

B I O G R A P H Y O F
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L I M E S T O N E R . F . D.
(Nee "Broylesville")
T E N N.

Written By -

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(Roy Calvin Dobson)

CHAPTER I

FROM COLLEGE TO WAR

In the beginning of the Civil War in 1862, the writer was in school at Tusculum College in his senior year. Our Commencement was on June 13th. Our class of six had their orations prepared and criticized and corrected by the faculty - and returned. This was the last of April and the excitement about the war was running very high. President Lincoln had made his first call for 75,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion and the troops were daily going from the South to Richmond, Virginia.

Tennessee had not yet voted on secession. The ^{Presidential} election was to be held on June 5th, 1862. W. G. Brownlow, Andrew Johnson, E. A. R. Nelson, and others who opposed secession were canvassing the state for the Union and Anti-Union, or Secession or Anti-Secession feeling ran very high. A large part of the people of Eastern Tennessee opposed secession and were called Union men, or Lincolnites, by the Rebels or Confederates.

After Andrew Johnson spoke in ^GGreenville he was burned in effigy by the students at Tusculum College. The greater part of the students being from the South and in favor of secession. That night the Rebel flag was raised on the old chapel building which was the only building then at Tusculum.

Rankin The faculty were all in favor of secession except Prof. W. B. Rankin, who was then professor of mathematics in Tusculum College. When Prof. Rankin saw the flag he went to Prof. Doak and, "Told him he would not hear a lesson under the Rebel flag; for Tennessee was still in the Union." The students all gathered around to see the result. Prof. Rankin said, "he would take that flag down or die in the attempt, and started up the stairs to do so when a student, Jas. Biggs, called to him to stop, saying: "I assisted in putting it up and I can take it down " and he did so at once. There were only eight ^{of us} Union boys in school out of a hundred students and the Union boys called Biggs "Benedict Arnold" while he was taking down the Rebel flag from the dome of the college.

This act broke up the school and all began to pack their trunks and left the next day. So there was no commencement and only two of the class lived through the war; they were R. M. Dobson and myself and we did not get our diplomas until June 1866, after the war closed.

My father, Isaac Calvin Dobson was opposed to the rebellion and was a Union man and all my relatives were Union people and opposed to going into the war on either side if they could avoid it. My father was Revenue Collector for Greene County at that time and that summer after school closed I assisted him in collecting the taxes of Greene County and he appointed me his deputy. Both of these offices exempted one from military duty.

In June 1862, Tennessee voted, by a large majority, to secede and go with the South and fight for their independence.

Soon after the election Tennessee called for volunteers

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for the Southern cause and when they did not get the number needed; the state then drafted all between eighteen and forty-five years of age and forced them to enlist or they would be conscripted. My deputy revenue collectors office exempted me from the call.

CHAPTER II

DOUBLE EXEMPTION

As my office did not give me employment all of the time I decided to teach school during the winter of 1862 and 1863 and secured the school at Mt. Bethel Church near Limestone Town, and began the school in September 1862 boarding with Mr. John Miller near the church. Teaching school also exempted anyone from service in the Southern army, so I was exempt for that reason also. I had an attack of fever in January and February 1863 while teaching, and about the twentieth of February I went home to rest until I was able to resume my school. I had not been to see my best girl, Nannie Jane McGaughey, since September and I went to see her on February twenty-third, and, as it looked like I would have to go in the Southern army or stampede North, I bade her Good-bye that night when we parted.

CHAPTER III

ARREST AND CONSCRIPTION

My father was an influential man in the county on the Union side, so the enrolling officers determined to put his sons

in the Southern army or run them out of the State. My brother John V. had already gone North to Indiana, my other brothers were too young for service. So on the morning of February 27th, 1863, two Enrolling Officers of the Southern army came to my father's farm gate and called for me. I went out and found Brookino Scroggs and Allen B. Robinson, my neighbor boys who now were employed to conscrip or force men into the Army. They said they had come to take me and put me in the Southern army. I told them I was exempt and showed them my exemption papers - as a Revenue Officer and a School Teacher. They said some old men could collect the taxes and teach and I had to go in the Southern Army; and they gave me thirty minutes to get ready and ordered me to go at once as they wanted to make the train at 11:06 at Afton and take me to the Instruction Camp at Knoxville, Tenn., that evening.

So I went back into the house and told Father and the family what they had ordered me to do, and I said; "What shall I do?" Father said if we had arms we would defend ourselves. I told him that would not do for the Rebel authorities would punish the family for the deed. So my Grandmother Dobson, who lived with my Father, said, "Newton, go out at the back door and make your escape and we will keep these officers here as long as we can", and Father said, "I would try to get away at once".

The officers were on the east side of the house on horses, with their holsters of pistols by their side. As I was so much opposed to entering the Southern army I determined to risk my life to get away. So I went out of the west door, keeping the

house between me and the officers and soon I was out of sight. There had just been a general thaw and the ground was very soft and it was impossible to conceal my footprints. In about fifteen minutes the officers came to the door and called for me. My Mother told them I was not there. They searched the house but did not find me. Then they began to search the premises and soon Robinson saw my tracks in the soft ground and calling his comrade said, "Here is his tracks" and they pursued. I ran more than a mile and was about to meet some young men; and, to avoid them, I turned aside and concealed myself behind some fence rails.

By this time I was almost given out, as I was not strong after my severe attack of fever, and I began to expectorate blood. The young men, or boys, stopped a good while and prevented my going on, until the officers came upon me, or within fifty yards of me. So I determined to make another desperate effort to escape. I leaped from my concealment and Brook Schroggs fired three or four times at me with a large revolver; but a kind Providence shielded me from the deadly balls. Schroggs was walking to follow my trail through the fields. So I ran back east as they were west of me, in the direction of Tusculum and I gained on my pursuers rapidly and would have gotten away again if Schroggs had not met a neighbor boy going to milk and pulled him off his horse near where President ^{Jeff} ~~Java~~ Moore's residence now stands at Tusculum - and before I got across that 75 acre field, Schroggs overtook me.

I sat down, exhausted. He snapped his pistol at me several times but it did not go off - Providence again interfered and caused a piece of cap to lodge, so the barrel would not revolve. He cursed me most bitterly and tried to get his horse to walk over me as I sat on the ground. I told him I would rather die than go into the Rebel army and fight against my principles and I never would fire a gun for the confederacy.

By this time Allen G. Robinson, the other officer, came up. (He was a distant relative to myself and Nannie McGaughey and on the Sabbath before he sat by me at Mt. Bethel church, sang from the same book, and twitted me frequently during the sermon by pinching me, etc.)

When Robinson came up Schroggs asked him for his pistol and Robinson gave it to him. Schroggs then swore he would kill me if I moved. He then tied my hands behind my back and drove me off without a coat - as I had thrown off my coat in the race and he would not let me go back to get it, or go to my home which was in sight. When my parents heard the shooting they thought I was killed and my Mother had her horse saddled and started to me - but I had been forced to change my course and she did not get to me until I was captured. She meant to take the horse to me to assist me in making my escape, but she was too late.

She met them East of Tusculum on their way to Afton Depot to meet the eleven o'clock A. M. train to Knoxville, Tenn. When she met them she got off her horse and begged and prayed them with all the tenderness of a Mother's heart to only let me go home to get a coat and some clothing, but they were dumb to

all of her entreaties and said they would take me as I was with cursing for my poor Mother and myself. She came and took hold of my fettered hand to bid me farewell and give me a mother's parting kiss - but Brook Schroggs, took her by the arm and ruthlessly and cruelly tore her away from me and shoved her fragile form away and forced me on. This, was the saddest parting of my life and never can be forgotten. My dear Mother's grief-stricken face ever arises like a ghost before me, whenever I revert to those trying hours during the cruel Civil War.

So I turned my back upon parents, brothers, home and the College with all their happy associations of my childhood and youth - trudging along half clad at the point of pistols, with my hands tied behind my back with a hard leather belt which was causing me much pain. I told Schroggs to loose me, that I would not try to get away again. He only cursed me. I then appealed to Robinson and he said to Schroggs, "let him loose" for when Newt Dobson tells you he will not do anything, you need not be afraid of him deceiving you. He always does what he promises". So they untied me and we proceeded on to Afton Depot, but the train did not come as the heavy thaw had caused a slide in the cut near Chucky City and it took two days to remove it.

CHAPTER IV

A SAD FAREWELL.

My Mother hurried home and got some clothing for me and my Father brought them on to me at the depot.

So the officers took me back to Mr. Wm. Oliphant's, an

an Enrolling Officer for the Southern army, who lived near the Bridge below Afton on the Tusculum road, where Mr. Brown lives now, and there they guarded me that night. The next day they took me back to the Depot to go to Knoxville but the train did not get through. My friends thought of raising a mob and taking me from them that night I was under guard at Mr. Oliphant's, but some of the more considerate ones prevailed upon them not to do it.

So the next day many of my friends came to the Depot to bid me Good-bye and after they found the train did not get through the Chucky Cut and they would have to keep me another night, my Father went and asked them to let me go home that night as my Mother was almost heart-broken. So they told him if he would give a bond of twenty-thousand dollars for my appearance next day at eleven o'clock in the morning at Afton, I could go home. Father soon made the bond and I went home until next morning and better prepared for my trip.

It was a sad and memorable night - worse than even death had ever brought to our home. For my brother John V. had some months previously gone to Kentucky, expecting to join the Federal Army, and now it would be brother against brother, yet their principles were the same, but one had volunteered and the other had been conscripted and forced into the Southern Army. That night when we bowed around the old family altar it was to pour out our hearts in weeping instead of audible prayers. But God knew the burden of our hearts was to open the life of the one so ruthlessly dragged from a home so happy and so devoted to one another, and, He heard and

answered the prayers. The next morning my Father took me back to Alton half an hour before the time was due and the officers were not there with the Bond. My Father demanded it and there was much excitement among the guard; but just a few moments before eleven the Bond came. Had it been a few minutes later my friends said they would declare my release and assist me in getting away. So the train came and I was taken to the Instruction Camps at Knoxville, Tenn., and turned over to the officers of the Confederate Army. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon of March 2nd, 1863.

CHAPTER V

IN THE INSTRUCTION CAMP.

The quarters were poor and dismal. They were small log cabins, with no floors or beds, and were open like a stable. This was my first night in camp. I had no food or light but was locked in the dungeon until next morning when I was taken before some quack of an Examining Surgeon who told me, "I needed fresh air and would soon be stout and hearty." I was returned to the conscription Camps again and forced to take the oath to support the Southern Confederacy.

When brother John stampeded I wanted to do so too, but my parents opposed it and I obeyed them. So when I was arrested and treated so cruelly they regretted they restrained me at home. So they determined to spare no reasonable means to keep me out of the army. My Father hired Abb Morgan to become my substitute

and agreed to pay him \$1,000. They went to Knoxville on the same train I did and after I was examined and passed, my Father took the substitute before the medical examiner and had him examined. He was a stout, hearty, mountaineer and young but they discovered a small speck on one eye and rejected him as unfit for army service. He went back home and in a few days afterwards they arrested him and sent him to the Army. Showing they were pressed for men and determined to put all in the Army.

After my Father saw I was compelled to go to the Confederate Army and all troops were being sent through to Vicksburg, Miss., which was a very unhealthy and dangerous place for eastern Tennessee people, Father went to Col. E. D. Blake, who was commander of the post and gave all orders where new recruits and conscripts should be sent, and requested him, because of my recent illness, to let me go to Cumberland Gap, Kentucky, as that was a healthy location. So Col. Blake consented to send me to Cumberland Gap, Ky., and ordered me to report to Capt. W. C. Pains Company of Maberys Light Artillery, which was stationed then at Cumberland Gap.

My Father bade me good-bye and went back home almost broken-hearted, as he and my sorrowing Mother expected the substitute to be received and I would come back home with him, but in this she was sadly disappointed and her sorrow was only made worse by the sad news of my being sent to the Army.

CHAPTER VI

SENT TO THE FRONT

That afternoon I was placed under the care of some

soldiers who had been home on a furlough from Cumberland Gap and that night, March 3rd, 1863, we went on the train to Morristown, Tenn.

The next morning the ground was covered with four inches of snow which had fallen during the night and very early we set out to walk to Cumberland Gap some forty miles north of Morristown. Those who had charge of me had been used to drilling and marching and I was not strong yet from my attack of fever. So I was almost exhausted by night fall. We stopped at some farmers and staid that night. They were poor but treated us very kindly. We had our own rations with us - my Mother had prepared enough to do me on my way. The next morning my feet were so badly blistered I could scarcely walk as I had on a pair of new boots - but I was compelled (or I thought I was) to keep up with my guard. So I trudged along.

CHAPTER VII

IN CAMP

That afternoon about three o'clock, March 4th, 1863, we reached Cumberland Gap and I reported at Capt. Kain's battery under General Gracie in command. The headquarters was in a log house in the Gap on the Tennessee side of the Kentucky road near the stone where three States corner (Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee).

Capt. W. C. Kain was in Knoxville, Tenn., attending Court Martial and Lieut. Thomas O'Connor was in command of the battery. I was asked to remain that night in the officers quarters, which I accepted most willingly. They treated me very

kindly, wanting me to drink and play cards with them which I very politely declined to do. They observed I did not use profane language and they said they would make a prediction - "that in less than a month, I would drink, play cards and swear as big as any of them". I told them I would depart from my home training if I did those things and I did not think I would forget them that soon. Time would prove it.

CHAPTER VIII

COMPANY SECRETARY

There were seven or eight officers in that mess and they all drank and were very profane. They kept whisky all the time - sometimes had a keg in the house and none of them was competent to do the routine business of the company sometimes. They asked me many questions as to my literary qualifications and business habits. Lieut. O'Connor was a man of fine natural sense but little education.

The next morning they asked me to give them a sample of my penmanship and write an order for some supplies for the Company. After I did it, they said, "Dobson, we want you to remain in our mess and do our writing and keep up the business of the Company." I replied, "Very well, I will take pleasure in doing the best I can to please you - and I am ready to serve you any time". I at once saw in this the hand of a very kind Providence in giving me a place in the officers quarters, by a nice warm fire instead of going with the other soldiers to

work on the fortifications in snow and wind on the top of the mountains.

I often have heard the soldiers as they passed my door, and saw ~~one~~ seated at the table writing, say, "I wish I had been a D _____ conscript and I might have had that soft job", but I said nothing in reply but attended strictly to my business. I soon won the confidence of all the officers and they entrusted me with all the business of the battery. I never missed roll-call nor was I ever late, or reprimanded for anything.

N. C. Kains Battery of X Light Artillery had been in service nearly two years. They had a company of 150 men and had seen some hard service and lost a number of men. The officers asked me to write up a history of the Company from its organization. This I did as fast as they furnished me the data. This historical work with the business ^{matters} of the Company, such as making out pay rolls ordering all rations and army supplies, kept me very busy. It ~~was~~ about the same as an Adjutant of a regiment. During my whole service I only drilled a few times at the guns and that was done more for recreation and exercise than anything else.

