

Rivers of Truth, Shores of Myth and the Land Between:  
The Dawning of Silvia Sunshine upon Florida's Frontier,  
An Annotated Diary

by

Dara R. Vance

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of  
Master of Liberal Arts  
Florida Studies  
College of Arts and Sciences,  
University of South Florida Saint Petersburg

Major Professor: Dr. Michael Francis, Ph.D.  
Dr. Gary Mormino, Ph.D.  
James Schnur, M.A., M.A.L.S.

Date of Approval:  
November 07, 2012

Keywords: Travel, Gilded-Age, Tourism, Feminism, Identity

Copyright © 2012, Dara R. Vance

## Dedication

To Dr. Gary R. Mormino for immeasurable inspiration, understated persistence and infinite storytelling.

“A public journal is not designed for the ventilations of private piques”

Abbie M. Brooks, 1876

## Table of Contents

List of Figures .....	ii
Abstract.....	iv
Introduction... ..	1
Author's Note .....	15
Chapter One: February 29, 1872 - December 31, 1872 .....	16
Chapter Two: January 1, 1873 - December 25, 1873.....	93
Chapter Three: February 1, 1874 – December 25, 1874 .....	150
Chapter Four: January 1, 1875-November 21, 1875 .....	166
Chapter Five: January 2, 1876 – October 1, 1876.....	207
Bibliography.....	223

## List of Figures

1. Images of script from Brooks 1872 diary .....	16
1a. Images of script from Brooks 1872 diary .....	16
2. Old Public Wharf, Clear Water Harbor, 1880.....	18
3. Florida Railroad Routes, circa 1871 .....	21
4. The paddle-wheeler <i>City Point</i> , circa 1862.....	27
5. The Steamer <i>Dictator</i> .....	32
6. Andersonville Prison in Andersonville, Ga .....	35
7. The Kimball House, Atlanta .....	36
8. First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta 1900 .....	39
9. First Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga .....	43
10. Carey W. Styles.....	49
11. Georgia State Fair Advertisement 1872.....	68
12. The Horse Plague – Sketches About Town .....	78
13. Atlantic and Gulf Railroad Map.....	79
14. The Madden House.....	83
15. Live Oak Rail Station 1877.....	85
16. Grave Monument of Edward Thomas Barnard in Tallahassee City Cemetery.....	91

17. Advertisement for Steamer <i>Florence</i> -1874.....	93
18. The Magnolia Hotel, St. Augustine 1887 .....	93
19. Cracker Cart 1882-1887.....	94
20. Curry's Point, later called Point Pleasant, seen from the top of the Bradentown water tower, looking east.....	106
21. Gen. George Patten.....	108
22. 1881 Hallock Property Map of Terra Ceia .....	109
23. Madame Joe Atzeroth in her yard, Terra Silla Island.....	110
24. Julia "Madam Joe" Atzeroth at her 80th Birthday.....	114
25. Fort Taylor, Key West, circa 1880 .....	123
26. Bernardo de Soto .....	173
27. Faro De Villanueva, Bay of Cienfuegos with the original square shaped design.....	176
28. St. Michael's Church, Pensacola 1894 .....	189
29. De Give's Opera House, interior.....	192
30. The St. Augustine Hotel circa 1880.....	207
31. Art Gallery: Grand United States Centennial exhibition 1876 – Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.....	219
32. Metropolitan M.E. Church, Washington D.C. Lithographic by P.S. Duval 1855... ..	220

## Abstract

Traveling independently as a published author and a lady of stature, Abbie M. Brooks exceeded the boundaries placed around women in America's Gilded Age. From 1872 through 1876, Brooks faithfully recorded her adventures as she traveled throughout Florida, Georgia and Cuba. The four years of nearly daily entries she wrote enable the reader to witness the emergence of Brooks nom d' plume Silvia Sunshine as an opinionated and authoritative guide. The diary entries and travel notations were compiled into the Florida guidebook *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*, published in 1880. During the course of the diary Brooks attributed her own emergence as an independent, accomplished writer to her traveling in Florida. In doing so Brooks identified the Sunshine State as a land of escape, rehabilitation and opportunity. This annotated transcription of Brooks' diary reveals how she orchestrated travel and capitalized on friendships to witness significant moments in the development of post-bellum United States. The annotations serve to place people, events and locations in context. Abbie Brooks frequently kept company with legislators, judges, newspaper publishers, ministers, doctors and their families. She attended the 1872 Delegate Assembly in Atlanta, perused an international market in Key West, sailed to Cuba during the Ten Years War and celebrated the 1876 Centennial in Philadelphia. Cities visited include Atlanta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Pensacola, St. Augustine, Cedar Keys, Clearwater, Terra Ceia, Punta Rassa and Key West. By the conclusion of the four-year diary Brooks presented Florida as an ideal land poised as the destination of sunshine and dreams.

## Introduction

Abbie Brooks was an author and intrepid adventurer, with the tenacity to exceed the bounds of time and place, and the grace to receive accolades for doing so. During Victorian-era America, when ladies often leisurely idled as socialites, Abbie Brooks traveled with purpose. Upon arrival in a city large enough to have a newspaper, she sought out news reporters and tracked who was editing which publications. In order to be aware of regional and national events while traveling throughout the Southeast, she took delivery of out-of-town newspapers, and in more remote locations, decried the inopportunity to do so. Her dedication to the daily word was not concerned with mere gossip columns or social announcements. She used the newspaper to publish articles, to provide her a modest income, and as an outlet for the treasure of experiences she found in Florida. Additionally, it is probable that the editors and publishers with whom she was acquainted kept her abreast of impending events and arrivals of notable dignitaries. Thus Brooks was able to maintain a travel itinerary that often put her in the right place at the right time to witness the events, places and people who were integral to the formation of modern Florida.

In 1876, using the vivid nom d' plume Silvia Sunshine, Abbie Brooks self-published a guidebook to Florida entitled *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*. This comprehensive volume reads as both travel diary and anecdotal history book. The text is based on research and travel from 1872 through 1876, as recorded in a personal diary. In her diary Brooks wrote daily of many adventures and misadventures. Her day often

consisted of poor lodging conditions, tenuous travel arrangements, and curious town folk.

Her writing provides a first person account of the people, place, and events that were integral to the formation of modern Florida. Doctors, lawyers, senators, judges, railroad magnates, newspaper publishers, and preachers were among her frequent companions, though certainly not assembled all together at once.

During her four years of travel contained within this diary Brooks visited Florida cities large and small including Jacksonville, Fernandina, St. Augustine, Pensacola, Cedar Key, Manatee, Punta Rassa, and Key West. She also sailed to Cienfuegos, Cuba, during the Ten Years War. All of her travel described in this diary was undertaken alone, while in her early 40s. Though her experiences are often so harrowing they could be fictitious, Brooks' writing is a captivating. Her descriptions of Madame Joe Atzeroth and her land in Terra Ceia is perhaps one of the earliest accounts of the area. Her visit to Key West provides a detailed description of market trade, exotic flora and the profusion of Spanish being spoken. By sailing to Cienfuegos, Cuba, during the Ten Years War Brooks provides her reader with an insider's look to the island nation as it dealt with slavery, security and insurrection. Skilled as a newspaper writer, and focused on timing her visits to coincide with important people and events, Brooks' diary capitalizes on the dynamism of Florida and the United States.

During the time of Brooks' journey railroads were inchoate, steamship travel was precarious but expanding, and the hotel industry was attempting to get the best of bed bugs. For Abbie Brooks, travel on the open sea was an unmitigated foe. Passage among crass and manner-less people assailed her sensibility, and dealings with horses, dogs and skunks caused her consternation, while providing the reader much comedy. Brooks'



writings illustrate travel for pleasure in pre-modern Florida was an onerous task. Her resolve was frequently tested, but her persistence was usually rewarded with verdant vistas of exotic foliage, a sea breeze full of promise and a curiosity of people from across the world. From the pages of her diary emerges a vision of Florida as a transformative land that beckons all southward with the promise of adventure, renewal and opportunity.

The diary is one of four known to exist, and is the only one held by Duke University's David Rubenstein Rare Book Library. The diary is in remarkably good condition, though Brooks' handwriting is quite difficult to read. A view of the diary provides insight into her craft as an author. She had a curious habit of dividing the page into vertical columns, and sometimes further dividing each column, however divisions were imaginary as she used no lines or pagination. Therefore a sentence from one column appears to connect with the adjacent column, forming what appear to be incongruent thoughts. Brooks would also write quite small, or down the side of the paragraph as if to make the most use of every precious page. Self-consciously, or perhaps self-critically, there are many entries that have been corrected. From the use of pencil rather than her typical ink pen it is clear corrections were made at a later time when Brooks reread her entries. She also made corrections by writing additional text as super script, and sometimes without crossing out her original text. In an effort to transcribe what is believed to be Brooks' intended text her corrections were included without the accompanying original phrases. The following transcription of Brooks' diary is a perceptive vignette of Florida from 1872 through 1876, mere moments before the Sunshine State exploded into its modern identity as a tourist destination.

Even though a great number of nineteenth-century Florida towns dissolved into ghost towns, Atsena Otie Key is the only location Brooks visited that eventually disappeared. Atlanta, Pensacola, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Key West and Cuba number among the most important locations for business, commerce and news. Brooks was personally acquainted with the leaders, decision makers and publishers in all of these locations. Yet Brooks did not make the acquaintances of doctors, lawyers, judges, state representatives, preachers and their families out of a want for celebrity. A perusal of this diary's annotations reveals not only the scope of the acquaintances Abbie Brooks maintained, but also the levels of both affluence and influence her associates enjoyed. In the rigid social caste of late nineteenth century it would have been requisite for Brooks to travel as a lady in order to gain access to the elite. She utilized letters of introduction, and most certainly employed an astute level of feminine charm and wit to move among such tightly bound social circles. It was of great importance to her that she studied, first-hand, the places and people of the day. Brooks' hard work ensured she observed the inner workings of cities she visited.

Born of an educated and devout family, Abbie Brooks counted herself as a member of the academic and social elite. Brooks surrounded herself with those she judged her social, intellectual and religious equal because she felt such people were the only individuals who could contribute to her life. Brooks did not suffer fools, and had an unfortunately keen sense for detecting them among her brethren. When forced to ride in mixed rail cars, or travel the streets among those who swear and spit, or take up lodging among drinkers Brooks fell into inconsolable repugnance. Contemporary readers who

find Brooks' harsh response to race and class an insult to modern sensibilities are justified in their sentiment.

Abbie Brooks seemed to be at her most satisfied amid men and women who achieved something, whether their accomplishments were of national importance or as simple as a braided palmetto hat. She delighted in observing others thrive at what she deemed a worthy cause. She believed that her proximity to their righteousness kept her aligned to the right path. The pursuit of the proper path defined her life and hemmed all her decisions in glory to God. In moments of self-doubt, often brought on by illness, a typical proclamation was, "When I recover my strength I must hunt for the path of usefulness."<sup>1</sup> Abbie Brooks' was not tourist, a dilettante or a wanderer. She employed herself at the business of observing and deducing. Her observations promoted Florida as a pliable frontier meant for those who leaned toward the undomesticated. Even at her early date in the 1870s, Brooks knew that in Florida "The Rules are Different Here."<sup>2</sup>

Abbie Brooks was presciently aware of the lure of the Sunshine State's siren song that, still today, promises renewal of identity, erasure of past transgression and limitless shores of possibility. Years ahead of modern Florida's maturation into a promised land, Brooks keenly observed "There are many here who feel the downy flapping from the wings of the unrelenting destroyer and try to cheat him of his prey or take a new lease on

---

<sup>1</sup> Abbie Brooks, "Diary," October 26<sup>th</sup> 1873, David Rubenstein Rare Book Library, Duke University

<sup>2</sup> "Florida: The Rules Are Different Here" was a controversial, though highly successful advertising campaign by the Florida Division of Tourism in 1986. The Beber Silverstein Group, "Florida Division of Tourism," The Beber Silverstein Group, <http://www.thinkbsg.com/florida-division-tourism> (accessed October 13, 2012); Scott A. Zamostt, "Florida May Push Ads Based On Theme 'Rules Different Here' *Orlando Sentinel* September 7, 1986.

life by traveling.”<sup>3</sup> Ms. Brooks could have searched for self closer to her home in Pennsylvania. She could have sought inspiration in the tightly wound by-ways of New England, and she may have even located solace amid the prosperous clutter of the Eastern seaboard. Instead she traveled to the southernmost point America has to offer, and beyond into Cuba. The Florida peninsula is connected to reality of the United States by a mere 100 miles at its narrowest point. Life dangling on the Caribbean precipice inevitably affords a sense of renewed identity. The theme of ‘renewal’ represents an omnipresent undercurrent to the Florida lifestyle. New land can be invented by ingenious huckster who use feats of engineering and advertising to sell miles of seafloor as waterfront property. The surreal and fantastic abound in the form of prehistoric minded alligators, looming goliath grouper, illusive ghost orchids, edible sunshine dripping from orange trees, and tiny mosquitoes that can coalesce into a cloud dense enough to suffocate cattle. In Florida the exoticism that lures can also be the death knell for the feckless or feint of heart. But the charm of Florida is her dichotomy. Life in Florida means continually striving for the perfection of Eden but never completely casting out all of the serpents.

Abbie Brooks was compelled to travel through Florida by an inquisitiveness fettered only by her expanding independence. Her intent was to gather knowledge and develop an understanding of both place and self. Despite being a poor sailor who often suffered from mal de mar, she endeavored to sail to from Pensacola to Cuba with the reasoning, “I feel as though it [sailing to Cuba] was a favorable opportunity for the indulgence of a spirit of adventure and to add to my knowledge of this portion of the

---

<sup>3</sup> Silvia Sunshine, *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*, (Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House, 1880).

country.”<sup>4</sup> During her sail Brooks revealed, with an honesty that derives from days at sea, “I love to go away and see the sights which are in the world, and I love to come back where I can rest and digest what I have seen during my absence.”<sup>5</sup> Florida nourished Brooks’ true nature as an independent spirit. When in Florida she was not tied to place, person or any duty beyond that which she felt towards God.

When away from Florida, sojourning in Atlanta, or Nashville, Brooks was heartsick. “How I pine for Florida where choice chalices of nectarine juices refresh and delight all participants...”<sup>6</sup> When illness forced her to winter in Georgia, Brooks proclaimed with moribund flourish, “I can hardly bear the disappointment of not visiting Florida, this winter to stay here in the steely rainy dark days, which will come shivering over a few coals.”<sup>7</sup> Succinctly Brooks expressed the mass appeal of tropical locales. “A winter in this climate [Florida] is worth years in that torpid state, which the old dreary winters bring in the north.”<sup>8</sup> Upon returning to Jacksonville, Brooks’ contentment is uncontained. “Everything is moving briskly and it seems so good to return to the land of churches, bibles and Christians again. I can go in a rude place for a while but I soon tire of it. I cannot stay always there with those contented to live away from God and society.”<sup>9</sup> While modern Floridians would be hard-pressed to describe Jacksonville and her stevedores, naval sailors, strip-clubs and insurance companies as a bastion of piety, it is clear that Brooks believed all of Florida to be her solace in the storm of greed, opportunism and rough culture that permeated the post-bellum South.

---

<sup>4</sup> Brooks, “Diary,” December 16, 1874.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid., March 2, 1873.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., February 1, 1874.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., November 15, 1875.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid., February 1, 1873.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid, April 4, 1873.

Abbie Brooks' desire to reinvent herself was not without reason. Her mother died when she was only six years old, and in her late 20s Abbie left the family home in Pennsylvania. She began living a rather nomadic existence in the Southeast selling books door-to-door in Tennessee and teaching school in Alabama and Tennessee. She lived in Atlanta, Savannah and St. Augustine, but she never resided again in Pennsylvania. Speculation about her impetus to leave home suggests she was disowned or that she had an out of wedlock pregnancy. There is record of her marriage to Stephen A. Brooks in April of 1857; however, it is disputed whether or not her nuptials were prior to her supposed pregnancy.<sup>10</sup> In this diary Abbie wrote of her father sending her money. Additionally, she stayed with her father's brother and cousins during the 1876 Centennial, while her father was still alive. It is worth emphasizing Brooks traveled as a lady and was well-received in the religious community. Her father was a wealthy, renowned business owner and member of the Presbytery. Had Alanson Lindley disowned his daughter it is doubtful she would have been welcomed into circles of reverence or affluence. While Brooks may have had a child out of wedlock and engaged

---

<sup>10</sup> In the late 1990s Dick and Yvonne Punnett conducted extensive research into the life of Abbie Brooks. The couple are self-described latter day snowbird who winter in Ormand Beach, Florida. In the late 1980s The Punnetts were compiling an index of early Florida photographs. The project entailed extensive travel throughout the United States, which gave them the opportunity to conduct genealogical research into Brooks' past. They discovered the will of Lucy Lindley which mentions Abbie Brooks' daughter Hortence. The Punnetts concluded that Hortence (Ortie) was adopted by a family with the surname Bacon, and Ortie eventually married and divorced a man with the surname Lewis. Much of their conclusions were drawn from census data due to the fact that birth and adoption records were not kept in the county in which Brooks may have lived in 1857. To date, no birth certificate or adoption papers for Ortie Bacon (Brooks) have been located. However the couples' research, housed in the St. Augustine Historical Society Archives, is thorough and was instrumental in endeavoring to transcribe Brooks' diary. Dick Punnett, "The Mysterious Miss A.M. Brooks Unmasked at Last!" *The East Florida Gazette*, vol. 18 (February 1999).

in a marriage of which her father disapproved, it seems as if time and distance may have warmed any coldness Alanson felt for Abbie. While the probate of Lindley's will does fuel suspicions of animosity between he and his daughter, a careful reading of legal transcripts reveal an elderly man cruelly manipulated in waning hours of his life.

In 1881 Abbie's father died, leaving a sum of nearly \$20,000 to the First Presbyterian Church of Meadville and leaving Abbie and her sister Helen very little.<sup>11</sup> Abbie learned of her father's death and bequeath via a letter from her father's physician and friend, Dr. A McLean White. In his communication Dr. White offered to give Abbie the full details of her father's passing, and the scope of Alanson's estate with an opportunity to have the estate settled. The friendly and compassionate tone of Dr. White's communication hid his nefarious intentions.

A long trusted family friend, Mr. Northam executed Alanson Lindley's estate; however, it was Dr. White who helped to write Mr. Lindley's will. Just eight days prior to his passing the will was updated in the following:

All the residue of my estate of whatsoever nature, which has not already been disposed of, I hereby devise, give, and bequeath to the First Presbyterian Church and Congregation of Meadville, Pa., in trust for the benefit of the poor of said church, and for such other beneficial objects as shall seem just and proper to them...<sup>12</sup>

Being that the alteration to Mr. Lindley's will was not rendered thirty days prior to his death the amendment was void and not enforceable. However, Dr. White did not communicate this fact to Abbie. Instead he led her to believe that she was

---

<sup>11</sup> *Brooks v. The First Presbyterian Church* (Philadelphia: Kay & Brother, Law Bookseller, Publishers and Importers, 1889), 509.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid*, 510

entitled only to about \$150 from a prearranged annuity. He advised Abbie and Helen to sign paperwork that would enable them to receive their amount due. In reality, this paperwork obligated Abbie and Helen to relinquish their claim to their sizable inheritance, other than the \$150. Their portion of the inheritance was to be turned over to the Church, with which Mr. White was closely affiliated.

A lengthy legal battle ensued over eight years, which finally concluded with a verdict in the favor of the Church. The Pennsylvania Supreme Court easily acknowledged that Mr. White's contact with Miss Brooks was undertaken "for the benefit of the church with which he is connected, and of which he is the trustee of the charity [established by Alanson's donation]."<sup>13</sup> While the court *knew* that Abbie and Helen were defrauded of their inheritance, this fact was not proven during the course of the suit. Conspicuously absent from the suit was Abbie's sister Lucetta [Lucy] Lindley, who lived at home with Alanson until his death. Lucy passed away only five years after Alanson. In her will she left \$10,000 to Allegheny College in Meadville.<sup>14</sup> Lucy never found gainful employment or a husband; essentially she had no money of her own. Clearly the bequeath was her inheritance from her father. While one could assume Abbie was left out of the will because of impropriety, it is equally possible Alanson saw in Abbie the smoldering fire of independence. If so, he may have believed he did not need to provide for her, enabling him to leave his fortune to his beloved church.

---

<sup>13</sup> *Brooks v. The First Presbyterian Church*. (Philadelphia: Kay & Brother, Law Bookseller, Publishers and Importers, 1889), 512.

<sup>14</sup> Ernest Ashton Smith, *Allegheny – A Century of Education* (Meadville, PA: The Allegheny College History Company, 1916), 223.



Familial strife may have contributed to Brooks' adult struggle to contain her malaise. But it can be argued that, as was the case of many of Florida's strongest women, bouts of discord propelled her to success. An enumeration of the most influential women, particularly writers, in Florida during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, includes Abbie Brooks, Zora Neale Hurston, Marjorie Stoneman Douglas, May Mann Jennings, Marjory Kinnan Rawlings and Betty Mae Jumper. Though this list is far from complete, those included share a disturbing commonality: searing family strife, particularly where parental relationships were concerned. Yet their tenacity of spirit and grandeur of vision shaped Florida into a peculiar, verdant and romantic destination. Is their success resultant from living on Florida's frontier? Or were these women of a resilient spirit that would blossom regardless of the quality of care received in their youth? It is not merely deeds that make these women remarkable, but the lengths they traveled to simply arrive at the opportunity to endeavor their good work. Florida's famous women and countless other lesser-known 'sisters' developed an unrelenting resolve to fend for themselves. In the late nineteenth century, *La Florida* could reward such persistence with perpetual inspiration and unmitigated natural beauty. But in pre-modern Florida there was something at work more than mere tropical splendor and curious folklore.

Florida is a fabled land with one foot on the South's front porch and the other foot dangling from a colorful Caribbean hammock. The mere utterance of the name the Spanish gave the land, *La flor-EE-dah*, conjures exotic notations of colorful flowers lazily bobbing in a breeze salted with sea, sun and serenity. In the 1870s Florida was

burgeoning into a microcosm of American dreaming in which the phrase “land of opportunity” was meant literally. While some posited that the American frontier was dwindling, Florida was still ready and waiting. Before Florida became the nation’s preferred playground for both taxes and tans, and the eternal resting place for dreams and geriatrics, Florida was uncharted territory, literally. Maps often were vague, particularly regarding The Everglades. Cartographers sometimes allowed the peninsula to simply dwindle away south of Lake Okeechobee. It is significant that the current metropolitan megalopolis cities of Tampa and Miami receive nary a mention in the diary of Abbie Brooks. This was not because Brooks did not have opportunity to visit. The steamer Hiram H. Cool sailed from Clear Water Harbor to Manatee, yet there was no stop across Tampa Bay. At the time of Brooks’ writing, Tampa was a flagging port of only about 700 residents and a place called Miami was not even imagined. Her observation of Key West sounds closer to a modern description of the Port of Miami, “To a person who has never visited this island it is almost impossible to imagine that only 64 miles from the main land of Florida is a city in appearance so nearly resembling the Spanish dominions of the Old World where hardly a word of English is heard; business transactions conducted in a foreign language, produce bought and sold together with fruits from the tropics cried in Spanish by the auctioneers.”<sup>15</sup> The modern ideation of a convenient, traversable, homogenized Florida was a long way off.

In the 1870s cattle across the state were unfenced, transportation was more often unreliable, and wildlife, particularly poisonous snakes and wild hogs, was of great concern. Florida in the late nineteenth century simultaneously tempted and dared men to

---

<sup>15</sup> Brooks, “Diary,” Feb 24<sup>th</sup> 1873.

tame her shrewd and wily confines. It is to this unfettered, unpredictable and undomesticated land that Abbie Brooks came in search of something intangible and illusive. As Brooks traveled and wrote she gathered information, met people, and had experiences, then stowed the datum away for processing. In her early diary entries Brooks merely received the information provided by experience. She dutifully recorded her adventures and appeared to be at the mercy of her travels. As time progressed, and she was able to revisit locations and people, a confidence emerged that seems indicative of a shift in Brooks' relationship with her diary and herself. Glimpses into her methodology are evidenced by the repetition of phrases in multiple entries, the inclusion of mythic lore, and a curious voice that speaks directly to the reader in a manner that is self-aware.

Throughout this diary Brooks developed her independence through the creation of her alter ego "Silvia Sunshine." A judicious reading of this diary allows the reader to discern the subtle shift between the voices of Abbie and Silvia. Brooks' voice is most audible when she is speaking in an uncluttered manner about the events of her day. The inchoate transition into Silvia Sunshine occurs when descriptions of the day's events become grandiloquent with a vocabulary that inflates the importance of the moment. Brooks' aforementioned use of repetitive phrases occurs in moments where Brooks is auditioning Silvia Sunshine's voice to find its most appropriate use. The reader finds Silvia Sunshine in full voice with lyric, fantastical accounts of Florida lore that seems lifted straight from the most unapologetic tourist brochure.

In observance of her transformation Brooks writes, "May my pathway through life be hedged around with that happiness which flows from a pure heart and life

refreshed day by day with the heavenly blessing which crown a useful career. I think there are now as many days of sunshine with me as most persons in the world.”<sup>16</sup> In 1880, under the nom d’ plume, Silvia Sunshine, Abbie Brooks published an extensive and comprehensive guide to Florida, *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*. By this diary’s conclusion, after four years of travel, Abbie Brooks left behind her identity as her father’s daughter and a malcontented schoolmarm and emerged as an independent, capable woman committed to becoming a published authority on Florida:

Writing, like other employment, furnishes a reward to those who are fond of it – elevates the mind to a higher and happier state of enjoyment than merely grasping for earthly treasure, a desire to discover something beautiful in our surroundings, a nobility of character in mankind, a grandeur in all God’s work.

My travels both in Florida and Cuba, were an uninterrupted source of pleasure and entertainment, made thus by the smiles of friendship, intercourse among kind-hearted people, combined with the luscious fruits and delightful scenery by which I was almost constantly surrounded.<sup>17</sup>

Abbie Brooks made Florida the land of her rebirth by allowing the Sunshine State to graft onto her pious soul the independence and self-reliance needed to be an authority on Florida fact, fiction and fantasy.

---

<sup>16</sup> Brooks, “Diary,” May 11, 1872.

<sup>17</sup> Silvia Sunshine, *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*, (Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House, 1880), preface.

Author's Note:

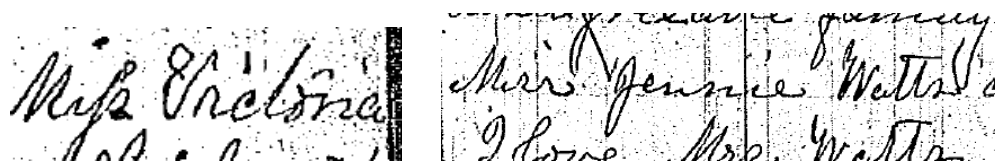
Abbie Brooks is observant to a fault and razored in her opinions. On occasion her words and attitude, though common for her time, can be considered offensive and ignorant today. The unedited inclusion of her language and sentiment adds context and dimension to Brooks by further illustrating the time and place that formed her. Throughout the manuscript editing has been minimal, with misspelling preserved, omitted words noted, and substitutions made only when they were critical for contextual meaning. The original diary contains approximately forty pages of notes about Florida that were not included in this transcription. These notes were published almost verbatim in *Petals Plucked from a Sunny Clime*, and their inclusion here would be redundant.

Chapter One  
February 29, 1872 – December 31, 1872

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Thursday February 29<sup>th</sup> 1872**

This is an odd day which favors us with its presence only once in four years. We have been looking for the boat from Tampa to take us to Cedar Keys all day. How busy we have been plucking oranges and packing them away. The finer lemons too have had to come down from their airy retreats. We have gathered tomatoes, bananas and green peas for dinner today. It seems like a different world from the one in which I was raised. A land where spring always lingers and summer fruits are growing and maturing.

As the sun was setting the boat came in Manatee River. We waited until after dark before she came to the wharf. I went down with Mr. Lee taking my shells and oranges along. Had so much plunder I thought that I had better start the night before, as the boat would leave so soon in the morning. Miserable accommodations. I slept with Miss Jackson<sup>1</sup> but rose soon after retiring and murdered a dozen bedbugs who were making supper from us.



figures 1 and 1a. Images of script from Brooks 1872 diary.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The abbreviated prefix appears to be 'Mijs' though is mostly likely the use of a long "S." Brooks uses the long "S" only with the prefix Miss, and inconsistently at that. This could be Brooks' experimenting with language, as she does throughout the diary, by using vernacular dialect and Spanish.

**Gulf of Mexico, Florida**  
**Friday March 1<sup>st</sup> 1872**  
**Steamer Hiram H Cool**

We left Manatee this morning early with smooth waters. We stopped at Clear Water about 1 o'clock PM. While they were taking the mail up three or four went on shore for shells. The shells were nothing new to me, but I took some of them. As we were leaving a big horseshoe crab came walking out, which is said to be a certain sign of a storm and he was anchoring his boat. At dark the wind commenced blowing. I began to get sick again but sat out in the air until 9 o'clock. I was very giddy but hurried off my clothes and lay down. The wind kept blowing but I had one nap. About 12 o'clock Mr. Jackson opened our window shutter and says, "Delia you and Mrs. Brooks get up and come out of here. I may have to cut this cabin away!" I was much frightened but struck a light, put on my shoes only, took my clothes on my arm, my basket in my hand and with the greatest difficulty Mr. Jackson holding me to keep from blowing in the rough water. He put us in the engineer's room and shut the door.

---

<sup>2</sup> Note Brooks' use of both Mijs and Miss when referring to young, single women. Abbie Brooks, "Diary," February 29, 1872, David Rubenstein Rare Book Library, Duke University.



*figure 2. Old Public Wharf, Clear Water Harbor, 1880*<sup>3</sup>

I became disgusted with our dirty, close, little room and went on the cabin where all the gentlemen were sleeping, thinking my chance better than us two women alone. None of them were awake and no light. The purser and Col. Downing got up and went out. When they returned I could see we were in trouble. I heard them say “The anchors were gone!” It seemed the angel of death was in league with the powers of darkness and oblivion would soon be our portion. I prayed, as I had never done before. It is then religion bends the fence and acknowledges the power of God. Life preservers were brought in one man put one of them on. They looked like a poor hope for safety. I did not want them on me, my God was all I trusted in. They asked me very gravely if I could swim? I replied no more than an iron wedge. In the cold dark briny waves of that heavy sea, no swimming would have saved any of us. Our only hope was steam to get us on shore. The engine worked while the boat spun around like a top. The time seemed long

---

<sup>3</sup> *Old Public Wharf, Clear Water Harbor, 1880.* State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/1689> retrieved May 20, 2012.



but the longest night has always had a morning. And about 4 o'clock we grounded one mile from Cedar Key. We were glad and Delia and I were brought up to our room again.

**Cedar Keys, Florida**  
**Saturday March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1872**

The morning had dawned and my reasons for thankfulness are very great. I expected to wake this morning in broad ocean of Eternity. Many of the passengers have left us but I am not able to go. The excitement of last night has come very near killing me with out being drowned. And then I was so fearfully seasick. The idea of being seasick and drowned at the same time was horrible. The physical and mental exertion has entirely incapacitated me from further movement in any direction. I am feeble; my brain feels as though something was pressing against it. My spirit of adventure time has nearly died out. I am satisfied for the moment. "Shells of Ocean"<sup>4</sup> was my theme. I wanted shells and I have got them. I have no energy. Many are born with it others acquire it by habit, but with the most of us it is the offspring of stern necessity.

A beautiful bright meteor darted through the heavens just as the sun was setting. The train extended half way to the zenith, lingering about 15 minutes.

**Cedar Keys, Florida**  
**Sabbath March 3<sup>rd</sup> 1872**

This morning some passengers came from another steamer, which had grounded near us. They asked our Captain, "How long he had leased the ground where his boat was?" I left for shore in a little boat. I stopped with a poor widow when I came to the Keys, as there was no room in the hotels. Some of the guests had to sit up all night. I would hope

---

<sup>4</sup> Shells of Ocean Waltz Composed by J.J. Cherry arranged by Charles Converse in 1856. Retrieved August 21, 2012, [http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/h?ammem/mussm:@field\(NUMBER+@band\(sm1856+300560\)\)](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/h?ammem/mussm:@field(NUMBER+@band(sm1856+300560)))

to have my life short if it had to be spent here. The people are all here sailing about here as though it was not Sunday. They were fishing like it was their only hope for subsistence.

There is an effort in the shape of a Sabbath School but ladies only are engaged in it. I am fearful God's smile has ceased to visit them all long since. Fish abound here, and oysters are of immense size, but the other attractions are invisible to me. The houses are terribly weather-beaten and look as though the pall of death was hanging over them. Which has no doubt very recently been the case as the yellow fever visited them last fall and terrified some of the citizens so much they left with their dinners cooking on the stove.<sup>5</sup>

**Cedar Keys, Florida**  
**Thursday March 7<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I took the cars this morning for Jacksonville. I must have rest until I feel better. Everything on this road has an air of cheerfulness. The men are all busy burning logs, building fences and ploughing. The women had the houses turned inside out. What a stir! The beds on the scaffold sunning and the quilts of fine red, yellow and grass green cut in more geometrical figures that even Euclid had in his most difficult intricate problem, all put out to air.

---

<sup>5</sup> "Despite a local newspaper's assurance in May 1871 that "the health throughout this section of country was never better," a severe outbreak occurred in the fall with forty cases and ten deaths. This epidemic introduced a young local doctor, John P. Wall, to the disease, for he sickened after attending a cabin boy on the *H. M. Cool*, which had arrived from fever-afflicted Cedar Keys. Wall survived, but his wife and infant daughter died. He was later recognized both statewide and nationwide as an authority on yellow fever, and he was the leading physician in Tampa until the 1890s." Eirlys Barker, "A Sneaky, Cowardly Enemy. Tampa's Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1887-88," *Tampa Bay History* Vol 8 No 2 (Fall/Winter 1986):10.

The surrounding ponds are sending up, from their dark waters, flowers to gem them with loveliness. The trees are putting on their gala day dress. The scarlet maple golden cupped jasmine hanging on festoons from every leafy bower. The cabbage palm grows plentifully between Gainesville and Cedar Keys, after that the pine tree straight as an arrow. Mills for sawing pine are built all along the road, while turpentine stills abound. They are sawing out timber for a bridge in Falls River Mass at one of these mills. Florida has many resources undeveloped.

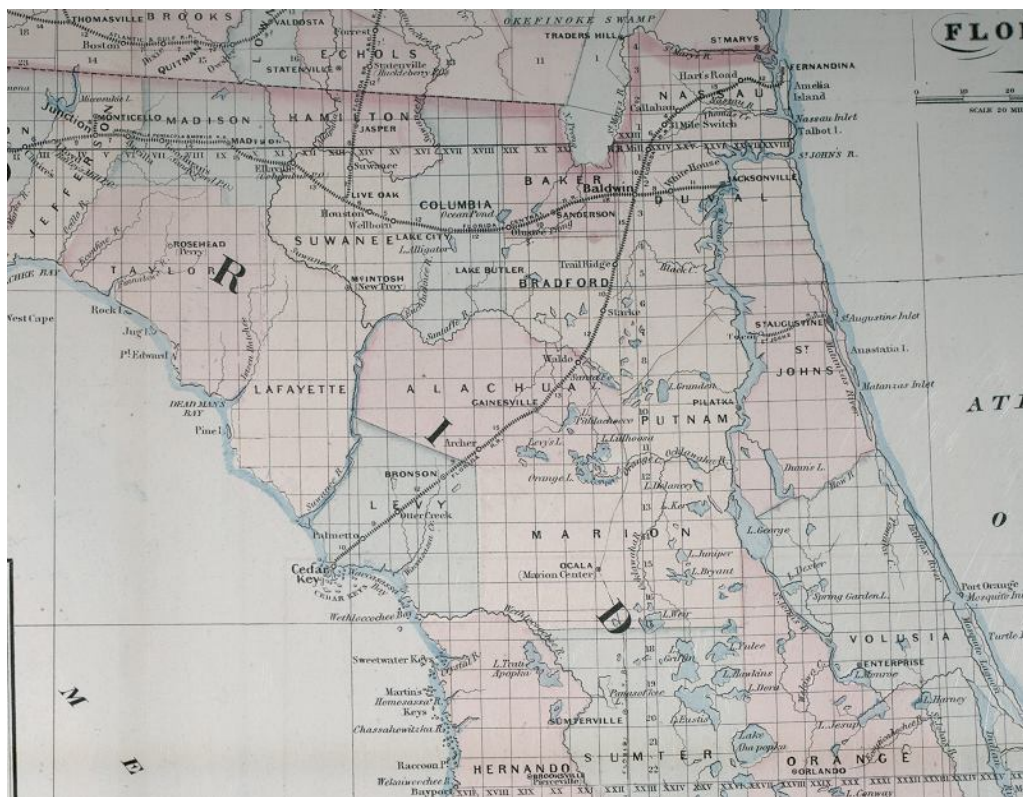


figure 3. Florida Railroad Routes, circa 1871<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Asher & Adams, Asher & Adams new commercial, topographical, and statistical atlas and gazetteer of the United States (New York, NY: Asher & Adams, 1871) Retrieved July 9, 2012 from <http://fcit.usf.edu/florida/maps/pages/9700/f9728/f9728.html>

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Friday March 8<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have taken up my abode with a Methodist preacher's family for the present. I have much writing to do which will occupy my time. This town seems to be a place where all do as they please, say what they like, and wear what suits them. Alligator's teeth and orange canes seem to be the principle attraction. Everybody from the North buys a cane. From the demand the supposition might be that there were many old people or the number of cripples needing support was very great.

I have commenced writing a report of the terrible storm when I came near being drowned. Col. Elliot from Savannah is editing the Courier now.<sup>7</sup> All of the terrors connected with it are fearfully apparent to me yet. No visitation from the kingdom of ghosts could haunt or appall me worse.

Deliver me from an untimely death is my prayer. Dying on land is not, has always been, in my uppermost thoughts, but I am more reconciled now than ever before. There are so many inhabitants that live in the sea, always waiting to devour human beings.

---

<sup>7</sup> "*The Jacksonville Courier* was tri-weekly, Democratic, four-page newspaper established in 1871. Elliott and Willard were the editors and publishers." George P Rowell and Co. Publishers and Newspaper Advertising Agents, *American Newspaper Directory*, vol. 4. (New York: George P Rowell and Co. Publishers and Newspaper Advertising Agents, 1872.), 58.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Sunday March 24<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Nothing of particular interest has been occurring since my stay in Jacksonville except the terrific storm of the 9<sup>th</sup>. I attended the Southern Presbyterian Church<sup>8</sup> this morning. It is a very nice neat clean little house, well furnished and favorable for meditation with God. The snowy pyramid in front of the pulpit attracted my attention. Emblems of the Lord's Supper were covered there. What a day of remembrance for Christians. How sad and yet how sacred Christ's dying commenced. After the assembly of a goodly number the preacher walked in a venerable grey-headed man with a pleasant smile. The text was from Colossians 1<sup>st</sup> Chap – 27<sup>th</sup> verse, which is "Christ in you the hope of glory." He made some beautiful remarks comparing mankind after the fall, to a ship, which has weathered a storm with all lost. Our hope was in God. He was the Rock of Ages upon which our anchor was cast and would soon pull us in with his cable of love. I feel I have benefited by today's privileges after the dangers I have passed and spared to again enjoy Christian privileges.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Sabbath April 8<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I attended the Presbyterian Church this forenoon and heard a very good discourse from the text "Without holiness and man shall see the Lord." The day is beautiful, the air

---

<sup>8</sup> The Southern Presbyterian Church was established December 4, 1861 when commissioners from the Southern presbyteries met. This meeting constituted The First General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the Confederate States of America. The split was a response to the Gardiner Springs resolution that pledged support and allegiance to the United States constitution and union during the Civil War. Southern Presbyterians objected to the resolution as a violation of the spirit of the church and participation in partisan politics. John Muether, "Today In Church History," Orthodox Presbyterian Church, [http://opc.org/today.html?history\\_id=49](http://opc.org/today.html?history_id=49) (accessed August 17, 2012).

balmy and delightful. The atmosphere freighted with the perfume of orange blossoms and the Pride of China tree is commencing to contribute with her purple petals. After dinner I attended the African Methodist Church.<sup>9</sup> The sermon was no doubt more edifying to the heavens than to the spectators. Text “Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.” My bredrens de Lord is here today going from de African to de whites ridden on a milk white steed in de air. He knows your hearts and what you are thinkin about. If your hearts are not right they must undergo a radical change until dey are made right. The Lord taught his disciples of de lake Genesis, and I am telling you all de way to do. I spect you come to de house of God just cause your friends are here. While your preacher is tryin to promulgate the gospel, you is lookin down de street to see what is comin and den you are thinkin what will wear tonight. When you come to preachin and payin no attention to your preacher who is tryin tell you de way. O bredren dis is a beautiful new church house but we seek a city whose builder is God. Labor not to meat dat perishes. You have all spent most your last week wages and earnins put de balance in de Savins Bank. You don’t know, as you will ever see it anymore. Somebody may git it or you may die and den it will be spent by you don’t know who. How much you have you given to de Lord? O my bredren when dem jurudic angels shall come you will be sorry dat you have done no more for de Lord.

When dey come, if you hasn’t done nothing for your blessed Master, den he will not say, Come ye blessed home!” You must do nothing wrong if you want to get up dar

---

<sup>9</sup> The church was probably the Historic Mt. Zion AME at 201 Beaver Street in downtown near the Old City Cemetery. While the building in usage now was not completed until 1905, the church has been located on or near this site since it’s founding in 1866. The current pastor is the Rev. Pearce Ewing. Bishop Adam Jefferson Richardson Jr. 11<sup>th</sup> Episcopal District. Email correspondence, July 17, 2012.

among dem bright skin angels and be a snow-white angel yourself. You must never drink any whisky. Paul told Timothy to drink some wine only when he had de stomach ache. My bredren don't thank you have got pains when you haven't just for an excuse. Old Master knows when you are sick.

### **Jacksonville Cemetery<sup>10</sup>**

Strangers always form an idea of the cultivation or ignorance of a place by the manner in which her dead are cared for, together with the various styles of monuments inscriptions upon the tablets, neatness and taste of all the surroundings. Upon this hypothesis visitors would come to a very unfavorable conclusion in regard to Jacksonville Cemetery. The arch which extends over the entrance is relieved by two domiciles upon either side, one used for culinary purposes and the other for a dormitory. These archways are very ample in their construction having neither architectural beauty, paint, nor polish. The whole gives a common look to sacred scenes, which is intolerable, and then the idea of driving into a burying ground amid the din of pots and kettles or the savory odors exhaling from onions and boiled cabbages. The grounds are organized by persons of varied tastes, some having enclosures, the posts of which are used to support clothes lines on washing days. A very deep well in the center furnishes the residents and un-fastidious persons with water. Both colors bury in the same yard. There are some few monuments erected in good taste, but the ornamenting of the graves is as diversified as the different kinds of people who have friends there. The colored people have the greatest variety consisting of china doll heads, legs arms, glass beads, broken vases and

---

<sup>10</sup> Established in 1852, the cemetery is just on the edge of downtown Jacksonville at Union and Washington streets. The cemetery has a sizable plot for veterans of the Civil War.

goblets, pieces of fine china, pitcher handles lamp stands and mustard jars. Giving more the appearance of a child's play house than the repose of sacred dust.

