

# **“The Firing of Guns and Crackers Continued Till Light” A Diary of the Billy Bowlegs War**

*edited with commentary by*  
Gary R. Mormino

Historians have evoked a number of powerful metaphors to capture the spirit of the American adventure, but none arouses more emotion than the image of the frontier. The sweep across the continent, the inexorable push westward emboldened democratic rhetoric and rugged individualism. Free land awaited pioneers willing to fight Indians.

South Florida played a critical role in the history of the American frontier. At a time when fur trappers and mountain men explored the Rocky Mountains, the region south of Tampa was virgin territory.

The erection of Fort Brooke in 1824 played a paradoxical role in the development of Tampa; on the one hand, it served as the beginning of the modern city; on the other hand, military regulations encumbered civilian growth around the fort.

Tampa was to be the cutting edge of the newest frontier, an ethnic beachhead for Irish soldiers, Southern cavaliers, New England Yankees, African slaves, and Seminole warriors. In the 1830s it was a collection of wildly divergent ethnic groups held together by the rigorous demands of frontier life, and, after 1835, the omnipresent fear of Indian attack.

A clash of people tested the future of Florida. Would the future architects of South Florida be homesteading pioneers or Seminole Indians? Would Tampa be cordoned by a 256-mile military reservation, or be thrown open to homesteading white settlers? Two terrible wars were fought to answer these questions.

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As long as marauding Seminoles controlled the Florida interior, few white Americans dared risk migration to this troubled land. Florida, a promising territory for settlement in 1830, languished under the shadow of Osceola and yellow fever a decade later. In 1830, the Florida territory numbered 30,000 inhabitants; ten years later population had increased a scant 5,000 persons, hardly a Cimarron stampede. Alabama's population, in contrast, doubled during the same period, from 300,000 to 600,000.

In 1842 Congress advanced an idea to alleviate the Indian problem and promote population growth at the same time. Free land would be offered to intrepid pioneers willing to settle on the edge of the Florida frontier. Homesteaders would improve the land, populate the state, and fight Indians. This idea had worked as the guiding principle of American policy since colonial Virginia. The measure, a forerunner of the Homestead Act, set aside 200,000 acres south of Gainesville for settlers willing to brave swamps and Seminoles. Each head of a family and single male over age eighteen agreeing to bear arms and farm at least five acres of land for five consecutive years was given 160 acres of free land.

Overall the Armed Occupation Act served three major functions. First, a hardy core of pioneers penetrated South Florida. Second, the Act articulated a frontier ethos, whereby free white citizens were given land to exploit the wilderness. In no other nation were property-less individuals equipped with the skills and mentality to capitalize on the opportunities awarded land worthy of conquest. Third, the Act, coupled with the edict of 1845 reducing the Fort Brooke military reservation to four square miles, galvanized the embryonic community of Tampa. Fort Brooke survived for another thirty-five years, playing a sporadic role during the Third Seminole War and Civil War, but never again would the fort overshadow the town.

A special breed of pioneer ventured into Florida, in quest of cattle. They would be known as "Crackers," democrats on the palmetto range, irascible and cantankerous figures who became cow kings, cattle barons, and just plain folk. Their mastery of the whip, used in driving cattle and oxen, gained them the name "Crackers," a term later derisively used in reference to poor whites.

Cracker cowboys and Florida cattle became fixtures in the mid-nineteenth century. These early cattlemen discovered a pasture could be easily created by burning off palmettos and pine trees. The early bovines, flea-ridden and tick-infested, won few blue ribbons for their

attractiveness. One wit suggested the Florida cow was as thin as a whipsnake, had haunches like the family hatrack, and was raised on a diet of pine cones and palmetto cabbage. Butchers refused to slaughter the miserable creatures, dragooning them instead to the sawmill for proper disposal.

American gourmets may have eschewed grass-fed Florida beef, but to meat-poor Cuba, longhorn cuts looked like tenderloin. Tampa's Scottish Chief, Captain James McKay, is credited with the inauguration of the Florida-Cuban cattle trade in 1858, a symbiosis of supply and demand, of city and country. Rex Beach, who moved to Tampa as a young boy and later became a prominent novelist, wrote of Florida cattle: "Most of that stock was shipped to Cuba on the hoof, the steers for the table and the bulls for the arena. The former made tough chewing, the latter made tough fighting."

In 1858, Captain McKay took a daring gamble, leasing the *Magnolia* for \$1,500 on a bi-monthly run to Cuba. McKay struck gold, literally. Paid in gold doubloons by the Cubans, the Tampa-Havana connection made the Scottish Chief a rich man. During the first year of operation, McKay shipped about 1,000 head of beef.

McKay's resourcefulness encouraged others to tap new markets, and soon Punta Rassa challenged Tampa as a cattle exporter, just as new cattle barons challenged McKay. Ziba King, John T. Lesley, William Hooker, James Alderman, and Jake Summerlin, "the King of the Crackers," organized vast herds of cattle and accumulated vaster fortunes in the process. Summerlin began his cattle career as McKay's assistant in 1859.

Cattle raising symbolized mid-nineteenth century Florida. Cattlemen knew exactly what they wanted and how to achieve their goals: free and vast open ranges; a compliant state legislature and a vigilant national defense; and a future belonging to the strongest, a Florida purged of Indians.

It was inevitable that cattle interests would clash again with the Seminoles. Both the First and Second Seminole War had been precipitated by Indian thefts of American cattle. The specific issue centered around the sanctity of private property, but the real issue concerned the future of South Florida. Would the Kissimmee Valley and the Everglades belong to cattlemen and farmers or a handful of renegades?

The battle over the future of South Florida was decided in a series of engagements between 1855-58, called the Third Seminole War, or the Billy Bowlegs War. The conflict began in the Big Cypress

Swamp, but soon riveted the state's attention. A small detachment of troops under First Lieutenant George L. Hartsuff had scouted the strength of the remnant Seminoles in the Big Cypress country, when they came across Billy Bowlegs' deserted encampment on December 17, 1855. When leaving, several soldiers gratuitously cut down some banana trees. On December 20, 1855, a war party of thirty Seminoles led by Chief Billy Bowlegs attacked Hartsuff's camp, killing four soldiers and wounding several others. The Third Seminole War had begun.

The charismatic leader of the Seminoles was Holatter Micco, more commonly called Billy Bowlegs. His ancestors included Micanopy and King Payne, and he had participated in an important conference at Fort Brooke in August 1842.

