

WILLIAMSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PUBLICATION Number 18
Spring 1987

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Williamson County Historical Society

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SPECIAL NOTE

The Editor would like to express the grateful appreciation from himself and his staff for the dedication and loyal work that are so abundantly evident in this Spring Journal. Mrs. Louise Lynch, as always, has faithfully seen that the articles have been reproduced with clarity and with taste.

A special note of thanks, also, goes to Mrs. Dorothy Mosley, who, for the last ten years, has done the typing for us. This year she has gone the "extra mile" and has taken on tasks that were far and beyond her normal duties in order to help the editorial staff in time of need.

Vance Little

Editor

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Publication #17: Clubs and Civic Groups In Brentwood; Williamson County School Commissioners For The Year 1843; "Seven Stars"; "A View From An Oak Tree"; A Walk Down Hillsboro Road; History of Triune; Early Hill Men In Williamson County, Tennessee Between 1786 and 1830; Old Town; The Petticoat Blockade - \$6.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Other available publications on Williamson County are as follows:

1840 Census of Williamson County, Tennessee - \$8.50 + \$1.00 postage.

1850 Census of Williamson County, Tennessee - \$12.50 + \$1.00 postage.

Record Book, Letters of Administration, No. 1, Williamson County, Tennessee, 1838-1855 - \$8.50 + \$1.00 postage.

Directory of Williamson County, Tennessee Burials Vol. 1 - Contains lists of gravestones from old graveyards all over the county. - \$15.00 + \$1.00 postage.

For Sale Cont'd.:

Directory of Williamson County, Tennessee Burials Vol. 2 - This book has the records of burials in Mt. Hope Cemetery in Franklin and many small graveyards over the county that were not included in the first book. - \$15.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Death Records of Williamson County, Tennessee - These records were taken from a book in the County Court Clerk's office for 1881-1882, the official death records on Microfilm at the State Library and Archives and the Funeral Ledgers from the Franklin Memorial Chapel. Most of the death records start about 1909 and go through 1925. In 1914, the State passed a law requiring death records. The dates of births and deaths, names of parents and their places of birth are given as well as where the deceased was buried. So many of the gravestones have been destroyed over the years and this is a great help. - \$17.50 + \$1.00 postage.

Middle Tennessee Crossroads - A genealogical magazine containing three issues each year. It includes Wilson, Lincoln, Marshall, Sumner, Rutherford, Bedford, Davidson, Smith and Williamson Counties. I have discontinued the publication! Back issues available for Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5. - Each year \$10.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Tax Book I, Williamson County, Tennessee, 1800-1813 - This book serves as the first census of the county. The names of the land owners, number of acres of land and usually location are given. Number of black and white poles. - \$12.50 + \$1.00 postage.

County Court of Williamson County, Tennessee Lawsuits, 1821-1872, Books 2 through 8 - This book contains many important records. There are many lawsuits petitioning the court for partition of property. The names of the heirs are given, sometimes even the date of death of testate. In a few instances the wills are included, even though they died in another state. - \$12.50 + \$1.00 postage.

Early Obituaries of Williamson County, Tennessee - Obituaries taken from the local newspapers, 1821-1900. - \$10.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Williamson County, Tennessee Marriage Records, 1851-1879 - These records are taken from the loose marriage bonds and licenses. The bondsman and person performing ceremony are included. - \$15.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Miscellaneous Records of Williamson County, Tennessee, Vol. I - This book contains records from Records Book I in the County Archives and other records that I felt were hidden and important to researchers. Other records were taken from wills, deeds, minutes and lawsuits. - \$10.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Miscellaneous Records of Williamson County, Tennessee - These books contain a "Gold Mine" of information. Most of the information is taken from the loose records in our County Archives. There are depositions from lawsuits, murder cases, divorces and etc. that can not be found anywhere else. It is interesting reading as well as having valuable information. There are Vols. 2, 4, 5, 6. Each Vol. is separate. Vol. 3 is temporarily out of print. It is the same price as above. - Each \$12.50 + \$1.00 postage.

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Survey and Entry Book, Williamson County, Tennessee - The records in this book were taken from Survey Book 1827-1832, Entry Book 1824-1832, Entry Book 1824-1902. These are records recorded of the Grants from the State of Tennessee of the land in Williamson County and will not be recorded in the Deed Books. Acreage, location and adjoining land owners given. - \$15.00 + \$1.00 postage.

Excerpts From Newspapers, Williamson County, Tennessee, 1822-1835 - 114 pages of items of interest. List of occupations, business, estrays, land sales, marriages, deaths &c. Interesting reading. - \$10.00 + \$1.00 postage.

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FOLK ARCHITECTURE IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE

(Topics and Problems in Geography 428)

By: Marjorie Hales

WHAT IS FOLK ARCHITECTURE?

Folk architecture reflects the simplest basic needs of a people for safe, secure shelter, storehouses for grain, domestic animals and tools, and a simple shrine or holy place. Folk architecture includes both the artifacts that shelter people as they go about their daily lives and work and the study of how these artifacts are made and used.¹

There are two basic kinds of architecture: folk and academic. "Folk" is used as a synonym for "vernacular" by geographers, folklorists and anthropologists.² "Vernacular" is a term invented by archeologists to describe buildings built according to local custom in response to the particular needs of a people (both religious and cultural) within the boundaries of locally available resources and materials.³ Folk leans to memory and custom but accommodates change by combining modern materials and building methods with traditional style. The academic type is progressive, moves with fashion, sets trends and leans toward the future while folk resists change.⁴ Popular housing designs tend to disregard the functional qualities of folk architecture.

Architecturally, there are two cultures: urban and rural. Along major routes of travel, urban architecture expanded as far west as the Mississippi River and reflects housing types of eastern cities. According to Fred Kniffen the occupance pattern is distinctly geographic in character reflecting man's rapport with the earth in his housing, field forms, fences, economic activities and routes of transport.⁵

Folk architecture is generally seen in the farms and villages, including the grain elevators of the Midwest. Primitive and rural people achieved a style that has survived modern fashions. It is typified in the settlement period by the use of locally available materials, accommodating to a local climate and fits into the local landscape⁶ such as the log houses in the East, sod houses of the Great Plains, and adobe houses of the Southwest. As the pioneers

moved southward, sophisticated differences in construction became clear. The steep roofs needed in the North to shed snow flattened in the South as the sun rose higher. Doors and windows that were small to keep out cold opened up to catch breezes of the mid-latitudes, and then in the South got smaller again with thick walls to keep interiors dark and cool. Northern houses centered on interior and warm hearths, while in the South houses opened up to patios and verandas, reflecting differences in climates and ways of life.⁷

In the South and specifically Middle Tennessee, in ancient British tradition, there is a strong preference to wooden buildings, even though high quality stone is available. There is no strong stonemasonry tradition, and the builders of Cragfont and Rock Castle in Hendersonville imported stonemasons from Maryland. The use of limestone was restricted to cornerstones and foundations, sills and doorsteps, fireplace hearths and chimneys. Even today, limestone is blasted out of quarries to be ground into gravel, not to be used as a construction material for buildings.⁸

Cragfont, while not folk architecture, is very interesting. It was begun in 1798 by General James Winchester, a Revolutionary War officer who served under Washington. He and his brother, George, arrived in the Cumberland area in 1785 and settled near the fort established at Bledsoe's Lick. Because of the limited architectural and building skills available in Middle Tennessee in pioneer days, they sent for skilled workmen from Maryland to build the type of house they were familiar with in Virginia.⁹ The limestone in the house was hand-hewn, and a one-story ell was included in the original plans, but later a second story was added including an attached smokehouse.

There are four primary features to look for in conducting research of a traditional building: (1) form or floor plan, (2) construction or materials and techniques used, (3) use or how buildings are used to meet their original or successive tasks, and (4) decoration or ways objects are ornamented to add warmth. I will attempt to meet some of this criteria in describing the structures I have examined for this paper. Form changes little and tends to remain stable but fashions are adopted when they can be accommodated. Materials and techniques change. Modern, inexpensive mass-produced materials can be used as long as the building conforms to type. Use

varies - a smokehouse may be used as such only a few weeks in winter. Other times it is used as a storage shed. Decoration relates to fashion and popular taste. Gothic gables may be added to the outside of a traditional hall-and-parlor type farmhouse.¹⁰

I have tried to limit my subject to the early settlement period prior to 1820. I found in my research that after this period in Middle Tennessee as the population grew construction patterns became more sophisticated rather than folk, and builders tended to copy the Federal and Georgian styles of Virginia and the eastern seaboard. The rural communities have tended to rely on the traditional forms but with frequent additions and remodeling, these structures are often hard to recognize and identify.

