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EDITORIAL

Before his illness and death the former editor of the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*, Dr. Peter A. Brannon, had planned to publish as the last issue Julia Keyes' "Our Life in Brazil." The copy was in the process of being prepared at the time of Dr. Brannon's death.

In the first volume of the *Quarterly* Dr. Brannon contributed articles under the title "Southern Emigration to Brazil," embodying the diary of Jennie R. Keyes. These appear in volume 1 on pages 79-94, 280-305, and 467-488. While the third installment does not complete Jennie's diary, Dr. Brannon had come to the conclusion that after the hiatus of 36 years it would be more reasonable to print the complete story as it was written by Julia Keyes.

With the publication of Julia's diary as a double issue, Nos. 3 & 4, Volume 28 the editorship of Dr. Brannon is regrettably concluded. It seems altogether fitting that the subject material of this issue of the *Quarterly* is so closely related to Dr. Brannon's first contribution to the *Alabama Historical Quarterly*.

Copy of a letter, from Ex Gov. Watts

Mrs. J. L. Keyes.

Dear Madam.

I have read, with much pleasure, the manuscript sent me by Dr. Keyes. To explain how much its reading absorbed my attention, I need only say that I scarcely ceased until I finished its entire perusal.

There is much attraction in the simplicity of its style and, in the beauty and elegance of its composition. I cannot permit myself to doubt that others will feel the same interest in its details of Brazilian life and will pore over its pages with profit.

I have admired much the several beautiful pieces of poetry scattered through the volume, not only those by yourself but those of the daughter — the *first trials of the Eaglets wing*. I have found much to please in the descriptions of *home* in the wilderness and the surroundings of pioneer life.

I think you ought to publish and feel confident the Book will sell; and to *sell*, you know, is the test of popularity with the public.

With the highest regard, permit me to subscribe myself.

Your humble servant & Friend

T. H. Watts.

Feb. 17, 1874

Montgomery, Ala.

Our Life, in Brazil

by

Julia L. Keyes

—
Montgomery, Ala.

Continued from

AHQ 1 (1930)

Summer pp 74 - 95

Fall pp 280 - 305

Winter pp 407 - 428

Preface —

Our greatest difficulty in preparing these pages for the public, has been in the arrangement of extracts from the Journals. Curtailing as we have done, to avoid the repetition of family names and minutiae of domestic incidents, we may have destroyed much of the interest which our immediate friends might feel in being taken into the midst of our home and pursuits. Yet — trusting to the leniency and sympathy of our readers, we timidly offer our first Book for their perusal.

Chapter 1

Leaving Montgomery

“Our life in Brazil” has been written at the earnest solicitation of friends, in the intervals of pressing duties incident to a large family. Our home trials and pleasures are unveiled. Only in this way could we give an idea of what was endured and enjoyed, in our effort to build a home, around which others might gather, who, like ourselves, were willing to forsake the land of our birth.

Let us suggest to those who may have pondered on this step of emigration that only thus could restless spirits be made quiet, after the sad termination of the war. Some, who bore, with fortitude all that could try the strength of soul, through years of suffering and privation could not meet a blow like this. Others who were, it may be, wiser, quietly met their fate and did not move at this time of “running to and fro”. We, who could not judge, were left to conclude that a higher will than ours must rule, and yielded to what seemed the better way.

Very well! After a year’s meditation, deliberation and preparation we embarked for Brazil.

On the evening of the 6th of April 1867, we left Montgomery, taking passage for New Orleans, on the Steamer Doubloon.

Some of our friends, who went down to see us off, believed that ours was a fearful undertaking and thought we would have cause to regret the move. How grateful we now feel that such has not been the case — that a large and unbroken family, have been permitted to return, in perfect health, after an absence of more than three years — bringing back the most pleasant remembrances of their lives.

A few dark episodes marked the histories of all our band of emigrants, but even those are recalled by us, with pleasure, as they left no lasting injury and brought with them many valuable lessons.

