

OLD SAINT AUGUSTINE



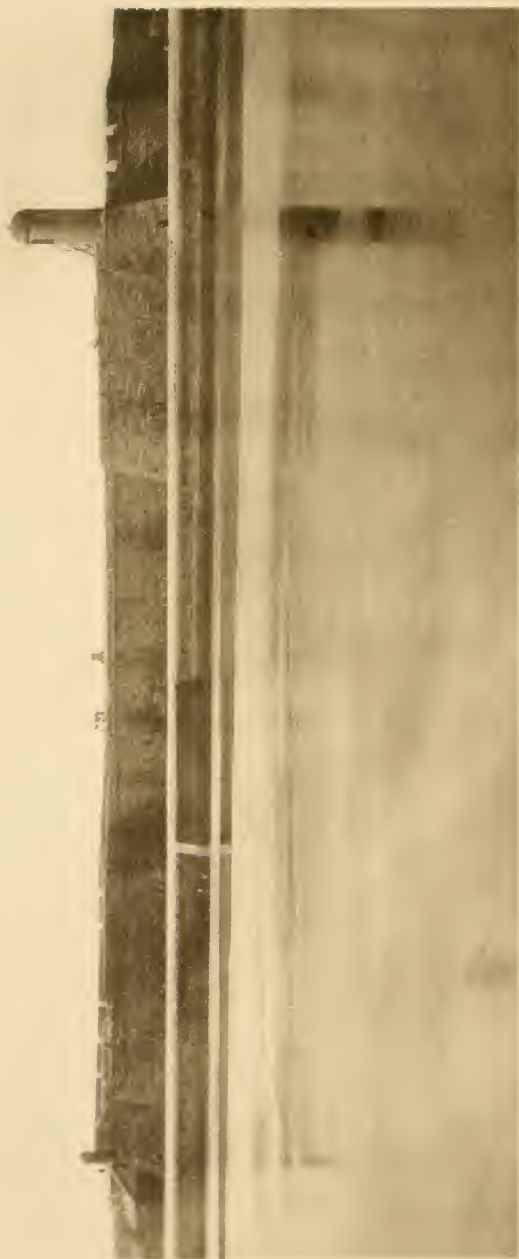
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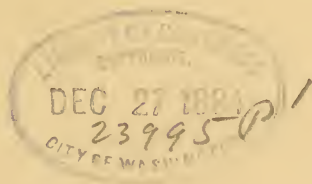
FORT MARION, FROM THE HARBOR.

OLD SAINT AUGUSTINE

A Story of Three Centuries

BY

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

E. H. REYNOLDS

1885

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UNSTABLE as the ever shifting sands of its harbor bar have been the changing fortunes of St. Augustine. To tell the story, briefly, clearly and with accuracy of historical detail, is the endeavor in the following chapters.

Some of the illustrations are from drawings by old-time artists, who were actors here in the scenes of long ago. Some have been printed on the camera by the sunlight of to-day; they are new pictures, but of such things as are old—the massive walls of a decaying fortress, the pillars of a crumbling gateway, an ancient cathedral, a more ancient palm tree. All are memorials which speak of the past, for this is our theme.

The purpose of the book will be attained, if with its aid the reader shall see the St. Augustine of the present tinged and illumined with the light of its past.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

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***The artotypes are from negatives taken by Mr. W. A. Cox.

THE TIME AND THE ACTORS.

FOR the beginning of the story we must go back over three hundred years to the middle of the Sixteenth century.


It was an age of romance, when the caravels of Columbus had but just pierced the cloud of mystery and gloom shutting out the west, and all Europe was ringing with tales of the wondrous new-found realms beyond the sunset. It was an age of credulous beliefs and magnificent undertakings, when bold-hearted adventurers sailed forth in search of El Dorados and empires rich in barbaric treasure. It was the age of Rome's temporal dominion, when he who held the Keys of St. Peter laid claim to the entire New World, and parceled it out among his faithful children. An age of faith, when in every happening devout believers recognized the direct personal manifestation of a controlling supreme God; of intense religious feuds, when difference of creed meant enmity the most unrelenting and cruelty the most merciless; of fanaticism, when deluded men, believing themselves chosen instruments of the Most High, mistook the

instigation of the Devil for the inspiration of God; of heroes, when at the hands of such bigots brave men knew how to die rather than surrender the faith that was dear to them; finally, of a new knight errantry, when, indignant at a sovereign's apathy, individuals took upon themselves single-handed the task of avenging their martyred countrymen.

These were the times and the actors; and such were the motives that we shall find reflected in the opening chapters of St. Augustine's strangely chequered history.

I.

THE SPANIARD'S MISSION.

PAIN arrogated to herself exclusive dominion of the New World. Its whole vast territory was doubly hers, first by right of discovery, and then by Papal grant.

In Mexico and Peru she had abundantly made good this claim by the glorious achievements of the Conquistadors; but in *Terra Florida* each successive attempt at conquest had resulted in a failure more disastrous than the last. Expedition after expedition, made up of the flower of Spanish chivalry, had landed on the shores of Florida, and set out with buoyant step upon a triumphal march to win the fabled treasures of the interior; and the forests had closed behind them. Exhausted by their wanderings to and fro, entangled in swamp and hamak, harassed by savage foes, faint with famine and stricken with fever, one brave band after another had lost courage, grown disheartened and turned back. From some a handful of straggling survivors had returned to tell the tale of woe; others had wasted away until the miserable remnant fell into captivity; and still others had perished

utterly. The history of Spanish endeavor in Florida had been a pitiful record of disappointment. Here amid the pines and savannas had been proven the truth of the ancient belief that the world beyond the sunset was a world of misery and death.

But the dream of glory to be attained in Florida was not yet dispelled. Over the land still hung the halo of romance; within its mysterious forests treasure and fame were yet waiting to reward the hero whose heart should be bold to win them; and there was yet one Spaniard, at least, who, undismayed by the fate of Narvaez and De Soto, would undertake to wipe out the shame of Spanish failure in North America, and win for himself a place with the heroes of his age. This new name in the story of Florida adventure was that of Don Pedro Menendez d'Avilés, nobleman, companion of Pizarro, soldier, bigot. In 1565 Menendez received from the Spanish sovereign, Philip II., a commission to subdue Florida.

The enterprise was to be a conquest of territory and treasure; and also much more than this, a mission for the salvation of souls. The New World was peopled by the heathen—lost sheep led away by the Demon; and they must be brought back into the fold of the Church. To the standard of Menendez, along with mail-clad warrior came black-robed priest, with the helmeted knight the cowed friar, beside the banner of Castile was borne aloft the gilded crucifix, and with pike and arquebuse and other munitions of war were provided the accessories of the mass.

Moreover there was need of haste. A most alarming report had been brought to Menendez. The soil of

Florida was polluted by the feet of heretics; the land promised by the Holy Father to the faithful had been invaded by the children of the Arch-Demon. The trespassers must be rooted out and exterminated with fire and sword. Upon the instant, the Florida enterprise was transformed into a holy war and exalted to a crusade. Zealots flocked to take part in the pious undertaking. As a century before, in the far East, their ancestors had wrested the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the Infidel, so now, in the West, the knights of Biscay and the Asturias would rescue the New World from the accursed profanation of the impious heretics. The ranks of the new crusaders were soon filled; and in June Menendez was prepared to set forth on his mission.

Who were these heretics in Florida; and how had they come here, in defiance of the proclamations of the King of Spain, and in contempt of the anathemas of the Pope of Rome?

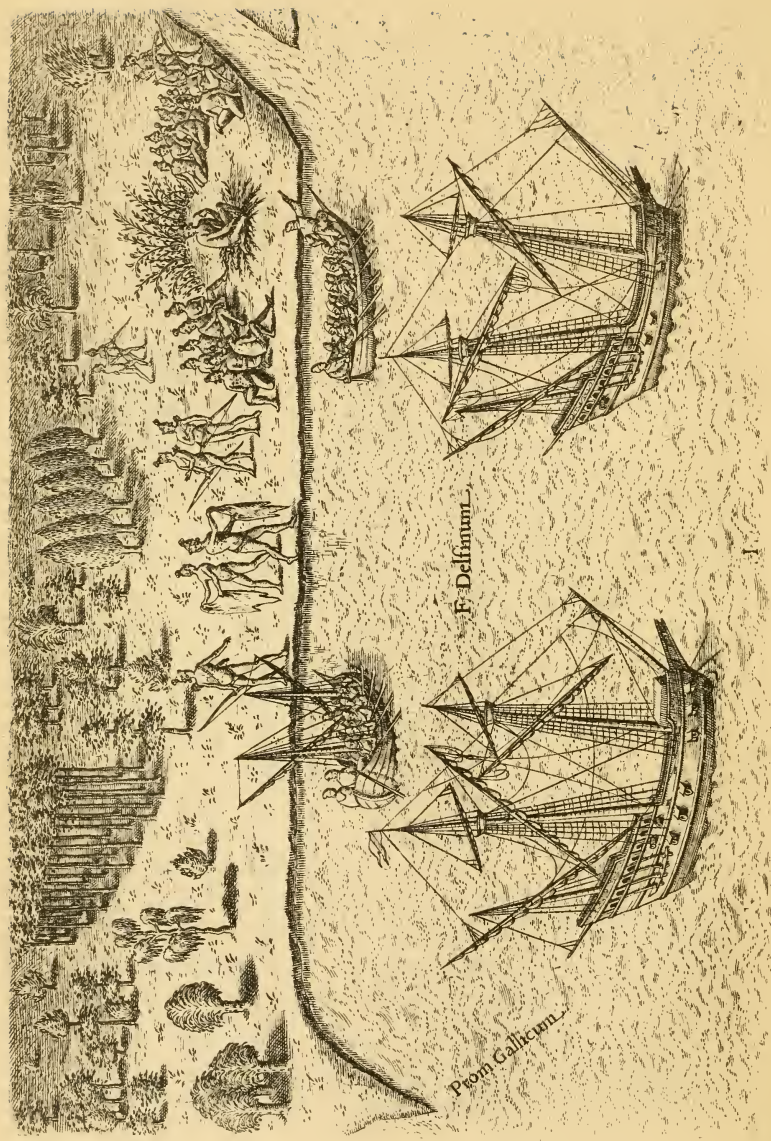
II.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.



SHORTLY after mid-day of the 22d of June, 1564, the people of the Indian village of Seloy, on the Florida coast, looking out across the bay and marsh and beyond the drifted sand dunes of the beach, descried three sails approaching from the south. Athwart the bar the strange ships came to anchor; and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon two boats put off, and rounding the point of the island opposite the town, rowed toward the land. In the village all was instant commotion. The laborers came in from the maize fields; the fishermen stranded their dug-outs; and the boys left their game of ball-throwing at the wicker target. Here collected the warriors, their ear ornaments of inflated fish bladders shining in the sun; and there were gathered the women, clad in kirtles of woven moss, their bangles of silver and gold plates tinkling as they walked. Then, all came trooping down to the shore to welcome the strangers—all save the chief, or Paracoussy, who must needs maintain the dignity of his savage royalty, and so held aloof, seated in state beneath his palmetto bower.

The new-comers were hailed with great joy, for the Indians recognized them as friends. Their ensigns bore the *Fleur-de-Lis* of France; and their leader, René de



F. Delfinium.

Prom. Galicum.

Laudonnière, had been on this same coast two years before. At that time the Indians had been treated with such kindness that at the departure of the expedition they had run along the shore, with cries and lamentations bewailing the loss of their new-found friends and entreating them to remain. Now, overjoyed at the Frenchmen's return, the people of Seloy received Laudonnière with the warmest welcome and overwhelmed him with gifts. But let him tell it in his own naïve way, as translated for us in the musty old English text of Hakluyt. "I went on land," he writes—

Having thus searched the River, I went on land to speake with the Indians which waited for us upon the shore, which, at our comming on land, came before us crying with a loude voyce, in their Indian language: Antipola Bonassou, which is as much to say, as brother, friend, or some such like thing. After they had made very much of us, they shewed us their Paracouffy, that is to say, their King and Governour, to whom I presented certaine toys wherewith he was well pleased. And, for my owne part, I prayse God continually for the great love which I have found in these Sauvages, which were sorry for nothing but that the night approached and made us retire unto our ships.

For, though they endeavoured by al meanes to make us tary with them, and shewed by signs the desire that they had to present us with some rare things, yet, nevertheless, for many iust and reasonable occasions, I would not stay on shore all night; but excusing myselfe for all their offers, I embarked myselfe againe, and returned toward my ships. Howbeit, before my departure, I named this River the River of Dolphines, because at mine arrivall I saw there a great number of Dolphines, which were playing in the mouth thereof.

So the Frenchmen, laden with gifts of painted deer-skins, went back to their ships; and on the following morning weighed anchor and sailed away from Selay. We shall hear of this Indian village again. As seen by Laudonnière on that June day, three hundred years ago, it was a collection of palmetto-thatched huts, surrounded by maize fields. In the central square stood the great council house, where before setting out for war the chief and his counsellors gathered to drink the cassine, that black drink of virtue so potent that to quaff it was the crucial test of manly valor. Here, too, the assembled warriors waited on the incantation of the sorcerer; and here, on their return again, they hung the scalps taken in battle. Without the council hall, aloft on its staff was the effigy of an antlered stag, looking out over the ocean toward the sunrise. For annually, at the coming of spring, the people of Selay selected the skin of a huge deer, stuffed it with choicest herbs and decked it with fruits and flowers; and then bearing it with music and song to the appointed spot and setting it up on its lofty perch, consecrated it as a new offering to the Sun god, that because of it he might smile upon the fields and fructify the planted seed and send to his children an abundant harvest.

From Selay the French sailed north forty miles, until they came to a stream, which on the previous voyage had been named the River of May. Here likewise the Indians hailed them with great joy, greeting them while yet far off from shore with the salutation *Antipola! Antipola!* When they reached the land, the Paracoussy Sattourioua with two of his sons, as fair and mighty persons



as might be found in all the world, thought the French, hastened down to meet them, "having nothing in their mouths but this word—*amy, amy*, that is to say, friend, friend." The first demonstrations of delight over, nothing would do but that Laudonnière must accompany Satourioua to the goodly hill, where a pillar of stone bearing the French coat of arms had been erected by Ribault, the captain of the first expedition, two years before. The monument was found wreathed with garlands, and about its foot were many little baskets of fruit and maize, with quivers full of arrows and other tokens of the Indian's veneration. Gathering about the mysterious symbol, Satourioua and his people reverently kissed the shaft; and besought the French to do the like; "which we would not deny them," writes Laudonnière, "to the end we might draw them to be more in friendship with us." An exchange of presents followed, the Paracoussy giving the Captain a wedge of silver, and Laudonnière presenting in return a cutting-hook and some gilded trinkets; and thus, with expressions of mutual good will and tokens of friendship, French and Indians renewed the league of perpetual amity and alliance made with Ribault.

After more coasting and exploration, a site was finally selected, and a hymn of thanksgiving having been sung, and a prayer made for divine protection, "after which every man began to take courage," soldiers and sailors set about the building of a fort. The Indians joyfully assisted in the work, and with their aid the structure was soon completed. Jacques Le Moyne, the artist, who came out with the expedition, has pictured the fort for

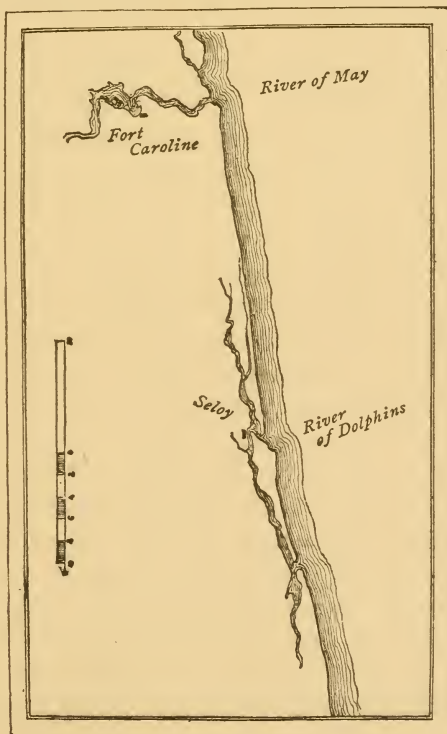
us, a triangular structure of logs, which, in honor of the young French King, Charles IX., they named Fort Caroline.

Laudonnière and his companions were French Protestants, Huguenots, Lutherans—in a word, heretics. They had come to establish here in Florida a Protestant colony, which should provide an asylum and harbor of refuge from the persecutions that threatened to overwhelm the New Religion in their native France.

When Fort Caroline was completed, the ships were sent home for reinforcements. Weeks and months passed by, but they did not come again. The French at the River of May occupied themselves in strengthening the fortifications, and led on by the delusive stories of distant gold mines, spent much time and endured many hardships in fruitless quest of the precious metal. They fell into disastrous conflicts with the Indians. Sickness came. Laudonnière was worn out with nervous excitement and prostrated by a fever. The provisions were exhausted. Famine followed. Then mutiny. At length, despairing of succor, the wretched colonists built a crazy craft, abandoned New France and were putting to sea, when along came John Hawkins, on his way home from a slave trading expedition. English sea-king and Spaniard-hater, the bluff admiral very gladly fitted out the Frenchmen with supplies of food; and left them one of his ships. They made all haste to embark, and were awaiting a favorable wind to bear them away from Florida. But they did not sail. For on the 29th day of August (1565) seven ships arrived off the bar of the River of May. They were from France. Admiral Jean Ribault was in


command, and with him were 300 colonists. The reinforcements had come at last. All was bright once more at Fort Caroline; and never were pioneers in a new land more buoyant with hope than were these Huguenots on the banks of the River of May, as they now set about in earnest the establishment of Protestant New France.

These were the French heretics in Florida, whom Menendez was commissioned to destroy, root and branch, from the soil given by the Pope to the Spaniard.



III.

THE COMING OF MENENDEZ.

N San Pedro's Day, June 29th, 1565, with royal commission and Papal blessing, Menendez set sail from Cadiz. He commanded a fleet of thirty-four vessels and a company of 2,600 men, knights of Biscay and the Asturias, soldiers, seamen, Franciscans, Jesuits and negro slaves.

In mid-ocean the ships were overtaken and scattered by a furious tempest; but the expedition, bent on a holy mission, was under divine protection. So reasoned Menendez, and his courage did not falter. Again and again during the voyage, signal manifestations of the heavenly approval were granted them. Once, overcome by terror in the storm, the pilots lost their reckoning and knew not which way to steer, but divine guidance led them to their course again. When they were becalmed, writes Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales, chaplain of the expedition, God in answer to their prayers sent them speedy winds again; and Providence ordained that they should come to dangerous shoals in the daytime, that so being aware of their peril they might pass in safety. Again, in

the Bahama Channel the Admiral's galleon, the *San Palayo*, struck upon a reef, the waters rushed into the hold, the sailors gave themselves up for lost, and the ship must surely have perished, had not the Holy Mother in quick response to their supplications sent two heavy waves, which lifted the *San Palayo* and bore her safely off into deep water again. Yet once more came a token from above. The fleet lay idly drifting on a glassy sea, the captains grew disheartened and the crews began loudly to murmur, when, writes Mendoza, "God showed us a miracle from on high;" for in the night a great meteor blazed out in mid-heaven, and sweeping on before them, its brightness lasting while one might repeat two *Credos*, sank toward the west, where lay the land of Florida.

Thus borne on by heaven-sent winds and led by celestial lights, at length, on the 29th of August, the day in the Spanish calendar sacred to San Augustin, the Spaniards came in sight of the coast; and at the first welcome glimpse of land, soldiers and sailors, led by the priests, chanted together a *Te Deum* of praise and thanksgiving.

But if the crews rejoiced, how much greater must have been the satisfaction of their commander, when from the high deck of the *San Palayo* he first beheld the shadowy outline of his kingdom; and how must his heart have swelled with anticipation as fancy painted the glorious conquests in store for him. Here at last is *Terra Florida*, the Florida of the sixteenth century, which means the whole vast continent from Mexico to the boundless north, and from the Atlantic westward to the back of the world—who knows just where? Before him lies the empire which he is to claim as his own, for of Florida (so reads

the royal commission) he is to be Adelantado for life. Here, in this magnificent theatre of the New World, will he achieve a conquest that shall outshine the most glorious exploits of the Conquistadors, and forever join his name with theirs. As Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, advancing into the waters of the Great South Sea, made valiant boast, swearing on his sword, to hold against all comers that mighty ocean for his sovereign Don Ferdinand, so will he, Pedro Menendez d'Avilés, undertake to defend against the world this unexplored and illimitable continent for his Most Catholic Majesty Don Philip II. As Francisco Pizarro has made his name immortal by wresting the plates of gold from the Temple of the Sun, and rifling the treasure from the tombs of the Incas, in the great and holy city of Cuzco with its hundred thousand houses, so will he, Pedro Menendez, sack the wealth of Chigoula, the wonderful city hidden somewhere here in Florida, "whose inhabitants [ran the story of Indian captives taken to Spain] make none account of gold and silver and pearls, seeing they have thereof in abundance." As Hernando Cortez has sent the fleets back to Spain laden with bars of precious metals from the mines of the Montezumas, so now will he dispatch the galleons from Florida, and send them home freighted with treasure untold from the crystal mountains of Apalatcy, those wondrous peaks, whose summits "shine so bright in the day that they cannot behold them and so travel unto them by night." Nay, besides the rivers of golden sands, the stores of "Christal, golde and Rubies and Diamonds," the mines and the pearl fisheries, and cities and mountains of wealth, beyond these and more wonderful than them all,

is the magic fountain into whose waters he, Pedro Menendez, may yet plunge and—why not?—live forever, Adelantado of a continent. Such is the magnificent dream that rises before the Admiral of the Spanish fleet as the ships draw near the Florida coast. But first and now, the darker mission; before the search for fame and treasure, the hunt for the heretics.

