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Alice Strickland



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JAMES ORMOND, MERCHANT AND SOLDIER

by ALICE STRICKLAND

THE FIRST MEMBER of the Ormond family to come to Florida was a Scotchman, James Ormond I, who owned and commanded an armed brig, the *Somerset*, which sailed in the services of the famous trading firm of Panton and Leslie. In the 1700's James Ormond sailed the *Somerset* in the pirate-infested waters of the West Indies and between Savannah and present day Apalachicola. Later in life Ormond gave up seafaring and settled down on a cotton plantation on the island of Exuma in the West Indies. The invitation from the Spanish government for settlers to come to Florida, and the offer of large land grants induced James Ormond to give up his plantation on Exuma and move to Florida. His first plantation was near New Smyrna and other families from the Bahamas, including a General Williams, also had plantations in that vicinity. A runaway negro slave from the Williams plantation shot and killed James Ormond as he was walking with his son Emanuel. The runaway negro was eventually captured and shot, and his "corpse cremated."¹

Ormond's widow, Russell Ormond, and son Emanuel, returned to their native Scotland to live with another son, James Ormond II. This James Ormond had been born during one of his father's voyages, had been left in Scotland, and had never seen his father. He was a junior partner in a firm which was engaged in the grain trade in the Baltic, but at some time in the 1820's this firm failed. The loss of his business brought ruin to James Ormond II and he was forced to flee Scotland in order to escape a debtors' prison. His mother and brother Emanuel joined him in the flight from Scotland to Florida and they settled on the Damietta plantation near the Tomoka River which James Ormond

The portrait on the left is Captain James Ormond I. It is reproduced from an oil painting in the Ormond Beach Women's Club.

1. Most of the material for this article was taken from "Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia," an unpublished manuscript in the Anderson Memorial Library, Ormond Beach, Florida, and "Reminiscences of James Ormond Concerning the Early Days of the Halifax Country," a brochure published by the Ormond Village Improvement Association, 1941.

I had left to them.² This property, consisting of “2,000 acres in Mosquitoes,” had belonged to Colonel James Moncrief in British times, was one of the best known plantations, and had a large number of slaves.³

When James Ormond II left Scotland his wife, the former Isabella Christie, and their four children, Agnes, Russell, Helen, and James Ormond III had been left behind. In 1824 James Ormond sent his brother Emanuel back to Scotland to bring his family to Damietta. Blonde, beautiful, talented Isabella with her “rose and lily complexion” had become ill with “brain fever” after her husband left Scotland, and the doctors had shaved off her beautiful hair and placed a “cap of ice or snow on her head” in an effort to reduce the fever.⁴ This illness, according to her son, left her “demented and she never recovered her reason entirely. She was worse on full moons and better at other times (less violent).”⁵

It took the little family and their nurse twenty-five days to cross over from Scotland to Charleston, and from Charleston they sailed in a schooner for St. Augustine. It must have been a tragic reunion for James Ormond II when he discovered the mental condition of his wife, but for his young son, James Ormond III, the newness and strangeness of Florida was to make a lasting impression. The eight-year-old James was completely absorbed in the new sights, sounds, and smells of this fascinating wilderness that had become his home. Almost seventy years later these first vivid impressions were still clear in his mind when he wrote: “I first saw the beautiful river (either the Halifax or Tomoka) when I was a wee bit laddie, only eight years old, and I well remember how very strange, and how very different everything looked to what it did in my native land, Auld Scotia. The sun was brighter, the sky more brilliant and clearer. The food of all kinds was different, no grass, no hills or mountains, no soil but sand. Indian corn as we called it in Scotland I had only seen as a curious seed in my aunt’s collection of curiosities. Pumpkins were to me a huge fruit. Sweet potatoes were a queer thing and tasted like one of our murphies touched by frost. The birds and insects

2. “Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia.”

3. Historical Records Survey, W.P.A., *Spanish Land Grants in Florida*, 5 vols. in 3 (Tallahassee, 1940), IV, 153.

4. “Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia.”