One of our friends, when bidding us farewell, said — quite feelingly — “I do not know who most to pity — we that remain or you who undertake such a journey.” But he added — “I think I would like to go with you.”

The great sorrow of separation which did not overwhelm us until we were gone, was mitigated by the belief that those most dear would soon follow us.

Perhaps the insensibility of the fatalist took possession of us — though we convinced ourselves it was a statement of unquestionable faith. At any rate, we were willing to go, believing if any thing was ahead of us to prevent our embarkation, the event would occur in time to return. If not and Providence permitted us to sail, all would be well.

After remaining a week at a Hotel in New Orleans, meeting friends, who lived in the city and having an agreeable time generally, we went on board the Marmion and found that several gentlemen from Montgomery were going, besides those who were accompanying us.

Two young men, who it seems, had never thought of emigrating until our party arrived at the Hotel, were seized with a desire to go to Brazil and they too engaged passage.

A good many families from the Southern States were embarking — we there learned — and the prospect of the voyage was already brightened.

We were fortunate in being permitted to go on board the day previous to sailing for we found that our Ship was unfurnished and we would be compelled to provide ourselves with many articles of comfort.

We unpacked some of our bedding, sent to the city for chairs and other conveniences. Canned fruits, crackers, wine and porter. The latter as a remedy for sea-sickness. We afterward found that these additions to our plain fare were really needful and we would have suffered without them.

Our quarters were between decks, near the forward hatch — the decks eight feet apart. The convassed stretchers, for beds, were in two rows, clean and new — three in a tier.

The number of emigrants not being complete we had several additional berths apportioned to us. By taking down two rows of stretchers we made a snug little dressing-room.

After we had enclosed our beds in flowing curtains and settled ourselves to housekeeping, we were far more comfortable

than we expected to be. Had plenty of space to walk between our rows of beds — shelves on which to put our satchels, shawls, books, &c. Our apartment being nearest the hatch we enjoyed a constant breeze.

Our Steamer was chartered by the Brazilian Government to carry Southern Emigrants to the Empire. She was a steam-propeller of 1300 tons, was built three years before, for the transportation of Federal troops. The charter cost \$40,000 in specie. The price for each emigrant being \$60. in gold, to be paid, by each at the expiration of four years in biennial installments.

On the 16th of April one of the loveliest of Spring mornings we left the Crescent City — so quietly, we were moving some time before we were aware of our departure. We went up, on deck, to assure ourselves we were really off. Watched the receding city, while the broad Mississippi bore us gently along.

We passed out of the Gulf that night. The Moon was shining brightly and the water was smooth as a mirror, crossed the bar safely, between two vessels that were stuck on the sand.

Chap. 2

Last of the U. States.

On rounding Florida point we had some clouds and rough water, in consequence of a little blow. The next novelty was the sea-sickness among the passengers. We looked at the lighthouse with some interest, saw the faint outline of a home of "Wreckers" who were, doubtless, watching the red-lights on our masts.

The dark line and glowing spot, which marked the last remnant of Florida, finally disappeared. In that lovely clime we had once had a happy home. Near and dear relatives were there, dreaming perhaps at that moment, of the Ship on the Sea, in which we were borne — and of the wide separation which is to come.

In the solemn silce of night — in the stillness of the heart's communion, the reality of what we were doing came cruelly upon us. A life-time of pleasant joys crowded up with loved homes and cherished friends. What availed it then? Whether rashly or not — we were forsaking our Native land. Some one sang — from Childe Harold

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine —
Nor carest what land thou bearest me to
So not again to mine.”

Others were lost in a flood of home-sickness, even at that early season. Ah! but then too late.

It was very pleasant sitting on the deck in the evening. When the little ones were all asleep, it was certainly the most favorable hour for the grown people. There were many kind eyes upon them all day among passengers & Sailors & as the guards or railings were high there was no danger of their getting overboard. Our Captain was kind and attentive — very stern in his command but no more so, than necessary.

