

## XI

1866–1876

### Virginia

THE Civil War had decided two things: the Union would be preserved, and there would be no slavery in the United States. In a post-war America it was now a time of reconstruction, and there would be Constitutional amendments and federal legislation passed during this period that would try to address the problems that the entire nation faced. The wounds inflicted on the nation during the war would be slow to heal and the weakened Presidency of Andrew Johnson had no “political capital” that could be used during these difficult times. Towns in all parts of the country were erecting very similar looking war memorials honoring the soldiers who had either fought victoriously to preserve the union or in vain to preserve the institution of slavery. Alexander Gardner’s *Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War*, published in 1866, was just one of the many books that would be published about the war, and more than a century later, the American Civil War is still much written about. Near the end of his term in office, President Andrew Johnson proclaimed a general amnesty and the war, whether it was a war of secession or a war of emancipation, was over. America was still growing, and in 1867 Alaska was purchased for less than 2¢ per acre. In Virginia, the Hobson family was living on a very different farm than had previously existed.

*Letters and diaries by:*

Annie Jennings Wise Hobson

Frederick Plumer Hobson

Henry A. Wise

Mary Lyons Wise

*Letters and diaries written from:* Richmond and Eastwood, Goochland County, Virginia.

1866

☞ Letters from Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

Eastwood, May 1st, 1866.

My dear Mother— Although I have heard nothing from you since my return home six weeks ago, and have not so much as received a message from you since my little one week old girl came, I am still egotistical enough to attribute your silence to some other cause than indifference and I determined to write to you to tell you myself how glad I am to have your own letter. I wish to tell you candidly, that as I wrote twice to you when it cost me no little effort

*my little one-week-old girl*  
Marianne Douglas Hobson,  
born April 24, 1865. The letter is  
incomplete and unsigned.

and pain to do so, you might at least have expressed by Néné's pen ordinary interest in my well doing, at this particular time. I have no doubt the interest was felt, but when one is sick, nervous, and suffering, it is not pleasant even to seem forgotten... even the children and servants seem to think it strange that "Grandma" and "Grandpa" Wise evince so little interest in the stranger! I know how painful writing frequently is to you and that you have many excuses, but as I said before, it would not have required much effort to have persuaded Néné to act as your amanuensis. I have nothing to say to Néné except that she knows very well how I feel about her constant acts of indifference... I have everything to be thankful for, in my own present well being, as usual with me, danger threatened and God helped me, wonderfully. I have suffered more from the consequences of the attack I had before the baby's birth than anything else and in my hours of weakness and depression I have constantly remembered you lovingly and prayerfully, and have sympathized even more than ever, with your great trial of bodily infirmity and painful suffering; so you see I have not forgotten you, even while you appeared indifferent to me. Mr. Hobson and the boys have gone up the county today to pay a visit of a week. I will resume my account of the baby for Richard's benefit as he manifests some interest in her. Give much love to Father, Néné, and Richard; I will write to the latter soon. Tell Eliza that I know *she* would write if she could, and that the baby sends love to her.

Eastwood, May 5th, 1866, Saturday.

My dear Mother— I received your letter this morning. I cannot attempt to answer it as I wish until I am stronger— therefore won't refer to *the subject under discussion* 'till then. Tell Néné I commenced a letter to her, but found I was too tired to continue it, will write by the next mail & conclude it. I scribble you these few lines to tell you of my continued well doing and to give the promised description of the baby. I am very weak considering how little actual pain I suffered but have such a good appetite that I hope to gain strength now. I have nearly drunk a *whole bottle of brandy* since the baby's birth, & am just beginning to give some milk. Nature has dealt most kindly with me, for Dr. Smith says he never before saw me "give in" as I did after the baby was born. I didn't have a pain worth calling pain except the one that gave birth to the child, and yet lay in a fainting state for almost an hour & yet was threatened *with flooding*. I was kept quiet & slept a good deal, but had to eat very little & that of the lightest diet for three days, and to be constantly stimulated. This will account for my weakness, when you remember my bilious attack I had before the baby was born. She has been remarkably good thus far. She has a little round head beautifully shaped covered with dark hair, not too thickly for a baby— her eyes appear sometimes blue, sometimes dark hazel & are large & full— & now she begins to have a little individuality of appearance that servants are struck with her likeness to Johnny Wise. Her nose is still rather swollen to tell what it will be, but her mouth is her Father's & is very sweet. Her complexion is red enough just now to be very fair here-after. Her head is the smallest part of her, her shoulders being very broad & fat & her limbs quite long and full. Mrs. Murphy is a capital baby nurse, & a good kind old woman, & has proved a great comfort to me. Plumer & Anne have managed so well in my sickness that I've had no annoyances, & altogether have everything to be thankful for— even my very weakness & sickness since God

helped and helps me wonderfully in both. I am very sorry Henry has gone to Harrisburg before I could see him. Love to Sallie— Did she get my letters? Mr. Hobson & the boys will be home Tuesday next. Much love to all. I'm too tired for another line! Your affect daughter, *Annie*.

Eastwood, Saturday, May 26th, 1866.

My dear Mother— Having written a letter for the family generally, dear Mother, I put in this sheet *entre nous*. Plumer says it is time I had stopped my correspondence upon the subject that *caused us so much excitement*, but I have never fully replied to your letter as I promised and wished to do. I can't say all in a letter— nor exactly in the way I'd like best. And before I begin, let me beg you dear Mother to receive all I shall say as lovingly as it is said. To begin at the beginning— for a long time, Mother, I have wanted to have a talk with you— to tell you some things I have felt & thought & to answer some of your assertions... You have so often said to me that I did not “love you as a Mother”— as a daughter should do a Mother, while you “felt all a Mother's tenderness for me.” You often made this assertion in a way that wounded me more than I admitted, for I felt my conscience acquit me of having striven as earnestly to do my duty by you as an own daughter could have done it, and for more than I saw many an own daughter do it by their mothers, and when from suffering and sickness, the extent of which you did not know because I tried to keep it from you, as you were so sick & suffering yourself, or from my natural *infirmity of temper*, I was betrayed with a more impatient, & disrespectful manner towards you than you liked, you reproached me bitterly, going so far on two different occasions without weighing the provocation as to say “no daughter with *proper feeling* could have so spoken to a Mother.” It was only because you were in my own house, and because you were so nervous and unlike yourself, from suffering, that I could refrain from saying, “Mother, an own Mother would love her child too much not to excuse her more readily when she inadvertently offended, —*an own Mother* would not be so ready to take offense at the *mere manner* of a sick or impatient child, who was a woman & wife & Mother herself.”

It was these occurrences between us that first led me to question seriously whether you did love me as the Mother who bore me would have done, and whether I loved you as I might have done my own Mother. And, dear Mother, you must not be offended when I tell you what conclusion I have come to. I do not believe that a woman can have exactly the same near feeling, the same tender forbearing love towards her adopted children (& such the children of a husband are to the second wife) that a good, true, unselfish Mother has to the children she herself bore. A good, true *step-Mother* may love her husband's children far more than many a *selfish* Mother loves her own children, but not as much as she would love her own children for whose life she had suffered the pangs & perils of child-birth.

My present Mother loves us all most unselfishly & tenderly, she is far more unselfish towards us than many an own Mother towards her children, but I do not think she has exactly the same love she would have had for those she *might have borne herself*. I do know, Mother that you *honestly* think you love me, & all of us, as much as you would love your own children & you love us very much, and are very unselfish in many ways towards us all; and therefore when you tell me you love me as a Mother, I do not doubt you think

so; it never occurs to me to think you the least hypocritical. This is just what I meant when I said “if you had felt as lively an interest in me as you ‘persuaded’ yourself you did, you would have written or made Néné write a line of inquiry about me.”

And I am truly sorry you so far interpreted my meaning as to say I accused you of *hypocrisy*. Mother I hope I would be at least too much of a *Christian lady* to make such an *insinuation* to my Father’s wife especially as she had written most kindly & affectionately to me. No, I ventured to speak as a sick impulsive child might have done to her own Mother, and the manner in which it was received convinces me that my conclusion is right... I love you very dearly more as my Mother than I love anyone else, but I cannot feel exactly towards you, nor act exactly towards you as I might do towards my own Mother— you have certainly convinced me of that. I will not again enter upon the *discussed question* about writing to me. I did not wish you to make me any apology. —I was only perhaps *bluntly* sincere in saying what I felt that while I knew you were sick & suffering too much at times to write such a long letter, that if you had *been my own Mother* you would have felt too anxious about me not to have been compelled to *show your anxiety*— at the same time I did not doubt your true love, and anxiety in a measure, & still less did I doubt that you sincerely *believed* you felt all *you expressed*. I only meant to say you were mistaken. I wish now I had never said what I did to you... (I am so weak brained that I can’t half express myself.) I want to make you fully understand me— that I do love you very much & don’t doubt you in the least. I have tried to do my duty lovingly & with a daughter’s willing cheerfulness by you, and where I have failed you must forgive me. I can never forget that you first showed me more tenderness than anyone else had ever done before my husband; and your love & sympathy are dear to me, and I confide in both. Plumer confides in you just as fully as I do... I believe I love you more as a Mother than I do anyone else & as much as I should do anyone in your place... but dear Mother do you not think you are at times so dark & hopeless because you *brood* so much over your sorrow, I really think no other of earth is so afflicted? There is “a best side” to everything— do you strive to find the best side of your burden? I make these remarks as suggestions not in the least as condemnatory. God knows you have my sympathy! Tell me whether you will promise to take no offense if I will write to you, as one Christian wishing to help another, just what I mean by these suggestions? I am too tired to write another line. God bless you with all needed strength, daily prays. —Your affect daughter *Annie*.

Enclosed in the envelope, a small folded piece of paper reads: “Miss A. W. Hobson’s hair.”

*In an envelope that reads:* Dover Mills, May 26.

Mrs. H. A. Wise Sr. —Richmond— I hope you will continue better in mind and body, and you will let me hear from you, at least by the time the baby is a month old, for appearance sake, if for nothing else. God bless you all. Anne Jones sends much love to all. —Yours affectionately, *A. J. W. Hobson*

Eastwood, May 26th, 1866.

My dear Mother— Cannon was much gratified at the receipt of your letter and especially at your sending him the poetry & other extracts— they have had quite a mania on the subject of *newspaper poetry*... the children are constantly bringing me papers to cut *extracts from*— & very often it doesn’t make much

difference what the subject is. The rain is pouring in torrents and altogether we have indeed a very gloomy Saturday (as Cannon remarked just now.) ...Mrs. Stanard has been to see me twice since the baby's arrival, & was very kind in offering to do anything for me. ...Mrs. Murphy went down Thursday evening— it really distressed me to part with her; she watched over me in the kindest way— she never seemed to think of herself one moment; and she managed the baby beautifully. My “dear little, fat girl” is so good that I can hardly realize I have a baby— except a little colic in the evening which is readily relieved, she gives no trouble to anyone. She generally sleeps from the time I go to bed until four o'clock, sometimes later, is very rarely restless at night, and then only a *little watchful* as Mrs. Murphy used to say, never crying. Mother, Anne was so good to me during my sickness, and has done all in her power to keep me from missing Mrs. Murphy & I have not felt the want of her attention as much as I expected... Before the little one arrived from certain reasons which *must remain secret* just now, I said if “the expected proved a girl I'd call her Marian, and the idea also occurred to me that there were already two many Marys in the family to admit of another one, Marian would be a good compromise, as we could give the young lady the pet name of “Marie”... Everyone except Néné & Mrs. Hobson have seemed to like my choice. George suggested for me to put in the *Douglas* for Aunt Margaret and I think *Marian Douglas* would be a beautiful name. I don't agree with Néné & Mrs. Hobson about the beauty of the name— I have always thought it a particularly pleasant name— fanciful & yet *good & honest*... All the children are delighted that another baby has come, but Cannon more so that “it is a little sister.” Annie is pleased but not as much elated as I expected.— There is the dinner bell. My pen has quite run away with me this morning. I have said very little to have written so much. The mail brought me a letter from Johnnie today in reply to one I sent him; he complained of scarcely ever hearing from home— he was well. I am glad to hear from Dick's letter that Father got off to Northampton, as he always enjoys a visit to the Eastern Shore. I am sure you will miss Eliza— What took her to Phila. at this time? Richard also mentioned you were in town spending the day which I was glad to hear, for any little change is good for you. Mr. Hobson regrets not seeing you when he was down, the bad weather admitted only of his going out long enough to attend to his business; he & Anne join me in love to all. The children send much love & kisses. Cannon will answer his letter soon. God bless you all! —Your affect. daughter *Annie*.

☞ The diary of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

May 28, 1866, Saturday Evening, Eastwood.

Bless the Lord, O my; soul and all that is within me, bless his holy name!