CHAPTER IX

ARMY FARE

The officers drew better rations than the soldiers, so I fared better in that way. They had a cook hired to wait on the Mess and I remained with them several months; until we moved to the top of the mountain on the Hawland Road. After this the

house was too small and I had my office in another room and then I had for mess mates M. S. Doak and James Doak, who came in later from my home town.

Many times our rations were very small - especially meat. A part of the time we drew only 1/4 of a pound of Bacon a week and a very small allowance for corn meal or flour. I have seen the boys fry all the meat and eat it at one meal. We occasionally drew rice - no coffee or sugar - and many times we suffered for sufficient food. Being associated with the officers I seldom suffered. They often sent me out in the valley to get butter and vegetables. Sometimes I went ten miles on horse back for supplies. Although I was a conscript, yet I had the confidence of all the officers. I could have ridden my horse across the mountains into Kentucky and have found the Federal Army and got away - but I could not betray the confidence they imposed in me - would rather stay than do that.

Our mails were irregular. I did not hear from my parents more than once a month and not oftener than that from my best girl. While at Cumberland Gap we did not get many newspapers and we knew little of the progress of the war.

CHAPTER I

SOLDIERY & RELIGION

We had no religious service in the garrison, yet I don't think I ever lived a better or happier christian life. I daily read my Bible and never did receive so much comfort from it before. So many things I found just suited my condition of servitude.

It was my habit every evening to retire about twilight to a cliff of rocks, west of our camp, and there spend an half hour in meditation and prayer. I never found a happier spot on earth and if I should ever pass that way, I want to go back to that rock and there get a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit and a fresh inspiration and again thank the Lord for my protection and deliverance from the many temptations I met while in the army. For I was kept from yielding to the vices, the officers predicted I would soon indulge in.

I came out of the army as pure as I entered it and with a much stronger faith in God and a greater love for my Dear Saviour and His cause. The officers, after a short time, began to call me "their Company Christian" and said "if *Sodom* was saved for Lot's sake; they knew Kain's Battery would be saved for Dobson's sake". The Company was not in an engagement, nor lost a man while I was with it at Cumberland Gap, but my presence had nothing to do with that.

It was a very healthful place. My health improved and I was stronger and heavier than ever before - weighing 150 lbs. or more. Pure air and water and simple diet was the cause.

CHAPTER XI

CONSCRIPT SOLDIERS

So hard were the citizens of Eastern Tennessee pressed, they all had to go into the army between eighteen and fifty years of age and eventually from fifteen to sixty years. Many Union men

stomped to the Northern army for protection and most of them found the Federal Army. A short time after I went to Cumberland Gap a crowd of about fifty refugees were captured by the Rebel troops as they crossed the mountains and these captives were brought to Cumberland Gap. I went to see them and was surprised to see the boys from my neighborhood among them. Their shoes and clothing had been taken from them and they had their feet bound up in rags so they could travel. I felt so sorry for them. I wrote a number of letters for them to their friends at home telling them of their whereabouts and their condition and gave them all the aid and comfort I could. In fact I became alarmed because I was watched so closely by the guard, who thought I was a sympathizer and aid to them. They started on their march to Knoxville, Tenn., sixty miles distant, to prison. This is a sample of what the Union people endured for their principles in Eastern Tennessee during the Civil War.

Many who were conscripted and put into the Confederate Army, deserted and went to the Federal Army and joined it. Some were caught on their way and brought back to the Confederate Army and punished. Some were balled and chained 90 days on bread and water in a filthy guard house and others whipped or shot in the presence of their company. One of our boys deserted. His name was John Stout, a poor mountain boy and very ignorant. He was called out in front of our Battery, and ordered to give him 39 lashes with an inch leather strap on his bare back. I shuddered for fear I would be commanded to do the whipping; but John Yemphall

was commanded to inflict the punishment. I had several opportunities to get away with good chance to escape but I felt I would do wrong to betray the confidence of my officers, so I determined to be a good soldier and do right and trust to the Lord for a regular deliverance.

CHAPTER K.

OUR SURRENDER

About the first of September 1863, Gen. Burnside came through Kentucky with a large army. Our officers, (General Frazier had charge of the Gap then) thought they would storm our fortifications. They came in sight and made a faint but passed on to Deep Creek Gap, some four miles below, and marched to Knoxville Town and captured the city and fortifications. In a few days they sent a part of the army back to Cumberland Gap on the Tennessee side and they had left a strong force on the Kentucky side to watch the Gap. So we were surrounded by some 2,500 men.

We had only two weeks rations stored in a mill. We all were called out to our fortifications, I was on Sand Mountain, next to the Gap. About 10:06 at night Gen. Burnside's army on the Tennessee side, opened fire on us and in a few minutes our mill and all we had to eat was on fire. The attack was for that purpose and our Battery did not open fire. So next day General Burnside demanded our surrender. Knowing our supplies were gone about 4:00 on September 9th, 1863, the White Flag was hoisted on top of the mountain. We all marched to our camps ready for surrendering.

I thought then that was the happiest hour of my life as we were told the conditions of the surrender, would parole us and

allow us to return to our homes at once.

Soon after we reached our camp, we heard a band coming in on the Harlin Road, on the Kentucky side, playing Yankee Doodle, which they continued to play until they came in sight of our camps and then they struck up Dixie, which made the true Rebel boys very angry but I thought it the sweetest music I ever heard. The Command was under Gen. De Coursey, who marched to our camp and asked for Gen. Frazier. We told him he was then in his tent. He rode up with a large body guard to the front and called out Gen. Frazier and said to him, "I am happy to meet you today." (They had been soldiers together at West Point in the regular army for several years.) Gen. Frazier replied, "Under the circumstances I am not happy to meet you." Gen. De Coursey said, "Consider yourself a prisoner of war."

In about half an hour Gen. Burnside came up from Tenn. ^{side} with 200 mounted body guard; the finest and best dressed men I had ever seen. He came on to Gen. Frazier's tent and before he got there, he saw the mountain full of Federal troops and he said, "What means this. Who are these?" He was told it was General De Coursey's army. He at once called for DeCoursey and said, "Who gave you orders to march? Consider yourself under arrest and always wait for my orders." And he was marched off under arrest.

The Federal army were clothed in the best army uniform and equipped with the best horses and arms and the Rebel army was in any kind of clothing, many ragged and worn out. The

contrast was appalling but they had the bravery and the loyalty to their cause that outshone army equipment and made them victorious on many battlefields and prolonged the war for four dreadful years until the best and bravest of the Southern men fell upon the bloody battlefield.

CHAPTER XI

FRIENDS IN BLUE

When the Federal troops came in I saw among them many of my friends, neighbors, school-mates, who had stampeded from Eastern Tennessee and had joined the Federal Army and had come back and delivered their homes from confederate authority. They knew under what circumstances I had been forced to enter the Southern army and they proposed to take me back to their camps that night and I could go to my home next day - offered me the pass word and all the money I needed to get home or to Knoxville, Tenn., but again my conscience said "No" (although my heart was so homesick). I felt I would be betraying my oath and my officers if I accepted their offer and not wait until¹ was regularly paroled with my command next morning, as we had been told was the conditions of our surrender. So I bade my old life-long friends good bye and marched off with the prisoners to the foot of the mountain on the Tennessee side.

CHAPTER XII

OFF TO PRISON

Next morning we all were commanded to prepare five days rations and march to Lexington, Kentucky. So on the 11th of September, 1863, we took up the march over a road four inches deep

in dust as the pike was almost worn out by so many troops passing over it. We camped the first night at the Flat Dick, Ky., ~~where~~ guarded by De Coursey's men.

The second day, in the afternoon, as I was trudging along, four soldiers abreast (near Bar^{ter}sville, Ky.) I heard a familiar voice say, "Hello, Newton" and I looked around and there was brother Jno. V. Dobson on his way back to Tenn. We had a hearty greeting but it did not last long. The guard let him march along with me a little way and talk of the things that had happened since we had seen each other, about a year since. I had no money except confederate money and that was worth nothing North, so John gave me five dollars in gold to aid me. He did not seem to have plenty of the article at that time himself. So we parted, I moving north and he came homeward, bearing my greetings to the home folks.

The next night we had a down fall of rain and no protection. So we marched on day after day almost famishing for water and with only a scant supply of food until we Reached Louisville, Ky. and after crossing the river in a ferry boat, we were loaded in a cattle car, as many as could stand or sit, and guards placed at the door. We did not know where we were going.

On the evening of the 21st. of September we stopped and I looked out and saw a large body of water. I asked an old Irish woman who came around to sell pies, where we were. She said, "Michigan City". She was wrapped in her furs and we Rebel soldiers had on our summer clothing and little of that. So that night about midnight we landed in Chicago and were turned in to Camp Douglas prison among some 6,000 prisoners of war. Many of our company went into the barracks

occupied by John Morgan's men to spend the night lying on the floor.

CHAPTER XIII

IN PRISON - CAMP DOUGLASS

I did not change my clothing on the journey as I wanted to have some clean under clothes when we stopped. I had in my knapsack some good clothes, a large bed blanket my Mother had given me when I left home, and all my other army equipments with keepsakes, letters, etc. These I had carried on my back from Cumberland Gap, through dust, mud, rain and storm.

The next morning we laid our knapsacks down in a pile in Morgan's Barracks and went out to their kitchen to make a tin cup of coffee for our breakfast and when I came back for my knapsack it was gone and I never heard of it again. So I was left with an old coat, no vest, a striped home made cotton shirt made by my Mother, and a pair of pants I had worn all the time since I left home. They were more patches of my own work than pants at that time - Scarcely little of the original garment - and almost barefoot and hatless. It looked like I had struck bottom. Not a blanket to wrap in at night or a garment to change and only \$5.00 of passable money in my purse and no friends from whom I could borrow, and no communication with home folks by mail.

The 22nd. of Sept. we were assigned a barrack adjoining the Morgan barrack. The building was 24 x 60 ft. One story, with good floor, 3 ft. off the ground and bunks three tier high on each side of the house wide enough for two to sleep in, with no bedding at all, only a little straw in each. One coal stove No.3 to warm the whole building and a small room in the rear for cooking. This

building was for 120 men. The prison contained 20 acres and was surrounded by a plank fence some 12 or 14 feet high with a walk on top for the guard in summer and winter they walked on the inside of the fence on the ground. The barracks formed a square and the fence was some 50 yards from the kitchen. Every morning the prisoners were called out in the public square fronting headquarters next to Chicago - all was on the shore of Lake Michigan.

I have been told that McCormick Seminary now occupies that ground, where two of my sons have received a part of their training for the Gospel Ministry.

CHAPTER XIV

A SECRETARY IN PRISON

As I had attended to the Company's business and our officers had been sent to Johnson's Island, another prison, it fell to my lot to make out the morning reports and take them up to Headquarters each morning, reporting the time, condition of barracks, inmates, sick etc. So I soon became acquainted at Headquarters. Brig. Gen. Orm was in command of the prison and I did my best to show them I was a gentleman and came from good parentage. A true gentleman, polished with Christianity, is always respected and wins the hearts and esteem of those with whom he associates and it always pays.

When my Father heard Cumberland Gap had surrendered and the garrison ^{was} all taken prisoners, he went to Knoxville, Tenn., to see Gen. W. A. Carter, who was his friend. Father told him where I was and asked him if he could have me released. Gen. Carter

went to Gen. Burnside and procured my release and ordered it dispatched to the officer in charge of the Cumberland Gap prisoners, but the telegraph lines through Kentucky had been destroyed by the armies and the message did not reach me until I had reached Chicago. As soon as it came I went to headquarters with the orders but was told it was too late as I had passed into another command and was enrolled as a prisoner of war at Washington D.C. so I had to remain.

I did not mind so much going to Headquarters in my rags with my reports which I kept neat and correct, for I thought they cared more for the reports than for my appearance, yet I was not at all comfortable. It was wet weather and I had to wade through water often and no shoes to keep my feet dry - and it was getting cold and disagreeable but I went right along with my work without a murmur.

I had prayed a kind Father to aid me in this condition. So I learned that there was a lady in Chicago who had aided prisoners who had been forced into the army - I learned her address. Her name was Miss Kate Walters. So I wrote her a polite note telling her my condition and gave a short history of my war record. In a few days after this, I was sent for to come to Headquarters - and when I asked what was wanted; they handed me a nice bundle, saying, "a friend had sent that to me" With a light heart I hurried back to my Barrack, to see the contents. When I opened it my heart leaped for joy and thanks to God for this gift of His mercy and love to me. I found two outer shirts and two undershirts, two pair of drawers, three pair of socks, shoes, hat and other needed things but no pants or coat. So I at once wrote her the best letter of thanks I ever

wrote to anyone but regret I never could find her after the war to thank her more.

In the toe of one sock I found a piece of paper on which was written a verse of poetry, the sentiment was; "I hope the socks may warm your feet and some kind knitter may always warm your heart." So I was better prepared for the cold winds from Lake Michigan in my prison home by the hand of a kind heart lead to ^{his} good deed by an All Wise Father - a rich blessing will rest on the soul for she did a kind deed "to one of the least " in His Kingdom.

CHAPTER XV

PRISON LIFE

Prison life is hard under best conditions and miserable under poor conditions. The North had much to say about the Southern prisons. Much of it was true but there were many bad things about the Northern prisons as well. We drew enough rations to eat, but while I was there we had no way to prepare it - no cooking stone and only a few vessels to cook with, so little fuel. Wood was issued twice a week, one horse cart load (about 1/4 of a cord) to do the cooking for 120 men. A mess of five would only get one or two sticks of wood to cook three days rations. This was split up in small pieces and laid around the pot in a hole in the ground - many times out doors in a strong wind - so the food was poorly prepared. We had no vessels for washing out clothes properly and our rooms were poorly heated. We suffered with cold a great deal of the time before I left and much worse after that time.

While in prison I did not dream I would ever be a medical

man and would spend much time in looking for bacterium and living germ upon and in every thing. But now I can realize I began to take my first lesson in Bacteriology while at Camp Douglas for prisons were infected with living germ and animalcules. There were two special varieties or species. One was called "Gray backs" and the other "Red backs". The gray backs were quite large and very swift on foot and always dwelt where no ~~spaw~~^{grass} and water ever came. (Not much of a gentleman). The Redbacks were more gentlemanly and abode with all soldiers of the prison. He was less than a common flea, and much harder to see but the itching which followed his trail was terrible.

It was amusing to see the Company, sitting on the south side of the Barrack in the morning sun, all with their under garments on their knees, intensely searching and chasing these living germs, some with cheers for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy; others with oaths for Abe Lincoln and *Yankee down* and if now I was to diagnose the skin disease they had I would not call it exzema but army itch.

The sanitary condition was poor - No sewerage system, and I was told while there, there had been 6,000 prisoners ~~buried~~^{buried} from that prison with typhoid and malarial fevers. But the measles killed many. My messmate, Jas. Doak died in my arms of measles. So many had them they could not take them to the hospital. Wagon loads of dead were taken from the dead house many mornings. Many became so desperate they made attempts to escape. Some made hand ladders and when the guard would turn his back to them on his beat, they would run to the fence, place the ladder against the fence and leap over and often get into the city and escape because many had received

citizens clothing from their homes and thus avoided being identified.

