found to have passed through the right arm, entered the right side, breaking a rib, opening the right lung, and passing into the liver. The marine was not much hurt, the ball having only made a flesh wound.

JANUARY 9th. We were compelled to sleep in our boats, and, in addition to this discomfort, it rained hard, with a cold south wind, all last night. Chia says, that Sam Jones, immediately on hearing of Col. Harney's first expedition, had sent over to the Seminoles for powder and lead, and said that he would go into the Big Cypress, where, if he was pursued, he would fight to death. Chia and his party were going to join him, and he (with a gallows in perspective, should he prove false), promises to guide us faithfully to him. In consequence of this information, we returned to Sam Jones' island, which we reached at noon.

JANUARY 10th. The description given by Chia of Sam Jones' probable position, is such as would intimidate almost any one except Col. H. from attempting to dislodge him. At 8 a.m. we started for the head waters of New River, which we reached at sundown, and passed down the stream to Fort Lauderdale, where we arrived at midnight.

JANUARY 11th. Having disposed of our wounded men and the female prisoners, we left Lauderdale at sundown and ascended the New River, entering the Everglades by the right hand branch, an hour before sunrise.

JANUARY 12th. After allowing the men two hours' rest, we moved on to a group of keys, lying between the expansion of the Everglades and the edge of the Big Cypress. It was here that Chia had expected to find the main body of the enemy; but upon examination of the signs, he pronounced that they had gone on to the O-kee-cho-bee. With a heart swelling with disappointment, Col. Harney found his schemes thwarted by the cowardice of the Indians, who had fled panic-stricken upon hearing of Cha-kai-kee's fate, and deserted their hitherto inaccessible retreats.

At noon the navy left us, taking with them Mico and negro John as guides across the Everglades, in the direction taken by the first expedition. After a hasty dinner, we bore away for Lauderdale, and aided by the swift current of the New River, reached our destination at 8 p.m.

JANUARY 13th. Col. Harney, this morning, started with twenty men, to search for a reported passage from the New River, into the Hillsborough inlet, the low state of the water proved an insurmountable obstacle, he returned at sundown, and gave orders to be prepared to move homeward tomorrow.

JANUARY 14th. Passing down the New River to its mouth, we coasted along the shore, until we reached the Haul-over and encamped for the night.

JANUARY 15th. At early dawn the canoes were hauled over from the beach into the bay; and passing down to it, we reached Fort Dallas at noon.

The Pay-hai-o-kee, grasswater or Everglades, comprises a large portion of southern Florida, lying south of the twenty-seventh degree of latitude, and separated from the Atlantic and Gulph of Mexico, by a pine barren varying in width from 5 to 20 or more miles. There are a number of outlets on the eastern or Atlantic coast, while on the western or gulph coast there is only one, now named, after its first navigator, Harney river.

The appearance presented upon entering the everglades is that of an immense prairie, stretching out farther than the eye can reach, covered by a thick saw grass rising 6 feet above the surface of the water, which it conceals, the monotony varied by numerous snakelike channels, and verdant islands scattered few and far between; the average depth of water over the whole extent, is from 2 to 4 feet. The channels differ in width from ten to twenty feet, and in some places we had to force our boats through the waving sawgrass. The larger islands are about two feet above the usual water level, though no doubt, in very wet seasons occasionally overflowed. The water was clear and wholesome, and even where no current was perceptible, there was no appearance of stagnation.

The results of this expedition, although apparently not very brilliant, have only been surpassed in usefulness, by those of the first everglade expedition, undertaken and prosecuted with such untiring energy and eminent success by Col. Harney. The knowledge acquired of the nature of the country, the localities of the islands, and the strength of the positions, occupied by two of the most formidable chiefs, is of itself ample reward for the suffering and privations necessarily encountered during a movement in open boats, with no tents, a limited supply of blankets and provisions, exposed to the sun by day, and the dew by night, to the drenching rain and biting blast, but rarely allowed the luxury of a fire, and living upon fare which requires a strong appetite to relish.