On the 18th we passed the Tortugas —

On the 20th passed Great Isaacs — Saw a few rocks and a Light-house, about breakfast hour. Sunday — entered the Atlantic. The rolling waves brought more sea-sickness amongst the passengers. Our Captain had service on deck — our two Ministers being sick. He distributed a number of prayer-books and all the passengers that were able, participated in the service.

For several days the sea remained rough, thought not enough so to prevent our daily pleasures. Ladies generally occupied themselves with reading & sewing — and time did not hang heavily.

We were much startled, one morning, by the appearance, on board, of a case of Varioloid — very light — but a cause of uneasiness.

Passed Puerto Rico by night — Those who were up said the streets, lighted by gas, could be readily distinguished, & the scenery beautiful. Thursday 25th Passed St. Thomas. We

were disappointed in not being able to stop, but our cautious Captain thought best to thwart our wishes, on account of Cholera, Yellow-fever, mosquitoes & flies which were said to prevail to some extent. We saw the City, lying between the hills. The tiled roofing was something new and interesting, seen through Col Censor's elegant Opera-glasses. On Friday morning, 26th we passed Plymouth — Was not on deck in time to see the beautiful picture, as described by those who witnessed it, but in the afternoon, had the rare pleasure of beholding mountain scenery, in the perfection of beauty — on the island of Guadaloupe.

The top of the highest peak was cut off by a fleecy cloud — making the picture more complete. The city was lying below. The walls & streets, with long rows of palmetto trees, could be seen by the aid of the "true" glasses always at our service. Some large and imposing dwellings on the left — on the right a neat looking cemetery.

Lying outside, were several Vessels — one of them a large Steam ship, with a French Flag. A French sloop, in full sail, with three little jibs, one above the other — quite unique.

After leaving this city, "Basse-terra", which lies below a volcanic mountain, we could see beyond a wide strait, another chain of mountains, said to be a continuation of Guadaloupe. An extensive fortification appeared on its broadest and highest summit.

We saw no more land until we reached the South American Coast, except the Barbadoes, an English Island, which we passed in the night. We were disappointed at not seeing this scenery, which we learned is beautiful.

We had service, on deck, every Sunday. The Sabbath was generally marked respectfully, by passengers & crew, but one morning, just after breakfast we had an interruption to the usual quiet, by two small fights, which occurred among some men of a low class. Our trip would have been entirely delightful but for disagreeable incidents like these. However — they did not disturb us much & afforded variety to some. For a time the most earnest endeavors of the Steward were unavailing in preserving order, below, and at meal time general confusion

prevailed. He complained to the Captain and a regulation was at once made, restoring peace and satisfaction. The tables were divided putting certain classes together — giving permission to families to gather around them those they preferred and from that time our meals were eaten more pleasantly.

It was not encouraging to appetites to see our dinner served up in large tin pans — one containing boiled Irish potatoes — another, bean-soup. A third, pickled beef. This dish alternated from day to day with canned fresh-beef. We had light bread & butter — excellent cucumber pickles, in plenty — dried apples — also — but the oat-meal Coffee was certainly not good. The passengers generally preferred Tea. If the same food could have been properly prepared & placed on the table in dishes — with order and neatness we would have thought the fare palatable. Our Captain was very kind to the ladies and often sent delicacies from the upper Cabin permitting us to have a breakfast every day, from above, by paying an extra price. He tried to be just & did the best he could, we believe. If our discomforts had been greater, we were willing to bear them for only *one month* — as our traveling companions were so agreeable — and some of our acquaintances were, by a closer knowledge, fast & true friends.

Occasionally the young people danced on deck, in the moonlight, to the music of the Accordion & triangle. The evenings always passed off pleasantly & quietly — watching the stars above and the phosphorescent water below.

