

Private Journal  
S. A. Floyd

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Preface 1872

Jany 1st

This book is designed as a journal of my individual experiences and impressions of m\_\_ and things generally. *Seven lines of text scratched out.*

In after days, when the present will have floated far b\_\_\_\_ on Times ever lengthening course, and occ\_\_ces that are now fresh and green in memo\_\_ will have become indistinct, like viewing a \_\_\_\_ landscape that gradually fades under the d\_ing gloom of twilight, it will be, perhaps, \_\_ pleasure to live over again those emotions \_\_ bygone days, and recall the sensations that once thrilled with pleasure, or pain. The minutes of \_\_\_\_ is the cream of one's \_\_\_\_\_ be he high or lowly. In it we can com\_\_\_\_ the character as true and infallibly as a mirror will reflect the object before it. Man like the seasons is changing. As I write my mind recalls what I was days ago \_\_\_\_ but dim indistinctness. The memory of our lives we insolubly associate with persons and things a\_\_\_\_ us. They are it what

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Jany 1<sup>st</sup> New Year's morn broke gloomily. The temperature is very mild – one feels not uncomfortable in shirt sleeves, out doors. A dense fog obscures all distant objects, and renders out door exposure decidedly unpleasant. Kept a solitary vigil until 12 last night, to see the last of the old year. All nature was as calus as death – not even a breeze to moan a requiem around some house corner. As the mill bell chimed twelve I roused Petry by a poke in the ribs and shouted to him “Happy New Year”. This afternoon the sun got the mastery over the fog and sent its broad rays over meadow and woodland in a perfect glory of light. How fresh the distant landscape looked, with its green tinted woods and softened outlines. *Three lines of text scratched out.*

2 Senator Jos. Atkins left for Tallahassee via St. Marks. I changed lodgings to the Hancock house – poor Adolph, you will have to cover with the feather bed again. Messina (a dago merchant) gave a house warming last night. Wines, crinolines and perspiration were \_\_\_\_ “that” (as Maj. Jones would have said) “Darned if it wasn't tip top” said Jones in answer to my inquiry if he had had a good time. “If that Miss \_\_\_\_\_ haint a leg of her own you can take my hat.” I

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believe you, Jones, my boy – I've thought as much myself.

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Escorted the Misses Pohlman to Judge Bakers in the evening. Miss Mary (who, by the way, was looking her very best) played my favorite piece, "The maidens prayer" as only she can play it.

Jan 3 Signed a petition the citizens are getting up to send to the Legislature, requesting their influence with the general government for an appropriation of \$100.00 dollars to be used in having the channel deepened. Vessels now touch when drawing over 13 feet unless the tides are very high.

I spent a part \_\_\_\_\_ evening at the Hancock house. \_\_\_\_\_ Jennie and Sarah Cullen sewed \_\_\_\_\_ I read to them an article in the \_\_\_\_\_ No. of Harper's Magazine entitled "The Arithmetic God." All at once I stopped in the middle of a sentence. A demure voice to my left asked, "Is it finished Mr. F?" "No Ma'm, but I see a great array of figures below, and know that it is some statistical summary – will therefore hunt for something more interesting." The truth was that I ran afoul of some words about "lewd women" and "illegitimates" which isn't exactly the

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thing to be read to young ladies by a man under 30.

Jan 4 Recd first copy N. Y. World dated 29<sup>th</sup> Dec. Got no letters. Damn all procrastinating male correspondents, say I. As for the women – well I believe man loves these the more they abuse him. Sent watch to Amos Cordson at Bainbridge to be re-fixed.

6<sup>th</sup> Nothing of interest has transpired in the last two days. Called on the Misses Raney last eve – accompanied by Miss Hancock. Had quite an animated time of it. Miss Fannie showed me a crab-claw cactus in bloom. It bears a pink, waxy flower, marvelously delicate, and beautiful. Wrote Augusta a long letter.

8<sup>th</sup> (Monday)

Mill has not been running since Friday owing to the poor condition of the log slip – the old one has been removed entire, and a new one, much more commodious, is in course of construction. Spent a pleasant forenoon with Miss Theresa. Find loafing infernally irksome. No places where a poor devil can resort to but billiard saloons and they have no attractions for me, as I determined to give up that fascinating game, from the 1<sup>st</sup> Inst. And whiskey. I do not drink. The weather has been very pleasant for the last several days.

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Jan 8<sup>th</sup> Examined a human skull at Doctr. Wakefield's drug store. It had some remarkable prenological protruberances, and one particularly, which if it belongs to that of a man, indicated a great penchant for women, or contrarywise.

10<sup>th</sup> (Wednesday)

A magnificent day. All nature is aglow with its countless beauties. An invisible presence seems to pervade the atmosphere – a presence of life, and youth, and freshness. Such a day as rarely fails to carry my mind back to those youthful associations that cluster like a wreath of evergreen around memories of time honored Fairfield and Bellevue, where, among their noble oaks, or on the blue water that swept around the bold promontories upon which they were situated, life seemed Elysium, and care a myth as intangible as the

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visions in a dream. "Time" may be "the true waters of oblivion" but Love is its antithesis, for, on my mind is stamped, as indelible as fate, the memories of those days I love to recall. The waters that sweep along thy grassy shores may be as fresh: The skies as deep and blue, and the wild flowers may bloom among the woods as fresh and fragrant as of yore, but all else is changed – for ~~among~~

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those lofty rooms, where once youth and beauty were wont to gather at the sound of music, are all crumbled and gone, like the name of those who reared you. "Sic transit a gloria mundi."

Jan 14<sup>th</sup> (Sunday)

Nothing has transpired worthy of note since the last date, but if I am to write anything, it will be necessary to chronicle the most insignificant events. This place is too monotonous to furnish much variety, and I will have to magnify the most trivial incidents if I desire to fill my diary. Mr. Harris (C. M.) returned from N. Y. on the last steamer. He looked much improved in health. The mill ran very steadily during Friday & Saturday and the lumber sawed was very much in excess of the average amount. New mill began sawing yesterday (Satdy) P. M. There was a dance at Mrs. King's on Friday eve. (12 Inst) 'twas kept up until ½ 1. Quite pleasant, but not very jolly. I carried Miss Hancock early (first arrivals) and returned for Miss Theresa Pohlman. The principal charm in her (Theresa's) face consists, I think, in the constantly varying lights and shadows. I am reminded of a summer sunset where everything seems glowing in an atmosphere of purple warmth. Although the majority of men would probably give, as their opinion, that many other young ladies

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Jan 14 in Apalachicola are prettier than she, it is equally probable that they would unanimously consider hers an uncommon face. And therein consists true beauty, in my opinion. It is as charming as rare, to meet with a true child of nature nowadays. One, such as this girl, whose countenance mirrors every thought.

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I feel in no humor to criticise today, so have substituted a line of asterisks in lieu of a more extended commentary. Went to the Catholic church this A. M. The singing was very good. The congregation became somewhat confused about the latter part of the service, as whether to kneel or sit, at a certain point in Father G's proceedings, some stood, some knelt, some sat, all looked foolish, and I felt amused. The sermon was as follows: "We will have mass at \_\_\_ o'clock this afternoon for the repose of Mrs. (somebody's) soul, who died a year ago." Went a portion of the way homeward with Misses Theresa & Car\_\_. I am writing this at the Hancock house. Miss Jennie is playing sacred pieces on the piano in the next room, and it sounds very soft and sweet. The last mail brought me four letters. Nat Hancock wrote from Eufaula, Ala. Doctr. Black-

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Jan 14 shear from Macon, Ga. (acknowledging the receipt of the oysters I had shipped him before Christmas. One from Bourke (which I answered immediately) and one from

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James, stating that he had determined on accepting Nightengales offer of about \$1500 for this year.

Read the contents of a little book yesterday, which affects me deeply. The subjects were simple enough, yet every page seemed stamped with a seal of that divinest eloquence – Truth. The record and the writer of those daily sensations do not require more particular mention here. They are engraven on an ever present tablet, that will be impervious to Time’s destructible influences. It was rumored about town a few days since that “Jim Fisk” (a noted N. York “merchant prince”) had been shot by a jealous husband. The next mail will probably bring particulars. Carrie Pohlman was unanimously accorded the palm for beauty on Friday eve. “She looked just like a picture,” said Miss H, “don’t you thing so Mr. F?” “Well, really ma’m I cannot say that I was impressed with the simile!” I answered.

Jan. 15 Yesterday, late in the afternoon, while I was sitting before a bright cosy fire which the sharp atmosphere made dec-

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idely pleasant, I saw numbers of people hurrying past the street corner in the direction of Wise’s Mill. Thinking some unusual attraction must account for the eager expression and evident haste with which they passed, I took my hat and went out. On reaching Water Street I saw a great crowd gathered at Wise’s Mill completely lining the lumber piles and roller ways. The scene was animated and picturesque in the extreme. Bright costumes were flitting about forming a very pretty contrast to the darker outlines. The attraction proved to be the emersion of two reclaimed sisters from the clutches of the devil. One of them (the last who was soused) became very happy, apparently. “Poor thing,” said Miss Mary, “she’s strangled.” Indeed, you are mistaken Miss M. she is only overcome by the ecstatic sensations of being freed from the bonds of sin. I got a look! O! I’m a hardened sinner I am afraid!! In the midst of the ceremonies a pack of dogs got fighting. One of these female “American citizens of African descent” loved whiskey as much as “Starling” used to, I am told. A “wee drap” after such a cold bath would have been anything but unpleasant, I should judge. Asked Miss Hancock

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to take me in her Sunday school class. “No” is a very unequivocal monosyllables, I take it.

Had a glimpse of the German card party last eve. The smoke was intolerable and I soon found more comfortable quarters and a more congenial companion.

Jan. 16 Called on Miss Mary Baker last eve. Had passed a very pleasant evening. The weather was bitter cold, but a bright fire lent a cheerful warmth to the cosy room and my companion’s black eyes glowed like gems. I never saw her half so pleasant nor womanly, as she seemed last eve, but through the magical spell of those soft orbs loomed another pair with a more wistful softness, and my mind acknowledged the absolute supremacy of the loyal blue.

Miss Richardson is expected here with her father on Wednesday (tomorrow). I am curious to see what manner of woman she is. Wrote a note to Miss Amelia Pohlman with a piece of poetry. I wrote the same verses for her some time since, but there were some

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errors which I only discovered yesterday on reading the original, and my last was merely a duplicate of the first, with corrections. Wrote Nat. Hancock.

Jany. 17 Last eve, while at Mrs. Pohlman's Mr. Porter and Miss Baker called. There was

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considerable laughing and altogether a pleasant evening.

Jany 21<sup>st</sup> Sunday

On Wednesday night last while returning from Mrs. Pohlman's met G. Ruge, who informed me of the arrival of Mr. & Miss Richardson and several other passengers whom he did not know. I went to the post office and received Mrs. King's mail which I sent up by a boy (10 o'clock P.M.). On Thursday I was introduced to Miss R. at the Mill. She is a tall and delicate looking girl, with fine brown eyes. They think of remaining several weeks. A Lumber merchant is also here, with his wife, who is quite a handsome and ladylike person. A man from Kentucky and an invalid wife is also stopping at the Hancock house. She is the most emaciated looking creature I have ever seen. A new Methodist minister came by last boat also. A Mr. Duncan. The mill has been doing extraordinary good work for the last week, and I have been busy in proportion, but I like activity, and it is decidedly more pleasant to see every one with whom you are associated in business in good humor, which is invariably the case when every thing runs smoothly. Heard two day since

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that my appointment as Log & Lumber Inspector for this county was published in the Tallahassee "Sentinel". Am glad Senator "Joe" has gotten it through successfully and will give him a bottle of fine whiskey for his interest, when he returns. Do not expect to realize much from that source but it may help me a little. Did not get a letter last mail. Expected several. My papers contained full particulars of the Fisk murder by Stokes. Seems to have been an act of cold blooded atrocity. Sent to Francis King (a negro girl) to bring me a bouquet yesterday. (I had been informed that she could furnish them by being compensated.) The black hussy went and begged Miss Mary Baker for them, telling her for whom they were intended! I shall not make such an ass of myself in future – and yet I regret that I am debarred this source of getting flowers, as I sometimes wish to give them. They are such appropriate and elegant little presents to give ladies. Messina, who has had previous mention in this book, gave an "egg-nog" two days since. "Hullo Brown!" I called to that worthy the next morning as his sleepy looking face emerged from a store. "What luck had you last night at leg-seeing?" "Darned if I got a sight." "I say," said he when I got about twenty steps

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beyond him. I stopped and looked round. B's face wore the most serio-comic expression I ever saw. "Well" said I laughing, "What's up." "you wont tell, now, what I said, will you?" "Oh no" I answered. Passed the afternoon very pleasantly (as, in fact I always do) at Mrs. Pohlman's. On my return to the Hotel went into the Ladies sitting room. Miss R does not improve much on acquaintance. She is undeniably amiable, but as regards refinement is 0000. I extracted from an elegant little bouquet Miss Carrie presented me with, the finest bud and the violets, and gave her the rest, was sorry afterwards..

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Jany 23d. Spent last evening at the Hotel. Misses Hancock & Richardson played Euchre against Mrs. Pettinger (The Lady of the Lumber merchant alluded to in Sunday's recordings) and myself. We beat them badly. "Old Maid" was then suggested and every one in the room took a hand – Capt. R., His son & daughter, Mr. & Mrs. P., Miss Hancock, W. Baker and myself. The laughing was uproarious. Miss R. then played on the piano. As I am no critic in music I refrain from commenting. At 10 P.M. Baker and I withdrew. Spoke to Captain Richardson in reference to the prospect of getting business in N. Y. as Inspector. His

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manner was very kindly and altogether, not discouraging. I may go on in the summer.