The cows were ruminating about over the graves hunting for herbage. It was the Sabbath and all kinds of people were there. Some of them seemed much stricken with grief, while others had come for the want of other employment. There were a number of black children holding to each other and running about as though Satan was close at their heels. Whole families came bringing the babies and dogs. Everything savored very much of desecration. Hervey's "Mediations Among the Tombs" were certainly not composed in that Cemetery. It really seems surprising why so many persons of very low morals resort to graveyards to laugh, talk, and smoke. The rude sounds must fall very inharmoniously upon those who have buried friends there.

***Steamer City Point***  
**Tuesday April 9<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I took leave of Jacksonville this morning for St. Augustine and Fernandina. My stay in Jacksonville has been very pleasant, but the orange trees with all their sweets cannot prolong my stay.

The boat is so much crowded I have no stateroom but had a place to lie down when I was seasick. The waters were disagreeably rough, nearly everybody sick. The St. Augustine bar is a shoal, disagreeable place. Large waves came out to meet us, which were not a pleasant escort. The sea was so rough and the winds too high for the pilot to come out and bring us in when we first signaled. A very ancient looking flag was raised when the little boat started. The boat contained four men, consisting of a very old man over 70 years, his two sons who are pilots, and an assistant. A feeling of safety came over me soon as they took the boat in charge. She moved on proudly and came to the



wharf gracefully. A large crowd was standing on the wharf to welcome us, but the rain made it very disagreeable. Pilot's name: Capot.

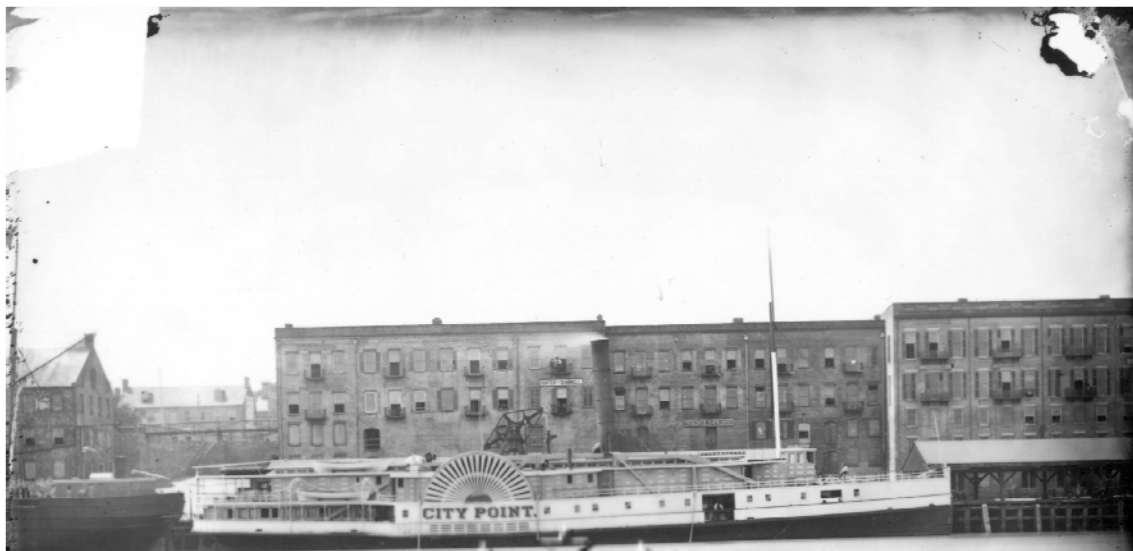


figure 4. The paddle-wheeler *City Point*, circa 1862<sup>11</sup>

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Wednesday April 10<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I spent last night at Mr. J F Whitney's.<sup>12</sup> He was away from home, but met Dr. Simmons<sup>13</sup> & Mr. Waterbury.<sup>14</sup> We had a pleasant time engaged in conversation upon the

---

<sup>11</sup> "The *City Point* was a paddle wheeler or sidewheeler used as a blockade runner during the Civil War. One of the few steamers to survive the war, it made trips from Charleston down the Atlantic coast in the 1870s. A New York-built steamer, it advertised itself as the safest, cheapest, and only comfortable route to Florida. The paddlewheel is at the side of the vessel." Picture History, "The Paddle Wheeler City Point" Picture History, [www.picturehistory.com/product/id/1338](http://www.picturehistory.com/product/id/1338)

<sup>12</sup> John F Whitney (1817) was the publisher of *Weekly Florida Press* and founder of *The Boston Herald*. He lived in St. Augustine in the latter part of his life until his death in 1902. Obituary of John F. Whitney, *New York Times* April 20, 1902. Bureau of the Census. *Schedules of the Florida State Census of 1885*. (National Archives Microfilm Publication m845, 13 rolls) Record Groups 29, National Archives, Washington D.C. Retrieved August 19, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7605&iid=FLM845\\_11-0301&fn=John+R&ln=Whitney&st=r&ssrc=&pid=48057](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7605&iid=FLM845_11-0301&fn=John+R&ln=Whitney&st=r&ssrc=&pid=48057)

<sup>13</sup> Dr. William H. Simmons was the Register of Public Land in St. Augustine, appointed in 1837 by President Martin Van Buren. Senate. *Journal of the Senate*,

legends of L'Esperanza Spring; the Indian girls that were wounded while trying to the life of Ponce De Leon.

There is something very pleasant about this old town, but the chickens crow louder and the cats fights more than any place I ever was in before. I was up so late last night I feel but little like moving this morning. I had to run a portion of the way or be left. They all had so much talking before I could get away, time passed very rapidly. The boat was crowded with people – some of them were quite. These Boston Yankees have queer ways of doing things. An old sea Captain was traveling with his housekeeper and had spent the winter in Florida. It is a comfort to lead a pure life and keep above the dark shadows of suspicion. We arrived in Fernandina about 3 o'clock. I took up lodgings with a Mr. Pelot.<sup>15</sup> I have always stopped at Dr. Payne's Virginia House<sup>16</sup> but it is a poor show.

---

*Including the Journal of the Executive Proceedings of the Senate, Volumes 25-27.* (Washington D.C.: M. Glazier, Incorporated, 1887), 29.

<sup>14</sup> Possibly Harris Waterbury born 1827, living in St. Augustine in 1860. Bureau of the Census. *1860 Federal Census, Division 20, Putnam Florida, Roll m653-109, Page 582 Image 52.* Retrieved August 18, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211368\\_00052&fn=Harris&ln=Waterbury&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10664850](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211368_00052&fn=Harris&ln=Waterbury&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10664850)

<sup>15</sup> The 1860 Federal Census enumerates Charles and Mary Pelot in St. Augustine, Florida. *1860 Federal Census, Division 20, Putnam Florida, Roll m653-109, Page 582 Image 52.* Retrieved August 18, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211368\\_00052&fn=Harris&ln=Waterbury&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10664850](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211368_00052&fn=Harris&ln=Waterbury&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10664850)

<sup>16</sup> The Virginia House is a hotel in Fernandina known for its reasonable and comfortable accommodations. The Secretary of the Office of New England Emigrant Aid Company, *Florida, The Advantages and Inducements it Offers to Immigrants*, (Boston: Calkins and Goodwin, 1868), 4.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Thursday April 11<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I took the train at 6 o'clock this morning for Lake City. The air was extremely cool and I did not enjoy my ride much. The Fernandina Road is smooth but the cars are not fine. We had a change of cars at the delectable station of Baldwin. Did not stay long enough to drive up any water moccasins, which abound here. They try to run two Hotels here but they are too poor to talk about. I am terrified at the thought of stopping over night in one of them and having the bugs bite me, for I am certain they are plentiful in the vicinity.

I arrived in Lake City a little before dinner and stopped with Mrs. Thrasher.<sup>17</sup> Lake City is a nice little town. "We cannot all wander from the cradle to the grave amid flowers and sunshine, and then die in a dream of glory" but this place comes the nearest to it of any I even was in." The silver lakes, which surround it, are so beautiful their surface is so smooth and the shadows are reflected clearly as the crystal beauties of that far off river we read about. I have met several old acquaintances and a dear lady Mrs. Law.

**Lake City, Florida**  
**Friday April 12<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I awoke this morning in Lake City a guest of Mrs. Thrasher. She is a widow and seems like a wooden woman without any heart. There are three other husbandless women, which revolve around her house. They are too formidable for the approach of

---

<sup>17</sup> Mary P. Thrasher is a widow woman from Rhode Island, born about 1826, enumerated in 1880 federal census as running a boarding house. Tenth Census of the United States, 1880 (NARA microfilm publication T9, 1454 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census. Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington D.C. Retrieved August 17, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/sse.dll?i=1880usfedcen&indiv=try&h=4467698>

one man, although there are several masculine boarders in the house. I looked about the city considerable before the train started and was much pleased with the people and their friendly manners. They have fine hammock lands lying near them rich and fertile. All they want is settlers, industrious people. I left at 8 ½ o'clock for Fernandina, Amelia Island. An intemperate man asked me when I entered the cars. "How long we stopped?" I replied, "Long enough to get your breath." He answered "The lady passengers very much."

The ladies car is palatial in its proportions and arrangements, but the road it is rough. It has taken all the money to fill the empty carpetbags. The engine stops occasionally for repairs.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Saturday April 13<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I staid last night with the Payne family but the charges are rather painfully high, consequently I left that house for Mrs. Tucker's.<sup>18</sup> I met her when in Fernandina a year since. She is a lady with a kind warm heart but suffered horribly from nerves. Her and her daughters are making palmetto hats. The demand in New York is in no way equal to the supply. Everybody is hurrying to get hats ready for the Steamer when it goes to New York next time. The best families in the town are working.

I proposed to stop a few days that I might have the benefit of the sea breeze and walk on the beach. It is grand to hear Old Ocean roar upon the land but a ride upon the

---

<sup>18</sup> James Tucker, with wife Eugenia, daughters Amelia, Annie, Mary and Ella and son William. James Tucker is a steamboat captain. 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved July 31, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163+iid=4263358\\_00810&fn=James&ln=Tucker&st=r&ssrc=&pid=2491054](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163+iid=4263358_00810&fn=James&ln=Tucker&st=r&ssrc=&pid=2491054)

dark billowy waves soon destroys the poetry and makes us think that we might be submerged and lost in time and called to enter the realities of eternity's great ocean. The weather is beautiful, the roses in full bloom. The sand flies are thick, the daylight mosquitoes very untiring in their efforts. And the night mosquitoes have a minor key to their songs but not their bites.

**Steamer *Dictator* on the Atlantic Ocean  
Friday April 26<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have had a very pleasant time in Fernandina. Learned to braid palmetto hats besides having the society of very nice ladies. I have been down to the beach and enjoyed myself gathering shells of ocean to my hearts content. I met an old French last night who lives near the beach, but has lately lost her husband. He requested to be buried near the house in a sand-hill, as there are no others in the vicinity. The family is said to have been communists, the reason their church does not pay them any more attention.

I called to see another queer character an Irish lady of cultivation. She was braiding palmetto too. She seemed very sensitive upon the subject of the negro: said that they were much better off in slavery than when in the wilds of Africa killing each other and taking delight in new methods of torture, such as their savage minds and wicked hands could invent and perpetrate. I have been extremely sick on the boat all day.



figure 5. The Steamer *Dictator*<sup>19</sup>

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Saturday April 27<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arrived this morning in Savannah safely, not having died from seasickness. I repaired immediately to the residence of Mrs. Doig,<sup>19</sup> who seemed much pleased to see me. I have taken possession of my old room, around which lingers many pleasant associations, as I remained in it nearly two month when here before. I am weary with traveling and sight. I care for no more now. I have had a surfeit and want rest. I have called upon some of my old friends, which seem glad to see me.

Many persons seem more fond of me than I do of them. I often feel as though I had no feeling for anyone in the world. Everybody seems so heathen to me, not in words but in all acts towards the human race generally. The weather is excessively warm. I feel like going up in the country higher very soon, where the air is more mountainous and the breezes are fed by cooler influences than surround this place.

---

<sup>19</sup> Mary Doig, born in England about 1835, lives in Savannah with her young daughter and runs a boarding house. *1870 U.S. census, population schedules*. Retrieved June 03, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263397\\_00449&fn=Mary&ln=Doig&st=r&ssrc=&pid=3935409](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263397_00449&fn=Mary&ln=Doig&st=r&ssrc=&pid=3935409)

**Fernandina, Georgia**  
**April 17<sup>th</sup> 1872<sup>20</sup>**

The beautiful beach which lines the shores of this island, the grandeur of the roaring surf, and splashing waves are all objects for our admiration, which will last until the angel with one foot on sea and one on land shall proclaim time to be no more.

I finish this page with notes taken on the cars from Macon to Atlanta. There is a kind of surveillance among the conductors on this train, which is not very refreshing to the tired traveler.

Every station the train stops at, although no accessions have been made from the delays, each passenger has a bright light blared in his or her face, which dispels all streams of Lethean<sup>21</sup> forgetfulness and makes the passengers realize the rough jostlings with an increased aversion.

**Albany, Georgia**  
**Wednesday May 8<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I stopped this morning 260 miles from Savannah, a long rough ride. I enjoyed my ride after daylight, as the cars did not arrive until 8 ½ o'clock. On the sides of the road, in the fields between Thomasville & this point, the flowers are blooming in beauty as long as there were made merry by the spring time. I wished the cars would stop long

---

<sup>20</sup> This date is out of sequence and the location is inaccurate. An examination of Brooks' diary reveals that she edited entries, omitted entries, and added text to past entries. This may be an instance in which she attempted to add the date or the entire entry at a later point. Additionally, there is no location known as Fernandina, Georgia. She references traveling from Macon to Atlanta. She most likely started her day in Savannah, as the route from Savannah to Atlanta passes through Macon.

<sup>21</sup> From the Greek word Lethe, one of the five rivers of Hades. Drinking from the River Lethe induced forgetfulness. Guy Raffa, "Welcome to Dante's World; Terrestrial Paradise," University of Texas at Austin, <http://danteworlds.laits.utexas.edu/purgatory/10terrestrialparadise.html> (accessed October 16, 2012).

enough for me to pluck some. The corn looks better than the cotton. Two or three Negroes chopping in a cotton patch so low it can scarcely be seen, looks very little like being profitable. Albany has the appearance of being a nice town. There is an abundance of shade trees and some very genteel looking houses. The courthouse is a fine structure and the houses have the appearance of having been built by Christian people.

There is no visible improvement in the place now progressing. The town seems finished many of the structures are being defaced by the hand of time. The grass grows very loose in the streets, which by some is thought beautiful; a street with an emerald carpet.

The yellow clay looks as though dampness would make it very plastic and adhesive. The principal employment of the Negroes is fishing. They look very lazy ragged and dirty. The mosquitoes are extremely gentle, their songs neither sweet nor soft, but very wiry. The bed bugs have the keenest, most unrelenting bite of any in all the country. Florida productions not excepted.

Smithsville, 23 miles from Albany, where the Albany Branch terminates. The most prominent buildings are two large airy, empty looking hotels. They are the only visible painted buildings. The dwellings look terribly weather beaten.



Andersonville 60 miles from Macon. A terrible, dismal-looking place, in reality and not from association. Relics of the stockades remain. The largest encloses an area of about 30 acres, capable of containing many a soldier. A Federal flag hangs at half-mast. The old palings, which enclosed the stockades, have been partially destroyed by fire. Montezuma from Macon, where a Negro had a mud turtle, which he said weighed fifty pounds, for which he wanted three dollars.



figure 6. Andersonville Prison in Andersonville, Ga <sup>22</sup>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday May 9<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I left Albany this morning and traveled all day. From Macon to Albany is 106 miles of rough road. I arrived at Macon about 5 o'clock, bought a ticket for Atlanta, which somebody stole from my seat before I started. I told the conductor that I had my

---

<sup>22</sup> *Andersonville, GA*. Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division  
 Washington, D.C. 20540 USA Retrieved August 29, 2012 from  
<http://hdl.loc.gov/loc.pnp/pp.print>

lost my ticket and he wanted me to pay again which I refused. I gave up some frames, which I had with me, as security until I can write back and prove that I have paid my fare.

Atlanta is very gay tonight. A press supper at the Kimball house<sup>23</sup> and dance while the band is discussing fine music for a festival given by the Methodist Church to rebuild their church tower which has fallen down, it not being strong enough to support its weight. I am with my old friend Mrs. Watts,<sup>24</sup> staying all night. But she has such a house full she cannot accommodate. I am sufficiently acquainted in Atlanta now to feel at home more than I used to do two years since.



*figure 7.* The Kimball House, Atlanta.<sup>25</sup>

---

<sup>23</sup> “The Kimball House was originally built in 1870 by businessman H. I. Kimball. The six-story building was the largest hotel in Atlanta at that time, and was bound by Peachtree Street, Wall Street, Decatur Street, and Pryor Street. In August of 1883, the first Kimball House hotel was destroyed by fire, and a second hotel was built on the same spot in 1885, and was also named the Kimball House. In 1959, the second Kimball House was demolished and a parking garage was built where it once stood.” Kenan Research Center, Atlanta History Center. Retrieved July 5, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/80176-kimball-house.aspx>

<sup>24</sup> Mary A Watts, born about 1819, kept a boarding house at 33 W. Forsyth Street, Atlanta. Tenth Census of the United States, 1880. (NARA microfilm publication T9, 1,454 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved July 17, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=6742&iid=4240141-00599&fn=Mary+A.&ln=Watts&st=r&ssrc=&pid=7760648>

<sup>25</sup> Kenan Research Center, Atlanta History Center. Retrieved July 5, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/80176-kimball-house.aspx>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday May 10<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I went to see Doctor Wilson's<sup>26</sup> family this morning. He seems well as usual; preaches every Sunday, although between 70 & 80 years of age. The girls Miss Vick & Minerva invited me to remain during the day. I was fatigued from my journey and remained all day and night. I have by sea and land been journeying and I am weary of changes.

I am a poor sailor, always sick on the water. Sailors have such an ample opportunity for receiving the wondrous works of God, it seems they should be more devotional than those who live on the land. What a grand sight to watch the motions of those far off worlds, as they silently rise and deck the canopy of heaven with their primeval glory and loveliness, and then retire while other planets take their places to dispel the darkness and shadows with their soft rays of gentle lustrous light. The beautiful sunsets, which they have to enjoy, with the fleecy flecked sky mirrored upon the deep blue sea.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Saturday May 11<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have taken a room today at Mrs. William Ezzard's. Mr. Ezzard is in no business but sitting about the house, and is said to be very fond of drinking whisky. I seem to have the luck of getting in where some member of the family is an inebriate. Poor Mrs. Doig had a son brought home to her drunk every few days.

---

<sup>26</sup> Dr. Reverend John Simpson Wilson was full time pastor of First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta beginning in 1859 and remained with the church until his death March 27, 1873. Eugene Crampton Scott, *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., 1861-1941*(Austin, TX: Press of Von Boeckmann-Jones Co, 1942), 782.

I have a large nice room to myself and baggage; five trunks and a bonnet box. I sometimes wish for a house of my own and then I would have to take care of it and make it, bring one in something. It is a world of troubles, anyway it can be arranged. God designed that we should not want to stay here always. May my pathway through life be hedged around with that happiness which flows from a pure heart and life refreshed day by day with the heavenly blessing which crown a useful career. I think there are now as many days of sunshine with me as most persons in the world.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath May 12<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have attended the Presbyterian Church<sup>27</sup> today and heard Doctor Wilson preach for the first time since October last. He is over eighty years of age and preaches with the vivacity of a man only forty. He has seen over ten years of Holy Sabbaths. What a preparation to meet God could be made in ten years. How many dying sinners would have given one hour to prepare for the realities of eternity? May the glow of friendship ever illuminate the pathway of our dear pastor and cast a ray of sunshine over his shadows which will light the smile of love in his heart. I feel often now as though I had nothing more to do in this world, that I did not care to live any longer without some aim, some object to be attained. I must have some more definite plan of actions in regard to the future. This merely existing, living, breathing, eating, and sleeping does not suffice.

---

<sup>27</sup> Jeanette Austin, "First Presbyterian Church," Atlanta Historical Tidbits, December 11, 2011, [http://atlantahistoricaltidbits.blogspot.com/2011/12/blog-post\\_08.html](http://atlantahistoricaltidbits.blogspot.com/2011/12/blog-post_08.html) (accessed July 12, 2012).

Two winters I have spent in Florida on account of my throat, which has been beneficial to me.



figure 8. First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta 1900<sup>28</sup>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Saturday June 1<sup>st</sup> 1872**

I am still stopping at Mrs. William Ezzards, of which locality I am not particularly fond. There is so much noise about the premises of different kinds, that I am very weary of it.

Yesterday I had a full benefit of wood chopping. The strokes of the axe have given inspiration to poets in days that are past, but I am unable to discover anything like poetry in a Negro man beating and grunting at a wood pile, upon hard sticks half a day at once.

I attended church this morning it being preparatory communion services. We had an excellent sermon from Mr. McMurray of Legrange.<sup>29</sup> His text was taken from the

---

<sup>28</sup> *First Presbyterian Church. Atlanta, Ga. North Avenue Presbyterian Church.* Georgia Historical Society, circa 1900. Georgia Historical Society Collection of Postcards, item MS 1361-PC-9AtlantaChurch, Retrieved July 23, 2012 from <http://georgiahistory.pastperfect-online.com/37659cgi/mweb.exe?request=record;id=6231CD46-64F8-45EA-A1F3-377468558000;type=102>

words of Psalmist, “Restore unto me the joy of thy Salvation.” His application was to the church whose members had grown cold & careless, which was often the reason a blessing did not descend upon the church, that the unconverted were going to ruin everyday, and sinners were out of the fold of Christ.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1872**

The day is bright and beautiful. I attended Sabbath School the morning and taught my little class of boys. They are all restless and uneasy, but I like to teach them.

The Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was administered today. I was received into the First Presbyterian Church of which Doctor Wilson is Pastor by a letter from the Edgefield Church Tennessee.<sup>30</sup> I have enjoyed this communion. I feel fortified and strengthened to do right and prepare for heaven. God help me.

Mr. McMurray preached upon the sufferings of Christ, being intensified from the great condemnation, which rested upon the world on account of sin, for which he was to be the atoning sacrifice. I enjoyed the sermon and the delightful quiet, which prevailed.

I received a compliment from Mr Harmsden while walking along from Church. He says “You keep up that class of yours so good. The children are all so eager to give answers to your questions.”

---

<sup>29</sup> Francis McMurray, born 1817 was a Presbyterian Minister from Le Grange Georgia. Tenth Census of the United States, 1880. (NARA microfilm publication T9, 1,454 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved August 12, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=6742&iid=4240161-00112&fn=Francis&ln=Mcmurray&st=r&ssrc=&pid=8229384>

<sup>30</sup> The First Presbyterian Church of Edgefield is in Nashville, TN. During the Civil War Brooks lived in Edgefield and taught school. Woodland Presbyterian Church, “Who We Are Today.” <http://www.woodlandpresbyterian-nashville.org/about/who.html> (accessed August 5, 2012).

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Tuesday June 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day has been extremely warm. I went to see Mrs. Terrhune, who seems to be right poorly, coughs and complains. I feel dull, terribly stupid. My head is giddy and I feel as though I had no thought above an idiot. I trust my brains will soon return for I am very weary without them.

People talk about leaving the world as though it was a small item, but when we come to stare it in the face, enter its ranks, and move in its funeral train, do not a thousand acts leap up before us which makes us fear to face its realities and taste its bitterness?

The tide of destiny seemed bearing on me, but by struggling and working I have risen above its dark waters and now prosperity plumes her wings and beckons with bright pinions far above where the murky atmosphere of destinations deluges its victims. I feel that I am no spectre from the past wandering about, but real flesh & blood of the present.

Soon as night comes my eyelids grow weak and I retire.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday June 5<sup>th</sup> 1872**

A cool nice breeze has prevailed during the day which has been very charming. I have been reading a history of the troubles of Mary Queen of Scots. I attended Prayer Meeting tonight and consider it a privilege of which I have frequently been deprived. Dr. Wilson made some appropriate remarks and earnest appeals to those present, if they had been refreshed and benefited by their attendance. All privileges will either sink us deeper in the regions of despair or raise us to higher enjoyments in the realms of bliss. It is a serious thing to die, to take a long journey alone, to close our eyes upon all that is beautiful in this world and awake in regions of unexplored country and never return again to that we have loved and cherished here.

I must retire. I feel very well and happy tonight. I have a sweet bunch of pinks<sup>31</sup> exhaling their aroma near, while the most profound quiet prevails upon, only an occasional bark from a dog in love with his voice.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday June 7<sup>th</sup> 1872 10 at night**

I have had considerable variety in my experience today. This morning I went to see if Mrs. Hutchins could furnish me with a room. She seemed perfectly willing, has no children, nor birds to make a fuss in the house. I went from there to the Post Office where I got a letter from my Aunt Phebe Spencer, my mother's sister.<sup>32</sup> It was written in such epistolary style, all about her visit to see Lucy and how cold she was received by her. But aunt says, "she was the child of my favorite sister and as such I gave her a hearty

---

<sup>31</sup> Dianthus flowers

<sup>32</sup> Phebe Spencer (nee Kingsley) lived in Fort Ann, New York. After the death of Abbie's mother, Aunt Phebe became quite close with Abbie. Lucy (Lucetta Lindley) was Abbie's younger sister, with whom she did not get along.



shake of the hand and an affectionate kiss.” What a strange, queer, divided, disagreeable family I belong to.

I went to see Miss Jennie Watts after dinner, who is quite sick. I love Mrs. Watts as though she was kin. I attended preaching tonight in Dr. Harrison’s Church.<sup>33</sup> Text “Therefore being purified by faith we have peace though our Lord Jesus Christ.” It is now nearing 11 o’clock and songs of Zion from the 1<sup>st</sup> Baptist Church Revival are ringing out on the air.

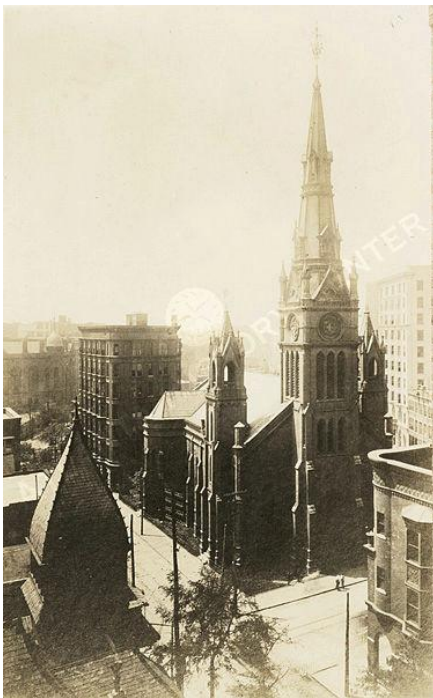


figure 9. First Methodist Church in Atlanta, GA.<sup>34</sup>

---

<sup>33</sup> Dr. William Pope Harrison in 1866 became pastor of the First Methodist Church in Atlanta. Atlanta First Methodist Church, “Our History.” <http://www.atlantafirstumc.org/pages/aboutus/history.html> (accessed August 23, 2012); Walter Putnam Reed, ed., *History of Atlanta Georgia* (Syracuse, NY: D. Mason & Company, 1889).

<sup>34</sup> *First Methodist Church in Atlanta, GA*. Kenan Research Center, Atlanta History Center, 130 West Paces Ferry Road, Atlanta, GA 30305, retrieved July 11, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/79845-first-methodist-church.aspx>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath June 9<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I taught my class of little boys today as usual. I am becoming attached to them. The[y] learn nice lessons in the catechism. Dr. Wilson preached a heavenly sermon today upon the Transfiguration of Christ. [He] mentions at the same time most of the remarkable incidents related in the Scriptures, which occurred upon mountains. Soul was slain upon the Mtn of Gilboa. The Transfiguration was to give them a view of his glory before the world began, or he took upon him our nature. Moses was the great law giver. Elijah the great prophet. Both came to lay their tribute at the feet of the Savior.

These two appeared as the two classes of testimony. There is much sympathy between heaven & earth. Although heavenly beings are engaged in giving praise and adoration to God, yet we read of Angels visits in the Old Testament. Another lesson is taught in the Transfiguration: the continued experience of spirits after death. Moses died upon Pisgah and God buried him.

As church was closing we had a little shower but it is terribly warm tonight.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday June 10<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The clouds look vapory and a slight sprinkle is falling, drifting, dropping. I turned out to perform various errands. I heard Col. Snead of the Savannah Republican<sup>35</sup> was in town, but could not come up with him. I went to the State House for purpose of ascertaining who Ogechee, that wrote for the Morning news in Savannah, was. Col

---

<sup>35</sup> Colonel Snead was the former editor and owner of *The Savannah Republican* newspaper. Adelaide Wilson and Georgia Wilmouth, *Historic and Picturesque Savannah* (Boston: The Boston Photo Engraveur Company, 1889).

Howard would not tell me but said, "It was as the children said burning." I told him I knew it was certain it was not his style. He replied, "Oh no it was not him!"

The rain made me return sooner than I was ready. I was reading in my room quietly when a note came wishing me to "vacate the room I was occupying in his house." I prepared myself and went up to ask an explanation, taking Judge Hammock<sup>36</sup> with me. He said that he had been examining the Banks and found I had no money in them. I then took out a check for hundred and fifty dollars, which rather astonished him, but replied his room was not to rent.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Tuesday June 11<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Today I have moved again. My room at Mrs. Ezzard's was not pleasant and I have changed it. Mr. E was always in and about the house; a lazy idle man of whom I became very weary. I have moved to a more retired place but with people in no way my equals. I am alone with whatever reading matter I can furnish myself. I feel sometimes like a waif floating about upon the shores of a fathomless sea. God only is my guide. I get two Savannah papers but with an effort. The Atlanta papers say nothing about the Post Office. If it was in Savannah now the squibs would be fired.

The General Delivery embraces every grade of society as applicants for information from absent friends. It is astounding with what fortitude they pass through the ordeal, each waiting for his turn. What a jostling against the odoriferous particles of colored matter. How the aroma exhales and the moisture drips while he asks for himself and all that lives in the yard with him.

---

<sup>36</sup> Judge Cicero C. Hammock was twice elected as Mayor of Atlanta. Alan Homady, *Atlanta, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* (N.P.: American Cities Book Company, 1922).

The Ladies Window<sup>37</sup> has been undergoing changes of various kinds in the way of clerks. We had once a sunny face, nice, pleasant young man, which waited upon the ladies as though he loved to have them come in. The two or three changes to boys who pulled the letters down and looked mystified as a mouse in a mud hole asking if the name was Peggy or Patsy? Lastly we have a fifteenth amendment, dipped once, looks like a side of bacon in a smoke house where the fire has been made about twice and then gone out. He reads the address upon the envelopes with the same celerity that a snail runs a race. This change is no doubt adopted as an expedient to save as the sand of Grants officials are rapidly running out.<sup>38</sup>

Dunning looks from his registered letter window with an unsettled visage, as though his position was not well fortified at present and his fortress might be stormed and captured. He is not alone in his troubles. The other satellites, which have revolved in the same galaxy about the Atlanta State House feel their days were numbered, and the time for making money from the public treasury, about expired.

---

<sup>37</sup> In the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century post-offices in larger cities established a separate pick up window for women. “At the post office, urban Americans encountered an early attempt on the part of designers to come to terms with shifting attitudes toward the presence of women in public space and evolving dilemmas about the dangers and pleasures of city life.” David M. Henkin, *The Postal Age: The Emergence of Modern Communications in the Nineteenth Century*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006), 75.

<sup>38</sup> At times Brooks’ writing expressed concern for the plight of emancipated slaves, particularly in matters of work and politics. At other times when she was personally inconvenienced, she was intolerant and bigoted, such as in this case where she stooped to the level of equating skin tone and capability.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday June 17<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I attended Church and Sabbath School yesterday and spent the day at Dr. Wilson's. Attended Baptist Church at night where eleven were immersed, some of them not more than ten years of age.

This morning I commenced making preparations to move again. I will soon be a professional mover if I keep on practicing.

When the old Negro came He remarked, "Why you move soon" "O," I said, "Uncle you took me to the wrong place. I always stay when in the right one." My things were all moved with no trouble but an expense of three dollars.

I am now with a Presbyterian Preacher's family, regretting exceedingly that I even went into any place where people below my standing staid. Mrs. Hutchins came into my room anytime when the fancy took her. She was very uncultivated, which was in no way agreeable to me. She seemed obliging and that was all I could say for her.

Farewell Hutchins X

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday June 19<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day has been warm and sultry but I have not suffered from the heat as other persons. I spent much the time in reading a book called "Ethelyn's Mistake" by Mrs. Holmes.<sup>39</sup> It is a little simply story of a dashing belle, managing a man from Iowa older than herself, and taking her home to live with his old mother, who wore short dresses and blue stockings. The son she married was extremely awkward calling her pearls "white

---

<sup>39</sup> *Ethelyn's Mistake* by Mary J Holmes was published by G.W. Carleton, London. 1869. Available electronically at [http://books.google.com/books/about/ETHELYN\\_S\\_MISTAKE\\_OR\\_THE\\_HOME\\_IN\\_THE\\_WES.html?id=kJWH\\_DAXKf4C](http://books.google.com/books/about/ETHELYN_S_MISTAKE_OR_THE_HOME_IN_THE_WES.html?id=kJWH_DAXKf4C)

beads.” Andy, the poor simple minded brother, was always reading his prayers but when Richard and his wife got to quarreling one day, he was in dismay finally, “All conditions and circumstances of the human race” popped into his head “distressed in mind body or estate.”

I attended prayer meeting tonight and heard some remarks from the subject matter of “Water of Life.” The moon is shining brightly, reminding me of the happy hours spent in Florida, which seems like some past joy the remembrance of which makes me happy. Silence reigns, except the tree frog.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday June 26<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have been sick for several days. Could not attend church last Sabbath.

Today I attended the state convention, called for the purpose of sending delegates to Baltimore<sup>40</sup> to nominate a democratic candidate for President. A little before 10 o'clock the different members commenced to assemble representing the interests of the Empire State. Never was a more dignified assemblage in the representative halls. The

---

<sup>40</sup> On June 26, 1872 the state democratic convention assembled in Atlanta to select delegates for the national convention in Baltimore. Horace Greely, founder of the Liberal Republican Party, was an independent republican candidate for president. Support for Greely was strongly opposed by A.H. Stephens, former Georgia legislator and vice-president of the Confederacy. The following were elected delegates from Georgia to serve at large in Baltimore: Gen. Henry L. Benning, Col. Julian Hartiridge, Gen A.R. Wright, Col. Thomas Hardeman, Col C.T. Goode and Col. I.W. Avery. The delegates participated in the nomination of Greely as the democratic candidate for president. Source: The Southern Historical Association, *Memoirs of Georgia Vol. 1 Containing Historical Accounts of the State's Civil, Military, Industrial and Professional Interests and Personal Sketches of Many of its People*, (Atlanta: The Southern Historical Association, 1895), 340-350.; R. Preston, *Provenance for Alexander Hamilton Stephens Papers*, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, retrieved September 5 2012 from <http://memory.loc.gov/service/mss/eadxmss/eadpdfmss/2010/ms010138.pdf>

meeting was called to order by Gen. Colquitt.<sup>41</sup> The important fact was announced that the delegates were to have a free ride back on presentation of a certificate from the president.

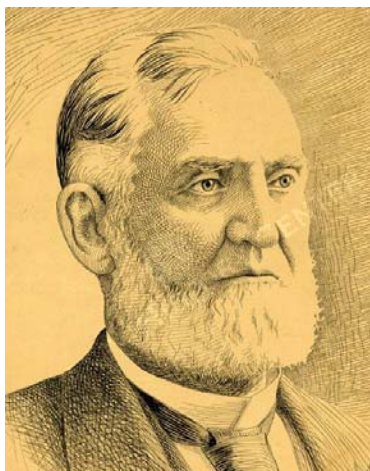


figure 10. Carey W. Styles<sup>42</sup>

Col Styles<sup>43</sup> then introduced the name of a candidate as one of Georgia's purest sons: Col Lamar, from Columbus.<sup>44</sup> He made a nice speech, thanking them for the honor

---

<sup>41</sup> General Alfred Holt Colquitt was a Representative and Senator from Georgia who served the Confederacy during the Civil War, attaining the rank of Major General. After the war Colquitt served as Governor of Georgia from 1876-1880. He was reelected as Governor for two years under a new state constitution. He was elected as a Democrat to the United States Senate in 1883, serving until his death in Washington, D.C., March 26, 1894. Andrew R. Dodge and Betty K. Koed, eds., *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress 1774-2005: The Continental Congress, September 5, 1774 to October 21, 1788, and the Congress of the United States, from the First through the One Hundred Eight Congresses, March 4, 1789 to January 3, 2005* (Washington, D.C. : Government Printing Office, 2005), 852.

<sup>42</sup> Carey W. Styles. Kenan Research Center, Atlanta History Center, retrieved July 20, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/79668-carey-w-styles.aspx>

<sup>43</sup> Carey Wentworth Styles (October 7, 1825-February 25, 1897) was a journalist who established and owned several newspapers companies including the *Albany News* in Albany, Georgia. In 1872 Styles was elected to the Georgia State Senate. Robert R. Woodruff Library, Emory University, *Biographical Notes for Carey W. Styles Papers* in the Manuscript, Archives, and Rare Book Library, <http://pid.emory.edu/ark:/25593/8zxmng> (accessed September 3, 2012).

<sup>44</sup> Albert R. Lamar, Secretary to the Confederacy, was a journalist and editor of the Macon Telegraph and Messenger. Southern Historical Association, *Memoirs of*

conferred in making him the president of so important an assemblage, considering the exemplars of the State then present. Fulton County, as she is the hub, thought she must do something smart and without a precedent, so she handed in the names of two different delegations, elected at different times.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday June 27<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have spent the day in reading my Savannah papers and finished a book called “Heart-Hungery” by Mrs. Maria Jourdan Westmoreland.<sup>45</sup> The moral of the book is bad. The Heroine Maude Livingston does some highly censurable things. Her life is full with glaring inconsistencies, wild inconsistent acts, not in keeping with the dignity of a married woman. All her heroines are extremely fond of kissing and squeezing hands as marks of affection. D. Eslong, the paramour of Maude, was arrested for murder. His fate was suicide, the night before his execution after conviction. The bare idea of Maude going to visit him in the Tombs, and being the first to find him dying after taking morphine. The book has an immoral tendency and seems “free loivish.”<sup>46</sup> It is criticised very heavily by some of the press, while the Atlanta people say it is a history of her own

---

*Georgia, Volume 2*, (Atlanta: Southern Historical Association, 1895) retrieved August 24, 2012 from [http://dlg.galileo.usg.edu/meta/html/dlg/zlgb/meta\\_dlg\\_zlgb\\_gb0252b.html?Welcome;](http://dlg.galileo.usg.edu/meta/html/dlg/zlgb/meta_dlg_zlgb_gb0252b.html?Welcome;) Isaac Wheeler Avery, *The History of the State of Georgia from 1850 to 1881* (New York: Brown and Derby, 1881), retrieved August 24, 2012 from <http://archive.org/details/cu31924028791214>

<sup>45</sup> Westmoreland’s novel was published in 1872 by G.W. Carleton and is available electronically from <http://www.lettrs.indiana.edu/cgi/t/text/text-idx?c=wright2;idno=wright2-2687>

<sup>46</sup> This is an interesting and perhaps purposeful word choice by Brooks. At the of her writing in 1872 Henry Ward Beecher, brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe was accused of engaging in ‘free love.’ The preacher and state representative was accused of an adulterous affair with one of his parishioners. The scandal nearly resulted in his expulsion from the pulpit. “The Beecher Scandal.” *The Meriden Daily Republican* May 31, 1873.



life written out. She is making money by it, which is the all important item with her. The book sells well and from the fact of its being represented as immoral, excites of the curiosity of the depraved tastes of the present age.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday June 28<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have today, been reading Byron's Manfred.<sup>47</sup> What awfully sublime characters he brings from the hidden dizzy heights where they dwell. If Byron was bad I have never seen any time from his birth where influences were thrown about him to be anything else.

How time glides by with me. It will soon be two months since I came back.

Here we have in the world a lump of clay containing a spark from the breath of Deity, trembling upon the brink of Eternity, dreading to enter its portals, and penetrate its gloomy precinct, suffering the pangs of conscience, when we do wrong which only time can assuage.

I attended the Bible Class tonight. Lesson: The important man at the pool of Mercy on Bethesda where he had sat 38 years, waiting for the moving of the waters, when he should be healed. The Free Schools<sup>48</sup> are out with the usual display of various colored ribbons and gay colored dressing, interspersed with Mary's Lamb and The Boy that has been standing on that burning deck alone.

---

<sup>47</sup> An epic, dramatic poem written by Lord Byron in 1816-1817 retrieved August 24, 2012 from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/20158/20158-h/20158-h.htm> - MANFRED

<sup>48</sup> Free Schools in Georgia were established by the Freedman's Bureau in 1866 to provide education at no cost to the children of freed slaves. In 1872 Atlanta established free schools for all children in the city however the schools and all aspects of administration and operation were segregated. It is possible that Brooks' observation of the dismissal of Free School in June of 1872 was just prior to the establishment of Atlanta's system of Free Schools for all children. Atlanta Public Schools, "History." Atlanta Public Schools. <http://www.atlanta.k12.ga.us/Page/367> (accessed September 6, 2012).

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath June 30<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Attended Sabbath School this morning and taught my little class of boys, after which I went to the Central Presbyterian Church and heard a discourse by Rev David Wills, President of Oglethorpe.<sup>49</sup> Subject: "What is truth?" He said, "This is not the inquiry of this utilitarian age?" There was never a time when sensuous writings brought a higher premium and the principles of truth were at a greater discount. The Virgin Truth was taken and hewed in pieces. These limbs have never been found. Truth is the pabulum inimi: the wealth of reason and food of the soul.

A photographer requires all the rays of light to perfect a picture. All the rays of truth must be used to concentrate a picture of true holiness upon the soul. The men, which the people need now to rule, should not resemble church vanes but like the mountain firm and immovable. Intellectual Desire now prevails in the world. May you all be able to exclaim amid the trials of life, those art the way Son of the living God.

At three o'clock went to Mission school where the roughest most uncouth children that could be imagined were gathered. Went to church and heard out Pastor Doctor Wilson.

---

<sup>49</sup> Reverend David Wills was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Macon. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee and Columbia Theological Seminary, earning a Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Literature. He served as president of Oglethorpe University from 1870-1874. Richard W. Iobst, *Civil War Macon: The History of a Confederate City* (Macon, GA: Mercer University Press, 2009), 447.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday July 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Today is the anniversary, which celebrates the freedom of the United States from British usurpation, but we are now under a yoke of tyranny, which galls and fettered by chains which bind us worse than any serf upon the soil of Russia. With our Southern citizens languishing in Northern prisons on account of falsehood, false as the framers of them, we feel little inclination to light fires of joy and fire cannons. The day seemed like Sunday. All the Negroes nearly left town, together with those who love to drink whisky.