* * *

THE SINGLE-PEN, DOUBLE-PEN AND I-HOUSE

The single-pen house is a term invented by scholars for the basic building block based on the square or slightly rectangular fundamental one-room English 16 foot square "hall". This essential unit can be endlessly repeated.¹¹ Larger houses developed from single-pen houses were commonly known in Europe so the evolution of the single-pen house did not develop in America. Many builders of single-pen houses fully intended to enlarge them from the beginning as resources and conditions permitted. The process of folk architecture allows people to "cope with problems of getting a fresh start in a new land of expanding spatial needs".¹² Settlers with limited means built small carefully hewn log cabins and enlarged them with frame additions. These small single-pen houses were the result of temporary poverty but not temporary housing. Periodic additions created large rambling houses with plenty of space for all purposes.¹³ "It is clear that the humble log cabins of the first settlers were stout and durable and designed to be maintained and added to as time, resources and a growing family permitted".¹⁴ Marshall contends these cabins were not rude temporary shelters, in conflict to Burchard who believes the log cabin was never regarded as anything but makeshift.¹⁵ He claims the buildings were intended to remain until the soil was exhausted (as was quickly accomplished in cotton and tobacco farming) and the owners moved on. This was a pattern for pioneers and

western miners as well.¹⁶

The single-pen basic dwelling form can be expanded three ways to acquire more space: (1) inside, (2) upward, and (3) side or rear. The basic square can be divided into two smaller rooms, customarily a kitchen and a living area. Loft area is used for sleeping and storage. This results in the hall-and-parlor house.¹⁷ The basic house expanded upwards, doubling the space results in a stack house and is widely seen in urban areas with narrow lots.

An addition to the gable end creates the double-pen house. Double-pen houses are common in this area. They are typically one-room deep, one-story, two rooms with two front doors and the chimney in center or at one end. There are two distinct types dependent on the placement of the chimney.¹⁸ The widely used method of enlarging a single-pen by adding a room to the chimney end with the fireplace opening to each room produces a central-chimney house or "saddlebag". It may be one-story or two with one, two or three front doors, but the constant feature is the central chimney and is one room deep.¹⁹

A central-hall house results when a second block is placed in line with the first separated by a hallway. When the double-pen and central-hall house are expanded upward, the I-house results.²⁰ This is the most popular and the most widely distributed rural dwelling. It developed from the old English unit of one room with end chimney and is recorded in the Delaware-Chesapeake area in the late seventeenth century, crossing the Appalachians as far west as Texas, north to Ohio and throughout the upland South. All I-houses have certain common qualities: gables to the side, at least two rooms in length, one room deep and full two stories in height. However, the basic structure is a one-story dogtrot house with a second story added and weatherboarded.²¹ Nearly every I-house has some sort of rear addition - a one or two story ell in which the kitchen is located.²² The central passage or hall provides a better location for stairs. Chimneys were usually built on an exterior wall (gable or end wall). By 1800 the majority of brick houses built in Tennessee had fireplaces which projected into the houses providing nooks often used for boxed stairs. After 1825 chimneys built of limestone or a combination of brick and limestone projected outside the gable walls to minimize heat retention.²³

Typical I-houses are Grassland and Harpeth Side in Williamson County. The land Grassland sits on was originally a grant of 640 acres given to William Leaton, a signer of the Cumberland Compact of 1780. The main house built in 1802 was originally two log rooms and dogtrot, and in 1846 was enlarged by later owners. Three large rooms and two hallways were added downstairs as well as a separate kitchen. A fine staircase led upstairs to four large rooms, a small one and a hall. The dogtrot was enclosed and the structure was weatherboarded at this time, and double portico added to the front. The doors are original to this period. The house was used as an inn and a mail station, and was the first voting place for the Seventh District.²⁴

There is a cemetery on the property which contains the graves of the first white owners as well as later black tenant farmers. Of the 80 graves known to be there, it includes the graves of John Stuart (1725-1799) and his wife. He came from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1790. His son, Thomas Stuart, was elected in 1809 as the first judge of the Fourth Circuit District which included Williamson County. He is thought to have served longer than any judge in the state. He provided for tombstones for his parents buried at Grassland but his mother's has disappeared.²⁵

Harpeth Side was built in 1805 by John Motheral, a Revolutionary War soldier, who bought 500 acres that was part of a land grant. The house originally faced the Harpeth River, but when the roadbed was changed, a double front porch was added to the north side, the logs were framed over and a frame ell was added to the rear. The house was originally built of logs with four rooms and a hall, two up and two down. It was not intended as a dogtrot but central-passage I-house. Whole trees in the rock-walled stone floored cellar were used as uprights to support the house. At Motheral's death, the home went to his daughter, Mary, who married Dr. Joel Walker in 1830. Dr. Walker served as a member of the Tennessee General Assembly from 1821-1831 and 1843-1844. He was Speaker of the Senate in 1829-1831, and was a member of the 25th General Assembly when he died of pneumonia in 1844. He is buried in a family cemetery nearby.²⁶

The cemetery at All Bright Hill at Bingham contains tombstones of the Boyds, Walls and other family branches as well as a

few neighbors. The house was built by William Irby Eoyd in 1799 and is one of the oldest houses, if not the oldest, as claimed by the present owner, Bill Powell, still standing and occupied in William-son County. Originally built of hand-hewn, squared-off logs, in 1850 a two-story addition was built on the rear and a one-story wing to the side. It was weatherboarded at that time.²⁷

* * *

THE LOG HOUSE

The most distinguishing trait of homes in the Mid-Atlantic States is log construction - laying logs horizontally and notching them together at corners to form walls. It was introduced into the colonies by Germans, Swedes and Finns in the Delaware Valley of southeastern Pennsylvania.²⁸ The English brought the knowledge of frame construction, while the French technique of logs placed close together vertically came with the French migration down the Mississippi from Quebec. This type of construction does not meet the true definition of a log house but is a very old architectural construction dating to the Neolithic period in Europe.²⁹

The types of southern mountain cabins are most generally English in form, while the outbuildings, barns and fences are Pennsylvania-German. Southern mountain folk architecture is basically English and German while the majority of mountain people are Scotch-Irish. The culture of these people that has received the most attention - pottery, stories and songs, food, quilt patterns, farm implements, folk dances - are mainly English and Scotch-Irish. The architecture tends to balance the picture of mountain culture blending the Teutonic knowledge of construction with the Gaelic lifestyle.³⁰ In traveling in Wales, I found woven coverlet patterns identical to old Tennessee patterns, such as is on display at Wynnewood in Sumner County.

According to James Patrick, the eighteenth century dwellings of round or roughly squared logs were built for temporary use but gradually became the architecture of the rural poor. Squared-log construction was used chiefly in houses but round logs were used in barns and outbuildings. Squared-log houses could be neat and tight. There is a "considerable difference between a cabin made of round logs, roof of boards, chimney of sticks, a slab for a door, no

window, a puncheon floor", and "a house of hewn logs, a shingled roof, brick chimney, plant floor and glass windows".³¹

The techniques of log cabin construction were important elements in the migratory patterns of the early settlers. With simple tools and trees within easy reach, the pioneer had the assurance he could provide security for his family and himself. Without this basic knowledge, the migration of pioneer families might have been fewer, despite the strong economic incentives to move South or West.³²

The log cabins at Sunnyside in Sevier Park in Nashville are pre-Revolutionary and considered the oldest structures in the Cumberland Valley. They were constructed by the French as a trading post with the Chickasaws and Choctaws. The Indians refused to bring their pelts to the French post at French Lick where the Cherokees traded, and the French found it necessary to build a post located across the stream that divided the hunting grounds of the tribes - a stream that still flows today in Sevier Park. The two-story building is said to be the home of the factor of the post and of the priest who always followed the French into a trading territory.³³