Jany 25 A miserably uncomfortable day. Rain, wind and cold as Greenland. Mail brot. me two letters. Mrs. McAdoo writes that she has had no end of domestic troubles within the last two months. Kindly offered to make me a tobacco pouch. I may accept. Informs me of the publication of her novel "The Nereid" by J. W. Burke & Co. of Macon, Ga. The other letter, from Bourke, bore the omnious[sic] black border on the envelope, indicating bad tidings. It announced, as I presumed before opening it, the death of Jno. Floyd Hamilton, my first cousin. He was a man of the highest rectitude of character, and is the fifth grown Son his mother has seen buried. This is a striking example of how little, even the purest and best of mankind can hope for reward in this life. The deepest and most consistent religious principles have characterized the whole life of this estimable lady. With one only exception now, she stands alone, the aged survivor of six high toned, honorable, and manly sons. Radical changes in the management of the mills are to take place on Monday, ensuing (29<sup>th</sup> Inst.). Captn Davis is to be active supervisor of them, in other words "Foreman". We are to breakfast before working, to start at 7 a.m. and work on the 10 hour system. I am sorry that

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Mr. C. M. Harris is to give up the immediate supervision as, despite his querrelous[sic] disposition, he is fair dealing, and obliging. It is a curious fact that I always get on better with quick, hot tempered men than their opposites. They invariably are truer gentlemen at heart, and know how to respect those who do not cringe before them. The tenure of a man's position hangs on a very frail thread, however well qualified he may be, if his employer is a cravan, and they should get at "dagger's point" even if it originates under circumstances entirely irrelavent to his business affairs. I have experienced a practical application of this theory and may insert it in this book as a reminiscence of the past, some time.

Jany 25<sup>th</sup>

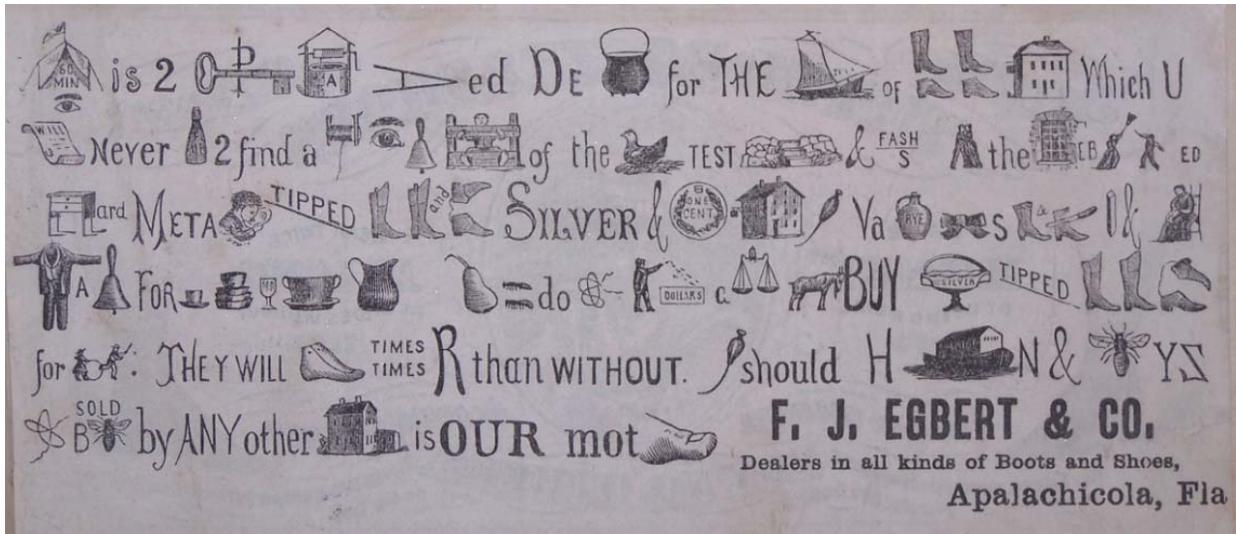
Weather continues cold & cloudy, but much improved since yesterday. Played cards at the Hancock house last eve, Miss R. & G beat her Bro. & Miss Hancock, badly. Davis, Capt. R, Mr and Mrs. Pettinger composed another euchre party.

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27 At ½ past 10 last night, as I was returning home from a visit to Miss P. the weather still continued cold and cheerless. This morning when I woke the window panes were dripping with fog and the weather uncomfortably warm. About 10 a.m.

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it began raining but lifted a little in the afternoon. The brig "B. Young" with heavy freightage of dry goods for the firm is supposed to be lost. Below is quite an ingenious puzzle. I read most of it before seeing the "Key".



“Our intention (hour 60 minutes) intent on \_\_\_ ion) is to (2) keep a well appointed depot for the sale of boots & shoes in (inn or tavern) which you will never fail to find a (reel-i-bell) reliable stock of the latest (lay) styles (stile) and fashions (fash on S) embracing the celebrated standard metallic (meta “licked) tipped boots & shoes, silver & copper in all varieties, high & low cut pegged and sewed suitable (suit a bell) for all kinds of wear (ware). Parents (pear, ants) do not (knot) throw your money a way (weigh) but buy silver tipped boots & shoes for boys & girls. They will last two times longer (long R) than without. All should harken and be wise. Not to be (2 Bs) undersold by any other house is our motto.

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Jan 27<sup>th</sup> From this date, for twelve months I am resolved to discontinue the use of tobacco (chewing I mean). (August 15<sup>th</sup> the above resolution was broken months since.)

28<sup>th</sup> (Sunday)

Have been feeling very unsettled for some weeks past. Recd. A note from Miss Fannie Raney yesterday, thanking me for some books I had loaned her, and which she returned. Became acquainted with a Mrs. Weafing last evening (niece to Capt. Hatch).

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Last night at ½ past 9 the temperature was 30° and icicles are hanging from the mill roof this morn in long glass like pendants. At 11:00 some of them remained. Cold? Je-ru-salem!!!! Capt. Richardson asked a spiritualist to “subscribe” one of his departed friends.

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“An he subscribed that man better’n I could to save my life” (He mentioned this last night while we were at supper table.

“Don’t you think Miss Mark’s mouth rather large?” asked some one of Phil Lind at Sunday school. “Yes” answered that worthy “When laughing, she can’t have much trouble washing her face.” I looked round at this, and certainly Jno. Grady’s face didn’t show much “washing” surface. His nose and chin remind me of two precipices, between which yawned a frightful chasm, deep, wide unfathomable. That group certainly looks very little

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like persons impressed with religious sentiments, just then.

Jany 31<sup>st</sup> (Wednesday)

On Monday last the new arrangement began and every day since I have been breakfasted on rewarmed food. I gave in this morning, and arranged with old Goodlet to board me at \$25. I do not know whether the arrangement will be more agreeable, but it is much nearer to walk and I think will be a decided improvement in other respects. I have never been introduced to any of the females in that family and I dread first encounters with petticoats, for my excessive modesty make me embarrassed too much to derive any enjoyment in their society. Sammie is very modest indeed sister!

Feby 2d The “Rubicon is passed” and I feel as I have done on more than one previous occasion, that there is a vast difference betwixt ideality and factuality. I was a few moments late yesterday morn, and when I arrived at Mr. Goodlet’s the family were at breakfast. G. Sr. met me at the door, and conducted me thru the sitting room into the dining hall. Miss Jane, Mr. F. (bow), Mrs. S., my daughter, Mr. F. (bow), Mrs. G., Mr. F. (bow), Miss Fannie, Mr. F. (bow), Miss Petry, Mr. F. (bow). After this trying ordeal was cleverly over with I was allowed to seat myself and begin my meal. Madam kept up an incessant clatter of

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Feby 2d small talk which did not greatly interest me. The truth is I am rather disappointed in my preconceived ideas of this ladys character and manner. I believe my first impressions of human nature are unerringly correct, it seems an instinct with me.

Miss Mena Petry is a sweet looking girl, with pensive, dreamy gray eyes, and very fair skin. She is beautifully formed, and very lady like. Poor Cassie, I feel an unaccountable interest in her. She is an orphan and why I know not but it seemed to me that even when she smiles there is an expression of loneliness about her face. “Are you pleased at the prospect of going to the far West, Miss Petry?” “O yes” (with a quick smile) “I should regret it were Adolph to remain here, but I am to have him with me.” There was consummate ease and steadiness in her voice, yet I was not deceived for a moment. I am thoroughly cognizant of an episode in her relations with one of the members of that family, and to hear such sugared terms as “Mena Honey” “pet” and etc but too plainly indicates the sharp fangs beneath this oily deportment. There are influences in this world, the which, cannot

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be reached by the strong hand of "Law", yet their record of wrongdoing might show a vast proportion in the great aggregate of human suffering. Cowardice and cunning are its weapons. Envy and mean jealousy its motives. Frailty, youth, innocence and helplessness its victims. With a diabolism equal to the narrow minded oppressors of the Southern United States, it would even grind from out its victim a smiling acquiescence in the meannesses that would disgrace even a slave to enact. I remember once asking a lady if she would allow me the pleasure of carrying her to hear an opera troupe. It was a great sensation and every body seemed excited over it. "You must really excuse Rosa, Mr. F. She really evinces no taste for that kind of music," said the lady with whom she was staying. "She is so very different from Fannie, who dearly loves the opera." I looked straight at Miss Rosa and she met my gaze with a callus smile as she said, "Yes, Mr. F. I am really obliged, but please excuse me this eve. etc." I only give this as an illustration. Weeks after I learned that Miss R. had been very anxious to go, but was afraid to cross the will of Madam. The adroit mention of Miss Fannie, Madams daughter,

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Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> failed however, to get an invitation from me, thank God.

Feb 3<sup>d</sup> The last mail brot. me two letters, from Bourke and Sister Sue (\_\_\_ept Mary Rose) the latter was along and interesting one describing the Laurens Co. (Ga.) Blackshears, with whom she spent the Christmas holidays. She enclosed me her song called "Dora Vaughan".

I remained at Mr. Goodlett last even. Miss Petry played and sang for me and was accompanied by the Misses G. I thought the rendering very good indeed. Miss Petry has a strong, flexible voice, but lacks feeling, I think.

4<sup>th</sup> All yesterday D. R. & Co. kept closed doors. They were arranging their new stock of clothing, shoes etc. I went down and assisted them about an hour last night.

5<sup>th</sup> On Friday evening last I was very agreeably surprised to find a very good chess player in Miss Fannie Goodlet. Our game lasted about an hour, and although I vanquished her, I feel that I will have a more stubborn antagonist to contend with, in her, than Miss Dibble. I was altogether unsuspecting of such wary skill as she displayed, and opened rather carelessly carrying my

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Feb 5<sup>th</sup> queen out to attack, without support (a very hazardous game generally) and soon had it in imminent peril. A move was left me by which I could exchange queens, but the next move which would have been my opponents (as the exchange of queens could only have been done by my forcing it) would have checked my king and then captured 2d castle without loss. The fatal blunder in Miss F's game was her declining the exchange which gave me the advantage.

I hear that Captn Richardson's policy is universal retrenchment, that bodes dissolution, to me as my policy is distinctly the opposite, the climax is now at hand, however, and I will not anticipate at any great length. To leave this place seems to me a compulsion but little short of banishment. I have been here less than one year and yet I doubt if one of Apalachicola's sons possess a love and reverence for Her more deep and pure than mine. But Sam, my boy, we must crowd back those true and better emotions of our nature, and

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put on the garb of cynicism again. We have met with kindness here, and noble nature whose high toned principles shone brightly above the mercenary standard so prevalent at most places we have been. We honor those natures and amid the hollow professions we may encounter ahead we can at least have one green oasis in the great, dreary desert to arrest our

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Feby 5 wandering thoughts as they fly backward and feel (in imagination what we have often done in reality) the cool, pure Gulf breeze fanning new life and energy into our exhausted nature; to commune with those immortal spirits that gem so brightly around memory's fadeless garland, and feel satisfied that amid the almost universal prostration of virtue and morality attending the rule of Radicalism, one obscure and isolated little gulf port possessed warm hearts and noble natures who rose immeasurably superior to adverse circumstances. Who in losing their commerce retained their pristine Honor, intact. And although deprived of many conveniences, owing to the infrequency of communication with the outer world, they derived a much more solid benefit in the keeping of their elevated moral tone uncontaminated by the vicious influences, so invariably associated with commercial prosperity.

Feby 6<sup>th</sup> Philip Preston (Sawyer at lower mill) struck work this morning for higher wages. He deserves more, but I fear he has to contend with an old "yank" too close-fisted to give in. I am hopelessly in arrears with my letter writing. Some 8 or 10 correspondents to write to.

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Feby 7<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Goodlett gave me some advice yester morn at breakfast table. "Never marry a woman who wears a loose dress at breakfast, and altho Sarah is my daughter I say it." I looked up and caught Madam Sarah's eye, while her mother proceeded. "It is the surest sign of "sluttishness" (*italics mine.*) that can be made" etc. (slu ?\_\_!!! and at breakfast !!!!!)

Miss C. was thinking so intently of cake, while at church, that she used the word repeatedly while singing.

A miserably uncomfortable day, cloudy & cheerless.

Feby 9 Yesterday the mill resumed work. Preston and the "Headquarters" compromising at an increased salary to the former. I predict that he will be superceded as soon as another Sawyer can be procured.

11<sup>th</sup> Went down to get my boots last eve. On trying them on one boot gave way at the sole and had to leave them to be fixed. Mrs. G told that when Miss Mena Petry was a child she used to say "My Mama is a horse company and I'm a horse company too." I laughed so at tea table when that was said that I could hardly eat. Miss P. seemed

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Feby 11<sup>th</sup> to enjoy it fully as much as I did.

Have been busy all the forenoon frying to concoct several Valentines with nominal success.

12<sup>th</sup> Dull as the devil, nothing to write about. I think of altering church to night, the motive is more to gratify my curiosity upon the appearance and doctrine of an indian minister, who

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inculcates Quaker tenets, than any religious promptings. Mrs. Egbert and self beat her lord an St. Clair two (10 up) games of euchre, last eve. (Sunday!!)  
16<sup>th</sup> (Saturday) Have been very busy since last date. Felt badly all the time I attended the “preaching” alluded to in last item. “Brother Wilkinson” is an erect man of about 70 yrs of age, apparently but exhibiting very little signs of decay. The way he bellowed and jumped, fumed, gesticulated, snorted, reared, and squalled, impressed me with the idea that he imagined himself among the class with whom he has been with as a missionary for many years (the Indians). It was the most supreme burlesque on religion I ever witnessed, and even the blacks, who are proverbial for their decorum

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while attending religious services, caught the infectious spirit of mirth and hurrahed at the venerable ass more as if he was a political pettifogger than a minister of salvation. I took my hat before he was half through his discourse and for a distance five hundred yards could hear his whooping and stomping, distinctly.

