

Memoir of John Rowzee Garrison, II

Contributed By: Great Grandson, Steve Klein

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Preface

Every memorial, which tends to preserve and perpetuate the knowledge and remembrances of our ancestors, and of those near to us by ties of both blood and affection is always esteemed and cherished when death has removed them from the living. It is then that memorials of departed loved ones possess for us a sort of mystic power to call back again sweet memories of the past, and to awaken in our hearts feelings of love and respect, which death nor time can never extinguish. And yet, with all the facilities that are afforded, how few preserve a written record of those, or whom they are and from whence they came. In a few years, comparatively speaking, all living witnesses have passed away, memory has become obscured or obliterated, and tradition, shadowy and uncertain, is all that is left by which the history of our ancestors may be traced. The design of this record, long cherished by the writer, is to collect as far back as possible, and leave it my children and to their descendants to preserve a correct memorial of my family history, both lineal and collateral, to perpetuate in making it in all respects as full and complete as possible. The design is not limited to a bare recital of genealogical facts -- births, marriages and deaths -- but is intended to embrace matters of interest in family history, as well as personal experience and advice. I commend it to my children when I am gone, with the request that they will not suffer a written record of themselves and their family history to perish from the earth. And I cherish and express my earnest hope that in the lives of my children and their descendants, of all who bear my name or may class me among their ancestors, no act shall ever occur, which any or them would hesitate or blush to record upon these pages.

My Aunt Nancy, a most estimable Christian lady,

**John Rowzee Garrison,
Washington, D.C. November, 1879**

HISTORICAL

The writer of these lines, John Rowzee Garrison, was born in Stafford County, Virginia, on Monday, August 27th, 1838, in the same mansion in which my parents now reside, on my father's farm called "Clover Hill." The dwelling house is quite near Ebenezer Methodist Church and about one mile from Garrisonville.

My father's name is also John Rowzee Garrison, but as a matter of convenience I have never added Junior in writing my name, since I always sign my name, J. R. Garrison. Among his neighbors in Stafford, he is nearly always called by his middle name (Rowzee).

My earliest recollections of the home of my boyhood are exceedingly bright and pleasant. And indeed all that is connected with my life at my old home in Stafford, from childhood up to the years of maturity and manhood, is rich in holy and hallowed associations, which will live while my memory endures. My parents, who are at this present blue still living at the old homestead, have ever and always been as kind and considerate and careful for my happiness, as any with children were ever blessed.

The natural scenery around the home of my childhood is somewhat wild and rugged' a brokenrolling landscape, varied with bold hills and broad woodlands of pine and oak. Nature in such aspect seems to get a firmer hold on our lasting memory and affection, than when she is presented in less rugged and more pleasing dress. And these familiar scenes -- the well remembered trees and hills, streams and forest afford always to my mind a bright refreshing picture of the happy past.

Here in old Stafford, near to my own birthplace, my father was born, on Tuesday Christmas day, 1804. The house in which my father was born is no longer standing, but the place where it stood is about one quarter of a mile west from his present residence and on the farm on which his father lived.

My father was the second son of Moses Garrison and Nancy Garrison whose maiden name was Nancy Atchison. My Grandfather and Grandmother on my father's side, were both natives of Stafford County where they resided all their lives. They had four children, all sons: Roy A.; John R. (my father); Moses W. and James (who were twins); Roy A. M. Garrison, at the present time resides in Washington, D.C.; Moses W. Garrison in Montgomery, Alabama; and my father in Stafford County as before stated. James Garrison died a number of years ago.

Moses Garrison, my grandfather, was the son of John Garrison, also a native and resident of Stafford County. His wife, Betty (whose maiden name was Betsy Ennis) was of Scotch descent. My Great Grandfather, John Garrison had seven children, five sons, namely; Moses, Jesse, John James and William and two daughters, namely Betsy and Nancy.