The fleet sailed north along the coast, and not long after, late one afternoon, the Spanish lookout descried the French ships lying at anchor off the River of May. At eleven o'clock that night, Tuesday, September 4th, the *San Palayo* and her consorts came to anchor within hail of Ribault's flagship, the *Trinity*. The Spaniards worked noiselessly and the French looked on without speaking. "Such a silence," says Mendoza, "I never knew since I came into the world." At last a trumpet sounded from the deck of the *San Palayo*. From the *Trinity* came an answering salute. Then with much courtesy Menendez inquired, "Gentlemen, whence comes this fleet?"

"From France," was the response.

"What is it doing here?"

"Bringing infantry, artillery and supplies for a fort which the King of France has in this country, and for many more which he will build."

"And you, are you Catholics or Lutherans?"

Many of the French at once cried out, "We are Lutherans, of the New Religion." Then they asked who he was and whence he came. Through the gloom they heard the answer:

"Pedro Menendez is he whom you question, the Admiral of these ships, the fleet of the King of Spain,


Don Philip II., which comes to this country to fall upon and behead all Lutherans who are upon its shores, and those who are on the seas. The instructions I hold from my King, and which are so explicit that they leave me no latitude nor authority to pardon you, I shall execute in full. Immediately after the break of day, I shall board your ships. If I find there any Catholics they shall be spared; but all who are heretics shall die."

Here the French interrupted him and with jeers and derisive taunts called out to him not to wait until the morning but to board their ships at once; whereupon the Spanish Admiral, provoked to great fury, gave the command to arms, ordered the cables cut and in his wrath sprung down to the deck to hasten with his own hands the execution of the order. With all expedition the *San Palayo* bore down on the *Trinity*, but the Frenchmen too had cut their cables, and putting straight out to sea soon eluded their pursuers. "These crazy devils are such good sailors," records Mendoza, "and manœuvered so well that we could not capture a single one of them." At break of day the Spaniards gave over the chase and returned to the River of May. Here they found the French from Fort Caroline drawn up on the shore to receive them; and not risking an attack they sailed to the southward.

That night, it being the eve of the nativity of Our Lady of September, the larger ships of the Spanish fleet lay off the bar of the River of Dolphins; and the smaller ones, entering the harbor, came to anchor before the village of Seloy.

IV.

FOUNDING A CITY.

ATURDAY, September 8th, witnessed a memorable scene at the River of Dolphins. In the morning, the first beams of the sun, rising from the sea, shone upon the antlered front of the consecrated stag, in the heathen village of Selay; at night its last rays from the pine forests of the west illumined a cross, standing amid the sentried fortifications of the Christian town of San Augustin.

Long before dawn, the crews had begun the labor of disembarking. The seamen landed artillery and stores; the infantry took possession of the great council house of Selay; the negro slaves fell to the task of throwing up earthworks about it; and the priests having set up a cross, erected an altar and provided the sacred utensils of the mass.

At noon, clad in the uniform of his knightly order, hose and doublet, slashed sleeves, and the cross of Santiago on the breast, burnished casque and waving plume, Menendez left the *San Palayo*; and amid fanfare of trumpet, roll of drum and salvos of artillery was rowed in

state to the shore. Arrived there, a procession was formed. At the head walked chaplain Mendoza, bearing aloft the crucifix. Then came Menendez, drawn sword in one hand and royal commission in the other. After him marched the priests, and behind them, their armor glistening in the sunlight, followed the companies of infantry. Over them flaunted the great yellow banner of Spain. Chanting they marched to the majestic measures of the *Te Deum Laudamus*. When they reached the altar, Menendez knelt and reverently kissed the crucifix; and the others followed his example. Then all gathered about the altar for the solemn ceremonies of the mass.

It was a motley throng—the priests robed in the stole and chasuble of their sacred office, the warriors clad in suits of mail, the naked negroes toiling in the trenches; and pressing in a circle without, the bewildered Indians, mute in their wonder and vaguely imitating the mysterious actions of the strangers. It was a group in which were many contrasts most sharply defined. Here stood the Spanish Adelantado, representative of the proudest nation upon the globe, now come hither to subdue a continent; and a little apart from him was the Indian Paracoussy, whose petty reign should from that hour cease. Here crowded the conquistadors, eager for spoils; and there bent the negro toilers, precursors of the tens of thousands of their unhappy race who should follow them to slavery in America. Contrast most strange of all—this celebration of Christian rites, while the heathen deer high on his staff stolidly faced the east.

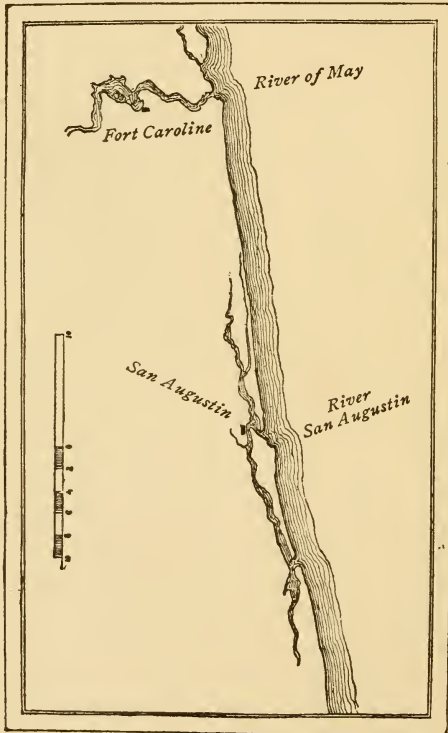
The mass being ended, Menendez took formal possession of Florida in the name of Philip II., and in honor

of the saint upon whose day the fleet had sighted the Florida coast, he named the new town San Augustin. Then having read aloud his commission, he took from officers and men a renewal of their oaths of allegiance, and was saluted by all present as Adelantado of Florida. Soldiers and sailors sent up a cheer; the artillery shook the earth with a salute; the ships in the bay responded with their thunder; and booming over the water came the answering echoes from the great guns of the *San Palayo* far out beyond the bar.

So passed the natal day of San Augustin, the new Christian town planted on the site of the pagan Indian village. The sun sank behind the rim of pines in the west; the glory of gold and crimson and purple faded out from sky and sea; the birds hushed their songs; the gloom of night drew on apace; and from the sea came the monody of the surf rolling in on the shore.

The sunlight has faded from our story. There is no more of glitter. The pageantry is over. The ceremonies of the town's establishment are not yet completed. Other rites are to follow, but they will be sombre and pitiless. The ancient Picts bathed the foundation-stones in human blood, that their structures might long endure. Some such terrible baptism must be provided for San Augustin, if this planting of Spanish dominion in North America is to be made more secure than the futile attempts of other Spaniards here in Florida. Victims for the human sacrifice are not wanting. Yonder at Fort Caroline are the heretics, Lutherans, apostate followers of a renegade German monk, and trespassers on this domain of the Spanish monarch, who for the honor of

Adelantado, Church and King, must be rooted out with fire and the sword. So reasons the Spaniard; and Pedro Menendez will not fail to put into execution what his cruel heart contemplates, for his soul is full to the brim of fiercest hate, and his arm is nerved by the most powerful of all motives in this year of grace, 1565, the unreasoning determination of a religious bigot.



V.

FORT CAROLINE.

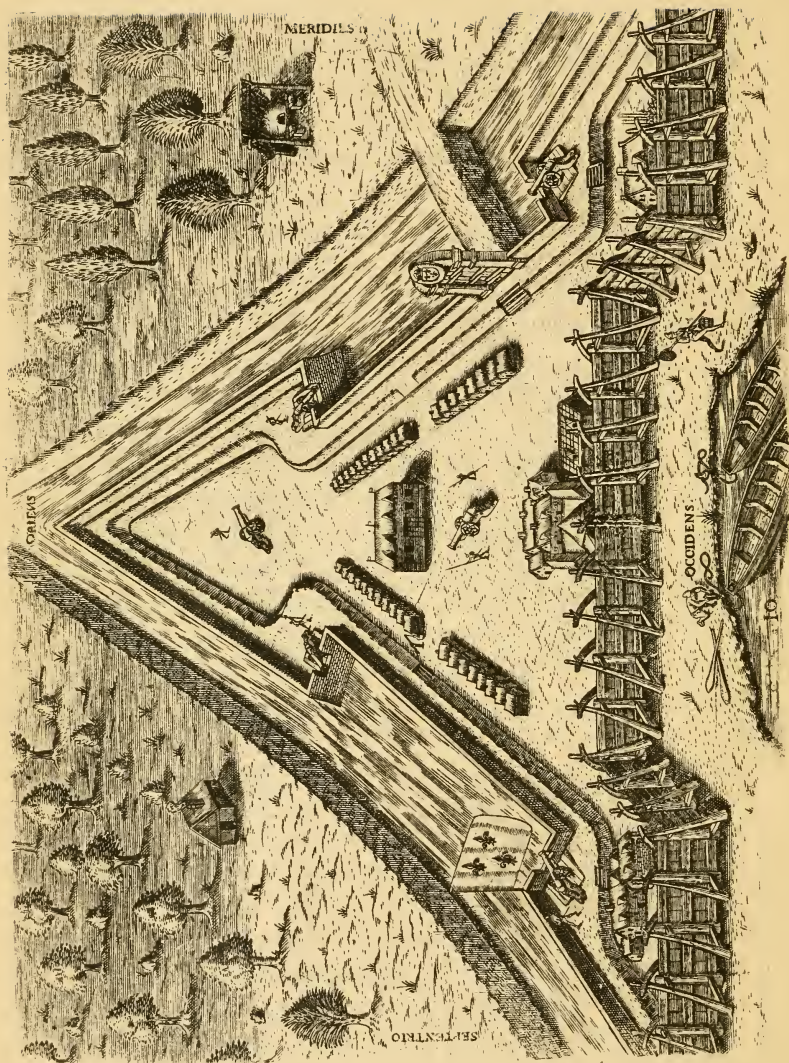


ONDAY, September 10, as Menendez was returning from the *San Palayo*, which was to sail that night for Spain, the breeze died out with the sunset, and the Adelantado lay all night becalmed off the bar of San Augustin. In the dim gray of the coming dawn, his shallop still at anchor, Menendez and his companions were terrified by the apparition of the *Trinity* drifting down upon them with the tide. Not a breath of air was stirring; no human agency could save them; destruction was imminent. In their extremity the trembling crew fell upon the deck in supplication of Our Lady of Utrera. Behold a miracle! "Straightway," writes Mendoza, "one would say that Our Lady herself came down upon the ship." A sudden flaw of wind struck the idle sail, and lifting the shallop bore it on the crest of a wave over the bar. There it was safe, for the French ships could not follow. They waited outside for the rising of the tide.

Ribault was in command of the French fleet, and with him was the entire fighting contingent from Fort Caroline.

They had come for an attack, before the Spaniards had intrenched themselves. The Adelantado was ill prepared for this unexpected coming of the enemy, but his courage was not shaken. The enterprise, undertaken for the glory of God and the Church, was not thus to fall into the hands of the Arch-Demon. Again the Spaniards prayed. Behold another miracle! The very elements of heaven were marshalled to their deliverance. On a sudden, while the sky was yet clear, the sun shining bright and the sea calm, out of the northeast came a blast of wind. It sprung at once to a gale, increased in fury and gathered the might of a hurricane. Such a tempest, the Indians said, had never been known on the coast before. The rain beat down in blinding floods. The sea was lashed to fury. The French ships struggled and labored in the storm, striving in vain to gain an offing; the waves rising to the maintopmasts threatened to engulf them. Finally the Spaniards saw them driving helplessly to the southward. Then they disappeared in the gloom of the storm. In such a sea, on the Florida coast, the heretics must perish. The Spaniards were saved. Thus had Providence interposed once again to avert their destruction; "so," writes the pious Mendoza, "God and the Holy Virgin have performed another great miracle in our behalf;" and soldiers and priests joined in a service of thanksgiving.

Heaven had destroyed the ships. Now to fall upon the rest of the French at Fort Caroline. A mass was said. Menendez selected 500 arquebusiers and pikemen, gave the command to march, and himself led the way. For four days, led by Indian guides, they threaded the



mazes of the pines, waded the swamps and hewed their way through scrub and hamak. Day after day, night after night, the never-ceasing floods of rain poured down upon them. At 10 o'clock of the fourth night, drenched, bruised, exhausted with fatigue and privation, they reached the River of May, and on a bluff overlooking Fort Caroline threw themselves down to await the dawn.

How was it within the fort? Ribault had left no defenders. Laudonnière lay in bed sick with a fever. The garrison was a beggarly assemblage of incapables. There were Challeux the carpenter, old and helpless; Le Moyne the artist, who could wield a pencil but not a pike; the boys who kept Ribault's dogs; and lackeys, women and children. The pitiful few who could bear arms at all were worn out by their protracted guard duty during the four days and nights of continuous tempest. Through the weary hours of this night, as before, the tired sentinels paced the ramparts in the storm; but, "when the day was therefore come," says the chronicle, "and the captain of the guard saw that it rained worse than it did before, he pitied the sentinels all too moyled and wet, and thinking that the Spaniards would not have come in such a strange time, he let them depart and went to his lodging." Little did he know the determined will of the Adelantado, Don Pedro Menendez d'Avilés; little did he dream that at the very moment his compassion sent the exhausted sentinels to their quarters, 500 pikemen were concealed among the pines on the bluff, within trumpet call, waiting like savage beasts to spring upon their prey.

Morning came, the morning of San Mateo's Day. Menendez had spent the night in vigils and prayer. With the

first streak of light he marshalled his command. The signal was given for the attack. Breaking into a run and raising their battle cry, *Santiago!* the Spaniards rushed upon the fort.

"Victory! God is with us!" shouted Menendez. "Upon them!"

Laudonnière's trumpeter first saw the Spaniards; and gave the alarm. Too late. In through the postern of the gate poured the Spaniards. Out of bed leaped the French. Undressed, unarmed, out they came, old and young, well and sick, men, women and children, dazed, bewildered, panic-stricken, pell-mell, headlong on to the Spanish pikes. Back through the tents and barracks they fled again. Close upon them followed the furious Spaniards. Some of the French in terror threw themselves over the walls and escaped. Some were spared—to be hung, if we credit the French account; to be given over to the Inquisition, if we accept the Spanish version. The rest were cut down, stabbed, butchered. The assault was not more impetuous than the end swift. A trumpet sounded the victory. The standard of Spain floated over Fort Caroline.

Among those who escaped were Le Moyne, Challeux and Laudonnière. The fugitives made their way toward the mouth of the River of May, where lay two small ships, left by Ribault. In the marsh, the water up to his chin, Laudonnière stood all night long, praying aloud. There in the morning a boat's crew found him helpless, without strength to move even a finger; and lifting him in, they bore him to the ships. After much disaster and suffering, surviving hunger, thirst and shipwreck, the


refugees reached France. Each of the three named subsequently published accounts of their Florida misfortunes; and Le Moyne prepared from memory a series of illustrations of the French expedition in Florida.

Menendez made thorough work at Fort Caroline. In Laudonnière's quarters were discovered certain gilt-bound books, out of which the heretic Lutheran priests were accustomed to preach their impious doctrines; and these accursed volumes were at once consigned to the flames. If we accept the statement of chaplain Mendoza, a great Lutheran cosmographer and magician was found among the dead. The names of fort and river were changed to San Mateo, in honor of the Saint upon whose day this great triumph had been achieved. Having thus perfected the work of blotting out the heretics, and leaving in Fort San Mateo a garrison of 300 men, the Adelantado set out on his return to San Augustin. A messenger was sent on ahead to announce the joyful tidings; and the priests went out to meet the victors. A triumphal procession was formed, Mendoza, in new cassock and surplice, bearing the crucifix at its head; and chanting the *Te Deum*, the victorious band entered San Augustin at the vesper hour.

The mass of thanksgiving for the signal victory over the Arch-Demon was hardly finished, when Menendez was called to go forth on a mission yet darker than that of Fort Caroline.

VI.

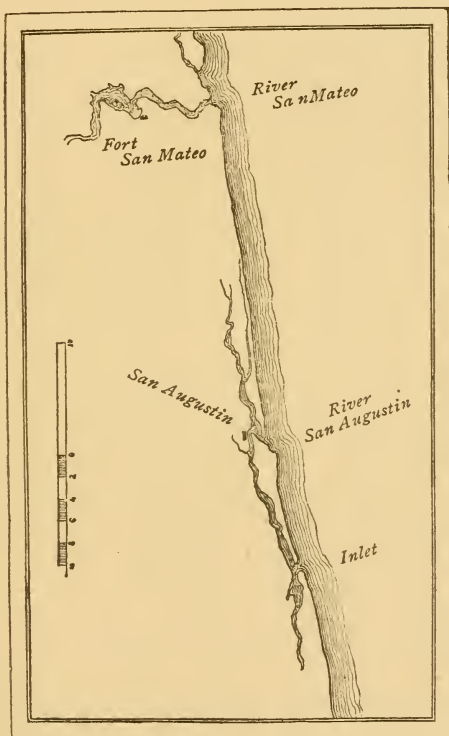
MATANZA.

HE river, or sound, named by the French the River of Dolphins and by the Spaniards San Augustin, runs parallel with the ocean, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land, to a point thirteen miles south, where by another inlet it is again connected with the sea. To follow the beach, coming from the south, one must cross this lower inlet, and proceed along the shore of the island formed by river and sea.

On the day following his return from Fort Caroline, while Menendez, worn out with fatigue, was taking his *siesta*, an Indian runner brought word that a company of men had been discovered on the beach at the lower inlet, which they could not cross. The Adelantado awoke to immediate action. At the head of a chosen band of fifty picked soldiers, he left San Augustin at dusk, crossed over to the island, marched south along the coast, and reached the northern shore of the inlet before dawn. From his lookout in a tree, with the first faint light of San Miguel's Day, Menendez descried the company on

the southern shore. Their number was large; and he well knew who they were.

When day had fully come, the Spanish commander



manœuvered his men among the sand hills, so that to those on the other side his force of fifty might appear to be many more. After these demonstrations he patiently waited. One of the strangers plunged into the water

from the opposite shore and swam across the inlet. He was a Frenchman. His companions, he said, had been shipwrecked. The conversation that followed recalls the parley between the *San Palayo* and the *Trinity* at the River of May.

"What Frenchmen are they?" asked the Adelantado.

"Two hundred of the command of Jean Ribault, Admiral and Captain-General of this country for the King of France," was the reply.

"Catholics or Lutherans?"

"All Lutherans of the New Religion." His captain, he added, had sent him over to ask who they were.

"Tell him, then," was the ominous reply, "that it is the Viceroy and Adelantado of this land for the King Don Philip; and that his name is Pedro Menendez."

The Frenchman swam back to his comrades. By and by he came again and said that his captain wished to treat with the Spaniards. Menendez sent them a canoe. The captain and ten others came over. They begged Menendez to furnish them boats, in which they might proceed to a fort, which they had to the north.

"Are you Catholics or Lutherans?" asked Menendez.

"We are all of the New Religion."

Then said the Adelantado: "Gentlemen, your fort is taken and its garrison destroyed;" and he showed them some of the spoils from Fort Caroline and two of its garrison, who having declared themselves Catholics had been spared alive.

Then the French captain asked for ships to take his company to France. The Spaniard replied that he had no ships for such a purpose. France and Spain were not

at war, urged the Frenchman; their Kings were friends and brothers; would the Adelantado not graciously permit these shipwrecked men to remain at his fort, until they could obtain passage to France. If Catholics and friends, replied the Spaniard, yes; but since they were of the New Sect, he could regard them only as enemies. He should wage war upon them even to blood and fire, and should pursue them with all cruelty, wherever he might encounter them in this land, to which he had come to plant the Holy Faith for the salvation of the Indians. If they were willing to surrender their standards, give up their arms, and submit themselves to his mercy, well and good; "he should do with them as God might give him grace."

The French captain went back and consulted with his men. He came again, this time with another plea. Many of his comrades were noblemen of high birth; they offered a ransom of 50,000 ducats for their lives. No, the Spaniard replied, although a poor man, he was not mercenary; and if in the end he should treat them with leniency, he would wish to be free from suspicion of a sordid motive for doing so. Again the Frenchman came over, with the proffer of a still larger ransom. "Do not deceive yourselves," answered Menendez; "though heaven should come down to earth, I would not do other than I have said."

The parley was ended. The French castaways, exhausted by their long buffetings with the waves, worn out by the hard march through the wilderness, bedraggled, famished and utterly disheartened; too weak to fight, too weak to retreat, threw themselves upon the

mercy of the Spaniard, and committed themselves to him, to do with them "as God should give him grace."

A boat was sent across the inlet, and returned with the standards and arms. Then it brought over the captain and eight of his men. They were supplied with food and drink and conducted behind the sand dunes out of the sight of their comrades on the other shore. "Gentlemen," said Menendez, "my men are few and you are many; it would be easy for you to avenge upon us the deaths of your friends at the fort. You must, then, march with your hands bound behind you, to my camp, four leagues hence." To this they assented. The soldiers took the match-cords from their arquebuses; and the arms of the French were securely bound behind their backs. The others came over ten at a time, and the men of each company, on their arrival, were bound in like manner. In all there were two hundred and eight of them.

Then the chaplain, Mendoza, interposed. It was the final opportunity. If any were Catholics, let them signify it. Eight sailors so declared themselves, and were placed apart. "We are all of the New Sect," said the rest; "this is our faith; we have no other."

The sun was low in the west. There was need of expedition in the terrible work now to be done. Menendez gave the command to march. Divided into squads of ten, their arms tied behind, a guard in front of them and another in their rear, the wretched victims were driven to the shambles. Leaving his secret instructions with the soldiers, Menendez went on in advance. At a certain point, before determined, he drew with his lance a mark in the sand. When the first band of ten Frenchmen came to

this mark, the vanguard turned upon the leading rank of prisoners and stabbed, each his man; and the rear guard stabbed from behind, each his victim, those in the second rank. When the second squad of ten came to the fatal mark they were struck down in the same way; then the third, and the fourth, and those that came after; and so the horrible *matanza*—the well-planned, systematic butchery, where each one struck his appointed blow—was continued so long as the light shone, and went on, after the setting of the sun, into the night, until at length the deed of blackest darkness was finished in darkness.