On Tuesday night (the 13<sup>th</sup>) carried the Misses (C & T) Pohlman to the Hancock house when a gathering was held for general entertainment. The mirth was quite boisterous and the utmost hilarity prevailed, several new dances were introduced by Pittenger, and danced to piano music. Very tame I thought. We wound up with the “old Virginia reel”. The mail brot. me a letter from my Father, who writes in very low spirits and complains of his health very much.

Got my watch from Cordsen, no charges, said nothing had been done to it and that it kept perfect time, hope it may continue to do so. The English press seems to be terribly wrought up on the subject of the Geneva Arbitrators on the “Alabama” question. Old Reed ( present Gov. of Florida) has been impeached. Recd. a note from Miss Hattie Clarke through Miss Ella (yesterday).

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Feb 20<sup>th</sup> Started to call at the Hancock House last eve. but changed my mind when passing Pohlman’s corner, as I recognized Miss Richardson’s laugh within and it was she whom I intended calling upon. Went to Mrs. King’s with Jno. Grady, met R. Baker, Jno. LaPrade and his sister there. It is the first time I have met Miss LaPrade. She has a jenuine[sic] French face, and reminds me a little of Miss Mary DuBignon.

Baker and I took our leave together about 10 o’clock. He offered to pay a portion of the expenses of the music at the Curtis House party given on Tuesday, Decr. 26<sup>th</sup>. I declined accepting, of course. The Brig B. Young cleared today for Cuba, the Captn. promises to bring me a lb. of tobacco. Driske forgot to do so (he said).

23d Mail brot. me two letters (from Crowell & Ross Jacksonville and Augusta) and “The Nereid”, the book is neatly bound in pamphlet and I think will prove interesting to me as many of the scenes I may probably remember. Mr. C. M. Harris returned by ship. He has been absent some weeks.

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He and Captn. Richardson passed some sharp words yesterday morn (as I was almost certain would be the result of their meeting) relative to their business. I predict a dissolution of copartnership very shortly. Think Richardson will own the property.

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Promised to carry some ginger bread to where the spring board spans the ditch in front of Mrs. King's house as an inducement to Florence & Annis King and Caroline Pohlman to jump with me on said board, it is without doubt the most ludicrously ungraceful action I ever saw and never fails to create boisterous mirth. Mr. Goodlett's daughter began quizzing him unmercifully at breakfast table about a certain widow Hope whom he had addressed. His apparent annoyance redoubled their mischief and impertinence[sic] until a perfect storm of laughter from all side so exasperated Monsieur that he said, "I swear, I be damned if I ever asked her." Pandemonium must have been quite a quiet place compared to that group for a few moments thereafter.

24<sup>th</sup> Answered Miss Hattie's letter by last mail. She is one of the very few women who is thoroughly a lady, possessing that inborn principle of pure gentility, so exceptionally rare.

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Feb. 26 On Monday Eve (24<sup>th</sup>) I recd. a note from Miss Theresa, stating that LaPrade intended seeing Miss Caroline to Judge Baker's and desiring me to carry her. I like unconventional notes from young ladies, and readily acquiesced in this instance. We arrived a few moments too late. Miss B & her brother having already started on a call to Mrs. W. Fry. Madam met us at the door and invited us to enter but we respectfully declined. The evening was spent pleasantly enough at Mrs. King's. I heard this morning that Mrs. Baker had remarked, "I didn't press them to come in because I did not have on but one stocking." Very characteristic. I slept at Mrs. King's on Sunday and Monday nights, by request (Mr. K. being absent on a tour with Mssrs. C. M. Harris, Brown and White Jr. up the Crooked River). They apprehended a raid upon their chicken coop by some religiously inspired black.

Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> (Thursday) Mail boat arrives about ½ 9 a.m. She was due last night. I heard from Old Goodlett this morn that he was just from Mr. Raney's office where he left Mssrs Harris, Richardson & others busily arranging the papers for a transfer of the mill property at this place to the exclusive ownership \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. C. M. Harris

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Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> having sold out his interest to them.

Read some of the "Nereid" which I think is remarkable only for its dullness. It is undoubtedly an emanation from a cultivated mind, but there is not a spark of genius[sic] about it. It might find an active circulation among a class of people which it describes in one of its chapters (The society organized to raise funds for the repairing of the church) or had it been written in the days of loud preaching and high morality, but alas for the depraved taste of the present generation, they prefer more stirring incident, even if of doubtful morality, and questionable virtue. The author very truly assents in the preface that:

March 11th

Commentary on above.

In turning over the leaves of this book this incomplete sheet caught my eyes and recalls the fact that at the time the above was written the book "The Nereid" was not convenient and the sentence was left incomplete, awaiting to get the book, that a quotation might be made therefrom. Justice demands that I should qualify the above remarks. With singular

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unfairness for me (there is no egotism in writing the truth to one's self about one's self) I began a criticism upon a work before having read it, and in a case where it might be presumed I should lean (if at all) in favor of my kinswoman, the author. I have loaned the book to quite a number of inveterate novel readers, ladies of refined taste and no mean judgement and their unanimous opinions have been very flattering. Their verdict is a cutting satire upon my unjust presume\_\_\_ and illustrates the fact that ignorance and folly \_\_\_\_\_.

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Feb 29<sup>th</sup> Wrote a long letter to Miss Mary R. Floyd. A. M. showed me at 1 P. M. the articles of sale of his brothers half of the mill property here. It seems that every thing was arranged for a sale last evening but some minor points were called upon, which were not adjusted. The arrangements to take effect today at 12 M. Mr. Harris to receive \$21,500 with an assessed valuation for all lumber on hand in addition. The liabilities to be audited by two accountants, one to be chosen by each party (i.e. C. M. Harris of one part and Snow & Richardson of the other) with authority to call in a third in case of disagreement. Both parties to settle the outstanding paper against the old firm name of C. M. H. & Co. within 90 days.

Have fine croquet playing everyday among Mr. G's family.

March 1<sup>st</sup> Yesterday P. M. Capt. Davis informed me that Mr. Richardson wished to know what I would ask to inspect for both mills per day. I replied that \$75 per M or \$3 pr day was the least amount I would close any permanent e\_\_\_\_\_ment at. Subsequently I conferred \_\_\_\_\_ in the

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office and he would not give that amt. I am not anxious to attempt it as it is no child's play to do that much work even for the nominal salary of \$3. I asked him what he proposed giving for my inspecting at one mill. He would not answer definitely but launched off on all manner of abstract subjects about price of board etc. Being thoroughly out of humor and tired, I rose in the midst of one of his long winded harangues and started for the door. He called to me to think of it until Saturday night when we would come to definite terms. I called back "Yes", and so it has ended. Met a Mr. Pohlman at Mrs. P's last evening. He is a very gaunt and long legged species of the human animal, but is the son of rich parents who have a wholesale grocery in New Orleans. He was ogled immensely by the sentimental Misses.

March 3d (Sunday) Have not yet conferred with Richardson. Inspected 15,000 ft. logs for A. M. Harris yesterday. The day previous, the log pulley parted about 10 c. and every thing shut down for the day, twas not repaired until late last eve. Everything ready for a start tomorrow morning, I believe. Played croquet all yesterday A. M. Mrs. Saurman received a tremendous blow from her sister Jane's mallet on her foot. She had

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March 3d offered to press Jane's ball with her foot while croqueing another. Miss Fannie presented me with two very pretty silk scraps. I intend sending them to Mrs. McAdoo

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who has offered to manufacture a tobacco pouch for me. I hear that I am to be married in April! (Selah!)

Last mail brot me another letter from J. C. Gibbs (Secy. Of State) requiring another \$1 before my commission will be sent. I have complied. Got only one copy of "World". I addressed a short note to Mr. C. M. Harris on Friday morning (1<sup>st</sup> inst.) requesting the letter to the parties at Pensacola, which he had offered to furnish me with some time since, also thanking him for the "liberal spirit and gentleman-like courtesy that had characterized his relations toward me for the past year.

I heard a few days since that fears were entertained that Mrs. Alderman was in danger of losing her mind.

March 4

Monday – Today has been somewhat eventful to me. I met Captn. R. on deck about ½ 7 and he soon began talking about our not having come to any determination respecting wages. I replied that I was willing to give an employer full services, but did not intend closing any permanent engagement without adequate com-

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pensation. He quibbled some time and then offered me \$2 ½ per day to inspect for both mills, without any deduction should one mill stop. I agreed to do so. No specified time mentioned. I reserve that right to abdicate whenever I so desire. Altogether I am not dissatisfied with the arrangement.

Mr. C. M. Harris came up to the new mill about ½ past 8 A. M. and stated that he had recd. my note and that he would with pleasure furnish me with letters to parties in Pensacola, mentioning the Mayor of the city and Maj. Simmons particularly as gentlemen whom he knew intimately well and who were influential. I thanked him and requested him to furnish them at his convenience with the omission of dates, that I might use them whenever occasion required, which he promised to do. I took from his hands the estimate (aggregating 5000 M f or more) which I made out on the 20<sup>th</sup> Jany and classified it somewhat differently by his own request. I signed it officially as inspector for the Curtis Mills. Recd. Websters dictionary (pictorial) and "Lucile".

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March 11<sup>th</sup> Have been very busy for the past week, inspecting for both mills keeps me travelling from one mill to the other at a double quick half the time. My boots are worn out already, that is one of them had a great rent on the side which destroys its value as a dress article of wear. Called on Mr. King's family with Miss Theresa last eve, saw a farroetype of Miss Hattie Clark. I could hardly realize that it was her picture on account of its extreme roundness of outline. So different from the original, as I remember her. It is quite good looking (an improvement on the former one). The evening was very dully spent. Miss Ella thinks Mr. White's nose very intelligently formed. I gave her a profile view of my pug with a polite request that she would inform me if it was intelligent. "Not very" was the prompt answer. I was not dissatisfied however, as White's proboscis rests its claim for intelligence on its huge dimensions. Jerusalem! It is a huge feature, monopolizing more than two thirds of his face, and reminds one of a mammoth ploughshear.

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I cannot record near the amount of incidents that I would like to, owing to my duties. Destroyed Miss Clark's letter according to her directions. Her confidence in my honor is not misplaced.

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Mch 12<sup>th</sup> At 12 M. yesterday I had another one of those mysterious sensations about my heart which have made me seek medical advice from both Doctrs Hunter & Wakefield. Hunter took a small two pronged instrument and after placing the two arms (or prongs) on either side of my left chest and fixing the shaft to his ear and listening about 40 seconds assured me that my heart was perfectly sound. I told him I thought the use of tobacco affected my nervous system. "Take three chews per day," said this emphatic speaking old cock. I obeyed for some time as it agreed perfectly with my taste but was subsequently convinced of its injury to my system and so ceased using it. About two weeks since I was standing on the deck of the mill when a peculiar sensation began to be felt in my head and almost the instant thereafter a deathly faintness took possession of me. In a few moments I recovered, however, and went down to consult Doctr. Wakefield. That gentleman told me tht he was not well enough versed upon the treatment of the heart to advise me professionally whether I had a diseased one or not, but he thought from my answers to some of the inquiries he made, that the heart was not affected. He said that there were some physicians or surgeons who made the treatment of the heart a speciality and they were the only class of the faculty who could speak authoratively. I have been advised

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to call upon doct. Chapman, a physician now sojourning in this place who is said to be quite reliable. I think of doing so. This has been quite a cool day. This morn it blew very hard and the temperature was very severe. I have given up the use of all stimulating beverages, to commence this morn. I missed my coffee at breakfast, but feet satisfied that I can resist any habit founded on taste since I have overcome the use of tobacco.

March 13<sup>th</sup> Feel very badly in consequence of a severe cold contracted on Sunday (10<sup>th</sup>). Think I had fever during last night, as I have a morbid sense of indifference to everything around. My system is sadly out of condition and I am much afraid that I will have to gobble down some apothecary's naucae before recovery. The upper mill stopped work at 12 yesterday to repair and put in the new "ne plus ultra" carriage. It seems to be a very complicated affair.

14 My interview with Doctr. Chapman last eve has relieved my mind considerably upon the subject of heart affection. He said I was describing syntimes[sic] of indigestion. "Do you have any difficulty in raising a glass of water with your left hand?" No, I answered.

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"Does it tire you to ascend a flight of steps?" "No" This last answer seemed to relieve him of any remaining doubt that might have existed and caused me to ask him if he thought it impossible for one with heart disease to have a long wind. Unquestionably, he answered. I am much relieved, of course, but not convinced. Mail brot. me my commission, one issue of the "World" and the "World Almanac", also a letter from Miss

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M. R. Floyd who wrote in good spirits and very affectionately. Enjoyed a good smoke last eve. Miss Fannie Goodlett vanquished me last eve after a protracted game (chess), I checked her the first game soon after we commenced. This makes the second time she has beaten me. We have played twelve of 15 games. Had a very exciting and well contested game, croquet, late yesterday P. M. Mrs. Saurman and her Sister, Fannie, v.s. Misses Jane & Mena and myself in which we were beaten. Mrs. S led the whole way through, making some brilliant stokes and became a "rover" soon enough to do us great damage. She & I were the accepted leaders on the respective sides. By nursing closely we succeeded in getting through the last wicket and were near the stake. Jane however being in god position just in rear of the last

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arch, miscalculating her time to strike proved the fatal error. I went out instead of helping her. Miss Fannie's ball croqueted hers off and made the stake first.

Mch 15 The weather is becoming delightful. Fruit trees are laden with their odoriferous bloom: wood and meadow begin to assume their delicate green vesture and all nature seems to be awakened to new life and activity. The balmiest breezes, the bluest skies, and that dim haze so prevalent at this season softens the distant outlines of woodland and where the bay merges on the line of the horizon.

