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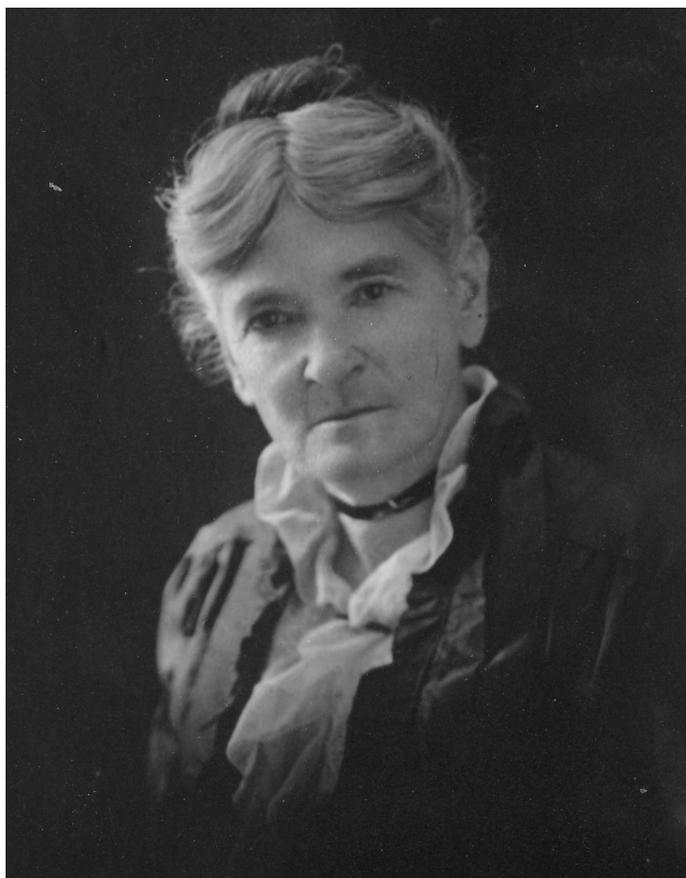
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TIRZAH'S PACKET

Willson, Patterson, and Blackwood Family Letters, 1837 to 1929, Collected and
Preserved by Tirzah (Willson) Patterson



Robert G. Patterson • Memphis, Tennessee
Nov. • 2007

The Front Cover

The cover shows a portrait photograph of Tirzah Willson Patterson at about age sixty-five. The same picture appears in the main text on p. 95. Tirzah is also the subject of three other photographs in the main text: one at about age thirty-five (*p. 1*); one at about age sixty, with her daughter and granddaughter, possibly in Atlanta (*p. 78*); and one at about age eighty-five, with a grandson, possibly in Lexington, Virginia (*p. 99*).

Notes of Appreciation

Several people contributed greatly to this family history. Brown and Evie Patterson, of Se-wanee, Tennessee, made available about thirty letters dating from 1837 to 1900. Pat and Charles Churchman, of Bridgewater, Virginia, supplied additional family letters, particularly from the Civil War period. And Sandra Patterson Brown, of Aiken, South Carolina, provided multiple good photographs of Clarence W. Willson, John Blackwood Patterson I, and “Montezuma.” Brown and Evie’s group of letters, when I first saw them, were arranged in a neat packet, sug-gesting the name I have used for the study as a whole. My thanks to all these people.

Two names from earlier generations call for special mention. One is Tirzah Willson Patter-son, the original collector. We will detect her presence many times in the pages ahead. The other is her son, Brown Craig Patterson. During his 1900 furlough from China and later furloughs, he pursued family genealogy, following both the Patterson and the Willson lines. Ten years after retirement he formulated his findings into a book. The genealogical charts in Appendix III are almost entirely his work, the chief additions being Chart IV, as a whole, and some post-1953 dates. He also collected twenty or twenty-five portrait photographs. I inherited several note-books of this material, and I have been thinking for some time that I ought to make the infor-mation more widely available to the family. That is one purpose of the present study.

I need to confess how I dealt with the texts of the letters: I modernized spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing. Let it be known, though, that I faithfully reproduced the actual words.

Most of the descendants who will see this study now live elsewhere than the Shenandoah Val-ley. But though we are scattered, we can still acknowledge with appreciation the heritage that comes from those earlier generations.

The address I have included just below should be valid for a few more years, and I will be glad if readers who find errors, or who can supply additional information, will let me know.

Robert G. Patterson
1746 Autumn Avenue
Memphis, TN 38112

Select Bibliography

Memoirs and Family Histories

Willson, Margaret Tirzah, *Memoirs*. A typed ms. of 15 pp., with no title. It is an account of Tir-zah’s early life, conveyed orally to Craig in 1920, and transcribed by Craig from notes. Tirzah tells of her ancestors, her childhood, and her life during the Civil War. George Gilkeson kindly provided me with a copy. (Craig appends Tirzah’s memoirs to his book, *Lest We For-get*. In the process, he omits about 20% of the text and considerably edits and rearranges the parts that remain. When I cite the text, I usually, but not always, follow the 15-page version.)

Patterson, Brown Craig, *Lest We Forget* (a.k.a. *Patterson Family Genealogy*). A helpful collection of genealogical charts and brief statements about the people involved. It was mimeographed and distributed to family members in 1945. I understand that a microfilm copy is available in the library archives of Union Theological Seminary and Presbyterian School of Christian Education, Richmond, Virginia, under the designation “Records of the Synod of Virginia.”

Patterson, Brown Craig, *Olim meminisse juvabit* (Virgil, *Aeneid*: “In times to come, you will be gratified by the remembrance”): unpublished. The collection, in notebook form, includes family genealogical materials used in *Lest We Forget*, printed obituaries, portrait photographs, early non-family letters, and additional genealogical information accumulated after 1945.

Patterson, Brown Craig, *Craig Patterson in China: B. C. Patterson’s Memoirs, Supplemented by Selections from His Other Papers, with Photographs Added*, vi and 154 pp., privately published, 2006. This is a new edition of Craig’s memoirs, edited by Craig’s grandson, Robert G. Patterson. Copies are available on request.

Hoyt, Samuel Browne, *Memoirs: Early Life*. Ms. written by Browne after he retired from the ministry, 6 pp., typed. Now among the family papers of William Russell Hoyt, in Asheville.

John A. Patterson Family Bible. First belonged to John A. Patterson, 1789–1854 (*see Genealogical Chart XI, p. 116*), later in the possession of William Brown Patterson I and William Brown Patterson II. Records family marriages, 1815–1959; births, 1816–1965; deaths, 1827–1985.

Compton and Cromartie Ancestry. Ms., 12 pp., typed, circulated by Mrs. Charles C. (Ermie Cromartie) Covington, dated March, 1930. I received a copy from George Gilkeson.

Books

Patterson, John L., *Descendents (sic) of William Patterson who settled on South River in Augusta County, Virginia about 1740*: 73 pp., privately published, 1989. Carefully researched with regard to names and dates, a well-organized presentation that includes the Harriston and the Barterbrook Pattersons. It tells the story up to about 1900. (I do not know if copies are available.)

Wilson, Howard McKnight, *The Tinkling Spring, Headwater of Freedom*: xvii and 542 pp., privately published, 1954. Much information, well indexed.

Wilson, Howard McKnight, *The Lexington Presbyterian Heritage*: xiv and 510 pp., privately published, 1971. Expands the earlier study of Tinkling Spring to include many other churches, among them Bethel and New Providence. It contains brief histories of the churches, lists of ministers and officers, and photographs of the church buildings, with a good index.

Scott, E. C., compiler, *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.* The two most relevant volumes are those that have dates on the spines of 1861–1941 and 1861–1951. Very helpful for identifying ministers who served at Tinkling Spring, Bethel, and New Providence churches, chaplains who served in the Civil War, or family members who became Presbyterian ministers, such as Craig Patterson or Robert Wallace.



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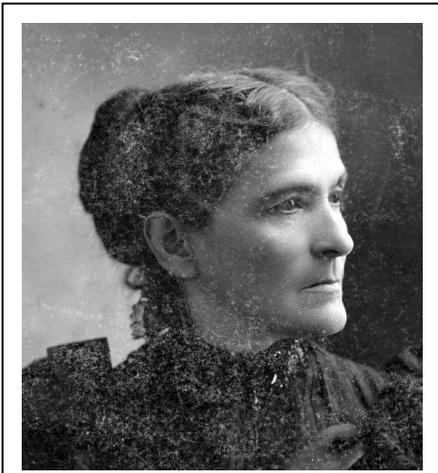
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Chapter 1

Tirzah's Packet

An 1875 photograph of Tirzah (Willson) Patterson shows her as both handsome and resolute (*Illus. 1*). She was personally acquainted with six generations of her family — her grandmother Margaret Blackwood, her mother Sallie (Blackwood) Willson, her eight Willson siblings, her three Patterson children, her grandchildren, and a growing number of great-grandchildren. And she collected the letters we will be reading. So Tirzah occupies a central place in our story.

Tirzah was born into the John P. Willson family in Stuarts Draft, Virginia, on June 2, 1843, and received the name Margaret Tirzah Willson (*Genealogical Chart VI-c, p. 112*). In those days



Illus. 1. Tirzah (Willson) Patterson (1843-1929), about 1875. Author of Letters 10, 26, and 27.

children with a widely used first name, such as “Margaret,” were often called by their middle names. The name “Tirzah” comes from the Old Testament (Num. 26:33 and 27:1-11) and means “delight.”¹ On October 9, 1862, at age nineteen, she married Brown Patterson (*Illus. 9, p. 44*), a Confederate soldier temporarily on leave, and so became Tirzah (Willson) Patterson. In 1863, while the war was still in process, Tirzah and Brown had their first child, a daughter, Elizabeth (“Bettie”). Two years later, just after the war, Craig was born, and two years after that, Blackwood. Tirzah’s husband, Brown, died in August 1891, leaving her a widow for almost forty years. She continued living at Barterbrook, near Blackwood, and was able for many years to extend a welcome to the more distant members of her family, the Atlanta Hoyts and the China Pattersons, when they made visits to Virginia. She spent the winter months of 1928-1929 in Blackwood’s home, and died, after a three-day illness, on March 21, 1929, at the age of eighty-five.

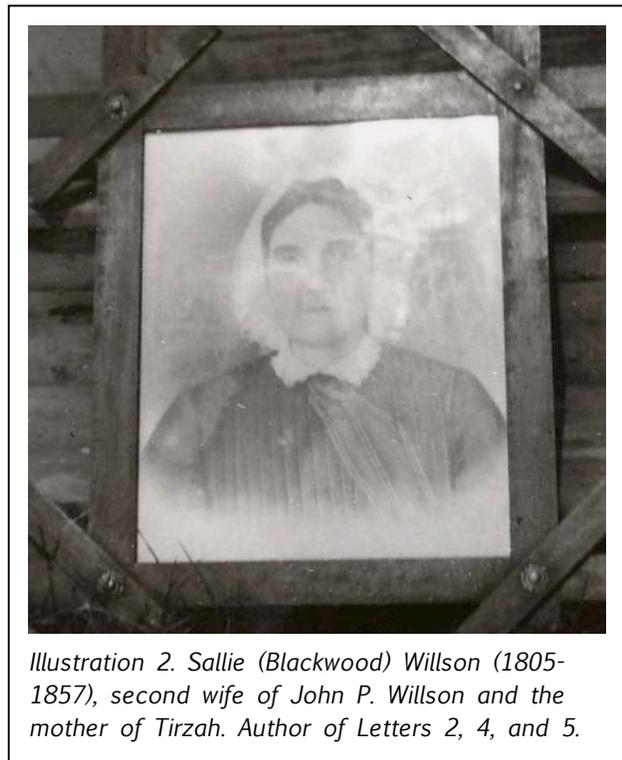
In the nineteenth century, people wrote their outgoing letters in longhand—usually in a neat longhand, sometimes in a flourishing one. As for incoming letters, a member of the family often collected and preserved them. To be more precise, it was usually a *woman* in the family, a mother or a maiden aunt, who did the collecting, eventually tying the letters up with pieces of ribbon and stowing them in an upstairs bureau drawer or a trunk in the attic.

The letters we will see are only part of what Tirzah preserved. For instance, Tirzah remained alive for thirty-eight years after Craig left for China, and his weekly letters from China really mounted up. Our packet has two of Craig’s early postcards, one on the way to China and one from China (pp. 89-91). But the bulk of his letters are now in Richmond, Virginia, in the library archives of Union Theological Seminary and Presbyterian School of Christian Education. Again,

¹ The name is spelled in at least four ways: Tirzah (as in the King James Bible), Tirza (as in the name of Tirza Blackwood Lambert, Tirzah’s aunt), and Terza or Terzah.

Tirzah's brother, David Willson, mentions in an 1890 letter (*Letter 31, p. 82*) that Tirzah had just sent him some of his youthful correspondence. Those, too, are letters that we won't see.

The letters that we *will* see fall broadly into three categories. Group I has six early letters (*numbers 1 through 6*), all relating to Tirzah's mother, Sallie (Blackwood) Willson (*Illus. 2*). The first three of the six were written in the summer of 1837, while Sallie was still Sallie Blackwood. Letter 1 is by Mrs. Mary F. Willson, mistress of the home where Sallie was staying. Letter 2 is by



Sallie, showing her strong-minded and active character. Letter 3 is by M. F. Gilkeson, Sallie's cousin at Tinkling Spring.

Sallie married John P. Willson in 1837 (*see Genealogical Chart I, p. 110*), and the next three letters come from well into her married years. Sallie wrote Letters 4 and 5, and her sister, Betsey Blackwood, wrote Letter 6. Of the six early letters, five are addressed to the Blackwood home, so surely it was someone in that home who returned them to Sallie, or perhaps gave them directly to Tirzah.

Group II (*Letters 7–20, Postcards 1–2*) is from a generation later, coming mostly from the Willson siblings. There were nine siblings, counting Tirzah, a pretty formidable group for a modern reader to keep straight. Tirzah's packet includes letters from eight of the nine. (Tirzah is among the "eight." Her letters are nos. 10, 26, and 27. The sibling

not represented by a letter is Clemenza.) Some of these letters are quite interesting, even apart from family relationships. See, for example, Matt Willson's gold rush letters from California (*Letters 7 and 8*). Or see Brown Patterson's comments on the Civil War as it reached its final weeks (*Letter 17*). Contributors to the Civil War group of letters (*Letters 12–17*) include Tirzah's half brother who died in the war, John Willson, who was eleven years older than Tirzah; her full sister, Mary Willson, two years older than Tirzah; and her full brother, Clarence Willson, four years younger than Tirzah. Clarence volunteered for the Confederate army when he turned sixteen.

Group III (*Letters 21–34, Postcards 3–5*) moves on to the post-Civil War generation. Since Tirzah was now married to Brown Patterson, the Patterson name begins to appear more frequently. Some of the letters date from the 1880s, the school days of Brown and Tirzah's children—Bettie, Craig, and Blackwood. Other letters come from the 1890s, when those former children had become adult and were establishing their own lives.

Finally, Tirzah's last years are brought back to us by a 1928 letter from her grandson, George Hoyt (*Letter 35*); and by Craig Patterson's letter to his children in April of 1929, when news of his mother's death belatedly reached him in China (*Letter 36*). □

Chapter 2

In the Garden of Eden

The people who first told the Bible's story of the Garden of Eden were farmers who lived on the land and who knew how to plant gardens and grow crops. And their God knew about these things, too. The Biblical story tells us that God planted a garden (Genesis 2:8), and grew trees that are pleasant to the sight and good for food (verse 9), and provided a man to till the soil and keep the plants in good order (verse 15). God helped the man to find useful animals (verse 18) and made for the man a companion, a woman, so the two could live together. God called this garden the Garden of Eden—or, to translate it, “The Garden of Delight.”

And that is just how Tirzah Willson remembered the old Blackwood home where her mother was born and grew up. Tirzah, from her visits as a child, recalled her grandmother's home as indeed a garden of delight, a “Paradise.” Much later in life she said to Craig, her son:

I would love to give an account of my mother's maiden home. How ideal it was with the farm and stock, the loom and spinning wheels, the fruits, the honeybees, the fine faithful servants. They lived in a miniature world, manufacturing nearly everything they needed. The Blackwood home was the happiest home I was ever in — seeming like Paradise. There was an uncle [*David*], three aunts [*Tirza (without the “b”), Betsey, and Ann*], and three young people — one girl [*Peggie*] and two young boys [*Sam, John*], whose mother [*Tirza*] was dead.¹ This family was altogether cheery and bright. (*Memoirs*, p. 1)

The old Blackwood home was still there in 1950. It was an open-country farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, about ten miles south of Stuarts Draft. Craig wrote:

The Blackwood house is a small brick house (very old) on the west side of Route 11 (Lee Highway), about a mile (?) west of Mint Spring. [*The question mark is Craig's.*]

Craig recalled a visit he made there in about 1870, when he was just four or five years old. He remembered seeing Davy, his Blackwood uncle, and two of his Blackwood aunts. His impressions of the home, even as a five-year-old, are reminiscent of Tirzah's, in a way:

Betsey and Ann remained single and lived with their brother, David, in the old Blackwood home near Mint Spring. There we ate cherries, honey, and ‘salt-rising’ bread by the grandfather clock.

What led Tirzah and Craig to see the Blackwood home as Edenic? For one thing, the warmth with which the maiden aunts and the bachelor uncle greeted visitors. For another, the home's serenity. Perhaps the slow and measured ticking of the grandfather clock was what set the pace of life there. We might note that Craig always remembered that he was sitting at the dining room table, near the clock, when he was given that freshly baked salt-rising bread. Tirzah especially praised the home's self-sufficiency — its attention to a multitude of needs, through spinning, weaving, clothes making, tool making, bee keeping, carpentry, and the cultivation of livestock. Probably *most* farms in the Valley in those days were, as Tirzah put it, “a miniature world, manufacturing nearly everything they needed.” And it is likely that more than one of the farms also deserved her characterization of “near Paradise.”

¹ Cf. Genealogical Charts I, II, p. 110. On Tirza's death while relatively young, cf. p. 39, n. 10.

Family rituals in the Blackwood home also appealed to Tirzah and Craig. The family regularly attended church on Sundays, had daily readings from the Bible, and held daily family prayers in which all household members, including servants and guests, participated.

In their recollections of those early years, were Tirzah and Craig looking back through rose-tinted glasses? Probably. After all, one of Tirzah's identifying marks for her mother's paradisiacal home was its "faithful servants"—she never called them "slaves." Maybe slaves found the Blackwood home a relatively acceptable place to work. But was it a Paradise for them?

By the summer of 1837, Sallie Blackwood's marriage was near. The letters in the present chapter (*Letters 1–3*) were written in May and June of 1837, when anticipation of the coming event was running high. Mrs. Mary Willson, of Rural Retreat, and her houseguest, Sallie Blackwood, wrote Letters 1 and 2. Actually, it is a dual letter, that is, two separate letters written on the same sheet of paper and sent to the same recipient. It was mailed from Rural Retreat, to Betsey Blackwood. A month later, on June 4, 1837, M. F. Gilkeson, one of Sallie's cousins at Barterbrook (*Illus. 20, p. 74*), in the Tinkling Spring area, wrote Letter 3 to Sallie. Miss Gilkeson intended to ask her father, who would be riding to Rockbridge County the next day, to deliver it.

These three letters give us a first-hand look at what women — especially *young* women — were thinking of in 1837 as they sat on their front porches and wrote to friends. What interested them? Courtships! See Letters 1 and 3. Sickness and death: Letters 1 and 2. Preachers: Letters 1 and 3. And bonnets: Letter 2. To be sure, the letters, even when taken together, do not reveal to us whether early nineteenth century life in the Shenandoah Valley was really "Edenic." But reading them will leave us better informed about what life then was like. □

On Preachers, Death, Health, Presbytery, And Going To See the Girls

The writers of these early letters folded them up and wax-sealed them. The dual letter below (*Letters 1 and 2*) is addressed on the outside to "Miss Betsey Blackwood, Greenville, Augusta County, Va." The author of Letter 1, Mrs. Mary F. Willson, is a resident of Rural Retreat, married, and apparently the head of a household (*cf. note 12*). The recipient, "Miss Betsey," is Betsey Blackwood, Sallie Blackwood's older sister (*see Genealogical Chart I-c, p. 110*).

LETTER 1. FROM MARY F. WILLSON, OF RURAL RETREAT, TO BETSEY BLACKWOOD, MAY 4, 1837.

Rural Retreat
Thursday evening, May 4th, 1837

Miss Betsey,

I thought that I would write you a few lines to let you know how we are. We are all well except Ma. She is not very well. We heard that you were going to get Mr. McCorcle¹ at Bethel.² We were very glad to hear you were going to get a preacher. The Sacrament was here³ on last Sunday week. Mr. Cunagum⁴ was here, and Mr.

¹ Alexander B. McCorkle, minister at Bethel Presbyterian Church, Augusta County, 1837–1840.

² Betsey and the other Blackwoods were members at Bethel Presbyterian (*Illus. 6, p. 18*).

³ Notes 8 and 9, below, show that Rural Retreat people attended the New Providence Presbyterian Church in Rockbridge County (*Illus. 3*).

⁴ Rev. David H. Cunningham (Conegham) was minister at Pisgah church, Highland County, in 1837.

Michel preached Saturday. Some of the people did not like him very well. We have very fine Sunday School here. Mr. Jones is the Superintendent. I think he is a very good one. We had a Mr. Walas⁵ to preach to us on last Sunday. The people liked him very well. He is a very good preacher.

You said that you wanted to hear about Mr. Armstrong.⁶ I believe he intends to keep the house. One of the Miss McCutchens is staying with him. Mrs. Armstrong suffered a great deal before she died.⁷ He took it very hard. She talked a great deal before she died. I think he will be very lonesome. Old Mr. Armstrong stayed with him a week or two.

Mr. Patton is not much better. Sometimes he is better and again he is worse. He is not able to walk about yet. He sat up one day a little while. They think it made him worse. I do not think he will ever be well.

Mr. Morrison's⁸ little girl is very sick. They think it is the breast complaint [*flu?*]. Mr. Morrison was very afraid he would not get to Presbytery, but she got better and he went. John P. Wilson⁹ went with him.



Illustration 3. New Providence Presbyterian Church, Rockbridge County.

Jim is still going down to see Lavenia.¹⁰ I think if I was them I would be ashamed. They take it time about. I think if they are not engaged, it will not be long. They like to be in one another's company very well.

I do not hear of John P. Wilson¹¹ going to see any of the girls.

[p. 2] You said that John Witherow was coming down your way. I am afraid the girls up this way will lose him. I suppose he gets lost down there very often. I think some of you might do something for the poor man and not have him riding down there for nothing. I believe I have nothing more at present, but remain,

Your affectionate friend, Mary F. Willson¹² □

⁵ John H. Wallace served Christiansburg, Virginia, until 1837. Afterwards, he supplied other pulpits.

⁶ Mr. Armstrong's wife had just died. For more about this, see Letter 2.

⁷ Sallie spells this out in considerable detail in Letter 2.

⁸ James Morrison, minister at New Providence (*Illus. 3*), 1819–1857.

⁹ John P. Wilson (single "I") was a New Providence elder, elected 1832. This is not the John P. Willson (double "I") of Stuarts Draft, who was about to become Sallie's husband.

¹⁰ "Lavenia" is Lavinia Willson, Tirzah Willson's first cousin. Lavinia's romance reached a happy conclusion: she married her first cousin, James C. "Jim" Willson. Of their six children, four lived: Wm. Matthew, Jas. Frank, Jerusha A. ("Rushie"), and Anne Elizabeth. At Barterbrook School, Jerusha taught 4th grade. At Tinkling Spring Academy, Frank taught Latin and arithmetic. Craig said: "These two were the best teachers that I ever had in my young days." Jerusha married John Lambert, and Frank married "Peggy" Lambert, John's sister (*see Jerusha's obituary, p. 106, and Geneal. Chart II*). Lavinia died in 1863.

¹¹ See note 9.

¹² Letter 2 shows that Mary F. Willson is Sallie Blackwood's hostess. That she is married is shown in Letter 3, final paragraph, when Miss Gilkeson's mother sends greetings to "Mrs. Willson."

On the Last Hours and Death of Polly Armstrong

On Friday morning, May 5, 1837, Sallie added her letter to Mary F. Willson's letter. Sallie's rather brusque salutation may reflect the fact that she is writing to her sister.

LETTER 2. FROM SALLIE BLACKWOOD (SOON TO BE SALLIE WILLSON) TO HER SISTER, BETSEY BLACKWOOD, MAY 5, 1837.

Friday Morning

Well Betsey¹

I have spent some uneasy days and nights thinking about Tirza,² but I hope she will get well now if she is careful. After I received your letter I felt so uneasy I could scarcely stay at all. All the hope I had was her having milk.³ We received Mary's letter the next day after it was written. I sent the boys [*as used here, the word probably means "servants"*] in after I seen the mail pass. I felt a little easier after that, but still I think she ought to be very careful. —

You wished to know the particulars of Polly Armstrong's death.⁴ When I went there Thursday evening, she seemed very much affected. She was so short of breath she could not speak but a word at a time. She knew me and said I had come to see her last [*her dying hours?*], that I had waited on her baby and now I would be here to wait on her. She looked very natural and knew every thing that was doing, but was the leanest person I have ever seen. She just seemed to wear away. Rebecca said she did not suffer any pain. The cough was a little troublesome, at times. They talked of sending for her friends that evening. She told William she was very anxious to see them. I told Aunt to send, she probably would live until to see them.

About 11 o'clock she was taken with something like convulsion fits, I think it was, but appeared sensible all the time. She shook all over and her teeth shattered together. You could hear her through the yard. We all thought she was dying and she thought so, bid us all farewell. [*p. 3 of the ms.*] She asked for the Children, bid them farewell, asked Tommy to lie down beside, seemed very much distressed, then asked if her friends her friends [*the repetition is in the original*] were coming and said she was afraid they would not get there. But they came before 12. She knew them, and was still all this time working in the fit. I think it lasted nearly half an hour. She would ask us to tie up her jaws, she said they were so tired. We did so and tried to hold them, but all to no purpose. I have never witnessed anything so distressing. She had these spells every hour, sometimes oftener, Friday all day, and died Friday night

Notes to Letter 2

¹ Of the two unmarried Blackwood sisters who lived at home, Betsey was the older. In 1837, she was about thirty-seven (*Genealogical Chart I-c, p. 110*).

² Tirza was Sallie's married sister. She married Harvey Lambert (*Genealogical Charts I and II, p. 110*). The Lambert home was built near the Blackwood home, on the same farm, and Betsey would have had full opportunity to know about any illness or debility Tirza experienced.

³ The reference to "having milk" must mean that Tirza's troubles were related to the birth of a child. We cannot tell if Sallie is saying that she had been hopeful because Tirza *did* have milk, or that she had lost hope because Tirza did *not* have it.

⁴ Besides the information given here, Polly Armstrong is also mentioned in Letter 1.

about 1. o'clock. Was sensible to the last, was willing to die, asked them to sing several times, asked Samuel to pray for them in the morning. — I have not time to tell you all the particulars.

I don't know how I will get a bonnet. I see no chance to get to Greenville. I never can know any thing until the last pinch. I have seen Mr. Chenney New bonnets plain straw Prettiest, 6. dollars and 3.50, Tuskan 2. and 2.50. You must tell me what to do. — I would like to be at home a minute or two. S.B. [*Sallie Blackwood*]

Did Polly Die of Tuberculosis?

Polly's severe lack of breath, coughing, emaciation, fever, and chills, taken together with her continuing mental awareness, support a diagnosis of tuberculosis. TB was widespread then, as it still is, and frequently fatal. The popular name for TB used to be "consumption," a term that goes perfectly with Sallie's remark, "She just seemed to wear away." Sallie's reference to "convulsion fits," marked by trembling and chattering teeth, yet while still conscious of those around, sounds like what we would call chills or uncontrollable shivering rather than "fits" or seizures.

Most of Polly's symptoms also could have been produced by plain acute pneumonia, bacterial or viral. But if her emaciation was caused by chronic disease, the more probable diagnosis is tuberculosis.

(I appreciate very much the help for this analysis extended to me by Dr. Thomas J. White, Jr., of Memphis. We both knew that such an analysis, 168 years after the fact, was speculative.) □

On Marrying Widowers, On Marrying Preachers, And the "Wo" Factor

Sallie's cousin, Miss M. F. Gilkeson, of Barterbrook, wrote Letter 3 to Sallie on June 4, 1837. Sallie was due to marry a widower before long, and Miss Gilkeson's letter dances all around that subject. She also hopes that her letter will squelch thoroughly any rumor that she, herself, might marry a preacher. Her letter is addressed to "Miss Sarah Blackwood, Rural Retreat, Rockbridge Co, Va." Apparently there were some Willson cousins at Rural Retreat, and perhaps some Blackwood cousins, too. Miss Gilkeson, at Barterbrook, was in the Tinkling Spring area.

LETTER 3. FROM M. F. GILKESON TO HER COUSIN, SALLIE BLACKWOOD, JUNE 4, 1837.

Red House, June 4th, 1837

My Dear Cousin,

I received yours of May 31st, and as Father talks of going to Rockbridge tomorrow, I embrace this early opportunity of letting you hear from me. As you say, you are more anxious now than ever.

The widower has just left. He only stayed one night this time. You ask why I keep him four days and say that your Rockbridge widowers are more mild. Now I beg leave to differ with you. I think it is a proof of his mildness. It shows that there is some wo [*"wboa"*] to him, when he can be detained four days, but your Rockbridge fellows have no wo. When they begin, they go ahead. (I assume you speak from experience.) I assure you the Pendleton widower has not half the assurance of J.P.W.¹

Notes to Letter 3

¹ John P. Willson, soon to become Sallie's husband.

He is a very mild fellow. (Mrs. D. B. says they make the best of husbands. I think I should like to have better proof of it than her husband affords, before I try one of them. I expect she is like the fox that had his tail cut off. He wanted to make his companions believe that it was becoming.) The Col. says when a widower lays his hand on a girl, she may as well give up. So if Johnny P. has had his hand on you, you may as well give up and go ahead. And I will say wo to mine till I hear what sort of husbands you will say they make. I think I could depend on your word. I think it would require a much stronger constitution to go ahead [p. 2 of the ms.] with out any wo than to take a week's set and say wo, and gee, uha ["haw"], once in a while.

I do not feel that my health is in the least impaired yet, but if it should be I have no doubt that the pure mountains, air and water would recruit it.

Col. H. was here yesterday. I told him of the inquiry you made about him, and wanted him to tell me how to answer it, but could make nothing off him. I cannot tell you what him and Mag are about. If they are going to be married I do not know it. Neither of them will tell me anything about it, and I should think they might, and would if it were so. I do not think it is Miss Hunter, and I know it is not I. We had a merry time yesterday, pestering each other. I told him I thought the firm was about to leave me alone, and if I did not look out for myself I would come out in the short row. He pretended to be very anxious to see the widower, and to be as much so that I might know whether he would be willing to receive him into the firm or not. And if he should have stayed an hour or two longer, he might have seen him.

We had a sacrament at Tinkling Spring² last Sabbath. Old Mr. Calhoun³ was with us all the time and Wm. Brown one day.⁴ We had a cold time. Old Mr. Calhoun is not a very acceptable preacher with us. He makes so many singular remarks that it diverts the congregation, and does away all the serious impressions that he may have made.

I think Wm. Brown and A. Houston ought to be married. They both look so innocent.⁵ As to my making a suitable wife for a preacher, it is quite out of the question. I know I would not suit at all, and more than that I do not think that either Mr. McCorcle, or that other brother, would think so. And as you said about someone else, perhaps it would be as well if they would not.

[p. 3] I expect Lavene [*Lavinia Willson*] is going to be married soon. There was one of the Alexanders at Tinkling Spring Sunday. He was asking James⁶ if we were invited to the wedding. I got a sight of Mr. and Mrs. Leightner, Sunday. She did not

² An open-country Presbyterian church near Stuarts Draft (*Illus. 4, p. 13*).

³ William Calhoun, of Lexington Presbytery. In 1846-1847, he served Tinkling Spring as pulpit-supply.

⁴ William Brown was one of the six sons of the Rev. Samuel Brown and his wife, Mary Moore of Abbs Valley, five of whom entered the Presbyterian ministry. He served the Old Stone Church north of Staunton from 1836 to 1860. When the John A. Pattersons brought their tenth child to Old Stone in 1838 to be baptized by the pastor, they named the baby for him, William Brown Patterson. Brown Patterson later married Tirzah Willson. (*For the John A. Patterson family, see Genealogical Chart XI, p. 116.*)

⁵ Miss Gilkeson's judgment that they should marry each other did not turn out to be predictive. In May, 1841, William Brown married Elizabeth Hill Smith, of Steubenville, Ohio.

⁶ Presumably James C. Willson. See Letter 1, note 10 (above, p. 5).

look much like a bride. Sister Phoebe and Cousin Mary Brown were there also — I have not seen any of your people, since I saw you. I am almost mad at them. I thought some of them would certainly have been down last week.

The party is over at Mr. Moffett's. [*For more about the people in this rather confusing paragraph, see p. 10.*] Hadassah had a fine daughter about two weeks ago. They had a good joke on me about it. Mr. Craig has sold in Pocahontas and moved his family to Wm. Guthrie's, till he can suit himself in another place. I had gone to see Matilda, and Ann was staying with Hadassah. Matilda sent for her to come down and see me. Mrs. Moffett was so smart that she talked of coming along with her. In the evening it rained, and Wm. and Matilda persuaded us to stay all night. About dark Hadassah sent for Ann, but did not send word that she was sick [*i.e., having a baby*]. So Matilda did not go. But Ann sent back for her to go as quick as possible. So Will and I were left to take care of the children.⁷ When the boy [*servant*] came from taking Matilda, he told us she [*Hadassah*] had a fine daughter. Wm. says now what if Hadassah had come down here today. I believe Aunt Peggy had hard work to get in. The next day rained hard till the middle of the day, so I had to stay there. Wm. Guthrie⁸ can't walk a step without crutches, and I am afraid will not soon.

You wish to know what I am doing and what I am a going to do &c. I have been very busy sewing, for some time, and as soon as I get through I intend to turn out to visiting my neighbors.

[*p. 3, margin*] I believe it is reported through Rockbridge that I am going to be married. But I hereby authorize you to contradict the report, at least as to the time and the person. I do not know when or whom I shall marry. Mr. S. was here last night, but it was only a friendly visit. He had brought his Sister in to go to school to Mr. Willson, that's all.

[*p. 1, margin*] Cousin Sally, you must not let any person see this. I have put my ideas down as the miller does with his bags, first come first served, and you know light matter rises to the top first, but mine appears to be all light. I would not that Mr. and Mrs. B. would hear what I said about them for anything. My love to Margaret and all inquiring friends. Tell Margaret I should be pleased to receive a letter from her. You must write soon and tell me how you and your go ahead man comes on. We are all well. Ma goes to Uncle Sam's with Pa. Pa and Carlisle are going to see Iatete's [?] and English's place again. I hope they will do something this time.

I started your Comb to you but Pa stopped at your father's⁹ and Cousin B¹⁰ thought they had best keep it. Ma and Liz send their love to you. Ma says give her love to Mrs. Willson. Please excuse bad writing, mistakes, nonsense, &c.

From your affectionate Cousin, M. F. Gilkeson

Liz says this is nonsense enough for one time, that you must excuse her for not writing. □

⁷ This may be the "joke on me" that Miss Gilkeson spoke of earlier. Three Craig children (Matilda's family) were in the house, and Mr. Wm. Guthrie was in no condition to help, so Miss Gilkeson may have had some unexpected chores. For more about the Craig family, see "Three Births at Montezuma," p. 10.

⁸ Brother of Hugh Guthrie, of Barterbrook. See further discussion on page 10.

⁹ Samuel Blackwood, Sallie's father. [*See his signature in Illus. 5 (p. 17) and the poem from his Bible on p. 53.*]

¹⁰ Betsey Blackwood, Sallie's sister.

Three Births at “Montezuma”

Hugh Guthrie was a well-established Augusta County farmer who lived at Barterbrook (*see Ills. 35, 36, p. 119*). Hadassah Guthrie, one of his younger sisters, was married to Robert S. Moffett and was expecting a baby. Accompanied by a companion named Ann, as well as by her husband, Robert Moffett, Hadassah came to the Hugh Guthrie home, “Montezuma” (*Illus. 17, p. 68*), for the actual birth.

Another Guthrie sister, Matilda, along with her husband, George Evans Craig, and their three living children (the fourth had recently lost his life in a tragic accident), had returned to Augusta County from Pocahontas County in western Virginia, now West Virginia, intending to settle permanently in a place nearer home. The Craigs were temporarily staying with William Guthrie, Hugh’s bachelor brother who lived on his own farm, not far from Montezuma. (*For a more systematic listing of the Guthrie siblings, see Genealogical Chart XVII, pp. 118-119.*)

Miss M. F. Gilkeson, the author of our letter, called at William Guthrie’s home one afternoon to see Mrs. Craig, Matilda. At the same time, Hadassah’s companion, Ann, came from Montezuma to share in the visit. Rain caused both Miss Gilkeson and Ann to decide that they must stay overnight. But that was just the time when Hadassah’s new baby chose to be born. Messengers came, first to Ann and later to Matilda, informing them that they were urgently needed to help with the birthing at Montezuma, rain or no rain. That left Miss Gilkeson to stay overnight with William Guthrie, the bachelor, and the three Craig children. As we suggested in note 7, this sudden promotion to matronly responsibilities may have lain behind the teasing Miss Gilkeson was to receive.

Mrs. Moffett (Hadassah) successfully delivered a fine daughter. But there was a sequel to follow. Mrs. Craig (Matilda) was *also* expecting. When the time was near for her to bear a child, she followed Hadassah’s footsteps and went to Montezuma. On November 5, 1837, five months after Hadassah had given birth to her daughter, Matilda added a fifth and final child to the Craig family, a son. They named the newborn baby Hugh Brown Craig, and called him Brown.

These two birth events at Montezuma lead up to a third such occasion a quarter of a century later, one which we will properly reach later on in our story. On June 3, 1864, when the Brown Craig whose birth we just spoke of was twenty-six years old, he was severely wounded in the Civil War battle that we now know as the Second Battle of Cold Harbor. The wound led to his death the same day (*see below, pp. 36-37*). Brown Craig and his cousin, Brown Patterson, had been brought up together by the Hugh Guthries for a good part of their lives, and they were like brothers to one another (*cf. p. 30, par. 3*). So when Brown and Tirzah’s second child was born just after the Civil War and turned out to be a boy, they decided to give him the name of Brown Craig. The newly christened Brown Craig Patterson was born on June 26, 1865. Appropriately, his place of birth was Montezuma. □

Chapter 3

Asafetida and All That

Sallie Blackwood's approaching marriage to John P. Willson occupied her full attention in the summer and fall of 1837. For one thing, she was about to become the mother in a family that already had four children. Listing them by their nicknames, they were an eleven-year-old daughter, Clem; and three sons: Phi, seven, John, five, and Matt, four.¹ When Miss M. F. Gilkeson wrote to Sallie, "You are more anxious now than ever" (*Letter 3, opening paragraph*), she probably gave an accurate reading of Sallie's mood during that time of anticipation.

But that was in the previous chapter. In the present chapter, the earliest letter is dated 1850 (*Letter 4*). By then, Sallie was thirteen years into her marriage and had become an experienced mother and a good parent for her four stepchildren. She also had given birth to five new young Willsons — David, Mary, Tirzah, and a pair of twins, Clarence and Ophelia.²

Sallie Willson, if I may now use her married name, along with husband John P. Willson and their nine children, lived in a large house just west of Stuarts Draft, with a capacious barn standing nearby. Stuarts Draft was hardly a bustling urban center, but it was a crossroads where travelers often stopped overnight. So Sallie stepped up her pace of life considerably when she left her isolated Blackwood home to go to Stuart's Draft and entered the growing and vigorous Willson family. Sallie's daughter, Tirzah, recalled in her later memoirs the ever-changing human and animal scene that routinely passed in front of the Willson house:

In the autumn great droves of cattle passed by and we often could see flocks of turkeys pass. Near Christmas, a number of Negroes who worked in the furnaces at Buena Vista,³ sometimes as many as 60 or 70, would pass by on their way to eastern Virginia for the holiday. They often asked permission to spend the night in the barn and around. They built their own fires or persuaded our cook to bake for them. (*Memoirs*, p. 4)

Tirzah also spoke of her father, John P. Willson:

My father was a large man, wonderfully kind. His only punishment was — 'Children, be quiet or I'll call your Mother.' We got used to that. My father was in the war of 1812 but saw no fighting. Nearest he ever came to the enemy was to find their campfires still burning ... He was so well read, too. He insisted on us reading worthwhile books, and when we were quite young he gave us the six vol. Reformation history by Daubigne! When the children climbed on his lap and requested a song, it was always the same one, 'Larry O'Brian.' Our whole family were good singers, fond of hymns. (*Memoirs*, p. 2)

For Sallie, every hour and every minute was precious. She daily looked after the guidance and education of her nine children. She regularly supervised all the food and clothing activities in the house. In addition, she had a special activity of her own: she was deeply concerned about peo-

¹ For full names and estimated dates of birth, see Genealogical Chart III, p. 111. Since the birthdates given in the chart are no more than estimates, the ages given here are also estimates.

² See Genealogical Chart VI, p. 112. The years of birth for this "second" family are based on written family records and are probably accurate.

³ Buena Vista is about twenty-five miles southwest of Stuarts Draft. "The furnaces" may mean brick kilns. We do not know if the bands of laborers were slaves or freed former slaves.

ple's health and good spirits, both in her own family and among her neighbors, and she wanted to help them when she could. We already saw her concern for the dying Polly Armstrong (*Letter 2*). Craig Patterson would later recall that Sallie, his grandmother, became known as

the "Mother of the Neighborhood." People came from all around for her remedies and for her to nurse them and help them in all their troubles. Rhubarb, soda, and mint [*were*] her standbys.

Sallie's interest in medical remedies shows strongly in her letters (*Letters 4, 5*). The titles I have put at the heads of the three letters in this chapter include the names of four of Sallie's herbal remedies and one remedy mentioned by Betsey Blackwood. In Betsey's case (*Letter 6*), the herb was one provided by the doctor. The letters are also quite good at reporting other things to us—such as the first service in the new Tinkling Spring brick building (*Letter 4*) or Sallie's recommendation on how to sell a horse (*Letter 5*).

Calomel, Pinkroot, Senna — and the New Building at Tinkling Spring

Letter 4, below, seems to be a routine Sunday-afternoon letter from Sallie to her sister, Betsey Blackwood. (March 3, 1850, was a Sunday.) Among other things, it gives us a short description of the first service held in the brand new brick sanctuary at Tinkling Spring Church (*paragraph 2*).

There is an anomaly in the sheet Sallie used for her letter. Someone practicing calligraphy had previously covered about two-thirds of its reverse side. Normally, the entire back of a sheet, the part that faces outward after folding and sealing, was reserved exclusively for the address. Sallie's postscript, "excuse my scribbled paper," suggests that she chose to reuse the sheet anyway.

Most of the beautiful calligraphy on the back of the sheet is made up of standard exercises in penmanship—for example, "infallible whispering symphony systems," copied nine times. The name "Clamenza J Willson" also appears, one time. Quite possibly Clemenza was the one who practiced penmanship. Still, even though she may have spelled her own name "Clamenza" here, her nickname was universally "Clem," and I will continue to spell it "Clemenza."

LETTER 4. FROM SALLIE B. WILLSON TO HER SISTER, BETSEY BLACKWOOD, MARCH 3, 1850.

March 3rd 1850

Betsey

We are all better. I am in hopes I can get Mary's¹ swelling put back. It was very red for several days. Dr.² gave me some ointment to put on. It is not so red, but is very hard yet.

Mr. Wilson's back is better. He was not able to go to preaching today. — There was a large congregation, and old and young were there. It is a beautiful church and very comfortable. Mr. Dabney preached an excellent sermon. They expect to have it dedicated in a few weeks, but not known when yet.

Tom says Taylor³ is very sick yet. Did you give him calomel in broken doses? Dr. told me to give Ophelia⁴ an injection of salt and water not very strong. He said if I

Notes to Letter 4

¹ Mary, Sallie's second child, was ten years old in 1850. (*See Genealogical Chart VI-b, p. 112.*)

² The doctor is not identified.

could get her bowels operated freely it would stop the vomiting — Maybe it is worms. I took an equal quantity of pinkroot and senna and made a strong tea, then sweetened it with molasses and boiled it down to a syrup. It was very pleasant. She took it very well. It operated on her bowels. That is what I worked the calomel off with. It brought away 5 or 6 worms. I would be afraid of inflammation if you cannot stop it —

Mary sends her love to you all. She wants to go and see you if she can. I don't know when we can go.