When our voyage was half over we found it easier to look ahead. The time of its ending seemed nearer & we were quite reconciled to our hardships, which were not many, compared with the delight of beautiful weather, health & hopeful hearts.

Chap. 3.

The Amazon.

When we neared the mouth of the Amazon — at a distance of sixty miles — while looking overboard, we observed the singular color of the Sea. The water had a reddish cast. The sailors drew up buckets-full and found leaves and sprigs of trees that had been washed from the mouth of this great

stream. This was a real and tangible proof that we were nearer another soil than our own. We handled these little evidences with feelings of great pleasure, believing that we were steering along to a port we would reach before many days. We were hopeful, also grateful that our voyage had, thus far, been so prosperous. It continued thus — but clouds darkened on the 15th of May. The wind came out stiffly from the South West, with a heavier sea than any time previous. Children romped on deck, while grown people found it difficult to keep their footing. Porpoises & black fish were seen in multitudes, leaping from the water. The vessel pitched a great deal. Passengers were not so smiling as usual — faces were paler, but a spirit of joyful hope inspired all hearts, nevertheless. Our voyage was nearly over. A little sea-sickness now, was easily borne — with such a delight in store for us.

On Thursday — the 16th, we passed the light-house, at Cape Frio. A telegraph runs from here to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of fifty six miles. A light house was first built upon one of the tallest peaks of this rock, but it was so high the clouds often obscured it. It was abandoned & another erected much lower down, on the side of the mountain. We passed close enough to see persons at the house.

From this point, our course was west & we steamed close by the bold, broken beach, until 8 P.M. when we entered the Bay of Rio. We passed near the fort, on the right. The signal lights burned. The engine ceased. The anchor was cast out and our heaven reached.

Our propeller, with only a half an hours rest, had made two million four hundred and twelve thousand six hundred and forty revolutions — making from N. Orleans 5,606 miles.

Our Captain said we were highly favored in having such a delightful season and charming weather. He was an old seaman, but had never made such a beautiful voyage.

The dark clouds, which had hung so drearily above us, were breaking away. We had the glimpse of a rich sunset. Our prayers were answered. We were permitted to behold this picture of wondrous beauty in its softest light. When in full

view of Sugar-loaf mountain, the clouds rolled away & the full moon came out. Enthusiasm was then excusable, with hearts so full of thanksgiving.

We have seen the Gulf of Mexico by moonlight — its breakers washing the snowy beach, on the Florida coast. Again — in the sullen light of a cloudy morning — its dark green waves, covered with foaming crests, breaking against the shore — The remembrance is like a cold and shadowy scene of dreaming — but it was real & we did not hope to behold anything more grandly beautiful — but — here lay before us something far exceeding all this in majestic beauty. The great waves of the broad Atlantic rolling slowly up, against the base of these grand mountains. Moonlight tinging the dark forest on their heights. The lesser hills dotted with rows of gas-light — making the blackness of the back-ground blacker — bringing out, in full relief, the whole beauty of the Bay & the rich scenery around. Oh! land of the Palms!! Poetry & history have not exaggerated thy charms.

The moon had attended us kindly, lighting us through the Gulf, as we left our Native Shore & again lent us her cheerful rays, on entering a foreign land.

“The whole air whitened, with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance” — and
“The heart ran o’er with a silent worship.”

Chap. 4.

Rio by daylight

Rio in the light of morning presented another picture. We raised anchor and steamed up to the city at sunrise. Went on deck — took a hurried view from each side. There was but little time to gaze at scenery, as preparations for going ashore were to be made. We saw the tiled-roofed buildings, again & the beautiful Palm trees. The green mountain sides were so near that all irregularities were discernable, but these craggy rocks and tropical trees had, for us, a peculiar beauty. The buildings are not tasteful like those in our country — though

mostly elaborately ornamented & painted of many colors — dust hue, red-brown, pink and blue. The Brazilians are fond of bright colors. Small iron-railed balconies hang on the outside of the houses, in place of the graceful Piazzas & verandahs, so necessary to comfort, in America. The tiles being of red-clay — the glare of the Sun upon them, would suggest the idea of great heat, within — but they are the coolest houses in the world, as we often had occasion to remark.

