON

A TALLAHASSEE ALARM OF 1836

Georgetown, D. C.

17th May, '86

My dear Cousin Julia,

.
. I suppose that, once in a while, you visit Tallahassee ; which I remember was, in '36 & '37, a very pleasant little city, of not many handsome, but substantial and comfortable houses of brick and frame, besides some churches ;-built round a knoll and surrounded by dense hammacks, through which diverged roads like the spokes of a wheel. But I remember more particularly its agreeable society, and the beauty of some of the young ladies.

During my first visit in the spring of '36 (then acting 2d Master of the frigate Constellation, and signal officer of the squadron) my dear brother Edward, (whom I had not seen since I first left home, in '26, for the Pacific) was living very near one of those hammacks ; and had sent his wife and child, at dusk, to the center of the "city", where a large number of cotton bales had been rolled, for a barricade, and protection of the women and children against an expected attack by Tiger-tail and his band of Seminoles, who had threatened to have a green corn dance in Tallahassee. There had been a sentinel posted at each road, on the edge of the hammacks, who was to fire his rifle (to be the signal of alarm) on the first discovery of an indian approaching. One of them, who had been a Midn. in the Navy, and was a brother of Mrs. Secy. Forsyth) being, it was said, rather "oblivious" and mistaking a hog for an indian on "all fours", discharged his rifle; about 10 o'clk which set the whole place in commotion.

Note-This letter was written by William Chandler, Captain, United States Navy, to Julia J. Yonge.

My brother and I had been chatting-together in his parlor, and waiting events (without much dread of Tiger-tail to whom he had been kind) when he suddenly remarked "the indians are coming". Supposing he had plenty of arms in the house, upon my asking for them (having, myself, but a pair of single barreled pistols) I was rather amused when he could only muster an old flintlock musket and a rusty sword! It was not long, however, before the false alarm became known, and quiet restored, and a good laugh, instead of lamentation, all round ; but most of the people, I believe, remained behind the, cotton bales until daylight.

My next visit to Tallahassee was in the autumn of the same year, soon after the death of my brother, where I passed a few days ; and last in '37 ; when Com. Dallas (with his newly wedded wife) being in Tallahassee, had ordered the schooner Grampus (of which I was then acting 1st Lieut.) to bring the Marine guard of the Constellation from Pensacola to St. Marks, to assist in protecting Tallahassee against another threatened attack by indians! And after remaining there several days with my sister-in-law and niece (and in uniform, with epaulets, enjoying myself with the young ladies - particularly at the Fair that was being then held) the Grampus returned to Pensacola, without the Marine guard and its Lieut., but with the Com., his wife, wife's sister Mrs. Duvall, and two colored maids, to whom, except the Com., the little cabin (not near as large in area as my dining room) was given up by the Lieut. Codg. Peck ; who, with the Com. joined us in the equally small ward-room-already occupied by the Master, Dr. and Purser, besides myself! During the passage we had some squally weather, with some sea & much rain, at night; and the ladies being a good deal alarmed, they would every now and then, much to my amusement, poke

their heads thro' the passing-powder scuttles in the bulkhead between the cabin & wardroom, and almost in contact with the heads of the occupants of the wardroom cots and inquire if we thought there was 'any danger; whilst the Com. & Capt., too considerate to accept our cots, would every once in a while, roll off the mess lockers, their improvised bunks. *All together*, it was a jolly time.

When you write to me again tell me what kind of flowers you cultivate, for I have forgotten those of 44 (!) years ago, and only remember the beautiful shrubs, oleander and crape myrtle, and *Magnolia grandiflora*, whose delicious fragrance I enjoyed so much in camp, when on the "Survey." Dear old Pensacola with its pine barrens and glistening white sand beaches stretching far away on either side of a beautiful bay (once dotted by the half-dozen ships of our squadron) (and in the midst of which the trig little "Grampus", afterwards lost with all on board, was ever conspicuous) will always be associated in my memory with charming yet sad recollections. Of all the officers and civilians, I know of none now living; and but very few of the fair sex who made the place *attractive*. Mrs. Mallory is left to link the present with the past, but where are Pelita and Victoria?

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Affectionately,
W. C.

INDIAN MURDERS

On Saturday last May 23, 1840, five men were killed by Indians, a short distance west of Fort Weadman, on the Picolata Road ; say between 7 and 8 miles from the city of St. Augustine—that city which once belonged to Spain, and many of whose inhabitants were overjoyed when it was transferred to the United States, from the belief that they would enjoy a greater degree of security in their persons and property.