**Sketches Of The Florida War**


I love a regular Florida winter. I do not mean one of your northern winter evenings, only rendered clear through the intense frigidity of the stiffened atmosphere, ornamented with glittering, rainbow-hued tricks, pendant like jewel-buds from leafless branches, and brightened by the dazzling reflection of star and moonlight upon snow; but I allude to one where the bright-faced moon and dancing stars look down on forests clothed in the rich beauty of perennial greenness, on an earth covered with flower-spangled verdure, teeming with luscious, air-perfuming fruit. On such a night, when the sky was smiling at itself below it, we hauled up our boats at Fort Dallas, in the mouth of the river Miami, en route for the Everglades.

We were about to make an extensive scout through this unknown section, in cooperation with a portion of the U.S. 3d Artillery, under command of Lieut. Col. Harney of the U.S. 2d Dragoons, assisted by Lts. Boyd, Field, Ketchem and others. Our own party consisted of some seventy seamen, under the chief command of Lt. Comdt. McLaughlin.

As it was "New Year's Day," and we were about to start on a dangerous expedition, it was determined to make the most of the last holiday which we expected to celebrate for a long time, the return of which many of us were never destined to see, therefore both Navy and Army joined like brethren, as we were, in contributing to the general enjoyment.

Lively jokes and cheerful songs passed around with brimming cups of punch; and 'many a dear loved distant friend,' was remembered in the full bumper, with tremulous lips and glinting eyes, by lips that were too soon stiff and cold, filling to the brim the cup of bitterness for those who had been remembered in the warm-hearted toast.

But no thoughts of sadness rested

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21
with us then, no brow amongst us then wore the cloud of gloomy forebodings; gaiety and youthful pleasure rode in undisputed sway over our buoyant hearts, as rides the flower's down the sun-lit air. Comrades! Friends! Brothers! Ye who sat with me around that festive board, with warm, generous, ambitious hearts, as true as the blue steel by your sides, where! oh where are you now? Scattered to the four corners of the earth! One cruises along Italia's vine encircled shores, another paces the deck of the frigate Raritan, as she glides over the ever-calm bosom of the Pacific; another, and he a brother, is exposed to the burning sun, feverish air, and sickening climate of the African coast; while many of them have sailed for that dread port.

"Whence none ever return to tell the tale of wonders seen beyond oblivion's murky veil."

One in particular met with a sad fate, but a few months since, on one of our Western steamboats, and now sleeps the sleep which knows no waking, in a grave upon the banks of the Ohio.

But I turn from this sad picture to brighter colors. Having received and properly welcomed the infantile year, and decently interred the "old one" beneath a heap of empty bottles, we closed our revel with the sailor's toast, "sweethearts and wives," after which, adding nine hearty, soul-echoing cheers, we sprang into our boats, and long before day dawned had reached the falls of the Miami, over which, after a short distance from the spot.

Mico commenced ascending the tree, and, while engaged in silent admiration of his ell-like maneuvers, as he was wrapping the limbs around the smooth trunk of the tree, I observed his quick eye suddenly turned towards some evidently startling object, and the next instant he dropped from the tree as if shot through the heart.

One moment sufficed for him to communicate some information to Lt. McL., and then speedily and noiselessly the van boat approached the main party. The word was given to "prepare for action," while it was whispered from boat to boat that we were close to the Red Man's wake.

The order, "prepare for action," although its obedience consists in but a close examination of ammunition; shifting old flints for new ones, loosening the sword in its scabbard, and laying aside all cumbersome clothing, ever brings a kind of indescribable nervous sensation over one. Being fond of watching the varied workings of human nature, I have often observed its effect.

Upon the old war-worn, veteran tar, it would cause only an additional leaf of tobacco to the quid-distended cheek, an up-hitch of the trousers, and a determined quiet and gravity of manner, speaking as plain as looks can, that "He holds not parley with unmanly fears, Where duty bids, his course he steers."

The youngster's more excitable nature would beam out in the quick flash of the ambitious eye, the slightly tremulous lip, the throbbing breast and fingers instinctively playing with the hilt of the ready sword, as if itching to feel its well-balanced weight.

