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LIZZIE BROWN'S TALLAHASSEE ¹

by BERTRAM H. GROENE *

FRANCIS ELIZABETH BROWN, born in 1818, was the oldest daughter of Thomas Brown, governor of Florida from 1849 to 1853. In the winter of 1827-1828 her father, a dispirited Virginia planter, organized a caravan to move his family from his Rappahannock River farm to Leon County, Florida, some 800 miles away. Brown packed ten year old Lizzie, as Francis Elizabeth was affectionately known, her mother, her brother Jackson, and her three sisters, Mary, Mag, and Ginnie, into the family carriage. Followed by twenty planter friends and his 140 slaves, Brown led the party for two months through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and into Florida. At the time Tallahassee was only a rude village of perhaps 600 or 700 persons. Land had been purchased from the Indians, and the Capital had been officially located only four years earlier. It was here in Leon County that Lizzie was to spend the greater part of her life. She was well educated for those days, and her family was one of the most politically and socially influential in all of antebellum Florida. She was considered to be a great belle. Governor DuVal in 1839 penned a poem "To Miss Lizzy Brown," and in it he described her brown eyes as "burning with love and constancy." Some time prior to 1847 the W. H. Geib Company of New York published the "Texas Waltz for the Piano Forte composed and respectfully dedicated to Miss Lizzy Brown," composed by B. Lignouski, a local Tallahassee music teacher and future college instructor. ²

In the spring of 1894, sixty-six years after her arrival in Florida, to please her daughter and granddaughters, Lizzie be-

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1. The original manuscript of the "Memoirs of Lizzie Brown" is in the possession of Mrs. John Ward Henderson of Tallahassee, Florida. It is through her generous cooperation that the manuscript and photographs were made available to the editor.
2. Both the DuVal poem and the sheet music are in the possession of Mrs. Henderson.

gan her memoirs. She was seventy-seven years old at the time. She wrote seventy-three pages over the remaining eleven years of her life as her mood and increasing age dictated.

At the time she began her memoirs Lizzie was, by her own recollection, the oldest pioneer in the capital. As an observer of early Tallahassee life she was eminently qualified. She must be excused for the rambling and disjointed sequences of her narrative and her misspellings for, as she says, "It is rather late in life for me to attempt such a record for [in one month] I will be 77 years old." Her memory for historical facts at her advanced age is inaccurate at times. Despite this, she did an admirable job of preserving the fragments of Tallahassee's early years. It is only regrettable that she did not start twenty years earlier.

The manuscript was written in a firm but at times unclear hand in ink on the bound pages of an eight by twelve account book. The spelling has been altered slightly and a few punctuation changes have been made; otherwise the manuscript is in its original condition except for editing. Approximately one-third of the memoirs consisting of personal and extraneous material has been deleted.

"Our route to Florida was from Fredericksburg to Danville, Virginia, then through Greensborough and Charlotte, [North Carolina] . . . then through Chester and Spartenburg, [South Carolina]. Then Georgia was sparsely settled and days passed when we saw no settlements or people. After we passed into the wilderness [of Georgia] we could get nothing in the shape of provisions and forage until we reached Florida. [Georgia was] a long stretch of country with nothing but pine and wire grass, flat and no undergrowth. You could see as far as the eye could reach through monster pine trees. The long leaf pine running up thirty or forty feet . . . before they put out a limb. It was a strange sight to us, coming from that rolling and mountainous country [of Virginia] filled with oaks, hickory and fir trees, to this flat sandy pine country. Well, after a long tedious trip through the wilderness . . . we bid adieu to Georgia at Hawkinsville and entered Florida.³

3. Hawkinsville is not on the Florida-Georgia border. The party probably entered the territory below Thomasville, Georgia. B. H. Groene, "A Virginian's Cavalcade," *Virginia Cavalcade* (Autumn 1968), 21.

At Lake Jackson my father left his negroes and Mr. Monroe, the overseer. ⁴ The negroes he had left in Florida the year before had built cabins so those we brought went into their houses at once. We then went to Tallahassee, twelve miles away We arrived at last in Tallahassee, a travel-stained and tired set I imagine. . . . [Tallahassee was] then a very small village . . . and was beautifully laid out. Just around the Capitol every other square was left open, and the trees left in their natural state. . . .

My father had rented a house on the edge of town to which we went at once. . . . It was a large comfortable house for those days situated on the hill south of town, now known as Houston's Hill. ⁵ It was just a little way from "the sink," higher up the hill. . . . Then there was no house nearer than Governor Duval's [house] which stood high up on the hill just above the spring where the Baptists . . . baptized. Just below us was "The Cascade," a beautiful fall of water, a part of the Augustine Branch. ⁶ The Cascade was surrounded by a beautiful grove of oaks and magnolias. It was a lovely spot and quite a resort for the young people and continued to be until it was destroyed by the R. Road Co. in building the RR which ran just through it. It was a shame that it was done. The road could have gone on one side without any trouble. It was a fall of quite 15 feet and quite broad just there. We had to cross on a bridge. It was said the site of the City of Tallahassee was chosen because of the Cascade. It [Tallahassee] should have been [built] on the Augustine Road just beyond Col. Houston's place where the ground is level. At one place there is a level of a mile, where in the early days they used to run races. . . .

Colonel Robert Butler was one of the Commissioners sent out to choose a site for the Capitol of the Territory of Florida He was full of romance and poetry and so in choosing the site for the town did not think of what would be best for building it

4. During the previous winter of 1826-1827, Thomas Brown led a party of white planters and a number of his own trusted slaves to Tallahassee. Here Brown prepared for receiving his family the following year. He bought several hundred acres of land on Lake Jackson, a few miles northeast of Tallahassee, and rented a home in town for his family.