5. *Ibid.*

and everything were new, and when they began to tell of 'Cabbage trees' I opened my eyes wide to see them. In short all was really a new world to me."⁶

In this new world were strange new people who lived on the plantations scattered along the Tomoka and Halifax Rivers as far south as New Smyrna. There were the McHardys (also Scotch), the Addisons, Andersons, Bulows, Williamses, Dummetts, and a James Darley. There were the Negro slaves (young James had never seen any in Scotland) who used the axe and the hoe and "toted" on their heads or shoulders all the crops to the barn, and the logs to build the barn or house. "Every plantation had from two to twenty hand-mills of stone to grind the corn and in most places you could hear the mills agoing for half the night as each man or head of family ground his grist for the next days grub." James discovered that all "sorts of labor on the plantation was portioned out to the slaves," but he noted that "their tasks were such that the industrious slave could always get through with them by two or three o'clock and they could spend the rest of the day to hunt, fish, or care for their own small lots of land." The Negroes also rowed the boats loaded with cotton and sugar down the Tomoka and Halifax rivers to Mosquito Inlet (Ponce de Leon Inlet). During the long haul they would sing all the way and keep time to the strokes of the oars. Sometimes there was an exciting race between the boats and James wrote that "it seemed they could not get tired."⁷

The Seminole Indians were also a strange and fascinating people. James saw many of them when they came to Damietta to trade venison, turkeys, wild honey, and coontie, for blankets, homespun, powder, lead, cloth, and beads. He met King Philip and knew his son, Coacoochee (Wild Cat), very well as they were boys together. When they were both young men, James and Coacoochee fought on opposite sides in the Seminole Indian War. James described Coacoochee at that time as being a "splendid specimen of an Indian chief, tall, straight and quite a handsome man, but an impudent dog and with the manners of a hog." In his "Reminiscences," written when he was an old man, he com-

6. "Reminiscences of James Ormond Concerning the Early Days of the Halifax Country," 5.

7. *Ibid.*, 6.

mented that when the Indians came to Damietta to trade it almost "always ended in a big drunk . . . and sometimes a big fuss. I remember once old 'Billy Bowlegs' after trading getting drunk, kicking up the Very Devil because a fat heifer he had sold and which in being killed proved to be with calf, alleging that he had been very badly cheated inasmuch as he had not been paid for the calf. He raved like a madman, but finally subsided into a good long spell of crying, and begged to be paid for it, and so went on till the old chief went to sleep."⁸

There was much to do and much to see but even in the Florida wilderness a young man needed an education and James was packed off to St. Augustine to school for a time. He spent three or four years, on and off, in school there and then his father sent him to live at the neighboring Bulow plantation. His sister Agnes was sent to "board and be schooled by a Mrs. Ives, who lived at New Smyrna."⁹ As his wife was mentally ill, James's father must have been worried and concerned about the upbringing of his young children, and perhaps sending them to live at nearby plantations to be instructed by friendly planters seemed to him the only solution. However, Mrs. Ives "treated Agnes so badly she had to run away and went over to Mr. Joe Hunter's who took care of her until she could get back home." The wealthy, worldly, and aristocratic John Joachim Bulow was perhaps not the best influence a young boy could have as James described him as "being graduated in all the devilment to be learned in Paris, France . . . well educated, but very wild and dissipated." Bulow had a large library of books, "mostly fiction," with which James "filled himself." Bulow took James and his Uncle Emanuel on a memorable voyage down the Halifax, Hillsborough, and Indian Rivers as far as Jupiter Inlet. They went in Bulow's slave-manned barge with its guns, nets, and a cook, and travelled into the little known wilderness of southern Florida. Few white men had made such a trip and white settlers were almost non-existent in those regions.¹⁰

When James was still very young some live-oak cutters came to Damietta to cut timber for the United States Navy. James's

8. *Ibid.*

9. "Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia."

10. "Reminiscences of James Ormond Concerning the Early Days of the Halifax Country," 4.

father decided to send the boy to Boston with them to be "bound as an apprentice to the shipbuilders trade." His Uncle Emanuel intervened and persuaded his father to keep James at home. Shortly after this, in 1829, Emanuel Ormond died of "consumption" in St. Augustine and was buried there.¹¹ A few months later James Ormond II died after much suffering and was buried on the plantation. His grave still may be seen north of Ormond Beach.