In some, the eye would darken with anxiety, the pale forehead inferring busy thoughts of distant friends, who might dearly rue the approaching hour of danger; or memories of loved ones whom the coming struggle might leave alone in the world's chilliness, without a protector; while some cherished gage de amour would be pressed to heart, perhaps to rise and fall upon its last throbings.

For myself, I know that a braided tress of dark silken hair, which had been clasped around my wrist by a fairy hand, caused me to grasp my sword with double strength; for I knew that if I fell the beloved giver would mourn me as a Spanish maid should, not with weak childish tears, but silently and truly. I knew that she would feel a sad, but lofty pride, in the thought that he, who had won her heart's purest treasure, a sacred first love, had died in hand, his face to the foe, her name coupled with his country's on his dying lips, cherishing a hope that those who were doomed on earth to part, would soon meet, to be joined in an eternal union, in a world.

"Where pleasure's rose immortal blows, And sin and sorrow are no more." When a Spanish maiden weeps, her tears are the over-runnings of the fountain of joy; when she mourns, that fountain is dry, and her fearless grief is deep, lasting, and all-absorbing. Like the tree or flower which is deprived of nurturing moisture, she fades, withers, and dies.

All having been made ready for action, headway was given to our boats. The impatient crews sent them flying through the waters with a speed which soon removed all uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the "Esta Chaites." Making a sudden turn around a projecting point, we dashed into a broad lagoon, upon the surface of which, at about half a mile distance lay five Indian canoes, the occupants of which were engaged in fishing. A yell from them echoed by three hearty cheers from us announced the mutual discovery, and instantly commenced the most exciting race which I have ever witnessed. The one party, urged on by fear of death or capture, the other by ambition, a burning desire to avenge their fallen comrades, and to do their part towards ending a war which had not only been dreadfully harassing to us, but fatal to nearly one-third of our little band. Out of the few officers who at first volunteered for this ardu-
ous and hazardous service, Pepin, of Georgia, Waddell, of Pennsylvania, and Smith and Slacum, of Virginia, had already been culled by the cold hand of death. The rifle ball, combined fell disease, had left but the skeleton of the picked crew which had entered the territory, hazarding their lives to protect those of unprincipled and avaricious conduct, or, to say the least, culpable imprudence, that had brought the war scourge upon themselves. But we'll return to "the chase."

Our boats, having been under full headway when we first discovered the enemy, had for a moment gained rapidly upon them, but after narrowing the distance between us down to about six hundred yards, the speed of both seemed to be nearly equal; some of our slowest boats dropping in the rear; theirs all keeping in a body together. Mile after mile was rapidly passed over, without any perceptible gain on either side; and, though our hardy crews strained every muscle, till the bending oars made the lightboats tremble from stem to stern, still the rippling waters danced in the bright sunlight between us and the flying foe, as if they were mocking our efforts. We were so near — and our way so rapid — that the tiny air bubbles which arose from their plunging paddles had scarce time to burst, ere we were on them. For once in the world, I could say that my rage, as passionate as my love, was equal to the force of the enemy, 'barring' the children and women — the latter of which sometimes fight like 'devils an hungered.'

Both parties now became perfectly silent, for, though the tug was still kept up, it was evident that the struggle could not be delayed long.

Seeing our rapid gain upon them, the Indians endeavored to gain the banks of the lagoon, where, in the tall grass, their mode of fighting would have given them an advantage over us; but in anticipation of this maneuver, we had spread our boats at distances across the stream, and the sudden deviation of the enemy from their line, not only deadened their headway, but threw them right athwart the bows of our inner boat.

They at once perceived that their chance was gone, and that they must fight the 'big water men' (as they invariably termed us of the ocean) upon their own element.

In an instant paddles were dropped, their rifles raised with the quickness of thought, and as rising from my seat, I turned to order my coxswain to run my boat alongside, his heart's warm blood spouted up in my face, while a burning sensation along my side, told me how narrowly I had escaped losing the number of my mess, for as I rose, the ball grazed my ribs, bearing death's message to him, who, but an instant before, was sheltered by my person. Their aim, though quickly taken, was fatal to three of our men, but now, as we closed within half pistol shot, our turn commenced, and our muskets, loaded with heavy buckshot, soon silenced them.