5. Houston's Hill is immediately southeast of the hill upon which the capitol building is located.

6. The exact location of the now vanished "Cascade" is debatable. All that remains of Augustine or St. Augustine Branch is a drainage ditch that divides present-day Franklin Boulevard.

but only of this lovely spot [the cascade] and so chose it. ⁷ [It was] a most unfortunate choice for our town is built on a series of hills. On every approach to the city you must ascend a hill [It] is lovely but it makes it very difficult to keep our streets from washing

Well, our new home was in a lovely spot . . . [and] we were soon comfortably fixed . . . as we could expect in this new country. Our nearest neighbor, . . . Governor Duval . . . was one of the most genial and amusing men I ever met. ⁸ He was a true old Kentucky gentleman, [and] his house [was] the headquarters for all social meetings. His family consisted of his wife and her sister, a maiden lady, Miss Mary Hines, . . . three sons, Burr, Thomas and John, . . . two grown daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Marcia, [and] Mary and Laura [who were] girls about the age of my sister Mary and I. . . . Miss Elizabeth and Miss Marcia were very beautiful and great belles in those early days. There were a number of young men . . . who had come to this El Dorado to make their fortunes [and so there were] fully a dozen . . . men to one lady, so a pretty young girl had a nice time in those days in Tallahassee.

The ladies of the town soon came out to see my mother At this time there was quite a good society in Tallahassee of the most refined and cultivated people. . . . My mother seems to have been very happy here and to have become reconciled to her life here.

The country was full of Indians. I remember seeing them about most of the time. I have seen a half dozen come into our house with venison and game to sell to my mother. She would give them a meal and they would sit around the table, but [they] could not well manage the fork. I have seen a half dozen at our table at one time. Old Tiger Tail came often. He was

7. The original commissioners to choose a site for the capitol were John Lee Williams of Pensacola and Dr. W. H. Simmons of St. Augustine. "The Selection of Tallahassee as the Capital," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, I (April 1908), 28-37. Colonel Robert Butler was appointed surveyor general of Florida in 1824, and on July 9 of that year, he was instructed to proceed to the Tallahassee site to fix a starting point for land surveys. J. M. Armstrong to Hugh A. Corley, September 26, 1879, "Selection of Tallahassee as the Capital," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, I (July 1908), 31.

8. William P. DuVal was appointed governor by President Monroe and served four three-year terms from 1822 to 1834.

very fond of my mother and father . . . [and] especially my brother [Jackson], who was fond of hunting. Old Tiger Tail was a chief amongst the Mickasoukies. His family are quite aristocratic . . . [and] his grandchildren are chiefs amongst the Indians in South Florida now.

One morning my mother went over to see Mrs. Gov. Duval. I was with her and remember the incident. A short while after she got there Dr. Price and a magistrate came in. Dr. Price was a man quite 30, I imagine, and a quiet staid man, . . . a cousin of the Duvals. When he came in he asked for Marcia. She was Mrs. Duval's second daughter and I imagine about 16 years old. A very beautiful girl and full of life and fun. A perfect child. Mrs. Duval told him Marcia was in the yard milking the goat. Dr. Price asked Mrs. Duval [if she] would please call Marcia as he had brought this gentleman, the magistrate, to perform the marriage ceremony if Marcia was ready. So Marcia was called and she came in, went in and washed her hands, came out and the marriage ceremony was then and there performed and no one seemed to think it was anything but right. It was a union of May and December She grew to be one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She and "Cousin William" seemed to get along without any jarring though she was . . . one of the most admired married belles ever in Florida, and we have had a number of married belles in Tallahassee, particularly in the early days, when women were scarce and men abundant. . . .

It was difficult at this time to get anything very nice in Tallahassee. Our most direct communication was with New Orleans.⁹ So my father went to New Orleans by water to get provisions and something in the way of clothing for the family. It was in the spring. I remember his bringing my mother and Mildred¹⁰ most stylish French bonnets, very large and dressy, and I had a red velvet hat with red plumes which I remember I wore, though it was summer and it was the pride of my heart. I was ten years old. There was a celebration of the 4th of July that summer and of course [there was] a speech in the Masonic Lodge, which was a Lodge and school house and stood just

9. At this early date the quickest route from Tallahassee to New Orleans was by horseback or carriage to St. Marks and then by sailing packet to Pensacola and New Orleans.

10. Mildred Claxton was the adopted daughter of Governor Brown.

where Mrs. Gilmore's house is now.¹¹ I remember we all went, and I remember, too, what a hot day it was. As I came out of the house after the ceremonies were over to go home Tiger Tail came up and insisted [that] I should give him my red plumes. This, of course, frightened me very much. I told him I would not, but he followed Mildred and me all the way home - a good long walk out to our home on the hill, insisting on my giving him my plumes. I imagine they were the first he ever saw.