March 16<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Miss Mary R. Floyd announcing my secret.

17<sup>th</sup> Saint Patrick's day! Warm and misty. This is the 26<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the day of my birth. Yesterday P. M. Miss Theresa Pohlman sent me an elegant cake, profusely and very tastefully decorated. I paste some of the gilt leaves below, with which it was ornamented. Mrs. Goodlett gave me an excellent "Havana" which I enjoyed greatly, and Miss Fannie is to have another cake for the occasion today. It is with pleased gratification that I record these marks of kind friendliness. This morn at 11 o'clock

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March 17 (Sunday) I cut the cake Miss Pohlman sent. Messrs. King, Petry and Richardson (Snr.) were present and they all partook and pronounced it excellent. Met Wentworth and gave him a lecture on the misrepresentation he made me of his leather. He was profuse in his apologies, as usual. Saw the wreath of artificial orange flowers that is to crown Miss Phenie Pohlman on the occasion of her admission into the Catholic Church (partaking of the sacrament, I think it is called). It is really beautiful. This is a dreary looking day, a leaden monotony of clouds shuts out the blue and limitless ether. Whenever I think of my increasing age I almost invariably recall that passage on "Time", written I believe, by Balwer, "Still onward as ever rolls the terrible triumphal car, all conquering Time. Moving on those viewless wheels of irresistible destiny, silent as the sepulcher, soft as the fall of a rose leaf, yet strong enough to crush all hearts, and crumble into dust the granite of worlds."

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March 20 Miss M. R. Floyd wrote that she would mail my tobacco pouch the mail subsequent to the writing of her letter. She says I will be quite proud of it. I expect to be. The schooner "Trot King" consigned to Snow & Richardson. I am going to send for a set of croquet by Hochstrasser tomorrow. Posted a sign in the mill according to instructions "No Smoking". I had a lighted segar in my mouth at the time. The schooner Ebbet went ashore on St. George's Island some ten days since. She was laden with fruit from Cuba and bound for Mobile. Mr. G. Sinclair went on the island last Sunday and gathered oranges along the beach sufficient to plant a large area of ground. He buried the oranges whole in land that he owns on the island. Henry Grady gave me a piece of poetry entitled "At Balaklava". I was written by an American and is far superior to Tennyson's piece upon the same subject, which it imitates. LaPrade and I disagreed upon the word "smoke" (its orthography). I sent for "Webster's" dict. And proved that I was correct. Gossips have settled entirely to their satisfaction, it would seem that I am to marry Miss Pohlman on the 10<sup>th</sup> of April. We laughed over it last eve. The mill

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sawed 8 fr. to 12 M. yesterday, which was greatly in excess of any half day work done since I have been inspecting. I picked up a book "The life of Byron" a few days since, and was most agreeably surprised to find many interesting incidents of his private life which I had never heard of before therein. It afforded me a much clearer insight into his character than I have ever received from any previous description given.

March 21<sup>st</sup> (Thursday) Mail brot. me one copy of the "World" which is the 4<sup>th</sup> week that I have only got one. I will enquire into it.

Began loading 1<sup>st</sup> barge with Brown's lumber for the "King". The Stmr. (Julia St. Clair) has been in the bay since 5 o.c. this a. m. receiving her freight.

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22 When the stmr. came up late yesterday P. M. the oystermen and others about town had as usual a large quantity of freight ready on the wharf to be taken up the river. Captn. Whitesides, however, deeming that the new board of aldermen have increased the license for wharf privileges simply to extort a greater amount, through unfriendly feelings towards him, raised the price of all freight going from town to \$5.00 per bbl. The effect can better be imagined than described. I went down to the boat to see Hochstrasser, about 7 o'clock and as I reached Water street the scene that greeted my eyes was very wild and picturesque. A stiff breeze was whirling the bay in wild commotion, and across its broad surface shone the full

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Moon's broad path of silvery radiance. About the boat immense lightwood torches lit up the swarthy features of sun burnt men, who, divided off into small groups of twos and threes were gesticulating furiously and muttering deep drawn imprecations in language more emphatic than polite. Not a barrel of freight was taken.

March 23 Saturday Yesterday afternoon A. M. Harris came in the mill bearing three letters which he handed me. They were letters of introduction to gentlemen in Pensacola and I copy them entire on page 104 of this book. It is most gratifying to get such testimonials from those whom we have been in business with, particularly when they are voluntarily given. I scarcely have a doubt but what I can readily procure business with such influential gentlemen interested in my behalf. Called upon the Misses Raney last eve., carried "The Nereid", staid one hour, did not pass a very pleasant eve. Mr. R and I got discussing legality of Whitesides act to the citizens here last trip. I held the ground that it is a characteristic principle in human nature to retaliate for a wrongdoing. That if Captain Whitesides felt that an extortionate tax was levied by the authorities of this place for his boats wharf privileges I could very easily understand the

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motive for retaliating by raising freights. That it was true the poorer classes suffered thereby, but they were indirectly responsible for putting such men in office. And that I contended, that the law making portion of any community were the representatives of that community; and are invariably suppose to act in accordance with the desire of the majority of their constituents, and can never be treated but as a collective unit. We began to get rather warm and the conversation was judiciously turned into smoother channels, by Madam. Some evenings since A. M. Harris gave me a short account of his passage through the "dead lakes". They are about 50 miles above here and through them the Chipola River winds. Mr. H. thinks that there is nothing so strikingly wonderful in the geology of the whole state, as they. Comprising an area of over 100 miles in circumference, and densely studded with cypress trees, some of which are of enormous proportions and in places standing where the water is 20 to 30 feet deep!!! The water is black and sluggish, and the silence of death reigns almost absolutely.

March 25 All yesterday it rained hard. Today the temperature is warm and the atmosphere murky. Heavy showers are falling every hour or so and the deep tones of distant thunder indicate

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a continuance of the same kind of weather.

March 26

Attended a meeting of the citizens last eve who met to consider the expediency of changing the charter of the city into that of a borough, the object as alleged being to retrench the expenditure required to uphold the municipal offices under the present system. No action was taken. R. Baker was chairman. The meeting was very belligerent and very amusing in many of its aspects. Doctr. Hunter's son, Abner, knocked a negro down who had appropriated his father's seat while he was speaking. The Marshal (Gillen) attempted to interfere and was soon put hors de combat by the irate young Hunter who by the way was about half intoxicated. The utmost confusion prevailed for some minutes but order was at length restored by frequent calls from the chair. Old Pickett in attempting to make an indignation speech against Whitesides, succeeded only so far as to make a consummate ass of himself.

March 29

Mrs. Saurman and Miss Amelia Pohlman took passage aboard the "St. Clair" en route for Philadelphia and New York, respectively. Escorted Misses Mena and Jane to the boat. Quite a party had gathered. Enoch cried outright, greatly edifying those less emotional.

Croquet set arrived yesterday, cost \$5.25, the only set in Columbus. Played the

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same P.M.

April 10<sup>th</sup> Recd letter from Miss M. R. F. acknowledging recd. of Lucile. Replied immediately thanking her for the very pretty tobacco pouch. The materials of the pouch are very rich and the embroidery is considered admirable executed by those to whom I have shown it. Recd. letter and small box p.m. express from Bourke and one from my Father. Answered them all by return mail. I feel considerable uneasiness about the latter's ill health and wrote him a long and cheerful letter. Enclosed his to Jim. A croquet club has been organized at the other end of town.

12 A "Hop" was given at Mrs. Pohlman's last eve.; felt badly and did not enjoy it much. Richardson presented me with five "havanahs" just before I entered, and after the first dance I sought a dark corner in the back porch and consoled myself with their delicate aroma. Heard of a contemplated may party. "We are to invite you gentlemen to take us to Palm Grove in boats," said Miss Baker. Refreshingly cool in this hot weather, I must say. Feel a little wearied from last night's dissipation. Kissed Carrie last night after a protracted scuffle, very rude in me, and prudish in her, balance.

13 This is decidedly too warm a day for comfort. This morning at breakfast Mrs. Easton told me that the ghost had wakened every one in the house last night. "Davis too?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "and what's more Captn. Davis said he heard some one calling as if in distress. I heard it also

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Apl 13<sup>th</sup> but refrained from mentioning the fact for fear of being ridiculed." An incredulous smile extorted from her the remark, "Indeed it cannot be a delusion when everybody hears it." When I saw Davis at the mill some moments thereafter I asked him abt. it, thinking of course that he would make light of it and probably state, which I half

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expected, that he was only trying to augment Mrs. E's superstitious fears, but to my surprise Davis became very grave when I bantered him, and said that he did hear a most distinct wail as if a child was crying in distress and he thought of getting up to enquire if Mrs. Eaton's infant was ill. A splendid chance to "tictac" the household, which I think I will avail myself of. I omitted to mention that Captn. Richardson & daughter left on the 4<sup>th</sup> inst. Also that I changed my place of board from Mr. Goodlett's to the Roan house where Davis, Hill, Richardson & myself are keeping house. Mrs. Easton keeps the house for us with a girl (Katie Lee) as "help" (Yankee parlance). The orange trees have an unprecedented prodigality of blossoms this spring and the whole atmosphere is redolent with their exquisite perfume, flowers also abound in great profusion and variety in all the partirres.

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Apl 14<sup>th</sup> Sunday I heard a most amusing story last eve. about Miss Ella Wakefield, the more so as I have always thought that young lady to be a model of conventional dignity. It seems that when her kinswoman, Miss Georgia Bryant, was here last summer, they were in the habit of playing all sorts of tricks on one another, and Miss Ella conceived the remarkable idea of besieging her fair friend with an army of fleas!!! For the successful accomplishment of her object a large vial was procured into which she confined all the largest and most vicious of those insects she could find (judging the latter quality by the degree of pain inflicted upon her own fair person). By diligent perserverance the vial was half filled in the course of several weeks and a good opportunity was all that was required to carry out the design. One soon offered. One afternoon, being the subject of more than ordinary merriment from her cousin, she rushed a her (with the vial up her sleeve all ready to be uncorked as soon as they got to close quarters), but Lady Georgia being the stronger whirled Miss Ella against a bed, thereby displacing the vial stopper and liberating the contents of half starved fleas on her own person. The effect upon Miss Bryan (who naturally loved a joke) can be best imagined. A satisfactory solution of the ghost fright was the theme of conversation this morning at breakfast

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table between Mrs. E and Captn. Davis. A child with the hooping cough accounts for the "Cry of distress" and an old deserted cotton warehouse just across the street which serves as a rendezvous for all the goats in town at night explains the pattering of feet, which was alleged as among the noises. Imagination must claim its share, of course, and is allotted the shaking phenomena.

Apl 15 Monday) Heard yesterday from Cattrell (who had just returned from Jacksonville whither he had gone as a delegate from the republicans at this place to represent them at a convention recently held there) that a few days since Gov. Reed had gone to Tallahassee and taken possession of the capital during the absence of Lieut. Acting Govr. Day.

17 Yesterday afternoon I went up in front of LaPrade's house to meet a croquet party according to appointment. Misses Baker & Phena Pohlman against Ella King and Theresa. I sided with the latter. After a spirited contest we were vanquished. I roqued a ball (an enerypy's) near the stake but lost the croquet by my ball ricocheting to the stake, thereby killing itself. It was quite dark when we finished and I had to see the young ladies to their homes. My

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gallantry cost me my supper. In the evening I called at Mrs. Pohlman's. Soon after my arrival Baker & Hancock called. Baker was very consequential, as usual, and launched off on an editorial of Bonner's in the "Ledger" (which by the way is a paper never taken by the better class of refined people). His attempts at being considered a person who has read extensively would be amusing if it was not so contemptible. He reminds me of the man who wished to create a great sensation for liberality and cried to a waiter in an ice cream saloon, "Waiter, ten cents worth of ice cream, and damn the expenses!" I would like nothing better than an opportunity to slap some of the conceit out of that puppy. This is a splendid day.

Apl 20<sup>th</sup> (Sunday) On Friday eve, escorted Misses Theresa & Phena Pohlman to Mrs. King's. Jno. Grady followed with Miss Carrie. Passed rather a dull evening. Yesterday P. M. Nat. Hancock, Carrie Pohlman and Neal Grady played croquet against Misses Theresa & Phena and self. The skill was about equal on the respective sides and the game proved a close and very exciting one. My side were the victors. I believe I can make better use of the combinations, than Nat although he is a truer shot at long range. We play something alike

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with this difference: he will use a formidable energy rather than croquet. I invariable preferring to send my most dangerous opponent as far as possible. I am superior to Nat at croqueting a ball. I strike with all my force (as more than one broken mallet might attest) and have yet to receive my first "foot sore". Nat is, however, a good player and always formidable. Went to church to hear the new Episcopal minister. I liked his sermon very much. He has a good delivery. His name is Oven. With characteristic quickness Henry Grady remarked when he heard it, "We sent for a preacher and they sent us a "Dutch oven" (the gentleman is of German extraction).

Apl. 22

Escorted Miss Theresa to church last eve. Mr. Wiggins, who is the presiding elder for this diocesis, preached. I met this gentleman at Mandarin, Fla. about 18 months since. He is a very impressive speaker and some of his allegories are very beautiful. One last night, in particular, was very forcible and pertinent. He was portraying the inevitable consequence entailed upon those who followed the dictates of their senses, and instanced a burning city. What was more sublime than the roar and crackle of mighty timbers as they crumbled under

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the devouring fury of a vast conflagration, the myriad sparks shooting up against the black pall of night. The glare of lurid flames illuminating with awful sublimity as they swept round and about the burning pile were all pleasing objects to gaze upon but behind the flames that the true character and consequent results were to be seen. The homeless widow and destitute orphanage, the ruthless destruction of property, the accumulated labor of a life time, perchance, were the sad results and usurious price of a few minutes entertainment. But when we come to consider the brief span of human life compared to eternity, how hideously suicidal it seemed to barter an immortality of ill for a transient

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shadow that, when attained, contains more bitterness than pleasure. The beautiful language of Mr. Wiggins, and his deep powerful voice, conveyed the most impressive meaning to his sermon. I only embody the idea, above. The delivery was full of impassioned eloquence. He ended with a passionate appeal to the congregation to come up and be prayed for. Henry Grady went up. Daniels (Custom House officer) sent me a challenge to play croquet through Miss Fannie Goodlett. I have accepted and will go up tomorrow P. M. at 6 o'clock. Dined at Mr. Goodlett's yesterday by special invitation. My appetite was marvelous. Asking me to dinner is rather an expensive courtesy I opine.

