Silver Springs Today

Silver Springs from the Air

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Silver Springs, with its Majestic Cypress Trees, Palms and Tranquility
A GLIMPSE OF THE SCENERY ON THE WONDERFUL BOAT TRIP

BOAT PASSENGERS FEEDING THE FISH
MANY FEET DOWN IN THE CLEAR WATER, BATHERS RELAX TO FEED THE FISH

LOOKING THROUGH GLASS BOTTOM BOAT, THROUGH WATER CLEAR AS AIR; A FISH BELOW
ALL-YEAR BATHING IS ENJOYED AT SILVER SPRINGS, AS THE WATER RUNS EVEN IN TEMPERATURE.

MANY ATTRACTIONS MAKE A TRIP TO SILVER SPRINGS NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.
Shrine of the Water Gods

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Shrine of the Water Gods

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Shrine of the Water Gods

I—PROLOGUE

"I am the sweetness of waters,
The light of moon and sun
The perfume of earth, the splendor of fire,
I am the soul in all that lives,
Time without end am I
And the life of things to be
The spirit celestial and supreme." 1

—Ancient Indian hymn.

WATER WORSHIP holds first place in the primitive religions of the world. It was the first of all things, the parent of all things. Even the gods themselves were born of water. 2 Adoration of springs, or rather of the spirits that ruled them, prevailed everywhere among the American Indians, and a grove by a spring provided a ready-made shrine. 3

Of all the regions best fitted for water worship, the ancient province of Ocali (earliest Indian name for middle Florida) ranks highest. Some new geographical term should have been invented to describe this expanse of lakes, rivers, sink holes, and giant springs, for it is more water than solid ground. And in the center of this aqueous land, as within a charmed circle, rises the greatest of springs, whose influence on the history of the native inhabitants was as profound as it was mysterious and carefully hidden.

To the modern magicians of science many things which mystified the Indians are revealed. And so before we trace the strange spell of Silver Springs upon the Indians let us go back into the unimaginable reaches of time and see how great natural forces shaped this wonder.

II—THE MAKING OF THE BIG SPRING

Late in the life of the world, only about twenty million years ago, the great granite plateau of Florida sank beneath the sea, carrying with it all records of its worn-down mountains, old forests, rivers, and animals. 1 So those who came to a later Florida found no gold nor even the bones of the hundreds of thousands of dinosaurs which had roamed that lost land. 2 In the warm shallow sea which then covered Florida lived untold millions of small shell fish called Foraminifera, 3 whose tiny skeletons fell in a gentle rain upon the gaunt frame of the submerged plateau, and built a foundation of pure white limestone four thousand feet thick. 4
Ocean currents brought clay and sand down from the continent north of Florida, and delivered these to the forces building the Florida to be. Meanwhile the granite foundations stirred like a giant asleep. The peninsula rose and sank, and rocked from side to side, but so slowly that the limestone crust was not broken, but only gently domed, so that finally the island of Ocala rose from the shallow sea, looking much like a prehistoric white whale, 150 miles long and 60 miles wide.

Between this new-born land and the mainland flowed the Suwanee Strait. Slowly the mass of soft, soluble rock rose from the sea to a greater elevation than it is now, and the warm heavy rains of the old world scored it with channels and funnel shaped cavities, and hollowed out great underground passages which widened to become subterranean rivers flowing into vast sunless seas of fresh water. Such a sea was to be the source of Silver Springs, greatest of limestone springs. Meantime the island of Ocala sank like the hull of a wrecked vessel, to about its present elevation, and this great underground cavern which was to produce Silver Springs lay below the water table of the ocean. But the marvelous purity of the sweet water was safe from contamination by the ocean salt, for the pressure of the great weight of its accumulated waters sealed the sides of the cavern and the surface waters of the island trickling through the sand and rocks from above, brought fresh strength daily to oppose the invading ocean. The rainfall over only one-fourth the area of Marion County is still great enough to keep the spring full. Over 460 million gallons of water per square mile are added every year to the underground area around Silver Springs. A new ally to resist the ocean’s threat is added by the weight of the solids which the rain waters dissolve on their long slow journey down to that nameless sea. Six hundred tons of minerals are still carried off in solution every day in the waters of Silver Springs. In the relentless passage of the homing waters through the thick crust of primeval limestone and in the lime they dissolve lies the secret of the marvelous brilliancy and transparency of the waters. Small wonder that this imprisoned giant burst the walls of his underground dungeon. Through a great fissure 65 feet long and twelve feet high the...
Shrine of the Water Gods

water flows—swiftly, because of the pressure behind it. Many other springs in the basin add to the volume of the water.

At its maximum flow, 801 million gallons of water a day come from the springs, enough to supply New York City. The bowl of the Spring is 400 feet in diameter and in places a depth of eighty feet has been reached, in the deepest fissures.

III—Water for Noah’s Ark

Having built a mighty spring, secret forces within the earth now set the stage for a second act in the long drama of its history. The time was almost modern, geologically speaking—about one million years ago. The old continent north of the island of Ocala became convulsed by inward agonies, mountains were pushed up in new places, old highlands sank in others. In this reassembling of lands, submerged Florida rose, carrying with it a fragment of ocean bed which joined it to South America, thus presenting the reborn land in the role of a mighty continental causeway.

The climate was warm and equable, much as it is now, and the abundant waters nourished rich grasses which covered the rolling prairies of Florida. So the water-gods of the great springs beckoned and the animals of the world responded. Probably never in the history of the world has such a variety and multitude of animals gathered as roamed Florida. Across the causeway from South America came armadillos, sloths, peccaries, tapirs, llamas, to graze and trample the rim of the great water hole, Silver Springs. From the far north, across another continental causeway at Bering Strait, the gigantic mastodons led an army of Asiatic immigrants down to the Florida plains—the rhinoceros, bison, horse, lion, great dire-wolf, and most feared of all, the sabre-toothed tiger.
IV—“Ab” ON THE CONTINENTAL CAUSEWAY

When we consider how few and small are the wild animals of Florida today, we may wonder what became of all that vast concourse of wild life. The answer lies partly in the small, light bones of yet another animal, found in company with mastodons near Vero Beach. These are the bones of prehistoric man, who staked out his claim to Florida and disputed with the mastodon and the sabre-toothed tiger his right to rule the water hole. Memorials of those struggles are to be seen in the huge bones of mammoth and mastodon which have been taken from the spring. Absorbed in their struggles to survive, neither man nor animals were conscious of the great changes which were again taking place around them. The world grew colder; the waters around Florida receded, absorbed by great ice-caps at the other ends of the world. The epicontinental seas were drained; gaps were washed in the continental causeways, and connection with South America was broken, like a frayed cable. The ice crept down over North America, never reaching Florida but changing it from an animal causeway to a cul-de-sac, where man and beast were trapped by their destiny. But though it was cold, life was still comparatively easy for these first Florida men, because they had at hand the plentiful animal food, fruits unfailing, and fresh waters they needed. And so they thrived, but remained hunters, for thousands of years after men in less favored parts of the world were advancing toward civilization by means of agricultural toil.

V—TIMUCUA, KINGDOM OF THE SUN

Though animals might not swim the strait of Bering Sea, man could still paddle canoes across the narrow waterway and so in comparatively recent years (five thousand more or less), ancestors of the American Indian began to come to their new home, by the back door. Following with unfailing instinct the old animal trails which traced the high ground, red men entered Florida by Trail Ridge and settled in great numbers in North Central Florida, in the vicinity of Silver Springs. Thus began Timucua, Kingdom of the Sun, where even the sun was a kind of water god. The reason sun and water worship was so prominent in the religion
of the southern Indians was that they reached an agricultural stage of civilization, and on the course of sun and showers depended the success of their crops.

The water worship of these people was similar to, though less elaborate than that of the Mexican Indians. The underlying principle was that the Sun was the God, the Moon the Goddess of the universe. The moon was the symbol of moisture or water, the sun of fire. But it was the moon or water goddess who came first and was the Creator, not the sun. So the moon was the goddess of mothers and children, and a spring their special shrine.

Contrary to oriental ideas, the feminine deities of the Indians were also the most powerful and represented the spiritual and intellectual qualities, while the sun, though beloved, was often in her power. The Timucuans sacrificed their first-born children, so that the sun might be freed from the moon-goddess and rise. The Paradise of the gods, the abode of the Sun and Moon, was in the east, whence came the mild rains, and the four attendants of these deities were the rain-bearing winds from the four points of the compass. Las Casas, famous early Spanish missionary, said of the Mexicans, “Around the principal water springs the natives were wont to erect four altars (also for the points of the compass) in the form of a cross.” The Aztec goddess of rain bore a cross in her hand. Other Indians laid cords across the tranquil depths of a lake to form a great cross. At the intersection they threw in their offerings of gold and precious stones. Among the Timucuans and later Florida Indians descent was through the female line, still carrying out their idea of a Creator. The land of the dead was west, a place of rest and sleep, where the sun went, and from whence he must be freed by sacrifice. But the dead, who must follow the sun westward, lay with heads to the east, hoping for a future life.

An old Florida slave, part Timucuan, part Creek, by blood, once told his owner that the name for Silver Springs was “Sun-ille-aha”, which he translated “Sunglirnting water”, a name which seems to express the idea of the union of their two major deities in this greatest of springs. Another possible interpretation
would be "Saw-ille-aha", "Saw" meaning "taker"; "ille," death; "aha", bend; or writhing waters of death. Underground waters were feared and revered, as the mighty power which daily carried away part of the land.11

These ideas are little known today because the Indian's religion is an exclusive, not a proselytizing one. What he loves most he says least about.12 But the more carefully we study his history, the more we realize how important are those beliefs as the controlling factors of his actions.13 When a writer is unable to understand these powerful motives, he is inclined to be fashionably incredulous and to pass them over in silence. But only when he interprets the record in the light of motives does his writing become intelligible. In this account I have selected mainly those beliefs connected with water worship, though there were many others. The Indians were great believers—all events were miracles and their faith knew no bounds.14 Accordingly nearly all their conduct, their art, and their architecture had a religious significance.15 My conclusions regarding the early Indian beliefs are based mainly on the works of Dr. D. G. Brinton, at one time President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the most distinguished authority on the archeology of Florida, according to the Encyclopedia of American Biography. The beliefs of the Seminoles and other later tribes are mainly to be found in Dr. Swanton's works, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The best established and most universal of these beliefs was that of immortality.16 If the Timucuan warrior should be killed in battle, he died happy, sure that he would some day live again.17 All he asked was that his bones should be preserved, for he thought it was necessary for them to be buried, to sprout later like seed, and reclothe themselves with flesh.18

Into such a land of sacred shrines and fanatical fighters entered first the Spaniard, trampling without knowledge or heed these children of nature. His was the opening prelude of the bloody story, but we shall
see that not one of the white races who came here were capable of understanding the natives they conquered—with the arrogance of their kind they condemned and destroyed the native culture, because it was different from theirs.

VI—VIOLATORS OF THE SHRINE

In 1528, signal fires rose above the forest near Tampa Bay and were repeated northward, until finally the news reached Ocali that Narvaez' expedition, with four hundred white gods, clad in shining armor, had landed on the coast, and were marching inland. Ponce de Leon's second expedition had been here seven years before but had not penetrated the interior. No white men had come in force to dispel their illusions, so the Indians still believed in the divinity of the white invaders, because their religion, like the Mexican, said white men would some day come to rule them well and wisely.