I have been attending the exercises connected with Oglethorpe University, which closed yesterday.<sup>50</sup>

I have spent most of the day in copying the notes I had taken during the exercises, together with some remarks upon the banishment of the Bible and all religious exercises from the schools. The citizens seem to have no idea or regards to the manner in which the schools are conducted. They should look after the interests of their children and see that the Christ killers and Catholics do not take away “both out place and nation.” We are ruled with a rod of iron in state affairs and now the church is threatened household proscription may be in pros pied.

---

<sup>50</sup> During the Civil War Oglethorpe University suffered greatly. The students were enlisted as soldiers, the endowment was lost in Confederate bonds, and the campus was used as a military installations, including a hospital and barracks. By 1862 the school closed until 1870, when it reopened in Atlanta. However the university could not overcome challenges presented by its dislocation and the school closed for a second time in 1872. Oglethorpe University, “Oglethorpe University Bulletin,” Oglethorpe University, <http://www.oglethorpe.edu/academics/documents/OUBulletin2010-12.pdf> (accessed July 21, 2012).

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath July 7<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The skies had a sympathetic spell of weeping this morning, which made the ground damp and kept many from church. I attended Sabbath School, and taught my class, and heard Dr. Wilson preach. I received a letter from Mr. S. G. Anderson who called on me in Nashville Tennessee but did not see me. I answered it, letting him know I cared nothing for him.

There was an excursion to leave this morning. Atlanta is growing more wicked every day. Negroes take the streetcars on Sunday and talk about equality. All the legislation that can be done by men amounts to nothing. Their maker has cursed them with both scent and color, and if it had not been for slavery they would now be in their equatorial homes, suggesting means by which they might punch each others' eyes out with greater success, or inventing new pattern to make more grotesque figures in tattooing their tawny, black skins. Every effort made towards equality only widens the gap of distinction and exacts stronger feelings of disgust in the white race.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Tuesday July 16<sup>th</sup> 1872**

We have had nearly two weeks of cloudy, dark, damp days, when sunshine has been as scare as Grant's favors to unfortunate rebels, and rain drops fell easily as the Democrats in Baltimore voted for Greely.

I have spent the day at Mrs. Watts. She was cutting out a dress for me; a calico, the only garment I have bought since last September. I have been reading Dickens' Oliver Twist. Poor Oliver came into the world without a welcome in a workhouse. He was kicked and cuffed in a most unmerciful manner by the beadle matron, asked for more

broth one day, which disconcerted them all, and others who had the rule over him. Finally he was taken in by a coffin man, slept in the warehouse with the coffins, and wished himself buried in one, ran away to London taken up by robbers, and given lesson in the profession, but always came out worsted.

Last he was adopted by a kind lady where the story leaves him, after hanging the old Jew Fagin, and drowning Sikes, who murdered Nancy, because she revealed the secret of Paul's parentage, which she overheard from his half brother who was one of the clan. I feel as though I have been in a den with thieves.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath July 21<sup>st</sup> 1872**

The clouds have been very sympathetic for the past two or three weeks. This is the third rainy Sabbath, with a slim attendance at Church & Sabbath School. I have come every Sabbath and did not get wet. I had six scholars today. Dr. Wilson preached from Revelations: "The closing of the seals." The Eternity which nobody but God could open and shut annulling the doctrine of Spiritualism.

The rain came on before I got home. I took dinner with Miss Vick & Minerva Wilson. I came to my room at Mr. Hervey's, where I made wretched efforts to be contented, but the noise of the children inspired nothing but dislike, a flagging disspiriting effect overshadowed me and made me unhappy. All their powers of mind seemed warmed into vitality, their tongues communicate faster than their brains suggest. I do long for quiet and unbroken silence where I could read and write until oblivious of this world. I would roam through realms of space and live in a land of Elysian beyond the cares of life.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday August 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I attended Sabbath School this morning. Had eleven little boys, which all became very restless before school was out. The distribution of books is attended with so much trouble I am very weary of it. Dr. Wilson preached a sermon in regard to the vessels of wrath and those of honor, some created to honor and some to dishonor.

The history of an angel's joys does not benefit us any. They were never redeemed nor had any sins to wash away.

After church I went to Mrs. Keita Lou Wiley's, baby is lying at the point of death. It was dying when I came. They were all much distressed, it being the first and only grandchild. The child kept gradually sinking, but lived until half past five. Lou was much distressed but was more resigned than I expected to see her. Captain Wiley consoled and talked in a most Christian life manner. Death is an unwelcome visitor under all circumstances, but should be less so when a guileless infant is taken from the evil to come, called home to dwell with its Maker before contaminated by sin and polluted with vileness.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath August 11<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I attended Sunday school this morning and taught my little boys, 15 of them. We get on very well together, only the[y] are right mischievous sometimes, but were very good today. After school we all went out on the streetcars, in the rain, to attend the dedication of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Quigg<sup>51</sup> preached the dedication

---

<sup>51</sup> The following description is from a Georgia Historical marker located in the Old Conyers Cemetery on Pine Log Rd in Conyers, Georgia:

sermon. The words were taken from C. PSALM, 4<sup>th</sup> verse, fourth verse, “Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his court with praise: be thankful into him and bless his name.”

He made some very beautiful remarks in regard to the church in a community and those who attended its ordinances and those who did not. “The church and its adjuncts is the golden chain, which draws us to him and enables us to cross the dark river, and land in safety upon the sands of a shining shore. The trees of righteousness, unless planted near each, other will not produce fruit. The people of God must keep near each, that they may be prosperous. It is in the church, the lamp of piety, which began to flicker in our hearts, is renewed and burns afresh. It is this, the lost harmonies of Eetes, are restored in love to God. Conclusion, Yea the work of our hands establish thou it.” A collection was taken when 6.00 was received to finished paying for the church.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday August 23 1872**

I spend a little while every few days in the Legislature. Like all other assemblies, it has representatives who are not near relations of Solomon or Solon. The[y] imagine if the laws made do not benefit them personally, they have met in vain. Holland, the agent of the Sabbath excursion trains to Gainesville, gave all the white members a complimentary ticket, which be it said for the credit of the state, but few accepted. The

---

“Reverend Henry Quigg. Born Ireland 1826. Died Conyers, Georgia 1907. A. B., B. D. Erskine College. D.D. Emory University. Ordained September 26, 1856 by Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Pastor Hopewell 1856-1867. Joined Atlanta Presbytery, U.S. Church 1867. Pastor Smyrna 1869 - 1904. Pastor Conyers 1865, 1875-1895. Taught school in Canada and Georgia. Author of "Historic Smyrna". World traveler and civic leader.”

Georgia Info, “Georgia Historical Marker,”

<http://georgiainfo.galileo.usg.edu/gahistmarkers/revhenryquigghistmarker.htm> (accessed August 24, 2012).

colored members were not invited, whether on account of color or that conscientious scruples might interfere with their attendance, is unknown. One of the colored friends arose and wished to introduce a resolution asking, "Why in the distributing of the tickets, they were omitted?" And made a motion that a committee be appointed to investigate the matter in order to ascertain the facts. The speaker informed him that it was an act for which the House was in no way responsible, and being beyond their jurisdiction, would receive no consideration. Poor nigger. He has to reef his sail and go to shore. There was no wind to work his craft over the troubled waters of distinction.

This day has been terribly warm. Nearly 10 P.M. No air.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday August 23 1872**

The time has now nearly come when members have wished for that they may return to the cool quiet of their own homes, free from the busy hum of the mosquitoes; the haunts of no ancient venerable bugs which bleed with tenacity, carrying lancets always in order for nocturnal operations.

The halls that have echoed with eloquence and repartee are now silent. The minds, full of apprehension for the fate of some darling scheme in agitation, are now at rest in the reception or rejection of their darling schemes.

All the young ladies, which have visited here from the adjoining towns, and been viewed from the galleries, and flattered by the reporters, are gone. What a lull in boarding house business; how the rooms will echo with emptiness and the land ladies pockets suffer from depletion, and the grocery keepers, and fruit dealers watch their perishable substance assume decomposition and decay, while they have ample time for the discussion of all the probabilities favoring the presidential candidates.



**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Saturday August 24<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The weather very warm. I am breathing. Going to the Legislature everyday or two and reading Dickens's "Curiosity Shop" between times. Dickens has the faculty of making his ugly characters do things worse and meaner than anybody. [He] compares Quilp to the wing of a fabled vampire, which can twist itself in any shape, comparing simplicity to the soul of elegance. A terrible fate always terminates the existence of his baboon-like characters. Quilp, the dwarf whose violence was unparalleled, was drowned. And the water, when tired of whirring his dirty carcass about, threw it on the shore, that the birds of prey might finish the work of destruction. Poor Nell and her grandfather, the owners of Curiosity, were sold, after which they lived no place in particular.

We had a very heavy rain today, which developed the properties adhesive of the red clay banks, making work for washerwomen and bootblacks.

I could not visit the Steele House to see if the cars' wheels of justice, whose axles have been rusting so long from disuse, were now in working order or not.

The sun set with a beautiful brilliant light.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath August 25<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Another warm day. I attended Sunday school and had 10 little boys. They all come very regular and I am becoming quite attached to them. My smaller boy I think the sweetest child I ever saw; Jimmy English. His mother learns him his catechism lesson, and although he cannot read a word, he recites perfectly. Dr. Wilson preached an excellent sermon in regard to the fate of the wicked and the state of the past. A Sabbath school agent from South Carolina at 5 P.M. delivered an address, which was very good.

The house was crowded with persons of all ages and sexes. The heat was intense but I enjoyed the speaking. The accountability of those living at the present time will be very great, so the advantages are very superior. Where much is given, much will be required.

The almighty dollar seems the prime moving principle at the present. The philosophers atone. No one has time to look after their souls, the bodies are the all important subject of consideration, no time to die, no time to sit down in silent contemplation of the glories, which await the redeemed and sanctified soul of the just made perfect.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Tuesday August 27<sup>th</sup> 1872**

Sol rises in his fiery element, every morning darting his fierce rays down upon all who try to walk or move from under the shade of some pleasant oak or other cool tree or the friendly roof of a good house.

I have just finished reading one of Mrs. Ann Stephens works entitled *The Curse of Gold*.<sup>52</sup> The scene commences in Bellevue Hospital New York City, where women in confinement are cared for. The heroines are two young women, the subjects of recent marriage, whose husbands are sent away from home by a stingy mother, they being half brothers. Madame De Marke was her name, who lived in most abject poverty with her cat Peg as sole companion. A servant named Jane Kelly visited her occasionally, for the purpose of carrying out some fiendish plot. The poor old woman died in presence of one son who, at her decease, enjoyed something more than a parsimony doled out to him by dint of entreaties and humiliating importunities.

---

<sup>52</sup> Stephens' novel was published approximately 1871, in Philadelphia by T.B. Peterson and Brothers. Digital copy available from [http://books.google.com/books/about/The\\_Curse\\_of\\_Gold.html?id=ZShMAAAAcAAJ](http://books.google.com/books/about/The_Curse_of_Gold.html?id=ZShMAAAAcAAJ)

Currents of joy and sorrow are constantly leaping through the course of our existence making us miserable or happy as the feeling seizes us.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**August 30<sup>th</sup> 1872 Friday**

I have commenced reading *Barnaby Rudge*.<sup>53</sup> Barnaby was an idiot, which like all such demented specimens of humanity, performed many queer feats. Gabriel Varden was a locksmith. Mrs. Varden and Dolly were the remaining members of his family. It is from this character the style of dress,<sup>54</sup> raged so much during the summer, has derived its name. Dickens characters are very original. Barnaby says his shadow is his companion sometimes tall as a steeple, then a dwarf, and wondered if the shadow was silly like himself.

Mrs. Varden, Dolly's mother, has a temper, which turned more ways than the vane on a church steeple. Ms. Varden was always doing something to render her unhappy, never being able to please her. Miss Miggs, her servant maid, was his horror.

---

<sup>53</sup> "Written at a time of social unrest in Victorian Britain and set in London at the time of the anti-Catholic Gordon Riots, Dickens's brooding novel of mayhem and murder in the eighteenth century explores the relationship between repression and liberation in private and public life." Clive Hurst, ed., *Barnaby Rudge*, Summary, (New York: Oxford University Press, Feb 15, 2009). Retrieved August 24, 2012 from [http://books.google.com/books/about/Barnaby\\_Rudge.html?id=oWVTtzDCA10C](http://books.google.com/books/about/Barnaby_Rudge.html?id=oWVTtzDCA10C); full text of *Barnaby Rudge* available online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/917/917-h/917-h.htm>

<sup>54</sup> "Dolly Varden costumes of the gay cretonnes [brightly colored fabric] lately described. One worn by a brunette was a buff ground, with large chintz figures of brilliant colors, made with a polonaise trimmed with ecru lace and black velvet; others had black or white grounds, with gay-colored flowers and palm leaves. The polonaise had reverse in front, was without drapery behind, and was trimmed with white duchesse lace and Swiss muslin pleatings. Wide-brimmed Leghorn hats were worn with cretonne suits." New York Fashions, *Harper's Bazaar*, July 15, 1871. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://zipzipinkspot.blogspot.com/2008/08/brief-history-of-dolly-var-den-dress.html>.

All the plagues of Egypt in one parcel. Mrs. Willet, the May Pole Inn keeper, sleeping and snoring like the sound resembling a carpenter planing a board. The more difficult respiratory parts being the knots.

The air is a fraction cooler this morning. How terribly warm it was yesterday and every night for days. I read all the time.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday September 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day is beautiful. The merry hum of insects, as the season advances, has a kind of dreamy pleasant effect, while the loud cricket comes to let us know he is tired of the outdoor life which he has been pursuing and will take cover in the house to give his concerts. The sweet little wren has commenced his song after the more noisy warblers have silenced their voices to recuperate for the coming summer.

The weather has been warm enough to melt all ideas from our brains and evaporate us besides. I have just finished Barnaby Rudge, who came near being hung for being found with the Gordon Rioters, but was finally rescued. His father was a murderer, whom nobody could reform. He escaped punishment nearly thirty years. Dolly Varden married Joe Willet; the riots reformed Mrs. Varden. The raven named Grip, which could talk, was a character himself.

I am anticipating an attendance at the Kimball House tomorrow night, where everything in attendance will appear captivating – The charming imperturbable ladies, how well they always look.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath September 8<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day has been equally as oppressive as any during the season. The sun is scorching hot whenever it rests on me. I attended Sunday school, had 10 little boys from scholars. Dr. Wilson preached a very excellent sermon in regard to the Heavenly Banquet and Christian unity in the church, and the sympathy of God that existed among those who had the image of God on their faces, no difference what language they spoke.

I am reading a book called "Stepping Heavenward"<sup>55</sup> which Mrs. Farrow loaned me. It has produced a serious train of thought in my mind; whether I am on the path of duty. I may get a crown of righteousness at the last, but I fear there will be no stars in it.

A thundershower visited us as the sun was sinking. It commenced raining shortly after dinner while the sun was beaming his brightest rays. When the light of day was sending his parting and most feeble rays of light, the lightning commenced a beautiful display of fireworks which was unrivalled coming from the great Architect of the universe. The flashes resembled detached trains from an immense comet, moving with the unattainable speed of light, from one portion of the heavens nearly across. The thunders were a murmur, like the falling waters from a distant cascade.

---

<sup>55</sup> Elizabeth Prentiss, *Stepping Heavenward*, (Chicago; Chicago Advance, 1869).

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath September 15<sup>th</sup> 1872**

A cool pleasant day with a slight threatening of rain. Attended Sabbath School, had six little boys in my class, which were very restless. I get very tired teaching every Sunday, they are so small it is extremely difficult to divert their attention. Dr. Wilson preached upon Faith today, the entrance of Noah into the ark, and the faith, which saved him from drowning. Faith simply means truth. He spoke of the perilous deep in a storm.

I have realized all of its terrors, when the night winds raise their mournful voices and the fear of being rolled beneath the unrelenting waves of the dark waters and submerged in a grave, which never yields its inmates to any applicant, but the great reaper when he shall come to gather in God's human harvest. I am on the great ocean of life sailing along and have concluded that I cannot create a waveless sea to ride upon, consequently will have to brave the waves as they toss one up and down upon the tempestuous billows of life.

The clock has just struck eleven. The harvest moon is shining upon the sleeping and waking. The chickens are crowing as though they were signaling Peter's misconduct.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday September 20<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The week has passed thus far like a dream. I have been reading a book called Fernando de Lemos.<sup>56</sup> Fernando relates more of the adventures of others than his own. The scene is laid in New Orleans, where he is one of the magnates of the institution. He

---

<sup>56</sup> *Fernando De Lemos, Truth and Fiction: A Novel* was authored in 1872 by Charles Etienne Arthur Gayarre. Gayarre, a native of New Orleans born in 1805, was a lawyer, judge and land holder who later in life made a living from his writing. Phillips, V. Faye. "Charles Etienne Arthur Gayarre" KnowLA Encyclopedia of Louisiana. David Johnson, ed. 24 Aug 2012. Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities. 22. Sept. 2011 accessed from <http://www/www/knowla.org/entry.php?rec+744>>

afterwards, visited France and Germany, during her war with Russia, returned and spent much of his time in the St. Louis Cemetery, convening with the keeper, who was a man of much information [and] could ramble into the history of his shrouded silent companions for many generations that were past. The book has no heroine, the young being one of the pale sleepers in the cemetery, which Ferdinando visited every night. The book terminates with the close of our rebel war and the loss of his property in the vicinity of New Orleans, when all creditors wrapped themselves often in cloak of corruption to screen them from the payment of their debts. Gabriel killed a Yankee Officer, who had the peace of the Dabney Family. He was a Spaniard in disguise. Gabriel seems to have been the son of a Confederate Officer. Fernando, in his poverty, solicits position as proof. Reader accepted as is.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Friday October 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have been at home but little for the past week or two. Miss Emma Watts is sick and has taken a fancy to have me stay with her. I have today finished reading the life of Beatrice Cenci, who was beheaded when only sixteen, condemned to death by Clement VIII on account of having been accused of being an accomplice of her father's murderers, but really [so] that the Pope might take the property of the Cencis. Three were executed at once. Gendo, her lover, killed her father for offering an insult to her chastity. Her likeness is represented with a wrapping about her head, as it was sketched by a young Florentine, while on her way to execution. I feel as though a terrible trouble had swept over since reading so many dreadful things, almost a awaking reality. The names of these thieves, crucified with our Savior, are mentioned on Cirrios & Demos. Count Cenci was the father of tyranny who deserved to fall by the hand of an assassin. He had

the tombs for his family built before his death, waiting for a convenient opportunity to kill and bury them.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath October 6<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I attended Sabbath School this morning and had eight pupils. They were very restless and wriggled about extremely busy. Dr. Wilson is absent attending Presbytery, consequently we had no preaching. I went to hear Dr. Harrison,<sup>57</sup> who has Wesley Chapel in charge. He preached upon the resurrection. The four characters which took the most active part in the resurrection of the Savior: Peters the credulous, John the Sensible, Thomas the Intellectual, & Mary who was The Testimony of Sentiment. She sat by the grave of her Lord, as many sit by their buried hopes, and as the mourner goes to weep at the grave of her loved ones.

A fluttering of expectation waited the results of the Saviors death. I listened to the conclusion of his discourse at night, when the perfect being should rise in the image of him who created him, and the pathway would be bright with no furrowed brows or silvered hairs, and the tottering limbs of decay; when spring time should spread her beautiful garments upon nature and the perfume of flowers should be wafted upon gossamer wings of the breeze.

---

<sup>57</sup> William Pope Harrison, clergyman, was born at Savannah, Ga., Sept. 3, 1830. In 1850 he entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He preached in various places until 1879, when he was elected chaplain of the U.S. House of Representatives. Rossiter Johnson and John Howard Brown, eds., *The Biographical Dictionary of America, Vol V* (Boston: The Biographical Society, 1904).



**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Tuesday October 8<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day concluded very pleasant after a contest with the clouds. The chimney burned out this morning and some of the neighbors came, who are always looking out for signs and wonders, trying to gather information in regard to their neighbors' movements and affairs. Which will give them food, not for reflection but conversation, discovered it. It burned quietly until was through and then extinguished itself.

I was so busy reading a book entitled Poor Miss Finch by Wilkie Collins<sup>58</sup> that I knew nothing about it, until a knock at my door made me go out and see the chimney burn up the soot. Poor Miss Finch was blind but beautiful. She became deeply enamored with a young man by hearing his voice. He was seized with epileptic fits, which were cured by taking nitrate of silver but turned his complexion blue. Lucilla recovered her sight but was horrified with his appearance. She loved him by the sense of touch but not sight. Mr. Finch was a poor person who dated every event of importance in the family by his wife's confinements. She was never without a novel in her hand or a baby in her arms. Madam Prataling was the companion of Mrs. Finch Quite a bit not copied in plot or character.

---

<sup>58</sup> Published in 1872 the book is available digitally at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/3632/3632-h/3632-h.htm>

Atlanta, Georgia  
Wednesday October 16<sup>th</sup> 1872

**THE PLANTATION.**

---

**GEORGIA STATE FAIR,**  
ATLANTA, 1872.  
TO BEGIN MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, AND CLOSE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.  
A GRAND EXHIBITION MAY BE EXPECTED OF THE  
PRODUCTS, IMPLEMENTS AND PROCESSES  
OF  
**Agricultural, Mechanical & Manufacturing Industry;**  
OF INVENTION AND ART; OF STOCK,  
Etc., Etc., Etc.  
**NO PAIRS WILL BE SPARED TO MAKE THIS THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE FAIR EVER HELD IN GEORGIA.**



The celebrated Aveling & Porter's English Farm and Road Locomotive will be Exhibited thoroughly; also,  
**STEAM PLOWING BY CAPSTAN METHOD.**  
THERE WILL BE THE LARGEST AND FINEST EXHIBITION OF IMPROVED MACHINERY EVER WITNESSED IN THE SOUTH.  
The Show by the County Societies for the Premium of  
**\$500 IN GOLD,**  
will be one of the interesting features of the Fair. Much interest is manifested by the leading Agricultural Counties in this matter, and many have already entered.  
Arrangements have been effected with all Railroads in Georgia and all in the North and North-East leading Southward, and the Charleston and Savannah Steam Ship Lines to pass VISITORS and ARTICLES at HALF-FARE.  
A. H. COLQUITT, President. SAM'L BARNETT, Secretary.

figure 11. Georgia State Fair Advertisement 1872 <sup>59</sup>

The State Fair is in operation here with a white frost two mornings in succession under wind, keen enough for the summit of the Green Mountains. My throat is sore and I am suffering from having taken cold. I am making preparations to leave for Florida where the winds do not come from the mountains in chilly blasts, as they do here. There is no mountain in Florida. "Those great cathedrals of earth, with gates of rock, pavements of clouds, choirs of stream & stone, altars of snow and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars." In climbing elevations we feel a kind of expansibility seize us, as we are the height which leaves the vain things of earth below us and we are

---

<sup>59</sup> Plantation Publishing Co. Ben C Yancey, *The Plantation; A Weekly Devoted to Agriculture, Manufactures and Industrial Pursuits*. Atlanta, Ga. September 4, 1872 p 591. Retrieved August 24 2012 from <http://books.google.com/books?id=85dQAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA575&img=1&zoom=3&hl=en&sig=ACfU3U0SpOgrjjudReWNHW4TwABmXi5xg&ci=66,118,904,1157&edge=0>

seized with awe as though we were nearing a tabernacle not made with hands where God sheds abroad and reveals his presence in the magnitude of his works, and greatness of his power.

I have been studying with much interest the early history and settlement of Florida by Washington Irving.<sup>60</sup>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday October 28<sup>th</sup> 1872**

At 2 A.M. Miss Emma Watts and myself left Atlanta. About 1 o'clock A.M. a fire broke out in the vicinity, which entirely consumed Mrs. Powers' boarding house. I saw them take a little child out and set it down across the street then run in for something else, dragging bedclothes and every thing, which they could find, until the flames were so hot they had to retire. A Miss Powers was brought out barefoot, wrapped in a blanket. This destructive fire, which has made the widow and orphans homeless, is said to be the work of a Negro, this being the second time it was fired. Mrs. Powers owed the Negro and would not pay, this was the reason assigned. I never was so near a fire before when it occurred and was thankful it was not the dwelling in which I staid.

The train moved off as though nothing had happened and we were on our way to Macon. Miss Emma was unable to sit-up and I done all I could for her. She has dyspepsia, can eat nothing scarcely which agrees with her. We changed cars in Macon, taking a terrible, dirty car, which has not been swept.

---

<sup>60</sup> Brooks was most likely reading Washington Irving, *The Works of Washington Irving, Vol X, The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, Conquest of Florida* (London: Ball and Daldy, 1868). Irving's most well known works are *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle*.

**Albany, Georgia**  
**Tuesday October 29<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arose from bed this morning with a very unrefreshed feeling. I thought the silken-winged, hum-voiced mosquito had folded his wings and retired to a quiet corner, there to await the burning rays of old Sol when the breath of Boreas would be less chilling and he would again resume his operations as a blood letter upon the human race, never dreaming there were insects more to be dreaded than the siren songed mosquito or any of the winged tribe. A feeling of drowsiness came over me after a very rough ride from Macon to Albany. I called for a room and after examining the bed to see if there was signs of vitality, I retired. The bedstead was nailed together and looked as though it might have been thrown out of the window during a conflagration and then reconstructed. The sheets bore unmistakable signs of sanguinary struggles. The gentle influence of Morpheus had commenced, stealing over me when a movement on my face caused my hand to press it. Aromas arose which bore no resemblance to the fine perfumery manufactured by B. J. Ulmer or any other pharmacist in Savannah. I struck a light to take a survey when my eyes were sickened at the sight of many bugs on parade. The lice in Egypt or the grasshoppers in Revelations were not a circumstance.

They were every size from the least, which looked as though he has been on forced marches without rations for a month, to the plumpest red coat in the number. They did not come up in regiments or brigades, but a solid phalanx front face. I made an attack and destroyed the first army by a precipitate thrust down the lamp chimney. Thinking the foe vanquished, I retired but reinforcements soon filled their places. Some came to bring the dead, others to carry off the wounded, while the balance revived the fight. They signalled from the bed post, seeing the enemy in a state of masterly

inactivity, made ladders upon which they descended to obtain samples of my blood. In a fit of desperation I sprinkled kerosene on the bed as an exterminator, but this produced an exhilarating effect, increasing the numbers as if by enhancement. Nor was there no help or escape from them until the day dawned which revealed many carcasses of the slain upon the bed linen. I arose weak and weary from my night's vigils and descended to the sitting room for a respite but on taking up the Ledger I found a bed bug looking over the correspondence column. I never saw a bug aping editor's before. Persons of full habit, not suffering from depletion or those in need of a general counter irritant, would find a night in Albany quite sufficient.

**Thomasville, Georgia**  
**Thursday Oct 31<sup>st</sup> 1872**

I started this morning for the Fair Grounds. My conveyance was a buggy with a Negro boy to drive and a horse which kept backing when I got in either to take a better start or because it was a way he had. Billy Sheed passed me in my dilemma and asked me if, "I was going all the way." I soon was moving briskly on towards the fair, my horse gathering an impetus from the others moving on so briskly.

A great crowd was there but nothing doing, no amusements from any one and gentle showers descending the tournament talked about but postponed on account of the weather.

I met Delia and Oscar Jackson, my fellow travelers in trouble while in a gale at Cedar Keys 15 miles out in the Gulf. It is well enough to laugh now but we saw nothing laughable in the prospect of being drowned. Delia & her brother were the finest looking couple on the ground. Both were large and substantial, too much for the degenerate stock of this effeminate age. The sewing machines were out in full force each claiming

precedence over the other. Singer in abundance at this time. Wheeler & Wilson say they are not looking for prizes. It is well enough not to be disappointed or have elevated anticipations for depressing circumstances to assail.

**Thomasville, Georgia**  
**Saturday November 2<sup>nd</sup> 1872**

The last day of the Fair. It has been cold rainy disagreeable weather. The ladies have worn fine clothes and had them ruined in a manner. I have enjoyed myself. Last night I had some girls placed in my room, which talked most of the night. I slept but little. I am stopping at Mr. Linton's. I am very disagreeably situated in a room over the sitting room. The men talk until nearly midnight and all day beside.

I vary the scene by going down to see Mrs. Parnell at the Gulf House. I see Mrs. Haynes<sup>61</sup>, wife of the Gulf Rail Road Superintendent. I enjoy myself more in conversing with her than anybody in the town.

I had a charming ride behind a fine horse this afternoon from the fair grounds. Met Mrs. Whitely<sup>62</sup>, wife of the congressman from Decatur County. She had on diamonds and jewels of much value but they did not make a cultivated lady of her. It was like a jewel in a swine's snout. She appeared very awkward, talking all the time without

---

<sup>61</sup> Mrs. Haynes was Elizabeth C. Owens who married Haynes in 1857 after the death of his first wife. Col. Henry Stevens Haines was prominent in the development of Florida's railroad system. He authored books on the operation and maintenance of railroad systems. He is the namesake of Haines City Florida. Phillip Sherrod, "Descendents of Samuel Haines (Deacon)," Familytreemaker, <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/s/h/e/Phillip-H-Sherrod/GENE5-0051.html> (accessed September 1, 2012).

<sup>62</sup> Mrs. Margaret Whiteley (nee Devine) was the wife of Richard H. Whiteley who served as a US Congressman in the House of Representatives 2<sup>nd</sup> District of Georgia from 1870 to 1875. William Warren Rogers, *A Scalawag in Georgia: Richard Whiteley and the Politics of Reconstruction* (Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2007).

making an elegant expression. She entertains by telling where she has been and what she has seen.

The fair is finished, the rain being more of a success than any part which I saw.

**Thomasville, Georgia**  
**Sabbath Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1872**

I settled my bill this morning, which was at the rate of one dollar per meal or four dollars per day, rather steep in consideration of the accommodations. I paid it and left for the Gulf House.<sup>63</sup> Extortion is the order of exercises now upon all sides. I remonstrated in consideration of my being a lone lady but all to no purposes, he was incorrigible to the last. I ordered my baggage to the depot and bade farewell to Linton's boarding house. Mrs. Parnell, whose husband keeps the Gulf House, lost a little girl 15 years old one week today. She is in the deepest trouble, her other two years of age died in June last. They were both sweet pretty healthy children. God does right; he gives and takes away.

I feel very little satisfaction on account of my visit to Thomasville. I remained up until late for my baggage to come that I might check it for Bainbridge, where I wish to remain during the election. Thomasville has an effervescing element, which might be irrepressible during the display of the elective franchise. I think another point would suit me better. There is certainly fewer people and it is not so much of a thorough fare.

**Bainbridge, Georgia**  
**Monday November 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arrived in the above place this morning at 7 o'clock and repaired to Mrs. Dunlap's, where the bugs ate me and I got nothing to eat when I visited Bainbridge

---

<sup>63</sup> A 'budget' hotel in Thomasville, Ga. Source: D Appleton and Co, *Appleton's Illustrated Hand Book of American Winter Resorts* (New York: D Appleton and Co., 1895).

before. I was acquainted with her and preferred it to a strange place. My head feels as though it was pressed until I am almost distracted with the disagreeable feeling. I want rest and quiet for a while to see if a change will not benefit me.

Bainbridge has suffered from fire. A disagreeable, unsightly mass of ruins occupies nearly one side of the square. I hear much cursing upon the streets and feel that oaths in conversation are like props in buildings; pure signs of weakness.

Everyone is complaining of "hard times." The planters want more for their cotton and the merchants will not sell goods on a credit. The idle Negroes walk about as though the lands belonged to them and it would produce spontaneously without culture. They are fewer in number than when I was here before. Houses formerly occupied by them are closed, except a few, which are terribly filthy. I have in prospect tonight an unbroken quiet.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Sabbath November 17<sup>th</sup> 1872**

One week ago this morning I arrived in Savannah weary from riding all night or rather being awake until the train started which was midnight. Sewing machines must be a novelty in this part of the country, Valdosta, as they sit up all night or until nearly midnight in the house, to sew talk and walk about. Country hotels are a nuisance. They are places where but little sleeping is done and much noise is made. They find more to talk about than a city belle with her legions of suitors. I am stopping with my old friend Mrs. Doig who seemed glad to see me.



I attended Doctor Porter's<sup>64</sup> Church<sup>65</sup> today and heard a sermon from the words, "Let your light so shine that others seeing your good words may glorify your Father which is in Heaven." When the Savior left the world he committed that light which he has kindled on the shores of earth to his disciples. They were to be the dispersers of that light.

Conclusion: My Dear Brethren -

Let your light shine with unselfish humility, that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father in Heaven.

Church terribly cold, no fire. More religion than most of us have to keep warm.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Saturday November 23 1872**

Another week has been numbered among those which go to make up the great ocean of Eternity. Nothing of a significant character has occurred to mark my history, but it seems a scourge in various forms are visiting the land. Boston had three miles of her fine business houses burned the 12<sup>th</sup> of this month. Southern cities being burned during the war in the wicked South did not affect the spotless righteous city "but curses like chickens go home to roost."

---

<sup>64</sup> This mention is of Doctor David Porter. Charles C. Jones, Jr., *History of Savannah, Ga: From Its Settlement to the Close of the Eighteenth Century* (Syracuse: D Mason and Company, 1890), 506.

<sup>65</sup> In 1854 the lot on Monterey Square where the building now stands was purchased and a lecture room placed upon it, where the services were held till 1872, when the present building was completed and dedicated by Dr. B. M. Palmer June 9th of that year. Rev. Stacy James, D.D., *The History of The Presbyterian Church in Georgia* (Elberton, GA: Press of the Star, ND), 68. Retrieved August 27, 2012 from [http://www.archive.org/stream/historyofpres00stac/historyofpres00stac\\_djvu.txt](http://www.archive.org/stream/historyofpres00stac/historyofpres00stac_djvu.txt)

A disease much to be dreaded is making its appearance among the horses. It is called the epizootic.<sup>66</sup> It has fully developed itself in Savannah during the past week. Arrangements are being made to transport cotton through the streets by means of cars and engines. A tractor engine is hauling from the boats to the Central Rail Road Depot. They had three large wagons attached loaded.

The sick horses have more attention than anything else. Drove of them, covered with blankets, are walking about the streets surrounding the public squares. Black boys are riding them, some in gallop or trot, while their companions are led and others walk slowly along with their heads down, with a disagreeable discharge from their nose, coughing terribly. They look like a horse show getting ready for exhibition with their old leggings on to keep them warm.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Sunday November 24<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day is bright and beautiful. The flies are buzzing about merrily as summer time. It is holiday with them when the sun shines warm. I have a cough today and sore toe for which reason I could not go far to church, but went to hear Mr. Webb<sup>67</sup> preach to the sailors. There was a small attendance, being but few vessels in port. The[y] look very hardy, sea beaten & rough. If a tear drop was to start from one of their [eyes] it

---

<sup>66</sup> An epidemic equine influenza that was endemic to the nation. "The Horse Epidemic," *New York Times* (November 1, 1872). Retrieved August 27, 2012 from <http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-free/pdf?res=F10711FD3559107B93C3A9178AD95F468784F9>

<sup>67</sup> Reverend Richard Webb was the chaplain of the Penfield Mariners Church in Savannah. The church was built in 1831 near Lincoln and Bay Streets. The Savannah Port Society took over the church in 1843 for the purpose of "furnishing seamen with regular evangelical ministrations of the gospel." F.D. Lee. and J.L. Agnew, *The Historical Record of the City of Savannah* (Savannah: J.H.Estill, 1869). Retrieved August 27, 2012 from <http://quod.lib.umich.edu/m/moa/afj9515.0001.001/204?page=root;size=100;view=image>

would look like moisture from adamant on sympathy from flint. The text was from Daniel 5th. 25. 26 “Mene Mene Tekel Upharsirn”<sup>68</sup>. Weighed, proved, tried, found to be base metal. Weighed by God in the sanctuary. He said God has measured the time allotted to us here. We were informed of its length, but like the lamb, “Pleased to the last, he crops the food. And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.” Mrs. Doig and I walked down to the Bay<sup>69</sup> to look upon the waters which take vessels out to sea and many souls never return which tempt its deep waves.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Whitney’s son Editor of the Augustine Press<sup>70</sup>. The whole family leave [for] New York City Tuesday. My visit in Augustine last winter would have been very monotonous were it not for them & Doctor Simmons. I shall leave for that point soon again. Savannah is disagreeable during the holidays.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Wednesday November 27<sup>th</sup> 1872**

It has been neither rain nor sunshine today. The skies look threatening and the air has been very humid. I went to see Mrs. Haynes, who I think a very nice, sweet lady. I spent the day and enjoyed myself very much. She always has some young ladies with her, which makes time pass pleasantly. Col Haynes came to dinner and I tried to interview him on the subject of coquina and its formation. He said when he wrote his

---

<sup>68</sup> Biblical verses from the book of Daniel describing an incident where divine writing is found on the walls of King Bellshazzar’s palace. Only Daniel could decipher the writing.

<sup>69</sup> The Savannah River is sometimes referred to as “The Bay.” The last surface street in Savannah prior to the streets on the lower level of the river is named “Bay Street.”

<sup>70</sup> “Two newspapers were begun in 1870 by men named Whitney. J.P. Whitney started the *Augustine Press* in 1870. Three years later, the *Florida Press* was founded by J.W. Whitney.” Steve Rajtar, and Kelly Goodman, *A Guide to Historic St. Augustine, Florida* (Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2007), 36-37.

book upon the subject I might read it, but “I could not steal his thunder for my use. “ They seem so happy. I envy them. There is nothing like family affection and the nearness of the ties that bind them.

The streetcars make irregular trips on account of the horse disease. Everybody has to walk when the [y [ want to go any place. Oxen are hauling trucks & wagons about the streets, generally two yoke. They look very rustic never, encouraging the amount of attention the [y [ attract. Persons who attempt to ride have the music of coughing steeds as they move at a slow pace. I am very tired and stupid tonight with a sore toe from cutting the nail too close and a bad cough, which seems a fixture; folks epizootic.



figure 12. The Horse Plague – Sketches About Town<sup>71</sup>

<sup>71</sup> Theo R. Davies, *The Horse Plague – Sketches About Town* Illustration, *Harper's Weekly* (November 1872), 899. Retrieved October 14, 2012 from [http://www.pantagraph.com/special-sections/news/history-and-events/article\\_2923d3c8-5595-11df-9e82-001cc4c002e0.html](http://www.pantagraph.com/special-sections/news/history-and-events/article_2923d3c8-5595-11df-9e82-001cc4c002e0.html)

Savannah, Georgia  
Monday December 2<sup>nd</sup> 1872

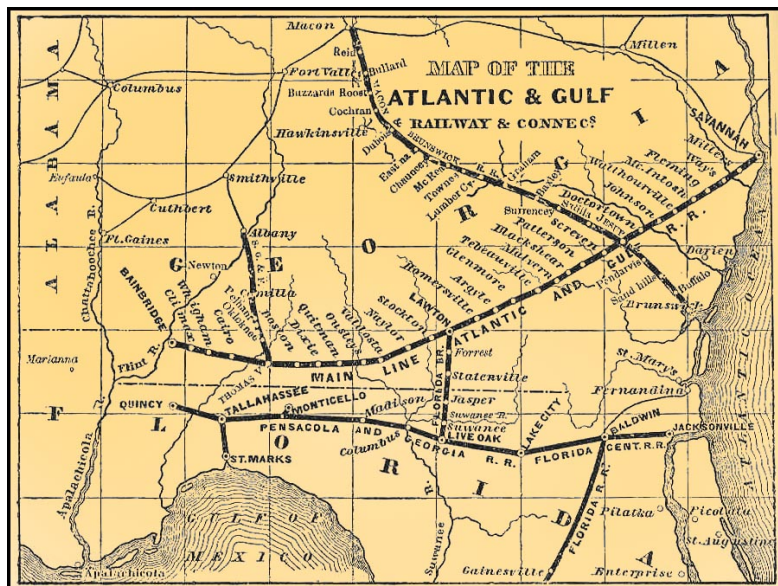


figure 13. Atlantic and Gulf Railroad Map<sup>72</sup>

This P.M. at 4 ½ o'clock I took the Gulf Road Train for Quitman [Georgia], arriving there about 11 o'clock. My door would not lock and I remained awake nearly the whole night. I stopped at the McIntish House, kept now by Mr. Edmondson or rather Judge Edmondson.

The residents in Quitman seem like a much more moral class of people than those who reside in most of the towns on the Gulf Road. I am pleased with my change from Savannah. I have been much annoyed with the noise there on Christmas day. The constant tooting of horns, firing of crackers, beating of drums, fires made in the squares by boys from the barrels which they have been stealing for a month previous. It is astonishing with what celerity the boys slip in the back yards and take the possessions of the barrels. The old Irish women cry "Police" but before assistance arrives the boy and

<sup>72</sup> *Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, Official Guide of the Railways 1870* retrieved from Steve Storey, "Georgia's Railroad History & Heritage," <http://railga.com/atgulf70map.html> (accessed July 3, 2012).

barrel have both turned corners and are far out of sight. The woman consoles herself by saying ugly words and the policeman gives her to understand that ubiquity is a quality not among his qualifications.

**Quitman, Georgia**  
**Wednesday Dec 4<sup>th</sup> 1872**

The day has been very warm, bright, and beautiful. I am feeling terribly bad but I keep walking about disposing of my pictures. Judge Edmondson's family have worked me to attend the wedding of their tonight. Mr. Macintosh invited me to go with him or rather said, "he would call for me." There is no help for it. He has very sore eyes, over which he wears thick green glasses and a lame foot; what a prospect for happiness, no doubt some person will improve the to them golden opportunity. I went to the church where the to those concerned the important event was to take. The Methodist Church was lighted and full with some ladies who wanted to be conspicuous in the pulpit. The bride and her six attendants walked in. The bride was dressed in a dove colored silk peplum with a white veil. The attendants had on as many different colors as there were persons. They looked all tolerable only. There was nothing elegant nor fine in the dressing to remind me of, "a bride adorned for her husband." After the ceremony, the friends of the bride and groom returned to the house, where a long table loaded with good things until the tables and everybody ate until they groaned afterward.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Saturday Morning December 7<sup>th</sup> 1872**

After a tedious ride all night and until 8 o'clock this morning, I arrived in Jacksonville and stopped at Mr. Pasco's where I did last spring. They all seem very happy and the baby has grown very much. The trees are hanging full of oranges and

everything looks very home like. I will stop here a few days until I get rested, for my rough ride on the cars has fatigued me very much; it makes my head so giddy. The St. Johns has lost none of its beauty during my absence; its sunny rippling waves are just as bright. The little sails glide as smoothly and dance as lightly over its sparkling waters. There is no display of beauty or taste in the workmanship of the boats. They are made for use with no extra display of paint, gilt, or polish.

There is a freedom here with everybody, whatever exhibition are on the streets no person is astonished whereas in the other places the same costume would cause the wearer to be mobbed. The Negroes lounge about here, lazy as their inclination and desires prompts them. The people in this country are becoming so poor there will be no one to steal from, work or die will then be their fate; perhaps colonization will be a variety.