The boats having drifted into the shore during the heat of the contest, enabled the few survivors to leap into the glades, where we as quickly pursued.

I struck off on a trail with one of my boat's crew, and had not run over one hundred yards before I stumbled over the body of a child three or four years old, with a thong of buckskin wound so tightly around its little neck, as to have produced strangulation, and its head forced under the roots of a bunch of grass, where it had probably been placed by some of the fugitives to prevent it from giving an alarm. In about fifteen minutes, we overtook a squaw, who bore on her back a young infant. As soon as she saw that escape was impossible, she calmly turned around, and, without the least sign of emotion visible on her dark countenance, awaited our approach, placing her hand on her bosom as a sign of submission.

Finding her to be the only one on this trail, we returned towards the boats. On our back trail we passed by the body of the dead child, and I now learned from the broken language of the woman, that the infant was hers, and that to prevent its cries from leading us in our pursuit, she had killed it with her own hands. This information was imparted to me, by her, without a tear, or sigh, as if it had been but a commonplace thing. She evinced the same stoical want of feeling, when, on reaching the canoes, she discovered her husband lying dead in the grass at the margin of the lagoon. She even smiled when I made her a present of my blanket, to cover the wants of the dress which she had torn from her limbs in her flight.

When we had again with the bugle-call gathered our forces together, we made an inspection. On examination, we found that only three of our crew was killed, though several others were badly injured. Fourteen of the warriors had been killed, and four women and three children were captured.

We found that one warrior and his squaw had escaped search. Hastily our forces were scattered through the swamp, yet our pursuit was made in vain, and night closed over our unsuccessful efforts. We tried to set the grass on fire, but it would not burn,
therefore we were obliged to huddle into our boats, and there await the approach of day, for there was no land within sight, where we might pitch our camp.

We were prevented from sleeping all night by the howling of several dogs, who had lost their masters in that day’s fight, and were now scattered about the swamps.

We learned from the captive women that the warrior who had made his escape was "Chico," a celebrated sub-chief, guide and warrior, who had originally been connected with the "Spanish fishing-Indians." Before the war, he had been quite a favorite among the settlers and wreckers on the southern coast; being of an enquiring and ingenious mind, and in return for his instructions in the manufacture of various little articles, which were useful in his way of life, he used to fish and hunt for them.

He was noted for his activity in all manly exercises; his skill in the use of the bow, rifle and harpoon, and for a fund of good humor and kindness seldom found in one of his tribe. That which we know of his history is sufficiently romantic and interesting to merit recording. For the benefit of our readers, we will proceed to relate it. The history will commence with the date of my own knowledge of his career.

About four months before the commencement of Seminole hostilities, Chico went on board the government lightship, which is stationed as a beacon on Carysfort’s reef, near Cape Florida. This vessel was commanded by Captain Walton, who resided on board with his family.

During Chico’s stay on board, he, in some manner, offended Captain Walton, who, in the momentary heat of passion, snatched a rope’s end from the deck, and struck him. In an instant, the Indian’s coal-black eyes reddened with anger — his keen knife glittered in the air, and for a second remained poised over the heart of the insulter, but when death seemed to rest tremblingly on its point, he turned, sprang into his canoe, and pushed from the shore, but when death seemed to rest tremblingly on its point, he turned, sprang into his canoe, and pushed from the side of the ship, throwing back one look expressive of deadly hate upon the astonished commander, and screamed in rage, "Me see you more, Walton."

He knew then and there was not the time nor place to fill the measure of vengeance; but the insult was engraven on his memory in characters, that blood and blood only could efface. An Indian never forgets either kindness or injuries.

Several times, ere he had passed from view, Chico was seen to rise in his tottering canoe and look back, seeming half determined to return, but finally he disappeared in the direction of the Everglades.