An early pattern book for immigrants suggests a list of tools to be included in their wagons and suggested that a carpenter be included when a group of people traveled together. This book includes instructions for building comfortable even though temporary structures of materials at hand, such as wood, earth and gravel.³⁴ These early construction manuals included plans for outbuildings and suggestions for making life more comfortable in the wilderness, such as strong cellar walls for storage access and crawl space under cabins so dogs and cats could keep the area free from vermin, a particular problem.³⁵ These simple books of proportions allowed a carpenter free rein to express himself by embellishing windows, cornices, chimney tops and pediments following traditional patterns originally produced in stone in Europe, now reproduced in wood.³⁶

There are numerous styles of log notching or corner construction, some requiring more skill than others, such as full-dovetailing. In some areas, notching is invariably on top, in others on bottom only "since any fool knows that to notch the

top would provide a pocket for collecting water to rot the log".³⁷ The farmer's idea of progress in the nineteenth century was to apply horizontal siding or weatherboarding soon after construction was completed which provided protection to the logs and chinking and with the addition of gables and porches from the outside gave the appearance of fashionable frame construction even though the interior was traditional.³⁸

There is disagreement about the origin of the dogtrot house - two equal pens with a floored open breezeway between, all covered with one roof. Some researchers attribute the house to Scandinavia, but Glassie claims it developed in the Tennessee Valley, and is actually a sub-type of the hall-and-parlor from Tidewater Virginia, North Carolina and eastern Georgia.³⁹ Dogtrots were essentially one-story with a sleeping loft entered by stairs or ladder from the trot.

In the 1780s Daniel Dunham built the log cabin now on the grounds of the Belle Meade Mansion in Nashville on 640 acres of wilderness west of Nashville on the Natchez Trace. "Dunham's Station" became an outpost for pioneers on the frontier, a refuge from the Indians, and by 1793 provided a mail service. Dunham's son sold the cabin and tract of land to John Harding of Huguenot ancestry who came from Virginia in 1805 with his father, Giles, and younger brothers and sisters.⁴⁰ John lived in the cabin with his family until his larger house was completed in the 1820s. Under the ownership of John's son, William Giles Harding, the estate became the oldest thoroughbred breeding farm in America. Iroquois, the only American horse to win the English Derby, was raised at Belle Meade and is buried there.⁴¹

Wynnewood is the largest log structure ever erected in Tennessee. The main house is 142 feet long with an open hallway through the center. Some of the logs are thirty-two feet long. The area that is now known as Castalian Springs was earlier called Bledsoe's Lick. A hunter, Isaac Bledsoe, discovered the sulphur springs in 1772 by following buffalo trails through the Cumberland Valley to the grazing grounds of herds of buffalo and elk attracted to the area because of the salt the spring contained. In 1783 Bledsoe moved his family to a stockaded fort he had built on a hill overlooking the lick. In 1792 he was ambushed and killed by Indians as he was clearing a field.⁴² Part of the original grant to Bledsoe was sold in

1798 to General James Winchester, builder of nearby Cragfont, who later gave it to his daughter, Almira. Almira married Colonel Alfred Wynne in 1823, and in 1828 in partnership with two other men, Wynne had this log building constructed to serve as a stage-coach inn and mineral spring resort. It was situated on the road that led from Baltimore through East Tennessee to Nashville on the Cumberland River.⁴³ There was no architect employed. The hand-hewn logs were laid according to the style of the times. The original plan and construction is preserved. The outbuildings in the rear are claimed by the tour guide to be the oldest lived-in structures in the Cumberland region. The Tennessee limestone foundation is thirty inches thick. Mrs. Wynne named the place Castalian Springs after Castalia, a fountain on Mount Parnassus sacred to the gods.⁴⁴

Most breezeways were eventually enclosed when siding was applied to the log house. If the hall was never opened, it is a central-hall house.⁴⁵ A house with a wing added to the rear or end with a breezeway, but the parts are not equal or symmetrical is not considered a dogtrot.⁴⁶

* * *

BARNs, FENCES AND OUTBUILDINGS

According to John Hart, "'barn' means different things to different people". The Germans brought the knowledge of barn types to the new world, but it was the Scotch-Irish moving south and westward who used the knowledge.⁴⁷ As the occupance pattern moved southward, there was a steady modification of climate and as a result the barn types changed. Corn replaced wheat as a staple crop and there was no further need for a threshing floor in the barn. Free-ranging cattle did not need the protection of barns in the milder winters. These natural changes caused alterations in the form and function of the barn.⁴⁸ Barns were needed mainly for storage of corn and hay and equipment. A variety of barn types developed from the log crib type, and additions to the sides were simple lean-to sheds for tools and equipment.

Log structures could not be larger than 24-30 feet because of the limitation of log size. Two cribs built side by side or facing each other covered with a common roof made a double-crib barn.

A four-crib barn has one square crib at each corner with a complete loft above. Cribs were separated by runways, side to side and end to end. The side openings were closed to provide more storage inside and openings at the gable ends made it easier to tack lean-tos on the sides. The shift from side openings to end became a standard and critical change in the function of the barn.⁴⁹ The gable ends with a sheltered opening became a distinctive feature of southern barns. The hay-fork track which allowed a farmer to lift hay from the wagon below projected beyond the barn and is protected by an extension of the barn roof.⁵⁰

The southern barn is generally built of wood, but occasionally in smaller outbuildings decorative brickwork can be found providing a draft and ventilation. This form of brickwork was used as early as the fifteenth century in England and can be seen in Pennsylvania barns, as well as in northern Georgia and Kentucky. This simple device of omitting bricks is a superb example of the bricklayer's craft.⁵¹ This is not an example of folk architecture but an extremely sophisticated art.

The outbuildings, such as the cribs and smokehouses, generally served other purposes than the original intention in off seasons. The storm cellar on Hwy. 96 East is seldom seen in this part of the country. It is more typically constructed in the Midwest.

Many backwoods cabins set in the privacy of the wilderness dispensed with privies, but as settlements grew, they became a necessity. However, by that time sawmills had been set up and sawn lumber was available for these necessities.⁵²

The materials of which fences are built are often an indication of soil, vegetation and climatic conditions, and are often a measure of the builder's ingenuity to provide maximum protection at minimum cost.⁵³ The fence serves two purposes: to protect the livestock and bound the field.

The stone fence generally indicates poor thin soils. It symbolizes poverty of soil and agriculture and is a method to rid excess stones from the ground.⁵⁴

The worm or snake fence was common during the nineteenth century but is rapidly disappearing because of the diminishing supply of wood on most farms and the wasteful use of land requiring a six to eight foot strip around the field boundaries.⁵⁵ It, however,

outlasts all other wooden fences. It "can't fall down because no construction of man can be more tumbledown in appearance and construction. It simply rots in its tracks, sinking back to earth as the lower rails disintegrate".⁵⁶ Some snake fences have no support at corners so it can be easily moved, but most have rails or stakes set at an angle or vertically at rail junctions to provide stability. This is called a stake-and-rail fence.⁵⁷

I have found in my observations of Tennessee farms and barns that while the method of farming may have changed with the modernization of machinery, the function of the barn remains much the same.

* * *

CONCLUSION

Kniffen states that it is "difficult if not impossible for an individual ever to change from the culture in which he is nurtured".⁵⁸ The forms of folk architecture remain even as materials change. We look to these simple traditional forms for stability in our ever-changing environments. The study and documentation of folk architecture serve as a means to learn how a vigorous people built functional shelters for life and work in harmony with their physical surroundings.⁵⁹ Kniffen concludes that "humbler buildings, by reason of their adherence to type and numerical superiority are far more important as markers of basic cultural processes than are uniquely designed individual structures".⁶⁰

FOOTNOTES

- ¹Howard Wright Marshall, Folk Architecture in Little Dixie (Columbia and London: University of Missouri Press, 1981), p. 17.
- ²Ibid., p. 19.
- ³Charles W. Moore, Kathryn Smith and Peter Becker, eds., Home Sweet Home (New York: Rizzoli International Publications, Inc., 1983), p. 12.
- ⁴Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 20.
- ⁵Fred Kniffen, "Folk Housing: Key to Diffusion", Annals, Association of American Geographers 55 (1965): 552.
- ⁶Jan H. Brunvand, The Study of American Folklore (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1968), p. 274.
- ⁷John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, The Architecture of America: A Social and Cultural History (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1961), p. 28.
- ⁸Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 90.
- ⁹Roberta Seawell Brandau, ed., History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee (Nashville: The Parthenon Press, 1936, 1964), pp. 281-283.
- ¹⁰Marshall, Little Dixie, pp. 24-25.
- ¹¹Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 27.
- ¹²Ibid., p. 46.
- ¹³Ibid., p. 96.
- ¹⁴Ibid., p. 44.
- ¹⁵Burchard, Architecture of America: A Social and Cultural History, p. 59.
- ¹⁶Ibid., p. 29.
- ¹⁷Marshall, Little Dixie, pp. 40-41.
- ¹⁸Henry Glassie, Pattern in the Material Folk Culture of the Eastern United States (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1968), p. 102.
- ¹⁹Kniffen, Folk Housing, p. 561.
- ²⁰Marshall, Little Dixie, pp. 40-41.
- ²¹Kniffen, Folk Housing, p. 555.