**Live Oak, Florida**  
**Tuesday December 10 1872**

I left Jacksonville at 15 minutes past six this P.M. and after numerous joltings arrived in Live Oak, of which fact I was apprized by being dropped down upon an immense platform, upon which the moon was shining very brightly and cool winds blowing briskly. Numerous beacon lights were beaming in different directions around which stood sentinels waiting for orders to furnish coffee from black looking pots. A table with potato puddings, bread, and fish was set upon this plank-covered, piece of earth. Persons fond of making astronomical observations can have three of pleasure in this cold vocation. This unceremonious dumping out of the cars is something which the patience of Job could scarcely have with stood. It is like making a pilgrimage to start from Jacksonville for Tallahassee and the west Florida people complain about visitors thinking there is no place like the St. Johns and no city but Jacksonville. The facilities

for traveling to other parts of the state are so limited that few have the courage to undertake it and the people do not prepare themselves to accommodate visitors as they do on the St. John's River; Houses to board in, houses to rent anyway to suit applicants.

**Quincy, Florida**  
**Wednesday December 11<sup>th</sup> 1872**

It has been a dark dismal rainy day. My visit to the Florida penitentiary<sup>73</sup> will have to be abandoned, as there is no train running to that point. The rain continued to pour and when the train stopped, it was ready for double duty. I walked over to Mr. Woods, where was a good fire his wife paralyzed, and things looking uninviting generally, but it was a shelter from the pelting rain. The epizootic prevails among the horses and persons who wish transportation are troubled to obtain it readily.

**Quincy, Florida**  
**Thursday Dec 12<sup>th</sup> 1872**

As Mr. Woods only takes people for accommodation I accommodated myself by moving up town to Mrs. Woodbridge where everything nice and food palatably prepared. The day is bright and pleasant but a white frost came last night, which made the air cool but the large lightwood fires kept here make the rooms comfortable. I took the cars at 3 P.M. for Lake City and had a fatiguing ride of it, making our usual stop at Live Oak, but

---

<sup>73</sup> In 1872 the State Penitentiary was located at Chattahoochee, Florida, and was operated as a work farm under the direction of Warden Martin Malachai. Chattahoochee is a small town, immediately south of the Georgia border, about 20 miles northwest of Quincy. Warden Malachai has a reputation for being a brutal jailer. Florida Department of Corrections, "Centuries of Progress 1868-1876," Florida Department of Corrections, <http://www.dc.state.fl.us/oth/timeline/1868-1876a.html> (accessed August 23, 2012).



the cars being in on time I took my seat and went to sleep arriving in Lake City a little before daybreak. Found Robinsons Circus lying about loose.<sup>74</sup>

**Monticello, Florida**  
**Sunday December 15<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arrived at this place the 13<sup>th</sup> after supper. I find Mrs. Madden<sup>75</sup> the proprietress and owner of the Madden House older, crookeder, and more infirm than ever. She keeps limping about however in a very ungraceful manner.



*figure 14. The Madden House*<sup>76</sup>

<sup>74</sup> A popular traveling circus from Terrace Park Ohio. Erin Purcell, “John Robinson’s Circus of Terrance Park Ohio, Part 1,” Circus4Youth.org [http://www.circus4youth.org/res\\_det.php?res\\_id=120](http://www.circus4youth.org/res_det.php?res_id=120) (accessed September 6, 2012).

<sup>75</sup> In 1850 Mary Madden of New Jersey ran a hotel in Newport, Florida, at the mouth of the St. Marks River. This ill-fated town was abandoned after a devastating hurricane. By the 1870 census Mrs. Madden relocated to Monticello, Florida, and ran a hotel. Seventh Census of the United States, 1850; (National Archives Microfilm Publication M432, 1009 rolls); Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29; National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved from Seventh Census of the United States, 1850; (National Archives Microfilm Publication M432, 1009 rolls); Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29; National Archives, Washington, D.C.; 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263357\\_00030&fn=Mary+A&ln=Madden&st=r&ssrc=&pid=371605](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263357_00030&fn=Mary+A&ln=Madden&st=r&ssrc=&pid=371605).

## Cemetery

Young's Night thought "Earth's highest station end in here he lies" and dust-to-dust concludes her noblest song. It was an ancient remark that the manner in which the graves were kept, was an index of the friends who had buried them. This place evidences no marks of wealth in former days or display of cultivated taste in its arrangement. The graves are marked with piles of bricks and mortar, which resembles the foundation of chimneys the most symmetrical being the form of a baker's oven. The whole appearance looking a though it might have been the relict of a huge brick edifice. A portion only of the grounds are enclosed, the balance having no appearance of defensive moments from outsiders. No sound disturbs the stillness of the Sabbath but a Negro preaches in the vicinity who is making throat splitting efforts to scream the truth into the ears of his hearers, to turn them from the error of their evil ways, and a busy bird which is knocking vigorously on a tree to induce the insects that he may dine on their tiny forms. A hog has brought her ten babies into the cemetery in search of nutriment and she is rooting with untiring assiduity among the earth, which covers the pale nation of the dead.

I have formed no favorable opinion of Monticello. It looks like going to decay. I went to the Presbyterian Church<sup>77</sup> where the doors were open and no fire, which made the house cold, as there was frost this morning. Consequently I walked out. There is nothing

---

<sup>76</sup>*The Madden House* State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/33861> (accessed August 23, 2012).

<sup>77</sup> Most likely the First Presbyterian Church of Monticello, which organized in 1839. First Presbyterian Monticello, "History," First Presbyterian Monticello [http://firstpresbyterianmonticello.org/First\\_Presbyterian/HIstory.html](http://firstpresbyterianmonticello.org/First_Presbyterian/HIstory.html) (accessed August 21, 2012).

exciting here at present but the horse epizootic and unmistakable odor of asafetida<sup>78</sup> prevails through the town. The horses smell of it and the streets waft it on the breeze.

I took the cars after supper for Lake City. I got very tired of riding. We stopped and changed cars at Live Oak. The moon was beaming brightly, the stars winking their bright eyes to each other and moving on in their orbits. The large platform had an old Negro selling cups of hot coffee; very muddy to be eaten with large slices of baker's bread and tough steak. Everybody has a rough word ready for Live Oak; a place where people are cheated and stabbed, is extremely unattractive for repeat visits.



figure 15. Live Oak Rail Station 1877<sup>79</sup>

---

<sup>78</sup> Also know as Devil's Dung it is an herbal plant used in medicine and cooking which gives off a pungent odor when raw. Dr. Michael Tierra L.Ac., O.M.D., "For Digestive Weaknesses, Food Allergies and Candida," East West School of Planetary Herbology, <https://www.planetherbs.com/specific-herbs/asafetida.html> (accessed September 1, 2012).

<sup>79</sup> *Live Oak Railroad Station, 1877*, State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/34121>

**Lake City, Florida**  
**Monday December 16<sup>th</sup> 1872**

At an early hour this morning before the gray demon was visible Lake City seemed alive with people. The cars came in crowded with those bent on sightseeing. The [y [ brought well filled baskets containing their breakfasts, as a wise precaution against coming hunger. The cracker carts were numberless, as they did not register. The babies were brought on account of material sustenance without consultation. They gave many an impromptu performance not down in John Robinson's handbills. The conclusion of each act being more satisfactory than the commencement.

One of the babies was named Shakespeare, which like its illustrious namesake, made a big noise. History has no record of such a combination of sounds as produced from infantile humanity and the menagerie here today. Mrs. Noah had no concerts in the Ark to which this was a circumstance.

The colored population all came in, some walked 20 miles. This vast concourse of visitors moved about gently, as the waves of their sylvan lakes from their City is named. They came out of the show with satisfied looks, as if they had seen the worth of their money. One lady said, "The clown talked beautiful and the monkeys were accomplished."

**Produce**

...Is being shipped from here in large quantities. Turkeys of ancient date; venerable gobblers which have seen their last Christmas and those who have never seen any. Chickens, which were the progenitors of all on the place, are now on their way to market because they are old. Fresh eggs of a marble hue, over which no proud hen will make any more noise, and fat porkers with ghastly bleeding throats, which make no

resistance to all sorts of rough handling. The plantings here all look independent as though they had something to sell. The lands in the vicinity, being very rich by proper culture, yield large amounts. The general appearance of everybody indicates business. For visitors this is a delightful spot. The air is soft and balmy. The country about, being so thickly timbered, the cold winds cannot penetrate this Eden of earth. The lakes in the vicinity have nice fish in them, together with alligators of huge dimensions, which are not interfered with only when they visit land too frequently.

The town has been disgraced by disagreeable parties coming in from the country, and while under the influence of King Alcohol have exhibited some dangerous target practice.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Wednesday December 18<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arrived last night about 10 o'clock in Jacksonville and stopped at the Rev Mr. Frederic Pasco's.<sup>80</sup> They were all busy making eggnog and I was more than pleased to find them not in bed, as it was late. I always spend the time pleasantly when I come to Jacksonville, as I have become acquainted now.

---

<sup>80</sup> Frederic Pasco was a Harvard graduate who became an elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was appointed to Florida in 1870. In addition to his ministerial duties he began teaching in 1871. He was superintendent of public instruction in Jacksonville from 1877-1880. In 1885 Pasco was the Superintendent at the Florida Institute for the Deaf and Blind in St. Augustine. Samuel Bradlee Doggett, *A History of The Doggett-Daggett Family* (Boston: Press of Rockwell and Churchill, 1894). Retrieved August 27 2012 from [http://www.archive.org/stream/historyofdoggett00indogg/historyofdoggett00indogg\\_djvu.txt](http://www.archive.org/stream/historyofdoggett00indogg/historyofdoggett00indogg_djvu.txt)

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Sunday December 22 1872**

Text 2<sup>nd</sup> Timothy 3<sup>rd</sup> chap 4<sup>th</sup> verse 1<sup>st</sup> to the verse

I went over to La Villa<sup>81</sup> this morning, although was very cold for the purpose of hearing Mrs. Woods preach. Her doctrine and belief is of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Advent persuasions. Her text was from the text “What should come on the last days, boasters proud disobedient to parents.” Her commencing dissertation was that she was neither the daughter nor granddaughter of a preacher. “My brethren I do not want you to be among the last day scoffers. The Lord has given me my notes. I have no written sermon of Henry Ward Beechers if I had it I should not know what to do with it.”

There is a curiosity to hear a woman preach, but she can tell the truth well as anybody. One of the evidences of the last days is when men shall be lovers of themselves. They are all trying now to make a little something out of each other. They put their hands in their pockets when collection is taken up in the church and they get fifteen cents, they put it back and take out ten cents. Everybody is boasting of what they have got and if you stay with them a week you will hear the whole story. Just give a woman the money now a-days and you can't tell whether her name is on the church book or not. Everything is blasphemy from the youngest to the oldest; the irreverence of children for their parents. You hardly have confidence in the men you put in office over night when you go to bed and sleep on it. Men can be bought for a few drinks of whiskey or a box of cigars, which they think so nice. You can't make iron and clay stick together.

---

<sup>81</sup> The first incorporated suburb of Jacksonville and a historically black neighborhood. Prior to being annexed by the city of Jacksonville in 1887 La Villa was an independent town of about 3000 residents. Metro Jacksonville, “La Villa: Jacksonville’s First Incorporated Suburb,” <http://www.metrojacksonville.com/article/2006-aug-lavilla-jacksonvilles-first-incorporated-suburb> (accessed August 30, 2012).

Her voice generated finally into an old fashioned whine. I das'nt trust my daughter says the mother because it is in the last times . An order force prayer meeting is always less attended than a levee. Peters comes along and says "Master Have you got any tobacco?" – this Apostles chewing tobacco. Do we read of it in the Bible? She finally generated into a tragic earnestness. If Jesus does not come this year we do not know when to set another time. Yankee provincialisms were strongly developed during her remarks.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Tuesday December 24<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I have been looking into all kinds of beliefs lately, last Sunday's exercise was simply ridiculous. The idea of a class of persons presuming to make calculations when the day, which no one knows shall come, is an absurdity. A map hangs back of the pulpit representing Daniel with a yellow apron and pair of dark lavender colored breeches, looks move like a lion tamer with representations of animals unknown to any of the inhabitants now being.

I started in company with Miss Iola Howe & Julia Edwards for the Catholic Church at 11 ½ to attend midnight mass. The night was terribly dark and the rain falling. People ran against me but all seemed a good humor. The house was well filled. A figure of a baby with a little shirt on was placed in an oblong kind of canopied box with candles burning around it and persons kneeled before it; the idolatrous creatures bowing before a figure of Jesus and praying. Old Father John's read mass until I came near falling from the seat, then he preached until the children went to sleep, snored, and talked out loud. Returned after 2 o'clock in the morning raining.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Wednesday December 25<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I was awakened this morning much sooner than I desired, by the family all going into the parlor for Christmas gifts. Mr. Pasco says, "Miss Brooks ought to be here"! I felt for once that some person had thought of me, but my midnight mass had not improved my strength and by twice trying, I only was able to dress myself. I came down and found a pen wiper and a pincushion in the shape of a porcupine with the card "For Miss Brooks from Freddie." I was pleased with my present. They are so rare, that I appreciate them.

We had a nice Christmas dinner today and every thing passed off pleasantly. Mrs. Doctor Barnard ate dinner today with us, by invitation. She is a very sweet, old lady. She had an angel boy she says named Edward Thomas Barnard, of Tallahassee Florida, who died in New Orleans October 8<sup>th</sup> 1858 of Yellow Fever. After his death while the students were standing around paying their last respects, the matron of the room came in the room before the coffin was closed uttering the words "Let me kiss him for his mother" then kissed him and placed a cross upon his breast. It was her son for whom that piece was composed.<sup>82</sup>

---

<sup>82</sup> In this sentimental tale a young man succumbs to yellow fever while away from home. A local matron tends to him cares for him in his mother's stead. At his death she supposedly uttered, "Let me kiss him for his mother." The story gained much renown during the Civil War and a musical piece was composed. Records appear to confirm the account told to Brooks by Mrs. Barnard. Edward Thomas Barnard was a young doctor from Tallahassee who died in New Orleans after contracting yellow fever from his patients. Mrs. Barnard is Mary J. Barnard, originally of Baltimore, MD who lived in Tallahassee in the 1850s and 1860s. 1860 U.S. census, population schedule. NARA microfilm publication M653, 1,438 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211367\\_00005&fn=Mary+J&ln=Barnard&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10621720](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4211367_00005&fn=Mary+J&ln=Barnard&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10621720); Claude Kennison and City of





*figure 16.* Grave Monument of Edward Thomas Barnard in Tallahassee City Cemetery<sup>83</sup>

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Tuesday December 31<sup>st</sup> 1872**

The last day of the year. Everything has a terminus. Life seems pleasant to many. I allow nothing to worry me, although far from kindred and friends. I am always kindly treated. I try to glide down life's uneven surfaces with as little trouble as possible. The last year has been one marked with many terrible events. Nothing has happened to me, for which I am very glad. I was saved through a terrible storm off Cedar Keys' coast. All that kept the boat from sinking was the water being so deep.

I made my arrangements yesterday to leave for St. Augustine today. I met Doctor Westcott<sup>84</sup> who told me if I would wait until tomorrow, he would go with and give me a

---

Tallahassee, "City Owned Cemeteries Burial Records-Old City Cemetery Burials," <http://www.talgov.com/pm/pdf/kennisonoldcitycem.pdf> (accessed September 6, 2012).

<sup>83</sup> Grave Monument of Edward Thomas Barnard, with inscription that reads, "Died of yellow fever while in the discharge of his duties as a resident student at the US Marine Hospital in New Orleans." Retrieved August 20, 2012 from <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=9320948>

“free pass” in his cars from Tocoli to St. Augustine, besides introducing me to the Captain of the Florence and getting me a pass on that boat. Miss Julie Edwards was with me when I saw him, she told me he looked like an old time Methodist Minister, an itinerant with his old stovepipe hat on. I told him about it and today he has a new beaver on, which improves his appearance very much. But he is a curiosity shop of himself without any external aids.

---

<sup>84</sup> Dr. John Westcott was the son of a secretary of state from New Jersey and the brother of Florida's first senator, James D. Westcott. A brilliant man by many accounts, he was a doctor, inventor, surveyor, military man, and civic leader. Westcott served in both the Second Seminole War (1835-1842) as a physician to the Florida militia. He served in the Civil War as a major in the Confederate forces. Westcott was owner of the St. Johns Railroad, which consisted of 15 miles of track from Tocoli on the banks of the St. Johns River to St. Augustine Florida. This was the only means of rail transportation from the steamship landing to St. Augustine. In the early 1870s this steamship and rail line connection was the main travel route from Jacksonville to St. Augustine. Off shore from Jacksonville to St. Augustine was an area of rough shallow waters referred to as ‘the bar’ that often made difficult the passage into the St. Augustine harbor from the Atlantic Ocean. Joe Knetsch, “History Corner Education and the Frontier Survey,” *Professional Surveyor Magazine* (January 2008) retrieved July 21, 2012 from <http://www.profsurv.com/magazine/article.aspx?i=2048>; Florence Chase Bragdon, “Saint Johns Railway Collection Description,” Florida Historical Society, [http://myfloridahistory.org/collections/manuscripts/saintjohns\\_railroad](http://myfloridahistory.org/collections/manuscripts/saintjohns_railroad) (accessed August 20, 2012).

Chapter Two  
January 1, 1873 – December 25, 1873

St. Johns River, Florida  
Wednesday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1873  
Steamer *Florence*

**THE OLD RELIABLE** 519

**BROCK'S LINE OF STEAMERS,**  
RUNNING BETWEEN JACKSONVILLE AND ENTERPRISE, ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER,  
**FLORIDA.**

ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM THE NORTH,  
**THE NEW AND ELEGANT PASSENGER STEAMER "FLORENCE"**

Leaves JACKSONVILLE daily (except Sundays) at 7.50 A. M., for PALATKA and all INTERMEDIATE POINTS, and connecting with Steamers for ENTERPRISE, CLAY SPRINGS, SALT LAKE, DUNN'S LAKE, and points on the OCKLAWAHA RIVER.

At TOCOI with ST. JOHN'S RAILROAD for ST. AUGUSTINE,—and returning to Jacksonville same evening in time to connect with all Northern Trains.

**THE FAVORITE STEAMERS "DARLINGTON" and "HATTIE"**

Leave JACKSONVILLE on SATURDAYS and TUESDAYS at 9.00 A. M., RUNNING THROUGH TO ENTERPRISE, and stopping at all principal points on the River,—returning WEDNESDAYS and SUNDAYS.

THE OLD REPUTATION OF THIS POPULAR LINE WILL BE FULLY SUSTAINED, AND EVERY COMFORT GUARANTEED TO ITS PATRONS.

**THROUGH TICKETS** To all Points NORTH and WEST, and also for ST. AUGUSTINE, ENTERPRISE, and all points on the River, can be had on application to FURBER on board the Boat.

**JOHN CLARK, General Agent,**  
**JACKSONVILLE, FLA.**

figure 17. Advertisement for Steamer *Florence* -1874<sup>1</sup>

I arose this morning after a sleepless night, during which I scarcely closed my eyes for pain. I was able to travel, however, and took passage on the steamer. The day is fine but my pains keep me from enjoying myself. Dr Westcott entertains one with his chat and says, he “does not want me to pretend sick.” The steamer arrived at Tocoï before 12 o’clock. The streetcar was soon ready, the baggage and passengers in the same car, horses driven tandem style. The scenery along the road is varied and I think the trip quite

<sup>1</sup> The Official railway guide: North American freight service edition. (Philadelphia: National Railway Publication Co., 1874) retrieved August 22, 2012 [http://books.google.com/books?id=vSE8by6TefkC&dq=steamship+florence+tocoi&source=gbs\\_navlinks\\_s](http://books.google.com/books?id=vSE8by6TefkC&dq=steamship+florence+tocoi&source=gbs_navlinks_s)

pleasant. It is certainly a variation from anything to be found in the United States. The cars came in about 3 o'clock.

The town of St. Augustine seemed alive with people. The children were all out playing, who all gave me a hearty welcome. They said I could be entertained there if I would live on sweat potatoes and sleep in the attic. I assented to anything for the privilege of enjoying the society. The young folks gave a carnival or rather held a masquerade performance at the different houses. The Magnolia being the first place. The[y] had their music with them and danced whenever they stopped.



*figure 18. The Magnolia Hotel, St. Augustine 1887*<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup> In this photo of the Magnolia Hotel it is interesting to note the dirt streets, which would turn muddy and treacherous during rainstorms. Many buildings, such as those on the right in the photo fronted directly onto the street with no sidewalk or easement. The bottom 3 feet of length of the building face would be painted black down to the ground. This would help to hide the mud that would splash up from the passing of carts. Some buildings on St. George Street still use this paint scheme today as homage to days past. *The Magnolia Hotel, St. Augustine 1887*

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Thursday January 2<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

A cracker cart<sup>3</sup> drove up to the door this morning containing Mr. & Mrs. Savage with a lunch ready for the Ponce De Leon Spring. Mr. & Mrs. Whitney and myself were soon in readiness. The cart has a motion peculiar to itself, but withall very comfortable.



figure 19. Cracker Cart 1882-1887<sup>4</sup>

The rain commenced to fall very gently, but at irregular intervals, and in small quantities, which was not particularly damaging to any thing. We arrived at the spring where Old Mrs. Polk and her three sons live. We talked, prepared our lunch, made coffee and enjoyed ourselves very much. Mrs. Polk had some beautiful grasses, one kind called the Osceola plumes; a white wavy feathery grows , which is really very beautiful. She

---

State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/40876>

<sup>3</sup> A cracker cart is flat open wagon with either two or four wheels, usually pulled by oxen and is typically used for transporting goods.

<sup>4</sup> Stanley R. Morrow, *Cracker Cart*, State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/29557>

wanted us to take poor ones, but I took the good, large ones only. The spring has, no doubt, some mineral properties, but it looks very rough with its coquina curbing and a no shelter over it. It might be made a resort for persons wanting to spend the day with a little expense. The water will certainly keep good for days.

The rain has fallen at intervals all day, but we came home in clear weather, under fair skies.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Friday January 3<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

I have commenced searching after items with which to write a letter for publication. Coquina is a substance only found in this vicinity; the following is one of the theories in regard to its formation:

The sea deposits a large quantity of shell mixed with a small quantity of sand. The retiring waters leave this dry. The shell in the course of time becomes partially converted into a quick lime. The rain, sometimes aided by the presence of a large body of sand, almost unites these particles of shell into a conglomerate mass, which is called Coquina. It strengthens, varying thicknesses from a few inches to several feet. It is found in layers of varying thickness, from a few inches to several feet.

**Indian Mounds**

To the north of St. Augustine there are several mounds. Indian Mounds. They are from 50 to 100 feet in diameter and contents unknown. Their regular shape shows they are the work of art and not nature, while their age is shown by the forest growth that is of great age and growing in them. The inquiring mind can find objects here for their study and scientific research, which do not abound in other places.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Sabbath January 5<sup>th</sup> 1873**

This morning a little before day an odor unmistakable came in our dormitories. The juvenile Whitney's made demonstrative noises of dissatisfaction. A poulcat<sup>5</sup> has been interrupted in his movements and compensated them by sampling his perfumery. It produced in soporific affect upon all of us, from the effects of which we did not awake until 11 o'clock. The bell chimed 12 while we were at our breakfast. I spent the day in reading. The weather is cool and disagreeable. The constant soaring of the surf makes the cold more impressive.

Time passes very rapidly here, day merges into night and night into one long dream from which we awake refreshed and renewed for the labors of the day. I have commenced to work on another piece for the papers about Augustine. I am in hopes it will be a success. I dined at the Magnolia where I hear the disagreeable information that Doctor John Westcott has broken his [omitted] while stepping on the car. It might have been his neck and he is among those who are not ready to shuffle of their mortal coil. Yesterday I visited the foundation of a chapel "Cano de la Leche" and obtained a piece of the coquina wall finished with plaster nearly 300 hundred years old.<sup>6</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> Most likely a polecat which is of the weasel family.

<sup>6</sup> About the time of Brooks' visit Bishop Verot was in the process of restoring the chapel of Nuestra Senora de La Leche and Buen Parto (Our Lady of Milk and Good Birth), the site of a Spanish Mission on Cano De La Leche Creek. "Fragments of coquina from the chapel lay about the ground, which, for half an acre...had (been) left unplowed and undisturbed." Michael Gannon, *Rebel Bishop: Augustine Verot, Florida's Civil War Prelate* (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1997), 236.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Tuesday January 14<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
**Steamer *Florence*<sup>7</sup>**

I left St. Augustine this morning for Jacksonville. I had a galloping headache all day from going over on Anastasia Island yesterday. The ride to Toccoi was very monotonous. The 15 miles was soon told when the St. John's River came in sight. The *Florence* was lying at the wharf waiting for us.

A woman was on the boat, who talked all the time. I tried to sleep but in the midst of any efforts her voice always broke in. The air on the River blows cool today and I staid in the cabin. Only when we passed Mandarin<sup>8</sup> I went up in the pilothouse that I might see the residence of an authoress "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe." It is only a little gothic-built, white wooden house, scarcely in keeping with a very great mind. Mandarin is 15 miles above Jacksonville upon the opposite side of the St. John's River. I arrived in Jacksonville some time before night having had a pleasant time generally among good company. Miss Julia Edwards, Mrs. Mattie Walliard and myself made a trip to the shell store. The moonlight was very charming and the shells beautiful. The rosy tints varying into the shining pearly white are all mysteries from the briny deep, of which we have but little knowledge. I purchased one shell and a few red peas.

---

<sup>7</sup> "The *Florence*" is used expressly for a river pleasure-boat, playing every day between Jacksonville and Pilatka [now Palatka]. It is long and airy, and nicely furnished; and one could not imagine a more delightful conveyance. In hot weather, one could not be more sure of cool breezes than with sailing up and down perpetually in "The *Florence*." Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Palmetto Leaves*, (Boston: J.R. Osgood and Company, 1873), 206.

<sup>8</sup> Mandarin was a small farming village that shipped oranges, grapefruit, melons, and other produce to Jacksonville and points north on the steamships that traveled the St. Johns River. In 1864, the Union steamship, *the Maple Leaf*, hit a Confederate mine and sank just off Mandarin Point. Author Harriet Beecher Stowe wintered in the village from 1867 to 1884. Mandarin Museum.net, "Mandarin Jacksonville, Florida" <http://mandarinmuseum.net> (accessed September 1, 2012).



**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Wednesday January 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I arose this morning at 3 o'clock fearing to trust myself in the arms of Morpheus lest I might not waken soon. I dressed and started for the depot as I supposed a little before 5. The moon was shining brightly while the stillness of death was everywhere. I felt certain the policemen would be on duty, which would be a protection. I never saw a motion until I arrived at the depot where a Negro was on duty as guard. A bright fire was burning in the stove where an old woman was sitting, which excited the curiosity of everybody. She is poorly clad and seems omnipresent. I have seen her all over Jacksonville. The cars started at 5 precisely and arrived in Baldwin good daylight. The chanticleers<sup>9</sup> gave me a full benefit; they were under the house and all around it.

**Gainesville, Florida**  
**Tuesday January 21<sup>st</sup> 1873**

I arose this morning at 2 ½ o'clock for the purpose of taking the stage which left at 4 A.M., it being the only conveyance that left on time. The moon is shining and the stars in harmony are moving on in the same beautiful order that they have since "the morning stars sang together and all the souls of God shouted for joy." The white sands with which the earth is covered here and the moonbeams falling on it resembles in appearance, a more northern clime where a carpet of snow has fallen from the clouds, imperceptible as the footsteps of time and pure as the snowy robes of God's saints.

The stage came for me at a little before six. The morning air seemed cool and damp. We rode through the hammocks with their drapery of moss, upon which the sunbeams sparkled with beautiful brilliancy. The ducks were flying across the waters and

---

<sup>9</sup> A rooster

diving for the finny inhabitants, which in turn had come out to breakfast upon some migratory worm who, unawares, was gobbled up. Stage traveling through the country gives a variety, which is not found in any other way. You have ample opportunity for surveying the country without selecting in premature haste.

**Micanopy, Florida**  
**Wednesday January 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

Micanopy is my present stopping place. I arrived here this morning at 9 ½. Everything looks rustic enough and perfectly dead. The people seem resting, watching, looking, thinking. The blowing of the driver's horn that signals the arrival of the only public conveyance that has ever passed through this country, is the only thing that disturbs the repose and apathy which has settled upon the community. A slight stir is created by the curiosity portion of the grasshoppers, to see who has come, and what is their business, together with the latest news. The silence seems more profound after their curiosity has been gratified than before.

Thus time moves on here, the people living by an exchange of a few dry goods for cotton in what constitutes the vitality of the place. The inhabitants all appear to be hibernating the exact period, which this inert condition lasts, is during the year. The churches are in a tumble down conditions and Zion languishes more than increases. I received a note from Dr. Gary today saying he has spoken to a lady who would make everything "pleasant as possible for me." Everything is very coarse here.

**Ocala, Florida**  
**Thursday January 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

I left Micanopy this morning; very much to my relief the stage came this morning and took me away. The day was clear and bright. The scenery varied from piney woods

to hammocks. The pine lands are extremely rolling, much of the way for Florida. The distance to Ocala from Gainesville is 75 miles.<sup>10</sup> We stopped at a place called Flemington about 18 miles from Ocala.<sup>11</sup> An old man, he is living here from Portland Maine, resides here keeping a post office and store. He has a dozen cats, of which is very fond. They are of all colors and shades and very gentle, eating their food from a pan setting on the counter and going to sleep on the domestics and calicoes. He says they can very near talk. I requested him to allow me to witness some their feats, but he declined saying they were not ready for exhibition yet. The two most celebrated were named Romeo & Juliet. Northern people are full of experiments but a cattery is the latest, most novel, and least money making of all. He is trying to have a stock of fifty regardless of the universal inquiry “will it pay?”

I arrived in Ocala at sunset and thought I would stop with Mr. Harris but he manifested so much indifference, I went to Mrs. Steele’s.

**Ocala, Florida**  
**Monday January 27<sup>th</sup> 1873**

A dark, sunless, cheerless morning, with no warm sunlight to warm or cheer the hearts of humanity. The skies are veiled in sadness and the clouds weep floods of tears. A terrible storm broke over us this morning about 2 o’clock. The rain poured down in torrents, the lightning was one constant glare of bright light. It was not the melancholy monotony of a dripping day, but a grand display of God’s fire works, when the windows of heaven are raised and the watery content burst out unrestrained.

---

<sup>10</sup> Her measurements are somewhat inaccurate as the distance is approximately forty miles, however, a rough conveyance can make the distance seem much longer.

<sup>11</sup> The intersection of County Highway 318 and Highway 329.

I have been sick all day. I am homesick too. A house where peace and contentment reigns is the only place in which I love to stay. Mrs. Steele has a husband, which is constantly staying all night drinking whiskey. A delicate child in her arms with a hard chill followed by a fever is an every day occurrence. The hogs sleep under the house, the ducks in the yard, while three or four hounds walk through the house and mount the dining room table when an opportunity presents, three cats are constantly napping in front of the fire, which keeps counter irritants in the shape of fleas in great abundance. The mosquitoes sing a gentle song for the benefit of too sound sleepers.

**Ocala, Florida**  
**Wednesday January 29<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I left Ocala this morning for Gainesville over land route. The day is dark and the rain comes down in unmeasured quantities. It was so dark when I left the house I had to feel my way out, as the lamp had no oil in it. The driver had to go in the house after my little trunk while I stood in front of the horses, one of which had kicked and conquered another driver. When he gets mad there is no hesitation about his jumping upon the first person, which comes in his way. He only bit his companion a little while I was in front of him, but the driver soon relieved my anxiety by making his appearance. A gentleman from the Ocala House<sup>12</sup> was my traveling companion. He seemed a gentleman and time passed on very pleasantly, although it rained and drizzled all day. Fifteen miles from Ocala we stopped for breakfast. The woman said she only fed us for accommodations, but charged 75 cents for our breakfast, which no doubt added to her finances. What

---

<sup>12</sup> The first boarding house in Ocala. Opened in 1848 by Josiah Paine, then operated from 1855 until 1888 by Ebenezer J. Harris. "At The Ocala House Late Comers Went Hungry," *Ocala Star Banner* (September 7, 1987).

messes have I not tried to eat in Florida; fritters dripping with grease, batter cakes tough enough to make pocket handkerchiefs, coffee thick as swamp mud, amber colored biscuits mean beyond the mastication of human teeth.

**Gainesville, Florida**  
**Thursday January 30<sup>th</sup> 1872**

I arrived here yesterday in the rain but the weather is tolerably settled this morning. I have a feeling as though I had been stranded or dropped from clouds is all I can my present to now. I have had a tedious ride and my visit was not pleasant like last year. The people here have been trying to worry and devour each other by telling stories and gossiping about one another in a very unbecoming manner.

Mrs. Wilson, the proprietress of the Wilson house understands her profession fully. Her battercakes are delightful. The people in Gainesville are looking, wishing, and waiting for visitors. When they get there what inducements have they to offer aside from one well-kept house? The water is always standing on dark muddy puddles about the depot; the sand is deep, no walks except one, which commences, and stops no place in particular. Sick people do not like to see things going to decay, nor be lulled to sleep by the banging of blinds, which portends their distraction. Things in the road to destination reminds then too strongly of their own condition. Invalids should be surrounded by everything cheerful and a community which has thrift, otherwise they become gloomy.

**Archer, Florida**  
**Friday January 31<sup>st</sup> 1873**

I arrived in the above named town some time after dark after having waited three or fours hours for the train in Gainesville, which was much behind time. I am in a log house not connected with the other building. Mrs. McDonald is a professor of religion

which I can say of but few persons where I go.

I feel afraid in my isolated house. I hear Negroes talking around the house and do not feel certain what mischief they are going at. The dogs have had two three fights.

At day break the chickens commences cackling and crowing such a matins song was disagreeable in the extreme. The horses were fed in close proximity and such another champing as they made.

**Archer, Florida**  
**Saturday February 1<sup>st</sup> 1873**

I spent the day in Archer. The citizens ad heard of me and was acquainted by reputation as writer course quietly there was no necessity for explaining who I was or where I came from. They treated me with very much respect, The Negroes came to town in swarms. They drank whiskey and made a great-deal of noise. One old man said to another of the same color, "Why don't you have more expect for yourself than to talk and act in that way?"

The train came at sundown backing another whose engine was leaking.

**Gulf of Mexico, Florida**  
**Sunday Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> 1873**  
**Steamer *Hiram H Cool***

The above named steamer left Cedar Keys last night at 12 o'clock for Tampa and way landings. I roomed with a Mrs. Todd from New Orleans who has a terrible cough and slept but little, keeping me awake much of the night. She proposes visiting Tampa for the purpose of finding a place for her daughters to teach.

The day has been clear, and the sky calm, and the water smooth as glass; delightful sailing. We landed at Clear Water Harbor about 10 o'clock. I went on the beach and gathered some beautiful red, yellow and purple sea moss, which I put

in-between leaves of a book to press. The day wore on like a pleasant dream, and a little before sun set the boat landed at Manatee. A change of officers makes traveling on the Cool much more pleasant than last year. The Manatee wharf had over 50 persons on it, all come to see the boat. I stopped at Mr. Lee's, but things wee much changed; his Sarah was gone and everything looked different with the children all over the house, four boarder's children and five in the family, which made it very noisy and too much of a commotion to suit me.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Tuesday February 4<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I commenced boarding with Mrs. Gates<sup>13</sup> this day. She is a widow and the place is very quiet. Nothing disturbs the monotony but restless rolling waves, upon whose waves ride the crustaceous inhabitants of a boisterous unsettled tenement. The yard is filled with beautiful green orange trees hanging with fruit, then the sea with her gentle cadence, subdued by the soft winds to the louder, deeper, roaring which carry destruction in the pathway and desolation in every movement. A winter in this climate is worth years in that torpid state, which the old dreary winters bring in the north. With sunny skies and fleecy clouds flecking the horizon, the air floating with Zephyry gentleness while a dreamy state of enchantment keeps you spell bound with the witchery of some magic influence. There is no counterfeit in the sunlight, which pervades the land here; it comes

---

<sup>13</sup> Mrs. Gates is most likely Mary Gates, wife of Josiah Gates. Josiah Gates and his family came to settle along the Manatee River in 1842. They were part of a survey party led by surveyor Sam Reid. Gates became the founder of the village of Manatee, which after 1945 was known as East Bradenton. Manatee County Public Library Historic Photograph Collection. "Josiah Gates Item Description Summary," University of South Florida, Special and Digital Collections, Tampa Library, <http://guides.lib.usf.edu/content.php?pid=86148&sid=640854&doi=M01-04705-A#doi=M01-04705-A> (accessed August 28, 2012).

down pure and cloudless. The sun here hastens with indecent speed to terminate her day's work. She gives no parting glances but leaves before the landscape has been bathed in twilight; it is all bright sunlight.

The people here are full of adventures. Fish of huge dimensions are taken by their skill, birds of rare appearance yield to their prowess, bears of unrivalled ferocity cross their pathway only to be brought down by their unerring aim.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Friday February 7<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Here is a peaceful spot where the mocking birds and other feathered songsters carol their sweetest notes, the magnolia opens her snowy petals. Where the wood duck builds her nest and flies with her fledgling to the nearest watercourse and gives them their initiatory lesson in swimming. I am stopping only a few days here in order than I may get to some other point. I am comfortably situated, but anticipating a change, which means terminus to all home comforts.

Many visitors who are not impressed with the mildness of the air, nor the perpetual verdure of the spring time in mid winter, but the practical part of life has more charms than any elixir or sight seeing in the air or sky. If the table is not furnished with everything in the most epicurean style, they are interrupted past all redemption. Something to eat reaches their susceptibilities nearer than visual objects.

I have seen limes growing today and enjoyed plucking them. The acid has relieved me of a headache to a great extent. I went to Mr. Patton's today and made a pleasant call and an arrangement to go down the Manatee River in a sailboat to the oyster bar and saw mill.



**Manatee, Florida**  
**Saturday February 8<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
**Sailboat Nellie**

I went sailing with Mr. Patton down the Manatee River to a distance of two miles to the residence of his son. They have named the place Point Pleasant. The place is located pleasantly but of their prospect for sustenance was to come from that barren sandy looking place filled with palmettos and pines, I think it would be very poor prospect.



*figure 20.* Curry's Point, later called Point Pleasant, seen from the top of the Bradentown water tower, looking east.<sup>14</sup>

In Manatee the people all dress plainly. The arranging of hair from those whose present residence is a matter of uncertainty with which to supply their thinly furnished heads or crispy lock to decorate or display their charms more fully is something, which their primitive residences' positions do not require.

---

<sup>14</sup> *Curry's Point*, Manatee County Public Library Historic Photograph Collection. University of South Florida, Special and Digital Collections, Tampa Library, <http://guides.lib.usf.edu/content.php?pid=86148&sid=640854#cid=M01&mode=browse> (accessed August 28, 2012).

The houses display no architectural skill but much tact in adaptation to their necessity for a shelter. Each room is filled with living moving humanity, but they always politely ask you to stay with them, although your inventive powers would be exercised to know where you were going to sleep. A visitor from the refined walks of life feel like a newly created being, introduced into existence in another world. Everything is tinged with novelty which lasts according to the disposition or inclination of its possessor. Some are fond of rural life and the rural life, which surrounds them, furnished them with amusement, while another person would lose their temper and be impaired with disgust.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Sabbath February 9<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I attended church today and heard a preacher, which looked as primitive as the fishermen we read about on the Sea of Galilee. I went not for the purpose of hearing any learned efforts at oratory or words of doubtful meaning to the audience pronounced according to the most modern style of accent, and was not disappointed by a very feeble effort from Paul's words to Timothy "Received up into glory" I occasionally like to attend church outside of the studied usages of very refined life and see how the [y [ more humble live and worship God.

Some persons very soon dislike a place because their bed is hard, the fare of an inferior quality, the ventilation too free, and the whole picture too much of rustic scene with no background attraction from the land of real home comforts, to say nothing of the luxuries.

The wind has been blowing very hard all day and last night it was nothing less than a gale. I thought of the poor seaman and wondered if the *Hiram H Cool* was out in it with her crew of wicked sailors, unprepared to live, much less to die.

I have proposed of another trip tomorrow over to Terra Silla Island the residence of Madam Joe, a German woman of muscular energy and strength.

Night; the wind has lulled.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Monday February 10<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I left Manatee today in company with Mr. McKeller & [General George] Patton for Terra Silla Island. We had a pleasant sea breeze and our little sail boat glided down



*figure 21.* Gen. George Patten<sup>15</sup>

the river gently as a spent wave on the shore but more swiftly. The cut, as it is called, which goes into Terra Silla Bay had to be crossed by pushing the boat. We arrived at Madam Joe's about 3 o'clock.

---

<sup>15</sup> Major George Patten came to Manatee County after losing his home and cotton business in Savannah, Georgia during the Civil War. He purchased the Gamble Mansion and 3,500 acres in 1873 for \$3000. He platted the land and gave each of his 13 children a lot. Patten named the resulting small settlement Ellenton in honor of his daughter Ellen. The Major died in 1891. Manatee County Public Library Historic Photograph Collection. "Major George Patton Item Description Summary," University of South Florida, Special and Digital Collections, Tampa Library. <http://guides.lib.usf.edu/content.php?pid=86148&sid=640854> (accessed July 7, 2012).