My father was married in Stafford County on Saturday, February 4th, 1826 by the Reverend Peyton to Miss Frances Hudson daughter of Samuel Hudson and Susanah Hudson of Stafford County. My mother was born in Stafford Count, Virginia on Saturday, July 9th, 1803 at the then residence of her father, called "West Farm", the locality of which is about four miles from my father's present residence, and in the direction or Stafford Court House. Her father, Samuel Hudson, was born in Maryland and her mother, whose maiden name was Susanah Rogers, was born in Stafford County.

remembered with love for her Charities and kindness, died at her residence near my father's house in Stafford County in the month of November 1876. She and her Sister Elizabeth had always lived together, in the same dwelling and at the same place where my grandmother died (maternal). Neither of these two sisters ever married. After the death of my aunt Nancy, my Aunt Elizabeth (or as my sister and myself affectionately her, Aunt Bay, removed to my father's residence. Her health was at that time very infirm; and she did not long survive her sister Nancy, but quietly passed away from earth in the month of February, 1878. I was always regarded as a special favorite by my Aunt Elizabeth and many happy days of my boyhood, rendered doubly bright by her kindness and considerations are now remembered with feelings of sincere pleasure and high esteem for her whose face I shall see no more on earth.

My Mother was much attached to Miss Catherine. When the news of the death was

My father had three children, Emma, John Rowzee (the writer of these lines) and Florence Hudson (now deceased). Emma, my sister was the oldest, and was born in Stafford County, Virginia, near to Falmouth, on a farm at a place called the Race Fields, on Wednesday, December 25, 1833. The writer, John Rowzee Garrison, was born on Monday, August 27th, 1838 at the present residence of my father near the Ebenezer Church in Stafford County.

My brother Florence Hudson (now deceased) was born at the same place, on Monday, April 3d, 1843. He died a soldier in the United States Army (Company B, 104th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry) in the Hospital at Gallatin, Tennessee on Friday, January 2, 1863.

On the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, my brother and myself being loyal to the Government of the United States, were obliged to leave our home and native state, in order to avoid going into the Confederate Army and taking part against the cause of the Union. On the 29th of May 1861 we left home going South by way of Fredericksburg, to Richmond, Knoxville, Nashville, Louisville, and thence to Tonic, LaSalle County, Illinois, where we arrived early in June, 1861.

In the following September, I went to West River, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and took a position as s Assistant Teacher in the West River Classical, located at Owensville in said county. In August 1862, my brother Florence, enlisted in Company "B." 104 regiment Illinois Volunteers, as he remained in Illinois and did not go with me to Maryland. He proceeded with his company (Captain Howe) from Ottawa, Illinois to New Albany, Indiana; and on the trip, riding on the top of a car fin the hot sun, he became effected with a sun stroke, from which I do not think he ever fully recovered. This I did not learn, however until after his death. He was able, or rather by his indomitable will, forced himself to keep up, and do his duty as a soldier, until some weeks prior to his death, when (being affected with chronic diarrhea) he was compelled to go into the hospital at Gallatin, Tennessee, where he died (January 2, 1863).

His death was entirely unexpected to me, as he did not make known to me his true condition of health, and his letters were always cheerful and hopeful. Immediately on hearing the news of his death, I made every effort to get to Gallatin, but it was impossible to do so, as the military authorities would not at that time grant a pass for any purpose. In August following (1863), I proceeded to Gallatin, found my brother's grave in the Military graveyard at that place, disinterred his remains and placed them in a metallic burial case and forwarded them to Washington City and they now repose in the Congressional Cemetery in this District.

He was a youth of unusually bright intellect brave noble and kind hearted, of splendid physique and fine personal appearance. He gave his young life to the cause of duty and what he believed to be right. He has gone to his reward; and loving lands of those who still mourn for his early [departure] wi11 ever keep his grave and memory green.