After the death of James Ormond II an overseer was hired to take charge of the plantation. Later young James III took over and made one crop, but it was finally decided to sell the slaves to Cruger and Depyster who owned a sugar plantation at New Smyrna. Damietta was now abandoned and the family scattered. James and his sister Agnes went to Charleston, and his other sisters, Helen and Russell, were sent to Tallahassee to learn the milliners trade. Tragic, demented Isabella Ormond died in Columbia, S. C., in 1836. Later, Russell married Joseph Chaires and in 1841 a yellow fever epidemic took the lives of both Russell and Helen at the famous Chaires mansion, "Verdura," near Tallahassee.¹²

In Charleston Agnes also learned the milliners trade and for a time James went to school to learn "mental arithmetic" and took a "few lessons in writing." One fall he was taken into J. and C. Lawton's store on Bay Street and began his career as a merchant. Meanwhile, in Florida the smouldering resentment of the Seminoles against the white man's greed was beginning to flame into an all-consuming hatred, and when war broke out James returned to Florida to volunteer in the fight against the Indians. He was made an orderly sergeant in the "Mosquito Roarers," a company of militia whose captain was his old friend, Douglas Dummett, with whom he had hunted, fished, and spent many a wild time in the plantation days at Damietta. Under the command of Major Benjamin Putnam, a St. Augustine lawyer, the "Mosquito Roarers" fought the Seminoles at the Anderson brothers' plantation, Dunlawton, near present day Port Orange. In writing of this skirmish Ormond admitted that the "whole command were just an undisciplined rabble, under no command

11. "Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia."

12. "Pioneer Florida," *Tampa Tribune*, Feb. 24, 1957.

of their officers, not a man had ever before seen a gun fired in anger." The "Mosquito Roarers" had made the Bulow plantation their headquarters and rowed down the Halifax River in four boats to Dunlawton. As they came down the river they saw the smoke and flames along the shore from the plantation buildings the Indians had burned. They slowed their rowing so that they could arrive at Dunlawton by dark. As they drew closer they discovered the Indians were still dancing around the burning buildings. They waited until the Indians moved farther back towards the sugar mill for a night's rest, and then landed. It was discovered that the Seminoles had penned all the cattle and it was decided to lie in wait for the Indians and ambush them when they returned the next morning to drive off the cattle. When daylight came a stray Seminole was killed by one of the militiamen and his "corpse mutilated shamefully." Orders were then given for the "Mosquito Roarers" to fall back to the river bank where the burned buildings would give them some shelter, and they would not be cut off from their boats. The whole band of Seminoles were now aroused and under their leader, Coacoochee, came charging down on the militia. Coacoochee was riding a white or grey horse and wore the reflectors from the Mosquito Bar Lighthouse as a headdress. The militia were outnumbered and after half an hour's firing they were ordered to retreat to the boats. "The undisciplined rabble" made a disorderly retreat and some of their men were left behind, but an old mulatto guide, "Old Ben Wiggins," brought some order to the fleeing men with the admonition, "My God, gentlemen, is you goin' to run from a passel of damned Indians?" Major Putnam gave the command to stop the retreat and the firing was resumed for a time. Then again the order was given to retreat to the boats. This second retreat was almost disastrous as it was discovered that the tide had gone out in the river leaving the boats aground in shallow water. As they splashed through the water to get to the boats the guns got wet and were useless for a time, and the largest boat, a whaleboat, was aground in the sand and had to be left behind. The Indians kept up a heavy firing from the shore at the desperately fleeing men and many of them were severely wounded. The whaleboat was floated by some of the Seminoles, who pursued the men who finally had their boats pushed off into deeper water. A lucky shot from one of the militia ricocheted over the

water, knocked one of the Indians into the river, and put an end to the pursuit by the whaleboat. Two of the militia, a Ned Gould and George Marks of St. Augustine, became panic-stricken during the flight and, refusing to get into the boats, made their way to a "spit of land that led to Pelican Island" (an island just off shore from the plantation site). Marks finally swam the river and made his way safely to the still intact Bulow plantation, but Gould, who was afraid to swim for it, was captured by the Seminoles and "dreadfully tortured." Several of the men were killed in the flight to the boats and James Ormond received four bullet wounds.¹³

The militia returned to Bulow plantation and then moved northward to St. Augustine. After his wounds were treated there James Ormond returned to Mr. Charles Lawton, his employer and guardian in Charleston. A few years later James and his sister Agnes received money from the sale of the Damietta slaves who had been sent to the Cruger and Depeyster mill in New Smyrna and had been captured by the Seminoles. The Negroes were recaptured and sold in St. Marks. In 1837 James Ormond again returned to Florida and while visiting in St. Augustine experienced a new adventure; ". . . he fell desperately in love with a pretty Spanish girl." When James proposed to her he discovered that she was engaged to a "scamp of a U. S. officer of Artillery then posted there, Randolph Ridgeley of Baltimore, a regular rogue who was only fooling the poor girl as he had fooled several girls both in St. Augustine and Savannah." Later, James had the dubious satisfaction of hearing that the dashing Ridgeley had broken his worthless neck while riding his horse, Wild Darrell, down a steep street in Monterey, Mexico.¹⁴

After his disappointment in love, James Ormond knocked about Middle Florida for a time and then in 1839 he became a partner of a Mr. William McNaught, commission merchant. The two decided to go into business at Port Leon and started the trading firm of McNaught and Ormond. The first night of their acquaintance the two men slept in an office adjoining a wharf which belonged to McNaught. While they slept a thief crept in and stole James Ormond's luggage - a poor beginning for the

13. Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia."