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- Apl 24 Feel badly in consequence of a fever last eve. Weather is cool and cloudy and very cheerless. Alderman made me an invitation to visit him when he moves on the Chipola river which I will very likely accept if I remain here thro. the summer, and I told him so. "I will be much gratified to have you and there are fine fishing and hunting grounds," he answered. Mr King made me a very fine marking tool yesterday. Egbert was blessed, three days since, with a "fine boy". A spring present from his wife. They seem to be the kind of presents wives specially delight in making. I fear their liberality in that line is not always appreciated. Daniels sent me word that his duties would prevent his playing croquet yesterday afternoon, so I did not go up.
- May 8 More than two weeks have elapsed since my last journalizing. Many things have tended to prevent me. On the 4 inst. Hill abdicated his position as sawyer and the mill is again undergoing repairs. I made an admirable croquet mallet out of elm. On Monday (6<sup>th</sup>) Mrs. Eaton was instructed to extend an invitation to "everybody" for a dance at our hall as Hill wished to see the Apalachians before leaving. In accordance

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- therewith "everybody" received an "invite". The wording of the invitations was rather quaint, even after allowing the widest latitude for want of experience in such things. The following (which is a verbatim copy) might justly be considered a good way from orthodoxy: "Miss Ella Wakefield, Captn. Davis would like to see you this eve at 8 o'clock." No name was signed, nor be it observed was there an object specified. That young lady called on a neighbor and with considerable ire related her grievance, when the supposed proposition for assignation proved to be an invitation to a dance. None of the better people attended – I mean the female element. I am, of course, one of the better ones (although God knows wherein it consists) – but there was quite a numerous gathering nevertheless. I danced once, with Mrs. Eaton, relived at 12.
- May 9 Called at Mrs. Goodlett's to bid Miss Mena adieu. She & her brother left for Maysville, Kentucky aboard the New Orleans steamer. At 10 this morn a boy brought me a note with the following contents.  
"Miss Dibble would like to see Mr. Saml. Floyd on board the S. S. Lavaca". I got Davis' consent and started for the wharf where Messinas sloop was awaiting me and after a short and swift run down the bay arrived at the steamship. Miss Sarah looked well and was as pleasant as ever. Aunt Susan Hopkins had informed her of my being

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at this place when she was in Jacksonville last. She is teaching in a private family at Cedar Key and was returning from New Orleans whither she had gone with an invalid lady for a short trip. I returned in about two hours, bringing Miss Fannie Goodlett ashore. She had gone down with Mena early this morning aboard the stmr. "Barnett". I heard that Mrs. H. J. Pohlman was under the impression that I charged her husband more for lumber than any one else and was prompted by motives of unfriendliness. That she had asked Enoch Richardson about it and he had confirmed her opinions. I thereupon wrote out a list of prices of lumber since March 1<sup>st</sup> and got Davis' official signature thereto, as agt., and enclosed to my informant requesting that it should be sent to Mrs. Pohlman with a message to the effect that I never stooped to little acts to gratify my individual feuds etc. I got ashore just in time to shake hands with Hill who left on the Julia St. Clair.

May 9 Last eve while at Mrs. C. Pohlman's Jno. Grady

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May 9 called, and was followed soon after by Edward Porter and Miss Mary Baker. Grady and I took leave at ½ past 10. I was feeling very badly and did not enjoy the evening in consequence. I proposed to Porter that he & I should challenge his bro Henry & Nat. Hancock for a game of croquet, which he acceded to. The contest will be exciting as they are considered the best players in town. Miss Baker asked if she and Miss Theresa might join the respective sides, which was declined. Slept at the mill last night and was bitten like the devil by mosquitoes & fleas. Got a long letter from Bourke yesterday. He states that Carrie Butler was recently married to a yankee from Ohio named Duston Page who is very wealthy. That Jule is teaching school near Toccoi, and that Hal. Has completed his house and moved into it.

Three Sundays since I joined a bible class at the Episcopal church. Lest this item may mislead me in the future, when present events will have become indistinct in my memory I will state that I was not prompted (more's the pity!) by any motives of religion. I did not give my lesson very careful observation

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May 10 and did not appear last Sabbath in consequence.

Mr. Alderman & family left at ½ past 4 yesterday P. M. aboard the tug "Ella" for their place on the Chipola River. I gave Alderman the materials for making a skiff which I had gotten out some months ago. The planking was 25 in wide and of the best quality Juniper. He seemed greatly please, which after all is the most satisfactory compensation one can have for making a present. Met Wm. Baker at Mrs Pohlman's last eve. He certainly embodies more uncongenial elements about him than any human animal it was ever my misfortune to meet. He argued last eve that absence from one's home tended to lessen the affections for all things pertaining thereto, even as far as to make one more indifferent towards his parents! I believe Baker was honest in the expression of this idea. It needs no comment. My reply was brief but pertinent. Another source of unfailling entertainment to Baker seems subjects of expenditure. Speaking of a contemplated excursion party of the officers of the Ga.

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Central R. R. to come off in July, Baker launched off upon conjectures as to the probable cost of the trip, and with a brightened face and words as unctuous as oil evinced how well the theme accords with his taste. Slept the first night at the Roan huse. Richardson informed me of arrangements now pending between he and some artisans at Wise's Mill to rent them the new mill. I hope it will be successful.

My autography is improving very much, don't you think so?

Alderman reiterated his assurances to me yesterday of a hearty welcome should I visit him this summer. Met LaPrade a few moments since, carrying an enormous round of fat pork. He got it in liquidation of a debt from Robt. Collins, a black rascal proverbial for his lack of punctuality in paying his debts.

May 15<sup>th</sup>

All yesterday I felt most miserably. I had taken medicines two days previously to relieve my system of a threatened bilious attack. It acted but imperfectly, thereby I'm afraid, doing me little good. I do not think I have ever labored under a fit of such thorough mental dejection. I feel some better this A. M. but still sufficiently unwell to make me fell disgusted

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May 15 with my surroundings. All such a time one's instincts are rendered more acute and it is easy to analyze and detect true, heartfelt sympathy from hollow professions. I have looked for consolation from one source only, and received it.

Recd. no papers last week. The nomination of Greeley & Brown surprised many at this place. I will support it if no Democratic ticket is brought out.

17

Mail brot. me a letter from my Father and one from Miss Hattie Clark, or rather to "Mrs. T. P. Floyd". I thought Miss Hattie was above such an act towards one she seems to be on such friendly terms with. I append my answer below. Rather severe but I do not wish a continuation of this kind of joke (?) as it affects those I care for.

{16<sup>th</sup>} "Miss Clark, The correspondent who wrote you information that would prompt the address of the letter which I hereby return, either had no reputation for veracity to lose, or was thoroughly reckless of preserving it. Could you not enclose to your informant a few tracts on truth? I would be charitable!

If it was written with a view to having an alleged friend of yours made the subject of comment

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May 17 by every vulgar animal in this town, you may rest satisfied that it has attained its object, and no doubt Miss Theresa will be highly grateful for the favor.

I broke the seal of the letter before observing to whom it was addressed. "Dear Friend Theresa" showed me my mistake.

That my friends and self may be spared annoyances in future I pledge myself to give you immediate information of my marriage when it happens. You need not therefore place any credence whatever in what you hear until you receive my acknowledgement of the fact.

I have the honor of remaining  
Miss Clark's Obedt. Servt.

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S. A. Floyd

Wrote Jimmy that I would have to give up the expected trip to Bainbridge. Another fondly cherished pleasure foregone and another victory of "circumstances" over inclination. Verily

"Man proposes  
But God disposes."

Yesterday P. M. played an exciting game of croquet: N. Hancock, Misses Theresa , Phena & Jno. Grady vs. Misses Carrie, Mary Baker & self. My side were the victors. Grady had to leave when about half through the game. Miss Fannie Goodlett asked if

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I would be prepared to play at Mr. Daniels' this P. M. to which I answered affirmatively. The surveying schooner Sellynan left yesterday for the North. Captn. Anderson & lady going by stmr. up river.

May 18<sup>th</sup>

I weighed at D R & Co.'s store yesterday – 126 lbs. – being less than at any time in about 7 years. I am very thin. Went with Miss Fannie Goodlett yesterday afternoon to Daniels'. Mrs. D. recd. us, her husband having gone with an excursion party that arrived on the Stmr. Julia St. Clair on Wednesday eve. (They are the officers of the Ga. Central Road alluded to a few days since.)

Miss Fannie & Mr. Smith played against Mrs. Daniels & self. We vanquished them in two games. The first, however, was sufficiently close to render it highly interesting. Went on a grand nocturnal promenade last eve. The weather was pleasant, a fresh breeze making amends for the unpleasantly hot temperature. The moon beamed with lambent serenity on the ruffled surface of the broad expanse of water before us, while behind the dark outline of verdant woods

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formed a pleasant and graceful contrast. We got back by ½ past 10. Glass (Insptr. At Wise's Mill) has just returned from Pensacola whither he had been sent by his employers to get a sawyer. He says there are about 50 vessels now lying in port waiting for lumber. Acct. sales of B. Young cargo at Cardinas arrived last mail good sale \$37 gold.

May 20 Stopped at Mr. Goodlett's for a half hour last eve. Madam informed me that she had planted lemon verbena in both jars which I had carried up during the forenoon. Got beaten at croquet twice yesterday afternoon. Misses Theresa & Caroline agains Phena & self.

Feel only moderately well, but am much improved since last week. Wrote to Bourke upon the subject of smuggled goods.

June 14<sup>th</sup> Nearly a month has elapsed since my last posting. Many things have elapsed worthy of insertion in this record of my daily life, which I condense in as few words as possible. On Friday (May 24<sup>th</sup>) Arnett, ex-sawyer of Wise's Mill came to me to solicit my becoming one of a party being made up to take a cruise to Pensacola. I acceded willingly, and sought Captn. Davis to get his permission, which he gave, reluctantly. Mrs. Pohlman's family generously requested

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that I would let them prepare me a hamper when I intended to start, and accordingly I wrote a note accepting their offer. I was abundantly supplied during my trip by their munificent kindness. The day after Arnett came to me (Saturday) I learned that he had abandoned the idea of going, but I was determined to let nothing deter me after once starting, so arranged with Captn. Robinson for a passage aboard of his little schooner "The Era" which left the same day at 1 o'clock with three white and one negro passengers (men engaged as laborers for Captn. Simmons). I shall not enter into details of the trip. Adverse winds prolonged it to an unpleasant extent, it taking us 8 days to make the voyage to Pensacola and 40 hours back. We stopped in St. Andrews bay, going. It is a marvelously beautiful sheet of water with finely wooded embankments and a margin of white beach that seems to bind it with a belt of snow. We arrived at Pensacola at 11 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, June 2d. About 35 sail of vessels were lying at the different anchorages (some opposite town but most above) and among them many very large ships taking in square timber. I went aboard the Rev. Cutter "Petrel" and dined with Walker whom I found as pleasant as formerly. Was introduced to his lady. Willey was absent on a temporary trip to New Orleans. On Monday morning I presented

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my letters from Mr. C. M. Harris to Mr. Simmons whom I found to be a courteous gentleman. He said to me in the course of our conversation, "Mr. Floyd I think there would be a first rate chance for you to get an inspectors position at some of the mills here, and if you contemplate coming write me several weeks ahead that I may have a chance to locate you on your arrival. I thanked him becomingly for the interest manifested in my behalf. It was terribly hot during my stay at Pensacola, and that, added to my feeling very badly, prevented my going about much. It is a city of "bar rooms." We left late in the afternoon on Tuesday (4<sup>th</sup>) with a very strong S. W. breeze. Edwd Raney was a passenger on our return, also a discharged seaman from the cutter, Fred Reinhartd. We were detained at the quarantine flag about 3 hours awaiting Doctr. Hunter, who came out in Millers Yacht. Raney and Newman bet the drinks on which should reach town first. The yacht beat us shamefully and Newman lost the drinks. We arrived some hours after the mail boat had left. Richardson had taken passage aboard. Was sorry I did not see him before he left. Numerous papers and 3 letters were awaiting me, from Bourke, Augusta and Miss Clark. Bourke is greatly averse to the idea of it being profitable to sell smuggled goods. Augusta's letter reminded me that I have treated her most shabbily

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June 14<sup>th</sup>

in not answering her numerous favors. I will make all the amends possible by inditing her a long and affectionate response. Miss Hatties favor is a curiosity in its way reminding me of squiles, being both sour and sweet. Poor girl, I am sorry I wrote her that letter, although it will have admirable effect in deterring others from such pleasantries. It seems that a party of gentlemen have purchased largely at this place during my absence. They contemplate erecting mills & etc. to saw ties for a R. R. in Pennsylvania.

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I have a most infernally bad cold. The long pending contest between Daniels & me at croquet is to come off this P. M.

I was presented with a beautiful watch chain (or guard) last eve. I value it more than any present I have ever received. Robinson charged me \$15 for the round trip. Saw in my papers obituary notices of the deaths of James Gordon Bennett and Charles Lever.

June 15 Passed a very restless night, coughed much and suffered greatly from my cold which has increased since yesterday and makes me feel wretchedly.

Daniels & lady played croquet against Miss Fannie Goodlett and self yesterday afternoon. He was vanquished in two games, the first was closely contested, the last was

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an outrageously bad beat. Daniels then proposed a game single handed between he & I. I accepted and struck the winning stake just after he had made the turning one. Supped at Mrs. Goodlett's and went back with Miss Fannie to Maj. Daniels' to play euchre. Mrs. D & I beating her lord & Smith 6 games.

Saw a very spicy account of the fishing party that came down on the "Julia St. Clair" last month published in the Macon (Ga.) paper. It pays Mrs. Daniels some rather ambiguous compliments.