My precious little daughter is nearly five weeks. She was born Tuesday, April 24th at half past four o'clock A.M. God did indeed deliver me in the perils of childbirth and the consequent sickness. He made all my bed in sickness. He caused his face to shine upon me. I have been blessed in every way: in my own well being and that of my fat fine little girl: in my husband's comparative freedom from suffering and my children's health: in the loving care and kindness of all about me. Especially my kind old nurse, Mrs. Murphy. O Holy spirit, teach me to walk softly before my God. O Savior, forgive all my past sins. O Heavenly Father, give unto me a child's true gratitude. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. O my Soul.

June 2, 1866, Saturday evening.

*This week has passed so quickly!* I have taught the children, kept house a little and directed the household generally. At times, my strength did not fully sustain me— then too, my precious husband has been more unwell of late— restless and coughing at night, and I was weak and nervous to see him suffer, and for some nights, I did not sleep at all without taking a large dose of brandy. On Thursday, my dear little baby was right sick and I became so nervous and tremulous about her that I had to give her up to Anne and went with Plumer and the children to ride. Bright sunshine, the pleasant landscape and fresh air restored me somewhat, but I really dreaded to return. Ah, how I would once have laughed at such morbid anxiety. *Sorrow and experience can alone teach us true sympathy with the weak and suffering.* I have lost two darlings and my heart will tremble over this one every time sickness touches her. In God alone, shall I have strength! I was so thankful to find she had been quietly sleeping during my absence, and I thank God that she is sleeping sweetly in her crib now.

I have had some weak suffering hours this week from various debility— especially over my Beloved's suffering. He is always so unwell at this season. His Spiritual state perplexes me and gives me the most agony. I cry unto God and he always helps me. O Lord, I wait upon Thee. My will, no Thine be done!

I have copied some of my story this week.

Ella S— joined me in sending flowers to aid in dressing the soldiers graves at Hollywood. Anne Jones is preparing to leave me. Dearest Jeannie promises to come to me.

Heavenly Father, aid me in all my resolutions for good and usefulness for the coming week for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

June 3, 1866, Sunday evening,

Couldn't attend church as the weather was too damp. The greater part of the day nursing the baby. Taught the children, read very little. But strove to learn a lesson of patience and endurance.

June 10th, Sunday.

Last week was one of varied experience. Seasons of great depression and physical weakness, when Satan tempted me to useless fears and faithless anxieties, but thanks be to God, he gave me not over unto my enemy. I strove to do my duty and failed full often. Anne Jones left me Thursday. I shall miss the child extremely, and shall have my hands more than full with no assistance with housekeeping, teaching, sewing, and last by no means, least the baby. Bless her, she has been so good during the last few days. Thanks to God who giveth me the victory over morbid fears! I can enjoy my new Darling, leaving her life and death with Him who knoweth best whether it will be well to keep her here. There are times when the little presence brings back the soreness of the bereavement of my last precious baby—boy. It is human infirmity, the infirmity of a Mother's love, God knows it and forgives it, for I close the wound and still the grief with "Thy will be done" and do not wish him back. And those two little angels bring Heaven so near to me. My precious Husband has been better of late; or is he spiritually better? Oh Lord, I wait on Thee. My sorrow over the trouble at Manchester is great. O Lord, how long. How long. I pray earnestly for light and guidance in training my little ones. Oh Father, give unto me and them Thy Holy Spirit.

*two little angels* The two sons, both named Plumer, who died in infancy in 1863 and 1865. Both are buried in the Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond.

June 24, 1866.

I did not get more than two hours rest last night and I have had to pass the morning sleeping. Besides, I was oppressed in heart and mind by a trouble that I mention to

none but God— will not write it where there is the least chance of an earthly eye reading. Was there ever anyone so earnestly desirous of leading a Holy Life, of living near God and for God, who failed so often in well doing? I have taught the children and read with them, and little Eliza— handed my colored class over to Isaac as I was so unwell.

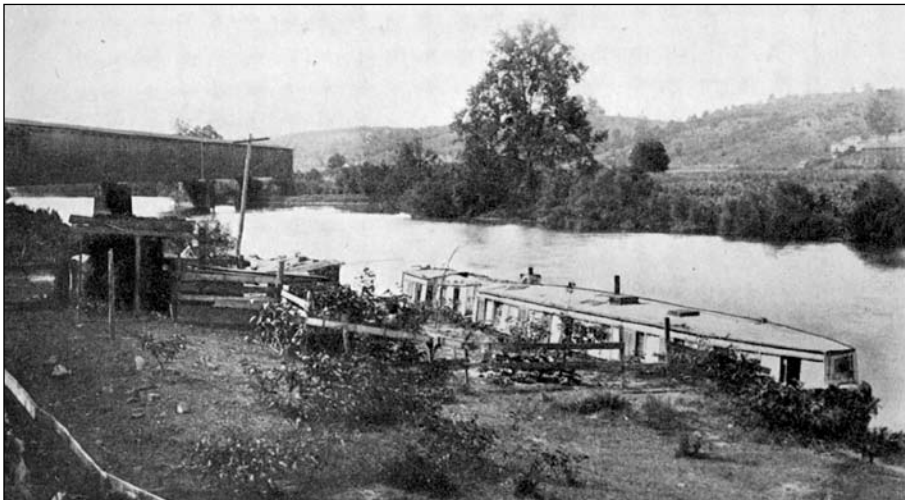
My little girl is two months old today. We have determined to call her “Marian.” She thrives and yet is not always perfectly well, and in spite of my hearty endeavor to overcome it, I become so nervous when there is the least thing the matter with her. Yet, I trust my heavenly Father’s discerning eye does not find that I deceive myself when I say I am willing to give her up, though my heart bleed at every pore when he sees fit to call her. Jeannie Jaynes will come tomorrow. May God bless her visit to our mutual good. I miss Anne Jones very much.

My [*darling* crossed out] precious Husband told me last week that he trusted all would be well with him soon in regard to his uniting himself with God’s people— “after a little...” but why any delay! He has already waited so long. And my Father, when will he conquer self and confess the Crucified?

☞ Letters from Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

Eastwood, July 8th, 1866.

My dear Mother— The mornings mail brought me Father’s welcome letter. I thank him for it and will reply soon. I hope he will indeed come up from the heat of Manchester and Richmond. I have had a trying time during the last week. Saturday evening Anne was taken with something like a nervous chill and by morning she was ill with a threatening of typhoid pneumonia... I feared Anne would be dangerously, if not fatally ill, but she is better— out of danger, but she will be unfit for any active service for some time; and she tells me that as soon as she is well enough to stand she will go to her husband and son. That means she is going to leave me. I shall write to Mary Lyons and Dr. Deane today begging them to look out for a cook and nurse for me. Meantime I must do as others have done and constantly have to do— shuffle along the best I can. I would mind nothing if I were only well and strong, but everything is an effort with me, and I cannot stand the heat of the kitchen at all. Since the servants have been sick, and Anne Jones has left— I have had to assist myself beyond my strength... I never knew until of late how ten years



*The Old Marshall, the last packet boat on the James River and Kanawha Canal. The canal, with the horse-drawn boats, passed near Eastwood and family and guests could get off the packet there. Photo from Historic Virginia Homes and Churches by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.*

of *waiting & watching* over my precious husband, and how the war, and the giving up of my two babies has told upon me... Mr. Hobson has been more unwell since his return from Richmond than I have seen him this summer. I am anxious to have him off to the mountains or somewhere for change of air. The children are all quite well. I wish I could induce you to try Goochland air again. If you cannot ride up you could come on the packet... I am truly concerned to hear about Néné— she must go to the mountains— that would benefit her more than anything else. My little girl is taking a long nap this morning, and thereby giving her Mother a good rest. Yesterday the heat made her quite fretful... We all join in love and the children send kisses and hope to see Grandpa very soon... My love to all. God bless you with needed strength for every hour! —Your affectionate daughter, *Annie*.

Eastwood, July 8th, 1866.

My dear Mother— I wrote a sheet and a half trying to make an explanation that would make you see how you had misapprehended my letter, but so difficult do I find it to express myself as I would wish— (my brain is in a whirl this morning)— that I have just determined to wait till I see you to *talk it over*, for, dear Mother, I love you too much “*never to allude to it again.*” I have been too grieved and worried about the pain it caused you not to try to show you the motive that caused me to write it, and to try to make you read it in a different light from the one you saw it in... I beg your pardon most lovingly for causing you pain, and I beg you to trust me until you see me— Loving you as my Father’s wife and my Mother’s *representative* I cannot accept a mere friendship between us. I also love you dearly for the love and sympathy you have shown me from the first I knew of you. If you will let me talk to you freely and listen to me lovingly I think you will understand me as you have never done yet... I want to see you very much that all misunderstanding may be done away with. We are both sick in body and mind. I never before felt nervous weakness more... Believe me you have entirely misapprehended the matter and the meaning of my letter. Mother I must again assure you of my sympathy in all your troubles, and that your great trouble is certainly mine. May God be with you, Your loving daughter, *Annie*. —I hope my letter today will show I love you & look for your sympathy!

☞ The diary of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

September 30, 1866.

We returned from the mountains a week ago last Friday. *I came back to a desolated nursery with an aching heart.* The precious Darling whose short life had caused my weak Mother’s heart so many nervous anxieties and agonizing fears, slept the last painless sleep in Hollywood. “*Himself My Father Savior and Friend*” had taken her to his own blest care. And it was His will that I should not see my dying child nor lay her to rest in Hollywood. I left here with my dear Husband about the 15th of August for the mountains, so unstrung in nerves and exhausted in health that I felt I should have brain or typhoid fever unless I had respite and change of scene. We went first to the Healing where we found excellent accommodation, food fare, and a delightful mountain locality. We improved there but the rates did not suit us. I heard regularly from my Baby. Sister had taken charge of her and my household. And though Sister wrote encouragingly, I never felt hopeful of her recovery. When I kissed the little pale face in my nursery, I felt that I saw my Baby alive



for the last time. She was just over an attack of *cholera infantum* when I left her. I was too sick to do her any good, and my husband required me with him. Duty demanded I should leave her. Duty to my husband and children. From the Healing, we went to the Sulphur. We remained there only three days, but I was decidedly benefitted. The day we left, I received a letter from Sister speaking most encouragingly about little Marian. I then determined to cast all my care upon the Lord: to have no more faithless fears, and I felt more cheerful than I had done since leaving her.

We went over to the Alum— Brother John and Pa had preceded us, and as I alighted from the stage, Brother J— handed me a letter. Fortunately, I did not open it till I reached my room. It proved to be from dear little Annie — the second line said: “I am so sorry God has taken my little sister from me.” It was the last letter of family that I ought to have received telling me that my Baby girl was with the angels and that her little body rested in Hollywood. I thought I had prepared my mind for the worst but truly was mistaken! What a dark day that Thursday was! My poor bereaved heart stood cold and shivering by the three little graves of Hollywood. I wept all three of my dead babies at once. Satan tempted me sorely. The wherefore of the present and past— dark fears for the future sent clouds across my soul. I called upon God, and He gave me help— Peace and submission were restored. Strength to struggle with myself was vouchsafed. I know that my Father does not willingly afflict— that there is a need for every trial. I have questioned my own heart to know why I am thus thrice bereaved— and with humility (and I trust) contrition of soul, I discern that my sins testify against me. God calls upon me by bereavement to “consider”—and I try to obey. I consider that I am punished because— *1st* I have permitted my children and household cares to absorb me far too much. *I have not remembered the poor, suffering, and needy as I should have done*—nor striven in any way for the good of others, as I ought to have done. *2nd*, I have not contended enough with bodily infirmity and often sought my ease too much. *3rdly*, I have not cultivated loving charity as God requires. *4thly*, I have permitted various faithless fears to control me far too much— have not leant upon the Lord as I once did, casting all my care upon Him. Oh, I need to walk far more humbly with my God, far more near to my savior. I would begin the week with many resolutions for better things. May God help me.

I am greatly blessed in renewed health, and in my children’s being well. Plumer is rather better but my anxiety for him never ceases. Oh Heavenly Father, thy mercies are many, and yet my griefs, trials, and cares are known to Thee. Undertake them for me, for my Savior’s sake.

October 11th, Thursday.

The past week was weary and sad. Anne Jones was taken sick Sunday and was in bed ’till Friday. Poor little Charlie Seddon has been desperately ill. Thus nursing Anne, household matters, teaching the children and spending several hours trying to aid and comfort Mrs. Seddon made each day very weary and very sad. Still my heart was filled with thanks to God that my husband and children were well. Oh, it is fearful to see a child so emaciated and suffering as Charlie. May God help the poor Mother. I was inclined to yield to irritability and impatience repeatedly during the week. May God forgive me and help me to do better for the week to come.