Footnotes Cont'd.:

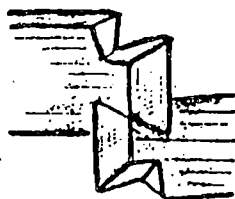
- 22 Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 62.
- 23 James Patrick, Architecture in Tennessee, 1768-1897 (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1981), p. 69.
- 24 Virginia McDaniel Bowman, Historic Williamson County, Old Homes and Sites (Nashville: Blue and Gray Press, 1971), p. 86.
- 25 Ibid., p. 101.
- 26 Ibid., pp. 87-88.
- 27 Ibid., pp. 155-156.
- 28 Terry G. Jordan and Lester Rowntree, The Human Mosaic (New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1979), p. 255.
- 29 C. A. Weslager, The Log Cabin in America (New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press, 1969), p. 81.
- 30 Henry Glassie, "The Types of Southern Mountain Cabins", The Study of American Folklore (New York: W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1961), p. 362.
- 31 Patrick, Architecture in Tennessee, p. 17.
- 32 Weslager, Log Cabin in America, pp. 43-44.
- 33 Brandau, Homes and Gardens of Tennessee, p. 139.
- 34 C. P. Dwyer, Immigrant Builder, or Practical Hints to Handy-men (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson and Haffelfinger, 1872), p. 129.
- 35 Lewis F. Allen, Rural Architecture (New York: C. M. Saxton, 1852), p. 55 ff.
- 36 Burchard, Architecture of America, p. 62.
- 37 Kniffen, Folk Housing, p. 575.
- 38 Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 22.
- 39 Glassie, Pattern in Material Folk Culture, p. 89.
- 40 James H. Jesse, "Dunham's Station Combines Food, Sense of History for a Good Meal", The Nashville Tennessean (May 19, 1985).
- 41 Brandau, Homes and Gardens of Tennessee, p. 125.
- 42 Pamphlet, Wynnewood 1828, Tennessee Historical Commission (Athens, AL: Kuykendall's Press).
- 43 Brandau, Homes and Gardens of Tennessee, p. 275-276.

Footnotes Cont'd.:

- 44 Thomas B. Brumbaugh, Martha I. Strayhorn and Gary C. Gore, Architecture of Middle Tennessee (Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1974), p. 134.
- 45 Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 53.
- 46 Classie, Pattern in Material Folk Culture, p. 98.
- 47 John Fraser Hart, The Look of the Land (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1975), p. 130 ff.
- 48 Kniffen, Folk Housing, p. 574.
- 49 Hart, Look of the Land, p. 132.
- 50 Ibid., p. 133.
- 51 Eric Arthur and Witney Dudley, The Barn (Greenwich, Ct.: New York Graphic Society, Ltd., 1972), pp. 102, 235.
- 52 Alex W. Dealer and John O. Ellis, The Log Cabin (Barre, Mass.: Barre Publishing, 1979), p. 144.
- 53 H. F. Raup, "The Fence in the Cultural Landscape", Western Folklore VI (1947): p. 7.
- 54 Ibid., p. 2.
- 55 Ibid., p. 3.
- 56 Mamie Meredith, "The Nomenclature of American Pioneer Fences", Southern Folklore Quarterly XV (1951): p. 146.
- 57 Eugene C. Mather and J. F. Hart, "Fences and Farms", Geographical Review 44 (1954): p. 209.
- 58 Fred Kniffen, "To Know the Land and Its People", Landscape 9:3 (Spring 1960): pp. 21, 22.
- 59 Marshall, Little Dixie, p. 115.
- 60 Kniffen, Folk Housing, p. 553.

LOG NOTCHING

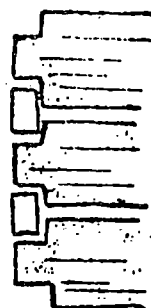
The log house, or log cabin, was a superior form of construction for a pioneer society. Construction of the structure required no tool but an axe, and the notching of the ends of the logs removed the necessity for nails or other hardware, both of which were difficult to procure on the frontier. The six most common methods of notching used by the pioneers were Saddle notching, V notching, diamond notching, full dovetailing, half dovetailing, and square notching.



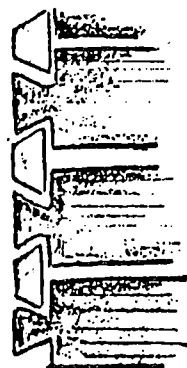
l. Full dovetailing



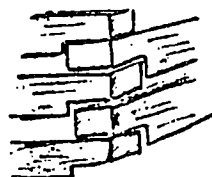
i. V-notch, log ends tapered



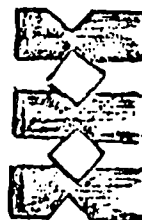
n. Square notch



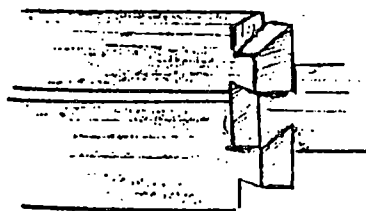
j. Full dovetailing



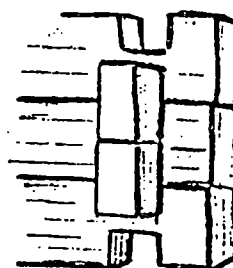
m. Half notch



o. Diamond notch



k. Half dovetail



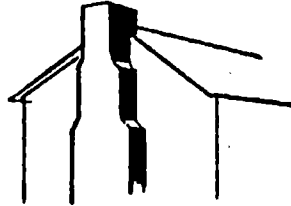
p. Double notch

Chimney

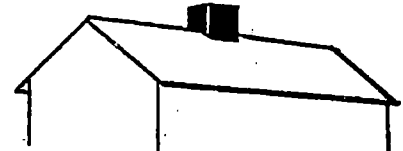
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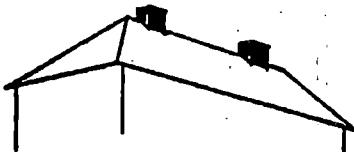
Internal End



External End



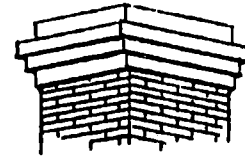
Central



Central Double

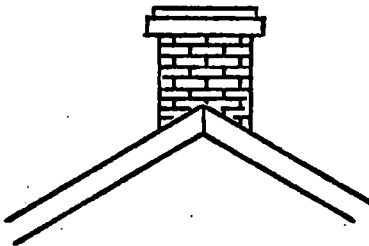


Plain

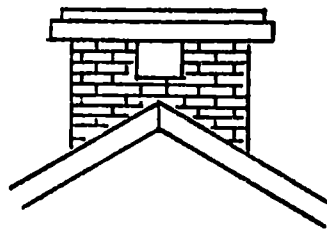


Corbeled

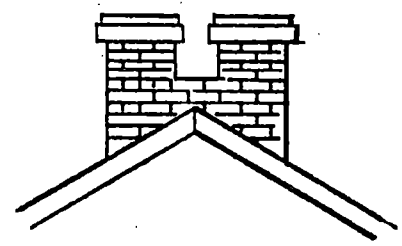
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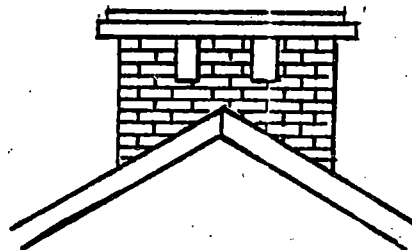
Single