CHAPTER XVI

"AN ESCAPADE"

About the first of December, when the ground was frozen, one morning we saw an officer with a number of guards coming to our Barrack, with picks ~~and~~ as well as bayonets, and when they entered they began to dig up our floor, which revealed the tunneling out of Morgan's men as about a hundred had escaped the night before. Our Barracks joined the floors and were three or four feet from the ground. The soil was all sand. They tunneled some two hundred feet, by carrying the dirt in buckets and packing it under our and their floors and took planks off their bunks for casing for tunnel. They worked at night - one or two would fill buckets and a line of comrades would pass the dirt back and deposit it. They passed under the guards beat and were not detected at the work and after midnight it was completed and the whole Barrack escaped, or all who knew of it.

The officers accused our company of knowing it. I told them I had not heard them working under our Barrack. The officer said that was strange and did not believe it. We told him if we had known it we would have gone out too.

We had an Indian Regiment from Michigan guarding us then and I was amazed at the Indians as they would go along the course of the tunnel and stick their bayonets down through the tunnel and say, "D - - Muskrats", "D - - Muskrats" "Worse than Muskrats." The headquarters relieved the Indian Guards and put on Americans.

This occurrence caused us much trouble. Our floors were

taken up and we had to walk on the sleepers two to four feet from the ground. All prisoners were forbidden to step out of the door after dark - if they did the guard were authorized to shoot them. Sometimes some foolish prisoner would open the door to tantalize the guard and he would shoot and perhaps kill some innocent man inside, which was frequently done.

So a hundred men were shut up in one room and many sick and could not get out to the public sink, making it very unsanitary and loathsome. It was no wonder so many southern boy's bones were laid on the shore of Lake Michigan among strangers, with no one to drop a tear or lay a flower upon their grave. Many, many dear ones in the Southern homes were praying, watching and waiting for "the cruel war" to end, when the dear ones would come home; but they had answered the last roll call on earth and gone to their eternal reward and dear ones were still watching.

CHAPTER XVII

SICKNESS & DEATH IN PRISON

My mess-mates M. S. Doak and James Doak both were taken sick the last of November 1863, M. S. Doak with typhoid fever whom I took to the hospital, James Doak took measles and I could not get him in the hospital as there were so many cases. I did all I could for him but had poor medical aid and he died. I tried almost every day to get him into the hospital. The evening he died I got a place for him and as the boy brought the stretcher in at the door, he was dying in my arms. We laid him on the stretcher and bore him to the dead house. It was a sad experience.

I went to see M. S. Doak often in the hospital. He was very low and delirious. He thought the doctor was trying to poison him and refused to take the medicine.

Another friend of mine, Mr. Wm. Moore, a cousin of Dr. Jess Moore, had typhoid fever and I visited him and tried to help him in every way I could, but he died too. How he longed to go home to his father who was a physician. He said he could cure him, but the poor boy was soon taken to his Heavenly Home.

These are only a few of the sad incidents of my prison life but the memory still carries these iddellible impressions and they are too painful to dwell upon; but they always cause my heart to burst forth with praise and thankfulness to the very kind, Oh! so kind, a Heavenly Father, for His wonderful deliverance of me. I have always attributed it to the prayers of my dear ones at home - who told me when I left, "We will always pray for your protection and safe return." This gave me much strength and courage to endure all my hardships and kept my faith strong in a wise Providence.

How sweet to know the friends we love,

Our sorrows are taking to Him above;

Who sends His angels down to guard,

The road that seems to us, so hard:

Their faith unlocks the Heavenly Door,

Then on our path the blessings pour

So we are taught that God is there

And always hears and answers prayer.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

The days, weeks and months moved slowly along and no certainly when "this cruel war" would end. One day the wires would flash the news across the country - "The Federals had won a signal battle and the end was near". The next day the wires told of a decisive Confederate victory and thus the strife was prolonged - all sure the confederate army would have to be driven to the last ditch before she surrendered. And thus our prison life was buoyed up by hope, only to be blighted by disappointment with little or no communication with friends at home.

The outlook for freedom was distant. Eastern Tennessee, my home, was the thoroughfare for both armies. One week the Federals occupied it, the next, they were driven back and the Confederates took possession. So there were no mails sent from the citizens, north, except by private hands.

CHAPTER XIX

RELATION TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Andrew Johnson, had been U. S. Senator prior to the war but now had been appointed by President Lincoln, Military Governor of Tennessee. Sometimes he occupied Nashville and then back to Washington. My father was an intimate friend of Andrew Johnson's from the time he came to Greenville until his death. Andrew Johnson, afterward President, made the suit of clothes with his own hands in which my Father was married. A brown broadcloth suit - I have seen the coat and had it on many times, when I was a boy - My Father was tutored in the Jeffersonian principals of Democracy by

Andrew Johnson and was an uncompromising Union man during the Civil War. I was personally acquainted with Andrew Johnson and a great admirer of his power on the rostrum in debate.

I determined to write to Andrew Johnson and ask him to see if he could not have me released because of my loyalty to the Union - as he knew our family and what we had suffered because we had been loyal. I afterwards learned that Johnson went to President Abraham Lincoln and presented my letter and the President ordered the Department of War to release me at once. Dr. Wm. S. Doak of London, Kentucky, also asked Congressman Mr. Randall to intercede for M. S. Doak and James Doak, whose release came at the same time mine did.

CHAPTER XX

PRISON RELEASE DECLINED FOR DUTY.

On the twentieth of December 1863 I was sent for to come to Headquarters early one morning. I responded to the call at once hoping for good news. When I went in they told me my release was there. I asked them what were the conditions. They answered - "You will be granted your liberty, transportation fare anywhere in the U. S., and a suit of clothing." I said, "That is very liberal; -all I can ask." They told me also that M. S. and Jas. Doak were released. I told them Jas. Doak was dead and M. S. Doak was in the hospital with typhoid fever - not able to be up yet.

They asked me where they should give me my transportation. I did not answer for a moment, then I said: "M. S. Doak is my mess-mate and he is not able to travel now, and has no one to care for him and his mind has not been right since he has had the fever.

His sister in Ohio has asked me to care for him and bring him to her when able to travel. So I don't feel I would do right to leave him in his condition." The General smiled and the clerks looked surprised and said, "You would rather stay in prison than go out?" I said, "No sir; but I want to do what is right for my friend. Can I remain until Doak can travel and then get my release?" He said, "Yes". I left and went to the Hospital and told Doak of his release and asked the surgeon in charge when he thought Doak would be able to travel. He said in a week or ten days. I asked him to hurry up the ^{case} as much as possible. So I almost counted the minutes as they passed and visited the hospital very often trying to hurry up my mess-mate's recovery.

CHAPTER XXI

OUT OF PRISON.

On December 28th. 1963, the Hospital chief informed me that Doak was able to go. They took him in a carriage to Headquarters and I met them there.

I told the authorities I was ready to take my discharge from Camp Douglas and would like to have transportation to Felicity, Ohio. They answered, "We offered you free transportation when your release came but you chose to stay and care for your friend and he has money enough in the office here to take you both to Ohio. So we cannot give either full fare transportation." I said, "So I am to lose because I tried to do right?"

This was a great disappointment to me for I had no money for transportation or clothing, and was not decent to appear

anywhere. I then got our discharge papers and the money he had in the office which was \$60.00 and they turned us through the door on to the street. Doak said, "I must have a little stimulant or I cannot make the trip." He could scarcely walk without help. I took him across the street and we passed a drink stand. He pulled me in and asked for two glasses of beer. They were set out. He asked me to drink one. I never had tasted Beer. He drank his greedily. I took a taste of my glass and set it down and told him I could not drink it. He then asked for a flask of brandy and got it, put it in the side pocket of his round about rebel gray jacket, which he had worn and slept in since he left home. I led him out on the street. This was my first entrance into a saloon and has been my last. My first and last drink of beer.

I inquired for a cheap hotel near a depot and was told to take a certain street car on the next corner.

CHAPTER XXII ON THE STREETS OF CHICAGO

I took my patient by the arm to lead him across the street, which was sloppy and icy, he tried to hurry out of the way of a dray and fell headlong down the street, sliding on his stomach. His brandy flask slid some ten feet further than he did, also a lot of hospital trinkets he had tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief were scattered hither and thither. With the help of others I got him on his feet and gathered up his belongings and made ready to start again. He said, "Hew't, I tried to run and my legs would'nt go off." I said, "Next time yew wait for your legs, I want no more

episodes on the streets of Chicago like this."

At last I got him on the street car, attracting no little attention, and he was crazy enough to talk to every person and tell them where he had been and where he was going. I said nothing but often asked him to be quiet as he was worrying himself too much. We found a hotel - afternoon - and he called for a lunch. They brought out some cold turnips and pork with bread, potatoes, coffee and I begged him not to eat anything but bread and coffee. But he said nothing would hurt him and he ate enough of pork and turnips and other things to kill a well man I thought, but I could do nothing with him.

CHAPTER XIII

REHABILITATING.

After dinner I told him I would have to borrow \$25.00 from him to bear my expenses to Ohio and get some clothing. He let me have it. I then went out and bought me a brown wool hat for \$1.00 and a striped overcoat for \$5.00. This covered up my rags and kept me from being so conspicuous. Doak also got an overcoat. My ticket to Cincinnati cost about \$13.00. When we got to Cincinnati, Ohio I had some \$5.00 left. I had a bill on a Tennessee Bank which I sold for something in Cincinnati and I purchased a shoddy suit of clothes from a Jew for \$7.50 - this was war prices.

Doak wanted to eat everything he saw on the train and I feared he would not get to his sisters, but I could not control him as he was much older than I.

We took the Boat "Bostonia" from Cincinnati to the landing for Felicity. I did not change all my clothing until I got

on the boat and after changing I threw all my old things in the Ohio River.

We reached Dr. Mathew Gibson's, the brother-in-law of M. S. Doake, who was educated at Tusculum College and was a Prof. of mathematics there at one time and married the oldest daughter of Rev. Samuel W. Doak. They gave us a warm welcome and seemed so grateful to me for what I had done for their relative. Said they could never repay me for the great kindness I had rendered. But how soon selfish hearts forget kind deeds - as the future proved.

CHAPTER XXIV

TEACHING SCHOOL IN OHIO

It was misting rain on New Years evening - not very cold - but the next morning the mercury had fallen sixty-four degrees and was distressingly cold. The papers said many prisoners froze to death in Camp Douglas and some of the guards froze on their beat. Again I saw the hand of a kind Father in removing me at that time.

Dr. Gibson and wife, with two daughters and three sons insisted on me remaining with them through the winter, as I could not go home on account of the war still raging, assuring me it would cost me nothing. But I wanted work and learned of a vacant school at Nevill, some ten miles west. I went and secured it at \$36.00 per month for three months. So I began school about January 10th, 1864. I had trouble to get board because I was a stranger but I began boarding with a poor family and in a few weeks the best families which at first had refused to take me, selected me to come to their home and board - so I went to Mrs. Howell's and before the school

closed they appeared anxious to get me for a son-in-law, but I was true to "the Girl I left behind" in Tenn. The school was so satisfactory they employed me two months longer at better wages.

CHAPTER XXV.

SICK AMONG STRANGERS

I had paid M. S. Doak the money back and had laid by more than One Hundred Dollars, after purchasing some neat clothing. Now I was hearing from home occasionally and the future began to look brighter.- How soon the scenes change in the great drama of life, and our plans change. I had enjoyed almost perfect health since leaving home, but the malaria preyed upon me and I went to see Dr. Gibson to prescribe for me. I had to remain over night to see him on Saturday night, and the next morning I was not able to return or they would not let me go back to my boarding place. So my school was closed until I recovered. I had malaria fever, and was confined three or four weeks.

The Gibson family were very kind to me. My friend Doak was there and he gave me some attention. I was not seriously ill, but would have a chill every other day for a while-not able to work in school. Before I left I asked Dr. Gibson for my medical bill. He said he had none. I asked for my board and nursing bill, and they all said they were very glad to be able to do me a kindness for the way I had treated M. S. & James Doak. I thanked them one and all most heartily.

While I was sick Mrs. Gibson needed ten dollars one day and asked me if I had it, I told her I had and handed it to her.

When I bade her good bye, to go back to my school, she handed me a ten dollar bill to pay back what she borrowed. I refused to take it, and told her to get the girls a present for their kindness to me. She said they charged nothing--would not have it. I started out of the door, and she told her little boy to put the money in my overcoat pocket, which he did after I left *the door*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIGHTING ANOTHER BATTLE

I went back and finished my school and worked on the farms on Saturday when I could get employment at \$.50 per day, and board.

The school closed the last of July, and then one of the most important crises of my life came upon me. The Civil War was still raging and it ^{was} unsafe for me to return south, having been in the southern army. I was then out of employment, and my life work was not settled.

My health had been somewhat impaired by my recent illness or I had not fully recovered, so I was much perplexed as to what I should do.

For many years, I had an abiding desire to enter the ministry or go as a missionary to the foreign field, yet I had never divulged this desire to any person, yet some of the Presbyterian ministers had privately urged me to go into the ministry while in college.

Now I am without money or funds to aid me and I

saw no way to carry out my long cherished desire. Dr. Gibson seeing I was dissatisfied when I visited him, advised me to begin the study of medicine during my school vacations- it might be of benefit to me some day. I remembered my father, Isaac Calvin Robson often told me he planned to be a physician, but marrying so soon spoiled his plans, which he always regretted-as he had a natural talent to nurse and care for the sick and would no doubt have succeeded, but he only laid the foundation for the struction in his mind, and left it for his son to carry out as David did for his son to build the temple.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISAPPOINTED BOOK AGENT

Being undecided as to what I should choose for my life work, I took an agency to sell books for a Cincinnati House and was assigned the county of which Hillsboro, Ohio was the County seat. I got my outfit and went to that territory and canvassed a few days but was not successful in taking orders for the book I presented. I did not know whether it was my fault or the books, so I was very much discouraged as my money was fast going in my expenses.

I decided to go to the Presbyterian minister of the church in Hillsboro, and ask his advice as to continuing my canvass for my outfit. I found him in his study, Mr. Mc_____. I told him who I was and my true condition. He heard my story very attentively and then he said " young man you are very frank, and I will be frank with you. I am well satisfied the book you have, is not salable; your House has deceived you, this territory

has been canvassed monthly for similar books and I don't think you can succeed with that book, and I don't know how, I could aid you in getting employment, yet I would be glad to help a young man like you, away from home and friends if I could". I thanked him for his advise, bade him good bye, and went back to my room in the hotel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LED BY GOD INTO A MINISTRY OF HEALING

I got my old army worn Bible out of my grip, read a number of precious promises to God's children. I fell upon my knees, with a tongue too full for utterance, but a heart strong in faith to my Heavenly Father, I begged Him to give me light and guidance and decide what my life work should be before I arose from my knees. I laid my all at His feet, and promised to follow His guidance. When I arose from my knees, my duty appeared perfectly clear to my mind that I should study medicine, and make that my life work. This was the 13th of August 1864. I took the first train to Cincinnati, Ohio, returned my Agent's outfit, at a loss of some \$20.00, went back to ^{city} ~~city~~, Ohio and began the study of medicine, under Dr. Gibson, on Monday A.M. Aug. 15th 1864.