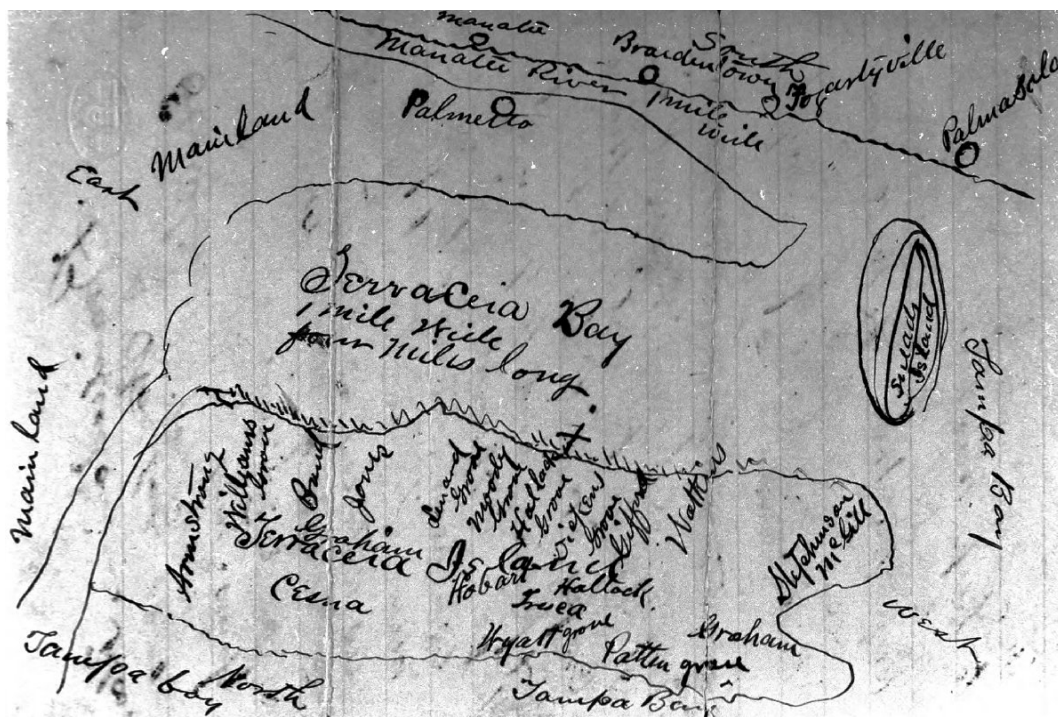
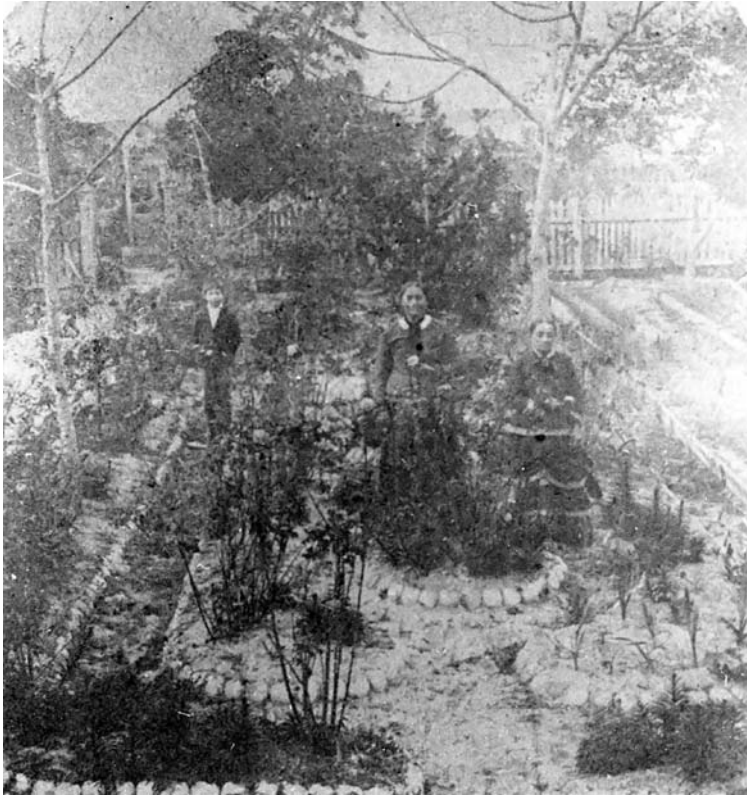


figure 22. 1881 Hallock Property Map of Terra Ceia<sup>16</sup>

Her land fronts on the bay, a clear beautiful sheet of water, while her yard reminds one more of an enchanted land than anything else. You feel constantly as though you were having a beautiful dream from which you might be severed by an external diversion and the spell forever broken. Here nature reveals her glories and her face with gay attire while the frozen north lies wrapped in wintry gloom. How delightful to the one who has a constant warfare with life to keep himself master of the position in a visit to the beautiful isle of the sea, where only the winds and waters strive for victory.

<sup>16</sup> This hand drawn map shows Brooks possible route. She would have sailed a short distance on the Manatee River, passed behind the island at the mouth of the river, continued north through the Terra Ceia Bay and made land fall. Catherine J. Bayless, "The Story of Terra Ceia Island, Florida," Terra-Ceia-Via.com, Terra Ceia Village Improvement Association, Retrieved September 21, 2012 from <http://www.terra-ceia-via.com/history.php>

Golden fruits hang from the trees, now in luxuriant loveliness, filled with nectarine juice to delight and refresh all those who pluck and taste. I have heard of many beautiful places but for location this excels all in every way.



*figure 23.* Madame Joe Atzeroth in her yard, Terra Silla Island<sup>17</sup>

**Terra Silla Island, Florida  
Tuesday February 11<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I am still entertained with the novelty, which surrounds me. I went out this morning before breakfast to see Madam Joe cut weeds. She does it like an experienced hand. My walk gave me an appetite for breakfast and I enjoyed a bunch of lettuce. New Irish potatoes are in the bill of fare for every meal which I enjoy much.

---

<sup>17</sup>Manatee County Public Library Historic Photograph Collection. “Madame Joe Atzeroth Item Description Summary”, University of South Florida, Special and Digital Collections, Tampa Library, <http://guides.lib.usf.edu/content.php?pid=86148&sid=640854> (accessed June 7, 2012).

The excesses practiced in refined society are strangers here. The rustic ways of living, if they do not charm, cannot fail to interest us at least for a while. Nearly all the fruits of a tropical clime hang from the trees, while the gentle gales waft the aroma of it all seasons and eternal spring covers the earth with verdure and the trees with foliage.

I open my eyes every morning upon Katie cooking breakfast in the next room, where the labor incident to supporting the household with substantials is performed. Many are easily made unhappy by outward circumstances. If the bed is too hard, the fare of an inferior quality, the ventilation too free, and the whole surrounds a picture of rustic scenes with no background attractions from the land of real home comforts, to say anything of luxuries.

**Terra Silla Island, Florida**  
**Wednesday February 12<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
**Madam Joes's**

The first settler on Terre Silla Island. Here Madame Joe and her Husband came to occupy lands given them by the government. Here an adventure of some kind was of daily occurrence. Nature poured forth her beauties almost in primeval solitude. The forests had all the wilderness which echoed back the wear whoop of the Indians, the younger howl, the screams of the Catamount<sup>18</sup> or a the threatening voice of old bruin<sup>19</sup>. Madame Joe is now widow. Her rough hands, stalwart frame, and brown face indicate life to which luxury and ease are strangers. Her home is now transformed from a wilderness to a place which resembles fairyland more than a residence in the bounds of a sin cursed world & golden fruits are hanging down from the tress in luxuriant loveliness, filled with nectarine pieces designed to delight and refresh all those who pluck and taste.

---

<sup>18</sup> Panther or Bobcat

<sup>19</sup> Bear

Her yard is only rivaled by the garden, which mother Eve regretted leaving so bitterly. The north is now wrapped in wintry gloom while here flowers are blooming in beauty, the earth enameled with the snowy petals of the forget-me-not in lieu of the covering in a cold frigid clime.



*figure 24.* Julia "Madam Joe" Atzeroth at her 80th Birthday. <sup>20</sup>

**Manatee River Florida  
Thursday February 13<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I left Madam Joe's yesterday after dinner with Miss Ida Patton<sup>21</sup> & her father—we had a pleasantly sail home partly by moonlight. I cannot do justice to Madam Joe's yard. It is February, roses of impressive size are in bloom together with verbenas, geraniums, salvias, periwinkles and cork wood trees all exhaling their fragrance. Here in this beauteous bower Madam Joe, after the day's duties are done, walks with the bright

---

<sup>20</sup> Manatee County Public Library Historic Photograph Collection. "Madame Joe Atzeroth Item Description Summary", University of South Florida, Special and Digital Collections, Tampa Library, <http://guides.lib.usf.edu/content.php?pid=86148&sid=640854> (accessed June 7, 2102).

<sup>21</sup> Miss Patton was the daughter of General George Patton. She was born about 1853. 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved July 12, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263358\\_00320&fn=George&ln=Patton&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13885525](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263358_00320&fn=George&ln=Patton&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13885525)

moon beams shining as only they are seem near the trophies, singing those patriotic German melodies so dear to the heart of every wanderer from the shores of the vine clad banks and historic shades of the Rhine. Thus forming a symphony with the rippling waves and ebbing tide of the briny waters.

Persons fond of variety who do not mind fatigue or inconvenience are delighted with cruising about gathering shells and other curiosities with which these shores abound. The excesses practiced in refined society are strangers here, the rustic ways of living, if they do not charm, cannot fail to delight us for a time. Here, at all seasons, eternal springtime reigns, covering the earth with verdure and the trees with foliage, while the bright stars, which sang together the morning after their creation, open their sparkling eyes one by one and reflect their tiny rays in the mirror which shadows forth all God's greatness in the heavens.

### **Game**

Persons settling here have apprehension of starving. The woods are full of game such as deer, bears, possums, crows, wild turkeys, ducks and geese. The possums are very numerous and gentle. They come in the house and get sugar from the table when the family are out, and it is not unusual to see them looking through the cracks to see if the way is clear for them.

Fish of all kinds together with clams and oysters are numerous. At low tide they wade in for these bivalves or secure them without dredging. The clams are of immense size, some of them weighing three pounds with the shell.

The wildcat abounds, which is eaten by some of the new settlers. The taste is said to resemble a young kid, but it must be a very fertile imagination, which could change an old gray cat into the flavor of a kid.



**Manatee, Florida**  
**Friday Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The Valentines are moving about today. Each vying to see which will excel the other with ugly Valentines. I have no interest in them in any way. I will relate Madam Joe's story:

A lady who lived in Germany and in the path of when Napoleon's army were retreating, a scrap of unrecorded history. From Moscow, in their march they halted near Strasburg for refreshment. Some of the soldiers found an immense gray Thomas cat in the garden which they captured with no difficulty after killing him and carefully cutting off his ears and tail – they brought him to the house telling the servant they had caught a hare which they wanted cooked. As hares were plenty in the vicinity, Thomas was cooked and never until those not in the secret had partaken very freely of the fresh meat was the discovery made. Prolonged me-o-o-w-s were heard from the soldiers whose appetites had not been satisfied by picking pussies bones, when the truth dawned upon them that they had been duped into eating the house cat instead of a wild hare.

**Manatee, River Florida**  
**Monday February 17<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I left Manatee today for Key West. The boat is a schooner with limited accommodations. A preacher, his wife, and three little children, together with a lad 12 years of age are the passengers. I have heard much of Key West but never equal facilities

have presented themselves for my going there, or visiting the point. A careful Captain commands the boat, whose kindness is known and felt by all under his care.

“Meantime the steady wind severely blew  
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew.”<sup>22</sup>

What does a sailing voyage from Tampa Bay to Key West two hundred and thirty miles imply? Some suppose a kind of flying motion through the air, just skimming over the water like a sea gull in rough weather. But a distance of two hundred, it is quite the reverse. It means a little good sailing with a fine breeze and many disagreeable things thrown in, to be borne and forgotten soon as possible. For instance the first night after starting the wind dies out. The topsail hangs flabby as a beggar’s rag in a thundershower. Lower the canvass, put out the anchor, and all retire. Numerous drum fish select the hull of the vessel for their camping ground, where they serenade all night their drums.

The loon from the shore catches the refrain and utters its unearthly screams, which break our repose and mingle it with dreams of hideous men. The mattress is hard as Pharaoh’s heart and supplied with fleas enough to oboiate the necessity of using counter irritants. The bilge water keeps the cabin supplied with perfumery not mistakened for Lubin’s<sup>23</sup> but resembling decomposed eggs. Day dawns when breakfast comes and strong coffee in tin cups sweetened with highly colored sugar, the mixture stirred with a table knife. Well-salted meat with fried eggs and hard tack finished the bill

---

<sup>22</sup> Lord Byron, *The Corsair* (London: Thomas Davidson, 1814). Brooks approximately quotes Byron’s *Corsair*. The actual lines are as follows:

Mean time, the steady breeze serenely blew,  
And fast and Falcon-like the vessel flew.

<sup>23</sup> Lubins is a world renowned perfumery founded in 1798 by Pierre Francois Lubin. Lubin-parfum.net, “History,” Lubin-parfum.net <http://www.lubin-parfum.fr/> (accessed August 31, 2012).

of fare. We are nearing Egmont Key where we land for variety. The wind freshens a little. Raise the fore sail, main sail, and jib when we travel at the rate of a mile in two hours. The merry sunshine comes pouring down at midday with uninterrupted fervor. A dead calm ensues and we are prisoners on the quiet seas. The zephyrs are resting in the sylvan bowers while the heat has to be endured peaceably as possible. Like all other things it terminates. The great orb of day has performed his part well, like a conqueror he descends triumphantly in his chariot of fire beneath the briny waves. A golden trail of glory is left behind him. The beautiful blue sky and charming sunset are mirrored upon the sea, each alternate wave being brightened with sunbeams.

A night on the water with only God and the stars; who can describe it? The sun has left his sentinel Venus to descend with her radiant charms after she has cheered and delighted her admirers. The atmosphere at sea being so pure, this planet looks as though it had silver steps leading to its portals upon which fancy might climb without wings or the muses catch inspirations without effort. What a grand sight to watch the motions of those far off worlds as they silently rise and deck the canopy of heaven with their primeval glories and loveliness, then retire while others take their places to dispel the darkness with their gentle rays.

### **Waves**

We read of golden waves and silver waves but phosphorescent waves excel all. When the salt waters of the Gulf are much agitated and the vessel ploughs the “breaking foam” it seems surrounded with a sea of most brilliantly lighted waves, extending as far as the agitation reaches. The lead and line, when dropped in the water, is followed by a flash resembling lighting from the clouds. The luminous particles which compose this

light are found floating in the water when it is dipped up in buckets and adhere to the sides of any vessel in which the water is placed. It is occasioned from a species of animalcule called *Arthusa pelagica*<sup>24</sup> and when collected in large masses resembles flashed from an electric body or balls of fire. Sailors regard the passing of these lights under the hull as ominous of adverse winds and danger from being swamped in heavy seas.

Poet's may sing "Beautiful isles of the sea" but before they had lived here long it would be "lonely isles of the sea when shall I be where the face of human beings will gladden my heart and the smiles of friendship beam upon my pathway again." We are hopeful yet. Bocca Grande is reached; the Entrance to Charlotte Harbor, then Point Blanco afterwards. Point Kautivo<sup>25</sup> where a preacher was captured and murdered for money. The money part being unusual at the present. We are sailing through the seas once occupied by pirates when the gold is said to have been captured from a frigate on its way to France buried later on the shore. One of the numerous islands here is the residence of a professional privateer, which pursued that vocation in days that are past – but now returned to civilized life. Another island in sight upon which once resided Felipe a Spaniard with his Indian wives. After the close of the last Indian war when the order was issued by the government for the savages to leave Florida, his wife being an

---

<sup>24</sup> It is a common occurrence on warm summer nights to witness an electric blue glow in coastal Florida waters. The wake of a boat or even reeling in a fish can produce the affect. "Dinoflagellates such as *Pyrodinium bahamense*, congregate in a lagoon with an opening narrow enough to keep the organisms from escaping. The dinoflagellates feed on vitamin B<sub>12</sub> produced by red mangrove trees and glow bluish-green when disturbed by motion of any kind." Cheryl Lyn Dybas, "Bright Microbes, Scientists Uncover New Clues to Bioluminescence," *Scientific American* (April 16, 2012). Retrieved August 27, 2012 from <http://www.scientificamerican.com/article.cfm?id=bright-microbes>

<sup>25</sup> Her reference here is to Captiva Island

Indian woman, he was induced to go from here that they might rob him of his family and half breed children.

After his departure they all seemed willing to go but one of his wives called Polly whom he had reduced from an Indian guide. However she was reconciled by a purse being made up for her benefit. When Felipe returned his grief was beyond description for the loss of his wives and children when told Polly was preoccupied upon money. He replied “ Oh Polly, go to hell for money!”

Punta Rassa<sup>26</sup> is our fourth stopping place. Here the land of the international company stops and the wire now becomes a marine conductor. The only house is a large structure erected during the war for government purposes at present a signal station is also here occupied by the telegraph operators. From this point large quantities of cattle are shipped annually, the facilities being superior to any place on the coast.

**Gulf of Mexico**  
**Saturday February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

Away from land between Cape Roman<sup>27</sup> and Key West with no wind and the sails flapping loosely when the deep waters swell and roll, the schooner moving from side to

---

<sup>26</sup> “In 1866, the International Ocean and Telegraph Company took over the fort and port of Punta Rassa...They also controlled the shipping rights, pens and the dock. For the use of these facilities, the company usually charged 15 cents a cow.” Keri Hendry, “Cracker Cowmen-The History of Punta Rassa,” Keri Hendry, <http://floridacrackercumbs.wordpress.com/2008/05/21/cracker-cowmen-the-history-of-punta-rassa> (accessed September 3, 3012).

<sup>27</sup> Cape Romano is the last significant island on Florida’s southwest coast north of the 10,000 Islands area which consists of islands of mangrove masses. This area was largely unexplored prior to the Second Seminole War. In 1838 a military expedition led by Surgeon-General Thomas Lawson refers to island as Cape Romaine, noting there was once a settlement. James W. Covington, “Exploring the Ten Thousand Islands,” *Tequesta* vol 1 No 18 (1958).

Retrieved August 28, 2012 from  
[http://digitalcollections.fiu.edu/tequesta/files/1958/58\\_1\\_02.pdf](http://digitalcollections.fiu.edu/tequesta/files/1958/58_1_02.pdf)

side more than advancing. The sun sets in the water after which the stars come out silently and take their places in the sky. Jupiter & Mars vieing with each other in brightness. The evening star mirrors forth her silvery light on the surface of the water looking like the continuous rays of brightness lining earth and sky.

**Key West City, Florida**  
**Sunday February 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

Arrived in Key West at 3 o'clock P.M. The day is very warm and sultry, many vessels of different sizes and model line the wharves. The steamer *Havanna* is in from Havana with a large cargo of Cuban exiles.<sup>28</sup> Spanish is the language spoken which to me is only a Babel of confusion. Hardly had the lines been made fast before a ship called the Norwester or North Wester came in port, loaded with cotton on her way from New Orleans to Liverpool. She was on fire, had [been] burning since Friday. She [asked] for help and when the storm abated a rush was made by the wreckers<sup>29</sup> with their boats to commence unloading her. Instead of running her into deep water and sinking her, they put her in shallow water and grounded her. Vessels and cargo worth nearly a half million of money.

---

<sup>28</sup> During the Ten Years War (1868-1878) between Cuba and Spain numerous Cuban refugees fled to Key West, New Orleans and New York. "The number of Cubans who have emigrated to various parts of the United States since the beginning of the Spanish-Creole war in the island amounts to perhaps to three or four thousand..." *The New Orleans Crescent*, Wednesday, February 24, 1869; Unlike New Orleans and New York, which appealed to more affluent Cubans, Key West became the gathering point for Cubans of modest to middle class means. By the mid 1870s Cubans were the majority population in Key West. Gerald E. Poyo, "Key West and The Cuban Ten Years War," *The Florida Historical Quarterly* 57, No. 3 (January 1979).

<sup>29</sup> Wreckers were ship salvagers, some of who were approved and licensed by the government, others who acted independently, essentially working as pirates.

Key West is situated in latitude 24 – 32 N longitude 41-81-43 W from Greenwich. The lands are of coral formation, consequently very sterile, although though presenting a verdant appearance produced artificial from fertilizers

Here we find the tropical fruits grown without interruption during the entire year. Thus the key of entrance to the Gulf of Mexico it is well fortified every precaution being used for its protection.

**Key West City, Florida**  
**Monday Feb 24<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The day has dawned peacefully after a severe Norther. Last night at 12 ½ a schooner of 74 tons burthen struck us lightly in turning to get under way. If she had come with full force we would have sank in many feet of water. Col Crane<sup>30</sup> came to the boat this morning. The editor of the *Key West Dispatch*. He accompanied me to see Judge Locke<sup>31</sup> who took me out to Fort Taylor. This is a most important work of defence commanding the principal entrance to the harbor. The barracks are well-constructed

---

<sup>30</sup> Henry A. Crane, born about 1810, he served as both a Confederate and Union soldier. He published the *Tampa Herald*, the *Key West Dispatch* and was founder and editor of the *Key of the Gulf* newspapers. He served as Clerk of the Court in Sanford and Key West, along with serving as a state senator. Spessard Stone, ed., “Cracker Barrel-Company A, Second Florida Cavalry, United States Army,” Ancestry, <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~crackerbarrel/USA.html> (accessed August 3, 2012);

Year: 1880; Census Place: *Key West, Monroe, Florida*; Roll: 131; Family History Film: 1254131; Page: 227C; Enumeration District: 114; Image: 0094. Retrieved August 3, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=6742&iid=4240123-00096&fn=Henry+A.&ln=Crane&st=r&ssrc=&pid=5981789>.

<sup>31</sup> “The present incumbent of the United States district court “for the Southern District of Florida, Judge James W. Locke, was appointed by President Grant February 1, 1872, and is the oldest Federal judge, in point of service, on the bench.” Jefferson B. Brown, *Key West The Old and the New* (St. Augustine: The Reserved Company, 1912). Retrieved August 28, 2012 from <http://www.explorekeywesthistory.com/JeffersonBrown/010index.html>

and commodious buildings. The harbor is the best on the coast where vessels drawing 24 feet of water can anchor. The occupation of the people is wrecking, sponging, and fishing.

The trees here are tropical, the lime, Allspice, Royal Poinciana, Pomegranate, Alligator pear,<sup>32</sup> Date Palm, Royal Palm, Pimento and the cocoa nut tree with her tessellated leaves fanned by the breaths of eternal spring time, and ripening its refreshing fruits to nourish the thirsty residents who would languish were they not supplied with the nectarine juices from fruits. The cocoa sheds its fruit when ripe endangering the heads of those who pass under the trees. Persons having children who play under them are constantly uneasy as a full-grown cocoa nut falling 40 feet would nearly annihilate a child. They are gathered by means of long poles attached to the end of which is an iron hook or with ladders.

To a person who has never visited this island it is almost impossible to imagine that only 64 miles from the main land of Florida is a city in appearance so nearly resembling the Spanish dominions of the Old World where hardly a word of English is heard; business transactions conducted in a foreign language, produce bought and sold together with fruits from the tropics cried in Spanish by the auctioneers.

The wharf is a busy place; here are vessels from various ports, with the ensigns of different nationalities, schooners and sloops from ten to one thousand tons burden, loaded principally with eatables and lumber.

The chief of the Seminoles is among the traders from his Everglade home inhabited by the deer, which leaves its delicate foot print on the margin of the streams, or

---

<sup>32</sup> The avocado is also known as an alligator pear.



the “slow paced bear drinks and then leaps across in reach of prey or to be captured by his savage enemies. Tiger Tail the ruler of his tribe has come with sweet potatoes, cabbage, venison, honey & buck skins. The honey is in one of natures own receptacles: a deer skin taken from the animal while one of the fore legs being used as a mouth for this natural bottle, containing the stolen sweets. He does not cultivate the soil in person. His wives, together with two Negro women, which have never heard of the emancipation act, raise the vegetables while he and his warriors engage in combat with the untamed beasts that roam in their native worlds, or wage destruction upon the family inhabitants of the dark sluggish waters.

As there are few vehicles here every pedestrian walks in the centre of the street. Nearly all the ladies go without any covering for their heads except a few who wear thin black lace veils, their dresses all trail a long distance behind them, their whole appearance presenting a most *Dolce far mien*<sup>33</sup> walking about in the golden sunshine regardless of its consequences to their complexions as the eagle which gazes upon its dazzling splendor. There is but little shade here and that in the yards no umbrageous retreat under the cocoa tree can be relied upon every breeze that passes sways it limbs apart when old Sol lets in his warmest rays.

---

<sup>33</sup> This roughly translates to ‘carefree sweetness of doing nothing’.

## Fort Taylor

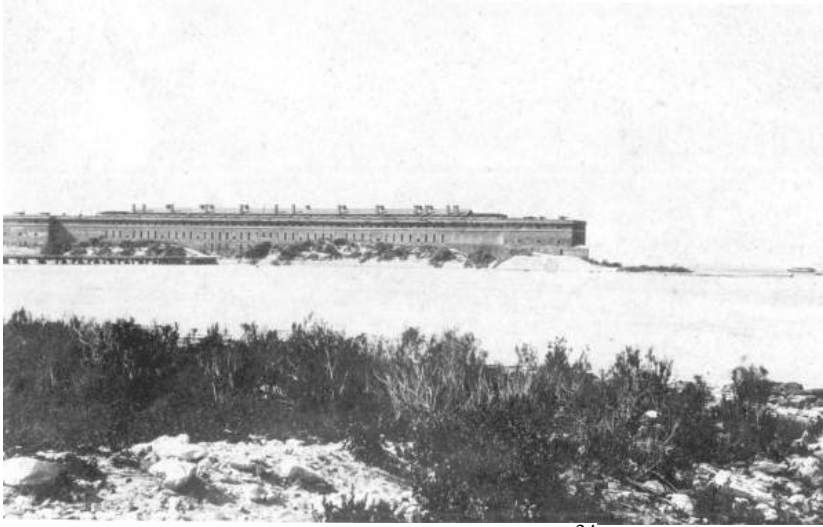


figure 25. Fort Taylor, Key West, circa 1880<sup>34</sup>

Key West being the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico it is well fortified, every precaution being used for its protection. Here it stands with its frowning battlements upon which are mounted the most formidable artillery used in modern warfare. It was commenced in 1845 and protects an important harbor & naval depot. It is also the rendezvous for the North Atlantic fleet and not to be overlooked as a means of defence in our Spanish relations. It is built of brick with two tiers of casemates and one in barbette. The most exposed and weaker points of the walls have recently been strengthened by making them 12 feet thick solid masonry, which is prepared to resist anything but a continued bombardment. There are now mounted ready for action 130 guns. 3, 300 pounds Parrots 30 10 inch Rodmans, two 15 inch Rodmans, have recently been placed in position on the barbette tier in the form of a trapezoid, with bastions at the four angles. The remaining guns are of smaller caliber. Defences are now being increased by two land batteries exterior to the Fort, commanding the western and

---

<sup>34</sup> State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/25841>

northern approaches. One of these batteries is to mount 12 and the other 17- 15 inch Rodman guns with magazine traverses. Also two towers with casemated batteries intended for 12 – 10 inch guns to prevent boat landings.

### **Thoughts on the water**

When far from the habitations of humanity associated with all that is pure and beautiful the canopied heavens above us, the distant worlds opening their angel eyes with the pall of night spread over us and the boundless waste of waters beneath us, we feel elevated and our souls purified by communing with what is grand and sublime.

Wrecking was conducted for many years here in a most ungenerous manner with the old adage “freight is the mother of wages.” Wholesome laws have since been enacted for the protection of the unfortunate owners who are stranded and the wreckers who come to the rescue. Many of these accidents occurred from preconcerted action between the sailing master and the wreckers or carelessness of sailing together with the changing currents. A for future of license for friends in accounting for goods or embezzling, produces a stringency which precludes dishonesty.

### **Manatee, Florida Sunday March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1873 Schooner Lucy M.**

After a night of rough & rapid sailing we found this morning that were nearing Sarasota Bay. I am wearied with being on the water confined to a little 20-ton schooner. We anchored in Sarasota about 12 o'clock and left at 3 P.M. for Manatee. After sailing nearly to the mouth of the River a Norther was seen coming in the stance. That kind of storms this season so far much resemble cyclones, and the suddenness of their appearance and rapid movements. The wind commenced to blow and the rain to fall before we

turned the point. The sails were dancing and the boat bouncing about merrily in the waves, but I has no fear as were so close to land when the waters became apparently smooth. We anchored at sundown and I started for shore in a little boat with Captain Yonge and Herbert Curry, a lad passenger. The winds have been increasing and I am delighted more with being on shore than on the briny waves of the Gulf of Mexico. I love to go away and see the sights, which are in the world, and I love to come back where I can rest and digest what I have seen during my absence.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Friday March 7<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Waiting, only waiting, by the River for the boat to come. I have this day visited an Indian Mound made by a tribe of Indians called Mound builders to which legend says occupied the county anterior to the Savages, which were found here upon the settlement of America. The bones indicate men of size and strength, which have slumbered here for hundreds of years. The fibrous roots of the growth which covers the ground over them is interlaced around the bones, forming a most complete net work in the hollow of the skull showing the tendency which roots of plants has to select substances for their nutriment with which they are supplied. It is said bones buried near the roots of oranges will be encircled within a year demonstration the fact that the orange feeds largely upon phosphates. The sweet orange trees are now in full bloom and fragrance fills the air. It is night and the moonbeams sweetly smile upon an Eden of loveliness. The scenery does not produce an exstatic emotion but a quite gentle sensation which makes us free ourselves from fleshly feelings and draws us away from the grosser things of life to revel in a clime beyond this world of sin and suffering.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Saturday March 8<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I met Captain Coons<sup>35</sup> from Egmont Light House today and concluded to go home with him and visit Egmont.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Monday March 10<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Left Manatee after dinner for Egmont, the winds light, sailing at the rate of 7 miles in seven hours. Arrived opposite the Coast Survey Schooner *Agassiz*<sup>36</sup> about hailed them and received an invitation on board which we accepted; it was that or the canopy of heaven for a covering and the winds hushed to less than a whisper.

The servant made me a room to myself where I slept very comfortable with the drum fishes serenading and the shark playing in the waters under me.

**Tampa Bay near Egmont, Florida**  
**Monday March 10<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The merry sunshine comes pouring down at mid-day with uninterrupted fervor. The zephyrs are resting in their sylvan bowers while the heat has to be endured peaceably as possible, but like all things it terminates. The great orb of day has performed his part well. Like a conqueror he descends in his chariot of fire beneath the briny waves. The

---

<sup>110</sup> William Coon, Light House Keeper. Census. 1870 State: Florida County: Manatee Post Office: Manatee Sheet No: 145B Reel No: M593-132 Division: Township Thirty Three (33) Page No: 1 Enumerated on: July 29, 1870. Retrieved August 28, 2012 from

<http://files.usgwarchives.net/fl/manatee/census/1870/pg145b.txt>

<sup>36</sup> The schooner Brooks met was a government vessel in the survey party of C.T. Iardella that surveyed The Florida Keys and Charlotte Harbor. Superintendent of the Coast Survey, *Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey Showing the Progress During the Year 1861. Congressional Serial Set*, (Washington D.C.: United States Government Printing Office, 1862), 31. Retrieved August 28, 2012 from [http://books.google.com/books?id=v4pNAAAAAYAAJ&dq=Coast+Survey+Showing+the+Progress+During+the+Year+1861.schooner+agassiz&source=gbs\\_navlinks\\_s](http://books.google.com/books?id=v4pNAAAAAYAAJ&dq=Coast+Survey+Showing+the+Progress+During+the+Year+1861.schooner+agassiz&source=gbs_navlinks_s)

Gulf of Mexico has the Italian skies of Mexico. The breeze freshens the beautiful blue sky and charming sunset is mirrored upon the sea, each alternate wave being brightened with sun.

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Tuesday March 11<sup>th</sup> 1873**

We arrived at this point after sailing seven miles in fourteen hours and drifting much at random without wind. Captain Harris, who came with us, was insulted last night very much at being put to mess with the bowsman. He is a man of intelligence and fine feeling but on account of roughing it about in the style which he goes, he has anything but a polished exterior. He repeated a couplet upon his treatment "If thou sayest I am not peer to any lord or chieftain here Highland or lowland far or near Lord Angus though hast lied."<sup>37</sup>

**Egmont Key, Tampa Bay**  
**Wednesday March 12<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Captain Coons has charge of this Light House, which commands the entrance to Tampa Bay. Latitude North 27 36 Longitude West from Greenwich 82-45 built in 1848, material brick, 86 feet above sea level. The lens of the 4<sup>th</sup> order the light being a fixture visible twelve miles. The tower is so high it looks as though it was trying to pierce the clouds, which overhang its solitary turret. This key is 7 miles from the main land, solitary and along in its sterility, and deep water surroundings a roost for birds and hatching place for turtles and alligators.

---

<sup>37</sup> The quote is from "The Parting of Marmion and Douglas at Tantallon Castle," a poem by Sir Walter Scott.

**Egmont Key, Tampa Bay**  
**Thursday March 13<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Captain Coons, who is a borne curiosity a mixture of singularities, combined an enigma upon the human species. His presence reminds one of a moving panorama with a variety of coloring and adaptations to please the crowd before which it is placed. He has a versatility of talent, can scrape almost any old fashioned jig out of cat gut, blow plaintive notes from a flute and pull Yankee Doodle from that classic instrument upon which we never read of David playing; the accordion .

On account of the sandy soil, which abounds here, vegetation parches from the first of May until the last of June. The rainy season then commences when constant flood the country. This continues until the middle or last of June. This continues until the first of middle September then the inhabitants commence cultivating the ground for vegetables for winter. The growth of this island is cabbage palmettos, mangrove, Jerusalem oaks, Hogweed Cactus, Lantana, Palma Christa, all of which are spontaneous. At a distance it presents very beautiful appearance to the traveler who comes from an icy clime clothed with verdure and beauty. In addition to this the waterfowls are flying about in countless numbers, porting in the air or dancing on the waters, either for pleasure or to procure food.

**Egmont Key, Tampa Bay**  
**Friday March 14<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Here I am yet farther from human habitation except the residents, which live in the Light House. No part of the world has a greater variety of the finny tribe that this coast. Sharks sixteen or eighteen feet in length. Devilfish of enormous size, Jew fish weighing over three or four hundred pounds, Tarpon of 150 and 200 pounds weight are

quite common. Schools of mullet swarm in these waters constituting an article of commerce. Green & Loggerhead turtles are taken in nets while oyster and clams of a most delicious flavor line the bars at all seasons.

### **The Turtle**

Spirits of person that have been drowned are said to visit this island from the vasty deep and the silent unbroken roar of the waves beating on the sandy beach reminds one of restless unhappy spirits wandering up on down the earth trying to find rest. This point is the best for spiritual circles that could be imagined. No affinities to come in which are not harmonious and keep those mystic rappers which have been promising to benefit the world for the last twenty years, but have never done it from harmonious communication. The united family lives here. The spirits have told the husband that in another world “they will be married as in this” he says, “he never wants another wife but the one he has got.” This is not the condition of all married couples, who are waiting for death to free them from the bonds of matrimony which the laws have imposed on them, that their pride and social standing only keep from forfeiture.

His wife has lost nearly all her teeth and the spirits whom she has interrogated on the subject have promised her a ‘new set’ when she commences a spiritual life. If all the toothless people were to wait for a new supply until they arrived in another world the dentists would soon starve out here.

### **Egmont Key, Florida Saturday March 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Here the ocean birds come to build their nests or plume their pinions for longer flights, and the turtle deposits her eggs to be fostered by sunbeams, and caressed in emerald waves when their external shell breaks. Here the most frequent sounds are from



the sighing winds and heavy seas, but the weather is calm. Feathered songsters of varied notes come from their coverts and sing songs of joy. There are many birds here whose habits are peculiar but whose notes are harsh; the sea gull flaps her wings in silence while the cormorant gorges himself to gluttony from the carcass of an unfortunate fish. The pelican takes on her cargo and discharges it on a platform which she builds in front of her nest where the fledgling can draw their rations without leaving the downy bed.

The climate is charming the fine luxuriance of foliage, which decks a tropical clime, waves in the winds and breezes, which visit the island.

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Saturday March 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I am yet at Egmont, gathering shells and wandering by the restless waters of the Gulf of Mexico. I would rather change my locality but it would be a difficult move ten miles from the mainland with no conveyance except when the boat goes. I am not well today and feel as though I had taken cold. The days are very pleasant and the sun sets gorgeous. The great orb of day retires leaving a trail of glory behind him, which is mirrored in the clear green waters more beautifully than all the precious gems of Earth.

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Thursday March 20<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The distant thunders are waking the echoes of a quiet atmosphere while ominous clouds portend a warfare in the elements. I have not closed my eyes in slumber more than two hours during the night. I have been wandering in the water for shells and taken cold which settled in my back producing the most terrible neuralgic pains from which I could not escape. I called Mrs. Coons at 12 o'clock when it seemed I should die alone. She came, good soul, and I got easier by the application of brandy and hot bricks. After

two hours I grew worse again, my pains came back with increased energy when I became powerless to make a move. The chickens crowed for day when some more hot bricks quieted me again. I went to sleep and kept drowsing all day in spite of rain or running waters. I have been sick all day but after dark went upstairs. Col Jewett arrived yesterday from Mr. Webb's. He is a conchologist and although nearly 82 years of age, as anxious to collect shells as if in the first dawn of manhood. He is a materialist in belief and thinks we go down to the earth like the ants and flies with the other bugs.

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Friday March 21<sup>st</sup> 1873**

I am able to walk about some today for which I am truly thankful. Spent the day in reading some and resting a good deal. I am with kindhearted people, which is an appreciated blessing.

I am studying. The customs of some marine residents are very curious. The hermit or soldier crab is the most peculiar of any found here. At low tide I saw a large conch shell traveling towards the shore and wondered why such unaccustomed speed in his movement. I soon saw a crab claws projecting from the shell and knew it to be a hermit crab. How strangely he looks with his large house sailing about, like a man in a boat using his claws for oars. When the shell gets too small for him, like a land liver he goes house hunting. If he finds a shell occupied which will answer his purpose he distends his claws and pulls out the tenant with as little ceremony as a fellow man kicks his drunken brother into the streets. He then darts in the empty shell with the speed of electricity, leaving his companion bruised and homeless to die at his leisure if he is able.

Egmont: An insular domain; A kingdom bound by the sea, a residence among turtles and birds of varied notes.

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Saturday March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

We are passing through a Norther and Equinoctial at the same time. Mullet Key,<sup>38</sup> two miles from Egmont, yesterday and last night very much resembled a shipping port. A Revenue Cutter looking for smugglers. The *Hiram H. Cool* together with a fishing smack were all lying up out of the winds wand waves yesterday. The[y] spent the night in building large fires on the island and killing deer. They left about daylight for their various destinations, the waters being more quiet. We had a little fuss this morning in the house about doctrinal points. Mr. Coons being a spiritualist and Col Jewett a Materialist

**Egmont Key, Florida**  
**Sunday March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

The last day of my stopping upon this "Isle of the Sea." I walked to the garden this morning with Mrs. Coons to see her gather vegetables. Cabbages in their prime, green peas, tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, and onions. The birds were singing their choicest as an oblation for the beautiful day and God's Holy Sabbath. I am going to Manatee after dinner for which I am truly glad.

There is no Sabbath here. The violin is played and flutina.<sup>39</sup> Discussion are carried on upon Spiritualism that doctrine which is filling our insane asylums with patients and peopling perdition with lost souls. The Bible speaks of hewing out asterns broken cisterns, which can hold no water. If spiritualism is not the shadow of an unreal

---

<sup>38</sup> An island in Egmont channel, south of the Pinellas peninsula.

<sup>39</sup> An accordion like instrument with paper bellows, keyboard and possibly with reeds inside. Works Progress Administration, *The History of Music in San Francisco Series, Supplemental Monograph. Vol 13. The Musical Trade 1850-1940.* (Prepared with assistance by the Works Progress Administration, ND), 194. Retrieved June 23, 2012 from <http://archive.org/stream/musicaltrade185000unit - page/n5/mode/2up>

substance or a ladder which those that have gone after strange gods have chosen to climb up to heaven some other way have. of man woman or child has been benefited by its teachings since its first promulgation in America I have never witnessed it. There is always a far off golden future in which the realization of some great good shall be reaped and a rich harvest obtained. If people would persist in doing right and serving God in truth and sincerity, they would find a new and here and here after in heaven.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Sunday March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873**  
**8 o'clock P.M.**

I am again back to Mrs. Gates and my boarding house. Came up in the light house boat which glided over the water like a bird. We had a charming brisk breeze, which filled the sails and made the briny spray dash from her bows leaving rainbow tints at every fresh move. I am now in the path where public conveyances travel and move more certain of a transit to the walks of an enlightened life where church spires pierce the skies and the sounds of worshippers hymming praise to their God heard in lieu of the wild curses which are so common in the this country. Give me a land where God is revered and worshipped.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Monday March 24<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I have spent the day in arranging my shells and resting generally. The wind is blowing a gale. The wailing through the pine trees, the roaring of the waves, the bending of the orange trees and dropping of the fruit all combine to produce a kind of agitated feeling in the mind. The clouds are thickening as though the elements were going to manifest further interruptions.

The winds have been very severe the last few days. Fearful catastrophes will be heard where souls perished without time for a prayer, with no coffin shroud or pall, no kind clods to give them sepulture.

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Friday March 28<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The *Hiram H Cool* Steamer has just made her appearance today from Cedar Key's. The wind has been blowing almost a gale for the past week. The Steamer knowing her inability to weather storms remained in port. Her boiler, nearly eaten up with rust, only allowed 20 lbs of steam. She has a wicked old Dutch man running on her rough as a rasp and disagreeable as a dun with no money to pay. All the old Steamers unfit for service in other places are brought down here to drown people with, but it seems they keep running with great caution make trips some time between different points.

**Manatee Florida**  
**Sunday March 30<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The day is bright, warm, and pleasant. I tried to get ready for service but was not able, staid at home and wrote some. Walked out during the evening by the River where I met George Patton, Capt Nelson and had in company with Dr. Brookins<sup>40</sup> from Jacksonville. We saw a swordfish, which had come in with the tide, but he was only a foot long sword and all. Myreads of fish were swimming in the water, some of them making little nests where they were feeding. The jumping jacks and mullet were floundering and jumping from the water in the merriment.

---

<sup>40</sup> A.B. Brookins was a Dentist and Dental Surgeon from Jacksonville, Florida. Source: Year: 1880; Census *Jacksonville, Duval, Florida*; Roll: 126; Family History Film: 1254126; Page: 526D; Enumeration District: 033; Image: 0646. Retrieved August 27, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=6742&iid=4240118-00647&fn=A.+B.&ln=Brookins&st=r&ssrc=&pid=4999500>

**Manatee, Florida**  
**Tuesday April 1<sup>st</sup> 1873**

The Steamer came this morning when no person was looking. I had commenced getting ready but such a stirring about Captain Arkin, Dr. Brookins and myself all to be got off. Josiah Gates<sup>41</sup> gone to the field. Our anxiety commenced to increase until I was quite excited, finally Jo came and I knew we would go then which [we] did. Jo got mad at the Doctor on account of his charges and wouldn't take his baggage. The steamer sent a small boat and two men to man her. The day is bright and the winds fair so on we glide.

**Cedar Keys, Florida**  
**Wednesday April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

We made port this morning after daylight. I was trying to sleep when an old lady which roomed with me kept looking me in the face and asking me if I was asleep? She was lonesome and wanted me to stay awake. After breakfast I got all my plunder and myself on shore and took a small boat for Depot Key.<sup>42</sup> Found Mrs. Simpson<sup>43</sup> contented

---

<sup>41</sup> It is probable that Brooks reference is to Josiah Gates Jr, born about 1848. Brooks refers to Mrs. Gates as a widow in an earlier entry. 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved August 25, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263358\\_00321&fn=Josiah&ln=Gates&st=r&ssrc=&pid=3405965](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263358_00321&fn=Josiah&ln=Gates&st=r&ssrc=&pid=3405965)

<sup>42</sup> Known as Atsena Otie Key, this small island near Cedar Key was an important shipping and lumber port. During post-Civil War reconstruction A.W. Faber bought land and built the Eberhardt-Faber mill that milled lumber for cedar pencils. In 1896 a 10 tidal wave spawned by a hurricane swamped the island, destroying all structures including the mill. The island was abandoned by its 250 residents. U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, "Historical Highlights of Atsena Otie Key," U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, <http://www.fws.gov/cedarkeys/atsenaotie.html> (accessed September 2, 2012).

<sup>43</sup> M.A. Simpson is enumerated in the 1885 Florida state census as a widow living in Cedar Key with her son. Schedules of the Florida State Census of 1885; (National Archives Microfilm Publication M845, 13 Rolls); Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29; National Archives, Washington D.C. Retrieved September 5, 2012

and poor as ever. Gave her some presents and money. Staid all night, slept but little on account of the fleas. The[y] ate upon me and walked over me until I was nearly frantic with irritation. Alas how a slight a cause may move.