This fall I saw for the first time a grand [gathering] of Indians. The Indians came up at certain times to get their pay from the Governor as this place was the Capitol. . . . There was a band of 150 warriors most of them Chiefs, dressed in their Court dress, leggins and turbans made of handsome feathers, etc., quantities of solid silver ornaments, long earrings with bracelets and leg ornaments and chains and ornaments on the neck, all solid silver. I remember them as a handsome body of men. At their head they had an old . . . Chief [Neamathela], a magnificent large man and a very "bad Injun." [He was] one who hated the white man and was all the time trying to make trouble.¹² Well he came up this time in an ugly humour [and] ready for mischief. There was [also] a crowd of other Indians along, men and women with their papooses. We had but few men in town and the people were very uneasy, as old Neamathela was so ugly. He wanted to make Governor Duval agree to some of his wishes which the Governor would not consent to. He knew his power and could have killed everyone in Tallahassee if he had chosen. The Governor was a brave, plucky man. Not afraid of anything or anybody, and I have no doubt but that is all that saved us. Neamathela said if Governor Duval did not agree to his propositions he would make the streets of Tallahassee run in blood

11. The school and lodge was located on the southwest corner of Adams and Park Avenue on lot 288. See *Original Owner's of Lots in the Old Plan of the City of Tallahassee, Fla. As shown by the Books in the Thomas Brown, Trustee for the Commissioners*. Copies of the original owners' lots are in the possession of Mrs. John Ward Henderson and the Lewis State Bank in Tallahassee. The Gilmore House was later built there. Mary L. Davis, "Tallahassee through Territorial Days," *Apalachee* (1944), 53, 55.

12. At this time, the fall of 1828, Neamathla was a minor chief, not a principal chief; in July 1824, Governor DuVal had replaced him with John Hicks at St. Marks.



To Miss Lizzy Brown

May 11th 1839

Thy eye is not of chilling blue

That minds one of the cold deep sea

But of a bright - yet darker hue

Burning with love and constancy.

The blue eye like the cold moon beams

- May soothe my heart - but ne'er can melt it,

But thine like lightning brightly beams

And truly I can swear I felt it.

'Tis said the blue eye speaks of love

And that it beams with tenderness

Making us gentle as the dove

With feelings of pure happiness.

The verses are inscribed to

"Miss Lizzy Brown"

(Francis Elizabeth Brown Douglass)

by Governor William P. DuVal

TEXAS WALTZ
FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
COMPOSED & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
Miss Lizzie Whelan,
(Tallahassee Florida)
BY
LIGNOUSKI.

New York: Published by W.H. GEIB, 23 Maiden Lane

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass clef. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system features a forte (f) dynamic marking. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, characteristic of a waltz composition.

before another day, but the brave little Governor stood firm and so the Indians had to yield.¹³ The Governor [then] called out the handful of men in the Capitol Square to parade. Neamathela with his 300 stalwart braves were lookers on. Our handful of men was commanded by Governor Duval's son, Burr, a handsome, delicate blond young man. When Neamathela saw him he turned to him in scorn and said, "Squaw, Squaw!". . . . Things passed off quietly all day. You can imagine in what a state we were all in. The Indians were encamped at the foot of the Bell Air Road in the woods there.¹⁴ It was just below where we lived. Well, that night they got whiskey and got drunk, put on their war paint and had a regular War Dance. All night I remember we were kept awake by their war whoops. They, however, had some cool heads amongst them, Tiger Tail for one, and so committed no overt act. I remember well we did not close our eyes all night. Early next morning they moved their camp and left for East Florida and that was the last we saw of that body of Indians, and that was the last trouble we had in Middle Florida until the Indian War in 35.

In the fall of this year I remember the first trial for murder occurred.¹⁵ The case was a negro woman who had murdered her baby. She was tried and sentenced to be hanged. The place chosen for the execution was the spot where now stands the "West Florida Seminary."¹⁶ The woman was hanged there in the fall and from that time it was used as the place for all hangings and was called "Gallows Hill." The gallows was built there and

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13. In the fall of 1828 Lizzie Brown undoubtedly saw these Indians and probably Neamathla in Tallahassee for her memory of the details is too precise. Neamathla's threat to "make the streets run with blood," but was restrained by DuVal, perhaps was a confusion of facts alluding to the episode in 1824 when DuVal physically replaced Neamathla with Hicks.
 14. Bel Air Road is the continuation south of present-day Adams Street. Bel Air was a summer resort three miles south of the capital. Ellen Call Long, *Florida Breezes, or, Florida, New and Old* (Jacksonville, 1883), 246. See also facsimile edition with introduction by Margaret L. Chapman (Gainesville, 1962).
 15. The first trial for murder in Tallahassee was a Negro, identified only as Ben, in 1827. Leon County Minute Book, Number 1, p. 39. The first hanging on Gallows Hill may well have been the Negro woman.
 16. The West Florida Seminary building site is now occupied by the main administration building of Florida State University. This building, Westcott Hall, was badly damaged in a fire on the campus in the spring of 1969.

there it stood for many, many years until that spot was chosen for the Academy building.

After living . . . [above the Cascade] little more than a year my mother determined she would not live in Tallahassee any longer but would go to Lake Jackson and live. My father had to be there most of his time attending to his plantation, so mama told him to build her a log cabin and she would move up there. He was building a double corn crib. Mama told him to raise it higher and it would do for us until he could build a comfortable house. So he did so. [He] built a two room log cabin with a half story room upstairs [which ran] the whole length of the house. Then he built two cottages of plank, one for his library and one for a bedroom for Mildred and I. So we moved up to Lake Jackson in the spring of 1829 and made ourselves very comfortable in a log cabin with two rooms and an attic and two cottage rooms. . . . Our neighbors were all planters. . . . Col. Butler and his family, consisting of five children, three daughters and two sons, were our neighbors, though five miles off. They were delightful people, and then amongst our most wealthy and most respected families. Col. Butler had been sent out as the first Territorial land surveyor - "Surveyor Gen. of the Territory of Florida" - one of the most lucrative offices in the gift of the President for Florida. They lived on Lake Jackson - on his Lake Jackson home as it was called and for years was famed for its hospitality. . . . Their home was celebrated for its lovely flowers and their orange grove [which] *was* a thing of beauty. They gave at their home in the spring what they called a "Feast of Roses," to which everybody far and near was invited. It was always, even in those days of abundance, the great event of the season. For years we went to these "Feast of the Roses," and what happy times I have had there. . . . My father would often sail in his pretty sailboat across the lake to Col. Butlers. . . .