Before I left Hillsboro, Ohio, I accepted a proposition to take charge of the High School at Moscow, Ohio, the next Session Sept. 15th, at \$60.00 per month, and I would continue to read medicine during that time.

I began the school on Sept. 15th 1864 and had a prosperous

school in which I was much interested- and all seemed satisfied with my work. I kept up my recitations in medicine to my preceptor every two weeks-applying myself closely at nights, and all hours out of school.

CHAPTER XXXIX

"THOSE WHOSE GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER"

In November 1864 another important crisis in my life arose. Miss Hattie Jane McLaughley, who had been the object of my love and affection for many long years, and to whom I had pledged my heart and hand before the civil war began, wrote me she determined to leave the Southern confederacy and go to an Uncle at Mt. Zion, Ills, and be relieved from the hardships of the war in Tenn. from which all were suffering, and the end of which did not seem to be near, so I determined to visit her during the Christmas holidays and decide when we should solemnize the vows we so long had cherished.

The School Board would only give me one week vacation, so on December 25th, I started to Mt. Zion, Ill., and arrived at Mr. Geo. Smith's on the 26th at 9 P. M., where I found several Tennesseans besides my fiancée. We spent several hours talking over the past since we had separated, and looking at plans for the future. That night we decided to cast our lots together and consummate the long cherished hope.

On the evening of December 28th, 1864, our marriage was solemnized by Rev. Marlow C. P. Minister of Mt. Zion, Church.

at the home of Mr. Alexander Wilson. We spent the next day with Mr. Geo. Smith, a relative, who gave us a nice reception, with all our Tennessee friends who were in that neighborhood present. On the 30th we started back to Moscow, Ohio, and arrived there at midnight.

When I landed

I had told Mrs. Willmot before I left, I might want a roommate when I returned. She said that would be all right, not suspecting it to be a wife. She was much surprised and said "She thought it was my sister". So we began a happy married life among strangers.

CHAPTER XXXX

ERECTING THE FAMILY ALTAR

The next morning, (Sabbath) after we went to our room after breakfast, I said "Nannie, I have been reading my Bible, and having prayer each morning, ~~and~~ ever since I left home, would you like for us to keep it up". She said "Yes, I would enjoy it and help you all I can". So we erected the family altar that morning, and the fires have never gone out, or have not up to the present, July 25th 1910.

When I look back I think this is the brightest and happiest oasis in our married life. This has been the Power House that gave zeal, courage, enthusiasm and faith for the many battles & victories of our married life.

And we humbly trust it has made a salutary impression on the dear ones who have gone out from our home to fight their individual battles of life--may they keep the shekinah brightly burning upon their family altars, until life's journey is ended and the Master's "Well done" is awarded and they are bidden "Come Up higher".

CHAPTER XLI.

OUR FIRST HOUSEKEEPING.

We continued to board with Mrs. Willmut for one month. Paying \$23.00 each per month, which consumed two thirds of my salary. One night Hannie said "Newton, if you will rent a room and get a few things for housekeeping, we can save one-half we are paying for board, for I am tired doing nothing". The industry and economy, which has characterized her whole life, shone forth as a sparkling *jewel*, from early in our married life, and has been the secret of the success we have had in life in building up and maintaining our home. I soon found a furnished room and the necessary equipment for light housekeeping and began housekeeping in a humble way; yet it was the happiest days we had enjoyed in our married life. Our aspirations to build a happy home and make it home like to all who entered our abode; has been our highest aim and has given us our happiest hours.

CHAPTER XLII.

PROMOTED EDUCATORS

After the school closed at Moscow, we moved near Polioity, Ohio, to be near my medical preceptor during the summer and get some practical lessons in my profession while

I was studying medicine. My wife not having constant employment decided to review some branches of the public school course and prepare to teach the next winter. So we made a summer of hard work. We applied for positions in the high school at Velocity, and were successful in securing them. I as principal, and she in the primary department. The school was very successful, enrolled about 500 in all departments and we were said to have had the most successful school for years.

The children loved their Primary teacher so much, they always met her on her way to school, and all wanted to take her hand and lead her to her room.

We had no Presbyterian Pastor at that time in the place, so we identified ourselves with the Methodist church, and took an active part in Sunday school, and church work. I had the class of young men, and Nannie a class of young ladies, who became very much attached to us and we to them. The last Sabbath we were in ~~the~~ ^{Velocity} the Pastor presented a beautiful family Bible as an appreciation of the services we had given them. We had formed many dear friends while in Ohio, and had ~~genuine~~ access to the best families and homes in the towns, and many of those memories still are cherished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEAVING OHIO.

After the close of our school we decided to visit our Tenn. Home and see our parents from whom I had been so cruelly separated by the war which had ended the year before and our

friends were urging us to come home. So we packed our trunks and had everything ready to start. I had settled all debts, paid Dr. Gibson for all my instruction in medicine and repeatedly thanked him and family for their kindness to me when I went to Ohio, but a great surprise came upon me in our parting hour-Dr. Gibson's little daughter Anna came to our room and handed me a note, which read "A. H. H. Dobson, debtor to the Gibson's \$36.00 for board." This was a great surprise after I had offered to pay them and they refused to take anything, said they never could repay me for what I had done for their relatives, but I went down to their home and paid the board bill of \$36.00 and again thanked them for their kindness and bade them good bye. When I went back home I found Ann Fannie not so happy as I had seen her on many occasions. She did not have much love for the Gibson family as they had not treated her with respect and the two daughters, Sallie and May Gibson had been cold to me after I married, yet they already knew I had a Tenn. girl, whom I expected some day to marry. I had never shown any affection for these young ladies, had treated them politely and in a gentlemanly way. Had never asked them for their company, but a few times had gone to church with them when I chanced to be in their home. I never enjoyed their company, as they were not refined as those with whom I usually associated-poorly educated and poor housekeepers, all of which I disliked very much. I had not been in our room but a few minutes after I left the Gibson family, when Anna Gibson came to the door again and handed Fannie another note, which read as follows:- "A. H. H. Dobson Debtor to May Gibson, \$24.00 for nursing while sick". Fannie said to Anna, "you tell the girls I know whats the matter with them, I got the man they can

take the money" I said " hush Hennie" I went back with Anna when Mrs. Gibson said, " I have tried to keep this down, but the girls will have their own way. Don't you pay them anything more for we never charged you anything; we owe you so much for treating my brother as you did in prison, and bringing him to us"- I said " I will pay this bill if the girls will give me a receipt in full forever against the Gibson family " and I wrote the receipt that way and made the girls sign it, and I then paid them the \$24.00 and bid them a final adieu and I have never seen them or had a word from them since, but they never found a man they could marry, so they lived and died single.

A Lawyer who lived in the same house we did begged me to not pay the bill, and let him expose the girls if they gave the account to an officer to collect, said he would attend to it free of charge, but I preferred to loose the \$60.00 than go to law, and I have let that principal govern my whole business life. I have lost many bills, which I could have saved if I had resorted to the law. I am pleased to say I have never had a law suit, ~~settled~~ or been ~~settled~~.
Luna

CHAPTER XLIV.

RETURN TO TENNESSEE

We started south about the 4th of April 1866, stopped at Cornersville, Tenn, with the Kennedys some ten days and had a most delightful visit with Sister Kate and Mary Kennedy. They insisted very much on us locating there and as there were fine openings, we no doubt would have done well there, and we thought when we came to N. Tenn., we might go back to N. Tenn if we did not find a suitable location near our old home and friends.

When we came home we saw many evidences of the cruel war--most of the families who favored secession had moved away--many whipped and driven away and their property sacrificed. The whole country was devastated, fencing destroyed, houses burned, and a sign of terror existing through the country. Partisan feeling ran high. Those Union men who had to flee from their homes to keep out of the Rebel Army were now home again, most of them wearing the U. S. uniform and they were taking their vengeance upon their former enemies by driving them away from their homes or destroying their property. So the environments were not enticing to those who had been used to peace and prosperity. When we returned to the old homestead we found the family unbroken. A loving providence had guarded us and the prayers offered by faithful hearts had been answered in preserving our lives and bring us all together again.

My parents were very anxious to have us settle near them and my father had bargained for a portion of the Kennedy farm on Camp Creek on South side of Holachucky River. We did not think it wise to locate over there, because the greater part of the good citizens who lived there before the war had been driven away, and their homes had been taken by the adventure, or a class that had been made prominent by the Civil War--most of whom had a poor, uncultured family connection and many of whom were devoid of moral principals. We thought the field not suitable for my profession.

CHAPTER XLV.

LOCATING

A few days after we came back, brother J. V. and wife came in from Mt. Zion, Ill., and we then had a full family reunion. Brother J. V. wanted a home so I let him have the farm which father had bargained for me, which was a great relief to me, and again showed the hand of a wise providence.

I met my old teacher, Rev. W. B. ^{Boush} Hunkin, who was then Pastor of Salem church and he insisted on my looking over that field rather than go back to Cornersville. So father and I came up into the Washington College neighborhood and spent a night with Dr. E. E. Mathes and the next day prospecting. We found that Dr. Hunter who had been practicing at Proylesville was dead and his wife was doing some practice as there were no physicians nearer than Dr. Alex Brabson, and the people of the neighborhood very kindly invited me to locate there. Swatsell and Brobeck had goods in the store-house at that time.

The neighborhood was invaded by Influx the night before I came up and several had been unmercifully whipped and there seemed to be a reign of terror there, and these things were uninviting as it was not safe to be out at night alone if you had enemies made during the recent war.

It was the first of May we came up here; As we passed along the back end of the Green farm we now own, we saw the army had camped in the woodland and almost cleared three or four acres of timber-had burned all the hails around the farm, and

there were two young men in the back field breaking it for corn, with a single plow, and the sassafras sprouts were thick. Father said, "Newton those fellows will make nothing on that old field".
 and
 I afterwards learned it was William, ^{and} Grindison Greening who were plowing and they made a fine crop on that old field that season, as I shared some of the benefits. So I decided to try the Broylesville field for my work a short time and the next week I came back and took board with Mr. ^{and} ~~Swatford~~ who lived in the A. A. Broyles home, and had goods in the storehouse, and had a good trade. I asked leave to go into the store and help them when they needed help and that was pretty often. I thus became acquainted with the people and let them know I would appreciate their medical patronage by my kindness, and gentlemanly conduct. I never have electioneered or sought practice. The people all seemed pleased to have a physician in their midst, and treated me with great respect from the first. I did not have any calls but a few persons asked for a dose of medicine, and I had the verything needed, and was pleased to serve them. But I began to want some professional calls and began to be a little restless and doubted about this being a suitable location for my life work.

I still kept up my morning and evening prayers in my room and as I always trusted the Lord to lead me in every crisis, I asked Him to give me work, if this was to be my field, and I felt a physician was needed in this field at that time.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY FIRST PRACTICE.

I had been there about ten days and before I

retired that night, I was asking the Lord very earnestly to give me work if I should remain. As I arose from my knees, some one knocked on my door, (the southwest room upstairs next to the Hall in the Broyles house). I opened the door and there stood James Apgenbright, who said " Dr. my wife is sick, is going to be confined, and I want you to wait on her". I said very well, and made ready to go, and I went with a trembling heart, for I had never been ⁱⁿ an obstetrical case alone, but I did not tell them that. I found her the most peevish fretful woman I ever had in my life. I worried all night with her and made little progress and the next day was spent the same way. I most heartily wished that prayer of mine had gone unanswered, and I had been given no work, or not that job. But I was into it, and no chance to back out. But providence came to my relief, after I had been humbled enough and all my self confidence exhausted. Dr. William Sovell, and old physician came along and I had him stopped to consult and relieve me, so we both stayed with the case that night and by morning she had worn us both out, but at last the child was delivered, all O. K., and the Mother made a good recovery. After she recovered she went to her parents out of this neighborhood and the child took sick and died, but I did not wait upon it. I have delivered some 3000 children but this was the worst case I have ever had; to be nothing wrong but a woman with ungoverned temper. In less than twelve months I was called there again on the same mission, and passed through a similar ordeal.

So my practice began at once, and I have never wanted more than I had. Have always had the best families in all the country for eight and ten miles around. I had not been here long

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until I was called to Limestone to attend a young man, Thom. Stevenson, a nephew of William Strain, who had been blown up by a blast going off prematurely, mutilating him very badly, destroying one eye and fracturing one knee. I found him unconscious, and dressed his wounds the best I could but told the family when I left I considered the case very critical and I would like to have counsel. They asked me who I wanted. I told them I did not know the physicians, got whoever they wanted.

CHAPTER XIII

FIRST CONSULTATION.

When I went back next morning, Dr. William E. Severe, of Jonesboro was there. He was a very learned and distinguished physician, but I had never met him. When I was introduced to him, he met me very cordially and said "I feel like I know you for when in school at Tusculum I knew your father Calvin and Lucinda Buchanan Dobson, and your grandfather and mother. You have noble parentage my young man." That introduction took all my embarrassment away and I felt I had met a dear friend of my honored ancestry, if not of mine. I very politely asked Dr. Severe to examine the wounded man, who now seemed to be doing well as far as I could see. He gave him a thorough examination and I asked him to retire with me for a consultation. When we went out, I said to him. "Dr. Severe, I am a young man just beginning the practice of medicine, and if I succeed, I will likely after this want your counsel, and I wish to say to you now, if you see anything wrong in my practice I want you to tell me so to my face and correct me."

advise me when ever you see it is needed. I will look up to you as a father in medicine and be grateful for any instruction. He looked at me very intensely until I stopped speaking, and said " young man you are very frank-I shall take great pleasure in aiding you in any way I can".

I told him what I had done for the case under consideration and he said " you have done well, all that any man could do--the young man may get well, but it is uncertain". He made no changes. The young man got well, with loss of eye, and a stiff knee, and ugly soars in face. After I left, the family asked Dr. Sever's about the young Dr. Dobson, and he replied, " I want to make a prediction about that young man. It will not be long until he gets all the practice he wants, and you need not be afraid to risk him". They asked him why: He said because he is conscientious and will take advice. He didn't claim to know more than old Doctors like many young men do".

I did not hear of this comment for several years afterwards but the community did and it gave me the practice of that place at once, and those people who first patronized me are still my regular patrons as long as I am able to go.

CHAPTER XLVIII. BUYING A HOMESTEAD

In a few weeks, I was satisfied I could get a fair practice in this neighborhood and during the summer we purchased the Ira Green farm of Mr. Adam Green, in July 1866 for \$5,000, with some farming tools and corn. The farm was in a very bad state of

cultivation, scarcely any fencing, all had been destroyed by war.