It was a heart-rending sight, in view of the desolations of a fertile country, and the many tragic events that have been acted in it, for the last four years and more, to see five human beings, some of them our fellow-citizens, brought into town, awaiting the last mournful and solemn rites.

The circumstances were these:—Col. Hanson was engaged in bringing from Picolata, a company of comedians who were under the management of W. C. Forbes, from Savannah, a part of whom, including two ladies, had arrived the day before. Col. H. had a carriage drawn by two horses and a large baggage wagon employed. In these were a Mr. Miller from Brunswick,

Note--Beside the road leading westward from St. Augustine to Picolata on the St. Johns River there is a permanent marker with this inscription: THEATRICAL TROUP KILLED BY INDIANS, MAY 23, 1840. Varying accounts of this attack suggested a search for a contemporaneous narrative, and this extract from the *Florida Herald* of St. Augustine, the issue of May 29, 1840, appears to be the most trustworthy of those found. General Churchill (in *Sketch of the Life of Bvt. Brig. Gen. Sylvester Churchill*, New York, 1888, p. 45) states that he passed the party of actors shortly before they were ambushed, but was himself accompanied by a guard; also, that Coachoochee (Wild-Cat) stated to him that he with his band made that attack. In the following year when Coachoochee with professions of friendship and accompanied by seven of his warriors came into the camp of Col. Worth for a talk, the Indians were fantastically decked out in the costumes of the actors' plundered wardrobes., (See Sprague, *The Origin, Progress, and Conclusion of the Florida War*, New York, 1848, p. 259.)

Geo., Mr. Vose, from Black Creek, Mr. Lynes, Mr. Weiger, and Mr. Germon, and Mr. Hagan, and a negro man, the driver. When within 7 or 8 miles of the city, these waggons were fired upon by a party of about fifteen Indians, who suddenly rose up from a clump of palmettos, about fifty yards from the road, and killed Miller and Vose ; the others (except Hagan) abandoned the waggons and ran with the view of effecting their escape. Germon ran towards Fort Searle, pursued by an Indian for some distance, who fired his rifle, the ball of which passed within six inches of G's head. G. finding himself unhurt, and still pursued, as the only means of safety, suddenly turned round and drew a pistol, which the Indian saw and left the pursuit - G. escaped to Fort Searle. Weiger, on leaving the carriage, also ran, pursued by the Indians, but finding that they gained upon him, he stopped, turned to them and begged (in German) for his life, under the impression that, as a foreigner, they would spare him, - he was shot. Lynes ran and concealed himself in a swamp, and was enabled afterwards to get into Fort Weadman. The negro driver made his escape. Hagan, who continued in the waggon, states that when the carriages were abandoned, he was lying down in the bottom of the one he was in-that the Indians came up and threw out the dead body of Miller, and then beckoned him out-and that whilst they were plundering the waggons he was enabled to effect his escape.

Whilst the Indians were thus engaged in plundering; a waggon in the U. S. service, approached from town, in which were Messrs. Francis Medices, Nelson Buford, and A. F. Ball, and was driven by a negro man. Buford states that on discovering the Indians, he was driving, and attempted to turn his team, but failing, they all quitted the waggon with the view of reaching Fort Weadman, from which they were absent

about a mile - that they were followed by the Indians, and after running a considerable distance Medices was shot through the hand and Ball was killed. Suddenly Medices turned and ran the other way, and his body was found within a short distance of the first action. Buford continued running for Fort Weadman, pursued by an Indian, who made a grab at him, and, missing him, fell, which gave the latter such advantage, as to enable him to effect his escape, with the aid of a sergeant and four men, who came from the fort to his relief. The driver of this waggon also made his escape.

Every thing in the waggons was taken ; the trunks broken open, and clothing, dresses, and everything that could be of any value to an Indian, was carried away or destroyed.

The Indians were painted red, and in a warlike attire - were daring, and exhibited an unsubdued character. One approached Fort Weadman within two hundred yards, assumed an air of defiance, and shook his rifle as a challenge to those who were in it. There were only seven men in the fort and they could not make a sally.

On the receipt of the intelligence, expresses were sent to convey the necessary intelligence, by the commanding officer, Col. Gates, and a body of our fellow-citizens at once volunteered, and went forth to meet the *Goliath of the Philistines*. They were absent till late at night, and were only prevented by the approach of night from having a fight with the murderers.