Bill's feet look bad. Dr. thinks his toes will come off. [*See comments on p. 14.*]

S B Willson

(excuse my scribbled paper)



Illustration 4. A nineteenth century postcard photograph of Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church.

Tinkling Spring's Three Church Buildings

During its history, the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church has erected three buildings for worship: a log building, ca. 1744; a stone building, ca. 1792; and a brick building, opened in 1850 and still in use (*Illus. 4*). The congregation made its commitment to undertake the 1850 building after Dr. Robert L. Dabney became minister, and he helped to supervise the planning and construction. Dr. Dabney estimated that the building would need 155,000 brick. Sallie reports that the new building was first used on March 3, 1850. Her letter said that she did not know when the dedication would take place. It occurred, in fact, on April 12, 1850, a Friday.

³ Taylor, whom I am not otherwise able to identify, seems to have been the responsibility of Betsey. I suspect that he was a farm hand (slave), and that Tom was the same.

⁴ Ophelia and her twin, Clarence, were Sallie's two youngest. They were three years old in 1850.

Despite Dr. Dabney's youth when he was called to Tinkling Spring, twenty-seven, and the brevity of his tenure there, 1847–1853, he was one of the great ministers of that church. Revivals flourished, younger people were added to the membership, the new church building was built, and the Barterbrook Academy for children (*Illus. 10, p. 46*) was built and opened. Dr. Dabney resigned from serving as minister at Tinkling Spring in 1853 in order to accept a call to become a professor at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, at that time located at Hampden-Sydney.

Calomel, Pinkroot, Senna

Calomel (*mercurous chloride*) is the most powerful and most dangerous of the medical remedies mentioned in the letter. For children, a moderate dose would be a strong laxative; a heavier dose could be dangerously toxic. A saline solution (salt and water) is still recommended as a possible first-aid treatment for an overdose.

Pinkroot. Before Europeans came to Virginia, Native Americans were already using Indian pink (*spigelia marylandica*), or pinkroot, as a remedy for intestinal worms. As with calomel, an overdose may be dangerous, possibly leading to undesirable neurological side effects—visions, seizures, or even death. The plant grows naturally in Maryland and Virginia.

Senna leaves provide a mild laxative. Senna grows in Virginia, but the variety more commonly used for medicinal purposes comes from warmer climates.

What happened to Bill's toes?

Letter 4 was written in early March, so the severe damage to Bill's toes that Sallie mentions may have come from a February frostbite. The older letters commonly used a closing paragraph to greet servants and to pass along news about them. Probably Bill was a family servant. □

Turpentine — and How To Trade Horses

Letter 5, also by Sallie, is not dated. By the time of its writing Clemenza was married and pregnant, so we can estimate that the letter was probably written not earlier than 1852. A friend or a servant, not a postal agent, must have delivered the letter, since Sallie's message fully covered both the front and the back of the sheet and left no space for the recipient's address. The letter includes some straightforward advice intended for Sallie's older brother, Davy Blackwood, on the best way to sell a horse.

LETTER 5 (*undated*). FROM SALLIE B. WILLSON TO HER MOTHER, MARGARET (HUMPHRIES) BLACKWOOD, (1852).

Mother¹

I was over Wednesday to see Mary.² I think she is tolerable well. The girls say they hear no complaint now. She told me her back was weak. I took over some tur-

Notes to Letter 5

¹ Margaret (Humphries) Blackwood. (*See Chapter 4, p. 18; and Genealogical Chart I, p. 110.*)

² This Mary is not Sallie's daughter. John Willson mentions a Willson-household maid named "Mary" in an 1861 letter (*see p. 31*). If that is who this is, then when Sallie says "the girls," a couple of sentences later, it may be a generic way to speak of the female servants.

pentine and made a plaster and put it on her back and gave her some pills. She seems to be in pretty good spirits, and looks tolerable well.

Clem³ and I went Monday to see Lina. She looks very bad. When we went in the room, her cheeks were as red as scarlet. It is all over with her; she has been worse since. I don't think she can live long. Not much change on Sam. Did not see him, heard him cough. It is distressing to see them.

Mrs. Vanlear⁴ looks very badly. Is not well, lies in bed a great part of her time.

We are all getting well again. David⁵ has had a very bad cold and cough. Has not been able to go to school this week, but I think will be able to go Monday.

Clem has just left. She is well but looks very clumsy, cannot go about very well. I feel uneasy for her. I am afraid of two.⁶ She thinks so too. I told [her] not to concern herself about it, that Latitia Vanlear looked like her, large all over.⁷

[p. 2] Has David⁸ sold his horse yet? Tell him he must ask 115 or 20 dollars. Horses are in great demand now. He must ask more than his value so he can come down a little, or he will not get the worth of him. Mr. Wilson sold Clem's horse this week. There was a man from Buckingham hunting workhorses. He stopped at the gate and asked me if we had any horses for sale. I told him yes. We brought out the horse. (Ben [*Clemenza's husband, Ben Stuart*] asked \$85 for him. Rather than miss, he would take 80.) He was pleased with him [*i.e., the man from Buckingham was pleased with the horse*]. Mr. Wilson told him he was worth a hundred dollars. He said he would give 90 cash, and did give it, 5 dollars more than Ben asked. If he had asked 85, he would not have got more than 80. You see, you must ask more than the real value of the horse to get your price.

The man wanted more horses. I told him about yours. He talked about going to see him, but thought it too far to go back. Tell Davy to let it be known he is for sale, and he will get his price.

Write particulars about Crissy [*probably a servant*].

Yours affectionately, SBW

³ Clemenza Jane, the oldest child in John P. Willson's "first" family.

⁴ This Mrs. Vanlear may well be connected to the Letitia Vanlear of note 7. But we don't really know.

⁵ There were two Davids in Sallie's life. The one here is still going to school, so he is Sallie's son, aged about fourteen in 1852. For David, her brother, see note 8.

⁶ Clemenza was pregnant, and both she and Sallie were afraid that twins might be on the way. Their fear may have been: (1) the difficulty of deliveries; or (2) increased risk of life for mother or babies, particularly since these would be Clemenza's first babies; or (3) recognition of the extra burden of childcare needed by twins. But *did* Clem have twins? We don't know. Some of David Wilson's later letters from Texas, dating from the 1890's, seem to treat Charlie and Arch, two of Clemenza's sons, as a pair, and to do the same with John and Frank (*see Letter 31, p. 82; cf. Genealogical Chart IV, p. 111*). So maybe twins were in the picture somewhere. The fact that Sallie herself had borne twins is not relevant, since she was not Clemenza's actual mother—though it may help to show why Sallie was concerned.

⁷ A marker in the old Tinkling Spring cemetery tells us that a certain Letitia Vanlear died on April 27, 1847, at the age of 19. One would think that Sallie would not have tried to "console" Clemenza by comparing her situation to Letitia's, unless Letitia's young death had nothing to do with having children.

⁸ This is Sallie's brother David Blackwood, not her son David Willson. (*See Genealogical Chart I, p. 110.*)

Turpentine as a Remedy

The turpentine mentioned in the first paragraph is useful as a liniment for sore muscles or as a skin-smoother, although extended breathing of turpentine fumes is considered inadvisable. Perhaps the back plaster that Mary received did not make enough fumes to cause a problem. □

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Asafetida — and Sallie's Approaching Death

Letter 6 is sharply different from the previous two. Now Sallie is the one who is sick, and her sister, Betsey Blackwood, has become the caretaker. Sallie's struggle with illness was what brought Betsey down to Stuarts Draft to help her. The letter was written on a Sabbath morning and sent to the farm home of her mother, Mrs. Blackwood. That lady was eighty-five at the time, a remarkable age for those days, and she was still living at the Blackwood home. Betsey normally lived there too, but she was in the Willson home in Stuarts Draft when she wrote this letter.

Sallie died relatively young, in 1857, and her mother, old Mrs. Blackwood, died the same year. That suggested to me that the year of the two deaths, 1857, might be appropriate to assign to Letter 6. The letter is not dated, so dating it to 1857 is no more than a speculation. It could have been written at any time that Sallie was in middle-adulthood and was seriously sick. (I say "middle adulthood" to recognize that the doctor said she was "going down the hill of life now.")

LETTER 6 (*undated*). FROM BETSEY BLACKWOOD TO HER MOTHER, MARGARET (HUMPHRIES) BLACKWOOD, (1857).

Sabbath morning

Mother¹

Sallie² is getting on slowly. She gets so low-spirited and nervous it hinders her recovery. Mr. Black's death had a great affect on her. We had a terrible day Friday. Dr. came in the evening. He said he expected it would be the case. He gave her some asafetida pills which quieted her nerves.

She was very comfortable all day yesterday. Dr. Hall stopped to see her yesterday. Told her he did not see any thing to prevent her from getting well, but he could not flatter her in saying she would be up in two or three days. She was going down the hill of life now, and would not recover as fast as a young person, and it retarded her recovery to be so desponding.

Watson told her that he would bring Shelton with him this morning. He told her it was not that he thought her any worse, but that she might not think they were ne-

Notes to Letter 6

¹ Margaret (Humphreys) Blackwood, the mother of both Betsey and Sallie, died quietly on July 14, 1857, aged eighty-five. Her published obituary will be found in Chapter 4.

² Sallie died on August 4, 1857, three weeks after her mother died. Her age at death, fifty-three, was thirty-two years younger than her mother's. Since Betsey wrote her letter while her mother was living, and since Sallie lived on for three more weeks after her mother died, we may presume that the lingering illness that led to Sallie's death continued for at least a month, perhaps considerably more.

glecting her. Her appetite is good enough. Relishes her vicitels [*victuals?*]. Rested very well last night. Is right pert this morning.

—Betsey

I have a boil on my Thumb. It is right sore. My hand is swollen all over this morning. Tell Pag³ I would like to see her. Marcie [*a servant?*] and her might ride down⁴ some day.

Asafetida as a Tranquilizer

Asafetida, mentioned in the first paragraph, is a fetid gum from an oriental plant. In bygone days, malodorous asafetida was sometimes hung around the neck as an amulet, perhaps with the idea that the unpleasant odor would help fend off diseases. It was also thought that ingesting asafetida in pills would reduce stomach bloating or serve as an anti-spasmodic. In Betsey Blackwood's view, it "quieted the nerves." □

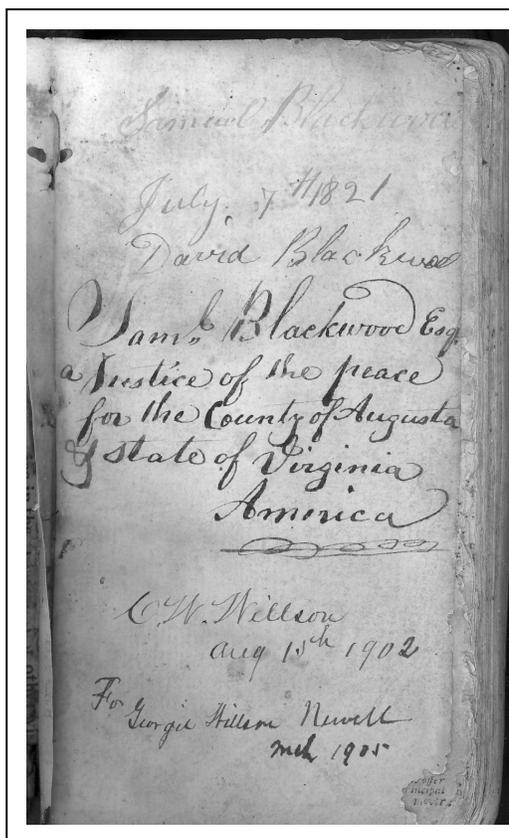


Illustration 5. The Flyleaf of Samuel Blackwood's Bible

In about 1815, the Bible was given a new leather binding, so its age suggests it really was Samuel Blackwood's.

- Top line of the flyleaf, in faint ink: "Samuel Blackwood"
- Next two lines: "July 7th 1821 David Blackwood" (David is Samuel's son. See Genealogical Chart I.)
- Bold central inscription: "Sam'l Blackwood Esq / a Justice of the peace / for the County of Augusta / & State of Virginia / America" (no date)
- Next two lines: "C. W. Willson Aug 10th 1902"
- Final inscription: "For Georgie Willson Newell Mch 1905"

(None of the dates are birth dates. Perhaps they are when the Bible was passed on to a new owner. For Clarence W. Willson and Georgie (Willson) Newell, see pp. 50-52.)

³ Is "Pag" perhaps Peggie Lambert? (See *Genealogical Chart II*, p. 110.)

⁴ The use of "down" to mean "northward" was characteristic of Augusta County. The streams there flow northward towards the Potomac.

Chapter 4

The Quiet Death of a Grandmother (1857)

Margaret (Humphries) Blackwood was born in Augusta County, Virginia, in 1772. Her parents immigrated to America from the northern part of Ireland before her birth, so Margaret was a second-generation American. Tirzah Willson, her granddaughter, was fourth-generation.

Margaret Blackwood died in 1857, having lived to the age of eighty-five. Margaret's quiet acceptance of the end of life was appropriate to the peaceful, idyllic quality of the Blackwood home that we spoke of in Chapter 2. Our knowledge of the event comes from a July, 1857, newspaper obituary. In October, 1950, Mrs. Sallie Alexander gave the clipping to Craig Patterson, who valued it highly and carefully preserved it. While the clipping still remains in good condition, it was originally closely cropped, and the name of the newspaper has been lost.

OBITUARY

Died, on the 14th inst. [July 14, 1857], at her residence near Greenville, MRS. MARGARET BLACKWOOD, relict of Samuel Blackwood Esq.,¹ deceased, and daughter of the late David Humphreys,² all of Augusta county, in this state. She was in the 85th year of her age, had enjoyed good health, and on the preceding Sabbath, only two days before, had attended public worship at Bethel [Illus. 6] in her usual health. On the morning of her decease she rose early and dressed herself and conversed with her daughter³ as usual, went into her sitting room and sat down in her chair, and in five minutes ceased to breathe, without any apparent cause.

She was received into the communion of the Church of Bethel, by the Rev. Archibald Scott,⁴ at least sixty years ago. She was an humble and consistent Christian, and universally esteemed in the community where she was born, lived and died. □

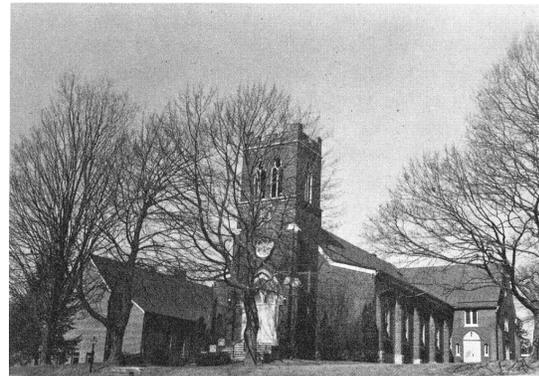


Illustration 6. Bethel Presbyterian, an open-country church about eight miles south of Staunton. Built in 1821, reconstructed 1889.

¹ Samuel wrote his name and position on the flyleaf of his Bible, in a flourishing script: "Saml. Blackwood Esq. a Justice of the peace for the County of Augusta & State of Virginia, America" (Illus. 5, p. 17). I do not know how many generations the Blackwoods had been in America, but Samuel's position as Justice of the Peace undoubtedly helped to bolster his standing in the community. He died in 1841.

² When this name appears elsewhere, I will follow B. C. Patterson's spelling: "Humphries."

³ Two daughters, Betsey and Ann, lived at home (*Genealogical Chart I, p. 110*). At the time of Margaret Blackwood's death, Betsey may have been in Stuarts Draft with Sallie. If so, it was Ann who was with her mother at the time of death.

⁴ Mr. Scott was the minister at Bethel for just over twenty years, from 1778 to 1799.

Chapter 5

California Gold, A Serpent in the Garden

If Tirzah found the Blackwood home to be a Garden of Eden (as we said earlier), she experienced the discovery of gold in California as more like a visitation from the Serpent. It was her half brother, Matthew Willson, in whose ear the Serpent insinuatingly whispered. The lure of gold led him to California, the lure of gold kept him there in complete isolation from his family for nine long years, and the lure of gold led him finally to burial in an unknown grave.

Matthew was the youngest of the four children in the “first” Willson family. He must have headed for the gold fields early on, about 1849. In the ensuing years, no word from him came back to Virginia, and on August 4, 1857, Matt’s stepmother, Sallie, died (*Geneal. Chart I-e, p. 110*). Letters from the long-lost son began to arrive just six months later. If Sallie had lived only a few more months, letters from Matthew might have consoled her on her deathbed.

When Matt left home to go west, Tirzah, his half sister, was still a small child, so he may never have written to her directly, or if he ever did, the letters have been lost. Yet two of Matt’s letters from California found their way into Tirzah’s packet — one addressed to Matt’s older sister, Clemenza, the other to Matt’s father (also Tirzah’s father), John P. Willson (*Letters 7 and 8*). How did Tirzah come to have these letters? Well, we can speculate. In Chapter 9 we will see that Clemenza, her husband Ben Stuart, and their nine children set out after the Civil War to go west, seeking new land and a better life. All eleven traveled in a single ox-cart, so they would have been able to carry along only what was absolutely necessary. One can imagine Clemenza, as she prepared to leave, passing on to her sisters any letters she may have been preserving.

Be that as it may, it is a fact that two of Matt’s letters found their way into Tirzah’s packet. Tirzah tells us a little about Matt in her 1920 reminiscences:

The lure of gold in California during the “40’s” and the great rush and excitement of quick wealth took brother Matthew from us. My only recollection of him, for I was about three years old when he left, was his taking me on his horse and kissing me good-bye. We heard from him until the Civil War. He had said he meant to return to Virginia to get him a wife. I have been told repeatedly that he was the handsomest man in the county. (Tirzah’s *Memoirs*, p. 2)

Tirzah’s recollections about her brother are touching and convincing. But we have to raise questions about dates. Tirzah was born in 1843, so she turned three in 1846. Did Matt start for California, then, in 1846, three years *before* the great gold rush? Also, if Matt was born in 1833 (*the estimate given in Genealogical Chart III, p. 111*), he was thirteen in 1846. Would the neighbors have described a thirteen-year-old boy as “the handsomest man in the county”? Could he have headed alone for the West Coast at that age? Tirzah tells us in her memoirs that Clemenza got married in August, 1851 (*Memoirs*, p. 4). Matt’s 1858 letter to Clemenza says that it was only because of a recent letter from Philander that he knew that she was now married and to whom (*Letter 7, par. 2*). So Matt must have left Virginia before 1851. On the whole, I think 1849, the year of the gold rush, is the best date to give, even though Matt was only sixteen then. By that reckoning, Tirzah was six when Matt lifted her onto his horse, affectionately bade her farewell, helped her to get down, then turned his horse to the west and departed.

In the letter below, paragraph two suggests that it was Philander, in Washington, who tracked Matt down in California. So probably Matt's first letter back to Virginia was to Phi. But Letter 7, written to Clem, also reads like it is one of Matt's earlier letters.

Quartzburg

LETTER 7. FROM MATTHEW WILLIAM WILSON, IN QUARTZBURG, CALIFORNIA, TO HIS SISTER, CLEMENZA JANE (WILLSON) STUART, IN STUARTS DRAFT, VIRGINIA, JANUARY 6, 1858.

QuartzBurg, Cal.
January 6th 1858

Dear Sister,¹

I have sat down once more to write to you, notwithstanding I deserve your lasting displeasure, but you must forgive. I know you will, though I do not deserve it. If you was never to write to me or even speak to me again, I will not blame you. I do richly merit it. You must not suppose for a moment that I have forgotten you. Not a single day passes but what I think of you and all the rest at home.

At the time Phi's² letter arrived I was not in Mariposa County³ and did not get it for some two months after it came to the office. Some one of my friends had taken it out of the office for me, and handed it to me on my return. Language can hardly express my feeling at once more beholding the familiar handwriting of Philander's. My mind was relieved when I found you were all well and more particularly [p. 2] when I found that you had made such a happy choice for a partner in this life.⁴ I feel better satisfied now than I have been since I left home. I was very glad [to] hear that Phi was doing so well.⁵ I was surprised to hear that John had married and sorry to hear he has lost his wife.⁶

I suppose you think it strange that I did not learn of these things from Chris Merit. I did not see Chris, nor did I know he had returned to California. I see Sam Merit every few weeks, and I suppose you will be surprised when I tell you that Jack

Notes to Letter 7

¹ Matt's older sister, Clemenza. By 1858, she was married and had four children, all boys.

² Philander, Matt's older brother (*Genealogical Chart III*, p. 111), seems to have been the family member who was first able to locate Matt in California. Would his position in the Patent Office have given him the contacts that made this possible? (Cf. n.5, below.)

³ A brief description of Mariposa County is given at the end of this letter (p. 22).

⁴ Clemenza married Ben Stuart (*Genealogical Chart IV*, p. 111).

⁵ Philander worked at the Patent Office in Washington, D.C. during his entire adult life (*see citation from Craig*, p. 71; and *the picture of the Patent Office, Illus. 19*, p. 72). In 1858, Phi was twenty-eight years old, so when Matt comments that Phi was "doing well," it suggests that he was already at the Patent Office. Incidentally, this would mean that he was on the Union side during the Civil War. An 1891 letter from Philander to Tirzah (*Letter 28*, pp. 71–73) makes no reference to strained family relationships, so if they had become strained during the war, they seem to have fully recovered afterwards. (*For Philander's family, see Genealogical Chart V*, p. 112.)

⁶ John was Matt's immediate older brother. This is the only source document I know of that tells us John was once married. We will see more of John when we get to Letter 12 (*below*, pp. 30–31).

Gregory is living in this County.⁷ Jack and I met in '54. He did not know me, nor could he recognize me until I told him who I was. He was perfectly thunderstruck. He clasped my hand and remarked that he was as glad to see me, as he would have been to have met with a brother. He married a very worthy young lady from Texas. He lost her last summer. He is said to be very well off. I do not know how much he is worth. He rode under Sheriff two years and in '54 ran for County Treasurer. I did [not] know him at first. At the time I met with him, he was keeping a hotel in the town of Mariposa. I had heard he was living there. I rode up to the hotel. A man stepped up to [p. 3] take my horse. I asked him if he knew a man by the name of Gregory. I asked him if he knew me. He looked at me for some time. He could not make me out. He asked me to go in and take a drink with him. He thought by that time he would find me out, but I had to tell who I was.

I suppose I have changed a good deal since I left home. I hardly know myself now. I do not suppose I would know any person if I was to return home now. Every thing is changed. The young folks that I knew are all married off and settled down, and here I am knocking around amongst the mountains of California, a confirmed old bachelor. Well, when I get my pile, I will come back to old Virginia and make some poor gal miserable yet. Phi told me that you had four big boys running around now. Well I hope you are happy.

Clem, you must write to me and tell me all the news and changes that have taken place and how the old folks [*“old folks,” plural, seems to imply that Matt had not yet heard about the death of Sallie, his step-mother*] are getting along. I suppose that Father looks pretty old now.

Give my love to all ou[r] friends. Give my best regards to Mr. Stewart.⁸

Your Brother,
M. W. Wilson

Note on Quartzburg, Matt’s Hangout in Mariposa County, California. When gold-flecked quartz was discovered in 1850 in the patch of Mariposa County that came to be known as Quartzburg, a mining settlement grew up quickly, reaching a peak population of several hundred by 1855. Though Quartzburg was always a small settlement, it did achieve some importance. For example, in May of 1858, just a few months after Matt’s two 1858 letters to his family, the California Rangers chose Quartzburg as the place to muster for an attempt to capture a Mexican declared to be a bandit, Joachin Mureta.

Matt refers (in paragraph two) to an “office” in Quartzburg where he could send and receive letters. This probably does not mean a U.S. Post Office but rather a desktop or tabletop in one of the mining offices. Matt’s comments also suggest that his work routines sometimes took him away from Quartzburg for long, sustained periods of time.

In our own day, Quartzburg has become a ghost town—or to be more accurate, a ghost field, because no traces of the old town remain. The site is about three miles northeast of Hornitos, a town in Mariposa County that can now be found on maps. A two-lane road runs through the

⁷Apparently both Matt and Clemenza were acquainted with Chris Merit, Sam Merit, and Jack Gregory. They seem to have been Virginians, and they probably were Augusta County men who had gone out to Mariposa County. The only information I have about any of them is what the letter tells us.

⁸Clemenza’s husband. It is spelled “Stuart” in most of the documents I have seen.

area where Quartzburg used to be, permitting one to stop and view a creek and the surrounding hills. Hornitos, which was already there in Matt's day, is situated on Mariposa County Road J16.

Mariposa County. The county, notable for its beautiful scenery, calls itself the "Gateway to Yosemite." The California gold lode, which stretches north/south through four or five counties, comes to its southern terminus inside of Mariposa County.

The Town of Mariposa. This is the county seat. Its courthouse dates from 1854 and still continues to be used. In Matt's time, the population was about 90% male. Jack Gregory, the friend whom Matt recalled having run across in 1854, was managing a hotel, but Matt does not mention the hotel's name. The town had many hotels then, as it still does, and some of the current hotels continue to occupy buildings that date back to that time. A Gold Rush museum now located in Mariposa might have further information about Jack Gregory. □

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Hart & Johnson's Flat

LETTER 8. FROM MATTHEW WILLIAM WILSON, AT HART & JOHNSON'S FLAT, MERCED RIVER, TO HIS FATHER, JOHN P. WILLSON, IN STUARTS DRAFT, VIRGINIA, APRIL 20, 1858.

Hart & Johnson's Flat¹
April 20th 1858

Dear Father,

I received your letter dated the 2nd of March and one also from David² at the same time. Would have sat down and wrote to you immediately on receipt, but have been so busy for some time that I have not had time to do anything hardly. A company of us have been engaged in bringing water onto Hart & Johnson's Flat in the Merced River.³ It is a flat that has never been worked, with the exception of one claim which was worked about two months last winter by a company of five men. They averaged \$200 a week. The rest of the flat has been partially prospected. It is thought the whole flat will pay fair wages. We have all the digging and fluming done, except one large Gulch that we had to put a suspension across. [*See "Note on Gold Mining Methods," at the end of the letter.*] We had that nearly completed. A heavy blow came up and leveled it with the ground. I think in about two weeks we will have wa-

Notes to Letter 8

¹ I found the name "Hart & Johnson's Flat" on the Internet, but only as one entry in a long list of California place-names. But just finding the name makes me think that some of the Gold Rush museums in Mariposa County may have further information.

² David was Matt's younger half brother, twenty years old in 1858, the eldest of the "second" Willson family. We can guess that Dave's letter included inquiries about what possibilities might open up for him if he came to California. The only reason to make this guess, really, is the migratory life Dave actually pursued after the Civil War. He went as a bachelor to Fulton, Missouri, secured a land-grant farm, worked it, and married a woman whom he had met (*see Letter 19*). Later he moved his wife and children to a different farm in Handley, Texas, finally settling there (*Letters 20 and 31-34*). He seems to have had an urge to explore what the far reaches of the new country had to offer.

³ The Merced River emerges from Yosemite and runs through Mariposa County towards the Pacific. In the Gold Rush era, it attracted mining entrepreneurs. Today, it attracts white-water rafters.

ter on the flat. Quite an excitement about the flat. Claims are up as high as \$500 a share.

Quite an excitement here also about some diggings that has been discovered up at Vancouver's Island in the British possessions. It is said the miners are making from \$10 to \$200 a day. I cannot vouch for the truth of it. If the report proves correct, I think I shall go up there.

Freemont and family came out on the last Steamer. It is said he brought three hundred thousand dollars with him for the purpose of working his quartz veins and cutting water ditches through his mineral lands. He has located about ten miles from here. The Supreme Court of this state has decided that he has no more right to the mineral in a Grant than any person else. [*See "Note on John C. Frémont" at the end of the letter.*]

Times are fairly dull here now and provisions are very high. Flour is worth \$20 a barrel. We have had an extremely dry winter. The The [*the repetition is in the original*] miners in the dry diggings did not have more than a month's water during the rainy season.

A short time ago an opposition Steamer [*i.e., a competitor?*] advertised to leave San Francisco for Panama to connect with a Steamer there. Through tickets for \$25.⁴ Hundreds of Persons went down to take the advantage of the low price of fare to get to the states. A day or two before she was to sail, the P.M.S.S. Company⁵ bought the opposition off, and the fare sum [went] up to the old prices again. Most of them had to return to the mines again. I would like to go back to old Virginia, but I do not know when I should be able to do so.

I am very sorry to hear of Mother's death.⁶ You must feel her loss very much.

I send you a common order enclosed in this. I suppose that will be sufficient to get that money.⁷

You must write soon again. I will answer all the letters that you will write. Tell Clem that she must write too. Remember me to all the Family.

Your affectionate Son, M. W. Wilson

Tirzah said that Matt's letters continued until the start of the Civil War, after which the family never heard from him again. If he had come back East during the war, the family probably would have learned of it, even if he lost his life. So the end of Matt's story is unknown. □

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Note on Gold Mining Methods. Placer mining (panning) was the first method used to gather gold in California. However, within a year or two the best sites for that method had been exploited. The work that Matt describes in Letter 8 was to open new areas for the placer method by bringing in water to wash freshly dug mud and sand. A second way to get gold was to exca-

⁴ This price would indeed have been a bargain. San Francisco to New York, via Panama, usually cost about \$200 for the least expensive tickets.

⁵ On the P.M.S.S. Co., see further discussion below.

⁶ Matt refers to the death of his stepmother, Sallie (Blackwood) Willson, who died August 4, 1857.

⁷ Perhaps Matt had accepted money from his father to pay for his original trip out west, and was now able to repay it?

vate and pulverize gold-bearing quartz, a hard rock mineral. The flumes that Matt was preparing could be used to divert water from existing beds of rivers and thus expose the underlying quartz to mining and pulverizing. Finally, a third method was to use large hydraulic systems to wash out alluvial and glacial deposits from whole hillsides. The pulverized quartz method and the hydraulic method both required high investment, and their adoption signaled the decline of the individual prospector and the rise of mining companies.

Note on John C. Frémont. Mr. Frémont, whose name Matt slightly misspells, was a California entrepreneur. Frémont, born in 1813, was sent by the army on several expeditions to explore the West. Land that he secured in California before 1849 turned out to be gold bearing, and he became a multimillionaire. When California became a state, in 1850, he became one of its earliest U.S. senators, though only for a year or two. He helped to found the Republican Party and was the Republican nominee for president in 1856 (losing to Buchanan). Matt's letter notes that Frémont was bringing \$300,000 with him on his return to California in 1858. Was Matt perhaps eyeing him as a possible future employer? At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, Lincoln made Frémont a major general, stationed in St. Louis, with responsibility for the entire west. However, his performance in that position was weak, and he was replaced. In later life, he speculated in railroads and lost his entire fortune.

The Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company. The P.M.S.S. Company opened for business in 1852, initiating an oceanic route between New York and San Francisco. At the time the company had only three steam-driven side-wheelers. In order to cross from one coast of Central America to the other, passengers hiked, rode horseback, or rode in a sedan chair carried by native porters. As early as January, 1855, the company opened the Panama Railroad, a rail line across the Isthmus of Panama. The P.M.S.S. Company was highly successful in the American coast-to-coast passenger business, effectively competing with inland stagecoaches and, at a later time, with railways.

In the early twentieth century the Dollar Steamship Company—a line known for its “President” ships and named for its founder, Mr. Robert Dollar—bought out the P.M.S.S. Company. During my childhood, my family crossed the Pacific to Shanghai in 1929 on the *President Taft* and returned to San Francisco in 1936 on the *President Pierce*. So we were passengers on ships that could, in a certain sense, claim the P.M.S.S. Company as part of their antecedent history. Matt's low opinion of that earlier company suggests that he might have been quite unhappy if he had known that some day his distant relatives would do such a thing. □

Chapter 6

Two Teenaged Cousins Take to Verse

This chapter brings us to an exchange of letters, partly in verse, between Tirzah Willson and young John Lambert of the Blackwood farms, that is, between first cousins. At the time of the letters, Tirzah was sixteen years old, almost seventeen, and John was about the same. These are teenagers' light-hearted letters, but to some extent the dark threats of war that were gathering ominously in the background still show through. The letters were written approximately a year before Virginia seceded from the Union in 1861.

In her 1920 memoirs Tirzah described her mood in the last years before the war:

About this time, I journeyed from the Shadowland of Make Believe to "Life is Real and Life is Earnest." Those days we passed straight from childhood to womanhood. My impressions of events and persons from 1857 to 1860 are all colored by an overwhelming interest in Union or Disunion and its complications with slavery and anti-slavery. We were earnest in asserting our rights to secede, for in 1788 when Virginia accepted the Constitution of the United States, she expressly reserved the right to sever her connection with the Union. (*Memoirs*, pp. 7-8)

John Lambert recognizes that civil war may be imminent (*see Letter 9, the third full paragraph*), but his mood in the letter is breezy, almost devil-may-care. Tirzah's letter (*Letter 10*) is more down to earth, but she is still quite chatty. John's reply (*Letter 11*) is a witty missive that leaves the impression that he is a young romantic whose mind is off somewhere in the clouds.

(*For John Lambert's place in the family tree, see Genealogical Chart II-b, p. 110. John's second wife was Jerusha Willson. See her obituary, p. 106; and cf. p.5, n.10. Jerusha Willson and Tirzah Willson were cousins. For Tirzah, see Genealogical Chart VI-c, p. 112.*)

"You Must Go to the Cave"

John used a folded sheet of stationary for Letter 9. Someone must have torn the sheet along its fold, and the half-sheet that originally held pages 1 and 2 is lost. Pages 3 and 4 are what remain. We know the author: John Moore Lambert, who signs his name in full at the end of the letter. And we know the recipient: Tirzah, who is addressed by name on what was once p. 3. I estimate the date of the letter to be April, 1860, by comparing it with Letters 10 and 11.

LETTER 9 (*incomplete manuscript*). FROM JOHN MOORE LAMBERT, AT THE OLD BLACKWOOD FARM, TO HIS COUSIN, MARGARET TIRZAH WILLSON, IN STUARTS DRAFT, (APRIL, 1860).

... [p. 3] I am very much obliged to you for those tracts.¹ I read them attentively and I hope they will be of benefit to me.

I wrote a letter the other night. I scribble poetry sometimes for my own pleasure, for I have not the presumption to think that others will take pleasure in reading it.

Notes to Letter 9

¹ Were they religious tracts or political tracts? Perhaps political, since that topic greatly concerned Tirzah during the pre-Civil War period of this letter.

Tell Ophe² I have read “Edith Allen”³ and the “Human Comedy.”⁴ Liked them very well. Liked the human comedy best. I would like to hear her say Sansoucy.

Well, Cousin Tirz, I don’t know what you would like to have next. If it was Sis [*Ophelia*] that was writing, I suppose it would be crammed and jammed full of ribbons and shawls and hat’s laces and skel [?] [p. 4] and I don’t know what all. But I don’t delight in such trash, therefore I have nothing to say, Mr. Pres[*ident*]. —

I am getting tired of discussions of conventions, Peace Congress, &c, & so on. Some fearful people think we will have civil war, that we’ll have to fight if it is to be, and [it] must come. There’s no avoiding it unless you and Brown⁵ and some more will go to the cave.⁶

I suppose you will think I am a fool, and if you do you wont be far wrong, from the mistakes in this letter. I do hope you will excuse all, and write soon as you get the types set. I am sorry to leave you, but farewell.

From your Cousin &c. in friendship, and much love to all, except the darkies,

John Moore Lambert

P.S. nothing at all.



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“John, Your ‘Romantic Invention’”

This is Tirzah’s response to a letter from John Lambert, but probably not to the letter we just read (*Letter 9*), even though that letter contains the admission that he “scribbles poetry.”

Tirzah’s reference to Lewis County in stanzas 6-7 is obscure. Lewis County was northwest of Staunton and fairly distant. At that time it was a Virginia county, but it is now in West Virginia. What John meant by connecting Tirzah to it is unclear.

LETTER 10. FROM MARGARET TIRZAH WILLSON, TO HER COUSIN JOHN MOORE LAMBERT, IN RESPONSE TO ONE OF HIS LETTERS, MAY 3, 1860.

Stuart’s Draft, May 3rd, 60

Dear Cousin John, Your “romantic invention”
Succeeded very well in “enchaining my attention.”

My composing powers have had very little to do
In this branch of scienence [*science?*] which so entertains you.

I am heartily glad to hear, of falling in love there’s no danger
For to that awful disease I pray you may ever be a stranger.

² Ophelia Willson, Tirzah’s younger sister. Ophelia’s nickname was “Sis.”

³ By Laurence Neville, subtitled “Sketches of Life in Virginia, 1855.” Pub., Richmond, Va, 1855.

⁴ Honoré de Balzac’s generic name for a series of his novels. The originals are in French.

⁵ “Brown” refers to William Brown Patterson, whom Tirzah married a little over two years later. Apparently their names were already linked.

⁶ John’s writing has a literary turn, so I thought at first that his “...go to the cave...” referred to Plato’s cave. But Plato’s cave is a prison. John seems to have in mind a retreat, or a place of escape. I expect he meant something like Wier’s Cave, a moderate distance from his home.

But I see love's symptoms in your being so sad
 And not knowing the cause. But in so young a lad
 There is chance to get over it in a very few years,
 Without the usual troubles, trials, and tears.

What circumstances that night led you to see
 That "Lewis County" would have an attraction for me?
 I beg to inform you before we go farther
 That to live in California before Lewis, I'd rather.¹

I tell you, Cousin John, you are very different from me
 If you love transforming Prose into Poetry.

For before this, two lines of poetry I never had made,
 And on being asked always had said

That I never would. But you see I have broken my rule,
 And have run the great risk of being called a fool.

Well, John, there is no use to try. I haven't got sense enough to write poetry. I couldn't write another line I believe to save my life. When I commenced, I thought I could go on swimmingly. But I see I was mistaken, and will have to come down a peg or two and finish in prose.

Haven't we been having dreadful weather. It seems like I have been frozen so hard I'll not thaw before the middle of August.

We — us children, Mary, Dave, Ophelia, and myself² — were in Staunton Saturday. Met ever so many people from our neighborhood. I believe I was all over town a half a dozen times and was dreadful tired when I came home. I got a bonnet in town. I know you will think it is the greatest love of a bonnet you ever saw.

A whole carriage full of relations from Rockbridge came down to see us the other day. Scared me half to death. If David had not happened to have been in, I would have run like everything. I don't think they would have found themselves very well entertained. It was the Wiers³ and Houstons.⁴ I went to Staunton with them the next day. They only stayed two nights.

Thomas Willson from Staunton was here last night, for the second time. He is out electioneering hard. I am helping him all I can. Won't you vote for him? He is a (widower) very good man.

Notes to Letter 10

¹ Is this an oblique reference to letters now coming from Matt, in California?

² Mary, Dave, Ophelia, and Tirzah all belonged to the "second" Willson family. Only Clarence is missing. The "first" family had already dispersed: Clemenza married, with perhaps five children of her own by 1860; Philander in Washington; John now a widower; and Matthew out in California.

³ John P. Willson's first wife was a Wier.

⁴ John P. Willson's first cousin, Annetta Louise Willson, married George Houston. So these Houstons were Tirzah's second cousins. They had no direct kinship to Craig Patterson's later wife, Annie Houston.

How are you and Mag⁵ getting along? I have not seen her for a month of Sundays. Only got a glimpse of her at Presbytery. John, I have not a particle of news, as you have seen, I rec[k]on, before this. When are you coming down?

“The worthy associate and Mollie”⁶ send their love.

Write soon to your very affectionate, Cousin “Tirza”



“I Know More Than You Would Believe”

LETTER 11. FROM JOHN MOORE LAMBERT, TO HIS COUSIN, MARGARET TIRZAH WILLSON, MAY 12, 1860, IN RESPONSE TO HER LETTER OF MAY 3, 1860.

May 12, 1860

Dear Cousin Tirza

It gave me ineffable pleasure
To read your first poetic measure.

Also I am deeply your debtor
For prose and poetry of the letter.

There's no danger you are a fool
If examined by poetical rule.

If 'tis the first lines you have made,
Mine you can lay by in the shade.

You say with inimical ease
That love is a dreadful disease.

And while you are praying for me,
Put up one petition for Lizzie.

If this is your doctrine and teaching
Your practice is not like your preaching.

You talk like a venerable sage
Taught by experience and age.

Trouble, trials, and tears, how you sigh.
Did you know that men do not cry?

As I'm an insignificant lad,
Crying, for me, would not be so bad.

When one is sad, your science or art
Will say 'tis “Affection of the Heart.”

You evade some of my questions, I see.
Talk of Lewis and “California.”

You needn't be laughing so hard in your sleeve,
I know more than you would believe.

⁵ For Mag, see page 29, n. 3.

⁶ Tirzah perhaps picked this phrase up from one of John's poems. “Mollie” is Mary Willson, Tirzah's older sister. The “worthy associate” is probably Tirzah's younger sister, Ophelia.

You think by the way you'll have all the fun
 And not mention that name in the pun.¹
 Well I'll forgive your studied art
 And let you keep what is nearest your heart.²

* * *

News, what an everlasting word.
 Go where you may, it is always heard.
 Now I can't get a bit for my life.
 I wonder if it is hard to get a wife.
 If there's no fun, nor news, nor pleasure
 In this ladie-loving measure,
 It is the last resort for me,
 I'm then from tears and troubles free.
 You asked for Maggie. Did you say
 The Mag³ you mean is far away.
 You ask a strange and simple query,
 The thoughts of which most makes me wary.
 You think that one can't get along
 Without the other, "bless my song."
 Cousin Tirzie, I'll soon have to cease,
 Answer this letter if you please.
 Excuse me for writing in rhyme.
 Write prose if you'd rather, next time.
 My respects and love sent to you,
 And to all my friends it is due,

Yours respectfully,
 J. M. L.

P.S. I would like very much to see that bonnet you spoke of. If I am old fashioned, and an age behind the time, I flatter myself with the idea that I have some taste.

Your Cousin, John⁴



Notes to Letter 11

¹ What pun? Had Brown Patterson made a business trip of some kind up to Lewis County, so the reference is really to him? The next couplet may suggest some such interpretation. See note 2.

² John knew about Tirzah and Brown (page 26, n. 5). Is that the secret that Tirzah was granted permission to keep near her heart?

³ "Mag" is apparently John's girlfriend. She must have lived nearby, because Tirzah saw her at Presbytery (*Letter 10*). So when John says she is "far away," does he mean that he and Mag have broken up? Or is he poetizing, saying that any distance from a loved one is a great distance?

⁴ For John in later life, cf. page 86, n. 10, and the additional references there.

Chapter 7

The Civil War (1861–1865)

Captain William Patrick, of Waynesboro, had been recruiting volunteers for several years for the Augusta County cavalry unit, leading up to Wednesday, April 17, 1861. On April 17 the Virginia House of Delegates passed the Ordinance of Secession. Cavalry officers spent the entire next day, the 18th, riding around Augusta County, notifying privates to report for duty in the morning. On Friday, the 19th, seven officers and one hundred and forty young men gathered in Waynesboro to form the cavalry unit. Mounted on their own horses and led by Captain Patrick, they headed northward to join J.E.B. Stuart's First Virginia Regiment. Their first bivouac, that same evening, was at Harrisonburg. Later, at Martinsburg, they reached General Stuart. He designated them the "E" company and dovetailed them into his regiment.

General Lee and other command-level officers probably intended for General Stuart's Army of Northern Virginia to threaten the District of Columbia, diverting some Union forces that might otherwise march against Richmond. We will see that John Wier Willson's unit was stationed at one time only twenty miles from Washington (*Letter 12*). The Union side could not ignore this. As for the privates that were to be found in the "Rebel" forces, they were out to get any Yankee soldier foolish enough to cross to their side of the Potomac.

Augusta County cavalry recruits for the "E" company included William Brown Patterson and Hugh Brown Craig. The Hugh Guthrie family (*Ills. 35, 36, p. 119*) had been responsible for both of these two young men since they were early teenagers, and they were close friends. Letters from both are found in this chapter. At the opening of the war, Brown Patterson was already seeing Tirzah Willson in a courtship that would lead to their marriage a year and a half later.

John Wier Willson Serves with Stonewall Jackson

The earliest of the Civil War letters found in Tirzah's packet is the one from her older half brother, John Wier Willson. John had once been married, but his wife died and there were no children (*Genealogical Chart III-c, p. 111*). He enlisted in the Fifth Regiment Virginia Volunteers, a different unit from the one the two Browns were in, and he was made a lieutenant.