Nannie stayed and kept house for her Grandfather, Major John McCaughey until Sept. 6th 1866, when we moved to Broylesville, as we could not get possession of our home until Jan. 1st 1867. We got two rooms in the north end of the A. A. Broyles home, and remained there until Mr. Green vacated and moved to Easton, Ills., on January 1st 1867.

When we entered our new home, we found the house in a very bad condition. It looked more like a barn than a residence. It was 30 feet wide and 60 feet long, with a two story porch on both sides. Had been built some thirty-five or forty years, and only two rooms upstairs, and down had never been ceiled. The other end was only weatherboarded. The roof was very bad and we had trouble to keep our things dry when it rained. The farm was also run down, almost all the fencing had been destroyed during the civil war. The barn was badly dilapidated and no other out buildings on the place. We had but little money to use in the improvements needed so much. We had saved some \$600.00 from our school work in Ohio, and Nannie had some \$250.00 that had been saved from her Mother's Estate, all this we paid on the land. We purchased one common horse for \$100, and my Father had an old one eyed horse, the Rebels left in place of a good one I left at home, when I went in the army. Nannie's grandfather, with whom she lived and kept house for sixteen years, gave her a cow and we each secured a hog from our homes. This was our start of worldly goods in our new home, but with hearts determined to win, we began the struggles to secure a home and build our character in our new field of labors.

We at once indentified ourselves with the work of church and school at W. C.. On April 10th 1878 we moved our church membership to Salem Church, Rev. W. B. Rankin, my old beloved teacher at Greenville College, in 1858 and at Tusculum 1859-1863 was Pastor of Salem Church and principal of school at W. C. and he gave us a warm welcome and a favorable introduction into good society, and did much to open a field for my profession, and I put forth my best efforts all the time to make good my recommendations, and faithfully serve the people.

CHAPTER XLIX. AT HOME

A few weeks after we came here, Nannie began a public school, and taught three months, to the general satisfaction of all, but closed before Christmas, as her condition forbade her to continue longer, and all her time was needed in the home, when we got possession January 1st 1867.

My practice increased rapidly and I had little time to spend in repairing the farm and home, but every hour was employed when not professionally engaged.

On Feb. 4th 1867 the first Chapter in our married life was consummated when a son entered our home to add new joy to us. This joy was soon turned to sorrow, as he departed this life on Feb. 13th 1867, and was laid to rest in the old family cemetery at Mt. Bethel, near Greenville, Tenn., where most all of our ancestors sleep until the resurrection morn. This to us, seemed a strange

providence, as we both loved children so much, and longed for one to grace our home and give us something real, for which to battle in life. But feeling our Heavenly Father knew what was for our real good, we did not rebel, but said in our hearts "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord".

CHAPTER I.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPT.

There was no Sunday School at Weylesville, and there were many children, who spent the Sabbath in play, fishing, etc., We proposed organizing a Sunday School, but met opposition, yet on the 14th of April 1867, twelve persons met in the old School House and organized, electing me Superintendant. We secured the aid of the American Sunday School Union, in furnishing some literature, and the Sunday School grew rapidly. We had the advantages of Ohio in Sunday School work and we had an up to date organization, with good singing, competent teachers. We both had classes and put our whole souls in the work. The School was the most prosperous in the community. Soon we had 150 on our rolls, and ~~very~~ often invited by Dr. Rankin, Rev. Isaac Emery and others who inspired us very much and great good resulted to the community. We had been brought up in Sunday School and Church and had been very prompt and regular in our attendance, and I soon found my profession was making inroads upon our church services, and I determined to ask the people to let me have from 7 o'clock to 3 o'clock on Sabbath, for a time for myself and family to worship, telling the people I would serve them to the best of my ability, all other hours day or night.

CHAPTER 11.

A BUSY M.D IN CHURCH

Soon after I made this rule and announced it publicly, I offended a few parties, who came for me on Sabbath morning about the time we started to church, and I refused to go until after church. Of course I went in all cases of emergency, that could not be postponed. My regular patients, with fever, etc., I arranged to always see on Saturday P.M., and then it was not necessary to see them before Sabbath P.M. and by this arrangement I was able to attend Sunday School and church regularly and my patients' practice never suffered and the people soon approved of my course, and those I first offended soon came back and were my regular patrons as long as I practiced medicine.

Many times when my work was heavy and I had patients who were very ill, I would leave home at 4 o'clock Sabbath A.M. and ride until 8 o'clock time for Sunday School, and soon as dinner was over I would ride late hours Sabbath night to see those demanding attention. But I freely did this, to have the pleasure of being with the family in Sunday School, and Church, and aided all we could in doing good. This is a great source of pleasure now to us, as we see the fruits of it in the lives of our own children and have the appreciation and hearty thanks of many, who were under our influence in Sunday School and Church work. Many letters I have received from young persons in college, thanking us for the great good received while at W. C. Most of my contemporary physicians did not get to attend church or Sunday School, because they said

Sunday was the busiest day in the week with them and their families have as a rule amounted to very little and the physicians had but little moral influence. Yet I did more work and made more in six days than they did in seven days, and I always had the largest and best practice. This shows the Lord always blesses those who conscientiously serve Him, even in temporal things, and more abundantly in spiritual.

CHAPTER
LII.
" ONE O'CLOCK "

At the commencement at W. C. in 1867, Dr. W. B. Rankin was addressing the Young People, urging ^{upon} them higher and better lives by being industrious in all they did, and always be punctual and on time; never be late at any engagement. Said I will give you an example of a young man who went to college where I taught several years. This young man's class recited always at 1 o'clock and although he boarded three ~~xy~~ quarters of a mile from the college he was always on time with prepared lesson, never late, while other members of the class, on the ground were often late. His punctuality became so noted that the students called him " 1 o'clock ", and if our time got wrong, and he came to class, they said " its 1 o'clock " and rang the bell for class. That young man has changed his name and we now call him Dr. Dobson, but he is still the same 1 o'clock, always on time. I was in the audience and was much embarrassed, but the audience was much amused and cheered heartily. Proving the old adage " Birds never fly too far away, for their tails to follow them ".

Moral-Be careful at home.

CHAPTER LIII.

COLLEGE TRUSTEE

I was elected Trustee of Washington College, Sept. 22nd 1866 and have continued ever since and was chairman of Board since June 25th 1881, until the Union of Washington and Tusculum, and since dissolution have been re-elected Chairmen. We have done what we could to build up the School work in every way possible. Lead the fight for dissolution of Washington and Tusculum when they refused to carry out their own plan and determined to crush Washington College.

CHAPTER LIII

RULING ELDER

On May 7th 1870 I was elected Ruling Elder in Salem Presbyterian Church and Clerk of Session after the death of Am. Col. C. W. Selford, Aug. 30th 1886, and have continued until the present. Has been representative to General Assembly twice in Philadelphia in 1888, Centennial Assembly and in Kansas City, Kansas in 1908, and delegate to Presbytery and synod more than any member of session. For I resolved when elected Elder I would not suffer the church to be unrepresented and as long as I had health, I kept my resolve.

CHAPTER IV.

REMODELING

In 1867 we remodelled our residence and finished three or four rooms. I was very closely engaged in my profession and Hattie looked after the ~~housework~~ and cooked for the hands herself.

as we were not able to hire help. We were favored with good crops and success in everything we undertook and soon had something to pay on debts.

Grandpa McLaughoy visited us and when he went back, some one of the interested friends asked him "How are Newton and Nan getting along?" "Why, the best kind, Newton is carrying in and putting all in a sack, and Nan is sitting on the mouth of it. They will never starve. No grass grows under their feet".

CHAPTER LVI.

MINNIE LOU.

On April 10th 1868, the stork again visited our home, and left a lovely daughter to grace and cheer our humble cottage. She grew in favor day by day, and sweetened every care and duty in life, very good and was almost too independent to ask her Mother for nourishment, would rather suck her thumb, and wanted to be let alone to enjoy the sweetness of her thumb. She didnot like for us to caress or kiss her very often as many children do. She talked very early, and walked at eleven months old, across the room for my watch and after that ran like a partridge where she wanted to go.

She was baptised in April 1869 by Dr. William B. Rankin, Minnie Lou Dobson. He was very fond of her, often in our home. She was the first granddaughter in my father's family, and they were very fond of her. We named her for my Mother, whose name was Lucinda, using only the abbreviation, Lou.

We were all blessed with good health, and plenty of work and were very happy in our home and gradually added to our

improvements and comforts in the home. We had many friends and acquaintances to visit us, which added to our contentment and happiness.

CHAPTER

LVII.

FREDERICK FEE.

On December 27th 1869, the atork again entered our home and left a second son, as a holiday gift, to add new joys to the home ready to give him a warm welcome in loving hearts. Minnie was sleeping in the room and when she heard her brother cry, she jumped up in her bed, and said " Papa! get more babies ". We thought they were arriving fast enough, and were satisfied with the order. Mother and son did well, and son soon was a large fine boy, fleshy and as hearty a child as we ever had. He was baptised May 8th 1870 at Salem by our Pastor, Dr. W. B. Rankin, Frederick Fee, for a very lovely boy, in Felicity, Ohio. He went to school to his mother when we lived there in 1865, and was a fine man.

CHAPTER

LVIII.

CARING FOR AN ORPHAN

About this time we took an orphan girl, Alice Greene at the urgent request of her dying Aunt, who proved to be helpful in our home. She was 13 years old and remained with us about five years until she married, much against our wish and much to her injury, for her husband was not her equal in any way. She had a hard life, and mind became weak, and she died, leaving some children. Her cousin, Sue Green then came to live with us, and remained six or seven years, until she married Mr. *Sam Greening* ~~Will Greening~~.

They went to Columbus City, Iowa and did very well. She was a noble girl, and like one of the family. We loved her dearly and she was devoted to us.

CHAPTER LIX.

A PATIENT AT HOME

During August 1870, Mrs. Dobson's health began to fail. We thought, the extra work the farm made was the main cause for she was always so industrious and unwilling to trust hired help to do her work. She thought she must always go before, and would do it, no matter who helped her. Her babe, Fred, was eight months old and large and heavy to care for. At last she went to bed, but could not keep her there. She had symptoms of typhoid fever. One P.M. her fever ran pretty high. At 3 o'clock she had a very severe chill, which I diagnosed to be a congestive chill. She became unconscious and could not be aroused, and the ladies thought she was dying, and I was very much alarmed. I sent a messenger for Dr. Alex. Brabson, but he was away from home and could not get ^{to} her before next morning. He lived five miles distant a fine practitioner of much experience. Mrs. Dobson was no better when the messenger returned. Some one suggested sending for Dr. Gerald, a physician near W. C., but standing not so good, and who had not been very kindly disposed to me in my practice because I controlled the best patronage. But in my distress I told them to go for him. About dark he came and found her still unconscious, bathed in a profuse, cold perspiration. After his examination, we went out to consult. I had been using stimulant trying to keep up heart and get her through the chill. He advised

stopping all such and give opiates. I argued that was not indicated in the case as I saw it.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSULTATION WITH THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

But he said I was excited and wrong and insisted on his treatment. At last, I said "Doctor I called you for counsel and will yield. Prepare your medicines, and give a dose. I cannot. He prepared his doses, and went to give it, and succeeded in partially arousing her, and gave one dose. She looked up at me and said "What did you bring that thing here for". I left him to answer. He told her I needed help and he came down. He left directions to give a powder every two hours. She dropped back into a deep stupor, and we could not arouse her. I felt that Dr. Gerald was wrong, and I went up stairs to get some light from my books and a higher Power. I went to my knees and asked the Lord to give me wisdom to do what would save my dear wife, and I continued until the light and faith came to my mind. When I arose from my knees my treatment was fully substantiated in my mind and Dr. Gerald's treatment fully condemned. I went back to my wife fully satisfied that I was right. I threw away his doses and followed my course. Before morning she rallied, became quite conscious, and I was hopeful. Dr. Brabson came early next morning, and examined her carefully. I told him my diagnosis and treatment, and also told of Dr. Gerald's treatment. He looked at me surprised and said "young man, it is a blessed thing you followed your own judgement, if you had not, your wife would have been dead this morning, you are right. Horribly wrong". This was not the first

nor the last time I got my wisdom on my knees. I never had a serious case but I took it to the great Physician for counsel and advise. Many times it came so clearly that I could not doubt it was in answer to my prayer, coupled by the best judgement I could command.

CHAPTER LXL.

TWO PATIENTS AT HOME

My dear Noble wife began to improve very slowly and in four weeks was able to sit up some, to our great delight. But there is another chapter connected with it. What became of the dear Baby. The ladies althought the Mother would not live through the night, and Mrs. Michael Bashor who lived where Mr. W. M. Mitchell lived, proposed to take the babe home with her. I consented. She had a babe about eighteen months old. She let our babe have her nurse and fed here. Very kind indeed, but the milk did not agree with Fred and in a very few days, he was very sick, and looked like he would die before his Mother. I had Dr. Brabson see them both. I employed a nurse for Fred, but she could not stay up all night, and I would spend half of the night at home and the other with Fred. He had brain fever, and we had to keep cold to his head all the time for days. He became so feeble I often put my ear to his chest to see if he was breathing. He was reduced to a skeleton. The kind Father restored both, but they were feeble some time. Mrs. Robson went to see Fred before he was able to come home. She took Mrs. Bashor's babe and nursed him until she had plenty of nourishment, when we brought Fred home he would not own his Mother as she was so lean and his adopted Mother 200 pounds. But she cried over him and petted him until he owned her and does still to day as one of the best of mothers.

The dealings of providence are mysterious many times but always for our good. These afflictions have always drawn us nearer to the great fountain and source of pure joy.

CHAPTER LXII.
THE LORD'S TEMPLE.

Early in our married life, we began to tithe our income, and have felt that it has been a blessing to us in many ways. Have always had something for the church and all benevolences. Often I think we say immediate blessing, when having given sometimes the last dollar on hand to some worthy object as I did one day going to Limestone, when I received my mail there, I found a check for \$20.00 from some one who had moved away, from whom I had never expected to receive a cent. Several times this has occurred in our lives. So we ought never to turn away the Lord's calls, for he always repays in good measure.

In 1870 we repaired the old church at W. C., and we subscribed \$60.00. I was put on the Building Committee. We had set apart a young horse to sell to pay our subscription. One morning as I started away in a hurry, Mr. ~~Barber~~ ^{Barker} came down to buy the horse. He asked \$100 for him, but I told Mr. *Barker*, I did not have time to go to the field that morning to show him the horse; said he would come back to morrow morning, and thought we would trade. On that next morning we found the horse, under a walnut tree, killed by lightning, during the night. We did not understand the stroke of lightning, but we managed to pay the \$60.00 subscription some other way, and the Committee had to

meet some unexpected debts, and our payment ran up to \$110.00. Abundant crops, and plenty of practice helped out all right.

CHAPTER LXIII.

FINANCING THE HOMESTEAD

In 1872 we concluded to purchase the Daniel Moore farm of 100 acres for \$5,000, as we had been successful in paying for the first tract or most of it, and have some place to deposit what we saved. We have found Mother Earth to be one of the safest banks in which to deposit our savings.