When the last heretic had been stabbed in the back, the Spaniards returned a second time in triumph to San Augustin.

And here this dark chapter should end; but the story is not yet finished. What follows is a repetition almost in detail of that which has been told. Let us hasten over it.

Upon the following day the Indians came again to San Augustin. Another company had been discovered on the beach at the inlet. With 150 men the tireless Spaniard again set forth. Another night march, another impatient waiting for the dawn, another manœuver of the troops; and again a messenger swam across the inlet. His company, he said, was that of Admiral Jean Ribault; and after the story of their shipwreck, came the request for boats to take them to Fort Caroline. Then the Frenchman inquired whom he was addressing. "Pedro Menendez," was the answer; and the messenger was sent back with the news of the capture of Fort Caroline.

A canoe having been sent for him, Jean Ribault him-

self came over with eight of his officers. The Spanish Adelantado received the French Admiral with punctilious courtesy, and set a collation before him. Having convinced Ribault of the death of those who had been left at Fort Caroline, Menendez led him to the horrible spot where the flocks of unclean birds were gathered, and showed him by the ghastly evidence there what fate had overtaken the first band of castaways two days before.

Again came the ineffectual plea for clemency. What had happened to himself, said Ribault, might have befallen Menendez; their Kings were brothers and friends, so as a friend should the Adelantado act toward him. Menendez was unmoved. Then the French offered ransom; and it was refused. The interviews concluded as before; the Spaniard's final answer was that "the French might surrender themselves to his mercy, and he should do with them as God might direct."

That night 200 of the French withdrew and marched south into the wilderness; any fate, even to be devoured by the savages, was preferable to that of falling into the hands of the Spaniard.* The next morning Menendez sent a boat across the inlet, and Ribault came over, bringing his standards, arms and commission; and surrendered them to Menendez. The Adelantado conducted him behind a sand hill and repeated the treacherous pretext he had used before. Night was approaching, he said; his fort was distant; they had far to go; his men were few; the French were many; they must be bound. The Admiral submitted.

* They subsequently surrendered, and most of them found their way back to France.

Once more, across this Stygian flood, the ferry boat of death with Charon at the oar began its passing. Back and forth, from shore to shore, it fared, bringing the victims ten at a time, until the one hundred and fifty had been ferried over. As each company of ten arrived, they were conducted behind the sand hills; and their arms were pinioned. "When all were tied," writes the Spanish priest, Don Solis las Meras, brother-in-law of Menendez, and present at this scene, "when all were tied, the Adelantado asked if they were Catholics or Lutherans, or if any wished to make confession. Jean Ribault answered that all there were of the New Religion; and then he began to repeat the psalm *Domine, memento mei*; having finished which, he said that from dust they came and to dust they must return again; and that in twenty years, more or less, he must render his final account;" and now the Adelantado might do with him as he saw fit. This man, Jean Ribault, who spoke thus, we may be sure, walked erect and with an unflinching step to his fate.

Four who declared themselves Catholics were placed on one side, and with them the drummers and fifers, one of whom, Nicolas Burgoigne, we shall hear of again. Then, as in the Florida pines to-day one may see the horsemen forcing the cattle into the slaughter pens, the Spaniards drove their wretched victims on to their doom. On the same sandy reach, still red with its sanguinary dye, Menendez drew for this new band of martyrs another mark on the ground. When Ribault and his comrades reached this fatal bound, the horrible scene of that other day was re-enacted; and with each succeeding band the *matanza* was repeated; the butchers struck and the vic-

tims fell. And when all had been slain, the Spaniards marched on, and returned once more in triumph.

Thus at the founding of San Augustin was thrice provided a human sacrifice, and a libation poured out so copious, that were there virtue in the old pagan rites the walls of this Spanish city in Florida must endure for all time.

VII.

FRENCH VENGEANCE.



THE time is three years later. The scene is changed to San Mateo. Enter, for the last stormy act in this lurid drama, the Chevalier Dominique de Gourgues, French Catholic, soldier of fortune, sometime since Spanish galley slave; now come to repair the outraged honor of his native land and to avenge the death of his countrymen. He has sold his estates that he may fit out an expedition, has gathered a picked company of soldiers and seamen, and sailed out of France with a commission to kidnap slaves on the coast of Africa. Once at sea, he has undeceived his companions; the enterprise, he tells them, is not to steal negroes; it is a mission of vengeance. He rehearses the atrocious cruelties of the Spaniards, with the terrible fate of the Huguenots in Florida, and details his scheme of retaliation—will they follow him? The answer is a cheer.

When the three ships come in sight of the forts at San Augustin and San Mateo, the Spaniards, taking them for friends, fire salutes of welcome. The Frenchman responds,

and sails on. Entering a river beyond, he finds the banks lined with a hostile array of Indians, drawn up under the Paracoussy Satourioua, and prepared for battle. A trumpeter, one of the fugitives who had escaped from Fort Caroline, is sent ashore. The Indians recognize him. The ships, they learn, are French, not Spanish. The trumpeter's message is heard with joy; and immediately savage hostility is changed to eager welcome. Later, when De Gourgues comes ashore and begins to declare his purpose of revenge, Satourioua impatiently interrupts him with the story of the wrongs which his own people have endured at the hands of the Spaniards. Well have the Paracoussy and his tribe kept the pledge made to Laudonnière that his friends should be their friends and his enemies their enemies; and many an incautious Spaniard at San Mateo and San Augustin has been ambushed and slain by the unseen Indian foe.

The French landed their equipments, and made preparations for attacking the forts; and meanwhile their savage allies performed the ceremonies which were always observed before the Florida Indian went into battle. The black drink was mixed; and nothing would do but that De Gourgues must quaff a heroic draught. The painted sorcerer with painful contortions and grimaces of suffering fell into his mystic trance, and from the vision brought information of the strength and disposition of the enemy. The chiefs, decked out in totems and forbidding in war paint, gathered in a circle, squatting on the ground; and in the center uprose Satourioua. On his right stood a vessel of water, on his left burned a fire. Taking a shallow dishful of the water in his right hand and holding it

aloft toward the sun, the chief prayed to that luminary that a victory might be granted them over the Spaniards; and dashing the water to the ground, implored that so might the blood of the enemy be poured out. Then lifting up the great vessel of water he emptied it out upon the fire, exclaiming, "So also may you extinguish the lives of your foes." And all the rest responded with shouts and cries of hate and rage.

Again De Gourgues inflamed the hearts of his followers by a fresh recital of the wrongs they had come to avenge; and then Frenchmen and Indians took up their march.

The Spaniards, four hundred strong, were intrenched in two small forts near the mouth of the Rio de San Mateo and in Fort San Mateo (formerly Fort Caroline), which had been so strengthened and equipped that the Spaniards boasted the half of France could not take it. The avengers sought first the smaller forts. Making their way as best they could through the swamps, across the treacherous ooze of marshes and over the cruel oyster beds concealed beneath the water, from which they emerged with lacerated feet and bleeding limbs, they came at length to the first fort and prepared for the attack.

"To arms ! The French !" cried a sentinel; and from the fort, upon the advancing column, came a cannon ball from the muzzle of one of Laudonnière's own cannon. At this, Olotacara, an impetuous savage, bounded from his place in the ranks, leaped upon the platform, scaled the rampart and ran the gunner through with his pike. French and Indians followed with a rush. It was soon over. The fort was taken. By command of De

Gourgues fifteen of the Spaniards were reserved; of the rest not one escaped.

Panic-stricken at the capture of the first fort, the garrison of the other one, across the river, rushed out for flight into the forest. Hemmed in by the infuriated savages on one side, and on the other by the French, there was no escape. As before, fifteen were reserved; and of the others, the historian of the expedition records, "all there ended their days."

Then on to Fort San Mateo. Here the garrison, having been alarmed, were in readiness for them; and "no sluggards of their cannon shot," played their ordnance upon the French so incontinently that their courage failed; and retreating to the shelter of the woods, they took up their position on that very bluff where three years before Menendez had concealed his pikemen. Here, since it was late in the day, De Gourgues would have waited, deferring the assault until the morrow. But the Spanish commandant, who must needs hasten his own swift destruction, gave the word for threescore shot to sally out from the fort to discover the number and valor of the enemy. The Spaniards falling thus into a trap of their own making, De Gourgues hemmed them in before and behind, and hewed them down—all save the fifteen reserved with ominous purpose. Seeing this, the rest of the garrison in terror fled from their fort and plunged into the forest. There, turn what way they might, the soldier's pike confronted them and the savage sprang out upon them. In the stern work of retribution the arm of neither Frenchman nor Indian grew weary until the last one was fallen and the vengeance done.

And what of the captives, the three fifteens, reserved with sinister intent by De Gourgues? This is the record of their fate, given in the old chronicle—

The rest of the Spaniards being led away prisoners with the others, after that the Generall had shewed them the wrong which they had done without occasion to all the French Nation, were all hanged on the boughs of the same trees whereon the French hung; of which number five had been hanged by one Spaniard, which, now perceivving himselfe in the like miserable estate, confessed his fault and the just judgment which God had brought upon him.

But in stead of the writing which Pedro Melendez had hanged over them, importing these wordes in Spanish, "I doe not this as unto French men, but as unto Lutherans," Gourgues caused to be imprinted with a searing iron on a table of Firrewood, "I doe not this as unto Spaniards, nor as unto Mariners, but as unto Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."


A fire, which had been kindled by some Indians that they might broil fish to feast the Frenchmen, lighted the train of the powder magazine and blew up the store-houses of the Spaniards; and the Indians, who had helped to build Fort Caroline, now demolished its walls and leveled it with the ground. The joy of the savages at the destruction which had overtaken their enemies knew no bounds; and they came in from all the villages, flocking to De Gourgues to honor him with praises and gifts as their friend and deliverer. One ancient crone declared that "she cared not any longer to die, since she had seen the French once again in Florida and the Spaniards chased out."

Having assembled his company to return thanks to

God for their victory and to pray for a safe voyage home again, and taking leave of the Indians, who cried aloud with sorrow at his going, Dominique De Gourgues, his mission accomplished, set sail for France, where in due time he arrived, having eluded the pursuit of "eighteen Pinnesses and a great Shippe of two hundred Tunnes, full of Spanyoldes, which being assured of the defeat in Florida, followed him to make him yeeld another account of his voyage, than that wherewith hee made many Frenchmen right glad."

VIII.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

 WENTY summers have come and gone, since that September day of Spanish pomp in Selo. The romance of Florida has departed. No city of gold has been found, nor mountain of treasure, nor pearl fishery, nor fountain of youth. One illusion after another, all have vanished. The magnificent dream is over.

Florida is an unprofitable possession, it has contributed no revenues to the crown, nor will it ever; but with jealous hand the Spanish monarch maintains his grasp upon the barren province. Though he will not occupy the land himself, others may not enter; and here at San Augustin he is constructing his fortifications to menace the other nations.

The town is an insignificant military post, whose garrison is dependent for sustenance upon the supply ships from Spain. Opposite the fort, on the northern shore of the island, at the southern point, now called by the soldiers *La Matanza* (The Place of Slaughter), and at other points north and south along the coast, beacons have been erected to light the plate fleets from Mexico

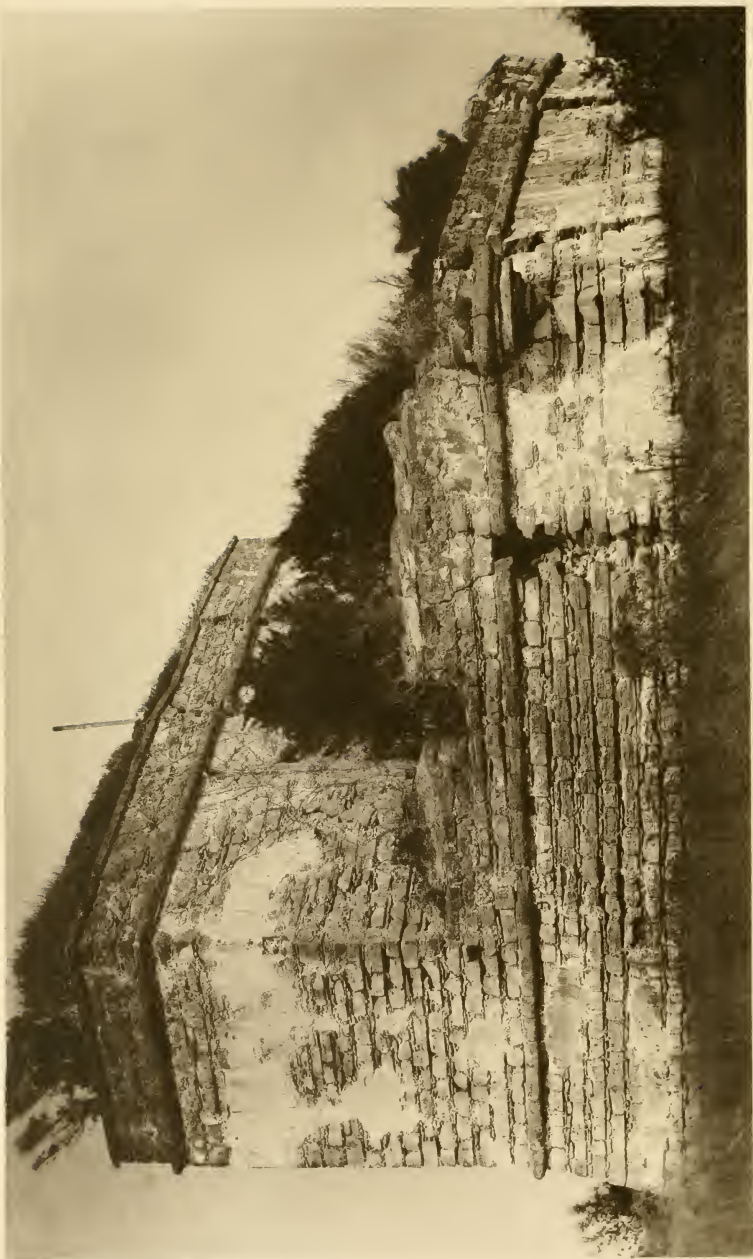
and Peru, passing through the Florida channel on their way to Old Spain.

Well had it been for the French, twenty years before, had the warning ray of some mighty beacon flashed out over the waters to turn them from the fatal coast.

The storms of twenty winters have bleached the sands of that haunted shore, where with his companions sleeps the martyr, Jean Ribault. The illustrious Cavalier, Don Pedro Menendez d'Avilés, Adelantado of the Provinces of Florida, Knight Commander of Santa Cruz, of the Order of Santiago, and Captain-General of the Oceanic Seas, died in the year 1574, honored by Pope and sovereign and in the full flush of his fame. Eight years later, in 1582, "to the great griefe of such as knew him," died the Chevalier Dominique De Gourgues. The Paracoussy Satourioua, too, has gone the way of his race; and after the custom of their tribe, his subjects have planted about his grave the circle of arrows, placing in the center his cassine cup, chiefest memorial of wisdom and valor; and with wailing and tearing of hair have observed the appointed thirty days of mourning.

So one by one the personages, whose deeds have been recorded in the first chapters of our story, have passed away. Spanish bigot, Huguenot victim, French avenger, savage ally—each has played his part, and gone to his reward. New actors take their places.

In 1586 came the English Sea-Kings.



RUINS OF SPANISH FORT AT MATANZAS.

IX.

THE ENGLISH SEA-KINGS.



THE English seaman of the Sixteenth century was cast in heroic mould. It was the time of Gilbert, Frobisher, Grenville, Drake and Raleigh. These were the captains; and their crews were of like spirit—eager to sail out into the wonderful New World, explore untried seas, extend the glory of the English name, and above all to burn gunpowder against the Spaniard. For to English seaports, with the tales of new-found El Dorados beyond the sea, came dark stories of Spanish cruelty to British seamen in the Western waters. Armed with his Papal Bull of Donation, giving him sole right and title in the two Americas, the pretentious Don regarded as intruders all others who dared to trespass on his domain. French Huguenot or English heretic, it was all one to him—the ship was scuttled or burned, and the crew turned over to the Inquisition. What that meant, English seamen too well knew. Some of them had been stretched upon the rack at Seville; and had seen their comrades give out their lives amid the flames of the *auto-da-fé* at Madrid. Chained to the oars and with

backs bared to the lash of the slave-driver, men of Devon were enduring the torture of heat and thirst and scourging in the banks of Spanish galleys. Clad in the opprobrious *San Benito*, men of Plymouth were wearing out their lives in the gloom of Peruvian mines; and yet other Englishmen were rotting in the dungeons of the Everlasting Prison Remediless at Cartagena. The memory of these things, which had been endured, nay, were even now being suffered by comrade and friend, and by son and brother, nerved the English sailor's arm to strike a blow at the Spaniard wherever found.

To resentment for individual wrongs was added the broader motive of patriotism. England and Spain were not at open war, but the peace between them was far from being hearty or long enduring. Philip II. was collecting his invincible armada, to overwhelm the British Islands and add them to his already colossal empire of two-thirds the known world; and Queen Elizabeth, fearing to precipitate the blow, which she knew must come, maintained a policy of discreet inaction. Not so her loyal sea captains. They burned with impatience to be away to cut off the gold-trains and intercept the plate-fleets; and, by crippling the Spanish monarch's resources, delay, if they might not finally avert, the coming of the armada. Many a stately carack from the Indies, sailing home to Old Spain, struck her colors at the English sea-king's bidding; and more than once, when the Spanish prize had been taken, along with the bars of silver and the ingots of gold, they brought forth from her hold, as from the dead, some maimed wretch of an English captive—and so by one stroke was England's enemy spoiled

of his treasure, and the familiars of the Holy Office were cheated of their prey.

Two expeditions already had "that right rare and thrice worthy Captaine, Francis Drake," led against the Spaniards in the West; first, when at Nombre de Dios he showed his men the way to the Treasury of the World, and a second time, when in the *Golden Hinde* he ploughed a furrow round the whole world; and from each voyage he had returned again to Plymouth with great store of silver and gold, that would else have gone to swell the invader's might. But notwithstanding this staying of his treasure, the indomitable Spanish monarch went on adding galleon to galleon and armament to armament; and year by year the rumors that reached the ports of the sturdy little island grew more alarming. So it happened that in 1585, Philip having laid an embargo on English ships, and thus given him provocation anew, Francis Drake must needs go forth again to sack the cities of the Spanish Main.

On September 14, 1585, admiral of a fleet of twenty-five ships and pinnaces and a company of 2,300 men, Drake sailed out of Plymouth. One of his captains was the Arctic explorer, Martine Frobisher, not long before this returned from his search for the Northwest Passage to Cathay, and from guiding his pioneer bark amid the icy perils under the North Star, now come to court new hazard in fighting Spaniards beneath the Southern Cross. Making for the coast of Spain, the Englishmen overhauled a stout Spanish ship laden with Poore John (the sailors' name for dried Newfoundland fish); extorted from the Governor of Bayonne a present of "wine, oyle,

apples, marmalad and such like;" and off Vigo captured a flotilla of caravels, in one of which they found "a great crosse of silver of very faire embossed worke and double gilt all over, having cost a great masse of money." Coming to the Cape Verde Islands, they took Porta Praya and St. Iago; and having dallied long for the ransoms of those wretched towns, finally set out on their mission, and turned their prows

"Westward ho ! with a rumbelow,
And hurra for the Spanish Main, O !"

The fleet arrived off San Domingo, Hispaniola, on New Year's Day, 1586. Two companies of troops landed, entered the gates on opposite sides of the city, cut their way through all opposition, met in the market place in the center of the town, there took their stand, demanded ransom, enforced the demand by firing the city, received finally 25,000 ducats, and then sailed away to the Main. By a furious onslaught and after much desperate fighting, they made themselves masters of Cartagena, and set about securing the ransom. What with one day burning the houses and plundering the treasury, and the next dining and wining Bishop and Governor—and other grotesque medley of sacking, spoiling and conflagration, with divers courtesies and "all kindness and favor"—six weeks passed away. Finally the 120,000 ducats demanded were laid down; and then the fleet was ready to set out for the real destination of the enterprise. This was the Spanish treasure houses at Nombre de Dios and Panama, where the gold and silver were stored awaiting transportation to Spain. And thither they would now have gone but for the raging of a "verie burning and

pestilent ague," which had been contracted at St. Iago, and of which several hundred of the men had already died. "With the inconvenience of continuall mortalities," writes the historian of the expedition, "we were forced to give over our intended enterprise, to goe with Nombre de Dios, and so overland to Panama, where we should have strooken the stroke for the treasure, and full recompence of our tedious travails." Accordingly, with what plunder they had already secured, they turned their faces homeward, and set sail for England. On the 20th of May, being then off the Florida coast, they came in sight of a watch tower, which was a token to them that there were Spaniards here. Their hostility to the race was sufficient inducement for them to approach the land and fall upon the settlement; but when they found that it was none other than San Augustin, a more particular motive urged them on to the attack. This San Augustin was the town founded by Pedro Menendez d'Avilés, a Spaniard with whom Admiral Francis Drake and all other English sea-kings had a long-standing account to adjust. Twenty years before this, certain Spanish ships of the Indian fleet, Admiral Don Pedro Menendez d'Avilés in command, had come upon five brigs flying the Cross of St. George at the main. Menendez gave chase, overtook the brigs, delivered his broadside into them and cried, "Down with your flags, ye English dogs, ye thieves and pirates!" And in due time, the Englishmen being incapable of defense, the flags came down, and the crews were handed over to the tortures of the Inquisition. The memory of this Spanish outrage, as of all others like it, had been cherished by English sailors; and many a

captain had looked forward to the time when fate should make him its chosen avenger. Upon Menendez himself retaliation might not be wrought. Death had taken him away unpunished; but here in Florida was the town he had planted, and upon it and its people, by a sort of poetic justice, the debt might now be discharged.