Luther Blake, an agent appointed by the Commission of Indian Affairs, felt confident that he could induce Bowlegs to join his red brothers in Oklahoma. In the fall of 1852, Blake accompanied Bowlegs and a coterie of Seminole warriors on a whirlwind tour of Washington where they met President Fillmore. Yet upon Bowlegs' return to Florida, the Chief expressed his desire never to leave his beloved Big Cypress. In January 1854, Bowlegs went to Tampa to confer with several Oklahoma Seminoles, but the Chief would not discuss emigration. Another tour of Washington only hardened Bowlegs' commitment to his sawgrass paradise. Bowlegs frequently visited Fort Brooke where he grew friendly with a young officer, Lt. Colonel John T. Greble. He told Greble that should war break out, he would order his officers not to kill his friend; rather, he would kill Greble himself since he deserved to be slain by a chief!

Tampa watched closely developments in the Everglades. In September 1855, the editor of the Florida *Peninsular* scoffed at the idea of another Indian war. "There is no more to be feared from Bowlegs here (Tampa) than there is in Georgia," the editor concluded. Earlier, in June 1855, the same paper confided how Tampa had become a "perfect haven," a "quiet and peaceful town," as contrasted to the early 1850s when the city "had full blast three groceries, or I might say, houses where alcoholic poisons were dealt out by the glass to our inhabitants. We also had a tin-pan alley, a keno table, a faro bank, and private rooms for gamblers." Billy Bowlegs brought prosperity, for war meant prosperity to Tampa.

Caught in the maelstrom of war, Tampa responded decisively to the challengers for the swamps. On January 16, 1856, local patriots

gathered in Tampa for the purpose of organizing militia units. In all, six local companies were mobilized, composed of 125 citizens from Manatee, Hillsborough and Hernando counties. General Jess Carter, who owned a large tract of land destined to become the site of the Tampa Bay Hotel, was chosen the liaison officer between federal and local troops. Company commanders included William Hooker, Simeon Sparkman, and Leroy Lesley, three pillars of Hillsborough County.

William B. Hooker personified the gritty character of the cowboy-Indian fighter-planter. Hooker, born in Tatnall County, Georgia in 1800, responded to every challenge offered by the frontier. As a young man, he fought Indians in the Okefenokee Swamp on the Georgia-Florida border. At age 28, he was elected county sheriff in Georgia; at age 30, he moved to Columbia County, Florida and then to Fort Meade, where he raised cattle until the outbreak of the Second Seminole War in 1836. He commanded a group of volunteers during the Second Seminole War, 1836-42, showing valor at Wahoo Swamp and the Battle of the Withlacoochee. He attended the state constitutional convention at St. Joseph in 1838, and he settled at Simmons Hammock near Seffner under the provisions of the 1842 Armed Occupation Act. There he raised cattle and experimented with orange cultivation and Sea Island cotton. His "WH" mark is considered one of the earliest registered cattle brands. He drove his cattle to Hooker's pens, an area now called Hooker's Point.

William Hooker came to Florida to raise cattle; Leroy G. Lesley came to save souls. The Reverend Mr. Lesley, a circuit-riding Methodist preacher, migrated from South Carolina to Madison County, Florida in 1829. His marriage to Indiana Livingston, daughter of one of Virginia's first families, helped launch his career as a cattleman. A veteran of the Second Seminole War, Lesley moved in 1848 with his family and fifteen slaves to Tampa, where they acquired a 30 acre estate (price: \$25) in the area of LaFayette (Kennedy) and East Streets. He was called to Tampa to assume the pastorate of the First Methodist Church. When the Third Seminole War began, Reverend Lesley, Bible in one hand and a Hall breech-loading rifle in the other, answered the call. John Thomas Lesley, Leroy's eldest son, served valiantly under his father. The Lesley contribution to the state was eloquently noted by the Madison *Recorder* at the death of the patriarch in 1882: "When the war whoop of the savage Indians could be heard and the curling smoke seen ascending from his wigwam forty years ago . . .

everyone felt more secure when it was known that Captain L.G. Lesley was on the alert.”

A new source permits the modern reader to eavesdrop on mid-nineteenth-century Florida. In 1979, Wright Langley discovered a longhand diary, buried amidst manuscripts at the Southern Historical Collection at the University of North Carolina. In spite of the best investigative work, the identity of the diarist remains a mystery.

The papers of William Henry Wills (1809-1889), a prominent Methodist-Protestant minister and merchant of Halifax County, North Carolina, yielded the diary. Wills' grandson, George S. Wills, a graduate of the University of North Carolina and Professor of English at Western Maryland College, approached Dr. Joseph Gregoire de Roulhac Hamilton (1876-1961) in 1929 about the possibility of donating family papers. Hamilton, the legendary founder and director of the Southern Historical Collection at the University of North Carolina, accepted the first of what would be an extensive array of family letters, daybooks, deeds, and memorabilia. At some point, the aforementioned diary became part of the collection, of which George S. Wills commented he knew nothing of the origins of the manuscript. Nonetheless, the diary provides a marvelous account of South Florida life, 1855-56.

NOTE: In the 1983 issue of *Tequesta*, Wright Langley and Arva Moore Parks edited the portion of the diary set at Biscayne Bay and Key West.

**Diary volume #6 in the William Henry Wills Papers (#792) in the Southern Historical Collection at the University of North Carolina Library, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.**

**Diary**

JANUARY 22 - 25, 1855 — Key West

JANUARY 25 - 28, 1855 — By Sea — Key West to Key Biscayne

JANUARY 28 - FEBRUARY 3, 1855 — Biscayne Bay (Miami)  
and Surrounding Area

**DECEMBER 24, 1855 — FEBRUARY 13, 1856 — TAMPA  
Diary**

But let me tell you, I am not going to take you on the enchanting paths of peace, strewn with flowers, fascinating to the eye and the fragrance most pleasant, no, no. I am going to lead you along an uneven one with war and bloodshed and various preparations for war all around you where you can hear war — the clash of arms in mortal combat, the shrieks, groans and war hoop of the savage Seminole Indian and see the dead and dying on every side. On the 24th day of Dean Anno Domini 1855 the peace and quiet of the citizens of Tampa were disturbed, by the receipt of certain intelligence from the Indian Territory, about 20 miles distant.<sup>1</sup> It was on the Lord's Holiday the news received, which was regarded by the minister in the house of God.<sup>2</sup> God, a fit subject for prayer and supplication; and he made one of his strongest appeals to the Throne of Grace in behalf of the people. That they might not have their minds so occupied with sad intelligence they could not attend to the worship during the hour, that they might harmonize and consider before they acted and finally appealed to God to stop the war and blood shed almost at the hearth stones and cause the troubled elements, now afar in the land, to be calm and peace to prevail throughout the world.<sup>3</sup> After the discourse was ended all of the congregation, with consternation, despair, and sadness of their countenances, rose to depart, but when they met in the aisles and around the door, and exchanged a few words with each other their sadness and despair were dispelled, and interest and burning patriotism took the places. They finally separated and each one went to their respective homes, discussed around the dining table all the subjects on the probable course the war would take, and