14. *Ibid.*

partnership that managed, however, to survive for over forty years. Ormond's part of the business was principally "riding all over Middle Florida . . . collecting and soliciting business and selling goods, chiefly groceries and liquors at wholesale. These goods were mostly the property of the vessels consigned to us and it was in those days almost a universal custom for every vessel coming into the gulf to and from the West Indies to have a lot of goods of some kind for sale on ships account and as a sort of bonus to consignee to get them a return cargo and so they would have all sorts of stuff for sale such as flour, sugar, coffee, hard bread, bottled ale, cider, vinegar, pickled pork, hams, hay, oats, corn, in fact almost anything. Brandy, rum, etc., at wholesale. For selling these things we got a commission of 5% and storage. Then on the back cargo of cotton we got a commission of 2 1/2 % on the amount of the freight list. Then the storage of the incoming goods at 12 1/2 cents per bbl. bulk. So the first year to the best of my recollection our net profits were about ten thousand dollars. This prosperity lasted until 1843 when I lost it all." ¹⁵

The year 1843 was, indeed, a most eventful year for James Ormond - he lost his business in the disastrous storm which struck Port Leon on September 13, and he was married to Elizabeth Chaires. ¹⁶ His courtship of Elizabeth was most unusual and romantic. He first became interested in Elizabeth when he lived in Charleston and heard the thrilling story of her escape from an Indian raid near Tallahassee. ¹⁷ The Chaires family had been fired upon by the Indians as they were seated in their home after supper one evening. Mrs. Chaires had been killed instantly as she sat sewing by the table. Mr. Chaires had blown out the candle, closed the windows, and picked up his gun with the intention of shooting the first Indian who tried to break into the house. The Indians had set fire to the dwelling and outhouses and while they were doing this Mr. Chaires hustled four of his six children out of the back door and told them to run to the nearest neighbors. Elizabeth, who was then about seventeen, had been closely pursued by the savages but with great presence of mind had pulled her dark cloak closely around her and hidden

15. *Ibid.*

16. Sidney Walter Martin, *Florida During the Territorial Days* (Athens, 1944), 181.

17. *Niles Weekly Register*, VI, 373.

in some thick bushes. The Indians had not found her and she escaped. The other three children and Mr. Chaires escaped also, but two younger children perished when the house burned.

James Ormond was so intrigued with the exciting story of Elizabeth's escape from the Seminoles that he confessed he "conceived a passion for her before I ever saw her." By a strange coincidence two of Elizabeth's brothers, Ben and Green, had passed through Charleston on their way to college and Ormond had met them. He liked the Chaires brothers so much that he "resolved that if they had a sister I would marry her if I could." The happy conclusion of this unusual affair was that James finally met Elizabeth "on the railway between Tallahassee and St. Marks." Impetuously, he "jumped over and kissed her." The startled girl was of course, "awfully shocked, outraged, mad and all that."

"But," James wrote triumphantly, "we were married at last, May 2, 1843." The Ormonds had nine children, and Elizabeth, who at seventeen almost lost her life in an Indian attack, lived to be seventy four years old, beloved and respected by all who knew her.¹⁸

The newlywed Ormonds found themselves penniless after the great storm had totally wrecked the warehouse of Ormond and McNaught at Port Leon. Fortunately there was enough of the wrecked warehouse to make a raft and Ormond wrote that they "floated up the St. Marks River and founded the town of Newport, Fla." Other settlers went with them and Port Leon became another abandoned town along the Gulf. At first life was very hard for the new settlers but with true Scotch thrift and courage James Ormond built up a thriving business and in 1856 he had property that was worth \$81,000. His first business venture in Newport was a small store on the "east side of the main street." When he left Newport in 1856 he had a large store "on the west side of the street and did a trade of over seventy thousand dollars per annum at good profits." While he was building up this lucrative business, some tough characters who lived on the "Pin Hook Road" often hi-jacked his wagons. With other settlers Ormond organized vigilante posses which brought the thieves to justice. Trials were held by "lynch law" and the culprits were hanged.¹⁹

18. "Reminiscences of the Life of James Ormond of Atlanta, Georgia."