Even in these early days Tallahassee was a gay place. There were a great many young gentlemen and few ladies. [In particular] these Boquet Balls were introduced by some young Frenchman. . . . After the last dance was over, which was usually an "Old Virginia Reel," the ladies and gentlemen remained standing on the floor and the gentleman who gave the ball and his queen walked through the line of the dance, the

lady with a beautiful boquet in her hand. She presented it to some gentleman, then retired to her place in the dance and he with the boquet in his hand walked down the room and chose some lady who was to be his queen, and then they took their place at the head of the reel.

This was a rather hard thing on the gentleman as he had to give the Ball and in those days it meant a large supper with champagne, wines and everything that constituted a handsome supper. After there had been a good many [such balls] Miss Elizabeth Duval, a great belle and a beautiful woman, thought it was too hard on the young men, so when she had to give the boquet she tore it to pieces and threw it on the floor and said "Now let there be an end to the Boquet Balls." Seven married gentlemen picked up the boquet and said, "We will give one," and they chose Mrs. Shepherd as their queen. I remember well seeing her that night, I was a child about 12 years old. She had a brilliant necklace around her neck which everyone thought were diamonds and it was said it was worth a fortune, but they were only brilliants. . . . With that ball ended the "Boquet Balls."

[One year later] my father was sent for in a hurry one night to go across the lake to Mr. Shepherds. Mrs. Shepherd was very ill and no lady [was] there to be with her. My father found Governor Call there and one other gentleman . . . but that night she died, [with] no white lady friend with her, only her negro women.¹⁷ She was a Miss Polk of Nashville, Tennessee, was a great beauty and had been a great belle. . . .

About the time my father moved to Lake Jackson, Mr. Thomas Easton Randolph was sent to this state by the President as the U. S. Marshal for the Territory of Florida. He settled about 13 miles from Tallahassee on a plantation where he planted cotton. His son, Arthur, managed his place. His family consisted of his wife, three grown daughters and two sons, Dr. Henry Randolph and Arthur. The Misses Randolph . . . Miss Harriet . . . Miss Lucy . . . [and] Miss Mary . . . opened a school at their country home, "Eathelmea" It was a lovely Vir-

17. Territorial Governor Richard Keith Call was appointed by Andrew Jackson in 1836 and was removed from office by Van Buren in 1839. He was reappointed governor by President William Henry Harrison in 1841, and he served until 1844. Herbert J. Doherty, Jr., *Richard Keith Call: Southern Unionist* (Gainesville, 1961), 99, 115-16, 124, 132.

ginia family. My father sent me there to school very soon after we moved to the lake. I remained there about two years. At first I was the only scholar [for] about two months. . . . Miss Harriet Randolph was a highly educated and refined woman. She only taught school about two years when she married Dr. Willis, one of the most prominent physicians in Florida. She lived but one year and died at the birth of her first child. Dr. Willis was the son of Major Byrd Willis and brother of the Princess A. Murat.¹⁸ He was one of the finest physicians we ever had in Florida. . . . Mrs. Jane Cary Randolph [Mr. Randolph's wife] had died just before the school closed . . . so Mr. Randolph broke up his home at Ethelmea and moved to town. Mr. Francis Eppes had married Elizabeth Randolph and lived on a farm [L'Eau Noir] about one mile from Mr. Randolph's. [Mrs. Eppes] was a lovely delicate woman.¹⁹ She died at the birth of Bettie Eppes. . . . Mr. Francis Eppes was always a prominent man in Tallahassee [and was] a great leader in the Episcopal Church. (At the death of Mrs. Eppes) he broke up his home at [L'Eau Noir] and came to Tallahassee and built [a home]. . . . After many years he married a widow, Mrs. Couch, a very pretty woman, much to the astonishment of all of his friends. . . .

My father became very much interested in planting sugar [and] . . . built a large sugar house which cost him not less than \$20,000 [and] sent to Cuba for a gentleman to make his sugar. . . . He had a magnificent crop of cane and looked to have a fine outcome of sugar and molasses. . . . He left his plantation in the hands of his overseer [to run] for the legislature and was elected] never dreaming there could be a frost in November to kill the cane. But all the same the frost came. The overseer did not like to cut the cane [early] and so it was killed. This was a dreadful blow to my father. . . . [In addition] just before he left Virginia some men who professed to be his friends came to him in Charles Town, Va. and asked him to put his name to a paper for the purchase of [some property] He did and

18. Princess Murat was the wife of Achille Murat, nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte I. She was the daughter of Major Byrd Willis of Pensacola and a great-grandniece of George Washington. Alfred J. Hanna, *A Prince in Their Midst: The Adventures of Achille Murat on the American Frontier* (Norman, 1947), vii.

19. Francis Eppes was the grandson of Thomas Jefferson; his mother was Maria Jefferson.

now came the whole debt for him to pay, \$50,000. He had to break up his plantation and sell it and sell 50 of his best negroes to pay this dishonest debt. . . . My father sold his place to Gov. Call as his Orchard Pond place was adjoining ours. . . .