Long before the war, Walton had cultivated a small garden on Key Largo, an island situated about five miles from the anchorage of the vessel, for the purpose of supplying himself and crew with vegetables. Although often warned by those who well knew the undying hatred of an injured savage, he still persisted in visiting this spot occasionally in order to gather the fruit of his labor. Nearly half a year had elapsed after the commencement of hostilities, and no signs of the enemy having been seen on Key Largo, the most timorous began to feel secure, thinking that the distance between the islands and the mainland deterred the Indians from making a descent upon them.

One morning about this period, Walton left the lightship with two men to row his boats, and proceeded to the garden landing.

When he had reached the shore, leaving the two men to take care of the boat, he walked up to the garden, which was two or three hundred yards from the landing place. He had barely stepped within the enclosure, when Chico sprang out from behind a large mahogany tree, and in a tone of bitter mockery, cried, "Me Chico! Walton; know Chico now, eh?"

Walton was totally unarmed; he turned to fly, but a ball from Chico’s never-failing rifle checked his flight. He fell and black revenge laved her feverish hands in the purple stream of life. Long cherished, heart-brooded vengeance was satisfied, the stain of insult blotted out by the blood of the insulter.

At the crack of Chico’s rifle, the boatmen had pushed from the shore, but before they gained one hundred yards from the beach, fifteen or twenty painted and yelling warriors rushed from the wooded covert, and one man was instantly killed by their fire, and the other being severely wounded. However, as the wind was blowing off from the island, the boat soon drifted beyond the reach of their guns, and the wounded man escaped, and regained his vessel. Three days afterwards, a strong party of wreckers collected together, armed themselves, and landed to rescue the remains of poor Walton. They found him scalped, his body horribly mutilated, and they conveyed the corpse to the island of Matecumbe where it was interred. The grief of the widowed mother of three young, helpless, fatherless children, cannot be portrayed by a pen so cold as mine.

From this time on, Chico’s name was the watchword of terror along the coast. His yell was the first to awaken the dreaming settler, who startled from his slumbers but to be thrust into the jaws of open-mouthed death, by the terrible chief’s knife.

Reader, we hope that your curiosity is not excited, for we are limited to the this part of the page, and having arrived at our limits, must defer the remainder of our yarn until next number. A happy "New Year" to you all!

E.Z.C.J.
Sketches Of The Florida War

Number III — "The Capture and Trial"

After the murder of Captain Walton, Chico lingered around the coast, permitting no opportunity of death and robbery to pass him unaccepted. His was the hand which plied the blazing brand of destruction throughout the Southern borders of the "Flower-land," sending up the incense of reeking agony, to his favorite goddess, revenge. Wherever his mocassin crushed the flowers, wherever his steps were directed, victims fell like the tender buds under his foot. His course was marked by the lurid glare and the beacon-smoke on consuming dwellings. His was the demon-spirit which planned and executed the destruction in his own house, within hearing of his own family; and a poor boy, the son of a sixty buildings were reduced to ashes, one entire family - father, mother and children - destroyed, the head of another (Dr. Perrine) burned, a prisoner in his own house, within hearing of his own family; and a poor boy, the son of a dependent widow, scalced to death in a cistern, heated by the flames which twined above and around it.

Chico also led on the murderous band at "Harney's massacre," on the banks of Carlosahatchee, where eighteen poor fellows were slain in their sleep - a sleep rendered sound by the gentle rustlings of a truce-flag, whose broad, pure folds waved like guardian angel's wings in the night-stillness. Once the friend, but now the deadliest foe of the whites, his knowledge of their habits, customs and haunts enabled him to easily plan and rapidly execute the most bold and unexpected attacks. The turtler in his little sloop or schooner, the wrecker in his heavy lighter, or the wrecked mariner cast helplessly on the strand, all were sacrificed upon his altar.