19. *Ibid.*

In 1856 Ormond visited Atlanta and was so impressed with the fine climate that he and McNaught decided to invest some of their money there. Realizing that some day they might be without slaves if war arose over the slavery question, the two partners thought the cool climate would be preferable for white men to work in. Ormond and McNaught built homes in Atlanta and did well in the hardware and jobbing business. These were affluent years for the Ormonds who now owned a thriving business; fifty Negro slaves; a seventeen room, well-furnished mansion which had cost nearly \$10,000; and a small farm with an orchard. James Ormond took two of his children, Joseph Russell and Helen, for a visit to London and then left them with an aunt in Scotland to attend good schools near Edinburgh. He did not see them again until after the Civil War.²⁰

During the first part of the Civil War the firm of Ormond and McNaught prospered. Ormond wrote that "you could not buy anything that you could not sell at a profit the next day." He visited the country towns "buying up the stocks of the country merchants who were going off to the front." The firm hastened to pay up all their northern debts and then began manufacturing buckles for soldiers' belts. Later they bought an iron furnace and made shot and shell. As the war progressed prosperity disappeared and business with it. When Atlanta was threatened by the federals, Ormond, who was beyond conscript age, volunteered for the defense of Atlanta and joined a company for that purpose in which he was elected second lieutenant. Ormond wrote: "Our captain was a nobody and the first lieutenant never joined, and so I was virtually Captain!" As soon as the volunteers were mustered in they were "at once clapped on board some railroad box cars that had just been emptied of a lot of horses." When the volunteers rebelled at being forced to ride in them, they were partly cleaned out and the "company packed off to Andersonville to guard the Federal prisoners there."²¹

At notorious Andersonville James Ormond learned of the hopeless, tragic existence of the prisoners and the sometimes fearful outlook of the outnumbered men who guarded them. Ormond himself lived in comparative luxury for a time as he had money,

20. *Ibid.*

21. *Ibid.*

two servants to wait on him, a good tent, and did not have to depend on government rations. He was moved by the suffering of the prisoners and his interest in them probably brought him to the attention of General Winder who summoned him to headquarters and appointed him to act as "adjutant to the prison." Among Ormond's duties was the responsibility of getting supplies from the bakery and cookhouse for the thousands of prisoners. He wrote that the "cookhouse consisted of an immense range of sugar boilers holding I suppose from 150 to 200 gallons or more, under which were huge furnaces. Into them every day went the ration of cow peas to be boiled with several sides or flitches of bacon by way of seasoning. The bakery was a series of huge brick ovens in which the daily ration of meal in large, flat loaves of uniform size and weight were baked. Besides these rations there was issued daily, as long as we could get it, a ration of raw, fresh beef. Every afternoon about three or four o'clock my wagons drove up and were loaded and driven into the prison. There the men were arranged in hundreds and each hundred in charge of a sergeant of their own selection and to each sergeant was delivered the rations for his hundred men. The cooked peas and beans were carried in empty pork barrels with one head out, set up in the wagon on the other head and so ladled out to each squad as we came to it."²²

Continuing with his account of the Civil War, Ormond wrote: "Shortly after Sherman occupied Atlanta he proclaimed a truce of ten days and at the same time ordered the inhabitants to leave after that time expired." Ormond obtained a furlough from Andersonville and went to General William Hardee for assistance in getting through the lines to Atlanta. Hardee, who was in Hood's command at the Battle of Atlanta, had married Elizabeth Dummett, sister of Ormond's friend, Douglas Dummett. General Hardee "wrote over to Hood" who sent Ormond a pass. At the outposts of both armies, which Ormond said were at Eastern Point on the Main and Western R. R., he was met by Sherman's chief of staff and changing his uniform for a blue blouse was taken to Atlanta. He was told that he was at liberty to go where he pleased, "only on honor I was not to reveal anything I saw on

22. *Ibid.*

my return to our side that would be of advantage to us or prejudicial to them.”²³

Ormond discovered that his home was occupied by a federal officer, a Colonel Mindell, who had treated his family with courtesy. It was decided to send Mrs. Ormond and the children with Mr. McNaught and his family to Canada where McNaught had relatives. Before she left Atlanta Mrs. Ormond sewed a thousand dollars in gold in her clothing.