And these strangers bore terrifying proof of their godliness. Narvaez, the leader, was a great one-eyed giant of a man, with red hair. This color was a symbol of the Sun-god and seemed to prove his divine origin. Then his army had come by water, on the wings of great birds (sailing ships). Fifty of the men seemed to have four legs and two heads, for they were mounted on horses, hitherto unknown to this region. Moreover they were attended by great savage dogs possessed of miraculous keenness of scent for tracking Indians. The Floridians were not afraid of death, but "Efa", the dog, was the symbol of the water gods. And so they only tried to hide in the shadows of the forest as the cavalry ranged, looking for Indian scouts to guide them through the country. From the moment captives were brought in, however, the Spaniards began to earn the hatred of the Indians. Narvaez tried to terrify them into submission, by methods which had succeeded in South and Central America. These Northern Indians, however, were made of sterner stuff. Instead of submitting, Hurrihigua, Chief of Tampa, insulted Narvaez and for this his nose was cut off by the enraged leader, and his old mother torn to pieces by the dogs. Other captives, hoping to rid their village of this scourge, told him that northeast lay the rich province of Ocali. And so he marched...
inland and up the coast through fearful swamps and dense jungles which even three hundred years later were to defeat American armies in their fights with the Indians. For fifteen days he met no living soul but this was not because the natives were cowed—they were gathering to oppose him at a strategic place. Finally he entered the western part of the Ocali province and came to the Withlacoochee river, where he had to build rafts to cross. On the other side 200 Indians met him and fought like panthers. But in vain—arrows rattled harmlessly on that marvelous Spanish armor, and Indians fell in scores, while even more were captured and chained to the terrible line of native bearers who staggered along under the lash of the commissariat. The Spaniards entered the village so vainly defended and spread like hungry locusts over the cornfields for which the region was famous. Then the chief, Dulchanchellin, bethought himself of an improvement on the strategy of the Tampans—he would divert these monsters from his own province and at the same time inflict a blow on his enemies of Apalache, by himself leading the Spaniards northward into that country. So with a great show of pomp he went to meet Narvaez, borne as royalty always traveled in Timucua, in a litter on the backs of bearers. Three hundred warriors followed him; an orchestra of flutes, drums, and pipes led the way, playing to show that he came in peace. Dulchanchellin was elaborately decorated rather than dressed, as the chiefs of Timucua were wont to be. His whole body was tattooed in intricate designs from head to foot, his face freshly painted red, with inflated red fish bladders shining like pearls in his ears. For red was the royal color, symbol of the Sun, worn by Chiefs to show they were kindred of that celestial body. He appeared even taller than he was; his long hair was gathered in a knot on the top of his head and from this floated heron plumes, also dyed red. A cloak and robe of deer skin, beautifully dyed, were his only garments, but from neck, wrists, knees, and ankles, dangled gold and copper ornaments.

According to native custom, Dulchanchellin exchanged presents with Narvaez and then told him of Apalache, bounded on the south by the Guasaca-Esqui, River of Reeds—the Suwanee, that river which the Indians
told Fontenada twenty years later flowed over beds of gold and lapis-
lazuli. Eagerly the cruel and greedy Spaniards followed Dulchanchellin
out of Ocali lands, like credulous children behind the Piper of Hamlin.
Then, like the Piper, Dulchanchellin vanished, leaving them to a terrible
fate at the hands of the wilderness and Indians to the north.

Ocali was saved—but not for long. Eleven years later, on May 30th,
1539, an even more gorgeous and awesome company of white gods landed
near Tampa, whose wide bay so often betrayed the portals of the Indian
land. Hernando DeSoto with six hundred foot soldiers and two hundred
and thirteen cavalry was heading inland. This was the most splendid
expedition which came to America and it was marching for Ocali.

Nothing could save the water gods this time, for the Spaniards had
heard of the wealth of Ocali. After listening to the reports of Indians
near Tampa Bay, DeSoto wrote to Cuba his reasons for going to see this
fabulous land. He said in this, his only known letter, that the Indians
told him northwest lay the country of their enemies, where there was a
“town called Ocali. It is so large and they so extol it, that I dare not
repeat what is stated. They say that there is to be found in it a great
plenty of all the things mentioned, and fowls, turkeys in yards and tame
deer tended in herds. How this can be, I do not understand, unless they
mean the cattle, of which we heard before coming here. They say there
are many traders and much barter, and that there is an abundance of gold
and silver and many pearls. God grant this may be so.”

Juan Ortiz, a young Spaniard who had been sent with an expedition
to search for Narvaez, and had been captured by Hurrihigua, was found
living under the protection of another chief, and became DeSoto’s inter-
preter. Ortiz said he had not been into the interior but had
heard of the wealth and power of Ocali. The Gentlemen of
Elvas, having talked to survivors of the expedition, said it was re-
ported that the warriors wore helmets of gold, while Biedma,
a member of the expedition, re-
ported that the Tampans said
that the Ocalis were so mighty
that at their shout, birds on the
wing fell to the ground. Flat-
tering as this picture
was, it sealed the fate
of Ocali, in spite
of the most desperate efforts of its people to conceal the way there. The order of march was painfully slow, hampered as the army was with three hundred hogs and a heavy piece of field ordnance.14 But DeSoto could not bear the delay, while that golden mirage beckoned ahead. With only ten cavalry he pushed in advance, ranging the dense woods and vast bogs to find the road. He was thirty-six years old, full of courage and resourcefulness, but, as in this case, too often lacking judgment. Here lay the seeds of later disasters. But his men were devoted to him, for he was spirited, fine-looking, and an Indian fighter with a brilliant record. He tried to force captives to show him the way but they only led him into ambushes, though for this offense the culprits were given to his dogs to be torn to pieces. This was the most terrible fate the Indians could suffer, because of their peculiar belief regarding bones. Not even the bones of animals were thrown to their own dogs, because they thought it would destroy the game.15 Animal bones were either hung overhead in their houses or consigned to the kindly protection of the waters of streams. After death, the bones of a Timucuan were carefully cleaned and buried in a sacred mound. If they were destroyed, he thought he would not live again. Four guides suffered this fate but the fifth finally collapsed from horror and led them through the swamps.16 Beyond the bogs they found the country of Acuera, high, rolling, and pleasant. Here he found the roads so "broad he thought he already had his hand on the spoil."17 He had told Moscoso, his camp master, to stay behind until he should find some good reason for advancing. Now he dispatched two young men on fast horses to bring up the army. How broad this Ocali road was, may be surmised from the fact that DeSoto was looking for cities such as he had seen in Peru, where he had served as Pizzaro's second-in-command. At once we begin to wonder what goal had drawn so many pilgrims along that way, that their feet had written so wide and plain a story. We know that it led to that domed limestone region of great springs; we also know that national shrines were as common among the Indians as they were among the Europeans of the period, sought by pilgrims over an area of several hundred
“Trails and active barter in amulets, lucky stones, and charms existed all over the continent, to an extent unrealized,” says Brinton. But even this distinguished scholar was baffled by the meaning of these “Caminos Reales”, or royal highways, which he said could certainly not have been mere trails. Knowing that the Indian’s social life centered around his religion, it does not seem unreasonable to conclude that this great Ocali highway was a holy road. Certainly the desperation with which it was defended seems to indicate some such idea.

DeSoto found the village of Acuera deserted and sent Indian messengers to the chief, inviting him to a friendly interview. But Acuera would make no terms whatsoever. He vowed that “War never-ending, exterminating, is all the boon I ask. You boast yourselves valiant—and so you may be—but my faithful warriors are not less brave. And this, too, you shall one day prove, for I have sworn to maintain unsparing conflict while one white man remains in my borders—not openly in battle—though even thus we fear not to meet you—but by stratagem and ambush and midnight reprisal.” Twenty days the army rested here, feasting on the plentiful corn, nuts, and fruits of the region. But fourteen Spaniards strayed from the army in search of food or water and each in turn vanished. The next day they were usually found beheaded, quartered, and hung on trees. Vainly DeSoto strove to avenge them—he counted the death of fifty of Acuera’s warriors a small return for what he considered Indian mockery. It was probably not mockery but a ceremonial, for victims were usually offered to the water gods by hanging their bodies on the branches of trees. Finally DeSoto set out along the road—in advance of the army, as was his custom. The region was better, there were more towns and fields, and best of all in his eyes, the road grew wider as he advanced. He passed the towns of Acela and Tocaste and came to another where some of the people had evidently been unwarned, for they had fled to a nearby lake. The interpreters shouted to them and by threats, persuasion, and force induced them to come to shore. Thus they secured a guide who
Secoee Receives Silver Crown for Services in American Revolution

showed them the way across the swamp and river of Cale, the Withlacoochee. DeSoto had only twenty-six horsemen with him. These waded up to their necks, with clothes and saddles on their heads for "three crossbow shots", and crossed with ropes in the parts where it was so deep and swift that they had to swim the horses. Thirty horsemen crossed a few days later to reinforce him, and lost one horse here. They were now in the province of Ocali, where the first village was called Uqueten. Here they captured two Indians and found so much corn that they sent muleloads back to the army which was toiling through the swamp and suffering from food shortage. Indians beset them in the swamp and a cross-bowman named Mendoca was killed and several stragglers wounded. The Indians were not so bold now, however. They had begun to fear the white man's magic and to believe that his gods must be stronger than theirs because in spite of their most frantic efforts to stop them, the army marched on. It was never fear of actual things but this dread of stronger magic which handicapped the Indian in his fight with whites. So it was that quite unopposed, DeSoto approached the deserted capital city of Ocali, a town of six hundred houses. This is an unbelievably large number of dwellings for a Timucuan town, since each of their great lodges housed a hundred or more people. It is the greatest number of houses mentioned by DeSoto's chroniclers in his march through the peninsula. Even the great Apalache was said to have only two hundred and fifty dwellings. Thus may it be that the number is exaggerated but the exaggeration is by a contemporary writer who wrote his account from the narratives of three soldiers of the expedition. It is sufficient for us to know, however, that this was an unusually large town, whose great store houses held quantities of vegetables, nuts, dried grapes, and fruits. Like all Timucuan towns it was surrounded by a stockade (which our pioneers later used in their own frontier villages), the spiral entrance of which was probably protected by a swift stream since this was their usual habit. About a mile and a half below Silver Springs on Silver River, Dr. Brinton found in 1856 two Indian mounds with "every evidence of a very large Indian population."
Shrine of the Water Gods

Many authorities have supposed the town of Ocali to be either in the neighborhood of what is the present Ocala or Fort King, three miles further. But since the Timucuans preferred swift water to defend the entrance to their towns, and since Dr. Brinton found traces of an unusually large native population beside Silver River, it would seem probable, at least, that here stood Ocali.

In spite of its beautiful location and the abundance of food, DeSoto was of course disappointed, for he found no gold. He took up his residence in one of the great timbered houses thatched with palmetto, and daily sent three or four Indians into the Oklawaha Scrub to induce the chief Ocali to come out. Four young braves, gaily decorated with plumes, came to see the sights and to prove their own prowess, a thing required of any young man before he could achieve a warrior's standing. DeSoto, eager to make friends with their chief, gave them presents and offered them a feast.