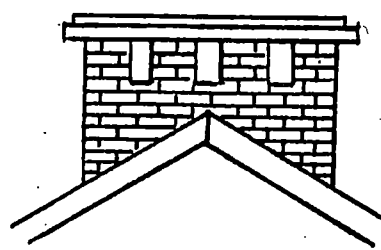
Linked Top



Linked at Base



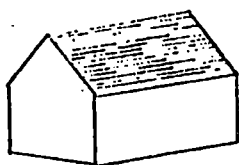
Pierced



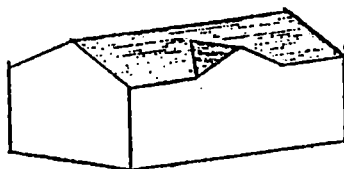
Jointed

Roof Type

Gable



Plain

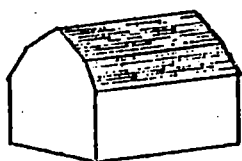


Center Gable

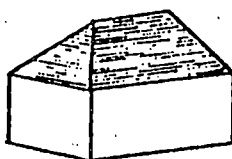


Cross Gable

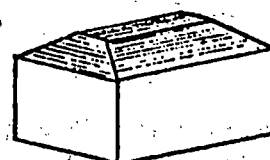
Gambrel



Hip

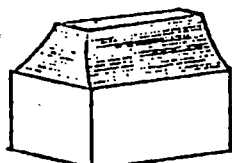


Plain

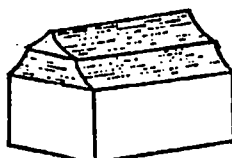


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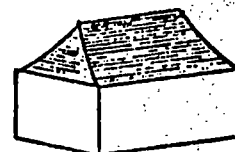
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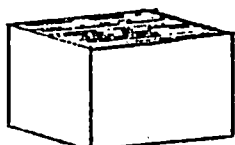
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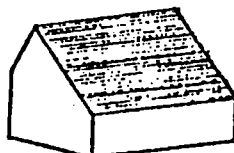
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Bellcast



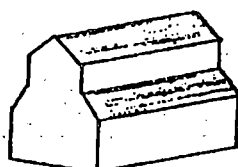
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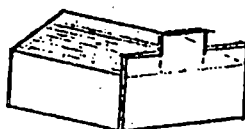
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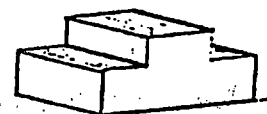
Pent Roof



Shed

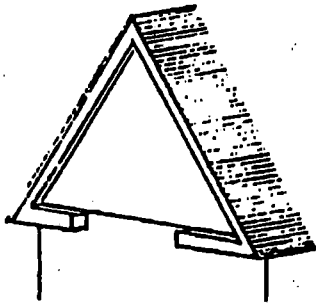


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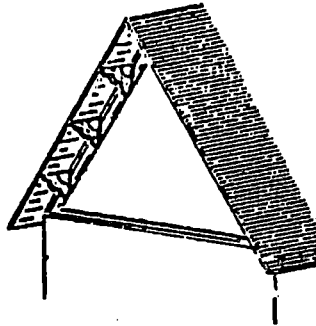


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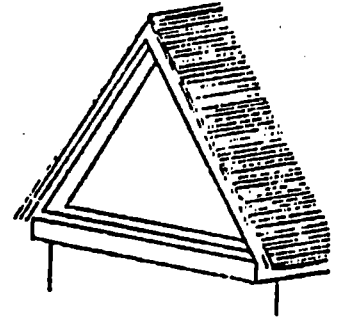
Roof Trim



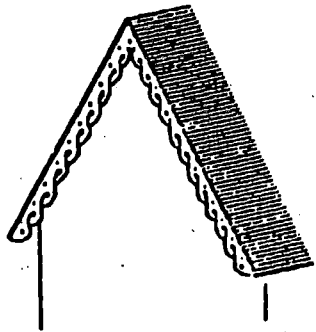
Gable with Boxed
Cornice and Returns



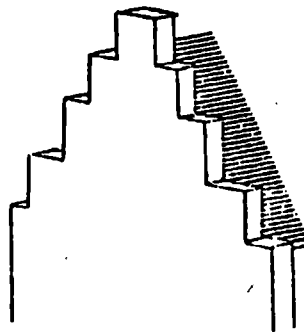
Gable with Brackets



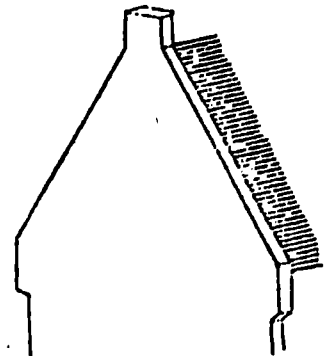
Cornice Boxed
Pedimented



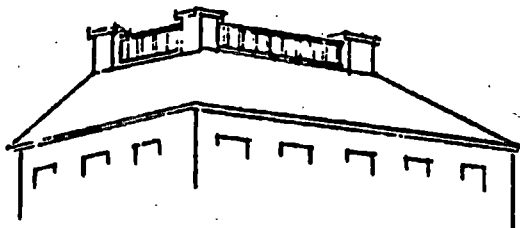
Bargeboard



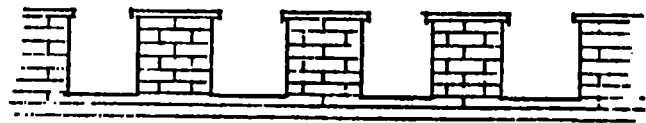
Stepped Gable



Parapet Gable

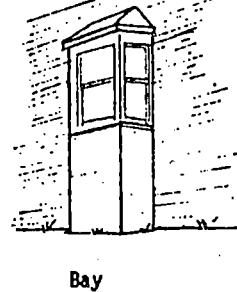
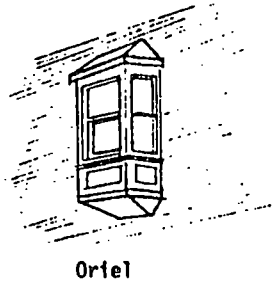
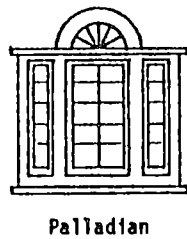
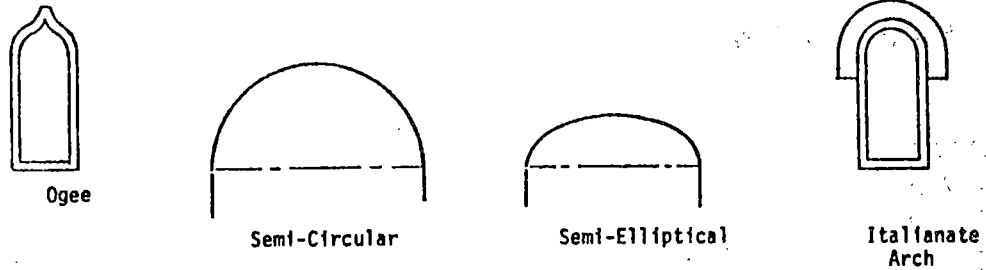
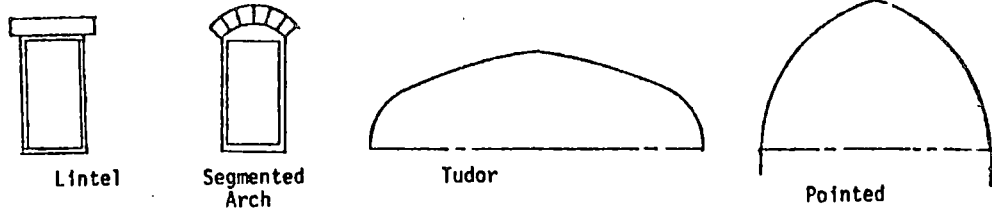


Peck (Widow Walk)