After the necessary & fatiguing labors attendant on leaving Ship, with a large family, we found ourselves transported to the land, by a few steps on the wharf. Once more upon the ground! How delightful, after being just one month on Ship board. We made no observations, for we had no time — the main object being to keep together. “The Father” attended to the baggage. Our same kind friends assisted “the Mother” in guarding the little flock. We walked up a broad road, covered with great white stones, making a curve on the mountain side. After being a little fatigued from the first walk we had taken in so long, we reached an immense iron gate & within were the grounds of our Palace — The Government House in which we were to be sheltered. Rows of Imperial Palms stood on each side of the walk which led from the gate to the steps of the building. We saw, on each side, large marble basins, where fountains had once played — marble benches, beneath vine-covered arbors. Gay and beautiful flowers, growing in tasteful beds. We passed up the marble steps of the building — this edifice had a Piazza and met the landlord Col Broome, who greeted us warmly. He had been a Confederate Officer. He showed us our apartments, which contained neat furniture—light iron-bedsteads & washstands — all painted green. There were tables & chairs sufficient — We soon unpacked & made ourselves comfortable. The rooms were beautifully papered, some with frescoed and gilded ceilings.

We could hear exclamations of delight from the young people, who roamed about the grounds. They were in ecxtacies [sic] — rolled on the grass & dashed about, through the arbors and among the flowers. How strange it seemed to us to observe a grey horse, on the mountain side — eating grass — looking just like our horses. Also a natural looking sheep & dog. How comfortable this was. We were a happy band of emigrants — felt

we had reached a place of rest, among kind, generous people, who gave us a welcome we did not expect — food much better than on our ship, — not really better, but prepared in a way to make it more palatable. At a trifling cost, we had plenty of fruit, which we enjoyed very much. Oranges and bananas were procured in profusion & they were much more delicious, in their state of freshness. The Tanjarine orange has a peculiar flavor & can be peeled with no trouble & the sections broken apart without dropping any juice. One of these oranges could be eaten with gloves on.

We gathered white-jasmine, just like our own, which grew on the arbors, and its fragrance made us feel almost at home. Other flowers, not resembling ours, gay and rich in their colors ornamented the beds.

Two days after our revival, the Steamship North America came in, from N. York, with a large number of Emigrants and our Hotel then entertained nearly three hundred. Several families from our own State & county were among the number.

We received many visits from Brazilians & Brazilianized Americans.

Chap. 5.

The Emperor.

We were told the Emperor would visit us. All were anxious to see this important personage, and awaited, with pleasure, his coming. About four O'clock he came and after the manner of all distinguished people, who are, likewise, good, his appearance was modest and unostentatious.

He passed around the grounds — visited the kitchen; examined and tested the bread, pronouncing it well made. Walked through all the rooms of the building, then paused in the front Piazza. Some of the American gentlemen were then introduced, with whom he held short conversation. He placed his hand upon the head of a little boy, who stood near, saying some kind words. The young hero felt himself immortalized by this unexpected notice & will probably never forget the incident.

The Emperor's age was about forty-six. His hair and heavy beard somewhat gray — eyes blue and nose slightly aquiline. His countenance expressed gentleness and he made the few remarks, he deemed necessary, with pleasant dignity and was gone before the crowd had fully realized they were in his august presence. We afterwards heard that he expressed himself as being much pleased with the appearance of the Americans. We had some curiosity to see the Empress but did not have this pleasure until a later period.