My father then . . . rented the old Planters Hotel. . . . He bought the Ocaco Place and put his hands that were left to work it as a market garden for the hotel and to raise cows and sheep ²⁰ It was a great grief to my mother . . . breaking up her home and parting with her servants who she had raised and were like children to her. . . . He could not have chosen anything to do that was as unwise as keeping a hotel. He knew nothing about it, nor did my mother. . . . This [hotel] they rented for a few years and then my father bought the Old City Hotel and fitted it up, extending it very much. ²¹ After a few years [he] built the brick addition which cost him [\$]35,000 to build and furnish. [My brother left us to attend the University of Va. before we moved from the Planters Hotel.]

When we lived at the Planters Hotel the town consisted of a few houses around the Capitol which was then a small two story brick house. . . . Gov. Call built a large two story house which was for a long time the Court House, Episcopal Church and a hall for all exhibitions. . . . Where Mrs. Gilmore lives [there] was a two story house at this early date which . . . was a Masonic Lodge on the upper floor and the lower floor was the school kept by Billie Wilson, then a celebrated character. ²² He was, when he first came, a tall raw boned man from Vermont. [He] came here a confirmed consumptive, too weak to walk from the stage coach to the front door of the hotel, but Florida proved everything for him. [He became] a well man and must have weighed 200 lbs. when he died. ²³ He taught school in

20. The Planters Hotel was probably on the northeast corner of Pensacola and Adams streets opposite the capitol building. Bertram H. Groene, "Ante-Bellum Tallahassee: It was a Gay Time Then" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Florida State University, 1967), 71.

21. The City Hotel was the best and most important hotel in antebellum Tallahassee. It was on Adams Street facing the west side of Capitol Square. *ibid.*

22. The Masonic building and school was on the southwest corner of Duval Street and Park Avenue. *ibid.*, 54.

23. Billie Wilson died at the age of fifty-two, March 21, 1853. He had come to Florida in 1827, established the Tallahassee *Floridian* in 1829 (which he published until 1836), and he had accumulated a small

Tallahassee for a great many years. . . . After my father came to Tallahassee to live I went to school to Mr. Billy [*sic*] Wilson for several years. . . .

Colonel White was our first member of Congress and the only one for a number of years.²⁴ He was a fine looking man and may have been a bright man, but to me he never looked bright. [He] was very quiet, [and] I imagine a man of the world. When he was chosen as our member of Congress . . . he was practicing law in Washington City with Mr. Wilde.²⁵ He . . . moved here and settled in Jefferson County and built a handsome house which he called "Casi Bianca". . . . Mrs. White was [formerly] Miss Adair and [a] niece of [a neighborhood planter], Major Adair. Her father [was] a prominent man in Kentucky. [Colonel White's] marriage [to] his wife was quite romantic. Once when going on a visit to Colonel Adair in Kentucky, as he was riding up to the house through a cherry lane he heard a noise in one of the trees. . . . Looking up [he] saw a bright eyed girl up the tree gathering cherries. He was struck with her beautiful foot and ankle. . . . Miss Adair was then about 15 years old and a wild Kentucky girl with but little schooling, I imagine, and not much manners. Before supper she came in . . . and was introduced to Colonel White. She was not a handsome girl but she had the most queenly form I ever saw. . . . From her neck down she was as perfect as any statuary I ever saw. The pose of her head was very fine, her hair black and abundant and very pretty. Her defect was her large Roman nose and deep set black eyes. [There was] no womanly softness when I knew her as a woman of 25 Colonel White fell in love with the foot and then with her and she accepted him. He married her and took her to Paris and there left her under the care of [Richard Henry] Wilde and he returned to America, being our representative in Congress. She was naturally very bright and soon took an education and all that was to be learned in Europe. Wilde was a man of the world, the last man [with which to leave a girl. He was] a

fortune in the book trade. He also taught school. Tallahassee *Floridian and Journal*, March 26, 1853.

24. Joseph White was Florida's third delegate to Congress, serving after J. N. Hernandez and Richard Keith Call.
25. Richard Henry Wilde, congressman from Georgia, was the intimate friend and law partner of Joseph White. Long, *Florida Breezes*, 171-72.

man of no principal, and so the world began to talk and Mrs. White was not spared. . . . Wilde . . . won her love, not caring much himself. She left Paris a finished woman of the world.²⁶ To me she never seemed a happy woman, but [was] a most accomplished and fascinating woman. I never knew any woman [who] talked better. I first met her when I was about 13 at Major Adairs. . . . [Her niece] Kitty and I were great friends. . . .

Tallahassee was very gay whilst my father lived at [the City Hotel]. The town was full of gay people. . . . It was when we lived at the hotel that Mr. Tarteen taught dancing . . . to us. I remember we went to dancing school and had a good time. Mildred and I were his favorite scholars. We were put out to show every new thing he had to teach. Then the Spanish Dance was first taught here. Mildred and I were his brag scholars and [it was] then I first learned to waltz. Waltzing was not then allowed in the United States. We danced the Spanish Dance and the Waltz long before it was allowed in America The circus [used to come] here in the fall and remained at least three months. They came here because it was a good place to spend the cold winters. . . . We used to go every night. We took tickets for the season. They would come here and [then] go to Marianna and Quincy and then come back here. They would be here December, January and February before they would leave. Then those months were a grand time here. The Legislature would come to Tallahassee and stay almost all the winter. . . . The people gave [the legislators] a grand ball and they gave one in return and all kinds of fun and frolic came with the Legislators. They brought their wives and daughters and the young men came from all parts of the state. It was a gay time then. . . .