recounted the horrors of the last Seminole war.<sup>4</sup> Now, as unimportant conversations may appear to one far away and not initiated in the horrors of war, it will be shown the dispute between the whites and savages, and cause to be presented is due from overwhelming evidence, that South Florida is the rightful owner to every foot of soil now claimed by the Indians, and that, the good people who are here, and may come hereafter, should not be molested in any way by the savages in their territory or anywhere. Some of them, whose consciences are more tender than others, stop to reflect a moment on the rights of the Indians, but their minds run off to secure evidence of the justice of their claims to the country and how they had acquired it. After discussing the various rights of man . . . they wanted to do them a great favor by sending them beyond the Mississippi, away from their homes where they could have the benefits of cold weather and missionary preaching.<sup>5</sup> This, they considered, the brutes ought to be satisfied with and feel thankful for but instead of that the ungrateful wretches persist in their resistance, and now, we are justified in forcing them to go or send them, by the aid of gun powder to their long home. In short, exterminate them if they will not peacefully avail themselves of our kind offers.

The news, which produced so much feeling, was received by the *Texas Ranger*, a steamboat on the line to Ft. Myers, and was given to the people by an extra issued from the Peninsular office.<sup>6</sup> You know extras always command attention, because the editor never sends one out, unless he is convinced the importance of the subject requires it. With this fact in mind, it is not at all surprising that every one who hears of it or sees the sheet will magnify its importance and become very much excited. Then, don't be the least surprised at anything the good people do after being thus prepared for action by their superior, the Editor.

The account stated that an exploring party had been attacked by the Indians near the Big Cypress on the morning of the 20th — that Lieut. Hartsuff who commanded the party and five men had been killed, two wounded and the other three escaped unhurt by running when the first gun was fired.<sup>7</sup> A court martial had been ordered for the trial of the men who had escaped unhurt and a party ordered out to go in search of the missing. The account given of the affair by the soldiers on their return was unsatisfactory. They stated that, about sunrise when preparations were being made for leaving the camp and the men, all some distance from the arms, the Indians fired on



them and killed some of them. The Indians had been hanging around them several days, evidently watching their movements, and had destroyed all the block houses and buildings at Ft. Denaud.<sup>8</sup>

After dinner and after the discussion of all subjects by the heads of families connected with the recent news, the court house bell was rung by someone long and loud and each man started to see what it meant. When all hands reached the rooms, for that is the place where public meetings should be held<sup>9</sup>, they called a war meeting and appointed a president and secretary to keep order during the meeting and make a record to its proceedings. Now, one would suppose the good people ought to have waited till night, but they acted more wisely by assembling just after two o'clock, when their stomachs were full, their pipes smoked and the active energies of the mind depressed. It is generally admitted to be law of nature that hunger produces fretfulness, excites the temper and causes all of the passions to be more violent. A good dinner, or a full stomach, particularly if it is followed by the sedation qualities of tobacco, produces precisely an opposite condition. Hence the good people acted wisely.

After the president took the chair, and briefly stated the object of the meeting, Dr. John rose to his feet and made a motion, that the chair appoint a committee of five to draft resolutions, expressive of the feelings of the meeting, which was seconded and passed to the house in regular parliamentary order.<sup>10</sup> The motion passed, of course, and the President appointed the committee. Now, let me beg you to excuse me, I have not obtained the names of the officers of the meeting, the names of the committee men or a copy of the resolutions adopted, but I can tell you what was done, which must be satisfactory. When the committee retired, Col. Magby, a lawyer of the town, having his energies all stimulated by an over quantity of whiskey, rose and addressed the meeting in the most patriotic language he could use and with such zeal . . . caused everyone to feel like fighting for the country, for their homes, the wives of their houses, and their little children. He decanted at length on the duties of man, on the horrors of savage warfare, and upon the treacherous character of the Indian.<sup>11</sup> The reception of the resolutions gave the good people time to catch their breath and when they were read, their feelings softened somewhat, and no mischief was done, nor any Indians killed. The state of the feeling was sanguinary in the extreme, when the committee appeared with the resolutions, which were adopted and sent to the world; but I cannot tell why the world never received them. A list was then pre-

sented for the signatures of those who felt disposed to fight for their country for all they held dear and sacred and for the removal or extermination of the Seminoles. Several rose up at once and with a steady step and solemn air marched up to the Table and signed the paper. Lieut. Hooker, Rev. McLesley and Sherad Edwards were the first signers, all of whom were Indian fighters in the last war.<sup>12</sup> Hooker was the only man who entered his own name. The others entered their sons their worthy successors . . .<sup>13</sup> After consultations were had with groups of friends, the signers left and the meeting was adjourned. Each one went to his home with a pleasant smile for the good dame and little ones, and felt very much relieved, after an account of the proceedings had been given to the good dames and the little ones. Thus closed the 24th day of December 1855 — just as all others had closed for several years, without any jarring of the elements or redness of the sky to keep alive the feeling excited during the day which had been relieved in the old way, but an attempt to express them.

#### **January 1st, 1856**

A week had gone and its events must be preserved by my pen for your benefit. I must leave the war path for a time and tell you what the good people did do during Christmas holidays. You need not expect me to tell you what the children received from the good Aunt Christmas morning, how many articles she had deposited in the old hay, or stockings up over the night for the reception of presents, in accordance with the usual custom. Nor can I tell you how much money the boys laid out in fire crackers and how many powder guns they fired. Such things you must guess at and guess high, because there are a great number of children about the town from one to 61 years of age. You will readily suppose many of the boys, who dress in high heel boots and a standing collar became very chivalrous in their feelings and imagined themselves to be officers and soldiers, firing the grand round at Billy Bowlegs and his men. What such young gentlemen (can't call them boys) would make, if the poor things had a chance I cannot surmise. If they even reach the point to which their imaginations carried them where they charged Billy B.L. with a full platter armed with a double round of fire crackers or if they reach the pinnacle of which the parents placed them, there will be in this little town, distinguished military heroes, learned judges and able statesmen. The standard of usefulness or goodness have not been enacted by the little hopeful or by the parents. Every change they made was accom-

panied with loud huzza . . . and rolled out like rain, and a turning over of this quid of tobacco followed by a manly squirting of the juice of the weed. The firing of guns and crackers continued till light. I should have said the battle, and each gentleman returned without any wounds or injury except the black faces produced by powder and the other goats of their good mothers, who received the little man with joyful smiles, and spread the best breakfast before them. Whilst these little men were charging the Indians in the streets of the town, some of the good fathers were riding in hot haste, in every direction, trying to make up a volunteer company, with a distinct understanding that they were to command the company, and the signers of their rolls were to be officers, teamsters, or quarter master if not they were to have 160 acres of good land and immortalize their names.<sup>14</sup>