The Imperial family, at that time, consisted of two daughters — The Crown Princess Isabel — whose husband is the Count De Eu. Duchess Leopolinda, whose husband is the Duke of Saxe. The Empress was large & rather fleshy — A pleasant, good looking lady — generally dressed in heavy black silk, handsomely made; wearing few ornaments. When riding through the city she always recognizes, by bows, the salutations of her subjects, which are given, on all sides. This would be enough to weary her, one might suppose, for the citizens generally leave their occupation and stand in the doors, while the Imperial family passes.

Since our return to America the Princess Leopoldine has died.

In the Paraguayan War, which closed just before we left Brazil, the Count De Eu was quite distinguished. Was Gen. in Chief of the Allied forces — and afterwards made Marshal of the Empire.

It proved to be impossible to obtain enough washerwomen for so many travellers, so after putting out a large numbers of our clothes, there were still a good many that we would need, as our stay in the City would be short. Some of the ladies concluded to be laundresses for themselves. Our girls joined the party, taking some of the smaller childrens apparel. Quite a long row of ladies and children stood under the trees, getting clear water from Springs, that gushed from rock -houses, near by. Sentinels stood round, in their flashing uniforms, making observations. One asked, on seeing a pot boiling "If they were making soup?" adding — "It was of no use, as there would be soup for dinner." One of the ladies, who heard the remark

had travelled in Mexico — understanding Spanish, & the languages being similar, she interpreted for the others.

Boiling linen was something new to them as Brazilians whiten their clothes by soaping & then spreading them on the ground, sprinkling water frequently on them.

Some of the girls found, almost hidden by weeds and foliage an elegant marble bath-house. Our kind landlord had it put in order and a path cut for our entrance. We then enjoyed a real luxury. At every step we found evidences of former wealth and luxuriance of comforts.

A Chapel adjoining the building to which we had access, was of strange interest. Americans visited it & in a respectful manner, entered & retired, making observations all the time. In large clusters were seen, suspended, waxen images of various limbs, representing the diseased portions of afflicted people. Prayers to the Saints, bringing, as they supposed, effectual cure for all ailments. These wax models were carried to the Chapel, & hung up for exhibition & as the speediest way for restoration. A large marble slab, with an inscription on it, lay upon the floor, right in the centre. This was said to be the tomb of the first owner of the Palace.

Chap. 6

Shopping.

Water, for drinking, was kept in large tanks or *talhas*, made of earth, resembling urns, in shape. It has a cool & refreshing taste but is never very cold. It is brought to the City in pipes, from the Mountains.

From Henderson's travels, published in London in 1821, we find a description of the Aqueduct, which, at that period supplied the City with water — although not quite finished.

“An Aqueduct, for furnishing water to the Cidade Nova, is nearly completed; in which quarter some new fountains are to be observed, especially the Lagarto, and another in the Campo St Anna; large, built of stone, and discharging the water by

numerous spouts. The fountains in the eastern district of the City, consist of one in the Palace Square, in the shape of a Tower, the Marrecas; one in the Moura Place; & the Carisca with twelve spouts; all of which are supplied by the Aqueduct already mentioned.

At the head of the valley the origin of the aqueduct is marked by an inscription, to have taken place in the year 1744. Its source is adorned with a fine cascade &c ”

The Campo St Anna, here mentioned, is the general washing ground, a large square covered with grass — where the women wash & bleach their clothes. Perhaps, nothing excited greater interest to the Emigrants than this scene.

Another great attraction, is the Equestrian Statue of Don Pedro — the first, which stands in the centre of the Praca da Constitucai — In this square are also, two reservoirs of water, jetting out from spouts. These beautiful grounds are enclosed by a neat iron fence.

We obtained an interpreter and went out, shopping, after we found we were going to the wilderness. In order to begin pioneer life it was necessary to provide ourselves with many articles for housekeeping, which would require careful selection. Some of our gentlemen friends accompanied us. A lady from Texas who was to be of our colony joined us also. We went in open carriages, like our laundaus [landaus]. The heavy wheels made a great noise over the rocky streets. The vehicles are all very heavily made.