October 29th, Monday.

Charlie Seddon died Monday, 29th October. I thank God that another of his lambs are gathered into the heavenly fold where suffering and pain are no more. May God comfort the bereaved mother.

November 18, 1866, Sunday, Eastwood.

Another Sabbath has nearly closed and what record hast thou to make my soul. God has taken me through new scenes of sorrow since I last made a long entry in my journal. I grieved with the poor suffering mother when little Charlie was taken. I love to think of him in the heavenly home with my Baby Angels. Saturday week, Plumer and I rode to Richmond on a shopping expedition expecting to return Wednesday. Sunday night Father was taken ill with Asiatic Cholera and for several days his life was in danger. I felt appalled at the idea of his dying in his present state. I cried unto God continually one long inexpressible cry, and he is still spared. He is now well enough to go to his office. O God, convert his heart. Humble him as a little child before Thee.

We left Richmond Saturday, Plumer's business and Father's illness have detained us. Plumer was quite sick and any ailment of his makes my heart sink within me. He was confined to his bed two days and was quite sick, but in God's mercy, he is better, but he looks so badly, is so dark under his eyes and is complaining this evening. Oh Father in Heaven, my agony Thou knowest that I have never asked thee to spare his life, I say about that, "Thy will be done." But, I cry out for his soul. His soul my God! Why is he so indifferent to Thy ordinances— so wavering in faith. I have spoken to him so often about this, that I doubt whether it is well to say more to him. Thank God I can believe in His promises as never before and look to the Holy Spirit as my true Helper.

Oh, when I pass one day now without some heavy anxiety of sickness I thank God. And do I not know why I need all this Chastening? My slothfulness of spirit— my refusing to strive even unto blood cries unto God and in every mercy to save me He chastens. O God, give me an enlightened judgment to discern the right and a patient spirit to fulfill it.— My soul is dark and cast down tonight because it feels so burdened by its sins and infirmities.

If I could not take them to the foot of the Cross, I would despair beneath them. Oh God the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy upon me, miserable Anne. Oh God, the Holy Ghost, Oh Holy Blessed and Glorious Trinity, have mercy upon me, miserable sinner.

I taught the children this morning, walked to church with Annie and loitered too much before going and got there late. In the afternoon, I again taught and read to the children and taught some of the colored children... I have been negligent in my private devotion of late, therefore have I felt spiritual depression, and gone astray in many little things— little? —great perhaps in God's sight.

I must record a sweet bright vision that came before me this evening as my thoughts turned toward my children. I thought of them as growing, expanding into full life in Heaven and joy unspeakable filled my heart as imagination pictured my redeemed mother leading my Angels to meet grown men and women— developed spirits in Heaven saying here are your loved ones, reared in the company of Heaven, educated before the Father's face. Amen.

November 25, 1866.

Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins. A week of peace and quiet have passed. God gave me grace to try to do my duty. May he pity my infirmities and forgive all my sins and shortcomings.

November 26, 1866, Monday. Take heed therefore how ye hear, for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and from him who hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.

December 1, 1866, Saturday evening. I have indulged too much in dreaminess this week, have lacked promptness of action. I have frequently been impatient with my children. O Holy Comforter, aid me to watch myself and do better for the coming week.

1867

☞ The diary of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

January 8, 1867. Another year has commenced and the old year has passed silently away without note or record of its close from me. Four weeks ago last Wednesday Plumer, the children, and I went to Richmond, thinking to stay there only a week, but Mr. Hobson's business and other reasons made us determine to spend the Xmas season with Father. I anticipated a pleasant visit, especially going to church and seeing some of my town friends; and was sadly disappointed by Annie's having a severe catarrhal attack, and Plumer's having a bad cold that made him really sick; thank God they are both spared to me. Annie well, and my precious Husband, better. I had a dull Xmas, and suffered much anxiety over Annie and my Husband but God blessed it to me, I trust. I did not get to church Xmas day and only once on each Sunday I was in town. On the last Sabbath I heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Gilson of Petersburg on the text "*Mourn not.*" It strengthened me for all the coming year and I pray that his earnest gospel word may never be forgotten amidst any trial that may come. We returned on Friday last, thankful to get home once more. I have commenced household matters for the New Year with many petty vexations and annoyances. But I have tried to remember Mr. Gilson's words to housekeepers, over murmuring and impatience over household matters. I hope soon to get matters better organized. A dishonest faithless servant is a great trial— we should pray for them earnestly. I had a most unhappy visit to Father's. I will not— cannot write down here the dark truth that made it so. Oh Father have mercy on all! I came home weary in mind and body— partly from loss of sleep and partly from sorrow of spirit. But I have made it an excuse for too much self indulgence— must begin anew with self discipline. I have no heart to make a retrospect of the past year. May God forgive its sins, pity its infirmities, and sanctify its sorrows to me for Christ's sake.

*catarrhal attack* Inflammation of the membranes in the nose and air passages.

*the dark truth* An unknown reference.

February 3, 1867. 4th Sunday after Epiphany.

Four weeks have elapsed since our return— weeks of quiet and great blessings. Plumer has improved in health, notwithstanding his long confinement to the house by the extraordinary spell of snow and sleet and cold. My children have been well, and I, until the last few days, blessed with excellent health for the fulfillment of duties. Shame to say any indulgence in the good things of the table, at a time I could not take exercise, has given me dyspepsia. Why will I continue to tempt Providence by self-indulgence? God grant me genuine active repentance!

We have been visiting around amongst the neighbors and have entertained them for I really felt it was a duty in a quiet way to do so. I have tried to make some amends for my neglect hitherto of poor Mr. Guthrie— Cannon and Henry carried him some jelly and b.mange this afternoon. The Smith girls, Sarah Dudley and the Christians spent Friday night with me, and we organized a Society for the benefit of the Church and charitable objects. May God give us His blessing.

A pleasant Sabbath has passed— reading, devotion, and teaching the children (mine and the colored ones have occupied the hours). My soul is particularly ear-

nest now with beseeching our heavenly Father for the influences of the Spirit to the children. They have distressed me of late by their childish quarrels— the “old Adam” betraying itself hourly. It seems to me they are so untrained in many matters in which I have tried most earnestly to train and educate them.

Oh, Heavenly Father give me wisdom and strength as a Mother, for I have been so blind, weak, and erring! Bless my humble efforts with my children. From my weakness bring strength— my darkness, light! And oh hear my prayers for my Husband for Christ’s sake. Amen.

March 24, 3rd Sunday in Lent.

There is little to record of my present life, except a repetition of the past. The incessant bad weather keeps us indoors. I am too constantly occupied to be depressed by the outward lowering scene, but it tries Plumer though I think he bears the confinement with great patience on the whole. Thank God, he has suffered much less from it than I could have anticipated had I have foreseen the long continuance of snow or rain, sleet and ice, chilling winds and raw dampness that this winter has brought us.

He is sometimes better, sometimes worse. I rarely know what it is to have a night of undisturbed rest with him. Oh God sanctify to him all his bodily discomfort and sufferings. I am thankful that he is even as well and comfortable as he is. A conversation I had with him, not long ago, about his spiritual state gave me inexpressible pain. He is still dark and groping in his views.

Oh, My God, I wait on Thee with a trembling agonized heart & I know full well that I deserve the punishment his religious state brings. I know full well that my prayers have been answered. In as much as the Holy Spirit has striven with his soul, Oh Lord be patient and long-suffering with him. Leave him not to himself— draw him in Thine own way to Thee! Have mercy on him. Have mercy on me!

Anne Jones has been very ill during the last two weeks. She is now up and will resume her duties tomorrow. Having to teach, entirely in addition to my other duties, has kept me closely occupied. My heavenly Father is trying to lead me near to a higher life in patience and true Christian charity of thought and deed. How little do I profit by each day’s lessons. How slow is my progress! Lord I believe help Thou mine unbelief! May this Lenten season be blessed to my soul.

I forgot to record Hallie’s visit. She came up from Richmond four weeks ago, and spent a week with me, bringing her dear little boys— Little Barton just sixteen months old, running all about! What a sad pleasure it was to see him reminding me of my precious little Plumer. Oh, how I miss my Baby, but my Father knows I do not want them back from His keeping. I am not fit now to have the care of young children. My nerves are too unstrung. God Grant me strength to do my duty by those still left to me.

May 5, 1867, 2nd Sunday after Easter.

Nearly six weeks have elapsed since I have made any record in my journal. Plumer and I with the children went to Richmond the 4th April expecting to spend about ten days in town. I took the children because I thought that Anne was too feeble to teach them, and have the responsibility of their charge. Caroline Chris stayed with Anne. Plumer had been very unwell before we left, and my anxiety was more than usual for him. When we reached town a few squares walk would fatigue him greatly. Before we left he could walk 40 or 50 squares without much fatigue— he improved very decidedly. I had a delightful visit altogether— so happy and pleasant— so varied by visiting friends, the Bazaar, two nights at the Opera, the amateur opera for the benefit of the poor, that I am afraid it made me careless about the spiritual life— private devotions, etc. I thank God

deeply that I have never been exposed to the temptations of fashionable and worldly amusements— they would have tempted me sorely.

August 11, 1867, Eastwood.

Nearly three months have passed since I had either the time or inclination to record aught in my journal— tonight I feel a great desire to do so. Three months of anxiety, sorrow and care, and yet of inexpressible thankfulness and undeserved mercies. Judge Lyons died on June 18th. I wonder if I could have suffered much more for myself than I did for dear Mary— my desolated stricken sister. He died in the faith of Jesus Christ and we know he rests in God. The sad affliction brought joy to me. It was so sanctified to my precious Husband that he determined by the side of his dead friend and brother to give himself to God— to unite himself with God's people. As soon as I heard of Wm. Lyon's critical condition and that Jimmie was sick with dysentery, I went to Richmond to nurse the latter and to join Plumer who had gone down several days before. I took no rest for one week, day and night with Jimmie, and when he was most ill, his father passed to his everlasting home. My heart bled for Mary and oh! With what noble fortitude she suffered and bowed in sweet submission to our Father's will. As soon as Jimmie was better Plumer and I returned (1st July). One week later we went to Richmond and on the 1st Sunday in July he communed with me at St. James', his kind mother joining us at God's table. Oh, Heavenly Father am I as grateful for this blessing as I should be! Holy Spirit teach my life to show forth God's praise. I did not expect him to join the Episcopal Church. It was a sweet evidence of his love for me. God has given me peace in this great anxiety. Ever since we came back after this happy event, I have been harassed and wearied with preparations for the mountains and have felt far from well. Mary and her children have been with me four weeks and I have been so glad to have them. Dear Mary is so unselfish in her sorrow and yet so stricken.

Sister is in Richmond and Maria G— is with me. Sister came up Friday and staid until yesterday afternoon. I was so glad to have even so short a visit. It reminded me of this time one year ago when she came to nurse my little darling unto Death. God's will be done. Mary will go up the country tomorrow and my two precious children, Henry and Annie, will follow her tomorrow evening in the Packet to stay at their Uncle John's during our absence. Cannon will accompany us to the Springs. We propose leaving home on Wednesday and starting to the mountains Saturday or Monday.

I know not what may occur before we again are united in our sweet home. I leave all in my Father's care, asking for strength to say "Thy will be done" come what may. Plumer is and has been extremely unwell, and my heart is sickened with anxiety about him. But My Father pities my infirmities and helps me to be still in the Lord. Cannon has been extremely unwell, and I trust that the mountain air and waters may benefit him permanently. It is a sad trial to me to leave Henry and Annie, but they are in my Father's care.

*January 1, 1867.* Tuesday. I have been detained in Richmond by severe indisposition and bad weather. Snow is lying on the ground and the atmosphere very damp and chilly— the canal is closed by ice. Twenty dollars is to be charged to farm account of 1867 for freight on seed wheat.

*January 4.* Bright beautiful morning. Had my horses roughshod and go up home today, expecting to find roads good and travelling pleasant. Ordered from Oscar Gray 3 gals of fine brandy, 1 gal. cooking brandy, 1 gal. cooking wine.

*January 10.* Clear day. Snow still covering the ground. Hauling ice today from the canal with one wagon. Ice not very good. Three hands came from Amelia. Would not come

*Judge Lyons and Mary— my desolated stricken sister* Mary Hobson Lyons, Plumer Hobson's sister, was married to Judge William H. Lyons of Richmond. He was related to Mary Lyons Wise, the third wife of Henry A. Wise and step-mother of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson.

Frederick Plumer Hobson maintained a daily diary, a small leather-bound journal written in pencil, about farming at Eastwood from January 1, 1867, to near the time of his death in 1868. Each entry begins with a few words about the weather. Excerpts from 1867 are printed here.

for less than \$10 a month. Have not engaged them. Offered them \$110.00 a year. Dr. Walker will send up two wagons tomorrow to help haul ice.