The good dames in the meantime visited each other and with many long sighs, drew the most frightful pictures of the savages made of warfare. Some of them became very much alarmed, particularly, after hearing that an Indian or two was seen near the place by an old negro man, who was out on a hunt and before the end of the week, they had so operated on the husbands and sons, that each one entertained fears Tampa might be attacked. One of them actually caused her husband, who was 50 miles north of this, to collect a guard and come to the town to escort her home. The week ended, however, without any serious alarms, attacked on the town, or scalps taken and hair breadth escapes. The unusual turn of the finger of time ever made which caused 1855 — with all of its events to be numbered with centuries past, and the birth of the new year took place without any commotions in the elements of earthquakes precisely at 12 o'clock, just as it had done for 1855 years. This change, without any supernatural manifestations of power more than common, restored in a measure the tranquility of the town and excited fresh hopes and begot many resolutions and quieted, in a measure, their fears.

### January 8th, 1856

How swiftly time does fly away. War-like preparations are going on which keeps the good dames of the town constantly excited. Enterprises return and go into the garrison to report with long faces and an air of business about them, which causes the citizens to wonder, time and again, what news they brought. These volunteers rode about the town on their poor steeds, whose motion was increased by a large pair of spurs, with all the self importance a valiant knight

could feel whose strong arm the fate of his mistress depends. New saddles were made from old ones, new blankets, new tin cups, and saddle bags, all of which had to be put on the back of the poor horse Sausanifat like Pasinante immortalized by his rider Don Quixote. Despite all the preparations the good dames had found themselves alive with scalp locks on their heads every morning and would not give in to such idle fears any longer. The young gentlemen had become satisfied that Billy Bowlegs could not do much and wandered around the town, through idle curiosity, to see what was going on.<sup>15</sup>

### January 16th, 1856

Oh horror of horrors we have heard all about the battle. A company has been organized for the defense of the town. Arms applied for and volunteer companies gone upon the scout — just as the town began to go into its previous calm this occurrence disturbs it again. What is to be done! It has always been the case ever since the world began. That, just as one gets the women and children quieted, someone comes along or something takes place calculated to alarm and excite them and the whole work has to be done over again. Just so, it was in Tampa.

The *Tampa River* steamer arrived during the week from the Indian Territory and by it, the news of Lieut. Hartsuff was brought. The paper issued on Saturday came out with a flaming account of the battle by the Lieut. himself on his arrival at Ft. Myers. The Indians had followed him the preceeding day and gave other evidences of their hostile feelings.<sup>16</sup> On the morning of the 20th he issued his orders to harness and saddle the horses, intending to go to Ft. Myers, but during the time the men were engaged in preparing to leave and while they were some distance from the arms they were fired on and the war whoop of the Seminole resounded all around them.<sup>17</sup> Since few of the men were wounded in the first fire, among them was the Lieut. who was seated in his tent. A few of the men made a stand and fought with much bravery while others ran. The Lieut. loaded his gun and fired as long as he could, but at length he received in the abdomen the second wound which disabled him so much he could not load.<sup>18</sup> A sergeant loaded for him and he continued to fire at the Indians for some time, but finding his strength was failing, he told the sergeant to save himself and leave him to his fate. He crawled out of his tent and into a pond area where he sank himself. The battle was soon ended and now the woods echoed again and again the savage shout of victory and brought

to the ear of the Lieut. the melancholy groans of the wounded. But this not all now commenced the closing scene: killing and scalping the wounded, shooting the mules, pillaging the wagons . . . . mutilating the bodies and burning the wagons. One of the savages which supposedly was Billy Bowlegs called out to him in good English to come out swearing they did not want to hurt him. He knew them too well to trust them, and remained in his place of concealment till they completed their work of revenge on the dead bodies of their enemies and the property.

What is to be done now was the question that presented itself to the consideration of Lieut. Hartsuff with blood oozing slowly from his wounds and discoloring the water around him — his strength nearly gone and unable to walk, what was he to do. Many hearts, less stout than his, would have quaked — many would have become qualmish and faint when they beheld the crimson water around them, and saw death standing ready for his victim, and many could have lain down to die; but not so with him. He concluded after a moment's reflection, that he could but die anyway, and so long as he possessed strength to do anything, he would use it to get back to his friends, and to avoid the horrid death he must die if the Indians caught him, but how was he to get to them, walk he could not, riding was out of the question for his horse had been killed — then crawl, he must and Ft. Denaud, six miles off, before he could hope to meet with a friend.<sup>19</sup> He started on his Journey on his hands and knees and carefully avoided the road, which was the only beaten track in all the country on account of the strong probability of the Indians lying in bushes for him along it. He kept about 200 yards distant from the road among the palmettos where he could not be seen. In this way he struggled all day and at night found himself only 3 miles from the battleground. The next morning he attempted to proceed on his way, but could not. His hands were very sore, strength gone and he only half the distance. Just at this time he concluded he could write on the margin of an old newspaper with his pencil a brief account of the fight and give up to die. Just as he was pegging to a tree the account of the battle, he heard human voices, which he at first took to be Indians, but the tap of guns convinced him they were friends. The thought that he must die in hearing of friends in search of him, caused him to shudder and gasp. It was overwhelming but at length an idea suggested itself which saved him. It was to fire the remaining charge in his revolver if it was not too wet hoping it might be heard. He presented it, pulled the trigger, and the signal

was heard and answered by the revile of the drum to which he had marched so frequently.<sup>20</sup> Relief was soon at hand, and tears of joy trickled down the cheeks of the iron nerved soldier when they met him in the woods. He was conveyed to Ft. Myers on a litter by a portion of the men sent out in search of him. The others marched on to the battleground. When the party reached the battleground everything was still as death, but Oh!, such a scene as presented itself to the eye. Four of their own comrades were lying dead — their bodies mutilated by the savages and some of them torn by the wild beasts. One of them, a large strong man, was found with his hand clenched fast on a piece of an Indian's shirt. Mules were lying all around. Some with their throats cut, others shot. A hole was dug in the sand and the bodies deposited in it and covered up. The last funeral obsequies of the poor soldiers were fired over the ground, and the whole party with a solemn tread left the place for Ft. Myers.