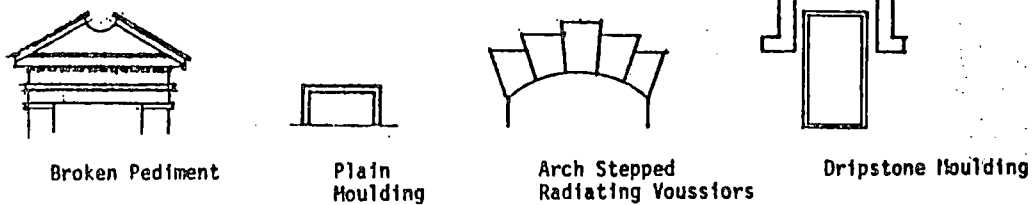
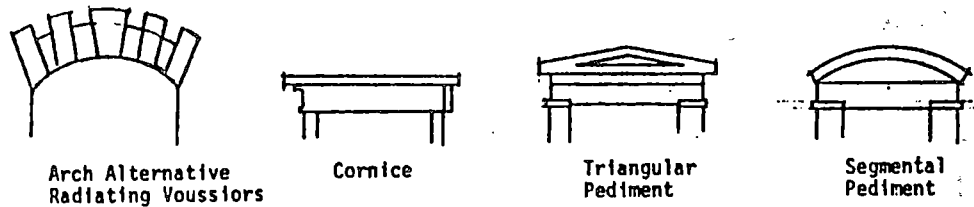
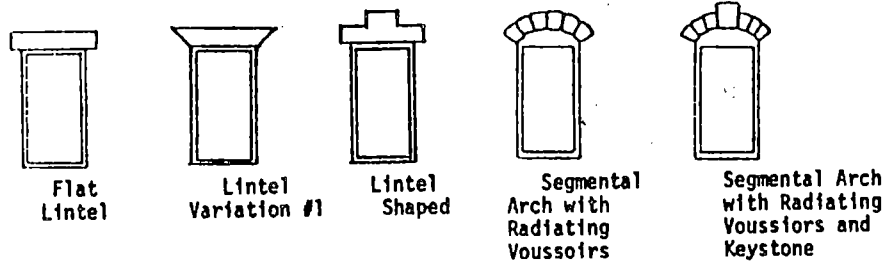


Battlements

Window Design

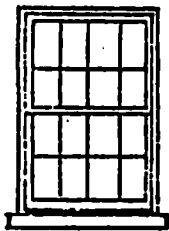


Trim on Window

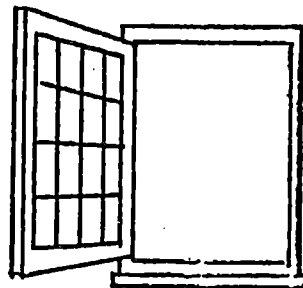
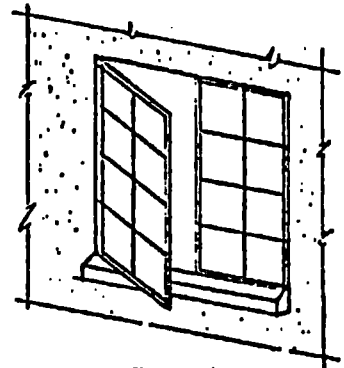


Window

Method of Operation

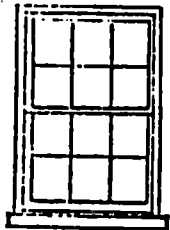


Sash

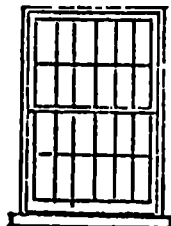
Casement Window
(Swinging in or out)

French

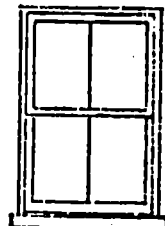
Window Pane Configuration



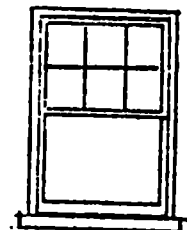
6 over 6



12 over 12

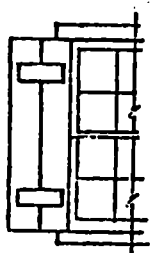
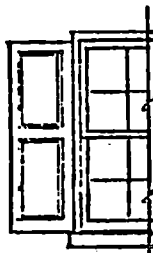


2 over 2

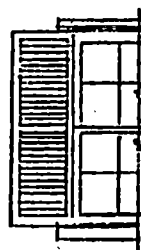


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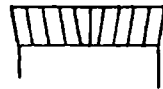
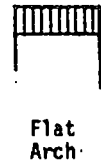
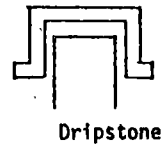
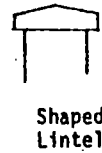
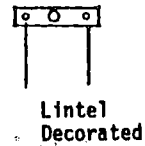
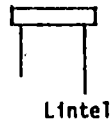
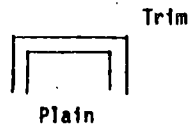
Shutters

Vertical
Plain

Paneled

Blind or
Paneled

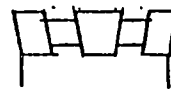
Doors



Arch Radiating Voussoirs



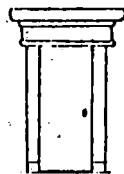
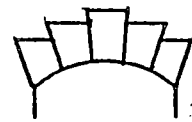
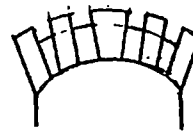
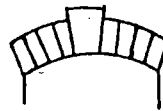
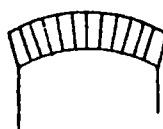
Arch Radiating Voussoirs with Keystone



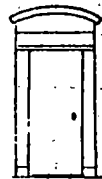
Arch Alternating Radiating Voussoirs



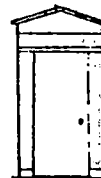
Arch Stepped Radiating Voussoirs



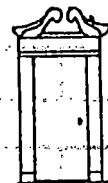
Entablature With Pilaster



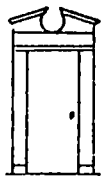
Segmental Pediment With Pilaster



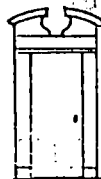
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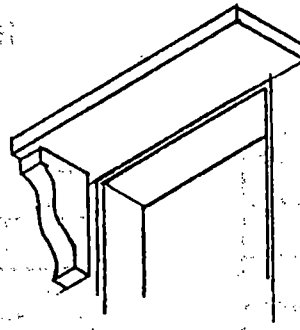
Swan's Neck Pediment With Pilaster



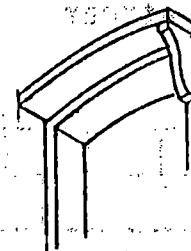
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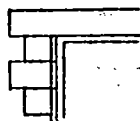
Broken Segmental Pediment With Pilaster



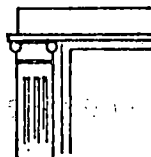
Hood, Flat, Plain or Bracketed



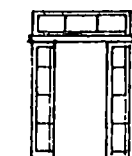
Hood, Curved, Plain or Bracketed



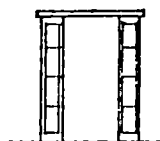
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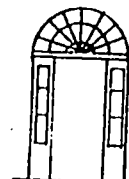
Pilaster



Transomed: Transom and Sidelights



Sidelights

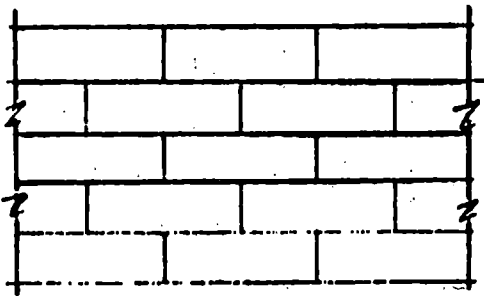


Fanlight (Semi-Circular or Elliptical) With Sidelights

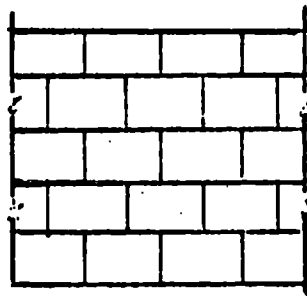
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Brick

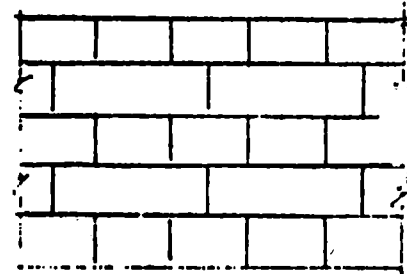
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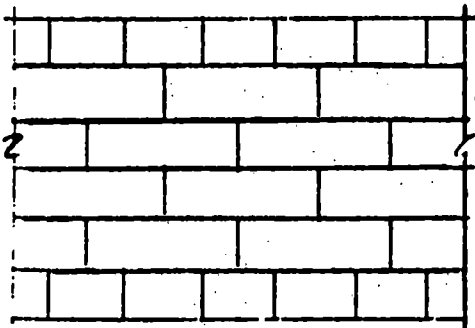
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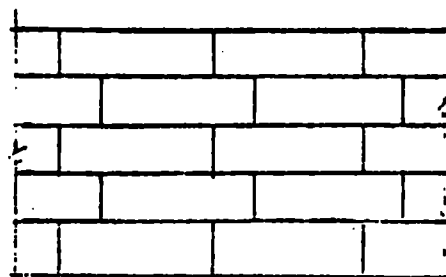
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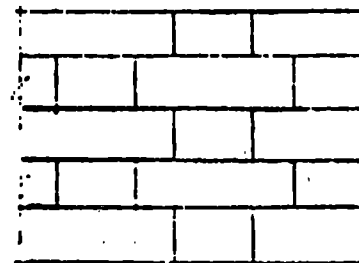
English Bond



Common or American Bond

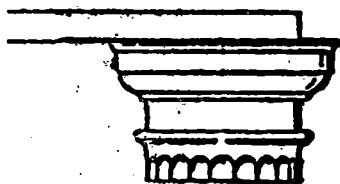


Garden Wall

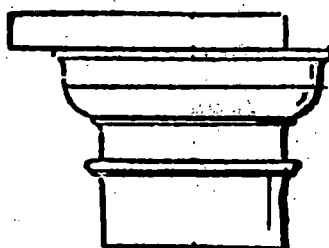


Flemish Bond

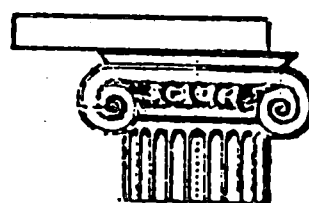
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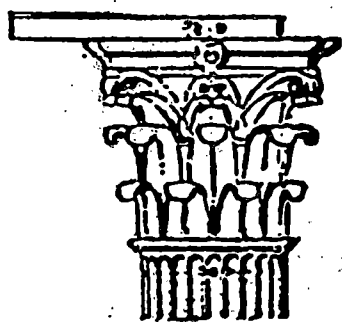
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Doric



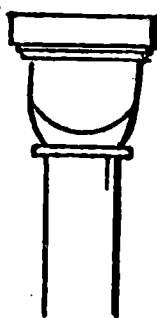
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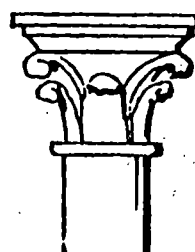
Ionic



Corinthian



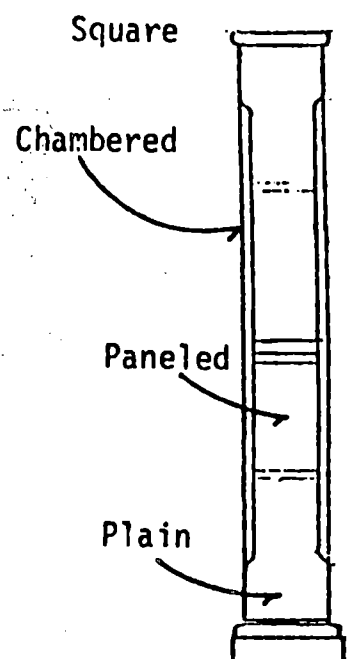
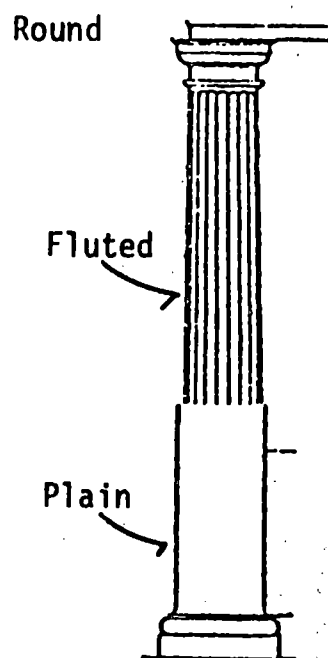
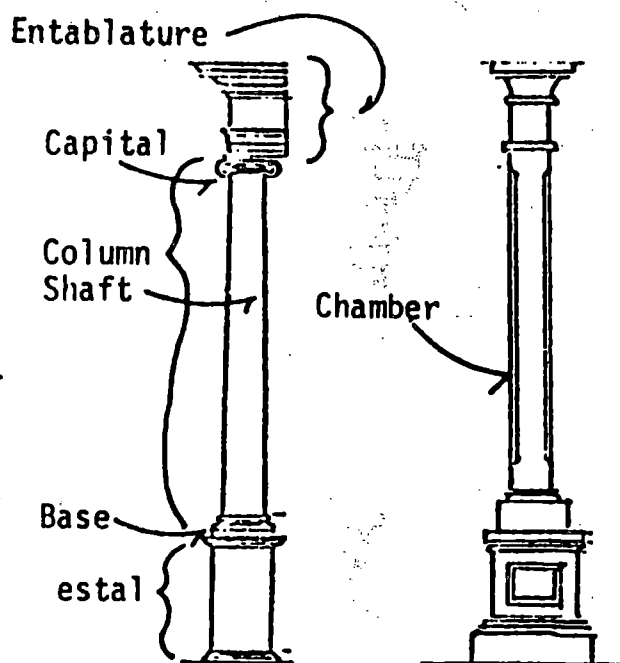
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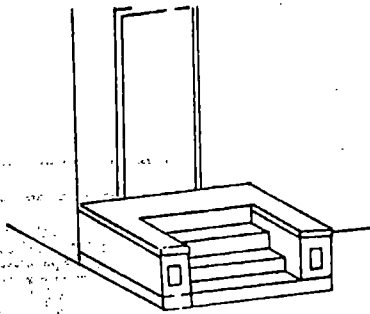
Crocketed



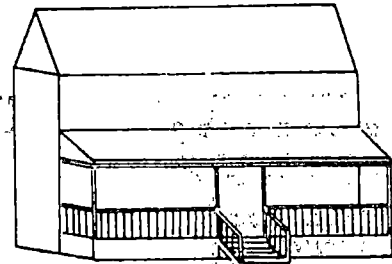
Composi



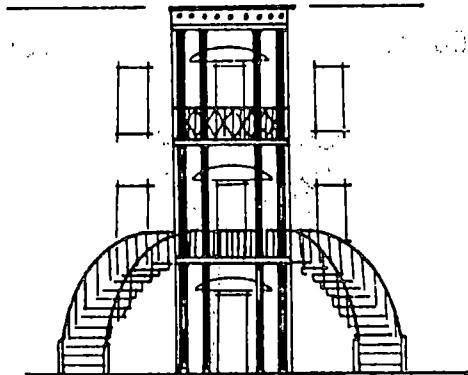
PORCHES



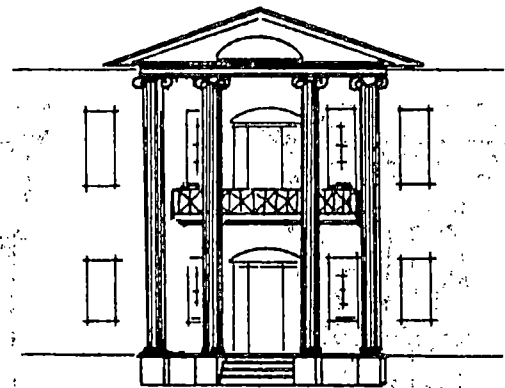
Stoop



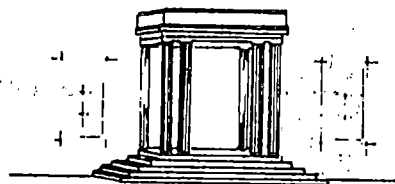
Shed Porch



**Central Triple (or Double) Portico
(Separate Columns for Each Floor Level)**



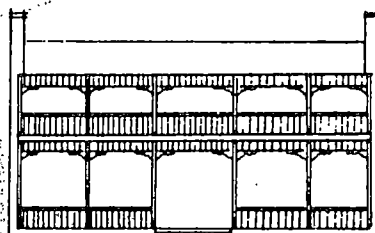
**Central Two Story Portico (Continuous
Columns Spanning Two Stories)**



Central One Story Portico



Full-Width Two Story Portico



Double Veranda with Gingerbread Trim

MEMORIES OF A ONE ROOM SCHOOL

By: Elizabeth Burke Plattsmier

We lived at Century Oak on Wilson Pike. It was the year 1936, I was promoted to second grade, and we were changing schools. We walked up the railroad track to the underpass where the teacher, Mrs. Lora Fly lived. We rode to school with her and she picked up other children along the way.