Whilst we lived at the Planters Hotel I remember a duel fought in the Capitol Square between Mr. McRea of Key West and . . . Mr. Thurston of Washington City, both lovers of the pretty Miss Elizabeth Duval [the Governor's daughter]. They met in the Capitol Square and . . . shot as they advanced on

26. It is difficult to say whether there is more fact or fiction to Lizzy's belief concerning Florida White and Richard Henry Wilde. Dorothy E. Hill, in her study, "Joseph M. White, Florida's Territorial Delegate, 1825-1837" (unpublished master's thesis, University of Florida, 1950), does not support Lizzy's memory of such a relationship.

each other. Mr. Thurston was not wounded. Mr. McRea was wounded in the leg. Friends of both stopped the firing. A night or two afterwards I remember seeing Mr. McRea at a ball at the hotel and he was the hero of the evening. I doubt if Miss Elizabeth cared for either of the gentlemen. She was a great belle and great flirt in those days. . . .

At this time we had a great many strolling players come to Tallahassee. Amongst them [was] a company with Mr. and Mrs. Brown . . . Mr. Brown was a ventriloquist and a very good one. They had a pretty young girl with them who was named Maggie Meadows. She was a child that they had gotten in some way and they were not very good to her. She was young and very pretty and had the most exquisite voice [that] I ever listened to. . . . Well, we all were interested in her and Mr. Clisby, an old bachelor, fell in love with her.²⁷ She could not have been more than 14 or 15. Mr. Clisby tried to marry her . . . away from Mr. and Mrs. Brown . . . [by] paying so much money and he then adopted her and took her to Quincy and educated her, intending to marry her when she finished her schooling, but so runs the world. She became acquainted with young Coulson, a farmer near Quincy, fell in love with him and married him. It was very hard . . . on Mr. Clisby. He gave in at once and consented to the marriage. They were very happy [but] Mr. Clisby never married. He was a very handsome man, too. . . .

[About this time my father bought Major Willises house . . . we had six rooms in the house and] we always could find a place for another . . . [and so it was known] as the "Indian Rubber House."²⁸ My father was noted for his hospitality and his house was always full. Being a public man it was necessary for him to do so. He was a politician and loved society. My mother cared nothing for that kind of life but she was a good wife and did just what my father wished. I have seen 300 invitations go out

27. In 1841, Joseph Clisby, together with Joshua Knowles and a Mr. Smith, was operating the *Florida Sentinel*, one of several Tallahassee newspapers. James Knauss, "Leon County Newspapers, Old and New" (typed mss. on the *Tallahassee Centennial File*, Florida State Library, Tallahassee), 8; Tallahassee *Floridian*, May 29, 1841; Thomas S. Graham, "Florida Politics and the Tallahassee Press, 1845-1861," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XLVI (January 1968), 234-35.

28. The Brown's "Indian Rubber House" was slightly more than a block southwest of the capitol building on the present site of the Knott Building. Interview with Mrs. Henderson, spring 1964.

for a party in that house. It was just before we moved to that house that John K. Campbell was killed in a duel here. He was a lawyer of great prominence though so young. He had married the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Duval from Virginia. . . . The night before he was killed they were at the theatre and sat next to me. I remember them so well. They both were so handsome and so young. The piece played was the "Dead Shot" and the man rushes on the stage and falls shot in the forehead. The next day Mr. Campbell was killed in the same way, shot in the forehead. It was a dreadful thing. The man who shot him was from Magnolia She did not know for months afterward what caused his death. They told her he was thrown from his buggy and killed and would not let her see him. Some time afterward she picked up a paper and read all about it. It was a great grief to her. . . .

The Indian War . . . commenced [in 1835 and] the minute men . . . a cavalry company . . . composed of the first young men of the town had organized and were ready at any moment to go to the rescue. [One night] we were giving a party at our house. . . . At one [o'clock] we saw the fire of [a] burning house. At once [the minute men] knew what it was and went from our house. . . . When they reached the house [of Green Chaires] it was burned to the ground. . . . Mr. Green Chaires was disliked by the Indians and [so] they burned his house [down].²⁹ None of the other neighbors were disturbed [by the Indians] during the whole war. . . . Mrs. Chaires and [her] baby were burned in the house. The minute men saved the bones of Mrs. Chaires and the baby from the fire and then returned to Tallahassee. [During the attack] the eldest daughter, Elizabeth I think was her name, took her little brothers and sisters and put them out of the windows on the opposite of the house and told them to run for their lives to their Uncle Tom Peters which was not very far off. Then she went to her room and got a dark shawl and put it over her head and jumped from another window and ran and got into a cotton field. The Indians saw her as she leaped the fence and started after her. She ran a short distance and sat down in the field and threw the shawl over her head. The Indians passed near enough for her to have touched them but thinking

29. Green Chaires was one of the wealthiest planters in Florida at the time.

she was a stump passed her by and so she was saved. After [the Indians] had left the place she went to her Uncle Tom Peters and told of the attack of the Indians. In a little while the other little ones came in. . . .

The Indian War had begun now but we did not feel it much. It was all east of the Suwannee. . . . One evening I remember an express came up with the news of Dade's Massacre. This was the first real fight of the war. . . . Troops were raised and sent into the field. About this time there was a great deal of excitement [in Tallahassee] about the Indians. Tiger Tail and a few of his tribe were here. Tiger [Tail] had never joined the Indians and did not until . . . Major Richard Heyward gave him a whipping and then he left us and I never saw him again.³⁰ A few days before he left he met my mother in the street and tapping her on the shoulder said, "Where is Jack?" my brother. Mama told him and after saying, "Good boy," he was gone. He was very fond of my mother. . . .

