

men of Captain Durrance's Company, was halted at a creek about 12 miles from this place (Tampa), and 3 miles from the Campground, for the purpose of watering, a little boy, the son of Mr. Starling, one of the teamsters, inquired of his father, "What strange man is that?" pointing to a tree but a short distance from them.

Before the father could reply, his son lay mortally wounded at his feet—a deathful volley having been fired from behind the adjacent pines. All was confusion for a moment; as soon, however as the unfortunate men could realize their situation, they commenced a gallant defense. A Negro man, who had charge of one of the wagons, fired on the Indians. Mr. Hinson took his gun from him (the Negro), mounted the best horse on the ground, and, with the word "charge", started at full speed for Campground. Mr. Roach kept up a vigorous snapping, his gun failing to fire, until shot down by the enemy. Mr. Starling, whose distress at seeing his son wounded disqualified him for efficient service, received two fatal wounds. Mr. Hinson, after loading and firing several times, received a ball in his thigh, and immediately fled toward the Campground, which place he reached in safety.

During the entire conflict, Mr. Hatfield kept up a steady fire on the Indians. He, having taking a position between two mules, was untouched. When Mr. Hinson retreated, Mr. Hatfield maintained his ground.

Three or four Indians made a charge for the purpose of dislodging him, but seeing his gun presented, they abandoned their intention and returned to their hiding place. Mr. Hatfield then looked around him; Roach was dead on the ground; Starling was sustaining himself by the wagon, while his son was expiring inside. The old man said that he must die, and that he (Hatfield) had better make his escape.

It was but the work of a second to cut a mule from the harness and mount; at this instant a volley was fired upon him, but he escaped without serious injury—only one ball having scorched him. When a few yards distant, he ventured to look back; saw several Indians advance to the train; one presented his gun at the dying boy and blew his brains out.

Hatfield soon reached the Campground and found that Hinson and the Negro had preceded him. A company of seven or eight men were just starting for the late scene of action. Hatfield wheeled and in a few minutes they were at the spot, but too late to encounter the Indians—they having dispatched their business and escaped to the hammock a few minutes previous. The three bodies were on the ground dead. The savages did not scalp them, nor did they do much damage to the wagons. A large pine tree, behind which several Indians were concealed during the