Brimstone matches gun powder and other explosives — the people went mad when they received the account. One man, more like Sancho Panza than anyone in the town or country concluded he must do something. What is he to do! Join a volunteer company? What then! Why he would raise a company for the defense of the town and be its captain or military governor; this suited him exactly and filled him full of zeal, patriotism and chivalry. The paper was produced and proper article which bound the signers at the peril of their lives to protect the town and perform such military duties . . . With the paper in his pocket, huge quid in his mouth, and a heavy walking stick in his hand he went around the town in swinging gait (called rasita step) and called on the citizens to sign his roll. In a very short time, he appeared at the post office, where the citizens had assembled to get the mail as soon as it was opened, and reported that he had been around the town to make up a company for its defense and only one man had refused. He didn't care if he told the first letter of his name; it was James Magby the man who made the flaming speech at the war meeting. Whilst the good people of town were engaged in preparing for its defense, Capts. Hooker, Leslie, Darances, Sparkman and Kendrick were busily engaged in collecting and organizing their companies for the defense of the frontier on Peas Creek.<sup>21</sup> Several forts or stations were named; of course they were named after the deceased Hartsuff and the gentleman officers in command. I say, they were named after the deceased Lieut. because they thought he was dead, singing his virtues as a funeral song but did not mention

his vices, and the women, to commemorate him, named their babies at least a communication in the paper signed.<sup>22</sup>

At the ringing of the court house bell the citizens of the town assembled in the rooms and each man took off his hat, just as they would have done before the judge. Some of them wore solemnity and gravity on their countenances and other levity; for the credit of the good people, I must say, the former was in the majority. I could not imagine what could be the affect of the meeting, and thought I would wait and see. All hands were silent for awhile, at length some whispering was heard and Mr. Mansfield, whose qualities have been described, rose and said, "Gentlemen, I move Dr. Ludd take the chair."<sup>23</sup> The Doctor waited a few moments and finding that no one opposed the motion, rose, and walked slowly and solemnly to the chair, usually occupied by the Judge. Mr. Mansfield rose again and this time said, "Mr. Chairman, I move that Genl. Carter be Secretary," showing clearly that he had been in a meeting before.<sup>24</sup> The chairman then rose and said, "Gentlemen, I suppose the object of this meeting is known to be to organize a company for the defense of the town. Report says an Indian has been seen near the place recently; how true it is I don't know." He then sat down for a few minutes, but was soon up again, and said, "I suppose the first business will be calling the roll." Mr. Mansfield rose again and slowly drew from his large coat pocket a large paper, folded after the fashion of a deed or mortgage, and walked to the Secr. and handed it to him. The Secretary then proceeded to call the roll, noting carefully the absentees and when he got through the list reported the whole number present (53). The absentees 19. Here a long and painful silence followed, interrupted at last by another supposition from the chair, but not until each man began to look at his neighbor confusedly — as much as to say, what now. The chair supposed that the next thing in order was to be the election of officers which was followed by a greater and more painful silence because now came the tug of war, and the fate of aspirants must be decided. Someone rose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate Mr. Oakey Mansfield for Captain." The Chairman waited for sometime without any action of the meeting upon the nomination, and, at length, asked if there were no other nominations. After much whispering and considerable delay, one of the gentlemen, D. Donathan, rose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I move that the candidates just walk on to their side of the house and let us form around the man they want to vote for." He then took his seat apparently well pleased with himself but did

not become quiet and stumplike until he had looked, at various faces around him, for approval.<sup>25</sup> I say stumplike; how are you not apprised of the fact that some men appear very much like a stump until they wish to say something or eat their dinner. The same want of life of intellectual action and of motion which one could recognize in the stump would be the predominant impressions made on the mind when one looks at them. But this is leaving my subject. The meeting at length concluded. The vote should be taken by ballot. That each man should vote for a Capt., Lieut, first and seconds and that the one getting the highest number should be elected. The election was a production of confusion on account of the inability of many of the good citizens to write. I won't say they couldn't read, of course; Mr. Secretary being the writing man he could thus not do it for them. When the notes were counted, it was ascertained that Mr. Oakey Mansfield had beaten his opponent for the Captainery. Mr. Donathon for 1st Lieutenantcy and A. Stephens for the second.<sup>26</sup> After the election and the exchange of the usual congratulations, some were in favor of the adoption of a resolution calling on the Commander in Chief of the U.S.A., Col. Monroe for arms; others were in favor of a committee whose duty it should be, to wait on him and make all the necessary arrangements and others were in favor of compromise because the General Government is conducted on comprised plans and the latter carried their point which made it the duty of the officers to apply in person.<sup>27</sup> The meeting then adjourned and here endeth the chapter.

### **January 24th, 1856**

I can't keep the good people straight, so I will let them go on crooked for they belong to a wicked, perverse, stiff necked people who have concluded they are capable of self government. The source of their ancestors, perhaps their great grandfather, fought for the liberty of speech and thought and of action and, therefore, they have a perfect right to hear reports, to believe them, to get frightened, to cry over what they hear, and to fight about it as anybody. Now, I can prove their great granddaddies didn't fight for the liberty of speech and the stump speakers of the day ought not to be putting such things into their heads, because if they let them alone they will talk more than they ought under common restrictions. For my part, I am done trying to regulate them; they may go on as they please. But, you know it is a sin and a shame to be telling all sorts of stories calculated to scare the weaker sex. Your womanly feelings will revolt at such conduct and



in spite of you, you must cry out shame, shame. During the past week the people must call together another meeting to remove the Seminole Indians and to build the railroad to Tampa. The Indians are not gone — they are still at their work of death and destruction, and the engine whistle had not been heard anywhere in this vicinity notwithstanding the frequent meetings. It is quite apparent, humans, to any superficial observer that the dastardly cowards, the Indians, would have been removed and the railroad here doing tremendous things, provided meetings could do the work, but it is said a part of the world must talk while the other part acts — perhaps it will be well in the end. A masquerade meeting was gotten, however, by the half-Spaniards and yearlings of the town which has a more definite object in view, than any other meeting. It was to scare the inhabitants of this embryo city, and they succeeded to the fullest extent. Some thought they had to be killed and scalped and the fight overcame them. Others thought it best to run and shut the door and lock it and others, that it was best to see after the baby. Mother's darling. After it was all over what then? Why the most terrible sentences were pronounced against all masquerades ever heard. Some of the good dames said, "They ought to be flogged alive, the good-for-nothing imps — pretty way to do in these troublous times — scaring honest folks. Wretches, they had better be in a gentleman's cotton field instead of ganging about here among the low mean white folks, who are better than they are." In addition to the foregoing facts, I have to state that a rumor has reached the town, that two men were killed and one wounded on the Miami River.<sup>28</sup> The wounded man made his escape and reported the facts to the garrison at the mouth of the river. About the same time a report reached the town that five men were killed or captured near Ft. Denaud in the Indian territory.