My sister, Emma, was married in the city of Washington, on he 23d of September, 1862 by the Rev, John W. Hoover of the Baltimore conference, M.E. Church to Nicholas Jones. He was born in Alexandria VA., the son of Captain Peter Jones and Susanna Jones. He was born on Monday December 9th 1833. His father (Pete: Jones) was born in Maryland, February 5th, 1806, died in Washington, June 8, 1852. His mother Susanna M. Jones was born in Maryland, May 2 1812, and died in Washington May 6, 1862. My sister's first child Florence S. Jones (a girl) was born in Washington, Monday, October 26, 1863, died March 5, 1864. She has five children now living, namely: Clarice

communicated to her by letter (at her home at Cloverhill). She was much affected and remarked in a quiet manner, "I expect I shall be the next to go." The words seemed almost prophetic for in six days my beloved Mother was called away from earth. Although she had suffered considerably from palpitations of the heart, she had never been an invalid or consigned to her room, It was her oft expressed wish that she might not become an invalid or helpless In her old age. On Tuesday morning, July 18,1884, she arose apparently in her usual health, and assisted in light household duties, in which she always took great pleasure. After breakfast she was in the garden with her grandchildren, Emma and Mary, daughters of my sister, gathering vegetables, and seemed to take great pleasure in the company of the two children. Some time after nine o'clock, she returned to the house and was last seen alive going to her room, on the first floor of the house with a cup of water and some handkerchiefs. Less than a minute after entering her room, her grandson, Gwynn came in and saw her kneeling by the side of the bed. My sister immediately followed, the family were summoned, but the spirit had departed and only the lifeless body remained. The message had come instantaneously, but her whole life had been a preparation for this last, sad summons, and she was ready.

No better or more devoted mother ever lived, no more steadfast, constant or charitable friend ever passed away from amidst the neighbors and friends that loved her so well. She was a woman conscientious in the extreme, with the highest sense of honor and the most sacred regard for the truth; for the poor and suffering she ever had a feeling heart and a helping hand. She was endowed with a Superior mind and the most excellent judgment; constantly patient with loving advice and self sacrificing devotion to her children, has been to them a blessing for which they will ever hallow her memory.

The sad news was brought to me on the day of her death by my nephew, Nicholas Jones. The next day I reached the old home of my boyhood, and gazed upon the sweet and loving face, which could smile no more at my coming. As the summer sun peacefully declined, over the garden, the old house and the familiar scenes so often brightened by her presence, her remains were laid to rest beside my father, surrounded by many friends and neighbors whose hearts were touched with Menu one sorrow. The last time I saw my dear Mother alive was on the 30th and 31st of May, 1884, about a month and a half previous to her death. The parting at that time was sad in the extreme. She seemed loathe to give up and say goodbye, It will always be one of the most satisfactory reflections on my life, that I took this opportunity, when I could leave my business in Washington to visit my devoted and loving mother. The following death notices From the Virginia Star of July 19,1884 and New York Christian Advocate: "Died July 18 1884 at her home in Stafford County, Va. Mrs. Francis Garrison relic of John R. Garrison in the 81st year of her life, When the Master called she was ready and died as she had prayed to do, suddenly."

{A lot more to this obituary and another one which I did not copy (Shirley Garrison Klein). Following this are a number of newspaper articles to do with the appointment Of John R. Garrison as deputy first controller of the Treasury, the gist of which is: Mr. Garrison was a chief of division and is thoroughly acquainted with its workings. He is a competent official and a skillful lawyer. He has been in the Department since 1863. His selection was influenced by no political or personal considerations, as he declined to apply or furnish political endorsements for the position. Many other clippings -- Baltimore Sun, New York Times, Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, about fifteen more long articles when he was appointed all very pleased, also a copy of when he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court.][ed. Note: Shirley Garrison Klein, granddaughter of the author, John Rowzee Garrison II, wrote the preceding paragraph. She transcribed his handwritten family history on a manual typewriter. This version was scanned and edited for spelling and punctuation on a computer. Other than a few case changes, no words have been changed.]

* John Rowzee Garrison II and Catherine Jane "Jennie" Davis had two children: Dr. Fielding Hudson Garrison, author of "A History of Medicine" and other scholarly works and his sister, Florence Garrison, who assisted him. Fielding and his wife, Clara Brown Garrison had three daughters, Margaret, Shirley, (*my Mother*) and Patricia. Florence never married ---- Steve Klein