*January 11.* ...ground covered with deep snow. Clear morning. Hauling ice. Dr. Walker has sent me two wagons. The hands from Amelia went off this morning, not willing to work for less than \$10 a month the year round. Had four more mules shod at Stanard's.

*January 12.* Hauling ice today with my two wagons. Young Goodman left yesterday for Albemarle to bring down my mare and colts. Mr. and Mrs. Seddon spent the day with us. Filled the ice-house nearly up to the sill.

*January 13.* ...Raining and freezing this morning. A disagreeable wintry day with no prospect of the weather break up. The canal has been closed since about the 27th or 28th of December 1866. No church today.

*January 18.* Clear morning, *very* cold... Mr. Goodman is hauling corn from his house today. Ordered the ice-house to be filled tomorrow.

*January 19.* Hauling very fine ice, 4 in thick. Sent W. A. Blair check for \$173.33. Sold sow at Morson's for \$10.00, the boar for 8 bushels to be delivered. Mr. Goodman takes four pigs. Filled the ice-house. One wagon hauling wood in the afternoon.

*January 22.* Clear morning. Weather has moderated. Hands in the woods. One of the colts brought from Albemarle belonged to Mr. Monson, mare and two colts are mine. Sent Mr. Dudley a load of wood. Sold 7 sheep to Arthur Morson for 5 bls of corn and 2 bolsters for wagons. Mr. Goodman hired Knuckles for \$144.00 a year and three negro men at \$105 a year. We have now 10 men hired.

*January 23.* ...Canal entirely closed to navigation...Hauling corn from Goodman's and stripping tobacco.

*January 26.* ...A good deal warmer though snow is still covering the ground and the canal is closed. Mr. and Mrs. Stanard dined here today and Mrs. Seddon spent the evening. Cutting wood, mauling rails and hauling.

*January 28.* Clear morning... Olvis left my employment this morning. Sandy proposes to do so if I give my consent. Cutting wood and hauling. Told Mr. Goodman to try cleaning off plant beds and see how he could get along. Ben Green's hand carried off sorrel mare and blind horse with Goodman's wagon.

*January 29.* ...Mr. Goodman killed three hogs this morning. Cutting wood and hauling. Sent Nelson out to look for some hands. Mr. Goodman found he could do nothing with plant bed at this time. Land frozen three or four inches.

*January 31.* Cloudy early in the morning... Sandy left my employment yesterday. Mr. Goodman engaged two hands from back-country to be here next Monday. Mauling and sharpening stakes, hauling. Sent six bushels of turnips to quarters. Opened kiln.

*February 3.* ...Family being unwell, no one went to church...

*February 11, Monday.* Clear beautiful day. Rode out on horseback. Went to the quarters and stables for the first time this year. Wagons were hauling hay from Goodman's this morning and wood after dinner. Other hands getting wood. Weather delightful today.

*February 13.* Hands repairing fences and hauling. Rode over farm with Mrs. Hobson—...Nancy came here today to work (wash & iron etc).

*February 18, Monday.* Running four plows today, land is in good order. Hands cutting down stalks and getting rails. Agreed to let Nat Mayo put the low grounds in oats on same terms he rented from Dr. Walker.

*February 19.* Cloudy day though warm. Drizzling rain in the evening. All the plows are running today. Hands cutting down stalks in back field.

*February 20.* Too wet to plow today from rain of last night. Stripping tobacco, hauling

wood and pine brush to fill gullies.

*February 27.* Clear day and exceedingly pleasant... Three plows running today. Cutting down stalks and repairing fences. Fixing my hot bed in the garden. Negro man Lucien commenced work this morning, wages \$7 per month for three months, \$8 the rest of year with the promise of more if he proves a good hand.

*February 28.* Very windy... All plows running today. Cutting down stalks and repairing fences. Fixing hot bed and preparing land for gardening. Warm south wind...

*March 2.* Rainy warm morning... Stripping tobacco. Hauling oats from Goodman's. Repairing fences. Expect to finish stripping tobacco today.

*March 3.* Damp rainy day. Colder than it has been for some time past. No one went to church in consequence of the weather.

*March 4.* It cleared off... but clouded up again. Hauling wood and stripping tobacco.

*March 5.* ...no appearance of clearing. Packing tobacco in the hogsheads today. Sent Richard Wise check for \$40.00

*March 6.* Damp rainy morning... Prizing tobacco. The ground was covered with snow this morning.

*March 16.* Heavy fall of snow last night and this morning very cold. Mr. Goodman has not been up to make any report this morning, though I suppose he can be doing little or nothing.

*March 17.* Clear day but quite cold... The roads are in such horrible condition that no one went to Church. Dr. Walker reported no one there but Dr. Wight and himself.

*March 18.* ...weather moderated. Cutting down stalks on corn land. Very little to be done in this weather.

*April 16.* We are having a hard rain... Sent up garden seed yesterday by packet.

*April 17.* ...cleared off.

*April 21.* Warm pleasant day— the atmosphere is quite hazy with some disposition to cloud up. Will probably clear up by middle of the day.

*April 25.* Morning cloudy and harsh, but cleared off very prettily during the day. Check expenses \$50.00. Made transfer today of \$3,500.00 of Va. State Stock to John Hobson as agent for Wm. P. Maben and sold \$500 Va. State Stock for benefit of Wm. Maben which settles his account.

*April 26.* Clear beautiful morning... Paid Richard Wise \$13.00. Check Geo A. Ainslie \$79.00. Sold today \$100 of new bonds int. of Va. State Stock for \$31.75 as commission as trustee for Wm. P. Maben's children.

*April 27.* ...Quite pleasant. Bought a bay horse from T. W. Watkins for \$225 for which I gave a note payable 15th of August.

*April 28, Sunday.* Bright beautiful day... Took a long walk with Oscar Craz.

*April 29.* Commenced raining yesterday evening, and rained all night... Did not go out of the house today.

*May 1, Wednesday.* Rained again... Bob came down with the horses yesterday evening. Check expenses \$50.00. Bob brought home today the horse purchased from Mr. Watkins.

*May 2.* Clear bright morning. Quite cool early, but turned warmer during the day. Got harness etc. from Cottrell's and buggy from Ainslie... Paid Pleasants \$10.00 for fixing teeth and \$3.00 for the farmer.

*May 5, Sunday.* Clear beautiful morning. Everything in the country looking sweet and beautiful.

On May 2, 2006, 139 years after this diary was written, I visited Eastwood with my mother. It was a clear bright morning, perhaps a little cool, as we left our hotel in Richmond with Hobson Goddin, a descendant of John David Hobson of Howard's Neck, and therefore my mother's third cousin, for our trip to Goochland County and the James River Valley.

—J. T. B. Mudge.

*May 6.* Clear pleasant morning. Rode over the farm. Finished planting the field back of the house in corn. Returned to Mr. Emerson my Internal Revenue tax list. Hands grubbing clods off corn rows. Ploughing land for corn.

*May 7.* Commenced raining last night... Land too wet to plough. Made out the accounts of the farm hands this morning. Willie Anne has lost up to 8 days from sickness.

*May 9.* Bright morning... Land too wet to work. Hands in the woods getting rails. Paid Dr. Walker \$170.00 in settlement of our account to date. Paid Isaac \$30.00 which settles his wages in full to the 1st April.

*May 12, Sunday.* Cloudy morning... Settled up to 1st April, Bob \$9.25, Eliza \$16.50, Calistro \$10.50. (Paid)... Cleared off in the afternoon.

*May 13.* Clear beautiful day. Ploughing for corn. Preparing land for potatoes and cutting potatoes preparatory to planting. Finished weeding plant beds. Paid Bob \$3.00 additional to correct mistake. Throwing manure on heaps.

*May 14.* Had a thunderstorm last night... Land too wet to work today. Hauled from Dr. Walker's for use of my stable 400 lbs of hay. Sent hands down today to weed out one of Dr. Walker's plant beds. Red cow had calf today.

*May 28.* Cloudy morning and very sultry... Land too wet to work in the morning. Repairing roads, replanting corn. Harrowing a little of tobacco land in the evening...

*May 29.* Clear beautiful day... Listing and hilling tobacco land. Replanted corn a portion of the day. Planted out between 5,000 and 6,000 tobacco plants this evening. If we had the season could put out 20,000 or more.

*May 30.* Clear bright day, quite warm. Listing and hilling tobacco land. Planted out about 2,000 plants in the afternoon. Started for the first time sulky plow this morning, very much pleased in the manner in which it does its work.

*June 2, Sunday.* Cloudy morning... The carriage being broken and Bob wishing to go to church, no one but the children went to church.

*June 3.* Cloudy morning and quite sultry... All hands engaged in planting tobacco. Planted out cabbages and sweet potato slips. Hired two hands today. Jim Brown and Pleasants at \$10.00 per month, to be paid extra in harvest.

*June 14.* Clear bright day... I think I shall buy a new McCormick's reaper, as it will cost about \$80.00 to repair the old one. Gave Robert Williams the note at 90 days for \$515.00 for account to date.

*June 15.* Bright clear day... Filled out memorandum list today and decided about everything except reapers. Went out to Mr. Carrington's to see Buck Eye Reaper work but it had stopped, wheat not being ripe enough.

*June 16, Sunday.* Rather cloudy... Heard Mr. Moore preach today.

*June 17.* Cloudy morning... Went out to Crenshaw's to see McCormick Reaper work. Ordered a McCormick Reaper to be sent up home immediately.

*June 18.* Clear day... good rain in the afternoon... At Wm. Lyons all day in consequence of his condition— He died in the afternoon at 10 minutes before 5 o'clock.

*June 19.* ...Smith promised to ship the reaper today. Gibson's have shipped timber for barn.

*June 20.* Clear pleasant... The funeral of Judge Lyons took place this afternoon. One of the largest and most impressive I ever saw in Richmond.

*June 22.* Clear day. Boat brought up this morning the Reaper and timber for the barn... Paid \$4.00 freight on the Reaper to be charged to farm account. Gleaning wheat. Will return to Richmond this evening.

*June 27.* ... Found out that we could not finish looking over the papers so that I returned



home today to return early next week. Found them harvesting and getting on pretty well considering the delays in consequence of the weather.

*June 28.* Clear day and very warm... Running Reaper today and farm cradles. Got up most of the wheat. Reaper works very well. Black cow had her calf this morning.

*June 29.* Clear morning... Running the Reaper and cradles early in the day, afterwards getting up the wheat. Gave Mr. Goodman \$11.35 to pay off harvest hands.

*June 30, Sunday.* Clear day... Being the fifth Sunday, we had no church today. Cow with white face had her calf today.

*July 4.* Came from home to Richmond yesterday in my buggy, to attend to business in connection with Wm. Lyons' estate.

*July 5.* Clear and very warm. Looked over some of the papers of Judge Lyons.

*July 16.* ...Cutting oats with the Reaper. Hands securing the oats. Mary Lyons came up from Richmond this morning. Mr. Powell came on yesterday to repair the machine and is at work on it.

*July 21, Sunday.* Clear and pleasant. Took medicine last night and feel quite unwell this morning and consequently did not go to church. Annie and children attended service. Powhatan Ellis dines with us today.

*July 26.* ...Finished getting up oats. Hilling tobacco. Had well cleaned out today. Paid \$5.00 to Mr. Nicholas for his services. Sheep got from Dr. Walker's today died a short time after getting here.

*August 12.* ...Ploughing and hilling tobacco. Too wet to thresh wheat. Sowed rutabaga turnips this evening very late but it is the first spell that we have had in which we could sow them— using corn planter and sowing Bradley's tobacco mixture.

*August 16, Friday.* Clear day. Started for Richmond today with my carriage. Found the creeks so swollen could not cross and had to return home.

*August 17.* Clear morning. Started again this morning for Richmond and came down... Wagon brought my trunks down. Ordered today one ton of Bradley's tobacco manure for myself and one for Dr. Walker. Paid B. Watkins note \$225.00.

*August 18, Sunday.* Clear day. Attended service today. Stephen returned with his wagon carrying a steel plow up to try.

*August 20.* Started to the mountains this Tuesday morning. Bright day and quite warm. Sent Mr. Goodman by Bob \$140.00 which he was to use in part towards settling with hands. Sent Isaac by Bob \$10.00.

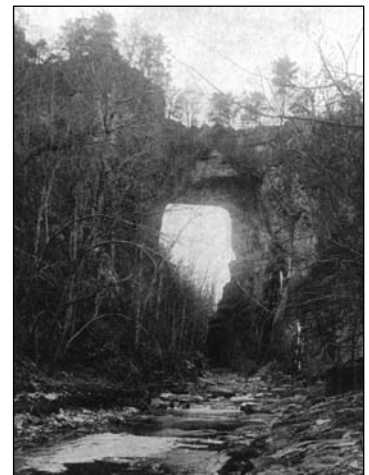
*August 22.* We reached the Alum Tuesday night about 10 o'clock in a rain, and it has been raining often since.