**Cedar Keys, Florida**  
**Thursday April 3<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

The appearance of this place has slightly improved during the past year. A few wooden buildings are in process of erection varying in size from a sentry post to a smoke house. Nothing impressive or grand in the architecture. The streets bear a close resemblance to city alleys in the suburbs in a city. Oyster shells are piled up without any regard to symmetry. Hogheads barrels and all kinds of debris scattered about promiscuously. The ladies dress in all their finery which looks much like a jewel in a swine's snout as the summer climes spread their trails and commence to wade through the sand, oyster shells and old tin fruit cans soon attach themselves to their clothes but they are accustomed to such little obstacles it furnishes variety. Their volatile nature acknowledge no hindrances through these enchanted grounds to the water, where a charming little dugout of some kind awaits them when they embark for a sail out upon the calm waves where they rock the boat and get wet and are ready to return having had a charming sail, only they tacked three times in a half mile and finding no wind they came on shore again, thinking that a sail on shore was more speedy if not as fascinating. The fleas are here and beyond all comparison. How slight a canoe may move. Took the cars for Baldwin at 9 ½ o'clock .

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Friday April 4<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I arrived in Jacksonville this morning at 10 o'clock glad to escape all danger and be landed again. I am at Mr. Pasco's yet they always welcome my return, and I am glad to see them in turn.

It is Election Day and the band is playing about the streets. Everything is moving briskly and it seems so good to return to the land of churches, bibles and Christians again. I can go in a rude place for a while but I soon tire of it. I cannot stay always there with those contented to live away from God and society.

**From Jacksonville to Fernandina, Florida**  
**Friday April 25<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
*Dictator Steamer*

I felt Jacksonville this morning after a very pleasant stay of three weeks. I have been writing all the time nearly which accounts for my diary being neglected. The boat was crowded with people going back to their homes in the North. They had curiosities from every tree and mud hole which was accessible. The gentlemen had on palmetto hats, the ladies the same besides their hands full, which they were taking to their friends. We had light winds and a smooth passage over the St. Johns Bar, 25 miles from Jacksonville.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Saturday Florida April 26<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I am this morning in Fernandina at the residence of Captain Tucker whose family I like very much. Mrs. Tucker is a very gentle nice lady and Miss Anne I room with. Time always passes pleasantly here. Palmetto work is going on here now, nothing is thought about but hats, flowers, and braid. It is a perfect heaven send to these poor



people here to have employment in their destination. I am commencing to work at the braid some today. The weather is very cool here for this season and vegetation is exceedingly backward. It seems cooler here now than Manatee in January.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Thursday May 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

It has been a stormy windy disagreeable unpleasant day. The sky was unusually dark and threatening about 3 o'clock. The clouds resembling a Norther. The rain came down in quantities and then the hail as large as bird's eggs covering the ground with pieces of ice in every form. We gathered long as we wanted any to eat. It lasted only about 5 minutes but the streets were running little streams of water in every direction. It seems like a little deluge but drowned nobody, only washed the ground.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Saturday May 31<sup>st</sup> 1873**

During the past two weeks been working in palmetto, making flowers, hurrying all the time, besides being hurried by others. The day is excessively warm, the gentle showers descending at intervals.

I have been walking around some today, the cry being that "Palmetto has busted. The contracts gone up finished." The braiders look in vain for purchasers for their heretofore coveted braid. The Negroes find braiding easier than working & morning, but like everything else, it ends.

The yellow fever came to the bar today on board a barque. The captain was thrown in the sea.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Sabbath June 1<sup>st</sup> 1873**

The air was very cool this morning. The wind blowing briskly. I attended the Presbyterian Church<sup>44</sup> and heard a very good sermon in regard to the unsuccessful efforts of those who try to overthrow the kingdom of Christ. After 3 o'clock the rain commenced to fall in a good old fashioned drizzling style, a portion of the time the wind driving it in sheets. Such in appearance in the sky makes a desolate feeling in my heart, which is anything but cheering. I received a letter from pa with a check for \$100 dollars.

**Fernandina, Florida**  
**Friday June 6<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
*City Point Steamer*

I took passage at 6 P.M. for Savannah. Palmetto is a vision in the past from which all the greenback visions have fled, leaving despondency and disappointment lingering where hopes were high and anticipation gilded the horizon with rosy hues. The panic was equal to Wall Street New York. Orders for furniture, jewelry, silks, china and luxuries, which had not been indulged in since the war, were now to be bought and enjoyed.<sup>45</sup> But the bubble bursted . A rainy dark night; retired early.

---

<sup>44</sup> The First Presbyterian Church of Fernandina, organized in May of 1858 and continues to worship today in the oldest church building on Amelia Island and under the tolling of the original church bell. Malcolm A. Noden, "The Rich History of the First Presbyterian Church," First Presbyterian Church, <http://www.first-presbyterian-church-32034.org/about/history/> (accessed August 27, 2012).

<sup>45</sup> Brooks speaks here in metaphor about the 'bubble burst' in demand for palmetto hats. Yet only three months later in September of 1873 Wall Street will itself crash due to a panic over the closing of Jay Cooke and Company investment firm. PBS.org, "The Panic of 1873," PBS.org <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/grant-panic/> (accessed September 3, 2012).

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Saturday June 7<sup>th</sup> 1873**

After a smooth passage we arrived in Savannah this morning at 6 o'clock. I went to find Mrs. Doig thinking perhaps she had sailed for Europe where property awaits her claims. I found her in her old place and she seemed very glad to see me. I went to see the Morning News people, but am unable to walk about much the sun being so intensely hot and I fell so weak.

Everything seems terrible dull here except a few sales in cotton, made by those who were holding on for a rise in the staple. Retired early weary.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday June 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I arrived at this point the 10<sup>th</sup> of June without any mishaps only much fatigued with the Florida malaria in my system giving me chills and fever with inability to make any exertion hardly able to sit up. It is the Sabbath but I have been unable to attend church. I arrived at Dr. Wilson's and they are very kind to me. I am unable to take care of myself now but hope to be well soon. The day is bright and beautiful after a series of showery rainy days. The water poured yesterday.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

The summer solstice for the year 73. The weather is very warm and many people are panic stricken on account of disease and death which surrounds us. In Nashville, Tennessee yesterday there were over one hundred deaths from cholera.<sup>46</sup> The people are

---

<sup>46</sup> A Cholera epidemic ravaged Tennessee in 1873. It was thought to have started in New Orleans and moved up river to Memphis. Memphis is hit especially hard due to a

leaving in crowds, all who can get away. They are more panic-stricken than when the Yankees came with death much more certain if they stay. The climate here is all that keeps away pestilence; The mountain air and pure water. I am unable to attend church.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1873**

I have moved today into the suburban portion of the City where I am in hopes I shall recover faster. I am having something like chills. The fevers I have scorches all the vitality of my mortal frame and I am only a feeble suffering lump of clay. I am with a family named Douglass, which seems very kind to me. I am past harshness or ill treatment in any form. I have pure air good water and milk here which are essentials.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday August 17<sup>th</sup> 1873**

A bright clear day, which finds me convalescing very slowly from Dysentery & Piles. How have I suffered for over four weeks with what gall and bitterness has the sands of my life dragged out. Dr. Miller & Johnson came to see me several times but my disease, like many other things, had to have its course. I have been cared for carefully and well nursed there together with a kind Providence is all that has brought me through. I have not left my room since the 21<sup>st</sup> of July. Never suffered so much before in my life.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath August 31<sup>st</sup> 1873**

God's Holy Day comes and goes like other periods of time with one. I hear the church bells ringing and am reminded that the IV Commandment is to be observed by

---

simultaneous Yellow Fever Epidemic. "There was filth enough in both cities to give the disease a firm foothold." "The Cholera in Tennessee," *New York Times*, July 11, 1873.

abstaining from our daily employment and trying to prepare for Heaven the abode of the souls of the just made perfect.

I am unable to leave my room yet. Dr. Miller came to see me today and says I am mending. Sister Osborne came to see me, one of our church members.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday September 1<sup>st</sup> 1873**

A warm day, the months seem to make no difference in the temperature. The day is like August the heat like the torrid zone. Miss Vick Wilson & Miss Mary Woodhouse came to see me. I am glad to reflect that I am not forgotten in my afflictions. I have had every thing done for me during my illness, which could be for anyone afflicted with the disease I am suffering from. Chronic Diarrhea. I have been unable to sit up a day for three months.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday September 4<sup>th</sup> 1873**

I have had a very miserable day, but company has made me forget my pains some. Miss Sallie Moore & Miss Mary Woodhouse came and amused themselves [with [ my shells for over two hours and Miss Mary tells me she was an adopted daughter of Col. Perry's now living in Ocala. Poor man, he has talent but prostituting it by drinking whisky. He is a sott. After dinner Mrs. Emma Watts & Miss Anne Holliday came to see me and brought me some sweet potatoes.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath September 7<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The weather is perfectly oppressing it is so warm. A thundershower visited us this morning a little past three o'clock, but the air is not cooled. The prospect is now for

more rain. I have suffered more for the past two days and nights than any tongue can. I cannot get better although I try so hard.

Today Mr. Hernandez, the chorister came to visit. The conversation helped me to think more of my spiritual condition. He has that faith which Christ says can only come by “prayer and fasting.” When his little ones are sick he asks God to make them well and He has always answered his prayers.

He had a letter. Rev. Mr. Bikum had written from New York since the cars ran over his leg & arm saying that he regarded it as a blessing as his condition enabled him to read his Bible and pray more while confined to his room. Such an accident I would regard as an affliction shrouded in clouds of inky darkness. But afflictions are sent upon us for our good to keep our grasp from lightning on the world losing sight of Heaven.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday September 28<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The weather is excessively warm for this season of the year. I have been spending the past week with Mrs. Watts. It gives me a variety and I think a change is improving. I was very sick two days during my absence. Mrs. Watts was very kind to me. I disliked to have her wait on me much as she wished.

Mr. Hughs sent a carriage for me and they all made my stay very pleasant but I suffered until it seems I shall lose my mind sometimes. How long & lonely the nights appear when I am awake.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday October 5<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The cold winds commenced whistling through town and rocking the tree tops this morning. It is now blowing almost a gale but no damage done yet. How fortunate I have

been this season in having a home where neither cyclones, cholera, or yellow fever are destroying the people or their property.

We are passing through fearful financial panic. The foundation of every banking house seems crumbling into ruins. No estimate can be made of the damage until the wreckers come in with the fragments.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday October 26<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Another Sabbath has rolled through the cycles of time into the great ocean of a boundless, shoreless, fathomless eternity. I am unable to attend church and on account of the noise of children in the house where I stay, my Sabbaths are not accompanied with pleasant emotions and enjoyed in prospect of a never-ending one above. Three boys playing marbles under my windows this morning during the time of church service deprived me of my happiness. I was writing to Mr. & Mrs. Pasco with reference to a widow from Jacksonville which had left the paths of virtue and then wandered from her home to Atlanta and supported herself by teaching a Negro school but in the midst of her career taken sick and died leaving a child to guide his frail bark over life's troubled seas alone. Her kindred will not care to circulate their disgrace by taking the poor orphan boy home. He was born a year ago last August. When I hear of so many dying I cannot tell why I am living. When I recover my strength I must hunt for the path of usefulness.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Saturday November 15<sup>th</sup> 1873**

The summer has past away bearing a record of little import to any in regard to usefulness. I had moved today from a room where only disagreeable things surrounded to a place of at least supposed quiet, as there are only two members in the family; a man

and his wife. The name of the family in which I have taken up my abode is Bond. Mrs. Bond remarked when I came, "that everything was quiet, here with no children and she saw nothing to mar my happiness." I expect to spend the winter in reading and writing, the only real comfort I have is from intercourse with great minds.

With the companionship of pleasant books comes agreeable thoughts, varied reflections upon the characters of those who have lived in the past and have not perished in oblivion because they done well and died nobly. I can hardly bear the disappointment of not visiting Florida, this winter to stay here in the steely rainy dark days, which will come shivering over a few coals. How can I bear the change.

**Atlanta Georgia**  
**Saturday November 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873**

In company with Doctor Stevens I today visited the [prison] in which is confined sixty-three prisoners, among them Milton Malone<sup>47</sup> sentenced to be hung next Friday for murder. It is a very critical time now with him, no visitors being allowed to enter the cell of the condemned man but his parents, medical, and spiritual advisers. After each visitor departs a thorough search is initiated in order to ascertain that no weapons of self-destruction has been concealed.

Malone is an only child whose conduct has darkened a once happy household and clouded it with gloom. It is a sad spectacle to look upon a human being, which for the good of society must be so soon blotted out of an earthly existence. When we approached where he was sitting his little black and tan terrier commenced barking

---

<sup>47</sup> Milton Malone was imprisoned for the murder of Frank Phillips. Less than a week after Brooks' visit Malone took an overdose of morphine on the eve of his execution and was found dead in his cell. "Malone Takes Morphine, Cheats the Gallows," *Union and Advertiser*, November 28, 1873; "State vs. Milton Malone," *The Carroll County Times*, December 6, 1872.



vociferously and ran towards me. Malone got up and went in his cell. He looked repentant, determined, and sullen. I wanted him to talk to me but he has become very uncommunicative of late and I had to be satisfied with seeing but not gratified by hearing him say anything.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabbath November 30<sup>th</sup> 1873**

It has been one of those gloomy, drizzly, disagreeable, dark, cloudy days, which penetrate to the very marrow and make the sad hearted feel like filling the grave of a suicide. I have been deprived the privilege of attending church on account of the weather but have been reading in my Bible and an Address by the Rev James Dixon. Subject: "The Chariots in which king thought rides."

The mind is vehicle in which thought rides and on fancy's wings is transported to the mountains heights and was through the ether blue far beyond the region of space. Poetry is the principal chariot in which king thought rides and we have painting & sculpture. Paintings are ideas in form of whose beauty and loveliness we never tire when developed by a skillful hand and portrayed in shadows which harmonize.

How delightful and entertaining it is to hear a speaker with an eye for the beautiful, a heart for the pure with the eloquence of an orator, and the intellect of a genius give life to his imagery and vitality to his words.

It is now past 9 o'clock the stillness of death is everywhere except an occasional car which passes the street.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday December 24<sup>th</sup> 1873**  
**Christmas Eve**

The day has been both cool and cloudy with a perceptible drizzle of rain this morning. I took the streetcars for shopping about 10 o'clock. Went to "The Herald Office" and handed in the following: "Estill of the Savannah Morning News has concluded to forego the expense of fireworks during Christmas, as the illuminating properties of the molasses colored hair which frequents the precincts of his Office, together with the scintillations of genius, will be sufficient for safety in these precarious panicky times."

I went to see Mrs. Watts and found her busy as a bee with five possums for Christmas dinner and other things in proportion. I loaned her some money, which she had the misfortune to lose and now I half imagine sometimes she pays it back grudgingly as it never was any benefit to her but made her more trouble.

I bought Mrs. Bond one half dozen granite-wear plates, which she seemed delighted with and Mr. Bond a cup and saucer, which made him quite happy. The approach of Christmas is no more than others days to one, I have no one to give me presents and expect none.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday December 25<sup>th</sup> 1873**

Christmas with its usual festivities is here. Firecrackers, guns, pistols, and eggnog are the inaugurating exercises. Fat turkeys, pigs, chickens and other fat things keep up the excitement. When night comes, the votaries of King Alcohol lose their brains and their legs, they retire satisfied with themselves and all the world besides.

I took dinner with Mrs. Watts today. Two Turkeys and six possums were among the eatables. Everybody seemed satisfied and quiet. The streets were full of noise; boys blowing on horns, beating on all kinds of tin vessels, Negroes reeling about drunk. The Fantastics came commanded by King Rex.<sup>48</sup> They were like all others which I have seen, hideous grotesque and ugly. I retired before night on account of the drunken persons about the streets. I went over to Major Bell's to sit until bedtime. Time passed very pleasantly until 8 o'clock when all at once Major Bell remarked, "Let us have prayers for it is time were all in bed". It went through me like an electric shock. I remained until prayers were said and then retired to my home thinking I had experienced a novel method of treatment.

---

<sup>48</sup> "An air of revelry pervaded Atlanta on January 6, 1873, when the first in a series of annual carnivals was given by a group of prominent men who called themselves the Mystic Brotherhood. ...Peachtree and other principal streets were lined with thousand of revelers as "King Rex" majestically moved past in his chariot. The first Rex was said to be Logan E. Bleckley, later chief justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia." William Bailey Williford. *Peachtree Street, Atlanta*. (Athens, GA: University Press of Georgia, 1962), 36

Chapter Three  
February 1, 1874 – December 25, 1874

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday February 1<sup>st</sup> 1874**

The sun tried to illumine the day and makes it bright but vapory clouds enveloped it in mist, and drops of moisture commenced to distil. The rain was gentle and I went to church without any injury on the streetcars.

Mr. Marten preached from the words of Isaiah, “But he was wounded for our transgressions he was bruised for our iniquities.” Sacrament was administered which was a precious renewing of the covenant made to be a child of God.

The atmosphere for a week has been gentle as the whisperings of affection. The days have been of a beautiful bright sunshine; that kind which infuses vitality and maker us strong to run life’s tiresome races. I am yet living in the greatest seclusion nearly in the country where no tragic occurrence comes to mar the everyday humdrum of life, and unimportant events are told over until they are threadbare.

How I pine for Florida where choice chalices of nectarine juices refresh and delight all participants. I am not enjoying myself much today, there is something wearisome in waiting for a price to be published which has been promised for weeks. Such is the fate of all writers or rather fledglings like myself.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday February 15<sup>th</sup> 1874**

It had been a dark, gloomy, threatening day. I did not attend church for fear it would rain. I remained at home and read in religious papers. The pulpits in Atlanta have not a superabundance of talent but some very good men. I attended The Wilson Chapel mission school which is in a flourishing condition, but bad behaved children, partly-grown, go there to laugh and play, which gives a very bad look to the discipline part of the school. The poor children are gathered here from the highways and hedges. Those of which the Kingdom of Heaven are made up. God's people; the children of salvation.

I had a class of little boys given to me. Poor little fellows, the children of poverty mostly, which will have to struggle over life's uneven surfaces with no gilded display or outfit in their debut upon the stage of life. The influence of the Sabbath School upon their tender minds may produce stars in their crowns of salvation and buoys to cross the Jordan of Death. Seed sown in their hearts is not to be estimated for years and the fruit may be grapes of thistles, wheat or chaff. The harvest will tell.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday March 18<sup>th</sup> 1874**

After a week's illness and confinement to my room I am able to sit up a little while today. Wrote a letter to Obion County<sup>1</sup> & Cousin Minnie.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Orne has visited me twice during my sickness and to his skill I attribute my early recovery together with

---

<sup>1</sup> Located in the northwest corner of Tennessee near the Mississippi River.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly Martha Minerva Lindley (1835-1913). She is Abbie's first cousin. She is the child of Orange Lindley, the brother of Abbie's father. The relationship is note worthy because of the suggestion by some that Abbie Brooks was disowned by her father. As later entries will reveal, Brooks received money from her father and also maintained a close relationship with her father's side of the family. These circumstances would be highly unlikely if her highly religious father had rejected Brooks.

Mrs. Bond's good nursing. Deranged digestion seems destined to destroy me yet it certainly encroaches very much on my happiness.

I have pleasant surroundings, which makes my troubles more endurable. The air comes in my room today, soft as the tones from an Acoham harp, gentle as the stars twinkling on their bosom briny deep; sweet echoes greet me from free feathered songsters: the great golden sun which has been hid for one week shines with his brightest beams. The trees are decked in their robes of pink and snowy white, while the bees hold holiday in their nectarine stores.

I am trying to get able to return back to Tennessee. My old friends Judge White's family wrote for me to return. I received a letter the 14<sup>th</sup> of March containing the death of Terry Cahal. Poor Terry so young and full of hope, victimized by death "I love a shining mark."

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday March 20<sup>th</sup> 1874**

The day has been pouring down for the last half hour in streams. It seems almost like a flood. It is the equinoctial in real earnest. I am sick yet mending slowly. I have been reading today of a great revival in Baltimore under the supervision of a woman. She is no doubt in the path of duty. The rain has fallen during intervals the entire day. Freshets are heard from in different localities.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday March 21<sup>st</sup> 1874**

The sun has a wet time this season in crossing the line. I received a letter this morning from Mrs. M.A. Doig. In the letter were four yellow jasmines with four green leaves. The aroma exhales from them while I am writing. It is sweet as the memory of

friendship in this lone world. The rain is coming down with uninterrupted movement as it only resumed its work about two hours since having had a respite since daylight. It is now past 1 P.M., raining very hard. God rules the storms. This weather will pass away and the sun will shine yet. This world is not all clouds or all sunshine, mixed. The rain is now falling, sunset. I feel buoyant about getting well and the weather does not damp my spirits as sometimes.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1874**

It is the Holy Sabbath but I am like a prisoner in a room, all scenes and days are alike. I am much better than last Sabbath and I trust by next Sabbath to be at Church. It has rained hard all night since daylight, a slight respite with an effort on the part of old Sol to rule the day but the clouds have conquered and a prospect of more falling weather.

12 o'clock: The sky is dark and water coming down yet, but it seems like a kind of spasmodic effort more than a continuation. I have been working all the morning to get an idea out of any brain but the rain has washed them all away and the dark clouds obscured them.

3 P.M.: The beautiful sun has come out at last and looks bright as though he was going to take command again. The earth is full of water and everything has been washed.

Night: The sun retired very modestly somewhat veiled. I am feeling tolerably comfortable now, as though I could endure life a little longer if necessary. Life has few charms for the afflicted and the grave is looked into as the only escape from suffering and sorrows. Night has draped the earth with a covering of thick darkness. I am in my room at all times day and night.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1874**

Another dark, gloomy, rainy day. There has been so much rain during this equinoctial that the line is washed away and the sun cannot tell when it is across.

I am able to walk around the house some today for which I am truly thankful. Mrs. Bond said she was afraid to come in my room two mornings while I was so sick for fear I would be dead. I did not realize my being so low, like most sick persons.

**Atlanta Georgia**  
**Tuesday March 24<sup>th</sup> 1874**

I awoke this morning before day and saw a bright star peeping in at my window. I knew it to be the forerunner of a pleasant day, it was like the star of hope in the midnight of gloom.

Daylight: The sun drove away the clouds with his golden rays and has shone all day. God be praised. I have just read the death of Lou Wiley's baby. Her second born and only child. I saw the other day two years ago this coming. I roomed with her when she was Lou Keith. "He doeth all things well."

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday April 12<sup>th</sup> 1874**

It is a very charming day. The air is delightful; the trees, many of them are in full bloom while others have commenced to form fruit. The grass is very green while the white clover dots its with snowy caps.

I attended church and heard a sermon from the words "He that confesseth me before men him will I confess before my father which is heaven." Mr. McMurry preached. He has the appearance of a truly good man but was not born great evidently. Colleges or seminaries of lessoning do not make men of genius. It is planted in them like



the tree rooted in the ground. It is stamped upon them with the first breath they draw, an inspiration from the hand of their Creator while others never have the foundation of mediocrity.

After church I went to Dr. Wilson to see Miss Minerva. She is a morphine eater. The doctor has been trying to break her of the habit but had to finally abandon it and now she has her morphine like the drunkard his dram. A slave chained by habit.

I expect in a week more to be in Tennessee for a change.

**Atlanta Georgia**  
**Sunday April 19<sup>th</sup> 1874**

The Holy Sabbath. A dark, dismal, rainy day. I had to stay at home all day, only a little while when it rested from raining long enough for me to get over to Major Bell's a little while. I am preparing to move from this place where I have been for the last five months. I am going to Tennessee for a change. My health is improving and I look forward to the time when I shall be well and able to go about again as in times that have passed. I wrote to Mrs. Doig today who resides in Savannah and to Obion County.

It had rained incessantly for the past week and how much longer I cannot tell. I have been interested in the vapory movements for several days that I might get my arrangements perfected to leave but cannot circulate in the rain on account of my health. It is a very rainy season. Cousin Minnie wrote three days since that the snows were deeper than before during the winter. We are taking ours in rain. It is now past 9 o'clock and the rain is pouring down. Take care of me tonight Heavenly Father, through clouds and storms.

**Nashville, Tennessee**  
**Sabbath April 26<sup>th</sup> 1874**

I am once more safe in Old Tennessee at which point I arrived the 22<sup>nd</sup> of April. It has rained every day since my return but today. The sun has shone brightly all day and the people have went to church in crowds. I cannot go on account of my health. I have no strength and I am becoming discouraged. I take no pleasure in anything. I can eat but little of anything. A buggy ride nearly jolts the senses out of me. It is all I can do to live and roll over the rocks.

I spend my time more like a dream than a reality. The days come and go like shadows more than epochs of time. Everyday I think that I will commence in work of some kind soon weakness takes possession of me and I fall prostrated by its influence on some friendly lounge or pleasant lying bed.

I am with Mr. Jackson B. White's family; old acquaintances who have always been friends. Their poverty is all that makes me feel bad but they have religion to buoy them up in adversity and God's promises to comfort them when earthly friends fail.

**Nashville, Tennessee**  
**Friday May 1<sup>st</sup> 1874**

I attended a little entertainment tonight for the benefit of the Public School to purchase a bell. The selections were bad but each performed their parts well. Mr. & Mrs. [omitted] being thoroughbred theatricals. Mrs. Rebecca Holloway was taken with a chill and had to leave the house.

**Nashville, Tennessee**  
**Sabbath May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1874**

Miss Rebecca still continues sick and this morning I obtained her requests to send for a physician. I sent for Dr. Lyle who pronounced her case pneumonia.

**Near Madison Station, Tennessee**  
**Thursday May 7<sup>th</sup> 1874 Thursday**

I left Nashville after dinner this evening, a little past 10 o'clock, for Mr. Hall's whose residence is near Madison Station.<sup>3</sup> I arrived at Mr. Woodruff's after a journey of only 8 miles, where I remained during the night. They are in much trouble about Toby, the youngest, who was in delicate health and has left for some place of which they are not informed. He is about eighteen, plenty old enough known better. Johnnie has become demented in a manner although he talked very rationally to me on the subject of having run on the Rail Road at one time. I envy more of their happiness. Jimmy & Eddie have both died during my absence.<sup>4</sup>

**Near Madison Station**  
**Friday May 8<sup>th</sup> 1874**

I came from Mr. Woodruff's today horseback. The old home is in a fearful condition, mud holes without a bottom or the as with the foundation too low down for comfort. My horse's feet became planted in a hole, which I removed only by the most vigorous jerking, which effort nearly threw me over his head. I did not anticipate so much trouble or I would have waited until the mud had dried more.

---

<sup>3</sup> A small town northeast of Nashville

<sup>4</sup> During the Civil War Abbie Brooks lived in Tennessee, working as a schoolteacher.

I found all that remained of Mr. Hall's family very well.<sup>5</sup> Death had taken Aunt Betsy during my absence. She was over 85 years of age, but could knit to the very last and would not lie down until a few days before she died although extremely feeble. Grandmother Neely is very active although over 75 years of age. Mrs. Hall has been the mother of thirteen children and looks about 35, does all the cooking. All her children, which used to be my little ones, are in a manner grown.<sup>6</sup> I cannot realize so much has elapsed since I taught them; ten years of events, hopes blighted, sorrows endured, trials passed through with. They all say they are glad to see me and I in turn am happy to meet them. The quietude of this place is very pleasant to me.

---

<sup>5</sup> The Hall family was as follows: Samuel Hall (b. 1814), wife Hadasah Hall (b. 1821), Mother-in-Law Jane Neely (b. 1799). Aunt Betsy was Elizabeth Neely, the sister of Jane Neely (b. 1788). The Hall children included Susan, George, John, Joseph, Samuel, Samantha, Jane, Edwin, Herbert, Mattie, William, David, Hattie, and Sallie. Seventh Census of the United States, 1850; (National Archives Microfilm Publication M432, 1009 rolls); Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29; National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved September 4, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=8054&iid=4191101-00528&fn=Jane&ln=Nseby&st=r&ssrc=&pid=6053735>; 1860 U.S. census, population schedule. NARA microfilm publication M653, 1,438 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved September 4, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4296186\\_00338&fn=J&ln=Neely&st=r&ssrc=&pid=19047917](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7667&iid=4296186_00338&fn=J&ln=Neely&st=r&ssrc=&pid=19047917) 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved September 4, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4276591\\_00166&fn=Jane&ln=Neely&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10229168](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4276591_00166&fn=Jane&ln=Neely&st=r&ssrc=&pid=10229168); Tenth Census of the United States, 1880. (NARA microfilm publication T9, 1,454 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved September 4, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=6742&iid=4244541-00603&fn=Jane&ln=Neely&st=r&ssrc=&pid=9458958>.

<sup>6</sup> During and immediately following the Civil War Brooks lived in Tennessee, teaching school. She was acquainted with the family because the children were her pupils.

**Nashville Tennessee**  
**Sunday August 30<sup>th</sup> 1874**

It is not difficult to tell from the last date of my Diary that it has been simply neglected. I have passed through one of the dryest, hottest seasons that I ever experienced; May until within the last three days when it come down in streams sufficient to raise the River. The streets are muddy and everything rejoiced to see the rain but the Circus as it did not increase the number of their visitors. It is the Holy Sabbath but from some cause I feel very badly and cannot attend church, but God is everywhere and can hear and answer petitions. The air is cool and bracing today containing life-giving principles. The quietness of death reigns everywhere except the drilling of cars and engines for service tomorrow. There is no Sabbath upon the railroad. In the morning I expect to visit Mrs. Chadwell's and go from there up to Mr. Love's.

I delighted beyond expression that it has rained. I could not look the poor farmers in the face with their parched fields and cattle lowing for water. The grass is springing up again, which is a blessing of large dimensions.

**Edgefield, Tennessee**  
**Tuesday October 20<sup>th</sup> 1874**

For several days past I have been making my arrangement to leave for Atlanta. Major Herbert & Mr. Brown, Editors of the Commercial,<sup>7</sup> called upon me and spent a very pleasant evening in conversing. Mr. White contributed his share to the

---

<sup>7</sup> The Nashville Commercial Reporter was published form 1869-1874 by James Browne. Source: Geo. P. Rowell & Co.. *Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory, containing Accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America*, (New York: Geo. O. Rowell & Co., 1874). Retrieved August 30, 2012 from <http://digital.library.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metadc9260/>.

entertainment. Mr. Brown gave me a letter of introduction to an acquaintance of his; a Catholic Priest in Pensacola as I anticipate a visit to that point it will be a valuable assistant. My departure will now be delayed several days waiting for a pass to Decatur.

**Edgefield, Tennessee**  
**Saturday October 22<sup>nd</sup> 1874**

A dark, rainy morning, thundering and lightning occasionally. I am comfortably housed copying notes I have taken in regard to Florida. I shall soon drift out into the world again to see the beauties and explore its wonders. I think this winter will satisfy me in making discoveries. If no accident befalls me I shall be extremely thankful.

**Nashville, Tennessee**  
**Wednesday October 27 1874**

This morning I bade adieu to the family of Mr. J. B. White. They have all been very kind to me. I came from Georgia hardly able to sit up and now I am usually well. The beautiful autumn days are here and the trees are tinged with the fingers of decay. The death of the leaf being more beautiful than its life. I am sitting in the depot window watching the people crawl about with pipes in their mouths to pass the time away. If it was not for tobacco what would poor restless mankind do for recreation? What would take the place of the curling wreathing smoke or the exquisite quids which are rolled so satisfactorily under their tongues and then the house wife how would she occupy her valuable time without the scrubbing brush always in hand ready to clean after the ambient effusions? Nashville has many pleasant memories to me and during the [omitted] some

very exciting ones. As I go away I feel lonely for here it is I know more people than at any place in the world. A cultured society moves here and money is the motive power of all.

**Decatur, Alabama**  
**Wednesday October 28<sup>th</sup> 1874**

Sunset and autumn are pleasant but the meridian of day never declined on a more disagreeable scene than this sickly forlorn place. The waters of the Tennessee create a morass, which makes the children chill and grown folks shake their patience out and constitution into consumption. Houses are empty and going to decay while many of the people look as though their earthly house has been much shaken. I feel like a victim of fortuitous circumstances thrown up by the waves of time, trying to finish a footing and set sail again.

The cotton here is so much injured by the drought that the little sprinkles about on the plants resembles snowflakes. How many boles it takes to make a pound and how the sutlers samplers pull it out with their immense hooks.

I saw Tommy Barker today at the Decatur Junction.<sup>8</sup> His surrounding were ponds of black looking water, swamps, lagoons and the floating fluid in my form but the clear running branch with pebbly soundings or snowy sandy banks The house stays was designed for the telegraph business. It is anything but an enviable spot for stopping or resting.

---

<sup>8</sup> Decatur Junction is the point of the union between the Memphis Charleston Railroad with the Louisville Nashville Railroad, which occurs on a causeway in the Tennessee River. Phares Coleman, *Reports of Cases Aargued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Alabama, Volume 104*. (Montgomery, AL: Roemer Printing Co. 1896) Retrieved August 31, 2012 from <http://books.google.com/books?id=o7kKAAAAYAAJ&printsec=frontcover#v=onepage&q&f=false>

**Montgomery, Alabama**  
**Tuesday November 17<sup>th</sup> 1874**

A cool morning with a strong breeze. Emigrants accidentally all in the same car. The hack drivers cursed until they were red in the face, the babies cried until they looked like little blood beets. Finally a truce to their strain as they were ordered to change bases. They had brought their trunks in the cars with them for safe keeping, carefully tied up with ropes beside unmentionable bags for their earthly possessions. Each woman had a mop in her mouth armed with snuff as a solace against the sorrows of parting from their paternal homes.

All the R.R. officials look cross; they have no time to listen to a question for fear it might not be a sensible one which they no time to answer taking it for granted that nothing disconnected with their official duties is worthy of notice.

Near Montgomery the Cherokee Rose used for fencing flourishes. The monotony of Pine Barrens is much broken by fertile hammocks, forests of oak, sweet gum, mast gum, magnolia and cypress.

We have taken on a new invoice of babies. How the cherished darlings scream and stretch their vocal organs demonstrating their ability to make a noise in the world if it is not agreeable to the hearers.

March corn has been planted and raised in this portion of the country which evinces their good sense in one way to save shipping food from other places taking the money from home which should be kept here.



**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Wednesday November 18<sup>th</sup> 1874**

I awoke this morning to find myself in Pensacola 10 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Everything looks very rustic and the town near the Bay has an ancient appearance. The inhabitants have so many different colors it is difficult to distinguish between the old fashioned African Negro and those who would scorn the thought of black blood running their veins. The Spanish Creoles have a very shady hue to say the least of it and their hair has a peculiar kink never seen in the pure Catillian race.

At first streak of dawn a sound breaks upon the ear of the sleepy guests like military movements but it is only servant heating a tattoo upon the tough steaks cut from some ancient animal whose stay during the winter night be uncertain. Dentists would no doubt do a thriving business here as the prolonged efforts at mastication have a demolishing tendency upon the grinders and incisors.

I have been troubled in regard to where I should stop during my stay in Pensacola and finally have found a place where I can be accommodated by paying twelve dollars per month for a furnished room without board. The room is very bare but my pocket book will be more if I pay the fabulous prices, which are charged in Pensacola. Came here the 19<sup>th</sup> day.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Sunday December 13<sup>th</sup> 1874**

I am yet in the sandy city of Pensacola wading about. Today is the Sabbath and I attended the Presbyterian Church.<sup>9</sup> Rev Mr. Carter<sup>10</sup> is the Pastor and preached a fine sermon upon the subject of God's power. The congregation was a nice, respectable looking class of people. A goodly number of sailors were present whose looks indicated hardships and toil. Mr. Carter spoke beautifully upon the subject of Christ stilling the tempest. He gave them also to understand that he wished them all to bear their proportion in supporting the ministry that the burden fell on a few and if their support was withdrawn there would be no church or gospel preached.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Wednesday December 16<sup>th</sup> 1874**

Some persons say it hardly ever rains in Florida. It here rained all this day constantly, most of the time very hard. Water is now standing all around in little ponds upon the streets although they are full of deep sand, water having fallen faster than the Earth could drink it up. I have spent the day in reading and writing trying to get up another letter for Major Hubbard to publish. I am contemplating a trip to Cuba with

---

<sup>9</sup> "Constituted 1845. Services were held in the old court house, corner of Jefferson and Liberty Streets, 1845-47, when the first church was erected at 224 Intendencia Street, used until 1888 when the present church, a Gothic style, rectangular, gray, brick and stucco, with cornerstone, stained glass and memorial windows, bell and belfry, and pipe organ, was erected; dedicated, 1889." Works Progress Administration Church Records, "First Presbyterian Church," Florida Memory Project, <http://www.floridamemory.com/items/show/248263> (accessed September 3, 2012).

<sup>10</sup> William Carter, (b 1836) is enumerated in the 1870 federal census as Parish Minister in Pensacola. 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263355\\_00372&fn=William&ln=Carter&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13838585](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263355_00372&fn=William&ln=Carter&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13838585)

Captain Hale and his family. I feel as though it was a favorable opportunity for the indulgence of a spirit of adventure and to add to my knowledge of this portion of the country.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Friday December 25<sup>th</sup> 1874**

“A Merry Christmas to all my friends”. The rain has fallen all day; if it has ceased a moment the time could not be observed. The streets have been very quiet in consideration of the day. Occasionally a crowd of Negroes skipped about the corners, shouted, kicked up their heels, and fell down like limber rags. I am glad it has rained all day to keep the streets clear of some much confusion, and wetting intoxicated people has a tendency to sober them. The rain has been a welcome visitor to some and unwelcome to others.

The Catholic bell rang at a little past 4 o'clock and at intervals until 9 o'clock. The ladies went to communion in the air. Spent the day in reading.

Chapter Four  
January 1, 1875-November 21, 1875

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Friday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1875**

The first day of a new year with a dull, dark, foggy atmosphere, which obscures the sun and a distillation of moisture which makes it very disagreeable together with a cool wind which drives the dampness through anybody to their very vitals.

I have spent the day in writing letters; wrote to Mrs. J.B. White & Habana Steamship Company New Orleans,<sup>1</sup> about going to Cuba. A Sea Captain called to see me who had heard I wished to visit Cuba. He is a kind-hearted, fatherly appearing, old man who has sailed the sea for nearly forty years. He promises to take good care of me if I go with him.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Sabbath January 3<sup>rd</sup> 1875**

It has been raining more or less for the past two weeks. It has pattered, poured, and dropped until the poetry has all been washed out of rainy days and nights to me. The water is spilling down now 8 o'clock P.M. as though there has none fallen for days. The bells have been ringing for church but a wetting is not considered beneficial to colds or conducive to the health of those who have them. The constant rainy weather we have makes everything seem exceedingly dreary; the ground is soaked so full the sand cannot even take it up with all its absorbing properties. Vain world Good Night.

---

<sup>1</sup> Most likely The New Orleans and Havana Steamship and Lottery Company, which is still in business today.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Thursday January 7<sup>th</sup> 1875**

A little before 1 o'clock P.M. our Schooner weighed anchor for Cuba to take a long tedious voyage with the prospect of a pleasant terminus at the end to conclude with a real live drama from Cuban scenery, Mother Carey's chickens escorted us on our way over the bar. They moved along, spreading their snowy sails, swift and happy as though clear skies with no cloudy weather ever assailed them.

I became very seasick before dark, and extremely helpless. The wind North with the prospect of a Nor' Wester which died out before midnight. At this time of the year when the season is changing there is much variableness in the weather.

**Gulf of Mexico**  
**Tuesday Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I woke at an early hour this morning feeling very feeble. The sea is a dead calm nearly and we are making a mile in two hours. I am able to move myself a little since dinner by being refreshed with toast and tea. Our sails hang loosely as a gamblers conscience. The land is out of sight and so are we to everyone but each other. We are in God's care now. I have been speaking to the mate about cursing. He is a Prussian and speaks very bad English. I told him he used better language in cursing than any other English he spoke. "O" he says "I learn first to curse when I talk English. I do it without tinkin. I know it is wrong but it make de sailor step a little quicker."

All day nothing has been in sight but Portuguese man of war with their bubble sails of rainbow hues and emerald hulls with their anchors steadying them in their swift uncertain voyage over the waves, but when the winds look like they descend into more quiet waters. They trim their sails only in fine weather. It is a very curious with the

concave side uppermost girded by purple rudder bands more than two feet in length.

These filaments are very poisonous when handled; sailors sometimes in bathing are stung by coming in contact with them producing a sensation like the sea nettle. The seagull has flapped her wings near us in silence today like the shadow of death in its lonely flight.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Wednesday January 9<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Rain falling. Wind 50 hours N.E. 'Standing Southward' Schooner in sight all day. Neptune has his biggest darker churning the sea. The vessel rolls in every direction and the sea boils like a dinner pot. I commenced being sick and continued in that miserable fix all day.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Holy Sabbath January 10<sup>th</sup> 1875**  
**Longitude West 86 17' Lat 25 1 40'**

Winds light from the N.E. veering. Steamer bound N. West crossed our bow between 10 or 11 o'clock last night; was windy stormy and rainy. The vessel rolled and rocked at a fearful rate. I thought of the song "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."<sup>2</sup> The wind blew down the gangway and extinguished the binnacle lamps<sup>3</sup> after which a big wave came in and commenced washing out the cabin, then the water rolled over the decks. The foresheet was chained which kept rattling like fettered demons of darkness.

---

<sup>2</sup> Lyrics written circa 1839 by Emma Willard, music by Joseph P Knight. Recording available at <http://www.loc.gov/jukebox/recordings/detail/id/698/>

<sup>3</sup> The binnacle is an apparatus at the boat's helm for housing navigation instruments. For nighttime navigation, a binnacle lamp was used to illuminate the compass. The binnacle and lamp materials were specifically rust resistant and nonmagnetic, so as not to interfere with performance of the compass. Cat Serpe, "Uncovering Museum Mysteries: Binnacle Lamp," Phillips Museum of Art, Franklin and Marshall College <http://blogs.fandm.edu/phillipsmuseum/2012/04/11/uncovering-museum-mysteries-binnacle-lamp/> (accessed September 1, 2012).

The sound and scene reminded one of the book of Jude where the Apostle speaks of the fallen spirits “reserved in everlasting chains and darkness into judgment of the great day.”

Our old rough Captain has been very hoarse all the voyage but when he commenced giving orders his voice was only a scream, which sounded dismal enough. “Lower the main sail” “Take in the topsails” “Put out a watch!” The men trotted around in the rain until they looked like mere boys.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Monday January 11<sup>th</sup> 1875**  
**Longitude W 86 – 41’ Lat 25 – 40’**

The wind has been variable blowing S.E. Sailing S.S. W. course. Day pleasant, sun came out bright about.

12 o’clock: My seasickness is abating some. This morning I was scarcely able to rise but 4 P.M. I am feeling better with a little appetite. We are sailing on waters so deep they have never been sounded, supposed to measure about two thousand fathoms. We are away from soundings.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Tuesday January 12<sup>th</sup> 1875**  
**Lat 24 – 58’ Wind the last 24 hr S.S.E.**

We are prisoners upon the great Gulf beating along at the rate of a mile in two or three hours. It is very monotonous. Only 7 souls besides myself and none of them for which I care.