CHAPTER LXIV.

CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

The year 1873 was a year long to be remembered because of the severe epidemic of cholera that visited our section. Greenville, and Jonesboro were almost deserted and a number of deaths in those towns. Many cases throughout the country, and some deaths among ~~ignorant~~ imprudent persons. My work was extremely heavy for several months, during June, July, August and Sept. I lost but few cases. All bowel diseases were hard to manage, as they partook of the nature of the epidemic.

CHAPTER LXV.

MAY KENNEDY

In the midst of the epidemic, the stork again visited our cottage and left us the second daughter on July 9th 1873, who we named May Kennedy Deacon. She was small but very lively, especially at night. She enjoyed her father's caressing very much, even until the wee hours passed slowly by.

Doubtless the epidemic had much to do with her state of health, as the irritation of the bowels caused convulsions, which alarmed us very much, but when the season changed she improved and became strong and healthy, with the most beautiful curls of any of the family. She also learned to walk and talk very early. Often when I came home she would meet me at the gate and say. "Papa I been dead girl, while you come-please carry me" -and of course I did not resist, for I knew I would get a big hug and a shower of kisses. She early showed her power of attention by reciting many little pieces the older children taught her. She could read before she started to school at five years, almost taught herself, as she made all help her. She always thought she ought to do what Minnie and Fred did.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ROY CALVIN.

On October 10th 1875 a third son entered our humble home, who is known by Roy Calvin. He was large and healthy and gained very rapidly, and had the appearance of making the largest man of the family. Being very healthy he was little trouble. Enjoyed sleeping a great deal, was the heartiest of any of the children. Had one sick spell, when three or four months old. Dr. Stout attended him, as I was away from home.

CHAPTER LXVII.

IN MEDICAL COLLEGE

The first of November 1875, I went to Nashville, Tenn, to attend medical school at the Vanderbilt University, where I graduated in April 1876. I also took a gold medal----- for highest grade in C entology and I also won the medal in

Pharmacy, but let another have it. I had a pleasant but a hard session of work, and it was very profitable, as the Faculty there were very strong and many stood at the head of the Profession. Such men as Dr. Paul Ever, Dr. W. J. Madden, McMan, and Briggs. My experience in practice was a great advantage to me. I had dug out many hard cases alone, and was well up on my text-books.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

A KNIGHT OF HONOR.

While in Nashville, in April 1876, I joined the Knights of Honor to get the benefit of the insurance of \$2,000, as we were at that time indebted on the upper place, but I was not wise enough to let it lapse when we got the land paid for, but still carry a very heavy assessment. But there is one consolation, my assessments go to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund, and I am aiding a very needy and deserving class of people. I expect to keep it up as long as I am doing charitable work, yet the old members of the Lodge have been unkindly treated by the new organization.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE RETURN OF THE KNIGHT.

When I returned, Roy had grown so much, I would not have known him if he had not been at home. I turned my beard out while I was in Nashville, (I had worn a mustache, since 1868, and it had been shaved off since) it was as black as a crow. The M.D. graduates, all got silk hats and I wore mine home. When I arrived Minnie, Fred and Mary all came running to the front gate

to meet me, but they were so disappointed when they did not know me, and did not want to let me kiss them. The dog ran away barking at me. I suppose the children think I never put on so much style as that. I put the silk hat away and wore it no more but remember seeing the boys in after years sporting in my medical silk hat. Times do change!

CHAPTER LXX.

THE FINAL HOME GOING OF MOTHER & FATHER.

I intended to go to ^{see} Father and Mother as soon as possible after I came home, but numerous calls prevented until Mother was taken sick and they sent for me. I went and found her unconscious with meningitis. She lived some eight days but never became conscious, but ~~one~~ the day she died. I stayed with her while the others went to breakfast. Then alone I spoke to her. She answered and looked at me and said "Newton when did you come?" I told her and kissed her, she said "I did not know it". I called to the family to come in but she slipped off to sleep before they got in, and she awoke no more, and will sleep till the resurrection morn, to arise among the first Redeemed, so gentle, pure, kind and self sacrificing, a better mother never lived. Every person loved her. She was laid to rest in Mt Bethel cemetery May 3th, died May 7th 1876. Father and Mother and Macy Good, an old maiden lady lived alone a number of years, and were very happy in their old home. They visited their children and the children visited the old home often to get fresh inspirations, and they always imparted it to us. It made their hearts so happy, I now regret we did not go back

oftener to brighten their declining years, but it seemed our business and home duties with our new families took most of our time.

When Mother died, Father Calvin Dobson was in good health, and looked like he might live many years, but he was so lonely after Mother left him he was completely crushed, and said he had nothing for which to live now. We tried to cheer him but to no avail. Bessie took sick down there the day before Mother died, and was not able to come home. She had the babe Roy along, we left the others at home. So I had to come home and she remained until better.

I heard from Father every week, but he was no better ~~satisfied~~ ^{then} satisfied. I asked him to bring him up to our home while. In three weeks they brought him up on the train. I met him in the yard and as soon as I spoke to him he said "Newton, I have come up to your home to die". I said "No, No, papa you must get better". He said "no I don't want to". He became more feeble day by day. I called Drs. Grabson and Stout. They said he had no disease, was just heartbroken. He left us in two weeks, June 13th 1876, and we laid him to rest by Mother. He was conscious to the last day, and ready and anxious to depart and be with his Savior and dear companion. Before he departed he called us all up and bade us farewell, give the children some good advise, and Bessie had the babe Roy Calvin in her arms, he called her to him, told her how he loved her for her kindness to him, then laid his hand on Roy's head and uttered a beautiful prayer for blessing upon the

dear babe's life. That was one of his last benedictions, yet he prayed a blessing upon each child. This was a solemn hour, but a happy one to see the faith and hope that inspired his soul and behold the triumphs of the christian faith in a dying hour. They lived in that faith, and the grace was given to the end. Blessed is he who has such holy parents, and such noble examples to inspire a holy living. Eternity can only reveal what a blessing a truly christian home can bestow on the future lives of their children. They are the cornerstones of the church and civilization. Let us cherish the memory of the old homestead and honor the memory of those who erected and maintained it, and its heirs. Not then over be, a sacred and a green oasis on life's journey to the beyond.

CHAPTER LXXI.

CALLED INTO POLITICS

After my return from Medical Lectures, my professional work was very heavy which gave me abundant opportunity to put into practice, the new things I had gathered while at college, and they added much to my ~~success~~ success.

The first of September 1876 after a hard days riding I came home late, and soon after Mr. J. A. Yeobler rode up to the gate and called me out, and said. I am just from the Democratic Convention which met in Jonesboro to day to nominate candidates for all offices, and I came by to notify you that you were unanimously nominated to represent Washington and Union counties in next Legislature. I was utterly astonished as I never had thought of such a thing and I had not taken any public part in politics. I said, "I cannot do that, I have more than I can

do at home in my profession. Mr. Zeebler said " you must do it, we want that Jonesboro ring broken, and we believe you can do it. They are squandering our taxes and ruining the county". I replied " it is too great a sacrifice for me to do it". He said " the people demand it, and they will not let you off, and we will depend on you" and rode off. This worried me very much and it seemed to be useless for a Democrat to run here where the Republicans had a majority of 1500 and no Democrat had been elected to any office in these counties for fifteen years. This was a Presidential election and party lines would be closely drawn, and the excitement was very high over Hayes and Tilden, so I determined to refuse and so answered but the people said " we will run you anyway . Will use your name.

I went to the Fair at Jonesboro and the demand was so great I had to yield. Dr. M. S. Mahoney, the Editor of The Herald, and Tribune was the Republican Nominee, the strongest man in the county and had spent his life in politics, and said he wanted a joint canvass, ~~and~~ he was posted in politics. I replied " I am not posted but I can post myself and will meet you on the stump," so I had to go to work in a new line.

There had been a ring at Jonesboro, who had controlled all the offices since the war, and the taxes had been squandered by dishonest and defaulting officers. I at once went to the Records and had the clerks give me statements of each officers settlements, and had the county seal affixed. I wrote to the Secretary of State at Nashville, and got copies of all their settlements, with offices of our county and state seal affixed. These statements showed the

county and state had lost about \$100,000 in ten years through this administration. So by the 10th of October I was ready for discussion. I made a list of appointments for every district in both counties and asked my competitor to join me in debate, sending the posters all over the counties, urging every tax payer to come out and hear our discussion.

CHAPTER LXXII.

ELECTIONEERING

The first appointment was in the North part of the county, near Fall Branch. I had a good house but Dr. Mahoney did not put in his appearance, so I made a very conservative speech, telling what I thought our county and state needed, and the majority of all parties were honest and should select honest men to fill offices, arising above parties and look to common interest. I then reviewed our county administration and showed its true condition. All were surprised, as my figures were all authenticated by proper authorities, with state and county seals attached. Then I showed my competitor was at the head of this ring, and proved it by his own paper, and I had called upon him to meet me and answer my charges but he did not come as he had promised. I won the people who think and are not ruled by party. I continued in the North part of the county, making two speeches a day and at night.

By the time I got around to Johnson City, the report was circulated all over the county I was ruining my competitor, so Dr. Mahoney, sent a large delegation from Jonesboro to Johnson City that that night to hear me. Several lawyers, such as Judge Hatcher, and others, were present. I had a full house and made a strong

speech that night, I had everything well in hand, and used some telling anecdotes. His delegation went back and told him he must meet me; for if what I said was true it would ruin him. So he told them he would meet me the next night at ^{Richie} ~~the~~ Academy. I got the word from my friends from Jonesboro, he would be there, and many came out. A large house was packed when I got in. I had many strong friends there. I waited some time, and at last my competitor came in carrying a big pair of saddle bags full of documents. I went and spoke to him, and asked him if he came to take part in the discussion. He said "Yes". I said "as it is my appointment, it would be your place to open the discussion". He said "No, I hear you are making some serious charges, and you go ahead". I said "all right, I'll make them again. I spoke an hour and twenty minutes. My friends said it was the best of my life. I made my charges stronger than ever, and defied him to disprove them. If he did I would quit the race. The house went wild over my speech. I then introduced him, and asked their attention. He arose, very pale and trembling, took out his documents and began very hesitatingly. After telling them of his candidacy, he opened up some large sheets of legal cap paper, filled with questions, and turned to me and began to ask me personal questions about the war. I answered one or two, and saw his game. I said go on and make your speech and answer my charges. Then when you are through, I will answer you. He again began to catechize me and I was dumb and he soon laid his papers down, tried to tell an anecdote, which fell flat with the crowd, and was so confused, I felt sorry for him. He was on the floor less than ten minutes and never ~~xxix~~ answered a single charge I

made. I arose and said, "Fellow citizens of the good old county of Washington, would you not feel highly honored to have my Competitors speech just given made in the Halls of Nashville as your Representative." I then made a stronger reply than ever, bringing some other facts before them. I showed that he had endorsed every defaulting officer of the ring, by urging their re-election time and again. I read from a file of of his own paper all my proof and shook them in his face and defied him to disprove them. I showed he was responsible for their losses to the county and state by urging the re-election of such men. He made no reply - "only asked them all to rally to the Republican standard and vote the straight ticket" and spoke up and said "Yardley too" Yardley was a negro, who was running for Governor, lived in Knoxville. As soon as Dr. Mahoney went out of the house, his friends gathered around, and told him never to meet Robson again. He thought he was bad enough at Johnson City on your record, but he is much worse when you are here. You can't answer his charges, do keep AWAY from him. He never met me again.

The next appointment, he sent Col. Griffith, a Jonesboro lawyer to meet me. He came and asked for a division of time. I replied "are you going in Dr. Mahoney's place to the Legislature" He said "No" "Well I won't divide time. You can have the crowd after I am through". This mans father was one of the defaulters, so I gave him special notice in my discussion of the county defalcations. He wanted to address the audience when I closed but when I went out the crowd followed and no one remained. They bothered me no more.

When the votes were counted I carried Washington County by a majority of 99, and Dr. Mahoney carried Union by 130, so his majority was about 40 in the two counties of 1500 majority republicans. I would have carried Union by 100 votes but they defrauded me in the county. My friends wanted to contest, but I had no time for it. I was satisfied, because I broke up the corrupt Jonesboro ring, and we have had no defalcations since. I could have had the race for congress, but never would agree to take it.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A STATE LEGISLATOR.

In 1884 I was again forced out to make the race for representative again, against Hon. O. M. Watson. We had a nice campaign. He met me like a man, and we had sharp discussion, but I carried the county again by a small majority and went as the representative for 1885-1886. While there I introduced the Prohibition amendment the first ever introduced in Tenn., was author of the Bill that established the Industrial School at Nashville, which has done much good, and also the leader in improving the laws for the Public Schools of Tennessee. After this I positively refused to be a candidate again.

My first race cost me \$18.00, my second one about \$20.00. I was asked to purchase votes. I said "If I can't be elected on my honor, I want to be defeated". This is a synopsis of my political career. I loved political discussion, but I had a duty to my family, and my profession which I could not lay aside, for political honors. There is so much corruption in politics, I could not endorse.

In 1884 I was appointed Medical Pension Examiner for the First Congressional District, by President Grover Cleveland, and continued as Secretary of the Board at Johnson City, for four years. Before our Board, consisting of Dr. E. S. Miller of Johnson City, and E. E. Hunter of Elizabethtown, and myself was installed, the Pension Boards had been only Republican, and they gave the soldiers only enough to hold them to the Republican party, and when they became dissatisfied with their ratings, they would raise their rate a little, perhaps \$2.50. When we came in, we gave every one what the law allowed, according as we saw their disability. This raised most all their rates, and our Board received unbounded praise for treating the soldiers so much better than the Republican Board. The special Examiner complimented our certificates, said there was only one Board in the U. S. better than ours. I did all the Secretary work.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE DOCTOR SICK.

In January 1889 I had a very serious illness, of congestion of the lungs; caused by so much exposure in rain and cold. It was a very severe winter, and I had much to do. I had four or five of the best physicians with me. They were all as good as brothers, some of them stayed every night for two weeks. They were Drs. Brebaen, Stout, Nevers and Gibson, of Jonesville. I was delirious several days. They all told my friends that I would do no more work. They were skilled physicians and very intelligent men but their prognosis did not come true. They have all been called to their reward, and through a kind providence, I am a monument of His grace and love yet, and trust I have done some good since

that illness. But I have carried a sequel of that ordeal ever since, in a chronic Bronchial trouble, which is growing upon me as the years go by, and will eventually get the victory unless, He sees ^{fit} to call me home in some other manner. I am only writing for the surgeons, praying for grace to be ready to meet Him.

CHAPTER LXXV.