While on my way to dinner Henry Grady met and handed me an invitation to a party (or dance) to be given at the Curtis house on Monday eve. Signed A. A. Cordson, J. LaPrade, H. L. Grady, W. N. Baker, managers. Will probably attend.

June 16 (Sunday P. M.) I concluded to insert Miss Hattie Clark's letter in reply to mine recorded on page 60.

"Saturday Morn. May

I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Floyd, on Wednesday last. Not only surprised at getting a letter, but surprised at the insulting way in which it was written.

And really, Mr. Floyd, I don't think you would have written such a letter if you had not done it in an angry mood.

Did you think what a heavy charge you were making against my friend, and informant? And you accuse me with a premeditated act of injury to my much loved friend? That

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in writing the letter, I did it with that end in view? One whom I love as I do Theresa, and feel such a deep interest in? How dare you accuse me of such a thing? As you took the liberty of breaking the seal I should think you would have carried it to T. I should rather she would have read it.

Do you suppose I could so act the lie, as to write such a letter to T. if my intentions were anything else but those of truest friendship? Any one who knows me at all knows I would not willingly hurt ones feelings, particularly one I love as I do Theresa. I am, and ever have, and ever will be a friend to T. and a friend to Mr. F. If I have sinned it has been ignorantly.

A letter was written me with a statement of F's marriage, and intended departure to your home. Although it was written on the first of April, and intended for an April fool, it did not get it till after the middle so I did not think it could be other than true. It was not contradicted in other letters. It may have been stupid in me not to have seen how it was, but what you wrote, and what I heard from others, and knew myself, and thinking you

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loved each other, and thought of you as engaged, and supposed the most natural thing would be to hear of your marriage. Although T. never said she was engaged and I never asked her, I rejoice in your happiness and felt at liberty to write of it. I

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know the one who wrote that fatal letter is a true friend of T's and will be sorely grieved when it is known how it turned out. It was only intended for a good joke on me, just as you have sent April fools. I have always been very careful how I mentioned T's and your name in writing. You speak as if it were an insult to direct a letter to T. in your name. I think it is a compliment to you. It may not be to T. I should think from what you wrote every one in town had read it. If the letter went right to you, I don't see how it could cause T. to be the subject of comment, for surely you were not so foolish as to show it to every one you saw. I am sure no one can be more sorry than I for the whole affair. I feel as though I could fly "(?)" to Theresa and explain it. She is a sensible, reasonable girl, and I know will see how it is. I am sorry to have made an enemy. If you are ever so fortunate as to marry Theresa, I think you will be blessed, but Mr. Floyd I am afraid you are not worthy of such a treasure. I want you both to be happy and good.  
Respectfully, Miss Clark"

Such is almost a literal transcript of Miss Clark's reply. It bears indubitable evidence of having been written under great mental disquietude, and is as strong a reproof as Miss Hattie serene temperament would admit of her writing. Enclosed in the letter was a card upon which was some very wholesome advice about cultivating a forgiving spirit etc. I copy one! "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart. Matt. XI. 29." The words "meek" and "lowly" were underlined with pencil marks. To the above I replied as will be seen on the following page.

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June 16

Apalachicola, Fla. June 15<sup>th</sup> 1872

Miss Clark,

Your letter, without date, was awaiting me on my return from a two week absence from this place. Some of the opinions therein expressed I fully concur in, but there are others which I cannot. For instance, I agree with you about my unworthiness to merit any womans true attachment, but fail to see wherein I have used insulting language towards you, and respectfully protest against an erroneous impression you seem to be laboring under, to the effect that I accused you of addressing your letter with an unfriendly motive. On the contrary, I have thought all the time that you acted upon information received, and credited, and I beg that you will believe that the remarks contained in my former letter were intended to apply exclusively to your informant. Severe? Yes, I grant that, but the object could hardly justify a statement so absolutely contrary to facts and known to be such.

Miss Pohlman seemed to be annoyed when informed of the circumstances, and I wrote in a strain I thought best calculated to deter all future communications of the kind. You wrote: "Any one who knows me knows that I would not willingly hurt one's feelings etc." I have the most profound conviction of the justice of this claim, and have ever

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expressed myself to that effect, whenever your disposition was the subject of conversation (as has been frequently the case). And you may be well assured, Miss Hattie, that no one can wish you more unqualified worldly prosperity and happiness than he who subscribes himself

With all due Respect etc.

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June 16 Made Miss Fannie Goodlett a very neat flower box three days since, out of cedar & juniper. The lemon verbena which she planted for me is growing beautifully.

“ 17 Old Jno. Webster (black) died yesterday P. M. He was a man well thought of by the whites as well as his own race. Preston (the sawyer) has a very sick child, in consequence of which the mill is not running.

Carrie looked very sweet yesterday. She is a very loveable girl when amiable. Am working on a bath tub or tank this a.m. (i.e. superintending the work). Wrote to Bourke & E. L. Richardson Jr..

“ 18 Last eve the annual Cordson party took place at the Curtis House. The young ladies all looked fresh and tastefully attired as usual. I supped at Mrs. Pohlman's and escorted Miss Theresa. Grady (J.) & Edwd. were immediately in my rear with Misses Carrie & Phena. We arrived nearly 30 minutes prior to all others.

The extensive dancing hall was but imperfectly lighted and did not look very imposing with but two lamps in each massive chandelier, but good music and iced drinks compensated for all deficiencies. I did not enjoy the evening as a whole, although several amusing episodes resulted from various mishap. The bucke of one poor fellows pants (whose name is “Naught”) gave way while “Swinging corners” and a fearful catastrophe came near resulting there from. In genuine misery the poor fellow looked behind to see if a retreat were practicable through the window, but a close phalanx of gazers so completely

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June 18<sup>th</sup> shut that mode of exit that he had to stop the musicians and with one hand persistently kept in his pocket succeeded in making his retreat. Old Doctr Hunter came in the room about 12 intoxicated and shook hands with nearly every girl. He was particular in informing them that he was acting Mayor and was there for the purpose of suppressing any disturbance outside that might occur. I left with Miss Theresa about 2 o'clock and as we got to her gate a serenade party began singing (with banjo accompaniment) at a house close by. The song was “Kitty Klyde” and it sounded very soft and sweet. I slept until 8 this morning before waking up and breakfasted before coming to the mill. At the party last night someone (whose name I purposely omit to place here) came to ask my advice how to act. He said that he had asked [*words scratched out*] to dance, and she said she did not intend to dance any more and yet accepted the offer of another gentleman immediately after. I told him he could do nothing; that to act as though it was a matter of great indifference to him was the most effectual way of convincing the lady of her rudeness. “Damn it! I offered to make that woman my wife sir, and the family are my debtors for unnumerable favors.” The fact was [*blank*] was in rather a mellow mood and the real man showed itself, twas not a model picture as might be judged

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by the above sentence. I was not much surprised at the intelligence as I had more than half surmised the fact long since.

June 19<sup>th</sup>

Am afflicted with mental depression again. The effect of two closely scanning my worldly prospects, with the added unpleasantness of a nervous attack, consequent upon indigestion. I think I must have the most unenviable disposition of any man living. I should have been a woman. I possess all the acute sensibility characteristic of that gender, and have proved about as incapable to combat the vicissitudes of life. I am conscious of living in a sphere beneath what most men with my experience might aspire to, and yet to rise above the surface seems utterly impracticable. All the maxims promulgated for the guidance of one's self through life, sound reasonable and easy of application until tried, when they seem to mock you, it is my experience. When I see men whose traits of character are beneath mine in every particular which abstractly claims superiority, lauded and deferred to as the embodiments of honor & honesty, and receiving extravagant expressions of approval and admiration for acts which would be reprehended in the doer were he not one of fortune's favorites. When I see (in other words) plebeians by birth and menials in spirit, occupying places in social and public life that were once the prerogative of those only who

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June 19 had real claims to the loftier attributes of man! And who can purchase, by illy gotten gains perchance, a reputation for honesty and honor, charity, moral surety and, in fact, all the better characteristics (except valor, which cannot bear a counterfeit on its bold brow) as easily as we were wont to buy a horse, it is time to pause and consider if it is not rather a silly thing to live in unappreciated honesty, with poverty as its inheritance. I was wont to believe through the earlier teachings of my mother (God guard her pure spirit) that truth and honesty were virtues that never shone so brightly as when adverse circumstances tested their existence. My poor Mother, if you could only hear the ideas of a "model moderner" upon those times honored old "prejudices" (as he would term them) and the improvements made in this age of Human progression (?). With what overweening conceit, and oily tones he would tell probably of his acquiring a fortune by fraud and might look up inquiringly to know why he received no encouragement and admiring approval for acts which would once have blackened the character as indelibly as that which branded the brow of Cain. You might well wonder if the "progress" is not dearly purchased at the expense of morality. That it exists only in the supreme egotism

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June 19 of the Age. The most prolific one for -isms in the annals of man.

June 20 Was presented with an elegant silver mounted ivory rule with my initials S. A. F. engraved thereon.

22 Yesterday P. M. E. Porter came up and he and Miss Carrie played against Miss Theresa and 'self. Beat us both games, the first however was very closely contested. All being rovers and both sides were driven from the stake repeatedly.

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The tug "Ella" belonging to the firm (D. R. & Co.) had a most reckless murder committed aboard of her while on the way up the river yesterday. A man by the name of Hathcock, who was a passenger, tried repeatedly to get up an altercation with the cook, a youth of some 18 yrs. of age, and they would have fought but for the interference of the Captn. When near Candy's creek 40 miles above here (and near Hathcock's house) he took a hatchet and struck Cole Fort (the cook) in the head while he was talking to another man. Cole was sitting on the railing of the boat facing the water and when struck fell overboard. The act was so unlooked for and threw the crew

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into such a state of excitement that the prisoner was actually allowed to untie his canoe, (which was being towed up) jump in, and make his escape to the swamp. The Sheriff of the County in which the act was committed (Liberty Co.) was aboard at the time. Cole's body was not rescued. Parties who saw the whole proceeding state that it was a most deliberate act. Hiram Goodlett it seems was watching Hathcock when he braced himself for the fatal blow. He first looked up and down the decks to see that everything was clear and then raising the hatchet slowly and at arms length to give it greater impetus, at this moment Goodlett saw, or divined the motive, and called to Cole to look out, but 'twas too late, for the next moment the fatal weapon was buried to the handle in the victim's head. The Sheriff of this Co., Nickmeyer, with a strong posse went up to day to hunt for both parties. Hathcock ran away from South Carolina for killing man, it is alleged. He is a man about 6 feet 2 in. in height, very slight, and straight as an arrow, dark swarthy complexion, intensely black eyes and short crisp black hair. He is supposed to have indian blood in him.

June 23

(Sunday)

Miss Fannie Goodlett presented me with a sprig of the

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"Grand duke jessamine" with two beautiful half blown buds thereon, the odor is simply exquisite.

June 25 (Wednesday)

Lee, a logman arrived last eve with a raft for Cottrell & Co. On his way down the river he discovered the body of            badly mutilated by alligators. He took it in tow and immediately after his arrival notified the authorities. With characteristic tardiness they delayed their examination for several hours and when arrived at the spot where the body was left, found that the alligators had carried it off!

It is rumored that Hathcock has been arrested. I wrote Captn. Simmons a letter yesterday requesting him to bespeak for me a situation. Called on Mr. Harris last eve to consult as to the most advantageous place to get cypress – he recommended the dead lakes, and from all accounts the availability renders it peculiarly fitted for that branch of business. Carried Miss Theresa (as did Grady, Miss Caroline) to see an immense black fish Humphreys found dead on the beach and towed to town. It was about 10 feet long and would weigh about 500 lbs. This is a lovely summer's day. We have been having severe rains for nearly a fortnight. Melons are getting abundant.

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28<sup>th</sup> Made Miss Fannie Goodlett a flower stand and sent it yesterday. She seems to be well pleased with it. Miss

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June 28<sup>th</sup> Jane returned on last Stmr. From Eufaula (Ala) whence she had gone on a visit to her sister some weeks since. She looks very thin & pale.

July 1<sup>st</sup> Changed my boarding place again to Goodletts. I played croquet this afternoon with the Misses Pohlman and Miss Jennie Grady. I struck the turning stake, placed two of my partners in position, drove away two enemies and used another until I became a "rover", which is the best "run" I ever made.

2d Made a fine croquet mallet and carried it up this afternoon (after 6 o'clock) to the "Ground". I intended playing, but Miss Carrie Pohlman seemed so averse to my siding against her and she being ahead, making it almost certain of our beating, had I taken side with her, I declined to play, although importuned to do so. I told them I should not afflict them with my presence in future, as it seemed to mar the pleasure of their entertainment. I will keep that promise this p. m. at least, as I intend to finish a letter to my dearest Augusta. Poor lassie, I have neglected to write her for a shameful length of time.

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July 4<sup>th</sup> Warm and slight shower in forenoon. The employees of Wise's Mill got up an extensive picnic. The tug Ella towed their barge down to St. Vincents Island where they were received and entertained by the "lord of the manor" Captn. Hatch. They passed the mill about 10 a. m. with streamers fluttering gaily in the breeze and two sets "tripping it on the light fantastic" to a lively measure.

5 Picknikians returned a 11 A. M. I saluted them with the mill whistle as they passed which was returned. I passed the 4<sup>th</sup> very dully.

7 (Sunday) Feel much better than I have done in several days. Made a croquet ball out of "black gum". It requires the very nicest workmanship to turn them perfectly spherical. Recd. a letter from E. D. R. by last mail.

11<sup>th</sup> Recd. no letters by mail. Wrote one to Harry. Heard that Daniels had discharged his deputy collector (Smith) on account of his drunkenness. The wind blew with great violence yesterday from the Southwest, backing the water up far above its usual height. Mill lost about 50 logs. Attempted to play croquet with Misses P and Annis King but the rain drove us from the ground soon after we commenced.