We found it uninteresting to listen to words we could not understand, often addressed to us — but we did not attempt to reply, except through our interpreter. After making only a part of our purchases we went to the Hotel de — kept by Madame de Frizzlechica or something much like it — called on an old friend & schoolmate from Tuscaloosa — Mrs Dr Gaston. Was very glad to meet with her & her interesting family, but disappointed on learning they were not going to our colony, but to San Paulo.

The emigrants made a great mistake in separating as they did. If all had united and gone to one locality it is probable they would have succeeded better.

The streets of Rio, excepting Rua de Derieta & Rua de Ouvidor are very narrow, with side walks only a few feet wide. Rua de Derieta, with its fine shade-trees, broad, flag-stone, side-walks — and comfortable arrangement of benches — ice-cream saloons, restaurants & gay stores, reminded us of Canal Street in N. Orleans. By the fascinating light of gas, the great beauties showed resplendantly. Brazilians have great taste in displaying their goods & people shop mostly after nightfall. Ladies are always under the escort of gentlemen — are never seen on the streets alone, at any time.

On some of the narrow streets, are stores of the finest kind & every thing can be procured that you wish. Much business is carried on and the noise of vehicles is heard unintermittingly. Waggon and carriages are often drawn up to the very doors of the buildings, to make room for others & pedestrians must hastily jump into a store, until the vehicle passes. The houses are tall & consequently the city is always cool, along these narrow streets. In upper stories, persons can see the occupants of opposite houses, passing from room to room and could hear conversations if it were not for the din of carriages and clatter of horses feet on the rock-paved streets. An orange could easily be thrown from one window to another on the opposite side.

The muscular strength of the negroes is wonderful — We saw men trotting along, at a brisk rate, with large goods boxes, sacks of coffee & barrels of flour on their heads, bearing these weights, as easily, apparently, as if they were handboxes. Goods of all kinds, are transported through the city in this way. Two men will carry a Piano with ease. Women bear trays of fruit — cakes or doces, also vegetables, on their heads, at all times. Rio has a fine market. Every thing we have in the United States can be found there, in addition to the fruits of the climate. Meats vegetables fish — oysters — shrimps & fowls of all kinds. The streets are paved, so as to slope towards the center, making a trench, and are thus thoroughly cleansed by a heavy rain. The sewerage is also very good.

Chapt. 7.

Learning the language.

Next day, Mr. Steele, a wholesale merchant, accompanied us, taking us to the finest stores in the City. Was very kind and attentive. Went with us to an English Hardware establishment, where we purchased an excellent cooking-stove, and other useful housekeeping articles. He afterwards took us to an elegant restaurant, where we enjoyed a fine repast. Then begged permission to accompany our daughters to the Opera.

We much regretted that we had only a hasty glimpse of the beautiful feather flowers — stuffed birds &c which we could see, through the glass fronts of the shops devoted to the sale of such things. Wreaths and bouquets of every imagined flower, with every shade & color, are arranged with most perfect taste. Nothing could surpass them in beauty and one could hardly tire in spending a day to examine them. No dyes are used but all these rich colors are from the birds, as Nature made them. Snowy white-green, of all shades — and every hue of the rain-bow.

The young people enjoyed the few days left to us very much — had rowing & sailing excursions on the Bay, also, attended the Theatre. Every hour of the day was brightened by something new and of exciting interest.

The attempts to learn the language brought some amusing scenes. One morning a young friend of ours was endeavoring to find his way back to the "Government House," having lost his way. He saw a gentleman leaning idly against a door-post. He attracted his attention by signs and a few words of broken portuguese he had, just learned from a little grammer he had in his hand. The gentleman smiled & he returned the smile & then tried, in the lamest manner possible, to obtain the directions he desired. "Faz favor, senhor", he said — with violent gesticulations, pointing towards that portion of the city he supposed the building to be. The stranger still smiled, permitting our perplexed young friend to proceed with his gestures, and to manufacture words — which he at length did, not wishing to refer to his little book.