The Indians accepted his food, though they probably were reluctant to do so, for they had so many food taboos the Spaniards could hardly have failed to violate one. For example, they would not eat beef or pork for a long time after white people introduced them because they thought they would become slow and brutish like a cow or pig. Deer were sacred and venison their favorite meat, for they sought to be swift and strong as a buck. The four visitors ate quietly, however, until they saw the Spaniards were off guard; then they sprang up and ran away so swiftly that no one could overtake them. But their exploit was to end in failure. Brutus, one of the Spanish hounds, was near, and seeing them run, pursued them. Overtaking them, he pulled them down, one after another, barking ferociously so that the runaways were paralyzed with terror. Again the water gods had sided with the enemy. A dog running and barking was associated with the "night-sun", the moon, that goddess who took the form of a dog and sometimes swallowed the sun itself. This moon-goddess, "Acuhiba", had a mysterious power over the water gods, too, and was associated with the darkness and terror of underground waters. The only way to rescue the Sun from her power was to kill the dog whose guise she had assumed. At any rate Brutus' fate was sealed, as will be seen. After six days Chief Ocali came out of hiding and visited DeSoto, who did everything to win his friendship. The Span...
Shrine of the Water Gods

iards thought he succeeded, for the Chief protested undying loyalty and agreed to furnish workers to build a bridge across the Santa Fe River, so that DeSoto might march northward through Potano. In the course of their explorations of Ocali province, DeSoto’s men could hardly have missed Silver Springs. But natural wonders and Indian shrines were not remarkable in their eyes, dazzled with the mirage of vast Eastern Empires.

Apalache was DeSoto’s next objective and for this he sought a bridge across the Santa Fe. He could have crossed this river by a natural bridge, but the Indians were giving him no free information. As DeSoto and the chief were talking, the Ocali Indians watched with helpless rage. There was their chief beside a sacred river, smiling and apparently pointing out places in its depths to a foreign monster who sought to enslave them. Finally their wrath burst the bounds of discretion and five hundred warriors rose from the thickets across the river, shouting, “You want a bridge, do you? Merciless robbers! You will never see it built by our hands!” Then they sent a flight of arrows toward the Spaniards. The dog, Brutus, was being held on a leash by DeSoto’s page but the shouting excited him so that he tore loose from his guide and sprang into the stream. Vainly the Spaniards called him—he only swam faster toward the Indians. The warriors shot their arrows at him by the hundreds and he gained the opposite shore, only to fall dead, with arrows sticking out of him like a porcupine’s quills.89 Thus the gods were appeased, but the Spaniards mourned for Brutus, as if he had been human.

DeSoto was perplexed and asked Ocali why his people were so angry, since he had showered their chief with kindness. The embarrassed chief explained that they had cast off their allegiance to him because of his fondness for the Spaniards. So DeSoto urged the native to go back to his people and pacify them. He departed, promising to return and bring workmen for the bridge, but he was not seen again. Whether he regained
his authority or not, the Spaniards never knew. So DeSoto was forced to use a Genoese engineer named Francis to direct his bridge making. Beams with puncheons across, secured by cords, finally made a safe passage for the army.

As usual, however, DeSoto went first to see if he could learn more of the country ahead. He ambushed thirty of Ocali's warriors for guides and forced them to show him the way. Doubtless they were not unwilling to do this, though they knew of Apalache only by hearsay. On August 11th he departed with fifty horsemen and one hundred foot soldiers. The rest of the army still stayed at Ocali, much disgruntled because they had not yet caught enough Indians to act as servants. Not knowing that green corn is best eaten boiled on the ear, they laboriously cut it off, pounded it and sifted it through their shirts of mail so as to make flour for bread. Here they first ate "little dogs that do not bark", the opossum, which the Indians would not eat because he was a night prowler. Word finally came from DeSoto at another town, Caliquen, that he needed the whole force of his army to advance further. The messengers said Indians reported that beyond Apalache lay nothing but water, but DeSoto had ceased believing them now. The army believed, however, and thought they would return to Ocali, for the winter at least, as previously planned. And so before they left Ocali, they lightened their loads by burying all their iron tools and many other things they thought they would not need at once.

VII—THE FRENCH IN MIDDLE FLORIDA

Ocali recovered slowly but was never afterwards unaware of the threat of the white man. Twice the danger had come from the south, but from now on, it was to loom larger and larger from the north. Thirty years of comparative peace almost restored the morale of the tribes of Potano, of which Ocali was one, and various successes of tribes in its borders against their neighbors increased their reputation for prowess in war. About fifteen years after DeSoto had disappeared into the northern wilds, the
chief of Canaveral, Oathcaqua, gave his daughter as a bride to Carlos, then ruler over southwest Florida. As the bride and bridesmaids were journeying towards their new home, a fierce band of warriors from the island of Sarrope (in Lake Weir, twelve miles from the present Ocala) put her escort to flight and carried off the princess and her maidens to their island home. Since the warriors “loved them above all measure”, the captives became contented with their lot, and the story of this prowess in thwarting two great chiefs spread through the neighboring tribes.

In 1564 came the first threat from the northeast. A French colony, challenging the claims of Spain to Florida, was built near the mouth of the St. Johns River, and the leader, Laudonniere, at once began to play politics with the three great chiefs of Timucua—Saturiba, Utina, and Potano. Saturiba's realm lay nearest the French, around the mouth of the St. Johns and north perhaps as far as Cumberland island. The villages of his arch enemy, Utina, were most numerous around Santa Fe Lake, though his own town was near the mouth of the Oklawaha. Potano, also an enemy of Utina, lived near the present Gainesville. Since Ocali was part of Potano it was very near the great enemy's headquarters, but fortunately a vast swamp lay between them and him. Northwest were Hostagua and Onathaqua, chiefs of the Apalaches, whose reputation for wealth was to be a factor in the political game of the French.

This brief drama was to have little permanent effect on the Indians, but it remains of interest to us, because the accounts of the French and the pictures of their official artist, Le Moyne, are the most important sources of information on the vanished race of Timucua. Le Moyne went up the St. Johns as far as the Oklawaha and lived to write his adventures and complete his drawings, in England, under the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh. His map of Florida (reproduced in the center of this book) is the first one on which Ocali appears—called by him Eloquale.

As soon as the French fort was built, Captain Ottigny sailed
up the St. Johns as far as Palatka, with two of Saturiba's men as guides. But instead of making war on Utina, as Saturiba had hoped, Ottigny gave presents to Utina's men and went back to report that Utina should be cultivated, since he knew where gold was to be found. So a week later another captain, Vasseur, was back again, listening to more tales of gold, in return for which he promised to help Utina fight Potano, "a man cruel in warfare", said Utina's chiefs. Truly the French had mixed their politics badly and for it they earned the hatred of Saturiba on whom they depended for food. Still courting the plausible Utina, the French forced Saturiba to give up two of Utina's men whom he had captured. Escorting Captain Vasseur, Ensign Arlac, and eleven soldiers, these men were returned to Utina's village. Here the crafty chief received them graciously and again proposed a raid on Potano, so Arlac and five soldiers with arquebusiers were left to help him.

Preparations for war consisted largely in ceremonies to propitiate the gods. In the only known original picture of Le Moyne which survives, a chief is shown pouring a libation of water to the sun, then dashing some on the council fire. The only time water was poured upon a fire was in time of war or death, for otherwise it was a sign of disrespect to the water gods.

Two hundred warriors marched toward Potano's villages with the Europeans in the front ranks, and Potano's men came out bravely to fight them. But when the arquebusiers spouted fire, smoke and thunder, and the principal chief fell dead, Potano was routed. Again their own gods had betrayed them, for thunder was revered by them, as the voice of the Great Spirit himself, and lightning feared as his weapon of punishment. Things struck by lightning were never touched, whether man, tree, or food. So the men of Potano, though usually fearless and loving war, fled to their towns, which were easily destroyed and the inmates captured or killed. As the fortunes of Potano were those of Ocali, it is probable that these French also laid waste the shrine of the water
Shrine of the Water Gods

gods at Silver Springs. The next French adventurer was LaRoche Ferriere, who was bent on trade rather than war, visiting the towns of middle and west Florida and sending back the gorgeous feather mantels of royalty, gold-tipped arrows, and wedges of a green stone like beryl or emerald.

These French travelers were eyewitnesses of the great annual Timucuan ceremony of sun-worship which was of course performed by the natives of Ocali, in the same manner as the other Timucuans. Le Moyne, the artist, drew a picture of the sun-worship and described its procedure. A large open space was selected, facing east and near the water. For Ocali, the most probable location would be the eastern side of the spring itself, for such a place would be dedicated to religious purposes and taboo for ordinary use. This was probably why the town was built a mile and a half away, on Silver River.

Here on the first of March, at the time of the first corn planting, the people of the region gathered to offer prayers to the Sun-god for his favor. The largest stag skin was saved, with head and antlers on, and stuffed full of choice roots, while garlands of fruits and flowers adorned the horns and body. Thus decorated they bore it in a procession with music and songs, to the sacred shrine. The procession started before daylight, guided to the spot by bonfires at intervals along the road. Behind the stag and the orchestra came the chief on his litter, with his warriors marching after him. All were decked in their best, the exposed parts of their bodies painted red, in honor of the sun. The women, in moss skirts and mantels, wore ornaments of shell and bright stones, with garlands on their loosely flowing hair. When they came to the brink of the spring, the stag was set on a tall tree facing east. The warriors hung up their weapons, for it was an unthinkable crime to quarrel here. Then the company knelt in a semicircle behind the stag, while the chief and his priest stood beneath the tree. In Le Moyne's picture the priest wears but a scant costume. Other writers say he wore a white deerskin robe, similar to the costume of the Creek priests of a later day.

As the first rays of the sun touched the stag's head, the chief began the prayers, the company making responses at proper intervals, bowing their
foreheads to the ground in token of their earnestness. At the conclusion
of the prayers, all filed down to the spring to cleanse their sins in the
sacred waters. Then, leaving the stag there until the next year, they
departed for their town, to celebrate with feasting and dancing this, the
beginning of their New Year.

From one of the Frenchmen we have also a description of those re-
markable ceremonial avenues such as led from Ocali town down to the
edge of Silver River. The one described by the French was at Edelano
(Drayton's island in Lake George). "At the coming out of the village
to go unto the river's side, a man must pass through an avenue about
three hundred paces long and fifty paces broad, on both sides of which
great trees are planted; the boughs thereof are tied like an arch and meet
together so artificially that a man would think it were an arbor made
of purpose, as fair I say, as any in Christendom." Many a later traveler
to Timucua was to testify to the beauty of these avenues and the sacred
mounds, expressing the sanctity of trees, water, and sun-worship. John
Bartram saw them in 1766, his son, William, returned to see them eight
years later and Brinton found them still distinguishable as late as 1856.

VIII—THE RIVAL GOD

Middle Florida knew the French for but a short time. In September,
1565, the whole company were massacred by Menendez, sent out by Philip
II of Spain to put an end to French claims to Florida. On the whole
the Indians had rather liked these French, in spite of their equivocal
dealings with the chiefs. Saturiba was very bitter against Menendez for
killing them, and waged relentless war against the Spaniards partly for
that reason. It was perhaps on account of Saturiba's uncompromising
attitude that Menendez soon succeeded in establishing friendly relations
with Utina. After he had overcome the French and founded the village
of St. Augustine, the great Spanish Commander came up the St. Johns
river hoping to find a water route to the Gulf of Mexico. Like DeSoto,
Menendez was fortunate in having a former Spanish captive of the In-
dians, called Fontenado, in his company, and sent word to Utina that
he would like to visit him. Now besides being under no illusions about
white men, Utina had heard disquieting things of Menendez, which filled
him with terror. Again it was not a fear of material things, for Utina
was a seasoned warrior. But it had been reported that this new leader
of whites had such influence with his own God that he could cause rain
to fall at will, having recently brought rain to the crops of a chief on
the coast. So this must be a new water god, and one who was greater
than Him the French worshipped, for they had been overcome.
At length Utina sent word back to Menendez that he would receive him, if he would come with only twenty men—and bring rain for his withered corn! Menendez was very conscientious in his dealings with the Indians and often tried vainly to deny his power over rainfall, but he agreed to meet Utina with only twenty men. So he left his boats near the mouth of the Oklawaha and started overland to the village. Halfway there the sky darkened, thunder rolled, and great drops began to fall. This was too much for Menendez' sense of humor—he slapped his knee and shouted with laughter, saying to a messenger, “Tell Utina, here I come with twenty men and the rain!” But it was too much also for Utina’s reverence—he fled to the swamps and refused to meet a man with such awful power. On Menendez’ return down the river, however, Utina came out of hiding and received a pair of breeches, a green silk doublet, and a hat from Menendez. “That Indian was much of a gentleman in face and figure, about twenty-five years old and very discreet,” wrote Maris, brother-in-law of Menendez.

