

# "MY NATIONAL TROUBLES" The Civil War Papers of William McCullough

## Introduction and Notes By KYLE S. VANLANDINGHAM

*This valuable manuscript provides excellent source material on the Civil War in Florida. The Tampa Historical Society expresses its deep appreciation to Mrs. Colleen C. Uhl of Bountiful, Utah, for allowing the publication his document in the **Sunland Tribune**. Mrs. Uhl reserves all rights to any future publication of the McCullough papers. The exhaustive research of Canter Brown, Jr, uncovered the existence of this document. We also express our appreciation to Spessard Stone for his research on the McCullough family, Virginia Jackson of the Brooksville Heritage Museum, and David Coles of the Florida State Archives.*

### Introduction

William McCullough's life was one of high adventure on the Florida frontier. Born in 1821 in Kentucky, he was left an orphan and spent his early years in New York and Ohio.<sup>1</sup> In 1839, William enlisted in the United States Army for a period of five years, arriving with his company at Tampa Bay on October 22, 1840. He was present at the establishment of Fort Carroll and was involved in forays as far south as Big Cypress and the Everglades.<sup>2</sup> He "participated in numerous scouting expeditions and was involved in the burning of many Indian villages and their plantations, but only a limited number of skirmishes with the Seminoles as they generally chose to avoid direct battles."<sup>3</sup>

After completing his service, William was married to Nancy Whidden, November 14, 1844, the daughter of Peace River pioneers James W. and Mary (Altman) Whidden. Due to "some irregularity" they were remarried on March 11, 1852.<sup>4</sup> William and Nancy had a total of fourteen children, nine of whom lived to maturity.<sup>5</sup>

William was employed at the Kennedy and Darling Indian trading post located at Hatse



**William and Nancy McCullough**

--Photo courtesy of Colleen C. Uhl

Lotka (later renamed Payne Creek), a tributary of the Peace River, about ten miles south of present day Fort Meade. On July 17, 1849, the post was attacked by a renegade band of Seminoles which resulted in the deaths of store operator, George Payne, and Nancy McCullough's brother, Dempsey Whidden. William, Nancy and their infant child managed to escape. Ida McCullough Walker, a daughter of the McCulloughs, left this account in 1939:

My Father fought his way out with my mother and baby. They were badly wounded. There was a creek

with a log to cross on so Father took the baby and made my mother get down and crawl across the log. They were lost in the woods and it rained on them. My Father tore bark from down pine logs and made a shelter for mother and the Baby. Mother tore up her skirt and bound up their wounds. The next morning they found their way out of the timber by going out the way mother had dreamed. They found every thing as she had dreamed. Grandfather's house [was] burned down and his cattle drove off. They headed for the fort.<sup>6</sup>

The family eventually settled southwest of Fort Meade at what became known as McCullough Creek.<sup>7</sup> During the Third Seminole War, William served as a private in Captain William B. Hooker's company of Florida Mounted Volunteers from January to August 1856. He was present at the Willoughby Tillis battle of June 14, 1856. Lt. Alderman Carlton, William Parker and Lott Whidden (Nancy McCullough's brother), were killed and Daniel W. Carlton, John Henry Hollingsworth and John C. Oats were wounded. James D. Tillis, a son of Willoughby, recorded McCullough's role in the battle:

McCullough, infuriated at the death of his comrades, dismounted and ran towards an Indian whom he spied secreted behind a pine tree. Pulling him out, he grappled with him, man to man. Daniel Carlton ran to his aid. Between them, they beat the Indian to the ground and cut his throat with his own hunting knife. Oats and McCullough then dragged the wounded Hollingsworth back to our house.<sup>8</sup>

The McCulloughs lived in that portion of Hillsborough County that became Polk in 1861. According to the 1860 census, William owned no slaves.<sup>9</sup> McCullough remained loyal to the Union throughout the Civil War. The Civil War letters, written in diary form, cover William's activities from early in the war until 1866. For the most part, the original spelling has been retained. However, the spelling of the names of certain persons and locations has been corrected and placed in brackets in the text.

Peace Creek

July 4, 1864

My Dear Sir:

On this day commenced my national troubles, and for the good wishes that I had for my country's welfare, and success against the rebel states.

I held against the authorities for eighteen months after the first gun was fired at Charleston, doing all that any man could do in the cause of my country and flag.

At the end of this time, the Regulators got after me for my fidelity to that flag. They threatened my friends with death by hanging, and confiscation, or with the threat that they would not be allowed to live in the country. This caused nearly all of my adherents to leave me, and some of them even became my persecutors and betrayers, implicating several of my best friends. When I saw that I could do nothing more in the cause of the old flag, and that the regulators were determined with Capt. Pearson's Conscript Officers to take me and my friends dead or alive, I made up my mind to settle up my business and leave for the Indian territory, placing the Kisime and a marsh between me and my enemies, where

my friends as well as myself thought I would be safe until such time as the Union troops would take Tampa at Old Fort Brooke in Hillsborough County. Then, I thought I could return and be of service to them in recruiting for a southern regiment to act in the glorious cause of a free Republican government. But, the Union officers never thought it worth while to take Tampa. In the winter of 1862 [late 1862], my foes followed me to my new home, and continued to harass me and my family until my wife begged so earnestly for me to move, that I decided to settle up all my business, and leave for Key West where I might see the old banner that may yet wave to the end of time when man shall cease to war against man, and the lamb and lion may lie down together without fear.<sup>10</sup>

So, on the 10th day of June [1863], I left my family and started for Peace Creek to collect sum money that was due me for the rent of my farm, and to make arrangements with my friends to take care of my cattle and hogs until such time as I could return with safety. While I was at the farm, Lt. Hall, Capt. Pearson's conscript officer was through the country after deserters and men subject to the war with orders to take me dead or alive and one evening about sunset, he passed about 400 yards from me. I had seen him and his party, and stepped behind a clump of bushes until they should pass out of sight. Then I proceeded on to Mrs. Hooker's, a widow lady's house. I approached the house on the back side not knowing who mite be there, but on arriving at the negro's house, learned that Mrs. Hooker nor no one else were at the house, and that Lt. Hall was gathering every man in the country, that he had special orders to take my humble self and carry me to Tampa where they would handle your humble servant in a public manner -- for what -- for making free use of his tongue against their

most unholy cause, and for what the seceders claim to be fighting for.<sup>11</sup>

Yet I remained here two days longer before I left for my home in the wilds of the Indian nation. When I left my ever-faithful companion, I did not expect to be absent over three weeks, but was gone six weeks, and when I returned I found my wife and children in a starving condition, with an infant of two months sucking at the breast. We had at this time seven children, my oldest 14 years of age. My family had been living two weeks on the heads of cabbages of the Palmetto tree, stewed in water, and seasoned with tallow and salt. On this they had subsisted for two weeks. My lady had to take her children and go from one to two miles every day to cut this cabbage, and wade a branch of water for four hundred yards, the water taken them up to their waists. Previous to my leaving, the regulators had been to see me and to hang me, but their cowardly hearts would fall them, as I had built my little log cabin in a manner that one man mite keep off ten or 15 men, provided he had four or five guns, the resolution to use them, and a wife with a heart to load as fast as he would shoot them. (the reason my family had been without food for two weeks was that (the regulators?) had been there, turned out my cattle, and taken what they had to eat; tho during the time of my absence, the Indians had been in and killed a deer for them. This was all the meat my wife had to use for the seven weeks)

These poor cowardly men would come by 3's and 4's and the last time, nine came to hang me. But as it happend, I had left home to go to Mr. Willinghams who lived thirty miles from my little fort, on the day previous, to employ him or his son-in-law to help me to move. It would have been impossible for me to carry anything but my

family without help. It was 50 miles to the nearest coast where I could take shipping, and on this route, forty miles of the road was under water from ankle to knee deep, and a place we called the "seven mile hole" was from ankle to waist deep, three miles of this was waist deep.<sup>12</sup>

It took us four days and a half to travel the 50 miles, and it rained incessantly every day we were on the road, and for 4 days after we had gotten on board the bark *Pursuit*, a blockade vessel laying at Fort Cappron [Capron], Indian River. After our arrival at the man of war, we had to lay on board of her for one month and 5 days before we could get transportation to Key West.

During this time we were on board, one of the children was taken sick and nearly died. At last the long looked for opportunity of a passage to Key West arrived, and we went on board of the gunboat *Sagamore* bound there with two prizes that she had captured at Mosquite inlet fifty miles to the north of where we lay. One family and two young men, all refugees from Rebelldom; Mr. & Mrs. Livingston, Mr. Jacob Russell and Griffiths, were my co-sufferers names in exile from home and friends.

O war, cruel war, how many have you caused to suffer for clothes and the blessings of life, how many widows and fatherless children have you left to mourn the loss of a kind father, and a affectionate companion?

Before we got out of sight of the noble bank, we saw small sails, and steamed after them. They proved to be blockade runners from the Bahamas, British New Providence. Two days after, we arrived at the port of Key West where I was met by old acquaintances and plenty of Union friends. The same evening I went on shore and obtained a very good house furnished with chairs, tables,

and cooking utensils, and in the meantime bought hams sufficient to meet me for one month for nine dollars from an auction that had taken place just as I landed, and bot some barrel of flour, coffee & sugar. Then I went on board where we remained until the next morning. Everything being ready, we were landed and took possession of our house. The house rent cost me \$18 per month. Besides we made up our minds to live on as little as possible as we did not know when I could get into business, although Capt. Randle of the Gunboat *Pursuit* had given me as good a recommendation as a man could give to another.

In a few days I obtained work at two dollars per day for six days, and in another two days after, I was taken down with diarrhea which helt me two weeks, and then my wife and children were taken alternately with the same complaint, and at length my wife was taken with brain fever. It lasted eight days, and two or three days after she began to mend, I was taken with it, and was on my own back for two weeks. By this time, my funds began to run short, but as soon as I was able, I again went to work at \$2 per day for the admiral packing cotton. I worked eight days at this when I had sixteen dollars more in my pocket, and a day or two after, I went to driving dray for half of what I could make, some days I would take in two, and other three dollars per day. At the end of forty-five days I had to give, up the house I had rented, as the proprietor's family had returned and wished to move into it. But before he demanded the house, he had engaged another for me at \$6 per month which was better for me as my family was large, and income small. This house I kept five months, and during the time worked at small jobs until the 24th day of December [1863], when I took shipping for Nassau, British New Providence, for the purpose of

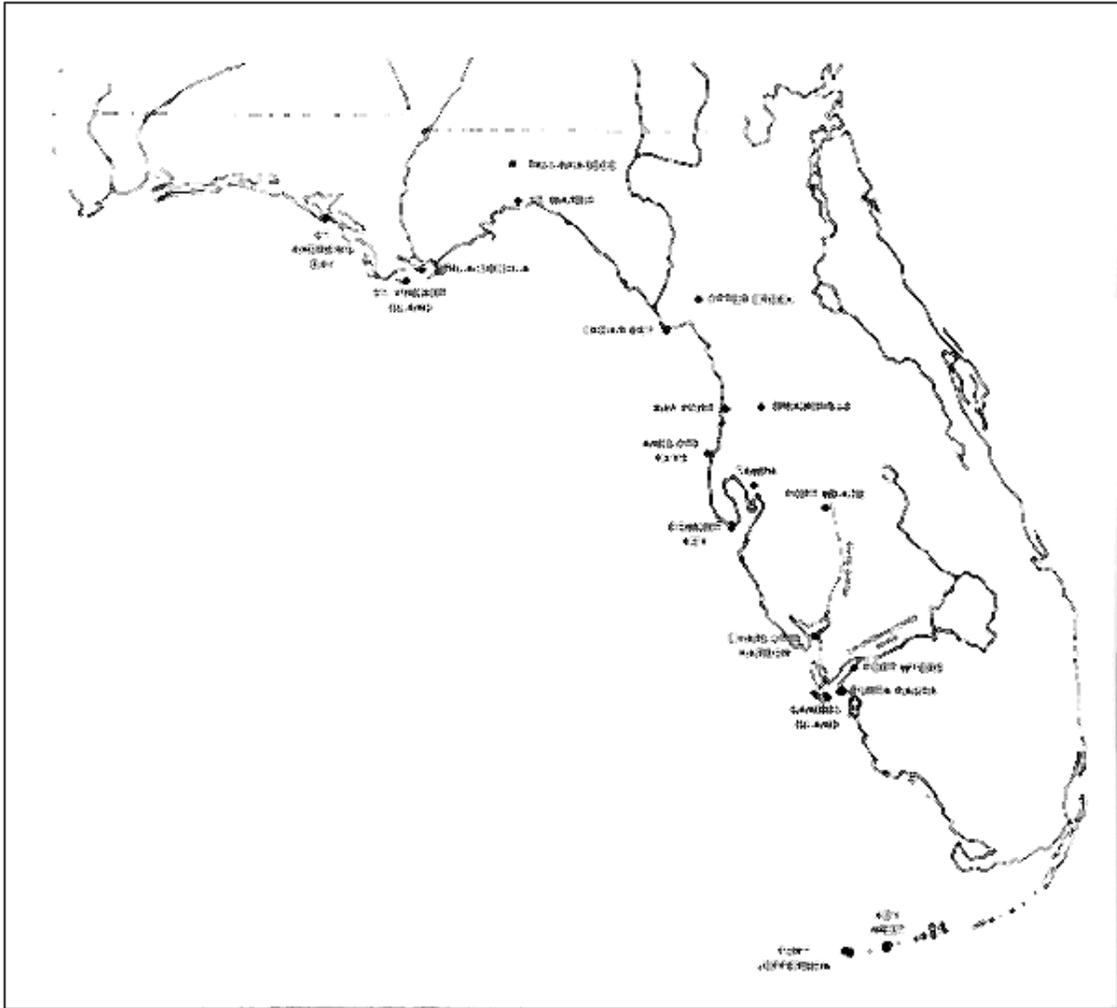
disposing of three thousand dollars in secessionist money, but the Confederate friends would not offer but two dollars and fifty cents on the hundred, and I refused to take it, but sent it to buy cotton. I had much rather my country should capture the cotton, than to let the rebels have it at any price. I remained at this port eleven days paying board at one dollar per day, and on the 12th morning I took sale on board a schooner for Key West.

On the third day out, we found the ship *Jenny Lind* ashore, and bilge freighted with supplies for the commissary department at New Orleans. I worked two and a half days at the wreck, and if the wreckers had not burnt the ship, we would have shared two hundred dollars. But the second nite, the people burnt her, and the court of admiralty cut us down to fifteen dollars per man. The vessel was freighted with meats, bread, potatoes, onions, and other supplies. The steam of the onions made my eyes, and those of several of the men so sore that we could not see our way, or bear the light to touch them. On the third day we returned to Nassau and discharged our cargo, sold the fruit that we had on board for Key West, and the same evening sailed for Harbour Island to take on board another cargo of fruit. We arrived at the above port (Harbour) on New Year's Eve, and spent that day in festivities, the next day sailed for the city of Nassau, thence to Key West. On our way to Key West, we had the luck to pick up thirty bales of cotton that had been thrown overboard by a blockade runner that had been chased by one of our gunboats that morning. I was an eye witness of the affair, I saw the race for ten miles; the gunboat fired several shots at the blockader which fell short, but gained upon her until the seamen threw into the sea about 75 bales of cotton. After that, the English boat made about twenty miles per, her name was the *Fairy of Nassau*, an iron

built boat. We arrived in the harbor a little after dark, and in the morning we went on board her. She was not injured in the least that I could discern. She went to work and discharged her cargo, that night and next day took on board another cargo for Wilmington, North Carolina, and at dark put to sea again.