Chico was a man of medium size, rather slim, but agile as the mountain cat. The only strong peculiarity about his appearance was his eye, which was very large, and as black as condensed essence of night-gloom. I have seen that eye in a fit of anger turn as green as an emerald, while the pupils seemed to be two little self-burning-up, fire spitting sparks. Yet it could be softened when reflected into woman's clear wells of love. Chico was a man of gallantry in more than one sense of the word. Amongst his tribe he was known to be a special favorite with the fair sex. Even now, when by accident we had crossed his trail, he was flying with a scanty band of firm adherents, from the powerful party and revengeful pursuit of Chittee Emathla, a chief second only to Arpiaka in power. Chico had gained the favor of Lula, the favorite wife of Chittee Emathla, and she, yielding to his winning powers, was now eloping with him. He had not only to fear the anger of Chittee, but had also to dread the laws of his tribe, for the offense which he had committed is severely punished by the Seminole penal code.

Thus, by mere chance was this adventurous savage thrown almost into our hands, but by his skill and cunning was once more in a temporary safety.

On finding that the Indian and squaw that had escaped were Chico and his stolen bride, we determined never to give up the chase till it was rewarded by success. Impatiently we counted the weary hours of the long night, awaiting the dawn of morning light, which would enable us to follow the trail. When, at last, rosy cheeked young day came out of his shadowy nest, we renewed our search for signs which might serve to trace the fugitives.

Old Mico was placed in one of the lightest boats, and commenced taking a broad circle around the late scene of action, cautiously examining every bent blade of grass and down-bowed flower. He had nearly finished the round, when his unusual taciturnity was broken by a single expression, "Hiela!" as with extended hand he pointed out a few half bent blades of grass, which to me were as unintelligible as baby-talk, though to him as plain as a well-beaten road. We were on the trail of the fugitives, and pursued it as fast as our men could push through the heavy grass and water, turning and winding in every direction which Chico's accomplished cunning had devised to throw us off the track. Old Mico, however, was a perfect bloodhound, when once upon the scent, and no craft or device could throw him from it.

In a few hours the trail began to freshen, when the old guide, whose courage was over-ballasted by prudence, stowed himself down in the bow of the boat, from whence he would occasionally peer out like a half sheltered duck in a hailstorm. The grass now remained bent in the muddy water, and everything betokened our nearness to the fugitives. We knew that Chico would not become a willing prisoner, and expected that he would resist even to death; still his services as a guide to the haunts of his tribe, were of such importance to us, that the strictest orders were given to take him alive.

We moved on rapidly, and were closing up towards a small island, with but two or three trees upon it, where we expected to find the fugitives, when directly under the bow of the foremost boat, a sudden scream was heard, and the woman rose from the grass before us. Her scream was echoed by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the bow oarsman of the front boat reeled from his seat. At the same instant, Chico arose from the grass, about two hundred yards from us, and commenced loading his rifle hastily, yet as coolly as if he were about to practice at a target. In a second, every man sprang from the boats and rushed through grass, mud and water towards him; one gallant fellow (Sergeant Searles, of Company G, 3d regt. Artillery) in the advance of the rest. Chico had finished loading his rifle, when Searle had arrived within ten or fifteen steps of him, and delib-
erately dropping on one knee, he raised the deadly weapon to his flashing eye. Searle instinctively turned his side towards the Indian, in order to expose as little as possible to the aim, and the bullet struck his right arm, shattering the bone, and, passing through his lungs, came out on the opposite side, being of course fatal. At this moment, ten or twelve men were rushing upon Chico, who, flourishing his unloaded rifle in the air, aimed a blow at the head of the foremost, which was warded off by the hand, as it descended with a force which crushed the fingers and small bones of the member. By this time he was completely surrounded, and seized by as many as could get hold of him; but even now, with a strength almost Herculean, he shook himself free and attempted to spring from them, but finding escape impossible, he pealed out his death song in defiance. His black eye gleamed with supernatural light as the triumphant song of past deeds broke clear and loud from his lips.

Picking up poor Searle and securing the woman, we now proceeded to the island, which we very appropriately named Mud Island. We here held a council, for the purpose of adopting the best measures for coercing him into our wishes as a guide. When asked to show us the whereabouts of the enemy, he answered only by a look of scornful hatred. In order to try the effect of fear upon him, a rope was now brought, and one end being fastened around his neck, the other was passed over the limb of a tree. Once more he was asked if he would serve as a guide; and then for the first time he opened his lips in answer; but it was only to ask that the death of a warrior might be given him, that he might be shot instead of being hung like a dog. His request was sternly refused, and he was told for the last time to choose between the life of a traitor or the death of infamy.