Spanish influence spread slowly but surely over middle Florida. In 1576, Pedro de Andrade with a company of soldiers was sent from St. Augustine to aid Utina against Potano and other chiefs. By 1583 all the chiefs had acknowledged Spain’s control. The submission of Potano was a spiritual as well as physical one. By 1597, there were 1500 Christian converts in Timucua and Spanish priests had pushed far into the interior. The missionaries labored faithfully with their charges, but the result in the minds of the pupils was largely confusion. To their astonishment and horror, the good priests had learned that the Indians already baptized with water to cleanse themselves from sin, received a new name, and considered themselves reborn spiritually. This could be nothing less than the workings of the Devil to parody religion, decided the teachers. What difference did that make? replied the pupils. They worshipped the Power of Evil as well as of Good, giving each due acknowledgment of his power. Many converts fell back into apostasy when they heard they must renounce the Devil. Other principles of the new faith were in direct
opposition to old ideals of the Indians. Humility, forgiveness, modesty—none of these had ever been considered virtues by the Indians. But patience and kindness worked slow miracles. In 1609 Utina with his heir and chiefs was baptized in St. Augustine. Though the Potanos were among the most warlike of the Timucuan tribes, a little later, about 1655, there rose in this district the great mission center of San Francisco de Potano with substations in other villages, visited regularly by priests. Though pestilence thinned the ranks in 1617, the arts of civilization were steadily advancing and the Timucuans were known in the New English settlements to the north as the Spanish mission Indians. Only once more did this proud race rebel, and that was in 1656 when the tyrannical Governor Rebello ordered them to bring corn to St. Augustine on their backs. To an Indian man manual labor was a disgrace, not because he was lazy, but because his belief and manner of life made it seem expedient for his women to do such work. Asked why he did not help raise the corn, the Indian replied, “women know the secret of fruitfulness and can teach the grain.” Indian women were far from being the downtrodden wretches usually imagined. The Indian’s house belonged to his wife and by his own home he meant the house of his mother. Many tribes were ruled by a chieftainess, advised by a seeress, and led by a warrior maiden. Later the Seminole women, though they suffered most in the Florida wars, taunted the warriors who went west, because they did not die fighting. War was a man’s career, with ball playing and hunting to keep him fit at all times. The missionaries had come to understand their charges and protested to Spain against the Governor’s decree, until finally a new and more reasonable official was sent to St. Augustine. Spain had found the missionaries knew how to employ the energies of the Indians. Under their wise administration the men learned to raise cattle, hogs, and horses, so that not only St. Augustine but even Cuba was supplied with Florida meat. Orange groves of sweet, sour, and bitter-sweet varieties spread around the mission centers, where figs, plums, and
FROM THE DRAWINGS AND MAPS OF JACQUES LE MOYNE, FRENCH ARTIST IN FLORIDA IN 16TH CENTURY
Shrine of the Water Gods

grapes were also raised.

IX—"DEST. SULICA"

This Eden became too rich and tempting, bordered as it was, by wild tribes and predatory Charleston traders. In 1685 an English expedition raided San Francisco de Potano, carrying off church ornaments and slaves to Charleston. From 1697 on there was a rapid decrease in Timucua's inhabitants. First the Carolinians sent their Indian allies into Florida—the Yemassees of the coast and the Creeks of the back country of what is now Georgia. These did so well that Englishmen joined the raiders and between 1700 and 1706 nearly all of the inhabitants of Timucua were carried off into slavery.

But in the meantime the Yemassees quarreled with their English friends, and sought alliance with the Spanish Governor at St. Augustine. He received them gladly and allowed them to settle in the almost deserted Timucuan towns, most of the newcomers centering around the Oklawaha and the old provinces of Utina and Potano. These Indians were much darker than the Timucuans and less advanced in agriculture. But they absorbed Spanish doctrine and Timucuan tradition with equal facility, so that the old shrines of the water gods and the mission churches received their new converts.

It may have been these Yemassees who contributed to the multitude of Florida beliefs the idea of tree burial, characteristic of their tribe. As has been said, in all parts of America, trees, waters, winds, and the cross were objects of worship. The tree symbolized the source of life and so was sacred to the god of waters. It was this idea which had caused the early Indians to line their ceremonial avenues with trees. The Yemassees carried the symbolism further and placed their dead in hollows of trees, as the receptacle most fitting to preserve them for rebirth. Later the Creeks in this same region followed the custom, and especially buried very young children in hollow trees, carefully ceiled over, for fear a drought would follow. If a drought should actually take place, the people sprinkled water all around the tree tomb, in the hope of breaking the evil spell. Even as late as 1822, a traveler in the
ina sent word back to Menendez that he would receive him, me with only twenty men—and bring rain for his withered dey. He was very conscientious in his dealings with the Indians d vainly to deny his power over rainfall, but he agreed 3 with only twenty men. So he left his boats near the mouth and started overland to the village. Halfway there the 4 thunder rolled, and great drops began to fall. This was Tenedez’s sense of humor—he slapped his knee and shouted 6 telling a messenger, “Tell Utina, here I come with twenty ain!” But it was too much also for Utina’s reverence— wamps and refused to meet a man with such awful power. 7 return down the river, however, Utina came out of hiding, pair of breeches, a green silk doublet, and a hat from hat Indian was much of a gentleman in face and figure, ve years old and very discreet,” wrote Meras, brother-in- uence spread slowly but surely over middle Florida. In 2 the Andrada with a company of soldiers was sent from St. id Utina against Potano and other chiefs. 3 By 1583 all acknowledged Spain’s control. 4

The inevitable finally happened—England acquired Florida in 1763. Some Spanish Indians went with their old masters to Cuba, or stayed on the coast of South Florida, where they traded with the Cubans. Many Yemassees, however, came out of the woods and made friends with the English so that they were able to re-establish their towns which had been 4 on the Oklawaha since 1715. 1 But the Creeks of West Georgia, who had remained faithful to England, now came to Florida and received greatest consideration. Some Creeks had already penetrated as far as Apalache by 1705. They came in with English raiders and remained there in possession of the ruined towns of the former inhabitants. 2 These were the Lower Creeks or Mikasukees, who became known as Seminoles about 1775. 3 The Upper Creeks, called Muskogees, differing in language and blood from the Mikasukees, began to come from Georgia to Florida about 1750. 4 Secoffie, their chief, took up his residence in old Potano, renamed by his people Alachua (Paine’s Prairie, near Gainesville) about 1775. Thus he was but a little north of Silver Springs. Governor Grant, first English executive in Florida, called Secoffie

vicinity of Silver Springs saw the bones of an Indian in a hollow tree. 1 Another belief thought to have originated with the Yemassees was the faith in sabia crystals, a dangerous charm supposed to be found in an early spring flower. Before gathering it, the warrior bathed four times that his family might receive its good and not its evil effects. 8

The Spanish missionaries were not so successful in taming these newcomers. They chafed under discipline and the English came often to wreak vengeance on their former allies, so that the fugitives had to move constantly, the priests following as best they could. Weeds grew high and the fruit-laden orchards were untended. English maps showed a line across middle Florida in the region of Ocala as the boundary of Carolina, and traced thereon the route of the slave hunters. Here “Dest. Suliga” (deserted old fields) appeared, where Ocali’s rich farms had flourished for so many centuries.

X—THE INDIAN SIDE OF THE RIVER

The inevitable finally happened—England acquired Florida in 1763. Some Spanish Indians went with their old masters to Cuba, or stayed on the coast of South Florida, where they traded with the Cubans. Many Yemassees, however, came out of the woods and made friends with the English so that they were able to re-establish their towns which had been on the Oklawaha since 1715. 1 But the Creeks of West Georgia, who had remained faithful to England, now came to Florida and received greatest consideration. Some Creeks had already penetrated as far as Apalache by 1705. They came in with English raiders and remained there in possession of the ruined towns of the former inhabitants. 2 These were the Lower Creeks or Mikasukees, who became known as Seminoles about 1775. 3 The Upper Creeks, called Muskogees, differing in language and blood from the Mikasukees, began to come from Georgia to Florida about 1750. 4 Secoffie, their chief, took up his residence in old Potano, renamed by his people Alachua (Paine’s Prairie, near Gainesville) about 1775. Thus he was but a little north of Silver Springs. Governor Grant, first English executive in Florida, called Secoffie
and the other chiefs to Picolata on the St. Johns, and made a treaty with them, which provided that they should be undisturbed in the possession of the lands west of the St. Johns river. That country—the old regions of Utina and Potano—then became known as the Indian side of the river. During the twenty years of English rule, the upper Creeks, or Muskogees, grew very wealthy and their cattle and hogs increased to great herds on the Alachua plains. They enslaved the Yemassee, whose villages centered about the Oklawaha and Silver Springs. The legend of Winonah and Chulcotah might well belong to this period. According to this story Chulcotah was the chief of a tribe at Silver Springs, probably Yemassee, whose enemy was Okehumpkee. The latter is the name of a spring 120 miles south of Gainesville, which could have been named for a Muskogee chief. Winonah, Okehumpkee's beautiful daughter, loved Chulcotah, but her father killed him in battle, whereupon Winonah drowned herself in Silver Springs. The long grasses, glistening and swaying in the current, suggest her lovely tresses. The idea of lovers united in the waters of the spring is quite in keeping with the Indian conception, as the place where sun and moon, fire and water, god and goddess are united. Henceforth, in the opinion of the Indians, Winonah would be a hand-maiden of the water gods, for those who drowned, were struck by lightning, or died of dropsy were thought to be their special attendants.

A Philadelphia botanist, William Bartram, visited middle Florida in 1774 and wrote his adventures in a travel book which exerted a widespread and powerful literary influence in Europe. His description of the carefree Indian life enraptured Wordsworth, whose notes are full of "Siminole" and alligators. "Ruth" and "She Walks in Beauty" are two poems showing Bartram's influence over the great English poet.

The imagination of Coleridge was captured by Bartram's description of the underground rivers, great springs, and sink holes of the Ocala region, whose waters appeared from such mysterious sources. The result colored the poem, "Kubla Khan", where "Alp, the sacred river, ran, through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea." Like all travelers among the Indians, Bartram was deeply
SEIZURE OF OSCEOLA  
Shrine of the Water Gods  
GocU gods at Silver Springs.  
The next French adventurer was IaRoche Ferriere, who was bent on trade rather than war, visiting the towns of middle and west Florida and sending back the gorgeous feather mantles of royalty, gold-tipped arrows, and wedges of a green stone like beryl or emerald.  

These French travelers were eyewitnesses of the great annual Timucuan ceremony of sun-worship which was of course performed by the natives of Ocali, in the same manner as the other Timucuans.  
A large open space was selected, facing east and water.  

For Ocali, the most probable location would be the of the spring itself, for such a place would be dedicated to poses and taboo for ordinary use.  

The region gathered to offer prayers to the Sun-god for his largest stag skin was saved, with head and antlers on, and the orchestra came the chief on his litter, with his ching after him. All were decked in their best, the exposed bodies painted red, in honor of the sun.  