James Ormond returned to Andersonville and towards the end of the Civil War was commanded to take the federal prisoners, “about 3200 to Jacksonville, Florida, and deliver them to the Federal authorities there.” No provision had been made to supply the prisoners with food on the journey and Ormond had to face this problem alone. He admitted that he felt as if he had “a wolf by the ears and was anxious to let go.” In desperation he “got hold of some blank books belonging to someone who had a store at Live Oak, organized several Yankee Parole Bureaus and had them write up the paroles.” Word was sent to the federals at Jacksonville that the prisoners were being sent to them and they replied that they would not receive them as they knew nothing of the surrender. However, Ormond decided he must get rid of the prisoners and they were “taken by train as far as Baldwin” and then turned loose to find their way to Jacksonville as best they could. Several days later the federals sent word that if some of the Confederate officers would meet them at the “White House” ten miles west of Jacksonville, they would receive receipts for the prisoners. The Confederates agreed and according to Ormond the meeting with the Federals ended up a “jolly and merry party.” “The Yanks brought with them a supply of hardtack, cheese, beer, lemon syrup and whiskey and the whole party on both sides, got . . . , well, pretty mellow.”²⁴

Soon after this, Ormond surrendered and received his parole in Tallahassee. He applied to the federals for transportation to the North and there joined his family. From Canada the Ormonds set sail for England and remained there for several years. Some time after 1867 they returned to Atlanta.

In 1876 when he was in his seventies, James Ormond returned to Florida, drawn there by his memories of long-ago, happy

23. *Ibid.*

24. *Ibid.*

plantation days at Damietta. He was accompanied by his son, and they made the long uncomfortable journey to the raw new settlement of New Britain on the Halifax River, about ten miles south of the lost and forgotten Damietta plantation. This new settlement of palmetto-thatched cabins thinly dotted along the Halifax River had been founded in 1874 by employees of the Corbin Lock Company of New Britain, Connecticut.²⁵ At "Trappers Lodge," one of the new cabins built in the woods on the peninsula side of New Britain, the Ormonds met John Anderson, a young man who was to become one of the greatest promoters of the settlement.²⁶ Anderson was deeply interested in James Ormond's story of Damietta and was enthusiastic about helping him find his father's lost grave and the plantation. With several other settlers, John Anderson and the Ormonds sailed up the Halifax River in the *Tom Cat*, the settlement's one and only sailboat at that time, and camped overnight on the site of the ruined Dummett sugar mill. The next day the party made their way through thick woods and James Ormond discovered the raised mound on which stood the grave of his father. Ormond found other remains of the plantation such as the house chimney, and the foundation line of the building. Beneath the piles of dead leaves his trembling hands found bits of broken blue china that he remembered seeing on his mother's table, and he recognized the line of oaks under which had marked the slave quarters. It was a memorable occasion for all who witnessed the return of James Ormond to Damietta.

James Ormond and John Anderson became life-long friends. In the winter season Ormond stayed in the little colony, and in 1880 at a meeting of the settlers to incorporate the town, the name, at John Anderson's suggestion, was changed to Ormond in honor of James Ormond's family.²⁷

In 1888 a seventy room hotel rose among the tall pines of the Ormond peninsula and was the result of the ambitious dreams of John Anderson and his friend Joseph Price. At the opening

25. T. E. Fitzgerald, *Volusia County Past and Present* (Daytona Beach, 1937), 117.

26. Undated newspaper clipping by Charles H. Walton in Titusville, Fla., *East Coast Advocate*, in the possession of Mrs. Edith Stanton, Ormond Beach, Florida.

27. Fitzgerald, 122.

of the hotel James Ormond was one of the speakers and he must have been proud that the new hostelry was also given his family name of Ormond.

The last years of James Ormond's life were spent wintering at the thriving little town which bore his name. He could look out over the Halifax River on which he had once seen the slave-manned boats taking the plantation products to Mosquito Inlet. In Ormond he had made new friends and not far away were the friendly ghosts from his past. To the north were the hidden ruins of Damietta, the Dummett sugar mill, and the once magnificent Bulow plantation, all destroyed by the Seminoles in that long ago war in which he had fought as a young man. Several miles southward were the ruins of the Dunlawton sugar mill where he had been one of the undisciplined rabble of militia which had fled from the Seminoles under the command of Coacoochee. And farther south, on Merritt's Island, was old Doug Dummett's orange grove. Perhaps old Doug's ghost returned sometimes to hunt over his lands with a pack of ghostly hounds. James Ormond had travelled far in his long years as a merchant and soldier, but he was home at last.