

You mentioned you were in hopes the war was nearly at a close and better times in Florida. It seems to me the war has only commenced. There have been more murders committed this summer and fall, than have been in the last two campaigns. The bloody seminoles have carried the war within a few miles of Tallahassee, killed Green Chain family, except himself and oldest daughter who accidentally made their escape, burned his murdered wife and some live children in his dwelling. Several in the middle Florida have been massacred in similar like manner, mostly our regular forces in middle Florida. Only a few left in the East to guard the posts.

General Taylor has thought prudent to lay off Florida into squares of 20 miles each and place a post as near the center as practical for want of water. The squares are numbered 1, 2, 3 and garrisoned by volunteers.

Last summer, myself and little Frank and his pony joined a company. Were stationed about 15 miles West of Newnansville. I suppose as sickly a post as any in Florida. I and Frank stopped there the first day of June. This post is No. 13 on the Sataffee about 10 miles of Fort White. About the first of October, we were permitted to come home and stop a few days. Your mother took it in her head to go to Tampa Bay, if the officer would let Frank go. I told him I thought he would, as he was a good man. She hastily fixed up, took our little wagon, and put off. As we had to pass our post to go to Fort White, the officer consented Frank should go, and he was very anxious. I kept their company to Fort White. Plenty of Indian signs all around. We landed safe. They expected to take a steamboat, "The Tallapossa", as she was looked for every day. I left them in high spirits, and returned to my station. About a week, I went to see if they were gone. Found at Fort White, no boat yet. My old woman gave out the idea of Tampa Bay, and was as anxious to come home as she was to go.

We landed home about 20th of October. As soon as we came home, all three were taken down with chill of fever, and we are none over it yet, though I think some what on the mend. The rest of the family are all in good health.

Little James is grown, and finally is a sturdy boy. None married--none dead. We all live in Morgan's old house.

I suppose you heard of General McCombs coming to Florida and begging the Indians for a little cessation of arms which was granted by the chiefs, on condition they would give them rations, clothing, and everything else.

They called for the whites, ordered not to molest them, let them do as they pleased, or pain of death or some severe punishment. But this didn't last long. The Indians could not keep from doing mischief. The volunteers and savages commenced their hostilities as bad as ever.

The old stupid General was not thanked here by the Floridians, and I believe its well he made his escape out of Florida as soon as he did.