Adair too was impressed with the power of the water-cults among the Indians, for he wrote, "Men and women turn out of their warm houses (even in the coldest weather) singing their usual sacred notes 'Yo Yo' at dawn of day, adoring Yo He Wah, at the gladsome sight of morn, and thus they skip along, echoing praises, till they get to a river, when they instantaneously plunge into it." They had to immerse themselves four times and stay in the water until sunrise.  

Drinking from a skull was supposed to make one wise. Like the Greeks, these Indians thought the souls of the dead must cross water, after which they climbed the Milky Way to spirit land.  

For mixing medicine or bathing, water from eddies in a swift running stream was necessary, and so the clear, rapid stream of Silver Springs was of outstanding merit. Not only in the morning but whenever misfortune threatened, the Creek family bathed four times to avert evil.  

When the warrior went to bed, he said, "I am going to hunt a dream," and if it was a bad one, he and his family took to the running waters to wash it away. In fact they were so much in water as to be almost impressed with the strict adherence to religious ceremony.
amphibious. It was unlawful to put out even a cooking fire with water. Only when someone died, a kinsman grasped a firebrand in his right hand, brandished it, and dipped it in a stream, allowing it to sink to the bottom.

Bartram described the center of each town, a square on an artificial mound where stood the town house, flanked by houses which were open on sides facing the square. This square formation repeated the four points of the compass, or direction of the four winds, the rain bringers. Such were the Creek towns near Silver Springs, which were much as the chronicler de la Vega (in DeSoto's expedition) found the ceremonial mounds of the earlier Indians. The mounds were miniature representations of their mountains of tradition, “The Hills of Heaven”, or peaks on which their ancestors escaped the flood, that earthly paradise from which flowed the rains. When a rainbow appeared, the Creeks thought it shut off the rain, because its two ends stood in great springs, the water sliding down the arch into the sacred pools.

It is interesting to note that John Bartram, father of William, visited and described Mount Royal, possibly the site of Utina's town. “What a prodigious multitude of Indians must have labored to raise it”, he said. “North of the tumulus is a fine straight avenue about sixty yards broad, all the surface of which has been taken off and thrown on each side, which makes a bank of about a rood wide and a foot high, more or less, as the unevenness of the ground required, for the avenue is as level as a floor from bank to bank and continues so for about ¾ of a mile to a pond about 100 yards broad and 150 long, north and south. Seemed to be an oblong square and its banks four feet perpendicular, gradually sloping every way to the water. . . (The pond) seems to be artificial; if so, perhaps the sand was carried from hence to raise the tumulus, as the one directly faces the other at each end of the avenue. . . Here had formerly been a large Indian town. I suppose there were 50 acres of planting ground cleared.” So father and son of the distinguished Bartrams recorded their impressions of the old and new Indian towns of middle Florida, bringing out the great similarity of customs and beliefs.

On the mound was held the Green Corn Busk of the Creeks, a ceremony lasting four days (to repeat the magic number) to celebrate the harvest. An understanding of this ceremony of purification and renewal gives an insight into how well the water cults had survived. In August, when the corn was ripe, four days were set aside for festival. The first day a priest in white deerskin costume went to the square at daylight. Here he made a new fire for the village with rubbing sticks. Four young men, representing the first four brothers of the race, brought four new sticks (cut from branches extending eastward) for the fire, which was laid
they killed Bowlegs, his brother. Among the defenders of Seminole property was the young Osceola, who later retreated to Peas Creek in south Florida. The Seminole leader, King Micanopy (a nephew of Payne, as descent was still through the female line) moved south also, to Pelaklekaaha, near the spring called Okehumpkee. The destruction of Indian property in these raids was enormous, and in their eyes unjustifiable. Andrew Jackson had been fighting the Georgia Creeks, a part of whom fled to Florida. In pursuing them the Americans fought all Indians they encountered and destroyed or carried off any cattle and negroes they found. These negroes were an ancient source of trouble. Almost from the beginning of Spanish times, the Indians had harbored runaway negroes from the English plantations and the Spanish had encouraged them to do so. The negroes became the slaves of the Indians but their slavery was the lightest of servitude. They lived in separate towns from their masters and merely furnished a part (usually less than ten bushels) of the year's crop to the Indians. The Indians treated them kindly and rarely consented to sell one. Fear of being seized by American slave holders was deep in these negroes, most of whom had lived for generations in Florida. They had intermarried with the Indians and were taller, more robust, and fully as intelligent as the red men themselves. Their opinions had great influence with their Indian masters and they usually served as the interpreters when dealing with whites, as they spoke the Spanish, English, and Indian languages, while the Indians, disdaining the whites, usually did not learn.

Dealings with the natives were complicated by all sorts of white adventurers, and it was hard to know whom to believe, the Indians concluded. The Florida tribes were in a disturbed state of mind when the dire news reached them of the sale of Florida to the United States. Worse yet, their old enemy, Andrew Jackson, was to be Governor and Commissioner for the Indians. Jackson justified their fears by at once recommending that the Seminoles be sent west and grouped with the Creek nation under the same Indian agent. Jackson's influence was temporarily in eclipse, however, and the U. S. government heeded the Seminoles' protest against such a step. They were all opposed to being grouped with the Creeks under any circumstances, because they had quarreled and separated from the Georgia Indians, many owed debts, some had disputed or stolen property, some were refugees. Moreover the beliefs of the Muskogees made emigration an alternative of death itself. Their legend said that they came originally from the center of the earth. So the earth was their mother, the streams her blood, and to sell her would be sacrilege. The only real landowners in their opinion were the dead, and their word for landowner was the "dead".
Shrine of the Water Gods

Duval gives Micanopy and Seminoles the Ocala Area

Shrine of the Water Gods

Failing to get support for his policies, Jackson resigned his Florida offices and on Sept. 18th, 1823, the treaty of Camp Moultrie was engineered by James Gadsden, acknowledging the Seminoles as a separate nation and allowing them to remain in Florida, provided they moved to South Florida. The Indians protested against moving as far as Tampa, and Mr. W. P. Duval, their agent and friend, allowed them to remain in the Ocala region, where Fort King, an Indian agency, was located in 1825 three miles from Silver Springs. This location was no accident—it was near a spot where Indians gathered. Seminole towns of the area at that time included Aihapopka, at the head of the Oklawaha; Yelacasoche, at its mouth, (where Utina had lived); Oclawaha, somewhere on the river; Buckewoman’s town, near Long Swamp; Mulatto Girl’s town, south of Caseawilla Lake. On Blake’s map of 1839, the towns of Coa Hajo and Charley Emathla were also within a few miles of Fort King, while the area fairly bristled with other forts and blockhouses. One dire result for the Indians was the use of Silver Springs as a provision depot. Up the Oklawaha and Silver Rivers came the boats with supplies for the interior posts, which were unloaded on the brink of the spring. So the sacred spot was defiled and the Indians no longer sought it, though they made no mention of their loss. Such things were not talked of—when asked to describe the Green Corn Busk, one intelligent chief said, “it is not fitting to speak of these things.”

In addition to moving into a restricted area, the Indians promised to restore slaves who had taken refuge with them, but white men were allowed to go among the Indians to find their property. At once this began to breed ill feeling, for the worst white element took advantage of the situation to claim slaves, cattle, and horses which had never been theirs. The Indians were admirably disciplined by their own laws, but unfortunately these provided that in case of injury or injustice, the injured party should exact retribution himself, either on the guilty party or on someone of the offender’s tribe. This is not unlike the white code of honor of the same period, when the duel was the only honorable way for gentlemen to settle their disputes. So when a white man abused him, the Indian did not think it right to appeal to a court but executed his own sentence. Not to punish an offender, even though the latter be a loved one, was considered a sign of weakness, a failure in duty, liable to bring the wrath of the gods down upon the tribe itself. Soon conditions in Florida were intolerable for white settlers and Indians alike. Fort King became a real fort, garrisoned by regulars in 1827. Then Andrew Jackson became president of the United States and the policy of the government toward the Seminoles changed, to conform to his ideas. It looked as though Jackson had been right in the first place and that

iards thought he succeeded, for the Chief protested undying loyalty and agreed to furnish workers to build a bridge across the Santa Fe River, so that DeSoto might march northward through Potano. In the course of their explorations of Ocali province, DeSoto’s men could hardly have missed Silver Springs. But natural wonders and Indian shrines were not remarkable in their eyes, dazzled with the mirage of vast Eastern Empires.

as DeSoto’s next objective and for this he sought a bridge to Fe. He could have crossed this river by a natural bridge, as were giving him no free information. As DeSoto and his talking, the Ocali Indians watched with helpless rage, their chief beside a sacred river, smiling and apparently out of him like a porcupine’s quills. Thus the Spaniards poured their chief with kindness. The embarrassed chief toward the Indians. The warriors shot their arrows at him I:ls

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the Seminoles ought to be removed west. This they stubbornly refused to do, mainly because of their reluctance to leave the sacred places of their religion. Primitive man does not go far from home and a spot marked by some peculiar feature was soon associated with religious ideas and deemed sacred.20

Finally up the Oklawaha came James Gadsden again, on a schooner plentifully supplied with presents and rum for the Indians. At Payne's Landing, a little northeast of Silver Springs, he held a council on May 9th, 1832 and proposed that the Seminoles should emigrate and join the Creeks in the west. The chiefs protested, saying among other things that they would not receive fair treatment if their agent was the same as the Creeks'. But Gadsden, under Jackson's instructions, was firm. He said if they did not go, their annuity of $15,400 would be paid to the Creeks.

A terrible drought in 1831 had ruined the Indian crops, and they were greatly depressed, not only because of the limited food supply but because the lack of rain was to them a sign of the displeasure of the water gods. Such droughts were caused, they thought, by the presence of white men in their sacred places, such as Silver Springs. Here the "master of waters" had lost control.21 They agreed to Gadsden's proposals, provided a delegation of their chiefs was allowed to go west to see the lands. Some of those who agreed merely meant to temporize, others were doubtful. One who opposed the treaty but had no weight in the Indian councils at this time was the young Osceola, just recently come from South Florida to join the Mikasukees. He had but two followers, no rank, and no property, but was distinguished as an athlete.22 He was living three miles southwest of the present Ocala, near Bradley's Pond, and frequently came to Fort King to act as a guide. The Indians thought they were to hear of the lands before they agreed to emigrate, but the wording of this treaty was purposely misleading and said they must emigrate if the chief's committee were satisfied.23 The Seminole agent at Fort King at this time was John Phagan, a dishonest man who was soon afterwards dismissed for cheating his charges.24 He went west with the chiefs' delegation, however, and while they were still out there, persuaded them to sign a document at Fort Gibson, (called the Treaty of Payne's Landing) March 28th, 1833, which said that they were satisfied, and so committed their nation to emigration. This committee included John Blunt (a former guide of Andrew Jackson) who was to be exempt from emigration, Charley Ematha, Holata Emathla, Jumper, and their negro interpreter, Abraham. They said they liked the country but did not like their Indian neighbors. Major Ethan Allen Hitchcock wrote in his Seminole war diary, "The Treaty of Payne's Landing by which it was attempted to
Shrine of the Water Gods

showed them the way across the swamp and river of Cale, the Withlacoochee. DeSoto had only twenty-six horsemen with him. These waded up to their necks, with clothes and saddles on their heads for "three crossbow shots", and crossed with ropes in the parts where it was so deep and swift that they had to swim the horses. Thirty horsemen crossed a few days later to reinforce him, and lost one horse here. They were now in the province of Ocali, where the first village was called Uqueten. Here they captured two Indians and found so much corn that they sent muleloads back to the army which was toiling wamp and suffering from food shortage. Indians beset camp and a cross-bowman named Mendoca was killed and others wounded. The Indians were not so bold now, however, but to fear the white man's magic and to believe that his magic was stronger than theirs because in spite of their most frantic efforts to scare them, the army marched on. It was never fear of actual dread of stronger magic which handicapped the Indian as it was with whites. So it was that quite unopposed, DeSoto appalled a capital city of Ocali, a town of six hundred houses. A believably large number of dwellings for a Timucuan town, their great lodges housed a hundred or more people. It is not number of houses mentioned by DeSoto's chroniclers in the peninsula. Even the great Apalache was said to have a hundred and fifty dwellings. Thus may it be that the exaggeration is by a contemporary writer, that which accounts for the narratives of three soldiers of the expedition for us to know, however, that this was an unusual town, whose great store houses held quantities of vegetables, rapeseeds, and fruits. Like all Timucuan towns it was surrounded by a stockade (which our pioneers later used in their own frontier spiral entrance of which was probably protected by a swift rush was their usual habit. About a mile and a half below on Silver River, Dr. Brinton found in 1856 two Indian "every evidence of a very large Indian population."
Thompson refused further ammunition to the Indians and Osceola was furious, claiming his people were being treated like negroes (who were not allowed arms in slave states). Knowing that they had been tricked, the Seminoles matched duplicity with guile and made no effort to comply with the terms of the treaty, which provided that within three years they should be ready to emigrate. As the time approached, it was extended three months, and still they did not come in.29