- Matanzas Hotel Fer Card [Caird] Is the only house of entertainment which is not Spanish garlic and oil.
- Cueva de Bellamar contains the Fuente de Neive Fountains of Snows.

- The transparency of these beautiful columns reflecting the amber rose and snowy white tints, their weird forms rising in crystallized grandeur forming a striking contrast to the darkness of the surrounding corners. The main portion is nearly 200 feet in height.<sup>4</sup>

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Wednesday January 13<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Seated on the bow of the *Fannie G. Warner*<sup>5</sup> I am writing. The blue water roll beneath us Portuguese Man of War go gliding by, to let us know fair weather will not last always. An English Bark sailing N. NE. is in sight and a dead calm keeps us from going ahead, but we have beat 75 miles in 24 hours. We are far from land with only a deep sea rolling beneath our bows and all around us. The sailors are cleaning up and preparing for storms, the same as upon the sea of life. In the tidal waters of prosperity, when the peaceful waves of prosperity roll in their sunny golden prizes, then prepare for the cloudy skies when the heavy seas rise and roll over the weal and unary their deep water of affliction and sink them beneath its surface. A few fleecy clouds fleck the horizon but they are tinged with rosy hues and as the sun is leaving us a belt of bright crimson and clod marks where the sea and sky meet. How quietly the orb of the day sinks into the sea. May my last moments in life be as peaceful and my horizons as clear and unclouded

---

<sup>4</sup> The Caves of Bellamar outside of Mantanzas were discovered in the mid 1800s and became a popular tourist destination. It is probable that Brooks read of the caves from a guidebook she has with her on-board. Arnoldo Varona, ed., "The Caves of Bellmar," *The Cuban History*, <http://www.thecubanhistory.com/2012/05/the-caves-of-bellamar/> (accessed September 1, 2012).

<sup>5</sup> 103' double-mast schooner built in 1869. Source Connecticut Ship Database 1789-1939. G.W. Blunt White Library, "Connecticut Ship Database, 1789-1939," Mystic Seaport, The museum of America and the Sea, <http://library.mysticseaport.org/initiative/CuVessel.cfm?VesselId=103406> (accessed September 1, 2012).



with fear for the future. The constant roaring and dashing of the waves inclines us to sadness and silence together with a pensive feeling not unmixed with melancholy for the fate of those who sink uncoffined and unknelled beneath its bring waves. The winds have been very light too much so for fast sailing.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Thursday January 14<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We are fifty miles from Cape St. Antonio's Light.<sup>6</sup> Wind fair making fine headway. Passed an English Bark after dinner, going to South America. How quietly and smoothly she glides by us, peaceful as a smooth flowing river. It is now 5 P.M. and our bow beats up the foamy waves. We are sailing with the golden waves to the western and as the sun declines into her watery couch. Our sails are all spread and we are going like a bird upon her snowy crest. It was a week today at one o'clock since we left Pensacola. One squall with plenty of rain is all the bad weather we have had. The moon is increasing in size and has commenced shedding her brightest rays above us, which reflected in the wave that roll by the vessel. The sky has a very mottled appearance tonight captain says.

“Mackerel skies and mares tails

Make lofty ships take down their sails”

---

<sup>6</sup> Located on Punta San Antonio on the western end of Cuba on the Yucatan Straits, the light house was built in 1850. Source: Russ Rowlett, “Lighthouses of Cuba,” University of North Carolina, <http://www.unc.edu/~rowlett/lighthouse/cub.htm> (accessed September 1, 2012).

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Friday January 15<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Neptune is combing out his hoary locks this morning and the white caps are rolling in every direction. While looking across the crested surface our thoughts are too sacred for bosom confidants and too serious to be sounded much by our selves. Last night we passed Cape St. Antonio's Light House; consequently today we are sailing by the side of Cuba. We have been eight days out from sight of the land, with only sea and sky around us, the sole objects in creation upon which the hand of man has never left his impress [ion].

Our jib parted this morning and made a noise, blowing about like the beating on a hollow hogshead. Four waterspouts in sight today. Lat 21 – 18' Lon 84 West. About 3 P.M. we noticed an unusual appearance in the sky of fog and mist. The sailors were altogether on deck with a terrified look while the Captain took the wheel. The mate says "A Water spout!" Two were then in sight. One passed aft of the vessel within fifteen feet, another large at our right looked like an immense funnel discharging steam while another figure which resembled a horn in the skies above, indicated that the water was being drawn up. These fearful missiles of destruction are regarded with terror by seamen as they annihilate everything in their pathway. Only a slight sprinkle of water from the clouds occupied by these waterspouts reached us. They are fearful objects many which come clothed in darkness and veiled in thin mist with sunbeams. Poor, sin-hardened, rough sailors; how utterly undone they looked waiting for orders to make a move which only could express their wisdom no words coming to their uncultured lips which would give any adequate idea of their inward emotions which seem like a mysterious herald

come from the depths of earth to join the elements of heaven making the combined influence much more formidable.

The ship had been tacked to port side as we saw the waterspouts and we were sailing Southward. There were four of them the last lingering about ten minutes. The beauties, terror and grandeur, which accompany fearful visitants can never be imagined or described. The sun shone brightly all the times as though the storm fiend was not aboard in his chariot of demolition ready to hurl the missiles of death at any luckless mariner which crossed his track.

**Isle of Pines between St. Antonio and Cien Fuegos  
Saturday January 16<sup>th</sup> 1875**

An island where it rains when it is pleasant in every other place. This is on account of the trade winds in these seas blowing from the North East. At sunset we came in sight of the Isle of Pines' Marble.<sup>7</sup>

It was formerly occupied by Pirates the last of which was named Bernardo del Soto who was a Spaniard and commanded the band. Their cruising ship was called the Pinta. Their last exploit was robbing, murdering and destroying the Brig Mexicans near cape St. Antonio. Two of her crew were spared upon conditions they would join their band. These two unfortunate survivors afterward escaped to the United States and have information in regard to the fate of their companions and the rendezvous of these baccaneers which led to their capture by the brig Summers. They were taken to Boston

---

<sup>7</sup> Isle of Pines is a small island approximately 50 miles south of the island of Cuba, due south of Havana. It is covered with numerous pines, hence the name, but is also well known for its quarries of superior quality marble. Maturin M. Ballou, *Due South or Cuba Past and Present* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company-The Riverside Press. 1885), 199. Retrieved from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/30130/30130-h/30130-h.htm>

and tried for murder of which they were all convicted and executed except the commander whose wife came from Cuba and interceded with President Van Buren that his life might be spared. Her entreaties were not unavailing and his existence was prolonged only to return her solicitude by murdering her in a fit of passion, for which crime he atoned with his own life.<sup>8</sup> Marble and jasper of various colors are found upon the island.



figure 26. Bernardo de Soto<sup>9</sup>

---

<sup>8</sup> Brooks' account is largely correct, however the vessel was the *Panda* also referred to as the *Pinda*. The ship was under the command of Captain Pedro Gibert and del Soto was First Mate. They were imprisoned and tried for piracy against the ship *Mexican*, for which they were convicted. However, at the reading of the verdict the jury begged mercy for del Soto due to his noble and self-sacrificial deeds in saving more than 70 people on the ship *Minerva*. Additionally it was Andrew Jackson who pardoned de Soto in 1835. Russell, Odiorne and Metcalf, *A Report of the Trial of the Spanish Pirates before the United States Circuit Court*, (Boston: Russell, Odiorne and Metcalf, 1834). Retrieved September 1, 2012 from <http://lcweb2.loc.gov/service/lawlib/law0001/2010/201000173321600/201000173321600.pdf>; Samuel L. Dickinson, *The Pirates Own Book or Authentic Narratives of the Lives, Exploits and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers* (Portland: Francis Blake, 1855). Retrieved September 1, 2012 from [http://books.google.com/books?id=MX5IAAAAYAAJ&dq=pardon+the+said+bernardo+de+soto&source=gbs\\_navlinks\\_s](http://books.google.com/books?id=MX5IAAAAYAAJ&dq=pardon+the+said+bernardo+de+soto&source=gbs_navlinks_s)

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Sabbath January 17<sup>th</sup> 1875**  
**Latitude 21-1-North Lon 81-38' West from Greenwich**

Tacking and sailing Eastward. The wind is high the sea is chopped and the vessel is pitching in every direction and has been all night. I haven't known what it was to have my eyes closed sense 9 o'clock last night. The water has come in the cabin this morning, been washing around under the bed. As it is daylight we are not terrified like nighttime. The wind has lulled and everything is quiet as a calm except an occasional swell in the sea, flaps the boom about and rolls me over a little. The sun, which shines brightly and warm, his greatest declination being past he is now returning to us again.

I am feeling a little better today have been able to sit at the table and eat some. They have been working much at the pump today. I do not know if the vessel is leaking. The old pumps growled and squealed mournfully last night when the wind was blowing. The moon lingers until after midnight which cheers the weary hours very much while we are ploughing in seas where the mask of man can never leave its impress nor the hand of time render the hoary mane of old Ocean any whiter. The vessel rolls and rocks you about until you are not certain which portion of your body is on the bed or which is sailing through the air when wearied out, you drop into sleep and dream that you are drowning not knowing how soon it may be a reality.

**Bay of Honduras**  
**Monday January 18<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Rocking and rolling within 45 miles of port and no wind to take us in. How dreary it seems a prisoner in sight of our destination without being able to reach it. The vessel is becalmed with heavy seas heaving against her sides, which gives an unsteadiness to all over moves and unsettles things generally. The spars scream and

scream enough to convulse the nerves of an athlete let alone such frailty as exists in my composition. The sails flapped and beat about until the cotton commenced to fly out of them and only the most rapid movement kept them from pulling out the masthead. These calms at sea are more to be dreaded than a moderate gale. The pantry adds its contribution to the general din. The dishes fall down while the cups and tumblers roll in two directions with the motion of the vessel. The tin pans and the iron wear in the galley dance jigs to their own music, while the cook stove remains a silent spectator.

The briny waves pile themselves into mountains. The deep waters look like mountains of liquid piled in pyramid forms the dissolving in foamy masses and assuming other shapes.

**Tuesday P.M. 3 o'clock January 19<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We are in sight of Cien Fuegos Light House, one mile distance waiting for a pilot to come and take us into the Bay and up to the City. As no one came for us we drifted about all night. The water is too deep to cast anchor; 100 fathoms to the bottom. An appearance of a waterspout was plainly to be seen on the Island among the mountains about sunset. It lasted over fifteen minutes after which we had a very fresh breeze; the water commenced to bubble and set us to spinning around like a top for a short time. In tacking [the [ ship today one of the crew struck his head against the boom, which sent him forward cursing as though he was speaking a piece. It is astonishing how few words come to the rescue of these sailors in ordinary conversation., but when they are mad the string of their tongue is loosed and how fearfully they can take the name of their Creator in vain. Language never fails them.

The greatest nuisance on board this vessel is roaches. They walk over everything, exercising the office of inspector general upon whatever comes in their reach. They make a move on my lemonade before I can get a chance to taste it. I found three

sampling a mug before it had been made five minutes. I had one in my coffee for breakfast. Terrible.



figure 27. Faro De Villanueva, Bay of Cienfuegos with the original square shaped design.<sup>10</sup>

**Fernandina de Juaga St. Jauga Bay  
Wednesday January 20<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I have sailed 'neath sunny skies

I have crossed the solemn seas

We are today sailing up to Cien Fuegos It is ten miles from the entrance to the town. When within 8 miles of port we took on a pilot to steer the vessel in safely. The Spanish pilots are a stupid looking set of men and move like snails. No Yankee Captain

---

<sup>10</sup> It is interesting to note that this image of the Cienfuegos Lighthouse was taken before it was torn down by the United States on May 11, 1898, during the Spanish-American War. This view of the lighthouse is an example of one of the many vistas Brooks experienced which no longer exist. *Faro De Villanueva, Bay of Cienfuegos*. From "Photo album of lighthouses and views of Cuba." Tom Pohrt Collection. Retrieved from <http://library.miami.edu/uml/chc/2011/06/13/rare-photo-from-the-tom-pohrt-photograph-collection-shows-historic-cuban-lighthouse-in-its-original-design/>

would tolerate them only their services have to be paid for whether they steer the vessel or not. It is astonishing so many foreigners will try to do business with them when the dues and duties exacted and collected by the Spanish Government are so numerous. We arrived in port about 2 P.M. with our colors flying to indicate that we were ready for the inspectors to come on board and look for contraband and be satisfied that no insurrectionary moves or preparation were concealed with us.<sup>11</sup> A little before sunset a long boat came rowing toward us containing a dozen men. Six or eight went into the cabin while two more went mid ship as if on tour of inspection. They rummaged in the barrels, looked into boxes with wise faces as though they expected to find something of vast import but not succeeding they came aft and went into their boat. The interpreter and customs house Officers examined all our papers manifest crew list & which seemed satisfactory. The crew we called up, counted and looked at. I had no passport and for that reason sailed as stewardess.

The sunsets are lovely here. The clouds are colored with rich hues and golden trails of tropical clime. The masts of many vessels in port look like the timbered lands of an old forest. The evening chimes ring out soft and clear across the waters, which reminds us of the beautiful words "Sweet hour of prayer." It is indeed a time for sacred thoughts and holy memories to fill our minds as the great luminary of day sheds his parting beams upon our darkened pathways and leaves the world to rest and prepare for his regal reign on the morrow.

---

<sup>11</sup> Zealous port security is most likely attributable to the Ten Years War (1868-1878).



**Cienfuegos, Cuba**  
**Thursday January 21<sup>st</sup> 1875**

We have been anchored all day within three hundred yards of the wharf looking at the hills and houses on shore. A Captain and his wife came on board about 3 P.M. They were from a square-rigged bark, which they brought from New York and were going to commence loading with sugar soon as it came in. She was a pleasant lady only she measured her words. After supper Captain took Jennie and myself to the Plaza. The scene was lovely as we crossed the water. The moon had just risen full, shining upon us, reflecting its rays upon the smooth surface of the Bay, as the boatman shipped their oars the sound was like the imaginary echoes of silver bells dying away upon the shore.

When we arrived in the Plaza only a few persons had collected, as it was early. No fabled habitation of the gems or beautiful Isle of Calypso could fill the imagination more with delightful thoughts than the scene before us. The royal feathery palms wafting their graceful wands above our heads while the sweetest zephyrs fanned our brows with their softest breeze and everything seemed tipped with silver sheen. The gay señoritas soon commenced promenading many of them dressed in snowy robes with long starched trains to their dresses and skirts that swept over the paved borderland like the waves [s]plashing against a vessel, although the scuffing sandals slipshod slippers make a very grinding sound , nothing suggestive of elegance or grace. The music struck up with its most fascinating strains. The ladies seemed to partake of its harmonious cadence and commenced moving about with the grace of fairy elves. The brusque movements of the police and soldiers were the only not given up to the most perfect abandon for enjoyment. The aroma from Havanna cigars & cigarettes wreathed in waiving clouds upon the air

every thing smoking grave & gay senores, boys, servants, sailors, and all walking as though a race was to be won or a prize obtained

The band played Trovatore<sup>12</sup> among other choice and beautiful pieces. The notes appeared intensified by the same pathos that seized the mind of the great composer when the grand composition was conceived and as it sounds died away among the moonbeams and perennial foliage and the echoes lingered in the air it all seemed too sweet and beautiful for earth.

A full rigged craft of this kind while in motion sounds like waves [s [plashing against the hull of a little vessel and require nearly the same amount of space for successful sailing.

**Cienfuegos, Cuba**  
**Friday January 22<sup>nd</sup> 1875**

We hoisted sail this morning and moved our vessel to the other side of the City for the purpose of discharging cargo. We here have a full view of all the debris carts hauling from the streets it filth and offal, which is deposited where the buzzards are waiting for it. They commence operations when the garbage arrives with the adroitness of experienced performers in the profession of selecting. The old shoes seemed tough and unyielding not withstanding all efforts to reduce them, they tried them on but the fit was not snug and they retired in disgust. The slaughterhouse is near and the squealing of pigs, lowing of terrified cattle, and barking of fierce dogs indicated that the work of death is progressing for the sustenance of humanity.

The ten bells on the tower are all jingling in honor of King Alfonso, the new ruler of Spain. An odor visits us here which resembles no choice perfume from vernal flowers,

---

<sup>12</sup> 1853 Verdi Opera.

but almost insupportably stifling were it not for the sea breeze. The Spanish flies are untiring in their attentions with their fierce angry hum and keen bite. They move fast as though speed would atone for the strength they lacked. The moon rises and shines beautifully now, at night its silver rays make the sea look like the walks of some gilded earthly paradise. I am feeling extremely feeble today from the exertion of walking and having been seasick. Time goes on very slowly with me and I sometimes fear I shall have no strength left to go and see all I wish. Going to sea is not as agreeable as going to see when you are there!

**Cienfuegos, Cuba**  
**Saturday January 23<sup>rd</sup> 1875**

This morning I called upon the English Consul, Dr. Cross a dentist by profession. I wished to obtain a passport for Havanna. The Consul is a pleasant gentleman with much of the substantial in his composition but says "The hogshead has more interest to him than anything in the world." He says he will obtain a pass for me from the Spanish Governor and that I shall have a pleasant time. His Official head quarters contain a high airy passage leading to his office and a parlor with an elegant rug in the centre with two rows of cane sealed chairs, mostly rockers, placed on opposite sides of the rug there with a centre table compose the furniture. Here every method is taken to have as much ventilation as possible. High ceilings with airy surroundings dedicated to the god of the winds whose presence is no doubt oftener invoked than received.

The weather is oppressively warm today. It is holiday in honor of the patron saint of the King and the accession of King Alfonso to the throne of Spain. The ladies are all dressed fine with their doors open walking and looking about. Children, old as six and

eight years, spring around with no clothes but their birthday present suit some of the little girls with a pair of earrings. They resemble little monkeys.

### **The Greasy Pole**

Holidays in this country are always accompanied with amusements of various kinds. Today was celebrated in honor of Alfonso being proclaimed King of Spain. The pole was some twenty feet in length, all lubricated with lard, fastened in a horizontal position finally to the timbers of the wharf. At the end of this pole was placed fifty dollars in Spanish gold. This prize was awarded to the first person could walk out and take it. The candidates numbered about fifteen. The uniforms used for the occasions made no display of elaborate workmanship, being only a pair of pants. Each contestant started with the apparent determination of wining; some of them walked only a few steps when a tremendous splash and shout from the hundreds of spectators indicated a failure. They never seemed discouraged but swam out of the water and walked up the steps as though it was their first trial. Finally one tall dark Spaniard walked to the end of the pole reached out and took the prize. This exploit of the greasy pole walking is repeated every year and each time the same man wins. It is said he has a pole in his room for daily practice and for this reason never fails.

### **Cienfuegos, Cuba Sunday January 24<sup>th</sup> 1875**

La Purissima Conception<sup>13</sup> is the name of the only church in the City. It has two towers and ten bells. The tallest tower was erected to contain a clock and afterwards the

---

<sup>13</sup> The Cathedral of The Immaculate Conception, established 1833, is located across from Jose Marti Park. Gabriel Chow, "Catedral De Nuestra Senora De La Purisima Concepcion," Gabriel Chow,

church was built around it rendering the style of architecture anything but imposing. The material used rock & brick with marble floors. It is quiet. The congregation outside Sabbath morning is larger than the worshipers inside. The men stand about the entrance and make remarks upon those going in the church as though it was a duty. Their conduct is a painful reminder that the cherubic days of elegant address and lordly demeanor is passing away from the Spanish Nation. Church over the leaf.

The church contains only three or four benches

The peculiarity of attending mass here is that each lady worshipper is accompanied by servant which brings a low cane seated chair for her mistress to occupy during service and an elegant rug made of long soft cashmere goat hair, colored beautifully, which is placed in front of the chair. Here the mistress knells to repeat her devotional exercises with an ease, which would have been regarded as quite sacrilegious by St. Augustine or any those old abstemious hair shirt wearing friars. The servant is in attendance, if young, kneels beside her mistress upon the marble, where she is expected to repeat all the prayers connected with the service. If she is seen staring about as a reminder of her religious exercises she receives a tap on the head from her mistresses hand, which causes her lips to move with more rapidity. Old servants kneel behind their mistress and go through the forms of worship as a religious duty and safeguard against sin. At 11 o'clock the poor attended church in the same place but at a different hour.

At 8 o'clock A.M. the best society residents come out to worship. In a population of ten thousand souls a goodly number might be expected to witness the imposing grandeur of a high mass on Sabbath morning. The church is elegant inside. The

architecture being Doric; the arched roof supported by numerous pilasters at the terminus of which is the grand altar ornamented with images of dazzling brightness and golden candlesticks of gigantic proportions containing immense wax candles which when lighted shed a luster like stars.

There are also eight other altars of lesser dimensions where the more humble kneel to receive consolation. The Priest looked ancient as the religion he represents and reads mass with an intonation that would be creditable to one less in years. With fine music, choice paintings from Spanish and Italian Masters representing saints with a historic record of unsullied purity upon which were beaming the softest rays of light through stained glass of rose design and workmanship besides all that could be attractive in a church or service. Combined there were only about fifty persons presents all told including white & black. Those who attend the Church in Havanna leave with a satisfied look as though they had arrangement all made for the week as though their supply was equal to an emergency with which they might have to encounter.

**Island of Cuba, Cienfuegos  
Monday January 25<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Hospital

**Cienfuegos & Couces R.R. Cinefeugos, Cuba  
Wednesday January 27<sup>th</sup> 1875**

This morning I took the cars for Havana. The English Consul told me the distances between the point where I would have to travel. There is no recession

From Cienfuegos to Cruces m 19

From Cruces to Santa Domingo m21

From Santo Domingo to Matanzas 80 m

From Mantanzas to Havana 66m

At Bemba change cars for Matanzas stop at Colon for breakfast.

19

21

80

66

189

### **Island of Cuba Queen of the Antilles**

Is 790 miles in length its greatest width at any one point being 107 miles. It is situated between 74 and 85 West Longitude from Greenwich. Lat 18-23 North. Its mountains add beauty and boldness to its scenery; the highest elevation upon the island being about 8000 feet above sea level.

### **Cienfuegos**

About two hundred miles from Cape St. Antonio Light upon the South side of Cuba is an entrance called Fernandina Del Jaugue Bay; the coast being lined with low rocks of corals formation. Ten miles from the Gulf, at the head of the Bay and surrounded by a country of unsurpassed fertility, is the City of Cienfuegos named in honor of the General to whom its present prosperity and position is attributable.<sup>14</sup> The Fort, which guards the entrance to the town, impresses us with its entire inefficiency to resist an attack from our modernized weapons of warfare or to make a show of strength

---

<sup>14</sup> General Cienfuegos is Lord General Captain Don Jose Cienfuegos Jovellanos who was the captain general of the island in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. Asbury Dickins and John W. Forney, eds., *Letter from Alexandro Ramirez, Governor of the sub-delegate of the Royal domain, St. Augustine* in American State Papers. Public Lands vol. V (Washington D.C.: Gales and Seaton, 1860).

for any length of time during a siege. Once lone sentinel rushes up on the parapet and presents arms upon the approach of a vessel, as though he had a five hundred pound ball, which could be sent with sufficient force to sink any ship, which attempted to enter the port. The harbor, upon which the town is situated, is commodious and safe.

Two gun boats are anchored here, which from their shape and size, look as though they would require towing to advance successfully but are said to make six miles an hour when under full head way. They are not regarded as formidable by anybody. The report from the guns would be more demoralizing than their effect.

The houses here are mostly built of brick and concrete. They have no yards in front; the walls come up to the very streets only a narrow sidewalk sometimes intervening. The buildings are painted blue, green, straw color and white. The doors are differently colored from the houses. The windows have no glass as it would make the houses warmer and the ladies could not look from the folds of their curtains into the streets without being seen as they now do. The windows are protected by iron rods, which give them a cage like appearance [omitted] of the dwellings are over on story high. If the ancient Spanish custom was to be observed that the rent of the first floor was for the King there would be no income left for the owners. These structures many of them have ceiling twenty feet in height. They build them airy as possible and then dedicate them to the god of the winds whose presence is many times oftener invoked than received. However the land breeze at night and the sea breeze during the day renders the climate more delightful than can be imagined by anyone who has never visited it. Here it is [that] days and weeks steal imperceptibly away leaving no trace except a feeling of



repose as though earth had no cares pains or pangs which could ever or torture our minds with their perplexities.

What a multitude of unformed thoughts seize us as we look at the novel sights before our eyes where a foreign language is constantly ringing in our ears. The Spanish is derived from the Latin and resembles it except some words from the Arabic, which came into use after Spain was conquered by the Moors. The pantomimic efforts made by servants and salesmen in trying to enable us to comprehend that they wish to wait upon and please us is very amusing. The marketer tells the price of his fruits showing us a corresponding piece of silver. If we shake our heads he lowers to amount and marks it down in figures.

All of my trip to Havanah is written out for publication and for that reason I will not burden my diary with it.<sup>15</sup>

**Cienfuegos, Isle of Cuba**  
**Thursday February 4<sup>th</sup> 1875**

At three P.M. we moved our vessel to the other side of the Island preparatory to leaving in the morning. The sky is clear and the sun sank behind the Cuban hills to rest like a conqueror that had ruled the day and retired in his chariot crowned with his laurels.

**Cienfuegos, Isle of Cuba**  
**Friday February 5<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We weighed anchors this morning before sunrise and sailed down the Bay and past the Castle<sup>16</sup> with its brick wall, but the battlements did not look frowning, only a

---

<sup>15</sup> Brooks refers here to her intention to publish an account of her travels. Eventually her manuscript is published as *Petals Plucked from a Sunny Clime*, under the nom'd plume Silvia Sunshine. The book was self-published in 1880 by Southern Methodist Publishing House.

<sup>16</sup> Castle Morro

sentinel rang the bell at our approach as a tocsin of alarm. We sent out our papers by the pilot.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Saturday Feb 6<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We are out on the high seas free from suspicion and taxation. Nothing of importance has occurred today except we have made good time.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Sunday February 7<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We are making very slow time. I have had a very quiet day, lying mid-ship on a comfort and two pillows reading in the Testament. I staid all day on deck it was a blessed quiet. The Captain had got to scolding so much at the Steward I am excessively annoyed with it. Any strength of expression to enforce his ideas are accompanied with curses.

**Mexican Gulf**  
**Monday February 8<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The day is very warm but by remaining mid-ship and changing about I have remained out all day alone.

**Gulf of Mexico**  
**Tuesday February 9<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I have been some sick all day and consequently remained in my room. The vessel has rolled in a calm the winds light no motion except a pitching.

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Friday February 12<sup>th</sup> 1875**

We arrived in port yesterday P.M. a little before sun set. I am stopping with Mrs. Ditmar's family in a very pleasant locality on the hill.<sup>17</sup>

I find a letter from Mr. White on my return reproaching me for being present at Christmas tree under the auspices of the Episcopal Church where they danced. Said "He thought I was becoming demoralized by association." The following is a portion of the reply:

"I knew of a certain Presbyterian Elder once of irreproachable character who visited a place which I thought more demoralizing in its tendencies than the mazes of a quiet dance among cultivated people. A Circus! At my entertainment it was a combination of religion and pleasure, at the other there was no pretensions to anything but the lowest kind of buffoonery, projected and executed by those who are as certain to inhabit perdition as there is one. Was a weak brother benefited by such as precedent? Was his step firmer and the way less steep from the light which the leader has shed upon his thorny pathway?"

Mr. White has all taken the liberty to chide me and now a fine opportunity presented itself for a return.

---

<sup>17</sup> Sarah Ditmars (b. 1813) is living in Pensacola with her children, including son Noyse, grocery clerk and daughter Sarah, schoolteacher. 1870 U.S. census, population schedules. NARA microfilm publication M593, 1,761 rolls. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d. Retrieved September 3, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263355\\_00333&fn=Sarah&ln=Ditmars&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13837861](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7163&iid=4263355_00333&fn=Sarah&ln=Ditmars&st=r&ssrc=&pid=13837861)

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Sunday March 21<sup>st</sup> 1875**  
**Palm Sunday**

A bright pleasant day but a cool change in the morning, the moon becoming full this A.M. about 6 o'clock. I went to the Catholic Church<sup>18</sup> for the purpose of witnessing



*figure 28.* St. Michael's Church, Pensacola 1894<sup>19</sup>

the ceremonies connected with Palm Sunday. Saw nothing different from other days

except the two altar boys marched down the aisles with a large willow basket in which were small branches of cedar that they distributed to every person in the house.

**Sunday Night**

I attended to Presbyterian Church and heard Mr. Carter preach a sermon upon faith and illustrated by saying that in all times of danger we should trust him and call on him.

---

<sup>18</sup> Brooks most likely attended St. Michael's Catholic Church, which was established in 1781. Basilica of Saint Michael the Archangel, "The History of St. Michael," Basilica of the Archangel of St. Michael, <http://www.stmichael.ptdiocese.org/> (accessed September 3, 2012).

<sup>19</sup> "St. Michael's Church," circa 1894, State Archives of Florida, *Florida Memory*, <http://floridamemory.com/items/show/7033>

**Pensacola, Florida**  
**Sunday April 4<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I attended the Presbyterian Church today heard a very good sermon by Rev. Mr. Carter. The number in attendance was not large. A very sudden death yesterday occasioned the absence of some. Mr. E.E. Simpson dropped dead in his front years. Truly "In the midst of life we are in death"

The Lord's Supper was administered. I did not enjoy its solemnities much as usual, but felt it a privilege that I had been spared to live and return from peril and dangers before which the stoutest sailors stands appalled, "This do in remembrance of me."

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Wednesday April 14<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I arrived in this city at 7 ½ o'clock on the West Point Road.<sup>20</sup> I have had very good company today consisting of French gentlemen and ladies and a lad of 10 years. I have been speaking so much in French lately that I am quite fresh. The French thought I was Creole and the American that "I belonged to them." They were quite surprised when they saw me leave the car after we arrived in Atlanta. I went to Mrs. Watts and found them all complaining with severe colds. They told me Miss Minerva Wilson was dead. Another victim to morphine gone.

---

<sup>20</sup> The Atlanta & La Grange Rail Road was completed in 1854. The 80-mile line Atlanta to La Grange was renamed Atlanta & West Point Rail Road in 1857. It became a key link in the South's 1200 mile route from Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico at Mobile Alabama. Steve Storey, "Georgia's Railroad History & Heritage-Atlanta West Point Railroad," RailGa.com, railga.com/atlwp.html (accessed September 4, 2012).

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday April 25<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I have felt very feeble since my return from Florida but attended church and heard Dr. Harrison tonight from the parable of the “Virgins” ten in number. He said there was no significance in the number ten; that the intention of the Savior was to show the condition of those who prepared for the coming of their Lord by keeping the oil of divine truth burning in their lamps of life and kept his commandments and precepts always before them walking in fear of the Lord. There was such a few at church.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday April 26<sup>th</sup> 1875**  
**Decoration Day<sup>21</sup>**

The day dawned with a struggle between sunshine and clouds. It is a day observed in commemoration of our Confederate dead when the fairest hands in the sunny South strew the sweetest flowers on the graves of their departed loves one.

I went to De Give’s Opera House<sup>22</sup> to hear the address delivered by Captain Henry R. Jackson.<sup>23</sup> The military display was very good. The Governor’s Guard, The

---

<sup>21</sup> Decoration Day is a late spring or early summer tradition that involves cleaning community cemeteries, decorating them with flowers, holding a religious service in the cemetery, and having dinner on the ground. These commemorations seem to predate the post-Civil War celebrations that ultimately gave America national Memorial Day. Alan Jabbour and Karen Singer Jabbour, *Decoration Day in the Mountains. Traditions of Cemetery Decorations in the Southern Appalachians* (Chapel Hill; University of North Carolina Pres. 2010). Retrieved from

[http://www.alanjabbour.com/decoration\\_day\\_book.html](http://www.alanjabbour.com/decoration_day_book.html)

<sup>22</sup> Belgium Consulate Laurent DeGive purchased an unfinished building at the corner of Marietta and Forsyth Streets in downtown Atlanta, Georgia, and transformed into an opera house in 1870. DeGive's Opera House was later occupied by the Columbia Theater and in its declining years by the Bijou Theater. The building was demolished in 1921 to make way for the construction of the Palmer Building. DeGive’s Opera House Item Description, Kenan Research Center, Atlanta History Center, retrieved September 3, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/80399-degives-opera-house.aspx>

Atlanta Blues, The Cadets and all looked as though they had been brushing for the occasion for some time. He eulogized Lee making his conquests beyond those of any other conqueror. “He was true to every principal of God and held by man.” Stonewall Jackson was next in order and point of merit. He recited some of the prominent battles then closed when by speaking of the coming centennial to be held the 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1876 in Philadelphia; when all hearts will be again united and no North or South will be known. A sermon that will make the “grim sleeper smile in his dream”

The band played very sweetly “Bonnie Blue Flag” and “Dixie Land.” The house was well filled with genteel and common people. The manners of an audience would not do for a Parisian to copy from.



*figure 29. De Givè's Opera House, interior.*<sup>24</sup>

---

<sup>23</sup> Henry Rootes Jackson (1820-1898), was a Yale educated lawyer, Civil War General, and Minister to Mexico as appointed by President Grover Cleveland. He was also director of Central Railroad and Banking Company, and president of the Georgia Historical Society from 1875-1898. The New Georgia Encyclopedia, “Government and Politics,” The Georgia Humanities Council, <http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/nge/Article.jsp?id=h-865&sug=y> (accessed September 4, 2012).

<sup>24</sup> “DeGivè's Opera House” circa 1890, Kenan Research Center, Retrieved September 3, 2012 from <http://album.atlantahistorycenter.com/store/Products/80399-degives-opera-house.aspx>

**Atlanta Georgia**  
**Viernes Mayo 14<sup>th</sup> 1875**

My mind has been much exercised the past two weeks upon having my suspicions confirmed that I have a polypus growing in me, which will have to be removed. Two different times have been appointed for its severance but tomorrow at 10 A.M. I expect Drs. Miller & Armstrong<sup>25</sup> for that purpose.

I have made my arrangements to die if it terminates fatally. I feel a kind of resignation to die, which I have never before a peacefulness which comes from a pure life. How terrible is the thought to me of the operation. I went to see Mrs. Paine today but between every pleasant thought came a pang of terror; nothing had any charms to me. I feel that it is a leap in the dark, but let the result be as it will, I am going to try and pass through it for I am now in wretched health now and a change for the worse I do not fear. Life is sweet to me although apparently it would have very few charms to an observer. The pleasant days we are having the lovely breezes that visit and refresh me from the mountains whether sleeping or waking. Adieu Vain World. Abbie M. Brooks

**Atlanta Georgia**  
**Samedi Mayo 22<sup>nd</sup> 1875**

I have passed through all my troubles and now [am] numbered among the convalescent. One week ago today the event was numbered among the historical epochs in my history. Mrs. Watts came first. She seemed very calm but my courage gave away when two surgeons and an assistant marched in. Dr. Armstrong said, "Do not be

---

<sup>25</sup> The doctors are Dr. Homer V.M. Miller and Dr. William S. Armstrong. Southern Publishing Company, *Atlanta City Directory, 1874* (Atlanta: Southern Publishing Company, 1874), 169. Retrieved September 9, 2012 from <http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=2469&iid=12198350&fn=Homer+V+M&ln=Miller&st=r&ssrc=&pid=695752823>



frightened.” I told him I was going to run away but as I had made no preparation for anything but surgery I remained. The first movement was to arrange the lounge and then commence giving me ether. I submitted with all the fortitude I could command. I felt my hold on earth loosening. I felt as though I was drifting away into some ethereal atmosphere which I could not define. At last I became entirely unconscious, oblivious to all sensation and surrounding objects. When consciousness returned the first thing I said was, “Nothing done yet!” Doctor Miller says “Oh, yes here it is. Do you want to see it?” What an improvement in surgery that we can be transported to a land of Lethean forgetfulness and have surgical operations performed.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**El Sabado Mayo 23<sup>rd</sup> 1875**

It is the Holy Sabbath and although I am not permitted to attend church from feebleness I feel that God is with me.

The weather is becoming very warm now but I feel that I shall be out before the summer solstice commences. I have passed through my troubles with almost unheard of success, with no fever or other drawbacks except a little too much exercise one day produced very severe pains which caused considerable anxiety in my mind. But Dr. Armstrong came and told me, “They would have to do something to me for the purpose of keeping me still.”

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Lunes Mayo 24<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Another warm, bright sunny day. I wrote two Postal Cards this morning. One to Dr. Pursley and one to Mrs. Paine. I wanted to see Doctor for old acquaintance sake and I wrote to Mrs. Paine. If I had not passed through my troubles very bravely yet I has

come out beautifully. Dr. Miller came to see me today, I always feel much better after my Doctor visits. He speaks of looking upon the frailties of the human with much more leniency than formerly." I remembered that the Poet said First "Pity, then embrace was the experience of the existing".<sup>26</sup>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**El Miercoles Mayo 26<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The day is very warm and although the season has been very backward and the weather cold the sudden change now will make vegetation advance rapidly. I have been reading the concluding speeches of Judge Porter in the "Beecher Scandal Case." I think the whole affair will have a demoralizing influence upon society. I feel contaminated whenever I read it.

Mijs Emma Watts has just sent me word that Poor Mrs. Cooper was buried today at 10 A.M. A little over one month since I saw her able to sit up. The sickle of the reaper is truly at work.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**El Jueves Mayo 27<sup>th</sup> 1875**

A keen mountain breeze has been blowing nearly all day from the East. I have spent the day in writing exercises from my Spanish Grammar. I am improving in health and expect soon to be about again. Death is sad under all circumstances and I feel as though I had been dead in imagination. Poor Mrs. Cooper, last night was her first in the cemetery with the cold clay heaped on her body; another acquisition to the God's acre and another mound in its precincts. How many months or years will it be before I shall spend my first night with God?

---

<sup>26</sup> A variation on Alexander Pope's An Essay on Man Epistle II verse 5. 1734. Available electronically from <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/174166>

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Mayo 30<sup>th</sup> 1875**

A warm pleasant day with a hazy mist concealment of the sun, which indicates rain. The bells have just ceased ringing for church and those have assembled who worship God “in the beauty of holiness,” while the idler and Sabbath breaker is loitering and straying about on their mission of meanness. Many persons have not God in all their thoughts and their future fate seems to be no theme for their reflection. It is now nearly sunset, the earth has been refreshed by bountiful shower, the air cooled with electricity, and the world seems new and bright again as the day of its creation.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Junio 6<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The weather has been very warm during the past week, but as I am so thin it does not affect me much. None of the family being at home today and not being able to attend church I went up to Mrs. Watts house. One of the boarders died this morning at 3 o'clock; Mr. Lumpkin from Lexington, Georgia. He was a terrible sufferer and death to him was a welcome messenger.

After dinner or rather about 5 P.M. we were visited by a heavy rainstorm accompanied with considerable wind.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Junio 12<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The weather is complained of as being intensely warm by every person. My room is visited by the softest, nicest breezes both night and day while others say today, “Last night was so warm I could not sleep.” A gentle Zephyr fanned me to sleep and wafted me into the land of dreams, from which but once until the golden sun was reaching the eastern horizon did I awake. Attended Westley Chapel to day with Grandma Watts;

heard a very good sermon by Mr. Ivans upon Dives and how hard it was to serve God and the world. A real thunder & lightning old Methodist sermon. Dr. Harrison sat in the pulpit but was sick.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Julio 11<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The past two weeks has been exceptionally warm, however much people may puff and try to cool off. There is much suffering the flesh together with a corresponding feeling of depression in spirits, which if not guarded will produce inroads upon tempers. There is a little breeze stirring today, which moves the leaves of a large sycamore in an adjoining lot and produces a visible rustling among the corn leaves and silken tassels. The flies, the buzzing, biting little insects. how they pursue us and then I chase them around my books and behind my great armed chair until I imagine they are out setting on the gate post when here they come again having only been resting on my chair back until the wind my fan raised had subsided. I am this day 45 years of age, have been in the world sinning and suffering nearly half a century; how much longer I am to remain and for what purpose is unknown to me. I can go no place in the world without getting sick and helpless. I half imagine at times that disease and doctors are to strive with me for the remainder of my days, death coming in as conqueror for my vanquished self which will end all that remains of me.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Lunes Julio 4<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The Celebrations announcing to the world and mankind generally the fact of our National Independence have been regarded with but little interest since the war. Cannons were fired here in honor of the day while the statesman scholar & historian Hon Aleck

Steven<sup>27</sup> address a large audience. The Declaration of Independence, that time honored document, was read. Excursion trains came in from all directions and the gingerbread, which was eaten in old times, was now superceded by the red-cored ripe watermelon.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday July 18<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The summer solstice is finally attained. The heat is simply intense. Night does not bring zephyrs breezes with it, but there is a peculiar brilliancy in the moonbeams which I have never before noticed in so high an altitude as Atlanta. The earth is clothed with verdure, everything appears to have attained the rankest growth. Ears of corn hang down with their over grown weight, while the stalks look like small trees in height. I have a pleasant, cool room which helps me from suffering much ,but the heat has come in to see me this morning. A breeze is coming through the corn now which announce its approach by stirring the silken tassels and shaking its tassellated tops. The flies have a vicious hum and a visible bite when they attack. I am still in my old room at Mrs. Glazener's.<sup>28</sup> They are away in some gully by the flowing streams, attending church on

---

<sup>27</sup> Alexander Hamilton Stephens, (1812-1893) was the narrator of the ceremonies. Stephens was a congressman and senator from Georgia who also was elected the Vice-President of the Confederacy. Alexander Hamilton Stephens, *A Pamphlet Containing the Full History of the Celebration of the Ninety-Ninth Anniversary of American Independence in Atlanta Georgia, July 5<sup>th</sup> 1875* (Atlanta: The Herald Steam Book and Job Print, 1875). Retrieved from <http://archive.org/stream/pamphletcontaini00step#page/n5/mode/2up>; Thomas E. Schott, *Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia: A Biography* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1988).

<sup>28</sup> Nancy and George Glazener run a small boarding house on Houston Street. *Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900*. Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1900. T623, 1854 rolls. Retrieved September 9, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7602&iid=004120061\\_00009&fn=George+F&ln=Glazenor&st=r&ssrc=&pid=77198098](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7602&iid=004120061_00009&fn=George+F&ln=Glazenor&st=r&ssrc=&pid=77198098)

the John Baptist style, listening to the ignorant expositions of Divine truth.

Attended church at night and heard Dr. Harrison's lecture or address to young men. Daniel and his abstemiousness were held forth as an example to others. His fearless disobedience of the King's commands also his deliverance in time of trouble when the lion's mouth were shut.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Julio 25<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Attended the Methodist Church this morning and heard Dr. Harrison from the text "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

The natural hunger was compared to the spiritual longing for more grace.

At night I attended again when his discourse was upon Esau & Jacob and the blessing

which Jacob obtained through Paul his mother being privy to it. Jacob ran away

afterwards and dwelt in Mesopotamia where he served Laban fourteen years for his two

wives Leah & Rachel. When he started homewards to meet Esau and how he would be

treated was his great trouble. He sent his flocks and family over the brook Jablok while

he remained on the other side to pray for protection from his injured and angry brother.