DEAN NEWTON

Before I ^{was} able to be out of bed from that illness, on February 19th 1880, a former acquaintance knocked at the door and when he was ushered into our Sitting Room, we recognized the old stork, with a fine large boy. Although I had not been out of bed yet, I arose to honor the guest, and receive the precious gift, even in my night apparel, with a blanket thrown around me by ladies in attendance, and from that time on, I began to sit up, as the demands for much larger supplies in the larder were evident, and I had to hustle around to the new music. This one we named for his Father, Dean Newton, as that was the last visit of the stork we expected. This new son had a happy babyhood. He was large and very healthy, weighed twenty-eight pounds when a year old. He knew no strangers, and he always entertained my patients while I prescribed for them, by asking them how many boys they had, also horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and tell how many we had, and many times, tell too many family affairs. If my patients did not come in, he always went out to the gate and catechised them. When some ^{two} years old, his father was ill and Dr. Stout called occasionally to see her, and he enjoyed teasing Dean. Dr. Stout asked Dean "Where Minnie and Fred were"

" They gone college, git education. Bean ain't got education bit"
That amused Mr. Stout very much, and he throw that at Bean every
time he met him for years.

He also had high ideas of morality. He had some men
painting the house when he was about three years old. He became
very familiar with them, called them John and Charlie. Charlie
didnot use the best S. S. language. Bean hearing him said
" Charlie, the old Bad Man will get you sure". " How do you
know" says Charlie. " Cause Ma said he got everybody who said
bad words. Better watch" The reproof was so good they had to
tell it, and laugh heartily.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE HAND OF APPLICATION

In August 1881, we went to cold springs to spend two
weeks and it was very pleasant to all of the party but Mrs.
Dobson. She was cold most of the time and not well, and anxious
to get back home, but she didnot improve after she came home.
Her breast inflamed and finally I lanced it, but she still declined
in health. I called in counsel, and we finally diagnosed it
as ulcer of the stomache. She vomited a great deal, and could
eat nothing that did not hurt her. The consulting D. D. thought
she could not get well. I suggested we cease to give any more
nourishment by the mouth, and try sustaining her by nourishing enemae.
This was a new treatment at that time. I began this and kept her
up for ten days or more, and the stomach ceased to be so irritable,

and again began to feed in teaspoonful portions until she could take some nourishment. She continued in this delicate condition for nearly two years. This was the beginning of the serious indigestion she has had ever since. By careful nursing and her great care in dieting she very slowly regained, and in three years she was able to be up and look after the household. It was her indomitable will and power to deny herself that kept her alive and restored her to her present health.

Some twelve months after I met Dr. W. R. Gavin, one of the consulting physicians, who said "your wife can never recover I am very sorry to say". When I met him and told him Mrs. Gibson was still living and now at work again, he said "Gibson medicine never cured that woman, it was your unyielding will, and encouragement, with your great skill in nursing your wife that saved her life. It certainly is a trophy to skill". I thanked him for the compliment and said, it was a hard battle, but the Lord gave the victory.

These were trying times in our house, but we had faith to believe all would be for our good eventually. We got great comfort in our family worship in reading the Psalms and the Book of Job. We often said we never had seen the beauties thus so forcible, never enjoyed them so much as when we had afflictions. This drew us nearer to the great fountains of blessings and prepared us to enjoy the many precious promises. I am fully satisfied/ we emerged from those four years of affliction stronger in our christian faith than ever before, and our faith in Him who answers "all things to work together for good to those that love God,

to whom are called according to his purpose".

CHAPTER
LXXVII.
JESSIE HANNIE

Mrs. Dobson's ill health began in the summer of 1881, and there was not much permanent improvement until the fall of 1883, when she began to sit up. Her digestion improved very much and continued during the summer of 1884, when she gained considerable flesh, and we all were buoyant with bright hopes for the future, when an unexpected event occurred in another visit of the old familiar stork on August 21st 1884, who left the third daughter to brighten our lives and declining years, who we named Jessie Hannie. She was very little, and looked as if she had been on a long hard journey with very little nourishment on the way and worst of all she brought none with her. So she was compelled to tap Tiny's fountain and see if little Bossie would not be more liberal. A generous supply was granted and soon babyhood's beautiful flesh was supplied in abundance and the appetite gained rapidly. This change of nourishment demanded many paternal visits to Tiny's apartments during the day but the most lasting impressions of that babyhood were made in zero weather, when at midnight's hour she sent out her order for nourishment immediately at a temperature of 98--Many upset chairs and darkened shine were a sequel of these midnight calls but joy always came in the morning and smiles took the place of midnight revelry and she then became the center of love and attraction to all.

The first unwelcome event in this babyhood came in

February 1885, while I was at Nashville, Tenn., in House of Representatives, when on a Sabbath P. M., I received a telegram from home, "Jessie is very ill, come home". I was just starting to hear Sam Jones, who was holding a series of meetings there. I returned to my room and prepared to start home on first train. That was the first and only time I ever travelled on the Sabbath. I reached home the next evening, and found our dear babe very ill, with inflammation of liver. Dr. Stout had been in attendance. He changed the treatment and in a few days she began to convalesce, and I returned to Nashville for the remainder of the session. When I came home the first part of April she had fully recovered and had grown a great deal, and was very interesting.

Maggie had stayed with Mrs. Dobson while I was away, and waited on the babe. When she had to get up for milk, she said that "Youngster drinks a heap of milk." She was too lazy for anything and went back to Bay Mountain and we have not heard from her since.

Dean and Jessie became great cronies, and soon she thought she could do anything that he did, and was disappointed if she did not get to try. When he had a book, she wanted one, and must learn as he did. If he got a speech she had to have one, and soon she wanted to recite as he did in public. When about three years old Mrs. Johnson taught at Broyleville, and had a public entertainment. Dean was to recite and she wanted to also? Mrs. Johnson readily consented, and put her on the program. This was her first appearance in public, and when she

got on the platform before a housefull of people, she became embarrassed and could scarcely talk for a moment, but soon went on through her recitation very nicely, with much applause. When she came back to our seat, she said very gravely " Papa, I like to choke , something got into my throat "

Her next appearance was at S. S. Entertainment at Salem. She wanted to sing a solo, and a number of little girls about her age were to join in the chorus. Minnie had them well drilled. Jessie sang her solo very nicely, and in a very dignified way as her sister had done, turned to the girls, and beckoned for them to sing, which they did beautifully. She went through all the stanzas in the same manner, so very dignified and important. They had a hearty applause, and ever since she has been a leader of children.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

OUR CHILDREN'S SCHOOL DAYS

All the children continued in school at W. C. until they graduated in the Literary course. For twenty-five ^{years}, we had from one to three in college all the time, three most of the time. We did not stop them for anything except serious illness in the family. They all did good work and stood at the head of their classes, and if prizes were offered they got their full share. One year Minnie, Fred and May all were contestants in their respective classes. After the contests and before awards were announced, I went to Dr. C. A. Duncan, who was on the court, and requested the court not to give all the children a prize, if they did win, as that might seem to favor our family. He said the court must do right. So when the prizes were awarded, all three

got them, to our mortification. Of course some criticisms were made, but every one knew they deserved them. The girls took music most of the time while at W. C., and were leaders in that Department in school and church.

The boys took an active part in society work, and were often honored by this society. We had good teachers for a small college and they could learn the principals or foundation of a substantial education while at W. C., and were in personal contact with such fine men, who made good impressions on them.

Sometimes they become a little restless and wanted to go to a larger school, where they could get better advantages, but we, as parents, thought it best to keep them here, until their characters were more fully formed, when they would be better able to meet the allurements of the world and at home they could develop their physique more fully by working on the farm during vacation.

Since leaving home, we have been very much gratified to hear them say they approved of our course in keeping them in W. C. and teaching them how to make a living on the farm and in the home.

It is true the expense at W. C. was not so much as at larger institutions, but to pay for our farm of 300 acres, as we had to do, make needed improvements, meet all bills, keep help on the farm, and in the house, and clothe, board and pay tuition for six children in academy, and college, eight years each, took economy and hustling to meet all bills which we managed to do, and did not mortgage or borrow money to meet current expenses, but always met bills when due and were never dunned. Besides we paid our tithing all the time to the church and benignant causes. Now we

did this we often wonder now, but it was done by the blessings of a wise providence.

In addition to this, we sent Minnie to the Boston Conservatory, one year, and special lessons in H. *M.* afterwards.

About the same time Fred entered Union Seminary, N.Y., and went one year, then two years to Princeton, N. J. Roy and Dean went one year to McCormick Seminary, and two years to Princeton; all three graduated at Princeton, being three years in the seminary.

These bills were all promptly met but we are very proud of the fact, that the children, when away from home, practiced the economy they had learned at home, and did not burden us with unnecessary and extravagant living, as many boys do. Another thing we want to say to the credit of our dear children; that is as soon as their vacations came they each came home and took their places on the farm, and in the home, and helped to make something to pay future bills and expenses, and they did this work willingly and faithfully as if it had been their own. Never wanted to loaf or spend their time foolishly. Their noble course was commented upon by every one as models. We feel that no one had better children than we had, to do their part, and very, very few as good, and obedient, and respectful to their parents as ours have always been.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT

Many times I have feared, I was too strict in my discipline, and after I exercised it, many, many times have I gone to my knees in tears, asking forgiveness, and praying for more gentleness in the future. Now, I think my heavy responsibilities in medicine, management of farm and many other burdens, that were placed upon me, were enough to cause one of my nature to be irritable, and sometimes speak harshly, which I should not have done. If I have done so, and have left a scar upon any heart of our dear children, or any trace of a feeling of injustice, I have done any one, I humbly ask forgiveness; for "it is human to err, but God like to forgive".

I am a firm believer in strict discipline, for it is impossible to have a well regulated family without it. From my experience there has been a general decline in true family discipline, and we need a return to the old Scotch Irish Presbyterian form and manner of family government and discipline, which will produce a higher type of christianity and loyalty to individual duty in church and state, thereby humbling man and exalting God.

The Calvinistic doctrines are the most sinner humbling and God honoring in all ecclesiastical creeds. Teach them faithfully to your children in their purity, and bye and bye, you will merit the "well done, enter thou into the joy of the Lord".

DOBSON AND MCGAUGHNEY GENEALOGY

I. DOBSON

The genealogy of the family has not been carefully preserved. Joseph and John Dobson came from Scotland to America, with a sister Mary. They stopped in Penn., *Carlisle*, then moved to Irehall County, N. C. In a few years Joseph came to Tenn., and finally located at Tusculum. ^{Calhoun} John remained in N. C., and the sister married a Mr. Hall in N. C. They were Presbyterians and fled from the persecution. Joseph Dobson was a tailor, died at Tusculum, Tenn., at the age of 94. He was confined with rheumatism eight years before his death. His wife died at 92. Joseph Dobson's wife was Mary Cetty of Ireland who came to America about the same time.

Joseph and Mary Dobson had four sons and two daughters, viz: Silas, Robert, Samuel, Joseph, Mary and Ruth. Our grandfather, Silas Dobson married Margaret Copeland. They raised two sons and three daughters, viz:- David Madison, Isaac Calvin, Mary Ann, Jane and Harriet Lee. David Dobson married a Miss Hall, his first wife, and second Nancy McGarris. Mary Ann married William Farnsworth, the first time, and had two children, Alex and Louise. Her second husband was ~~Henry~~ Buchanan. They raised three children, Sarah, Frank, and Calvin, all of Washington County, Tenn. Jane Dobson married E. S. Miller, of Greenville, Tenn. They had eight children-Margaret, Eliza, Nettie, Effie, Robert, William, Chas., and Edgar.

Harriet Lee Dobson married Thomas C. Davis, a Presbyterian Minister of Davidson, N. C. They raised two sons, Edward Payson, a distinguished Presbyterian Minister of Greenville, S. C.

and he has a son Lowry, a Presbyterian Missionary in China. Robert, the second son was a distinguished physician in New York City. Died early of pneumonia.

Isaac Calvin Dobson married Lucinda Buchanan, who was born at Glade Springs, Va., and moved to Tenn., near Leesburg, when 13 years old. His father was Andrew Buchanan, a saddler by trade, who came from Augusta, Buckingham County, Va., and was of the same family as the President James Buchanan. Andrew Buchanan married Margaret Van Leer of Augusta, Va. ~~NY~~ family was distinguished for the number of Presbyterian Ministers, they have given to the Church. Andrew Buchanan and Margaret had four children, one son, Harry, and three daughters, Sarah, Lucinda and Matilda. Sarah married John S. Cowan and they had one son. She died soon after the sons birth. Matilda died single. Andrew Buchanan died of indigestion, and lung complication at age of 63. His wife, Margaret died at age of 94 according to my mother's account, but Grandmother claimed she was six years older.

Lucinda Buchanan, married Isaac Calvin Dobson, April 26th 1839, and lived at Tusculum, Tenn., all their married life. They had born to them five sons, Andrew, Silas Newton, William Rutledge, who died at four years of age, John Van Leer, Samuel Wyley, and Harry Madison. The four sons who lived to be grown were all born in October and four years between their births.

My mother Lucinda Dobson died of meningitis at the age of 69. My father Isaac Calvin Dobson died of grief after Mother's death at the age of 56, as the physician could find no organ affected. They sleep in the Mount Bethel cemetery, one mile East of Greenville, where all of our relatives are buried. Our oldest son, Eugene who

lived only 10 days is buried there also. John W. Dobson married Caroline Alexander, and had three sons, Calvin and Pirschel, who were twins, and Edward Dobson. Samuel Wyley Dobson married Anna McCaughey and to this union were born, one son, Rexier, and three daughters, Lola, Ora and Mary Newton. They lived at Chilborne, Mo. Samuel died at the age of 60, of cancer of liver. Harvey M. Dobson has been married three times, first to Mary Park. Had three children, Verney, Tessie, and Park. Second marriage to Mary Britton, one son Horace. Third marriage to Lena Carr, and to this union four children were born, Blanche, Jennie, Wallace, and Hugh. They reside in Knoxville, Tenn.

A. S. W. Dobson, and Hannie Jane McCaughey were married Dec. 28th 1864, at Mt. Zion, Ill., at the residence of Alexander Wilson, an Uncle to Hannie J. McCaughey, by Rev. Marlow, a C. P. minister officiating.

II. MCCAUGHEY

Hannie McCaughey Dobson, descended from Samuel McCaughey of Revolutionary fame, who was the father of Major John McCaughey of the war of 1812, who lived two miles East of Greenville, Tenn., until he was 82 years of age. His wife was Hannah Robinson. To this union was born four sons, and two daughters, David Robinson, Samuel, John, Richard, Jane and Margaret. David R. McCaughey married Jane Katherine Wilson, a daughter of David Wilson, and Katie Bell Wilson, on August 2nd 1852, and to this union were born five daughters, viz: Katherine, Margaret, Hannie Jane, Mary Ann, and Martha Caroline, all lived to marry and have families.