The patience of the government was exhausted—in February, 1835, General Clinch was authorized to draw six additional companies to concentrate around the Seminoles30 and Fort King was made army headquarters for the six hundred regulars in the field. Tension increased—the Mikasukkees were frankly hostile and held a strong position on the Withlacoochee river. General Wiley Thompson was the Indian agent at Fort King, a kindly man but apparently of limited understanding of the Indians. On April 22nd, 1835, he called a conference of the chiefs and tried to persuade them to comply with the treaty. On the second day of the meeting, Micanopy was absent and when the chiefs acknowledged that he was unwilling to agree to the terms, Thompson angrily declared Micanopy was no longer head of the nation. This did not help matters and even Andrew Jackson reproved Thompson for interfering with tribal government.31 In this tense hour Osceola emerged as the man of the hour and began to take the lead. Though still but a sub-chief of the warlike Mikasukkees and up to this time friendly with the whites, he had already denounced the treaty of Payne's Landing for the fraud it was. Now he openly called the chiefs who favored Thompson's proposals traitors and told the agent he would die before he would emigrate.32 At the end of his fiery and eloquent address he drove his knife through the paper on the table before the agent. Some of the chiefs withdrew, others remained to sign. Thompson was astonished and perplexed at Osceola's conduct. Up to this time, the young man had been one of his favorites and he had but recently given him a valuable rifle for a present.33 But his comprehension failed to connect events in the young man's personal affairs with politics. The wife of Osceola, Che-cho-ter (Morning Dew),34 who had some negro blood, had been carried off as a slave by a white man and Osceola blamed the agent for her loss.35 The right to claim negroes from the Indians had by now become "first come, first served". Osceola's language to General Thompson became so abusive that at the agent's request, he was arrested, in June, by Col. Fanning. As he was dragged to the guard house he exclaimed in the Creek tongue, "The sun is high. I will remember the hour. The agent has his day. I will have mine."36 His hands were so tightly bound that the scars were still to be seen two years later.37 This was probably unintentional cruelty,
She was painfully slow, hampered as the army was with three and a heavy piece of field ordnance. But DeSoto could delay, while that golden mirage beckoned ahead. With only one push in advance, ranging the dense woods and vast bogs behind, he was thirty-six years old, full of courage and resources, as in this case, too often lacking judgment. Here lay the most terrible fate the Indians could suffer. Not even the bones of his own dogs, because they thought it would be a disgrace to seek to avoid the consequences of one's acts. And Osceola played his war game by rules inherited from generations of warriors. Probably Charley Emathla understood. At any rate he played the game according to Indian rules, which counted it a disgrace to seek to avoid the consequences of one's acts. And Osceola scorned to touch his money—he scattered it to the four winds on the spot where Emathla fell.

XII—OPEN DEFIANCE

Soon after this, troops at Fort King were ordered to one of General Clinch's plantations, Lang Syne, afterwards Fort Drane, a few miles northwest of Silver Springs. Because there were only forty-six defenders left at Fort King all the men were ordered to remain inside the pickets. But on Dec. 28th, the sutler of Fort King, Erastus Rogers, and two clerks, Mr. Hisler and a boy Robert, went to dinner at the sutler's house, a few yards outside the pickets, and bordered on the northwest by a thick hammock. They were still there about two or three in the afternoon, and, unknown to Captain Lendrum, General Thompson and Lieut. Constantine Smith were also outside, walking after dinner, about 300 yards away, near the same thick hammock. Suddenly the peculiar, shrill war whoop

Shrine of the Water Gods

Promoted by the fear of his great strength, for he was the best athlete of the Seminoles, first in the ball play, hunting, wrestling, and running. When he saw he could not escape Osceola resorted to subterfuge, a device in war which was regarded as justifiable by the Indians. He pretended to submit to Thompson's decree, and called in the chiefs friendly to the whites, begging them to intercede for him. So deceived were they, that they pledged themselves for his good conduct and he was released. To completely deceive the whites, he and seventy-five Mikasukkees signed the emigration agreement. A sale of Indian hogs, cattle, and ponies was announced for the autumn, so that they might take the money with them, but before this could be consummated, Osceola and the hostile chiefs called an Indian council in the depths of the Big Swamp, a few miles south of Fort King, at which they declared death would be the penalty for any Indian selling his stock. Five chiefs with 450 friendly Indians fled to Fort Brooke on Tampa Bay but Charley Emathla refused to go, and sold his possessions. On Nov. 20th, as he was returning home from the sale of his property with his money, Osceola and a band of followers rose from ambush and killed him. The Americans were scandalized, because Charley had been one of the chiefs who had secured Osceola's freedom. This is only one of hundreds of instances where white people have insisted that the game of war must be played by their rules only. It is not the purpose of this account to defend Indian actions—only to understand them. And Osceola played his war game by rules inherited from generations of warriors. Probably Charley Emathla understood. At any rate he played the game according to Indian rules, which counted it a disgrace to seek to avoid the consequences of one's acts. And Osceola scorned to touch his money—he scattered it to the four winds on the spot where Emathla fell.
of Osceola was heard. Osceola and sixty Mikasukkees rose from the bushes and fired at the two white men. Thompson died with fourteen bullets and a knife wound (probably Osceola's) in his body. Smith was also killed and both men scalped. The Indians then killed the men in the sutler's house. Their negro cook, hidden behind a barrel, saw Osceola enter the room first. Rodgers was killed inside, Osceola overthrew the table, to be sure no one was underneath it, looked around with a stern expression, and left.

On the same day that these events took place at Fort King, the Dade Massacre was executed a short distance to the south. Because of his anger against Thompson, Osceola chose to lead the warriors at Fort King and so could not take part in the larger engagement against Dade. But both bands of Indians met that night in the great Wahoo Swamp to celebrate their victories according to their ancient custom. The scalps of the victims were exhibited, the scenes were re-enacted with savage triumph and the warriors received their full reward of praise, which was all they ever desired.

Just after the outbreak, Osceola wrote a letter of defiance to General Clinch whose grim determination sounded like an echo of the voice of Acuera defying DeSoto. "You have guns," he said. "So have we—you have powder and lead and so have we—Your men will fight, and so will ours, till the last drop of Seminole blood has moistened the dust of his hunting ground." It is hard to convey an idea of Indian eloquence and imagery through the words of the interpreters, who often listened for hours and then translated in a few words. Caacoochee, another noted chief of the Seminoles, voiced his love for the land of the water gods they were fighting for, by telling of a dream he had while confined in St. Augustine. This dream, he said, had given him courage to do what no other man had succeeded in before, escaping from the grim prison of Fort Marion. His "twin sister who had died appeared to him, holding in her hand a cup of pure water which she said came from the spring of the Great Spirit—and if I should drink of it, I should return and live with her forever."

The desperation of the Indians in their fight to stay in the land of their sacred shrines can be illustrated in thousands of ways. When bands were captured, it was noticed that few children between the ages of three and fourteen were taken. This, it appeared, was because the children of noisy age, had been killed lest they betray the hiding place of the band. Yet the Indians were noted for their love of children and when told that out west their children could grow up in safety, an Indian woman, her reserve broken down, bowed her head and wept openly.

The double tragedies of Fort King and the Dade Massacre were the
command the Florida troops. He met with little better success than his predecessor, General R. K. Call.

Indians from other sections of the United States had been recruited to fight the Seminoles. On Oct. 19th, 1836, there were 690 Creek warriors from Georgia and 90 white soldiers at Fort Drane. Other tribes too now joined the fight—Shawnee, Delaware, Choctaw, 900 in all. Besides the pay of a soldier, the inducement offered by General Jesup (appointed to command Dec. 8th, 1836) was a share of the loot captured, slaves, cattle, and horses. Dogs were used to hunt fugitives, also recalling the exploits of DeSoto. The Seminoles had the same word for dog that the Timucuans did, though the American spelling renders it "Efaw" instead of "Efa", as the Spanish had it.

In September old King Philip and thirty-five of his people were captured, and his son, Caocoochee, came to St. Augustine to see what terms could be made for emigration. Caocoochee was held at the Fort, from which he sent messages to Osceola to come to a point seven or eight miles from St. Augustine to make terms with Jesup.

On March 6th, 1837, General Jesup had succeeded in making a treaty with the Seminoles, in which he promised that free negroes and slaves of the Seminoles might go west with them. On these conditions Micanopy, prompted by his negro, Abraham, agreed to emigrate and brought 250 of his people in to Fort Brooke at Tampa. Osceola would not agree, but folded his arms and walked away. "If only half that has been said of this indomitable warrior be true, he is a most remarkable man," said the Pensacola Gazette. Osceola's premonitions of bad faith were correct, for Jesup violated his promises by allowing white men to enter the Indian camp at Tampa and seize negroes. Thereupon Micanopy, Jumper, and other chiefs were rescued by Osceola and the war was resumed.

Jesup had been severely criticized for failing to end the war, and he decided to resort to desperate measures. On Oct. 20th, 1837, Osceola and a party of warriors were at the place designated in Caocoochee's message, within seven miles of St. Augustine, and sent word that they would like the General to come without escort to confer with them. Since Philip and Caocoochee were in confinement, Jesup said he feared the Indians might seize any officer who met them and demand an exchange of prisoners. He sent General Hernandez, but while Hernandez talked with them, Colonel Ashby's company was instructed to surround and seize them.

Hernandez was also carefully drilled as to what he must say, and as the chiefs stood with guns cocked and eyes alert, he reproached Osceola with failure to return goods stolen by an obscure chief, not even under Osceola's authority. This talk was merely to pass the time until Ashby
Shrine of the Water Gods

aw-ille-aha", “Saw” meaning “taker”; “ille,” death; “aha”, king waters of death. Underground waters were feared and a mighty power which daily carried away part of the land. 

The intelligible. In this account I have selected mainly those beliefs as the controlling factors of his actions. A reader is unable to understand these powerful motives, he is fashionably incredulous and to pass them over in silence. When he interprets the record in the light of motives does his work have a religious significance. My conclusions regarding the beliefs of the Seminoles and other later tribes are mainly established and most universal of these beliefs was that of the Timucuan warrior should be killed in battle, he was told he would some day live again. All he asked was that he should be preserved, for he thought it was necessary for them to be buried, to sprout later like seed, and relothe themselves with flesh.