Drake's flagship, the *Elizabeth Bonaventura*, with the *Primrose*, the *Tyger* and the others of the fleet, came to anchor off the harbor; and manning their pinnaces the Englishmen set out for the shore. What then transpired between Spanish soldiers and English sea-kings is related by Lieutenant Thomas Cates, one of Drake's officers, whose narrative, told after the manner of his time, is more befitting than any we could devise, so we will let him relate it:—

“After three dayes spent in watering our Ships, wee departed now the second time from this Cape of S. Anthony, the thirteenth of May, and proceeding about the Cape of Florida, wee never touched anywhere; but coasting alongst Florida and keeping the shore still in sight, the 28 of May, early in the morning, wee descried on the shore a place built like a Beacon, which was indeede a scaffold upon foure long mastes raised on ende, for men to discover to the seaward, being in the latitude of thirtie degrees, or very neere thereunto. Our Pinnesses manned and comming to the shore wee marched up alongst the river side to see what place the enemie held there; for none amongst us had any knowledge thereof at all.

“Here the Generall tooke occasion to march with the companies himselfe in person, the Lieutenant generall having the Vantguard; and going a mile up or somewhat

more by the river side, wee might discover on the other side of the river over against us a Fort, which newly had bene built by the Spaniards; and some mile or thereabout above the Fort was a little Towne or Village without walles, built of wooden houses, as the Plot doeth plainly shew. Wee forthwith prepared to have ordinance for the batterie; and one peece was a little before the enemy planted, and the first shot being made by the Lieutenant generall himselfe at their Ensigne, strake through the Ensigne, as wee afterwards understood by a Frenchman, which came unto us from them. One shot more was then made, which strake the foote of the Fort wall, which was all massive timber of great trees like Mastes. The Lieutenant generall was determined to passe the river this night with 4 companies, and there to lodge himselfe intrenched, as neare the Fort as that he might play with his muskets and smallest shot upon any that should appeare; and so afterwards to bring and plant the batterie with him; but the helpe of Mariners for that sudden to make trenches could not be had, which was the cause that this determinat'on was remitted untill the next night. In the night, the Lieutenant generall tooke a little rowing skiffe and halfe a dozen well armed, as Captaine Morgan and Captaine Sampson, with some others besides the rowers, and went to view what guard the enemy kept, as also to take knowledge of the ground. And albeit he went as covertly as might be, yet the enemy taking an Alarme, grew feareful that the whole force was approaching to the assault, and therefore with all speede abandoned the place after the shooting of some of their peeces. They thus gone and hee being returned unto us

again, but nothing knowing of their flight from their Fort, forthwith came a Frenchman, being a Phipher (who had been prisoner with them*), in a little boate, playing on his Phiph the tune of the Prince of Orange his song; and being called unto by the guard he tolde them, before he put foote out of his boate, what he was himselfe, and how the Spaniards were gone from the Fort; offering either to remaine in hands there, or else to return to the place with them that would goe.

“Upon this intelligence the Generall and the Lieutenant generall, with some of the Captaines in one Skiffe, and the Vice-Admirall with some others in his Skiffe, and two or three Pinnesses furnished of Souldiers with them, put presently over towards the Fort, giving order for the rest of the Pinnesses to follow. And in our approach some of the enemie, bolder than the rest, having stayed behinde their companie, shot off two peeces of ordinance at us; but on shore wee went, and entered the place without finding any man there.

“When the day appeared wee found it built all of timber, the walles being none other but whole Mastes or bodies of trees set up right and close together in manner of a pale, without any ditch as yet made, but wholly intended with some more time; for they had not as yet finished al their worke, having begunne the same some three or foure moneths before: so as to say the trueth, they had no reason to keepe it, being subject both to fire and easie assault.

“The platforme whereon the ordinance lay was whole bodies of long pine trees, whereof there is great plentie,

* A marginal note tells us that this was Nicholas Burgoigne.

layd a crosse one on another and some little earth amongst. There were in it thirteene or fourteene great peeces of Brass ordinance and a chest unbroken up, having in it the value of some two thousand pounds sterling, by estimation, of the King's treasure, to pay the souldiers of that place, who were a hundred and fiftie men.

"The Fort thus wonne, which they called S. John's Fort, and the day opened, wee assayed to goe to the towne, but could not, by reason of some rivers and broken ground which was betweene the two places: and therefore being enforced to imbarke againe into our Pinnesses, wee went thither upon the great maine river, which is called as also the Towne by the name of S. Augustin.

"At our approaching to land, there were some that began to shew themselves, and to bestow some few shot upon us, but presently withdrew themselves. And in their running thus away, the Sergeant Major, finding one of their horses ready saddled and brideled, tooke the same to follow the chase; and so overgoing all his companie was (by one layd behinde a bush) shotte through the head; and falling downe therewith, was by the same and two or three more stabbed in three or foure places of his body with swords and daggers, before any could come neere to his rescue. His death was much lamented, being in very deede an honest wise Gentleman, and a souldier of good experience and of as great courage as any man might be.

"In this place called S. Augustin, wee understood the King did keepe, as is before said, one hundred and fiftie

souldiers, and at another place, some dozen leagues beyond to the Northwards, called S. Helena, he did there likewise keepe an hundred and fiftie more, serving there for no other purpose than to keepe all other nations from inhabiting any part of all that coast; the government whereof was committed to one Pedro Melendez Marquesse, nephew to that olde Melendez the Admiral, who had overthrown Master John Hawkins, in the bay of Mexico, some seventeene or eighteene yeeres agoe. This Governor had charge of both places, but was at this time in this place, and one of the first that left the same.

“Heere it was resolved in full assembly of Captaines to undertake the enterprise of S. Helena, and from thence to seeke out the inhabitation of our English countrymen in Virginia, distant from thence some sixe degrees Northward.”

The Englishmen burned the town, demolished Fort San Juan de Pinos, took on board the cannon and money, and not forgetting the French fifer, sailed away from San Augustin. They were deterred by the want of a pilot from their intended enterprise of St. Helena, and went on to Virginia. Directed, after the custom of those days, by the smoke of a great conflagration kindled on the land, they found Raleigh’s people at Roanoke Island; and the colony was in such sorry plight that they were all taken aboard. Among the rest was Governor William Lane, for whom is claimed the credit (disputed by him with Raleigh and others) of having, on this voyage with Drake home from San Augustin in the year 1586, first introduced into England “that Indian weed they call tabacca and nicotia, or tobacco.” Laden with booty and ran-

soms, and its admiral having "made himself a terrible man to the King of Spain" (as the English Minister wrote home from Madrid), the fleet entered Plymouth harbor once more. In the following year Drake made another expedition to Cadiz, to "singe the King of Spain's beard;" and then, in 1588, Philip's Invincible Armada at last sweeping down upon England, the *Elizabeth Bonaventura* went into the fight, and Drake and Frobisher and all other loyal English sea-kings made their valiant, victorious and forever memorable stand in that great naval combat, whose like the world had never seen, and on whose tremendous issue hung the life of Protestant England and, in after years, the destinies of her colonies in North America.

When the supply ships came from Spain to San Augustin, with reinforcements for the garrison and materials for building anew Fort San Juan de Pinos, the new comers related to those here the fate that had overtaken the Armada called the Invincible. And as they told the bitter story—how of its one hundred and fifty floating castles ninety-six had gone down, shattered by English cannon shot and consumed by fire-ships in the Channel, and engulfed amid the fury of the elements in the North Sea; and then, how of all its 30,000, soldiers, seamen, knights and galley-slaves, barely one-third had looked upon the shores of Spain again—they mentioned, more than once, the English ship, *The Revenge*, and its captain, Francis Drake, at whose name the eager listeners interrupted the tale, and heaped their bitterest Spanish maledictions on the man who had ravaged their town and demolished their fort.

THE FRANCISCANS.



TO FLORIDA with the adventurer had come the missionary; one to win treasure, the other to win souls. The gold-seeker returned from his quest chagrined; not so the Franciscan. He found here a field vast beyond reckoning; and, waiting to be gathered, a harvest more precious than had been pictured in the fondest dream of his pious enthusiasm. The military prestige of Florida soon faded away, but year by year its religious importance increased; and ever, with the expansion of his work, the Franciscan's zeal grew more intense and his labors more devoted.

The country was in time erected into a religious province, with a chapter house of the Order of San Francisco at San Augustin; and thence the members went forth to plant the standard of their faith in the remotest wilderness. Far out on the border of savanna, in the depth of forest, and on the banks of river and lake, by the side of the Indian trails westward to the Gulf, north among the villages of Alachua, and south to everglade fastnesses; here and there, and everywhere that lost souls

were worshipping strange gods, the Franciscan built his chapel, intrenched it round about with earthwork and palisade, and gathered the erring children of the forest to hear the wondrous story of the Cross.

The missionaries came to Florida as messengers of the Prince of Peace, but not even is this chapter of our history free from its stain of tragedy. In the ancient Spanish tome, parchment-bound and blurred with age, in which are chronicled the passing of the years in this old city by the sea, amid the records of wars and the exploits of military personages, a page is now and then devoted to the labors and sufferings of the Franciscan Fathers; and among them is a relation of what befell, in the year 1597, at Tolomato and other Indian villages not far from San Augustin:—

“For two years the friars of San Francisco employed themselves in preaching to the Indians of Florida. In the village of Tolemaro, or Tolomato, dwelt Brother Pedro de Corpa, a renowned preacher and expounder of the doctrine; against whom arose the eldest son and heir of the cacique of the island of Guala, who, being displeased with the blame which Father Corpa had laid upon him, for being a Christian and living worse than a Gentile, left the village, because he could not endure such treatment. He, however, returned to the village in a few days, towards the last of September, bringing many Indians prepared for war, with bows and arrows, and adorned with large feathers on their heads; and, entering silently into the town at night, they went to the house where the father lived, broke down the frail gates, found him on his knees, and killed him with a battle-axe.

This unexpected atrocity became known in the village, and although some showed signs of grief and sorrow, the majority, who were less oppressed thereat, on the appearance of the son of the cacique joined themselves to him. On the following day he said to them: 'Now the friar is dead. It would not have been thus had he let us live as before instead of becoming Christians. Now let us return to our old customs, and prepare for our defence against the punishment which the Governor of Florida will undertake against us, which punishment, if carried out, will be as severe for this friar alone as it would have been had we killed them all; for, in just the same way will we be persecuted for this one friar whom we have killed, as for all of them.'

"That which was done was newly approved of by those who followed him; and they said that there was no doubt that vengeance would be taken the same for one as for all. Then the barbarian continued: 'Since we will suffer no more punishment for one than for all, let us regain the liberty that these friars have taken from us with promises of benefits that have not appeared, and in the hope of which they have wished that we should experience evils and torments—these people whom we call Christians. They have persecuted our old people, calling them witches. They have deprived us of our women, leaving us only one, and she for all time, forbidding us to exchange them. They have broken up our dances, banquets, feasts, fires and wars, so that, not accustomed to them, we are losing the ancient valor and dexterity of our ancestors. Yet our labor is of some consequence to them; * * * * and although we are will-

ing to do all that they say, yet they are not content. Always they are scolding us, troubling us, oppressing us, preaching to us, calling us bad Christians, and depriving us of all the happiness that our ancestors enjoyed. With the hope that they will give us Heaven, they are deceiving us by getting us under subjection, working us into their ways. What have we to look for, if not to be slaves? If we put all to death, we throw off this heavy yoke at once, and our valor will reach the Governor, who may then treat us well.' The multitude agreed in what he said; and as a sign of their victory they cut off the head of Father Corpa, and placed it on a spear in the door as a trophy of their conquest, and they hid the body in a wood, where it could never be found.

"Passing to the village of Topiqui, where dwelt Brother Blàs Rodriguez, they entered suddenly, telling him they had come to kill him. Brother Blàs asked them to allow him first to say a mass, and they suspended their ferocity a short time for this; and as soon as he had finished saying it they gave him so many blows that they finished him, and cast his body out in the field that the birds and beasts might devour it. But none would approach it except a dog, who was attracted to it, and touching it, fell dead. Afterward an old Indian, who was a Christian, recognized it, and gave it burial in the wood.

"Thence they went to the village of Assopo, in the island of Guala, where were Brother Miguel de Auñon and Brother Antonio Badajoz. These knew in advance their approach; and flight being impossible, Brother Miguel began to say mass, and Brother Antonio administered the Blessed Sacrament, and both engaged in prayer.

Four hours after, the Indians entered, and put Brother Antonio to death at once with a *macana*,* and afterwards gave Brother Miguel two blows with it; and having left the bodies in the same place, some Christian Indians buried them at the foot of a very high cross, which this same Brother Miguel had erected in the field.

“The Indians continued their cruelty, and went in great haste to the village of Asao, where lived Brother Francisco de Velascola a native of Castro-Urdiales, a very poor and humble monk, but of such great strength that he caused the Indians great fear. He was at that time in the city of San Augustin. Great was the trouble of the Indians, because it seemed that they had accomplished nothing if they left Brother Francisco alive. They inquired in the village the day that he would return to it, and they were at the place where he had to land, hidden amongst a kind of rushes near the water’s edge. Brother Francisco came in a canoe; and dissimulating their real purpose, they ran to him and caught him by the shoulders, giving him many blows with the *macanas* and axes, until his soul entered to God.

“They passed on to the village of Aspo, where lived Brother Francisco Davila, who, as soon as he heard the tumult through the doorways, took advantage of the night to escape in the field. The Indians followed him, and although he had concealed himself in a thicket, they sent three arrows into his shoulder by the light of the moon, and trying to follow to finish him, an Indian interfered, to whom he was left for the poor clothing that he had, to whom he was delivered naked, and well bound,

* A wooden weapon tipped with flint.

and was carried to a village of infidel Indians to be held in bondage there.

“But the punishment of God did not fail these cruel ones, for many of them who took part in these murders were hanged with the cords of their own bows, and others perished horribly; and throughout the province God sent a great famine, of which many Indians died.”

Other massacres followed. But not thus was the planting of the Faith in Florida to be arrested, nor thus were the laborers to be deterred from gathering the harvest. Led into deadly ambush by pretended converts, whose hearts had been seared by Spanish cruelty; smitten down in sacerdotal robe at the very foot of the altar; their chapels robbed and burned by savage, English seaman and Boucanier; their brothers, on the way from Spain, swallowed up by the sea, in the sight of the convent at San Augustin—through all this, and more, the Franciscans’ zeal endured, and their enthusiasm burned with an ever brighter glow. Nor was the flame finally quenched, until that after time, when the British—having first plundered the chapels and led away the mission flocks into captivity—came at length into possession of the country; and the Franciscan departed with the Spaniard out of Florida.

The accessible records of the Franciscans here are few and meagre. How far their missions extended, how numerous were the converts who bowed before their persuasive eloquence, what they did and endured, their sufferings and martyrdoms, toils, triumphs and achievements—these perchance are recorded in the monastic archives of the order, and thence some time may the

golden story be yet transcribed, when, indeed, the pen shall be found that is worthy to write it.

Long years after the Franciscans had abandoned their missions in Florida, and their chapels had fallen into decay, the Quaker botanist William Bartram, camping at night beneath the moss-hung oaks on the border of the great Alachuan savanna, saw on the dark bosom of an Indian woman, suspended by a tiny chain from her wampum collar and shining in the firelight, a silver crucifix. And again, in the early years of the present century, a band of American explorers in the Everglades, penetrating to Lake Okeechobee, found on one of its islands the ruins of a structure of stone; and there, overgrown by tangled verdure, its *Ora pro nobis* corroded by the elements, its voice dead with the lapse of untold years, lay a mission bell, in its silence still eloquent of the sunny days, long ago, when the worshippers gathered at its call; and the dusky hunter halted in the chase, and the women paused in the maize fields, to kneel with uncovered head at the ringing of the *Angelus*.

XI.

THE BOUCANIERS.



A SIEMPRE FIEL CIUDAD—the ever-faithful city—was planted here by the sea, to take what fortune the fates might send. In 1665 they sent the Boucaniers.

The domestic animals imported by Columbus and his followers into the island of Hispaniola, and abandoned there when the mines had been exhausted, reverted to a wild state and increased and multiplied. Herds of horses and cattle pastured on the savannas, droves of hogs made their lair in the jungles; and packs of dogs, sprung from those brought by the Spaniards to hunt the Indians, ranged over the island, savage as wolves and preying on the cattle and swine. A band of French sea-rovers came to the northern coast of the island in 1630, and finding the game there worthy of their prowess, established a colony of hunters and butchers. Armed with heavy muskets and attended by the dogs, which they tamed and trained to assist them in the chase, these men spent their lives in the pursuit of the huge prey, upon whose flesh they depended for subsistence. The

meat was prepared after the Carib fashion, being smoked or boucaned (from the Indian word *boucan*), whence the hunters received their name of Boucaniers. Their life was one of continuous hardship and hazard. Engaged one day in terrible conflict with the wild bulls, and the next in yet more desperate fray with the Spanish lanceros, who were sent to drive them from Hispaniola, they became inured to the most extreme physical privation, and grew in spirit as fierce as their savage prey. The ranks of the first comers were subsequently recruited by the arrival of other lawless French and Dutch, until, having gained strength by these repeated accessions, they intrenched themselves in impregnable island strongholds and successfully repulsed the Spanish expeditions sent to dislodge them.

At length, apprehensive of the growing power of these voluntary exiles so strongly banded together, and having utterly failed to overcome them by other expedients, Spain landed her troops and waged a war of extermination upon the wild cattle of Hispaniola. The game thus destroyed, and with its destruction their means of subsistence gone, the Boucaniers exchanged one savage occupation for another. From seeking food, they turned to seek revenge; from the forests, they took to the sea; from hunting wild bulls, they went to hunting Spaniards. The name Boucanier no longer signified the inoffensive hunter, living on his *boucan*; taking on a new and ominous import, it meant the sea-rover, whose whole soul was intent upon revenge, and who lived only that he might pursue his enemy. The first and true sea Boucaniers were not pirates, waging an indiscriminate war on

all mariners; they singled out Spanish ships. Their impelling motive was not greed, but hate. Afterwards these hunter-seamen from Hispaniola, the Boucaniers proper, were joined by other freebooters. There was, for instance, the gay Parisian, Ravenau de Susson, who, being heavily in debt and desirous of extricating himself from his pecuniary embarrassments in an honorable manner, enlisted with the Boucaniers, that he might have wherewithal to satisfy his creditors. Another Frenchman, Montebaro, reading of the execrable cruelties of the Spaniards in America, conceived so violent a hatred of them that he speedily set out to the West Indies, where he became a Boucanier chief and won and wore right worthily his cognomen of "The Exterminator."

Absolved from the laws and customs of their native land, the Boucaniers devised a code of their own for the conduct of their enterprises and the division of booty. When a prize had been taken, an indemnity was first paid to such as had been wounded in the action, the amount awarded each one being proportioned to the nature of his injury; and if a comrade had been killed in the fray his share was given to some hospital, and the beneficiary was admonished to pray for the soul of the dead. The wounded and killed having thus been provided for, the rest of the plunder was divided equally, share and share alike, each man taking an oath on his gun that he had kept nothing back; and if any liar was detected among them, him, taking to a desert island, they left to starve; and his share of the prize went to purchase masses for the souls of comrades slain in the fight.

No sooner had the Boucaniers been driven from their

island retreat than they became the scourge of the Spanish Main. Boucanier sail hovered about the plate-fleets; and woe to the galleon that lagged behind or was separated from her convoys; the rovers fell to the attack, be the odds what they might. It is related that Pierre-le-Grand, one of these first of the hunter-avengers, put to sea with twenty-eight men in a canoe, and at dusk bore down on a huge treasure-laden galleon. Rowing alongside in the darkness, the adventurers scuttled their canoe, scrambled for very life over the rails of the ship, and before the dumbfounded crew recovered from their terror at what they cried out were veritable devils from the deep, made themselves masters of the prize. Such was their warfare. The sight of a Spanish sail was ever a signal for pursuit. Were the chances desperate, so was the onslaught terrific; the crew knelt on the deck for prayer, then went into the fight with the fury of demons. Not content with devastating the seas, the Boucaniers sacked the ports, and marching overland, plundered the rich cities of the interior. The appearance of their ships on the coast was everywhere greeted with alarm; before their coming the citizens retired into the citadels, or fled in consternation to the wilderness.

From such a band of hostile sea-rovers preying, upon the Spanish possessions in America, San Augustin could not hope for immunity. The attack came in 1665, and in this wise.

A certain Dutch Boucanier, John Davis, having cruised long without taking a prize, resolved upon the sacking of Granada, a town of New Spain, forty leagues inland, and defended by a garrison of 800 troops.

Coming upon the coast in the night, Davis concealed his ship among the mangroves of the lagoon, and with sixty men in three canoes set out on his perilous enterprise. They rowed up the stream by night, and during the day lay concealed in the thick foliage of the banks. The third midnight they reached the gate of the city. To the sentinel's challenge the first comers replied that they were fishermen. He admitted them. They stabbed him. Then they separated; and going in different directions through the silent streets, knocked at the houses. The doors were opened as to friends. In rushed the Boucaniers, and rummaged for plunder. From the dwellings they hurried to ransack the churches, pillaged the plate and stripped the ornaments from the altars. Roused out of its midnight slumber by these invaders—none knew whom nor whence—the city straightway was in an uproar. Tremendous was the hurly-burly. On every side were heard cries and lamentations of those who had been robbed. Recovering their wits, the citizens rallied, rang the alarm-bells, beat the drum, and rushed to arms. Suddenly as they had come, the Boucaniers were off again. Well laden with plunder, and carrying along some prisoners, they made all haste to the lagoon, where their ships were awaiting them; exchanged their captives for a ransom of beef; up with their sails; and drew out from shore just in time to escape a volley of bullets, sent after them by 500 Spanish infantry, who came dashing on the double-quick down to the water's edge. With their booty of above 4,000 pieces-of-eight* in ready money, besides great quantities of plate uncoined and many jewels, all of

* A Spanish coin of the value of one dollar.

which was computed to be worth the sum of 50,000 pieces-of-eight or more, they sailed away to Jamaica. "But as this sort of people," says an old writer who was himself a Boucanier, "are never masters of their money but a very little while, so were they soon constrained to seek more by the same means they had used before."