LETTER 12. JOHN WIER WILLSON TO HIS HALF SISTER, TIRZAH WILLSON, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

Near Winchester, November 16th, 1861

My dear Sister,

I received your kind letter this morning and was glad to hear from you and all the rest. We left Centerville [*Centreville*]¹ last Friday evening and got to this place Saturday evening. We had to travel all the time in the rain. It was a hard day's rain. We had to lay on the wet ground that night. I have a cot that keeps me off the ground, but I was wet to the skin. I could ring the water out of my stockings. It was as hard a time as it was week or two ago [*when*] our Regiment was on picket. Three companies went out to stand at a time. I was one of them. We had to stand 24

Notes to Letter 12

¹ Centreville is a northern Virginia town, about twenty miles from Washington.

hours at a time. We were on the outposts. It commenced raining at dark and all night. The next day we had not a thing to shelter us at all. That was a hard time. When we was relieved we had no shelter. We got in the woods to cut down big trees to build a log fire. I slept in a wagon that night. I bought a quart of whiskey that evening. Had to give \$2.00 for it. We have a damp place here. I do not know how long we will stay here. Not long I think.

You told me that Pa was sick.² I hope he is not bad. You said that Pa was going up to see about me coming home, but it is not worthwhile for they will not let me off and they may put me in ranks. I will not like that. Tell him not to try it at all. I will try and stay my time out. I like to be here if things are going on.

You can get Mary or Amanda.³ Please let me know soon. John I. Larue will have the binding of them out. If Mary comes she can bring her little girl with her.

I will stop for this time. My hands are getting cold, so that I can hardly write. Tell David⁴ he must write to me and not wait on me. Direct your letters to Winchester in care of Capt. Newton, 5 Regiment Va. Vol.

Your Brother,
John W. Willson

John Willson's unit, led by Captain Newton, was under the command of General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson. Jackson served General Lee and the Confederate cause well, but the Battle of Kernstown was not one of his successes. When he engaged in the battle on March 23, 1862, he apparently had been given poor intelligence about the enemy's strength. With an army of 4,000, Jackson took on an opposing force of about 9,000. In the ensuing battle, each side lost about 700, but Jackson lost a much larger proportion of his men than did the Union forces. At the end of the day, John Willson lay among those who had fallen. He is buried in Winchester.

Nearly sixty years later (in 1920), Tirzah passed on to Craig her recollections of her brother's military service and death.

The second year of the war my brother John was killed in the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester. In that battle his command received the name of "Stonewall" from the remark of General Jackson, "See, they stand like a stone wall." Before going into the battle, brother John took his watch and purse, giving them to a friend and saying that he would not come out alive. We were sorry not to have gotten his sword. He was a lieutenant and carried a beautiful sword. My father died the day after brother John was killed, so we could not send after his body. Recently, I visited the cemetery in Winchester and found his grave. It was beautifully kept. A small marble slab reads "John W. Willson." (*Memoirs*, p. 9) □

² Mr. Willson, father to both John and Tirzah, died about four months later, on March 24, 1862. This was just one day later than when John himself would die in battle.

³ Why did John choose this time to bring up selecting a maid? Probably because Tirzah was beginning to plan for marriage. A legal "binding out" seems to have been required if her maid was to go with her. A servant named "Amanda" is mentioned in later letters, so I assume Tirzah opted for her.

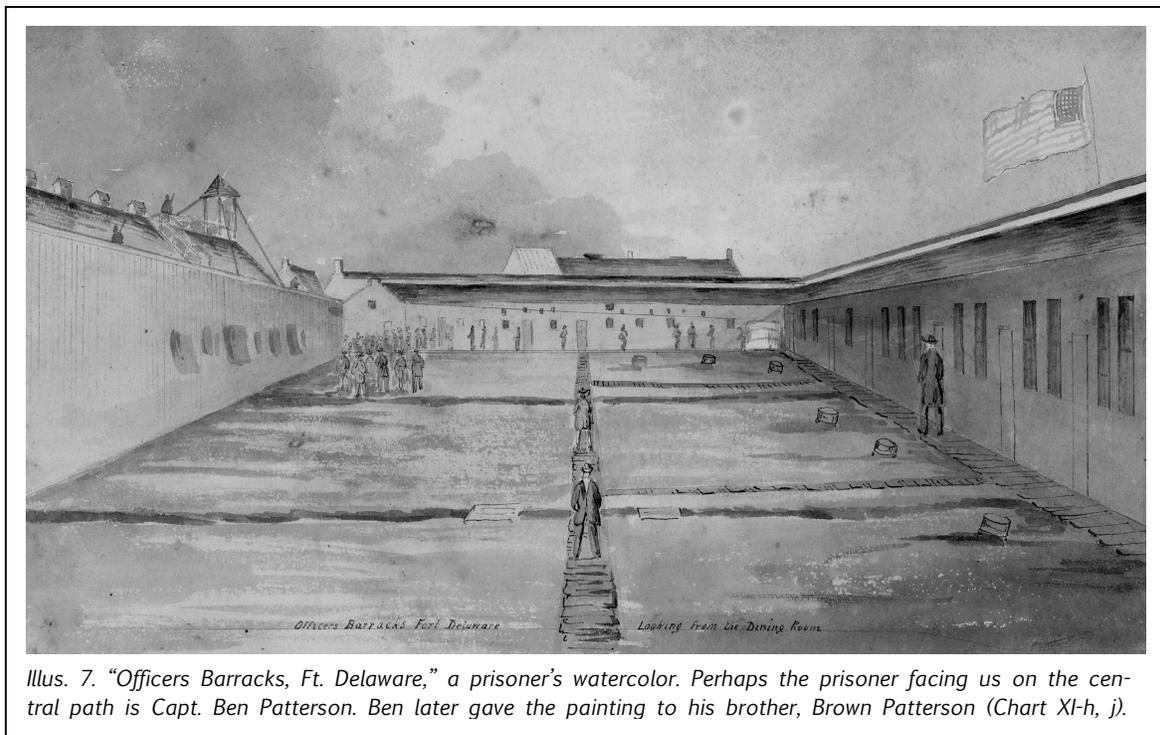
⁴ David, John's half brother, Tirzah's full brother, volunteered for the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war. (*See p. 32 for more on David.*) He was twenty-three in 1861, six years younger than John. John asks Tirzah to get in touch with him, so David must have been stationed near Staunton at the time.

David Willson, A Prisoner of War—Twice

John P. Willson’s “first” family had three sons. Of the three, only John fought in the Civil War, and, as we just saw, he was killed. The “second” Willson family had two sons, David and Clarence (*Genealogical Chart VI-a and d, p. 112*), both of them Tirzah’s full brothers. Both enlisted in the Confederate army—David at the War’s outbreak, Clarence at age sixteen. David, born in 1838, was of prime fighting age in 1861. Tirzah recalled his time of service:

David B. Willson volunteered at the beginning of hostilities and went out with the West Augusta Guard. He fought through the entire Civil War. Was twice captured, but never wounded...Brother Dave ... [was] taken prisoner on Cheat Mountain. When the war closed they were in prison at Fort Elmira, New York. Brother Dave was given full liberty of the prison. While in Prison, Bishop Willson’s father sent him money from Baltimore. (*Memoirs, p. 10*) [*Illus. 7 shows the Confederate officers’ prison at Fort Delaware, where Capt. Ben Patterson (Geneal. Chart XI-b; Illus. 32, p. 115) was held. Dave was held at a different prison, Fort Elmira, New York, but the painting effectively conveys the dispiritedness of any such place.*]

None of David’s Civil War letters have survived, but a good many of his other letters have. See Chapter 9, Letters 19, 20 (*pp. 57-59*), and Chapter 14, Letters 31–34 (*pp. 81-87*). □



Illus. 7. “Officers Barracks, Ft. Delaware,” a prisoner’s watercolor. Perhaps the prisoner facing us on the central path is Capt. Ben Patterson. Ben later gave the painting to his brother, Brown Patterson (*Chart XI-h, j*).

The Brothers Craig

Hugh Brown Craig, the fifth and last child of George Evans Craig and Matilda Guthrie, was born on November 5, 1837 (*cf. “Three Births at Montezuma,” p. 10; Genealogical Chart XVII-d, p. 119*). When Brown Craig was nine years old, his father died. When he was about fourteen, Hugh Guthrie, his uncle, accepted full responsibility for the rearing and education of his adolescent

nephew, and received him into his home in Barterbrook. At about the same time, the Guthries also accepted Brown Patterson, the younger brother of Hugh Guthrie's wife, Bettie Patterson, into their home, with a similar understanding. The Guthries provided the means for both young men to attend Washington College (now Washington and Lee University).

Brown Craig earned a bachelor's degree there in 1858, and accepted a job as schoolmaster in Tallahassee, Florida. But his life as a teacher was cut short. When Southern states began to secede, he returned to Barterbrook, and along with Brown Patterson volunteered for service in J.E.B. Stuart's Cavalry Brigade, 1st Reg., Army of Northern Virginia. Alexander Crawford tells us that after about a year "his health failed and he was home in the latter part of '62" (cited by Howard Wilson, *The Tinkling Spring: Headwater of Freedom*, p. 321). When he reenlisted, he entered Breckenridge's Division, the Adjutant 26th Virginia Battalion, under Colonel George M. Edgar.

LETTER 13. HUGH BROWN CRAIG TO HIS COUSIN, BROWN PATTERSON, FEBRUARY 5, 1863.

Edgar's Battalion, Feb'y 5th, 1863

Dear Brown,

Today is so stormy that every one stays at home, unless they are obliged to go out, so I am not troubled much with business. Rec'd a letter from Ma¹ yesterday. She said you had sore throat again. I was sorry to hear it. Do hope you are well again.

We are still quartered in Centreville, Monroe Co. Nearly all of our men are in houses, though they are crowded. The Col. and I have a room, the Maj. is out in a tent. Our room is a very healthy one, we don't suffer for want of fresh air. We have very little reason to complain, however, for we are doing well enough for soldiers.

We were brought here to guard a road, which leads to the Narrows of New River, and was unprotected. The 22nd Reg't is ordered to move today to Bunzer's (?) [*handwriting difficult to decipher*] mill, five miles west of Lewisburg, and the 45th to Pack's Ferry, eighteen miles to our left. The 22nd will try to get permission to stay in Lewisburg, and as the weather is so bad, it will probably be granted.

I stopped about an hour with Alex Humphreys as we came over from Lewisburg. He sent his respects to Uncle,² said he would like to hear from him. He bought a farm from Burns some time ago. It lies on this side of Union [and] is very good land. He has not many cattle on hand. Cattle are scarce.

[p.2] Every thing is very scarce and high here. After paying all expenses we have very little left. We would have gone into Camp before this, but the weather has been so bad that we did not build cabins...We will not move now unless ordered to do so.

You will find in my big pocket book a list of some accounts that I left with J. L. Demilley of Tall³ for collection. Please send me a copy of it, give a copy of all on the paper. I am afraid that if I don't get that money soon, that I will not get it at

Notes to Letter 13

¹ Brown's "Ma" refers to his birth mother, Matilda Guthrie Craig, sister of Hugh Guthrie (*Genealogical Chart XVII-d, p. 119*). By 1863 she had been a widow for 20 years. For further instances showing how Brown referred to his mother and his "adoptive" parents, see notes 2 and 5, below.

² Uncle Hugh Guthrie (*Illus. 35, p. 119*), a respected community leader in the Tinkling Spring area.

³ Tallahassee, Florida, where Brown had taught and where his girlfriend lived.

all. What are you doing this winter?⁴ Has Uncle sent his cattle off yet? I suppose he will make a good deal on them, as every thing has gone up considerably since they were bought. Have you any?

I had a notion to buy a stallion that I saw here a few days ago. He is of very good stock and is a very good horse, is a sorrel and very much like the sorrel you had last spring, but is better color. By standing him, he w'd pay for himself in one season. But that kind of stock is usually very troublesome. The man that is going from here to Goshen will not start before the last of next week or the week after. How are horses selling in Augusta now?

Give my love to Uncle, Aunt, and Tirzah, also to Ma.⁵ Remember me to the servants. How are Lee and Aaron getting on?

Write soon to give the copy of accounts &c.

Truly y'rs, H. B. Craig

Our next letter was written by Chaplain John Newton Craig. Chaplain Craig was Hugh Brown Craig's older brother. The letter begins with news about Brown, but the main message is that the Confederates must continue their struggle for independence, however painful it may be.

I believe the recipients of the letter—whom Newton addressed as “dear friends,” not “dear cousins”—were Brown and Tirzah Patterson. Tirzah was staying at “Montezuma” at the time. The letter concludes with many side messages for Newton's Guthrie cousins.

LETTER 14. CHAPLAIN NEWTON CRAIG TO BROWN AND TIRZAH PATTERSON, SEPTEMBER 7, 1863.

Camp near Petersburg, Sep. 7, 1863

My Dear friends,

I have written to you both since I heard from you. I would be glad to get letters from you, as often as you can make it convenient. A letter from Brown [*his younger brother*], telling me that he came through the White Sulfur Battle safely, reached me last week. I was right anxious to hear from him, after I saw the Dispatch of Gen. Jones. I am thankful for his preservation & hope it may be sanctified to his good.

I heard that there was quite a panic about Staunton some two weeks ago. I hope and pray the Yankees may never run over beloved old Augusta. I cannot think the Lord intends to destroy us, and if our people are determined to be free, we cannot be conquered. We must be very much injured, and some parts of our country ruined for a generation to come, but if we are willing to endure everything rather than be ruled by such Creatures as those who inhabit Yankeedom, we can, by the blessing of God, resist until our independence will be obliged to be [*p. 2*] acknowledged. We must hold out to the bitter end. If they conquer us our property will all be confiscated and ourselves treated with insults, which will be limited only by the limit to Yankee ingenuity; for all their ingenuity will be spent in heaping insults on us.

⁴ The question implies that Brown Patterson is at home. This fits with Tirzah's recollection. She says that after he was in Jeb Stuart's cavalry brigade for a time, Brown “later left the cavalry, came home and transacted some business, married, and joined the infantry.” The marriage was October 9, 1862. He received Brown Craig's letter on February 5, 1863. So he was at home for at least four or five months.

⁵ Brown Craig called his “adoptive” parents Aunt and Uncle, his own mother Ma. His move from the Craig Family to the Guthrie family was agreeable to all, but it was not a modern legal adoption.

Southern women will be made slaves. We never can be one people in one Union again. That is impossible. We of the south must be independent or be slaves. There is nothing left us but fight to the death. I hope the nation is prepared to withdraw its trust from Lee and all others, and put it only in God. Until we do that we will not succeed.

I had a letter from Lydia¹ yesterday. She was at her sister's in Catawba County [North Carolina]. Expects to go back to Uncle's² next week. She was well when she wrote but had been quite sick — had a chill 3 evenings in succession. They have all had chills at Uncle's, but she did not have any until the evening she got to her sister's. She is, too, almost out of a nurse. She had to give Emaline up, and did not know of another one she could get. She was obliged to take a little girl, almost 11 years of age, who is smart, but too small to wash and dress Georgie,³ and is such an outrageous little rascal that she can't be trusted out of sight, so she is indeed but very little service to her. I am sorry it is so, but it can't be helped.

I have had a good deal of Religious [p. 3] interest in my Regt., and there has been more in other parts of the Brigade. I have publicly re'd [received] 22 persons in the last month, 16 from my own Regt. and 6 from others, whose Chaplains were absent. As many as 16 more who are deeply serious have been to see me, and I have hope of many of them. Yesterday I had a Communion in the afternoon. Dr. Leyburn⁴ and the Tabb Street Elders⁵ were with me, also 2 or 3 ministers from the Brigade. We had almost 120 communicants. I intend to have preaching nearly or perhaps every night this week and next, if we still remain quiet. Have had preaching nearly [p. 4] every night for the past month.

I would like very much to visit you but do not know when I can do it. I would like also, if possible, to attend the Synod, but don't suppose I can. I want to work here all I can, while the good weather lasts. Robert⁶ will go home in a week or two to see his wife. I do not expect a furlough home, before mid-winter. Who manages Uncle Fishburn's estate?⁷ Who bought the McCue farm?⁸

Notes to Letter 14

¹ Lydia Brevard Harris, Newton Craig's wife. She came from Cabarrus County, North Carolina.

² Hugh Guthrie was Newton's uncle. The relationship was through his mother, Matilda Guthrie. In order to become a chaplain, Newton took leave from his ministerial duties in South Carolina. Lydia, his wife, apparently moved in with the Guthries in order to expedite Newton's change of career.

³ Georgie must have been Newton and Lydia's first child. They were married February 25, 1862.

⁴ Rev. George L. Leyburn, a Presbyterian chaplain in the Confederate army, 1861–1865.

⁵ Elders from an organized church were necessary in order to have communion. Tabb Street may be a Petersburg church, or perhaps an outpost of a Petersburg church.

⁶ This Robert may have been Newton's first cousin. Hadassah Guthrie married Robert Moffett (Sr.), and they had a child named Robert.

⁷ Margaret Guthrie, younger sister of Newton's mother, Matilda, married Daniel Fishburne, making him Newton's uncle (*Geneal. Chart XVII-i, p. 119*). The Daniel Fishburne family had fourteen children. The tenth was James A. Fishburne, who later founded Fishburne Military Academy, Waynesboro.

⁸ "Squire" John McCue was the son of the Rev. John McCue, a former Tinkling Spring minister. Squire John served as a deacon, treasurer, and trustee of the Tinkling Spring Church, and he often shared committee responsibilities with Hugh Guthrie. A little over a year had passed since his death on May 18, 1862, so the timing seems about right for Newton to be inquiring about the disposition of the farm.

Please remember me to Uncles Wm. and David G[uthrie], Aunts Hadassah and Margaret, Uncle John and family,⁹ and all my friends. Direct to me as Chaplain 5th S[outh] C[arolina] Regt., Jenkins Brigade, Petersburg.

Yours affectionately, J. N. Craig

Regards to Bro. See and Lady, May and Eddie.¹⁰

The Death of Brown Craig

We saw earlier that John Wilson was encamped about twenty miles from Washington. That was in 1861. Hugh Brown Craig's letter of early 1863, written from Centreville, shows that Southern forces were still holding that position. Newton Craig's letter, just above, indicates that as of September 7, 1863, Newton's younger brother, Brown, was still safe. (Newton speaks of the Battle of White Sulphur Springs. I have not been able to find out any information about it, but Brown Craig's letter of February 5 (*Letter 13*) mentions both Lewisburg and Union, each of them located within about twenty miles of White Sulphur Springs.)

In March, 1864, Lincoln promoted Grant to be commander of all Union armies. In the campaigns in Virginia that followed, Grant focused his aim more on the defeat of Lee's armies than on the capture of Richmond. Grant crossed the Rapidan on May 3, 1864, and began to advance through the Wilderness. Grant did not defeat Lee in the ensuing battles, but he did continue his march towards Richmond. Important battles occurred at Spotsylvania Courthouse (May 21–31) and Cold Harbor (June 1–3). Brown Craig died at Cold Harbor, on June 3.

Tirzah's memoirs tell us how she heard the news. During an earlier leave, Brown had requested Tirzah to mail a package of letters to his girl friend in Tallahassee. Tirzah recalled that the young lady wrote back, indicating that she was afraid of what the war might hold.

... She asked me to make him a pair of gloves from a Yankee overcoat. One evening, as I was seated, busy making the gloves, I saw a boy [*the word, as used here, probably means "servant"*] coming up the road at a gallop. I said to myself, "There is sad news for someone." I watched until he turned to the house. How my heart sank! He bore a telegram from Dr. Craig¹¹ to his Uncle Hugh Guthrie, that told of the fight at Cold Harbor and [*that*] Brown Craig had been killed. (*Memoirs*, p.11)

Considering that the war had been going on for four years, rail transportation brought the body home for burial with surprising efficiency. Brown Craig died on Friday, June 3. The body, accompanied by Chaplain Craig, was sent by horse-drawn ambulance to Richmond. On Saturday, it went by rail to Lynchburg, then Charlottesville, then Fishersville. It reached "Montezuma," the Guthrie's' home in Barterbrook, on Sunday afternoon. Tirzah's memoirs continue:

The body was to be brought [*to Barterbrook*] the next day, Sunday. My husband [*Brown Patterson*], brother [*Clarence*], and many friends, were fighting that day [*at the Battle of Piedmont, about ten miles to the north*]. I walked the path from house to gate, back and forth, every sound of the cannon falling on my heart like lead. Then Dr. Newton Craig came

⁹ For Hadassah, see n. 6; for Margaret, n. 7. See also Genealogical Chart XVII.

¹⁰ The Rev. Mr. Charles S. M. See was pastor at Tinkling Spring during the Civil War. Perhaps "Lady" is his wife, and May and Eddie their children.

¹¹ Chaplain Newton Craig received his honorary doctorate from the University of Mississippi in 1877.

with his brother's body. His mother and sister came with other friends. I was desperate. I went to the Kitchen, to Aunt Nancy, the cook, saying, "Aunt Nancy, give me something to do or I'll go crazy." She was very sympathetic, said, "Well, honey, if you will just set the table, it's Sarah's day out. Make the table as long as you can, there'll be many at supper." [*Nancy stayed with the family after the war and lived until 1888.*] I had just finished setting the table when a friend came to tell me that Mr. Robert Moffett had just come from the battlefield. We had lost and the enemy would come through the next day. He said he had left all our friends well. (*Memoirs*, pp. 11-12)

Friends and family paid their respects Monday morning, and the body was interred at Tinkling Spring Church's old cemetery. The interment was done early in the day in an attempt to avoid sniper shots from Union soldiers coming southward after the Battle of Piedmont. As of 1950, one could still find the marker for Brown's grave in the cemetery's southwest corner. □

On the Home Front, Mary ("Mollie") Willson

Mary Willson ("Mollie") was the second of five in John P. Willson's "second" family (*Chart VI*). Her mother's death, August 4, 1857, made her the mistress of the Willson home at age sixteen. Her father died on March 24, 1862, leaving Mary an orphan. At that time, members of the "first" family (*Chart III*) had already dispersed: Clemenza was married, with seven or eight children; Philander was in Washington, on the Union side; John had been killed in the war; and Matthew was "lost" in California. As for the "second" family, David was in a Union prison and Tirzah was near marriage. That left Mary to be responsible for the twins, Clarence and Ophelia.

In Mary's letter below (*Letter 15*), we pick up the story two years after Mr. Willson's death. As Mary writes, she and Ophelia are at the old Blackwood home. She is writing to Clarence, who is not with them because in 1863, at age sixteen, he had volunteered for the Confederate army. Mary mentions an earlier picnic that occurred while Clarence was still with them (*paragraph 2, the description of "starting the rabbit"*), suggesting that it had been a year or more since the Blackwoods had taken Mary and both of the twins into their home. Probably it was soon after their father's death that the three of them had chosen the Blackwood home as the place to go.

LETTER 15. FROM "MOLLIE" WILLSON TO HER BROTHER, CLARENCE WALTER WILLSON, SEP. 1, 1864.

Blackwood Homes Sep. 1st / 64

Dear Brother,

I have not received your letter yet, but suppose I will get it this evening, as Uncle Davy¹ has gone down to the Stuarts.² Also Ophelia³ received a letter from you a day or two ago. [*An inkblot mars this part of the letter's text, but the words are still decipherable.*]

Notes to Letter 15

¹ David Blackwood, Mary's (and Tirzah's) uncle. He was still living at the old Blackwood home.

² Mary's sister, Clemenza, had married into the Stuart family. For more on the Stuarts, see Chapter 9.

³ Ophelia, twin of Clarence, the younger sister of Mollie (Mary). She was seventeen in 1864, and staying at the Blackwoods, along with Mary. For more on Ophelia, including a picture, see Chap. 8 (*pp. 48f*).

We were sorry that we could not go down to your picnic.⁴ I hope that you became acquainted with the girls down there and enjoyed yourself as well as we did at some of ours. I know that you cannot have the least idea, where Peggie, Sis, and I are now, while I am writing this, and enjoying ourselves to the best of our ability.⁵ They want to know if you recollect the evening you started the rabbit, one John Shields killed. Well that is the place we are at, under the old tree, Sis writing to “Thomp” and Peggie reading in a scrapbook. We call these hills around, the “Hills of Shalimar” [*this name is difficult to decipher with certainty*] [*p. 2*] after a splendid novel we read the other day.⁶ You know how far we can see. We wish that we had a telescope here. We think it probable that we could see [*the*] Jim Tom Lees, sitting about the porch or yard. I think it is a beautiful place. We all wish for you, and think that the noise, and fuss, of a “rabbit chase” would enliven things considerably.

I heard a soldier say the other day that Gen. Early⁷ says, the war will be over in a month. Don't you hope so, and then you will be at home “for good.” [*Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House a little over six months later, April 9, 1865.*]

I was in hopes that Ophelia and I would both be somewhere by this time, either teaching or going to school, but have not started out yet, and do not know exactly where we will go. I think it probable I will go back to the Creek.⁸ I want to take Sis with me if all things suit. Don't you want to go up too? I guess I will hear in a day or two from up there. Logan [?] has been down several times. Spent a day or two [*p. 3*] at Mr. Stuarts.⁹ We all went out to the woods “knichtibissyng” [?]. Sis captivated him completely. There were plenty of fruit, but we did not gather many, on account of rain. Logan has gotten his transfer to Geo[*rgia*]. He came down last week, with Erskine Stuart (another of my boys), stopped a few minutes at Uncle Davy's to tell us “Goodbye”s. I felt sorry that he was going so far away, but I expect he will be back some day, and we will see him again. Erskine came back and stayed all night. Peg and Sis liked him very much.

Alice Woodward from Staunton is out at Mrs. King's, Lizzie has got her piano home, and can entertain her friends now, handsomely. She could always do that, could she not? She is going to see John P. this week. Mary and Lisa Humphreys were here night before last. We went down to Mrs. Pelters [?] and spent the evening. George and Clay are both at home now, Clay for a horse and George sick. They say George is tolerably tired of the army.

⁴ The purpose of these picnics seems to have been to give the soldiers a nutritional boost and also to give them social support. In Letter 16 Clarence mentions still another picnic.

⁵ The Peggie mentioned here is John Lambert's sister (*see genealogical Chart II-c, p. 110*). In Chapter 6 we saw John's letters to Tirzah (*Letters 9, 11*). During the war, both John and his brother Samuel were in the Confederate army. Samuel, a captain, lost his life. Peggy, still at home, is sure to have provided good companionship for Mollie and Ophelia. “Sis” was Ophelia's nickname.

⁶ Shalimar is the name of a famous garden on the mountainous slopes of Kashmir, near Srinagar, built by the Emperor Jahangir of the Mughals (reigned 1605-27). He built the garden for his twentieth and final wife, Mehrunissa. The young people at the Blackwood homes picked up the “Shalimar” name from a novel, but Mollie doesn't identify it for us.

⁷ Jubal Anderson Early, a CSA officer active in the Shenandoah Valley.

⁸ Mollie has in mind long-term planning, not just a weekend trip. Apparently “the Creek” was at or near Rural Retreat (cf. p. 41, n.3). For more on how Mary's later life worked out, see Chap. 8, pp. 46-47.

⁹ Mr. Ben Stuart. See n. 2, above.

Everybody [p. 4] about here are talking about going to Presbytery, but I guess all will not get there. It meets at Mount Carmel, next Thursday. Uncle D[avy] is the elder from Bethel. We have been trying to get him to take us, but can't do it. I have been visiting some lately, also going to Uncle Harvey's,¹⁰ this evening, and to Mrs. Swinks [?] some day. All of us walked to Bethel Sunday. I thought of last Christmas, Jim and Sandy walked with us.

"Lizzie W." asked Ophelia the other day, "when Clarence was coming home"? Sis said, she did not know. "Well I do wish he would come home before I leave for Staunton." I told Sis I was not going to tell you, for fear it would make you fall deeper in love, but she thought there was no danger.

Uncle D[avy] says all are well at Mr. Stuarts, and Brown Patterson's Bettie¹¹ can toddle around everywhere. I reckon [she] will be talking by the time you get home. We have made some apple butter here, it is mighty sweet and good.

[*The closing lines of the letter are written in the upper margins of pages 4, 3, 2, 1.*] We have just heard that Hunter Renbush [?] is dead, was killed in some of these fights down the valley. We have not heard particulars. He will be buried this evening. His funeral preached at home. Willie Gardiner's funeral was preached at Mint Spring, last Wednesday. We had no horses, and did not go. Are you all drilling with muskets yet? I am afraid they will take your artillery from you for good. Aunt Bee [*Betsy Blackwood*] says I must be sure and give you her love, and tell you to be a good boy. All the rest send love to you. You must write soon.

Your Sister, "Mollie"

You must tell us how to back [*address*] your letters. Peggie and Ophelia will write.□

Lieutenant Clarence Walter Willson, A Teenager

Mary's letter that we just saw was addressed to her younger brother, Clarence. We come now to a letter written *by* Clarence, just two weeks later. However, it is not a reply to Mary's letter but rather a reply to one from Tirzah, who was also Clarence's sister.

Clarence joined the army when he was sixteen. By June 5, 1864, when he was seventeen, he must have sufficiently completed his military training to become an active infantryman, for he fought in the Battle of Piedmont. Tirzah's memoirs give us some information about his role:

My youngest brother, Clarence Willson, volunteered when the call came for sixteen-year-old boys. He fought in the battle of Piedmont (near Grottoes). In Marquis's battery under Gen. Imboden. Clarence distinguished himself in this action and was promoted from private to a lieutenant on the field.

The South fought a losing battle that day and in the general retreat one field piece was abandoned. Clarence Willson rallied some of his comrades and put this cannon into action and served to such good purpose — aiming the piece himself — that three guns of the opposing artillery were dismantled. Then in the face of a general advance he brought up the remaining horses to save his gun. But the enemy had gotten his range and shelled his position terrifically. His two lead horses and the riders were instantly

¹⁰ Harvey Lambert. Mollie doesn't mention Tirza Lambert, his wife, who presumably had died. Note that Tirzah Patterson mentions Tirza Lambert's early death (see p. 3, n.1). See also n.5, above.

¹¹ Brown and Tirzah Patterson's first child, born July 31, 1863. For more on Brown, see Letter 17.



Illustration 8. Clarence W. Willson, about age 28. Perhaps dressed up for his wedding? Author of Letter 16.

killed by a direct hit. [*Riders*": a term used in the in the military for either of the two lead horses in a team a team hitched to pull a piece of artillery.] He took his took his two horses from the caisson [*the ammunition wagon*] and limbered it [*attached it*] to the *it*] to the cannon and replaced the killed leaders leaders with the two remaining horses. Just then Just then the lead horse was hit but not knocked knocked down, and his men hesitated to mount mount him.

Clarence then said if anyone would take his take his horse, he would take the cannon off the off the field. Capt. Marquis took his horse and and Clarence mounted the wounded horse, and horse, and drove wildly down the hill, through a through a thick forest of heavy timber to the crest the crest of the next hill, where his valiant horse horse crumbled down under him ... He again again unlimbered his piece and went into action, action, covering the stubborn retreat of the left

the left wing of Imboden's command. W. Brown Patterson [*see pp. 41-44*] and James W. Wallace [*see p. 48*] were fighting in this wing. (*Memoirs*, pp. 10-11)

This battle was on Sunday, June 5, 1864, the very day when family and friends were gathered to pay their respects to the family of Brown Craig as his body arrived back at Montezuma. The letter we now come to, dated September 19, 1864, was written three and a half months later. Clarence was at Camp Monticello, a Confederate military base near Charlottesville, receiving additional training himself and at the same time helping to train new recruits.

LETTER 16. FROM LT, CLARENCE WILLSON TO HIS SISTER, TIRZAH PATTERSON, SEP. 19, 1864.

Camp Monticello, Sept 19th, 1864

Dear Sister,

I received the box you sent me, yesterday, and am deeply indebted to you for it. I was very much surprised when Sandy Moffett told me you intended sending me one. Had never thought of such a thing, though it came at a very good time. All the boys in the mess have gotten boxes except myself. But of course they cannot think anything of it, for they knew how I am situated.¹

You say I must appreciate this box. If you could only have seen us, the way we pitched into it, you would have thought we appreciated it. Who was that little parcel for, that was in the box? Asa Brooks claimed it. Says he knows you put it in there for him.

I suppose you heard of the picnic Captain had at Monticello last Thursday. There were several ladies from Staunton down. The rest were from Charlottesville [*p. 2*] and around in the neighborhood. I believe they had a very nice time. A lot of our boys

Notes to Letter 16

¹ The point is that as an orphan Clarence was not expected to receive food boxes. His mother, Sallie (Blackwood) Willson, died in 1857; his father, John P. Willson, in March, 1862.

went up during the day. They say they had a very nice dinner. I did not go up until that night. They danced all night. Several of our boys danced. I did not contribute anything there, for I did not participate.

I received a letter from Sis yesterday. She and Mary² intend to start to Rock-bridge soon.³ I would like very much to get home before they start, but don't know if I can or not. Would like to get home about the time Mary leaves there.

[*We have a new officer train*]⁴ ing us now, by the name of Colona. I like him very well, though he is very strict. Makes us A C[*ompany*] Officers recite lessons to him out of Gilham's tactics every day.

As the mail is about to start, I will have to stop.

Write soon. Your aff., C. W. Wilson



Brown Patterson, "It Is in God's Hand"

Brown was convinced, as he wrote this letter, that the end of the war was very close. The unit he was part of was defending Petersburg. If it fell, the Union forces would be within striking distance of Richmond. One of the more interesting aspects of Brown's letter is his mention, in paragraph 3, of the meeting that we now know as the Hampton Roads Peace Conference. A fuller description of that peace conference will be included at the end of his letter.

LETTER 17. FROM BROWN PATTERSON, DEFENDING PETERSBURG, TO HIS WIFE, TIRZAH (WILLSON) PATTERSON, FEBRUARY 12, 1865.

Feb. 12, 65

Dear Tirzah,

I have got back to camp again. We left camp last Thursday night about three o'clock. Last last [*repetition in the original*] night, a while before midnight, we were out lying through the woods watching the Yankees. We seen some Yankees, but we did not move as our object was to find out their movements.

They moved their lines yesterday evening about night. Went back. Some think there is a big move on hand. We are throwing up breast works all through here, have thrown up about three or four miles last week, have about one thousand men at work, don't know how far they are to be extended. Most of the soldiers wants the negroes put in the army. I was opposed to it at first, but have changed my mind. I believe that is the shortest way to end the war. So I hope they [*p. 2*] may put in everyone between the age of 18 and 45.

After seeing what our commissioners done [*the Hampton Roads Peace Conference*], don't think the war can stop until we are starved out [*access to food supplies was now blocked in all four directions*]. It seems to be the object of our rulers to prolong the war if possible. I have no idea that we got the true statements of what past between our commissioners and Abe Lincoln. They found they could not get what they wanted and concluded they would put a stop to the peace question. I judge this from their ac-

² "Sis" was Ophelia, Clarence's twin; Mary was his older sister.

³ Mary had mentioned in her letter that she and Sis were thinking of moving. See page 38, n. 8.

⁴ In the original letter, the words in brackets are on a crease and are now illegible. The approximate shapes of the words remain, along with a few risers. The words that I have supplied are my best guess.

tions heretofore and the accounts of it in the northern papers. I have about come to the conclusion to be a war man. I want every one to get their fill of it, and think with God's protection I can stand it as long as any one else, but have no idea we will ever get our independence unless providence shows very plainly it is his hand and not ours.¹

I seen Jim Coyner yesterday. He says Casper was not in the fight. Tell Mary Jane the old stone wall run, as usual. [*p. 3*] It is so. She was sending me word that she wanted her old man's name to stay on the old stone wall roll. I sent her word that I never wanted my name on the roll. It has fallen from grace.²

Gen. Lee gives Pegram's Brigade the praise in last Monday fight. I feel like we lost the only officer we had that was any account. He was a nice man, made himself free with every one, and a fine officer. He was killed while trying to rally some North Carolina troops.³

Col. Hoffman had his foot taken off. The papers say he is dead. It is not so, he was living Friday. I hope he may get well, but never want him in command any more. Col. Casey has command of the Brigade. It is said that he is a coward. I know nothing about him. His Reg. has a bad reputation. Our little captain will be court-martialed in a short time for cowardice. He will be put in the ranks. I pity his Father more than him. The boys here say he [*p. 4*] always would run in a fight. He is a right clever little feller, but has no business in command of of [*repetition in the original*] a company. He was promoted a short time since to Capt. It will be a come down on him, pore feller. I hope Sid Moffatt has got home before this. If so you can get all the news from him.

We had a fine sermon from Mr. Lepps⁴ today. He went on to show how much we needed a Savior and what a great thing it is to have one in times of trouble. Made his discourse very plain.

I have heard no word from my Cavalry exchange yet. I wrote to John A. Patterson⁵ to push it up. If I don't hear from some of them soon, I intend to write to ... [*three or four words are indecipherable because of a discolored paper-fold*] for cavalry.

Notes to Letter 17

¹ For further information on the Hampton Roads Peace Conference, see below. Brown seems to be expressing desperation. He finds efforts for peace to be unavailing, and he judges that continuing the war will simply lead to ever-growing destruction and finally defeat. Any other outcome could only be by divine intervention. So he concludes hopelessly that the Confederacy, including blacks, must fight on until everyone on all sides "get their fill of it."

² "The old stone wall" refers to the Stonewall Jackson Brigade. This cavalry unit still bore a proud name, but its fighting reputation had declined steeply. Brown tells us that when fighting the enemy at Petersburg, the unit had "run, as usual." Jackson himself died in May, 1863, at Chancellorsville.

³ Brigadier General John Pegram was well known as the leader of a cavalry brigade. While fighting in the defense of Petersburg, he was killed at Dabney's Mills on February 6, 1865, a week before Brown wrote his letter. The Confederacy viewed his death as a tragedy comparable to the deaths of Stonewall Jackson and J.E.B. Stuart.

⁴ James Henry Lepps, a Presbyterian minister and a CSA chaplain, 1862 to 1865.

⁵ The John A. Patterson (Sr.) family at Harriston, Virginia (about ten miles from Barterbrook), had ten children. Brown's older brother, John A. Patterson (Jr.), was second oldest of the ten. He was twenty years older than Brown, who was the youngest. (*See Genealogical Chart XI-b and j, p. 116.*)

You wanted to know if I could not get home on a meat detail. I tried to get one but it played out before I could get one. I did not intend you to know anything about it. I was afraid it would fail and did not want to disappoint you. Would rather surprise you.

[*Top margin of p. 1.*] Bill Shiry, Pelter and Clint Hall were here today. They are all well. John Churchman is in the hospital. Bob Cochran has been sent to North Ca(rolina) Hospital. I forgot to send Bettie's card⁶ in my last. Will try and not forget this time. I would not have written today but afraid I would not have time tomorrow. Will stop and finish in the morning.

My love to you all. Tell the darkies howdy. Kiss Bettie.⁷ I would like to see her very much, not only her but you and the rest.

From your ever affec. husband, W.B.Patterson

The Hampton Roads Peace Conference

By late 1864, serious-minded men, both Confederate and Union, were trying to find ways to end the war and reestablish the American union. Such proposals finally reached the desk of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, and he tried to contact Lincoln. Although we now know that Davis's message was directed to the War Department rather than the White House, nevertheless a peace meeting was arranged. Neither the South nor the North officially endorsed the meeting, but both sides were willing to let it happen.

The meeting, which has come to be called the "Hampton Roads Peace Conference," was held on February 3, 1865. President Lincoln and Secretary of State William H. Seward represented the Federal side. President Jefferson Davis appointed well-respected citizens to represent the Confederacy: Vice-president Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and J. A. Campbell. The five men met on the naval ship *River Queen*, in the Hampton Roads.

They met in complete isolation, and no minutes of the meeting were recorded. However, all five men later made public statements about what happened. President Lincoln laid out the conditions that must be met if peace were to be achieved: reunion of the states, emancipation of slaves, cessation of hostilities, and disbandment of all Confederate forces.

The Southern commissioners were prepared to accept emancipation, though they hoped that remuneration of former owners might be possible. The more difficult problem for them was whether returning states would be treated as full states within the union, or simply as conquered territory. They could not find reassurance on this point, and the peace negotiations failed.

Brown's Final Two Months in the Military and his Return to Postwar Life

⁶ "Bettie's card" is obscure. This Bettie is apparently not Brown's little daughter of the same name (see below, n. 7). Possibly Brown is forwarding a piece of someone's mail that he thought would be of interest to Tirzah—perhaps news about Bob Cochran?

⁷ Brown Patterson's first child, born July 31, 1863. She was about one and one-half years old as Brown was writing. At the time of the letter, Tirzah, Brown's wife, was once again pregnant. The baby about to be born, who turned out to be a son, would be named for Brown Craig, as a memorial to him.

BCP tells us “Brown Patterson was wounded at Petersburg and was in the home of Mr. Mofett in Richmond, recuperating, when the federal flag paraded through the city [*April 3*].” When Lee capitulated, on April 9, 1865, the war in Virginia ended. After Brown had sufficiently recovered from his wounds, even though he was still suffering from malaria he returned to Barterbrook (*Illus. 20, p. 74*), to Tirzah, and to his little daughter, Bettie.

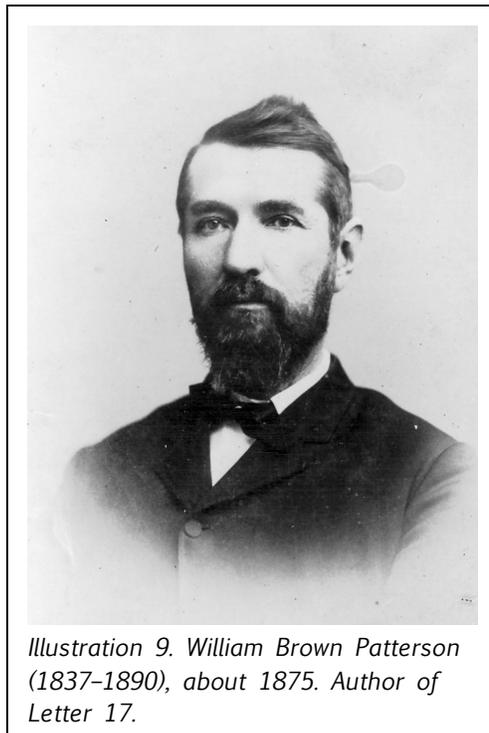
(Further information about Brown Patterson’s life and character may be found on pp. 96–97, in a 1929 letter written by his son Craig. Illus. 9, below, is his portrait photograph.) □

A Personal Note Regarding a Dubious Item of Oral History

I was in Tinkling Spring in the summer of 1944. When I told people I would be going to Washington and Lee University in the fall, some members of the Tinkling Spring older generation congratulated me that I would be following in the footsteps of Houston, my father, who attended W&L, 1915–1919; and of Craig, my grandfather, there in 1883–1887; and of William Brown, my great-grandfather, there in 1855–1856, when it was still Washington College.

But why did Brown leave after just one year? Several people, speaking with assurance, explained to me that he had been sent home from college, or in effect dismissed, because he had been found carrying a gun on campus — a practice strictly forbidden in those tense years before the Civil War. Forty years were to pass before I had a chance to check this out by a visit to the W&L archives. With the help of an archivist, I found that Brown had indeed been a student in 1855–1856, and also that he did not return after that single year. But no records indicate he was sent home in the spring of 1856, for carrying a gun or for any other reason, and neither was any other student. So I conclude that this little item of oral history is uncorroborated. (I might add

that family records also fail to support it. See Craig’s comment on page 96, lines 3–5.) □



Chapter 8

Life Goes On

The war was over, and people needed to get on with their lives. Their farms were still there. But new barns and houses had to be built, fences repaired, fields planted, and animals restocked. A major difficulty was the collapse of Confederate money, taking with it any bank deposits based on that currency. People could barter. Those who had collected a few gold coins could cash them. Tirzah tells us how she guarded one of her treasures at a time she felt threatened:

The enemy came through the next day [*after the Battle of Piedmont*], but were in too big a hurry to do much damage. We'd hidden everything we could hide. I had put on ten yards of fine calico for which I had paid \$100.00 a yard in Confederate money, as a bustle, and no one was the wiser. (*Memoirs*, p. 12)

Former slaves, now liberated, tended mostly to hold on to their previous family relationships, continuing to live in familiar quarters and to work for people they knew. They now were able to leave a job when they wanted to. But the deep economic depression that hit the South after the war discouraged venturesome moves.