13<sup>th</sup> (Saturday) A most distressing accident has just occurred (3 P. M.) Clabe Fry a mulatto boy running the edging table with Lovett has just

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July 13 had his left hand cut off by the saw, leaving only the thumb. I was sitting with my back turned toward the saw reading a novel when an unusual vibratory sound from the saw caused me to turn to learn what occasioned it when I saw the boy holding up his maimed arm with little jets of blood spurting all around. The fingers were brought from below and looked very pale and ghastly.

15<sup>th</sup>

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

Since my change to Goodletts I am right well posted in the local gossip. Senator Jos. Atkins returned about two weeks since. A few nights ago he had his pants pocket robbed of \$180 (being all that he had) and on yesterday (I'm informed) he wrote Feeley to the effect that if he wished money to pay his debts that were more honorable modes of getting it than by theft, upon the rect. of which Feeley went before a justice and made affidavit to the effect that he knew nothing of the affair etc.

Atkins seems thoroughly convinced that the truth of his suppositions but cannot prove them. He was sleeping with Feeley at Fullers when the robbery was made. Fuller is a mulatto who keeps a boarding house.

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July 15 It is also rumored that Feeley and the other managers of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July excursion have presented charges to various gentlemen who attended by special invitation. Gads! This is yankee innovations with a vengeance.

I am also informed that Cottrell has been writing to parties in Philadelphia accusing Mrs. Bacon (Wise's sister and very much of a lady I believe) of many improprieties. Old Dan Fry is exceedingly wroth on account of his being implicated.

Daniels settled with his deputy yesterday.

The Ella's boiler underwent a cold water pressure of 135 lbs this morn, to the entire satisfaction of the inspector.

Played croquet yesterday P. M. Porter arrayed against me. He & partner beat the game. Went on the beach with 3 misses Pohlman and Neal & Libbie Grady. Only interesting in a novel manner of determining heights (or more properly lengths). The girls stretched out on the smooth white beach and their measurement taken. Much mirth was created thereby.

I have concluded to stop using tobacco for 3 months with the object

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of ascertaining (if possible) how much it affects my health. I will keep a record of my feelings as near as possible, for the time on page 190

I learned yesterday that Daniels had forged Col. Wise's name on his bond as collector and induced Sanders Myers (the Clerk of the Court) to record it while he was drunk.

July 20

Last night went to black Methodist Church to hear Gibbs (Sectry of State) deliver a speech. Although a negro he is one of the most worthy of the State officers and is a close approximation to that generally admitted anomalous being, an honest African. He is imminently intellectual for a negro, and altogether his speech was an admirable one.

On Thursday gave a rowing execution. I had secured 3 boats and about 9 o'clock we embarked. Misses Duncan, Wakefield (Ella), Carrie Pohlman and Jane Goodlett in one boat with Jno Grady as manager; Misses King (Florence & Annis), Neal Grady, S Cullen & Hiram Gordan; Misses Pohlman (Theresa, Phena & Caddine), Fannie Goodlett, Jo. Wakefield, "Chib" Grady in my boat. We went up to Turtle harbor with the intention of going to Turners but the tide was so low the boats could not float on a/c of their heavy freightage. I undertook to go up and bring the melons

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

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down and though successful it was attended with the most severe exercise. The girls seemed to enjoy the row "muchly", 'twas a bright moonlight. Mr. Harris informed me that his Bro. Charles would be out very soon and intended establishing one or two mills. I hope sincerely that he may.

23 E. Raney and LaPrade left for Pensacola last Friday in quest of employment. Davis was up all night carousing, came to mill about 7 o'clock this morn very drunk and is now sleeping. I acknowledge that there is a great dearth in the sensational market just now or I should not not record such an item as the above.

24 Gave Mrs. Eaton a fan in liquidation of a philopena indebtedness. Played croquet on the Mansion house square yesterday P. M. Davis informs me this morn that after the dancing at last eve at Mrs. Eatons they begun playing "hurly burly" and Miss Lind told Feeley to pull Miss Nora Lightenfelds shoe off which he actually performed, greatly to that ladys displeasure. (Ye gods!) Wrote Bourke a letter in answer to one rec. from him last mail. He is now sojourning with Jim in Camden. Wrote me he intended taking Jule back with him to Savannah to put her at a catholic school.

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July 27 All yesterday felt weak from effects of medicine taken the night previous. Went down to the store and there ascertained to my great surprise that I am indebted to the firm for \$35. An amount that I could once have smiled at as of the consequence, but now it is the result of a months close application to my business exclusive of board. That damn house keeping with manipulated accounts is the prime cause. Feel miserably today am glad 'tis Saturday as I can rest tomorrow. Got no letters last mail. Expected one from Gus. It has been fearfully hot for two days past, and today. Eleven years ago today I was (with my Regiment 2d Fla. Inftry.) encamped at Camp Lee near Genl. Winfield Scotts residence about 1 ½ (as well as I remember) miles west of Richmond, Va.

28 Have been feeling very miserably for several days. Returned my Sunday School book a few days since. Mr. Oven preached his farewell sermon for several months on Sunday last. He visits North to see his Brother who is very sick. I did not attend the bible class once. In fact, my having joined was the cause of my not attending, as I did not study the lessons. Played croquet yestermorn.

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The Misses Pohlman, Miss Lizzie Duncan and Miss Neal Grady. Escorted the two latter to their respective homes. Miss D. is a pleasant, well bred lady, but is old (about 25) and ugly. Heard that Philip Walker was acting judge for some circuit in West Texas.

August 7

The Stmr. "Farley" brot. the very agreeable new yesterday that North Carolina had gone Democratic. At a convention of Liberals and Democrats held on Friday Eve 2d. Inst. Senator Jos. Atkins and Robt. Baker were delegated to attend the convention to be held at Jacksonville on the 14<sup>th</sup>.

Daniels left here today for Tallahassee to attend the Republican Convention.

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

Considerable speculation has been made as to whether Col. Niles, U. S. Customs Inspector, will seriously endeavor to have Daniels punished for having forged Wise's name to his bond. Niles is at Daniel's house. Mrs. Goodlett's scuppanong grapes are ripening rapidly and are very fine.

A few evenings since while at Mrs. Pohlman's she asked me to look at a calf that had taken suddenly sick, after examining I suggested that its ear should be cut that it might be bled and as the blood began to drip from the end as I severed a piece off she cried, "Just see how it's leaking!"

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- Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> Rained incessantly yesterday and neither of the mills ran. Played a game of billiards with Davis and beat him about 20 points.  
Attempted to play croquet yesterday about sunset notwithstanding it had been raining all day in torrents and the consequence was wet feet to all and cold caught by me therefrom. Whenever Miss Jane Goodlett feels indisposed she is guilty of the following elegant expression, "I feel like a stewed witch."  
Wrote to Snow & Richardson. Found out that my capture at Gannaes party last August was not a garter after all. Alas for the uninitiated! My a/c at store was not so bad as first appeared. I told Grady that I did not think it possible that I owed the firm anything and it has proved correct. He went over the accts again and discovered the error.
- 8<sup>th</sup> Took a stroll with Grady (Jno.) about town yesterday p.m. Saw many young ladies promenading and others playing croquet.
- 9<sup>th</sup> Mail brot. me no letters. Papers confirmed rumor of North Carolina's elections being Democratic.  
The Stmr. Julia St. Clair is now lying at the wharf

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- Aug. 8 taking aboard a cotton press which Whitesides is going to have erected at Savannah.
- Senator Jos. Atkins embarked today via St. Marks en route for Jacksonville whither he goes as one of the delegates chosen from this place by the democrats. R. Baker, the other delegate, took passage aboard the stmr. Bandy Moore for the same object. Old Tom (Mrs. Goodlett's cat) died three days since, aged 17 yrs.
- 10 One year since Miss Hattie Clark left Apalachicola for Williamstown, Mass.
- 11 Last eve. went on the beach and it certainly was the least pleasant of any walk I ever had. Miss Pohlman accompanied me. Davis and household went down to East Pass yesterday aboard the "Ella" to see the Brig Salista depart. The Captn. (Patrige) and his wife were aboard, also a numerous company of invited guests. Arnet is with them, in consequence of which the upper mill is doing nothing. I got in through the window when going to bed last eve.
- 12 An amusing story was told to me last eve? It seems that Miss Jenny Lind was anxious to perform some act of marked appreciation for Feeley's attention and conceived the happy idea of erasing many of the charges made against

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**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

him (her parents keep a grocery store) principally whisky, but the denouement was rather a damper on Frowline Jenny's philanthropic intentions. Madame Lind discovered the erasures and became exceeding wroth. In language far more emphatic than elegant she arraigned her daughter for the offence. Jenny retorted by asserting that there was much more charged than what was just whereupon that old woman threatened to beat her there and there "The lying heifer!"

"Alas for the rarity,  
Of Christian charity, etc."

Aug 12<sup>th</sup> It seems that Robert Baker has a way of addressing ladies all his own. Twelve months since he addressed Miss Hattie Clark by letter, and therein requested that she would give him an immediate and decisive answer as there were many girls in town who would have him in case she refused him. Jno. Grady informed me of the manner of his courtship to Miss Ella. He and Baker were at Mr. King's at the time. Baker and Miss Ella were in the parlor and Grady was on the porch with Florence and Annis. Jno. left about half past 9 and Baker took his leave also, but turned on reaching the street and walking direct to the parlor accosted Miss Ella "thusly". "Miss Ella, will

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August 12 you marry me?" Miss E. "How do you know, Mr. Baker, that my heart is in my keeping?" B. "I know it, for no one else in town wants you, or they would have asked you before. Miss Ella, I can raise you from a condition of want, and carry you into a state of society where you will be the envy of almost any girl in town." (Ye Gods! The exquisite part of the fun can never be fully realized except by those who are acquainted with Baker.) When Baker has finished his long winded sentence (which he had probably learnt by rote.) he was the sole occupant of the room, the young lady having left in great ire long before its conclusion.

13<sup>th</sup> Jack Lawrence died last night after a very short illness. He is a native of this place. Congestive fever was the malady.

The negroes are on a picnic aboard the Ella. The weather looked so stormy that they went up the river instead of to St. Georges as was first intended.

Played croquet yesterday P.M. with Misses Pohlman, Mary Baker, King (Ella) and Lizzie Duncan. Got dark before the game was completed.

15 Recd. letter from Harry. There is a straightforward manly vigor about his writing that gives it a charm, not withstanding many faults both in

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August 15 grammar and orthography. Says he expects Bourke to be with him on the 15<sup>th</sup> (today). His letter is dated 6<sup>th</sup>.

Since Tuesday morning (this is Thursday) the weather has been miserably cheerless and uncomfortable. Mills have not operated in consequence of high tides etc.

Philip Lind left for Philadelphia aboard of a vessel loaded with lumber from Wise's Mill. He goes to apprentice himself as a machinist. Cottrell returned last night. Also Mr. & Mrs. Daniels.

18<sup>th</sup>

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

I was awakened about 2 o'clock this morning by someone calling "Anna, Anna, open the door. Don't you know who it is?" and recognized Eaton's voice. His vessel the "Eve Adell" has been 40 days from New York to this place, had 22 days of dead calm. Played croquet yester P.M. until 6 then took my gun (which I had carried to the ground) and went beyond Broughton's to shoot night hawks. Had but one shot and killed one. Also killed 2 swallows out of 6 shots, bad. Haven't made but ½ days this week, inclement weather principal cause.

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August 19<sup>th</sup> (Monday)

Went to Sunday school yesterday P.M. also walking on the beach. Weather very pleasant. Heard that Mrs. Messina and Mrs. Mattox had gone to law about a ~~difference of opinion~~ carpet the former had engaged the other to weave. One alledgeing that she only offered 20c while the other claimed 25 c. Mrs. Messina would not pay and so Mrs. Mattox sued and gained her point. The difference which was about \$1.60 has already cost Mrs. Messina about \$20. I am glad of it as she is in very comfortable circumstances while the other is a very poor woman.

Am reading "Gil Blas".

Lower Mill only working today.

The tug Ella is undergoing repairs again. A large hole was discovered in the boiler this morn. It is invariably the case that something proves the matter with her whenever her need is exigent.

Stmr. Farley arrived this afternoon about 3 o'clock. Brought news of the convention.

20

Vincent, of the firm of Vincent & Murat, attempted to kill his wife yesterday afternoon, late, and supposing he had done so drew a pistol and placing the muzzle to his ear, fired. He is yet alive, but Wakefield thinks he will not recover. Liquor was the principal cause. He has been drinking for a long time.

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Aug 20 (Tuesday) Lost at croquet ~~last~~ yesterday P.M. Smith and Miss Fannie vs. Jane & self.

This is a delightfully pleasant morning, bright, col and breezy.

Vincent died since 12 M. he retained consciousness to the last. I have but little sympathy for him, yet I am sorry that he died before making suitable arrangements about his family. I have but little confidence in Murat, his partner, and will not be at all surprised if Mrs. Vincent gets one tenth part of her dues. Murat entered with him in business soon after the war, the latter being the moneyed partner. He leaves a wife and several very sweet little children.

We have nearly sawed up all the logs on hand and the lower mill is now edging the rough boards that were piled between the tracks from upper mill.

26<sup>th</sup>

Finished a cribbage board day before yester. On Saturday P.M. E. Porter and Miss Mary Baker came down to play croquet with the Misses Pohlman. They were vanquished easily, greatly to my satisfaction. I carried my gun just beyond Broughtons and killed 9 bull bats and a quail. Lewis is very ill. Miss Lightenfield seems deeply smitten with him. G. Sinclair, R. H. Goodlett and A. M. Harris are the appraisers of the stock of

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**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

- Aug 26 the firm of Vincent & Murat. All good men and true.  
Mrs. Ayers sent out quite a large collection of elegantly bound book for the Episcopal Sunday school – cost \$150.  
Weather is excessively hot.  
Bot. another pr. boots from store today.  
Mrs. Goodlett's grapes are nearly gone.  
Davis' dung department doubles daily (alliterative?)
- 29 Bot. a powder flask yesterday and ordered a shot pouch through Jno. Ruge. Richardson Jr. returned on the mail boat last eve.  
Lewis is much improved. He was as much frightened as sick. Wrote Harry to day, or rather mailed a letter I had written for last week's mail.  
Cribbage is the most popular game for evening pastime just now. It will probably die out in a week or so. Recd. nothing by this mail.
- 30 Recd. a pr. of embroidered slippers as a present from Miss Theresa yesterday. Went beyond Broughton's to shoot bull bats again last P.M.