His exploit at Granada having caused Captain John Davis to be esteemed an able commander of such enterprises, presently after his return to Jamaica he was chosen admiral of a fleet of seven or eight Boucanier ships; and sailed away to the north of Cuba, where he lay in wait to intercept the plate-fleets on their way to Spain. Days, weeks and months went by, but no treasure ships came; and his patience at length being exhausted, the redoubtable admiral bethought him of some other luckless Spanish town upon which to make proof of his valor. And so it came to pass that, one fine morning in the year 1665, the sentinel in the watch-tower opposite San Augustin, having descried to the south a Boucanier sail, fired the alarm-gun and hoisted the signal flag. Hearing and seeing which, the distracted inhabitants took to their heels—the garrison after them; and all together fled into the interior. There, the Boucaniers behind and the savages in front, with what fortitude they could muster they lay in concealment; until the invaders, having found neither victims nor booty, demolished the houses, and put to sea again. *Ils n'y firent pas grand butin, car les Habitans de ce lieu son fort pauvres*, says the record—"they did not find much booty, for the people of this town are very poor."



FORT MARION, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

XII.

BRITISH CANNON BALLS.

HE two fortified strongholds of Pençacola on the Gulf and San Augustin on the At'antic; here a fort and there a watch-tower; and scattered through the province a score or two of intrenched mission posts—this was Florida, a century and a half after Menendez had come to establish his Western empire. Of the Spanish possessions north of Mexico, San Augustin was still the most important, and the completion of its elaborate defenses was the task of the King's agents here. From Old Spain and the Havannah the cartel-ships brought fresh bands of convicts, to join the captive Indians in their toil at the fortifications; year after year the chain-gangs hewed the blocks of coquina shell-stone from the quarries on St. Anastatia Island; the galley-slaves ferried their burdens over the Matanzas; and tier upon tier rose the curtains and bastions, and above them the ramparts and battlements, of Fort San Marco. The expenditure of treasure, toil and life, through all these years, was not to be in vain; the castle was destined yet to withstand the shock of war, that else would drive the Spaniard from Florida.

New foes menaced San Augustin. English planters had come to establish the colony of Carolina. This was a trespass upon Spanish territory, and was promptly resented. Emulating the zeal of Menendez, the Governor of San Augustin dispatched his galleys to exterminate the intruders; but his well-laid plans miscarried; and the fruitless expedition came back in disgrace.* Years of contention followed. The pirates, who preyed on Spanish commerce, found ready protection in Charles Town, and sold their booty there; the Carolina tribes captured Spanish Indians, and took them to the English merchants, who traded them off for rum and sugar in the West Indies. The Spanish Governor, in turn, promised the indentured white servants of the British colonists protection and liberty in Florida, proclaimed freedom for runaway slaves from Carolina plantations, and welcomed all fugitives from justice. For the outrages suffered at the hands of the other, each race sought retaliation. Fleets of galleys went out to plunder and burn the Carolina

* The spirit of the time is shown by the following incidents, set forth in the report of a committee of the Commons House of Assembly of the Province of South Carolina, 1740:—"In 1686 * * * * Lord Cardross * * * * having just come over and settled at Beaufort on Port-Royal with a number of North-Britons, the Spaniards coming in Three Galleys from Augustine landed upon them, killed and whipped a great many, after taken, in a most cruel and barbarous manner; plundered them all and broke up that Settlement. The same Galleys * * * * run up next to Bear Bluff on North Edisto River, where these Spaniards again landed, burnt the Houses, plundered the Settlers, and took Landgrave Morton's Brother Prisoner. Their further Progress was happily prevented by a Hurricane, which drove two of the Galleys up so high on the Land that not being able to get one of them off again and the Country being by that time sufficiently Alarmed, they thought proper to make a Retreat, but first set Fire to that Galley on board of which Mr Morton was actually then in Chains and most inhumanly burnt in her." Hewitt (History of South Carolina) tell us that Sullivan's Island received its name from one Florence O'Sullivan, to whom the settlers gave a great gun, "which he placed on an island situate at the mouth of the harbor, to alarm the town in cases of invasion from the Spaniards."

settlements; and the English invaded Florida and advanced upon San Augustin.

In 1702, with an army of regulars, militia and Indians, came Governor Moore, of Carolina, to chastise the Spaniard, sack the town, demolish the castle and lead home a retinue of Indian slaves. At his approach, garrison and townspeople withdrew into Fort San Marco, shut themselves in with supplies for four months, raised the draw-bridge and laughed defiance at the British forces. Moore invested the castle and entered upon a regular siege. There were sorties, feints and strategies. The siege was maintained for three months; and then, tired of the fruitless bombardment, Moore dispatched one of his officers to Jamaica for heavier artillery. Hardly had the ship disappeared to the southward, when two vessels, flying the Spanish ensign, hove in sight off the bar. Presto ! the siege was raised; ships, stores and ammunition abandoned; and the Englishmen incontinently vanished. Back, three hundred miles overland to Charles Town, went Moore; and out from behind the coquina bastions came the released Spaniards, and set about the task of building anew their burned dwellings.

Four years later an armament set sail from San Augustin bent on the destruction of the British. When they arrived off the coast, the columns of smoke on Sullivan's Island signaled their coming; thunder of alarm-gun, roll of drum and clatter of mounted couriers spread the tidings; and obedient to the call, the planters rallied to Charles Town, repulsed the Spaniards, took 300 prisoners, and drove the rest back to the shelter of San Augustin.

Mock warfare this. But where Spanish prowess availed naught, Spanish craft might yet triumph; where pike and bullet failed, the scalping-knife might yet do its work. The Indian received his commission, and terrible was its execution. Persuaded that the English were heretics, who must go to perdition, whither the savage too must follow, unless he drove them from the land—Yemassee, Creek and Cherokee fell upon the Carolina settlers in midnight surprise, massacred men, women and children; and frenzied with their success, brought the scalps in triumph to San Augustin, where ringing of bells and firing of guns welcomed them, and gave token of the general rejoicing here.

Meanwhile the English colony of Georgia was founded, with outposts planted on the very peninsula of Florida; and now more bitter than ever grew the warfare. English scout-boats patrolled the inland waters, and cut off the escape of runaway Carolina slaves, on their way to join the regiment of negro fugitives at San Augustin. Spanish costa-guardas cruised off the Georgia and Carolina harbors, intercepted English merchant ships, and brought the crews to join the chain-gangs in the Anastatia quarries. Once, indeed, there came a lull, when Governor Don Francisco del Moral assented to a proposal for the adjustment of the boundary dispute. But for such a lack of spirit, unbecoming a Spaniard and unworthy the Governor of Florida, Don Moral was speedily summoned home to Madrid, where by royal decree his head was severed from his shoulders, and his estate sequestered for the defenses of San Augustin; and under new rule, the town resumed once more its martial air, and made

ready, as well indeed it might, to withstand yet again the attack of its foes.

In June, 1740, Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, set out with an army by land and a fleet by sea to destroy San Augustin and drive the Spaniard out of Florida. "If it shall please God to give you success," ran the royal instructions from the English King, George II., "you are either to demolish the fort and bastions, or put a garrison in it, to prevent the Spaniards from endeavouring to retake and settle the said place again at any time hereafter." But neither King of England nor Governor of Georgia knew the strength of the coquina walls it was thus proposed to overthrow.

The British mustered all their forces: the Grenadiers from Gibraltar; kilted Highlanders armed with Claymores and marching to the bagpipes; Saltzburger religious refugees, who had heard the story of the Huguenots' fate in Florida; Carolina militia, intent on avenging the savage massacres of their friends; and a troop of Carolina Indians, eager to wreak their hatred on the Spaniards. The hosts came on as to victory. Fort San Mateo capitulated at their approach. They drove in the Horse Guards from the San Juan, carried Fort San Francisco de Poppa by assault, routed the garrison from Fort Picolata, captured the fortified plantation of San Diego; and advancing within two miles of the town itself, stormed Fort Moosa, which was occupied by a regiment of runaway Carolina slaves, and drove its garrison into San Augustin.

Now the time was come to prove the strength of coquina-built San Marco. Within its walls a strange

assemblage was gathered. The inhabitants of the town, old and young, had flocked to its protection; and with them were the garrison of regulars, the host of friendly Indians, the negro troops, and the convicts, now given their liberty and supplied with arms. Altogether, shut up in the fort, were 3,000 souls.

The British fleet, with Oglethorpe in command, arrived off the bar; the troops disembarked; the cannon were landed; and batteries were planted on St. Anastatia Island, opposite the fort, and at Point San Mateo on the north shore of the harbor. Mortar and coehorn opened fire on San Marco; and the Governor of Georgia demanded of the Governor of Florida to surrender. To the summons, Manuel de Montiano sent back an answer worthy the gallant Spanish Don he was, swearing "by the Holy Cross that he would defend the castle to the last drop of his blood; and he hoped soon to kiss his Excellency's hand within its walls." A trial of strength ensued; but it was not of coquina battlements against the crashing of cannon balls. For twenty successive days the batteries on Anastatia discharged their missiles, and the walls of San Marco did not tremble. The struggle was fiercer than one of arms. Spanish fortitude was pitted against the pangs of starvation; English constitutions were matched against the fierce summer heat and the maddening insect hordes of Anastatia Island. Week after week went by. The beleagured Spaniards grew gaunt with famine. The British, wilting beneath the sun, were prostrated by fevers. On both sides the struggle was most desperate; but in the end the Spaniard triumphed. Montiano's piteous

appeals were borne down the coast by Indian runners, and taken over by messengers in canoes to the Governor of Cuba; and at last succor came. The rescuers eluded the vigilance of Oglethorpe, smuggled in the provisions past the English scout-boats, and by night came to the salvation of the 3,000 famishing wretches in the fort; whereupon—since a full stomach makes a brave heart—the Spaniards took courage again. But to the British, time brought no alleviation of their woes. With the approach of July the summer's heat grew more pitiless; the sandflies, the gnats and mosquitoes, in ever multiplying hosts, rallied yet more furiously to their gall-ing onslaught. Then came a new peril, a force against whose overwhelming might resolution and valor counted as nothing. It was that agency which two hundred years before had risen to drive the foes of San Augustin to ruin. The tempests began to blow; and fearing lest the fate of Ribault's fleet should be their own, the British captains slipped their cables; and putting to sea, sailed for home. Oglethorpe followed. Abandoning artillery, boats and stores (at which last the Spaniards were filled with wonder and gratitude), the English general crossed over to the mainland north of the fort, and with drums beating and colors flying, marched away to the San Juan's, and thence in periaguas made his retreat back to Georgia.


There, in good time, Montiano followed, at the head of fifty-three ships and 5,000 troops, to exterminate the colonies of Georgia and Carolina, as well as all to the north of them; and so, once for all, to drive the British out from North America. At St. Simon's Island Oglethorpe met him. For fifteen days, with an army of 625

the valiant Englishman held the Spaniard's 5,000 at bay; by bold stratagem repulsed and drove them back; and following close upon their heels, chased them to the very bars of San Augustin and Matanzas; and so made good that memorable deliverance of Georgia, "which," George Whitefield wrote, "was such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament."

So the farcical and fruitless warfare went on twenty years longer, as it might have continued to this day, had not the mother countries put an end to the contentions of their colonial children. By the treaty of 1763, England, having previously by force of arms gained possession of Cuba, restored that island to Spain; and Spain in return made over to England her possessions in Florida. By this exchange the San Augustin of the Spaniards became the Saint Augustine of the English; and over the battlements of San Marco, which had so long and so bravely held out against the shock of British cannon balls, floated the Cross of St. George.

XIII.

THE MINORCANS.

N the Mediterranean, seventy miles from the coast of Spain, lies Minorca. The white cliffs rise abrupt from a crystal sea. Olive-embosomed villages nestle on the slopes; and beyond, purple in the distance, towers the mountain peak of El Toro, the convent of Our Lady of the Bull glistening like a star on the summit. The people are simple-hearted, honest, industrious. Travelers tell us that robbery and begging are unknown in Minorca.

The island has been known in history; here and there, amid its orange groves and palms and vineyards, are monuments of fallen races. Druidical monoliths stand mysterious, as they have endured for centuries; picturesque remains of Moorish watchtowers crown the summits near the sea; mediæval fortifications crumble on the crests of inland hills, scanty patches of wheat are grown in the moats of ancient castles; the ilex and the cactus clothe the ruins of long deserted monasteries.

Minorca (named by its Roman conquerors, the Less) and Majorca (the Greater) belong to the group of

Balearic Islands. The name Balearic, derived from a Greek word meaning to throw, was given to them because the islanders were famous for their skill with the sling, as are the Minorcan shepherds to this day. In ancient times, when the Carthagenians wanted strong-armed slingers to fight their battles, they found them in the Balearic Islands; in the Fifteenth century, when Spain needed timber for her treasure ships, she built whole fleets from the forests of Majorca; in the early part of the Seventeenth century, when the Indian tribes of the Pacific coast of North America were waiting for the message of the Cross, Majorca sent them Father Junipero, to found the Franciscan Missions of California; in the middle of the Eighteenth century, when certain English planters required stout-hearted colonists to till their indigo plantations in the new British province of Florida, they sought them in Minorca; and a hundred years later, when America, in the desperate throes of civil war, called for a hero to take her fleet through the smoke and flame of New Orleans and past the rebel forts in Mobile Bay, she found that hero in the son of a Minorcan father.

In the year 1767, a company of London capitalists, represented by one Dr. Andrew Turnbull, brought out to their grant in Florida fifteen hundred colonists. They were chiefly Minorcans, with a few Greeks and Italians. The site of the plantation, fifty miles below St. Augustine, on Musquito Inlet, was named by Turnbull, after his Greek wife's birth place, New Smyrna. It was a fertile ridge of land, where the magnolia bloomed and the orange grew wild with the jasmine. Here the Minorcans built their palmetto huts; set out about the doorways the

cuttings of vine and fig from their Mediterranean island home; and incited by the bright promises of reward, entered brave'y and with hopeful hearts upon the task of preparing the wilderness for the crops of sugar and indigo.

The illusion, like many another here in Florida before and since, was all too soon dispelled. It was the rehearsal of a story old as the days of the Israelites in Egypt: on one hand, violated pledges, treachery, exacting tyranny and cruelty born of cupidity; on the other, unrequited toil, patient suffering, and at the last a broken spirit.

After two weary years had passed, driven to desperation by the inhuman rule of their taskmasters and in particular (since the names of petty tyrants do not always perish with their bodies) of one Cutter, the unhappy colonists resolved upon flight. To this end, having seized some small craft in the harbor, they fitted them out from the abundant stores hoarded in the warehouses; and were embarking for the Havannah, when a detachment of English infantry appeared upon the scene, by forced march from St. Augustine, arriving just in time to intercept the fugitives. The leaders were arrested. The grand jury convened. The forms of law were observed; and the court sat to do justice between the great planter and his New Smyrna colonists. The plaintiff, Turnbull, was an influential personage in the province, a man whose favor every one was eager to curry. The accused were friendless, indentured hirelings—regarded as little better than slaves. Of such a trial there could be but one ending. Five of the accused were condemned to death;

one as the ringleader, another for shooting a cow (a capital offence in the English code of the time), a third for having lopped off an ear and two fingers of the taskmaster Cutter, and the others for their raid on the storehouses. Two of the condemned were pardoned; which two we are not told, but it is a pleasure to fancy that one may have been the ear-smiter. To perform the judicial murder of the rest was a task that none of the officials coveted; and one of the condemned was given his life upon condition that he would act as the executioner of the two others. "On this occasion," writes the English surveyor Bernard Romans, one of the jurors who convicted them, "I saw one of the most moving scenes I ever experienced. Long and obstinate was the struggle of this man's mind, who repeatedly called out that he chose to die rather than be the executioner of his friends in distress. This not a little perplexed Mr. Woolridge, the sheriff, till at length the entreaties of the victims themselves put an end to the conflict in his heart by encouraging him to act. Now we beheld a man, thus compelled to mount the ladder, take leave of his friends in the most moving manner, kissing them the moment before he committed them to an ignominious death."

So the revolt at New Smyrna was put down; and the colonists went back to their taskmasters and indigo fields. The crop-eared Cutter, we may be sure, had his revenge; but, as in due time every rascal must get his deserts, shortly thereafter he died a lingering death, "having experienced," says the chronicle, "besides his wounds, the terrors of a coward in power overtaken by vengeance."

The wrongs of the Minorcans in Florida were the talk of the Southern colonies; but no one interfered in their behalf, for no one had courage to incur the enmity of Turnbull. Worn out by toil, famishing for food, pining for their island home beyond the sea, the unhappy exiles wasted away. The death rate was terrible. In nine years from their coming, the 1500 had shrunk to 600. The condition of the survivors was little better than slavery; indeed, did they attempt to escape, negroes on the neighboring plantations carried them back and received from the tyrant a reward.

The weary years went by. Seven summers the Minorcans tilled the indigo fields; seven harvest times they crushed the sugar cane. At length came the end.

In Florida, two hundred years before, the religious intolerance of Europe had been reflected in the conflict of Spaniard and Frenchman at Fort Caroline; and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had been foreshadowed in the slaughter of the Huguenots at Matanzas. So now, here at New Smyrna was to be enacted on mimic scale a movement engaging the attention of the world. It was 1776—a momentous year for British misrule in America. Revolt was in the air. The oppressed colony at New Smyrna caught the spirit of the times.

It was a trivial circumstance that brought about the uprising of the Minorcans. A party of gentlemen had gone down from St. Augustine to New Smyrna, to inspect the great canals, the stone piers and the magnificent new mansion of the proprietor; to learn the methods of indigo culture, and to test the virtues of the famous rum made from Dr. Turnbull's sugar

cane. As they were admiring the thrifty condition of the plantation and smacking their lips over the rum, one of them, noticing the squalor and misery of the laborers, observed to a companion that the Governor at St. Augustine ought to interfere to protect them. This remark of one of Turnbull's guests led to a revolution. A Minorcan boy heard it. He repeated it to his mother; she to trusted friends. A whispered conference, a secret meeting, a midnight consultation—and the plan was devised to reach the ear of the Governor. Three of the men, having performed their allotted tasks before the time appointed by the overseer, asked and were granted permission to go down the coast to hunt for turtles. They set out and went with all speed, not south for turtles, but north for liberty. Following the beach, skulking through the woods, swimming the inlet at Matanzas, they hurried on to St. Augustine. Here they were given audience, assured of protection, and then sent back to lead their people out of bondage. Other secret meetings were held, and preparations for flight soon made. They had no household gods to transport. No one lingered this time for cuttings of vine and fig tree. Pellicier, head carpenter, was chosen to the command. He formed them in a hollow square. In the center were the aged, the infirm and the mothers with babes in arms; in the outer ranks the men and boys, equipped with club, wooden spears and such rude weapons as could be improvised in the emergency. Bidding farewell to their palmetto huts, the strange band of fugitives set out for the city of refuge. They went this time not skulking along the coast, but marching

boldly along the open King's Road. The overseers pursued. Little they cared for overseers now. Turnbull himself, returning home to find his plantation deserted, in hot haste followed after. What feared they from Turnbu'l now? He might ride back to New Smyrna, or on to St. Augustine, as he liked; it mattered not to them. At night they camped beneath the pines. The next day they marched on again. Before sunset of the third day, the motley band came straggling into St. Augustine.

Again the jury was impanelled; and the court convened to do justice between the English planter and his Minorcan laborers. This time, no provisions had been stolen, no cow shot, no taskmaster's ear curtailed; nor could Turnbull invent any other pretext why the ring-leaders of this new revolt should be hung. The pinched faces and hungry eyes of his victims pleaded too well the pathetic story of their wrongs. This time, again, the trial could have but one ending. The planter was rebuked; the fugitives were declared to be free. Thus, in 1776, for the Minorcans in Florida, after nine years servitude, was made good their declaration of independence.

The refugees from New Smyrna had come to St. Augustine in the midst of stirring events. They saw the leaders of the great Revolution in the North burned in effigy on the public square; and with the loyal citizens of the town many of the Minorcans enlisted in the Florida Rangers, and went out to fight the traitors of the neighboring colonies. Led by the notorious Colonel Browne, the recruits in the service of the King saw hard fighting, and before the war was over had abundant opportunity

to learn of what stuff patriots are made. It is a notable circumstance that in this same year, 1776, when the Minorcans from New Smyrna were enlisting to help put down the revolt of the colonists, one of their countrymen—a certain George Farragut—emigrated from Minorca to America and joined the Colonial army, to do distinguished service in the War of the Revolution, afterwards in the American-Spanish turmoils in West Florida, and again in the War of 1812; and destined finally, when his own honorable record should have been forgotten, to have his name and fame perpetuated because linked with those of his illustrious son, David Glascoe Farragut, first Admiral of the United States Navy.

The indigo fields at New Smyrna ran to waste; the sugar mills fell into decay; and the iron works sank into the ground. Over them clambered the yellow jasmine and the passion flower; above them the magnolia bloomed once more; and years afterwards, a party of explorers found the wild orange growing out from the rusted boilers. So kindly nature drew over the ruins her mantle of green, and blotted out with flowers each vestige of the unhappy site.



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XIV.

RANGERS AND LIBERTY BOYS.