Tirzah recorded how that early postwar period seemed to her:

The news of Lee's surrender was not unexpected. There was no reason we should feel ashamed, for the South had fought gallantly, with great heroism. The best blood of the South was shed. There was no humility, simply tragedy ... Barns and houses had been burnt, all foodstuff had been destroyed. There was no livestock, no fences. We found the tyranny of reconstruction was far worse than anything we had as yet suffered, yet not one word of complaint did we make. Waste places were built up. There were men in those days ready to put their hands to whatever was needed for their reclamation. (*Memoirs*, p. 15)

The "first" John P. Willson family was more depleted by the war than the "second." Clemenza and her husband and children would soon be going west in an oxcart. Philander and his family, still in Washington, had escaped the main destruction of the war. But John was dead. Matt had once more disappeared. And the elder Mr. Willson had died during the war, meaning the "first" family would soon be entirely absent from Stuarts Draft. As for the "second" family, only Tirzah, married to Brown Patterson and living at Barterbrook, had really settled down. Mary and Ophelia were still unmarried. Both Dave and Clarence had returned from the war alive, but neither of them had any immediate prospects for marriage and both needed a way to make a living.

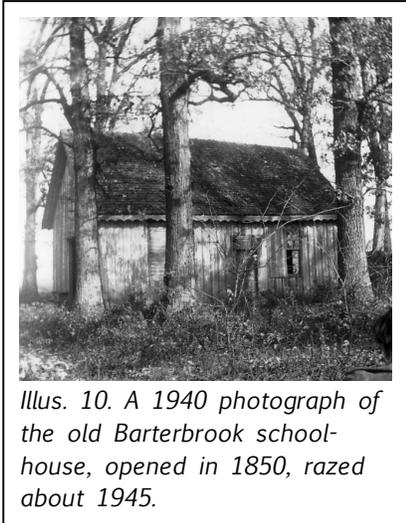
Mary, Ophelia, and Clarence will be our subjects for this chapter. Mary and Ophelia, soon married, settled quite near to their former Stuarts Draft home — Mary in Waynesboro, Ophelia just over the line into Rockbridge County, in Spottswood. Clarence accepted a job that took him to Natchez, Mississippi, much further away. But Natchez, thought distant, was still considered by the Virginia siblings to be within the bounds of civilization.

Clemenza and David, however, ventured out into the unknown plains of the West. They both ended up in Handley, Texas, a township a few miles east of Fort Worth. We will reserve for Chapter 9 our consideration of how the two Texas branches of the family fared.

Mary Willson Marries Emmett Brooks, Lives in Waynesboro

When we were last in contact with Mary (“Mollie”), she was writing a letter to her younger brother Clarence, then a lieutenant in the Confederate army (*Letter 15*). That was in September of 1864. She was thinking of moving to Rockbridge County, probably to become a teacher.

But real life is sometimes unpredictable. Within a year she got married. Craig tells us that Mary’s only child, Emmette, a daughter, was a year younger than himself and a year older than Blackwood, which narrows down the date for Emmette’s birth to 1866. So Mary was married in 1865. We know nothing about Mary’s courtship with Emmett Brooks, but we do know that Confederate soldiers were coming home from the battlefield in 1865. Emmett may have been among them.¹



Illus. 10. A 1940 photograph of the old Barterbrook school-house, opened in 1850, razed about 1945.

After Emmett and Mary were married they settled near Waynesboro. Emmett died on April 12, 1867, age twenty-six. Craig tells us nothing about the circumstances of his death, only that “[*after*] Uncle Emmett died... Aunt Mary made our home her home.” Mary secured a teaching position at the Barterbrook School (*Illus. 10*), a grade school that had opened to students in 1850. Wm. Brown Patterson attended the school, 1850-53, and Craig, 1873-81. Craig recalled that “Aunt Mary taught us for several years and was a fine teacher and bright

woman.” She may have been his teacher for the fourth and fifth grades. Emmette, her daughter who was so near in age to Craig and Blackwood, became practically their sister.

Craig was in a reminiscent mood when he recorded the following story about his Aunt Mary:

When the children of the family, Craig, Emmette, and Blackwood, were about eight to eleven years old [*about 1876*], Aunt Mary had to go to a neighbor’s to help nurse a sick patient during a night. At dusk the three children escorted her the mile down to the home. There had been a storm in the afternoon and puddles were still on the road. When we were on the way we amused ourselves by jumping over them. Aunt Mary would come up, and gathering her skirts, make a great leap much to our enjoyment. [When we] came to a patch of moonshine, trusting to her careless inspection, we would jump it. When she, thinking it was water, cleared it with skirts flying, we were delighted. Seeing the error, she said, “You rascally imps, I’ll not jump another puddle-moonshine for you.” So the next time we came to a puddle, we made a great show of jumping it. She, with head up, walked into it. We could not contain ourselves. She was well caught and saw the fun of it. She had to change foot-gear, but it was worth it—for us!

Four years after this incident, that is, in 1880, a letter from Craig to his Aunt Mary says that she was just then attending “the University” (*Letter 21, par. 6*). Any good Virginian knows that “the University” means the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. His letter was mailed in early August, apparently reaching Mary while she was taking some summer courses at the University.

¹ Clarence Willson, in *Letter 16*, mentions a certain Asa Brooks as a family friend (*see p. 40*). Probably Asa Brooks and Emmett Brooks were related, but I don’t know how.



Illustration 11. Emmette E. Brooks, about 1884. Author of Letter 23.

Two years after that, in December, 1882, Mary sent Craig and Blackwood a postcard from Waynesboro (*Postal Card 3*, p. 64). It had to do with planning Christmas events. She invited Craig and Blackwood to join others in going to the train station on Christmas day to greet incoming boarding-school students. Mary's daughter, Emmette (*Illus. 11*), would be among those arriving.

That is about all we know about Mary's life at Barterbrook, or at least all I know from the records I had available. Mary Willson Brooks died on May 17, 1895.

We may know more about her daughter Emmette than we do about Mary. Tirzah's packet includes three of Emmette's 1882-'83 boarding-school letters to Craig and Blackwood. Further on we will see one of them (*Ltr. 23*, pp. 62-63). About ten years after those letters, September 18, 1891, Emmette married William Ballard ("Bal") Smith (*Illus. 12*), of

Greeneville, Virginia. Craig notes: "I married this couple a few days before I sailed for China," that is, just after his ordination qualified him to perform weddings. Probably Emmette and Bal's wedding was the last formal ministerial function that Craig would perform in America for the next ten years. The voyage to China that he speaks of was his initial trip there (see *Postcard 4*, p. 89).

If Mary, an educator at heart, had been still with us in 1945, she would have been pleased to learn that Earl Crum, professor of Greek at Lehigh University, had been made administrative director of Germany's ancient Heidelberg University after World War II. Prof. Crum was the husband of Mary Lyle Smith, Mary's granddaughter and Emmette and Bal's first child.

(For Emmette and Bal's children and grandchildren, see *Genealogical Chart VIII*.) □

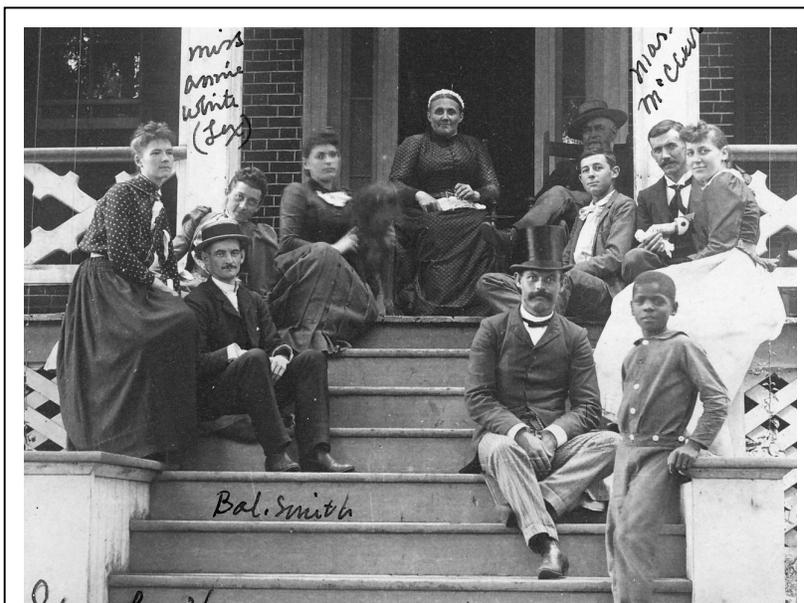


Illustration 12. A group of Bethel Church people and friends, about 1888. On the porch are the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. [Archibald A.?] Sproul. At front left is Annie White, of Lexington. Just behind her, in a straw hat, is Bal Smith, who later married Emmette Brooks. To the right is Marshall McClure, black tie, no hat, later an elder at Bethel. (The party must have been pretty special if honored guests were conveyed there in a carriage by the man in a top hat, with the help of his uniformed young assistant.)

Ophelia Willson Marries James Wallace, Lives in Spottswood



Illus. 13. Ophelia Willson, about 1869, her year of marriage. Author of Letter 18.

When Mollie wrote her 1864 letter to Clarence (*Letter 15*), seventeen-year-old Ophelia, or “Sis,” was staying with her in the Blackwood home. At some point, perhaps in 1865 when Mary was about to marry Emmett Brooks, Ophelia decided to move over and stay with Tirzah and Brown Patterson at their Barterbrook home.

Several years later, about 1868 or 1869, Ophelia married James William Wallace. (*We don’t know the exact date of the marriage, but Ophelia uses her married name in Letter 18, below, dated December 28, 1869.*) Craig later recalled how Mr. Wallace, “Uncle Jim,” enjoyed visiting back and forth with Craig’s father, the two of them discussing farm affairs and church affairs. Craig adds:

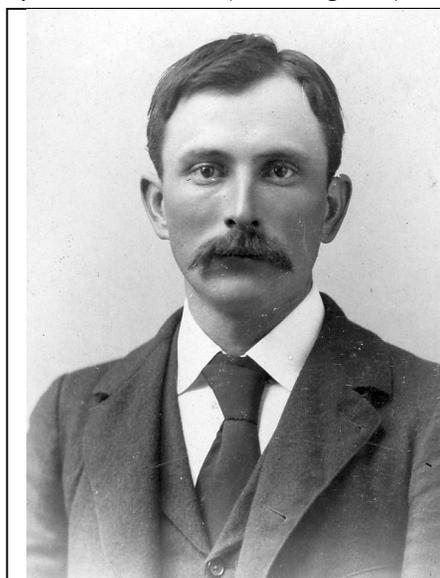
Uncle Jim was very fond of horses and always had fine ones and kept them in the very best of form. An elder in the Bethel Church and a fine farmer...

Their home at Spottswood, Virginia, was just over the line into Rockbridge County. They attended Bethel Presbyterian Church (*Illus. 6, p. 18*), also south of Staunton. In 1873 Mr. Wallace was elected to be an elder in the Bethel Church, and eventually he became the clerk of session there.

“Aunt Ophelia” and “Uncle Jim” had three children, all sons. (1) The eldest, Clarence (*Illus. 14*), was about five years younger than Craig. Tirzah preserved one of his childhood letters to Craig (*Letter 22, p. 61*). As it turned out, he never married. Craig tells us that in later life Clarence was in the hotel business:

Clarence Wallace...showed me the large hotel on Signal Mountain² of which he was in charge. A jolly, happy, kind man...

(2) The second son, Harry, became a medical doctor. He was one of the last people to see Tirzah when she was in her final illness and near death (*see p. 99*). (3) The third son, Robert, became a Presbyterian minister. All three



Illus. 14. Clarence Wallace, ca. 1898. At age thirteen, he was the author of Letter 22.

² Is this the Signal Mountain near Chattanooga? Possibly. Craig may have been in Chattanooga as a visiting missionary speaker. If so, he probably visited not only Clarence Wallace but also the Ed Newells (*q.v., pp. 51-52*). Mrs. Newell, née Georgie Willson, was the daughter of Craig’s Uncle Clarence Willson.

sons left the farm to become professionals. This was at about the turn of the century, when there was a growing tendency for next-generation members of Scots-Irish families in the Valley of Virginia to leave the farms and go into professions.

Craig's reminiscences also provide a glimpse of his Aunt Ophelia:

Aunt Ophelia Wallace [was] a queen in her own home, [her] face radiant as she made a conquest of some stranger.

When Craig's spoke of her as a "queen," I think he meant that she knew well how to handle social relationships and that she was a caring and friendly person—as mother, as aunt, as hostess. She died at age fifty-six, in February, 1901. Her obituary speaks of "her gentle presence."

Letter 18, really only a note, dates from early in Ophelia's marriage. It tells us only a little about her life, but surely it reveals a lively personality. (The note is dated, but the recipient is not named and the closing signature is difficult. See further discussion in footnotes 1 and 5.)

(More on the Wallace family is found in Genealogical Chart X, p. 115. For the obituaries of both Ophelia Wallace and James Wallace, see Appendix II, p. 106.)

LETTER 18. OPHELIA (WILLSON) WALLACE (TO HER SISTER, TIRZAH PATTERSON¹), DEC. 28, 1869.

Tuesday Noon, Dec 28/69²

I posted off to Staunton Monday, leaving the letter that I had written, and which I now enclose for want of time to write more. I am so forgetful that I fear I am losing my mind. I dread it the more for I know of a young man who left here this morning for the lunatic asylum,³ a Mr. McGilvary. 'Tis so distressing to see one.

I was at Mrs. Gilkeson's last night, at the Xmas tree. It was a success — the children were delighted. David played "Santa Clause" very well indeed, brought all of us something. You are not interested so much in any of them as mine. I received a watch pocket from Cousin Annie, a pretty one, not so pretty as the one you gave me. Cousin Ben and Brainard both received the same kind of presents and insisted that theirs were prettier than mine. This morning, I brought out that one you gave me, and carried off the palm without any troubles. Brainard said he wished he had never seen it. It hurt him to think mine was so much prettier.

I have your New Year's gift. Will take it to you when Georgia sets a time to go down to stay with you, your promised week. [*Is Georgia perhaps a family member who is planning a visit?*]

Notes to Letter 18

¹ The recipient is a woman (she knows how to sew). She is not Ophelia's mother (who died in 1857). She is a close friend or a sister (the writer of the letter pokes fun at herself, calling herself "your Servant"). Ophelia, recently married, had moved out from Tirzah's home. So to identify the recipient as Tirzah seems plausible. And after all, Tirzah is the one who finally preserved the letter.

² While the year-numerals in the original text look like "69," they are admittedly difficult to read with certainty. Some confirmation may come from the fact that December 28, 1869, *was* a Tuesday.

³ The insane asylum was and still is an established Staunton institution. Until fairly recent times, when a "lunatic" escaped from the asylum, a large bell on the campus would be tolled loudly enough to be heard city-wide — a procedure reported to have panicked all the girls in the various Female Seminaries.

Two negroes are fighting in the street,⁴ confusing me so much that I cannot write. Forgive me for not writing sooner, and love me as you are loved by your Servant,

O⁵ W. Wallace



Clarence W. Willson Marries Anna Compton, Lives in Natchez

Like Ophelia, his twin, Clarence was born in 1847. We already spoke of his participation in the Civil War at age sixteen, and we have seen his letter from Camp Monticello (*Letter 16*). We also noted that when he returned from the war he needed to find a way to make a living.

That problem was solved when he accepted a job as agent for New York Life Insurance Company. Probably it was this job that caused him to move to Natchez. One notes that three Willson siblings abandoned farming for other careers—the U.S. Patent Office (Philander), gold mining (Matt), insurance (Clarence). But that means, of course, that six of them did *not* leave farming.

In the late fall of 1879, Clarence married Mrs. Anna Compton. (I will try to avoid confusion by speaking of her as Anna Compton I.) Born Anna Nicols, she married Mr. Charles Shaw Compton in 1872. He died, however, at the age of thirty-eight, on July 16, 1876 (see *“Compton and Cromartie Ancestry,”* p. 4). Anna was left with two young daughters—Anna II, not quite three when her father died, and Charles (“Charlie”), born four months after her father died and, we may suppose, named for him. After Clarence married Anna Compton, her daughters, Anna II and Charlie, continued using the surname of “Compton,” but a genuine father-daughter relationship developed that would last through life. In 1880, Clarence and Anna (I) had a daughter of their own. They named her Georgie. (See *Genealogical Chart IX*, p. 114.)

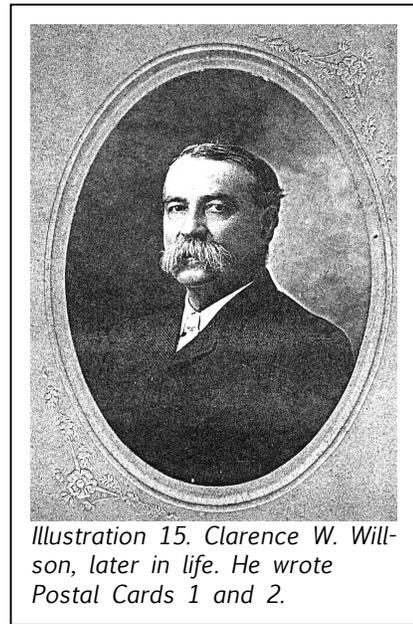


Illustration 15. Clarence W. Willson, later in life. He wrote Postal Cards 1 and 2.

When Craig, in later life, thought back about his Uncle Clarence, he wrote:

I would like to tell of Uncle Clarence’s war experiences, of his hunting, of his fleeing to Virginia from the ravages of the yellow fever, of his kind, hearty, and happy laugh.

Craig gives us a promising introduction here, but he doesn’t amplify it. Maybe we can make a try at that. On war experiences, see the dramatic story of Clarence’s rescue of a cannon in the 1864 Battle of Piedmont (*above*, pp. 39-40). On hunting, all I can say is that deer were plentiful in Clarence’s part of Mississippi. On the ravages of yellow fever, we may note that sections of Southern states adjacent to the Mississippi River were prone to mosquito infestation, and from 1865 to 1878 epidemics of yellow fever occurred more or less annually. The affected territory

⁴ Farms didn’t have streets nearby. Presumably Ophelia was in Staunton.

⁵ The signature is difficult. The opening squiggles *may* be read as a fancy “O,” so the name would be Ophelia Willson Wallace. The “W.Wallace” is clear enough. At a stretch, the squiggles may be read “Sis.”

stretched from New Orleans to Memphis, the severity of epidemics varying in different years. People tried to move away during summers, and Clarence apparently used the opportunity to make a visit back to Virginia. As we saw, Anna's first husband, Mr. Compton, a cotton farmer, died relatively young. His death was in the summer of 1876, in the Delta county of Leflore. No major epidemic occurred in 1876 (in contrast to 1875 and 1878), but all the same the disease was prevalent, and it is at least a possible cause for Mr. Compton's early death.

Clarence's older brother in Texas, David Willson, often mentioned Clarence in his letters to Tirzah. In a letter of September 24, 1894 (*Letter 32, p. 84*), he wrote:

I am glad Clarence has had such a good time. No doubt he worked hard for it, and deserved it. That programme was just splendid. It would be hard to find a fellow who would appreciate it more.

What "programme"? And why did Clarence, aged forty-seven, so appreciate it? We don't know. The statement, then, is enigmatic for us, but both here and elsewhere Clarence himself comes through as a person of energy, enthusiasm, and good spirits. We already saw these characteristics in his spontaneous rescue of a cannon at Piedmont. All in all, Clarence and his twin, Ophelia, seem to have personalities that match one another pretty well.

Turning back to Craig's writings, we find among them a brief note about Anna Compton I: "I would like to tell of Aunt Anna and her gentle, sweet dignity." As with Clarence, so here, Craig gives us an interesting introductory comment but does not amplify it. (*But Anna's obituary is helpful. See Appendix II, p. 107.*)

The *eldest daughter* of Clarence and Anna Compton was Anna Compton II. She married John Blackwood Patterson I (*Genealogical Chart XVI, p. 118*), and they lived at the old Guthrie home at Barterbrook, "Montezuma."

The *second daughter* was Charles Cromartie Compton. I don't have much information about her, but a few facts can be found in *Genealogical Chart IX, p. 114*.

The *third daughter*, Georgie Willson, was born at Mound, Mississippi, in 1880, in the early years of Clarence and Anna Compton's marriage. In later life Georgie married Dr. Ed Newell of Chattanooga (*Chart IX, p. 114*). Clarence mailed the two postcards below from Georgie's Chattanooga home to the Barterbrook home of his eldest daughter, Anna Compton II.

POSTAL CARD 1. FROM CLARENCE WALTER WILLSON, IN CHATTANOOGA, TO HIS STEPDAUGHTER, ANNA COMPTON (II) PATTERSON, AT BARTERBROOK, MARCH 26, 1909.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
3/26. 09 1 P.M.

Dear Anna,

I wired you this A.M., telling of the improvement in the invalids. In the case of the baby,¹ it is simply wonderful. Yesterday, on my arrival at 11 A.M., Clarence and Mr. Jenkins met me at the train, and Clarence's first words were, "Georgie² is doing very well but there is absolutely no hope for the baby"; and Mr. Jenkins said, "I hope you

Notes to Postal Cards 1 and 2

¹ Edward Thomas Newell, II. He did live and he had children of his own (*Genealogical Chart IX*).

² The full daughter of Clarence and Anna Compton I (*Genealogical Chart IX*).

will get there in time.” When I came, they had just taken the baby in to Georgie for her to see, as they supposed, her boy in life for the last time, and you as a mother³ can appreciate the scene. At the present writing the baby’s temperature is absolutely normal, though it took careful treatment and nursing. [Georgie] seems bright, her temperature now is 100¹/₂. A kind Providence watches over us! Will keep you advised by postal. —Papa

POSTAL CARD 2. FROM CLARENCE WALTER WILLSON, IN CHATTANOOGA, TO HIS STEPDAUGHTER, ANNA COMPTON (II) PATTERSON, AT BARTERBROOK, MARCH 28, 1909

Chattanooga, Tenn.
Sunday, 28th, 1 P.M.

Dear A.,

Georgie is getting along nicely now — temperature normal and is resting quietly. She has never been as ill as the baby, whom we thought every minute last night from two o’clock until ten this morning that he would be taken from us. Such hard work I never saw done as that of Ed,⁴ Dunbar, and Dr. Johnson, all of whom were with him. The little fellow is improving now a little, and has a fighting chance.⁵

Everyone here is showing the utmost sympathy. —Papa

□

A Personal Note

In the spring of 1943, my brother Houston and I were two roughshod missionary kids who had only recently returned from China. While we were in Chattanooga attending McCallie School, Georgie Newell and her husband, Dr. Edward Newell I, very graciously invited the two of us to visit them at their home. Mrs. Newell, who had the same “gentle sweet dignity” that Craig saw in her mother, gave us a family memento, a small pre-Civil War Bible that had passed down through the Blackwood and Willson families. The names written on the flyleaf are particularly interesting (*see Illus. 5, p. 17*). In the center is the flourishing signature of Bible’s original owner, the early 19th century Justice of the Peace, Samuel Blackwood. Clustered around it are the more moderate signatures of Samuel’s son, David Blackwood (who never married); his grandson, C. W. Willson (Clarence, who moved to Natchez); and his great-granddaughter, Georgie Willson Newell (Clarence’s daughter and Houston’s and my hostess on that day in 1943). Three of the names have dates, but the dates do not represent births, deaths, or marriages, so their meaning is uncertain. Perhaps they show when the Bible was passed along as a gift.

During Houston’s and my visit with the Newells, I hardly anticipated that at some future date I would be trying to retrace Great-Great-Uncle Clarence’s adventures in the Civil War or his life as a citizen of Natchez. In retrospect, I have to regret that I didn’t explore those things more fully while we were visiting “Cousin Georgie,” and keep a record of what she said! □

³ All four of Anna Compton (II) Patterson’s children had been born by then (*Genealogical Chart XVI*).

⁴ Edward Thomas Newell I was Georgie’s husband, the baby’s father, and a Chattanooga physician.

⁵ The baby did live. See note 1, above.

Chapter 9

“Go West, Young Man”

In 1865, just before the end of the Civil War, Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, published his well-known advice: “Go west, young man, and grow up with the land.” Matthew Willson had already anticipated this advice in 1849, leaving for the California gold fields. At the end of the Civil War, Ben and Clemenza Stuart decided to go west, taking their nine children along. Of course, Ben Stuart was no longer a “young man” in 1865, but the older Stuart boys, in their mid-teens, fit quite nicely into Greeley’s precept. Within a year or two, Clemenza’s younger half brother, Dave Willson, would set out along the same path.

Independence and adventure were nothing new for the Blackwood and Willson families. The flavor of it already appears in the early nineteenth century when Justice of the Peace Samuel Blackwood inscribed these sentiments on the flyleaf of his Bible:

Here is my book,
As God is my witness.
If anyone steals it,
He shall hang by the neck. Amen.
Sl. Blackwood¹

That sounds pretty independence-minded!

Then there was Samuel’s daughter, Sallie Blackwood (*Illus. 2, p. 2*). She was already in her mid-thirties when she took on responsibility for four stepchildren. She moved into a house where a stream of people and animals routinely passed by the front door, and she then added five children of her own. She also took an interest in the health and welfare of the whole community—what medicines they should take and how to take them. A pretty venturesome lady!

In this chapter we will talk about some members of the next generation and their willingness to strike out for a new life. One thinks of Clemenza, riding beside Ben on the driver’s seat of a cart pulled by a team of oxen, setting out for Texas carrying Hute (Houston), her youngest child, still a babe in arms. Or one thinks of David, venturing out alone to Missouri in 1866 or 1867, probably on a horse rather than in an ox-cart. While in Missouri he married. Then he once again made a new start during the United States centennial year of 1876, taking along his young wife and his first two children and migrating further to the West, to Texas. (*Cf. Letter 38, p. 103.*)

We said earlier that by the end of the war Tirzah had “settled down.” But Tirzah had a streak of independence and adventurousness of her own. In 2005, I asked Margaret (Patterson) Mack (*Illus. 16, p. 54*), daughter of Craig Patterson, to look back three quarters of a century and tell me what she remembered about her grandmother. Margaret readily responded in a note:

¹ The poem, all in Samuel’s handwriting, appears on the back of the Bible’s flyleaf pictured in Illustration 5 (*p. 17*). What Samuel actually wrote was four lines of rhyming Latin: *Hic liber est meus, testis est Deus. Si quis furatur, per collum pendatur. Amen. Sl. Blackwood.* William T. Jolly, Professor Emeritus of Classical Languages at Rhodes College, kindly gave me help in making the translation.



Illustration 16. Margaret Patterson, later Mrs. Henry Mack, about 1930.

I thought of how she loved to go. Any time, she was ready. And she went swimming even with her grandchildren. Not always in, but always on the trips. But she did swim at 79, as I remember!!

She made every nickel scream with stretching, every time she spent one. I thought missionary kids were expert at that, but we had a lot to learn from her!

She was always very neat in her dressing. I remember the black ribbon that she always wore pinned up tight around her neck, with a pretty pin (see Ills. 26 and 27, on pp. 95 and 99).

Margaret's comment about how Tirzah "loved to go" seems particularly appropriate as we turn to the Stuarts and to David Willson.

Clemenza and Ben Stuart, Off to Missouri, Then Texas

After the Stuarts gathered up their family and set out on their ox-drawn trip to Missouri in 1865, and then continued to Texas in 1867, their contact with Virginia tended to fade. Tirzah had no letters from them in her packet. (*However, Jimmie Stuart later corresponded with Craig Patterson. See Letter 37, pp. 100-101.*) What we knew about the Stuarts' journey to Texas increased considerably when someone clipped the little newspaper article below and sent it to Craig.¹ The clipping is a column called "From a Woman's Corner," by Edith Alterman Guedry, a feature that appeared regularly in the *Fort Worth Press*. The issue of February 16th, 1945, centers on Howard Houston Stuart or "Hute," the ninth and last child of Clemenza and Benjamin Stuart [*see Genealogical Chart IV, p. 111*]. Even though the column was written long after Ben and Clemenza died, it manages to tell us a fair amount about their trip to Texas and their life afterwards.

H. H. STUART, WHO IS 80 TODAY, CAME TO FORT WORTH THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO

Mr. Stuart [*i.e., Hute*] came here in an ox wagon with his parents and eight brothers and sisters. Shortly after the Civil War, his father had sold their plantation in Staunton, Va., and had started out for Texas, his pockets loaded with Confederate money, but by the time he arrived in Missouri, he found that the Confederate money was no good. There he was with nine children, a wife and an ox team and a wallet of money that was not worth the paper it was written on.

There was only one thing to do, pause awhile and farm, but always he kept his eyes on Texas. Two years later he had saved enough money, so he hitched his wagon again, loaded in the nine children and with his wife beside him on the front seat, headed his oxen toward Texas.

His first home was at Arlington [*about five miles east of Handley, Texas*]. He was attracted by the good sandy soil for farming. Later through Mr. Handley, for whom the town of

¹ Craig Patterson's regular correspondent with the Stuarts was Jimmie Stuart. But Jimmie had died by the date of this clipping, 1945. Probably the person who clipped and sent it was Annie (Wilson) Carrington, Dave Wilson's oldest child. She lived near Fort Worth — *in it* after the city expanded. After Craig's retirement in 1939, he regularly corresponded with Annie on matters of family history, until her death in 1952. For a photograph of Annie Carrington during her later years, see p. 102.

Handley was named, he bought some land which is now the site of the White Lake Dairy, Stop Oakland.² The nine children were a real asset in this pioneering farm life.

Mr. Stuart [*Hute, not Ben*] is the only survivor. All of his family lies buried at Mt. Olivet. His father, who lies there, is a first cousin of General J.E.B. Stuart, Civil War general. His mother, who lies there, is a first cousin of President Woodrow Wilson.

One of Mr. Stuart's [*Hute's*] first jobs in the pioneering community of Fort Worth was to split rails for the first railroad.³ He was eleven years old at the time and was invited to ride on the train when it made its first trip. But he, like many others, refused because he was afraid it would not be safe.

The only time Mr. Stuart has been away from Fort Worth was in 1909 when he took his family and went to Cripple Creek [*a gold rush mining camp in central Colorado*] and took up mining. When the strike broke out there, he headed back to Fort Worth again.⁴

Let's face it: some of the facts recorded here have been doctored. With regard to the statement that Hute's father, Ben Stuart, was one of J.E.B. Stuart's first cousins, Craig wrote a one-word marginal note: "*error.*" He also rejected the claim that Hute's mother, Clemenza Willson, was a first cousin to President Woodrow Wilson. Craig also inserted question marks next to "ox team" and "Arlington." However, horses were very scarce after the Civil War, and people *did* use oxcarts for travel in those days. And Arlington, near Handley, is reasonable as a first landing place for the Stuarts when they reached Texas. So we will let those two items go unchallenged.

Whatever problems the 1945 clipping has, it still gives us the best account we have of the Stuarts' migration, and much of the information is convincing. We learn how quickly the Stuarts departed from Virginia at the end of the Civil War, we learn that they used an oxcart for the trip (or at least the article says that), we learn that they resided for several years in Missouri, and again several years in Arlington, Texas, before they moved on to Handley. We learn that all nine children were born before the family left Virginia. And we now know that all members of the original Stuart family, except for Hute, had died by 1945 and were buried at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

The clipping never says that Hute's father, Ben Stuart, applied for a land-grant, either in Missouri or in Texas. Considering Ben's large family, one wonders how he saved up enough in a year or two to buy even a residence, much less a farm.

When we presented Mrs. Guedry's column, earlier, we omitted the first three paragraphs. But now we will return to them, because they fill in the picture of Hute's life in Texas.

A Cluny lace cloth combined with hand-woven linen made from flax which his mother [*Clemenza*] spun will be used with coal oil lamps on a birthday table at open house tonight honoring Mr. Howard Houston Stuart, 80. His wife and his only daughter, Mrs. Bert Phillips, will be hostesses to about 150 guests (no formal invitations have been issued) between 8 and 10 p.m. at the Stuart home, 1516 Hurley.

² "White Lake Dairy, Stop Oakland" doesn't make sense. Perhaps the comma needs to be moved one word to the right, to read: "White Lake Dairy Stop, Oakland."

³ The split rails must have been for a rail fence to keep animals off the tracks. Railroads also used lumber for crossties, but the crossties had to be sawed to a standard size and shape rather than split.

⁴ The gold rush at Cripple Creek flourished about 1892 to 1910. It was a rough town, and the miners' strikes sometimes included gunfire. Hute was forty-four when he went to Cripple Creek, taking along Myrtle Moore, his wife of fifteen years, and Ethel Mae, his only child, about fourteen in 1909.

A little more than a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Stuart celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They are still having fun. They play rummy. They go to parties. They have a garden. They entertain their family. Recently their only grandson, Lt. Bert L. Phillips, was in from Pope Field, N.C., and they celebrated with a dinner.

Mr. Stuart, a tall, erect man, is still on the staff of Bewley Mills, where he has been a city salesman for 37 years.⁵

As for the other Stuart boys, many of them took on physically demanding jobs as they were growing into young men — mining, logging, building a new railroad, day labor on farms. Hute, when he was young, worked for a time as a security guard for one of the wealthier men in Fort Worth. In later years, several of the brothers moved to more institutional, urban jobs — sales representative for a manufacturing firm (Hute), mail carrier (Jimmie). Most or all of the seven brothers and two sisters married, and most raised families (*see Genealogical Chart IV, p. 111*).

By the 1920s and '30s, all the family members from Tirzah's generation who had gone to Texas—Clemenza Stuart, Ben Stuart, David Willson—had died. Craig tried to maintain relationships with the next generation of the two Texas families through letters, and sometimes he managed personal visits. For some years he had a rewarding correspondence with Jimmie Stuart, next to the youngest among Clemenza and Ben's children (*see Letter 37, p. 100*). He did the same with Annie (Willson) Carrington, oldest child of Dave Willson (*see Letters 38, 39, pp. 102 and 104*). When Craig was in Fort Worth for the meeting of the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly in 1920, he was able to have a personal visit with Hute. However, Craig's description of that meeting suggests that it did not grow into an on-going relationship:

In 1945 the Stuart family had passed away, all except Houston, the youngest. He is married and has a daughter living in Fort Worth. Saw him in 1920. He was an earnest church worker. For some cause he has cut loose from me and will not write in answer to my repeated letters.⁶ □

David Wilson, Off to Missouri, Later off to Texas

After the Stuarts left Virginia to go west, Dave's turn came next. Craig Patterson tells us a little about how Dave's life developed after the war:

Uncle Dave took up land in Missouri in 1866 or '67. Married. [*Was*] poor [*and*] moved to Texas. Good man and hard worker, remained poor. At Mother's invitation, visited her about 1920-plus." [*I think the date was earlier. See discussion, p. 87.*]

Instead of saying that Dave "bought" land, Craig says that he "took up land in Missouri." I think it is probably safe to suggest that Dave used a land-grant to secure his first farm. Such a grant required five years of occupancy to achieve outright ownership. According to Craig, Dave went to Missouri in 1866, and according to Dave's daughter, Annie, he moved to Texas in 1876, the year of the United States centennial (*see Letter 38, the fourth paragraph on p. 103*). So he had ample time to comply with the residency requirement.

⁵ He must have joined Bewley Mills immediately after his 1909 side-trip to Cripple Creek.

⁶ For further information about what may have caused this cooling off, see p. 103, paragraph 3.

Dave's land in Missouri was in the vicinity of Fulton. Dave was there when he wrote Letter 19, just below.¹ It is an interesting letter in itself, and beyond that it helps us to see the kind of life that Dave was living.

LETTER 19. FROM DAVID B. WILSON, IN FULTON, MISSOURI, TO HIS SISTER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1873.

Sept. 28, 1873

Dear Sister,²

I delayed answering your letter, supposing you would see Mary's,³ which would answer my purpose. I now write you the glad tidings of the addition of a great-big boy to our family. He was born last Tuesday, September 23rd, about 15 minutes before the doctor came. Mrs. Nicolson was here and attended to him. Mary had quite an easy time, was only in pain about two hours.

We are having a great deal of wet weather, so much that I am afraid that I will be late getting my wheat sowed. I raised about 100 bush. on my Tobacco ground. I wish you would ask Brown what kind of wheat stands the winter best in Va and [p.2] express me about a peck. I sowed New York premium last year, but don't like it.

The neighbors come in and stay with Mary. I had a woman hired, but she took sick, and went home. It's hard to get help here. The baby weighs 9¹/₂ lbs. Will throw Craig and Blackwood both down the first time he sees them.⁴

Ada Nicolson will have another baby before long.

Annie⁵ is growing finely, is busy now trying to get her shepherd pup to sleep.

Dick Sharp took his baby away last week. Went to the bed and told Mary good-bye. Never thanked her at all for taking care of the baby. She was so completely exhausted taking care of the child, I was afraid she would not have strength for her trial. For 8 months she was up every night from 6 to 12 times. Did not even tell us, when I asked him, where he was going to take the child.

Our love to all. Write soon.

Yours aff., DBW

The closing paragraph tells how a certain Dick Sharp, whose wife had perhaps died in childbirth, asked the Willsons to take care of his new baby—and then proceeded to leave the baby with them for eight months. In the developing western states, among them Missouri, newly immigrated farm families were willing to go a long way to help one another. One may note, too, that Dave's neighbor, Dick Sharp the widower, must have considered Dave and Mary to be trustworthy and responsible people, or he would not have left his baby with them. □

Notes to Letter 19

¹ The letter itself says nothing about Fulton, but the postal cancellation on the envelope does.

² The envelope is addressed to Mrs. W. Brown Patterson, so the recipient was Tirzah.

³ Dave's wife, Mary Dillard. He married after reaching Missouri.

⁴ Craig and Blackwood were eight and six at the time of the letter.

⁵ Annie Blackwood Wilson was Dave's two-year old daughter, born July 2, 1871. (*See Illus. 28 on p. 102, and Genealogical Chart VII, p. 113.*)

•

Dave Willson and his family moved to Handley, Texas, in 1876. They had been there for seven years when Dave wrote our next letter. He addressed it specifically to youthful Craig. It is interesting to see that Dave and Mary had once again been asked to provide emergency childcare for one of their neighbors, exactly the same kind of request they had previously gotten in Fulton.

LETTER 20. FROM "UNCLE DAV" WILLSON, IN HANDLEY, TEXAS, TO HIS NEPHEW, CRAIG PATTERSON, AGE SEVENTEEN, MAY 6, 1883.¹

Handley²

Apr. 29 May 6th³

My Dear Nephew,

Your long expected letter came at last. I have sat down several times to ans. your letter, but something always prevented.

Generally our crops are looking very well, especially those that were planted early. I have some corn knee-high, and some ready to work the second time, have about 8 acres in all. My cotton, about 5 acres, I finished planting the 2d of May. It is not yet up. Our potatoes are in bloom, and have tubers as large as an egg. Have been [*the ms. omits a word, perhaps "harvesting"*] lettuce, radishes for a month. Sometimes a mess of peas, the latter are not plenty yet. My goober peas⁴ are just coming up. My first effort at raising them.

We have had quite an addition to our family since I wrote your Mother. Mr. Cable, a friend of ours, lost his wife, about a month ago. Just before her death she gave to Mary her week old baby. We also took the other children temporarily, three of them. The baby however lived only ten days. The others are still here, will probably remain a few days longer. The oldest is about 5 years.

Miss M. S. Clum [?] and the two girls were here Wednesday. Miss M will go back to Ga., soon as she can find company. She is now waiting on a Mrs. Baskin of Lancaster, who expects to be ready in a few days.

We have nothing to hunt here, except ducks in the Fall and winter. A few deer and Turkey, but so scarce it does not pay to hunt them. I have killed only one deer out of probably a dozen shots. Partridges, cotton-tail rabbits, and mule-ears are plenty. The cotton-tail is small, about half the size of your rabbit, whilst the mule-ear is much larger. I killed several that weighed over 10 lbs. When a cur-dog jumps one he seems to go on three legs, his ears erect, his black tail about 3 inches long jerking from side to side. The cur will run but a short distance. When a greyhound jumps him, he drops his airs and bravado, and gets down to business, his ears are laid flat on his back, he hardly seems to touch the ground. In a straight race with a

Notes to Letter 20

¹ The letter itself does not specify the year. But the envelope, addressed to Master Brown Craig Patterson, has an added inscription in a different hand, perhaps Tirzah's: "Hadley [*sic*], Tx, May 1883."

² A rural community about five miles east of Fort Worth, now incorporated into Fort Worth.

³ Both of these days are Sundays. Apparently Sunday was Dave's letter-writing day.

⁴ "Goober," a term used primarily in the South, means peanuts. It comes from the Bantu language.

good dog, he will be caught in 300 yds. If he resorts to dodging, the race is then much prolonged. Several times I have sent you papers with ears in them [*rabbit ears, duly dried presumably?*], but I suppose you never got them.

We have several kinds of birds here that you have not. First, the scissor-tail [*the scissor-tailed flycatcher*]. It is about ten inches long, its tail almost 6 inches. It is composed of about 6 black feathers, which open like a pr. of shears, when it changes direction in flying. Another is the Chaparral hen [*the road runner*]. A long tailed chap, nearly as large as a pheasant. His wings are very short, makes a poor act-at-flying. But using both legs and wings he outstrips the greyhound. The Robin stays with us in the winter, but goes back north in the spring. English mocking birds are very plenty. They build in the yard every spring.

I would love to take a hunt on my old grounds, more for old associations than anything else. I seldom shoot now, except at ducks when convenient. Have killed as many as 10 at one shot. The greatest slaughter I ever made was 52 snowbirds at one shot.

My love to all. Write again soon.

Your uncle, Dav

Dave seems to have been a gentle, thoughtful person, interested not only in farming but also in his children's welfare, his neighbors, his church, his children's schools, and his wider family back in Virginia. We will see all this more fully in Chapter 14. □

Chapter 10

A New Generation Grows

We noted earlier that by the end of the Civil War, or very shortly afterwards, all members of the “first” John P. Willson family had either died or moved away from Stuarts Draft. As for the “second” family, both of the sons journeyed to far off places—Clarence to Natchez, Mississippi, and Dave to Handley, Texas. So it was the *daughters* of the “second” family, Mary, Tirzah, and Ophelia, who preserved the Virginia base. Each of these three women had a child who wrote one of the letters found in this chapter: Tirzah’s son Craig Patterson, Letter 21, at age fifteen; Ophelia’s son Clarence Wallace, Letter 22, at age thirteen; and Mary’s daughter Emmette Brooks, Letter 23, at age sixteen. A new generation was on the way!

A Future Student of Foreign Cultures? (Craig Patterson, Age 15)

In 1880, Brown and Tirzah’s three children, Bettie, Craig, and Blackwood, were seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen years old, respectively. After the Civil War, Hugh Guthrie (*Illus. 35, p. 119*) had helped Brown Patterson establish himself by granting him two hundred acres of land on credit, interest-free. Brown (*Illus. 9, p. 44*) ran the farm well and soon paid off the debt. By 1880 he had built his farm up to five or six hundred acres and had also put up a substantial home, various farm buildings, and, later on, a grain mill with a sluice to power it.

Craig wrote the letter below in 1880. By then he had been at Barterbrook School (*Illus. 10*) for seven years and had one more year to go. In paragraph four, Craig speaks of the “Nammolites.” Who were they? Did Craig mean the Ammonites, a trans-Jordan tribe? Anyway, he refers to the Nammolites in conjunction with a museum, so apparently he views them as a real culture. The museum he spoke of may have been associated with the University of Virginia. Does the interest in a foreign culture that the letter exhibits foreshadow a continuation of that interest in Craig’s later life? Maybe. As an adult, he was strongly interested in historical Chinese culture.

LETTER 21. FROM BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, AGE FIFTEEN, TO HIS AUNT, MARY WILLSON BROOKS, WHO WAS SPENDING THE SUMMER IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, AUGUST 4, 1880.

August 4, 1880, Barterbrook

Dear Aunt,

Blackwood, father and myself are here alone. Mother is at the Wilsons,¹ Emmette at Aunt Ophelia’s.² Father finished delivering his wheat Saturday. He got a dollar two and a half cents a bu. We had about 1175 bushels in all. We have not had the bailer yet, expect it will come about the time Father wants to go for Mother.³

Father bought a watermelon in town that weighed 27¹/₂ pounds. It came very near making us all sick.

Notes to Letter 21

¹ Perhaps at the Philander Willsons in Washington. See n. 3.

² Ophelia (Willson) Wallace, who lived in Spottswood, Rockbridge County.

³ “Going for her” may imply that she would be coming in on the train.

It is raining now, which is splendid [*p. 2*] for the corn. Father sent us to Mr. Churchman's mill yesterday with a load of corn to crush. Father got me a nice saddle in town, Monday.