We can moralize on this subject, but we cannot theorize. It is useless for us to complain, to find fault, or to affect wisdom above our neighbors. The fact is, those of us that remain have been pent up in this little city for the last *four and a half years*, by a few worthless outlaws. Our friends and our neighbors, one after another, have been hastened to mansions of the dead, and he who is fool-hardy enough to look beyond the

gates of the city, may be the next victim. It was most appropriately said by the good man who officiated at the entombment of these fellow mortals, "*be ye also ready.*"

It is proper to observe that when this descent was made, the Eastern section of the St. Johns, was perfectly defenseless, every ablebodied man had been withdrawn (excepting a mere guard at each post) to concentrate at Fort King, preparatory to an expedition into the principal Indian settlements, and the commanding officer here was without a man to render assistance, or to pursue the Indians.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Held at Ocala, February 11, 1930

MINUTES

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of The Florida Historical Society (now seventy-three years since its founding) was called to order at the Hotel Marion, in Ocala, Florida, at 10 A.M. on February 11th, 1930, by President Arthur T. Williams.

He introduced Mr. Horace L. Smith, chairman of the Ocala program committee.

Mr. Smith welcomed the Society on behalf of its local members, and said that during his years of service as secretary of the Marion County Chamber of Commerce it had been his duty to welcome numberless groups, but none had brought him more pleasure and pride, and the city more honor than this. His greeting was cordial and appreciated.

President Williams responded, and expressed his personal pleasure at being in Ocala. "Here, fifty years ago," he said, "began my struggle for a living. Here, many distinguished men that I recall with reverence lived, and here I witnessed the beginning of some of Florida's leading industries, citrus, phosphate, etc."

He acknowledged appreciatively the cordial welcome.

The order of business was suspended and the president introduced Hon. Frederick Cubberly, who spoke on the subject, Some Historical Spots in Marion County.

"Marion County," said Mr. Cubberly, "has at various times been the scene of historical events, and the home of prominent men. The principle source of this

history was of course the presence of Indians, and the clash of interests between them and the whites, resulting in dramatic conflicts and the struggle of prominent men to end them. Andrew Jackson's dominating personality had considerably influenced Ocala's destiny. From Pensacola he promulgated his ideas, among which were the absurdity of treaties with Indians, and the necessity of a restricted habitat for them. Their chiefs fattened upon treaties while their poor starved.

Treaties continued however in the effort to secure their peaceful consent to a restricted habitat. James Gadsden, at Fort Moultrie, agreed with the chiefs upon the boundaries of such a restricted territory: from just north of Ocala to the Everglades. Governor Duval eventually secured their emigration to this territory upon granting their expenses and other allowances.

Going back to 1825, Mr. Cubberly pictured the erection of a council house at Camp King, afterwards Fort King, by Col. Gad Humphreys, the appointed Indian Agent. There, farming was started, but difficulties were interminable. Food and supplies were hard to get, and runaway negroes held by the Indians caused much friction.

General Thompson was the next Indian Agent, but accomplished little. Gadsden was again appointed, and at Payne's Landing on the Ocklawaha River, persuaded the Indians to relinquish all Florida possessions and agree to move West. A delegation of chiefs was sent West to inspect the new promised land, but nothing came of it. The rank and file of Indians opposed the move, and rebellion and hostilities began. Here Osceola appears, a forceful leader of his people.

From St. Augustine, where Gen. Clinch was in command, and from Key West and other posts, detachments were marched toward Fort King to quell hos-

tilities. The Dade Massacre followed ; Gen. Thompson and Lieut. Smith were ambushed and killed. To Middleburg, in Clay County, Gen. Winfield Scott brought troops and supplies ; Gen. Gaines inspecting troops at Mobile, heard of the Dade Massacre and traveled by boat to Tampa, marching thence to Fort King. There followed the siege of Camp Izzard, close to Fort King: Generals Clinch and Zachary Taylor came up with supplies and forces and won decisive victories.

Mr. Cubberly's rapid, comprehensive sketch was a splendid preliminary to the afternoon's itinerary, when all of us visited the site of Fort King and found ourselves gazing with strange eyes, peopling the scene with these striking personages, and watching them perform their colorful drama.

The chairman thanked Mr. Cubberly and the audience expressed grateful approval.

Mrs. W. F. Blackman of Orlando was next on the program but illness having prevented her attendance, she had asked Professor Hanna of Rollins College to fill her place.