The second day after our arrival in port, we discharged our cotton and shared one hundred dollars to the man, the vessel drawing five hundred for their share. Four days afterward we sailed for Key West where we arrived three days later. On the 15th day of February [1864] we commenced recruiting refugees for the Union cause, and received an appointment as Lieutenant thru General Woodbury, commanding Key West & (Tortugas ?), and attached to Capt. Crane's command at Fort Myers in Southern Florida, and the same month received the appointment of Second Lieutenant of Company A, 2nd Regular Florida Cavalry, In April [May 1864] made a raid to Tampa, taken that town, and on the 18th of April received the appointment of 1st Lieutenant of Company A. Second regiment of Regular Florida Cavalry.<sup>13</sup>

Returned to Fort Myers, South Florida until May 15, 1864, then made a rade to Fort Meade on Peace Creek where I had moved from in May a year previous to my leaving the Confederate State. On arriving at the above place, I learned that my effects and home had been confiscated, and bought by Mr. Tilles [Willoughby Tillis]. I found it planted in corn, and it was as beautiful as I ever saw, but I burnt the fence, and also his own plantation with the buildings attached. Our soldiers burnt the fences from around Mr. Linar's and Hooker's farms at Fort Meade; in the morning before arriving at mine, the troops were going to pass my farm without setting fire, but I made them burn it



as it destroyed the corn that the rebel would get in the fall to support themselves and horses while raiding against Fort Myers which was one hundred miles south of this point, and if the cornfields were destroyed to the railroad, the distance then would be two hundred miles that the cavalry would have to haul horse feed and subsistence would be impossible, as our own pickets cut them off every ten or fifteen miles on the whole route.<sup>14</sup>

Our refugee soldiers are natives of this section of the state, and the seceders dread our men of two hundred more than they do a thousand of the Northern troops and all their

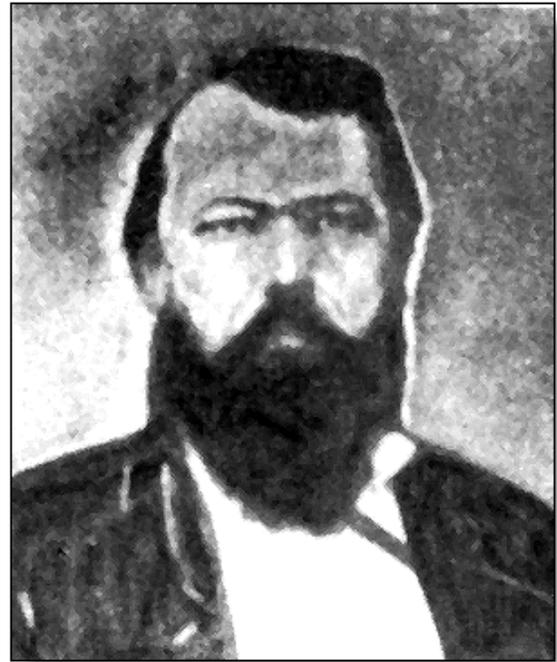
officers (these are their own words). In July 1864, Capt. Leroy Lesley, after fighting Companys A & B with parts of two black Companys for one and one-half days, came into our lines under a flag of truce to induce Capt. James Green and myself to abandon our flag, and return to our homes with a promise of not being molested by the Confederate authorities, saying we could live in peace on our farms with our familys. But we gave him to understand that we would never lay down our arms until the Old Stars & Stripes waved over their rebellious states again.<sup>15</sup>



**A black infantryman during the Civil War**

-Courtesy Library of Congress

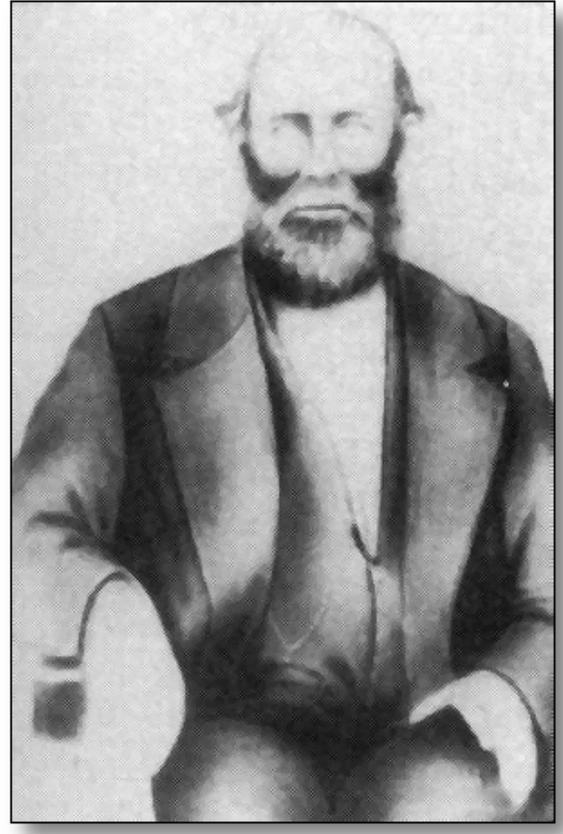
In the evening the command taken up the line of march for Mr. Walker's for the proposed assisting his family to Fort Myers. We arrived at the latter place the next day at 10 in the morning, and took his lady and two daughters, and arrived at Mr. John Tysons on Peace Creek at 12 noon. We halted for dinner, and in the evening marched and crossed the river at Tyson's Ford, throwing an advance guard of twenty men across in front to clear the way of the enemy in case he should be on that side. But he proved not to be in that vicinity, and we marched three miles farther to Mr. Bogg's farm (a rebel). Here we found sign of the reb, they had been there, and not finding us, had burnt the fences so the cattle and hogs might destroy the potatoes and corn before we should we



**William B. Hooker**

-Photo from editor's collection

arrive. After setting fire, the enemy returned the same way he had came, supposing we were marching upon the Alifia, and thence to Tampa Bay. Here we encamp for the nite and found plenty of potatoes besides killing



**James D. Green**

- Photo from *Florida's Peace River Frontier*, by Canter Brown, J

six beefs. Just at sunset, a party of our scouts came into camp with three familys but without news. In the morning three more familys came to us with two more of our scouts. A little after sunrise, the command took up the line of march for Fort Myers, now forty miles distant, and marched to the Harvey Sack pond, now ten miles distant. Here the boys had quite a skirmish with a drove of hogs killing several head. Some of them were put on the wagons, the rest the men carried on their bayonets, as they did the goats from Fort Mead. Our train of wagons and women on horseback with children walking in advance of the men was near two miles in length. When we had left Fort Myers we had but one wagon, one cart, and two hundred and fifty men.<sup>16</sup>

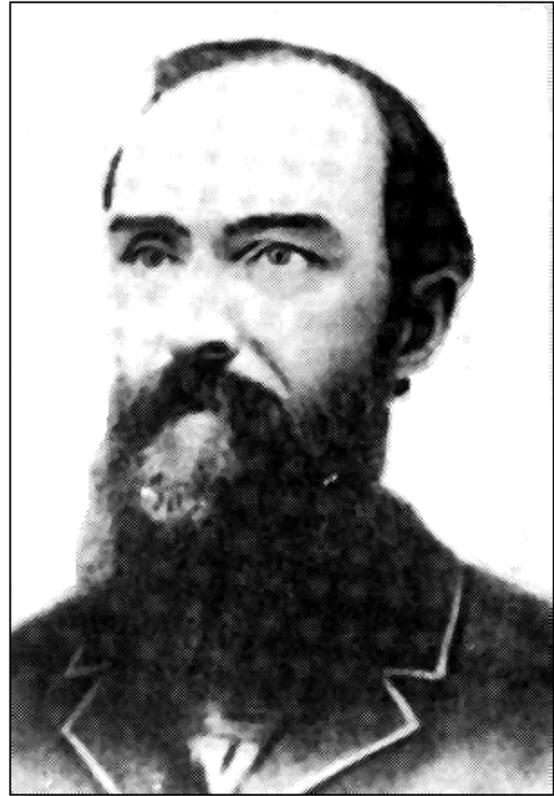
At Shell  
Creek we  
halted for  
dinner the next day, and at 2 in the evening  
taken up the line of march with fifty of  
worn-out men through the near way under  
Capt. Childs and myself. The remainder  
went by the way of Fort Thompson with the  
familys as the teams were too much loaded  
to travel the new road, and for the purpose  
of driving in a drove of cattle which they  
found in abundance. The started with one  
thousand head and drove them to the  
[Caloosahatchee] River, but meeting up a  
party of blockade runners, they dropped the  
cattle for them. These people had landed  
their goods on the coast about forty miles  
from Fort Myers, and were hauling them  
across the country.



**Aaron T. Frierson**

Photo courtesy of Ann McGinn Huddart

The goods and vessels were not worth more than one thousand dollars, while the cattle were worth 12 thousand, and in the meantime they killed one of the best horses we had in the lot, and it belonged to one of our new recruits that had joined on this raid. We brought into Fort Myers, with us one hundred refugee familys and 14 contraband. We had left a few refugee men at Mr. Tyson's to learn the news, and to bring in a few more that had failed to meet us with their familys. On the 21st of May, our men came into the fort with the familys, and on the 22nd of May, 1864, the men were divided into two companys, A and B of the 1st Florida Cavalry under Capt. H. A. Crane and Capt. J. D. Green, I falling to Comp. A.<sup>17</sup>



**John F. Bartholf**

-Photo from *Punta Gorda and the*

**Edmund C. Weeks**

-Photo courtesy of  
Florida State Archives

June 9, 1864

Today three men from Co. B deserted from this camp, supposed to have left for Fort Mead, Peace Creek in Rebellom. Today we tried two men for sleeping on post.

June 30, 1864

We marched from Fort Myers on a raid to Hernando County, made 10 miles and camped for the night. It rained on us today, and everything was wet as water could make it.<sup>18</sup>

July 1, 1864

Today we embarked on board of our small boats for the steamer *Ella Morris*, lying at the mouth of the [Caloosahatchee] River. It was night when we all got on board. On July 2nd got up steam and got to sea at 8 a.m. We got ashore on one of the banks in the channel. The schooner *Seabird* came up with one hundred men on board, passed us a line, and the vessels left. About sunset on July 3rd, we had made about 25 miles during the night. At daylight the wind was quite light, and the day was pleasant. At night we came to anchor in the bay of Charlots Harbour.

July 4, 1864

Today being the day of American Independence, we did not sail, but celebrated the day by dressing our vessels in their best attire of full regalia, and about fifty of our men landed on one of the islands for water and other recreations, getting quite a number of turtle eggs. Some of the men were very contrary on account of the provisions getting short. Their water was cut short for the want of carts; during the first night out, our consort left us, and we did not see her again until our arrival at the Antelope [Anclote] Keys. We sailed on the fifth morning, the weather was quite pleasant, but no wind to drive us along. Today we opened our last batches of bread and bacon.

July 6, 1864

John Tyson, one of our soldiers was very sick, he belongs to Co. B. We had 200 miles to sail before we arrived at our intended landing. The 7th day out was wet and squally. The winds being ahead on the 7th morning found we had passed Edgmont Key

Light 15 miles. Capt. Crane and the Capt. of the vessel got in quite a contention about landing the troops, the latter affirming that he would land them on the island at [Anclote] Keys, and Capt. Crane that he would not land there. This place is about 7 miles from the mainland, and very disagreeable from the mosquitos. We arrived at this place at eight o'clock at night, and came to anchor until morning, when Capt. Carter of the vessel attempted to force us upon the island. Sure enough, the Capt. and soldiers refused to land, and he was compelled to run nearer the main shore where our consort met us after landing her troops, and took our party on board. The vessels that had left us the first night out had not landed their men when we arrived, wasting a day to no purpose or profit to the government. One and one-half barrels of bread and one barrel of bacon was all we had when the troops landed. Here we found a party of ten men that we had started from Fort Myers on the 11th of June. They had a plenty of fresh beef on our arrival, this was all the subsistence we had for three hundred men. The -----schooner, one of our consorts, had used two days rations belonging to Co. A. We were now fifty miles from any other source of supply, while on board these little vessels, our men had to lie cross and piled. As for my part, I have never been cramped so bad in my life, as on board these small craft. We got landed about three in the evening when for the first time, the men could make a cup of coffee, and straighten themselves in seven days.

We took up our line of march, and marched until eight at night, when we encamped for the night. At three in the morning resumed the march, and a little after sunrise we came upon the rebel's pickets, and had a little scrimmage with them, getting one of our men slightly wounded in the ankle. The pickets were 18 strong, we captured 7 of

them and nine horses with all they had, breakfast, pistols, guns, etc. At noon we captured 3 more men at their homes. After dinner, we marched 3 miles further when Capt. Daniels on our side fell sick, and our advance was ordered to halt. A party of men was sent back for a cart left at the house where we got dinner. Here the colored troops behaved most outrageously to one of the familys. They entered the house, tore the women and children's clothing to rags, took a young girl's ring out of a box which her brother had presented to her. They broke the pots, and broke or carried off the crockery and tin ware.

July 9, 1864

This morning we marched about three miles when I discovered the enemy's pickets, advanced toward them with caution, as the main body of our command was about two miles in the rear. The enemy seemed as tho they wished to talk with us, and I advanced about 100 yards in front of my guard to give them a hearing when they acted like running and firing at the same time. Finally, Hancock, one of my men appeared to know one of them, and requested them to meet him halfway. They got within 100 yards of each other, and the man seeing our main command coming up, ran off as fast as his heels would carry him. We then proceeded on about 1-1/2 miles when we came to a branch, and the enemy halted to fight. We soon formed our skirmish lines, and after throwing out a flanking party of thirty men, Lieut. John Miller moved forward all the white troops, leaving the colored troops as a reserve, and in charge of the prisoners that we had captured in the morning before, charged up to about twenty yards of the ford of the creek. When Mr. Miller opened the ball on our right, and about 400 yards distant. At this time, the main body crossed

the ford in single file and poured our volleys into them about 400 yards distance. They broke and ran as fast as their horses could carry them. The three first of our horsemen ran around the ford to fire into them as they should pass, but here they found a pond which the rebs had taken refuge behind; but on my comin, up to the party, we gave them a sho which made them leave in a hurry. About this time, the colored troops came dashing thru the cornfield with the fiercest yell I have ever heard in my life. After the rebs had left, we halted for breakfast. The woman being at home, gave us leave to gather as much corn as we wanted, a few of her chickens, and as much honey as the command could eat, and every man carried a cupful with him.<sup>19</sup>

After breakfast we took up our line of march, but did not get far before we came upon the enemy again, and received sum of their shots. Placing some of our best marksmen in front, they soon left but continued to skirmish with us throughout the day. Towards evening, Capt. Lesley, the Rebel Captain, came to us with a flag of truce for the purpose of inducing Capt. Green and myself to desert the Union cause, and move back to Dixie. We gave him to understand that we would not listen to nothing of the kind, and broke up the conference, dismissed the captain with his flag of truce, and took up our line of march immediately. We had more skirmishing between this point, and Mr. David's [David Hope] house. Here we encamped for the nite finding chickens, ducks, geese, a quantity of yams, plenty of mutton, corn, a barrel of bacon, a cache of syrup - the men did not spare nothing that came in this shape.<sup>20</sup>

In the morning, the command taken tip their line of march until 11 a.m. when we halted for dinner. We re-commenced the march at 3 p.m. for Bayport 18 miles distant, changing

the first intention of the raid altogether, which caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the men, black and white, as they all thought they were for Brooksville, and within one mile of the town. This was brought about by a man that we do not, nor did we at that time have any confidence in. He is a little cowardly, and we do not think he is true to the interest of the Union cause. He had obtained Capt. Bancroft's [Bartholf] confidence, and we could not induce the captain to proceed to the town.<sup>21</sup>

From David Hope's plantation we marched to Mr. Wm. Hooker's three miles distant, the Capt. being absent carrying his negro property out of reach of the yankees as we were termed. Mrs. Hooker saved the sacking of her effects by furnishing Capt. Bartholf and his officers of the colored troops with dinner and a change of shirts, the refugees and their officers refusing to accept anything but melons which we found in abundance on the farm. After resting about two hours, we commenced the march and burned Mr. Frierson's fences and houses, marched thence to Capt. Lesley's, the officer we had fought the day before, this place was sacked, the corn crib, wagons, and wagonhouse burned to the ground, the dwelling being spared by the family left with it. The lady met us with a flag of truce and begged us to spare her. Capt. Banthoft [Bartholf] thought best to do so, but allowed the blacks to pillage. At the time we marched up to the house, our advance had a little brush fighting with the enemy before the main body of our troops came up.<sup>22</sup> After leaving this place, the command was halted about two miles from Bayport Swamp, and encamped for the night. This man (?) mistook us for friends and gave us all the information he could or was master of, and we turned him loose with orders to hurry on to Capt. Lesley and Capt. Eliser [?] to hurry up that they might capture the gunboats by

joining commands of forces from up the country. But about an hour after dark, our pickets fired upon this poor foolish man who had missed his way and returned to our camp. We then thought best to detain him, and after consultation, to break up our camp and move up to the swamp where we would have but one line of our encampment to guard which happened right for us. At 1/2 mile from this swamp, we heard the enemy horse pickets, but our march was so cautious that they did not hear our march altho we passed about 50 yards from them. After arriving upon the side of the swamp, the main command lay flat upon their arms, while we had out skirmish pickets in front, and fifty men lying in wait on a road leading to the same point but running thru a low place in the ground easy to defend. It was now about 10 at night, and everything fixed for a fight if the enemy dared to show themselves. The party that was on the road proved to be the old Capt. Lesley, as we learned from some ladies who came in to see their sons we had taken the second morning after landing at the [Anclote] Keys. Young [Lesley], the old Captain's son came up, and his father taken him for one of the yankees, fired into him, wounding his own son, and killed my wife's nephew who had been conscripted into their lines. This happened about an hour after we had arrived on our ground. The next morning we searched their ground (about one hour before in camp, one of the runners of the rebs from Bayport had the news that two yankee gunboats was in sight) and picked up their muskets and a cloth hat which was supposed to belong to the dead man killed by themselves. After the rebs had the fight among themselves, they returned to the town of Brooksville about 10 miles in the interior and left the yankees masters of their own encampment and the battlefield.<sup>23</sup>

It was quite pleasing to our boys to see them fight among themselves, and a good lesson at the same time to Our men, in regard to the mode in which they might have to act at some time in the future.

July 11, 1864

On the next morning we arrived at Bayport about 10 o'clock where we found about 100 bales of cotton, placed a guard of colored troops over 40 bales that was stored out of town; one of the guard in lighting his pipe set that on fire, and another party hunting for plunder fired the other lot, but we saved about 30 bales.