[At that time] General Jackson was our President. I am not certain but I think that [President Jackson] recalled Governor DuVal and sent Mr. Eaton here as our governor.³¹ Governor DuVal left Florida and went back to Kentucky.³² My father asked Governor Eaton to stay with us but I think only to eat. He must have slept somewhere else. I remember him as a charming man. He took his meals, I remember, with us [for] one year.³³ This was when General Jackson broke up his cabinet

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30. Colonel William Scott wrote that Tiger Tail, "something of a tramp or roving vagabond," was given "a severe flogging" when he returned to the Chaires plantation after he had been ordered off. Tiger Tail came back again, burned the Chaires mansion, and murdered Mrs. Chaires and her baby. William Scott to Ellen Call Long, Richard Keith Call Collection, microfilm roll 140-C (reel 2), 3-5, P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville. This may have been the whipping to which Lizzy refers.
 31. Governor DuVal was not recalled as Lizzy states. He served out his full term; John C. Eaton replaced him in 1834, when his fourth term ended.
 32. By August 1834 DuVal was travelling back to Kentucky. *Pensacola Gazette*, August 16, 1834. At the urging of Florida friends, DuVal returned to Tallahassee in April 1836, and played an active role in politics. He represented Calhoun County in the Constitutional Convention of 1838. Later DuVal moved to Texas. James O. Knauss, "William Pope DuVal, Pioneer and State Builder," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XI (January 1933), 130.
 33. Ellen Call Long wrote that Governor Eaton and his family lived in Pensacola except when he had official business to attend to in Talla-

and as General Eaton was in the War Department he had to provide for him so sent him here as our Governor.

About this time I first became acquainted with Madam Murat. They were living at their home in Jefferson County. Lipona was the name of their home. Napoli transposed into Lipona. After the King of Naples was driven from his kingdom and shot, the Queen of Naples took the title of Princess of Lipona. . . .

Miss Grey, nee Miss Catherine Willis, met Colonel Murat in Pensacola then a beautiful young widow. . . . Her father, Major Byrd Willis, was in Pensacola engaged in some work connected with the Navy. [He] held some office there. It was there Mrs. Grey first met Colonel Murat.³⁴ She was noted for her beauty and lovely manners.³⁵ Her parents favoured the marriage and I think she married the Prince at the instigation of her parents. He was then a young man and strikingly like his Uncle Napoleon when he fled from Italy to this country, an exile. He came as a sailor before the mast, a very young man, [and] lived in the state of New York and in New Jersey with his Uncle Joseph and his younger brother Lucian.³⁶ They were both married and lived in Bordentown, New Jersey. I don't know what brought Prince Murat to Florida.³⁷ He was very well off

hassee, as a result of "The Madame [Peggy Eaton], it was said, not finding the social atmosphere of Tallahassee congenial as Mrs. [John] Branch and Mrs. R. K. Call lived there." "Essay on the Call Correspondence," Richard Keith Call Collection, microfilm roll 140-B (reel 1), 17, P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History. In her *Autobiography*, however, Mrs. Eaton makes no reference to the inhospitable social atmosphere in Tallahassee, she wrote: "During the residence of Gov. Eaton in Florida our residence of course was at Tallahassee, the capital, to which he took us from Pensacola as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. We had two happy years in Florida." Peggy Eaton, *The Autobiography of Peggy Eaton* (New York, 1932), 170-74.

34. Catherine Grey's first husband was Atchison Grey, son of John Grey of "Traveler's Rest" on the Rappahannock in Virginia. Catherine first met Achille Murat at a picnic at the ruins of Fort San Luis, two miles west of Tallahassee. Hanna, *A Prince in Their Midst*, 116, 119.
35. This was true. John Randolph said of "Kate" Murat that she was the only American he had ever met abroad of whom he was not ashamed. *Ibid.*, 169.
36. In March 1823, Achilles Murat paid \$250 for passage as a regular passenger on the bark Daphne bound from Hamburg to New York. *Ibid.*,
37. Murat stated that he came to Florida from New Jersey "just to rest," see the country, perhaps to buy "properties," and to become a permanent resident. *Ibid.*, 72.

when he married Mrs. Grey. Major Willis soon after Madam Murat's marriage had some office given him in Tallahassee and moved there before my father came here.³⁸ Prince Murat moved here with them and bought a plantation about 13 miles from Tallahassee which place he called Lipona. . . . Lipona was a very pretty place which Madam Murat was very fond of.⁴⁰ Prince Murat shortly after he was married took the Madam to the north to see his brother Joseph who had built himself a palace at Bordentown. Lucian Murat had married a Miss Frazier of Charlestown, South Carolina. But Lucian was poor and extravagant. His wife had to teach school in Bordentown to support him. Madam Murat says she was a lovely southern woman. . . .