*September 5.* Came to Callegan's last night. Reach White Sulphur today. Weather quite warm.

*September 7.* Check to White Sulphur Springs & Co. \$50.00. Left White Sulphur this morning for the Sweet Springs, which we reached about 12 o'clock. Had a very pleasant ride over, but after reaching here had a heavy rain.

*September 8.* Cloudy... In consequence of having taken medicine have not been out today.

*September 20.* Clear day. Very warm. Left the baths today about 12 o'clock, came to Natural Bridge stopping in Lexington to dinner. Got here after night in a heavy rain which came about 1/2 mile from here. We had a series of accidents today but thank God none were serious.



*Natural Bridge. Photo from Historic Virginia Homes and Churches by Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.*

*October 4.* Cloudy...Running plows today though ground is still hard. Commenced raining more in the evening.

*October 5.* Steady rain... Raining too much today I suppose for any outdoor work.

*October 6.* Clear day and quite cold. Mr. Dudley has not returned from Richmond, consequently we have no church.

*October 20.* Clear... Mr. Dudley gave notice today of his intention to leave here for another field of labor. The church gave its consent.

*October 22.* Cloudy, foggy... Sowing wheat with two drills preparing land for wheat. All negroes stopped work after dinner to vote. White hands drilled portion of the afternoon. Cleared off in the afternoon.

*November 2.* Paid Clarke and Dutrick on account of farm \$100.00. Fallowing for corn etc. Finished dressing over the tobacco land...

*November 3.* Hazy warm day... Mr. Dudley absent and therefore we have no church.

*November 4.* Damp... Ploughing tobacco land for wheat and grubbing.

*November 17, Sunday.* Clear morning, turned a good deal cooler. Not feeling very well today and did not go to church.

*November 18.* Clear day and rather raw & cold. Running two plows, hauling up corn. Directed Moses Henly about cutting ditch for ice pond.

*November 19.* ...Mr. Goodman has gone to Hanover today. Running two plows. Hauling up corn.

*November 20.* ...Running two plows, hauling up corn with one wagon and hauling wood. Hauling corn with both wagons after dinner.

*November 21.* Hazy day... Running two plows, hauling up corn. Moses finished ditch for ice pond either yesterday evening or early this morning. Cleaning out ditch on Creek low ground.

*December 20.* Cloudy... Paid Moses Henly \$36.00 which settles in full his bill for ditching. Killed hogs yesterday— averaged 166 lbs.

*December 31.* Quite a deep snow covering the ground this morning. Hailing and snowing pretty much all day. Have not been out of the house.

1868

☞ The diary of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

January 1, 1868. Wednesday.

We returned from the mountains the 1st of September. The whole trip was one of anxiety to me. Plumer was so extremely unwell. Several times he was really sick. We spent two week at the Alum—, thence went to the W. Sulphur and stayed three days— thence to the Old Street. This is a delightful spot, not so grand as the West Sulphur in locality, but very lovely, and enhanced by beautiful buildings and every creature comfort. We returned by way of the Rockbridge Baths and the Natural Bridge. My precious Husband, planning the whole route to give me pleasure, and it was the pleasantest part of my stay in the mountains. The Natural Bridge is even a greater curiosity— a more wonderful work of nature than I had anticipated. The children, Annie and Henry, met me in Richmond. We returned home the first week in October. Isaac had everything clean bright and comfortable for us, and never before did I return to my home with such an intense thankfulness. Plumer was certainly better than he would have been had he remained at home, but he was far from being decidedly benefited and his condition

was one calculated to fill me with apprehension. Nevertheless my heart was filled with gratitude to my heavenly Father for our safe reunion in our pleasant home, and I could cast all my care for my husband upon the great Physician. Cannon improved greatly, and has seemed better ever since. Anne Jones came to us about two weeks after my return, and the children resumed their lessons. In the mountains I engaged a Mrs. Perkins to live with me to attend to my dairy, fowls, etc. and to take charge of household matters during my frequent absences. She came in November and promises to be a great comfort to me. May the Lord enable me to do her good. I have had a quiet, happy Fall. Once I went to Richmond with Annie and spent several days— took her to the dentist's where she behaved like a heroic little woman. Two weeks before Xmas Plumer and I spent a week in town. After I came back, Anne and I busied ourselves preparing Xmas gifts for the children.

Mr. Dudley left us in November, and we now have no Presbyterian service, but Mr. Martin has been called and will take charge of the congregation the last of this month.

God has blessed my efforts to organize an Episcopal Church by enabling me to assure \$400.00 as a salary, and, for the present, Rev. Horace Stringfellow has taken charge of us. He preached for us Xmas day, adding so much to the pleasure of the day. We all had a quiet, but truly happy Xmas, far more pleasant than last year. Saturday Plumer had to go to Richmond on business. He was very unwell. The children that day had their companions of the neighborhood to spend the day with them, and Anne and I exerted ourselves to make them have a happy time, and we seemed to succeed admirably. Last night Isaac and Carlita were married and we all witnessed the ceremony and looked at their supper table. The Methodist minister, the Colporteur (who has often been here) came through the snow, sleet, and rain to marry them, and he stayed all night. He is so poor— how I wished I had \$25 or \$30 to give him for a marriage fee.

February 8, 1868. 5th Sunday after Epiphany.

O Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy Church and household continually in thy true religion; that they who do lean upon the hope of thy heavenly grace may evermore be defended by thy mighty power; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Was there ever a time when this prayer was more needed by the church, and each individual Christian! Ritualism and Romanism, Unitarianism, Atheism— (free thinking in every form) are gathering in their victims. O Lord may indeed all true Christians who lean upon thy heavenly grace be evermore defended by thy Almighty power! Defended from thinking their own thoughts, and mistaking their own poor human judgment for the teaching of the Spirit— for they will— Deliver us from ourselves! We have had a dreary winter outwardly— rain, sleet and snow, mud and wet. Yet I have enjoyed the indoor life intensely, and more that I can express for which to return thanks. My children have been well, my own health unusually good, and I have had far more leisure than usual for reading and recreation.

My precious Husband is very, very delicate. To our human eyes he is certainly declining, wasting day by day. I hold me still in the Lord. There are times when anguish will not be subdued, when love will weep and cry out in the agony of separation. I have no one to go to but the Lord. I take it all to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Before them I pour out my sorrow. Before them I am comforted and strengthened. I feel that the Great Physician can if he chooses raise my Beloved, even from the gates of Death, and give him years of health. If it is best for us both He will do so. God knows that my every thought is a prayer for this— my whole life a pleading appeal for my Husband's life! An appeal whose "Amen" however is "Thy will be done." My prayer for myself is



Frederick Plumer Hobson,  
1833–1868.

that I may have strength to live as I pray, that every iota of selfishness may be taken out of my love, that I may not one moment wish to keep him here in suffering, I may not one moment wish to detain him from the rest and joy of Heaven. Oh through Christ Jesus I would rise above all the *mere human* of my love, and in Christ Jesus I would love him as no mere human can love. I would love him here, as we shall love each other in Heaven. God first, each other afterwards. My Father grant me all needed strength! We are one in Christ! I can repeat that daily— hourly, and find present peace and foresee everlasting joy in the future.

I am so happy in the better prospects for Christ's cause in our neighborhood. Mr. Martin has come. We all like him so much, and he and his wife have my prayers and sympathy in the work before them.

☞ Excerpts from the 1868 diary of Frederick Plumer Hobson:

*January 1, 1868.* Cloudy morning, but cleared off very prettily during the day.

*January 4.* Clear fine day. Have four hands on the place. Stephen, Jordan, Davy, and Shepherd. Cutting and hauling wood and straw to the stables etc. Paid Dr. Trent \$4.50 for mutton and butter.

*January 22.* Clear beautiful morning. Isaac sick today. Isaac came out during the morning. Shucking corn at the barn. Mauling rails and hauling.

*January 23.* Rainy morning. Temperature moderate. Shucking corn at the barn.

*January 24.* Clear day... Shucking corn at the barn. Sent Bob to Court House to have power of attorney certified to by clerk.

*January 25.* Clear morning. Temperature colder. Shucking corn at the barn, getting wood and rails. Barthy is sick today. Gave Mr. Goodman \$5.00 to pay hands for shucking corn.

*February 7.* Clear... Bob has carried one of my horses to have a shoe put on. Stripping tobacco.

*February 8.* Clear and very cold. Hauling wood. Gave boys permission to have pony shod.

*February 9, Sunday.* Rainy disagreeable day. No one attended service.

*February 10.* Clear... Wind blustering. Cutting down stalks and hauling.

*February 11.* Ground covered with snow... Stripping tobacco and hauling.

*February 12.* Bright clear day... Calista is sick. Most of the snow disappeared yesterday. Stripping tobacco and hauling.

*March 3.* Clear cold... Commenced fixing hot bed today. Picking up stalks and hauling wood. Too cold and harsh to strip tobacco.

*March 4.* Clear cold morning. Hauling up corn stalks from field.

*March 5.* Clear beautiful day. Getting up stalks. Left home for a visit to Richmond.

*March 6.* Reached Richmond yesterday evening. Rather cloudy day though the sun is out occasionally.

*March 14.* Cloudy damp... They have had two more young calves since we left home.

*March 25.* Cloudy damp disagreeable day. Stayed in bed all day very unwell. Lewis Brock brought down 6 Hogsheads of tobacco and mower attachment with straw and corn for my horses.

*March 26.* Damp, disagreeable... Feel rather better today. Ordered Gwathmey and Morris to send a sack of salt up by Lewis Brock.

*March 27.* Rainy harsh day. I am very unwell today. Rained & froze yesterday evening and last night.

*March 28.* Cloudy, damp... Confined to the house still by the bad weather and indisposition.

*March 29, Sunday.* Cloudy, damp... indications of fair weather in the afternoon.

*March 30.* Indications early in the morning of clear day but clouded up and rained later in the day.

☞ Letters from Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

Eastwood, April 23rd, 1868. Thursday.

My dear Father— Ever since my return I have had it in my heart to write to you, but as you may suppose, there was much to occupy me after my long absence. It was well I came back for there was great need of my presence. I want to do my duty fully, and I trust, indeed, I know that God will give me strength for every hour, but oh, this house is so desolate to me. My heart aches and aches and seems made of pain. I seem to be in a “nightmare” dream from which I must awake to find him somewhere! Yet, I can rejoice that all the pain and suffering is for me alone, while he enjoys the rest of Heaven, and even in the depths of agony, I realise that our Father— God has dealt with us in tender love. I know the full meaning joy in sorrow. My precious Father you must not think me disrespectful when from out of my grief I speak to you and tell you that I have a far more bitter sorrow than this separation from my best Beloved! He is safe with God; and how is it with you my dear Father? I could endure untold suffering if it could avail me to make me know that when Death summons comes to you, it would find you as ready to fall asleep in Jesus as Plumer was. I know your intellect acknowledges and fears God. I know that you pray agonising prayers that God may grant you the Holy Spirit... Father do you wish to find God’s way by the laws he has laid down whereby it is to be found? Are you sure that you have even for one day expended as much energy in endeavoring to conquer self & bring it in subjection to the law of Christ, as you have often wasted in one hour in some fruitless effort, in politics, farming or law? ...I hope, Father, that you have not deemed wanting in respect because I have not consulted you in regard to my business affairs. As the property here all came through the Hobsons, I deemed it best to surrender the management of it to them; and my own plans for the future must be governed by circumstances. We are all well. The children are busy with their books, they talk a great deal about their pleasant stay in Richmond. I shall soon be busy gardening if this good weather continues; the ground is now too hot to work. We all join in much love to Mother, Richard & John, and Aunt M—. The children send you a kiss. God bless you all— Your devoted child *A.J.W.H.*

Eastwood, April 28, 1868.

My dear Mother— There is little of interest to tell about us... I am thankful to see this bright morning, for gardening is already so backward that we have an unusual amount of work to do. I spent nearly all day in the garden yesterday; in the afternoon I was so anxious to get in some vegetables before the threatening rain came that I dropped corn in the rows and planted snaps with my own hands. I am eager for any work that takes me out of myself... I want to be resigned, bravely, cheerfully, serenely, and to do my duty with far greater perseverance and patience than before, but I can only do so now by

Frederick Plumer Hobson died on April 4, 1868 and is buried in the Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Eastwood was described in his estate as follows: “Plan of East—Wood — The Estate of F. Plummer Hobson Esq. Containing 680¾ Acres 7¾ Flat land — 496½ High Land 100 woods, 14 acres yard.” The probate papers incorrectly spelled his name .

God's help. There have been times lately when my spirit was crushed within me, when my bleeding heart would cry out for the presence of that tender love that had so long been the best part of my earthly life— "Oh for just one touch of his hand! One more embrace, one more look from his sweet, tender eyes!" And I could not still the pain nor silence the cry... Mrs. Walker came to see me one day last week, & her sympathy was so sincerely & naturally given that her visit did me good. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. B— sat with me awhile yesterday afternoon; the Doctor had called before and was very kind... The children are in the schoolroom. They enjoy the fine weather. We all unite in love to Father, Uncles John & Richard, and Grandma. May the Holy Comforter abide with you. —Your affect daughter, *A.J.W.H.*

Eastwood, May 12th, 1868.

My dear Mother— It is not that I have been unmindful of your affect. letter that it has not been sooner answered. I am constantly occupied indoors and out, and I have been trying to reply to the many letters of sympathizing friends which had a prior claim to yours inasmuch as they had been longer unnoticed... Our country is now so beautiful; Spring has come so gradually upon us that its charm has been greatly enhanced. Don't you think you can run up while the strawberries are ripe? They are almost beginning to turn now... I know full well dear Mother, that you feel tenderly and deeply for me in my present life— in all my sorrow. I shall always associate you sweetly with my Beloved's last illness. He was so touched by your kind thoughtfulness about him. He loved you Mother, and always spoke of you with sympathy, and affection. I know you loved him... I had such a sad sweet talk with my children last Sunday week; the dear little ones (& not so little now either) seem to miss their Father, and to feel tender sorrow for me. Annie said, "I look at his chair, and wonder if it is really so, Papa will never sit there again. Sometimes I want to see him so much." I am trying to do my duty, to have a cheerful home for my darlings— But there are times when I am so weary & heartbroken, when I feel as if my precious one wanted to have me as much in Heaven as I miss him here, and that it will only be a little while before I shall go to him. God's will be done. I know that as long as there is work and further sanctification for me here I shall not be called hence... Anne and the children are in school. May the Holy Comforter abide with you. —Your loving daughter, *A.J.W.H.*



*Annie Hobson, 1868, daughter of Plumer & Annie Jennings Wise Hobson.*

☞ The diary of Annie Jennings Wise Hobson:

May 30, 1868, Saturday evening, Eastwood.

God has answered my prayers in his own way— the best way I am sure, and I am a lone widow with a bleeding desolated heart— a heart that would be utterly crushed and broken if anguish was not stilled by "Thy will be done" and unselfish love did not whisper "his gain through your sad loss." Faith lights my darkness and whispers "just a little while," and then the perfect union in Christ in that home where there are no partings, no tears, no anxiety, no long sad days, no weary nights. Amen. Aye, Amen though to my poor human vision blinded by tears the way stretches long and dreary before me, and my bleeding heart faints by the lonely path— the desolate way. It is all needed. Though he slay me yet will I trust in him!

October 8, 1868.

I came home. I had dreaded to return and felt as if the house belonged more to the dead than the living. But from the time I entered the house sweet peace and satisfaction came to me. Here were my duties, here my sweetest memories, here Plumer, I am sure, likes to see me best in our home, cheerfully striving to be worthy to meet him in the Home above. Henry has had two chills since my return, and is constantly complaining. I hope when the cold weather comes he may become strong, but I take him to God every day asking my Father to grant him a useful life here or an early blessed life in Heaven as He sees best. I cannot fear for myself since God treads every step of the darkest way with me. I have asked God my many years to undertake for me and mine, and he has done so.

Lord I will lay my hand in thine  
Nor ever murmur nor repine  
content whate'er my lot may be.  
That 'til my God who leadeth me.

I have said nothing of my poor brother. He is dying rapidly of consumption— commenced to decline last Spring and has ever since been getting worse and worse. His sufferings are pitiable to see. Oh, it is sad to human vision to see one so sound and talented cut down early— the eye of Faith sees that it is the will of Him who cannot err. I pray God to give him perfect submission and sanctification in suffering. In turning over I see this book is nearly written full. What a record God's chastening it is. Lord sanctify them to thy handmaiden! Correct me in mercy, not in wrath! Amen.

*my poor brother* This refers to Annie's brother, Henry Alexander Wise Jr., who died February 10, 1869, and is buried in the Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond.

October 10, 1868, Eastwood.

My little Annie is with her Father. She passed to the Angels on the 16th of August. I was in Richmond.

October 16, 1868.

I could not write another line being too wearied in mind and body to dwell on the manner of my darling's death. I was in Richmond— had gone down to stay with Ma while Martha Hobson came to the country for a short respite from care and nursing. God only knew how I felt being separated from my children. Mary Lyons with her children were here, and I felt that it would be selfish not to consent to a short separation when Martha so much needed rest. When I reached Richmond I found poor Hallie bereaved of her dear little baby, who had died the evening before. A little longer than a week after I went down I heard that Annie was not well— Sunday morning— and that evening Jimmie Seddon came down to tell me that Anne Jones had killed my child by giving her a dose of Tartar Emetio instead of Cream of Tartar.

*Anne Jones* According to the diary she was a cousin, but it is not known how she was related to the family.

November 1, 1868, Sunday.

Three times have I endeavored to write about this last bereavement— this woeful shock, and my sick heart made me give up the attempt. Sunday afternoon I had been pacing the porch at Pa's. All day I had been greatly depressed. My thoughts turned with apprehension to my children. Anxiously I recalled the delicate frame of my little Darling daughter to mind— something seemed to say to me "She will live only to suffer— She has the seeds of disease now developing." A voice seemed to ask me, "If God were to call your Darling now— at once to Himself, could you not say cheerfully Thy

will be done.” I found grace to pray that if indeed my child would only live to be the victim of ill health, God would take her in His own time, away from the evil to come. My child was then with God in His home— with her Father in his happiness.

Jimmie Seddon came on horseback to Mr. Hobson’s. John did not know him, told me that there was a young man at the door inquiring for Mrs. Garnett. My heart sank within me, I said to myself, “Ah, that is someone with bad news for me— news from my precious children.” I sat quietly with Pa and Ma not mentioning my fears, but the few moments of suspense that intervened before my fears were confirmed were agony, but I spent them at the foot of the Cross.

Soon the doorbell rang, Richard and Sister had come around. I met them calmly saying, “What bad news from home do you bring me? Is Annie dead?”

Soon the worst was told. I was wonderfully calm. I felt like one in a trance. I went around to Father’s. Oh that night of Anguish when my poor mother’s soul cried out to Christ to come and stand by me, aye, in his very bodily presence, to tell if he loved me!

It seemed so terrible that the poor weak erring girl who would have died for me and my child should have killed her. Yet, I knew that God had as much right to take my child in that way as by lightning, stroke, or disease— life and death belongs to Him. I knew He would not willingly afflict us both. How much poor Anne needed the teaching the sad affliction should have taught her, I will not say here. Once the girl was comfort to me; for eighteen months morbid feeling, and a certain form of selfishness had made her a sad trial.

I am sure my faith needed fiery proof, if not God loved me too well to give me such a trial. All the human within me cried out— *wherefore, to what purpose* my carnal nature asked. I cannot recall the struggle, it sickens me. Glory be to God I have been enabled to rise out of sin, sorrow, and self, and to live the life hid with Christ alone. Had I been capable of bearing a hard feeling to poor Anne I would not have dared to go to the Communion table until it was subdued. Strange to say I had several times warned Anne against that very bottle of Tartar Emetic telling her never to touch it. Had Anne been a perfectly sane person, her conduct would have been criminal. As it is she is only to be pitied. I daily pray to God to take care of and sustain her. She is with her mother and will never live again with me.

I spent six weeks in Richmond. My daily prayer was for cheerful submission to be kept from troubling others with my sorrow, and it was answered. My tears and sighs were spent before God alone. I forgot to mention Henry’s illness. I came home the Monday morning after my darling’s death. That occurred Sunday about one o’clock. I found Jimmie very sick with fever, and that Henry had had fever the day before, he was then up— but Tuesday he was taken with a high fever and for two days I was taken entirely out of myself nursing him. After three days the fever was broken, but he had another attack in Richmond. Oh my anxiety by my sick children is pitiable. I am trying all the time to be willing to give him up— God pity me.

The last night of 1868:

In God’s mercy I close the record of this year of chastening and bereavement, with no new trial— at least no new sorrow to record. On the 10th December, the sale of the personal property took place. It was a bitter day. I will not dwell upon it. I know the worst— I am at least three thousand dollars in debt and know not where the money to pay it is to come from. I shall try to do my best and trust to God to raise up a friend for me in His own way and good time. For a week I was much depressed and cast down. God seemed to leave me to myself to teach me my weakness. I held onto my Father’s



Annie Jennings Wise Hobson,  
1837–1914.



hand through all the darkness, and now in a warm sun I am treading my appointed path in peace and light.

I have had a quiet happy Xmas with my boys, Cornilia Gray and Clio— Endeavoring to make them happy has cheered me. They received presents enough to gratify their anticipation and had some little friends to dinner Xmas. We had not many good things but enjoy them and shared them with others.

Over a fortnight ago poor Mrs. Goodman was called to her long rest— a premature birth— a poor little eight months baby living, the mother paying her life for it. I trust she was ready for her Master's call! Nine motherless children, a sorrowing family. I have pledged myself to do all I can for them.

I have precious thoughts of my loved ones in Heaven celebrating the birthday of Him who was the Christ Child before the Risen Savior. Surely some angel has sung a song of peace and good will that [illegible] sorrowing spirit. I feel inexpressibly cheered and calmed, and bless God for all his mercies— for my sainted Dead, the pleasant home, a refuge of peace still spared me— my precious boys, life's duties— Above all for the gift of Jesus Christ, the Holy Comforter, for the privilege of saying Our Father in Heaven. To the everlasting keeping of the Blessed Trinity I commit myself and all near and dear to me. Amen.



### 1869–1876

It was a new and changed world in 1869 for Annie Jennings Wise Hobson, a widow of thirty-one. Before the Civil War she had a position of affluence on her large farm, Eastwood. At the end of 1868 she was a widow with two small children, and her life had, over the years, been saddened by the deaths of four other children. The affluence that she had previously enjoyed was in 1869 a world of debt. There are no known writings, letters or diaries, of hers for the next fifteen years. In 1869 she opened a school at Eastwood where she took in boys to board and also taught local girls from the neighborhood. In 1934, Karl

The Hobson family cemetery monument describes Plumer Hobson: "Patient in Tribulation, made perfect through suffering." The monument also records the births and deaths of five of his six children: John Cannon Hobson, 1857–1890; Annie Wise Hobson, 1860–1868; F. Plumer Hobson, July 1862–April 1863; F. Plumer Hobson, July 1864–November 1865; and Marianne Douglas Hobson, April–September 1866.



*The Wythe House, Williamsburg, Virginia, 2006. Bruton Parish in background.*

*The College of William & Mary: Photo taken around 1875–1876 on the steps of the Wren Building, when Annie Jennings Wise Hobson was living in Williamsburg and running a boarding house in the Wythe House for students at the college. In the photo: 1. Annie Jennings Wise Hobson, second row, left of center. 2. Her son, John Cannon Hobson, left & end of second row. 3. Her son, Henry Wise Hobson, second row center—beside his mother. 4. Her nephew, John Cannon Hobson, upper right of photo. 5. Two Wise nephews, far right, front row, Yelverton Peyton Garnett and Jennings Wise Garnett (end of row). Photo courtesy of College of William & Mary.*



*Henry Wise Hobson, sixteen years of age, George S. Cook, 913 Main Street, Richmond, Artistic Photography. Inscribed on the back, "For My Dear Katherine— Papa's daughter, A. J. W. Hobson." Picture was obviously given years later to Henry Hobson's daughter after her father's death.*

Fischer, one of the students, described the school as follows: "The conditions in this house school were ideal. The boys in her home were happy at all times; it was a well ordered household in every way and particular attention was paid to our physical and religious training as well as to the educational side." Annie Hobson moved to Richmond in 1870 when her two sons, John Cannon Hobson and Henry Wise Hobson attended Richmond College between 1870 and 1874. Both boys transferred to the College of William & Mary in Williamsburg and their mother then moved there at the suggestion of her brother, Richard Wise who was a professor at the college. Upon moving to Williamsburg Annie Hobson "took" the Wythe house and ran it as a boarding house for students at The College of William & Mary from where both of her sons graduated. One photograph survives of that time period with Mrs. Hobson and all of the boarders gathered on the steps of the Wren Building. Meanwhile Mary Lyons Wise was living in Richmond and writes to Henry A. Wise:

Richmond, May 12th, 1872.

My beloved Husband— I have been made so happy by receiving your three letters, with the exception of the tidings that you will not be at home for two more weeks! This is my third letter to you and I am sorry to tell you that little darling Sarah was very sick yesterday & all last night with dysenteric symptoms, but is better today and very cross. Neither Annie or myself went to Church this morning, as we staid at home to nurse Sarah, who has had a short nap & wants to go out to play in the yard... I have not words to tell you how much I miss you. I repeat 'tis no home without you & I hope you'll hurry back to your wife who thinks of and prays for you all the time. Devotedly your wife, M. Wise.

Richmond, May 26th, 1872.

My beloved Husband— Johnnie has just come in my room and begs me

write and ask you to come home as soon as your business will allow. He says he has “struck nil” & wants you at the Office. Sarah is relieved of dysentery, but is cutting several teeth & her bowels are very bad tho’ today she seems better & not fretful... Devotedly your wife, *M. L. Wise*.

1876

DEATH OF GENERAL WISE, September 1876:

General Henry Alexander Wise died at his residence, in this city, corner of Fifth and Cary streets, yesterday morning at 11:41 o’clock, after a long and painful illness. He had a complication of diseases, and had not been to the office since the 1st of last April. During his sickness he was surrounded by living relatives and friends, who were untiring in their efforts for his relief from pain and restoration to health. His end was calm, painless, and peaceful. At his bedside stood his wife; his two sons, Dr. Richard A. Wise and Mr. John S. Wise; his three daughters, Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Hobson, and Mrs. Mayo; two of his grandsons; an old negro attendant, and the faithful housekeeper, who has been with the family for the past thirty years.

The General was conscious up to the last, and talked clearly and distinctly to within an hour of his dissolution. Yesterday morning early he was apparently stronger than during the previous night, and in the course of conversation concerning himself said, “I never robbed the poor, and what is better, I never robbed the rich.” Later in the morning, while talking to his son John, and giving him advice concerning the rearing of his children, the devoted father said: “Take hold John, of the biggest knots in life, and try to untie them— try to be worthy of man’s highest estate— have high, noble, manly honor. There is but one test of anything, and that is, Is it right? If it is isn’t, turn right away from it.”

...In 1837 Mr. Wise acted as a second of Mr. Graves of Kentucky, in a duel with Mr. Cilley of Maine—both members of Congress—in which the latter was killed, an occurrence that created a deep feeling in the country and led to much denunciation of Mr. Wise, on whom the chief opprobrium of the affair rested for a time, although from subsequent disclosures it appears that he made efforts to prevent the hostile meeting...

President Tyler’s Nomination Largely Due to Mr. Wise

The nomination of John Tyler by the Whigs in 1840 as candidate for Vice President, in conjunction with General Harrison as President, was largely due to Mr. Wise’s management; and on the accession of Mr. Tyler to the Presidency, after the death of General Harrison, his influence on the policy of the Administration was very great...

As Governor

In December, 1854, he was nominated by the Democrats as their candidate for governor... The contest commenced under the most unfavorable circumstances for Mr. Wise, but was conducted by him personally with exceeding energy and crowned with brilliant success. From January to May he traversed the State in all directions, traveling more than three thousand miles... He was elected Governor by upwards of 10,000 majority.

Entered Heartily Into the War

...General Wise was warmly attached to his soldiers, and it is said that he has on repeated occasions made many and great sacrifices for them. He mingled continually with his soldiers at their campfires, and partook of their scanty fare and shared his own with comrades. He is said to have known every man in his camp by either his Christian or surname. Many pleasant and interesting reminiscences might be printed



*The Wren Building. College of William & Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia, 2007.*

*faithful housekeeper* Eliza, also  
 Ida in some letters.

“The circulation of the Dispatch is larger than the combined circulation of all the other daily newspapers of the City.” —*Daily Dispatch*, Richmond, Virginia.

In 1862 the Rev. Joshua Peterkin had conducted the funeral services for Obadiah Jennings Wise.

in this sketch of the gallant Virginia soldier... Whenever his men were in camp for any length of time he made them cultivate gardens, which supplied the soldiers with vegetables and added to their health...

—*Daily Dispatch*, Richmond, September 13, 1876. (Virginia Historical Society.)

#### Local Matters. General Wise's Funeral

The ceremonies incident to the funeral of the late Hon. Henry A. Wise, yesterday, were of a most solemn and impressive character. Never has Richmond witnessed obsequies which more plainly demonstrated the honor and esteem in which a patriot was held by its people than did the spontaneous and profound tributes that were accorded to the memory of the noted Virginian. All through the day preparations were being made for the sad occasion, and in the evening many of those who could not gain admission to the church followed the procession as it moved away to the city of the dead...

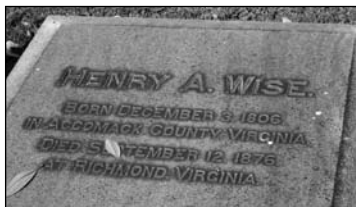
...The beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by Rev. Dr. Peterkin, pastor of St. James Church, assisted by Rev. Charles Minnigerode, D. D., of St. Paul's Church...

#### At Hollywood

From St. James Church the procession moved up Marshall street to Fourth, across Fourth to Franklin, up Franklin to Monroe Park, and from thence to Hollywood Cemetery. There was a vast crowd of people assembled within the enclosure, who had gathered there to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the noted Virginian. The grave was dug near Monroe's tomb, and close to that of his son, Captain O. Jennings Wise, of the old Blues. The grave was bricked up handsomely and lined inside with pure-white cambric, the bed of the grave being lined of beautiful flowers.

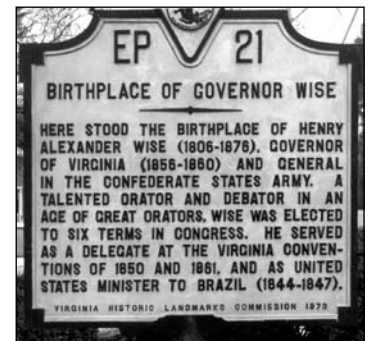
The remainder of the burial service of the Episcopal Church as well as the Masonic service was said at the grave, the regiment fired three rounds, and the sad ceremonies were over.

—*Daily Dispatch*, Richmond, Virginia, September 15, 1876.  
(Virginia Historical Society)



OBITUARY — Ex Gov. Henry A. Wise. Henry Alexander Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia, died at his residence in Richmond yesterday at 12:30 o'clock. Mr. Wise was born Dec. 3, 1806, at Accomac Courthouse... His father, John Wise, was son of John Wise, a Colonel in the British service, and one of the earliest immigrants to Eastern Virginia... The mother of Gov. Wise was Sarah Corbin Cropper (his father's second wife), daughter of Gen. John Cropper. Gov. Wise's father died in 1812 and the mother survived him but one year. Henry A. was taken in charge by his two paternal aunts at Clifton, and he was soon afterward sent to Margaret Academy. When in his sixteenth year he was transferred to Washington College, Pennsylvania, and with much difficulty entered the Sophomore Class, but he shortly made himself known and gave such evidence of oratorical power that he was chosen champion of the Washington Literary Society in a literary and debating contest with the sister society of Union College. Young Wise was declared the victor. He graduated in 1825 before he reached his nineteenth year. Mr. Wise left college in 1825 and commenced the study of law in the school of Henry St. George Tucker, where he remained until the Fall of 1828, when he returned home to cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson at the Presidential election of that year. While at Winchester in 1827 he became attached to Miss Ann Eliza Jennings, daughter of Rev. O. Jennings, D. D., of Washington College and was married to that lady Oct. 8, 1828 at Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Wise settled at Nashville and entered into a law co-partnership with Thomas Duncan... Mr. Wise sighed for his old home in Virginia, and after a period of indecision he left Nashville in the Fall of 1830 and departed for Accomac,

where he entered upon the duties of his profession. His great abilities and legal acumen soon brought him an extensive practice which continued to him until he embarked in politics. He was superior as a criminal lawyer, and his great *forte* lay in his power over a jury. Mr. Wise, as early as 1824, when only eighteen years old, declared himself in favor of Henry W. Crawford of Georgia, the State Rights candidate for President. Owing to indisposition Mr. Crawford was withdrawn and Mr. Wise declared in favor of Gen. Jackson. In 1832 Mr. Wise was selected delegate from the York district to the Baltimore National Democratic Convention. In that convention he supported Jackson, but when Martin Van Buren received the nomination for the Vice Presidency arose and said: "Mr. President, I will not vote for your nominee to Vice President; my vote shall be cast for Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, for that office." In the nullification mania which raged in 1832 he espoused the principles expressed in this celebrated resolution of 1798–9, as reported by James Madison, "that each State for itself is the judge of the infraction and mode and manner of redress." In 1833 he accepted the nomination for member of Congress for the York district from the Jackson party, and contested the seat with Richard Coke, of Williamsburg, a nullifier. The contest was fierce and acrimonious and resulted in the election of Wise by 400 majority and a duel with Coke... The duel was fought on the 25th of January 1835 on the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, on the road leading across the Anacostia bridge in Maryland, not far from Marlborough... Wise's ball fractured Coke's arm, but did not inflict permanent injury, and Wise escaped unharmed. In April 1833 Wise was elected to Congress and in the following October Jackson removed the public deposits. This act of the Executive deprived Jackson of many of his friends, among them Henry A. Wise. Wise was again a candidate for Congress in the Spring of 1835 and had his old rival Coke opposed to him, but Coke withdrew, and Wise was returned unopposed... In the Spring of 1837 Mr. Wise's dwelling house and all his valuable collection of books were destroyed by fire, and a house to which he then removed shared a similar fate. This so affected the nervous system of his wife that she died in the June following leaving four surviving children. The campaign of 1837 found Mr. Wise a candidate for re-election... Again Mr. Wise found himself almost a principal in a duel, this time a fatal encounter, in which Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, shot Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, Mr. Wise, acting as Graves' second. Much blame was attached to Wise for his action in this unfortunate transaction. It was said he instigated the duel, but Mr. Clay, (Henry Clay) who knew the particulars of the affair, exculpated Wise from blame in the matter... The second marriage of Mr. Wise was celebrated in November 1840, the lady being Sarah, the third daughter of Hon. John Sergeant, of Philadelphia. Mr. Wise's name was sent to the United States Senate in 1842 as the Minister to France, but it was rejected by the Whigs. The following year he was returned to Congress by a majority of 400 over Hill Carter of Shirley. Mr. Wise's health was now declining and as a relaxation from the duties of his position his friends procured him the mission to Rio de Janeiro. On the 7th of February 1844 he resigned his seat in Congress and sailed from New York in the following May. He returned home in 1847, his official career having met with the entire approbation of Presidents Tyler and Polk and the Secretaries of State Calhoun and Buchanan. For some time after his return Mr. Wise retired to private life, intending to resume his professional duties, but the campaign between Case and Taylor again brought him into the political arena. In 1850 he was elected to the State Convention which revised the Constitution. During the session of the convention Mr. Wise received intelligence of the death of his second wife. (She also left four children surviving.) For the third time Mr. Wise married, this time in November 1853 to Mary Elizabeth Lyons, of Richmond, sister of James Lyons, a distinguished lawyer of that city. The Gubernatorial campaign of 1855 found Mr. Wise a



*Historical marker, Accomac, Virginia.*

candidate for the highest office in the State, and in May of that year he was elected Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia for four years commencing Jan. 1, 1856, beating Mr. Flournoy, the Know-nothing candidate. In the course of his canvass, Mr. Wise traveled more than three thousand miles. He was elected by 10,000 majority. He published in 1859 an elaborate treatise, historical and constitutional, on territorial government and the admission of States into the Union, in which he upheld the doctrine of Congressional protection of slavery in all the Territories. The seizure of Harper's Ferry by John Brown occurred in the latter part of his term of office, and the execution of that enthusiastic philanthropist at Charlestown was one of the last acts of Wise's administration. The part taken by Mr. Wise in the proceedings which terminated in the breaking out of the rebellion are of too recent a date and widely known to need recapitulation. When hostilities commenced he was appointed Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, and ordered to Western Virginia. He occupied the Kanawha Valley, but was speedily driven out by Gen. J. D. Cox in a series of skirmishes. He then formed a junction with Gen. Floyd's command and served under him until he was ordered to report to Richmond. Afterward he was sent to Roanoke Island, with instructions to defend it. During the attack on the island by Gen. Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough, Wise was sick at Nags Head on the mainland, but the greater part of his brigade took part in the defense, and his son, Capt. O. Jennings Wise, was killed in the action. Making his escape after the surrender of the island, Gen. Wise was ordered to report to Manassas, after which he took no prominent part in the war. Since the war the ex-Governor has resided in Richmond, occupying the former residence of Chief Justice Marshall. Eschewing politics, he diligently devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He had been ill for several weeks, but he bore his sufferings with fortitude, and to the last his intellect remained clear and strong. A few minutes before he expired he said: "My life has been devoted to virtue. I can say that I never robbed a poor man, and what is more, and what is easier, I never robbed a rich one."