After a while the stranger opened his lips saying, in the most quiet manner, in English —

“Gentlemen — If there is any language you know better than this, please speak.” He told us his chagrin and mortification was so great he did not ask the question he so desired to know. But, he found his way back, nevertheless and next time, used his own language first.

The multitudinous cares of “The Father and Mother” rendered it impossible to write a continued Diary — so, in order to keep the thread of our movements we take from the Journals of some of the younger members of the family, here and there, a few extracts.

May 18th “Yesterday we landed in Rio, having been just one month on the voyage. It is too late, now, for me to write of all our enjoyments — suffice it to say, we are very happy — More another time.

19th This morning Mr. Charles Nathan paid us a visit — invited our family to spend the day with him. Our Mother could not leave, and he asked for some of the daughters. It was agreeable to us — so we accompanied him to his home, in Bota-fogo. We had a visit, also from Mr. Malone, and a good many others came to see us. When we passed through the city we were much astonished to find the stores open and everybody at work. We felt really grieved to see this. And yet, in New Orleans it is not much better. After walking, for a while, on the paved streets, we reached a long line of Omnibuses, which were waiting for passengers for Bota-fogo. We took our seats and were soon on the way. Passed many elegant houses — gardens filled with rare flowers and brilliantly colored leaves. Saw shrubbery with large crimson leaves and without flowers. We rode, I think, for about a half hour, along this street, before we reached Mr. Nathan’s house. We were glad when it was time to stop. We entered his elegantly furnished parlor and were introduced to his wife — niece & children. Miss Louise Merton was very kind & carried us over the grounds, showing us all the beauties of the place.

20th During dinner yesterday, Mr. Nathan made a remark which puzzled us, in reference to the “Doce”. He spoke of the wild life we would lead on the Doce, saying we would soon forget small forms of etiquette, or something of that kind. We did not ask his meaning — but on our return we very soon learned the

definition of that singular word. The *Doce*, or *Docie*, as it is pronounced is a country about three hundred miles I think, North of Rio — mostly wild and uncultivated and there is where we are going to live. Father is going to build us a home and then return to Rio, to practice his profession and we will divide our time between the country and city. Think we will like this very much. The Americans seem all in high spirits about going — How strange! how delightful it will be to go to the wilderness and see a beautiful little town growing up around us; feeling free and independent! We are happy and full of hope.

25th We are to leave Rio — to-morrow, for the Doce. I have parted with a very dear friend Lizzie F., who is from Memphis, Tenn. Her Mother is going to San Paulo to Rev. Ballard Dunn's Colony. The prospect of pioneer life is not quite so delightful without her. I am very much disappointed, as I thought they were to go with us. Our friend Dr Tobin and Mr Carson are going up on the Amazon A good many families besides ours are going to the Doce. Cap't's B. & D Yancey — Col Cencir Dr J. A. Dunn of Alabama and several others.

Dr. Coachman is going to remain in Rio — try to get into a practice & when our Father has his new home in the country, arranged he will bring us back & join him here, again. This will be another sad parting.

We spent a very pleasant day in Bota-foga, again, visiting Mr. Steele's family. He lives much in the same style as Mr Nathan. We were astonished to see Coffee trees growing in the garden. Their read berries looking like plums.

We have enjoyed a great deal, since we landed. Have been to the Theatre two or three times, had several sails on the Bay — have seen a great deal of the City and feasted on all kinds of delicious fruit — ice cream — ice doces &c And now — we are to leave all this for the wilderness."

Two Steamships were provided by the Government to take our Colony off. The Diligence — & Juparana. Some who were our travelling companions also, others, who came in on the Steamer, just arrived from New York, composed the number. Twenty families and more in all.