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- Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> Misses P. accompanied me . Made miserable shooting. Killed 3.  
My health is much improved latterly.  
At dinner yesterday Miss Fannie was saying that she disliked to whip Sam Hamilton (her nephew and ward) because her Mother was so averse to it. "Well, I will tell you Mr. F" (interrupted madam) "Sam screams so that all the neighbors around think he is being half killed when he is not being touched." "What in the hell do you care what the neighbors think " asked old Goodlett. When Madam answered very camly "My remarks were addressed to a gentleman."  
Goodlett is all the time swearing at table and well merited the rebuke recorded above. I heard Sam (a lad of about (12 yrs. old) say, "I'll be dog gone if I don't" without being rebuked although he was overheard by several.  
Had a long conversation with Robt. Baker on his return from Jacksonville. He saw many of my friends, whom I was glad to get tidings of.  
August farewell! Unmannerly hot  
you've been sure enough but not  
with pleasure unalloyed do I see thee expire.

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If this isn't so then call me a liar.  
Mosquitoes, grapes and prickly heat  
are the staple products of they labor.  
For two I've no apology, but t'other is sweet  
I'll accept the grapes, the rest you can bestow on my neighbor  
Pardon a brief \_\_logium, thou harvest epoch of the season,  
For my muse hath a belly ache, which you'll admit a sufficient reason.

- Sept. 1  
Hail September! Month of breezes,  
Cooler nights and leaf seared trees is,

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

Blue skies, bright gleaming flowers,  
Alas! Alas! How fleet they hours  
Move on. Tis trice, around us  
Russet hues will intervene  
And the bright, fresh verdure of the forest,  
Hill lose its matchless tints of green.

Summer fruits have all departed  
And thus art barren of such treasures  
But we are not quite broken hearted  
For with thee, a higher pleasure  
Dawns to life. Vegetation's myriad beauties  
Are fading fast to nothingness  
Yet mid its ruin, we, new duties  
Sworn (My Dear Madame) maid on \_\_\_\_\_  
I'll pause now and take a \_\_\_\_\_

Kiss

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Sept 15 First recording since 1<sup>st</sup> inst. Went up Sercey's creek aboard the Ella on Wednesday last. Returned on Thursday P.M. Had a very disagreeable time. Shot a few alligators. Mail boat did not arrive this week. Cut my hand very badly yesterday with a jack plane. Am building a boat.

"Miss Sue what a tiny foot you have. What a contrast between it and mine. Now if I were to tread on a piss-ant there would be a slim chance for its life." Miss Fannie Goodlett related the above to me as the elegant speech of a rural rustic to friend of hers. Daniels & Co. went down to St. Vincents Island last night to search for smuggled goods, unsuccessful.

22 (Sunday) On Wednesday eve ensuing will be 3 weeks since our last mail owing to a great hole made in the St. Clair's bottom by a snag. The Farley came down on Thursday morning (19<sup>th</sup>) bringing Messrs. Call, Jones, Balston (conservative) and Night Walls (black) and Purman (Radicals). Political questions were discussed in the same building, each man having an hour allotted him to speak. A brass band accompanied them. My heart affection (or what I suppose to be such) has troubled me greatly in the past few days. Makes me feel badly and

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very uneasy.

October

Fairest month of all the year  
They praises ring, with voices clear  
And musical from countless throats  
All vocal with their welcome notes  
All merry now anon more sober  
To hail thee welcome, bright October.

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

Leaf, fruit, flowers, grass and blossoms,  
Are dead and dying all around  
What rhymes with blossoms? Aha! O'possums,  
In greatest numbers here abound.

Good bye October, when next I hail thee  
One year older shall I be.  
Content thyself until that time,  
And spare me the effort of more rhyme.

October

- 7 Have been so busily engaged on my boat that have not had time to post much since last date. The Presidential campaign absorbs all minor topics of interest and is the prevailing theme of discussion in and about this little city.
- 12 Went over to Cat Point a day or two since. Killed nothing worth mentioning. Went out about 11 o'clock this A.M. and got 5 doves and two thrush.

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They are yet quite scarce.

- Octr. 13 Daniels, Davis, Richardson & Self argued upon political issues to day. Launched the "Fannie" (my boat) this A.M. and was entirely satisfied with her performance. She is 26 ft. long, with widest part 6 feet from stem, 18 inches wide at bottom and 30 in. at gunwales, has a skeg on bow and stern: is decked six ft. from stem and 8 ft. from stern with narrow strip (3 in. wide) running fore and aft and combing 1 ½ in. above deck. Has out-riggers 2 feet beyond gunwales, of iron with patent row locks to fit in them. Has about 5 inches rake on top and 3 on bottom. Is painted green on bottom and sides with red stripe around moulding (out-riggers also red)! Lead colored. deck. Light pink inside. Looks very handsome on the water. Named in honor of Miss Fannie Goodlett.
- 14 Escorted Miss Fannie Goodlett to mill to see her namesake perform. She seemed pleased.  
Richardson promised me advance of 112.00.  
Col. Tripler is here preparing

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Oct.

- to start his mill.
- 15 Doctr. Lewis came over via St. Marks last eve. Reports that Pennsylvania and Ohio are for Grant. I am appointed one of the inspectors of election to come off on \_\_ November. Went hunting \_\_\_\_\_ Sunday. Killed 7 doves and \_\_\_\_\_ day before yester 13. We had the first \_\_\_\_\_ cold snap. Today is \_\_\_\_\_ pleasant and every thing looks resplendent with a perfect glory of sunlight.  
Made Carrie Pohlman a flower frame.  
Mr. Ovan and brother returned on last boat. The former (Episcopal minister) has been absent for some time.

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

- 29 Have been very ill for several days. The weather is now very fine, cool and clear. Tripler and his hands are busily at work making a foundation to build his mill upon. Some days since I witnessed the launching of his little propeller (about 18 ft. long). She was launched from the wharf across the sloop Red Jacket and turned bottom upwards very gracefully. Florence King has returned from St. George's light whither she has been for several weeks. I have not yet seen her. Hutchinson has been inspecting in my place. Davis

Renewed on page 106

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Abridged Directory for future reference with short remarks on the personal appearance, manners, &cc.

- A. Austin (Jas.) A youth of 21 years. Ugly as the devil, amen.  
Ayers, (Mrs.) A Philadelphia lady, tall, rich and freckled.
- B. Baker (Mesr. Judge & judgess) two ancients who have a pretty black eyed daughter (Mary) & two sons. Monsieur and his eldest sprout keep store. Wm. B. clerk at the mill office.  
Boynton  
Tax collector. All that I know of this worthy is that he told me he "didn't love sweetened bread." Says "he be damned if he ever eats it."  
Babcock. Pilot and brother to he who owns the celebrated racer ~~Longfellow~~ Nembold.  
Brash. A jew merchant. Has a sweet little daughter named Sarah.  
Barmore. Carpenter at the mill. Huge of stature and good natured.
- C. Cullen. Mr. Cullen Sr. A large old man who drives a dray and rings the Sunday school bell. Wm., his son works at mill. Miss Sarah, his daughter a very pleasant girl.  
*In margin:* Mrs. Crawford – postmistress  
Cottrell -
- D. Davis. An ex sea captain

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- In top margin:* Duncan. Methodist minister. Has quite an intelligent daughter.  
with a bald head, a jolly face, and a mellow eye. Has a belly as large as the town corporation. Loves to spin laughable yarns. Is fond of the good things of life. Rough in manner, but warm hearted as a woman. That's Davis.  
Daniels. Rev. Collector with a fat, fine looking wife, who plays euchre equal to any Blackleg.
- E. Eaton, Mrs. A diminutive little woman who is only remarkable for her small legs and love of scandal. Wife of a sea captain and now keeping bachelors hall (June, 72) for Davis & I)  
Egbert, E. G. Merchant, doing quite a business.

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**S. A. Floyd**

Ezra. Mechanic who superintended the erection of Wise's Mill.

- F. Feeley – Engineer at Wise's Mill  
Friel – Sexton
- G. Gannon (Jno) A long-legged genus of the human family who is associated with McLain in a store under the firm name of McLain & Gannon. Remarkable for nothing  
Gillen (Jas.) City Marshal, and a mulatto.  
Grady – Madam and family, consisting of Henry (Clerk in Egberts store), John (clerk in D. R. & Cos store), Misses Jennie, Neal & Libby, all pleasant little ladies, the last mentioned is quite small for her age – 14.

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Copy of letters of introduction handed me from the Messrs Harris and which are recorded on page 44, March 23, of this book.

"Apalachicola, Fla.

1872

Maj. F. C. Humphreys  
Pensacola

Dear Sir,

Allow me to introduce your acquaintance my young friend Mr. S. A. Floyd, nephew of our late friend Col. R. F. Floyd, who you probably personally knew and no doubt familiar with the high character of the family. Mr. F. has experience as inspector of lumber and other branches connected with the milling business which with good business capacity renders him capable of giving valuable service in his line. He visits your city seeking employment any thing that you may do to facilitate him will be appreciated by himself and

Yours Truly

(Signed) C. M. Harris"

---

"Apalachicola

1872

B. F. Simmons Esq.

Dear Sir,

This will be handed you by Mr. S. A. Floyd, nephew of our friend late Col. R. F. Floyd with whom you were so intimately connected during the war. Mr. Floyd has been with me here for the past year in the capacity of Lumber Inspector his previous experience in large Mills at Jacksonville rendered him eminently fit for the position which he has filled here with entire satisfaction to me. A change in the interest and management of the Curtis Mills here induces the conclusion on his part to seek employment elsewhere and with this view he visits your city. It is needless with you to speak of the high character of his family of which he is especially

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

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a worthy representation. I bespeak for him the efficient aid in procuring employment which I know your favored position will guarantee, & which I feel sure you will give with pleasure. Any thing that you may do to facilitate Mr. F. in his desires will be properly appreciated by himself and

Yours Very Truly,  
(Signed) A. M. Harris"

---

"Apalachicola

1872

Mr. W. Maclay

Dear Sir,

This is to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. S. A. Floyd who has been engaged at the Curtis Mills in this place, where I have also been engaged for the past year. Mr. Floyd is a nephew of Col. R. F. Floyd with whom you were personally acquainted, and visits your city to get employment. He had experience in the lumber business at Jacksonville, on the Ga. coast, and at this place as Inspector of lumber and for this and other branches of the business is eminently qualified. He is a young man of good moral character & I bespeak for him that social regard which his habits and the high character of his family entitle him.

Your friend  
(Signed) A. M. Harris"

*Written in the margin:* "Please introduce him to Henry Wright and other friends of mine in your place."

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Renewed from page 99

Octr.  
29<sup>th</sup>

and Cottrell left on Sunday morn for Chipola River aboard tug Ella to negotiate with partners for logs for the coming season and also to electioneer. Expect to write a letter to Bourke and Miss W. R. F. by next mail

Captn. Richardson and daughter are expected out by next boat. Wentworth made me a very good fit of the last boots – he was surprised – I have no doubt.

31<sup>st</sup>

Wrote Bourke enclosing \$75. Sam Huchinson is now employed by the firm to superintend the hands about the mill. He makes quite an efficient one. Mr. & Miss R. did not arrive by boat. Feeley returned, however. I recd. no letters & but one paper. The tug Ella returned today. I am still feeling badly from the effect of my recent illness.

Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>

Fleet as ever, onward flying  
Another month Old Time has passed  
As on his course forever hieircy  
*Words scratched out* To the last.

Let him fly. Who cares for flying?

**Private Journal**  
**S. A. Floyd**

I see birds flying every day  
Will he light for folks crying  
I say no. No I say.

(The rythm is perfect in that last stanza!)

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November 6<sup>th</sup> Yesterday we had the election for President and various State Officers. I believe I have mentioned elsewhere that I was appointed as one of the Inspectors. Wm. Baker and Emanuel Smith being the other two, with N. Hancock as clerk. We got through about ½ past 10 last night by great good luck. The election was conducted with impartial fairness and good order. There was not a single case of intoxication about the polls. The Democrats carried the County by a large majority. This, like yesterday is a miserably uncomfortable day.

“ 22d

Last mail brot. news of the almost absolute reinstallment of the Rads in office, from Grant down! Recd. letter from Bourke and also my wedding suit. On Thursday eve ensuing (28<sup>th</sup> inst) is to be the time. Twill be a very matter of fact affair. I have no doubt. Particularly if all those expected to attend feel as I do. Thursday is the day set aside by the Governor for general thanksgiving. I became engaged on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of Decr. 1871 to Miss Theresa Pholman. I think I shall not soon forget that cheerless, bitter cold afternoon. It was nearly dark and we had nearly reached her Uncle's house when I asked and was accepted. The leaden sky gradually deepening into obscurity as darkness swiftly descended, or ascended, I am not particular. The long row of leafless trees swaying mournfully in the wind and that

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Novr 22d bright face beside me and a warm arm within mine, all combine to the making up of a picture still quite vivid in my recollection. Young Baltzel from Tallahassee is here. I was invited to attend and participate in a large croquet party gotten up for his special honor by his sweet young kinswoman Miss Ella King. Business compelled me to decline.

25

Sent Miss Mary Baker a kitten (promised some time since) and a flower frame made out of two kinds of beautifully contrasted woods: cedar and mock orange. Her note of thanks was couched in very neat phraseology.

Some weeks since while at Mrs. Goodlett's one evening lady Jane saw fit to create a little pleasantry by addressing me as though I was her baby. "By-by baby." "Got to sleep baby." &c.c. greatly entertaining the other occupants in the room. I put an abrupt period to her pleasantries however, by saying, "Baby would like a little refreshment from nature's fount."

Last night while at Mrs. Pohlman's I heard her dog barking in the back yard and was requested to ascertain the cause. I went back and discovered that it was under

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**S. A. Floyd**

“ 24 For 7 Orange boxes

1.7