When our advance guard arrived in the town, we placed post at the house where the familys were living, but before our guard got around to all the familys, the ncgros had got to Mrs. Carson's [Parsons] and sacked the house breaking up all the furniture. This was done because Mr. Carson had sent the foolish man that I had spoken of before to Capt. Lesley to let him know about our gunboats arriving and when one of them entered the harbor, he went up one of the salt creeks and made his escape. After sacking the place, the troops were embarked for Fort Myers, and about the 2nd day later at sunset at Sharlot Harbor, the steamer Clemons met us with the new Major Weeks on board, who had been to Fort Myers after us to make a raid in East Florida on the Cedar Keys Railroad. He had tried the trip and let the rebs whip him, getting some of his men wounded. On our arrival, we found the post at Cedar Keys without subsistence for their family and the troops belonging to that post. Our two companys had been short for two days, and after arriving here and finding the rations short and the people dying, 4 to 6 per day, became dissatisfied and complained too such an extent that their

officers were constrained to ask permission to return to their own post and familys.<sup>24</sup>

But the Major got mad at the request, and that evening ordered the raid forthwith on the railroad. With three days rations, we marched 18 miles to what is called Otter Station where we found 142 bags of cotton, and attempted to roll it 18 miles to the landing where our barge boats were to meet us, but it proved a failure, and in the meantime, I was ordered with one man to find the nearest landing and best route to roll the cotton. After being absent until 4 p.m. I returned and found preparations for a return to Cedar Keys without accomplishing anything but fatigue, and getting one of our men wounded, several gave out and had to be carried on litters. The troops were marched in the heat of the day, and all night for two nights in succession with but little rest, as the trip had to be made before the enemy could find us out. What was worse was that the rebs were only forty strong. On our arrival at Cedar Keys, our wounded man died from his wound. Another man from Co. A had to go to the hospital with fever contacted from over-fatigue, and this man died also. A nobler man never drew breath of life, or carried the deadly rifle. He left a wife and two children to mourn when they learned his sad fate. He died true to his country is cause, and may his ashes rest in peace, and be with his maker where sorrow and trouble never enter, is my prayer.<sup>25</sup>

Two days after our return to Cedar Keys from the railroad, our subsistence arrived.

July 16, 1864

We embarked on board the Steamship Nightingale for West Florida. Several of our men became sick about this time, and I think their diseases were brought about by ex-

posure while on board the small transports, by the use of bad water and grub, the hot sun by day, and cold dews at night.

We arrived at St. Vincents Island on the 16th where we taken I company of reguees and one of the colored companys on board, and proceeded to St. Andrew's Bay, arriving at the latter port on the 20th. We dis-embarked the troops on board the *Ella Norris* and proceeded up the bay, arriving at a point of land unknown to me by name about daylight, and landed by sunrise on the 21st. Here the men were allowed to make coffee and rest one hour before marching. Took up the line of march at 8 a.m. and arrived at a ferry on Bear Creek about 8 miles from the point of disembarkment at 1 p.m. The major leaving me with 30 men to guard the flat until his return with the command. After the command had passed our of hearing, I had a beef killed, and the men to get dinner, a few of them to go to Mr. Vickrey's field which was in sight for green corn, salt, and honey which they found in abundance, also quite a number of fowls, the rebels having of the family before our arrival on that coast. We therefore took what ever we wished, two of his sons are soldiers with us, and are good Union men. We generally judge our friends by their acts, and not their words.

July 22, 1864

This morning at six o'clock the command returned bringing with them 60 contrabands, nine horses and mules, two wagons and and old oxcart with plunder. After the command had passed over the ferry, I was left with my guard to pick up stragglers, and then move down the river with the flats. Shortly after the command had left, 15 contrabands came to me. After waiting some time, I left my guard at the ferry, and proceeded about two

miles on the road to look for men that might be worn Out and unable to get in without help, but not finding any, I returned, and after taking all on board, and two salt kettles that I had found, proceeded down the river to where the steamer *Ella Morris* lay at anchor in St. Andrews Sound. We arrived about 10 a.m. and embarked on board all my party. At 2 p.m. we steamed up for Capt. Woods old encampment at the mouth of St. Andrew's Bay where we shipped on board the steamship *Nightingale* for St. Andrew's Island, and on the 23rd steamed up for Cedar Keys. The weather was quite fine during all of this voyage at sea and the raid into the interior of the Country. We had taken all the familys from St. Andrew's Island belonging to the refugees, outsiders, and soldiers landing them at Cedar Keys. At sunset on the 24th, we came to anchor and landed three of Our companys, the next morning finished landing the troops and their familys.

This evening the *Ella Morris* steamed up for Appalachocola for what purpose I do not know. Our rations are short, the troops have to drink without sugar. Today I taken dinner with a family, of turtle eggs, fritters, beef, coffee, and pork with some of Uncle Sam's hard tack. Our men had a little pork and beans. Up this island is nothing but a sand hill with a good sprinkling of fleas. Capt. Wood's camp settlement at St. Andres is of the same description, one gunboat lies at this point constantly. Also, at St. Vincent's Island, some of the refugees are very filthy, and of bad character. People who are acquainted with them say that it is their destitution and want which had in a great measure brought about this state of affairs.

The navy has taken advantage of their wants and poverty to seduce the young girls and married ones, some of the latter were mothers of one or two children. Some of

these poor creatures the gentlemen had promised to marry, and after a time have given them the pox, and some the clapp, which they have in the worst form. After these diseases are contracted, the poor things are abandoned to look out for themselves; as a natural sequence the soldiers mixing with them contracts the same complaints. Now once in a while, a strange man comes along and marries one of them, probably for life, or during the war, or sooner shot, as the soldiers have it. There is one poor thing on this island at this time afflicted with this complaint caught in the manner I have stated. She has had the disease about 6 months, is abandoned by everyone, scorned like a brute, destitute of clothing or bedding of any kind, lying upon the naked boards. I believe that the doctors do not give her any medical treatment whatever, and in a short time she must go the way of all the earth, uncared for or lamented by any strangers or relatives. This is not the only case by several which has come under my knowledge within the last six months.

Our troops marched to within thirty miles of Mariana, and then turned back, sufficient to march to the above place and thence to Appalachicola with trouble, and in this route, we could have taken three hundred horses and mules besides 1500 or 2000 contrabands. But the major says he does not wish to get any of his men hurt, forgetting that the only way to end this distressing war in favour of the Union arms is by fighting. What is worse is that all the negro officers are cowardly with the exception of 2 or 3 that I have seen, and besides, this Northern officer will not place confidence in the refugee soldiers. I know that there are no better fighting in the world than these people are, if they have the right kind of officers to lead them, who would treat them like men, instead of this, they are not half-fed or clothed, and when landed under land or na-

val officers, they are ran to death. I have known three hundred men strong on the line of march thru miles when the enemy were three or four miles distant, and two hundred strong. I have seen Major Weeks march his men until they would faint by the way, and have to be carried in litters, as we had no wagons or carts to haul them. This run was on the advance and return march until the troops were safe on board the transports again. The landing at St. Andrew's Bay is a very pretty place for a town, in depth of water about 50 feet, length of wharves about 50 feet. This is all that would be needed to affect a landing.

July 25, 1864

Negroes seem to have the preference at all times, so have their officers over the refugees (ourselves), we are looked upon with distrust at all times.

This is 24 days we have been without but half rations. This day has been fair and pleasant, but heavy rains in the evening. This is the fourth day without meat.

At 10 o'clock we came to anchor off Cedar Keys Bar and by dark landed about half our troops.<sup>26</sup>

July 28, 1864

Without meat - sent a party of Co. A to fish. The *Ella Morris* left the wharf the balance of the troops & familys ashore. Yesterday went on the mainland to kill beef and ----- by accident killed one of his own men in the boat.

July 29, 1864

Sixth day without meat, and a march ordered out on the railroad in the direction of Gainesville. Left Cedar Keys at 3 o'clock and crossed the trestlework at sunset. Marched 8 miles and halted for the men to make coffee, and after resting one hour, taken up our line of march and arrived at the Mr. Chambers farm. Here we found nothing as the old rebel had moved all but the hogs and cattle. We arrived at the latter place at daylight on the 30th, marched until 9 a.m. when the command halted until 11 a.m. for breakfast. After the troops had refreshed themselves, the march was resumed and continued two miles when a halt was called on account of the dense heat, and men fainting by the way. In about one hour after, the command moved Lip to another station and encamped for the day and until the first evening in August when the command took up the line of march for Cedar Keys. At Otter Station we found 140 bales of cotton. On August 1st, I took one man and searched the country ten miles for cotton, and the boat landing and boats that were to meet us and carry of the cotton which we might find. I did not find the boats but found the landing and about 4000 lbs. of cotton in the sand, and captured a fine lot of peaches, and had a good breakfast and dinner of milk and hominy with clabber and syrup.

August 2, 1864

We camped about 10 miles from no. 4 (station ?), and returned two miles for a wounded man that the rebs had shot. They had captured a boy, son of the wounded man. These men had tried to return from our command to Cedar Keys; the father had found that the rebs were close to the house and ran into a cornfield without arms, sat down behind a Stump, but the rebs saw him and shot and wounded him very badly. The devils slipped up on him without saying a

word and blasted away. Today the troops got a plenty of peaches, beef, and green corn.

August 3, 1864

We took Up Our line of march at daylight and arrived at no. 4 at 9 a.m., rested the command one hour, then marched to the post leaving A & B Company to guard the wounded and sick until the boat should arrive to carry them to the post. Companies A & B were Capt. Green and Capt. Crane's companies. The boats arrived about 3 o'clock, when we took up our line of march for the Keys.

The negro officers and soldiers acted more like savages on this raid than like civilized people fighting for equal rights and national existence. They would rob the poor women of their scanty morsels of provisions and clothes, and if one poor woman should beg for a little to give their children, she was sure of abuse. One instance to my knowledge; I visited a house in the morning and found the people in want, and assured them that Major Weeks would not allow the troops to molest them. But when I returned to my camp in the evening, the woman met me with sick child in her arms, and a bitter complaint against the black troops. They had been to her house, killed all the cattle and hogs, the chickens, broken up her bee hives, took 4 gallons of molasses, two quarts of honey, leaving her 1 bushel of corn. Not satisfied with this, when she complained of her treatment, the black devil threatened to shoot her with his pistol, and when ready to leave, asked the lady to lay with him.

Again to my knowledge, they took the bread Out of the oven which the people had just baked for their breakfast on this morning, and which was all that the people had for the day. Chickens fared but slim, and fruit went

like wildfire, there were no pains taken to preserve the truce in the least. The Scoundrels Would curse the women for damned rebel's bitches, and the refugees soldiers as damn rebels and other bad names unbecoming good discipline. I blame the officers of the colored troops for the whole of this abuse as they have but little command over their company. We arrived at Cedar Key a little before sunset, tired and hungry but found no meat yet.<sup>27</sup>

August 4, 1864

The weather continues hot and dry, and the people continue to die at the rate of 4 or 5 a day; the children actually dying from starvation at this post, and there nothing such as nourishment for the sick at the post.

August 5, 1864

Today A & B companys embarked for Fort Myers and arrived at Edgemont [Egmont] at 12 at night. On morning of 6th, we taken in 10 tons of coal and sailed for Fort Myers. This morning I was sent for water on board the gunboat and for one of the rifles that was left on board the *Stonewall* Schooner; when I returned on board the *Ella Morris*, I was put under arrest for obeying orders of Capt. Crane, besides receiving a sharp reprimand and abuse from my own Captain which I returned with interest, our men have been without meat for 10 days today, besides our bread rations are short, water the same.

August 7, 1864

We arrived at Point Ross [Punta Rassa] and disembarked the troops the same day. The crew of the steamer stole guns, blankets, and sundry other articles belonging to the troops.

Here I was treated with the greatest contempt possible by Capt. Crane and Capt. Childs of the colored infantry, U.S.. I was kept on board until daylight the next day, while all the other officers and men were allowed to go to Fort Myers to prepare for the second trip to Cedar Keys. I did not arrive at the fort until the next day at 3 in the afternoon.

I did not have time to prepare myself with anything in the shape of clothing or eatibles, as I was ordered on board the next morning with my company for Cedar Keys. At the end of two days and nights landed our men August 12th at Cedar Keys and rested for the day. On the 13th our rations were landed in bad condition from the steamship *Nightingale*. Barrels was broken open, and subsistence stolen and wasted badly. Sugar barrels half-empty, peas and rice in a great quantity missing. Flour was too rotten to steal. Barrels were eaten to a honeycomb, the flour would sift through the barrels equal to a sieve. The deck of the vessel and the wharf was about 2 inches deep in flour by the time the ship was discharged, and the flour stored.<sup>28</sup>

August 14, 1864

Today the troops detailed for a raid up the Sawanee River under Major Weeks. The major is very close about his movements which I think is a very good thing. Embarked on board the *Ella Morris* for the raid up the river and anchored at the mouth of the river at 5 o'clock in the evening.

August 16th, 1864

Today landed the troops and hunted the channel and staked it before we could get the *Ella Morris* up the river. Ran ashore one

mile from the island and had to land the soldiers. It took three days to get the vessel into the river.

August 16, 1864

Our rations are out, and today we sent a boat up the river to reconnoitre with thirty men, and to get beef. This party met 5 contraband making their way to the blockade. They taken two of the strongest men, and sent one man and two women to the encampment where they arrived at 10 a.m. When the negroes saw our boat coming, they supposed it to be a rebel boat, and ran like deer for the sawgrass, but a few shots soon brought them to a right-about. As for the crew, they do not wish to go up the river, and the captain and his officers are cowardly, being strongly tainted with sissies. They have put the steamer ashore, and I do not think she will be gotten off under a month unless the ballast is thrown out of her, which the major refuses to do.

August 17, 1864

This morning our two boats were sent up the river and returned with two beeves which were served out to our troops. On the same day that our boats left camp, they met a small boat with 4 contrabands in; two men and two women. The negroes say that there is at Mr. McQuin's plantation about 50 rebs, twenty miles above that point are 100 more, and at Station #4 are 80 more mounted men. These chaps picked up some of their own deserters and negroes that were making their way to Cedar Keys. The contrabands report some sixty deserters about 40 miles from Cedar Keys who have formed themselves into an independent troop, and are ready to help the Union troops whenever they march into the country, and will come to our post

whenever we make our appearance. Today I learned from an officer from one of our gungoats that Mobile had gone up, and Atlanta, Georgia was taken by troops, also Baldwin, and Fort Petersburg blown tip by a mine. The line of communications between Richmond and Petersburg is cut off. The runaways say the rebs.[... ]

August 18, 1864

We arrived at McQuins Farm and Cottrell's. At this plantation we found a good deal of cotton and cattle, hogs, and sheep. The latter of these we went into with a will. Also a plenty of corn and a horse mill to grind it with. This the troops put to good use. On our first night at camp on shore, our colored troops took picket post, got frightened, and fired into one another, wounding one of their own men. This I have found by experience is a common practice, with them.

August 20, 1864

Still hauling cotton. Sent the steamer down the river with 100 bales of cotton. There has been a good deal of rain and wind today. Our troops are grinding corn for bread. Capt White's company went one raid today and brought in one wagon, ten head of horses and mules, four black women, and I white man.

August 21, 1864

This morning at nine o'clock as the steamboat cast loose from the shore, a party of rebs who had concealed themselves during the night in the river swamp fired into the boat wounding 3 men on board. The enemy did not have time to fire the second round before I had A & B Co.'s of

the 2nd Florida Cavalry deployed in skirmish order under a fence, and poured a volley into them while reloading. I ordered down boat hands to man our four small boats, we gave the enemy a cross-fire from both companys, the boatmen cutting their painters, jumped into their boats, and shoved after the steamer as fast as possible, myself with 36 men from Co. A following them for protection. I think we killed some three or four and wounded several others. The steamer ran 12 miles and tied up to wait for the boats. On overtaking the steamer, I turned them over. After I left with the boats, the command burned the buildings and proceeded down the river to where we had landed the morning before, where I was to await their arrival if I should get there first. But the major having but 4 miles to march arrived about half an hour before me leaving orders for me to be taken on board when I should arrive; but the ship captain refused to wait for all my party to get out of the swamp, and shoved off without me, which caused him to have one hundred rebels to fire into his vessel with no land forces to protect him at Old Clay Landing; whereas if the vessel had waited 20 minutes longer, he would have had 300 land troops to protect his passage at this place. As it was, in a short time I heard a sharp cannonading from the boat, and as near as I could find out, about 200 rounds of small arms. But she passed through without getting a man hurt. The pilot who is a cool-headed fellow, and one of my own men think that they saw several of the enemy fall. We have not yet learned anything as to the injuries sustained by the enemy. It is now 12 o'clock at night, and I scribble by my campfire these hurried lines. We will get all of the particulars tomorrow.

August 22, 1864

We embarked our troops for the Island Station. I forgot to remark that the rebels killed one of our able brothers in arms with us who happened to be seated on a barge of cotton on the bank of the river where we had freighted the steamer the day before. This was done as the boat passed by on her run for life. The pilot of the steamboat was slightly wounded in the back.

August 23, 1864

Embarked in small boats for the *Clyde*, and thence 8 miles to the steamship *Nightingale*, there waiting to receive these troops, cotton and hogs, the fruit of our expedition.

August 24, 1864

The *Clyde* came alongside at 8 o'clock this morning with 3 companys, and 48 bales of cotton. Shoved off again for the rest of the troops, and the *Nightingale* weighed anchor and started for Cedar Keys. Our rations are short, and by night we will be without a mouthful to eat. As I expected, our supplies are out, and the troops are hungry and complaining, being on short allowance 3 days. This evening the troops have commenced stealing ship's stores, but previous to this, some of the men heard me offer the ship's captain 40 dollars for one barrel of beef, and he refused to sell or loan this until his return to Cedar Keys or Key West. We will not arrive at Cedar Key before night if then.

August 25, 1864

Arrived at Cedar Keys at 2 o'clock, disembarked the troops, and found our provisions had given out, and the refugees suffering with hunger. The sick that we had

left on the island we found much improved in health.

August 26, 1864

Major Weeks left for the steamer which we left lying at the mouth of the Suwanee river ashore. The sickness still prevails at this post to a great extent. From 4 to 6 die per day, the diseases are typhoid, diarrhea, and fever with putrid sore mouth. The sickrooms have a very bad smell, and are sickening on entering them, so much so that I have had to leave immediately, or throw up myself from the bad effects they had on me.

August 27, 1864

Five deaths in the garrison today, everything else is as yesterday. At night had seven graves filled with the dead, 3 persons now dying, 9 o'clock at night.

August 28, 1864

The *Ella Morris* arrived at 10 o'clock today with the major from the Suwanee River. Seven buried today. The major and quartermaster Stevens sailed for Key West on board the steamship *Nightingale*.

August 29, 1864

Today I obtained warrants for my non-commissioned officers. We have three deaths at the post today. After dark, we had quite an excitement in camp by a rumor that Fort Myers was captured and burned by the rebs, and that a large body of rebs were at # 4 Station five miles from this point.

August 30, 1864

Four ladies came into the garrison this evening, they live about 10 miles in the interior. For what reason they have come, I cannot tell. They report that there is no soldier nearer than Sodom, which is about forty miles north of this post. They do not know what the numbers of the enemy are, or do they know the number of the enemy killed and wounded in our fight on the Suwanee river. This report I do not believe, but to the contrary I believe they were sent in as spies to learn what damage we had received, and to learn the number of prisoners that we had brought in. They may throw dust in our Northern Officer's eyes, but they cannot do so in mine. I judge from the actions on the day of arrival at the post. On this day, four men came into the post by water from the Suwanee who say they ran away from the rebs. This I believe to be a lie, as three men tried to steal a boat to leave the post in and would have done so but for our guard who were too watchful for them. They had bought up all the Confederate money they could find at the post the day before, and during the evening parade had got their blankets out to sleep out of doors, as they pretended it was too warm indoors to rest. These devils had got wind of our being on the watch for them, and postponed the trial for another time. These men not returning according to time Saturday, the ladies were sent to see what had become of them, and for other purposes not known to us, and to throw dirt into the eyes of the Northern officers as they know there is no use to try to fool the refugees, knowing at the same time that the Northern men have the whole affairs here.

August 31, 1864

The people continue to die as on other days. We had our muster for pay today, which entitles to six months pay. In the last two days we have buried eight persons. On the 29th day of August there were 14 dead bodies on the island, on the 31st 15 more corpses, not buried. On Sept. 1st, 6 corpses, on the 2nd, 7 corpses, on the 3rd, 8 corpses, and on the 8th day, 14 corpses. We now have two dress parades per day, and two drills per day. Another rumor in camp is the rebs met eight of the Fort Myers boys who were on a cow hunt at Fort Thompson and killed or captured nearly all of them.

Sept. 3, 1864

No news today, and no rations yet, three days without bread. The troops are trying to eat some rotten flour, the last sent from Key West, some 200 barrels; this flour has been set outdoors on account of the worms and weevils in it. It is this kind of diet that sickens and kills the people so fast. This flour is as bitter as gall. Six of my men are taken sick today from the affects of this bad flour, have high fevers and vomiting. I think this flour should be thrown into the river, but no one can do it without an order from the commander of the post, or the doctor.

Sept. 4, 1864

Have just come off company inspection, no news today or anything strange.

Sept. 5, 1864

Seven corpses on the island today. Capt. Hall, 2nd U.S. colored Infantry borrowed bread from the gun boat *Clyde*, issued four cakes per man.

Sept. 6, 1864

Today 10 corpses on the island, three of the dead remain unburied two days and nights. The gunboat came to anchor at the bar about sunset. My money has failed, and Lt. Miller refuses to issue to me or sell on a credit, yet he sells to the soldiers of and officers from St Vincent's Island on a credit, telling us that our commissary is at Fort Myers, and if we wish to open an account, we must do it at that post. There are three commissions and two company from Fort Myers at this post, and Miller belongs to this company himself, but appointed A.A.C.S. at Cedar Keys by order of Major Weeks. We will wait until the major returns from Key West, he left this post about seven days ago for the above port. One more corpse tonight.

Sept. 7, 1864

Today I am officer of the day. 8 more deaths on the island. The *Ella Morris* steamer left for Sea Horse Key, and thence to Key West. In leaving the wharf, a mule which the boat had on board for Key West jumped overboard and swam to shore, the boat will return tomorrow to take him on board.

Sept. 8, 1864

The deaths today as usual. The gunboat came into port today, and taken the mule on board, also a fine pedigreed mare to carry to Key West for the Admiral's lady.

Sept. 9, 1864

8 deaths in the garrison this morning, all of disease. The schooner *Harriet* arrived this evening with subsistence, and Major Weeks, who on his arrival found his headquarters

turned into a house of assassination, and his orders disobeyed by Capt. Hall of the 2nd colored infantry, and others. These matters had been reported to the major on his arrival at the blockading vessel, and when he came ashore and found the reports confirmed, got drunk on the strength of it; and after sunset in passing one of the sentinels found him sitting on the ground at his post, then turned back and kicked him. The sentinel made an attempt to get up, slipped and fell down, his gun falling over his muzzle first and stuck in the ground. The major caught the gun, and the man broke and run, and the major fired at and mortally wounded the man, then going up to him, struck him with the breech of the gun on the side. The blow was so hard as to break two of his ribs which the doctors say caused his death sooner to take place. The major was then arrested and placed in close confinement to his quarters with a double guard until the next morning, when he was conveyed on board the schooner, and she was moved out in the stream under a strong guard until the next morning, Capt Stebbins on board in charge to see him safe to Key West to await his trial. He did not like his guard as they were all black troops. These troops were without ammunition, the fact was reported to Capt Andrews who had them supplied from his company, and the vessel proceeded on her way to the gunboat lying at the bar. The gunboat refused to let the vessel pass, and took the major from the schooner, not allowing Stebbins or his guard on board the gunboat. He returned to the island with his guard, Capt Andrews acting commander of the post was treated in the same manner, these two officers were taken alongside the gunboat, but not allowed to go on board with their prisoner and negro guard. Lt. Hilty of the 2nd U.S. colored infantry was ordered on board to take charge of the prisoner with the dispatches.<sup>29</sup>

Sept. 10, 1864

Eight deaths today in the garrison, no other news.

Sept. 11, 1864 - Cedar Keys

Dear Wife:

The rebs ar at # 4 station four miles from this post, and I epect to march every moment, I f anything happens to me, it is my wish that you go to Ohio or Illinois, as you may choose, to my relatives who will be proud to see you and the children, and when there, see to their schooling, above all things, do not neglect this point.

We have -5 deaths today, and I have summoned up courage to visit the sick in the hospital. There I found 5 persons very low, and who I do not think can recover. The ward rooms are in very bad condition and smell awful. One of the patients here is a man who has been blown up by a torpedo, the flesh on his arms has all sloughed off to a great extent, and his eyes are blown out so that he will never see anymore. I have not learned how the accident occurred but will the first opportunity I have.

Sept. 12 - 5 deaths at the post today. This evening I had to receive the dress parade as the post commander had gone to Way Keys, and the others are all sick. No other news today.

Sept. 13 - The sickness a little abated, and no deaths or other news.

Sept. 14 - Ordered to march for #4 station to oppose the rebs, crossed the channel, and learned that the rebels had retired, received orders to return with my command. This is

all the news I have to communicate at present, but remain until death –

Your husband,  
Wm McCullough

Sept. 15, 1864

Nothing new in camps today, the health improves a little, the people are becoming more and more dissatisfied with his post and their noble brethern, and the officers who command them. This is caused by the treatment and contempt which they receive from the Northern officers, as they allow their colored soldiers to abuse them by calling damn deserters, and their wives and daughters damn rebel bitches; yet they bear it with great patience believing the government will get them righted. These matters have been reported to the major of the regiment who says he will have them separated as soon as possible. He promised me that the colored troops should not move with him anymore.

I have noticed that when these gentlemen of color are left in camps as a guard for protection of the women and children, that after night they would go around camps and insult them most grossly by asking them and the daughters of the soldiers to sleep with them. At the time while the troops were in West Florida, these gentlemen were left behind with the familys at St. Vincent's Island. One night the black devils went to a tent of a mother who had one small daughter about 10 years old, and another about 15. The grandfather of these girls was at the tent when they came, some of the hellhounds raised a conversation with him. The oldest daughter was not well at the time, and had gone to bed. Her feet were close to the back or outside of the tent, and one of them discovered the position of the feet, and

worked his hand through the palmettos and got hold of the feet and endeavored to pull the girl thru the tent when she called to her mother for assistance. The grandfather requested them politely to behave themselves or retire. When they abused him badly, the old gentleman threatened to report them. The black fellows left and got their arms and came back. The old man sent the little girl off to rouse the refugees that were on this island to his assistance. Some 15 got together, and one went to the officer of the day. In the meantime, the rascals took the hint and left. The officer came up and enquired the difficulty. When he heard the old man's story, he seemed to doubt the matter, and left saying he did not believe the report, saying also that he knew the colored soldiers would not conduct themselves in such a manner. The man told the officer that if the military law could not protect them after they had left their all to keep from fighting against the government of their fathers, and had claimed the protection of that government, then they would protect themselves; and let the blame or consequences rest on those who fall to do their dutires as the agents of the government.

There was no further difficulty then as the troops returned from West Florida in a day or two. The black fellows might be seen every evening after sunset with their arms out in the bushes near the old man's tent, for what purpose I never knew unless it was to frighten him. If to shoot him, it would have been a dear shoot for not an officer or man would have been saved alive on the island, not all the refugees officers in the Union army could stop the matter.

Sept. 20, 1864

Six deaths in camp today, and myself quite sick with a raging fever, pains in my back,

head, and shoulders, so sick that I cannot take any notice of passing events, half-witted and crazy; so much so that the man that I had awaiting, left believing I would die.

Sept. 26, 1864

Up and a-kicking, not able to stir much, the general health improves a little. Three burials today. Colonel Townsend arrives to take command of the post, and appears to be quite a strict disciplinarian, which is needed badly at this post. Now I am in hope of seeing things change for the better, I am aware that they can not be made any worse without going into open war, and it will not take too long to bring this about in the present state of mind of the men and women. They now want their officers to march them into the country and thence to Fort Myers where they can operate against the rebs, and get their family home to improve their health. If the Northern officers had the same feelings as the refugees for the government, the war would end in South Florida, the people are anxious to get their families into the country so as to lighten the burden of the the government in subsistence and transportation, they cannot care for the money no further than to clothe their women and children, but to the contrary with the Northern officers who wish the war to go on, this is so with 9/10 of them, especially those in command of the colored troops. We judge from the fruit it bears. These men do their uttermost to get into quartermaster and commissary departments where they remain as long as possible, and when about to be detected in their rascality, apply to be relieved and return to regimental duties. This game was played at Fort Myers to a great extent by Lt Charles Ames, 2nd U.S. Colored Troops, from Dec 1, 1864 to Jan 18th, 1865. He had charged me on his officer's charges; he charged me with

\$139.99 which is more than it cost me for the support of my family and house rent in Key West, which is the dearest place in the world. I applied to have my orders, and Lt Ames officer's accounts investigated, and was refused for fear of hurting some one's feelings. Therefore my wife and children must suffer for a petty swindler of the government and a brother officer, and this officer belonging to the 2nd U.S. Colored troops.<sup>30</sup>

Sept. 27, 1864

Nothing in camp today - men knocking rats out of the cabbage trees which causes quite an excitement and fun. Our men all turning cobblers and tinkers in camp, cooking utensils are scarce, also tinware and crockery. The men are cutting up flour cans and making tin plates and cups. For beginners in the tin business, their work is quite nice, and answers a good use. Some of the boys are working on watches, beating out silver or tin for faces, or in other words, crystals.

Sept. 28, 1864

Nothing new in camp today, the health is still improving, about 5 deaths the past two days. Made out a furlow for private John Whidden to return to Fort Myers on travel absence for 30 days as he is sick and not fit for duty. Am officer of the day today, and received the parade, as the colonel was away and all the other officers are sick.

Sept. 29, 1864

Off duty and sick, and homesick. Negro officers shooting at the refugees in a boat who have a pass to go fishing. These

damned black devils are stationed on Way Key, and the refugee soldiers are on Depot Key where headquarters are kept, and a boat cannot leave the island without the colonel's permission, as the boats are under a strict guard. These matters I am an eyewitness to, the matter has been reported to Col. Townsend who pays no attention. This is almost an everyday occurrence, and has been since the Maj. Weeks affair at this post. These are provable, and I dare any man to dispute them, and put me to the proof of them.<sup>31</sup>

Sept. 3[0], 1864

Embarked my men on board of the schooner *Tortuga* at 11 a.m. taken on board 10 casks of water, and giving a short adieu to B Company (who belong to Fort Myers, and most of them have familys there as well as ourselves) at 12 noon weighed anchor and sailed with a light wind and a strong tide against us. Run ashore about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the wind having died away.

Oct. 2, 1864

Swung off the bank in the night and hoisted sail with the wind fresh and ahead. Ran about a half-mile, and struck another bank on the other side of the channel. Here we lay until the 3rd at 3 o'clock in the evening. By the help of the *Clyde's* crew was towed about 4 miles out to see and then dropped to shift for ourselves. I had four sick men on board, two of them very sick who I did not expect to get to Fort Myers alive.

Oct. 5, 1864

Made Chartooths [Charlotte] Harbour 20 miles to the eastward at 11 a.m., ran all day

with but little wind, we had at nite made about six miles with the wind springing tip. The captain lay offshore all night, the wind continued to freshen, and we had to shorten sail. At daylight, no island was to be seen and we sailed until 12 o'clock before we discovered land, and at 3 o'clock we made the Bay on the Bar of Cinnabar [Sanibel], and just at sunset landed at Pointe Rossa, 18 miles west of Fort Myers, and on the Mouth of the Cinnabar River. Here I taken 9 men into one of the Fort Myers boats which was kept at the point for an express boat, and at 4 a.m. we made the Fort. As soon as possible I dispatched boats after the remainder of the company and had them all here before night at the post; in the meantime had received and receipted for Capt. Crane's Company property, and the old man was on his way to take command of the rest of the 2nd cavalry at Ceday Keys. Nothing more of any importance Occurred but small beef raids until the 20 of Feb. 1865.<sup>32</sup>

Feb. 20, 1865

At 12 o'clock this day, Major Munden [Munnrclyn], Major Hendry, and Brevet Major Footman made their appearance opposite our post, demanding the surrender of the garrison. This being refused, 20 minutes were given to secure our women and children of which we had about 500, and 150 refugees. After about half an hour after the demand for Surrender was made, the action commenced by the enemy artillery. A brisk fire was kept up for two hours artillery firing. Our commanding officer supposing the rebs were about to make their battery closer, ordered myself and 20 men Out as sharpshooters and marching to within 600 yards of the rebel lines, placed my men behind trees and palmettos, ready for them if they should advance with a view of better position, so

we could pick off their artillerymen, then seize their guns and retire behind our own battery. But two of my men getting up from their hiding place were seen by the enemy and sent out their sharpshooters to oppose us. Now our fun commenced in earnest, our arms being so far Superior to theirs in distance that the boys made them get in a hurry. Such falling down, rolling over, getting up and running I have never saw in my life. Seeing that we had the advantage, thought it best to advance 200 yards further, and opened a sharp fire from there on their battery that compelled them to move off in a hurry, leaving several bunches of lint and bandages, splints, and two Muskets. They halted 300 yard back, and opposite our battery. We, moving up and firing fast, they fired but one shot from this point, and receiving a shell from our battery, limbered up in a hurry, and retreated two miles, then camped for the night. About 2 o'clock, the enemy abandoned their camp and retreated in a hurry leaving about half of 15 beeves, dropping their bags of corn haversacks, belts and pouches, sum of which contained from 58 to 100 caps all in good shape, several pairs of shoes and socks, and one horse.<sup>33</sup>

On the 20th day of February, the morning before the rebs made their appearance, I had received a printed order for discharge by order of Major [General] E.R.S. Canby, commanding the department of the Gulf and Mississippi. This order gave me a dishonorable discharge, and no final pay until I should satisfy the pay department that I was not indebted to the government.<sup>34</sup>

This was accomplished through Capt. Childs, 2nd U.S. colored Infantry stationed at Fort Myers, Florida, and thru 2nd Lieut. J A Miller, AACS, at Cedar Keys, Florida. I swear if there was a cause for my discharge, it was these two men's fault. Captain Childs had reported me as being neglectful and

inattentive to duty, which I can prove to be false, and have the proof in my hands to show, but the main cause was that he knew that he had swindled the government badly, and my being an officer, knowing the facts made me a good witness for the government, and I have the testimony of every officer with whom I served in my favor, both at the post of Fort Myers and at Cedar Keys, Florida.

I Swear that Capt. Childs has used the most gross and abusive language to me, this because he believed that I would prefer charges against him. Sometimes he would threaten to arrest me and put me in close confinement, then when he thought he had intimidated me, promised to stand by and do all that he could to help me along; this provided I would attend to the business inside my own company, and let all the others alone. He often swore that all the officers of the 2nd Florida Cavalry would go up the spout, and as for Capt. James D Green, he would god damn his sole, if he Capt. Childs did not go up; if he had the power to do it, and go to the dry Tortugas. This language was used to me because I had endorsed a set of charges which one of my men had drawn against Capt. Childs, and two others that Capt. J.D. Green and Capt. Bartholf had preferred against Capt. Childs. The officers being under arrest could not send their charges to Headquarters while under arrest, and the offence being so grievous, I felt it my duty to my brother officers and the government to sign them.

Then Capt. Childs promulgated through the garrison that he was the cause of my discharge, and he had to do it to save himself, and he was afraid that if I obtained an honorable discharge, I would ruin him.

The Captain is at large with his rank, without chastisement or correction, nearly

having been superceded by Capt. James Doyle in the command of the post. Capt. Doyle belongs to the 110th New York Volunteers.

Capt. Childs had had the audacity to say to my daughter Frances that he was the man who caused my discharge, that he was obliged to do it to save himself, but that it had gone further than he thought it would go, that it was so, and he could not help it. He dare not do anything in the matter, as he had done what he could to bring it about. My daughter says she will be qualified to this statement. He further stated to her that if he dared to he would help me out of the difficulty, but being placed as he was, he could not do it, but if it was himself, he could get out of the difficulty.<sup>35</sup>

Cedar Keys, Florida  
Sat., April 1, 1865  
My Dear Wife,

Today at six o'clock I went ashore to obtain evidence to lay before the court whose duty is to inquire into my conduct as an officer, and the reasons for my discharge, and meeting Major Weeks on the wharf, bid him good morning.

The Major appeared to be in a bad humor, and asked me what I was doing at that post, and without waiting for an answer, ordered me on board the vessel, and to remain on board and not to come ashore again. The Major then went to his quarters.

There being no boat to take me on board, I taken the advantage to go to one of the refugee officers quarters, and wrote a request to the Adjutant's office for permission to go on shore to obtain what evidence I could in my case, and shortly afterward went on board. About 10 o'clock,

the orderly brought me a note with permission to go on shore. I remained on shore all day, and even slept on shore, and having finished all the business I had at Cedar Keys, went back on board and remained until she sailed.

Arrived at Key West en route for Ponta Rossa on the 6th of April, sailed for Ponta Rossa on the 9th by the way of Cedar Keys with about one hundred refugees and seventy-five contraband.

I left Cedar Keys on the 13th for Ponta Rossa [Punta Rassa]. I find all our men very much dissatisfied with their new officers, and they have signed petitions for Lieutenant Miller & myself to be reinstated and returned to duty. I do not think their petitions will receive any notice. On the 6th one of our gunboats lying off the post of Cedar Keys captured a small sloop with 3 bales of cotton on board, and two double barreled shotguns. This boat was bound for Havana. The cotton will go as other captured property has gone, and as you have seen it go heretofore.

(Wm McCullough)

April 21, 1865  
Capt. Crain: [Crane]  
Dear Sir:

I seat myself to give you a small history of a fuss between myself and the man you once befriended, when in reality he ought to have been hung. Francis A. Ivey, the man you enlisted after you knew him to be a traitor to the government, and that he was one of the very men who broke up the lighthouses at Keybiken and Jupiter. Besides you know he did kill White and McQuin, all these facts you had at hand, and could prove the crimes against him. Yet this man has done and is

still doing all he can against you, and now for my story.<sup>36</sup>

On the 20th day of April, Seargent Ritter of Co. A of your old regiment received orders to get up all the refugees to clean up the ground for an encampment for familys. Ivey came to me, I stated to him that I had my official business to attend to, and that Sgt. Ritter had nothing to do with me. Ritter came to me and apologized saying he had not sent Ivey to me. I told him to tell Corp. Ivey that I would thank him to attend to his own business and let myself alone. At this, Ritter left, and in a few minutes Ivey came back to where I was talking with another man and moving my plunder to my camp so that I could get to work and finish up my returns that I had commenced at Fort Myers previous to the abandonment of that post by Capt. Doyle; and the first I knew of his presence, caught me by the collar jerking me around, with a heavy blow to my temple, and another one in the eye staggering me back from him at some distance. I then turned to leave him but he continued to follow after me, and striking at me, at length I caught his hand and held him fast, as I can hold off Ivey. Sgt. Edwards of Co. B came up and told me to let go of Ivey. I did so, and Ivey taken out his knife and swore he would cut my god dam throat. There being a heavy piece of wood by me, I picked it up for the purpose of defending myself, but Sgt. Edwards of Co. B stepped in between us and made Ivey put up his knife, I laid down the piece of wood, then left them as I thought. But Ivey followed immediately after me using the words "I wish I had my gun, I would shoot you," and casting an eye back, saw that he was going to take hold of me again. I moved somewhat faster, and seeing my saber, sprang for it, had nearly drawn the blade out when Ivey caught the point of the scabbard pushing toward me, Edwards taking hold of my right hand trying to push

the blade into the scabbard. In the scuffle, my feet caught in a small barrel hoop, and I fell, with my head under the bow of a boat, and between a large box, falling on my back. Ivey thrust his finger into my eye, and I caught his hand and pullet it out. Doctor Deshon of Co. B came up with Joseph Stephens and others, and taken them away. As I got up, Ivey threw a piece of stove coal at my head. I saw it and dodged it. He then left with a threat to shoot me and somebody else.

In about half an hour, Lt. Drew came to the island and I reported the case to him. He said he would have the matter attended to, and send Ivey to Depot Key, but the wind raising so high directly after, it was impossible for a boat to leave, and the matter delayed until the next day. In the meantime, I had an interview with Lt. Drew and stated all the particulars in the case. He said he would have him arrested and charges prepared against him. So the matter rested until the next morning.

The water being smooth, Ivey and myself and Edwards with a boat party proceeded to Depot Key. I went to the quartermaster's office to draw up a statement against Ivey today before his Co. commander, and Major Weeks commanding the post.

In a few minutes Sgt. Carlton came to me saying that Major Weeks wished for my presence. I went to the Major's quarters and he was at breakfast. I told the Sgt. to call me when the major was ready, as I wished to write a few more lines. In about five minutes, the sgt. came to me. As we stepped out of the office, we met Major Weeks, passed the compliments of the morning. The Major requested me to go back into the office and wait for a moment, as he wished to speak with Ivey; about five minutes after, a black corporal and two of his noble

brothers came with their arms, bayonets fixed, and conveyed me to the guardhouse where I remained until ten o'clock the next day without anything to eat or drink, as he thought. But unknown to him, I sent to Capt. Green for paper and ink with a request that he would call and see me on important business. In a few minutes he came, and I told him what had happened, and wished him to take my written statement to Major Weeks. At this he refused, and gave as his reasons that his commission had been taken from him, and he expected that I would receive the same treatment, that Ivey and Edwards had been doing all they could for our destruction and Capt. Crane's, as he knew them to be rank rebels at heart, and that he had done all that he could to prevent the captain from enlisting them. Edwards was assigned to his co., and it was on account of their disloyalty that caused him to reject Ivey from Co. B.

As I said, about 10 o'clock the 2nd day, I was released from the guard house and sent before the Marshal who asked me a few questions about my difficulty, and I handed him the statement I had drawn up. He promised to hand it to Major Weeks, and told me that the major said if he heard anything more from me, he would send me to Key West. I answered that is what I wish as I was brought to the post of Cedar Keys with my family against my will, knowing the place to be a sickly place, and that upwards of 500 people had died there last summer of disease and bad treatment.

I was then dismissed, and went over to Tucker's my old company clerk, where I got a good meal, and commenced to make out my final returns with the hope of obtaining my final pay.

But I was such an eyesore the major could not bear me so near his quarters. He sent an

orderly with orders to go to the wharf and remain there until a boat was ready to go to Sea Horse Key that would carry me off. This key my family was at without shelter or tent, as I had not had time to build one before I was arrested. I complied with the order so far as going to the wharf. The sun shone very hot, I remained there about three hours, then went to the marshal and told him I wished a boat to carry me to the Key. He said there would be one ready in an hour or so. I waited until I was obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and while away, the boat started and I was left. I then went back to Tucker's and slept that night. In the boat that left in the morning, the marshal went to the island, saw my family, and asked them about the difficulty. When Mrs. McCullough told the marshal (Capt. Peas) how the difficulty occurred, he rose with a curse ordering Lt. Drew to send Ivey to Depot Key under a guard. Ivey was sent, and that was all that was done in the matter.

I went to work, made my returns and affidavits that had to be sworn to before the adjutant, and while I was waiting for them, the major came into the offices. Asking me what I was doing there, I told him. There were several men in the office at the time. I was requested to leave the office, and go below. I did so, and about half an hour later, the adjutant came down stairs and had my affidavits taken. He then said the major had told him not to have me about his quarters, as he would not tolerate me on any account.

I told the adjutant that I had several of those affidavits to have taken, and I should call on him to administer in the office or on the street. To this, he replied "I cannot help it." I asked the adjutant if he knew what I had done to incense the major so against me, he said he did not, but the major was very much changed since he had killed the sentinel at the wharf, and since his trial and acquittal at

Key West, he had changed very much towards all the officers of the regiment. As to my treatment by Ivey, there has been no attention paid to it by Major Weeks or the marshall. I have applied for a permit to leave the post with my family for the City of Key West, and have been refused several times. I will try to keep you informed of all that takes place here, and wish you to give me all the news you have, politically and commercialy.

Respectfully yours,  
Wm McCullough

Key West, Florida  
July 4[?], 1865  
Friend Capt. Green,

This is to inform you that I am well at present, and hope this may find you the same.

I arrived at this port on the 3rd and found the General absent at St. Mark, and sent my application to the adjutanat general's office for approval at this place. Have not had a hearing from it, and have written to Mrs. McCullough to apply for permission to take her family to New Orleans.

I have learned there is a steamer at Cedar Keys for the purpose of carrying refugees to the different ports along the coast of West Florida, and then proceed to the above port. I have sent her a few goods and my watch to turn into cash, as she may wish and want funds, and I have none to send her. Yet the government owes me nearly \$ 900 or \$ 1,000 as 2nd and 1st Lieutenant in the 2nd Regiment of the Florida Cavalry, and refuses to pay until I satisfy the pay department that I am not indebted to the government, which of course is right.

My papers have been made out and forwarded last May, and I suppose it will be six months or one year before I am paid, and if I am taken sick, or no work, my family must suffer all this time. So much for true loyalty and zeal for one's country, and the loss of all his personal affects, home comforts, society, and company of one's relatives.

Dear friend, I do not believe that any set of men was ever treated as cruelly as the refugee officers and their soldiers have been in this war. This district bears the name of the black list department, and well it may, for there is a set of the grandest rascals in it as ever lived. Every cowardly scamp or villain that is too mean for other departments are sent here as punishment for sum offence. They are subject to enmity and possible immorality of all kinds, setting the worst examples before the females of this country. They perform sham marriages, and make them believe they are legal, with such these scoundrels live until some other beauty comes along who takes their fancy, then the first one is cast aside, and allurement made to entice the second beauty. There was one exception at Fort Myers, Florida, in Capt. Bartholf of the 2nd U.S. colored infantry.

The officers tells them when the war is over, they will take them home and provide a good home for them, but lo and behold, in two or three months, these young things are thrown aside, some of them in a state of pregnancy, or have contracted a bad disease which will last them their lifetime. Such was the case with a girl at St. Andrew's Bay by an officer of one of our gunboats lying at the point when we made a raid in West Florida. We called and taken about two hundred refugees on board for the post of Cedar Keys, and in that number, found the one mentioned above. After her arrival at the post of Cedar Keys, she lived about three

months and died of pox, perfect rotten neglected by the doctor who was a perfect sot. The commander of the post being drunk two-thirds of his time. Major Weeks had a young lady living with him when his lady came out from Key West, and before he brought his lady ashore, the honorable gentleman sent his miss to the mainland for quiet's sake.

And here is another instance of virtue in an officer of our government service in the person of Capt. Hall of the 2nd U.S. Colored Infantry, commanding the garrison at Cedar Keys, Fla. He pretended love to a young lady from Long [?] County, and married her, tho having a wife in the north. Shortly after his marriage with this second lady, he resigned and was relieved by Capt. Andrews of the 2nd U.S. Colored Regiment. He prepared to leave the post and his second wife behind, but the wife being too faithful to her marriage vows, refused to a separation, and compelled the honorable captain to take her on board of one of the gunboats about to sail for the port of Key West, Fla. They went on board about 3 o'clock in the evening, and directly after dinner was eaten, the lady was taken sick, and before night she was a corpse. The capt. wished to bury her at sea, but to this the ship's officers refused, as the ships were anchored but half a mile from the navy burying ground on the island of Sea Horse Key, and four miles from the headquarters of Capt. Hall's old regiment. The lady had her rings on her fingers at her death, and Hall wished to take them off, but the officers on board would not allow it, as they suspected foul play in the death of the unhappy woman. Lieut. Jones of the vessel went on shore with a party of his own men to open to open the grave, and Capt. Hall appropriated the jewelry to his own use, altho it came by honorable parents of the Young lady. She was very highly respected

by all persons in her father's neighborhood. She was a corpse 6 hours after going on board the vessel. I have forgotten the name of the vessel and captain, Lieut. Jones was one of the officers of the vessel. The vessel's name is on the tombstone of the lady's grave.

This is all at present, give my regards to your lady, and receiving the same yourself.

Wm McCullough

Key West, Fla.  
May 28, 1865  
Dear Dunbar<sup>37</sup>

I arrived at Key West the 27th, and today commenced to clean up the old ship and paint in the meantime. I penned a small note as a request to General Newton for transportation for myself and family to New Orleans. Not getting a hearing from him, I went in person to see him, and found he had left on board of the *General McCullum* this morning at 10' o'clock for Cedar Keys and St. Marks. I then penned a letter to my wife at Cedar Keys, Fla. by the schooner *Matchless* with instructions for her to see the general and obtain a passage to the port of Key West, as I expect to sail for New Orleans in the course of four or five days, and on arrival at this, if I have left, for her to see the provost marshal who will get passage for her and children to New Orleans where I will be waiting for her and children, and will have a house in the city and room to live in until we can get a passage up the Mississippi River to my relatives in Illinois or Ohio.

It is impossible for me to keep my eyes from the northwest channel, the course my family must come to get here.

Another Man of War is just sailing by for the north, the anxious crew is cheering them on their homeward bound passage. They give them three hearty hip, hip, hoorays, then all is quiet again. Jasper, today I have sold my library at a very low price to obtain what funds I possibly could for my family to bear their expenses to the far west. This library is one I have collected since I came into the Union lines. You know I cannot do without reading matter, these books I have worked hard to get, and what reading and writing I have got was obtained after my day's work was done. I also occupied my Sundays in reading and writing. My little library consisted of three hundred and fifty volumes of assorted works. This library I have sold, as I do not know that the general will give my family transportation. He may be induced by Major Weeks, who is my deadly enemy, not to furnish transportation for them, and I do not know what his ill will can be for, unless he is afraid I will get where I can give evidence against a man by the name of Ivey, a member of Co. A, 2nd regiment, Florida cavalry. Even should this be the case, there is plenty of evidence that can be obtained against him. He is a grand rascal, and imprisonment is too good for him. He has, at one time to my knowledge, stabbed one man, a soldier of the U.S. army at Tampa, at another time shot at his brother-in-law, and again at Fort Drum in Brevard County he killed Wm White by shooting him, having placed himself in ambush, and as White approached, shot him - leaving a wife and two little children, the oldest not two years old, thirty miles to where the widow could get help and assistance, she being in a forward state of pregnancy. Previously to his killing White, he also killed a man by the name of McQuin, and tried to make it appear that White had done the deed - but we all knew White to be better disposed, and then White Could prove where he was when the murder

was done, and Ivey Could not prove where he was. This is the man that Major Weeks has protected against law and justice, and the same man that broke up the light house at Keybischen Bay, Fla., and threatened the men at the place with death if they had anything to say about it, then proceeded to Jupiter and destroyed the lighthouse at that point. Yet Major Weeks himself, guilty of murdering a sentinel while on post by shooting him, is the man to protect crime so heinous, and while guilty of these acts, are acquitted by court martial, returned to duty, and promoted to the rank of full major of 2nd regiment of Florida Cavalry -while other men of known loyalty and zeal for the welfare of the country sacrificing home and family comforts are cast aside as being worthless, and the honorable Major being guilty of a great misdemeanor is held to office and promoted still higher for all other offices that may be vacant by deaths or other \_\_\_\_\_[?].

For all this the government is not to blame, but the combination of surrounding scoundrels at the head of affairs. Charges have been preferred against a number of officers on the West, Southwest, and South Florida. The charges have been sent to General John Newton, commander of the district of Key West and Tortugas. These very papers have been handed back to the officers that were preferred against in part, in one instance, Major Weeks told me that it was so in regard to charges preferred against himself, that he stuck the lamp to the papers with his own hand in the presence of General Newton, and he laughing at the papers burning.

Jasper, when Ivey came to Fort Myers and found me and my family there, it taken him quite by surprise, and he commenced concocting means for my ruin, the opportunity he has found under Major Weeks

commanding post Cedar Keys, and 2nd regiment U.S. Florida Cavalry.

Wm McCullough

Key West, Florida

June 21st, 1865

Dear Charly:

Today I have written to Mrs. McCullough sending her fifteen dollars, all the funds I have on hand.

I have also received a letter of character from H. A. Crane, late commanding officer of the 2nd Florida Cavalry, and Capt. Charles How, Collector at the port of Key West, has promised to give me a letter of recommendation of character.

We are trying our engine to see if it will work, and carry us to your city of New Orleans, We will sell for that port as soon as our engine will work. My family I left at Cedar Keys, and do not know where they are at present, they may be at Tampa, but this I do not know. It has been a month since I saw them, and three weeks since I have heard from them.

The times are dull at this place, the city of Key West is quite healthy at present, two tugs left this morning for Pensacola and thence to New Orleans. Dear Charly, I have been quite sick for days, but am better at present. The old *Alliance* is the dirtiest ship that I ever saw, and the old man feeds his men very bad, sometimes not more than half-rations, and badly cooked. Wages is \$ 40 per month, and one ration, such as it is.

I am in hopes I will get a letter from my family before we sail. I wrote to Jasper, my adopted son. He is in Co. A, my old regiment. I am looking for the schooner

*Matchless*, U.S. Transport with all the eyes I have, with the hopes of seeing my family, or getting a letter before we sail for your port.

I attribute my difficulty to Major Weeks fault, and may God reward him for his bad treatment of me and mine. If I had been deserving of this unkindness, I would not bemoan and complain of the treatment. It is thought that we will sail today, but I think it doubtful. This is the 22nd, and I will not close this until I know we will sail. A steamer arrived in port this morning from Pensacola. I have not learned her business or where she is bound.

June 23rd - this morning I have written to Capt. James Doyle of the 110th New York Volunteers for his certificate showing that the company and company property for which I was accountable, was removed from the post of Fort Myers, from under my control before an officer had been appointed to receive and receipt to me for the same, and stating to him that it would put me to a great deal of trouble to get my pay without his certificate. This gentleman is stationed at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, Florida.

A sailing vessel is in the north channel this morning, it is thought to be the schooner *Matchless*, the tug has gone after it as the wind is light, and tide strong against. Two large steamers passed this morning in the southwest channel, one to the west, and one to the east. Could just see their hulls in the distance. The schooner *Harriet* is taking on board subsistence for the troops at Tampa and Cedar Keys. Two prisoners of war was put on board the *General Sheridan* this morning bound north.

June 24 - This morning we leave Key West for New Orleans by the way of Cedar Keys, Fla. Our vessel's engine is broken down, and we will make slow progress, and I therefore

forward this to prepare you for my arrival, and am in hopes of that of my wife and family. This is a pleasant day, and the sea smooth. I now close with a wish for your welfare - believe.

In haste,  
Wm McCullough

Key West, Florida  
June 25, 1865  
Dear Jasper,

I will address a few lines to you. Saw two large steamers and schooner in route for Key West, on board the schooner I think my family is, as they may have obtained transportation of the general. If so, may God reward Maj. Weeks for his cruelty to me and them. The day is very fine, and the sea as smooth as the deck we stand upon. We have the schooner *Harriet* in tow with subsistence for and beef cattle on board for the troops at Cedar Keys, and several passengers for the same place.

The captain who is Baker by name is not the man he has represented himself to be, and has not done by me as he promised in relation to my family; he promised to use his influence with Major Weeks and the General if I would ship with him, and he has not done so to my knowledge.

This morning we had stinking salt beef for breakfast, seasoned with a few maggots. Our coffee, or water spoiled by the old grounds from the cabin table, and sweetened by order of the captain. The best part of our rations are used in the cabins for the benefit of the ship's officers and passengers. This fact can be proven by the cook, and second; the officers are not allowed to draw rations, but can buy from the commissary at government prices, and get pay in lieu of subsistence. As

for pork, the hands hardly ever see any, as it is all put on the table in the cabin. More ruff this evening and through the night.

June 26th - 10 o'clock, the engine broke down, and we turned the schooner *Harriet* loose to make the best of her way to Cedar Keys. Our fire room has 4 feet of water in it. Ship's pumps in engine room will not work, all hands called to ball water out of the ship, and she rolls awfully, the seashore is four miles distant. Taken in sail and let go of the anchor. Today the fire room became so hot, our firemen were burned out, the 2nd engineer, myself, and four men sick.

June 27 - Weighed anchor and steamed up for Egmond Key during the remainder of the 26th, and converted our low pressure to a high pressure, making about four miles per hour, and made Egmond Key at 6 o'clock. John Collier came on board thinking we wished a pilot. I asked him if he knew anything about my family, he did not. I then gave him instructions to say if he saw them, that I was on my way to New Orleans, and for them to go on to Key West, and thence to New Orleans. I expected when I saw Collier to remain at Egmond for three or four days, but left the port before Collier got out of sight, as the captain was afraid his crew would leave him on account of condition the vessel was in, and the grub so bad. It is likely we will call in at Cedar Keys, then if possible proceed to Pensacola, and New Orleans. If not able to proceed, will do some repairing and then sail again.

Made Seahorse Key on the 28th at daybreak, and at 9 o'clock lowered away a boat and pulled ashore at Depot Key. Reported to Major Weeks the condition we were in, and stated that we had turned the *Harriet* adrift, as it was impossible for us to bring her in tow. At the same time learned that my family was still there, and through Capt.

Peas, acting Provost Marshal, obtained transportation for them on board of our vessel to New Orleans, tho with the loss of everything in the shape of household goods as Capt. Bacon would not wait after he had the family on board saying he had positive orders from Major Weeks to sail in an hour from the time we started from his quarters. If this be true, it shows against Major Weeks - it shows him to be a tyrant over me, because he knew when he gave the order that Capt. Bacon could not reach his vessel in an hour's time, as we had 8 miles to pull, and the tide against us, running at the rate of 5 miles to the hour, it being flood.

In the evening we had a smooth sea and light wind, on the 29th, sea smooth and weather moderate. On my arrival I found Mrs. McCullough quite unwell, and most of the children also, caused from living on bad provisions issued to them from the commissary; the flour being black, rotten, and very bitter. As for meat, they had codfish, rotten and stunk very bad; all that was left behind, and I gave them my own allowance on the voyage to Orleans. My wife looked more like the dead than the living. She told me that the negro soldiers had been very abusive once or twice in my absence to her had used the refugees and familys very bad, going to their tents at night and stealing, pulling some of the women out of bed and actually having connections with them. This conduct was reported to the Co. officers, and the satisfaction they received was if the woman would point them out, they would be punished, but this was a matter of impossibility as the night was dark, and the negro darker if possible. When the woman would threaten the negro with their officers, they replied they did not care a dam, as the officers had told them if they the soldiers would pull them the officers to the island, they might do as they pleased. This language

is a provable fact, and deny it who will; and for this trash and some of their officers, a few in our northern and western states are posing with the highest plaudits possible.

Yesterday, two of the deck hands were called upon to pass coal into the coal bunkers, and today we all were ordered to do the same work. I told the first mate I would not do it as I had shipped on for a deck hand and not a coal passer, but after reconsidering the matter, I did not think it right to impose upon the rest of the deck hands. We only had four deck hands in all, and it was hard for them to pass coal and keep a regular watch on deck, the ship had but two coal passers. This was Bacon's fault, as he was afraid to call on the S.M. for a full crew and full rations for them, not knowing his duty as a master of a vessel. This was the first time he had had a ship under his command, and he was afraid he would lose this one, as he did on his arrival at the city of New Orleans, as there is no man or men on earth that would bear the treatment received from this man. Mates, all hands, went to the S.M. at Orleans and made their report, and the captain was discharged from the command, but retained in charge of the crew as watch. When the men saw this, they all left the ship, and Baker could not get another man to go on board of the vessel with him, and the S.M. was obliged to get another man in his place.

On the 30th, the sea rough and rolling so as to take water on deck. The wind very light. Mrs. McCullough and daughter Frances sick. Coaling as usual on this ship at sea.

July 1, 1865

Head wind and rough sea, coaling as the day before. Today meat is out and water short. Two large steamships in site, one passing to

westward, the other to eastward. Sea heavy, and the vessel rolling at a terrible rate. Passing coal as the day before, and arrived at the bar of the great Mississippi River at 8 o'clock p.m., and quarantine ground at 8 o'clock Sunday night. Without meat from the 1st of July to the 4th, and scrubbing and coaling as when at sea. The hands not excused from scrubbing or coaling on the 4th day of July, but thinking too much of this day, I refused to work, knowing we would lay here at anchor until the doctor should see fit to release our vessel; and applied to the captain for a boat to cross the river and obtain supplies for my family. The captain concluded to cross with me, and the engineer. I bought one ham, some butter, and a few vegetables which my family needed very badly as the scurvy began to make its appearance on them.

While lying here, expended fifty dollars in buying vegetables, melons, etc. for them. For 15 lbs of ham I paid 5.35, 50¢ for 1-lb of butter, 3.50 for two bushels of potatoes, melons 20 to 50¢ a piece, tomatoes 20¢ a dozen. My wife and children without for four days except for my rations. At the quarantine ground, Bacon the Capt. equivocated about our sailing from the Port of Key West, first said we sailed from Key West, then said we sailed from Cedar Keys - in fact both stories were literally true as we had sailed from both ports, but his contradictory reports tied our vessel up where our men are worked with tea or coffee and but half bread to appease hunger. What coffee the hands got was water poured on the coffee grounds that came from the cabin table, and sugar sufficient to make it taste sickening.

July 5, 1865

Sailed at 7 o'clock for New Orleans - a large propeller came to anchor eastern of us last

night with a large monitor in tow, and steamed up the river just ahead of us. This is two monitors that have passed while we lay here at this place. Then the Steamship *Mississippi* and another large one passed up the river in a race about 11 o'clock. We arrived at the great empire city of New Orleans at 5 o'clock on the morning of July 6, and landed my family, paying 10 dollars a month's rent in advance.

On the 7th day of July, all the hands were discharged in the evening. Now it is root pig or die poor in a strange city among strangers. I was quite sick today, but better this evening. My dear friend, this is the darkest day I have ever seen; a wife and seven children, all helpless and in want, looking to me for their support in food and clothing, and having but 10 dollars and 50 cents in my pocket, in a strange city with 2/3 of the inhabitants seceders who look upon me and all refugees as enemys to the confederacy and her cause. All this I do not care about, but the treatment I have received from the government officially, having been wrongfully dismissed from the service of my beloved country, without a trial by military court, or even a hearing from the board of investigation that I had succeeded in getting at Punta Rosa, Florida, Capt. Harding of the 99th U.S. Colored Infantry being president. I am turned off without a final settlement until I satisfy the pay department that I am not indebted to the government. My returns were made out and forwarded on the 10th day of last May, and no return from them yet. The officers with whom I was connected forwarded a letter of recommendation to Gen. Newton commanding the district of Key West and Tortugas, and asked that a board of officers be detailed to inquire into my conduct as an officer, also my papers. The board was therefore detailed, met, examined the case, and forwarded their proceedings to the

general for his approval, and my re-instatement in my company. This I was told by the president of the court, but from the general I have not been able to hear, neither have my friends. I therefore am cast among strangers to live the best I can, after being driven from my home and effects because I would not fight against the government that I was reared under. I have 60 dollars due me for work on the *Defiance* transport ship in the QM Quarter Master's employ. This money I am not able to get for some time yet, as the QM is very slow in paying his men, and Capt. Bacon does not know how to make out his payrolls. I have been in the city several days, and have not got work; have taken letters to General E.R.S. Canby to see if he could not get a hearing from the proceedings of the court of inquiry at Punta Rossa.

As soon as he opened the letters and looked at two of them, he handed them back, saying he could do nothing with them, or in the matter. This he must have known that I knew to be a falsehood, having been placed in the position that I was in the army, and the number of years that I had served in the regular army, being seven years and six months in the Indian wars as a volunteer in the state of Florida.

After his refusing to assist me in getting a hearing from the court, I asked him for transportation for myself and family to the city of Cairo, Illinois, near to where I had some relatives living, and near to my home in Ohio. But to this he flatly refused and said he could not. Thinking that I had mis-understood, I asked him again saying, "you cannot?", the answer being, "No sir, I cannot". Here he must have known that I knew he lied as there were positive orders from the war department to furnish all soldiers with free transportation home, and I had a copy or the order with me. He said he

had received no such order and could not do it.

I then left the office - as I left the office, he referred me to an officer in Florida, the Provisional Governor of the state. And so my family and self must die or perish in the city waiting for an answer from the governor of Florida. But I thought otherwise, and five days after applied to the Quartermaster for transportation to Cairo, Illinois, and on the letters of recommendation obtained it, and steamed up the river on the night of July 29 with four companys of the 11th Missouri volunteers.

This is all at present from your adopted father.

Wm McCullough

Dear jasper:

This is August 3rd, and left Cairo, Illinois for St. Louis, Missouri, from there we expect to go to Hamilton, Illinois, and employ an attorney to collect my pay, if necessary, then go to work at whatever turns up.

Arrived at Hamilton, Hancock County, Illinois on August 7th, 1865. Four days after, went to to work on the railroad at 2.25 per day. Family is all sick with chills and fever. James has the ganders badly. I keep very well, and think this to be a healthy country.

Now for some of the suffering at Fort Myers and Cedar Keys, Florida. The commanding officers at Fort Myers would make details for beef raids and scouts into the interior, the[n] visit the family who had the best looking wife, and by his greenbacks and prizes of female clothing sent for to Key West, or captured from the enemy country,

for from the small blockade runners of the rebs, induce the loving wife to cohabit with him. These women and their children were mostly destitute of wearing material and bedding, having left behind all when they came into our lines. In some cases, the commander of the garrison caused the wife to leave their husband, as in the case of Mrs. Susan Yates, the wife of Wm. Yates, a private in Co. A, 2nd Florida Cavalry, and stationed at Fort Myers. The captain formed the plan of a raid into the northeast corner of Mani[tee] County, and the southwest corner of Brevard county. These countys are in the southeast part of Florida, and bordering on the bays and mouth of the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic coast.

I was detailed to take charge of this party of thirty men, and make a raid 80 miles into the interior of the country and heart of the stock range of the rebs where there was danger of meeting numerous partys or rebel beef hunters. Their partys numbered from 25 to 30 men. My being so well acquainted with the country, and men that I would have to contend with, I picked the best and most tried men of Companys A & B. In making choice of my men, I left Wm Yates out of the detail, not that I doubted his bravery and loyalty, but because I had seen the intimacy that was springing up between Mrs. Yates and Capt. Childs of the 2nd U.S. Colored Infantry, who commanded the post, and had been in command from about the 10th of April, 1864.

When I made my report of my detail and application for subsistence, Capt. Childs wished to see my list, and running his eye over it, said that he did not see Yate's name on here. My answer was, "No, sir, I do not want him, as he might do me some damage." Capt. Childs said, "I don't care a dam, I want him to go, and he must go." I answered that if it was an order, I would take him, and thus

the matter rested. During the next night, an express came up the river informing the commanding officer that the small transport vessels were lying at the mouth of the river awaiting the troops to make a raid in Hernando County. This raid had been planned about a month before, and their arrival relieved me from the painful duty of taking Yates with me, or of even going myself on the Levey Co. [?] raid, as it was necessary to take all the troops possible on the Hernando raid, there being a good many rebel soldiers in there.<sup>38</sup>

On this raid, our men suffered awfully with the heat of a hot July sun on the decks of the small tenders that we had to use to transport us up the coast to our landings in Hernando Co. On the passage our subsistence and water run short, and we did not dare go ashore as we did not wish to appraise the rebs of our approach and intentions. After being 5 days on board these vessels exposed to the hot rays of the sun, two heavy rains, and heavy dews we arrived and landed at the Antelope's [Anclote] Stand where we obtained plenty of good fresh water, and a fine beef that scouts of ours had killed a few moments before we landed. We had ten boxes of hardtack, this being brought ashore and equally divided among the men, when all hands went to work and made coffee and broiling their fresh beef which sent its fine flavor thru the air. Methinks I smell it now, as I am scratching these lines to you. This raid was a cotton stealing and plundering raid, as a few of the captains of our gunboat tenders had learned that the Mr. Yulee's plantation was near their cruising ground, also a Mr. Parsons who possessed a great deal of nice rich household goods and some cash which might be got for their own use, and that of their Chums. The government might go to the devil for them. So we landed about 170 refugee soldiers with nearly two full companys of negro troops, and marched

80 miles while the vessels lay off waiting our arrival in the rear of the little town of Bayport. On Our march, we skirmished with the enemy 1-112 days, having one man slightly wounded in the lower part of the leg. Capt. Childs turned over the command of the land forces to Capt. Bartholf of the 2nd U.S. Colored infantry, and himself remaining on board of the *Stonewall*, to approach the town in front by water. This move was made so that Capt. Childs could watch the operations of the navy officers to see that they did not land and go to pillaging before his brother negro officers came tip to share in the general pillage. The negro troops on their march by land behave most outrageously to the women of the country, some of these women have husbands in our ranks. They attacked one poor family, it is true the man was in the ranks against us as near as we could learn from his neighbors, but Our noble soldiers stripped the women of all the clothing they Could find but what the women and children had on their backs. In the meantime, searching the house and boxes for cash and jewelry. In one small box they found a ring made of pure gold and given to the sister by a brother who had been conscripted into the rebel service. The child begged with streaming eyes for her brother's gift without avail. The girl went to the captain who at first did not heed her tears, at length the officers of the command spoke of the brutality of making war and plundering women and children, then and not until then did the commander inquire for the man who took the ring. After having the man pointed out by his brother soldiers, the rascal denied having it to the captain, saving he did not take it. The black rascals even taking the tin pans, coffee pots, and post which this property the troops had no use for, and had to leave it on the road.

Again, farther on the march, the officers in command promised Capt. Wm. Hooker's

family protection if they Would give them breakfast and a shirt each. This the ladies promised to do, and did it in good faith, but on the eve of taking Lip the line of march, the negro troops were pillaging in the out houses. At length the order for marching came, and Capt. Bartholf being somewhat in the rear of the command, ran thru a patch Of gourd vines, and as was getting over the fence, discovered his negro troops picking tip goods Of some kind, and went back, took tip his armful of lady's wear, cleared the fence, mounted his horse, and rode to the front with his arms full Of lady's dresses, underskirts, chemises, like a true and gallant officer of the government, and army of the U.S., and commanding on this raid. I being left behind to see the last man leave, about the time the last man got over the fence, one of the ladys saw her shawl, and requested the man to give it to her, and seeing he refused, asked me to get it for her which I did, remarking to the man that we were not at war with women and children, that by kind acts we would gain many friends to the Union cause.

Left with the last man and marched about 15 miles, and encamped for the night between two large ponds of water, the road running between same in Our possession, the rebs Could not charge us but by the two flanks, nor get close up to reach us with shot, as Our arms carried to a greater distance.

This night the rebs sent their scouts to look after us, and running into our picket posts were fired into, when their Mounted man retired leaving one of their men in our charge and care, and after a small consideration concluded to take up our line of march and proceeded to the side of Bayport Swamp, knowing if the rebs got in possession of the road leading to it, they would form an ambuscade, and with their two 12 lb. howitzers, would be able to rip us

back, or cut our command to pieces, and not be able to tell their whereabouts until fired upon. A night march is rather a nice thing with a wily foe watching your every move, sides, front, and rear, having but three miles to march to give the desired place, and if obtained before the enemy, a place of safety against any number of cavalry, as the swamp was four miles wide and nearly 100 miles long.

If we should be overpowered by number or artillery, we could take to the swamp, and the rebels might shoot and be damned. They might as well look for a rabbit as LIS in this dense swamp. The rebels made their appearance in about an hour after we had laid down our arms, and opened fire into one another, supposing that when we had passed their advanced pickets that we were one of their parties that was to form the ambuscade, and when their ambuscading party came up, Capt. Lesley opened fire into his own son's ranks, wounding his son, and killing one man. How it happened that the old Captain did not do more damage is beyond my comprehension, as the distance was not over 30 yards when the fire opened. After daylight we explored the battle ground where the rebels fought between themselves, and picked up one musket, and one hat with a ball hole through it, and a good deal of the wearer's hair sticking in it.

About 42 o'clock we made the little town of Bayport, tired and hungry. On our arrival we found plenty of pork, bacon, hams, corn meal, butter, a barrel of lard, molasses, and sugar. This the men were allowed to wash and use as they pleased, knowing at the same time their rations were short, and no source whence to get supplies in reach in this place. The troops used Mr. Parsons very bad, smashing up everything in the house and in the yard. The negro troops must have destroyed nearly three thousand dollars

worth of property, besides what the navy officers had made use of, looking glasses, family pictures of the families for a hundred years back, one of them very heavy plated with gold, the frame did not cost less than fifty or a hundred dollars.

This an officer belonging to Co. A Florida Cavalry taken and placed on board the Schooner *Ariel* in care of Capt. Russell who commanded her. During the return voyage, the vessels became separated, and Capt. Russell appropriated the picture to himself, and sent it north to his family. When Lieut. Miller called on him for the picture, he knew nothing about it. Lieut. Miller said to him that if he did not produce it, he would report him and all the grand scamps concerned in the pillage affair, as it was most shameful. Capt. Russell promised to return the picture, but I do not know if he did or not.

Hamilton, Illinois  
Hancock County  
July 23, 1866  
Dear Friend:

I embrace this present of addressing a few lines to you hoping they will find you as well as they leave us. I have not done much this past winter as I taken a bad cold which settled on my lungs and troubles me very much.

I have seen several of my relations since my arrival here. I do not like this Country much, not that it is not productive, but so muddy a good part of the time. And then again a man as poor as I am, without money or means, cannot make a living here in the winter. The poor man is more beholden to the rich man here than the slave to his master in the Southern states, and is talked to worse.

Frances (my oldest daughter) hired to a gentleman of a large family at eight dollars per month. During fine weather, the boys and hired hand Would milk, but when it turned cold and blustery, Fanny had to do the milking, and bring the water the family used for washing, drinking, and cooking near 300 yards Lip a very steep hill. This she done when she had her monthly periods upon her.

During the time of my residence in the slave states for 24 years, I never knew the slave woman to work out, or do any thing that Would wet their feet. In this respect I think the employers more oppressive to the hired man or woman here than the slave master. By this you may think me in favor of slavery, but it is not so.

Dear Friend

I have not got my pay yet. I have written to Key West for certificates, also I Tampa Bay, and Cedar Keys, Fla.

I have written Adjutant Pretty for his certificate, and to have the letters that must be there for me, also for a hearing from the board of investigation that I had called in my behalf, but do not get a hearing from either place. I attribute it all to Major Weeks, as he is one of the grandest villains in the U.S. Army. There is no doubt in my mind but what he has swindled the government out of several thousand dollars in captured goods and furniture. In July, 1864 he made a raid in middle Florida, and landed at Apalachicola, taken various property, chairs, bedsteads, and piano worth four or five hundred dollars. The piano he gave to a miss that he favored - few officers made a business of keeping - a few of the chairs he kept for his own use. Tables, chairs, sofas, and lounges he sold, and I believe he put it

in his pockets, as there is no account on the quartermaster's books.

There were nearly four or five hundred head of cattle shipped to Key West, and the Island Of Cuba by Capt. Ames of the 2nd U.S. Colored Infantry, acting quartermaster at Fort Myers. These cattle accounts cannot be found on his books. These cattle were shipped on government vessels, and driven into the shipping on private refugee soldier and refugee officer horses belong to the 2nd regiment.

The month of April, these troops made a raid into the country and picked up the horses that they had been obliged to abandon when driven from the country by the rebels, because they would not take Lip arms, and fight against the government they were born Linder. The poor men brought in to the post of Fort Myers one hundred and nine horses, one of them belonging to Lt. McCullough's daughter, and was used by him in the service of the government in raids, and driving these same cattle. This animal was captured on the 20th day of February, 1865 by the rebels, the horses were in the woods on grass, as the quartermaster was too poor to have forage on hand. Out of the 109 horses brought into the fort; on the 14th or 15th of April, there were but 39 living, the rest having been killed in the service in raiding and driving cattle for the garrison and to ship by Quartermaster Ames.

Major Weeks used to make raids by way of No. 4 with his refugee troops and negro troops, getting these wounded and sometimes killed, then would retreat over a burned trestle for miles. In these burned places, the troops had to walk on irons (rails). Then in a few days after the fight, he would send a Lt. with a boat party Linder a flag of truce, and Lt.'s would gamble and run horse races with the rebels, sometimes be

absent all night with them, then return late next morning.

Major Weeks, several times to my knowledge, sent poor women to an island, desolate and without shelter upon it. They were banished for 40 days without fire, water, or rations, there being no fresh water on the island. At length it rained very hard for several days, and the women raised a distress signal. As it happened, that morning one of our gunboats came to anchor in the Channel and on seeing the flag, went to their rescue, and finding them without bread or water, and no means of getting fire. This vessel was the *Clyde*, and Lt. Jones was the officer that went to them.

Again, Major Weeks taken a girl of 16 years and sent her to the mouth of the Suwannee River with a boat party of negro troops who put her ashore 20 miles from any human being, she made her way back to Way Key where the 99th U.S. Colored Infantry were garrisoned. The officers put her into a boat and sent her to Sea Horse Key where the refugee women were living. Major Weeks found out that she was living with the refugee family and sent another negro boat party who carried her to #4 station without a Mouthful to eat. When the negroes left her they gave her their rations of hard bread and pork, as they carried their dinner with them, and done without their dinner or supper as they did not get back till late in the night. Charley, for the proof of what is here stated, I refer you to Capt. J.D. Green, and the officers of the two garrisons, Doctor Wilcox (a citizen), in fact, by all the people at the garrison, both women and men.

Respectfully,  
Wm. McCullough

For this I was hunted like a wild beast of the woods, and driven from my home, and all I possessed in the world, but my beloved family. These I contrived to take with me by the help of friends, and the rebels who caused me and mine all this trouble, have seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continued still to blunder, and whose ages has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserve not that their gray hairs should secure them from insult. Much more, sir, are they to be abhorred, who as they have advanced in age, have receded from virtue, and became more wicked with less temptation, who prostitute themselves for money which they cannot enjoy, and spend the remains of their lives in the ruin of their country's bliss.

But youth, and the great zeal with which I taken in the welfare and preservation of the glorious cause of the Republican States was not my only crime. I was accused of taking, a theatrical may imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissemination of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another, in the first sense.

Sir, I consider the charge too trifling to be completed, and deserves only to be mentioned by to be despised by you, and all Union men. I am at liberty like all other men to use my own language, and though perhaps I may have some ambition to please the chivalry of the southernman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint nor very solicitously copy their diction, or their mind, however matured by age or moulded by experience. But if any man shall by charging me with theatrical behavior imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumnieton(?) and a villain.

Nor shall my protection shelter them from the treatment they deserve at my hands, I

shall on such occasions without scruples trample upon all those forms with which with wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment - age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without precedent. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted, and saved my property, a broad part, I should have avoided their censure, the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal of the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to not support in every instance, and assist to put down all such cursed wars as the last. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence on public robbery of all the glorious institutions handed to us by our noble ancestors. I will exert my endeavors at whatever hazard to repel the aggressors, and drag them, the thieves to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder. (And this, my dear boy, should be your answer)

Remember the villainous conduct of Capt. Childs, commanding at Fort Myers, Fla., and of Major Weeks commanding at Cedar Keys and Depot Keys, Fla. for their rascality.

All the officers of the rest of the 2nd Florida Cavalry were dishonorably dismissed from the service, for what -- because as officers, they had the power to prefer charges against the miscreants, this they had done, the charges were destroyed by the commanders themselves, since they had to pass through their hands before they could reach the district commanders and department commanders.

Before the same officers could frame anew the charges and contrive a plan whereby to get them (2nd set) through, they all received

dishonorable discharges for signing provision returns not agreeing with morning reports, and inattentiveness to duty. This without a trial by any kind of tribunal whatever. They were cast off without any pay until they should satisfy the pay department. Most of these officers had large families, and had abandoned everything they had in the world for the constitution they were born under; and this is the honor and thanks they received in return.

Some of the officers made written statements and sent them by hand to the war department by Mr. John Miller, if ever heard from it is more than I know of. Major Weeks put every impediment in their way that he could to prevent them from making correct returns to the departments, putting one of the company commanders in the guardhouse, and forbidding his adjutant to allow the officer in his - the adjutants - office. This was in the month of May, 1865, and this officer used all his efforts to get transportation for himself and family to the City of Key West where he could support them, but without effect. On the 24th of May, he shipped on board of the steamer *Alliance* as a deck hand, and did not succeed in getting his family until the 29th of June. When the steamer *Alliance* called into port at Cedar Keys for a few moments to repair her engine on her route to New Orleans, the family was very unwell caused by the bad subsistence issued them. The flour was rotten, as for pork or beef, they had none, their meat was codfish and stunk, being rotten. In the summer of 1864, the families at Cedar Keys died off like cattle with bloody -----(?) caused by living on the same kind of subsistence, with the exception of the codfish.

What I have stated here, I refer the world at large to the officers of the 2nd U.S. Colored Regiment and the 2nd Florida Cavalry who were stationed at the garrison from the

months of July thru November, 1864, saw the people die, and their burial. I will close this and write again in a few days. Be a good boy and save your money. Come to see me in the spring.

Wm. McCullough<sup>39</sup>

## ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> U.S. Original Original Census Schedules, 8th Census, 1860, Hillsborough County, Florida (Population Schedule); William McCullough's account of his early years, typescript in possession of Colleen C. Uhl, Bountiful, Utah.

<sup>2</sup> William McCullough, "Scenes and Adventures during 5 years service in the United States Army," typescript in possession of Colleen C. Uhl, Bountiful, Utah, 1-11.

<sup>3</sup> Spessard Stone, "William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," *Polk, County Historical Quarterly* 20 (March 1994), 6.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Family group records of William McCullough, prepared Colleen C. Uhl, Bountiful, Utah. The nine children who reached maturity were: Elisabeth Frances (1848-1912, Mrs. Charles Henry Griffith), (2) Mary Orelia (1852-1935, Mrs. George Luther Gilbert), (3) David Washington (1855-1917), (4) Charles Henry (1857-1937), (5) Flourance Euphemia (1860-1929, Mrs. James McCarty), (6) James Franklin (1861-1937), (7) Alice "Emma" Adelaide (1863-1935, Mrs. John Franklin Casey), (8) Ida Mable (1866-1948, Mrs. William A. Walker), (9) Clara Inda (1870-1898).

<sup>6</sup> Stone, " William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," 6; Letter from Ida M. Walker to E. L. Bally, Director, Dependent Claims Service, found in Civil War Pension files of William and Nancy McCullough, National Archives (hereafter NA). Excellent accounts of the 1849 trading post raid are contained in Janet Snyder Matthews, *Edge of Wilderness, A Settlement History of Manatee River and Sarasota Bay, 1528-1885* (Tulsa, OK, 1983), 183-185, and Canter Brown, Jr., *Florida's Peace River Frontier* (Orlando, 1991), 80-84.

<sup>7</sup> Stone, "William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," 6.

<sup>8</sup> *Tampa Tribune*, April 4, 1954. See also Snyder, *Edge of Wilderness*, 232-233 and Brown, *Florida's Peace River Frontier*, 112-113.

<sup>9</sup> Stone, " William McCullough -Polk County Unionist," 6.

<sup>10</sup> Regulator organizations were active in the Fort Meade area before the Civil War in 1858 and also after the war ended. The Confederate Congress enacted a conscription act, April 16, 1862. Although initially exempt, McCullough fell Linder the law when it was amended in September 1862 to include men between 18 and 45. Based at Tampa, Capt. John Pearson's company "scour[ed] the woods, looking after deserters and conscripts." *Tampa Tribune*, October 26, 1958; Brown, *Florida's Peace River Frontier*, 152; Canter Brown, Jr., "Tampa's James McKay and the Frustration of Confederate Cattle-Supply Operations in South Florida," *Florida Historical Quarterly* 70 (April 1992), 423-424.

<sup>11</sup> Mrs. Hooker was Cuthbert (Lanier) Hooker, daughter of Lewis Lanier and widow of John Irving Hooker. Hooker, a wealthy cattleman and brother of William B. Hooker, was one of Fort Meade's earliest settlers and died January 2, 1862. Mrs. Hooker later married Julius C. Rockner, October 13, 1864. Kyle S. VanLandingham, "John Irving Hooker 1822-1862," *South Florida Pioneers* 15/16 (January/April 1978), 8-9.

<sup>12</sup> William Henry Willingham moved to the Kissimmee Island section east of Lake Arbuckle, on Chloroform Branch, in 1858. By 1863, he owned 4,050 head of cattle on the open range. Kyle S. VanLandingham William Henry Willingham 1816-1886," *Youth Florida Pioneer* 10 (October, 1976), 9-11; Polk County, Tax Book, 1863, Florida State Library. McCullough's hideout, apparently east of the Kissimmee River and "thirty miles" from Willingham's may have been In the Basinger-Fort Drum area.

<sup>13</sup> William McCullough was enrolled as 1st Lieutenant, Company A, 2nd Florida Cavalry,, Linder Capt. Henry A. Crane, April 18, 1864, at Fort Myers. He had served as 2nd Lieutenant "since 22nd day of February." Fort Myers was occupied by Union troops in January 1864 as a "haven for Confederate refugees, and Union supporters and sympathizers.

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Gen. D. B. Woodbury, commander of the District of Key West and Tortugas, intended Utilizing the post as a base for gathering cattle from the numerous wild and domesticated herds in the area, launching regular forays into the countryside, and up the coast as far as Tampa and Bay Port, assisting the Union Navy in the blockade of the Gulf Coast, and attracting escaped slaves from the small number of such in South Florida." William McCullough, Union Service Record, Compiled Service Records of Volunteer Union Soldiers from Florida, RG 94, Records of the Adjutant General's Office, NA (hereafter cited as Ser. Rec. RG 94). Irvin D. Solomon, "Southern Extremities: The Significance of Fort Myers in the Civil War," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, 72 (October 1993), 132-133. The raid on Tampa occurred May 6-7, 1864. See Kyle S. VanLandingham, "The Union Occupation of Tampa: May 6-7, 1864," *Sunland Tribune* 19 (November 1993), 9-16. For a study of the 2nd Florida Cavalry, see George E. Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contraband Civil War on the Florida Gulf Coast 1861-1865* (Tuscaloosa, AL, 1993), 115-133.