I think that verse that the students made on the Nammolites [?] was right good. We want to go over to the museum badly, don't know whether we can or not.

Mother has a new White machine [*sewing machine*] that has no box on the right side, but 4 drawers below it will fasten down, but the top is cracked.

Delphi [*probably a house servant*] says to make haste and come home, everybody has gone off and left her. She says to tell you all the old folks have gone away and the flock of sheep is all scattered and they don't know what to do. [*Delphi draws on Biblical language pretty effectively. Compare Matthew 26:31.*]

Later. [*p. 3*] I have just been out getting corn for dinner. I have been making a blanket for my saddle. I am waiting for your next letter and will have them both published in the *Staunton Spectator* unless you positively forbid it. Father says has rubbing your head against the walls of the University [*the University of Virginia*] and Mr. Bill T.'s head brightened your ideas any? [*Is "Bill T" possibly one of Mary's teachers at the University?*] — It is about dinner time now and I have to stop.

Your Aff. Nephew, B. Craig Patterson

P. S. Write to us when you are coming home so if we go over we will know when to go. □

A Future Medical Doctor? (Clarence Wallace, Age 13)

Ophelia's oldest son, Clarence (*seen as an adult in Illustration 14, p. 48*), was about thirteen in 1883. Does his interest in mumps foreshadow a future career in medicine? No. His future career was to be manager of a hotel. However, the middle brother in the family, Harry, *did* go into medicine (*see pp. 48, 99*).

A penciled note on the envelope indicates that Craig answered the letter on 3/19.

LETTER 22. FROM CLARENCE WILSON WALLACE, AT ABOUT AGE THIRTEEN, TO HIS COUSIN, BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, MARCH 9, 1883.

Mar. 9. 1883

Dear Craig

I have the mumps. Mr. Rowan is sick — we have no school — I cannot eat anything without hurting me — did it hurt you to eat?¹ Robert² is at Aunt Mags today, with Grand Pa and Grand Ma.³ Come up soon. My love to all,

Yours, C. W. Wallace

□

Notes to Letter 22

¹ The date of this letter is less than a week from that of the letter written by Cyrus Brown, headmaster of a Rockbridge Baths school (*Letter 25*). Both letters mention mumps in the schools. This disease, which spreads easily, must have hit Shenandoah schools pretty hard that spring.

² Robert, the third of the three Wallace sons, was born March 22, 1881, so he was not quite two.

³ These must be the Wallace grandparents. They are not the Willson grandparents, John P. and Sallie Blackwood Willson, both of whom had died before Clarence was born.

A Future Wife, Mother, and Citizen? (Emmette Brooks, Age 16)

Tirzah's packet includes three letters from Emmette Brooks (*Illus. 11, p. 47*). All three were written while Emmette was in residence at Bellevue Female Seminary, in Brownsburg, northwest Rockbridge County, and all three are from the school year 1882—'83. We include here the letter dated October 14 and will include later a selection from the letter of November 17 (*see p. 66*).

First of all, we can state unflinchingly that in later life Emmette did in fact become a fine wife, mother, and citizen (*see above, p. 47*). But if one had only this letter to go by, one might have found such an outcome to be unsure! What the letter does show, of course, is that Emmette enjoyed life and was a lively extrovert. (*For more on the Brooks family, see Geneal. Chart VIII, p. 114.*)

LETTER 23. FROM EMMETTE BROOKS, AT BELLEVUE FEMALE SEMINARY, TO HER COUSIN, CRAIG PATTERSON, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

Bellevue, Brownsburg¹
October 14, 1882

Dear Craig,

I have had more fun since school closed yesterday. Last night we were in study hall studying for dear life, and all of a sudden the doorbell rang. Two young gentlemen to see Miss Flora and Linda Sprad [?] and any of the other girls that would go in. Of course we did not go but had our fun outside, although we got as good as we sent. We went into the hall and got the boys' hats and pinned and sewed them into a little knot and hung them on the [p. 2] rack, and such a fuss, running around the house, and doing every thing that girls could do. The boys knew that we were up to some trick, and remarked that we sounded like a drove of cattle. Of course the boys would not leave while we were listening and wishing they would, so the bell rang for us to go to our rooms and stay there.

So that had to be done, and still the boys stayed. Some of the girls collected at the head of the steps and listened. At last they got up to go, and finding their hats in such a condition they picked up two of the girls hats, and their own, and set out, nearly dying laughing. Just now one of them came back, wearing one and carrying [p. 3] the other. All the girls collected in the garret, and you might have heard us for a mile. The teachers knew it was no use to scold. We had an all awful scolding a few minutes before, but it was the same. We expected to get hail this morning, but they dreamed over it, and did not say a word. We were certainly "sot on." If any boys come tonight, take care.

We had a splendid time this evening making sugar candy. Miss Hally is mighty sweet. Give us something good to eat and you will get on the good side of girls.

I think some of you all might write every week and give all the news.

I have so much fun out of school, but I have to study awful hard [p. 4] from eight until half past three and two hours at night. And Sunday we have Dr. Ramsey's

Notes to Letter 23

¹ Brownsburg, in the northeastern part of Rockbridge County, is perhaps fifteen miles south of Stuarts Draft, on a road now known as Rt. 252.

questions for an hour and half, and say a hymn too. The latter nearly kills me. Scares me out of one year's growth.

We are smart in geometry, have finished two books and will finish the third tomorrow. Willie is looking over old letters. I read some of them, but some of them she won't let me get a glimpse of, just tantalizing me. I am trying to find out how to write to boys so I can write "the bird."

I defy you to read this. If you can, it is more than I can do. With much love to all the home folks and everybody that asks for me.

Write to your little

Cousin Emmette.

I do declare this is illegible.²

□

The Commencement of 1884 at Tinkling Spring Academy

By June, 1884, Craig had been at Washington and Lee University for a year. His last two years of schooling before going to college, 1881-'82 and 1882-'83, had been at Tinkling Spring Academy, a secondary school that was part of the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church. The principal of the academy, Professor Alex S. Paxton, evidently thought that Craig might like a chance to see some of his schoolmates again at the 1884 commencement. Each card announcing the commencement carried a line, "Compliments of _____." On the card sent to Craig, the signature of Mr. Paxton fills that blank. The announcement reads:

Tinkling Spring Academy
Closing Exercises
Friday, June the 6th, 1884
11:00 o'clock, A. M.

□

² Actually, the last dozen words *were* fairly illegible. They were written vertically along the right margin, boldly crossing through the horizontal lines of writing.

Chapter 11

The Shenandoah Valley Railroad

With the exception of commuters, people in our day don't use trains very much for passenger travel. We tend to forget how essential trains once were for long-distance trips, and how exciting the arrival of a particular train could be, such as one bringing students home for Christmas. A number of the letters in Tirzah's packet refer to train travel, and even when the references are only incidental, they sometimes bring back to life the feelings of those earlier railroading days.

For two decades in the late nineteenth century, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (B&O)—or, perhaps more accurately, a *branch* of the B&O—and the Shenandoah Valley Railroad (SVRR) were the two main rail lines serving the Shenandoah Valley. The B&O branch, which was pre-Civil War, provided an important connection between Harrisonburg, Staunton, and Lexington. The Shenandoah Valley Railroad began construction at Hagerstown, Maryland, in the late 1870s, moving gradually southward down the Valley (or southward “up” the Valley, as the Valley people say), passing through Shenandoah, Luray, Grottoes, Waynesboro, and Stuarts Draft. Continuing to the south, it touched Buena Vista and Glasgow, and finally reached Big Lick (*i.e.*, Roanoke) in 1882. The two rail lines roughly paralleled one another, with the SVRR lying to the east and the B&O to the west. In Augusta County the two lines were five to ten miles apart, but the geography of the Valley as they converged on Roanoke sometimes dictated that they be built much closer together. The end of the SVRR came in 1890, when the Norfolk & Western bought it out and incorporated its lines into their larger system.

The one postcard and two letters of this chapter bring to mind several kinds of railroading events — a gathering at the station to welcome returning students, embarrassment while aboard a train from having been recognized by a fellow-traveler, and an opportunity to join a school group going by train on an excursion to the Luray Caverns. As it happens, all three of these particular events center on Waynesboro or Stuarts Draft, so it is the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, not the B&O, towards which our attention will be directed.

Christmas Greetings at the Station for Students Returning Home

The postcard that we start with is addressed to “Masters C[raig] & B[lackwood] Patterson, Barterbrook,” and was mailed in Waynesboro. The handwriting is recognizably that of “Aunt” Mary Brooks. In those days, “meeting” Emmette and her traveling companions meant meeting them at the train station. Such a reunion was particularly exciting when the incoming passengers were students coming home for the Christmas vacation.

POSTAL CARD 3. FROM MARY (WILLSON) BROOKS, TEMPORARILY IN WAYNESBORO, TO HER NEPHEWS, CRAIG AND BLACKWOOD PATTERSON, DECEMBER 18, 1882.

Dec. 18. 82

Masters Craig and Blackwood. You are especially invited to Mr. Bookers Monday (Xmas Day) to meet Mary, John, and Emmette [*Mary and John are arriving students, along with Emmette*]. We thought of remaining overnight, to go to the Xmas tree in W[aynesboro], but it is not to be till Tuesday night. So we will go to your house Mon-

day evening or next morning. Come Monday if you can. We will look for you both. Annie C. sends Bettie an invitation to the Xmas tree and stay overnight with her. Was sorry to miss you Sat.

—Aunt M.

□

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Spotted on the Train by the Headmaster's Mother

Clarence Wallace and Emmette Brooks, whose letters are found in the previous chapter, are both maternal cousins, coming from the Willson side of family. Now we come to a letter from the Patterson side — Howard Patterson, a paternal cousin. Howard was the second child of the Stuart Pattersons (*Genealogical Chart XII, p. 116*). A glance at Genealogical Chart XI shows that Craig and Blackwood would have thought most first cousins on the Patterson side were too old to be playmates. But the Stuart Patterson cousins matched the Brown Patterson siblings very nicely. Many years later, Craig said of them, “Howard, ‘Lav,’ and ‘Dave’ were our closest playmates and friends as we grew up. And the love has continued through the years, though we were far apart.” (*For a snapshot of Dave in later life, along with some members of his family, see p. 108.*)

Tirzah’s packet includes several of Howard’s childhood letters to Craig, all written while Howard was attending the Fishburne Military Academy in Waynesboro. At the time of the letter below, Howard and Craig were each sixteen or seventeen years old. Among the several letters from Howard, this one seemed the right one to include here because it mentions an event that occurred while he was riding on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad.

(*For obituaries of both Howard and Dave Patterson, see Appendix II, p. 108.*)

LETTER 24. FROM HOWARD PATTERSON TO HIS COUSIN, CRAIG PATTERSON, MAY 7, 1882.

Waynesboro, May 7 / 82

Dear Cousin,

You asked if I had not thanked Aunt T[irzah] four or five times. Yes, five times four or five times.

I did not go to Staunton, but the reason was that Mrs. F.¹ was on the down train and saw me and I could not get off. I would like to know what your opinion was about it.²

You must be having a nice time as you say you [p. 2] saw your ... twice in one week [*Howard's ellipsis*]. I have not seen mine for three weeks. I see you were trying to make fun of the way I started my letters.

Notes to Letter 24

¹ “Mrs. F.” probably means Mrs. Margaret (Guthrie) Fishburne, the sister of Hugh Guthrie and the mother of James Fishburne (*see Genealogical Chart XVII-i*), founder of the Fishburne Military Academy, Waynesboro, where Howard was a student. Out-of-town boys would be assigned to live in certain private homes, and it seems likely that Mrs. Fishburne was Howard’s housemother.

² In asking Craig’s opinion of “it,” Howard probably does not mean the accidental meeting up with Mrs. Fishburne. More likely he refers to whatever it was he would have seen if he had been able to play hooky and go to Staunton—perhaps a county fair of some kind, or a ball game?

I suppose you think that the challenge came very quick. It was sent before I got your letter. But you see that we can't challenge you on Saturday, as [we] have to go to school on that day.

I suppose B[*lackwood*] was as happy as a big sun flower when he saw the old goose coming off with the little goslings.

Do you think the Squirrel went off, or was it killed?³

What was that you did that day that I called you out of school, that Blackwood asked me about? I have not heard of that secret that you said you had just heard of. I must close. Much love to all.

Your aff. Cousin,

H. Patterson



A School Outing via the Shenandoah Valley Railroad

We already saw Emmette Brooks's letter of October 14, 1882 (*Letter 23*). I will now add a paragraph from a letter of hers written to Craig about a month later, November 17, 1882:

Have you heard from Prof. C. G. Brown? He said he was going to write to you all about his school. You know he is principal. Don't you know I had a time talking to him going to the jump [*apparently a horse jumping event*]. But I got along better than I expected. I did have a splendid riding horse, and a jolly time too...By the way, I will be at Bethel next Sunday (the 26th). Come up and let me see the light of your countenance.

Craig may have talked further to Emmette during the Christmas break and then followed up in January with a letter to Professor Brown. The letter below is Mr. Brown's response.

Before we get to the letter, we should fill in a little background about Prof. Brown himself. He was born in 1859, which means he was senior to Craig by about six years. He attended Washington and Lee for three years (about 1877-1880), received a degree, and accepted the position of headmaster to Rockbridge Baths Academy, near Lexington, Virginia. Later, several years after his letter to Craig (below), he enrolled at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia for three years, 1885-1888. That would have been while Craig was at college. When he finished seminary, he went as a missionary to Kobe, Japan. However, health problems affecting his wife compelled him to return to America after six years in Japan. In the part of his career that remained, he became a respected pastor and distinguished minister in the United States.

The pattern of Craig's life followed that of Mr. Brown quite closely, except for Mr. Brown's withdrawal from the mission field relatively early. Like Mr. Brown, Craig went directly to W&L after finishing secondary school, took an interval after college to do secular work, then chose Union Theological Seminary in Virginia as his place for his theological education, and finally proceeded to a faraway mission field in Asia. Mr. Brown may not have had any direct influence on Craig in any of these things, but it is interesting that Craig received a letter from him during

³ We know from earlier letters that Craig had a pet squirrel. By the way, when he retired at age seventy-four and returned to Barterbrook, he continued to make pets of the squirrels that he found at "Maple Terrace."

his last year of secondary schooling, and there may have been opportunities for face-to-face meetings or additional letters in subsequent years.

Mr. Brown's reference to the Shenandoah Valley Railroad is incidental, but it does show one use to which trains were put in those days.

LETTER 25. FROM CYRUS GIVENS BROWN, PRINCIPAL OF ROCKBRIDGE BATHS ACADEMY, TO CRAIG PATTERSON, MARCH 5, 1883.

Rockbridge Baths, Va.

March 5, 1883

Dear Craig,

I suppose you think I never intend to answer your letter which was received some weeks ago. I assure you it was not want of appreciation that it has not been answered but want of time. My school duties have been unusually great the last two months. The large boys have nearly all stopped. Have only about 25 now. I still have to flog them once and a while. There was a great big two-handed man wanted to whip me the other day for having a switch brought in to whip [p.2] one of his boys. He tried with all his might to scare me, but I did not scare worth a cent.

My school will be out the 3 of April.¹

I understand you had the mumps in your school. Is it so? And have you had them? I have never had them, but I think it would be dreadful to have them. When will your school be out?

I have not been at Bellevue² yet. It seems like I am destined not to get there any more. They have a reading club there now that seems to be attracting a great deal of attention. I believe most of the gentlemen in the neighborhood belong. I would not mind being a member, but I would mind [p. 3] reading before all those girls, especially those teachers. My, it would make the hair stand erect, wouldn't it Craig? I am told they have a lot of fun, so I am going to see for myself.

I was at home Friday a week ago. Mother and Fannie were right sick. They are both better now. Fannie has a beating in her ear that is giving her a great deal of troubles. She can't hear out of it at all.

I understand the Bellevue girls are going to Luray Cave some time in May. I hope to join the party. Cant you join the crowd at your nearest depot? Would be so glad to have you and Blackwood along. They will go on the S. V. R. R. I suppose.

I was in Lexington Saturday. Saw some of my old chums. [p. 4] What has become of Cousin Liv's³ family? Have the children gotten well? I heard that one of the twins

Notes to Letter 25

¹ Whether the number is a "3" or an "8" is difficult to tell. But April 8th was a Sunday, an unlikely day for a school closing ceremony in those days. April 3rd was a Tuesday

² Bellevue was Emmette Brooks's school, located within riding distance of Rockbridge Baths.

³ The way Principal Brown refers to "Cousin Liv" may imply that she was also Craig's cousin. Does that in turn imply that Mr. Brown and Craig were each other's cousins, though perhaps rather distantly? Well, it is possible. Note that Mr. Brown's middle name was "Givens." The mother of Craig's grandfather, John A. Patterson, Sr., was Deborah Givens; and two of Craig's uncles, the sons of John A. Patterson, Sr., had "Givens" as their middle name (*see Genealogical Chart XI, p. 116, cols. "v" and "b"*).

died and that two more of their children were not expected to live. I suppose cousin Liv has returned to Atlanta.

Have you all called a preacher yet?⁴ Dr. Vaughan⁵ got right badly hurt a few days ago. Fell out of a sulky, injured his back. Is not able to turn himself in bed. Be sure to write soon. I will close for I fear I will weary you by asking you so many questions.

Love to all.

Your friend, C G Brown



Illus. 17. "Montezuma," originally the Hugh Guthrie home, later acquired by Blackwood Patterson. In this picture we see Blackwood and Anna Compton, II, standing in front of the home. If 1902 is the correct date for the picture, the girl with a white bow in her hair, standing behind what may be a bench, is Helen, 8; the boy on the bench is Brown, 5; and the dog on the lawn, viewing us with a friendly eye, is the family pet.

⁴ Dr. Strickler left the Tinkling Spring church in the spring of 1883. His successor, Dr. John A. Preston, received his call at a meeting of Lexington Presbytery on July 11, 1883.

⁵ Dr. Clement Read Vaughan was pastor of the New Providence Presbyterian Church (*Illus. 3, p. 5*), Rockbridge County, 1881–1891.

Chapter 12

Blackwood Patterson, Tirzah's Son at Barterbrook

John Blackwood Patterson (*Illus. 18, p. 71*) was the third child of Brown and Tirzah Patterson, their youngest. He was born on July 8, 1867, and, along with his brother Craig and his cousin Emmette Brooks, grew up in his parents' Barterbrook home. (*Cf. "Note on the Brown Pattersons' Three Homes," p. 80B.*) Like Craig, Blackwood went to Barterbrook School and then to Tinkling Spring Academy. In the fall of 1887, in order to prepare further as a professional farmer, he enrolled in Staunton's Dunsmore Business College (*see Letters 26 and 27*). He chose that particular year to go because Craig had finished college and was at home deciding what career to pursue, meaning that Craig would be available if his father needed help on the farm.

Blackwood and Anna Nicols Compton of Natchez, Mississippi, also known as Anna Compton II, were married on November 22, 1893. She was the full daughter of Mrs. Anna Compton I, and the stepdaughter of Blackwood's uncle, Clarence Willson. (*See p. 50 for further information on these relationships, or see Genealogical Chart IX, p. 114.*) Blackwood and Anna Compton lived at "Montezuma" (*Illus. 17*) and had four children: Helen, Brown, Anna Compton III, and John Blackwood II. (*See Genealogical Chart XVI, p. 118.*)

On December 15, 1912, Blackwood was ordained an elder in the Tinkling Spring Church, a position he held for the remainder of his life. Parkinson's disease became a serious problem for Blackwood during his last few years, pretty much confining him to his house even before the 1929 death of his mother, Tirzah. Three years after her death, he died, on April 20, 1932, at the age of sixty-four. He is buried in the upper cemetery at Tinkling Spring. Anna Compton II, who died on April 22, 1939, is buried next to him.

Two Letters from Tirzah while Blackwood Was at Dunsmore

The date of Letter 26, below, is specified only as "Wednesday." However, the postal cancellation on the envelope is November 4, 1887, a Friday. So the Wednesday in question was November 2. The envelope is addressed "Care of Dunsmore B.C.," that is, Dunsmore Business College.

LETTER 26. FROM TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, TO HER SON, JOHN BLACKWOOD PATTERSON, NOVEMBER 2, 1887.

Wednesday

Dear Blackwood

We haven't heard a word from you since you left. I have been expecting Father to go to town every day, but he has been busy watching Mr. Coffey. They expect to finish the stable today.

I was so sorry you missed the train. Do you remember Mrs. Dold told you to stop as you returned. She had invitations for you, Craig, and Emmette¹ to a party at her house Thursday night. Emmette was sick and could not go. Craig was there. [*p. 2*] Only 7 boys and 7 girls there. Willis would not go home with Hailey. Stayed over

Notes to Letter 26

¹ Emmette Brooks probably finished her secondary education in June, 1884. Three years later, she apparently was staying at home.

until the next evening. While at dinner the next day, Pat and Buck came, and that night Charlie Black and Sandy McCue.² Thursday evening, Clarence, Harry, and Grey³ came down and stayed until Friday evening. They had a heap of fun skating on the pond. Clarence killed nineteen English sparrows with two shots.

Bettie⁴ started home Thursday. I have not heard from her since. Expect a letter today. Craig took her as far as Charlottesville. She found company going to Atlanta, Mr. George Brown's brother.

[p. 3] Craig came back to Fishersville, took supper at Wash Pattersons, and took Nannie⁵ to the party. Craig has gone out to Swoope's Depot again, after cattle. Father got a letter from a Mr. Huey there, telling him about his cattle. So he sent Craig to look at them and buy as he thought best. Gave him two blank checks and told him to look around and buy others. Don't you know he is feeling nervous. Dr. Rogers has not returned yet. Save for Mr. Coffey, we are all alone.

John and Nan⁶ are back at work. Have set in for another year. Greatly to [p. 4] my relief. Craig talks a little about going to town Thursday or Friday night.

There is a little shepherd dog here, now. Came night before last, exactly like the verse Newton⁷ used to think so much of. Hastily and with much love,

from Mother

□

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Letter 27 below is undated except for the weekday. The envelope doesn't help, because it is not the one the letter was originally mailed in. But in the text of the letter Tirzah speaks of a concert "next Thursday night, the 29th." In 1888, the first 29th that fell on a Thursday was in March. Tirzah refers to an end-of-the-quarter meeting for presbytery that fits that date, and it also fits with Blackwood's being at Dunsmore. So I propose to date the letter March 22, 1888.

LETTER 27. FROM TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON TO HER SON, JOHN BLACKWOOD PATTERSON,
(MARCH 22, 1888).

Thursday

Dear Blackwood

I intended writing a letter yesterday, but I have only time now for a note. I have sad news to tell you. Nannie is dead. She went home last Tuesday to rest awhile to be ready for presbytery, took suddenly worse, and died. I have engaged a cook for presbytery. But I have no one now. Ask Mrs. H. if she knows of a good one that would come to the country. I would send for her tomorrow. I engaged Susan's Bettie

² Perhaps "Sandy" is Frank Love McCue, recorded in the *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.* as a minister who was a year or two older than Craig and was born near Staunton. See also p. 86, n.8.

³ Clarence and Harry were sons of Ophelia (Willson) Wallace. Grey was probably a friend.

⁴ Bettie (Patterson) Hoyt was visiting. She had moved to Atlanta in about 1884 and had married Will Hoyt, a native there, in early 1887. George M. Brown was her brother-in-law. (See p. 78, n.1.)

⁵ Nannie was the cook (see Letter 27). Craig evidently was bringing her along to help Mrs. Dold.

⁶ The reference to John and Nan settling in for "another year" sounds like they worked at the Barterbrook School (*Illus. 10, p. 46*). I cannot otherwise identify them.

⁷ Newton Craig, a Guthrie in-law, was well known at Montezuma (see pp. 34-36), so this may be a reference to him. By 1887 he was Executive Secretary of Home Missions for the Presbyterian Church, U.S.

to come yesterday. She sent me [p. 2] word this morn[ing] she would come except Monday. But if I can do without her, I will.

Craig has had trouble. His horse is dead. Was taken sick the day he was in town and died the next morn.

We are all well. We are in trouble, but as long as there is no sickness in our own family, we ought to be thankful.

Can you come out to the concert next Thursday night, the 29th? Aunt O[phelia] and Emmette will be here. Tell Mrs. H. I expect her to be my guest at presbytery. Will look for her.

Much love, hurriedly, Mother

□

Blackwood's Surprise Visit to his Uncle Philander in Washington, D.C.

Letter 28 is from Philander, a member of the “first” John P. Willson family. He had worked for his entire adult life at the Patent Office, in Washington, D.C. (*Illus. 19, p. 72*). Craig recalled, from his earlier years, “Uncle Philander took me through the Patent Office where he had worked for a long time; also through the Treasury Department and showed me the stacked silver.” (*For more on Philander, see p. 20, n.5; and Genealogical Chart V, p. 112.*)

By 1891, when Philander wrote this letter, he was sixty and a grandfather. Brown had died a year earlier, and Blackwood's wedding was still a year away.

LETTER 28. FROM PHILANDER E. WILSON TO HIS HALF SISTER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, OCTOBER 19, 1891.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 19 – 1891.

Dear Sister,¹

We have not heard from you since Blackwood² ran in on us for a few moments. If you know anything about Surprises you may guess our surprise when he came in. We did not know him and for the life of me [I] could [not] imagine who it could be. Well, we were all at home and were in the dining room waiting for the desert to be put on the table. Blackwood had had his dinner, but took a



Illustr. 18. John Blackwood Patterson (l) (1867-1932), at about the time of his marriage.

Notes to Letter 28

¹ Tirzah Patterson. Her husband, Brown, had died on August 21, 1890, so she was now a widow.

² Blackwood was then twenty-four years old.

piece of peach pie with us. We made good time talking as long as he could stay and were very sorry that he could not remain for a week or two and see the city.

We have all been quite well this summer, except colds occasionally. I have a regular winter influenza on me now, and was at home four days last week. I am somewhat better. [p. 2] Charlie met with an accident four weeks ago. He and his two boys were clearing up and burning some brush and dead limbs on a side lot he had purchased adjoining his residence, and caught hold of a dead limb on one of his trees and

gave a hard pull to break it off. It broke suddenly and threw him down and broke his arm square off near the shoulder, his left arm. He is doing well.³

I received a letter from David⁴ not long since, he says the dry weather ruined his corn and cotton and the fruit was dried up on the trees. I do not think I would like to live in such a country. Dave complains that he hears nothing from Va. except through my letters.

Last year we had no fruit, but this summer I never saw such a quantity of every kind and so fine. The peaches were superb. Apples and pears are fine. We still have peaches in the market. Mrs. W[ilson] has taken advantage of plenty of fruit and cheap sugar [p.3] to preserve a little of everything. During that hot weather in September, the market people told Mrs. W. that there would be no little cucumbers for pickles. Well that made Mrs. W. sick – she thought she could not keep house without cucumber pickles. She got plenty of them and as nice as I ever saw and cheap as usual. There had been so much rain in August and the vines had received such a splendid start that the dry hot weather did good to the vines.



Illustration 19. The U. S. Patent Office. The date of the picture, 1889, is near to the 1891 date of Philander's letter. He mentions that the streetcars are changing from horses to electricity, but in 1889 that had not yet happened. He also mentions electric streetlights. One of them is in the picture.

³ Charlie, an adult by 1891, was Philander's eldest child. When Philander says he "broke his arm square off," I think he means that the arm bone was not just fractured but rather was broken, but not that the arm was amputated. Philander adds, "He is doing well." Craig left us an account of another accident in Charlie's family, that same year: "In 1891, I went to the funeral of a little son of Charles Wilson who had slipped, and, striking his head on a steel rail, died in a few days." Craig had spent the summer of 1890 in Washington (see n. 5), so he especially would have wanted to be present at the lad's funeral.

⁴ Dave is the Willson brother in Handley, Texas. (See Letters 19–20 and 31–34.)

The Washington streets have been torn up more than usual this Summer and there has been more diphtheria, Scarlet-Fever, &c., than usual. Some of the street car lines are changing their motive power from horses to electricity [see *Illus. 19*], &c., and the streets are torn up to put down the new rails, &c. Electric Light Companies are digging to put their system of Light on the streets [see *Illus. 19*], others are building houses. This sort of thing is going on all over the city. Our street has escaped so far. I hope they will not disturb us.

[p. 4] A part of our astonishment about Blackwood was to find him a six footer. You ought to be proud of your two boys. Craig was a favorite here with all that knew him.⁵ I have not heard whether he has gone to have the almond-eyed celestials convert him or not (into mince meat), but I think from what Blackwood said he would wait a while and see how things would turn out in China. I hope to hear that he has postponed his trip till brighter days. I think the climate of Va. more healthy at present than China.⁶

Give our kindest love to all that are with you. We send love to you also. Write soon.

Your brother,
P. E. Wilson

□

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Appreciation for Blackwood and Anna Compton

In later years, Blackwood and Anna Compton's nephews and nieces recalled their uncle and aunt with great appreciation. Browne Hoyt, for one, includes in his memoirs an interesting paragraph about what it was like to have summer visits to Virginia:

Many of our summers were spent in Virginia with Grandmother [*Tirzah*], especially so after Mother died [*Bettie Hoyt died in 1904*]. Uncle Blackwood Patterson ran the farm, and how we loved him. His wife Aunt Anna fed us many a meal ... [*and*] at Grandmother's house we had a second home. Helen, Brown, Anna Compton and John Blackwood were their four children. Helen was about my age. — *Early Life*, p. 4.

Browne's younger brother, George Hoyt, still affected by these feelings when he was an adult, shows in a 1928 letter a similar enthusiasm for trips to Virginia (*Letter 35*, pp. 93-94).

In the short essay about Blackwood just below, from Craig's *Lest We Forget*, Craig confirms what Browne's paragraph implicitly suggests, that Blackwood not only had responsibility to run his own part of the family farms, but also did that for the parts belonging to Tirzah and Craig — and did it well. The two brief essays below indicate that Craig, like Browne Hoyt and George Hoyt, had deep appreciation and affection for Blackwood and Anna Compton.

⁵ Craig spent the 1890 summer of his seminary years in Washington, D.C., at a chapel in Eckington, a newly developing northern suburb. It was exactly one mile north of the U. S. Capitol Building.

⁶ Philander was writing at about the time that Craig was leaving to go to China for the first time. When Craig departed that first time, and later when he returned to China after having been in America for a furlough, he often received advice to “wait a bit” until things became more stabilized. Philander's reference to the dangers of “almond-eyed celestials” is one of the more picturesque ways that the warning was put. However, Craig had already reached China by the time Philander wrote. Craig arrived in Shanghai on Sunday, October 18, 1891, one day before Philander started his letter.

John Blackwood Patterson

He was a generous and kind brother. He was a man heartily commended by all his neighbors, especially the near needy and sick. He drove his buggy miles to bring help to the distressed. Voluntary tributes from men when least expected testify to his true character. He was an elder in Tinkling Spring Church.

He undertook the management of the farms when only twenty-four years old, and made them pay well until the depression in farm work came, about 1900. He faithfully attended to mother's and my part of the place for almost forty years. In all this he had the splendid judgment and help of his sprightly and wise wife, Anna Compton. He and she made a home for mother in her later years, and their house was a gracious stopping place and home for our sons and daughter on holidays and between school terms.

Anna Compton Patterson

I would like to tell of Anna Compton Patterson and her most attractive personality and splendid executive ability. I would like to tell also of her kind and generous help to our boys as well as having Margaret married from her home and giving her such a wedding party. [*“Help to our boys” refers to the various times when Houston, William, Paul, or Norman were left in the United States to pursue their education while Craig and Annie returned to China. The “wedding party” refers to Margaret’s wedding with Henry Whitcomb Mack, on September 8, 1930, at Montezuma.*] □

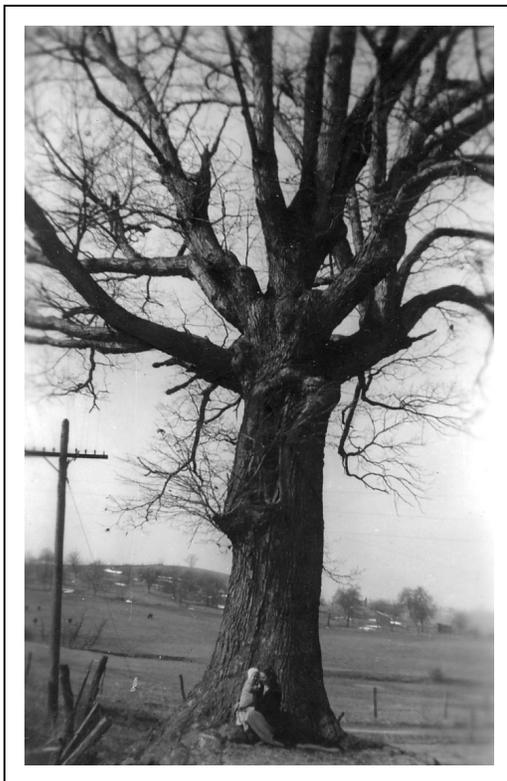


Illustration 20. A 1940 photograph of the Barterbrook Oak, with far-off cattle in the field (black dots) and distant patches of snow (white). At the base of the tree, Delma Pullen holds little J.B.Patterson, well wrapped and standing on her knees. Brown and Tirzah made their home in the Barterbrook community, then Blackwood and Anna Compton, then John Blackwood, II, and Augusta Chandler. The name “Barterbrook” comes from the fact that this was originally an Indian trading place. A store with postal facilities existed here until the early 20th century. But the postal facilities ended when rural free delivery began, and soon afterward the store closed. Margaret Mack tells us that in later years lightning destroyed the oak (*My Heart’s Recollections, p. 10*).

Chapter 13

Bettie (Patterson) Hoyt, Tirzah's Daughter in Atlanta

Elizabeth Evans "Bettie" Patterson, II, the first child of Tirzah and Brown Patterson, was born on July 31, 1863, during the Civil War. Tirzah had moved into Montezuma, the Guthrie residence, to be with Brown, so Bettie's earliest years were there.

When Bettie was six, Brown and Tirzah moved to a new home nearby. But Bettie's Aunt Bettie (*see Chart XVII-a*) asked that little Bettie's departure from Montezuma be delayed for a month or so. Then it was delayed a second month, and after that for longer periods, and finally young Bettie lived her entire childhood with her Aunt Bettie and Uncle Hugh Guthrie. (*Cf. Craig Patterson's comments on p. 80 and at the top of p. 95.*)

In 1871, when Bettie was eight, Dr. G. B. Strickler became the pastor of Tinkling Spring Church. Twelve years later he moved from Tinkling Spring to Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta. Perhaps prompted by an invitation from Dr. Strickler, Bettie accepted a secretarial job at Central Church and moved to Atlanta. There she met William Russell "Will" Hoyt, a committed church member at Central, and before long they were in love. Their wedding took place at "Wayside," the Barterbrook home that Brown and Tirzah had recently built. (*The engraved wedding invitation confirms that they called it "Wayside." The name "Maple Terrace" came later.*) Dr. Strickler conducted the marriage service on Wednesday, February 9, 1887, at eight o'clock in the morning, the early hour being intended to help out-of-town guests catch trains back to Atlanta.

The newly married couple lived with Will's parents in Atlanta for perhaps three or four years before purchasing a modest one-storied house at 48 West End Avenue. Will helped to establish the West End Presbyterian Church, and he was elected to its board of elders. The Hoyts had four children: Russell, Jr., Margaret, Browne, and George. (*For full names and birth dates, see Genealogical Chart XIV, p. 117.*) After about ten years at West End, the family moved to a house near First Presbyterian Church and on April 4, 1903, transferred their membership there. By then they knew that Bettie had tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis develops gradually, and Bettie had a protracted bout. As her disease progressed, her mother, Tirzah, came to Atlanta to help with the housekeeping (*cf. Craig's comments, p. 95*). Browne Hoyt tells us that Bettie was "sick for a number of years and an invalid for two or three" (*"Early Life," p. 3*). Browne probably uses the term "invalid" to refer to the years that Bettie spent in bed. Doctors in those days had three main treatments for tuberculosis: bed rest, fresh air (*i.e.*, mountain air or oceanic breezes), and direct sunlight. Among patients who con-



Illustration 21. Elizabeth Evans ("Bettie") Patterson, II, about 1870. She was then seven. Her skirt is decorated with embroidered roses.

tracted tuberculosis, about 75% eventually recovered, about 25% did not. Bettie died on September 8, 1904, aged forty-one. She is buried in the Hoyt plot, Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta. Her name on the headstone is inscribed as Will always spoke it, "Bessie."

Browne recalled that Tirzah stayed on in Atlanta for some time after Bettie died, still taking care of the children and doing work in the house (*"Early Life," p. 4*). As Browne said, she "became a second mother to the four Hoyt children" (*"Early Life," p. 1*). This relationship would continue in later years during the children's many summer visits in Virginia.

Will's second marriage, on November 14, 1905, was to Daisy Ellen Sherman. Will and Daisy had one child, a daughter, Elizabeth Sherman Hoyt. But just as the little girl turned six years old, her mother died, also from tuberculosis. Daisy's death was on October 28, 1912, at age thirty. Once again, Tirah came to help with the housekeeping. In later life, Elizabeth married Graham Clark, who went on to become the president of the School of the Ozarks in Missouri.

Will's third marriage, in 1914, was to Louise La Lande Ferris. She lived until 1937.

In the seventeen years with Bettie and the forty years afterward, Will had a rewarding life, though one that had its full share of tragedy. He never forgot Bettie. Craig tells us that as he lay dying, on September 25, 1945, aged eighty-four, he called for Bettie to come (*see p. 80*).

Two Letters from Bettie Hoyt in Atlanta to her Mother Tirzah

Tirzah's packet includes two 1890 letters from Bettie to Tirzah. The letters speak of Will's mother having sick spells, of her staying in her room, and of Corrie, Will's sister, coming to help with caretaking. In 1890, then, Bettie and Will were still living in the Hoyt parental home.

The manuscript of Letter 29, below, terminates abruptly at the end of page 6. The six extant pages say nothing about Bettie's new baby, Margaret. I am guessing that about two pages of the original letter are missing, and that those two pages would once have let Bettie give her mother a full account of the new member of the family.

LETTER 29 (*incomplete manuscript*). FROM BETTIE EVANS (PATTERSON) HOYT, IN ATLANTA, TO HER MOTHER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, APRIL 6, 1890.

April 6, 1890

My dear Mama,

Monday morning, with its thousand and one little things to do, is here, and ten o'clock finds me just ready to go sit down to write, and if I have any interruptions I cant finish in time for the Postman.

Well, the children had their egg hunt Sat. Twenty four little fellows were here.¹ I had my S.S. class, too. That made so many I hesitated about inviting [p. 2] Mrs. King's little boy. They have acted so funny about measles, and are afraid yet to let Norman play with my children. But when I mentioned it to Will, he made me invite him, said it would never do to leave him out. But he did not come. I was glad, for I had just as many as I knew what to do with. I colored eleven doz eggs. Thought

Notes to Letter 29

¹ The children's party was for Bettie's first child, Russell, Jr., who was not quite two at the time. A gathering of twenty-four two-year-olds *does* seem pretty overwhelming!

that would give all a good supply. But had I not kept back 30, several of the little ones would have gone entirely without. Miss Jessie came over and helped me entertain. [p.3] Anna² made two elegant cakes. I had nothing to do with that part. Also whipped the cream, and that was all the refreshments I had except each child had a muffin cake iced (snowball) on their plate, with the whipped cream. Carrie Norcross found 16 eggs, and gave away 4. She then put the 12 away to carry home, but somebody, I know not who, helped themselves to 5 more. Oh! but she was so mad.

It did some little good, tho. The Mother of one of the little boys, Lav's school-mate [p.4] who has not been at church in a long time, and never at ours, she is a member of Dr. S.'s,³ told me she could not come on account of her baby. But she came out to Sunday School with her little boy yesterday, and wanted to find out about what I wanted her to teach him at home. Got him a new catechism and looked so interested. Said she would come back, that she enjoyed it. So I felt fully repaid for all my trouble.

I have had greens from the garden! And Anna has been getting wild something, I don't know what, several times. I can't afford to buy them at 25¢ a pk., the price they ask in the stores. Then I have had asparagus twice, just soup [p. 5] yesterday. I thought part of the bed dead, and had Tom dig it up to sow some cabbage plants. He sent for me just now to see the asparagus. I found it coming up thick as grass, little bits of stuff that came from last Falls seed. It will come, tho, by and by. How about raspberries? Does B[lackwood] (*Bettie's younger brother; see Chapter 12*) want any roots this year? I can supply him if he wants any. My strawberries are blooming, a nice big bed. I think they will come nicely. I had them worked out two weeks ago and mulched with leaves and rakings.

The postman has just brought me a pretty little Easter card from Minnie Tate, and I am the one who ought to have sent her something. She was sick so long.

[p. 6] I certainly am glad you are feeling so well. Hope you will take a good start on the Sum[mer]. Your suggestion about Hoods Sarsaparilla is good, for I have impure blood I know. So many little bumps come out, and this thing on the side of my neck comes from the same cause, I have no doubt. Jacobs I suspect sells it for 50¢. On Sat. he cuts every thing half in two. Wampoles Cod Oil he sells at 50¢, and every thing else just as cheap. The druggists say they can't buy them like he sells. If you want any thing, let me know and I can get it for you.

Mother has not gotten well yet. I made a pretty collarette last week [*Bettie includes a rough sketch of the pattern*]. Can you get the idea? Around the neck, down front, and over shoulders was the inserting over ribbon [*Here the manuscript ends, without even a period to end the sentence. Apparently a page or more of the original letter has been lost.*] □

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The descriptions of Russell, Jr., and Margaret in Letter 30, below, let us estimate the children's ages, and by doing that we can place the letter in the year 1890. The talk about Christmas gifts suggests December. And Bettie tells us that she is writing on a Thursday. So December 11, 1890, a Thursday, seems like a reasonable date to suggest for her starting of the letter.

² Anna is apparently a servant, presumably the cook.

³ "Dr. S." is Dr. G. B. Strickler, pastor of Atlanta's Central Presbyterian Church, 1883-1896.

LETTER 30. FROM BETTIE EVANS (PATTERSON) HOYT TO HER MOTHER, TIRZAH (WILLSON) PATTERSON, (DECEMBER 11, 1890).

Thursday

Dearest Mama,

I feel sorter tired this eve, but will begin my letter any way. The children are both making such a fuss I can't hear my ears, nor collect my thoughts either, for that matter. Margaret is sleepy and Russell is knocking things right and left, playing I suppose.



Illustration 22. Tirzah (left), Margaret, Bettie. Margaret looks thirteen or fourteen, which would date the picture to 1903 or 1904. If so, Tirzah may already have been in Atlanta on an extended visit to help Bettie.

I am nervous. Mother [*Will's* mother, *Mrs. Hoyt, Sr.*] has had one of her bad sick spells today, and I have attended to the housekeeping, as well [*p. 2*] as helped Corrie¹ nurse her. She suffered more than I have ever seen her cramp, all over. Father [*Mr. Hoyt, Sr.*] is in there now rubbing her. Corrie [*has*] gone home, and now I am going to take Baby² and let Pink³ go down to Aunt Salina's to get some buttermilk.

Russell is sitting on the floor with my button box emptied, and now is looking at his little bottle which he keeps in there. He says Dan sent it to him [*perhaps "Dan" was Russell's way of saying "Gran"?*], and every time my upper drawer is opened he wants to see his little bottle. He has quit playing now to come and love me around the neck [*p. 3*] and pull my ears. Now he is standing up on the pup [*?*]

trying to pull my ears. So you know I am writing under difficulties.⁴

I will mail you all some little Xmas things, I expect tomorrow.

Notes to Letter 30

¹ "Corrie" was the nickname of Cornelia Hoyt (1866-1937), Will Hoyt's sister. She married George M. Brown, the son of Joseph Brown, the Civil War governor of Georgia. Skipping down two generations, Corrie, the second daughter of George Hoyt (*Genealogical Chart XIV, p. 117*), was named for her great-aunt.

² Margaret was now ten months old.

³ Was Pink perhaps a temporary employee, secured to help with child-care?

⁴ Russell was two and one-half years old—as his behavior suggests.

Friday night. I had so many little things to see to last night, and after getting through, had to sit with Mother till Father smoked, and then I was too tired to finish. I sent off your things today. Mr. Irwin at the store fixed them up for me. You may look at the Bible I sent Aunt Mary. Also, the smallest package, which I ordered directed to Blackwood, his and Craig's are in that. I wish you would please decide for me, which to give which boy. [*The "boys" were ages 25 and 23, at the time.*] [*p. 4*] They cost just the same, and both are convenient. Yours and Em's are in the tall Box, and Aunt Mary and B. and C. can look at it if they want.⁵

I also sent in with yours and Em's two little drums, match cases, one for Dr. [*the doctor?*] and one for Coz. Belle⁶ is made out of some ribbon she gave me for my quilt, and I only used part of it. It was on her bonnet when she was married. I will get you to please stick two or three matches in the strings around the drums. I was afraid to send them thro the mail.