Mr. Hanna first introduced Miss Thelma Baker, of Orlando High School, winner of the Irving Bacheller historical essay contest. Miss Baker repeated her essay to the meeting. It was novel and pleasing. History is like the plot of a story in its orderly development. Take an individual city, Orlando for example. First a settlement, then a hamlet, a town with lights and streets, the county-seat, an industrial city ; and the inevitable future greatness and glory.

Miss Baker was rewarded by having the coveted medal bestowed upon her by Rose Mills Powers.

Mr. Hanna then read a delightful paper on Florida's Mysterious Personality. It presented eloquently the rich cosmopolitan heritage of Florida, assessed its importance and value, and urged the preservation and

collection of every article and record bearing upon its development. The chairman thanked Mr. Hanna for his valuable contribution and asked permission to publish it.

The chair introduced Professor Howard Dykman, of the University of Florida, who addressed the meeting on Economic Aspects of Florida History.

His introductory generalizations were illuminating. "History consists of the inward experiences and possessions of man. The aim of history is art and science ; the tangible means are politics and economics. Political history has always held the center of the stage; economic history is a recent development. One cannot read history in the light of Adam Smith without recognizing that the economic motive has shaped history. Karl Marx even more emphatically avers that all history comes of the wealth-getting of mankind.

In the American Revolution economic motive was important. Sectional loyalties formed on economic bases. The Carolinian would have been better off under England ; the frontiersman would not. In Florida, the effect on the exports of loyalists formed the basic motive. The tourist movement is now shaping her history; it will be most interesting to watch."

Professor Dykman's enthusiasm over his subject was pleasant, as it always is pleasant to see a young man enthusiastic and uncompromising over the pursuit of truth. His emphasis of the economic motive could not of course appeal with much warmth to a circle of hero-worshippers, such as we were, and the numerous opinions expressed indicated that our old ideals and prejudices remained intact and preeminent. Professor Dykman will be sought at future meetings not so much for his convictions as for his charming personality when away from his hobby, and especially for the opportunity of converting him.

Like the notes of victorious cathedral chimes after battle came the ringing lines of the poem "Singing Tower", recited by the fair author, Rose Mills Powers, of Winter Park.

The poem seemed a premeditated and miraculous refutation of the preceding thesis, and the poet was clearly exalted by her dramatic opportunity as she sang :

"O false and foolish who told
That I called to them, Gold, Gold, Gold ;
For Beauty, Beauty, my voice is ringing
And Beauty, Beauty, the echoes winging
In harmony manifold
From the Tower of Singing, a sweet melodious flight
As the carillon of bells
The revealing keynote of Earth's mystery tells."

The rout of the enemy was complete and satisfying, as attested by the prolonged applause the poet received.

At 12:30 P.M. the business session was resumed. The secretary reported the following members present :

Rev. J. G. Glass, Ormond Beach
Mrs. Frank E. Jennings, Jacksonville
Mrs. A. T. Williams, Jacksonville
Miss Lucy S. Williams, Jacksonville
Mrs. E. L. Wartmann, Citra
W. T. Gary, Ocala
A. F. Knotts, Yankeetown
R. D. Meader, Brunswick, Georgia
Mrs. Mary S. Gamsby, Ocala
Mrs. Fred Cubberly, Gainesville
Jesse Lee Carter, Manatee
Arthur T. Williams, Jacksonville
Mrs. Hiram Powers, Winter Park
A. J. Hanna, Winter Park
Harold Colee, St. Augustine
Fred Cubberly, Gainesville

Miss Clara Burton, Orlando
Francis M. Williams, Jacksonville
Mrs. James G. Glass, Ormond Beach
Mrs. T. Frederick Davis, Jacksonville
Miss Louise C. Meigs, Jacksonville
Dr. L. H. Jenks, Winter Park
T. Frederick Davis, Jacksonville
Mrs. B. H. Barnett, Jacksonville
Mrs. Iva T. Sprinkle, Ocala
W. M. Toomer, Jacksonville
Mary S. Anderson, Ocala
R. L. Anderson, Ocala

Members represented by proxies were:

J. F. Marron	W. I. Fee
Carl Bohnenberger	L. J. Larzelere
C. D. Rinehart	L. L. Parks
W. C. Johnson	Laura Spencer Porter
Jas. A. Robertson	Frank S. Gray
Alfred Miller	Fred Cubberly
Bayard B. Shields	J. E. D. Yonge
Linwood Jeffreys	Giles J. Patterson
Garrett Porter	John B. Stetson, Jr.
Emma R. Porter .	P. W. Harvey
Chas. H. Mohr	Everett Mizell
Mrs. Louis C. McKee	A. H. Roberts
Elizabeth R. Harman	P. D. Gold
P. K. Yonge	Kate Williams
Mrs. Wm. J. Krome	E. P. Owen, Jr.
Mrs. A. A. Taylor	John G. Ruge
J. C. Yonge	B. F. Trenary
A. J. Mitchell	Burton Barrs
Wm. H. Knowles	M. A. Fleming
M. L. Mershon	Mal H. Haughton
C. Seton Fleming	Mrs. H. A. L'Engle
George W. Milam	Maxwell A. Kilvert
F. M. Hudson	W. H. Warnock
Mrs. John H. Carter	West Palm Beach Library
Philip C. Tucker	C. E. Chillingworth
H. L. Grady	Claude H. Rahn
W. L. Weaver	Walter H. Mucklow
J. G. McKay	Mrs. Annie Averette

The report of the president was presented. (post)

The report of the treasurer was presented. (post)

The Rev. Mr. Glass exhibited a rare map of Florida, dated 1829, which was inspected and widely commented upon.

Upon motion unanimously carried the president was directed to send a telegram of congratulation to Thomas A. Edison upon this, his birthday.

Upon motion, carried, the directors were authorized to effect a change in the charter, increasing the number of directors from seven to eleven.

For the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year. the chair appointed as a nominating committee Messrs T. F. Davis, A. J. Hanna and R. L. Anderson ; and after a few minutes retirement this committee reported its nominees. Upon motion, the nominations were ordered closed and the secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for the nominees, which he thereupon did, and they were declared elected as follows :

president	Arthur T. Williams
1st vice president	P. K. Yonge
2d vice president	Frederick Cubberly
treasurer	T. Frederick Davis
secretary	Francis M. Williams
assistant-secretary	Emma Rochelle Porter
	Frank Drew
	A. J. Hanna
directors	Julien C. Yonge
	Mrs. Roy V. Ott

and for directors contingent upon effected change in charter, A. H. Roberts, George P. Raney, John P. Stokes, and C. Seton Fleming.

A resolution of appreciation and thanks to Mr. Julien C. Yonge, editor of the **QUARTERLY**, and to Mrs. Emma Rochelle Porter, assistant editor, was presented

and carried after many voices had been raised in tribute to the excellence and value of their work.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned to the luncheon room.

Over a hundred persons sat down to lunch. There were professors of history from universities, librarians and members of historical societies from all parts of the country, senators, congressmen, visitors and homefolks, and a sprinkling of boys and girls who were thus honored for special achievement in historical study. Senator W. T. Gary, of Ocala, acted as toastmaster and introduced Judge W. S. Bullock, the speaker of the occasion. Judge Bullock's talk was entirely reminiscent ; simple, tender, and interesting from beginning to end.

"Seventy years ago," he said, "a winged navigator of the skies looked down upon a forest of oaks and magnolias, and espied among them a little brown hotel. There he deposited a basket of infantile cargo-your humble servant. It's but a few minutes walk from here. The birthday of Ocala was February 26th, 1846, when David Bruton, her first surveyor, completed a survey and map defining boundaries, etc., and submitted for official acceptance what is known to all land men, abstractors and attorneys, as the Bruton map. If anyone is here who was present at that birthday, please raise your hand."

Only one hand was raised : a little old lady sitting at the judge's side.

"This," said the judge, "is my very dear old friend, Mrs. Frink, daughter of David Bruton."

At odd times during his talk, the judge would bend down and ask Mrs. Frink for confirmation of memories, etc.

"Our mail came by hacks from Gainesville, the nearest railroad station. Old Bill Dutch, chief of police and unquestioned municipal authority drove that hack,

and on approaching Ocala he would blow a bugle. He was a big, strong, hearty man, and we heard that bugle five miles away; didn't we, Mrs. Frink?" Mrs. Frink nodded with glee.

"Then there was Ebenezer J. Harris, mine host of the old Ocala House, with his great round jolly face, and his generous heart. And the Benjamin brothers, Jews they were, and fine and valuable citizens. And Aunt Dinah ; oh, Aunt Dinah, who couldn't believe that ice could be manufactured, and when I sent her round to Benjamins to see it, touched it and drew back her hand as if burnt, and said in an awed voice, 'You Jews have beat Christ; he only turned water into wine, but you have turned it into ice.'