From Bordentown Colonel Murat took Madam Murat to England. She was received at the Court of St. James as Princess Murat and was very much caressed and petted but all the attention lavished on her did not spoil . . . her head, she was true to the last. Colonel Murat had gone to London to create an uprising in Naples for himself. Madam Murat told me she saw the crowds of dirty Italians [in London] who came to him for money and she saw that [money] was all they wanted and she tried to convince the Colonel, but it was no good. They deceived and he was willing to be deceived. She remained in London for over a year and then told him she was going back to Florida to her home at Lipona. He could come when he pleased. He saw at last there was no hope of a revolution in Naples and so when he found himself with but little money . . . he consented to come home and so they returned home and she came back from England the same sweet, gentle woman she went there. I first saw her and knew her after her trip to Europe. . . . She knew the Austins of this place, having known them in Virginia. She asked Julia [Austin] to go to see her and spend a week and Julia asked me to go with her, so we . . . spent a delightful week. We were about 15 and both the Colonel and Madam Murat were as kind as if we

38. According to Professor Hanna, the Willis family was living in Tallahassee prior to the time that their daughter met and married Murat. *Ibid.*, 118-19.

39. Lipona was about eighteen miles east of Tallahassee at Wascissa. *Ibid.*, 110.

had been grown. . . . From this visit I saw but little of Madam Murat until I was almost grown. After that I became very intimate with her up to the time of her death. She told me an incident in her life which showed how pure and simple she was. When Mr. Grey [her first husband] courted her she was just 15 years old, a beautiful, sweet child. She said she did not care for him but her parents liked him so advised her to marry him. She was a simple child. She told me when she thought of the wedding all she cared for was that she would have just as much cake as she could eat. She was an obedient child that did just what her parents thought best for her. I think her marriage to Colonel Murat was because her parents thought it best for her to marry him. She was a true good wife to him and made him a good wife. She was devoted to him in his last demise. . . .

A great many said Colonel Murat drank. Well, he drank whiskey freely, but as often as I have been at his house and it has been often since, I never saw him under the influence enough to show it. He was always the gentleman. He used oaths in conversation but that was no uncommon thing in those days. I remember on one occasion Madam Murat got into a chair to fix a hanging lamp and he said to her, "Get down, Kate. You might fall and break your God damn neck." But he did not think he had said anything wrong. Colonel Murat was a very highly cultivated man, very bright and full of eccentricities. He was no doubt an odd genius-strikingly like Napoleon. Count DeCoursey was here at this time. He was an exile. [He] had been with Napoleon in Russia and retreated with the army. He was a thorough true French gentleman. He lived in Tallahassee and died here. He taught French here and was highly thought of. He married a French woman whose family were exiles. He said he wanted someone to attend to his clothes and keep house for him and to nurse his wounds and so he married this French girl who made him a good wife. I knew her and liked her very much. She felt he was superior to her and never presumed on his marrying her. On one occasion when I was on a visit to Madam Murat, Captain DeCoursey was on a visit to Colonel Murat. After I had gone to bed I heard a grand noise and loud singing and found it was Colonel Murat and Count DeCoursey had gotten merry and were singing the "Marseillaise" at the top

of their voices. They were fighting the Napoleon wars over again in France and on the continent.

Colonel Murat believed to the "clean all things were clean." He had his own kitchen and cooked everything he shot or killed. He said everything he killed he cooked, but he could not eat "turkey buzzard," and the owl was too poor and tough. Alligator steak was very nice. It was just before we went down on [one] occasion that a party of tourists came to his house. They were in search of land. The party consisted of five gentlemen. He [Murat] was out on his plantation about to mark his cattle. He was sent for to come home, Madam Murat being in Tallahassee. He came and received them and would have them remain to dinner. They consented and then when he saw the cook she informed him she had nothing for dinner. He thought a moment and said, "Send William to me." William was his valet. He said to William, "Go at once to the field and tell the men to cut off one ear of the cattle for my mark and collect them all and bring them to me at once. Clean them and then call me." When dinner was called he had a nice soup and afterwards a nice French dinner. The company ate heartily, never dreaming he had entertained them on the ears of his cows. Under his direction the cook had made a number of nice stews and fries, etc. He told it to us as a good joke, but did not enlighten his guests. Mrs. Murat had her kitchen away from his. I went into his kitchen. It was clean and in order and he had everything one could need and a real cook's apron hanging ready for use. On this visit I first saw her solid gold set of knives, forks and spoons. When she was married Joseph Bonaparte sent them to her as a bridal present. There were solid gold knives and forks with [?] handles. On the end of the handle was the head of Absolum. The long hair was drawn out by which he was hung in the tree. Then there were spoons, soup ladles and other ladles. The handles of the ladles were all gold. They were very beautiful and old. Madam Murat used them whilst we were there. When Joseph was King of Spain he got these things from the Escorial, the Palace of the Kings of Spain. When he ran off he brought them with him and I imagine he brought a number more with him, [and] feathered his nest very well. . . .

About this time [1836] the saddest thing happened in our

family that could have occurred. My only brother, Jackson, had been sent to the University of Virginia to finish his education. He was so bright and my father's and mother's pride. We received letters from Mr. Davis, the Professor of Law, telling us his health had failed and that we had better bring him home. He was just 21 and would graduate in law this session. My father wrote to him to come home and sent him the money to return. . . . We were all looking for him with the greatest anxiety when at night we were awakened by a man from Hawkinsville to inform us that his body would be with us the next day. . . . Poor mama. It was a terrible blow to her. It almost killed my father. Papa at once determined to send us to Virginia. We made our arrangements and left very soon in our [two] private carriages for Virginia. Papa thought we had best go as the Indian War has just broken out."

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Some months later Lizzie returned with her family to Tallahassee. In 1847 she married Samuel J. Douglas, the youngest judge of the Superior Court of the Territory of Middle Florida. She moved with him to Key West, Florida, where he remained the port collector until the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1861 Judge Douglas moved his family back to Tallahassee. Here Lizzie spent the remainder of her life. She died in 1905 at the age of eighty-seven.