

"There are spirits above and spirits below,
Spirits of wine, and spirits of woe.
The spirits above are the spirits of woe,
And the spirits of wine, are the spirits below."

Lanterns are of all sizes and shapes, and are made of horn, glass, paper, silk, wire, mica, wove willow, and punched tin—they weigh from two ounces to a thousand pounds; and consume, according to the calculation of my old maiden aunt, a *power* of tallow.

Having now made the reader acquainted with the article which has, with love, much to do with my tale, I will commence where every true story should commence: viz. at the beginning.

Upon a sand-bar that juts far out into the gulf of Mexico, from a dense forest near the scene of the Indian war in Florida, the United States, after the session of some *sky* lighting congress, erected a fair and lofty light-house. It was none of your Frog-Point, Horse-Neck, Sandy-Hook, or Scituate squab lights: but a long metred Barfleur light, a real cloud splitter and storm brightener; one which the seaman's eye loved to look upon when night shut in his native land behind him, and one which blest him above all other objects when his returning keel grazed by the rippling reef or silent key.

Several years ago, about the time of the murder of the United States Indian Agent in Florida, by Powell, *alias*, "*the howling black tea-drinker*," it was my lot to spend a short time with the keeper of the aforesaid Light-House.

He who has bivouacked in a Floridian swamp, can dream of the difficulties that surround the brave men who go there from year to year, to fight unseen Indians and die.

The Indian war in Florida, like the Maroon war in Jamaica, stands in a class by itself. There never was any service like it, and I hesitate not to say, that there never can be any service like it, out of Florida. A soldier with a foot-hold should fight and conquer, but when placed in a bog up to his arm-pits, with a heavy cap upon his head, a hundred weight of blankets, rations, etc., in his knapsack, and a musket large

enough to be carried on wheels, in his hands, to be kept dry, you should not condemn him for not killing Indians who skulk behind the long moss on the cypress, and fire at him, *ad-libitum*, with impunity. All the generals in the world can do nothing with regulars there. They must go as bush-fighters, and like Washington and his little band, at the surprise of Braddock, to take the trees. When this plan is pursued faithfully, the Seminoles will be driven from their swamps—the hatchet will be buried at Tampa Bay, and the calumet of peace be smoked by the soldier and the brave, by Wythalacoochee's dismal shore. But as it is not my intention to write an apology for the army, or to censure the censorer's—I will pass on to my story.

It was a beautiful summer's afternoon, when I took my rifle, called my dogs, and penetrated the hammock in the rear of the light-house, in pursuit of game. After creeping through the under brush that surrounded the swamp, I reached an open space where my dogs were barking furiously. I looked towards them and beheld upon a dead log a beautiful Indian maiden of seventeen; she was not swarthy, and her brown cheeks were red with excitement. I have seen the master-pieces of sculpture in the museums of Italy, and have viewed the Circassian maidens in the bazars of Smyrna and Constantinople, but never did my eye rest upon such symmetry of form, such grace of attitude, as that which adorned the Seminole maiden in her own green bower.

I noticed as I burst through the thicket, that she saw me not, but continued looking down with breathless interest. I called off my dogs in a loud voice, but she heard me not. Her form seemed singularly agitated, and her hand waved gently before her while her piercing black eyes seemed starting from her head. I had noticed in my former jaunts, that numberless rattlesnakes infested the hammock, and I became convinced that my lady of the wood was under the fascination of one