### February 2nd 1856

I learned that the reports have been confirmed and one official report of the acts of the Indians had been received. But I must stop right here and tell you the masquerade didn't kill anyone; that no scalps were taken and that the little children have not had fits. The officials' report states that about the 8th or 10th of January three men engaged in digging coontie, on the Miami River, a few miles from its mouth, were fired upon by a body of Indians. Two of the men were killed, the other wounded; he, however, made his escape. The corpses were scalped and mutilated in a horrid manner. One of the deceased

was an aged man, named Peter Johnson; the name of the other unknown. Also that a wood party consisting of a corporal and five privates, with two wagons and twelve mules, were fired upon by some fifteen or twenty Indians, about five miles from Ft. Denaud on the road heading from that post to Ft. Thompson, on the morning of the 18th January. As far as known, only one private escaped, he made his way to Ft. Denaud and reported the attack. Lieut. Larned, with a party of men, went to the place and made a search, but could not find any traces of the Indians or the missing men.<sup>30</sup> All the mules were shot behind the ear; the wagons and horses uninjured. The families in Miami were brought into the fort, and in a few days, went to Key West, where they can be accommodated. The people had not recovered from the excitement produced by the reception of these reports, when a large company of mounted men marched in to the town, in double file . . . and went straight on to the garrison . . . Capt. William Kendrick commanded the company which he made known to the good citizens holloring at the top of his voice keep order. Another company commanded by Capt. Johnson followed close upon the heels of Capt. Kendrick. In a short time the whole town was on the tip toe of excitement, and everyone that could dare to leave their business, went out to see what was to pay. What the sudden appearance of 124 men armed with rifles, double barrel guns, and mounted on horses and mules with saddle bags and wallets under them and a huge tin cup tied to their saddles could mean by appearing thus, unceremoniously, in the city without having given due notice. They returned, however, hitched their horses up to the racks enclosures around and were soon engaged in giving a minute detail of their proceedings and their reception by the Col. in command. Capt. Johnson's company was not received and, consequently, could not be fed at the expense of the government crib.

In the evening the two companies marched out of town a short distance and encamped for the night. The following day they returned, made their purchases, had their guns repaired and left. Lord Wellington could not have felt more self important when he was leading his victorious army to the field at Waterloo, than did Capt. Kendrick, after his company had been received and provisioned by Col. Monroe. Don Quixote never felt more valiant, more confidence in the powers of his mighty army and more important to the mistress, who guided him to his Knight errantry, than did the major part of the company. Rosiment never felt more spirited than did the whole beasts on which

the men were mounted. I except the mules, for a mule is a mule and cannot be immortalized in prose or in song. The scene was full of interest. The multitude of man, horses and mules would suggest ideas of confusion, despite your efforts to view these through the eye of patriotism; in fact they appeared to have been routed and on the retreat. The variety of arms of dress of animals and equipment caused one to feel some contempt for the volunteer's life; and to imagine, what would be the condition of the whole, in case a charge of the evening should be ordered. Just imagine if you please that you see 124 men dressed in common material of various colors and ages, long beards and smooth chins armed with a variety of blunderbusses mounted on any sort of a horse from the poor pony to the large old rip — a few on mules and a few men riding to one side, and you will have a correct view of the picture presented to the eye as they traveled the streets of Tampa helter skelter — without any order whatever. But all must bid them God's speed for they are going on a scout down on Peas Creek, where the Indians may be met, where they are driven from their own country.

The week closed without any mishap, whatever calculated to destroy life or jeopardize it to any extent except in the fruitful imaginations of the good dames and the men who are required to stay at home and take care of their families.

#### **February 11th, 1856**

On last Sabbath I was alone all day and enjoyed very much good milk for dinner — the best I've drank in Florida and in the evening had my ears shocked by the news that a man was found dead, with his brains shot out, about 12 miles from T. on the old road to Tampa. In a little time thereafter, notwithstanding the rains falling in torrents, a purse of men, good souls, started off to the place and carried a wagon with them to bring the body into town. I learned the next morning that it was Solomon Snow who couldn't get to purgatory soon enough so he concluded he would go and so, with his gun, blew his skull off. Now isn't it horrible that a man should kill himself in this country where he will die soon enough anyway. On account of the troubles of a family, he could leave at any time, and be equally as much respected as he had ever been. In this land where the judges put asunder what God had joined together, it is mere child's play to get rid of a woman, and, it is very easy to marry another. Therefore, is it hardly probable such was the cause of his committal of suicide, ardent spirits must have been the cause.

Mrs. Carter returned on Monday morning and I was right glad to see the children. The rain of the day before had detained her. I learned that the petition of the officers of the company, organized for the defense of the town for arms was not treated with the attention the Captain, I ought to say Military Governor, thought it deserved. But he did not order Col. Munroe to prison or punish him in any way except by the use of his most dangerous weapon — his tongue. Now this was enough to ruffle the feelings of an honorable Captain who had been elevated to the post of Captain by the good people and it is not all wonderful that he should indulge his tongue in the use of words calculated to fire vent to his feelings. But the worst of all had come upon him. Mr. Jake Gaddin, a man who had been whipped and run for stealing cows wished to enter his company. This was more than Capt. could bear so he let his tongue loose on him and vanquished him in a short time without getting a scratch or a bruise. Gaddin retired, after being told his character was too bad to join a respectable company, and determined to have such revenge as a high-runged gentlemen would seek. That was to get the quartermaster appointment for Lieut. Mansfield's company, and put him on short rations till he was made to ask his pardon and assume the position he ought to occupy. He promised to reward his friends when he got the appointment and punish his enemies in the company. Various reports have been in circulation in the town since Genl. Jesse Carter left for Tallahassee. The people have more than their share of curiosity which is always the result of a want of business of their own to attend to and he left, after having been twice in the garrison, closeted with Col. Munroe and Capt. Kazey, without saying anything about the business on hand worse than he bought him a full suit of clothes and made other preparations for his journey and would not let others know why he made them. One of the reports Madame Ramos started you know (she is under a bad character) excited some of the common folk. It was that the Governor intended to move to Tampa and stay here during the war. Another one that Capt. Lesley's company would take Bowlegs, the chief, before Genl. Carter could get to Tallahassee. Those reports and many as to the nature of Genl. Carter's business occupied the public mind during the week.