Soon after the marriage of David R. McCaughey, and Jane K. Wilson, they emigrated to Johnson County, near Franklin,

Indiana, in a wagon, about 1632-3. There they erected a home in a new country. They labored very hard and had many deprivations. Mr. David R. McCaughey had some advantages of an education at Green-ville college under Fr. Coffin, and Henry Moss, and he was prepared to teach school, which he did during the winter and labored on the farm in summer. He was a man of fine physique and very handsome. When they were married, they were said to be the finest couple in the community. Being public spirited, he became very popular and would have been a leader in politics if he had lived. He died in 1845 at the age of 34, caused by an exposure. He left a widow and five daughters, all were born in the State of Indiana. In 1849, they were back on a visit to Tenn., coming in a wagon. While here their daughter Jennie Jones, took chills and when they returned to Indiana, she had a protracted illness of malarial fever, with which she suffered a long time, and no one expected her recovery. The fever settled in her right foot, and she could not walk for months, had to learn to walk the second time. That foot and limb to the knee were very weak, and did not grow as other parts of limbs did, and this accounts to the smallness of right foot and limb and her lameness through life. David R. McCaughey was in ill health for some months, and his father Major John McCaughey went to Indiana on horseback to visit his son but he departed this life before he arrived. It was soon decided to sell David's farm and bring the family back to Tenn., to be among relatives and old friends. So they again made this long journey in a wagon back to E. Tenn. Soon after arriving, Major John McCaughey purchased a farm with the proceeds of the farm they sold in Indiana on the waters of Collier Creek, some two and one-half miles from Tusculum College. There

the widow and children of David McCaughey lived until her death, except the lone daughter, Nancy Jenó. Because of her helplessness and to aid the mother in supporting her family, the Grandfather Major John McCaughey took her into his home at the age of six years. At that time his family consisted of his wife and one daughter, Margaret. Soon this granddaughter by her obedience and love for her grandparents and new home, won a warm place in their hearts and became as dear as their own children. She grew stronger and was able to walk two miles to school, Sabbath School, and church. She was very industrious at home and at school. Very systematic in all she did when a child and she carried those characteristics through her whole life. Early training is never lost as it is a part of the very being.

Mrs. Jane McCaughey got along very comfortably in her new home in the with the four daughters, giving them the advantages of the Public Schools, each year, which were only three or four months. She taught subscription schools during the summer to aid in maintaining her family, and assist in educating her own children. Another affliction and bereavement awaited these fatherless daughters. The children had whooping cough, and the mother took it the second time and it settled upon her lungs, and she departed this life August 30th 1850, at the age of 36 years. Katherine and Margaret were almost grown so they conducted and continued the home with the aid of their grandfather David Wilson, who moved in a part of the home that was prepared for him and his wife only lived three months after her daughters death, but Grandfather Wilson lived several years.

After a few years keeping house in this way, Katherine and Margaret were married, at the same time. Katherine to James F. Kennedy, a well to do merchant, and farmer on the south side of the Holucky river, of a fine Presbyterian family, having a good home to take her into. Margaret married Crittinton E. Lyon, a painter, had but little to promise for their future. Her friends opposed the marriage but she was self-willed. To the union of Katherine and James F. Kennedy there were born five children, three daughters and two sons. The oldest daughter died while young, the others lived to be grown. Marion Stoddard Kennedy went into the ministry, and has been very successful, has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of ^{Pulaski Tenn} ~~Knox~~ many years, and has an interesting family of one daughter and two sons. Chalmers is a banker in Cornisville, Tenn., Mark went into the Presbyterian Ministry, but died not long after. Died of tuberculosis. Mary Kennedy was finely educated, especially in music, and taught, but her ~~passion~~ ^{passion} was dethroned by a love disappointment, and she has been in the Asylum for years. The youngest daughter, Effie, married Rev. Morgan, a Methodist Minister, who lives ^{in Nashville} in Tenn. He is presiding Elder and a man of influence in his church.

Margaret and Mr. Lyon were not so companionable, and did not live very happy lives. There were born to the union eight children, two sons, and six daughters, viz: Jennie, Mollie, Thomas, Dick, Lena, Leeta, Lillie, Lula. Jennie married William ~~Adams~~ ^{Adams}, had three sons and one daughter. Mollie married George Jordan, had one son and two daughters. Thomas and Lena died of Typhoid after they were grown. Dick married and had three children.

Robert
 Beata married Frank ~~Edwards~~, had one son and one daughter. Lula married Joseph Lyon, had one child. After the marriage of the older sisters, Mary and *Martha* kept house with their Grandfather living in same house, until Mary married at the age of 15, William Thomas Kennedy, a brother of James, who was 32 years of age at time of marriage. He had a good home and was a good man, but not much education and there contrast in ages did not add to their happiness. Yet they always got along beautifully. They had no children. The Kennedy's were Southerners during the civil war, and after the war was over, they were annoyed so much by the other side, they decided to sell their fine farm and go to Cornersville, Tenn. Martha, the youngest daughter after Mary's marriage was to live with Katherine, and remained there until she married J. W. Henshaw, and they moved to Texas. Had two boys, Frank and James. Frank died of typhoid fever. James lives in Texas and is doing well, has two daughters. Mr. Thomas Kennedy died of pneumonia, and in a few years his widow married H. P. Richey of Waco, Texas. They courted by letter and she went out there, expecting to marry if all were suited, and they were. He was a fine man in good circumstances. They had two sons, Ben Frank, and Harvey McLaughay. Ben Frank died of Pneumonia when young, and Harvey McLaughay is married and lives in Waco. He is a lawyer of ability and promise, married a lady of means and companionable. Katherine Kennedy died of ~~acute~~ dysentery at the age of 53. Margaret Lyon died of Apoplexy at the age of 74. Martha Henshaw died of typhoid fever at the age of 43. At this writing, August 1st 1894.

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Mary and Nannie are all the living ones. Although left without parents at an early age, the girls moved in the best society and maintained characters above reproach; were all beautiful young ladies and very well educated for that day, and very popular.

Nannie Jane became her grandparents' housekeeper, at the marriage of the youngest daughter, who married Robert Rankin, the father of Prof. Thomas S. Rankin, of Tusculum. She was then 16 years old and she had but little opportunity to secure an accomplished education because of the charge she had of her grandparents. She continued with her grandparents until she was nearly 26 years old. Her grandmother died before she left their home, and she and her grandfather lived alone awhile. She did more for her Grandparents than any of their own children ever did. Every person idolized her for her self-sacrificing disposition, and the loyal and loving manner in which she treated them, many times denying herself the pleasures of young persons and social gatherings to make their lives happy and care for all their temporal wants. No child was ever better to parents than she to her grandparents.

McGAUGHEY & DOBSON

On Dec. 28th 1864, Nannie Jane McGaughey and A. S. W. Dobson were married at Mt. Zion Ill. I will relate some facts and circumstances, which prepared the young lives for the sacred relations of matrimony. In early childhood, we attended public schools together. My first public schooling was to Mrs. McGaughey, her mother during the summer. Then my father taught during the winter more than

one session. Her mother was fond of me and my father was exceedingly fond of Hannie, and was always praising her good qualities to our family. I was six years old and Hannie was some eighteen months older. I had no sisters and was very timid among the little girls, and in our childhood plays she often chose to help me along. We built our playhouses together, and I played the old man and she the old woman. Had our diners and invited guests, etc., and thus we spent our noons frequently around the grand old trees which surrounded our old log school-house on Hollis Creek. I was so timid the girls would often kiss me to see me blush. Hannie was among the rest, but I will remember, I did not resist her as I did others. Soon in our little games of choosing, I always took her and she would always choose me, if she had an opportunity. We soon were in same classes, and it was our delight to help each other, if together, spelling, we would tell each other if one was wrong. I have been head often and missed the word to let her get the credit. She was a fine speller as was her sister, Martha, and we three took most of the head marks. Her Uncle William McGaughey took charge of the public schools a number of years and he often showed his love for me, and enjoyed seeing us so intimate. We attended the same church, and singing schools, and our families were very intimate. These associations continued until we were nearly grown. Then we were separated. She went to Greenville Academy, a female school, and I to Tusculum, which was for boys only, and we did not meet again, only at church and public gatherings. During all these years, I did not visit her home, or ask her for her company. After she started to school to

Greenville, she became very popular with the young men, as every one said she was very pretty, yet very modest. The attentions of other young men did not add to my happiness, but made me very unhappy, yet I had resolved, to secure an education and not spoil it, as my father did his, by marrying young. He wanted to be a physician, but spoiled it by marrying before he was prepared for a profession. So I resolved, I would make no advances in love matters, until my junior year, yet on all occasions I showed her the greatest respect, and tried to impress upon her mind, I was the same devoted friend I had been in our school days. My friends had chosen her for me, and I learned have often mentioned me for her, as we knew each other so well. Sometimes Madam *Rhanna* said she was soon to marry, but I had faith to believe she would not, yet she had good chances. I tried to keep the spark alive by writing Valentines and acrostics, not signing my name, very often. Once we were in a fishing party, and she told me she had such a nice acrostic. She would give anything to know who wrote it. I said "I'd have that fellow, if I could find him", but I did not tell her what I knew about it, but said "I'll try and help you find him". So our intimacy was again revived and I wrote to her every few months or paid a visit every three or four months. I could occasionally go away from home to some church with her, but we did not pay much attention to each other publicly. In the winter 1860 we decided to meet our lots together, after I graduated in 1862. The Civil War came up and our plans were frustrated. The account of this I have given in another chapter-see it.

When I found I would have to leave home, I had not seen her for two months, as I had been teaching at Limestone, Tenn. in the Mt. Bethel public school, now known as Mt. Bethel church. So after my school closed, I visited her one evening (Friday) and we were very sad indeed. I remained until 10 o'clock and started home. She came to the door, and with hearts too full for utterance, and tears tickling down our cheeks, I clasped her hand and impressed my first kiss upon her lips, as I bade her farewell. I saw her at church the next Sabbath, but did not speak to her. The next ~~sunday~~ week, I was taken away and put into the army, and did not see her any more until the night before we were married, in Illinois, December 28th 1864. Why did she go to her Uncle Alex Wilson, at Mt. Zion, Ill? After I was released from prison, and went to Ohio, I heard from her frequently, and she told me as many others did, of the hardships and dangers the people were passing through in East Tenn., during the Civil War. I could not return to my home because I had been released as a prisoner of war, and could not pass the ~~Mason~~ and Dixon line, so I wrote her if she would come across the line, I would meet her and she resolved to go to her relatives in Illinois. She got there the first part of November 1864, and I went out from Ohio to see her during my Christmas vacations, getting to Mt. Zion, Dec. 27th, and we were married the 28th and started back on Dec. 30th, and arrived at Moscow, Ohio, January 1st 1865, my place of teaching.

We went up from Cincinnati on the Magnolia boat, arriving at midnight at my place of boarding, Mr. Wilmore, Moscow, Ohio., so our long desired union was consummated, and I secured the heart and hand

of the only girl I ever loved, and that love began when I was six

years old, and never ceased to ~~grow~~ ~~grow~~ ~~grow~~ to this day, and our
betrothal has ever been kept inviolate, and true.

REGISTER OF BIRTHS

Silas Dobson, born-----1762
Margaret Copeland Dobson, born-----1767
Andrew Buchanan, born-----April 28th 1773
Margaret Van Lear Buchanan, born-----Feb. 26th 1776
Isaac Calvin Dobson, born-----June 21st 1821
Lucinda Buchanan Dobson, born-----Jan. 19th 1816
David Robinson McGaughey, born ----- 1812
Jane Wilson McGaughey, born-----May 7th 1814
Andrew Silas Newton Dobson, born-----Oct. 5th 1840
Nannie Jane McGaughey Dobson, born-----Feb. 9th 1839
Eugene Dobson , born-----Feb. 4th 1867
Minnie Lee Dobson, born-----Apr. 10th 1868
Frederick Lee Dobson, born-----Dec. 27th 1869
May Kennedy Dobson, born-----July 9th 1873
Roy Calvin Dobson, born-----Oct. 10th 1875
Dean Newton Dobson, born-----Feb. 19th 1880
Jessie Nannie Dobson, born-----Aug. 21st 1884

Robert H. Wilson (Marge & Bob)

6448 N. Ewing

Indianapolis, Indiana

46220

(Jess Dobson Vales youngest daughter)

visited — July 16, 1974

REGISTER OF DEATHS

Silas Dobson-----	Aug. 7th 1840	Age 64
Margaret Copeland-Dobson-----	Mar 14th 1864	" 79
Andrew Buchanan-----	-----1886	" 68
Margaret V. Buchanan-----	May 22nd 1863	" 87
David R. McCaughey,-----	Feb. 29th 1845	" 34
Jane Wilson McCaughey-----	Aug. 30th 1850	" 36
Isaac Calvin Dobson-----	June 13th 1876	" 55
Lucinda Buchanan Dobson-----	May 7th 1876	" 60
Eugene Dobson-----	Feb. 15th 1868	" 11 days

REGISTER OF MARRIAGES

Isaac Calvin Dobson, and Lucinda Buchanan	Apr. 24th 1839
David R. McGaughey, and Jane Katherine Wilson	Aug. 2nd 1839
Andrew Miles Newton Dobson and Fannie Jane McGaughey	Dec. 26th 1834
May Kennedy Dobson, Wallace Maxwell Hamilton,	Dec. 18th 1834
Minnie Lou Dobson, Robert Alexander Bartlett,	Dec. 18th 1838
Frederick See Dobson, Anna Truman,	Jan. 16th 1896
Roy Calvin Dobson, Fannie Duncan,	Oct. 10th 1905
Dean Nelson Dobson, Lillian May Yerkes,	Oct. 27th 1909
Jessie Maudie Dobson, Roy Ewing Vale,	Oct. 17th 1912

BIRTHS OF GRANDCHILDREN

Of Minnie Lou Dobson-Bartlett

Miriam McLaughoy Bartlett	Jan. 30th 1897
Merrill Bartlett	Dec. 23rd 1898
Ruth "	Aug. 14th 1903
Pavel "	July 13th 1908

Of May K. Dobson-Hamilton

Eula Lee Hamilton	Nov. 21st 1895
Maxwell McLaughoy Hamilton	Dec. 20th 1896
Clarence Segnoyah "	July 29th 1898
Ruth "	Sept. 23rd 1899
Wallace Roy "	March 25th 1903

Of Frederick Lee Dobson

Newton Julian Dobson	Mar. 11th 1897
Ernan McLaughoy "	Sept. 10th 1899
Corinne "	June 7th 1903
Kathleen "	Oct. 28th 1906
Mary Ruth "	Mar. 19th 1908
Martha "	Feb. 3rd 1911
Pauline Jeanette Dobson	Apr. 25th 1913.

Of Roy Calvin Dobson

Duncan Calvin Dobson	June 28th 1909
Dorothy Dobson	Nov. 6th 1913.

Of Dean Newton Dobson

Dean Newton Dobson, Jr.,	June 21st 1913.
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Finis: April 1915 A.D.

Mr. Dodson died Sept. 27- Nine O'Clock
1918
at night.

Funeral Salem Pres. Church Oct. 2-

Mr. Ritten preached the funeral

Ira Green
born August — 1777
died Dec. — 184—

Mary
consort of
Ira Green

born June 16 1788
died Mch 26 1862

1867
40
1837

 L
Mary B Green
born July 28, 1822
died July 30, 1845