Into such a land of sacred shrines and fanatical fighters entered first the Spaniard, trampling without knowledge or heed these children of nature. His was the opening prelude of the bloody story, but we shall should have surrounded them. It is true they were not in sight of a fort, were armed and not under a flag of truce, but their seizure was not ethical. Jesup was surprised at the storm of reproach which followed the capture and said, logically enough, “If it was lawful to remove them, it was lawful to seize them.”

Osceola was imprisoned at St. Augustine along with Caacoochee, Philip, and many other chiefs. At this juncture the Cherokees, pitying the conditions of the Seminoles, offered to try to persuade them to surrender. A delegation were brought to Fort Marion to talk the idea over with the prisoners. It was a dangerous mission because the decree of death to those suggesting emigration had continued to be carried out. Osceola’s sister would not even speak to her white husband because he was on the other side. The Seminole chiefs welcomed the idea of Cherokee mediation, and even Osceola said he was tired of fighting, but was too ill to say more. The Cherokees met the Seminole chiefs at Chickasaw Creek, sixty miles from Fort Mellon (now Sanford). Micanopy, Cloud, eleven chiefs, and twenty warriors came with them to Fort Mellon under a flag of truce, and were imprisoned. The Cherokees were incensed at this treachery, insisted on telling the prisoners they too had been deceived, and their chief, John Ross, wrote a protest to the Secretary of War.

But the Seminole spirit was not broken. Caacoochee escaped from Fort Marion and inflamed the Seminoles again at the news of this fresh abuse. The imprisoned chiefs were removed to Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor for greater security and finally sent west. Osceola was too ill to go, having developed a bad case of quinzy. His two wives and two children were allowed to stay with him, and great attention was paid him. Catlin, the famous painter of Indians, hastened to the fort and painted his picture just five days before he died, Jan. 30, 1838.

Those who agreed to emigrate were scarcely less wretched than those who continued to fight. The band of Holata Emathla, 407 in number, had fled to Tampa early in the conflict and on April 11th, 1835, started their westward journey. Three times during the forlorn pilgrimage the American officers in charge of their emigration were changed and the last one, Lieutenant Jefferson Van Home, was desperately anxious to end the journey. He found 78 of the Indians ill with measles and the teams waiting in camp “at heavy expense”. Moreover, he noted with exasperation, “Their proximity to the river enabled them to bathe the sick constantly in cold water which was sending them rapidly to the grave.” Their first conductor had battled vainly with the same problem—“Their mortality resulted from the perversity of the Indians in adhering to their own peculiar treatment of the sick; which, being confined to frequent deluging the patient with cold water—ended almost invariably in death.
And this could not be obviated, although after having exhausted advice, entreaty, and expostulation, we resorted to watching, threats, and force." The Indians were trying to take the water gods with them, but the strange places lacked the magic of their old shrines. It rained constantly, the wagons stuck in the heavy mud, and the harassed leader pressed on, hardly stopping to bury the dead. Another cause of anguish was this constant need to bury their dead in strange places. Touching a dead person polluted those who must bury them, and they feared they could not purify themselves away from their own holy places. "Someone ready to make trouble had put Black Dirt (one of the chiefs) up to require of me coffins and burial for his wife and daughter. Myself and Mr. Chase were obliged to expose ourselves to a soaking rain to effect this," said the lieutenant. Out of this party, eighty-seven, including Holata Ematha himself, died during the two months journey west. They had lost all their property—slaves and cattle having been stolen by Indians who did not favor emigration, or by dishonest whites. Out of the total of 11,702 Seminoles sent west, 4000 died in the course of detention and removal.

The balance on the white side of the ledger for the war was almost as appalling. Forty million dollars was spent by the government, and from 1500 to 3000 soldiers lost their lives, not to mention the number who were injured. Fort King ceased to be a military post in 1843 but remained a trading post and was the county seat in 1844. The town of Ocala was named in 1846. But it was 1856 before the Indian removal could be pronounced an accomplished fact, and even then several bands of Indians still remained in the Everglades. Among these was Chief Sam Jones, formerly of the Silver Springs area, who still refused to surrender, though he was over 100 years old and had but 38 warriors left. In the fastnesses of the Everglades their descendants live still. These will not allow their families to learn the language or ways of whites and their only contact with civilization is for purposes of trade. Recently a teacher was sent by the F.E.R.A. to contact the Indian children of one village on the Tamiami Trail. The chief endured her for one week and then announced, "If she stay, we go."

And so the cherished spots of the Indians—their sacred springs and rivers, burying grounds and fields—were shorn of their devotees, and their centuries of tradition forgotten. An alien race overran the land, to whom the shrines were objects of wonder only—curiosities without significance.
Shrine of the Water Gods

IV—"AB" ON THE CONTINENTAL CAUSEWAY

When we consider how few and small are the wild animals of Florida today, we may wonder what became of all that vast concourse of wild life. The answer lies partly in the small, light bones of yet another animal, found in company with mastodons near Vero Beach. These are the bones of prehistoric man, who staked out his claim to Florida and disputed with the mastodon and the sabre-toothed tiger his right to rule the water hole. Memorials are to be seen in the huge bones of mammoth andich have been taken from the spring. Absorbed in their urvive, neither man nor animals were conscious of the great changes going on around them. The world grew waters around Florida receded, absorbed by great ice-caps andmds of the world. The epicontinental seas were drained; the continental causeways, and connection with South broken, like a frayed cable. The ice crept down over Northraching Florida but changing it from an animal causeway, where man and beast were trapped by their destiny. But cold, life was still comparatively easy for these first Florida deer wander along the brink of the spring, lingering as if they were still honored emblems of the Sun. At the Reptile Institute, a modern white "medicine man", in a scientific manner, extracts venom from enormous snakes to send to hospitals all over the country for medical purposes. On a high diving platform, facing east, the new devotees of water make their swan dives into the fluid crystal of the springs. Modern improvements here are valued at a million dollars. Surely the water gods must be appeased with the number and admiration of their pilgrims. And to these modern pilgrims the story of the antiquities of the great spring may add one more appeal to the natural beauties of this charmed spot.

V—TIMUCUA, KINGDOM OF THE SUN

imals might not swim the strait of Bering Sea, man could noes across the narrow waterway and so in comparatively (five thousand more or less), ancestors of the American to come to their new home, by the back door. Following riestinct the old animal trails which traced the high ground, red Florida by Trail Ridge and settled in great numbers nal Florida, in the vicinity of Silver Springs. Thus began gdom of the Sun, where even the sun was a kind of water son and water worship was so prominent in the religion

EPILOGUE

Health cults in modern America are becoming widespread, especially those featuring sun and water cures, while anthropologists tell us that our race is rapidly assuming traits similar to those of the American Indian. Certainly to the new Americans, Silver Springs is no less an object of wonder than it was to their predecessors. Few of our famous men have failed to pay it a visit, and scientists, poets, novelists, and travel writers test their powers of description on its beauties. Uncounted thousands are continually coming to make the "journey over transpar-

ency". Every hour of daylight, the noiseless, electrically propelled boats may be seen hovering over the great boil, or the many fissures, while the guides explain to passengers the wonders of the springs. Fitting indeed it is that these guides are negroes, for just as these cheerful servants aided the Seminoles as interpreters, so they serve most effectively to convey the impressions of the half-magic water world to the more prosaic race of America.

The "enchanted pool" is appropriately surrounded by collections of objects characteristic of this unique region. A Seminole village has risen on its shores, giving the ancient race a share in the new life here. Tame deer wander along the brink of the spring, lingering as if they were still honored emblems of the Sun. At the Reptile Institute, a modern white "medicine man", in a scientific manner, extracts venom from enormous snakes to send to hospitals all over the country for medical purposes. On a high diving platform, facing east, the new devotees of water make their swan dives into the fluid crystal of the springs. Modern improvements here are valued at a million dollars. Surely the water gods must be appeased with the number and admiration of their pilgrims. And to these modern pilgrims the story of the antiquities of the great spring may add one more appeal to the natural beauties of this charmed spot.

The value of Silver Springs as a tourist attraction was appreciated by Americans at a very early date. Only a month before Florida became a state, James Rogers bought from the United States the eighty acres surrounding Silver Springs on July 1st, 1845, paying $1.25 an acre for under-water as well as dry land. His purchase was valuable for commercial as well as tourist purposes, since the Springs was the head of navigation and only outlet for the Ocala area until the coming of railroads. Barges poled by negro slaves were replaced by steamboats in 1859.

The first Florida railroads were but short spurs from planting areas
to waterways, so it was natural that Silver Springs should be an early terminal. The Florida R. R. and Navigation Co., operating trains and boats, was a pioneer developer of this idea. In 1888 the Florida Central and Peninsular R. R. from Waldo to Ocala had a spur to Silver Springs, but it was a long time before railroads were more than feeders for water traffic.

In 1891 tourist travel up the St. Johns to Silver Springs was well established, as is shown by the fact that a large hotel was operated by Prosky Bros. at the Springs. In 1903 there were still two steamboat lines running to Silver Springs, one being the Hart Line of Palatka. By this time, H. L. Anderson had bought Silver Springs and was operating the Silver Springs and Western R. R. between his property and Ocala. He sold his railroad to the Seaboard Air Line but, by a curious turn of fate, soon had reason to regret this transaction. This was due to the bright idea of a young red-headed lad, Philip Morrell, who lived at the Brown House at Ocala. Morrell, seeing that ripples often prevented a good view of the underwater wonders of the springs, fitted a piece of glass into a well in his row boat and began to take visitors sight-seeing, using the Seaboard docks for landing. This novelty was so popular that Mr. Anderson found his resort was losing customers to Morrell, and in 1903 a suit was brought by Mr. Anderson against the Seaboard for allowing Morrell to use the docks. After 1903 the Oklawaha Valley R. R. acquired the Seaboard’s spur to Silver Springs and extended the line to Palatka, a prosperous tourist center. This railroad continued to operate until 1922.

In the meantime, in 1909, Columbus Carmichael bought Silver Springs from Mr. Anderson and operated the resort until July 1st, 1924, when he leased it to Ray and Davidson for 50 years. In 1926-7 these proprietors sublet the Springs to the Silver Springs Holding Co., resuming control Jan. 1st, 1928. Since this date the improvements at the Springs have steadily increased and are now valued at a million dollars. Gasoline motors were installed in the glass bottomed boats in 1925 and in 1932 these were supplanted by electric motors, making the trip over the Springs a joy undisturbed by noise or odor of the engines. Silver Springs is perhaps the most successful and elaborately developed single tourist attraction in America today, deservedly famous abroad as well as in this country.

**SILVER SPRING**

Man could do little today to improve upon the natural beauties of this ancient Indian shrine, for here the beauties of nature are beyond improvement. But much has been done by art to create a background worthy of
Shrine of the Water Gods

ents brought clay and sand down from the continent north and delivered these to the forces building the Florida to be. The granite foundations stirred like a giant asleep. The sea and sank, and rocked from side to side, but so slowly that the crust was not broken, but only gently domed, so that finally Ocala rose from the shallow sea, looking much like a great whale, 150 miles long and 60 miles wide.

this new-born land and the mainland flowed the Suwanee why the mass of soft, soluble rock rose from the sea to a station than it is now, and the warm heavy rains of the old did it with channels and funnel shaped cavities, and hollowed underground passages which widened to become subterranean into vast sunless seas of fresh water. Such a sea was to the Silver Springs, greatest of limestone springs. Meantime of Ocala sank like the hull of a wrecked vessel, to about its station, and this great underground cavern which was to pro-

Springs lay below the water table of the ocean. But the purity of the sweet water was safe from contamination by the for the pressure of the great weight of its accumulated waters, the cavern and the surface waters of the island trickling sand and rocks from above, brought fresh strength daily to invading ocean. The rainfall over only one-fourth the area of Ocala is still great enough to keep the spring full. Over 100 gallons of water per square mile are added every year to the area around Silver Springs.

