

The town had no regular whipping-post, where the slave was beaten into unconsciousness and left with his head hanging upon his chest to be viewed by the passing residents. All that sort of thing is fiction. The negro was property in those days and to maim or injure him bodily was not the purpose of the punishment. That there were cruel masters there is no doubt, but they were no more representative of the slave-holding Southerner than the cruel parent is of the American people today. The town, however, did possess a pillory and stocks outfit for white thieves, but its use was seldom needed as there was little thieving in those days. On the rare occasions when it was used the culprit was never known to remain in the community afterward.

Every citizen of age, excepting clergymen and doctors, was subject to Patrol duty. An exemption for one time could be obtained by the payment of \$3 and providing a substitute, but not twice in succession. Midnight usually found the Patrol slumbering serenely in their homes. The negroes corrupted Patrol into "patteroller", and a familiar medley among them was:

Run, nigger, run, the patteroller'll ketch yer,  
 Run, nigger, run, it's almost day;  
 I run, an' I run, till I los' my way;  
 I run, an' I run, an' I run my bes',  
 Till I run my head in a hornet's nes'.

In the beginning the Marshal received only fees for his services, but later, in the 1850's, he was allowed a specific salary besides, to wit: Annual salary, \$150; of taxes collected, 5%; of money collected for swimming or flatting cattle across the St. Johns River, 5%; of fines collected, 50%; and allowed the same costs as a constable.

The names of only a few Marshals before the war have been found. One of them was a hero; his name was Yeomans.

It was in the 1840's, when two men from Tallahassee came to Jacksonville and started in to paint the town red. They put a beam under the market building and turned it over on its side, then started in for a high time in general. Yeomans, the Marshal, ran to his home, buckled on his big sabre, and with a belt full of pistols swore he would arrest the two men or lose his life in the attempt. McMullen and Bryant, the men from Tallahassee, heard of this threat and went in search of the Marshal. Yeomans was standing in the door-