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When I was nearly grown to manhood
in Brooklyn, New York (middle of 1838),
I met one of the
returned U.S. Marines from Fort Moultrie,
S.C., and had long talks with him—learned
the occurrence here described—The death of
Osceola. The latter was a leader of
Seminoles in the Florida war of that
time—was surrendered to our troops;
taking of him
was imprisonment and trials of "broken
heart" at Fort Moultrie. He sustained
his confinement—the doctors and officers
made every allowance possible for
his life; but he preferred then the close.

When his hour for death had come,
he slowly raised himself from the bed on
the floor,
drew on his war dress, shirt, and leggings,
and girded the belt around his waist;
called for vermilion paint (his looking glass
was held before him),
painted the half his face and streak his wrists
and the back hands.

Put the scalp knife carefully in his belt,
then lying down, resting a moment,
rose again, half sitting, smiled, gave in silence
his extended to each of us all,
sank feebly, low to the floor. lightly grasped
the tomahawk handle;
fixed his look on wife and little children the
test.
(And here a line in memory of his
name and death.)
How the death had come

In bed on the floor

Little children

Dressed in leggins

He drew his leggins on his war shirt

He girded the belt around his waist

His look of desperation was held by his face

He painted one half of his face and neck, his hands, and his hair

His scalp was shorn in the best

Then

His smile was for only one

Then sank to the floor, tightly grasped the tomahawk handle

And holding

Then turned his eyes on his wife and little children

The officers and surgeons

(And hence a line in memory of this man and death)