A new ally to resist the Spring is added by the weight of the solids which the rain waters a long slow journey down to that nameless sea. Six tons of minerals are still carried off in solution every day in the waters of Silver Springs.

In the relentless passage of the homing waters through the thick crust of primeval limestone and in the lime they dissolve lies the secret of the marvelous brilliancy and transparency of the waters. Small wonder that this imprisoned giant burst the walls of his underground dungeon. Through a great fissure 65 feet long and twelve feet high the

Shrine of the Water Gods

the Great Silver Spring—a setting for the crystal, as it were—and to place at the convenience of the modern visitor, who has followed the Indian trail, all the facilities that would make his visit more memorable and pleasant; so that he may enjoy fully the many attractions which, in the early years, lured the Indians to Silver Springs, and inspired them to make of it their principal water shrine.

All of this has been done in a manner which in no way detracts from the natural charm of the spot. The entrance drives have been landscaped, and native trees, shrubs and flowers have been planted along their sides. In fact that whole section which lies between the spring and the Dixie Highway has been made over into a huge garden where lawns slope down to the water and brilliant tropical flowers bloom throughout the year.

Across the water, and in contrast to the landscaped section is a tract that has been left untouched. Here all the wild flowers, ferns, jungle creepers, and tangled growth of a Florida forest flourish just as they did hundreds of years ago.

At the head of the Great Spring is the pavilion, where trips on glass bottom boats may be had. From the shores of the spring, the transparency and depth of the water cannot be fully realized.

Only through the glass bottom of one of these peculiarly constructed boats can one realize its crystal clearness. Once afloat, peering down at the bottom, one gets the effect of riding high aloft on some magic carpet, sliding along smoothly and silently over a vast valley. Far below, as though viewed through thin air—so transparent is the water—many varieties of fish swim lazily, or dart up to gaze momentarily with round, unblinking eyes at the strange creatures who have come to stare down at them.

The soft pastel colors seen in the depths are caused by the reflection of rays of light which easily penetrate the clear water to the bottom where bits of limestone and shell act as natural prisms and break the white light into all of the colors of the rainbow. The sparkling decorations on the underwater vegetation are bits of lime which, lifted by the boil of the water, have lodged in the submarine branches, making the trees resemble the jewel-bearing plants found by Aladin in the magic grotto. The underwater rainbows are not at all affected by changes in the weather; even on dark days, when the sky is overcast, the prismatic effect is still as strong as when the full sun is shining.

Caverns, grottos, and huge chambers, which have been carved out of the solid limestone by the soft hands of the flowing water, float past under the eye—all peopled with gars, sunfish, perch, black bass, jack, mudfish, shell-crackers, and turtles. The water is fresh, sweet and pure;
the 4,000 foot blanket of limestone that covers the central part of Florida acts as a natural filter for the rain, which seeps down from the surface, collects deep in the earth, and finally boils up again from the mouth of the spring. Tame fish come close and, when bread is offered, like puppies almost stand on their tails, begging to be fed by hand. At times the white sand disappears, to be replaced by under water meadows of ribbon grasses that sway in the rapid current, or by a submarine garden of decorated Christmas trees. At the end of the trip it is strange to raise one's eyes and find that one is on level ground, after having been floating, as it seemed, high in the air over some tropical jungle.

At the Indian camp near the pavilion, a group of Seminoles live in their strange, platformed, palmetto-thatched shelters, much as they did hundreds of years ago.

One of the most complete collections of strictly Florida reptiles in the state is that of the Silver Springs Florida Reptile Institute, E. Ross Allen, Director. Mr. Allen's collection numbers some 2,000 snakes, alligators, crocodiles and turtles. Allen, a kind of Frank Buck of the Florida woods and 'glades, captures many of his specimens himself.

As a dealer in snakes, wild animals and reptiles, he has found this comparatively non-competitive field most profitable. One of his chief sources of income is the venom extracted from the fangs of diamond-back rattlesnakes and cotton moccasins, which he sells to biological houses to be used in the manufacture of anti-venom and in the treatment of hemophelia and experimental cure of diseases.

Visitors come yearly from the entire United States, Europe and the far east, a never ending pilgrimage to the Great Silver Spring: foreign ambassadors, the great and near great of every nation in the world have come to see the beauty of the shrine. Officers of the United States Army Engineering Corps, in Florida to study conditions for the proposed Cross-State Canal, visited the spot, and, after a long and complete study of the spring and surrounding territory, announced that the water comes from a limited vicinity near the spring itself, and that the cutting of a canal would have no effect at all on the steady flow or the pureness of the fresh water.

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WYATT, N. C., Mas., Fla. the Fascinating. 1914.

NOTES

I. PROLOGUE
(1) North, Floridian Reveries, in Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist.
(2) Britton, Myths, p. 145.
(3) Britton, Myths, p. 146.

II. THE MAKING OF THE BIG SPRING

III. WATER FOR NOAHS ARK
(2) Wells' Outline of History, p. 18.

IV. "AN" ON THE CONTINENTAL CAUSEWAY

V. TIMUCUA, KINGDOM OF THE SUN
(1) Britton, Fla. Peninsula, p. 172.
(2) Called by Spanish, Timucua; French, Thimugoa; English, Tomoco; Creek Indians, Nukfita. (Hodge)—Handbook of Amer. Indians.
(3) Brinton, Myths, p. 167. Those who say otherwise are lacking in insight, says Brinton enthusiastically.
(4) Britton, Myths, p. 168.
(5) Britton, Myths, p. 170.
(6) Britton, Myths, p. 175.
(7) Britton, Myths, p. 174.
(8) Britton, Myths, p. 173.
(9) Britton, Myths, p. 169.
(10) Britton, Myths, p. 162.
(11) Britton, Myths, p. 162.
(12) Britton, Myths, p. 169.
(13) Adair, p. 3.
(14) Britton, Myths, p. 284.
(15) Britton, Myths, p. 284.
(16) Britton, Myths, p. 271.
(17) Britton, Myths, p. 284.
(18) Britton, Myths, p. 279.

VI. VIOLATORS OF THE SHRINE
(1) Britton, Myths, p. 220.
(2) Reina (Ficiana) Ocale (Ranjel) Cale (Elvas) Elouque (Le Moyne)—Hodge.
(3) Britton, Myths, p. 284.
(4) Hodge.
(5) Manard, p. 162.
(6) Britton, Myths, p. 282.
(7) Fontenelle, in Shippe, p. 287.
(9) Lowery, St. Settlemens Vi, p. 219.
(11) Letter of DeSoto, E1 252757, Library of Congress, Rare Book Room.
(14) Irving, p. 84.
(15) Britton, Myths, p. 300.
(16) Irving, p. 85.
(17) Ranjel, Secretary of DeSoto, in Tourne, Nar. of DeSoto, V. 2, p. 944.
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(18) Brinton, Myths, p. 64.
(19) Brinton, Fla. Penin., p. 78.
(20) Irving, p. 96. Irving’s comment on the haughty speech of this chief was that it was completely in the spirit of the Seminole chiefs of the Indian war of 1835.
(21) Brinton, Myths, p. 190.
(22) Bourne, V. 2, p. 194.
(23) Swanton, p. 184; Bourne, V. 2, p. 904.
(24) Bourne, V. 2, p. 904.
(26) Shipp, p. 213.
(27) Brinton, Native Villages, p. 54.
(28) Irving, Preface IX, in speaking of Elvas.
(31) Swanton, p. 217.
(32) Irving, p. 98.
(33) Maynard, p. 162. Chiefs usually bore the same name as their town.
(34) Irving, p. 99.
(35) Ireland, p. 133.
(36) Irving, p. 150.
(38) Irving, p. 96. Irving’s comment on the haughty speech of this chief was that it was completely in the spirit of the Seminole chiefs of the Indian war of 1835.
(39) Brinton, Myths, p. 177.
(40) Brinton, Myths, p. 117.
(41) Lowery, V. 2, p. 412.
(42) Brinton, Myths, p. 162.
(43) Brinton, Myths, p. 164.
(44) Lowery, V. 2, p. 412.
(45) Shipp, p. 213.
(46) Bourne, V. 2, p. 904.
(48) Elvas, in Hackluyt, E1 2585B34.
(49) Elvas, trans. by Dr. T. A. Robertson.

VII. THE FRENCH IN MIDDLE FLORIDA

(1) Brinton, Fla. Penin., p. 117.
(2) Lowery, V. 2, p. 412.
(3) Swanton, p. 181.
(4) Parkman, p. 62.
(5) Parkman, p. 64.
(6) Brinton, Myths, p. 182.
(7) Brinton, Myths, p. 184.
(8) Parkman, p. 87.
(9) Parkman, p. 78.
(10) Le Moyne, Narrative, p. 13 (III).
(11) Brinton, Religions of Primitive People, p. 167.
(12) Picart, p. 311.
(14) Parkman, p. 38.
(15) Brinton, Myths, p. 118.

VIII. THE RIVAL GOD

(1) Connor’s Menendez, p. 92.
(2) Connor’s Menendez, p. 178.
(3) Connor’s Menendez.
(4) Swanton, p. 336.
(5) Brinton, Myths, p. 148.
(6) Brinton, Fla. Penin., p. 131.
(7) Simmons, p. 95.
(8) Swanton, p. 328.
(9) Swanton, p. 358.
(10) Brinton, Myths, p. 174.

IX. "DEST. SULIGA"

(1) Swanton, p. 96.
(2) Crane’s So. Frontier, Map in C. O. 167D-1732.
(3) Brinton, Myths, p. 167.
(4) Brinton, Religion of Primitive People, p. 150.
(7) Simmons, p. 95.

X. THE INDIAN SIDE OF THE RIVER

(1) Drew, Fla. Quat., V. 6, p. 21.
(3) Their traditions said they came originally from the west, to “see where the sun came from”, so the Micmacs called them “the people who came to see the sun” —Swanton, p. 172.
(6) Brinton, Myths, p. 217.
(7) Clarke, p. 45.
(8) Brinton, Myths, p. 237.
(9) Lowery, Rd to Xanadu, p. 45.
(10) Lowery, Rd to Xanadu, p. 391.
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XI. DELIVERED TO THE ENEMY

(1) Sprague, p. 151.
(2) M. & H., p. 327. Osceola's mother had married a white man named Powell after the death of Osceola's father. She left Powell and came to Florida. Osceola's grandfather was a Scotchman, so he was 'white and showed it in his light color and eyes.
(3) M. & H., p. 342.
(4) Swanton, p. 415.
(5) Indian Removal, p. 372.
(6) Cuhberly, Fla. Quat., V. 5, p. 139.
(7) Swanton, p. 407, 412.
(8) Simmons, p. 74.
(9) Cuhberly, Fla. Quat., V. 5, p. 36.
(10) Brinton, Myths, p. 154.

XII. OPEN DEFIESANCE

(1) Sprague, p. 88.
(2) Cubberly, Fla. Quat., V. 5, p. 148.
(3) Cubberly, Fla. Quat., V. 6, p. 148.
(4) M. & H., p. 327.
(5) Schaefer, V. 6, p. 471.
A Glimpse of the Scenery on the Wonderful Boat Trip

Boat Passengers Feeding the Fish
LOCATIONS IN FLORIDA
1700 & 1850
MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK.