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who wrote the notes from which I have gleaned this family history, says it was the best-log house she ever saw. They cut down trees and hewed the logs.

The house was two stories high with two bed rooms up stairs and two below, a brick chimney with fireplace above and below, also one outside to use when an expected addition was put on.

The man they bought from went away and they never heard from him until one day a man came saying he had bought the place and they must move

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off. It was a hard blow, and surely some redress could have been had by recourse to law; but Grandfather did not believe in going to law. He believed with St. Paul that it was "Better to suffer wrong." So he yielded the point. In that day of small log houses it must have seemed almost a mansion, and I can well believe it was well furnished as the brothers could make so many things, and the sisters were very skilful in spinning and weaving, and several old fashioned kinds of fancy work.

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Aunt Fannie had her high potted bedstead decorated with a canopy of net and fringe and no doubt one of those double flowered counterpanes she could wear, covered the bed, while a gathered valance hung to the floor.

Well Grandfather bought other land and his big boys, now all men, joined together and built their parents another house almost as good as the one they had lost; also stable and shops. Aunt Fanny thought her brothers kinder and more harmonious working

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and playing together than most families. They seem to have been a very loving and harmonious family. Father was now 31 years old. I do not know when he first saw the one who was to travel life's journey with him, but probably first at White Oak as Lydia Pettijohn was born in Highland Cojoining Brown. This neighborhood too was Presbyterian and Anti Slavery. Probably mostly from the South.

Aunt Fanny became acquainted with Lydia Pettijohn and admired

Lydia Pettijohn born Sep 2nd 1812

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her very much, and told her brother Alexander if he could win her she would reward him a beautiful counterpane. It seems Father admired the young girl as much as his sister did. He won the prize; but I have never heard of the counterpane since.

Father and Mother were married May 3rd 1832.

Chapter 4th Mother's folks.

Mother knew something about her Grand parents on both sides but no farther back.

Her Grandfather William Pettijohn married Constance Little. There

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were many children but I shall only follow the one line. Constance Little was of an English Quaker family. William Pettijohn from New Jersey; but Nationality unknown.

They were married about 20 miles from

Baltimore. Grand mother (great) lived to be old and many a story she told her Grand children of old times. Of dangers from Indians, and fleeing to block houses.

I do not know what year they moved to Virginia. One of Great-Grandfather's brothers died at Valley Forge during the Revolutionary

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war. His name was Amos and there has been an Amos in the family.

I ever since
It seems the Government offered to give any one 400 acres in the mountain of Virginia, if a person could show four grains of corn they had raised on the land. Great Grand Mother seem to have been a person of energy and was bound to secure the 400 acres. They found a place in the mountains where after much hardship, they had much more than the required four grains.

It must have been much like the present Mountain white-region

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or would have been in a few generations, without educational advantages.

I think my Grandfather was born in Virginia.

His name was Abraham Grandmother (Mother's Grandmother it was) heard of good land in Ohio and her husband went to look at it, but came back saying it was such poor land.

They could never make a living on it but Constance was bound to get out of the mountain and said "yes I know we can." So they came to Ohio. Wise brave woman. Long before now her descendants would have been

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what-is called ^{the} ~~Loar~~ ^{mountain} white trash. Then made a good home in Ohio. I speak of Constance more than William Pettijohn as she lived much longer and told the story of her life. Then too I got the idea she was the more dominant-character.

Grandfather Abraham is spoken of with great respect-by all who knew him. I seem to be getting down now to modern times as I saw my Grandfather when I was six years ^{old}. He seemed to be rather a stern quiet-man. Mother always spoke of ^{him} with great affection

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His educational advantages had been few in youth; but he bought-text-books, and studied until he must-have been well abreast-of his times. Mother when a child heard him read Homer and when she was with me named some roosters Hester and Ajax.

Grandfather Abraham married Jane Stone Her Father ^{John} was a protestant but-supposed to be of Irish descent. Her Mother was Mary Scarborough of English Inaker descent. James Sloan Mothers Uncle lived well into the nineties 94 I think and Grandmother

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herself was 82

I think the Stone line was the most-vigorous line of our ancestors for four of Grandmothers family lived to past-eighty. Great-grandmother past-ninety.

Grandmother Huggins was a frail woman and when 75 years old fell and broke her hip as she lay on the frosty ground an hour before help came, she had pneumonia and although she recovered she never walked again, she lived twelve years waited on by her faithful daughter Eliza who never married.

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Grandfather Abraham Pettijohn had eight-children. My Mother Lydia, Isaac, Eli, John, William, Harriet, Hannah, Jerome and Dyer I see they count-up nine. John and William died young men. The rest all married and had children. Six of them eight- apiece.

I think I had twice as many Pettijohn cousins as Huggins. Mother had a host of cousins by that name and some so remote the relation could hardly be traced.

Some of them spelled their name Pettyjohn Mother's youngest brother

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~~married~~ was born after she was married and was younger than Brother Amos. He married the second time a young girl and had a large family of children most of them younger than mine.

Well this genealogy has been rather tedious and no one may ever care to read it; still I thought some one in days to come might here trace a relationship. If for instance should some of the connection become famous. I know the family tree is very incomplete and I may have omitted the very line that will

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yet become distinguished. When brother Amos' first child Ellena was born she had five Grandmothers. Four of them on our side.

Chapter 5

I now go back to trace the fortunes of my parents. Alexander and Lydia Briggs married May 3rd 1832 they moved into their new snug little home. Mother was a fine looking young woman, ambitious to have everything neat and attractive about her. Father was very fond and proud of her. He was merry and playful and very kind and considerate.

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and I know they must have been very happy.

Their oldest child Amos was born Feb 24th 1833

Aunt Fanny lived with them that winter, was there in sugar making time. So they must have had maple trees.

Aunt Fanny had the neuralgia a great deal and suffered much,

probably for want of a good dentist. When I was a child most of the old folks I knew had lost some ~~their~~ teeth but never had them replaced. No doubt

dentists were few, their work very crude and charges high.

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Medical practice. Probably no science has made more progress in the last one hundred years than the science of medicine.

Progress that makes for the comfort and well fare of humanity.

Some of the methods of old times seem little better than the conjuring of the savage.

Germ and microbes had not been discovered. Sanitation and hygiene were very little understood and we be to the family or individual who fell into the hands of the

Doctors. I am not one to believe the Drs. were so inhuman as to purposely

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keep people sick for the sake of a larger fee.

I believe most of them honestly did the best - they knew how, mostly what their books told them to.

Still I believe that often what to-day would be soon remedied, by wrong management resulted in death, or a life long injury.

Besides huge doses out of the capacious wallet - which the Dr. always carried on horse or buggy, Colic, Galap, Gracac etc - there was bleeding, cupping and scarrying, fly blisters and I know not what all torture, until the coming of the Dr. must have been dreaded by the victim.

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A number of my Father's people seem to have fallen into the Dr. hands and those who lived through must have had tough constitutions indeed.

Aunt Fanny tells of her brother Eli who after being caught in a storm & severely chilled did not recover but seemed to be going into a decline and of course went to the doctors.

After being, like, the woman in scripture, nothing better but rather the worse, a steam Dr. or Thompsonian as they were called, came along, and asked to stay all night. At that time

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Uncle Eli had been in bed two years and his life was despaired of.

The stranger was much interested in the sick man and asked to test the case with some medicine when he could tell if he could cure him or no. He pronounced the test all right, and gleefully said "I can cure him I can cure him?"

Then all hands went to work under the Drs directions. They made a frame, covering it with sheeting also a tent to cover the whole. One Brother was elected chief nurse.

They heated stones in the fire and threw them

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in water to steam. The patient was stretched on the frame under the tent until he perspired.

Then they washed him all over in vinegar and gave him a dose of Lobelia for a vomit.

This heroic treatment was given twice a week until the victim had endured it 28 times.

He said he always felt that he would die after taking the Lobelia and doubtless he suffered more than many ordinary deaths. The wonder is that he should have survived so many treatments.

Wonderful to tell he really improved and

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and declared he would have no more Thompsonian treatment as he now could walk about.

He continued to improve and later got married and lived a good many years. Aunt Fanny herself fell into the

Dr. hands at 13 years of age. She learned to weave; I know how fascinating that can be for I have woven a few yards myself. Ambitious to make a good record she spent long hours at the loom.

After throwing the shuttle the reeds (if that is the right word) are brought with considerable force

+ or sley

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against the breast. This made her feel hungry and she would go and get some bread and butter or something better and weave and eat. This doubtless it was gave her inflammation of the stomach.

After recovering from the disease and medicine she had many after attacks, and for 15 years must have been a very profitable patient. Sometimes she was too weak to speak and friends were around her bed expecting the end. I remember one time when she spoke to me as we all thought for the last time; but she rallied and lived to be

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82 years old. I think most of the Drs in that region attended her at one time or another. I have heard her speak of Dr. Beck, and ^{Dr.} Willcumbson. I know went to see her, and others I don't remember names. Besides taking most of the drugs then in use she was often bleed, cupped and scarified, and blistered. At 35 she had white hair and looked to be at least 45. I must really tell here my experience as a surgeon. Aunt Fanny had been in bed a day or two with a "misery" in her back and I had gone to help, with the work I had attained the size, if not the intelligence

Perhaps I exaggerated. Aunt's age. She was a cap over her white hair which made her look older.

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of a young woman.

I suppose cupping was about out of practice then, it must have ^{been} in 1863 I think.

Aunt said "I am sure that if I could be cupped and scarified it would help me." If I tell you just here, you could do it - I am sure. I! who ran away if a chicken was to be

killed! cold chills ran down my back; but I loved my Aunt very dearly.

Any thing to help her ^{with} so I consented. She indicated the right spot on her ^{mid} back, next to the white back, next a tumbler was to be placed there, and a piece of lighted paper thrown under. That was the

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cupping. First the spot was washed with a simple solution. I placed the glass, lit a bit of paper and threw it under. Aunt squirmed and said ouch! ouch! while I looked calmly on, surprised at her want of fortitude.

From several things she had told me, such as killing a nerve in her own tooth with a red hot knitting needle, I imagined she had suffered equal to a martyr at the stake.

When the paper had burned out and but little damage done, Aunt explained, it was not the intention to make a blister as I had supposed, but

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to place the paper in the top of the glass where it would exhaust the air and so cause the flesh to rise. She kept asking how it looked now, and when I told her the flesh had risen in or so she thought it was ready for the scarifying. That was cutting several lines across with a sharp lancet. "You will find the lancet in a little box inside of a hair trunk under the bed." Down on my knees, head and shoulders under the bed, groping for that hair trunk I heard a step and a knock at the door.

Out I came and while

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Aunt-frantically pulled the bed clothes up to her chin I opened the door, and admitted our Minister's wife, who had heard Aunt was not well. No doubt she gave good advice and sweet consolation but I remember none of it; I was thinking of that hair trunk and small box. At last she went away and I turned to the bed to hear the joyful words "I feel so much better now you may let the scarifying go."

Providential hindrance for I was in a heroic mood bound to cure that "misery"
That was the day of big

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families but - Oh so many died in childhood and youth. The old time records are sad reading

Chapter 6

A turn in the road

It was summer time.

Waving grain and corn fields gave promise of generous harvests. The apple tree by the gate grown from a seed planted on the first day of their home coming was growing tall and thrifty. Little Arnes was running around and beginning to talk.

The young couple had every prospect of a long and peaceful life when a letter was brought to their door that was to change all their future

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Where was it from? What did it mean? Letters were very few in those days and every one cost 25 cts.

All their nearest relations on both sides lived near or could be reached by a short ride. The letter was from

Dr. Thomas S. Williamson.

He told them how he had long felt called to go as a Missionary to the Indians.

For this work he had left his medical practice and studied Theology. When he had finished his education he found himself with a wife and three little girls. He hesitated how could it be right to take his little girls among the far off savages.

One by one the little ones

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died, and he felt God was calling loudly and removing every obstacle. He had written to the A. B. C. F. M. of his desire to go among the far off American Indians; but they thought them a hopeless field. He would throw his life away. They would send him across the ocean to some already established mission. The Dr. persisted, he felt no call to any but the Indian mission. At last the board consented. Then the Dr. said but I can not go alone I want a young couple. The man does not need to be a minister; but he and his wife must be courageous consecrated Christians. There will be

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unknown dangers to face and much work to be done, I want a man skillful with tools also one who can lead the music, for music has been found helpful in all Missions. No such man had offered himself for Mission work, so the board answered find the helper you describe and we will commission you both.

And now said the Dr of all the young people I know you and your wife seem the best-fitted for the work. You and your wife think and pray over the subject together, and see if you do not feel called to go. I believe Christians had more faith in calls

Here should begin Chap 7

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and leadings of Providence those days than the majority of them do now.

The wonderful letter was soon read to friends and relatives. There must have been considerable heroism among them, for although they considered it taking their lives in their hands no one tried to hinder them. How long they were considering I do not know. I only know that the next spring about the 1st of April the little party set ^{out} turning their faces to the west, away from all they had known and held dear, toward the trials and dangers unknown. The party consisted of the Dr. and his wife, and one of her sister



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