I must tell you about minor assurances, what passed at my winter house. The weather became very cold; yes, freezing cold, and we feared old winter had shifted her quarters and come down in latitude 20° to have some ice and display her other powers, but we were dis-

appointed, for just as she had begun to make ice for use, a southerly wind came along and forced her back north, and melted the ice in six hours. The children were delighted with the ice on the water buckets and the icicles hanging from the shelf, but when the time came for going to school and suffering the cold air, they concluded it was too cold. They could not stand it, after having been out playing with the ice some time in the early part of the morning. Their mama concluded, however, that the youngest Maria Louise, a little girl about 8 years of age, might stay at home, which caused the eldest (Josephine, ten years old) to set her wits to work to stay too. Her lessons were not studied as they should have been; the cold was extreme, and she must stay. But how is she to manage. Say not. Children are innocent naturally; she planned her resistance to the will of her mother in a few minutes with as much wisdom and certainty of success as an older head could have done. The first thing to be done was to leave the family fire, and to the kitchen to get as near the fire as she could. The second was, she must groan and grunt (children grunt as well as old folks) as though she was in pain and then when her ma came after her she must say her stomach aches and cry a little if her ma told her she must go. She carried her plans out and succeeded, though she was compelled to add disobedience to her first plan in order that she might secure time enough to form her plans anew and for her mother to retract her position and have her do as she pleased. The most wonderful part of the matter is, that they were taken with pains in their stomach at the same time momentarily after a hearty breakfast on beef steak and buckwheat cakes. They succeeded to the fullest extent and when I went to my dinner, Josephine acknowledged she was not sick; Mariah didn't say anything, but she was in the same condition. Flowers may appear beautiful to the eye and beguile one from the path, but when they are found to be nauseous they are cast away, destroyed, and not permitted to cumber the ground. Yes, everything in nature with deceptions in its character, is regarded by man with an eye of prejudice, but human beings are so fearfully and wonderfully made, that deception may be in every part, and yet, cannot be detected by the puny sense of man.

### February 12th, 1856

Here I begin my daily talk and hope to make it edifying to you and I. The morning, cloudy and heavy norwester blowing, earth saturated with water by the recent rains. After breakfast on beefsteak

and hominy, I walked down to the garden on the river side, in which I feel much interested, and marked off a place for ditch. Gave the boy directions about cutting it, left for the registrar's office which I attend to in the absence of my landlord the registrar. Mr. Hays called at the office to look after some land near Ballast Point and after talking a good deal about it, went off without accomplishing his object.<sup>31</sup> Doctor Roberts called and talked to me a good deal about Indians, the company he joined,<sup>32</sup> and left. What can be the object of his visit, if he had any? He asked me to visit him when he left, which I declined in manner. Perhaps that was his object. Here a question comes up. Ought to have told the Doctor, I can't visit you sir because I regard your wife as a Termagant, a vixen, of the form she bears! Now this is my real reason for not visiting the house, but I shall decide the truth had better be withheld in some cases, particularly where it might do more harm than good. At dinner, the little girls run into the office and without asking any questions whatever, went into the bin of ground nuts and helped themselves to more than they ought to have done. I determined to restrain them in the future at least till their Pa returned then I will try and cut loose from them. Maria wanted to kiss me after dinner, begged me for a kiss, but I refused on the ground that she had brought home a disgraceful report from school last evening; they love me too well, must and will cut loose from them. Judge Lancaster called in the evening, walked to the back door, looked in and turned and went out. Mr. Brown came in with a preemptious claim to file for a man in Manatee County. Don't like the English of Manatee big cow.<sup>33</sup> Occupied myself writing to my father and when I got through my long sheet of foolscap, hardly knew whether I ought to send such a letter, so full of stuff, instead of the ideas most interesting to him. But I haven't got much to say, therefore how could I fill a letter without talking a long time over one idea.

### February 13th, 1856

Night still cold, morning foggy till 8 o'clock. The schooner *Jon Roleffs* laid all night near the house, and this morning the men commenced loading her with some cedar timber, which had been piled up on the edge of the yard for some time. All hands rejoiced over its removal because it offered a hiding place for rats and venomous reptiles. Mr. Sterling McCarty called for his patent which was delivered.<sup>34</sup> On every side, I am asked if Saul Carter has gotten home, how the late Indians are the cause of such anxiety about him. What

ought to be done with them! Must they be driven from the land and country made for them and given to them by the God of nature because the savage life is the only one adapted to the country and calculated to use the natural resources? Civilized man would starve in it but the savage can find everything to gratify his simple wants. The lake on which he can drive his rawhide canoe draws from its water a beautiful supply of fish. The streams affording the same advantages and oysters and turtle in abundance, the forest, in which he seeks and obtains by his gun an abundance of meat; and the place of bread and the little island in the Everglades for his little hut, all made for him and meets to the fullest extent all his wants . . . I found the people at the office excited on the subject of Genl. Carter's arrival. They had heard he was on the way and would be at home this evening. When I reached my house, I found the house in a state of commotion, consequent on his arrival. After the exchange of the usual greetings I opened my letters and found the suspected letter contained a valentine with some hard hints on the subject of a widow's dreams about me. Now I can't help their dreaming, but I wish she had kept it to herself. The other was from my cousin Millie E. Johnson whose flattery is rather displeasing to me.

After supper the presents were brought out and delivered to Mrs. Carter and the young ones; of course they must all kiss him for such nice presents. Josephine's new large conch gave her the fidgets so completely she could not study her lessons.<sup>35</sup> The truth is the whole house had a slight touch of the same affection. But not all the good people could stand it to wait till morning for the result of the General's trip to Tallahassee. They must see him and that at once. Several came in whilst he was shaving and he was compelled to answer some of their inquiries. They were the representatives of volunteer companies and one of them reported, that he had seen an Indian, and declared he was the only man who had seen one. How ought he not to be rewarded!