I want now to make Belle and M. Bettie⁷ some little trick. My will is good, don't know that I can accomplish it. I hope the things [*p. 5*] will go sooner than the sweet potatoes. I had intended sending you all a box of oranges, but found it would take too long by freight, and by express is too expensive. The ex. cost more than the oranges.

I went in town this morn, and the cold wind gave me neuralgia. I have not quite gotten my courage up to going back to have my other teeth taken out, but neuralgia helps one make up their mind more than any thing else.

I sent a little present for Pink and Rodger.⁸ Use your pleasure about giving them.

Margaret has been more fretful the last two or three days than I have ever known her. I suppose it is teething. She is crazy to [*p. 6*] walk, but has never shown much disposition to crawl. If she is on the floor she slides along and gets over a good deal of territory that way, and some times she rolls over and over. Can get around some in that way. But her one idea now is to walk. And the way she has temper. Whew! Did I tell you how pretty she is in her little cloak? The blue just suits her. Russell is getting mighty sweet and good, and would you believe me, fat. Dr. Crow says they are two as healthy looking children as he knows anywhere.

Just now Russell's great friend is Pink. She plays so nicely with him. He has her [*p. 7*] building houses, and making trains, all the time. I was out at the woodpile yesterday eve and found a house out there that they had made of pine that Henry⁹ had split. Thus, when she sweeps, he has to have his broom and help. Also dusts, and makes up the bed with her. He is never happy unless busy.

Mother is up today, but not able to do anything. Corrie spent the day with her again, today.

⁵ "Aunt Mary" is Mary (Willson) Brooks, Tirzah's sister and Bettie's aunt. "B." and "C." are Bettie's two brothers, Blackwood and Craig. "Em" is Emmette Brooks, Mary's daughter and Bettie's first cousin.

⁶ I am unable to identify "Cousin Belle."

⁷ This is not Bettie (Patterson) Guthrie, who died in 1886. I am not able to identify "Miss Bettie" further.

⁸ Pink and Rodger are apparently servants at the Barterbrook end. It is interesting that the families in both Virginia and Georgia had a servant named "Pink" (*cf. note 3*).

⁹ Henry may have been a yard workman — perhaps part-time.

Did I tell you Miss Sallie Brown [*Corrie's in-law?*] is going to Germany the 20th of this month, with that coz. of theirs in New York, Dr. Kinyoun [?]. She has been sick for several months and they are very anxious for her to have the sea voyage.

[p. 8] Tonight is cold. It almost feels like Va. Tell Em Will went down to see Mr. Atkins today. He is still at home sick, but is better. Dr. Connally's house is elegant. They are in it now.

I was amused at Craig's name for Charlotte Russe. Am so glad he is going to have such a nice long holiday. Wish I could be with you, too. Wont everything look different after you get all fixed up.

I want to write to Craig tonight, so must close.

The ladies of Central Church are getting up money to give Mrs. Strickler a set of china for Xmas.

My best love. Yours, Bettie

[*Postscript, on the margin of p. 1.*] Coz. Fannie Norcross [*perhaps the mother of the Carrie Norcross mentioned on p. 77?*] and I are almost at dagger points. The way she does make me mad, Oh! my. Will says if I am going to get mad to get somebody [o] some account to be mad at. That Coz. Fannie has not sense enough for anybody to get mad with her. I tell him he can afford to talk, that I cant stand anything but a fool. You see I am like Miss Mag Donald. □

Craig Patterson's Appreciation for Bettie and Will Hoyt

These are short essays that Craig Patterson included in his 1945 book, *Lest We Forget*.

Bettie Evans (Patterson) Hoyt

Bettie grew to maturity in the home of her aunt, Bettie Evans Patterson Guthrie. When her father, Brown, moved to his new home, Aunt Bettie begged for the little girl to be left with her for a month. She would drive her up daily in the buggy behind old Job, and see every one. One month by request was lengthened to two, and then to three, and so on and on. When she was a larger girl, father bought her a pretty little gray horse that was taught to shake hands. She used to come flying up the road sitting straight on her sidesaddle with Granite bending to his smooth single foot rack.

Her beautiful Christian life is too fresh in the minds of all for whom these notes are written, and too full, to be recorded in a note.

Will Hoyt

Her splendid husband, William R. Hoyt, lived on after her death for many years, caring for and establishing their four children. He was an excellent and prompt businessman. Very liberal in his church gifts. He gave large gifts to Christian workers when he felt that they had need. Much of this was only known to the recipients and to God. He lived long past the four score. When dying, he called Bettie to come, and with members of his family about him, passed away "with a prayer on his lips and a smile on his face." □

An Additional Letter from Bettie Patterson Hoyt

Corrie Hoyt Hendrix, of Atlanta, recently sent me an interesting group of letters. I thought one of them, in particular, would be a good addition to *Tirzah's Packet*, so I am including it here as an "extra" (pp. 80A and 80B). Bettie Hoyt wrote the letter just before Christmas, 1890, and sent it to her brother, Craig. It shows the seriousness of Craig's concerns as he pondered whether to go to China, and it shows Bettie's openness to God's purposes and her strong ties to her family. It also gives us a date for the building of "Wayside"/"Maple Terrace."

LETTER 30A [*follows Letter 30*].¹ FROM BETTIE EVANS (PATTERSON) HOYT, IN ATLANTA, TO HER BROTHER, BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, AT BARTERBROOK, DECEMBER 23, 1890.

Dec. 23, '90.

My dear Craig,

The news your letter contained was not wholly a surprise to me, for I have been expecting it, but oh! when it came how it saddened me. I can't say a word to keep you from doing what you consider your duty, for it is a noble service. But if it could only be that you could be satisfied to labor in a home field, I feel that it would be such a great comfort to all of us, our [*p. 2*] poor Mother especially. Oh! it will be terrible for her now to have you go.² Still I know that any thing we give up in the service of God, he makes it up to us in some way, and if we can't go ourselves, we can help those who can, and in that way do our part.

Now don't smile when you come to this part, but if you go you really ought to marry before you start. It is lonely enough at best, and I do think honestly every missionary ought to have some one to look after him.

Is there any money to send you out?³

[*p. 3*] I have not been able to think of much else since your letter came. Still hope that you will change your mind. As you see, I have not given my full free consent to it. My earnest prayer is that God will guide your steps aright & keep you with us if it is right & best. True, you will be away from home most of the time, but on the same continent you don't feel so entirely away from us.

* * * * *

[*p. 4*] The air is full of Christmas. I can hear the boys all around shooting fire-crackers. The season has lost its charm for me. The most lonely times I have ever spent here have been the two Xmas days I have been here.⁴ I don't think people

¹ Bettie wrote this letter about two weeks later than her December 11 letter to Tirzah (*Letter 30*, pp. 78-80). Craig was home for Christmas from Union Theological Seminary, where he was a senior, so she could mail the letter to Barterbrook.

² Bettie's point is that Tirzah's husband, Brown Patterson, had recently died, on Aug. 21, 1890.

³ The Southern Presbyterian Mission Board did not have the funds needed to send out missionaries unless it received help from congregations or other donors. Tinkling Spring Church, near Staunton, partially supported Craig during all of his forty-eight years in China, and First Presbyterian Church, Jackson, Mississippi, did the same for Annie Houston, who was soon to become Craig's wife.

⁴ Bettie was married on February 9, 1887, so there had been three Christmases since her marriage. Perhaps for one of them she had been back in Virginia?

can make childhood [p. 5] too bright, for you know yourself how sweet it is to look back and recall all the pleasant times. The Christmas I enjoyed most of all, I think, was the first year after we moved into the new house, your second year in Lexington [see note on "Three Homes," just below]. Auntie [presumably Aunt Bettie Guthrie] and I spent a week with you all.⁵

Will is very busy. Last Thursday was the last day he took dinner at home. Since then, we have sent it every day. Then he takes Supper at 10.30 when he comes home. The rush will be over, there, after Xmas day.⁶ I told him of your letter, of course. He said he truly hoped that you [p. 6] could see your way clear to stay at home. I told him that you did not want it spoken of yet, so he will not mention it.

Glad to say I am well except a bad cold, and it is better. Till today I could hardly talk.

I wrote to Mama last night, but did not mention your letter, as I thought you ought to tell her yourself. Tell her I sent Katie a little bag in it. Suppose, tho, the letter will go all right.

Wishing you all a Happy Xmas,

Lovingly yours,

Bettie.

Note on the Brown Pattersons' Three Homes. Putting various sources together, we can see that Brown and Tirzah lived in three different homes. (1) When they were first married, in 1862, they lived at Montezuma. (2) In 1869, when Bettie was six years old, they moved from there to a house of their own (see Craig's comments about young Bettie, p. 80). Craig tells us that a Mr. T. Hodge later owned the farm that they moved to (see p. 96). (3) Finally, about fifteen years later, in 1884, the family moved again into "the new house," as Bettie calls it in her letter above. This was during Craig's "second year in Lexington," that is, his sophomore year at W&L, 1884–1885. We learn from Bettie's 1887 wedding invitation that the family named the new home "Wayside" (see p. 75). Succeeding generations came to speak of the house and its immediate grounds as "Maple Terrace."

⁵ Several factors helped to make the Christmas of 1884 special for Bettie. It was the family's first Christmas in the new home. It may also have been Bettie's first experience of traveling back from Atlanta to Virginia for Christmas (if she had already moved to Atlanta by then), and perhaps she had news for the family about someone she had met down in Atlanta. Undoubtedly she would have enjoyed seeing Craig as he took a break from college. And "Auntie" was in on the events for a full week. By Christmas of 1885, a year later, Aunt Bettie Guthrie may not have been up to that. She died in May, 1886.

⁶ During the early years of Will's marriage, he operated a grocery on Alabama Street named the W. R. Hoyt Wholesale Fancy Grocer. For someone in the grocery business, Christmas clearly was a busy time, right up through Christmas Eve. Later, he and George M. Brown, his brother-in-law, formed a partnership, opening an insurance company and the Georgia Savings Bank and Trust Company. They divided up the two businesses within a year, Will taking responsibility for the insurance agency. He named it W. R. Hoyt and Company. (See Samuel Browne Hoyt, *Memoirs: Early Life*, pp. 2, 3.)

Chapter 14

Brother Dave Willson in Texas, The Later Years

We saw two of Dave Willson's letters earlier, in Chapter 9 (pp. 56–59). Letter 19 is an 1873 letter to Tirzah from Fulton, Missouri, the place where Dave's first two children, Annie and "Fritz," were born. Letter 20, written ten years later, was mailed from Handley, Texas, Dave's permanent place of settlement. His third child, Evelyn ("Lynn"), was probably born shortly after the family's 1876 move to Texas. His fourth and youngest child, Nell, was definitely born in Texas, about 1887. (*For a picture of Dave's offspring sixty years later, in 1948, see Illus. 28, p. 102.*)

Dave's letters, both early and late, were well composed and full of information about farming conditions, family events, neighbors, or church developments. Farming comments often had to do with Texas weather. Family news had mainly to do with the two Texas families with whom he had direct contact—his own family (*cf. Geneal. Chart VII*) and the Stuarts (*cf. Geneal. Chart IV*)—and to a lesser extent with the extended Willson family, a more widely scattered group.

Dave wins the prize for the most letters in Tirzah's packet—five, plus another one that I found between the leaves of an agricultural accounting book that Craig preserved (*Letter 34*). Dave customarily wrote letters on Sunday afternoons, and his letters tended to become fairly long once he sat down to write. The letters we are dealing with in this chapter date from 1890 to 1902, so Dave was in his mid-fifties to mid-sixties at the time of writing.

For the first three letters in this chapter, I have added bracketed paragraph headings that I hope will help modern readers. Readers interested in family genealogy may want to check out the "three Texas letters" in Appendix I or the genealogical charts in Appendix III.

LETTER 31. FROM DAVID BLACKWOOD WILSON TO HIS SISTER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON,
OCTOBER 20, 1890.

Handley, Texas, Oct. 20, 1890

My Dear Sister,

[*A gift package from Barterbrook.*] I cannot find words to thank you for this munificent gift. And accept it in the spirit in which it was sent. I dress perhaps as well as my confreres. But this will take me far beyond.¹ Mary [*Dave's wife*] and the girls are equally pleased. [*They*] are especially delighted with the dresses and do most cordially thank Mary and Emmette for their part in the kindness.²

I do not tire looking at the photos. Only one, however, is familiar, the meadow in your front, with the houses of S. and W., Mr. G's barn [*Mr. Guthrie's?*], and the oak tree across the road, under which the guinea eggs were deposited. You have a

Notes to Letter 31

¹ Apparently part of the gift was men's suits. Brown Patterson died on August 21, 1890, so it seems likely that Tirzah was sending Dave some of his suits.

² Emmette Brooks was older than Annie and Lynn, so some of her outgrown dresses may have been included. Probably some of the women's and girls' dresses were newly sewn.

beautiful home.³ We do not see such homes here outside of Ft. Worth. I have no knowledge of the gourd. It was new to me as to the others. Do you have anything of its history? Or has it one? The old letters are a very big surprise.⁴ It has been so long that I had almost forgotten that I had been a boy with powers so limited. But it is evident that I did not know it at that time.

[*David's own family.*] Little Nellie wants to know to whom I am writing. I told her. She says Aunt Tirzah is a dood dirl, tum to see me some day.⁵ Is this prophecy? I expect it would do you infinite good to spend a while with us, and we would be delighted to have you. It would certainly be a very great change from Va. I grieve over the destruction of those sweet apple trees in the back yards. If I ever visit you I [*p.* 2] want to time my visit to suit the rusty sweet apples in the Spring field.⁶ You know "everything comes to him who waits."

[*Texas weather.*] I wish you had some of the Texas rain we are having. It comes too late to do us much good, but everything is greening as in May. We still have watermelons and have had them since July. Have had no frost yet, but it is time to look for it and I am not ready. My sweet potatoes are not yet matured. We cannot eat Irish potatoes, they taste too much of currency. We were very much injured by the summer droughts. My cotton was cut down from 8 to 4 bales and my corn from 36 bush[*els*] to 18. All suffered alike. But we have good health and can eat what is set before us without grumbling and feel very grateful for numberless blessings.

[*The Handley community school.*] I am one of the school trustees and insisted [*on a lady teacher*] this year and worked for a lady teacher. I got one about 20 years old. We all like her. My children are learning well. We give the young lady, Miss House, \$55.00 per month, with the overs and unders, which will raise it perhaps to \$65.00. Good teachers command good salaries here, and [*are*] always in demand.

[*Clemenza's family.*] Mr. Stuart's family have scattered at last, only John and Frank at home. John I think will leave before long. They are sick of hard work on the farm and no pay. Will is in a grocery store in the Fort, and well enough pleased to stay. Jimmie has bot. property there and is doing well, his wife keeping boarders and Jimmie a city mail carrier, at \$65.00 per month. Houston has the easiest job of all. Col. Hoxie, a very rich man, is afraid of burglars and pays Hute \$50.00 per month to guard him. His [*p.* 3] hours are from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M., the balance of the time to use as he pleases. Charlie was very sick with mountain fever and is now at home on a visit and to recruit. He and Arch are both expert miners and get work all the time at 3.50 per day. Charlie is a very handsome boy and a good one. I am sorry when he leaves us. He likes the work better than farming. Mary thought her stay in Mexico would cure her entirely of asthma, but she has had a severe attack since her return. She now must try something else. Clem has not been well lately and so heavy she can scarcely move around. Mr. Stuart is quite active, still walks on chips in muddy time. He is particularly kind to me...Emigration to this part of the State

³ The home had not yet been built when Dave left Virginia in 1866 or 1867. The oak tree to which he refers may or may not be the Barterbrook Oak (*Illus.* 20).

⁴ See earlier comment, Chapter 1, pp. 1-2, about the disposition of Dave's childhood letters.

⁵ Nellie was Dave's youngest child. Her lisp suggests that in 1890 she may have been about three.

⁶ Tirzah and Brown piped in their water from a natural spring about a third of a mile away. Probably that is what Dave means by "Spring field."

has about ceased. Renters are hard to find. Very many farms must lie idle. Mr. S[*tuart*] is still hoping to sell for a large price.⁷

[*The railroad to be built.*] A rapid transit R R will soon be built between Ft. W. and Dallas. It is not certainly known where it will be located, but I think it will pass close to Mr. S[*tuart*]. In that event, his place will be valuable. John was here Sunday. He thinks it will pass close to me. In that event, it will only increase my taxes. I am the only man in Texas who does not want to sell. The trains on the road will be hourly. Dallas and Ft. W. will [*p. 4*] then be one city...

[*Sunday school class.*] I've 13 young ladies in my class who are hard to beat for beauty and refinement. The Methodist preacher said Sunday night that whilst every denomination was represented here, we got along so quietly and smoothly that a stranger w'd think we were one family.

[*The extended Willson family.*] Have not heard from Clarence⁸ since last winter. I am glad to say he is now in a prosperous condition and most pleasantly situated. When he last wrote he expected to visit us in August. I hear from Phi⁹ frequently. I expect Annie¹⁰ has married well. Have not seen Mr. Lee for a long time. He grabs me with both hands when we meet.

[*Dave's church.*] Our friend, Col. Lowrance of Dallas,¹¹ preached two weeks for us in August. There were fourteen conversions. Linnie [*Dave's daughter*] was among those who joined the church.

With much love to all, Yrs. aff., D.B.Wilson

□

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LETTER 32. FROM DAVID BLACKWOOD WILSON TO HIS SISTER, TIRZAH (WILSON) PATTERSON, SEPTEMBER 24, 1894.

Handley, Sept. 24, 94

My Dear Sister,

[*An accident to Dave's hand while leading a colt.*] I am writing under difficulties, and cannot write a very newsy letter. I was very unfortunate three weeks ago today in losing the first-joint of the index finger of my right hand, and very nearly lost the second finger. My fingers got fouled in a rope with which I was leading a colt. I am not able to use my hand at all. And my little crops just ready to gather. Some of it I will lose because I cannot use my left hand. I am not complaining, but it is one of the mysteries I cannot understand. It may have been my carelessness, and God not in it at all, and I suppose it was. I was thinking all the time about a mishap, and was very cautious. It was torn off at the joint, exposing the bone. The Dr. drew the flesh over the bone, and I suppose it is doing well, but very slow. I am doing my first work today, picking the cotton, but it is slow with my left [*p. 2*] hand.

[*Dave's church.*] Was at Presbytery last week. I saw John McCall [*a young minister, recently ordained*]. I had no talk with him. He told me he had a letter from you recently

⁷ Among the Stuarts, Dave mentions Ben and Clem and eight of their children — John, Frank, Will, Jimmie, Houston, Charlie, Arch, and Mary. Perhaps Pet was already married and gone—cf. p. 101, n.4.

⁸ This Clarence is Dave's younger brother, who lived in Natchez, Mississippi. (*See above, pp. 50-52.*)

⁹ Phi, in Washington, D.C., was Dave's older half brother. Philander refers to Dave in Letter 28, p. 72.

¹⁰ Philander's fourth child, Annie. (*See Genealogical Chart V-d, p. 112.*)

¹¹ William Nichols Lowrance, pastor of Oak Cliff Presbyterian Church in Dallas, 1890-1904.

but seemed averse to talking, and I left him alone. I think that's his way. He seemed popular with the members of Presbytery.¹

[*David's own family.*²] Many thanks for kind offer to help me get to Va. I do not get ahead at all. I work hard, contrive, and plan, but I cannot make ends meet. My wife is saving & careful. If it were not for her good management, we w'd all be in the poor house. Annie is at school, to be gone 8 months. She will graduate this year.³ Linnie [*David's third child*] is staying with a sick neighbor today. And Clarence⁴ is picking cotton for himself, the only chance he has to make a few dollars.

[*Clemenza's family.*] Was in the Fort Sat. Saw Hout, who told me a baby girl was at his house, about 2 hours old. I went home with him, called on the young mother, and fr. there to Manchester Mills, to see Pet, who has a baby 2 days old. All doing well. John Stuart is not at all well, and Sister [*Clemenza*] almost dies with asthma. We are all very uneasy about Frank. He has had 3 Epileptic spasms. He got black in the face and looked like he w'd die. The Dr. thinks if he can keep them off a year or two, he may get well. I have little hope of his cure. They are all stout, healthy looking. Frank weighs nearly 200 & Sister more. [*p.3*] Sister is staying with Pet now. Coz. Mary is doing the cooking. We ordained and installed Charlie an Elder in our church two months ago. He is a fine fellow.⁵

[*The extended Willson family.*] I am glad Clarence⁶ has had such a good time. No doubt he worked hard for it, and deserved it. That programme was just splendid. It would be hard to find a fellow who w'd appreciate it more. I hope congratulations are in order for Blackwood & Annie.⁷

My finger is hurting me, so I must stop. Love to all. I know you must be busy. Will not kick if you don't write often. But I get hungry for home news some times. I got a *Harpers Weekly* last week, the name of O. W. Wallace written on [*it*]. I suppose that is Ophelia. Please thank her for it.

Mary S. Stuart is not well. She is homesick. I feel so sorry for her. She is treated with marked kindness at Uncle Ben's. She is longing for old Va.⁸ I must stop.

Yr. Bro. D.B.Willson



Notes to Letter 32

¹ McCall was a Texan, educated at W&L and Union Seminary in Virginia. Perhaps he had a seminary summer-work assignment at Tinkling Spring, which would account for Tirzah's writing him a letter.

² For David's family as adults, see Illus. 28, p. 102.

³ Annie, Dave's oldest, would be twenty-four when she graduated. It is interesting to see that Dave, despite financial difficulties, was able to send his child to college.

⁴ Dave speaks of his son, Clarence, nicknamed "Fritz." See Letter 19, p. 57.

⁵ The Stuart family: "Uncle Ben," mentioned at the end of the letter, is Ben Stuart, the father. "Sister" is Clemenza, the mother. Charlie is now an elder in the church. Other Stuart children who are mentioned are John, Frank, Mary, Pet, and "Hout" (Houston, "Hute"). Those missing are Arch, Will, and Jimmy.

⁶ Dave's brother, who lived in Natchez. We are uninformed about the "programme."

⁷ Blackwood and Anna Compton Patterson had their first child, Helen, the very day that Dave wrote his letter, September 24, 1894.

⁸ Mary Stuart was evidently a cousin from Virginia who had come to Texas for a visit. Judging from later letters (*e.g., Letter 37, p. 101*), she seems to have provided a link between the Stuarts of Virginia and those of Texas for the rest of her life.

The following letter is unsigned. It is written front-and-back on two well-preserved sheets (four pages), so the signature was not lost through damage. The last sentence crowds into the upper margin of p.1 and clearly brings the letter as a whole to completion. The contents of the letter suggest that the author was David. Evidently he just neglected to sign his name.

LETTER 33 (*unsigned*). FROM DAVID B. WILSON TO HIS SISTER, MARGARET TIRZAH (WILLSON) PATTERSON, MARCH 17, 1895.

Handley, March 17, 1895

My Dear Sister,

I'd just been thinking of writing you, when your letter came. This is one grand day after three days of cold, cloudy weather. Have just returned fr. Church and had dinner. A fine sermon by a Methodist bro. Rom 6.3. Don't think anyone could have handled the subject better.

[*Texas weather.*] Winter here has been very severe. We had snow in sight for about six weeks. Only 0° was reached, but that is cold here. But we did not suffer. Had plenty of feed stored up and wood cut, so that we did not go out much. We have so little snow, it does not pay to keep sleighs, or even make them. The woods are still black here. I have planted no corn. My oats are up and look green. I've had the labor of planting my corn over for the last 3 years. Will try and plant at the proper time this year.

[*Reading materials.*] The heaviest reading I do in the reading line [*p. 2*] is preparing my S.S. lesson, and prayer meeting work. I read seven papers regularly, exchanging with Mr. [*Ben*] Stuart. I've heard some of Trilby but have not seen it.¹ Miss Noble, a friend of ours in Ft. W., gave me an armful of *Centuries* last week. So when I have a moment to sit, have something handy to read.

[*Dave's church, known in his day as College Avenue Church, Fort Worth, and subsequently re-named "Westminster Presbyterian Church."*] Preaching at T.S. [*Tinkling Spring*] after night is a late thing.² Under the old regime, that was never thot. Our good preacher, Mr. Roe,³ has accepted a call to Dallas. I tell you, the loss of an intelligent preacher is great. I'm thoroughly disgusted with one-horse preachers. If I was not forced to attend my S.S., w'd stay at home. Hope to see some of my friends in the G.A. [*General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.*] at Dallas this spring. We are only 30 miles away. I notice Mr. Lee will be a comm. [*commissioner*].

[*David's own family.*] Annie has been very sick. Still very weak. She broke out with measles eight days ago. Her system was in no condition to combat the disease. She suffered very much. She is in the Fort. Her Mother is with her, and will be until she is able to come home. I am afraid it will interfere with her graduating this spring.⁴ If the weather continues fair we hope to have her home this week. The rest of us have been well all the time [*p. 3*] with the exception of headache or neuralgia. Stearns headache cure will stop all pain in a few minutes. I recommend it to you.

Notes to Letter 33

¹ Trilby may be a commentator on the Bible or on the International Sunday School lessons.

² Apparently he is commenting that Tinkling Spring had only recently begun Sunday evening services.

³ Walter Clark Roe, stated supply, College Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fort Worth, 1893–1894.

⁴ Annie was twenty-four, and about to graduate from college.

[*Clemenza's family.*] Frank Stuart came near dying two weeks ago. Through mistake took a dose of aconite.⁵ Prompt measures saved him. Saw Charlie today [*at church, that morning?*]. All were well over there. The two Marys⁶ were going to see Annie this evening. Houston Stuart has just recovered from a forty-day spell of Typhoid fever. He is all right now. They have a fine girl which they call Ethel May. Pet has not named her boy yet. Allen wants to call it Jim Hogg.⁷ John Stuart is still an invalid. I am afraid will always be. He is well sometimes for two days, then sick for a longer period. Frank has had two severe spasms, since he was poisoned.

[*Other friends.*] We had a very pleasant visit from Mrs. Fannie McCue.⁸ We had a satisfactory talk. She told me about everything I could [*think*] of, and in thinking afterwards I don't believe I left anything out. Fannie McCue gave us a visit of a day and night in Dec., which was delightful. From these visits we learn so much that never reaches us by letter. I am afraid all of my old friends will have fallen asleep before I get back to Va. Jim Van L[ear] is a tobacco worm. How I w'd like to see old Simon. He speaks of the changes in Va. as being great. I expect I w'd be a greater stranger there than in Texas.

[*The extended Willson and Blackwood families.*] Have not heard from Phi⁹ for a long time. I notice from his last letters that his mind is very much affected. Two weeks ago had quite a long letter fr. Jno. Lambert.¹⁰ I was surprised and pleased. He wrote me that you and yrs. had been to see them. I read Mary's¹¹ letter, but did not understand much of it. I do not think you need have fears for Craig's safety. [*top of p. 1*] He has never been a Jonah and is in safe hands.¹² [*No signature.*] □

We now know that Dave died in 1902 (*see p. 87, "Note on the date of Dave's trip to Virginia"*). The following letter, from early 1902, may be the last letter Dave wrote to Tirzah.

LETTER 34. FROM DAVID WILSON TO HIS SISTER, TIRZAH (WILLSON) PATTERSON, JAN. 11, 1902.
January 11, 1902

My Dearest Sister. I thank you very much for yr. kind thoughtfulness, in sending me that check. During this sickness my expenses have been heavy. I am too old to

⁵ Aconite is a highly poisonous alkaloid herb, once used as a sedative or for pest control. The Stuarts may have kept some for either purpose. The herb is also known as wolf's bane or monkshood.

⁶ Annie's mother, whose name was Mary, was already with her. Annie's cousin, Mary Stuart, is probably one of the Mary's who would be calling. Perhaps there was another Mary in the Stuart connection.

⁷ Allen wanted to name his son after Jim Hogg, governor of Texas, 1891-1895. Pet was unsure. The baby was six months old and not yet named. A later letter tells us that they did name their older son Jim.

⁸ The name "McCue" was in Letter. 26 (*p. 70, n.2*). Did Mrs. Fannie McCue have a connection of some kind with "Sandy" McCue—his wife, his mother, or an in-law? To tell the truth, we don't know.

⁹ Philander Wilson, in Washington, D.C.

¹⁰ John Lambert and Dave were first cousins. (*John's mother, Tirza Blackwood, and Dave's mother, Sallie Blackwood, were sisters.*) By 1895, John had been married twice (but not to "Mag," either time—cf. p. 29, n.3), and had three children (*see Genealogical Chart II, p. 110*).

¹¹ Mary (Willson) Brooks. Two months later, on 5/17/1895, Mary died. For more about her, see pp. 46-47, and the additional references. Dave says he did not understand Mary's letter. She may have been describing developments in China that she thought to be threatening to Craig. (*Cf. Postcard 5, p. 91.*)

¹² Craig was in Suqian, China, in the midst of his first term on the mission field.

improve rapidly. But I am able to walk about over the yard. I can walk about 30 yds. without stopping, not that my legs give out, but my breath. Sister, I have the most noble little wife that the Good God ever blest a man with. What she went through with was tremendous. I was in bed ten weeks. I became so emaciated I had to be kept warm with artificial heat. I expect to go to Ft. Worth next week, to stay a month. Mary Stuart will be out for me the first good day. Annie [*Dave's eldest daughter, probably married by this time to a Mr. Carrington, but still living in Handley*] wrote you a long letter, which met your last one on the road. We hope you got it. My best love to Bettie and the children.¹ Yr. Bro. Dave □

Note on the date of Dave's trip to Virginia. In September, 1894, Dave wrote to Tirzah: "Many thanks for kind offer to help me get to Va." (*Letter 32*). In March, 1895, he wrote: "I am afraid all of my old friends will have fallen asleep before I get back to Va." (*Letter 33*). Then, in a letter from January, 1902 (*Letter 34*), he tells us of serious difficulties with his heart and lungs (a congestive heart problem?).

A handwritten note of Craig's from ca. 1950 says: "At Mother's invitation [*Uncle Dave*] visited her about 1920-plus." This seems to confirm that Dave *did* make the trip. But the date is a problem. I located "David Willson of Tarrant County (*Fort Worth*)" on an Internet website. Certain details convinced me that I had found the right "David Willson." (1) The program knew that "Blackwood" was his middle name. (2) It told me that the "P" of John P. Willson, his father, stood for "Philander" (I had not previously known this). It also said that Dave died in 1902. I believe this is a more probable date than 1920. By Dave's own witness, he had not yet made it back to Virginia by 1895, and health problems began in the autumn of 1901. Pending further evidence, I believe we should date his trip to Virginia between 1895 and the summer of 1901.

Note on the Stuarts. Ben Stuart was probably about seventy years old in 1895. The next generation of Stuarts were in their thirties and forties by that time, mostly married, and engaged in various occupations. From Dave's letters we know that the married siblings included a daughter, Pet; the two youngest sons, Jimmie and Houston; and Charlie, still living nearby. We hear little about Arch, perhaps because he had married and moved away. We hear fairly regularly that Mary is helping family members or is seeking alleviation for asthma, but we don't have any clear indication that she ever married. We hear that John and Frank were frequently subject to sickness, and that they recuperated at home, perhaps suggesting they were not (yet?) married. Will is mentioned in Jimmie Stuart's letter of 1930 as living comfortably at a boarding house (*Letter 37, p. 100*). This seems to imply that by then he was either a widower or a long-term bachelor. (*For a more systematic treatment of the siblings, see Genealogical Chart IV.*)

Note on Dave's church. Dave's letters never mention the name of his church. But in *Letter 33* he names one of its ministers, a Mr. Roe. The *Ministerial Directory of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.* tells us that a Mr. Walter Clark Roe served the College Avenue Church, Ft. Worth, Texas, 1893–1894. The church was later renamed Westminster Presbyterian. It would be interesting to know if the church's old record books hold information about the Willsons or the Stuarts. □

¹ "Bettie and the children" must be a reference to the Hoyts. Perhaps by early 1902, the date of Dave's letter, Tirzah had already begun her extended stay in Atlanta as a helper for Bettie. As we know, Bettie's illness proved to be terminal.

Chapter 15

Craig Patterson, Tirzah's Son in China

Craig finished his preparation for the ministry in the spring of 1891. He was steady in his resolve to become a missionary to China, and Lexington Presbytery licensed and ordained him for that purpose in September. As we noted in Chapter 8 (p. 47), one of his last ministerial actions in the Barterbrook area before starting to China was to conduct the wedding of his Aunt Mary's daughter (and his first cousin), Emmette E. Brooks, to her fiancée, William Ballard Smith (*Ills. 11, 12, p. 47*).

During the years that Craig was in China, he wrote letters or cards to his mother once a week, faithfully continuing this practice as long as she remained alive. Many of his letters are now preserved in the archives of Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. But two of the early messages, both postal cards, found their way into Tirzah's packet.

The first of them (*Postal Card 4, p. 89*) was written while Craig was en route to China. He had spent the summer of 1890 in Washington, D.C., so we know that he had previously ventured outside the State of Virginia. But this trip would be his first time outside the borders of the United States. When Craig set off for China, he was twenty-six and still unmarried. Actually, it was to be on this self-same journey that he first met his future wife, Annie Houston (*Illus. 23*).



Illustration 23. The missionary party that left San Francisco on September 26, 1891, to sail for Japan and China. Seated, l. to r.: Mrs. Buchanan, the Hampden C. Dubose family, including two young sons, Warner and Palmer, Miss E. C. Davidson, and a young Rev. B. C. Patterson. Standing, l. to r.: Rev. W. C. Buchanan, Rev. George Hudson, Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Graham, Rev. Robert A. Haden, and Dr. Annie R. Houston, M.D. The Grahams and Buchanans went to Japan, the others to China.

On His Initial Trip to China, Craig Sends Greetings from Colorado

The postal cancellation puts the date of this card at September 22, 1891. Craig had left home and was crossing the continent of America by train to cover the first leg of his initial trip to China.

POSTAL CARD 4. FROM BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, IN COLORADO, TO HIS MOTHER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

Between Denver & Cheyenne

Dear Mother¹

We walked this morning in the plains of Colo. We saw the mountains in the West. High and peaked looking, snow lying in all the hollows. Between us and them there is a great plain perhaps 40 miles. All our party² is in fine spirits – We boys got off at the last station and played leap-frog.³ All are well. Do hope you are all getting on well and are busy and happy. Hope to get nice letters from you at S.F. Am beginning to feel how far away home is. We glide over these plains by the day – away – away. [I] have some sage. Am going to send in an envelope today. It is called Rocky Mt. sage. □

When Craig reached China in 1891, the mission assigned him to Huai'an, then called Tsing Kiang Pu, where he learned Chinese. Annie Rowland Houston went south to Hangzhou, where she also studied Chinese. Craig and Annie soon discovered that they were meant for each other, and they were married in Shanghai on August 4, 1893. They went to Shanghai for the ceremony because a U.S. consul had to be personally present if the marriage was to be entered into consular records and be recognized in America. Craig and Annie, now Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, still were not permitted to move to Suqian, so they remained in Huai'an for 1893–94. Craig opened a small school for boys at his residence. As for Annie, a large, nearby Buddhist temple, in a truly ecumenical action, allotted space in one of its side buildings for this newly arrived Christian foreign woman to operate a clinic. The building Annie used remains in place to this day.

The mission had been trying ever since 1891 to get permission for missionaries to move to Suqian, a provincial town of moderate size that lay about two hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai as the crow flies, built on the west bank of the Imperial Grand Canal. It was fully encircled by a protective wall, twelve or fifteen feet high, and it was situated in the midst of fertile

Notes to Postal Card 4

¹ William Brown Patterson, Craig's father, had died on August 31, 1890, just a little over a year earlier. So Craig addressed the card to his mother, Mrs. W. B. Patterson, in Barterbrook.

² The "party" Craig speaks of is found in Illustration 23. Dr. Hampden C. Dubose, an experienced and well-respected China missionary, led the group. His wife, Pauline McAlpine Dubose, and two of their children were with him. Matthew Hale Houston, secretary of the Presbyterian (U.S.) Foreign Missions Committee at the time and a cousin of Annie's, traveled with the group from St. Louis to Kansas City, where the commissioning service for the new missionaries took place.

³ I think we can assume that Dr. Dubose passed up the opportunity to play leapfrog. But no doubt his two sons, Palmer and Warner, eleven and eight at the time, took part vigorously.



Illustration 24. The Zhang Inn. This was where Craig and Annie first lived in Suqian and where Annie first opened a Suqian clinic. Annie is standing in front of her quarters at the inn, in company with two of her helpers, Mrs. Liu and Mrs. Dong,

agricultural fields. Permission was finally granted by the authorities in the spring of 1894. The missionaries would not be permitted to purchase buildings of their own, but they were allowed to rent living quarters in a commercial establishment. So the Pattersons, along with several other missionary couples, moved into the Zhang Inn (*Illus. 24*), just outside the south gate of the city wall. Among those who pioneered missionary work in Suqian, and their children, the one who later was to become the most famous was Pearl S. Buck. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Absalom Sydenstricker (the “S” in Mrs. Buck’s name stands for “Sydenstricker”). However, we have to concede that Pearl’s years in Suqian were when she was just two or three years old.

•

A Trip Northward on the Imperial Grand Canal

Two years after moving to Suqian, Craig wrote Postal Card 5 to his mother. (Craig included Annie’s name on the card.) When he posted the card in Suqian, on May 4, 1896, he and Annie were still living at the Zhang Inn. Slightly less than a week later the card received a postal cancellation at Shanghai (May 10). As the Japanese Post Office was handling Chinese overseas mail at that time, the card was canceled again in Yokohama (May 21). To cross the Pacific and reach Barterbrook probably added another month, perhaps six weeks, so the total travel time from Suqian to Barterbrook would have been two months or more. For Tirzah to write Craig and receive an answer would have taken four months, maybe more.

POSTAL CARD 5. FROM BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON AND ANNIE ROWLAND (HOUSTON) PATTERSON, IN SUQIAN, TO CRAIG'S MOTHER, TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, MAY 4, 1896.

Su Chien,¹ China
May 4th, '96

My Dear Mother:

We hope to get off to Kwan Hu² tomorrow A. and I. [*"Annie and I"*] for 8 or 10 days. It is up country 2 or 3 days. Last trip I enjoyed very much. The people received me very well indeed, and I have hopes that the word may be already taking hold there. Came back home, found Annie and all well. I take Annie with me for her first trip. In fact the first trip for any woman up there [*i.e., foreign woman or missionary woman*]. We will of course have a good deal of crowding to see her. I send you a couple of books, and if you think it worth postage send them to Rev. R. R. Houston,³ Amsterdam, Botetourt Co. Va. — The attack on the missionary noted in the papers was 100 miles below T.K.P.⁴ Rom. Cath. priests were buying property there⁵ and Mr. Ferguson⁶ did not know [*that*] the people were stirred up over it. The people are very friendly here now. Have just come back from the finest feast! An old friend (a colonel) gave it.⁷ Much love from B.C.P. and A.H.P.

[*Marginal postscript*] Did I ever thank you for sending the red table cloth? It certainly came in well — Washed today. 1st time. □

Notes to Postal Card 5

¹ The modern spelling of Su Chien is "Suqian," but Craig's spelling conveys the Chinese pronunciation better.

² "Guanhu" is the modern spelling for Kwan Hu. This time the modern spelling conveys the actual pronunciation better than the earlier spelling. Guanhu was a walled market-town about 45 miles north of Suqian and a few miles back from the west bank of the Grand Canal. When Craig and Annie arrived in Suqian in 1894, Guanhu was the only place in their entire mission area where professed Christians were already present. Suqian had none at the time. In 1891, just a month or two after Craig arrived in Huai'an, he accompanied the Rev. James R. Graham, Sr., on a 120 mile canal trip northward from Huai'an, past Suqian and on up to Guanhu, for the purpose of baptizing a certain Mrs. Jiang, a widow. Mrs. Jiang, a remarkable person, became a leading Christian figure for that whole part of the province. She probably was the hostess for Craig and Annie's visit to Guanhu. (The Mr. Graham that Craig traveled up the canal with was the next older brother of the Rev. Henry T. Graham, with whom Craig and Annie crossed the Pacific in 1891. The Henry Grahams may be seen in Illustration 23, on their way to Japan.)

³ Rev. R[*utherford*] R[*owland*] Houston was Annie's father. A year before Annie left for China, Dr. Houston moved from Fincastle to nearby Amsterdam. Craig often wrote to him, but they met for the first time in June, 1900, when Craig and Annie returned to America for a furlough. By then, Craig and Annie had been married for seven years and had two sons tagging along, Houston and William.

⁴ "T.K.P." is an abbreviation for Tsing Kiang Pu, now known as "Huai'an." Huai'an, located about 75 miles south of Suqian, was, and still is, an important North Jiangsu city.

⁵ Zhenjiang ("Chinkiang" in the old transliteration) is the place Craig is speaking of where the "attack on the missionary" occurred. This canal city is about 100 miles further south than T.K.P. It lies at the juncture of the Grand Canal (*Da Yunbo*) and the Yangtze River (*Zhang Jiang*).

⁶ Mr. Ferguson is presumably the Protestant missionary who was attacked.

⁷ The colonel who gave a feast is almost certainly to be identified with a certain Colonel Gau, a retired army officer whom Craig speaks of elsewhere as having given genuine help to the missionaries during their early years in the city.

Craig's first furlough began in June, 1900, nine years after he arrived in China. The first two Patterson children had been born in Suqian during those nine years, Houston at the Zhang Inn, William at a later North Suqian residence (*see Genealogical Chart XV, p. 118*). On July 7, 1900, the day Craig and his family reached Barterbrook, the Boxer Rebellion in China was at its height.

His second furlough, 1911-1912, was spent in Staunton. During the previous ten years in China, Paul and Norman had been born in Suqian, and Margaret at Guling. While Craig was home on furlough the Chinese Revolution of 1911 was in progress. When the family returned to China, Houston and William remained in America to go to high school.

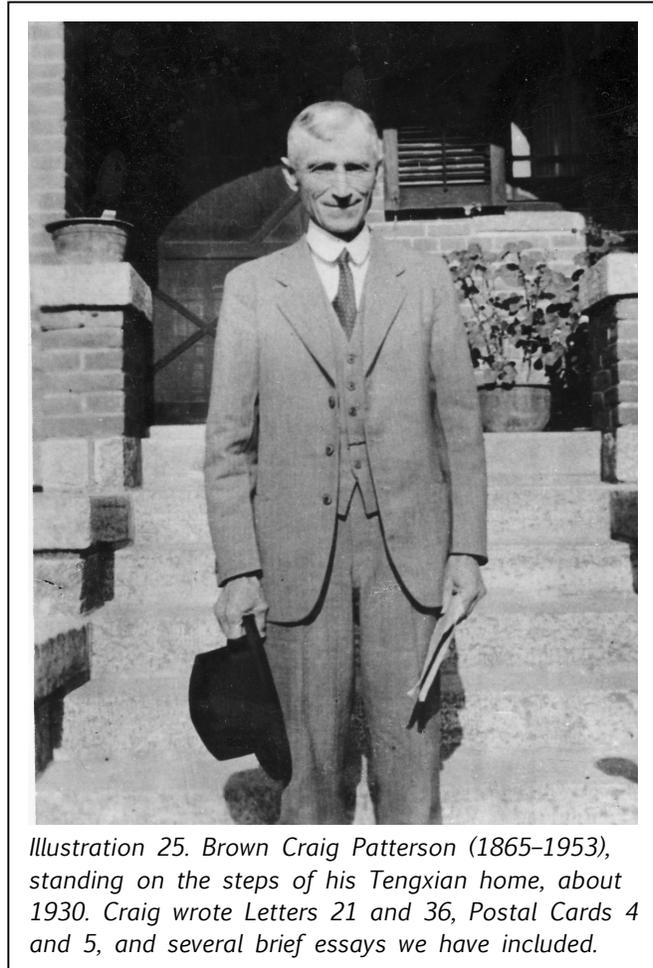


Illustration 25. Brown Craig Patterson (1865–1953), standing on the steps of his Tengxian home, about 1930. Craig wrote Letters 21 and 36, Postal Cards 4 and 5, and several brief essays we have included.