N 1775 came the American Revolution. Of the fourteen British colonies Florida alone remained loyal. The thunders of Lexington and Bunker Hill woke no responsive echoes in St. Augustine. For two hundred years "the ever faithful city" had maintained her allegiance to the Kings of Spain, now in like manner she would prove her faith to the King of England. No Sons of Liberty held secret conclave in her halls; nor liberty pole rose in desecration of her public square. Loyally as ever, on the 5th of June, 1776, the citizens joined in the celebration of the King's Birthday; and when, three months later, the tidings came from Philadelphia of the Declaration of Independence, they assembled on the square in the center of the city to express their abhorrence of the document and its signers by burning in ignominious effigy the two arch-rebels, John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

To St. Augustine was given early proof of the daring spirit that animated the Liberty Boys. In April, 1775, the British brig *Betsey* arrived with arms and ammunition for the Creeks and Cherokees, who had been enlisted in the cause against the colonies. The vessel lay at anchor

off the bar, in plain view of the Governor's lookout tower and of Fort St. Mark's, and almost within gunshot of the war-ships in the harbor, when a privateersman, sent out by the South Carolina Council of Safety and manned by twelve Liberty Boys, stole alongside, surprised the crew, overpowered the grenadiers on board, transferred a large quantity of the powder to their own craft, spiked the Betsey's guns; and eluding pursuit, actually made off with their booty to Charleston, whence some of the powder was sent to the patriots of Massachusetts and burned against the British in the battle of Bunker Hill.

The town was a haven of refuge for the King's servants and the Tories, who fled from the revolted colonies. She opened her gates; and an oddly-assorted throng came flocking in. From Georgia appeared the Tory colonel, Thomas Browne—the tar and feathers given him by the Liberty Boys still sticking to his skin,* and not long after, followed Daniel McGirth—once as

* This day a respectable body of the Sons of Liberty marched from this place to New Richmond in S. C. in order to pay a visit to Thomas Browne and William Thompson, Esqs., two young gentlemen lately from England, for their having publicly and otherwise expressed themselves enemies to the measures now adopted for the support of American liberty, and signing an association to that effect; besides their using their utmost endeavours to influence the minds of the people and to persuade them to associate and be of their opinion. But upon their arrival they found the said Thompson, like a traitor, had run away; and the said Thomas Browne being requested in civil terms to come to Augusta, to try to clear himself of such accusations, daringly repeated that he was not nor would be answerable to them or any other of them for his conduct, whereupon they politely escorted him into Augusta, where they presented him with a genteel and fashionable suit of tar and feathers, and afterwards had him exhibited in a cart from the head of Augusta to Mr. Weatherford's, where out of humanity they had him taken proper care of for that night; and on the next morning, he, the said Thomas Browne, having publicly declared upon his honour and consented voluntarily to swear that he repented for his past conduct, and that he would for the future, at the hazard of his life and fortune, protect and support the rights and interests of America, and saying that the said Thompson had misled him, and that therefore he would use his utmost endeavours to have his name taken from the association he

stout-hearted Liberty Boy as any in the South, then victim of official wrong, and now deserter to the King's cause.† Still another accession was the valorous Scotch-

had signed as aforesaid ; and further, that he would do all in his power to discountenance the proceedings of a set of men in the 96th District in South Carolina called Fletchall's Party ; upon which the said Browne was then discharged, and complimented with a horse and chair to ride home. But the said Thomas Browne, that time having publicly forfeited his honour and violated the oath voluntarily taken as aforesaid, is therefore not to be considered for the future in the light of a gentleman, and they, the said Thomas Browne and Wm. Thompson, are hereby published as persons inimical to the rights and liberties of America ; and it is hoped all good men will treat them accordingly. N. B.—The said Thomas Browne is now a little remarkable ; he wears his hair very short, and a handkerchief tied around his head in order that his intellects this cold weather may not be affected.—(Signed) By order of Committee, John Willson, Secretary. Augusta, 4th August, 1775.—*Georgia Gazette*, 1775.

† During the Revolutionary War, the section of the State now known as Bulloch County was a favourite resort of Colonel Daniel McGirth. He was a native of Kershaw District, South Carolina. From his early attachments and associates, he joined cordially in opposition to the claims of the British Government. Being a practised hunter, and an excellent rider, he was well acquainted with the woods in that extensive range of country. He was highly valuable to the Americans for the facility with which he acquired information of the enemy, and for the accuracy and minuteness with which he communicated what he had obtained. He had brought with him into the service a favourite mare, his own property, an elegant animal, on which he felt safe from pursuit when engaged in the duties of a scout. He called the mare the Gray Goose. This animal was coveted by one of the American officers at St. Illa, in Georgia, who adopted means to obtain possession of her, all of which were opposed by McGirth, chiefly on the ground that she was essentially necessary to the American interest in the duties performed by him, and without her he could no longer engage in them. The officer continuing urgent, McGirth said or did something to get rid of him, which he might have only intended as a personal rebuff, but probably was much more. He was arrested, tried by a court-martial, found guilty of violating the articles of war and sentenced to be whipped. He suffered this punishment, and was again placed in prison, waiting to receive another whipping, according to his sentence. Whilst thus situated, he saw his favourite mare, observed where she was picketed, and immediately began to concert measures for his escape and the re-possession of his mare. He succeeded in both, and when seated on her back, he turned deliberately round, notwithstanding the alarm at his escape, and denounced vengeance against all the Americans for his ill treatment. He executed his threats most fully, most fearfully, most vindictively. Indulging this savage, vindictive temper, was indeed productive of great injury to the American cause, and of much public and private suffering, but it was also the cause of his own ruin and misery.—*Johnson's Traditions and Reminiscences of the American Revolution in South Carolina*.

man, Rory McIntosh, captain in His Majesty's Highlanders, who, attended always by his pipers, paraded the narrow streets, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the rebels. A British slaveship from Senegal, forbidden by the patriots to land her cargo at Savannah, sailed in all haste to the friendly harbor of St. Augustine, to save from starvation the two hundred miserable wretches in her hold. The Scopholites (so called from their leader, one Scophol), a turbulent and lawless band, 600 strong, marched down from the back-country of North Carolina, plundering, burning and laying waste all in their path through Georgia.

With such an element St. Augustine was not long contented with passive loyalty. When Governor Tonyn called for volunteers to aid in suppressing the rebellion, the response was heartily and promptly given. Captain Rory McIntosh fitted out the privateersman *Toreyn*, of twenty guns, and sailed away to blockade the rebel ports. Citizens, Tory refugees, Scopholites, Minorcans and Indians banded together in the troops of the Florida Rangers. In command was Colonel Thomas Browne, brave and skillful, as heartless as vindictive, and eager to gratify his animosity against the Georgians. McGirth, also, thirsting for retaliation, mustered a band of desperate outlaws, provided them with stolen horses, and conducted a guerilla campaign, cutting off lonely travelers, rifling dwellings, and everywhere marking his path with pillage, rapine and murder. It was the old story of warfare between Florida and Georgia; but more bitter than had been the conflicts of Spaniards and British were now the contentions of Ranger and Liberty Boy, more desperate

than ever the war of races, was this rancorous civil strife, where brother contended with brother and father fought against son.

As the center of military operations against the Southern colonies and as the depot whence arms were furnished to the savage allies of Great Britain, St. Augustine soon attracted the attention of the Patriot leaders; and repeated campaigns were planned to compass its overthrow. The first of these, undertaken by General Charles Lee, fell through, because of mismanagement and delay. Then rumors were brought to St. Augustine of another formidable force advancing to overwhelm the town. Consternation reigned supreme; slaves were impressed to strengthen the fortifications; the citizens ran hither and thither in confusion, placed their valuables on board the ships in the harbor, and prepared for flight. The alarm was groundless. Never yet had the city yielded to a siege. The fortress that had defied the grenadiers of Oglethorpe had no cause to tremble at the coming of the Liberty Boys. The invaders advanced only to the St. John's. There they halted. Then, menaced by fever, and glad enough to escape the perils of a midsummer encampment, they turned about and retired.

The Florida Rangers were active, aggressive and successful in their campaigns. The Minorcans and Scopholites from St. Augustine joined the Hessians from New York at the siege of Savannah, and afterwards took part in the reduction of Charleston. When that city surrendered, in 1780, a number of her citizens were paroled. Soon after, in direct violation of the parole, many of them were torn from their families and confined

in the loathsome prison-ships or banished to other colonies. The cartel-ship *Fidelity* brought a number of the Charleston Patriots to St. Augustine; and here they were offered another parole. Most of them accepted it; but the venerable Christopher Gadsden, the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, indignantly resented the overture. "With men who have once deceived me," he exclaimed, "I can enter into no new contract." Then, for eleven months, they shut him up in one of the dark dungeons of the fort. From out the gloom of that damp chamber came one day a declaration that gave to the Loyalists of Florida new proof of the spirit that sustained the Patriots in their most desperate straits. André, the spy taken by the cowboys at Tarrytown, had been tried and condemned to death. Pending the execution of the sentence, the British authorities sent to General Washington a threat that, if André died, some prominent Patriot would be hung in retaliation; and to the white-haired prisoner Gadsden, in his dungeon of the British fort in St. Augustine, it was told that he was the victim selected. To the threat, hear his reply: "To die for my country," said he, "I am always prepared; and I would rather ascend the scaffold than purchase with my life her dishonor." Brave words these, and of all ever spoken in the fort of St. Augustine most worthy to be remembered.

The other Patriots, from South Carolina and New Jersey, fared less harshly. Dr. Andrew Turnbull loaned them his English newspapers—little consolation for American rebels there—and Jesse Fish sent oranges and lemons from his world-famous grove on St. Anastasia Island. On the Fourth of July (1780), by special per-

mission they messed in common; and one feature of the bill of fare was an English plum-pudding of gigantic dimensions, and on its top a tiny flag with thirteen stars and stripes. Inspired by the occasion, Captain Thomas Heyward had that morning been busy with his pen; and at this Fourth of July Patriot dinner in British St. Augustine was heard for the first time the hymn afterwards sung from Georgia to New Hampshire—

“God save the thirteen states,
Thirteen united States,
God save them all.”

The verses were set to the familiar tune of “God Save the King;” and the British guards, peeping in at the windows and deceived by the accustomed air, wondered greatly at what they took to be the Yankees’ sudden return of loyalty to King George.

While contending with her American Colonies, England had become involved in hostilities with Spain; and now it came about by the whirligig of time that the town, which as a Spanish stronghold had sent out many an armed force against the British, now as a British possession dispatched a forlorn hope against the Spaniards. Among the Tory officers, who had found their way to St. Augustine, was Colonel Andrew De Veaux of the Provincial Dragoons. De Veaux, who was noted through all the Southern colonies for his audacity and foolhardiness and his strong penchant for practical joking, resolved on attempting to capture the Spanish town of Nassau, on the island of New Providence. In the conception and execution of his exploit, humor and valor were blended in very nearly equal proportions. He fitted out two

small brigs in the harbor, collected a force of Rangers, Minorcans, Seminoles and ragamuffins; and at the island of Eleuthra took on a contingent of negroes. The ridiculous fleet arrived off Nassau in the night. De Veaux landed his forces, surprised the sleeping citadel, roused up its garrison and put them in irons; occupied the heights commanding the town; disposed his forces to the best advantage, and where there were not enough men to go round set up dummies of straw; at dawn made a mock show of strength, demanded of the Governor to surrender, and to insure a speedy compliance opened fire on him from the captured fort; whereupon the Spaniard submitted, and yielded himself and his town and his troops to the doughty British Colonel, the negroes, the ragamuffins and the men of straw.

This happened in 1783. It was the last exploit of loyal St. Augustine in the cause of her British sovereign. The rebellious colonies had been victorious. The war was over. Rangers and Liberty Boys laid down their arms; and the Florida planters returned to their fields. With them were numerous accessions of Loyalists from the other colonies, who had refused allegiance to the banner of the thirteen stars and were now come to Florida to live again under British colors. Peace resumed her gentle sway; and St. Augustine became once more the busy metropolis of a thriving English province. Across the bay on St. Anastatia Island, north beyond the gates, west from the batteries on the San Sebastian, and south beyond the stockades—in every direction, smiled the fields of indigo, the sugar plantations and the orange groves. The traders rebuilt their booths along the Indian trails; the distillers

of tar and turpentine kindled once more their fires among the pines; the shingle-cutters felled the cypress logs; the live-oakers returned again to hew out the famous Florida timber for building English ships. In over the King's Road, coming north from the Indian River and south from the St. Mary's, crawled the slow wagon trains, creaking beneath their burdens of naval stores and the harvests of the plantations. The harbor was white with the wings of commerce. Prosperity reigned on every hand. The town, beautiful amid her orange bowers, bustled with enterprise and was gay with social delights. Her citizens rejoiced in the present; and their hearts were filled with bright anticipations for the future—that future, which should bring its full recompense for their seven years of war and its fitting reward for their steadfast allegiance to their King.

It vanished in a twinkling. Into the harbor, one day, came a ship of the Royal Navy with message of startling import. The Most Serene and Most Potent Prince, George the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, and the Most Serene and Most Potent Prince, Charles the Third, by the Grace of God, King of Spain and of the Indies, had been playing together a royal game of chess; and each had surrendered to the other a castle. To England Spain yielded Jamaica; and to Spain England in exchange gave Florida. The treaty moreover provided that the British should immediately evacuate the province.

This was the reward granted to the citizens of St. Augustine for their staunch fidelity through the seven years' war. The message fell as falls the frost that blights the orange. Joy was changed into sorrow, anticipation to

dismay, security to despair. The fate of the Acadians was theirs; the heart-breaking scenes of Grand Pré were rehearsed in St. Augustine. Plantations abandoned, homes deserted, friendships severed—in the transports sent to convey them, the British sailed away from St. Augustine. Some went south to Jamaica, some north to Nova Scotia, others back over the sea to England again; but wherever scattered—going never so far, separated never so widely—they bore away with them fond memories of the sunny homes they had left behind, in the old town on the Florida bay.




THE OLD PALM TREE.



THE CITY GATEWAY.

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW.

NCE more the troops of the King of Spain occupied Castle San Marco; a Spanish sentinel scanned the sea from the watch-tower at Matanzas, and a Spanish keeper trimmed the light on Anastatia. Spain had come into possession of her own again. With the return of the Spaniard, a change came over Florida. There was no more planting nor harvesting; the Indian stalked through deserted indigo fields and found shelter in abandoned sugar mills; the manufacture of naval stores ceased; industry was at an end; the crowding sails of merchant ships no longer brightened the harbor. In 1783, Florida relapsed into her ancient lethargy; and over our seaport town stole the haze of dreamy indolence and the calm of quiet content. No feverish vision of commercial enterprise marred the serenity of her repose; no vaulting ambition overleapt the circumvallations that shut her in from the busy outer world. Enough for her that through the long *siesta* of perpetual afternoon she might doze in peace and undisturbed.

The Minorcans, who still remained on the lands given them by the British, fished and hunted; but the town's chief dependence was upon the supply ships that came from Spain, and the game and beeves brought in by the Indians. The Seminole, scantily clad in gaudy blanket, his hair and limbs shining with bear's grease, and pendants of brass and silver hanging from nose and ears, was a familiar figure in the streets. Over the well-worn trails, from the country beyond the San Juan's, he brought horses and cattle, bear meat, venison and wild turkeys; and gave them in exchange for powder and fineries and the much-prized Cuban rum. The policy of the Spaniards was to treat the Indian always with consideration; and once in three months came the Queen's schooner *La Barbarita*, laden with presents for her dusky subjects in Florida.

The town was a great military station; and beyond this, nothing. In one way or another, the people were all engaged in the service of the King. They kept the King's accounts, labored at the King's fort, wrought in the King's forge, manned the King's pilot-boats, bought their bread at the King's bakery and their meat at the King's market. The barracks were filled to overflowing with a garrison, for which it taxed the Governor's ingenuity to find employment. A guard of soldiers kept ward over the great treasure chest in the fort; a guard watched at the powder-house on the plain south of the barracks; a guard noted the marking of high noon on the sun-dial, and by the flowing of the sands in the hour-glass on the plaza, all day and all night, recorded the passing time by strokes on a bell; a guard attended the chain-gang of Cuban

convicts in their toil at the fortifications; a guard was stationed at the Governor's residence; a guard watched at the city gates; a guard patrolled the streets and a guard passed the word on the outskirts by night.

On every land side the city was well defended by earthworks and coquina batteries. North of the town, from the fort to the San Sebastian River, extended a rampart with redoubts and a fosse through which the tide ebbed and flowed. Entrance to the city was by a draw-bridge over the fosse and through the gate. When the sunset gun was fired this bridge was raised, the gate was barred, and the guards took their station. Through the hours of the night—from fort to gate, from gate west along the parapet to redoubt Tolomato, from Tolomato to redoubt Centro, and from Centro to redoubt Cubo on the San Sebastian; thence south along the river to the farthest battery, and east to the extreme point of the peninsula; then north, past powder-house and barracks, on to the plaza, and so back to the watch-towers of the fort again—went the challenge, *Centinela alerta!* and came the answer, *Alerta está!* When once the gate was closed, the belated wayfarer, be he citizen or stranger, must make the best of it without the town until morning. Only on extraordinary occasions were the bolts thrown back at night, as when some messenger might come with urgent dispatches for the Governor; then the creaking draw-bridge would be slowly lowered; the officer of the guard took the name and errand of the applicant to the Governor; and that dignitary so willing it, the gate was finally opened and the late comer admitted and escorted by a file of soldiers into the Governor's presence.

An important personage was this Governor. In him was vested the authority of the King. His good pleasure was the royal will. In the petty kingdom, where his power was supreme and his word law, he held autocratic sway. And high-handed was his rule. Did an obstinate debtor put off a creditor with empty promises instead of the current coin of the realm—straightway the Governor granted a bill of sale and the delinquent's slaves were bidden off at public auction on the plaza. Was his Excellency's own *siesta* interrupted by the bawling of a drunken disturber of the peace—in a trice the audacious guzzler of *agua ardiente* was haled away to the guard-house; and there he might bless his stars, if only his legs were clapped into the stocks, and not his back bared to the lashes of the pillory hard by.

The stocks and pillory sufficed for the punishment of ordinary offenses. When slaves were found abroad in the night, without the required passes from their owners, they were arrested, locked up in the guard-house; and the next morning, unless their masters paid the fine, were given the prescribed number of lashes. The casemates of the fort served for the incarceration of criminals; but the usual course with incorrigible offenders was to drum them out of town. Attired in ridiculous garb and with pate fantastically shaven, the culprit was marched at the head of a jeering procession, to the music of fife and drum, out into the scrub, and there formally banished, to be thenceforth an outcast and exile. For felons to whom was decreed the law's extremest penalty, out on redoubt Cubo, gloomily overlooking the marshes of the San Sebastian, swung the creaking gibbet and hither on cer-



HOUSE ON ST. GEORGE STREET.



HOUSE ON CHARLOTTE STREET.

tain occasions, making public holiday, the entire populace wended its way; and the thoughtful father brought his son, that by dreadful example the child might learn to what sad end a wicked man at last must come.

The amusements and social customs were those of Old Spain and Minorca. Gambling ran high among soldiers and townspeople. Countless wagers were decided by hard-fought battles between game-cocks of choicest Spanish strain; and there were dog-fights, too, and bull-baitings, and now and then an ambitious attempt to reproduce the exciting combats of the *matadors*. Dancing was a favorite amusement, and balls were frequent. The Florida moonlight night invited to much thrumming of guitars beneath lattice windows; and when occasion offered, the midnight was made hideous with din of the charivari, a noisy, boisterous, discordant and unwelcome serenade of the second-married. Funeral processions through the streets were led by the *padre* in his robes, and by acolytes in surplices, bearing crucifix, candles and aspersorium. Feast days and festivals were scrupulously observed. The Massacre of Madrid was commemorated by the solemn celebration of high mass, and the flags throughout the city displayed in mourning. With Carnival came mirth and merrymaking; harlequins, dominos and punchinellos held high revel; and gay companies of maskers went about the streets. Among them, taking the part of St. Peter, went one clad in the ragged dress of a fisherman, and equipped with a mullet cast-net, which he dexterously threw over the heads of the not unwilling children, by such rude travesty setting forth the Apostolic fishing for men.

In the afternoon of Palm Sunday, priest and people marched in procession from the church, south to the convent, where on its platform in the open air stood an altar, decked with flowers and boughs; and here, while the congregation kneeled on the ground, a mass was said; and the nuns, taking from the little children their baskets of rose petals, strewed them before the altar and the image of the Virgin. Then all repaired in procession to the glacis of Fort San Marco, where at a second altar the rites were repeated. On Easter Eve, the waits went about the streets, singing beneath the windows, to the accompaniment of violin and guitar, their Minorcan hymn of joy and praise to the Virgin—

Ended the days of sadness,
Grief gives place to singing ;
We come with joy and gladness,
Our gifts to Mary bringing—*

and received from lattice and opened shutter presents of sweetmeats and pastry.

A strange bit of the Old World was this; and most grotesquely out of place in the New. It could not long endure. The United States regarded with apprehension the presence of a foreign power on its southern boundary. American pioneers were impatient to enter the Florida wilderness, which had lain so long fallow, waiting to yield its abundant harvest to enterprise and industry. Twice had bands of armed invaders from the

* *Disciarem lu dol,
Cantarem anb' alagria,
Y n'arem a dá
Las pascuas a Maria.
O Maria !*

North crossed the border and advanced to the very shadow of the coquina fortress. There, as savage, British and Patriot had halted before them, they turned about and retired. And well, in truth, they might. Intrenched in such a stronghold, the Governor could have held an army at bay. The battlements of Castle San Marco stood staunch; not against them might the assault of arms prevail. But there were other forces, with which, fortify himself how he would, the Spaniard was powerless to cope. The indolent Don must no longer stand in the way of Florida's development. It was manifest destiny; and he yielded to it.

In the year 1821, Spain having ceded Florida to the United States, relinquished forever her claim to the town her knights had founded two and a half centuries before; and here where the stag of Seloy had greeted the *Fleur-de-Lis* of France, and the yellow standard of Spain had given brief place to the Red Cross of England, here, over the walls of the old city gray with time—waved at last the banner, whose bars and stars symbolized the strength and the aspiration of the youngest born among the nations of the earth.