<sup>14</sup> There were three raids into the Fort Meade area in the spring of 1864. On March 13, a force Linder Lt. James D. Green, accompanied by Lt. William McCullough, left Fort Myers to capture supplies and obtain recruits. Willoughby Tillis' farm was sacked but not burned and Thomas Underhill a prominent Confederate, was killed. On April 7, Green, McCullough and a troop of men engaged Confederate forces at Bowlegs Creek where Rebel James Lanier was killed and Henry Prine wounded. Tillis' home was burned on this raid. On May 19, after the Tampa occupation, Crane, Green, McCullough and the 2nd Florida Cavalry, along with soldiers from the Second U.S. Colored Troops captured and burned Fort Meade. This last raid was under the command of Capt. Jonathan W. Childs of the U.S.C.T. Brown, *Florida's Peace River Frontier*; 163-165, 167-169.

<sup>15</sup> Moving forward to the Bay Port-Brooksville expedition in July 1864, McCullough mentions Capt. Leroy G. Lesley. Lesley was a Methodist minister, former captain of mounted Volunteers in the Third Seminole War and during the Civil War, commander of a "cow cavalry" company stationed at Brooksville. Brown, *Florida's Peace River Frontier*; 108, 167.

<sup>16</sup> McCullough returns to the aftermath of the Peace River raid. Mr. Bogg's was Francis Calvin Morgan Boggess, lieutenant in Francis A. Hendry's Company A, Florida Special Cavalry or Cattle Guard Battalion, Linder the command of Major Charles Munnerlyn.

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The "cow cavalry" was the brainchild of Capt. James McKay, Confederate commissary agent at Tampa. Robert A. Taylor, "Cow Cavalry: Munnerlyn's Battalion in Florida, 1864-1865," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, 65 (October 1986), 198, 203.

<sup>17</sup> Henry A. Crane, a New Jersey native, was living at Tampa when the Civil War began. A former newspaperman, veteran of the Third Seminole War and prominent political figure, Crane advocated secession in 1860 but soon sided with the Union and left Tampa in 1862, making his way to the Indian River. He joined the U.S. Navy as "acting volunteer master's mate" and served until 1864 when he became a captain in the 2nd Florida Cavalry. Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contraband*, 59-68; Tampa *Florida Peninsular*, December 1, 1860. James Dopson Green, a native Southerner, was living in Hillsborough County in 1841. During the 1850's he settled South of Fort Meade at what became known as Fort Green, in present-day Hardee County. A soldier in the Third Seminole War, he sided with the Union during the Civil War. Originally a 1st Lieutenant, in May 1864 he became captain of Company B, 2nd Florida Cavalry. Spessard Stone, "James D. Green: South Florida Unionist," *Sunland Tribune* 18 (November 1992), 25-28.

<sup>18</sup> H. W. Bowers, Asst. Adjutant General, filed this report of the Brooksville-Bay Port expedition of July 1864: On the 1st ultimo, an expedition, consisting of 120 men of the Second Florida Cavalry and 120 men of the Second U. S. Colored Troops, total 240, the whole Linder the command of Capt. J. W. Childs, Second U. S. Colored Troops, embarked from Fort Myers, Fla., for Bay Port, on the west coast. On landing, the enemy's pickets were discovered and skirmishing commenced. Our troops followed the enemy into the interior to Brooksville, a distance of 40 miles, occasionally skirmishing with them. Seven prisoners and 15 horses were captured, and 13 contrabands brought in. The plantations of Captain Hope, Captain Leslie and sons, and Captain Hooker, all commanding guerrilla parties of the enemy, were destroyed. Our loss was 1 man slightly wounded. At Bay Port 60 bales of cotton were captured; of this the navy 7 bales; the remainder was accidentally burnt. It was designed to bring off the whole of it. The troops returned to Fort Myers in safety. H. W. Bowers to Maj. George B. Drake, August 6, 1864, United States War Department, War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (hereafter ORA), 128 vols (Washington, 1880-1901), ser. 1, 35, pt. 1, 405-406. Capt. Henry A. Crane's report is as follows:

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I have the honor to report that a detachment of 2nd Fla. Cavly. consisting of companies "A" & "B" numbering 133 men, left Fort Myers, on the 30th June last for the purpose of raiding in the vicinity of Brookville & Bayport.

Arrived at Anclote Keys on the evening of the 7th Inst., landing and marched at once for Brookville, and encamped some three miles from the River. (Is it proper here to state that the Command was under Capt. Childs, who had with him some 120 U.S. Colored Troops) ----On the morning of the 8th discovered smoke from Camp fires in front; & was assigned the command of the Advance Guard of 10 men, who on approaching the Camp immediately charged them, capturing 4 prisoners 8 horses & several small arms, &c &c. This camp originally consisted of 18 men & horses. Resumed our march & soon discovered the Mounted Rebels in our front, & a series of skirmishes continued for 2 days, without any serious disaster or loss (only 1 man, Prvt \_\_\_\_\_? C.A. slightly wounded). Destroyed the plantations of D. Hope, the notorious (Capt Lesly, Frierson, Ellis, Bloodgood &c &c. These men are active rebels Or Guerillas. On arriving within 1 mile of Brookville, & ascertaining that the place was entirely deserted, determined Capt Bartholf to turn towards Bayport & reached the swamp 4 miles from that place late at night, formed a line of Battle and lay on our arms. During the night (11 PM.) a singular firing took place among the Rebels, 3/4 of a mile in our rear. The result of which we could not learn.

On the morning of the 11th arrived at Bayport & found the Town in possession of Capt Childs, who with a small force had previously sailed from Anclote Keys. This place we secured all the provisions on hand & left on the evening of the 13th with U.S. Schnr "Seas Bird" "Ariel", & Sloop "Rosalie, " & arrived at Tampa on the evening of the 14[?]. Henry A. Crane to Maj. E. C. Weeks, July 16, 1864, RG 393 Records of the U.S. Army Continental Commands, 1821-1920 [Vol. I], Entry 2269: Letters Received 1861-1868, NA (microfilm at P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville) [hereafter, Crane Letters]. For a Confederate version of the Brookville raid, see Thomas B. Ellis, Sr. "Confederate Diary of Thomas Benton Ellis, Sr., Company C, Hernando Guards, 3rd Florida Infantry, July 1861-April 186-5," manuscript collection, P. K. Yonge Library Of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville.

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<sup>19</sup> John A. Miller enrolled May 26, 1864 at Fort Myers as 2nd Lieutenant in Company A, 2nd Florida Cavalry. At Cedar Key, he had the title AACCS, in the commissary department. Miller, Ser. Rec. RG 94.

<sup>20</sup> David Hope was a planter who lived near Brooksville in Hernando County. In 1864 he owned 440 acres of land and 14 slaves. An early pioneer of Hernando County, Hope was a neighbor and business associate of Capt. Leroy G. Lesley. Together, they owned salt works at the Gulf of Mexico, 25 miles southwest of Brooksville. Hope was a 2nd lieutenant in L. G. Lesley's company Hernando County, Tax Book, 1864, Florida State Library; Richard J. Stanaback, *A History of Hernando County*, 1840-1976 (Orlando, 1976), 14; Gainesville Cotton March 19, 1864; Tampa Tribune, December 6, 1959.

<sup>21</sup> John Bartholf was captain of Company I, 2nd U.S. Colored Troops. Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contrabands*, 155. Brown's *Florida's Peace Rive Frontier* includes much on Bartholf's later role in South Florida's development.

<sup>22</sup> Capt. William B. Hooker was Florida's leading cattleman until 1861 when he sold 10,000 head to James McKay. He moved about two miles west of Brooksville in early 1862 to become a planter, and by 1864 he owned 1117 acres and 19 slaves. Brown, "Tampa's James McKay," 412, 415; Hernando County, Tax Book, 1864, Florida State Library; Tampa *Florida Peninsular*, August 17, 1867. Aaron Frierson owned four plantations near Brooksville. In 1864 he had 1285 acres of land and 12 slaves. He was in the "Home Guard." Harry G. Cutler, *History of Florida; Past and Present* 3 vols. (New York, 1927), III, 288-289; Hernando County, Tax Book, 1864, Florida State Library. The editor expresses his appreciation to Mrs. Ann McGinn Huddart of Spring Hill, FL, for providing material on the Frierson family.

<sup>23</sup> Capt. Crane reported on the accidental shooting of Capt. John T Lesley: "In their skirmish among the "Rebs" themselves, Maj. John Lesly (Reb) was severely wounded in the arm, I killed with 3 others Wounded. It afforded us no little amusement at the time." Henry Crane to Capt. H. NN". Bowers, August 20, 1864, Crane Letters. Lt. David Hope Of L. G. Lesley's company may have been the man who wounded Capt. John T Lesley. Leroy G. Leslie [Lesley] to John T Lesley May 7, 1865, Theodore Lesley Collection, copy in possession of editor. Emory Campbell, McCullough's wife's nephew, was

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killed in the "friendly fire." *Tampa Tribune*, December 6, 1959.

<sup>24</sup> The Carson referred to was Maj. John D. Parsons, founder of Bay Port in 1842. Stanaback, *A History of Hernando County 1840-1976*, 13, 22, 4. Edmund C. Weeks was born in Massachusetts in 1821, the son of a sea captain. He was educated as a doctor, but in 1861 joined the U.S. Navy as an Acting Master's Mate. He enrolled at Cedar Key, June 1, 1864 and was commissioned major of the 2nd Florida Cavalry. He served as commander of the regiment at Cedar Key. After the war, Weeks remained in Florida and became active in politics. He was Republican Lieutenant Governor of Florida in 1870. He later served in the Legislature from Leon County in 1877 and 1885. Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contrabands*, 203-204; Weeks, Ser. Rec. RG 94; Jerrell H. Shofner, *Nor Is It Over Yet: Florida in the Era of Reconstruction 1863-1877* (Gainesville, 1974), 133; John Wallace, *Carpetbag Rule in Florida* (Jacksonville, 1888, facsimile ed., Gainesville 1964), 117, 118, 290, 296, 303; Office of the Clerk, Fla. House of Representatives, *The People of Lawmaking in Florida: 1845-1975* (Tallahassee, 1975).

<sup>25</sup> See Bowers to Drake, August 6, 1864.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid. Capt. Crane, writing on August 20, 1864, from Fort Myers, first alluded to the friction between the "Cold Troops" and his men in the 2nd Florida Cavalry: "I will now touch upon a subject that I would fair leave out, but cannot. It has become really necessary to separate the Cold Troops from the Refugee families. During our last months absence they have become greatly demoralized, and to such an extent has it been carried, that a long continuance can only tend to open irruption, & all this from a laxity of discipline that is truly unpardonable. Our women have been repeatedly insulted – Officers threatened. Horses stabbed with bayonets & otherwise injured. My authority defied by the Guards. My person & house stoned, hissed at, threatened with death & this in the immediate presence of an Officer (Capt Willet) Without a remonstrance or an attempt to subdue open Mutiny to the disgrace of a Military Garrison. I view of all these Matters I would respectfully ask that they may be withdrawn from this Post or that my command & the refugees may be sent away." Henry Crane to Capt. H. W. Bowers, August 20, 1864, Crane Letters. Crane again wrote to Bowers on September 4, 1864: "I am anxiously waiting the return Of Our Cos. as it is almost impossible to get along with the Cold Troops. I am fully satisfied that each should be separate to

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accomplish anything, -- The ignorance of the one & the sensitiveness of the other, tends to make every duty unpleasant. In fact the efficiency of the 2nd Cav. has been seriously injured by that connection & do hope you will impress the Genl Comdg with this matter. Our recruiting has been killed off almost entirely, & desertions have commenced to ? , I do not know when. The small force now here (40 men) apparently adds to their impudence & Insubordination." Henry Crane to Capt. H. W. Bowers, September 4, 1864, Crane Letters. Companies D and I of the 2nd U.S. Colored Troops were described by, their white commander, Capt. John Wilder as "the very *beau ideal* of black soldiery." Irvin Solomon, in "Southern Extremities: The Significance of Fort Myers in the Civil War," paints a very sympathetic portrait of the U.S. Colored Troops. One wonders how he would have dealt with McCullough's observations. See also, Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contraband*, 134-143.

<sup>27</sup> See Bowers to Drake, August 6, 1864.

<sup>28</sup> Crane wrote on August 15, 1864: "Capt Green's Co. with 60 of my own have been sent to Cedar Keys. - How long they will remain there I cannot tell; The point is not important for a large force, as there is greatest difficulty in getting to the main land, & nothing of importance (except cotton) after you get there" Henry Crane to Capt. H. W. Bowers, August 15, 1864, Crane Letters. For an account of Cedar Keys in the Civil War, see Charles C. Fishburne, Jr., *The Cedar Keys in the Civil War and Reconstruction 1861-1876* (Cedar Key, FL, 1982).

<sup>29</sup> For further details of the Weeks case, see Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contrabands*, 164

<sup>30</sup> See Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contrabands*, 162

<sup>31</sup> When McCullough referred to "Negro Officers," he meant the white officers of the U.S. Colored Troops. Brown, *Florida's Peace River Frontier*, 165-166.

<sup>32</sup> The returns of Cedar Key for October 1864 state McCullough was "with his company at Ft. Myer-Left the post Oct. 2." McCullough, Ser. Rec. RG 94.

<sup>33</sup> For an account of the Fort Myers battle, see Rodney E. Dillon, Jr., "The Battle of Fort Myers," *Tampa Bay History* 5 (Fall/Winter 1983), 27-36. See also, Solomon, "Southern Extremities," 148-151. Capt. James Doyle, commander at Fort Myers, wrote on February 21, 1865: " I have been informed that

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Lieut. William McCullough has been dismissed from the service, but having no official notice of it I sent him out in command of the skirmish line, where he rendered good and efficient service." Capt. James Doyle to Capt. E. B. Tracy, February 21, 1865, in *ORA* ser. 1, 49 pt. 1, 54.

<sup>34</sup> William McCullough and 1st Lieutenant John W. Platt of Company B, 2nd Florida Cavalry were "dishonorably dismissed from the service of the United States, for signing provision returns not agreeing with morning reports, and for general incompetency and inattention to duties," January 24, 1865, by Gen. E. R. S. Canby, Special Order No. 24, H.Q. Military Division of West Mississippi. McCullough, Ser. Rec. RG 94; Civil War Pension files of William and Nancy McCullough, NA; Stone, "William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," 6.

<sup>35</sup> Capt. James D. Green of Company B, 2nd Florida Cavalry preferred charges against Capt. Jonathan W. Childs of the U.S. Colored Troops late in 1864. Joined by McCullough, Green alleged "gross corruption and immorality . . . mock marriages were celebrated, gambling encouraged, beef cattle [sic] driven in and sold for the benefit of the officers, the Refugees deprived of their rations and supplied with unwholesome flour"; Capt. Ames, quartermaster "kept a harlot in the commissary, sold hides for his own benefit and shared in the fraud of the Ration Department;" the post surgeon Dr. Carroll "neglected the Refugee families in their sickness nor would allow other doctors to attend them." Green and McCullough were placed under arrest, Green for 50 days, McCullough for 40. See Stone, "James D. Green: South Florida Unionist," 26, and Stone, "William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," 6. See also Buker, *Blockaders, Refugees, and Contrabands*, 162-163.

<sup>36</sup> Francis A. Ivey, a native of Alachua County, Florida, enlisted in June 1864 as a private in Company A, 2nd Florida Cavalry and was promoted to 1st Corporal, June 17, 1864. He was mustered out November 29, 1865. Richard M. Livingston, "Francis A. Ivey 1829-1871," *South Florida Pioneers* 12 (April 1977), 5-6. At a meeting of the "citizens of Indian River Brevard County held ... 28th of August 1861, . . . Cpt James Paine, Francis Ivey, A. Oswald Lang and John Whitton" were thanked for their "prompt action in putting out the Lights of Jubeter and Cape Florida." Meeting of Citizens of Indian River, Brevard County, August 28, 1861, folder 3, box 1, State Governors, Incoming Correspondence, Gov. Perry's Gen. Correspondence, 186061, RG 101,

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series 577, Florida State Archives. Ivey was killed by "Long John" Whidden June 11, 1870. Spessard Stone, "The Outlaw Long John Whidden," *Sunland Tribune* 18 (November 1992), 80-81.

<sup>37</sup> Jasper Dunbar was McCullough's adopted son. He was born ca. 1846 in Georgia and enlisted at Key West, March 14, 1864 as a private in Company A, 2nd Florida Cavalry. He was mustered out at Tallahassee, November 29, 1865. Dunbar, Ser. Rec. RG 94.

<sup>38</sup> William Yates filed charges against Childs but withdrew them February 7, 1865. Statement of William Yates, RG 393 Records of the U.S. Army Continental Commands, 1821-1900 [Vol. 1], Entry 2269; Letters Received 1861-1868, NA (microfilm at P.K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville).

<sup>39</sup> William McCullough was vindicated when his order of dishonorable dismissal was revoked, May 31, 1866. He was "honorable discharged as of the date of the order of dismissal," in orders from the Adjutant General's Office of the War Department. This order was "amended so as to discharge him to date Feby. 20, 1865, he having continued on duty with his command until that date, in orders from this office dated April 5, 1867." In February 1868, the McCulloughs resettled on a 60-acre farm at Kahoka, Clark County, Missouri. William unsuccessfully applied for a disability pension and died at Kahoka, Missouri, April 2, 1890. Nancy was successful in her application for a widow's pension and died at Kahoka, August 31, 1908. Civil War Pension files of William and Nancy McCullough, NA: Stone, "William McCullough-Polk County Unionist," 6.