The third furlough, from October, 1919, to February, 1921, was spent in Lexington, Virginia. Houston finished at W&L in June, 1919, and William was now enrolled there. Shortly after Craig and Annie returned to China in 1921, the mission voted to reassign them to Tengxian, Shandong, where Craig became a professor in the North China Theological Seminary. He spent the remainder of his missionary years as part of that faculty.

The fourth and final furlough, in 1927–1928, was spent in Staunton. In 1927, Craig and Annie refugeed from the dangers of the Nationalist Revolution in China, going first to Qingdao, in Shandong Province, then to Kobe, Japan, and finally to America. However, their return

to America fit into their ordinary furlough cycle, and Craig and Annie treated it accordingly. While in Staunton, they were near to Margaret, who was attending Mary Baldwin College.

In the summer of 1928 they returned to Tengxian, where they faced some difficult years as the recent revolution worked its way through to stability. In 1937, the Japanese invaded Shanghai, and Tengxian soon became occupied territory. In 1939, Craig and Annie returned from Japanese-occupied China to Barterbrook, to the house that Craig had grown up in and the farm fields that he knew intimately. He died on September 18, 1953. Annie died five months later, on February 9, 1954. Both are buried at Tinkling Spring.

Tirzah lived with them in Staunton for the winter months of 1927–1928. When Craig returned to China in 1928, he knew that he was seeing his mother for the last time. We will come in the next chapter to the end of Tirzah's life. □

Chapter 16

Tirzah's Last Days

When Clarence Willson died in 1924, his departure left Tirzah as the only still-living member of either the “first” or “second” John P. Willson families. Five years later, Tirzah died peacefully, on March 21, 1929, at the age of eighty-five.

Concerned for Her Family until the Very End

In her later life, Tirzah continued to live in the home she had shared with Brown, Wayside, and she continued active in her relationships with children and grandchildren. Letter 35, below, makes clear the reasons they loved to visit her. This letter is from Tirzah's grandson, George Brown Hoyt, the youngest of Will and Bettie Hoyt's four children, thirty-three years old when he wrote this letter (*see Genealogical Chart XIV*).

LETTER 35. FROM GEORGE BROWN HOYT, IN ATLANTA, TO TIRZAH WILLSON PATTERSON, HIS GRAND-MOTHER, AT BARTERBROOK, JUNE 10, 1928.

629 Myrtle Street, N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia
June 10, 1928

Dearest Granny —

My, but that's a wayward boy you have, to be up and leaving you so “high and dry,” merely to go out to see a few “heathen Chinees.” Well, the glimpse we had of him was enough to renew our old confidence in his good judgement.¹ When Uncle Craig was here, I heard from several, “He is a real Christian gentleman.”

[p. 2] This afternoon we paid our and his “party call” at Dr. Newton Craig's² and at the Browns.³ They all send him and you their regards.

Our plans for the summer have been indefinite. It is mighty sweet of you to think of us and ask us again to spend August with you. I can only get away for two weeks. I think Mary, Bettie⁴ and I could be with you for two weeks, if you really find that you want us. So write us again [p. 3] when you have made more detailed plans. You know I had rather be with you than any place I know.

Margaret [*George's sister, Tirzah's grandchild; a youthful Margaret appears in Illus. 22, p. 78*] says that she cannot get off before some time after the first week in September.

Notes to Letter 35

¹ Craig had been in Atlanta for the Presbyterian Church (U.S.) General Assembly. After that, he and Annie left Staunton and Barterbrook for their final term in China. See “fourth furlough” on p. 92.

² We previously encountered John Newton Craig, Sr., a chaplain in the Civil War and author of Letter 14 (above, pp. 34-36). He died in 1900. His son, whom we might call Newton Craig II, lived in Atlanta and was a medical doctor. Craig records that he died about 1930.

³ For the Browns, see p. 78, n.1. The Browns were Hoyt connections, not directly kin to Craig Patterson except as the relatives of in-laws.

⁴ Mary was George's wife, and Bettie was his older daughter. (*See Genealogical Chart XIV, p. 117.*)

Guess what we did today. We went to the back yard of “Daddy Hoyt’s” [*Will Hoyt, Sr., who lived until 1945*] and ate ripe peaches off the trees. Watermelons have come in, too, but we have not had any.

[p. 4] Uncle Craig gave the Browns a real treat by staying out there and talking after supper instead of trying to get back to the General Assembly. I don’t remember ever seeing Uncle George [*George Brown; see p. 78, n.1*] and Aunt Corrie [*Corrie (Hoyt) Brown, the sister of Will Hoyt; see p. 78, n.1*] enjoy a guest quite as much — unless it was you. It’s “funny” how they like my family, but it’s true.

Best love to all and lots for you. Mary would say ditto, but she is resting now.

George.



Craig Recalls the Life of his Mother, and of his Father

In the winter months of 1927-1928, Tirzah stayed with Craig and Annie at their rented fur-lough home in Staunton. From George Hoyt’s letter (*Letter 35*), we know that she was back in her own home afterwards. In the summer of 1928, Craig said goodbye to his mother for the last time. When winter returned, Tirzah went to Montezuma. The following spring, after a three-day bout with pneumonia, during which she was attended by a Dr. White and Dr. Harry Wallace, she died, on March 21, 1929. Craig, located in Tengxian, China, heard of his mother’s death about a month after it happened. He wrote a special letter to his children in America (*Letter 36*), thinking back not just on Tirzah, but also on Brown, his father, who had died almost forty years earlier.

LETTER 36. FROM BROWN CRAIG PATTERSON, IN TENGXIAN, SHANDONG, CHINA, TO HIS CHILDREN IN THE UNITED STATES, APRIL 23, 1929.

Apr. 23, '29

My Dear Children,

You all know the sad news that I have received and I have gotten letters from you, Houston, Frances, and Margaret, and thank you so much for the love shown. My loss is very real and deep. In it all, we cannot but thank God that He took her without many days of suffering and with little loneliness and mental anxiety. And I am grateful to Aunt Anna¹ for making arrangements to keep her at home, for she had such a dread of being sent to the hospital to be gotten out of the way in her last hours. And I am glad that she was able to help with Uncle B[*lackwood*] the last months and so know she was of real use in the home.² And I am glad that you, Houston, and Frances, thought to have her up for a visit.³ I am going to add some things about her life that I think you would want to know. So if you are busy, put this aside till you have a little quiet to read it.

God says that those who teach men to obey the Laws of God shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven [*Mt. 5:17*]. By this standard grandma was great. She

¹ Anna Compton Patterson, wife of Craig’s brother, John Blackwood Patterson, at Montezuma.

² Craig’s phrase, “the last months,” refers to Tirzah, not to Blackwood. According to Frances Patterson’s letter of March 25, 1929, written to her father-in-law, Craig, in Tengxian, Blackwood was able to attend Tirzah’s funeral and seemed “stronger and more alert” than usual. Blackwood died in April, 1932.

³ The visit by Tirzah that Craig speaks of may provide the setting for *Illus. 27 (p. 99)*. Craig’s oldest child, Houston (*see Geneal. Chart XV*), and Frances, his wife, were in Lexington, Va., for the year, staying with Frances’s father, Dr. Robert Glasgow, M.D. “Up” for the visit means southward, to Lexington.

was a pretty young woman. I remember her at thirty in the, to us, quaint dress of the day (*Illus. 1, p. 1*). She had to practice the strictest economy, as there was no money to spend so soon after the war, and the house to build, and the farm to be paid for. When we moved from the Guthrie house to the house where Mr. Hodge now lives, Aunt Bettie⁴ was left with Auntie Guthrie for a few months as company for her. Then a month went into a year and auntie brought her up almost daily to see us and then asked that she be left with her. Mother, living so near, and recognizing that she could not afford to give her the education then that Aunt Bettie (*Guthrie*) could, agreed to let her stay. Mother always put our good first.

Mother was well read and, as you all know, was a faithful student of God's word and a most acceptable teacher of the Bible all her mature life. And herein lies the key to her usefulness, and from it she drew the steel and tendons of her character.

She watched over my young life with great care, anticipating every danger and temptation, and guarded as best she could by watching and teaching and by prayer. Her prayers were the first prayers that went to my heart. She would sometimes take us, even when it was not a feast day or Sabbath, into the quiet parlor and pour out her soul to God for us. And last winter in Staunton, her whisper that she thought was inaudible as she spoke to her Saviour, still sounds in my ears. Tho she had much to make her anxious, she lived a trusting and confiding life.

She worked her whole life away for us children and the grandchildren. Caring for Aunt Bettie and her little folks (*in Atlanta*), then helping in the home at Barterbrook, then making a home for me (*on furlough*) and mine (*children left in America*), then giving every ounce of her frail strength to help all she could to make Uncle Blackwood comfortable. It was heartbreaking when I came away to put my arms around the frail, thin little body and say goodbye. And she was so brave in it all. — I thank God for such a mother.

Perhaps you would like me to tell you a little about my father. He is the one who has made our lives go on a higher plane [*I think Craig means educational or economic plane*] than some others — his character, foresight, and energy, with the blessing of God.

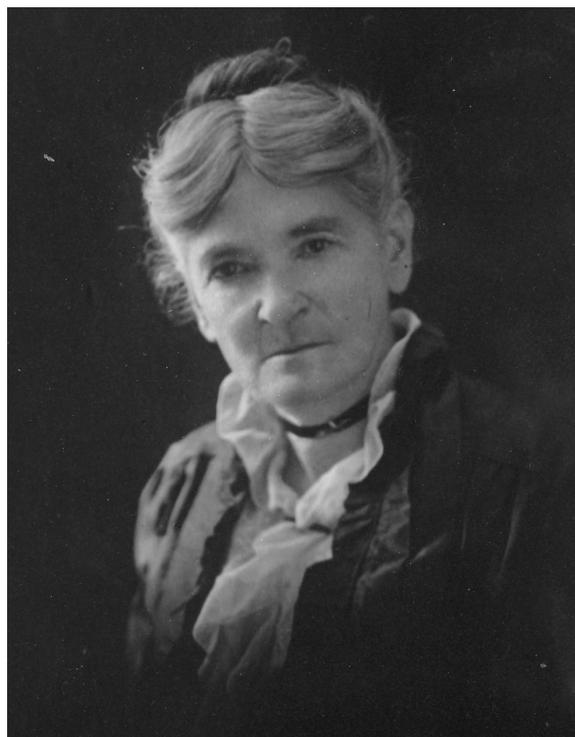


Illustration 26. Tirzah (Willson) Patterson in later life, about 1915.

⁴ Bettie Patterson, Craig's sister. (*Illus. 21, p. 75, shows Bettie at about the time of the move.*)

He was left an orphan when a child.⁵ He was taken by Aunt Bettie Guthrie, his [*much older*] sister, to care for him, along with his double-first cousin, Hugh Brown Craig. He was sent to Washington College (W. and L. U.) for a short time, about 1855. But while he was a man of splendid mind, it was not literary, and he went to work with Uncle Guthrie, till the war.⁶ He was a soldier through much of the war. He was in the long siege around Petersburg, and finally was surrounded and ordered to retreat. He and 25 others ran back and jumped a ditch in which the enemy had hidden themselves. Not a man got over unhurt. His gun was broken by the shot, and (*bis*) thumb shot off, and a piece of the bone of his right leg split off. He ran on back, however, and was taken to the hospital in Richmond that was full of men with blood all over the floor. Later Mr. Mit Moffett, an uncle of our neighbors, took him to his home in the city. He was there till the city had to be given up.

He came home to find that everything had gone. He had asked Uncle Guthrie to invest his money in gold, but he was too loyal to Confederate money to do it. [*In the China of Craig's day, when American expatriates said "gold," they meant U.S. federal currency; but here it perhaps means gold coins or gold bullion.*] So he let him borrow money from him without interest and buy the farm that is now owned by Mr. T. Hodge. By economy and industry he built his home and bought about six hundred acres of land. The rest of the land was inherited. (About two thirds of the Guthrie estate was bought in from Aunt Bettie Hoyt by Uncle Blackwood.)

Father was a man six feet two inches tall and weighed two hundred pounds. He wrote few letters, as he had to hold the pen between two fingers, and he scarcely ever walked, as he could not use the wounded leg long at a time. Outside of this, he was very active and very strong and very skillful in planning and doing anything he wanted to do. And he was always planning to do something constructive. He never sat down to enjoy a day of idleness. If all the plans he had made the day before, and had gotten started at daylight, were going smoothly, not needing him, he would say, "I must earn my day's wages" and would go to something that was worthwhile.

He was universally respected and was always put on commissions, juries, church work, and called in to give advice, etc. He was early made an elder and served the church as elder and teacher with consistent zeal.

A few years ago I met a minister in the Baptist church, Milton Hoover, a man who has "made good." He grew up as a renter's son on the Moffett place. He said, "The first impulse to do the right thing in serving God I got from your father as he led a little prayer meeting in the mill." (Now a stable at Grandma's place.⁷)

I studied my letters at his knee and remember yet that the "R" was for rat, and the tail was there to prove it. And, too, that I could not pinch any harder with my

⁵ Brown Patterson's father died in 1854, when Brown was sixteen (*Genealogical Chart XI*). His mother, Mary Craig ("Polly") Patterson, having earlier released responsibility for Brown to the Hugh Guthries, died in 1857, when Brown was twenty (*Chart XI*). So Brown was not really an orphan in early childhood, but he did "swap" parents as a teenager. His friend and cousin, Hugh Brown Craig, lived with the Guthries in a similar arrangement. See above, Letter 13, p. 34, n. 5.

⁶ Cf. the "Personal Note" on p. 44.

⁷ Tirzah's home, "Wayside"/"Maple Terrace."

whole thumb than he could without his. Energetic, thoughtful, and genuinely kind—a splendid father.

He took the flu during the Winter. During the Summer when I was working near Washington in 1890 (*see p. 73, n.5*), I was called to his bedside. I was with him for several days before he passed away. On telling him that we had sent a wire for Aunt Bettie to come and see him, he said, “It is too bad to do this as she has been here too recently.” She had gone back to Atlanta a month before. He was born March 22nd, 1838, and died Thursday, August 31st, 1890. There was two feet of snow on the ground the day he was born!

Mother was born June 2nd, 1843, and died March 21st, 1929.

The above has been written out hurriedly, so it is not a well thought out story, but as it had occurred to me. It has been a relief to write it, and I trust will possess real interest for all of you.

Will add a note later when the time comes to send this. May God keep us all loyal to him in his service, and finally bring us to our fathers in peace.

Lovingly, Father



Craig Patterson’s Memorial Essay for his Mother

When Craig and Annie heard of Tirzah’s death, they were in Tengxian (*Craig’s spelling: “Tenghsien”*), China. He wrote the memorial essay found below, had it printed, and published it as a leaflet. It contains two rather surprising errors—the spelling of her name and the date of her death. Perhaps Craig mailed his manuscript to America and had it printed in this country, in which case he would have had no opportunity to proofread it.

MRS. WM. BROWN PATTERSON

Mrs. Wm. Brown Patterson, née Margaret Tirza [*the correct spelling is “Tirzah”*] Willson, was born at Stuart’s Draft, Augusta Co., Va., on June 2, 1843, the daughter of Mr. J. P. Willson.

The activities of her life revolve around Tinkling Spring church, having called that her home for nearly 86 years.

Her father and husband were elders of this church and her son, John Blackwood, still holds that office. Her eldest son, Brown Craig, has been this church’s missionary to China for 39 years.

She always did her part in every concern of the church, and as a Sunday School teacher was faithful and earnest — many of her dearest friends had been her pupils.

On March 26, 1929, she entered into her rest in the home of her son, John Blackwood. [*Frances Patterson’s letter to Craig of March 25, 1929, describing the funeral, (see above, p. 94, n.2), indicates that March 26, 1929, is wrong. Craig’s letter to his children of April 23, 1919 (Letter 36), gives the correct date: March 21.*]

Tears of sorrow and also of a glorious triumph were mingled in the old church she loved so well, when a great company gathered to show their affection for her in a memorial service.

She was the last of her generation — all of her people in both families having preceded her to the other shore.

She was a widow for 40 years and her only daughter, Mrs. Wm. R. Hoyt of Atlanta, Ga., was also taken from her side many years ago.

Thirteen grandchildren honor her memory and an equal number of great-grandchildren.

Her life's span included the civil war and reconstruction days. She listened and prayed while the battle of Port Republic was in progress, knowing her husband and brothers were in the center of it.¹

We can only mention a few of the more striking characteristics of her life.

One was her social instincts. She loved people, cherishing her old friends and holding them in fond esteem, yet always making new ones. Mrs. ____ [*Craig's blank*] writes, "She was a very lovely friend to my sister and me when we were two lonely children." Her home was for some years the home of her two sisters [*Ophelia, and, for a longer period, Mary*] and her niece [*Emmette Brooks*]. And she loved to have her grandchildren spend their summers with her. And it may be truly said of her that she never grew old. She was one with the children and the young folks, always eager to enter into their trips and sports.

Another feature was the calm way she accepted God's providences and overcame her sorrows. Few have had more trials than she, and yet there was no self-pity, — she rose above the difficulties — always frail in body but strong in her spiritual life. She bravely let her son leave for China while her other son was ill.² She went to the meeting at Tinkling Spring Church where the members had gathered to cheer the travellers on their journey. Of her Dr. Fraser³ writes: "I will never forget the beaming face of your mother at that farewell meeting. We can now see that it was the reflection of the light of heaven."

The most striking feature of her life was her loyalty to God's Word. The Master "came to bear witness to the truth" and she followed in His steps. On one occasion she wrote to her son: "Never in preaching say 'I think.' People do not care what you think. Show that God said it, and it stands."

She was an attentive and intelligent listener and greatly enjoyed the ministrations of the great men who were her pastors, — Dabney, Smith, See, Strickler, Finley, Preston, Laird, Gilmer and others, with the present pastor Dr. Siler.

For the last few months of her life she was daily by the bedside of her invalid son, delighting to do what her frail hands could to make life more bearable for him.

Notes to the Memorial Essay

¹ The Battle of Port Republic took place in northern Shenandoah on June 9, 1862. Tirzah's brother John was already dead, and Clarence was still too young to enlist. But David Willson may well have been there, and Brown Patterson, whom Tirzah would marry in October. Craig may also have had in mind Hugh Brown Craig, who was virtually a brother.

² Parkinson's disease progressively affected Blackwood. He was already seriously ill during Tirzah's last few months of life, and he died on April 20, 1932, a little over three years after Tirzah's death.

³ Rev. A. M. Fraser, pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Staunton.

Among the cherished memories of her children are the evenings she took them to a quiet room and poured out her soul to God in prayer for them. Every child and grandchild will testify that she ever strove to bring them into a vital knowledge of God and His Word.

It was only a few evenings before her death that she promised another Bible story, on the morrow, to her great-grandson,⁴ a promise that is waiting fulfillment in the great Beyond.

Our prayer is that those who remain may hold up the torch she has laid down. Truly “Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

B. CRAIG PATTERSON.

Tenghsien, Shantung, China.

Craig penciled a postscript on his personal copy of the memorial essay. It says: “When her nephew, Dr. Harry Wallace, visited her on her death bed, she said, ‘Give me a dose of my old remedy (blue mass)⁵ and I’ll get better.’ Harry said, ‘No, Aunt Tirzah, you are near the end.’ She said, ‘Well, Harry, it is all right.’ And it wasn’t long till she was at rest.” □



Illustration 27. A pleasant exchange between Tirzah and her grandson, Houston Patterson, possibly on a 1928 visit to Lexington, Va.

⁴ The great-grandson may have been Houston Patterson, Jr., brought by Houston, Sr. (*Illustration 27*) to Barterbrook for a visit at age three. Other possibilities are George Gilkeson, age three, and Forrester Taylor, age almost-three, both of them from families that lived nearer to Barterbrook.

⁵ “Blue mass,” also called “blue pill,” was a liver remedy used in 19th century folk medicine. Its active ingredient was mercury, and if overdosed it could be quite toxic.

Appendix I

Three Texas Letters To Supplement Tirzah's Packet

The three letters found below should be a helpful supplement to Tirzah's original collection, especially as regards Texas relatives. Both Texas branches of the family are represented—"Jimmy" is a Stuart, and Annie Carrington is a Willson. The letters are addressed to Craig. They were written after Tirzah died, so I have gathered them into this appendix.

The Stuart Family During the Early Depression (1930)

No letters from the Stuarts found their way into Tirzah's packet—not from Clemenza, not from Ben, not from the Stuart children. A 1945 clipping from the *Fort Worth Press* helped. But more personal and more informative with regard to family history is a letter that James ("Jimmie") Stuart, the eighth sibling in the family (*see Genealogical Chart IV*), wrote to Craig in Tengxian, China, in 1930 (*Letter 37*). The letter tells us nothing about Clemenza and Ben, who by 1930 were long gone. But it does tell us about the next two generations.

We learn, among other things, that three of the original brothers—Will, Jimmie, and Houston ("Hute")—were the only members of that family still alive in 1930. Hute, the last to die, was still alive in 1946 (*cf. Letter 38*). We know that Will was next-to-the-last (*also from Letter 38*). So of the three members of the family still living in 1930, Jimmie was the first to go. The date of his death is conjectural, but the mid or late 1930s seems plausible. That would make him about seventy-five years old when he died.

LETTER 37. FROM CLEMENZA'S SON, JIMMIE STUART, TO HIS COUSIN CRAIG PATTERSON, IN CHINA,
SEPTEMBER 29, 1930.

Ft. Worth Texas.
Sept. 29th 1930

Dear Cousin Craig,

Your last welcome letter and memorials came O.K. And were appreciated, I assure you. Hope you are all still well and unmolested by the warring factions. I pray for your safety every day and that the time will soon come when there will be no wars.

There has been another death in our family since I wrote you last. Bro. John died the 19th of March.¹ He fell and broke his hip. He lay in the Hospital sixty days. That leaves only three out of nine.² I am thankful that we are all well. Will lives in a boarding house and has comfortable quarters. Hute and family are all well. [*p. 2*] He is still a solicitor for Anchor Mills, a position he has held for over twenty years. He is a fine man and is held in high esteem by all who know him. His son-in-law is his assistant. His name is Phillips, and a fine fellow. Myrtle and Ethel³ have been in the

Notes to Letter 37

¹ The date of John Stuart's death given here is one of the two exact dates that we have for the original Stuart family. The other is the date of Hute's birth. (*See Genealogical Chart IV, p. 111.*)

² Those still alive were Will, Houston ("Hute"), and Jimmie himself.

³ Myrtle Moore was Hute's wife. Ethel Mae was his daughter (Mrs. Bert Phillips).

Cafe business, for several years, and have been very successful. And for nearly a year have had the Elks Club Cafe, one of the swell places in the City, and are doing fine. They close on Sunday.

Both of the Allen girls have married since I wrote you. Ruth, in June and Mary Scot, the first day of Sept., Ruth, to a Mr. Harrison of Kerrville, Tex, and Scotty a Mr. McInis, of Oklahoma City, Okla. Jim came up from Houston and officiated for Scotty. Ben is a Traveling Salesman for a fire extinguisher factory. [p. 3] He is married and lives in Oak Cliff, Dallas. They have two beautiful children. She is a splendid little woman. He found her in El Paso. Ruth met her husband when she was in the Sanitarium at Kerrville. She spent a year there, two years ago. She and Scotty both worked in a bank, here. And Ruth developed Tuberculosis. The Bank gave her a year vacation with salary, and sent her there. She came back fully recovered, and is a beautiful young woman. She is the oldest child, and was practically a mother to Scotty.⁴

A letter recently from Cousin Mary Hutcheson. She knocks about from one place to another. Is at Spottswood [*Virginia*], now.⁵ She reports Coz. Blackwood's health improved.⁶ I am so sorry for him. He was such a useful man. [p. 4] Aunt Mary Wilson⁷ is failing fast. Is 81 and very feeble and nearly blind. They [*the Dave Wilson family*] are all in their usual health.

This has been an unusually dry summer. Has rained most of the day. I did not get to S.S. and church, but heard two fine sermons by Radio. This morning was from the first Methodist. New \$350,000 church. The other in New York City. It is sponsored by the International Federation of Churches. It is called the friendly hour. The Minister is fine. We hear him every Sunday evening.

I don't get any Va. news now except through Cos. Mary H[*utcheson*]. Mary Stuart⁸ and Ralph are living in Staunton. I would love to see all of you. Am a better talker than writer. Am always glad to hear from you.

With best wishes and love to all yours, Affctly, J. A. Stuart

(*Endnote in Craig's handwriting.*) Jas. was a mail carrier in F. Wth. and did well. No children. □

⁴ Pet's married name was "Allen" (*see Chart IV, p. 111*). By 1930 she had died, and in all likelihood Mr. Allen had also died. Jimmie gives us a fairly clear picture of the four Allen children. Ruth, the oldest, a recovered TB patient, had very recently married a Mr. Harrison, whom she met at the sanitarium. Jim, the second, is perhaps a minister, or anyway he performs marriages. Ben, the third, a traveling salesman, is married, has two children, and is doing well. And Mary Scot ("Scotty"), the youngest, recently married a Mr. McInis.

⁵ Spottswood was the home of Ophelia (Willson) Wallace. We know that Ophelia's son, Dr. Harry Wallace, was still alive in 1929 (*see p. 99*). So we may presume that as of September, 1930, Dr. Wallace still lived in Spottswood, probably along with his wife, and perhaps some other family members.

⁶ Blackwood Patterson was bed-ridden for the last several years of his life. He died April 20, 1932, about a year and a half after Jimmie's letter. (*For Blackwood, see pp. 69-74, and Genealogical Chart XVI.*)

⁷ Mary (Willard) Willson, the widow of David B. Willson.

⁸ This Mary Stuart is not the Mary who was Jimmie's sister, because his sister was not one of the "three out of nine" who were still alive. But this Mary Stuart may be the one whom Dave Willson spoke of in an 1894 letter (*p. 84, the closing paragraph of Letter 32*). If this is true, she provided a link between the Stuarts in Virginia and those in Texas that by 1930 had been operating for about four decades.



*Illustration 28. The four children of Dave Willson as adults, in a snapshot taken April 8, 1948. The four in the center are the four children: (l. to r.) Nell (the youngest), Evelyn ("Lynn"), Annie (the oldest, and self-described as the shortest member of the family), and Clarence ("Fritz"). On Nell's right is Ralph Routt, her husband. On Fritz's left is Emma Largushausen, his wife. They are on the porch of their childhood home in Handley. Annie and Lynn, both widows, were now living in that house, along with Annie's son Steve. (Was Steve perhaps the one who took the picture?) Annie wrote Letters 38 and 39. (See *Genealogical Chart VII*.)*

The Dave Willson Family Shortly After World War II

Among the descendents of Dave and Mary Willson, Craig's main correspondent was Annie Blackwood (Wilson) Carrington, of Handley, Texas. The four adult Wilson children may be seen in Illustration 28, Annie and Lynn as widows, Nell and Fritz with their spouses. Annie, in the middle, is the shortest of the group (as she herself notes on the back of the photo). The snapshot dates from April, 1948, shortly after World War II.

LETTER 38. FROM ANNIE (WILSON) CARRINGTON, DAVE WILSON'S DAUGHTER, TO HER COUSIN, CRAIG PATTERSON, NOVEMBER 14, 1946.

Handley, Texas
Nov. 14, 1946

Dear Cousin Craig -

Well, at long last, here I am and with no alibi! It is always a pleasure to receive your letters. We did get a thrill out of that Finnish letter. I wish you could see the original. I sent it to the Baptist Seminary at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, and no one could translate it. So I sent it to the Finnish Legation, Washington, D.C. The letter, air mail, reached me in five days.

You ask for family news. There has been little change. All of Lynne's, Fritz's, and Nell's children are married,¹ and most of them with no place to live. There are five family units² in Nell's house. Helen married George Bernard, of Philadelphia, an ex. Ger-P.O.W., a printer, and we think a fine fellow. He was offered a good position in Ft. W., but could find no apartment.

My Mary is still Book-Keeper for Wolf & Klare, and is doing well. Steve — well, I don't know what to do with him. He is still feeling the effects of his experiences in the Pacific. Was in five major battles with the Japs, and is still seeing some things.

The next paragraph talks about the Stuart family. In the second generation of that family, the only one still alive in 1946 was "Hute." (Annie mentions that Will lived long enough to be *next* to the last.) In response to an inquiry from Craig as to why Hute did not answer his letters, Annie offers two possibilities. (1) There was apparently an ongoing tension between Hute's wife, Myrtle Moore, and the Dave Willson cousins. In the longer run, this became an estrangement, and it spread to include Hute. (2) Annie cites several incidents showing that Hute, who was almost eighty-two years old, was losing his memory—perhaps fairly seriously. The second of these two explanations may be the better one to account for Hute's non-response to Craig. We may note that in 1930 Jimmy Stuart gave his brother Hute a high character rating (*Letter 37*).

We go back, now, to the remaining sections of Annie's letter.

Hute will be 82 in Feb.,³ and I am 75. My birthday is July 23, and when I was 5 yrs. old, the U.S. was 100 yrs. old, July 4, and there was a great Centennial Celebration, and I was not even mentioned. But I remember hearing the folks talk about it. Old Aunt Betsy Henderson,⁴ my Aunt Lide's stepmother-in-law, went to Philadelphia and brought back a small pasteboard fan attached to a little stick for a handle, and I was so proud of it and brought it to Texas when we came here. So — I remember the Centennial of 1876.⁵

I wish you could see some of my little paintings. There has been an urge in me all my life to paint, but [I] never [*could*] afford lessons. After Mother passed on, I decided to do something about it, so went to the lumber yard and got two sheets of fine sandpaper for 5 cts., then on to the drugstore for a box of crayolas, and started to work teaching myself. Have graduated to pastels, and people come to me with orders, and I — well, I feel like patting myself on the head.⁶

Notes to Letter 38

¹ Clarence ("Fritz"), Evelyn ("Lynn"), and Nell were Annie's younger brother and two younger sisters. (See *Genealogical Chart VII*.)

² Nell married Ralph Routt. They had five children: Helen, Kate, Harry, Annie Lynn, and Robert, all married by the time of the letter.

³ This information is useful to establish Hute's birth date as having been in February, 1865. To know that date with confidence helps us estimate birth dates for his siblings.

⁴ This connection was not through Dave Wilson, Annie's father, so it must have been through Mary Dillard, Annie's mother.

⁵ Again, this is a useful bit of information for establishing a date—this time, 1876 as the date of Dave's move to Texas.

⁶ The reference to her mother's death sounds like it wasn't that long ago—maybe twelve years, i.e., 1934? Her mother was 81 in 1930 (*see Letter 37, par. 4*). If she died in 1934, she would have been 85.

Guess I had better quit now, after that. Lynn is living in West Texas, at Littlefield, with Lucile and Charles.⁷ Her health is better there than here. Inez and Ivan⁸ have been sent to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to a larger church, and they like it there very much.

Mary⁹ and her chum spent their two weeks vacation in New Mexico, this summer. Spent about five hrs. down in Carlsbad Cavern, stayed awhile in Santa Fe, went to Taos (rhymed with house) and visited some Indian women in the adobe house there. Had to climb a ladder to get up stairs. Found the rooms "Hospital clean" and the women very friendly.

Fritz's wife, Emma [*see Illus. 28*], has been very ill, in Hospital, with a rare ailment. The X-rays showed a rent in her diaphragm and a portion of her stomach trying to pass thru. Now, she is home and seems to be doing all right.

You are the only means of my getting Va. news, and I am always glad to hear. I have no way to send sweaters to China. The R[oman] C[atatholic Church] attends to that after I knit them. Altogether I have turned in about 104 sweaters.

I hope you have pleasant seasons to come. With love to you and Cousin Annie,

Annie Carrington



•

Annie Carrington was eighty years old when she wrote the letter that now follows (*Letter 39*). She died on May 23, 1952, so this was to be her last letter to Craig. Her daughter, Mary (Carrington) Robbins, now married, continued to live in the old Dave Wilson home place, and it was she who wrote Craig about Annie's death. Annie's letter is written on folded notepaper, with a color depiction of roses on the upper left corner of the first page.

LETTER 39. FROM ANNIE (WILSON) CARRINGTON, DAVE WILSON'S DAUGHTER, TO HER COUSIN, CRAIG PATTERSON, MARCH 10, 1952.

3 - 10 - 52

Dear Cousins Craig and Anne -

Well, here I come, poking along, hardly knowing where to start. Suppose I will just talk of our children. My son, Steve, is still with me. He is a truck driver and hauls asphalt roofing and travels all over Tx., La., and Okla. Mary and John [*Robbins*] had to sell 133 acres of his farm to the Government for the big lake. Has about 50 acres high ground left. They have bought and moved to a new farm 12 miles west of Denton, Texas. They are very happy and very busy. Their town is Ponder, where they go to Baptists church and Sunday school.

Lynn's oldest girl, Inez, and her husband, Ivan Magers, live at Austwell, Texas, right on the Gulf coast. Ivan can put on his waders and go into the bay and pick up fresh oysters. Their girl, Alice, has lately married. The other two girls, Clara Hill and Lucille Huskill, live near by. The son, Bernard, has had a long siege in T.B. Hospital, but seems to be cured. He and wife, Ruby, and son Tommie, live at Ardmon,

⁷ Lynn was living with her daughter, Lucille, and her son-in-law, Charles Hukil.

⁸ Inez was Lynn's eldest daughter, married to Ivan Magers. The letter's reference to Ivan's going to a different church seems to imply that he was a minister. The mode of reassignment sounds Methodist.

⁹ Annie Carrington's daughter.

Okla. She is a full blood Chicacha Indian, a very lovely and lovable somebody. We all like her very much. Last March, they lost their baby boy, 4 mos.

My Bro. Fritz and Emma live in Dallas. Their girl (adopted), Virginia, is married and living near them. She has one son, David Hulse. Her youngest brother lives in Houston, and the older, Clarence, is in Corpus Christi.

Lynn lives with me - that is, in my apartment. She has two rooms and bath, and I have four and a bath. It is a very happy arrangement for both of us, as we are both getting old and complaining. I'll soon be 81.

Nell and Ralph live about a block from us. They have three children living here. Helen has two children, Jeanette and Cyril. Jeanette is 18 and will graduate with honor this term. Helen is married to Geo. Bernard, from Pennsylvania. Kate and Bob have two children each. [*Kate's are*] Jimmy and Linda Kay. Bob's are Janie and Tom. Harry lives in Fort Worth. He and Fran have two girls, Barbara and Marsha. Annie Lynn, Nell's youngest, is having troubles. Her oldest little girl, Susan, 8, has had a long siege of rheumatic fever. [*She*] is much better now, but she can't live here, so Annie Lynn and her husband, 2nd Lt. Virgil Bell, sold their home here and moved to El Paso, Texas. Then U.S. called Virgil to arms and he is in Seoul, Korea, a bridge contractor, and Annie Lynn is in Hospital with a brand new daughter, Beverly Fay. There are two other kids, Cecile and Alan. Nell is there now taking care of things till Annie Lynn can take charge. I am enclosing a picture published in Fort Worth paper. You might be interested. Maybe you didn't know Helen's 1st husband, [*G.*] Cyril Sconyers, died when their son was one year old.

Fort Worth has extended her border lines and the east line joins my father's little farm, so I'm in Fort Worth and we have City Bus service and some paved streets. We have had what is called a June-in-Jan. weather. Very little real cold, and lots of dust in W. Texas which drifts over and settles on us. But recent rains have stopped that. We had good rain last nite. Mary and John spent last eve. with us. Left in time to stop for church in Ponder, 40 odd mi. from here. Mary is learning to drive a tractor, but not the car or truck. They have a herd of about 40 cows.

Well, I've chatted to [*the*] end of the paper. Hope you are well.

Bye. With love, Annie Carrington



Appendix II

Selections from Published Obituaries

Appendix II contains portions of seven obituaries that Craig Patterson preserved as clippings. In making selections of what to include here, I omitted some of the laudatory passages commonly found in obituaries. What I tried to keep was factual information — names, dates, places, family relationships. None of the clippings tell us the names of the journals or newspapers in which the obituaries appeared, or dates of publication.

The Blackwoods

Jerusha Willson, second wife of John M. Lambert. “Mrs. Jerusha Willson Lambert was peacefully called home to her Heavenly Father on March 16, 1938, in Waynesboro, Va. She was the daughter of James C[aruthers] and Lavinia [Margaret] Willson and was born September 5, 1848, near Brownsburg in Rockbridge County, Va...She continued in [a teaching career] until her marriage in 1880 to John M. Lambert, when she established her home at Mint Spring. She and her husband identified themselves with the Bethel Presbyterian Church. ... In 1890 they moved to Waynesboro, which remained her home for the rest of her life. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Anne McClung of Waynesboro and Mrs. Agnes Morton Hastings [Mrs. Albert Hastings] of Philadelphia, Pa., and by a stepson, W. G. Lambert of Richmond, Va.” (*For more about Jerusha, see p. 5, note 10; for Jerusha’s husband, John M. Lambert, see Genealogical Chart II-b.*) □

The “Second” John P. Willson Family

Ophelia (Willson) Wallace. “DIED — At Hillendale, her country home near Spottswood, Augusta County, Virginia, Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1901, Mrs. Ophelia Wilson Wallace, wife of James W. Wallace. Mrs. Wallace was a lovely and well beloved woman. In her charming personality she embodied every grace and virtue of noble womanhood, and in intellectual qualities she was gifted far beyond the average of her sex. Though particularly bright and well informed upon current topics and the literature of the day, her specialty was the study of the Bible. She was an enthusiastic believer in the religion of Jesus Christ, and as a Bible student she had few superiors. She had learned the truth that religion is a life rather than a profession, and she quietly lived it every day and hour until the last. She was the mistress of an old Virginia home where, in coming years, her gentle presence will long be missed by her husband and three grown sons...Mrs. Wallace had several relatives and friends in Rockville and vicinity, among them Mrs. Juliet V. Strauss of the TRIBUNE.” (*See Letter 18, Illustration 13, and Genealogical Charts VI-e and X.*) □

James William Wallace. “On March 31, 1923, Mr. James W. Wallace, the senior elder of Bethel church, Augusta County, Va., passed quietly to his reward...He had been received [into the church] by letter from Mt. Carmel, November 3, 1860. On March 30, 1873, he was elected elder, in which office he served his church for half a century. For fifteen years he was a faithful and efficient clerk of the session, and for many years he was a faithful Sunday school teacher. It was only in the last three months of his life that he was not able to take an active part in the life of the church...—W. W. Sproul, H. S. Turner, Committee.” (*See p. 48, and Genealogical Chart X.*) □

Anna (Nicols) Compton Willson, of Natchez. “VICKSBURG, MISS., Nov. 14 [1933]. — Funeral services for the late Mrs. Anna Nicols Willson, of Natchez, who died in the early morning of Nov. 10 [1933] at the residence of her children, Dr. and Mrs. Edward L. Newell, of Chattanooga, were held from Fisher’s funeral chapel here the following morning at eleven o’clock.

“Mrs. Willson was the daughter of the late Colonel George W. Nicols, of Maryland and of Madison Parish, Louisiana. She first married Charles Shaw Compton, a Confederate veteran and member of the family long-known here, and secondly, Clarence W. [Walter] Willson, of Virginia and Natchez, also a soldier of the Confederacy.

“Mrs. Willson was born in Natchez, April 3, 1852, and was in her eighty-first year when called by death. She is survived by her three children, Mrs. J. Blackwood Patterson [*Anna Compton, II*], of Augusta county, Va.; Miss Charlie Compton, of Natchez; and Mrs. Edward L. Newell (née Willson) [*Georgie Willson*], of Chattanooga; eight¹ grandchildren, W. Brown Patterson, Charlotte, N.C.; [Mrs.] G. M. Gilkeson [*Helen Patterson*], Mrs. Wesley Taylor [*Anna Compton, III, Patterson*], and J. Blackwood Patterson, of Staunton, Va.; Edward Thomas Newell [*II*], of Johns Hopkins, and Miss Georgie Newell, of Chattanooga ... Since the death of her husband [*Clarence Willson*] in 1924, she gradually failed in strength... She was a member of Trinity Episcopal Church in Natchez...” (See p. 50, and *Genealogical Charts IX and XVI*.) □

The Pattersons of Harriston

James Givens Patterson. “DIED—At his home, on South River, in Augusta County, Va., on December 16, 1902, Mr. James Givens Patterson, “having served his generation, by the will of God fell on sleep,” in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born at the same place at which he died... He united with Mt. Horeb Presbyterian Church... in 1864, and was elected a ruling elder shortly thereafter...

“His immediate family left to mourn his departure, are three sons and one daughter. His beloved wife preceded him to [death] twenty-six years. One daughter, Sarah Cornelia, is also dead. His eldest son, John A. Patterson, is an elder in Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church, Rockingham County, Va. Two sons, Mssrs. Everett and Thomas Patterson, his daughter, Mrs. Maggie Horner [see *Illustration 29*], a son-in-law, a daughter-in-law, and the grandchildren to whom he was so devotedly attached, were at home with him, and were the stay and support of his declining years...

“At Black Rock Springs, six years ago, he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered. About three years afterward he had a fall, in which his neck bone was injured and made him a cripple, and from that time until his death he was an intense sufferer.” (See *Genealogical Chart XI-c*.) □



Illus. 29. Margaret (“Maggie”) Patterson Horner, daughter of James Givens Patterson.

¹ “Eight” is an error. It should be six—the four Patterson children of Anna (Compton) Patterson, and the two Newell children of Georgie (Willson) Newell. The obituary gives correct (married) names for the six grandchildren, except that it omits “Mrs.” when it mentions Mrs. G. M. Gilkeson.

Howard Houston Patterson. “HARRISTON, March 13. Augusta County has lost one of its honored and beloved citizens in the death of Howard Houston Patterson on March 5 [1944]. He was the son of Charles S. and Margaret Hopkins Patterson, and was born on March 9, 1865, at “Willow Grove” near Harriston.

“When a young man he graduated from the Fishburne Military School in Waynesboro, and from Dunsmore Business College in Staunton. He then engaged in business for several years in Atlanta. Upon his return to Augusta County he married Miss Sarah Belle Crawford on June 10, 1896.

“He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Miss Sarah Belle Patterson. Another daughter Margaret Virginia Patterson died in 1900. He is also survived by one brother, D. H. Patterson.

“Funeral services were held from the Mount Horeb Presbyterian church...The Rev. C. W. Phipps² conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. B. Craig Patterson.” (*See Letter 24 and Genealogical Chart XII-b. The obituary of his brother, David H. Patterson, follows just below.*) □

David Hopkins Patterson. “WAYNESBORO, April 28 [1952] — David Hopkins Patterson, 82, died at three p.m. Sunday [April 27, 1952] at his home in Harriston. He was born Aug. 14, 1869, in Augusta County, a son of the late Charles S. and Margaret Hopkins Patterson.

“He was a retired farmer, and a member of Mt. Horeb Presbyterian Church, serving as an elder for many years. He formerly was on the Board of Directors of the Bank of Grottoes.

“Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Mary A. Koiner Patterson; two sons, Charles H. of Harriston and Lee A. of Grottoes; and one grandson.

“The service will be conducted [Tuesday] at two p.m. by the Rev. H. Ruffner Lowman, Jr., assisted by the Rev. C. H. Phipps...

“Active pallbearers will be Stuart Koiner, Rupert Fulton, William Patterson, J. G. Fulton III, Thomas Wood, Dr. William Patterson; honorary, Dr. H. G. Middlekauff, Crawford Patterson, J. E. Nickell, Claude Spitzer, Philip Cosby, Roy Wood, E. R. Shanklin, R. B. Byers, J. E. Patterson, Dr. Guy R. Fisher, Winston Batton, J. A. Wade, Wade Rodgers, H. L. Fultz, H. T. Claytor, Allan Patterson.” (*See Illustration 30 and Genealogical Chart XII-d.*) □



Illustration 30. Dave and Mana Patterson are the couple to the left. To the right is their son, along with his wife. Behind is Bill Patterson, Craig's son. The photo, taken at Maple Terrace, probably dates from about 1945.

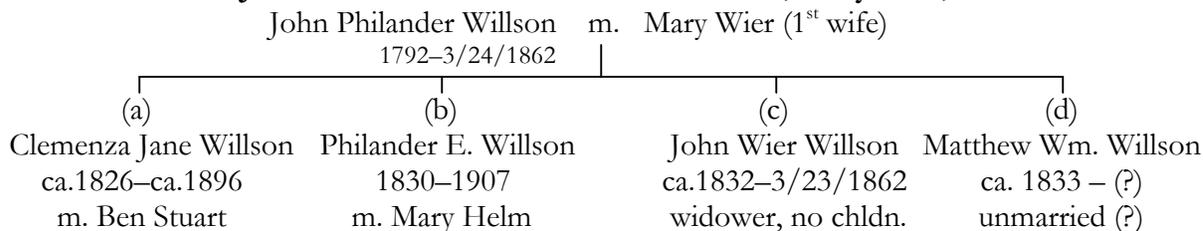
² Howard Patterson's 1944 funeral was conducted by the Rev. Charles Henry Phipps, the minister at Mt. Horeb at the time. By 1952, when David died, Rev. Phipps had retired, but he assisted at David's funeral. The newspaper got his initials right the second time.

