

"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, accord-
ing to the calculation of my old maiden
aunt, a *power* of tallow.

Having now made the reader ac-
quainted 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 begin-
ning.

Upon a sand-bar that juts far out in-
to the gulf of Mexico, from a dense for-
est 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 bright-
ener; 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 rip-
pling 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 Flori-
dian swamp, can dream of the difficul-
ties that surround the brave men who
go there from year to year, to fight un-
seen 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 hun-
dred 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 calu-
met of peace be smoked by the soldier
and the brave, by Wythalacoochee's
dismal shore. But as it is not my in-
tention to write an apology for the
army, or to censure the censurer's—I
will pass on to my story.

It was a beautiful summer's after-
noon, 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 un-
der brush that surrounded the swamp,
I reached an open space where my dogs
were barking furiously. I looked to-
wards them and beheld upon a dead
log a beautiful Indian maiden of seven-
teen; she was not swarthy, and her
brown cheeks were red with excite-
ment. I have seen the master-pieces
of sculpture in the museums of Italy,
and have viewed the Circassian maid-
ens in the bazars of Smyrna and Con-
stantinople, 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 con-
tinued 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 rattle-
snakes infested the hammock, and I be-
came convinced that my lady of the
wood was under the fascination of one