He gave a lightening look of scorn and defiance — the rope was tightened, his face grew dark with suffocation; his whole form quivered; and then for the first time in my life I saw feeling exhibited in an Indian female. The woman, who till now had remained silent and motionless, with her tress-veiled head bowed in her lap, sprang to her feet, rushed towards him, and with her arms thrown around him, the big crystal tears rainning from her imploring eyes, uttered a few rapid, low, sweet-toned words in her own language, with a manner that would have melted hearts of adamant, much more the 'hearts of oaks,' present at the scene. The Indian strove for a moment, every muscle of his face working as if conflicting feelings were heaving his breast with convulsive sorrow throbs, then 'woman's influence,' that potent heart dissolver, prevailed. He spoke but a single word to her; she sunk calmly to the earth as an infant sinks in slumber. Then he turned to our commander, and in broken English thus addressed him:

"Me Chico — big Indian — great warrior! Me kill ten white men, five white squaws! Me no fraid to die! Me like squaw — squaw like Chico! You no hurt squaw — give squaw plenty beads, give Chico plenty blankets, plenty whiskey, Chico go! Me show white warrior plenty Esta Chattee! Me you no more kill."

The bargain was made. The fearless warrior, he who had stood calmly gazing upon death in its most hateful aspect, he whom the terror of that dark-clouded moment could not move, gave way to the all-powerful influence of pleading woman, and consented to preserve a life for her which he would gladly have sacrificed to preserve honor. Thus it ever is, thus has it ever been, since Eve banqueted on forbidden fruit. A woman can make man a being worthy of the highest seat in heaven, she can cause him to degrade the lowest pit in hell. Tell me not of regal power, tell me not of crowned despots, tell me not of the power of gold or lofty station — WOMAN, fair, fragile, gentle woman, is the only despot to whom man yields implicit obedience on earth. Those whose war-genius hath shaken nations into a dense mass of confusion, have themselves yielded to the magnetic influence of soft beauty's charms, and when their hands grasped the sceptre of the world, they have dropped it to seize a wanton curl as it played enticingly upon the breeze. But all this is digressing from our yarn.

When Chico spoke and agreed to guide us, there was a strange and almost devilish glare in his eye, which his assumed calmness could not entirely veil. This we all noted, and he was placed under a strict guard, who had orders to shoot him down if he made the slightest attempt to escape. We shall have occasion to speak of his guidance hereafter, in some of our yarns.

Thus with the loss of one valuable life, and the crippling of another, (Smith, the bow oarsman, now a pensioned inmate of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia) was captured the terror of the southern coast, the arch-demon of the Seminole tribe.

We cannot close this number without
again alluding to the gallant and ill-fated Searle, who preferred death to disobeying orders, and rather chose to give his life than to commit a breach of discipline. When rushing towards Chico, with his loaded musket he could easily have slain the Indian while he was reloading his rifle, but the "orders" were to harm not, but to capture — they were obeyed. The death of Searle was characteristic of his life: his last words were, "I've done my duty!" They should be engraved on imperishable adamant and placed above his head, yet the poor fellow lies in a shallow sand-pit. On the banks of New River, near Fort Lauderdale, he was buried, and not even an unchiselled stone is there to point his resting place.

In the despatches to 'headquarters,' his name may have been casually mentioned, but he was a non-commissioned officer, he had no friends in power, and why should his deeds or his virtues be mentioned? His case reminds the observation. A subordinate officer came in contact with a large body of the enemy, on the western coast of Florida, during the latter part of the war, and with a small band succeeded, after a gallant action, in beating them off. His superior reached the spot shortly after the battle was over, and immediately afterwards wrote a flaming despatch to headquarters, giving the account as if he himself had been an active participant in the combat, of course gaining all the credit, while the real actors passed unknown and unpraised. Personal conduct, be it ever so deserving seems to have passed unnoticed during the Florida campaigns, except in instances where 'rank' served to lift it up. We shall hereafter take occasion to particularise upon this point.