THE SEMINOLE.



IN January, 1836, the stoutest hearts in St. Augustine were thrown into trepidation by portentous signals in the sky. By day, above the pines in the west were seen great columns of smoke, rolling up from fired plantations; and at midnight the heavens were lurid with the glare of blazing homes. Terror-stricken refugees came flocking in from the country; and their stories added to the general alarm. One day, the fugitive was a father whose wife and children had been shot down at their noonday meal; the next, a mother whose babe had been slain at her breast; and again, a little child, sole chance survivor from the massacre of a household. The town itself was menaced by the savage foe; children at their play glanced furtively toward the west; and the citizens—old men and invalids as well—rallied to the protection of their homes.

It was the final furious bursting of a storm which had long been gathering. The Seminole war had begun.

So long as the Spaniards ruled Florida, the Seminoles enjoyed undisputed possession of its fairest lands. Their

palmetto villages and maize fields lined the fertile banks of the Withlacoochee and the Apalachicola; their herds of cattle pastured on the Alachuan prairies; and in pursuit of game their hunters roamed at will over the entire country. With the Indians dwelt many negroes, as slaves or free allies, whose ancestors had fled from colonial masters, or who were themselves fugitives from the plantations of the Southern States. Seminole and negro dwelt together in contentment and security; and they were prosperous and happy. But when the United States took possession of the territory, the Indian's peaceful life was rudely interrupted. The new-comers looked with a longing eye upon the rich lands occupied by the Seminole, and coveted the negroes—his slaves and friends. Land speculators and man kidnappers rushed in. The Florida frontier was infested with outcasts, fugitives from justice and unprincipled knaves, who were eager to dupe the Indian, defraud him of his lands, steal his cattle and make merchandise of his negro slaves and his free allies. Bitter conflicts ensued. The settlers demanded the removal of the Indians to the West; but the Seminoles refused to exchange their sunny native land for a strange country of which they could learn no good report. The border outrages increased, and became more aggravated. At length, provoked beyond endurance, and by the sense of his wrongs rankling in his breast goaded to final desperation—the savage took the warpath; and with rifle, scalping knife and the midnight torch sought revenge. Then the United States Government, with a treasury and an army at its command, set about the trifling task of driving out from Florida this paltry rem-

nant of a savage race. In due time the task was accomplished; but not until after seven years of most extraordinary warfare, the employment of twenty thousand volunteers, the expenditure of forty millions of dollars and the sacrifice of two thousand lives.

Among the Indian leaders, who had been most influential in resisting the encroachments of the whites and the most determined in opposition to all schemes of emigration, were Osceola and Coacoochee.* In a council of the chiefs with the agent, when Osceola was asked to sign his mark to a treaty of removal, springing up in anger he cried, "The only mark I will make is with this," and drove his knife through the parchment into the table. Later, when the old Chief Nea-Mathla consented to leave Florida, and having sold his cattle to the whites was gathering his people to emigrate to Arkansas, Osceola at the head of a war party killed him, and flung away the gold that had been received for the cattle, declaring that it was the price of the Seminole's blood. Osceola and Coacoochee were the first to take up arms against the whites; and under their inspiration early examples were given of the terrible savage expedients, by which the Seminole campaigns were to be made memorable in the annals of Indian warfare.

In August, 1835, Major Dade and a command of troops,

* The spelling "Osceola" is that most common, though it is possible that some of the nine or ten other forms may be correct. The name signifies "The Black Drink." The chief, a full-blooded Indian, has sometimes erroneously been called Powell, the name of the Scotchman who married Osceola's mother after the death of her Indian husband, Osceola's father. The name Coacoochee means "Wild Cat." The Seminoles ("Runaways," or "Men who live apart") were originally members of the Creek tribe of Georgia, who, about the year 1750, seceded from the tribe and came down to live in Spanish Florida.

210 all told, were on their way from Fort Brooke to Fort King. At half past nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, August 28, they were marching through an open pine barren, four miles from the Great Wahoo Swamp. The bright sun was shining; flowers bloomed along the path; gay butterflies flitted about them; the silence was broken only by the Æolian melody of the pines. The men were marching carelessly, with no suspicion of danger, where surely no foe could lurk. Suddenly, without an instant's warning—from pine, from palmetto scrub, from the very grass at their feet—burst upon them the shrill war-whoop, the flashing and crackling of rifles, and the whistling, deadly rain of bullets. Sixty of the troops fell mortally wounded. The rest rallied; trained the cannon, and attempted to form breastworks of logs; but in vain. In quick succession, one after another, they fell. Had the earth yawned to swallow them like the army of Korah, the obliteration could have been little more complete. Of the 210, three, miserably wounded, dragged themselves away, two soon after to die of their wounds.

This was the character of the Florida war. It was a conflict waged against a mysterious, unseen foe. Nature had provided for the protection of her children. On the islands of the Great Wahoo and the Big Cypress, in the impenetrable fastnesses of the Ocklawaha, and in the distant everglades of Okeechobee, the Seminole established his powder magazines, cultivated his fields, and found a secure retreat for wives and little ones. Thence, in bands of ten and twenty, the warriors sallied out for ambush, surprise and midnight conflagration. The Indian came, none knew whence. A yell, a bullet's deadly whizz, the

flash of the scalping knife—and he was gone, none knew whither. To follow was useless; pursuit could not overtake him. The interior of Florida was a trackless wilderness. In its mazes the savage was at home; he knew every foot of ground. But where the Seminole went the white man could not follow.

The full story of what the troops endured in the Seminole war will never be written. They marched day after day amid dreary wastes of pines; and with lacerated feet pressed on through cruel palmetto scrub. They hewed a painful way through hamaks where tangled vine and creeper and swinging lianas impeded every step, serpents disputed their passage, and progress was gained by inches. They woke the sleep of slimy reptiles in the ooze of quaking bogs; the owl blinked at them in the hushed twilight of sepulchral swamps; they penetrated to the yet more awful desolation where no living thing was found. They swam the tawny floods of unnamed rivers; breasted the scum of stagnant pools; and threw themselves down in bivouac amid treacherous sloughs. The scouts, separated from their commands and lost in the ghostly shades of moss-hung labyrinths, went mad and wandered aimlessly to and fro, until death ended their misery. In the darkness of midnight the troops crawled on hands and knees to surprise the Indian village; and at dawn, rushed upon deserted huts. On every hand Osceola and his men lay in wait to cut them off; Coacoochee mocked them floundering in the morasses. The scorching sun beat down upon them; protracted storms drenched them; fever and pestilence were leagued against them; amid deadly vapors they sank and died. For

every soldier killed by the savage (so the official records show) five perished of disease.

The Florida climate precluded summer campaigns. When from seamed trunk and gnarled limb the resurrection-fern burst forth in living green, the yellow hibiscus glowed on margin of swamp and pond, and the splendor of the magnolia grandiflora paled before the advancing glories of the blazing-star; when on the ground and all about and in the loftiest growth of the forest, were flung out the floral signals of lurking peril—the troops fled for very life from the miasma, and withdrew to the summer stations on the coast; and then, in his swampy fastnesses secure from molestation, the Indian tended his crops, celebrated his green corn dance, and gathered new strength for the winter warfare.

The Seminole made a desperate stand for his Florida home. He was exacting from the whites a terrible price for the acres they coveted. And even more desperately than the Indian, fought the negro fugitive. Defeat for him was not the loss of land, but of liberty; to yield meant not exile, but bondage. But hopeless was the struggle. As time went on, the strength of Indian and ally surely waned; year by year their numbers grew less. Some were killed, some taken in battle. More were captured by ruse and treachery and violations of flags of truce. The Indian was a savage—not entitled to the consideration accorded a civilized foe. He refused to be vanquished in fair fight; the war, then, must be brought to an end by other means.

Special efforts were made to capture the chiefs, Osceola and Coacoochee. When these two influential leaders

should be removed, it was rightly conjectured, the Seminole's strength would be gone. The opportunity to take them finally came. In September, 1838, General Hernandez surprised two camps of Indians and negroes, eighteen miles below St. Augustine. The prisoners were brought to town and lodged in the fort. Among them was the aged chief, Emathla, Coacoochee's father. In response to a message from the old chief, Coacoochee came in to St. Augustine for a conference with the commanding officer; and was sent back to bring in other chiefs for a talk. He returned with Osceola and seventy of his followers. They came with a flag of truce, relying upon its sanctity for their protection. It was mistaken confidence. The pretended conference was only a ruse of the commanding general. The flag was disregarded; the truce was violated; and the Indians were clapped into prison. With Osceola shut in behind the ponderous locks of one casemate, and Coacoochee securely confined in another—reasoned the general, well pleased with his stratagem—the other chiefs would abandon the hopeless struggle, lay down their arms and come in to be transported to Arkansas. And so indeed they would; and the Seminole war might have ended then and there. But one Indian prevented it; and he, one of the very captives who had been taken by treachery and so securely locked in behind the bolts and bars of Fort Marion. High up in Coacoochee's cell was a narrow embrasure. Through this aperture—his body attenuated by secret medicine and fasting—the chief squeezed, one night, tumbled to the moat below, and set out to rejoin his tribe. When they heard the story he had to tell, the

chiefs, who were preparing to yield, took up their arms again and waged a war fiercer than ever.

The other prisoners were removed from Fort Marion to Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor. There Osceola, brooding over the fate of his people, fell ill and sank into a decline. Obeying to the last the injunctions of the sullen Indian prophet who attended him, he stubbornly refused the medicines proffered him by the physicians. One night, while the prophet muttered in a corner, and his two wives sat watching the play of the fire-light upon the naked limbs of the dying warrior, Osceola smeared the death-paint on his face, drew his knife from its sheath, brandished it about his head, vainly essayed a war shout—and fell back dead.

The war went on. Congress voted additional millions; new troops were enlisted to take the place of those who had fallen from the ranks; and man-hunting bloodhounds were brought from Cuba to track the Indian to his retreats. But money, troops and bloodhounds failed to drive out the Seminole. It was reserved for Coacoochee, who had protracted the war, finally to end it.

In May, 1841, the chief left his stronghold in the Big Cypress Swamp, and came in for a talk with General Worth. Not long before this his band had massacred a company of actors, coming from Picolata (on the St. John's) to St. Augustine; and had arrayed themselves in the plundered costumes. Clad in the garb of Hamlet, the Florida savage spoke—

“The whites dealt unjustly by me. I came to them; they deceived me. The land I was upon I loved. My body is made of its sands. The Great Spirit gave me

legs to walk over it, hands to aid myself, eyes to see its ponds and rivers and forests and game, and a head with which I think. The sun which is warm and bright, shines to warm us and bring forth our crops; and the moon brings back the spirits of our warriors, our wives and children. The white man comes; he grows pale and sick. Why cannot we live here in peace? I have said I am the enemy to the white man. I could live in peace with him; but they first steal our cattle and horses, cheat us and take our lands. The white men are as thick as the leaves in the hamak. They come upon us thicker every year. They may shoot us, and drive our women and children night and day, they may chain our hands and feet—but the red man's heart will be always free."

The conference ended, another was arranged. True to his word, the chief came to the appointed meeting, bearing a flag of truce. The old ruse was repeated. The truce was violated. Coacoochee was seized, thrown into irons, and placed on board a prison-ship in Tampa Bay. At noon of the Fourth of July—while the flag of the free was flying from the masthead above him and the cannon were booming in glad celebration of the liberties of the American people—the manacled chief was given a final hard and bitter choice. Within forty days—he was told—the people of his tribe must come in and surrender themselves for transportation from Florida, or, on the fortieth day, he and his fellow-prisoners should be hung at the yard-arm. This time there was no escape. The Seminole yielded.


Within the forty days his people surrendered. Other chiefs with their tribes followed. Men, women and

children embarked on the ships, which were to bear them away forever from the land they loved so well and for which they had fought so long. As the exiles left the shore, they knelt and kissed its sands. When the transports moved away, the men sat in sullen silence about the decks; the women and children broke into weeping; Coacoochee stood in the sternsheets, gazing fixedly upon the receding shore; "I am looking," he said, "at the last pine tree on my land."

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XVII.

LATER YEARS.

N uneventful period followed the close of the Seminole war in 1842. The Minorcans fished from their dug-outs and hunted with their smooth-bore "Indian traders;" the Cracker carts brought in game and scanty produce; the orange growers shipped their golden harvests in wind-bound schooners; and now and then a tourist from the North found his way by uncertain steamer up the St. John's and by more uncertain stage across from Picolata, to explore the narrow streets and the dismantled fortress in the quaint old Florida town.

For twenty years, as under a magician's spell, the drowsy city slumbered. In 1861, startled by the reverberations from Charleston harbor, it woke to hear again the clash of arms. For a brief moment, the flag of Florida's rebellion fluttered from its staff on the plaza; but St. Augustine was far removed from the active theatre of war, and in the fratricidal strife took no conspicuous part. For the town, nevertheless, the war was fraught with important consequences; its close marked

a new stage in the life of the city. In 1865 set in the tide of immigration from the North, which has gathered strength with each succeeding year, and has completely altered the character of the town. Wonderful has been the transformation. At the change let them carp who will; and sigh for the olden times as they may. The spirit of Old St. Augustine is in abeyance; the enterprise of the new rules the hour. Old and new, each has its place. New England granite caps the Florida coquina of the sea-wall; and both together withstand the surges of the Atlantic.

The metamorphosis in the material aspect of the town is one of many like transformations wrought here. To tear down and demolish has been the rule with foe and friend alike. Indian, Sea-King, Boucanier, British invader—each in turn has scourged the town; and after the passing of each, it has risen again. If we may credit the testimony of visitors here, over St. Augustine has always hung an air of desolation and decay. After the successive changes of rulers, the new has always been built from the old. To use the coquina blocks from a dilapidated structure was less laborious than to hew out new material from the Anastatia quarries. In this manner were destroyed the coquina batteries, that in old times defended the southern line of the town. The stone from one of them was employed in building the Franciscan convent, and thence it went into the foundations of the barracks, which rose on the convent site. Another lot of coquina passed through a like cycle of usefulness, from outskirt battery into parish church, and from parish church to the repair of the city gate. So

universal, indeed, has been this process of tearing down the old to construct the new, that there are few edifices here to-day, concerning whose antiquity we have satisfactory evidence. Boston worships in churches more ancient than the cathedral; New Orleans markets are older than the disused one on the plaza; Salem wharves antedate the sea-wall; on the banks of the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Potomac stand dwellings more venerable than any here on the Matanzas*. The destructive waves of improvement have swept over St. Augustine, resistless as the advancing waters of the sea, which now dash over the ruins of the Spanish lighthouse they long since undermined; and as persistent as the elements, which have leveled to the ground useless ramparts and redoubts.

Everywhere may be seen evidences of the change. The walls of the old powder-house, with its sentry-boxes, have been demolished; its site can be distinguished only by the sunken foundation-stones. Nothing whatever is left to suggest the famous Governor's-house, north of the plaza, which stood in the midst of its wonderful botanic garden, high-walled all about, and with a lofty lookout, whence, like Vathek from his genii-built tower, the Spaniard might gaze abroad over the surrounding country and far out to sea. The open square in the center of the city—the plaza of the Spaniards and the parade ground of the English, where Spanish and British soldiery

* The cathedral was completed in 1791. The present sea-wall was built in 1835-43. The "oldest house in St. Augustine," like "the old slave-pen" and "the old Huguenot burying-ground," is an invention of the sensational guide-book manufacturers. It is not known which house in the town is the oldest. The so-called slave-pen was built (1840) for a market, and so used. There is no Huguenot cemetery.



THE CATHEDRAL.



GARDEN OVERLOOKING PLAZA.

have mustered, and after them Seminole war volunteers, Confederates and Federals—has been transformed into a pleasure park, now more beautiful, we may well believe, than even in the palmy days when famous for its orange trees of marvelous size and bearing. Though the shaft of masonry erected here in 1812 still remains, it is itself a grim monument of mutability, for its inscription with fine irony proclaims the *eterna memoria*—the eternal remembrance—of a political constitution, which passed almost immediately away and left no impress on individuals nor governments.* The Spanish market-and-pilot-house, with the pilot-boats drawn up on the shore—for there was no walled basin in those times—was long ago succeeded by another market, and that in turn by the structure now used for a music stand. Northeast of the plaza, where once stood the Spanish guard-house, with stocks and pillory, now rises a

* Charles IV. having been compelled to abdicate the Spanish throne in favor of Ferdinand VII., Napoleon Bonaparte was called upon to arbitrate between them. He extorted from both a resignation of their claims, and placed his own brother, Joseph Napoleon, on the throne (1808). An insurrection of the Spanish people followed. The French troops were employed to support Napoleon, and England, recognizing the claims of Ferdinand VII., aided the cause of the insurgents. In 1812, the Spanish Cortes (the legislative body representing the insurgents) completed the formation of a new and liberal constitution. In commemoration of this, monuments were erected in Spain and the Spanish provinces. Among others was this one in the province of Florida, the square then taking the name *Plaza de la Constitucion*. Finally, in 1814, the war for independence was brought to a successful termination; and Ferdinand VII., having pledged himself to support the new constitution, was recalled to the throne. Once in power, almost his first act was to repudiate the new constitution and declare it null and void. Throughout Spain and her American dependencies it was commanded that the monuments erected two years previously in commemoration of the constitution, should be destroyed. Notwithstanding the royal decree, this one in Florida was not torn down. The tablets were removed, but four years later (1818) were restored to their places, where they have remained ever since.

modern hotel. At the head of the same square, where the lattice gate led through the high wall to the convent beyond, a glass door now opens into a shop, where Yankee notions are on sale. Further down St. George street, the smart picket fence of a hotel yard has supplanted the pilastered wall of that famous mansion, which the Spanish treasurer began to build on so magnificent a scale that the Spanish occupation did not suffice to complete it.* Even the pillars of the city gate, which next to the fort are the chief memorials of Old St. Augustine, have barely escaped demolition at the hand of the vandal; for once upon a time, a contractor was assigned the work of building a stone causeway from the gate, in the place of the old draw-bridge, which formerly crossed the ditch at that point; and being in need of coquina, this unworthy workman, laying violent hands upon what was nearest, began to tear away the gateway pillars. Compelled to restore the plundered stone to its place, he botched the work, and in the clumsy restoration has left an enduring monument of his lazy shiftlessness. In the march of improvement, other venerable relics of the town's ancient defenses have fared less fortunately. One of the picturesque coquina batteries, with its quaint and foreign air, a monument which had bravely survived the assaults of armed foes, the changes of empire and the corroding tooth of time, and which should have been always zealously protected by an intelligent public sentiment, was demolished at last, that, forsooth, the upper

* This was on the corner of St. George street and the lane called Treasury street—a corruption of the Spanish name, which signified “the street where the Treasurer lives.”

windows of a boarding-house might command a more extended view.

Such is the spirit of the age. Down with the old lines. Let them no longer cumber the earth. Time has leveled the ramparts, and filled the ditch with the blowing sands. It is a good work—this of time; and we will do our own share, too, by carting off the earth from the old redoubts and with it filling in building lots for new houses. Why not? The defenses fulfilled their mission long ago, in those days when the jealous Spaniard built them to repel intruders from his domain; but in these later years we have no wish to keep strangers out; whoever will, may come. So reasons new St. Augustine, carpenter's saw in one hand, paint pot in the other. You may hear it in the rumble of the railroad train from the North, whizzing in through the lines, where once the sentinel's sharp challenge halted the stranger at the stockaded defenses; in the shriek of the locomotive beyond the San Sebastian, where once the mellow notes of the bugle told the coming of the mail; and in the clatter of omnibus and hack over the bridge, where once the toiling rope-ferry crawled from shore to shore. You may listen to its telling all day long in the discordant din of a steam saw-mill, on the site where once the sentinel's *alerta* passed along the line and angry artillery thundered; and you may hear it again at night, in the evening melodies of the great hotel, by whose ambitious turrets the frowning battlements of Fort Marion—once so impressive from the harbor—have been dwarfed and belittled.

So the old has passed away; and by shortsighted vandalism the ancient landmarks have been leveled with the

ground; but with the destruction of these moss-grown monuments the town's three centuries have not been blotted out, nor is their story taken away; and as here and there the remnants of some venerable wall yet endure, so the romance of the Old St. Augustine of yesterday remains, to add its charm to those of the fountains and the gardens, the waving palms and the perfumed groves of the new St. Augustine of to-day.



FORT MARION, THE WEST CURTAIN.

XVIII.

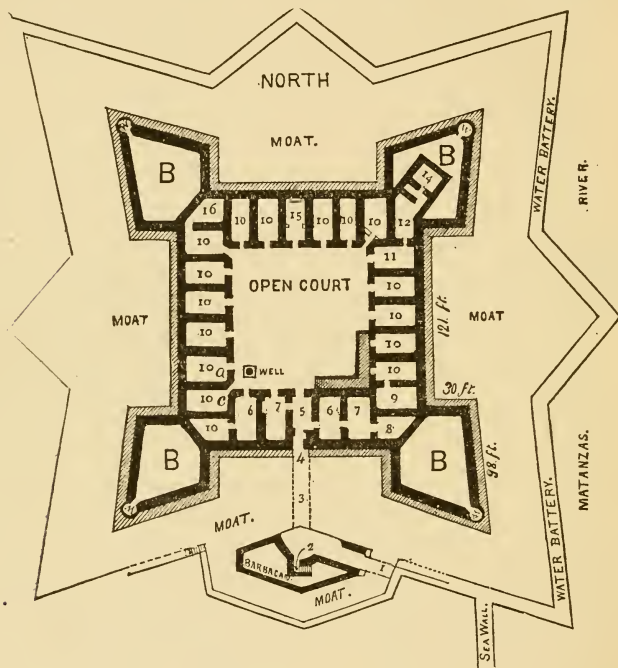
FORT MARION.



