

near Tampa, and Captain John Parkell in the Royal Palm hammock, in Lee County.

Many others were killed by his unerring rifle during this period. Old Billy was raised and brought up in such a way that fitted him for such bloody work. Old Tiger Tail and Sam Jones, big chiefs, his predecessors, were past masters in the art of such work. Old Zach Taylor, a Mexican war chieftain, says that the hottest fight of his life was with these old warriors on Taylor's Creek, near Okeechobee Lake. One hundred and thirteen men fell dead and wounded within two hours time. Colonel Thompson was killed there, for whom Fort Thompson was named.

I can't, for want of space, tell more of the bloody events of the old-time Indian wars, besides the lives sacrificed during these wars. Uncle Sam had to pay the pretty little sum of twenty million dollars in his attempt to force the Seminole Indian to migrate to the Indian territory in the far west. Still a remnant was left in the wilds of Florida, too stubborn and patriotic to leave the Land of Flowers. This remnant today are Indians to the manor born, never surrendered to Uncle Sam, and look upon Billy Bowlegs as a traitor to the cause of Indian liberty and Indian rights.

Fort Myers was a place of much activity during these eventful days, as was already stated. Her activity today is simply in accord with her record from the days of her occupation by Colonel Ridgely and named for that distinguished war veteran, Colonel A. C. Myers. Fortunate, indeed, is the city of Fort Myers in being named after so noble and distinguished a gentleman. Fortunate, indeed, is the county of Lee in being named for that distinguished and lovable a character, Robert E. Lee, whom the world has esteemed and delights to honor. Well do I remember when the time came to organize a new county by the people of the mainland of Monroe County, and the mass meeting held under the shade of the trees on the present school lot in Fort Myers. Proud indeed am I that when a name was discussed that I -- even I -- made a motion to name it in honor of the beloved Robert E. Lee. Well do I remember the enthusiasm in adopting that motion. I must narrate a little incident which occurred the next day. A beloved fellow townsman occupied a petty little office in Fort Myers, which he presided over with much dignity. Some one stepped in and said: "Judge, some people are protesting against the name of our proposed new county." The judge's eyes flashed fire and he said: "Let them protest and be \_\_\_\_\_." I will leave the dash to be filled in by my dear friend, Judge Cranford. Yes, we are proud of the name of our county and its seat of government.

Had we old times in that day been told that the year 1908 would be ushered in and find Lee county and Fort Myers what they are today, with a railroad terminal within the corporate limits of Fort Myers, and the hundred and one up-to-date utilities, and our Lee county with a population of five or six thousand inhabitants, it too, the most properous county in the state, we would have shrugged our shoulders with skeptical significance.

Now, in this day, let every citizen of Lee county be proud of these names -- Myers and Lee -- and reverence them, and so live and conduct ourselves as never -- no, never -- to bring reproach upon them. It is not a matter of whether they wore the blue or the gray. It is a matter of perpetuating the love and esteem and the memory of two great men.

END

A HISTORY OF THE EARLY DAYS IN FORT MYERS was written by Capt. Francis Asbury Hendry. Mrs. Frances Kay Hendry of North Fort Myers, Florida contributed a copy.