Appendix III. Genealogical Charts

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The “First” John Philander Willson Family, Stuarts Draft

Chart III. John Philander Willson and his first wife, Mary Wier, Stuarts Draft



John P. Willson: b. 1792, Rockbridge Co.; d. 1862, Stuarts Draft. (See citation from *Tirzah*, p.11.)

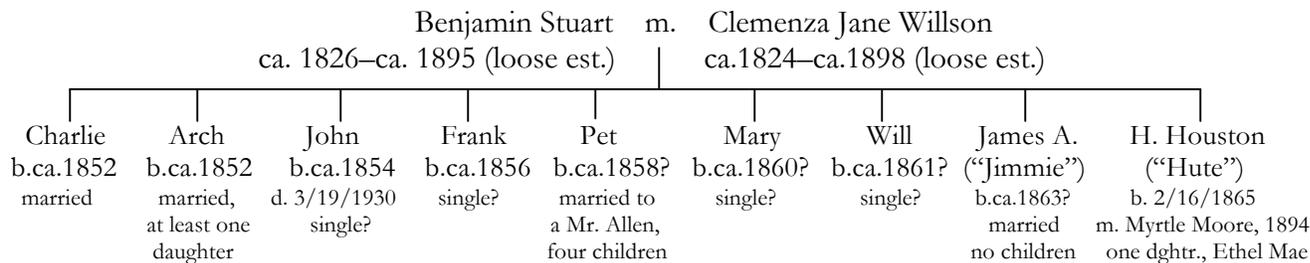
(a) **Clemenza.** Married Ben Stuart, lived in Stuarts Draft. Nine children. Moved westward in 1865, going first to Missouri, later to Handley, Texas. (See above, pp. 54-56, and Genealogical Chart IV.)

(b) **Philander.** The only member of the “first” Willson family for whom Craig specifies definite dates of birth and death. Worked in the Patent Office in Washington, D.C. Married Mary Helm, of Wheeling, West Virginia. Four (or five?) children, many grandchildren. (See Letter 28, pp. 71-73, and Genealogical Chart V.)

(c) **John.** Married, but his young wife died and he was left childless. A lieutenant in the Confederate cavalry during the Civil War, he died at the Battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862. (See Letter 12, pp. 30-31.)

(d) **Matthew.** Went to California at about age seventeen (ca. 1850). Wrote at least two letters from California in 1858. All contact lost after 1861. As far as the family knew, unmarried. (See Ltrs 7, 8, pp.19-24.) □

Chart IV. Ben Stuart and Clemenza Willson (see III-a), Handley, Texas



The chart above is pieced together from occasional notes left by Craig or from news found in the letters of Dave Wilson (pp. 56-59, 81-87) and Jimmie Stuart (pp. 100-101). (Jimmie is near the right end of the above chart.)

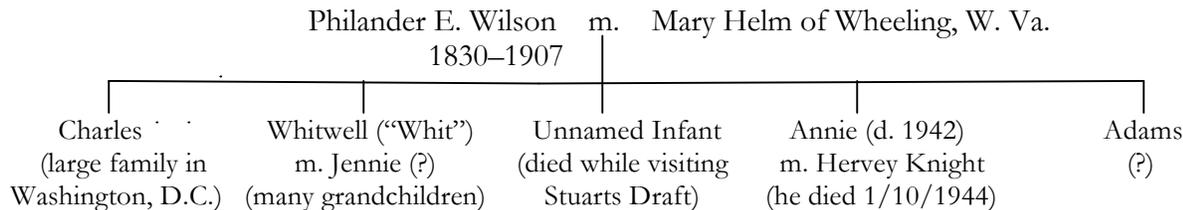
From our sources, we know that the family had nine children; that by 1858, four had been born, all boys (see Letter 7, p. 21, a letter that Matt Willson, in California, wrote to Clemenza, his sister); that the youngest was Houston (“Hute”); that by 1930, the only ones still alive were Will, James, and Hute; and that by 1945 only Hute remained. (See Letters 37 and 38 in Appendix I, pp. 100-104.)

From the same sources we gather that at least five siblings were married, some with children. The word “single?” beneath four names in the chart above means only that we don’t know whether those four were married.

I will stand by my list of names in the chart, but I am less confident about the order. All dates except two are estimates, sometimes loose. The two definite dates are the death of John, March 19, 1930 (specified in Jimmie’s Letter 37); and the birth of Houston, February 16, 1865. (See Annie Carrington, Letter 38. The date may also be derived from the Fort Worth Press column on pp. 54-55. It was published on Hute’s eightieth birthday.) We also know the birth date of Ethel Mae, Houston’s daughter: Sep. 22, 1894. (See Letter 32, p. 84.)

Suggesting that Charlie and Arch were twins is no more than a speculation. Cf. Letter 5, p.15, n.6. □

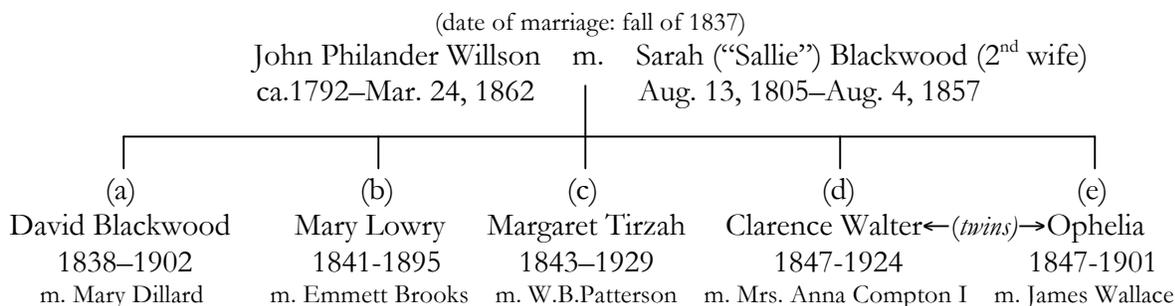
Chart V. Philander Willson (see III-b) and Mary Helm, Washington, D.C.



Philander, who was Tirzah's oldest stepbrother, lived in Washington, D.C. His year of birth and death is indicated by Craig. He married Mary Helm, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and had five children, first cousins to the Barterbrook Pattersons. The third child died as an infant, developing croup while on a visit to the old family place in Stuarts Draft. Craig remembered having played with Annie as a child. In later life, the Craig Pattersons several times visited Annie (Wilson) Knight and her husband, Hervey, in Chicago. One such visit was in 1921, as Craig and Annie were on their way back to China. (For more on Philander, see Letter 28, pp. 71-73.) □

The "Second" Jn. Philander Willson Family, Stuarts Draft

Chart VI. John Philander Willson and his second wife, Sarah Blackwood (see I-e), Stuarts Draft



(a) **David.** Went to a farm in Missouri (land-grant?) in ca. 1867. Married Mary Dillard. Moved to Handley, Texas, in 1876. Four children. (See Letters 19-20, 31-34, 38-39, and Genealogical Chart VII.)

(b) **Mary ("Mollie").** Helped rear Clarence and Ophelia. Married Emmett Brooks, 1865. One child, Emmette, b. 1866. As a widow, lived with the Brown Pattersons. Died May 17, 1895. (See pp. 46–47, above; Letter 15, pp. 37-39; Postcard 3; and Genealogical Chart VIII.)

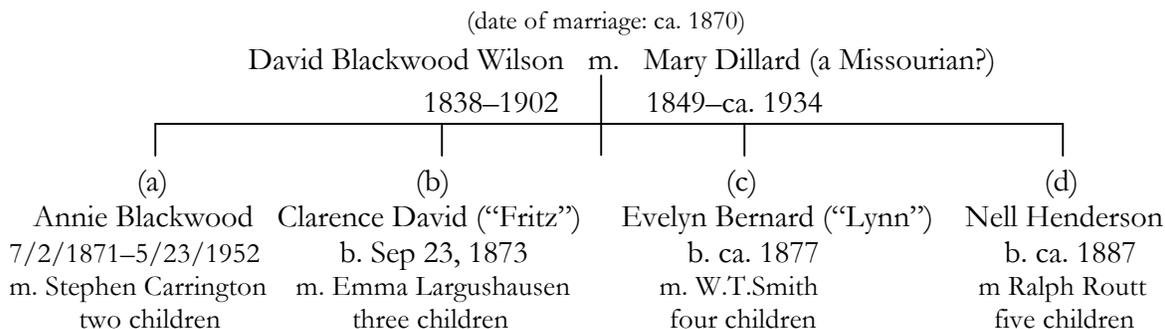
(c) **Tirzah.** Married Brown Patterson, lived at Barterbrook. Three children, Elizabeth ("Bettie") Evans, Brown Craig, and John Blackwood. Died on March 21, 1929. (See Genealogical Chart XIII, p. 117.)

(d) **Clarence.** Moved to Natchez, Miss. Married Mrs. Anna Compton, I, of Natchez, probably in the late 1870s. Two stepdaughters, Anna Compton, II, and Charles Cromartie Compton; and one full daughter, Georgie. (For his signature, see p.17. See also pp. 50-52; Postal Cards 1 and 2; and Genealogical Chart IX.)

(e) **Ophelia.** Known for liveliness and wit. Married James W. Wallace, ca. 1869. Lived in Spottswood, Va. Attended Bethel Church. Died on Feb. 19, 1901, at the relatively young age of 54. (See Letter 18, pp. 49f., Genealogical Chart X, and obituary on p. 106.)

 □

Chart VII. David Blackwood Wilson (see VI-a) and Mary Dillard, Handley, Texas



Mary (Dillard) Wilson. *The birth year comes from her age of 81 in 1930 (see p.101, Letter 37, par. 2). The death date is uncertain, but see p. 103, Letter 38, n.6.*

(a) Annie Blackwood. *We know the exact dates of her birth and death from notes made by Craig in 1952. She married Stephen Carrington and they had two children, Mary and Stephen.*

Mary, *her daughter, married John Robbins. Craig does not record any children. As of 1948, Mary had been working for twenty-one years as a bookkeeper for the firm of Wolf and Klare. But in 1952 she was living with her husband on a farm near Denton, Texas. So her marriage may have been relatively late in life.*

Steve, *her son, served in the Pacific for four years and seven months during World War II. He received a Bronze Star Medal. On his return, lived with his mother. Became a truck driver, operating in Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma.*

(b) Clarence David (“Fritz”). *His birth date comes from Dave’s Letter 19 (p. 57). He married Emma Largushausen. As of 1952, they lived in Dallas. Two sons, Clarence Bl’wd. and Reidel, and an adopted daughter, Virginia.*

Virginia *married a Mr.Hulse, and also lived in Dallas.*

Clarence Blackwood *lived in Corpus Christi.*

Reidel *lived in Houston.*

(c) Evelyn Bernard (“Lynn”). *Her year of birth is a guess, but 1877 fits with her joining the church in 1890 (p. 83, Letter 31, final par.). She married Mr. W. T. Smith, and they had four children: Inez, Clara, Lucile, and Bernard.*

Inez *married Ivan Magers, a Methodist minister. They were located in Albuquerque, N.M., as of 1946. Their daughter, Alice, married about 1951.*

Clara *married a Mr. Hill and lived near Handley.*

Lucile *married Charles Hukill, and was living at Littlefield, West Texas.*

Bernard *married Ruby, “a full blooded Indian and a fine woman” (to quote Annie Carrington). Bernard and Ruby lived in Ardmore, Oklahoma, with their son Tommie.*

(d) Nell Henderson. *In an 1890 letter (Letter 31), Dave describes “Little Nellie” as a playful child, apparently just beyond the toddler stage, so I estimate her birth year as about 1887. She married Ralph Routt and lived in Handley. Five children: Helen, Kate, Robert, Harry, and Annie Lynne.*

Helen *married Geo. Bernard. (Annie Carrington’s letter implies that Mr. Bernard may attend seminary and become an Episcopalian minister.)*

Kate *married a Mr. Garrett. They lived in Handley and had two children, Linda and Jim.*

Robert (“Bob”) *was married and living in Handley, with two children, Janie and Tom.*

Harry, *married to a woman named Fran, was living in Fort Worth. They had two daughters, Barbara and Marsha.*

Annie Lynne *was married to 2nd Lieutenant Virgie Bell. They had four children: Susan, Cecile, Alan, and Beverly Fay (an infant in 1952). At about the time that Annie Carrington was writing her 1952 letter, the Bells had just moved to El Paso, hoping for an improvement in Susan’s asthma. □*

Chart VIII. Emmett E. Brooks and Mary (“Mollie”) Willson (see VI-b), Waynesboro

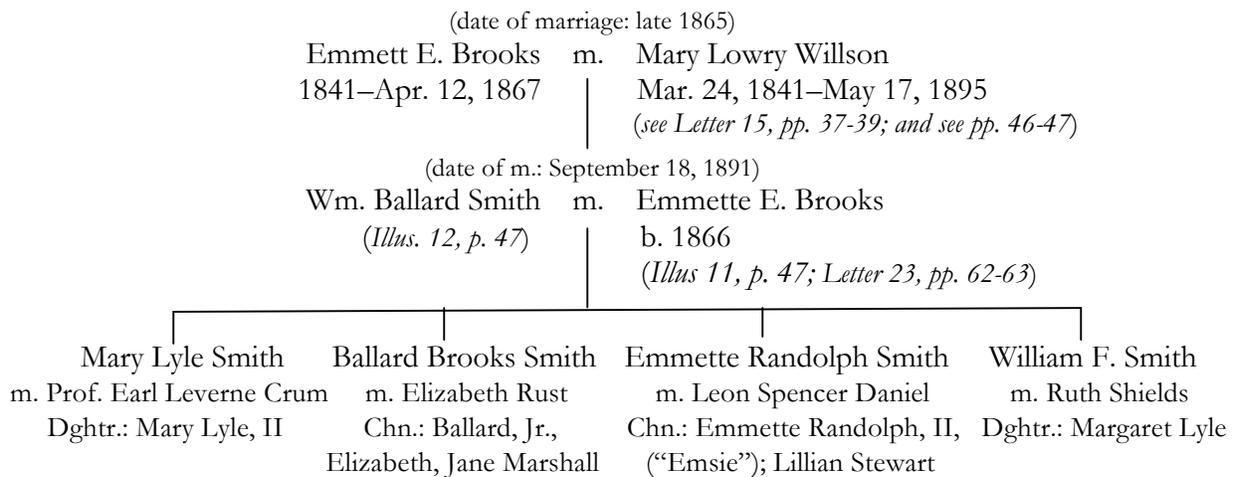
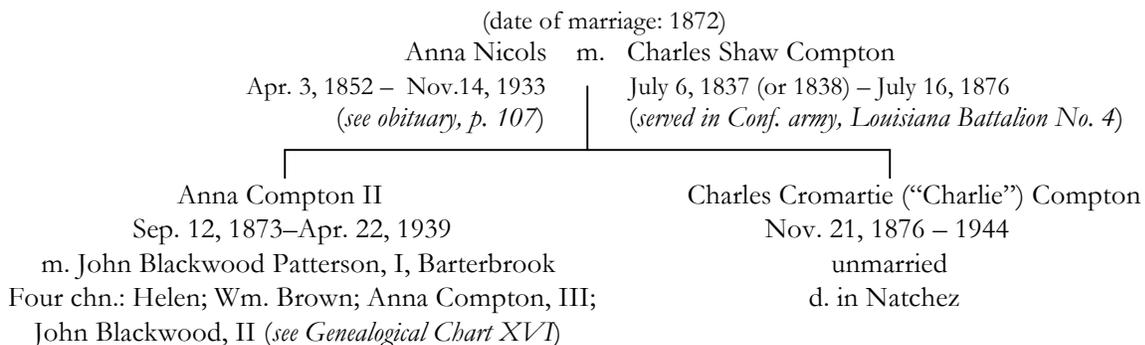


Chart IX. Clarence Walter Willson (see VI-d) and Mrs. Anna Compton, Natchez, Miss.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE OF ANNA COMPTON I



THE MARRIAGE OF ANNA COMPTON I TO CLARENCE WALTER WILLSON

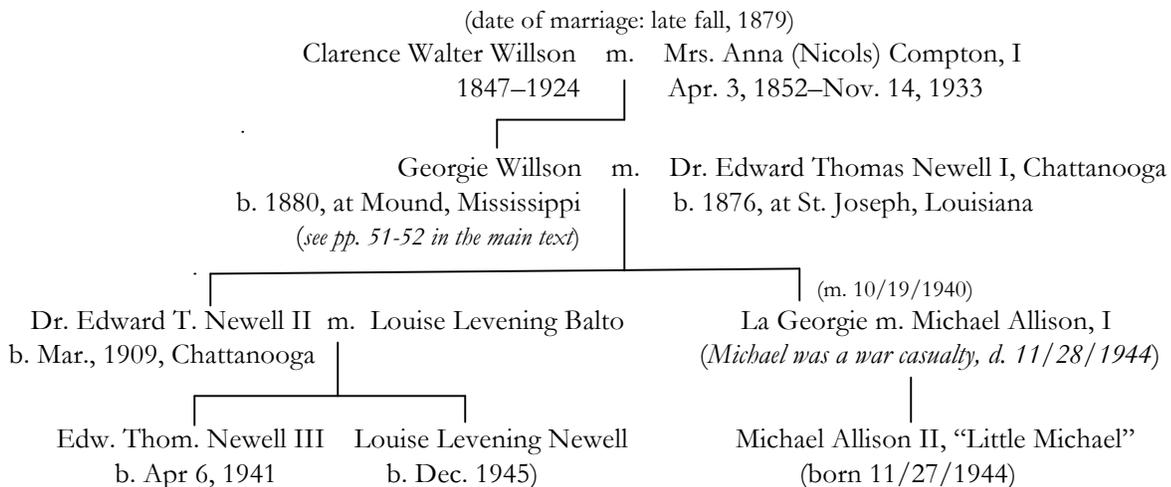
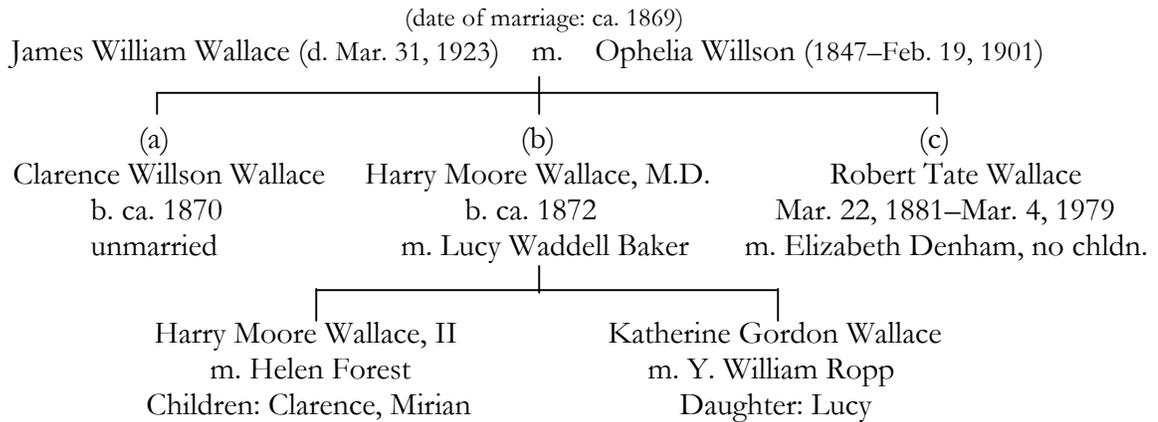


Chart X. James W. Wallace and Ophelia Willson (see VI-e), Spottswood, Virginia



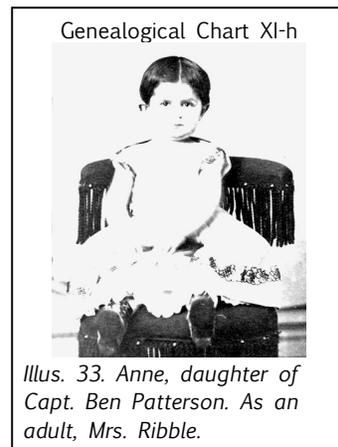
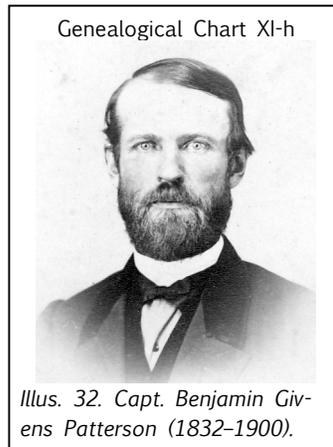
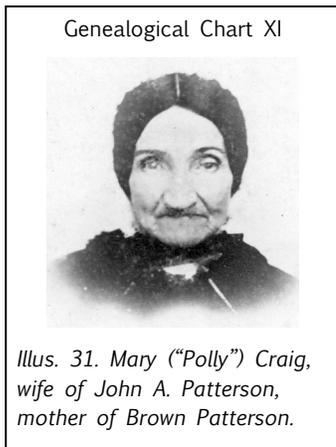
Ophelia (“Sis”) *Willson* (Illus. 13, p. 48). Lived with the Brown Pattersons for a year or two just before marriage, married James Wallace, about 1869, and lived at Spottswood. (See Letter 18, pp. 49-50; and her obituary, p. 106.)

(a) *Clarence*, a hotel manager. (p. 48, Illus. 14, Clarence as an adult; and Letter 22, p. 61, written at age 13.)

(b) *Harry* earned an M.D. and became a medical doctor. (See the “postscript” about “Dr. Harry Wallace,” p. 99.)

(c) *Robert* became a Presbyterian minister. (See Ministerial Directory of the Presb. Ch., U.S., several editions.) □

Portraits Related to the Harriston Pattersons, Charts XI and XII



The John A. Patterson Family of Harriston

Chart XI. John A. Patterson (Sr.) and Polly Craig, Harriston, Virginia

(date of marriage: Oct. 22, 1815)

John Allen Patterson, Sr.					m.	Mary (Polly) Craig (<i>see Illus. 31, p. 115</i>)				
March, 1789–June 29, 1854						April 19, 1797–Nov. 30, 1859				
(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	(e)	(f)	(g)	(h)	(i)	(j)	
Eliz. Evans 1816-'86	Jn. A., Jr. 1818-1881	James Givens 1820-1902	Mary Jane 1822-1869	Margaret Evans 1824-1827	Matilda 1826-1827 d. in infancy d. aged three	Geo. Taliafero 1828-1855	Benj. Givens 1832-1900	Chas. Stuart 1835-1908	Wm. Brown 1838-1890	
						unmarried				

(a) **Eliz.** (“Bettie”) **Evans** (*Illus. 36, p. 199*). First m. was to John Gilkeson, 9/18/1840. He died of tuberculosis, 5/7/1841, age 25. Her second m. was to Hugh Guthrie, in 1849. (*See Chart XVII-a.*)

(b) **John Allen, Jr.** (6/16/1818–2/27/1881). Married Margaret Snepp, 11/23/1843. Brown Patterson, his younger brother, mentions John in a Civil War letter (*Letter 17, par.8*). Around 1878, John and his family moved to Case County, Missouri, and John died there, at the age of sixty-three.

(c) **James Givens**. Born, 2/24/'20; m. Eliz. A. Poage, on 12/22/'42. She died in Dec. '76. In 1900, “Uncle Jimmy” outlined family history to Craig (on furlough), who took notes. *See James's obituary, p. 107.*

(d) **Mary Jane**, born June 4, 1822. She married Kasper Koiner, Feb. 4, 1847.

(h) **Benjamin Givens**. A lawyer in Harrisonburg, m. Fannie Coiner, 9/21/65, two children, Anne (*Illustration 33*) and Augusta. Craig remembered occasional visits with them as a child. Benjamin gave a prisoner's watercolor to Brown, shown on p. 32. (*See also Illustrations 32 and 33, p. 115.*)

(i) and (j). The **Stuart Pattersons** and the **Brown Pattersons** lived about ten miles apart, at Harriston and Barterbrook. The two sets of children were close friends. Compare their ages in Charts XII and XIII. □

Chart XII. Stuart Patterson (see XI-i) and Maggie Hopkins, Harriston, Virginia

(date of marriage: June 9, 1859)

Charles Stuart Patterson		m.	Margaret Jane (“Maggie”) Hopkins	
5/18/1835–1908			(<i>See Illustration 34, p. 115.</i>)	
(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	
Annie Stuart Patterson 1861-1887 unmarried	Howard Houston Patterson 1865-1944 m. Sarah Belle Crawford Two daughters: Margaret Virginia, Sarah Belle	Lavinia C. Patterson 1867-1943 m. S. H. Emerson No children	David Hopkins Patterson 1869-1952 m. Mary Ann Koiner Two sons: Charles, Lee	

(a) **Annie Stuart Patterson**. Born March 18, 1861. Died June 20, 1887, age 26.

(b) **Howard Houston Patterson**. Born March 9, 1865. Married, June 10, 1896. Two daughters: Margaret Virginia (born April 18, 1897, died December 18, 1900, age three) and Sarah Belle (b. July 19, 1903). Howard died on March 5, 1944. (*See Letter 24, pp. 65-66; and his obituary, p. 108.*)

(c) **Lavinia Patterson**, b. 5/21/'67, d. one year before Howard. (Chart XII continues on the next page)

Chart XV. Brown Craig Patterson (see XIII-b) and Annie Houston, Suqian, China

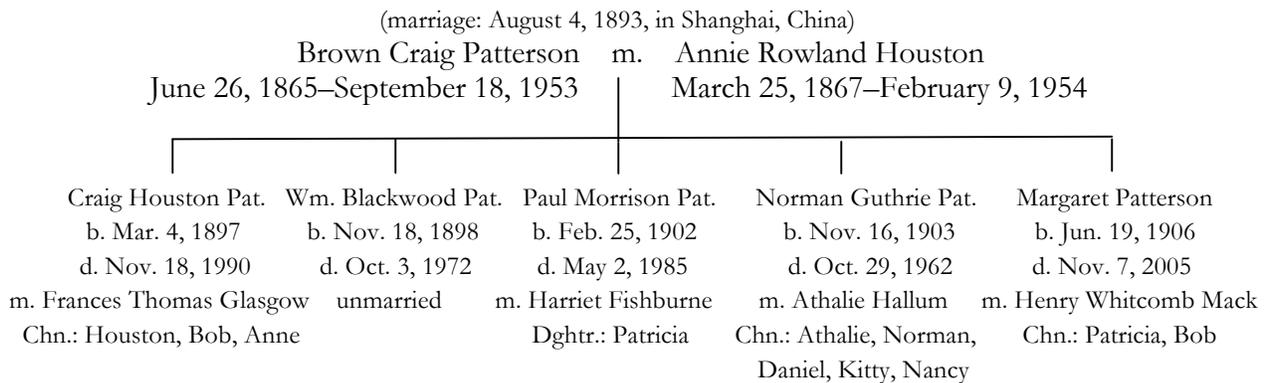
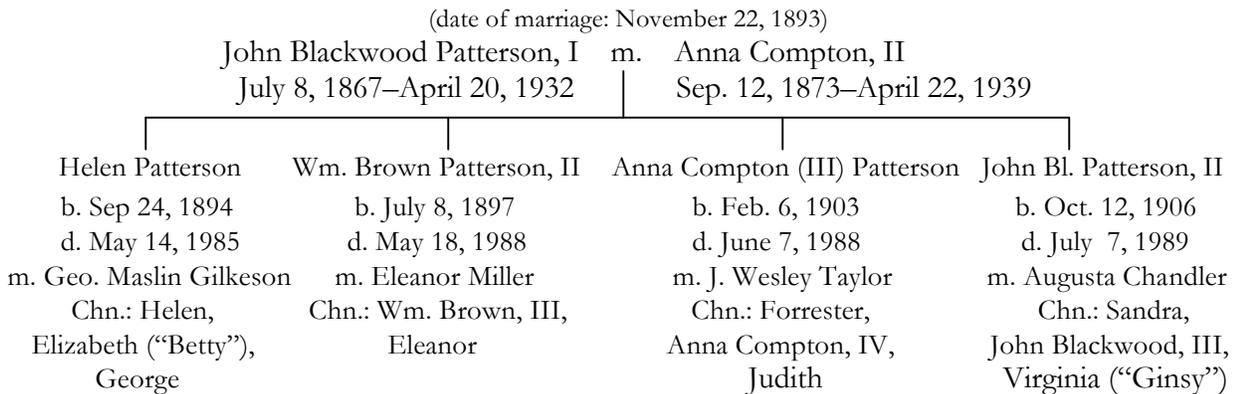
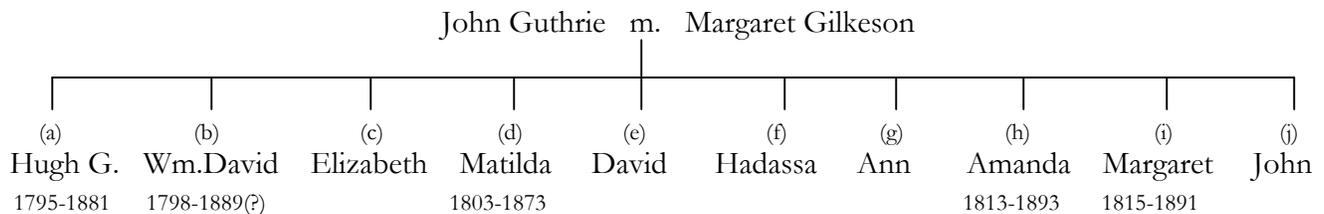


Chart XVI. Blackwood Patterson (see XIII-c) and Anna Compton, II (see IX), Barterbrook



The Guthrie Siblings

Chart XVII. Hugh and Bettie Guthrie, of Barterbrook, and the Guthrie Siblings



(a) *Hugh Gilkeson Guthrie* (Illus. 35, p. 119). According to the Guthrie Bible, Hugh was born July 12, 1795. On May 31, 1849, he married Elizabeth Evans (Patterson) Gilkeson (b. Oct. 24, 1816; see Illus. 36, p. 119). The marriage to Mr. Guthrie was her second (see Chart XI-a, notes). No children. A year or two after their marriage, Hugh and Bettie “adopted” his nephew, Brown Craig (see “d,” below), and her younger brother, Brown Patterson (see Chart XIII; see also Letter 17, pp. 41–44). “Aunt Bettie” died May 2, 1886.

(b) *William*. A bachelor throughout life.

(Chart XVII continues on the next page)

(c) **Elizabeth (“Betsy”)**. Against her father’s wishes, she married Chas. E. Harrison, a dancing instructor, and she was then more or less disinherited by her father. She is buried in the old Tinkling Spring Cemetery, in the same lot as her brother, David.

(d) **Matilda, I** (Apr. 25, 1803–Jan. 10, 1873). On Oct. 28, 1824, she married George Evans Craig (Apr. 29, 1801–Oct. 9, 1846). They settled in Pocahontas County (now W.Va.). Returned to Tinkling Spring for eighteen months, where Mr. Craig bought and managed the Barterbrook store. Afterwards went back to western Virginia, opened another store. Children: Matilda, Carrie, Newton, William, Hugh Brown.

Matilda, II. Married a Mr. Crawford and lived in Louisville, Ky.

Caroline or “Carrie” (1829-1904). She married a Mr. Warwick and lived in Bath County.

Newton (May 14, 1831–Oct. 24, 1900). Chaplain in the Civil War (see Letter 14), later had a distinguished career in the Southern Presbyterian Church. Died in 1900, while addressing the Synod of Virginia.

William. Born ca. 1833. Died of a tragic accident while a toddler.

Hugh Brown (Nov. 5, 1837–June 3, 1864). Died in the Civil War. (See main text, pp. 32–37.)

(e) **David**. Married Jane Paxton.

(f) **Hadassah**. Married Robert Moffatt, Sr. Children: Robert, Alexander, Sidney, John, et al. (See p. 10.)

(g) **Ann**. Married C. Wallace. No children.

(h) **Amanda**. Married Lebrie Guthrie. Two sons: Henry and Edgar L.

(i) **Margaret**. Married Daniel Fishburne. Fourteen children. The 10th child, James, was the founder of Fishburne Military Academy, Waynesboro.

(j) **John**. Married Adeline Paxton. Sons: Emmett, Walter, Harry. □



Illustration 35. Hugh Gilkeson Guthrie (1795-1881), about 1870.



Illustration 36. Eliz. (“Bettie”) Evans (Patterson) Guthrie (1816-1886), about 1870.

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Cast of Leading Characters, By Chapters

Chap. 1. Tirzah's Packet

Tirzah Willson Patterson, wife of Brown Patterson, mother of Bettie, Craig, and Blackwood: the original preserver of the letters in our collection.

Tirzah's mother, Sallie Blackwood Willson, the second wife of John Philander Willson: a central character in Chaps. 2 and 3 (the "early" chapters).

Chap. 2. In the Garden of Eden (1837)

Sallie Blackwood, not yet married to John P. Willson: in temporary residence at Rural Retreat.

Betsey Blackwood, Sallie Blackwood's sister: unmarried, lives at the Blackwood home near Mint Spring.

Others: Mrs. Mary Willson, a friend; Polly Armstrong, a dying neighbor; M. F. Gilkeson, a cousin who lives at Tinkling Spring.

Chap. 3. Asafetida and All That

John P. Willson, formerly a widower: a farmer (Stuarts Draft), four children by his first marriage.

Sallie Blackwood Willson, now some years into her marriage with John Philander Willson: the mother of four stepchildren and five full children.

Betsey Blackwood: Sallie B. Willson's sister, living at the Blackwood home near Mint Spring.

Chap. 4. Quiet Death of a Grandmother

Margaret Finley Humphries Blackwood, Sallie's mother: a second generation American, lived at the Blackwood home near Mint Spring.

Chap. 5. California Gold

Matthew ("Matt") Willson, Tirzah Willson's half brother, reared at Stuarts Draft: unmarried, goes to California as a gold entrepreneur.

Others: John P. Willson, Matt's father; Philander, Matt's brother; Clemenza, Matt's sister.

Chap. 6. Two Teenaged Cousins

Tirzah Willson, age 16, a member of the younger Willson family: lives at Stuarts Draft.

John Lambert, age 16, a cousin of Tirzah's through the Blackwoods: lives at Mint Spring.

Chap. 7. The Civil War (1861-1865)

John Wier Willson, son of John Philander Willson, and Tirzah Willson's half brother: a widower, dies in the Battle of Kernstown (1862).

David Willson, Tirzah Willson's slightly older full brother: a prisoner of war (twice).

Brown Craig, reared with Brown Patterson by the Hugh Guthries of Barterbrook: dies in the Battle of Cold Harbor (1864).

Newton Craig, Brown Craig's older brother: an army chaplain in the Confederacy.

Mary ("Mollie") Willson, Tirzah Willson's full sister: sister/caretaker for Ophelia ("Sis") and Clarence after John P. Willson's death.

Clarence Willson, Tirzah Willson's younger full brother: a youthful recruit to the Confederate army.

Brown Patterson, reared with Brown Craig by the Hugh Guthries of Barterbrook: marries Tirzah Willson during the war; a Confederate soldier to the end; father of Bettie, Craig, and Blackwood.

Chap. 8. Life Goes On

Mary ("Mollie") Willson: marries Emmett Brooks of Waynesboro, who dies just a year or two afterwards; one daughter.

Emmette Brooks, Mary's daughter: marries Wm. Ballard Smith of the Bethel Church area.

Ophelia ("Sis") Willson: marries James W. Wallace of Spottswood, three sons.

Clarence Willson: becomes an insurance agent in Natchez, Mississippi, marries Anna Compton, I.

Georgie Willson: daughter of Clarence and Anna Compton, I; m. Ed Newell of Chattanooga.

Chap. 9. "Go West, Young Man"

Clemenza Willson, the oldest Willson child, Tirzah's half sister: marries Ben Stuart, has nine children, goes to Handley, Texas, near Fort Worth.

Houston ("Hute") Stuart, youngest child of the Ben Stuarts: a sales representative in Fort Worth.

Dave B. Willson, full brother of Tirzah Willson Patterson, reared in Stuarts Draft: goes first to Fulton, Missouri, and marries Mary Dillard; goes later to Handley, Texas; four children.

Chap. 10. A New Generation Grows

Craig Patterson: Tirzah's son, age 15.
Clarence Wallace: Ophelia's son, age 13.
Emmette Brooks: Mary's daughter, age 16.

Chap. 11. Shenandoah Valley Railroad

Mary ("Mollie") Willson Brooks, now a widow: lives with the family of Tirzah Patterson, her sister, at Barterbrook, along with Emmette.

Howard H. Patterson: son of the Stuart Pattersons of Harriston.

Cyrus Givens Brown, principal of the Rock-bridge Baths Academy: Craig's cousin (through mutual relatives in the Givens family?).

Chap. 12. Blackwood Patterson

John Blackwood Patterson, I, Tirzah's son: a farmer in Barterbrook.

Anna Compton, II, the daughter of Anna Compton, I: marries Blackwood, four children.

Other: Philander E. Willson, Blackwood's maternal half uncle who lives in Washington, D.C.

Chap. 13. Bettie (Patterson) Hoyt, Atlanta

Elizabeth Evans ("Bettie") Patterson, Tirzah's daughter: marries Will Hoyt, four children.

Will Hoyt: Bettie's husband, businessman in Atlanta.

Others: Margaret Hoyt, daughter of Bettie and Will Hoyt; Corrie Brown, Will's sister.

Chap. 14. Dave Willson in Texas, The Later Years

Dave Willson, Tirzah's older full brother, living in Handley, Texas: letters from his later years.

Chap. 15. Craig Patterson, in China

Brown Craig Patterson, Tirzah's son: evangelical missionary in China, marries Annie Houston.

Annie R. Houston, M.D.: Craig's wife, medical missionary in China, five children.

Chap. 16. Tirzah's Last Days

George Brown Hoyt, Tirzah's grandson of Atlanta, Georgia: looks forward to a visit in Virginia.

Tirzah Willson Patterson: dies at Barterbrook (1929).

Craig Patterson, Tirzah's son in Tengxian, Shandong, China: reflects on the lives of Tirzah, his mother, and Brown, his father.

Appendix I. Three Supplementary Letters from Texas

Jimmy Stuart: the eighth child in Clemenza and Ben Stuart's family, Craig's correspondent in Texas for the Stuarts. (*One letter, 1930.*)

Annie (Willson) Carrington: the oldest child of Dave and Mary Willson's family, Craig's correspondent in Texas for the Willsons. (*Two letters, 1946 and 1952.*)

□

August 16, 2007

Dear folks:

Since I sent you copies of *Tirzah's Packet*, I have received welcome new information from several people. Among them are Bill Hoyt, of Asheville, and Corrie Hoyt Hendrix, of Atlanta, who helped greatly to improve the biographical sketch of Bettie Patterson Hoyt from what it was before. I will start off with that sketch in the list of updates, below. After that, a few other additions or corrections will follow.

If you have any use for additional copies of *Tirzah's Packet*, please just let me know. I will be glad to send copies either to you or to other people you inform me of.

Sincerely, Bob

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Some Updates on *Tirzah's Packet*

p. 75, biographical sketch of Bettie (Patterson) Hoyt.

Elizabeth Evans "Bettie" Patterson, II, the first child of Tirzah and Brown Patterson, was born on July 31, 1863, during the Civil War. Tirzah had moved into Montezuma, the Guthrie residence, to be with Brown, so Bettie's earliest years were there.

When Bettie was six, Brown and Tirzah moved to a new home nearby. But Bettie's Aunt Bettie (*see Chart XVII-a*) asked that little Bettie's departure from Montezuma be delayed for a month or so. Then it was delayed a second month, and after that for longer periods, and finally young Bettie lived her entire childhood with her Aunt Bettie and Uncle Hugh Guthrie. (*Cf. Craig Patterson's comments on p. 80 and at the top of p. 95.*)

In 1871, when Bettie was eight, Dr. G. B. Strickler became the pastor of Tinkling Spring Church. Twelve years later he moved from Tinkling Spring to Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta. Perhaps prompted by an invitation from Dr. Strickler, Bettie accepted a secretarial job at Central Church and moved to Atlanta. There she met William Russell "Will" Hoyt, a committed church member at Central, and before long they were in love. Their wedding took place several years later in Brown and Tirzah's Barterbrook home, known at the time as "Wayside." (*The engraved wedding invitation confirms that the W. B. Patterson residence was called "Wayside."*) Dr. Strickler conducted the marriage service on Wednesday, February 9, 1887, at eight o'clock in the morning, the early hour being intended to help out-of-town guests catch trains back to Atlanta.

The newly married couple lived with Will's parents in Atlanta for perhaps three or four years before purchasing a modest one-storied house at 48 West End Avenue. Will helped to establish the West End Presbyterian Church, and he was elected to its board of elders. The Hoyts had four children: Russell, Jr., Margaret, Browne, and George. (*For full names and birth dates, see Genealogical Chart XIV, p. 117.*) After about ten years at West End, the family moved into a house near First Presbyterian Church, and on April 4, 1903, they transferred their membership there. By then they knew that Bettie had tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis develops gradually, and Bettie's bout with it was protracted. As her disease progressed, her mother, Tirzah, came to Atlanta to help with the housekeeping (*cf. Craig's com-*

ments, p. 95). Browne Hoyt tells us that Bettie was “sick for a number of years and an invalid for two or three” (*Early Life*, p. 3). Probably Browne uses the term “invalid” to refer to the years that Bettie spent in bed. Back in those days, doctors prescribed three main treatments for tuberculosis: bed rest, fresh air (*i.e.*, mountain air), and exposure to the sun. Among patients who contracted tuberculosis, about 75% eventually recovered, about 25% did not. Bettie died on September 8, 1904, aged forty-one. She is buried in the Hoyt plot, Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta. Her name, inscribed on the headstone, is the form of it that Will always used, “Bessie.”

Browne recalled that Tirzah stayed on in Atlanta for some time after Bettie died, still taking care of the children and doing work in the house (*Early Life*, p. 4). As Browne said, she “became a second mother to the four Hoyt children” (*Early Life*, p. 1). This relationship would continue in later years during the children’s many summer visits in Virginia.

Will’s second marriage, on November 14, 1905, was to Daisy Ellen Sherman. Will and Daisy had one child, a daughter, Elizabeth Sherman Hoyt. But just after Elizabeth turned six years old, Daisy died, also from tuberculosis. Her death was on October 28, 1912, at age thirty. Once again, Tirzah came to help with the housekeeping. In later life, Elizabeth married Graham Clark, who went on to become the president of the School of the Ozarks in Missouri.

Will’s third marriage, in 1914, was to Louise La Lande Ferris. She lived until 1937.

In his seventeen years with Bettie and his forty years afterward, Will had a rewarding life, though one that held its full share of tragedy. He never forgot Bettie. Craig tells us that as he lay dying, on September 25, 1945, aged eighty-four, he called for Bettie to come (*see p. 80*).

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p. iv: two additions to the Select Bibliography.

John A. Patterson Family Bible. First belonged to John A. Patterson, 1789–1854 (*see Genealogical Chart XI, p. 116*), later in the possession of William Brown Patterson (I) and William Brown Patterson (II). Records family marriages, 1815–1959; births, 1816–1965; deaths, 1827–1985.

Hoyt, Samuel Browne, *Memoirs: Early Life*. Typed ms., 6 pp., written by Browne after he retired from the ministry. Now among the family papers of William Russell Hoyt, in Asheville.

p. 1, par. 2, closing sentence: new information about Tirzah’s last illness. “She spent the winter months of 1928-1929 in Blackwood’s home and died of pneumonia, after a three-day illness, on March 21, 1929, at the age of eighty-five.”

p. 68, text accompanying Illus. 17. Delete “inherited from the Hugh Guthries” and add “acquired by Blackwood Patterson after Hugh and Bettie Guthrie had died.”

p. 94, n.2. Add: “According to Frances Patterson’s letter of March 25, 1929, written to her father-in-law, Craig, in Tengxian, Blackwood was able to attend Tirzah’s funeral and seemed ‘stronger and more alert’ than usual.”

p. 117, line 11. William Brown Patterson’s birth date is “March 17, 1838,” not 1837.

p. 118, line 4. Brown Craig Patterson’s birth date is “June 26, 1865,” not July.