## NOTES

1. In Military Order 27, issued by Colonel William J. Worth on August 14, 1842 the Indians were to be given the temporary use of a two and one-half million acre "hunting and planting" reserve situated west and south of Lake Istokpoga and west of a line running from the mouth of the Kissimmee River through the Everglades to Shark River and thence along the coastline to the Peace River. Actually Tampa was nearly one hundred miles from the reserve. General Order 27 in Clarence E. Carter editor and compiler, *The Territorial Paper of the United States*, The Territory of Florida 1839-1845 XXV, (Washington, 1962), 471-72.

2. The news of the attack was printed in the Tampa *Florida Peninsular* December 23, 1855.

3. Although there were three organized religious groups, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians in Tampa at this time, the Methodist church situated on the north-eastern corner of present day Kennedy and Morgan had the largest congregation. Karl Grismer, *Tampa* (St. Petersburg, 1950) 119-120.

4. The Seminole War lasting from 1835 to 1842 cost the lives of nearly fifteen hundred persons and cost between thirty and forty million dollars.

5. Nearly three thousand five hundred Seminoles were removed from Florida and sent to the northcentral portion of Indian Territory or present day Oklahoma.

6. The *Texan Ranger* was on regular service between Tampa and Fort Myers.

7. Four men belonging to the Second Artillery were killed and four wounded. See Ray B. Seley, Jr. "Lieutenant Hartsuff and the Banana Plants," *Tequesta*, XXII, 3-14.

8. Unoccupied Forts Simon Drum and Shackelford had been burned but Fort Denaud being occupied by 150 men could not be molested. James W. Covington, *The Billy Bowlegs War* (Chuluota, 1982), 1, 41.

9. The frame courthouse had been erected by Captain James McKay in 1848. Grismer, *Tampa*, 108-09.

10. The only doctor in Tampa at this time was Dr. John P. Crichton. Grismer, *Tampa*, 119.

11. James T. Magbee, a lawyer, had come to Tampa during the late 1840s. After service in the Confederate Army, Magbee was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court for the Judicial District by Republican Governor Harrison Reed in 1868. When he was discovered lying on Franklin Street dead drunk, Tampa Democrats covered his body with molasses and corn meal and gathered some hogs to enjoy a meal of molasses and corn meal. Gary R. Mormino and Anthony Pizzo, *Tampa: The Treasure City* (Tulsa, 1983), 72 and articles in D.B. McKay's "Pioneer Florida," November 23, 1952, April 18, 1956 and December 28, 1958.

12. William Brinton Hooker raised a company of volunteers in the Second Seminole War (1835-1842) and served as captain of the unit. Grismer *Tampa*, 316. Leroy Gilliland Lesley served in the Second Seminole War.

13. Both Lesley and Hooker served as commanders of militia companies throughout the Third Seminole War.

14. In the December 24, 1855 meeting William B. Hooker was elected commander of the regional militia and with forty men moved to the Peace River where more men were recruited and placed at various posts along the frontier line including: Fort Meade 20 men, Fort Hartsuff 25, Fort Green 16 and Fort Hooker 24. The remaining sixty-four men commanded by Captain Lesley moved to the mouth of the Peace River. Covington, *The Billy Bowlegs War*, 36-37.

15. On January 12, 1856 Governor James Broome tentatively accepted into state service the six militia companies that had been mobilized and ordered them to protect the frontier. Broome to Colonel James Monroe January 12, 1856 *Journal of the Proceedings of House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Florida at its Eighth Session*. (Tallahassee, 1856), 23 Hereafter cited as *House Journal*, 1856.

16. During the entire scouting foray of Hartsuff, only two fleeing Indians were seen by the soldiers prior to the attack. Ray B. Seley, Jr., "Lieutenant Hartsuff and the Banana Plants," *Tequesta*, XXIII 3-14.

17. The attack commenced at five a.m. on December 20, 1855. Covington, *Billy Bowlegs War*, 2.



18. George Hartsuff would take part in several battles in the Civil War on the northern side, be wounded at Antietam and die in 1874 from pneumonia with complications arising from his 1855 chest wound.

19. Fort Denaud sited on the south bank of the Caloosahatchee River some twenty-seven miles from Fort Myers was established during the Second Seminole War. Alexander S. Webb "Campaigning in Florida in 1855," *Journal of the Military Service Institution* CLXII, has drawings and text concerning life at Fort Denaud.

20. This account of First Lieutenant Hartsuff's activity after the attack is the only one that has been made available.

21. Omitted from this list was the company organized by Abner Johnston. William T. Kendrick had been Sheriff of Hillsborough County and was engaged in cattle raising. Grismer, *Tampa*, 314. Francis M. Durrance and Simeon L. Sparkman were other captains. Sparkman, homesteading at Hickapusassa, was the first tax assessor of Hillsborough County. Grismer, *Tampa*, 316.

22. Other posts including Forts Meade and Brooke were named for living persons.

23. Oakley Mansfield, born in New Hampshire, was fifty-four years old at this time. Annie Burns, compiler, "*Historical Records of Hillsborough County 1830-1870.*" off-set copy. Hillsborough Historical Commission Library, 29.

24. Jesse Carter holder of the stage mail contract and owner of land which is now included within the University of Tampa campus was designated by Governor Broome to act as liaison officer between the federal and state troops.

25. James Donathan born in North Carolina, was sixty-six years old at this time.

26. The rosters of all state militia companies may be found in *Soldiers of Florida in the Seminole Indian, Civil and Spanish American Wars*. It is difficult to find these names listed as officers of one company.

27. Colonel John Monroe was in charge of federal troops within the State of Florida.

28. Five soldiers of the Fifth Artillery and twelve mules were killed in the attack. Webb, "Campaigning," 410-412.

29. Peter Johnson was killed in his home and Edward Farrell killed in the woods while digging arrowroot.

30. First Lieutenant Frank H. Larned of the Second Artillery served at Fort Denaud from December 29, 1855 to August, 1856. Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* I Washington, 1903), 616; On January 6, 1856, the Indians killed two men six miles south of Fort Dallas at Miami. *Florida Peninsular*, February 2, 1856.

31. Since the water at the Port of Tampa was very shallow, large ships anchored near Ballast Point and smaller boats carried passengers and cargo to the docks.

32. George Robert and William Hays served in Johnston's company from December 29, 1855 to August 29, 1856. James Roberts served in Durrance's company during the same period.

33. Judge Joseph B. Lancaster elected on February 16, 1856 was Tampa's first mayor. Grismer, *Tampa*, 117; Micajah C. Brown elected in 1845 was one of Hillsborough County's first commissioners.

34. The patent would be the recording of the legal title to real estate.

35. General Jesse Carter was forty-six years old, his wife Ann, forty and daughter Josephine, nine. Annie Burns, Records, 28.