WHEN the Spaniards came to the River of Dolphins, in 1565, they converted the Indian council house of Seloy into a temporary defense. This was succeeded by a fort of logs, the Fort San Juan de Pinos taken by Drake; and this in turn gave way to the foundations of the substantial structure of stone which is still standing. After a century of toil by an army of troops, bands of Indian captives, slaves, convicts and exiles, Fort San Marco was finally completed in 1756. So great was the expenditure involved, that the Spanish monarch—into whose coffers the rich streams from the Indies had long since ceased to flow—exclaimed, when told of its cost, that the curtains and bastions must have been built of solid silver dollars.

The fortification is a regular polygon, of four equal curtains and four equal bastions. It is surrounded by a moat, and is defended on the east by a water battery, and on the other three sides by a glacis. The sally-port, on the south, is further protected by a barbican or demilune. The sally-port was reached by a stationary bridge extend-

ing partially across the moat, and then by a draw-bridge.* The material of which the fort is constructed is a soft shell concretion, called coquina. It was quarried on the



* From the crest of the artificial hill of earth (the glacis) a bridge (1), formerly draw-bridge, leads across moat to barbican. On the barbican at the stairway (2) are the arms of Spain. A bridge (3), formerly a draw-bridge, leads to sally-port (4), where was a heavy door (portcullis). The escutcheon above bears arms of Spain; the Spanish legend, now partially obliterated, set forth that "Don Ferdinand the VI., being King of Spain, and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Hereda, being Governor and Captain General of this place, San Augustin of Florida, and its province, this Fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain Engineer, Don Pedro de Brozas y Garay." Within, on right of entrance (5), are bake-room (6) and two dark chambers (7, 8); on left is the

island opposite the town; and being of a spongy, elastic composition, was well adapted to withstand a bombardment from such artillery as was used a hundred years ago.

guard-room (7) and officers' room (7). Around the court are casemates (10) some formerly having upper rooms. The windows (embrasures) are high up near the arched ceilings. From first east casemate a door leads into dark chamber (9). From casemate 11 entrance is had to a dark chamber (12), thence by narrow passage through wall 5 feet thick into a space 5 feet wide; and by a low aperture 2 feet square through another wall 5 feet thick, into an innermost chamber (14), $19\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ feet and 8 feet high, with arched roof of solid masonry. This was perhaps a powder-magazine or bomb-proof. It is probable that: when the water percolated down, this chamber became damp and unwholesome, fell into disuse, became a receptacle for rubbish, bred fevers, and was finally, as a sanitary measure, walled up. The entrance from the chamber (12) was closed by the Spaniards shortly before Florida was ceded to the United States. [This is on authority of Mr. Cristobal Bravo, who then, a boy, was employed in the fort.] In the chapel (15) the altar and niches still remain. Outside, over entrance is a memorial tablet set in wall by the French astronomers who here observed the transit of Venus. 16 is a dark room. Casemate 10a was used as the treasury. In 10c Coacoochee was confined. The court is 103x109 feet. Cannon were rolled up the inclined plane (now worn into resemblance of a stairway) to platform (terreplein) of ramparts. At outer angle of each bastion (B) was a sentry-box (W). That on northeast was also a watch-tower (25 feet high). The one on northwest is fallen. Distance from watch-tower to watch-tower, 317 feet. The curtains (walls extending from bastion to bastion) and the bastion walls are 9 feet thick at base, $4\frac{1}{2}$ at top, and 25 feet high above present moat level. The moat, 40 feet wide, formerly deeper than now, with concrete floor, was kept scrupulously clean, and flooded at high tide from the river. The narrower level space beyond the moat is the covered way; and the wider levels are the places-of-arms. The troops, who gathered here to repel assault, were defended by the outer wall (parapet), from which the great embankment of earth (the glacis) slopes. The stone water-battery on the east was rebuilt in 1842. The hot shot furnace, in front of east curtain, was built in 1844. The last use of the cannon, mounted at the water-battery, was for quarantine. When a vessel arrived, a blank charge was fired as a signal for it to anchor, that the health officer of the port might go out to inspect it. The last historic shot from Fort Marion was from one of these guns. It was in 1867. A little schooner, built in St. Augustine and launched from the sea-wall, had been named in honor of the commandant of the post, Colonel John T. Sprague. From the initial trip the schooner arrived off the bar one Sunday morning. The people on their way to church heard the quarantine gun; and soon after the town was thrown into excitement by the screech of a cannon ball. It subsequently transpired that the captain, unmindful of quarantine regulations, had taken the first shot for a salute to his be-Coloneled schooner; and with all his bunting flung to the breeze, he sailed grandly on. But of the shot across his bows there could be no mistaking the intent. The captain of the *Colonel John T. Sprague* promptly lowered sail and let go the anchor, but struck his colors never.

How conspicuous was the part taken by the fort in deciding the fortunes of Florida and of North America, has been already told; but still more romantic than the record of sieges and political mutations, would be the story of those who from time to time and on one pretext or another have been confined within its walls. Here and there, in the chronicles of the fitful years of conflict between Spanish Florida and the British colonies, we may catch glimpses of such prisoners—now an English mother brought here by savage Yemassee;* again, English seamen taken by Spanish galleys; and then, the Highlanders surprised in Fort Moosa by nocturnal sortie.†

* While the colony was thus harassed with fears and troubles and rigorous landlords to enhance their misery, their savage neighbors were also now and then making incursions into their settlements, and spreading havoc among the scattered families. At this time a scalping party penetrated as far as the Euhah lands, where, having surprised John Levit and two of his neighbors, they knocked out their brains with their tomahawks. They then seized Mrs. Barrows and one of her children and carried them off with them. The child by the way finding himself in barbarous hands, began to cry, upon which they put him to death. The distressed mother being unable to refrain from tears, while her child was murdered before her eyes, was given to understand that she must not weep, if she desired not to share the same fate. Upon her arrival at Augustine, she would have been immediately sent to prison, but one of the Yemassee kings declared that he knew her from her infancy to be a good woman, interceded for her liberty and begged she might be sent home to her husband. This favor, however, the Spanish Governor refused to grant; and the garrison seemed to triumph with the Indians in the number of their scalps. When Mr. Barrows went to Augustine to procure the release of his wife, he also was shut up in prison along with her, where he soon after died, but she survived all the hardships of hunger, sickness, and confinement to give a relation of her barbarous treatment. After her return to Carolina she reported to Governor Johnson that the Huspah king who had taken her prisoner and carried her off informed her he had orders from the Spanish Governor to spare no white man, but to bring every negro alive to Augustine, and that rewards were given to Indians for their prisoners to encourage them to engage in such rapacious and murderous enterprises.—*Hewitt's South Carolina.*

† During the siege by Oglethorpe, in a night attack by the Spaniards on Fort Moosa, twenty Highlanders were taken and brought into the fort, where they were kept in close confinement three months.

In Revolutionary times the fort was used for the imprisonment of Patriots from Charleston,* of crews of ships taken by privateers from St. Augustine, and of Georgians who had fallen into the hands of McGirth's men. In subsequent years, when the Spaniards had come again, McGirth himself heard the clank of the prison bars behind him, and through five slow years of darkness lingered in the cell known long afterward as "McGirth's dungeon."† Then came, victim of Spanish rancor, General McIntosh, for whose release a sightless wife made unavailing plea, in letters of such pathetic eloquence that, though they did not melt the obdurate heart of the Span-

* At one of the Sabbath services held by the paroled Patriots in St. Augustine, the minister, Rev. John Lewis, preached a discourse which so enraged Governor Tonyn that he shut up the Charleston clergyman in the fort. After that, if the Patriots wished to attend service, they were compelled to go to the Parish Church and hear prayers offered for George the Fourth. (*Garden's Anecdotes of American Revolution*). They were permitted to write home, upon condition that they should communicate nothing about the state of affairs in St. Augustine. One of them, detected in a violation of this rule, was arrested and confined in the fort. In one of the long, dreary hours of solitary confinement, he wrote on his prison walls the following reflection on the vain glories of the world—

"Life is a vapour, man needs repose,
He glories but a moment, down he goes."

A British officer, to show his wit, wrote under it—

"—— is a bubble, as his scribbling shows,
He cuts a caper, and then up he goes,"

with a finger pointing at a man suspended on a gallows. (*Johnson's Reminiscences of the American Revolution*.) General Christopher Gadsden was confined in a dark dungeon, and for a long time was denied a light. Finally he was permitted to have a candle; and then, to while away the time, engaged in the study of Hebrew. How he was threatened with death has been told in a previous chapter.

† When Florida was reconveyed to the Spaniards by the treaty of peace, he [McGirth] became subject to their laws, and on account of suspicious conduct was arrested and confined by them five years in one of their damp dungeons in the Castle of St. Augustine, where his health was totally destroyed. When discharged from St. Augustine, he, with much difficulty, returned to his wife in Sumter District, S. C., where he ended his life.—*Johnson's Reminiscences of the American Revolution*.

ish Governor, one may not to-day read them unmoved.* Finally, the fort, which in its first rude form had barely sufficed for a defense against the Indian, and which in its prime had served for the incarceration of the refractory savage leaders, became in its decay a prison-house for the betrayed chiefs of that waning race. To-day, they show you the casemate called "Coacoochee's cell," and point to the narrow embrasure high in the wall through which the Seminole made his way to liberty.† Then, to the tale of the Indian warrior's captivity and escape, will be added the story how, forty years afterwards, the court and casemates and ramparts of the fort

* Ten years after the close of the Revolution General John McIntosh settled on the St. John's, and was making improvements on the south bank of that beautiful river, when, on going to St. Augustine, as usual, he was roused from his bed, at midnight, by a band of Spanish troops, accompanied by the Governor in disguise, Juan Nepomuceno de Quesada, with whom he had been on friendly terms, and by him was imprisoned in the fortress of St. Augustine. * * * * While he remained in prison all intercourse with his distressed family and friends was interdicted, and by the first opportunity he was shipped under a strong guard, as a prisoner of State, to the Captain-General of Cuba, and by him incarcerated in the Moro Castle of Havana. After nearly a year's imprisonment he was released. no charge having been presented against him.—*White's Historical Collections*.

† Following is Coacoochee's account of his escape with his companion, Talmus Hadjo:—"We had been growing sickly from day to day, and so resolved to make our escape, or die in the attempt. We were in a room, eighteen or twenty feet square. All the light admitted was through a hole [embrasure], about eighteen feet from the floor. Through this we must effect our escape, or remain and die with sickness. A sentinel was constantly posted at the door. As we looked at it from our beds, we thought it small, but believed that, could we get our heads through, we should have no further nor serious difficulty. To reach the hole was the first object. In order to effect this, we from time to time cut up the forage-bags allowed us to sleep on, and made them into ropes. The hole I could not reach when upon the shoulder of my companion; but while standing upon his shoulder, I worked a knife into a crevice of the stone work, as far up as I could reach, and upon this I raised myself to the aperture, when I found that, with some reduction of person, I could get through. In order to reduce ourselves as much as possible, we took medicine five days. Under the pretext of being very sick, we were permitted to obtain the roots we required. For some weeks we watched the

bustled with the throngs of the Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes, gathered here from the West to learn in St. Augustine the arts of civilization and the ways of peace.

moon, in order that the night of our attempt it should be as dark as possible. At the proper time we commenced the medicine, calculating upon the entire disappearance of the moon. The keeper of this prison, on the night determined upon to make the effort, annoyed us by frequently coming into the room, and talking and singing. At first we thought of tying him and putting his head in a bag ; so that, should he call for assistance, he could not be heard. We first, however, tried the experiment of pretending to be asleep, and when he returned to pay no regard to him. This accomplished our object. He came in, and went immediately out; and we could hear him snore in the immediate vicinity of the door. I then took the rope, which we had secreted under our bed, and mounting upon the shoulder of my comrade, raised myself upon the knife worked into the crevices of the stone, and succeeded in reaching the embrasure. Here I made fast the rope, that my friend might follow me. I then passed through the hole a sufficient length of it to reach the ground upon the outside (about 25 feet) in the ditch. I had calculated the distance when going for roots. With much difficulty I succeeded in getting my head through; for the sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. Putting my head through first, I was obliged to go down head-foremost, until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break. At last, safely on the ground, I awaited with anxiety the arrival of my comrade. I had passed another rope through the hole, which, in the event of discovery, Talmus Hadjo was to pull, as a signal to me upon the outside, that he was discovered, and could not come. As soon as I struck the ground I took hold of the signal, for intelligence from my friend. The night was very dark. Two men passed near me, talking earnestly, and I could see them distinctly. Soon I heard the struggle of my companion far above me. He had succeeded in getting his head through, but his body would come no farther. In the lowest tone of voice, I urged him to throw out his breath, and then try ; soon after, he came tumbling down the whole distance. For a few moments I thought him dead. I dragged him to some water close by, which restored him ; but his leg was so lame he was unable to walk. I took him upon my shoulder to a scrub, near the town. Daylight was just breaking ; it was evident we must move rapidly. I caught a mule in the adjoining field, and making a bridle out of my sash, mounted my companion, and started for the St. John's River. The mule we used one day, but fearing the whites would track us, we felt more secure on foot in the hammock, though moving very slow. Thus we continued our journey five days, subsisting upon roots and berries, when I joined my band, then assembled on the headwaters of the Tomoka River, near the Atlantic coast. I gave my warriors the history of my capture and escape, and assured them that they should be satisfied that my capture was no trick of my own, and that I would not deceive them. When I came in to St. Augustine, to see my father, I took the word of friends ; they said I should return, but they cheated me. When I was taken prisoner, my band was inclined to leave the country, but upon my return they said, let us all die in Florida."—*Coacoochee's Narration, in Sprague's Florida War.*

The fort, called by the Spaniards San Juan de Pinos, San Augustin, and San Marco, and by the English St. Mark's, having come into the possession of the United States, was named (in 1825) Fort Marion, after General Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame. Writing from St. Augustine, in 1842, William Cullen Bryant criticised this as "a foolish change of name." But why foolish? If Moultrie is thus honored, and Sumter the "Game Cock," why not Marion the "Swamp Fox?" Is it not the veriest romance of history that the Spanish fortress planted here by Menendez, the hunter of French Huguenots, should at last yield up its saintly name, for that of a hero in whose veins flowed the blood of other Huguenot exiles? And is it not the final justice of time that the British stronghold, within whose dungeons rebellious Patriots were immured, should receive, from the nation which those prisoners helped to establish, the honored name of one, who endured with them the perils and privations of its cause, and won with them the final glorious triumph?

Some years after the fort came into the possession of the United States, a portion of the northeast terreplein fell in, and disclosed a series of walled up chambers. Tradition has it that in these chambers certain remains were found, which were supposed, by the more imaginative, to be relics of cruel imprisonment and of the reign of the Spanish Inquisition. This tale of the bones in the dungeon was formerly received with the eager credence that the early explorers gave to the rumors of gold mines in Florida; but in later years, although the makers of sensational guide books cling tenaciously to the dungeon



FORT MARION, THE INCLINED PLANE

relics, skeptics have arisen, who deny the truth of the story. They probably are right. It is of no moment. The fault lies not in the story of St. Augustine's three centuries, but in its telling, if the chapters of this book have not shown that the romance investing Fort Marion does not center about the alleged discovery of human bones in its walled-up chambers, and needs not to be groped for with a torch in subterranean passages. The incident even if true might well be spared. Who thinks otherwise, has strangely misread the history of the changing fortunes which transformed the Indian council house into the fort of logs, and have converted Spain's proudly equipped fortress into this massive pile of crumbling masonry.

Recall the days when San Juan de Pinos was the defense of the half-starved Spanish garrison; and when of those huddled within its stockades, one and other braver than the rest, ventured out beyond the lines for fish or game, and falling before the blow of the lurking savage, came never again. Remember those long years of misery, when Indian slave, English prisoner and Spanish convict labored beneath the lash of the driver, and with burdensome toil and suffering unspeakable builded their very lives into these coquina bastions. Replace the heavy iron gratings of casemate and cell; send home the clanging bolt and bar; listen to the piteous pleading of husband for imprisoned wife and of wife for imprisoned husband, and hear the shutting to of doors upon manacled wretches, who from the gloom of that inner darkness shall never emerge to look upon the sun. Light again in the dim chapel the ever-burning lamp before the tabernacle; restore

to the niches their images, its cloth to the altar, the water to the font; and bring back the pageantry of ceremonial rites, chant of mass and murmur of confessional. Remember those momentous days, when Castle San Marco—standing here for the very maintenance of Spain in North America—bore the brunt of well concerted assault. Build anew the shattered defenses; flood the moat; raise the draw-bridge let fall the portcullis; mount the guard; fling bravely out from the rampart the banner of Castile; and let the artillery belch angry defiance of the hosts under the Red Cross. Hear the sharp word of command, the tread of battalions, the rattle of volley and the screech of cannon ball. Look out, with the famishing women and children, over the bay and beyond the camps of the besiegers on Anastatia, and scan the sea in vain for the coming of a friendly fleet; after the weeks of famine, hear at last, in the night, the shouts of rescuers; and then, the lessening drum beat of the departing British. Or, since you are an American, recall again those later years, when the soldiers of George the Fourth guarded Fort St. Marks and imprisoned Patriots languished in its cells; and keeping weary vigil with the white-haired Gadsden, let your patriotism kindle and in the damp-walled dungeon take on a brighter glow. So review all the stirring chronicle—

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight—

and then may be known something of that story—which

in truth is worthy to be known—of Fort Marion in St. Augustine.

A record more eloquent still have these gray walls for him who will listen to the telling—the wonderful story of the changes that have taken place since the fort was established here on the coast of North America, for Spain's menace to the world. Its age must be reckoned not by decades but by revolutions; not by centuries but by changes on the map of the world, the going out of ancient empires, and the blazing forth of new. It is a long span from 1565 to 1885, but a longer one still from the Sixteenth century to the Nineteenth—from the Massacre of Jean Ribault to the tercentenary of Martin Luther—from Spain, whose knights led the way in the conquest of a world, to Spain fallen behind in the onward march of the nations—from the wilderness of unexplored *Terra Florida* to the populous North America of to-day. The Spanish fortress has seen one band of intruders after another set foot upon the shores of the continent it was appointed to defend; and powerless to withstand their swelling hosts, it has seen these colonies gather strength, unite for revolution, achieve independence, expand into a nation of thirty-eight states, and fifty millions strong stretch out over mountain and prairie, across the continent, to the very shore of the Great Unknown Sea. The band of twenty African slaves brought to Seloy it has seen grow to 4,000,000 of bondsmen; it has seen, for their emancipation, a nation plunged into civil war; and has looked on—as a world looked on—to see that nation from the strife come forth again unbroken, with its bands of union welded in the furnace more firmly together.

Amid its garish surroundings the old fort stands to-day. Its outlines are softened by the elements; its moat is choked with the drifting sands; its turrets are crumbling; its walls seamed with the ravages of decay. The fig tree springs out from the rents in its curtains; tiny flowers peep up from the rampart; and summer grasses clothe the escarpment with their luxuriant growth—Time's banner of peace on the outer wall. Draw-bridge and portcullis long ago disappeared from the sally-port; the legend on the escutcheon we may no longer read; nor ascend the inclined plane to the ramparts. Gratings have given place to window panes; ponderous doors have been demolished; sunlight has been let into the dungeons. Stalactites depend from the casemate ceilings; parti-colored moss and mould bedeck the damp walls; owls nest in the crannies.

Crossing the wooden bridge which spans the moat and stretches over the centuries, you may leave behind the St. Augustine of to-day, and in court, casemate and dungeon, summon once more the shadowy forms of mailed warrior, manacled captive and dark-robed priest. As, lost in revery, you muse on the ramparts, the pleasure fleet vanishes from the bay and a phantom sail looms up in the offing; and as you look, the strains of the distant band on the plaza die away amid Spanish cries of alarm; and you catch the melody, now faint and indistinct, then shrill and clear, of the Frenchman in his little boat, "playing on his Phyph the tune of the Prince of Orange his song."

IN BRIEF.

- 1512. Spanish Expedition, Ponce de Leon.
- 1528. Disastrous Spanish Expedition, Pamphilo de Narvaez.
- 1539. Disastrous Spanish Expedition, Ferdinand de Soto.
- 1562. French Protestants, under Ribault, come to Florida. From River of May sail north. Establish Charles-Fort at Port Royal Inlet.
- 1563. Charles-Fort abandoned.
- 1564. Second company of French Protestants, under Laudonnière, come to Seloy. Establish Fort Caroline on the River of May.
- 1565. Ribault arrives with reinforcements for Fort Caroline. Menendez founds San Augustin. Fort Caroline taken. The shipwrecked Frenchmen massacred.
- 1568. De Gourgues destroys the Spanish forts.
- 1586. Drake sacks San Augustin.
- 1597. Massacre of Franciscans.
- 1665. Davis sacks San Augustin.
- 1702. Siege by Moore, of Carolina.
- 1740. Siege by Oglethorpe, of Georgia.
- 1742. Expedition against Georgia.
- 1763. Florida ceded to Great Britain.
- 1769. Minorcans arrive at New Smyrna.
- 1775. Minorcans come to St. Augustine.
- 1783. Florida retroceded to Spain.
- 1821. Florida ceded to United States.
- 1835. Seminole War begun.
- 1842. Seminole War ended.
- 1845. Florida admitted to the Union.

St. Augustine is the oldest town on the continent, north of Mexico. The date of its establishment (1565) was 17 years earlier than the Spaniards settled Santa Fé in New Mexico (1582), 20 years earlier than Raleigh's unsuccessful settlement at Roanoke Island (1585), 40 years earlier than the French in Nova Scotia (1605), 42 earlier than the London Company at Jamestown (1607), 43 years earlier than Champlain at Quebec (1608), 49 years earlier than the Dutch at New Amsterdam (1614), and 55 years earlier than the Puritans at Plymouth Rock (1620).

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