It sometimes appears strange to me, that so little should be known in the northern part of the Union, of the circumstances attending the war, and of the causes which gave rise to it. In fact, I have found that few, very few, properly understand the character of the soil, climate, or productions of the territory. Florida is now, or soon destined to be, a part of the Union. Her soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth and profitable production of sugar, cotton, coffee, Manilla hemp, tobacco, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, indigo, rice, arrow-root, castor-beans, grapes, cocoa-nuts, citrons, guava, figs, pomegranates, dates, peaches, melons, plums, bananas, plainitains and other tropicalities; while on the evergreen prairies, cattle thrive without care or trouble.

Oranges were once an article of profitable export from the Territory, and, judging present appearances, they will soon be again. I have known a single grove of less than two acres produce $2000 per year to its owner. To prove how peculiarly the climate is adapted to this fruit, I need only refer to the fact that on the southern border of Lake Worth, there is a grove of wild, uncultivated oranges, covering at least sixty acres of land surface; that on the estate of Donna Antonia P. Marin, situated on the banks of the river St. John's near Volusia, there is a grove, also wild containing forty acres, and in numerous parts of the territory, both oranges and lemons are growing plentiful, though uncultivated.

The soil of the southern portion of the territory is similar to that of Cuba, and produces, under a similar course of cultivation and seeding, as good tobacco as is grown in that island.

Cotton, particularly the black-seed or sea island species, yields finely. Rice, in the time of the British possession, was largely exported, as was also indigo, with some madder. But in its woods, Florida is far from valueless. In material for shipbuilding, she gives us pine and cedar for spars, decking, etc., live oak of the best quality for timbers, besides lignumvitae, mahogany and hickory. Her southern Keys offer fine sites for forts to protect our southern borders in time of war, and also contain fine harbors in which our squadrons may refit while employed in protecting our Gulf commerce. The territory is also fast filling up with settlers. Mr. Benton's 'armed occupation bill,' although it was passed too late to do any good in its original intention, has been the means of settling the lower and finer parts of the country.

As to the health of country, we of the North are also often misinformed. I believe that there is no healthier climate in the world than that of East Florida. There is a half-daily succession of seabreezes, which, sweeping entirely across the peninsula, keep up a pure atmosphere, and prevent swamp miasmas, or fever contagious from settling. The mean of the temperature, from yearly observations, made by careful and scientific men, has been found to be about 70 deg., never exceeding 85 or 90, and seldom below 60. On the island of Key West, in Lat. 24 deg., and a fraction, the temperature for six successive years, was never known to rise above 90 degrees.

By the tables of mortality kept by surgeons during the continuance of the war, we find that the number of natural deaths in that climate fell far short of the rate experienced on our northern stations; and this difference seems the more astonishing, when we recollect the forced marches, hardships and deprivations suffered by the troops in the territory, comparing them with the sheltered and barracked comforts of more northern quarters. Here for months, they were on continual 'field duty,' often without tents, exposed to rain and sun, night dews and morning fogs, some on poor rations, again with no provisions except the wild game of the forest, and yet they enjoyed better health than upon our northern Atlantic coast. We refer our readers to a work published some short time since, upon medical statistics, written by Surgeon General Lawson of the Army. It will bear us out fully in our positions taken in regard to the general salubrity of a Florida climate.

The work to which we allude is carefully compiled from the monthly reports of all the surgeons of the army, given from their several stations in all parts of the Union.

Another proof of the mildness of the climate is that it is a favorite resort for consumptive and asthmatic invalids. The city of St. Augustine is ever filled with such visitants, few of whom come too late for restoration to health.

The unusual longevity of its inhabitants is another proof of a similar strengthfulness. The writer is acquainted with a lady of Spanish parentage, who was born in St. Augustine in the year 1761 — and still resides there, in full possession of vigor and all her faculties. She reads easily without the use of glasses, and (she is Catholic) walks every morning regularly near half a mile to mass, at the hour of sunrise. Her memory is so perfect in regard to bygone times, that we consider her the best history of Florida extant.

E.Z.C.J.

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