"And I used to run around barefoot; didn't I, Mrs. Frink? We got our freight from Silver Springs, where it had been brought in boats, and we hauled it from the Springs to Ocala, with teams of six oxen."

And so the judge ran on with his reminiscences, some of them historically interesting and others merely sweet until we were told that the autos were waiting to take us to Fort King and the Springs.

At Fort King there is a small fenced area with a marker on it stating that here lie the bodies of those who lost their lives in battle. It is out in the woods close to town and not difficult to reach. Plans are on foot to mark it more permanently.

Silver Springs is noted for its beauty and has been the theme of numerous descriptive narratives. On this day the weather was fine and warm, and the members of the Society, relaxed and merry and in several boat loads passing and repassing each other, made the visit especially delightful. Overhead was the Good-year dirigible, which had escorted our party from the hotel to the Springs, with the heads of the airmen looking down and their arms waving ; no doubt wishing they could dive overboard and join us.

Returning to the hotel the party broke up, with flattering comments on the whole enjoyable program.

FRANCIS M. WILLIAMS

Secretary

ANNUAL REPORT OF ARTHUR T. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT

For the information of the members of the Florida Historical Society in annual meeting assembled, I herein briefly state the status of the organization for the year 1929 :-

At the last annual meeting held in St. Augustine, the roster of the society contained a total of 545 names. Today we have enrolled 563, an increase of 18. Numerically, this annual enrollment is below that of previous years, but owing to present conditions in our State, we feel that the increase is extremely gratifying. Consider the following comparisons : Last year's total of Contributing Members was 11. This year's total is 20, an increase of 9. We note an increase of one-the late William B. Drew-in our Life Memberships, bringing the total to 7. The total membership of libraries and universities for 1928 was 35. Today it is 46. Our exchanges have increased by 9. Twenty-nine active members have discontinued memberships during the year just closed, but to cover these losses we have enrolled an active new membership of 36. A most unusual year in these times of stress and one of which the organization can feel justly proud.

Through the headquarters of the Society 498 letters of inquiry pertaining to historical matters have been answered. This, you will perceive, averages more than one per day. Information and research, some of it exhaustive and requiring much time, is furnished gratis. Inquiries have come to us from every state in the Union and many from foreign lands. It is our rule to acknowledge all letters promptly and

cordially, thereby winning friends for the Society and gaining new members through, this medium of contact.

During the business session of the last annual meeting your president was authorized to appoint a committee on building. The personnel of this committee is as follows : Mrs. Roy V. Ott, Ocala ; Mrs. Sumter DeLeon Lowry, Tampa ; Judge Fred Cubberly, Gainesville ; Hon. W. A. MacWilliams, St. Augustine ; J. W. White, Jacksonville ; Hon. Guyte P. McCord, Tallahassee. Mr. B. F. Hampton, of Gainesville, deceased, was a valued member of this committee. His place should be filled.

Our greatest need is a building. It is necessary that we soon secure a home for our increasing library, relics, maps, and documents. It has been indicated to your president many times that were our accommodations more suitable, our possessions would be greatly increased. The splendid committee which was appointed has had to face a year most unpropitious for financial undertakings of such nature, but it is hoped that in the near future some definite plan of action will be adopted. As a society, we must cooperate to this end.

It is now my sad duty to name those members who departed from us during the year just closed. The list contains the names of valued friends, many of whom have contributed to the history of our state by living in it. It is my wish that their names appear in the next issue of our QUARTERLY on a page dedicated to their memories. They are: D. C. Barrow, William B. Drew, Sydney L. Carter, H. Clay Crawford, Mary Wheeler Eaton, R. W. Davis, Mrs. Richard M. Genius, John E. Hartridge, B. F. Hampton, W. J. Krome, C. G. Kemper, W. Irwin McIntyre, T. F. Thomas, George L. Taber, F. H. Wilson, and Thomas Cobb Whitner.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

*February 11, 1929, to February 10, 1930***RECEIPTS**

Cash on hand last report.....	\$ 110.71
Annual Dues and Cash Donations	1105.00
Sale of publications	5.70
Refund from Pepper Printing Company	21.36
Total	\$1242.77

DISBURSEMENTS

1929-

Feb. 27--Pepper Printing Co., on Acct	\$ 176.55
Mar. 7 - Do., on Acct.	100.00
Mar. 13 - Do., on Acct.	10.00
Mar. 21 - Miller Press for stationery.....	8.00
Apr. 6 - Typewriting "Plantation Records"	6.00
Apr. 27 - Quarterly copyright	2.06
May 10 - Pepper Printing Co., on acct.	29.53
June 5 - Pepper Printing Co., April Quarterly	308.81
June 18 - Univ. Dixie Bindery, binding Quarterly.....	8.10
July 9 - Quarterly copyright	2.00
July 15 - Express75
July 30 - Pepper Printing Co., on acct.	100.25
Sep. 20 - Do., on acct.	50.00
Oct. 11 - Do., on acct.	75.00
Nov. 8 - Do., on acct.	50.00
Nov. 25 - Do.	50.00
Nov. 19 - Copyright	2.00

1930-

Jan. 15 - Pepper Printing Co., full of acct.	103.12
Jan. 27 - Cash for stamps, mailing proxy slip	10.00
Jan. 31 - Miller Press, printing and stationery	10.85
Jan. 31 - Quarterly copyright	2.00
Total for stamps, mailing due notices	17.50

Total	\$1122.46.
Total Receipts	\$1242.77
Total Disbursements	1122.46

Cash Balance *February 10, 1930....\$ 120.31

*On this date there is due Pepper Printing Company for January Quarterly \$111.59.

REMARKS

The Florida Historical Society is a unique example of unity of effort and interest. It pays no salaries, its officers and editors contributing the necessary services for the administration of its affairs. Its annual membership dues, \$2.00, are said to be the least of any unendowed historical society of its class in America ; yet a Quarterly magazine that occupies a prominent place among the history publications of the country is published from the income of its membership dues. The **QUARTERLY** is sent to members free, its purpose being to preserve and make accessible to them in printed form valuable documents and descriptions relating to the history of Florida.

The year closed with all bills paid and a respectable balance in the treasury. This is significant in view of the fact that the past year was a hard one for everybody ; yet eighty-two per cent of the membership paid its dues, while several members contributed more than their annual dues in support of the work the Society is doing, namely: Charles B. Reynolds, Mountain Lake, N. J., \$30 ; Mrs. William N. Reynolds, Orlando, \$25 ; Mrs. Raymond Robins, Brooksville, \$25 ; and \$10 each from Leo C. Browne, New Orleans; Nathan P. Bryan, Jacksonville ; J. C. Chase, Germantown, Pa.; Peter O. Knight, Tampa ; Edward M. L'Engle, Jacksonville ; Mrs. Louis C. McKee, Hibernia ; Mrs. Henry L. Richmond, Jacksonville ; John G. Ruge, Apalachicola ; Francis M. Williams, Jacksonville; P. K. Yonge, Pensacola.

So, with a membership that will do its part by a prompt payment of dues, we face the coming year with a bright prospect for enlarged activity.

T. **FREDERICK DAVIS**

Treasurer

In Memoriam

D. C. BARROW
WILLIAM B. DREW
SYDNEY L. CARTER
H. CLAY CRAWFORD
MARY WHEELER EATON
R. W. DAVIS
MRS. RICHARD M. GENIUS
JOHN E. HARTRIDGE
B. F. HAMPTON
W. J. KROME
C. G. KEMPER
W. IRWIN MCINTYRE
T. F. THOMAS
GEORGE L. TABER
F. H. WILSON
THOMAS COBB WHITNER

FLORIDA'S MYSTERIOUS PERSONALITY

Seventeen years ago Florida entered the fifth century of her history under European influence. Her past four centuries have been full to overflowing with conquests and colonization schemes fairly reeking with romantic adventure, and constitute a period difficult to rival in the colonial history of any commonwealth. Many fortunes, beginning in 1513 with that of Ponce de Leon and to a much larger extent in 1539 with that of Hernando de Soto, and including the fabulous sums of the boom in 1925, have been lavished on its shores. Great aspirations, untold struggles, and heavy human sacrifice have written the annals of Florida. The flags of five nations that have waved over the coquina battlements of old San Marcos have left a rare impress of old-world civilization. St. Augustine, now celebrating its 365th anniversary, was a century old before Charleston was founded. Forty-three years before there was a settlement in Virginia, Fort Caroline and its settlement existed on the St. Johns River. Fifty-six years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, French Huguenots, under the courageous Ribaut, had established the principles of religious freedom in America through a Florida colony sponsored by the great French Admiral Coligny. More than a century before missions were established in California, a Franciscan monk had written a grammar of the language used by the Indians, with whom he and his brother friars worked in a chain of 45 missions that extended along the Atlantic seaboard of Florida and Georgia. Almost two hundred years ago the agricultural possibilities of Florida were abundantly proved when an English company sold in one year "above 5,000 bushels of corn", being the overplus

necessary for the settlement of 1,500 people in the indigo plantations near New Smyrna.

Of such is the heritage of Florida. Her natural, civil, political, literary and ecclesiastical history possesses a variety and a strange admixture of elements from the many governments that have in years past incorporated Florida within their colonial holdings. Discovered by the Spaniards, coveted by the French, threatened by the British, preyed upon by the buccaners of all nations, formed into small and temporary "republics" a part of 'early American expansion, a bloody battleground in 1864, the scene as revolting for the persecutions of Indians as by the massacres by them, out of all these unique and fascinating periods Florida presents a long line of deeds which should inspire wholesome curiosity. What has been done to reveal this mysterious personality of Florida?

Rich Source Material Neglected

Edmund Burke by his famous remark, "He only deserves to be remembered who treasures up and preserves the history of his ancestors" points the finger of scorn with increasing emphasis to Floridians. There has been, with few exceptions, apparently an utter lack of curiosity on the part of one generation regarding the life, manners, customs, and achievements of the preceding one. Until recently there have been no champions of Florida history. Consequently, many interesting and worth-while events have remained unrecorded, manuscripts of untold value have been carelessly destroyed or neglected, there has been no effort to disseminate information about the wonderfully rich background of the commonwealth of Florida and there have been no sweet bards to sing the personality of Florida into American literature.

This is a situation which is not only deeply unfortunate but an actual hindrance to the higher progress

of Florida and to her full development. No one would hesitate to place high valuation on California's missions as a cultural or income-producing asset. No one would think of criticising Massachusetts for her advertisement of Plymouth Rock, of Lexington, or of Bunker Hill. Every tourist sooner or later visits Mount Vernon.

While the significance of ancient landmarks in Florida cannot equal many of those that have become shrines of America, yet their relative importance to American history as a whole, and to Florida especially, is of such a high degree that information about them, and the events which created them, ought to be generally known and should be properly appreciated by Floridians and by visitors to the Land of Flowers.

A Solution

How is this problem to be solved. If the most effective methods of disseminating historical information, of encouraging its study and the stimulating the writing of its records are to be used as a guide, then collections of materials from which may be gathered pictures of by-gone days should be started in each town and made available. For the earlier periods, beginning in 1513 with the discovery of Florida and covering the explorations by the Spaniards, continuing with the aspirations of the French, the English occupation, and the second Spanish colonial period down to 1820, reference must be made to the archives in Spain, England, Mexico, and Cuba where have been assembled the original documents describing early Florida conditions in the form of narratives by explorers and official reports by governors, royal officers, viceroys, secular and ecclesiastical persons. These documents, which are gradually, being translated and made available by the Florida State Historical Socie-

ty open a rich field of endeavor to the historian, or serious student of Florida history.

More Modern Times

But, for an accurate and fuller knowledge of more recent times a search must be made in public buildings, in closets and attics of private homes, in storage rooms and outhouses for books, letters, diaries, newspapers, and manuscripts of every nature. These sources must be preserved and "treasured up," as Burke suggests, so there will grow in the public consciousness a deeper appreciation of the hardships, sacrifices, and noble efforts that have made the history of Florida.

Florida possesses a powerful appeal. There is mystery in the swamps, the rivers, the bayous, the inlets and the still lakes. There is a spell in the gleam of the sandy, sparkling beaches, memories of prosaic Anglo-Saxon colonizer, of French crusader, of Spanish grandee, lurk in every prairie, bay, ancient oak, and coquina ruin. There is an air of old-world antiquity mixed in the tropical breeze. Life in Florida has not always been, safe, but it has been picturesque. Is this mysterious pulsating personality of Florida not worth preserving for posterity?

ALFRED J. HANNA

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Early Planting of Presbyterianism in West Florida

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General Orders, 1862, Major J. E. Walker

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An. Rep. American Historical Association, 1925

West Indian Hurricane Disaster, Am. Red Cross

Report of Smithsonian Institute, 1928

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