He wrestled all night and at day dawn his thigh was dislocated. The blessing them

descended upon and his name was changed from Jacob to Israel, which means "A Prince

of God." He rose and passed over the brook, his appearance hobbling along with his little

was designed more to create sympathy than revenge. Esau could not nurse revenge in his

noble heart, there was no place for it.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sabado Julio 31<sup>st</sup> 1875**

The weather is intensely hot. The sun's heat is so intense that the paint smells, the carpet & walls are unpleasantly warm to the touch. I have my piano in my room and today am reading a book entitled "Early & Late Papers" by Thackery.<sup>29</sup> I feel as though I had been behind the scenes after reading his criticisms on pictures. Esmeralda the tambourine player, dancing with her goats, I have seen painted by Rubens.

I have no person to come in and trouble me disagreeable visitors intruding themselves as though they were entitled to my consideration. I am alone and quite contented.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Agosto 1<sup>st</sup> 1875**

On account of the intense heat, which does act upon me as a stimulus, I have remained at home, reading a book entitled "Hours in a Library" by Leslie Stephen.<sup>30</sup> Although authors are criticized with a severity, which is sufficient to appall almost any one from ever writing, still there is a purity in the style of writing which is quite refreshing. It makes a person feel as though they had been in good company. What we write about and the thoughts in our minds are a reflex of the influences by which we are surrounded. There is no inspiration in my vicinity unless it comes from noisy niggers.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Agosto 8<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The nights are cool now but the days atone for it in heat. The past week has been very warm. I wrote to Mrs. J.B. White in regard to the death of a little baby, which I saw

---

<sup>29</sup> William Makepeace Thackery, *Early and Late Papers: Hitherto Uncollected* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1867). Thackery was also author of the novel *Vanity Fair*.

<sup>30</sup> available at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/20459/20459-h/20459-h.htm>

at Ponce de Leon Spring; Mrs. Van Stavoren's. A dead calm which always accompanies the Angel of Death was there, her tears had ceased to flow it was the rest which comes after convulsions in nature or the heart.

I spent a card Friday to Mr. White upon which I wrote. The postal machinery seems to be out of gear between this point and Nashville.

Attended church Sunday night and heard Dr. Harrison preach upon the subject taken from the Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Domingo Agosto 15<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The first rainy day we have had in a long while. I have been under the necessity of remaining at home in consequence. The vegetable kingdom seems much revived, and the red clay is resting quietly on the ground at present. The weather is very warm at present. I spend all my leisure time in reading. The sun's most ardent rays or the pale moonbeams pass by quickly and quietly as a pleasant dream. Lovely as the imagination of a gifted poet, fair as the Madonna from the Murillo's gifted genius.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Sunday October 17<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The day has been cloudy & disagreeable. I attended the funeral of Miss Sallie Moore at 10 o'clock. She died of consumption only 23 years of age, young and full of promise for a long life of happiness.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Monday October 18<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I have spent the day with Mr. Moore's family and just as the sun was setting visited Miss Sallie's grave in company with Mr. & Mrs. Moore & Miss Mary Woodhull.



We placed new flowers on the grave; the offering of affection to let the passers by know that memory has a place for friends.

**Atlanta, Georgia**  
**Thursday October 21<sup>st</sup> 1875**

I have completed all my arrangements today for leaving Atlanta. The streets are very dusty which, together with my exertions to get ready, has given me a terrible headache. I staid with Mijs Vick Wilson until time to leave. Bennie Watts went with me to the Depot and secured me a seat. The cars were well filled and rode very steadily and I slept very well most of the night. We arrived in Macon a little before Six A.M.

**Macon, Georgia**  
**Friday October 22<sup>nd</sup> 1875**

Attended the State Fair today. I saw only one or two person I have ever heard of before. Terrible dusty; everybody was rushing about as though they were hunting for something.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Saturday October 23<sup>rd</sup> 1875**

I arrived here this morning a little before eight O'clock. Went in search of Mrs. Doig, whom I found very well and glad to see me. The house was all in confusion from painting but we found a place to talk over old times and how the world had moved on with her since we had last met more than two years since. I played Silvery Waves for her three times. She said it sounded like the waves beating around Tybee where she had spent the summer. The intercourse of friends is a source of pleasure in this world for which nothing else compensates. We all retied in one bed happily, Mrs. D, Jenny, and I

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Wednesday October 27<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I left Savannah today at 12 o'clock on the Dictator with the remembrance of a pleasant visit in my mind and urging me to remain longer. It always best to leave a place before your welcome is worn out.

We had nice lively passengers on today. One maiden lady from St. Augustine attracted my attention her age was over sixty but her robustness robbed advanced life of its terror to me. She had a crown of snowy tresses, a voice clear as a cloudless sky, together with a mind bright as a new silver coin. After supper they all sang some nice sacred pieces of music. "I need Thee every hour." How true it is that we need God every hour. The ocean is quiet as a silver lake and no one sick.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Thursday November 4<sup>th</sup> 1875**

Since my return I have been stopping with Mrs. Williard<sup>31</sup> near the City. We have talked over old times and had a very good visit. She has two children, the youngest one six months old, that are very cross.

The day is very warm and pleasant, the air soft as a midsummer dream. I have enjoyed myself very much today in reading & writing to my friends. I had a pleasant walk too, down Bay Street and called to see a Spanish lady in order is to air my knowledge of the language which I have been acquiring during the past summer. I will teach her English while she teaches me Spanish.

---

<sup>31</sup> Edwin and Mary Willard. Thirteenth Census of the United States, 1910 (NARA microfilm publication T624, 1,178 rolls). Records of the Bureau of the Census, Record Group 29. National Archives, Washington, D.C. Retrieved September 6, 2012 from [http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7884&iid=31111\\_4327445-00352&fn=Edwin+E&ln=Willard&st=r&ssrc=&pid=2922189](http://search.ancestry.com/iexec?htx=View&r=an&dbid=7884&iid=31111_4327445-00352&fn=Edwin+E&ln=Willard&st=r&ssrc=&pid=2922189)

knowledge of the language which I have been acquiring during the past summer. I will teach her English while she teaches me Spanish.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Domingo Noviembre 7<sup>th</sup> 1875**

The atmosphere is freighted with humidity this morning a murkiness in the atmosphere which keeps the sunlight out. I attended the Southern Presbyterian Church where I heard a very good sermon from the words, "Thy will be done." He spoke of the power and strength of God's Kingdom and of the different kinds of Devil's in the world, the fashionable and unfashionable. One fashionable was the dancing theatre going one, the other, the dram drinker, the profane, the gambler. A small congregation and someway all their clothes had a rumped worried look, but their faces intelligent.

**Jacksonville Florida**  
**Martes Noviembre 9<sup>th</sup> 1875**

I never have been in Jacksonville during the visitation and prolongation of so many successive dark gloomy days. The sky is dark now at 3 P.M. as night were approaching. My undecided course at present makes the weather seem more dull. There are times when my mind is so much occupied either in reading or writing that neither winds nor weather move my feelings.

I went to see Mrs. Penniman<sup>191</sup> a few moments before dark and found her happy and pleasant as usual with her little son Harry aged two years, it being 20 years since her last one was born before this. It seems almost like a Bible history record when they prayed for children.

---

<sup>191</sup> Mrs. Marcus L. Penniman, of 121 E Bay. St. W.S. Webb, *Webb's Jacksonville Directory, 1884* (New York: W.S. Webb, 1884), 173.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Sunday November 21<sup>st</sup> 1875**

All the warmth of a tropical clime is in the atmosphere today. I attended the Southern Methodist Church and heard a discourse by the Rev. Fitzpatrick upon the purity of the human heart and the pleasure it gave its possessor in contrast to the wicked heart with all the base plants which were nurtured by it together with its concomitant evils. Envy he described as the most common and prolific in all organizations societies and circle in life; an attempt to bring people down to a level with yourself because you could not excel or equal them by bespattering or making wicked unkind remarks.

Chapter Five  
January 2, 1876 – October 1, 1876

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Sunday January 2<sup>nd</sup> 1876**

The first Holy Sabbath in the New Year; lovely bright perfection of a day with neither clouds or shadows on the horizon. I attended the Presbyterian Church and heard a dissertation from Mr. Reynolds,<sup>1</sup> the Pastor, upon the renewal of our energies in a divine to be more devoted to the cause, “Looking unto Jesus.” Sacrament was administered in a very solemn and impressive manner. I more fully have realized today the suffering and death of Christ than at any other time. Persons cannot become Christians in a day; an advancement in a Divine life is required of all God’s people.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Thursday January 20<sup>th</sup> 1876**

The air is a little cooler than [omitted] for some previous, the wind is blowing about half a gale but my sky parlor in the third story is very comfortable. I have just finished reading a library book entitled “Salad for the Solitary”<sup>2</sup> by an Epicure. I have been much entertained with it, but if he had closed with a happier effort than an apology for the manner in which his book was written. Sleep and its Misteries was the subject of

---

<sup>1</sup> Charles O Reynolds, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church and briefly Superintendent of Schools in St. Augustine. Gil Wilson, “Reconstruction 1865-1876,” Dr. Bronson Tours, <http://www.drbronsontours.com/bronsonhistorypageamericanstaugustinereconstruction.html> (accessed October 14, 2012).

<sup>2</sup> A book of various essays of wit and humor. Frederick Saunders *Salad for the Solitary*. (New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law, 1853). Retrieved September 3, 2012 from <http://archive.org/details/saladforsolitary01saun>

his last dissertation which should have been finished by an allusion to that sleep which knows no waking but the sound of “Gabriel’s Trumpet” all persons cannot continue an interest in what the write to the close.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Wednesday February 9<sup>th</sup> 1876**

Finished my letter to Minnie and sent it away. Morning cloudy afternoon fair.

Went to the North Beach. Moon full, bright, beautiful.

Attended Prayer Meeting Dr. March presiding. Time passing pleasantly.

10 P.M. The Steamer *May Flower*<sup>3</sup> has just left the wharf with a moonlight excursion party and the band from the St. Augustine Hotel. The steamer with its sweet music has gone from sight and hearing but the echo lingers still. Tired nature needs repose.



figure 30. The St. Augustine Hotel circa 1880<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>3</sup> “It is in contemplation to establish a route from St. Augustine, by the steamer *Mayflower* down the Matanzas; thence by stage or tram road along the shore to Halifax River; thence by small steamer along the Halifax and Indian Rivers...and it may be the *Mayflower* Route, just mentioned, will have been consummated by the ensuing season of '75-76.” Sidney Lanier, *Florida: its Scenery, Climate and History* (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott and Co. 1876),136. Retrieved from [http://books.google.com/books?id=BAxTAAAYAAJ&dq=Steamer+Mayflower+st.+augustine&source=gbs\\_navlinks\\_s](http://books.google.com/books?id=BAxTAAAYAAJ&dq=Steamer+Mayflower+st.+augustine&source=gbs_navlinks_s)

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Thursday February 10<sup>th</sup> 1876**

Day bright & beautiful. I am weary and feel bad.

However when the moon rose I went to the Hop on the North Beach.<sup>5</sup> The Steamer got aground on its return and we were transferred to a long boat from the Cutter which packed us in elegantly and we came back safely arriving in St. Augustine 3 ½ A.M.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Friday Feb 11<sup>th</sup> 1876**

Dark. I have spent the day in trying to rest and make arrangements for a new home. It is terrible, the rough people that I have lived among from N. Jersey. This is the last night in my sky parlor. A room in the 3<sup>rd</sup> story of the house high and hot.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Sunday February 13<sup>th</sup> 1876**

The Holy Sabbath a bright lovely day. Attended Church & heard Dr. March preach. Orange trees in bloom and I wore a bouquet of buds to church, which exhaled a most exquisite aroma.

I took a good rest after dinner and at night wrote to Mijs Victoria Wilson Atlanta Georgia. A wild cat was brought here from Anastasia Island this morning. He is large, and fierce, growls like tiger.

---

<sup>4</sup> “St. Augustine Hotel” [Circa 1880], Robert N. Dennis collection of stereoscopic views, New York Public Library. Retrieved September 6, 2012 from [http://digitalgallery.nypl.org/nypldigital/id?g90f141\\_005f](http://digitalgallery.nypl.org/nypldigital/id?g90f141_005f)

<sup>5</sup> Vilano Beach, Florida, located to the north east across the intercoastal waterway from St. Augustine.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Monday Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1876**

It is trying to rain today the wind freshens and not pleasant out. I am in my new home at Dr. Von Balsam's. It is nice sweet place. I played some for her on the piano tonight and she kissed me when I was done and said "Oh it seems as though an Angel had come to visit us." Not much angel.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Sunday February 27<sup>th</sup> 1876**

It is one of God's own beautiful days. Delicate odors are exhaling on every side which delight the senses and soothe ruffled spirits. It seems almost like a foretaste of another world, kind of pedestal which fortifies the soul and makes it better.

I attended Church this morning and heard a sermon from Rev. Dr. March on the words, "Come and see."

Attended Sabbath School. Lesson: Ark of the Covenant. Mrs. McLure, a widowed preacher's wife, is the teacher and all the married people and ladies that feel imposed are members of it.

**St. Augustine, Florida**  
**Dimanche Mars 26<sup>th</sup> 1876**

The equinoctial has blown over us rather roughly but it is very lovely today. I awoke happy and have been so all day. Attended Church; heard a discourse from the parable of the Steward. "He that is faithful in that which is least." Dr. March preached a very sweet sermon about small matters which make up the great sum of life. He said there were thousands of homes which might be made heavenly by kind words. One little word of kindness spoken in the morning will sing all day in a sensitive heart like the



sweet music of a seraphim.<sup>6</sup> Put forth your hand to the aged and ease their burden as they pass down the hill of life for soon their spirits will pass upon the bright beams of the morning.

**Sunday Mars 26<sup>th</sup> 1876**

After my return from church Mrs. Von Balsam<sup>7</sup> gave me a cross of wood topped with silver bearing the name Menedez 1565. I have many times felt as though I was friendless but my little cross made me very happy.

Attended Sabbath School and had a very nice lesson. A review on the history of Saul, David & Absalom. Their lives and characters. After Sabbath School went home with Mrs. Witzell from Chicago then to Vespers in the Cathedral. I am now writing in the stillness of the night, not nine o'clock, too weary for church service tonight.

Vain world, Good Night!

**St. Augustine, Florida  
Thursday April 13<sup>th</sup> 1876**

Jaque Bourguarder

Name of grandma's husband

This morning I left St August where I have been spending the last four months very pleasantly. The last two months has been spent in the family of Dr. Von Balsam. They all bade me good-bye this morning in a most feeling manner. Grandma Bouguarder says, "when you come back again I will be gone." She was suffering from a cold which produced a mental depression. Mrs. Von Balsam and I have had much pleasant

---

<sup>6</sup> Angel

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Henry Van Balsam of Prussia, with wife Mary F. from France. Grandma is Mary J. Bougaurder, born 1784 in France. 1870 Federal Census. Retrieved September 7, 2012 from <https://familysearch.org/pal:/MM9.3.1/TH-267-12699-148532-92?cc=1438024&wc=1587802>

intercourse together, with culture she would have made a bright light in the world. She is a born sculptress and used to carve well in both wood & ivory.

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Monday April 17<sup>th</sup> 1876**

I have this day commenced living in East Jacksonville. I am maturing plans for the Centennial which I contemplate visiting nothing preventing me.

I went to see Mrs. Dr Barnard today. I wished to ask her some questions about Col. Murat who was a son of Gen. Murat, King of Naples and served as General on Napoleon's staff. Col. & Mrs. Murat visited her house frequently. He lived in much simplicity during his last days. The Bishop from Mobile while in Tallahassee being apprized of the fact that upon a certain day Col. Murat would call upon him. Dressed in his robes of state to receive princely blood as it is customary for officer of church & state to treat each other with due deference. The morning advanced until nearly midday finally a thin bony horse with no arrival a thinner bonier many man on him was descried coming up the avenue accompanied by a single very black negro named William who was walking. The Colonel was dressed in country homespun known as salt & pepper, jeans in Southern vernacular. His hat & shoes both indicated marks of wear, but age had robbed him of all desire for pageantry and priests or princes were alike to him. After a long interview he left, and returned to his rural retreat. Col. Murat was full of irregularities.

His wife accompanied by her servant rode out to the plantation one day when she noticed an unusual fire under the washing kettle where Col. Murat and William were both very busy. The curiosity of Mrs. Murat was much excited and upon interrogating the Colonel. He replied that he was coloring her clothes to keep her from have so much

trouble in getting them washed. “Oh” she exclaimed, “you have ruined me forever. All my white clothes and colored dresses in one mess together.” She was much troubled with indignities and eccentricities in his conduct which in common people would be termed craziness.

He died suddenly at his plantation and was buried near Tallahassee in the Cemetery with no sepulchral rites. His wife survived him several years living in Tallahassee. Royalty and beggary all bow in submission to the fiat when issued from the King of Terrors.<sup>8</sup>

**Jacksonville, Florida**  
**Saturday May 13<sup>th</sup> 1876**

I have been very feeble all day from sickness last night occasioned by eating cucumbers. The night was very charming but my pains made me quite unappreciative. The moon shone brightly as ever that orb could have done when making her first exhibition after her creation.

The St. John’s River of which I have a charming view from my window seemed quietly reposing that her surface might be silvered with the heavenly reflection, then the mocking bird, who was so happy she could not finish her song in the day, but perched upon the highest live oak in the land, twittered and imitated all the birds with which the forests are filled.

---

<sup>8</sup> After Prince Murat’s uncle Louis Napoleon Bonaparte III came to power in France, the family wealth was restored. Bonaparte bestowed on Kate the wealth she stood to inherit as a result of her husband’s death. She lived the rest of life a wealthy, affluent and popular figure in Tallahassee, Florida. Gene Burnett, *Florida’s Past: People and Events That Shaped the State. Vol 1* (Sarasota, Fl: Pineapple Press, 1996),105.

**Savannah, Georgia**  
**Monday May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1876**

Yesterday morning I arrived in Savannah and today have taken passage of the Steamship *Juanita* for Philadelphia to visit the Centennial. We have on board about fifty passengers. We left Port about 6 P.M.<sup>9</sup>

**Cape Hatteras**  
**Tuesday May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1876**

At 12 o'clock today we were 154 miles from Hatteras with head winds increasing. It is sunset and very rough, the ship rears and plunges like a restless horse. At 10 P.M. water running over the bows. Everybody sick but the wind not increasing. I am not alarmed in the least. Hatteras will be passed in the morning.

**Cape Hatteras**  
**Wednesday May 24<sup>th</sup> 1876**

We passed Hatteras about 10 o'clock this morning the water becoming more quiet afterward, it is like a millpond now.

**Delaware Bay**  
**Thursday May 25<sup>th</sup> 1876**

This morning we came into the waters of the Delaware. Everybody is moving around and all the passengers report for duty at the table. We have had a good passage, a pleasant Captain, miserable cooked food, and the slowest of servants. When you would ask them why they did not bring you something to eat they replied, "We do things when we receive order!" Quite refresh for impatient persons.

---

<sup>9</sup> A ship from the Philadelphia Southern Mail Steamship Company, sailing from Philadelphia to the Florida Keys. American Society of Mechanical Engineers, *Proceedings of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, Vol 29* (New York: American Society of Mechanical Engineers. 1901), 117.

**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**  
**Friday May 26<sup>th</sup> 1876**  
**Grand Centennial Grounds**

I have been to see the big show of the season and fatigue is no word for my feelings. It is a magnificently arranged affair but its unfinished condition impresses a visitor unfavorably. The piles of lumber and other debris, together with the knocking and digging about, is very disagreeable to use an exceedingly mild term. I am making my arrangements to take the cars tonight for Canton, Bedford County Pennsylvania where resides my father's cousin.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Saturday May 27<sup>th</sup> 1876**

A[t] 10 A.M. I arrived in the above port safe and sound but very feeble and tired. The first person I made inquiry of in regard to my relation was my second cousin named Colson Stone dealer in hardware and farming implements. He took me to see one of the Browns who is no relation and bears no resemblance. Cousin David<sup>10</sup> came for me a little before dark and I went home with him where I am now. The scenery is very beautiful the mountains ranging in an entire circle around the valleys of unsurpassed loveliness.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Saturday May 28<sup>th</sup> 1876**

My window looks out into a tree about 25 feet in height which is the resort of so many beautiful birds that I call it God's Bird Cage.

This morning a sweet little bird with a red cap on and cape of the same color came to gather honeydew from the fresh foliage with which the tree is furnished itself.

---

<sup>10</sup> Her second cousin, son of Solomon Lindley.

The humming bird borne on her musical wings flew in such a busy blustering manner that she could stop only a second where the honey was the thickest & sweetest; her little ones were impatient for their breakfast and no time too then the gold finch with his yellow coat.

**Canton Pennsylvania**  
**Wednesday June 14<sup>th</sup> 1876**

I spent last week with the family of Mr. Orran Brown in Canton but returned Saturday to my cousin Solomon Lindley's where in the distance I can look away and see perennial foliage covered mountains at the base of which are valleys of unsurpassed loveliness and fertility, covered with grains waving like the sea in its billowy evolution and perfection. The fleecy clouds that float upon its brow look like gauzy veils, which increase the beauties of its appearance as it vanishes before the wind and dispelled with the sunshine. The blue shades on the mountain are deepening into night.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Sunday June 18<sup>th</sup> 1876**

The wind has blown a gale all night and upon rising this morning I found the sky very dark and the rain falling very fast, which is much needed. I submitted to the weather with a volume of Harper in my hand, although 1870. I was quite entertained with its various articles upon Florida and other things. At 12 o'clock the sky commenced to clear a little but the rain continued to fall less & less until the sun burst forth in the newly born splendor. The rain has been a great blessing but I think it fell among an unappreciative crowd which resides in the vicinity.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Sunday June 25<sup>th</sup> 1876**

The Holy Sabbath day and I am feeling much better than when I arrived in these parts. I spent some of the last week at Cousin J Lindley's which was quite pleasant. Cousin Joseph<sup>11</sup> resembles Uncle Orange in many ways. An inclination to be nervous and fidgety together with a natural inclination to be restless volatile in disposition much elated or depressed according to surrounding circumstances, attending prosperity or adversity. I received a nice letter from Miss Sallie White wanting me to be at the Centennial when she was there which would be very soon now. Her father and mother will be there too if nothing prevents. Everyone seems to enjoy the privilege of spending her opinion about her new neighbors movements.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Sunday July 9<sup>th</sup> 1876**

It is again Sunday. A quiet calm pervades everything thing but a few birds which sing the same little songs every day. The air is extremely warm today and everything is growing finely. The wheat will be ready to cut in a few days and timothy is now being harvested. I made my arrangements to visit Leroy yesterday but could not get off. The light clouds are climbing the mountains while the heavy ones have the appearance of soon distilling their watery contents.

It is now 3 P.M. and raining. Mrs. Wilson, Mr & Mrs. Denton Lindley<sup>12</sup> at dinner here and everything passed off well.

---

<sup>11</sup> Orange Lindley's son. Orange is Abbie's paternal uncle.

<sup>12</sup> Second cousin of Abbie Brooks' father, Alanson.

**Canton, Pennsylvania.**  
**Sunday August 13<sup>th</sup> 1876**

Today is the Holy Sabbath, the weather is excessively warm. I have been visiting among the Stone's since the 5<sup>th</sup> of July. I have enjoyed myself very much under the circumstances, changing and moving about. The summer has been very hot, thermometer up to 95 degrees in the shade.

The clouds look like rain but the showers fall some other place. I have today written a letter to Victoria Wilson in Atlanta. Her father who is dead now was on my best friends. A few sprinkles of rain fell today and the air became a little cooler.

**Canton, Pennsylvania**  
**Sunday August 20<sup>th</sup> 1876**

A very pleasant day; the mountain breeze is quite fresh and moves the dust around quite briskly. It is the Holy Sabbath and I have been reading a book called 7 or 9 years among the Indians. The adventurer was captured on his way to Kansas and after being tortured and running the gambit was adopted by the Comanche Indians as one of the tribe made to assume their costume and adopt their habits of life. The Indians [in] that part of the country are now becoming exceedingly troublesome. In July Gen Carter was killed and who will be the next, nobody knows.

**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**  
**Sunday September 17<sup>th</sup> 1876**

I am boarding at a place known as Darby Station, 6 miles from the City where I have been for the last two weeks attending the Centennial when I have felt able. I am with a lady named Fentenge Fontenge born in Savannah Ga her first husband was named Segui from St. Augustine.



It is now past 6 P.M. and the wind has been blowing a steady gale since noon. Limbs are broken from the trees, the ground is thickly strewn with the leaves from the silver poplar trees, the yard fence has blown down partly, and at this moment the gale is still blowing while the shrill winds whistles as though they were echoing a requiem to the death and departed hopes of many. The telegraph operator says the storm extends to Florida.<sup>13</sup>

**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**  
**Monday Morning September 18 1876**

News comes in from every direction in regard to damage from the storm both by land and sea. Attended the Centennial today for the last time. Fine Art Gallery and Memorial Hall. Found Landseers Exhibit. About 2000 dollars damage done to the Centennial buildings. A most remarkable escape.<sup>14</sup>

---

<sup>13</sup> A sizable hurricane moved through the Caribbean, affecting Jamaica, St. Thomas, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Florida and the entire eastern seaboard. J.F. Partagas and H.F. Diaz, *"A Reconstruction of Historical Tropical Cyclone Frequency in the Atlantic from Documentary and Other Historical Sources" 1851-1880 Part II 1871-1880* (Boulder: Climate Diagnostic Clinic, 1995) Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://www.aoml.noaa.gov/hrd/Landsea/Partagas/1871-1876/1876.pdf>

<sup>14</sup> "Philadelphia, PA - This city and vicinity was visited by a severe gale, commencing at midnight on Saturday and lasting until 9 o'clock tonight. Great damage was done by unroofing houses, prostrating trees and awnings, and setting adrift several sailboats in the Delaware River. The greatest interest centred in the Centennial Grounds. The rain beat in the north-eastern section of the Min Building, deluging a portion of the American display of silk and cloth. The roof of the Photographic Hall was blown off, causing considerable damage as were also the transoms of the carriage building." "A September Storm," *New York Times*, September 17, 1876. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-free/pdf?res=F70D10FB385B177A93CAA81782D85F428784F9>



figure 31. Art Gallery: Grand United States Centennial exhibition 1876 - Fairmount Park, Philadelphia<sup>15</sup>

**Washington D.C.  
Sabbath October 1<sup>st</sup> 1876**

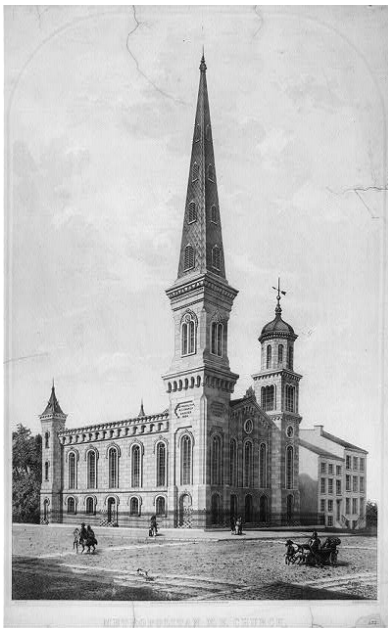


figure 32. Metropolitan M.E. Church, Washington D.C. Lithographic by P.S. Duval 1855.<sup>16</sup>

---

<sup>15</sup> “Art Gallery: Grand United States Centennial exhibition 1876 - Fairmount Park, Philadelphia” Currier and Ives, [Circa 1876], Library of Congress. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/90708791/>

I attended the Metropolitan Church where Gen Grant, the President of the United States worships. The building is very fine having a chime of bells and bell tower. The seats inside are built in the form of a circle or rather half circle, the material employed in its erection being brick. The Rev. Doctor Newman<sup>17</sup> its pastor preached. It was a sacramental occasion and the text was from Luke 22-9, “Do this in remembrance of me”

The text demands a physical exertion and a mental act in a mental exercise a recollection of what has been done. The impressions of memory are imperishable. A lady once made a request of her husband, “Build me a tomb like no woman in the world ever had.” I saw it and it resembled one of the abodes of the blessed let down. The sources of heaven’s enjoyment will come from memory. Who aggravates his forgetfulness by base ingratitude drives the iron into the soul. He gathered her bouquets while the dew twinkled on the grass and the humming bird was sipping honeyed sweet from the morning glories.

Three sons upon the occasion of their mother’s birthday gave her a present. The first a bouquet – the second a statue of himself – the third an arrow dipped in his own blood saying I give thee my life my all. That is what Christ gave us.

The organ as it trilled softly, slowly, sweetly, seemed like a vibration somewhere between heaven & earth, almost unreal.

---

<sup>16</sup> P. S. Duval, “Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C.” Circa, 1855. Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/resource/cph.3a10956/>

<sup>17</sup> Dr. John Phillip Newman (1826-1899) was a leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was called to Washington in 1869 where he organized and became the pastor of the Metropolitan Memorial Church. President Grant and Chief Justice Chase were members of his congregation. From 1869 to 1874 he was also Chaplain of the United States Senate. Source: Dr. John Newman obituary, *New York Times*, July 6<sup>th</sup> 1899. Retrieved September 2, 2012 from <http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-free/pdf?res=F70615F73B5416738DDDAF0894DF405B8985F0D3>

I saw many plainly dressed people today which some are disposed to make sport of. They have no glittering gold on the outside of their person but there is pure gold in their hearts. The first page of this book was commenced 1872 the last finished 1876.

## Bibliography

- American Society of Mechanical Engineers. *Proceedings of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, Vol 29* New York: American Society of Mechanical Engineers, 1901.
- Atlanta First Methodist Church. "Our History." Atlanta First Methodist Church. <http://www.atlantafirstumc.org/pages/aboutus/history.html> (Accessed August 23, 2012).
- Atlanta Public Schools, "History." Atlanta Public Schools. <http://www.atlanta.k12.ga.us/Page/367> (Accessed September 6, 2012).
- Austin, Jeanette. "First Presbyterian Church." Atlanta Historical Tidbits. [http://atlantahistoricaltidbits.blogspot.com/2011/12/blog-post\\_08.html](http://atlantahistoricaltidbits.blogspot.com/2011/12/blog-post_08.html) (Accessed July 12, 2012).
- Avery, Isaac Wheel. *The History of the State of Georgia from 1850 to 1881*. New York: Brown and Derby, 1881.
- Ballou, Maturin M. *Due South or Cuba Past and Present*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company-The Riverside Press, 1885.
- Barker, Eirlys. "A Sneaky, Cowardly Enemy. Tamp's Yellow Fever Epidemic of 1887-88." *Tampa Bay History* vol 8, No 2 (Fall/Winter 1986) .
- Basillica of Saint Michael the Archangel. "The History of St. Michael." Basillica of the Archangel of St. Michael. <http://www.stmichael.ptdiocese.org/> (Accessed September 3, 2012).
- Brooks, Abbie. *Diary [1872-1876]*. David Rubenstein Rare Book Library, Duke University, Durham, NC.
- Berber Silverstein Group. "Florida Division of Tourism." The Berber Silverstein Group. <http://www.thinkbsg.com/florida-division-tourism> (Accessed October 13, 2012).
- Brown, Jefferson B. *Key West, the Old and the New*. St. Augustine: The Reserved Company, 1912.

- Bragdon, Florence Chase. "Saint Johns Railway Collection Description." Florida Historical Society.  
[http://myfloridahistory.org/collections/manuscripts/saintjohns\\_railroad](http://myfloridahistory.org/collections/manuscripts/saintjohns_railroad) (Accessed August 20, 2012).
- Burnett, Gene. *Florida's Past: People and Events That Shaped the State. Vol 1.* Sarasota, FL: Pineapple Press, 1996.
- Chow, Gabriel. "Catedral De Nuestra Senora De La Purisima Concepcion." Gabriel Chow. <http://www.gcatholic.com/churches/centralamerica/2848.htm> (Accessed September 2, 2012).
- Coleman, Phares. *Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Alabama, Vol 104.* Montgomery, AL: Roemer Printing Co. 1896.
- Covington, James W. "Exploring the Ten Thousand Islands." *Tequesta* Vol 1. No 18. (1958).
- D Appleton and Co. *Appleton's Illustrated Hand Book of American Winter Resorts.* New York: D Appleton and Co., 1895.
- Dicksons, Asbury, and John W. Forney, eds. *Letter from Alexandro Ramirez, Governor of the Sub-Delegate of the Royal Domain, St. Augustine* in *American State Papers* Public Lands vol. V. Washington D.C.: Gales and Seaton, 1860.
- Dickinson, Samuel L. *The Pirates Own Book or Authentic Narratives of the Lives, Exploits and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers.* Portland, ME: Francis Blake, 1855.
- Doggett, Samuel Bradlee. *A History of The Doggett-Daggett Family.* Boston: Press of Rockwell and Churchill, 1894.
- Dodge, Andrew R., and Betty K. Koed, eds. *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress 1774-2005: The Continental Congress, September 5, 1774 to October 21, 1788, and the Congress of the United States, from the First through the One Hundred Eight Congresses, March 4, 1789 to January 3, 2005.* Washington D.C.: Government Printing Office, 2005.
- Dybas, Cheryl Lyn. "Bright Microbes, Scientists Uncover New Clues to Bioluminescence." *Scientific American* (April 16, 2012).
- First Presbyterian Monticello. "History." First Presbyterian Monticello.  
[http://firstpresbyterianmonticello.org/First\\_Presbyterian/HIstory.html](http://firstpresbyterianmonticello.org/First_Presbyterian/HIstory.html) (Accessed August 21, 2012).

- Florida Department of Corrections. "Centuries of Progress 1868-1876." Florida Department of Corrections. <http://www.dc.state.fl.us/oth/timeline/1868-1876a.html> (Accessed August 23, 2012).
- Gannon, Michael. *Rebel Bishop: Augustine Verot, Florida's Civil War Prelate*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1997.
- Glazier, M. Incorporated. *Journal of the Senate Including the Journal of the Executive Proceedings of the Senate, Volumes 25-27*. Washington D.C.: M. Glazier, Incorporated, 1887.
- Keri Hendry. "Cracker Cowmen-The History of Punta Rassa." Keri Hendry. <http://floridacrackercumbs.wordpress.com/2008/05/21/cracker-cowmen-the-history-of-punta-rassa> (Accessed September 3, 2012).
- Henkin, David M. *The Postal Age: The Emergence of Modern Communications in the Nineteenth Century*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006.
- Homady, Alan. *Atlanta, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. [N.P.] American Cities Book Company, 1922.
- Hurst, Clive, ed. *Barnaby Rudge Summary*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2009.
- Iobst, Richard W. *Civil War Macon: The History of a Confederate City*. Macon, GA: Mercer University Press, 2009.
- Jabbour, Alan, and Karen Singer Jabbour. *Decoration Day in the Mountains. Traditions of Cemetery Decorations in the Southern Appalachians*. Chapel Hill; University of North Carolina Press, 2010.
- James, Stacy, D.D. *The History of The Presbyterian Church in Georgia*. Elberton, GA: Press of the Star, N.D.
- Jones, Charles C. *History of Savannah, Ga: From Its Settlement to the Close of the Eighteenth Century*. Syracuse: D Mason and Company, 1890.
- Johnson, Rossiter, and John Howard Brown, eds. *The Biographical Dictionary of America, Vol V* Boston: The Biographical Society, 1904.
- Kennison, Claude and The City of Tallahassee. "City Owned Cemeteries Burial Records-Old City Cemetery Burials." Retrieved from <http://www.talgov.com/pm/pdf/kennisonoldcitycem.pdf>
- Knetsch, Joe. "History Corner Education and the Frontier Survey." *Professional Surveyor Magazine* (January 2008).

- Lanier, Sidney. *Florida: Its Scenery, Climate and History*. Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott and Co., 1876.
- Lee, F.D., and J.L. Agnew. *The Historical Record of the City of Savannah*. Savannah: J.H. Estill, 1869.
- Lubin-parfum.net. "History." Lubin-parfum.net. <http://www.lubin-parfum.fr/> (Accessed August 31, 2012).
- Muether, John. "Today in Church History." Orthodox Presbyterian Church.  
[http://opc.org/today.html?history\\_id=49](http://opc.org/today.html?history_id=49) (Accessed August 17, 2012).
- New Georgia Encyclopedia. "Government and Politics." The Georgia Humanities Council. <http://www.georgiaencyclopedia.org/nge/Article.jsp?id=h-865&sug=y> (Accessed September 4, 2012).
- Noden, Malcolm A. "The Rich History of the First Presbyterian Church." First Presbyterian Church. <http://www.first-presbyterian-church-32034.org/about/history/> (Accessed August 27, 2012).
- Oglethorpe University. "Oglethorpe University Bulletin." Oglethorpe University. <http://www.oglethorpe.edu/academics/documents/OUBulletin2010-12.pdf> (Accessed July 21, 2012).
- Partagas, J.F. and H.F. Diaz. *A Reconstruction of Historical Tropical Cyclone Frequency in the Atlantic from Documentary and Other Historical Sources 1851-1880 Part II 1871-1880*. Boulder: Climate Diagnostic Clinic, 1995.
- PBS.org. "The Panic of 1873." PBS.org.  
<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/americanexperience/features/general-article/grant-panic/> (Accessed September 3, 2012).
- Poyo, Gerald E. "Key West and The Cuban Ten Years War." *The Florida Historical Quarterly* 57 No. 3 (January 1979).
- Preston, R. *Provenance for Alexander Hamilton Stephens Papers*. Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.
- Punett, Dick. "The Mysterious Miss A.M. Brooks Unmasked at Last!" *The East Florida Gazette* Vol 18 (February 1999).
- Purcell, Erin, "John Robinson's Circus of Terrance Park Ohio, Part 1." Circus4Youth.org. [http://www.circus4youth.org/res\\_det.php?res\\_id=120](http://www.circus4youth.org/res_det.php?res_id=120) (Accessed September 6, 2012).



- Raffa, Guy. "Welcome to Dante's World; Terrestrial Paradise." University of Texas at Austin. <http://danteworlds.laits.utexas.edu/purgatory/10terrestrialparadise.html> (Accessed October 16, 2012).
- Rajtar, Steve and Kelly Goodman. *A Guide to Historic St. Augustine, Florida*. Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2007.
- Reed, Walter Putnam, ed. *History of Atlanta Georgia*. Syracuse, NY: D. Mason & Company, 1889.
- Rogers, William Warren. *A Scalawag in Georgia: Richard Whiteley and the Politics of Reconstruction*. Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2007.
- Rowell, George P. and Co. Publishers and Newspaper Advertising Agents. *American Newspaper Directory Vol 4*. New York: George P. Rowell and Co. Publishers and Newspaper Advertising Agents, 1873.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory, containing Accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America*. New York: Geo. O. Rowell & Co., 1874.
- Rowlett, Russ. "Lighthouses of Cuba" University of North Carolina. <http://www.unc.edu/~rowlett/lighthouse/cub.htm> (Accessed September 1, 2012).
- Russell, Odiorne and Metcalf. *A Report of the Trial of the Spanish Pirates before the United States Circuit Court*. Boston: Russell, Odiorne and Metcalf, 1834.
- Schott, Thomas E. *Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia: A Biography*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1988.
- Scott, Eugene Crampton. *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. 1861-1941*. Austin, TX: Press of Von Boeckmann-Jones Co, 1942.
- Secretary of the Office of New England Emigrant Aid Company. *Florida, The Advantages and Inducements it Offers to Immigrants*. Boston: Calkins and Goodwin, 1868.
- Serpe, Cat. "Uncovering Museum Mysteries: Binnacle Lamp." Phillips Museum of Art, Franklin and Marshall College. <http://blogs.fandm.edu/phillipsmuseum/2012/04/11/uncovering-museum-mysteries-binnacle-lamp/> (Accessed September 1, 2012).
- Sherrod, Phillip. "Descendents of Samuel Haines (Deacon)." Familytreemaker. <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/s/h/e/Phillip-H-Sherrod/GENE5-0051.html> (Accessed September 1, 2012).

- Southern Historical Association. *Memoirs of Georgia Vol. 1 Containing Historical Accounts of the State's Civil, Military, Industrial and Professional Interests and Personal Sketches of Many of its People*. Atlanta: The Southern Historical Association, 1895.
- Southern Publishing Company. *Atlanta City Directory, 1874*. Atlanta: Southern Publishing Company, 1874.
- Stephens, Alexander Hamilton. *A Pamphlet Containing the Full History of the Celebration of the Ninety-Ninth Anniversary of American Independence in Atlanta Georgia, July 5<sup>th</sup> 1875*. Atlanta: The Herald Steam Book and Job Print, 1875.
- Stone, Spessard, ed. "Cracker Barrel-Company A, Second Florida Cavalry, United States Army." Ancestry.com  
<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~crackerbarrel/USA.html>  
 (Accessed August 3, 2012).
- Storey, Steve. "Georgia's Railroad History & Heritage-Atlanta West Point Railroad." RailGa.com. [railga.com/atlwp.html](http://railga.com/atlwp.html) (Accessed September 4, 2012).
- Stowe, Harriet, Beecher. *Palmetto Leaves*. Boston: J.R.Osgood and Company, 1873.
- Sunshine, Silvia. *Petals Plucked from Sunny Climes*. Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House, 1880.
- Superintendent of the Coast Survey. *Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey Showing the Progress During the Year 1861, Congressional Serial Set*. Washington D.C.: United States Government Printing Office, 1862.
- Tierra, Dr. Michael, L.Ac., O.M.D. "For Digestive Weaknesses, Food Allergies and Candida." East West School of Planetary Herbology.  
<https://www.planetherbs.com/specific-herbs/asafoetida.html> (Accessed September 1, 2012).
- U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service "Historical Highlights of Atsena Otie Key." U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service., <http://www.fws.gov/cedarkeys/atsenaotie.html> (Accessed September 2, 2012).
- Varona, Arnoldo, ed. "The Caves of Bellmar" The Cuban History.  
<http://www.thecubanhistory.com/2012/05/the-caves-of-bellamar/> (Accessed September 1, 2012).
- Webb, W.S. *Webb's Jacksonville Directory, 1884*. New York: W.S. Webb, 1884.

- Williford, William Bailey. *Peachtree Street, Atlanta*. Athens, GA: University of Press Georgia, 1962.
- Wilson, Adelaide and Georgia Wilmouth. *Historic and Picturesque Savannah*. Boston: The Boston Photo Engraveur Company, 1889.
- Wilson, Gil. "Reconstruction 1865-1876", Dr. Bronson Tours, <http://www.drbronsontours.com/bronsonhistorypageamericanstaugustinereconstruction.html> (Accessed October 14, 2012).
- Woodland Presbyterian Church. "Who We Are Today." Woodland Presbyterian Church. <http://www.woodlandpresbyterian-nashville.org/about/who.html> (Accessed August 5, 2012).
- Works Progress Administration. *The History of Music in San Francisco Series, Supplemental Monograph. Vol 13. The Musical Trade 1850-1940*. Prepared with assistance by the Works Progress Administration, ND.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Church Records, "First Presbyterian Church," Florida Memory Project, <http://www.floridamemory.com/items/show/248263> (Accessed September 3, 2012).