—*The New York Times*, September 13, 1876.

☞ An unidentified newspaper clipping after the death of Henry A. Wise:

#### THE LATE HENRY A. WISE

An unpublished sketch of his career, written by himself.

A few years ago, a small volume containing biographical sketches of prominent Americans in public life was published in this city. Governor Wise, of Va., was included in the category. The editor, in order to insure its correctness, transmitted to him proof slips in advance of publication, and the response was the following letter, which is so characteristic of the man, that we are sure its publication will be read with interest, now that his restless and excited life has been brought to a close:

Richmond Va., Nov. 13, 1870.

Gentlemen:

In reply to yours of the 10th inst., inclosing me a proof sheet of my biography which you are about to publish, permit me to say that a much larger compass than one page could not well have contained more errors either as to number or grade.

1. I was not sent to college "by the kindness of relatives" —if by that is meant that they elected for me or furnished me the means of going to college. I elected for myself, and had a patrimony fully sufficient to pay the expenses of my education, and to start me respectably in the world.

2. During the political excitement of 1832–'33, I opposed nullification, advocated the Union, but adhered to the doctrine of States rights as expounded by Mr. Madison; as a Democrat, supported the election and administration of General Jackson, but opposed his proclamation of force, and the force bill enacted by Congress against the State of South Carolina.

3. I served in the House of Representatives of Congress until February 1844. Then I resigned my seat in Congress for the mission to Brazil.

4. I never wrote one word in my life in favor of Stephen A Douglas's nomination; to no nomination of any man was I ever more opposed. The treatise on territorial government and on the admission of new States into the Union, on the contrary, was prepared to demolish his extremely erroneous doctrine of non-intervention by Congress in territorial troubles affecting the equality and rights of the States to settle in territories. Mr. Douglas's doctrines and debates in Congress did more to bring on the Civil war which followed than any other one immediate cause.

5. I was a member of the Secession Convention of Virginia in 1860–'61, but *never* did advise "immediate secession." On the contrary, I advocated warmly adherence to the Union, and, by debate and a minority report, labored to prevail on the Convention to resolve to remain and "*fight in the Union.*" There can be no doubt or dispute about that fact here.

6. I have no recollection of advising the Southern people to "take a lesson from John Brown," though he taught them a lesson which they could not but heed; but I did advise the people of the North to take a lesson from him; "to risk the dangers themselves of war and not to send honest, but deluded, brave fanatics like John Brown to break the national peace and to endure the pains and penalties of their own felony and treason."

7. I was never driven from the valley of the Kanawha by General J. D. Cox, losing the Gauley Bridge and a large quantity of arms and stores. General Cox's forces never met my forces in the Kanawha Valley but once, and that was at Scary Creek, when 350 men under Colonel Paton, repulsed 1,350 men of Cox's command and drove them from the field, capturing Woodruff, Neff, Norton, and De Villies, the field officers of the enemy. I was ordered by General Cooper, of the Confederate War Department, twice, and by General Lee a third time, to retire from the Kanawha Valley before I did retire, and I retired burning Gauley Bridge, of my own will, perfectly unmolested, to White Sulphur Springs. There I was joined with 1,200 men by General J. B. Floyd, who was my senior. He went to Carnifax above the bridge on the Gauley, and left me on the Lewisburg turnpike to Gauley Bridge, to confront Cox. With but 900 men I met Cox's forces at the Hawk's Nest, and drove him thirteen miles back to Bee Creek, when I was met by all his forces, 2,000 men, on Gauley Bridge, and I retired with impunity again. General Floyd was driven from Carnifax by Rosecrans, whilst I was protecting his rear against Cox. He issued orders which I refused to obey, reported me to the War Department, and retreated to Meadow Bluff, twenty-five miles distant, leaving me on the east peak of Big Lewall Mountain, with only 1,619 men opposed to Rosecrans and Cox, with 7,000 men. I had fought them alone for three days until General Lee ordered Floyd back to me, and there, under fire, I was ordered to report to the War Department at Richmond, at the instance of Floyd, for disobedience. General Lee and the President decided I was right and my command, no longer a legion, but a brigade, was restored to me as soon as I rose from a

two month's illness, in the winter of 1861 and 1862, and I was ordered to the slaughter pen of Roanoke Island, where with four hundred and ten effective infantry, after a day's bombardment by thirty-seven iron-clads, an infantry force of 10,000 to 15,000 men were, on the second day of the fight, kept at bay, under close fire for five hours, before there was any surrender. I was at Nag's Head, prostrate with pleuro-neumonia, and was not even pursued on the beach in a very slow retreat to the Cunituck peninsula. I did not escape from the island, and nothing could do me more injustice or the truth more violence than to say: "General Wise afterwards took no active part in the war."

My brigade was re-organized in the spring of 1862, and I was put in command of Chaffin's Bluff, just below Drewry's on the James, and commanded all the peninsula between the York and the James; and with two regiments, without orders, on the extreme right and under General Holmes, fought in the two days' fight at Malvern Hill; afterwards scouted the enemy closely for months and made a *divertissement* in favor of Longstreet by getting in the rear of the seventeen redoubts at Williamsburg, and burning Whitaker's Mill and at least a quarter of a million of stores there at the headquarters of the enemy. In 1863 I was sent to the command of General Beauregard in South Carolina, and took command of the district lying between the Ashley and the Edisto, except James' Island, and with 1800 men repulsed Schiemielfinnig with 6,000, at the Haul Over on John's Island, and at the Abbepoola, nearly destroyed the Marblehead war steamer.

In May 1864, I was ordered with my command back to Petersburg. A part of it, under Colonel Tabb, on the way back, at Nottoway Bridge, repulsed two impinging forces, front and rear, of the enemy's cavalry; on the 9th of May, 1864, with but 800 men I repulsed 5,000 Kautz's cavalry on a line of six and a half miles in their attack upon Petersburg; and in six days afterwards, on the 15th of May, repulsed 22,000 men of General Meade's command under General Baldy Smith, with exactly 2,200 men, fighting all day from 3:30 A.M. to 10:30 P. M., on the same line of defenses around Petersburg; then led the two brigades, my own and Martin's of North Carolina, at Bakehouse Creek, successfully against Butler in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and thereafter broke the lines of the enemy at Howlett's, near Ware Bottom Church, in a desperate charge, and was incessantly under fire from the 18th to the 28th of the month, on the Howlett line, where General Grant says General Butler was bottled up like a fly! I was then put in command of a dangerous portion of trenches around Petersburg, from the Crater to Reve's House, was continually under fire until March, 1865, I was entrusted with the extreme right of General Lee on Hutcher's Run. On the 29th of March, 1865, my brigade alone was pitched into the forces under General Meade, 25,000 strong, on the Military Road, and fought to check them in their advance to turn our right; and again, the 31st of March, on the White Oak Road, with McGowan's Brigade alone, attacked the same unequal force and staggered them with effect; and then followed the retreat of General Lee for ten days and nights from Hutcher's Run to Appomattox, in which I was zig-zagging at double quick from right to left and back again continuously under fire, either leading the front or bringing up the rear. I had seven pitched battles, I may say, in the ten days and nights, and at Sailor's Creek, in the retreat, saved two brigades and took them through safe, the only confederate forces which kept their organization that day in that fight. For this, when I came up with General Lee, at or near Farm-



ville, I was complimented and promoted by him against my protestations. I was with him at the surrender of Appomattox, and my brigade fired the last infantry guns that day for the Confederate cause.

So now, sir, you see how unjust it would be to the United States or to me to say “General Wise afterward” (meaning after Roanoke Island) “*took no active part* in the war.” If it was treason it would be unjust to the United States to say case of a prosecution for active hostilities; if it was brave, patriotic, “active” in me to do what I did, why, undoubtedly I was ten-fold more active in the last than I was in the first year of the war.

In conclusion, it is but just or due to say, that since the war I have tried to keep the peace and obey the laws, and in good faith and honor to observe the terms of my capitulation on the 9th day of April, A. D. 1865. I surrendered my arms on condition to be allowed my horses and arms, and on the parole of a soldier’s honor “to go to my *home*, and to remain unmolested in all respects, as long as I obeyed the laws.” I was not allowed to go to my home; but by a written order was prevented from going there lest I might offend or oust the protégées of the Freedman’s Bureau. They were for years since the war in full possession of my home and almost destroyed it. I was then prohibited from practicing my profession of the law, until 1866, when for the first time I was allowed again to work for my living according to God’s command, not His curse; and then I went humbly back to the calling in which alone I was trained, to earn “daily bread” for a very dependent family, stripped of everything but honor, and with no other liberty left but to live and work.

If I have been “occasionally heard from,” it was not intentionally on my part. An old man, wrecked in every hope save that of heaven, not without hope in God, but without hope in the world, I may, I trust, be allowed to quietly subside in peace. That will be the best for the remnant of my days, and, I pray, may be an everlasting rest and joy for me in heaven. You have been charitable: “Henry A. Wise is entitled to the tribute of honest and earnest purpose in a “lost cause.” That is true before God. My purpose was never to secede from the Union, and to fight all oppressors under the aegis of its Constitution; not for the inglorious privilege of being master of a slave; I would not have given a drop of the blood of my little finger for that curse; but for the inalienable right of domestic, State, civil, self-government, and for my own liberty, guarded by the Constitution and laws.

For these I fought and would fight again. For these I was “*honest and earnest*” and when I forsake these may “my right hand forget its cunning.” I am no penitent; I *know* now what I only *thought* at the beginning— *that I was right*, “sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,” to fight for these. I am no penitent. I rather rejoice that the war occurred. It lost me every earthly comfort, but largely compensated by abolishing the curse of slavery, even though *vi concitate belli*, and by relieving my heirs forever from its responsibility and sin, and especially from its weakness for war, itself a wickedness which turned upon the masters. I make no recantations, utter no palinodes and mourn only for irreparable and inestimable losses. The United States have not money enough to bribe me, nor force enough to drive me, to take, touch or taste a test oath— that most odious instrument of tyranny; “before I would permit my forefinger and thumb to touch the pen to sign it, my right hand should be cut off at the wrist, and be nailed to a guide post to point the way to a gibbet.” So Pettigrew said concerning the test oaths of nullification in South Caro-



Henry A. Wise. Photo courtesy of the Valentine Richmond History Center, Richmond, Virginia.



Wise family plot, Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia. Buried in this plot are Henry A. Wise, his first and third wives, Anne Elizabeth Jennings Wise and Mary Lyons Wise, Obadiah Jennings Wise, Henry A. Wise Jr. and his wife Harriet Haxall Wise, their son Obadiah Jennings Wise Jr., and Richard A. Wise and his wife Maria Peachy.

lina, and so I say to the test oaths prescribed by Congress. I said all I meant and meant all I said, and tried my best to *do* all I said and meant for “the lost cause.” What is “*the lost cause?*” Ah! would only that the host of voters in the United States would “do truth and come to the light.” And see that the Confederacy is not the only cause lost. The Constitution is lost; the Union defined by it is lost; the liberty of States and their people, which they both at first and for half a century guarded, are lost. I am anxious only that the truth shall be told and felt. I wish to live only a little while to see the true spirit of constitutional liberty and laws under a free *republic* of States and their people revived, and I pray to be ready to go then when my only Master in the universe calls. I am willing, freely willing and more than anxious that all men of every race shall be as free as I wish or claim to be; but, whilst slaves are being made free, I protest against freemen being made slaves! Respectfully yours,

—Henry A. Wise.



On December 13, 1876, three months after the death and funeral of Henry A. Wise, the following news items appeared on pages two and three of the *Richmond Daily Dispatch*:

Trimming Down Presidential Power—

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, spoke of the President of the Union as a man who has to “appoint postmasters and sign commissions during the next four years.” What a trimming down of presidential power there is here compared with the unlimited authority Grant has exercised.

Senator Elected

Denver, Col., December 12. Henry M. Teller has been elected United States senator from Colorado for six years commencing on the 4th of next March.

It would be another eleven years before the life and work of Henry Wise Hobson, Henry A. Wise’s grandson and perhaps one of the two grandsons at his bedside when he died, would intersect with the work of these two Senators. That would happen far from Virginia, in Colorado and Utah. Nobody reading the *Richmond Daily Dispatch* in 1876 could have begun to imagine those future events. During Annie Hobson’s absence from Eastwood, it was leased out and then sold in 1880 for \$15,500. Eastwood was destroyed by a fire in 1941. By 1880, Annie’s younger son, Henry Wise Hobson, had completed law school and was working in Richmond with his uncle, John S. Wise, in the firm of Wise & Hobson, but it would not be long before Henry Hobson would leave Virginia.