Split-Log School was located between Split-Log Road and the old Pleasant Hill Road that wound up the hill. It was a frame building with one room and a little porch with half of it closed in on the front to make a kitchen. Out back was a huge oak tree and two outside toilets. On the left of the building was a big coal pile. Sulphur water ran from a pipe out of the rocks into a concrete box and overflowed into the creek. The first school was built of logs split by hand, this is how it got the name Split-Log. Mr. Walter Ragsdale's father gave the timber and also furnished a team of six mules, a wagon, and hired six black men to help move the logs to the present location. The first building burned after being in use for several years.

Mrs. Lizzie Loggins Tindall's father helped organize the building of the second school. Mr. George Fly took logs to the saw mill. The second, and present school was built around 1888. Among the teachers at Split-Log were: Cleo Smith, Elva Farris, Willie Mae Bennett, Eva Patterson, Addie Eggleston, Alice Vaden, Addie Mae McKnight, Lois Joyce, Lora Fly, Ethel McCoy and Mrs. Carl Smithson.

Inside, the building was heated by a coal burning pot bellied stove in the center of the room. Usually one boy would come early and build a fire so it would be warm when the other children and teacher arrived. The desks were built for two students to share. A big framed picture of George Washington hung at the front of the school room. The wall by my desk had initials cut on it by students of earlier years. At the back there was a closed in kitchen with a serving window where "Aunt Mattie" Barnes, Daddy's sister, did the cooking, and she did a very good job.

Mrs. Lora Fly was our teacher. "Miss Lora", as we called her, had a little bell on her desk that she tapped for the beginning of

a class, and we would go down front. She had a louder hand bell that she stood in the door to ring for the ending of recess.

A few years later, after we had moved to Pleasant Hill Road, we walked about a mile to school. I do not remember any "snow days". Our parents decided if the weather was too bad for us to walk to school. We usually enjoyed walking in the snow.

In 1941 we went to a neighbor's house, close to the school, and sat around the radio to listen to President Roosevelt's speech when War was declared against Japan.

Every year, in the fall, "Miss Lora" would divide the school into two teams. One team went ahead over on the Woodring farm through the woods leaving a trail, while the other team stayed behind at school, then, after a period of time, they tried their luck at tracking them. In Spring, we chose teams and played baseball. In Winter, we played a game called "Stealing Sticks"- a player tried to break through the other side's line without being touched, and get a stick from the pile. If he was touched by the other team he had to stand on the stick pile until a fellow team mate could get him out. Sometimes "Miss Lora" equally divided the students into opposite lines and we had a spelling match. When a word was misspelled, the student had to sit down until only the winner was left.

We had a "Devotional" every morning at the beginning of our school day. There would be Scripture reading, singing, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. The roll call was answered with a Bible verse. Some of these were very short, such as "Jesus wept."

Students from Scarritt College who were from different states and countries came out to the school. I remember one from China; also, an artist that sketched a scene on the blackboard as we watched. They played games with us and taught us some arts and crafts.

On Sundays they taught Sunday School out under the trees, weather permitting. At Christmas they brought all the children gifts, and we drew names and exchanged gifts among ourselves. We didn't have a stage, but curtains were hung, making two rooms on the sides and the center curtains would be pulled back making a stage where we would put on our Christmas programs.

When the County Health Nurse, Mrs. Sparkman, came to the school, we would line up and take whatever vaccines we were due.

Several women of the neighborhood sold hens to buy an organ. Other money raising events were Ice Cream Suppers where home made cakes and ice cream were donated and sold. Box Suppers, where girls put lots of goodies in a box then decorated it and shared it with the boy that paid the highest price for it. Also, country music shows were held, where tickets were bought at the door.

For the close of the school year, we all rode in the back of a big truck to the Centennial Park in Nashville for a picnic and playing all day on the playground.

We were promoted to the next grade; but unless we changed schools, we were in the same school room with the same students and same teacher the next year with all eight grades.

The one room school is a thing of the past now. The building was used for several years for a Home Demonstration Club. It now stands deserted after having served its purpose to the community for many years.

Sources: Walter Ragsdale and Split-Log Home Demonstration Scrap Book

OLD SAYINGS AND COLLOQUIALISMS

By: Helen Sawyer Potts

To someone who was not born and reared in "this neck of the woods," some of our expressions might cause a "lifting of the eyebrows," or at the least, cause a look of amusement on the listener's face. Though I have always lived here in Williamson County, I must admit that some of our common expressions are a bit perplexing.

Sometime ago, a cousin, who sometimes expresses herself rather forcefully, said of another cousin, "He should be bored for the simples." That was a new expression to me. I found that it refers to a person who does or says something thoughtless or foolish. It dates back to the Elizabethan Age when it was believed that an evil spirit could dwell in a person's brain, causing a foolish act. It could be remedied, people thought, by actually boring a hole in the person's skull so that the evil spirit could escape. However, we have no proof of the efficacy of this remedy.

As a child, I always wrote to my grandmother, since she would overlook my mistakes. After I had written the letter, my father would say, "Now, I'll back your letter for you." This saying probably began in the days before envelopes were in common use. The letter was folded, the address was written on the back of the letter and then sealed with sealing wax.

A young man in our neighborhood often passed our house on Sunday afternoon. He was always dressed in his best outfit. Someone would invariably say, "He's going sparking." They meant that he was going courting. If he happened to be a widower, the remark might be that "he had set out again."

Most of the fathers whom we knew were of Irish or Scotch-Irish descent. They were often heard to say, when warning their children, "If you don't behave, I'll have to use my skillalagh." This drastic threat was never carried out, not even with the proverbial peach tree switch.

When anyone became a show-off, he was said to be "feisty or biggety" - not a very complimentary assessment of one's behavior.

A word that I really like, even though Webster does not include it, is the word "beatin'es". As, "That is the 'beatin'es"

thing that I ever heard." It expresses surprise at any unusual happening or condition.

We lived on a rural mail route. The mailman came each day around 10:00 a.m. At that time our grandfather would say, "I think I'll 'hogue' out to the mail box." We never heard anyone else use that expression.

Did you ever hear someone accused of "having the milligrubs," when he was pouting?

"Give him gauss" (the spelling is not known) must be equivalent to Harry Truman's "Give 'em hell!", or a good tongue lashing.

For someone to be told to go or leave in a hurry, he might be told to "light a shuck," connoting the fact that fire will cause animals - or people - to move in a hurry.

Even the cook books used terms that are not clear to our modern day cooks. "Use just a dusting of pepper," or a "smidgen of lard," was not very accurate. Someone explained that a 'smidgen' is a little more than a 'mite.'

Older people might refer affectionately to children as "Weans" (wee ones), harking back to an old Scottish name for small ones.

Often when a piece of furniture was not sitting plumb with the wall, it was said to be sitting "anti-godlin," or crossways.

These expressions, or colloquialisms, have always fascinated me. There are hundreds of them, each unique to a particular area. More than likely they were brought over by the early settlers, so, they are a part of our heritage. Often they fit a need for expressing our thoughts better than a modern term. They cause us to smile reminiscently, so let us not be too hasty in casting them aside.

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE GROVE BOOK CLUB

1920 -

By: Laneive W. Eudailey

A kindred spirit exists between those of us who enjoy a good book and so it was in January, 1920, when the Book Lovers Club was formed in College Grove, Tennessee.

In 1920 Woodrow Wilson was President. World War I was over and some of the boys had come home from "Over There." The ladies in the College Grove community were cutting their long hair into short bobs. Ankle length dresses were becoming shorter. Rouge was being worn, in addition to a discreet dusting of powder - with just a tiny bit of lipstick. The Charleston was the dance of the time. Telephones were in most of the homes. Party lines, eight families to a line, were the accepted norm. Families were proudly operating their first car which had changed the lifestyle of College Grove. You still traveled by train if you were to go any distance. Electricity was not to come until the middle thirties.

When Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams came to College Grove, no one could have predicted the long term benefits of this move to the community. Mr. Williams was the new school Principal. Mrs. Williams had belonged to a Book Club in the community she had lived in previously and soon began discussing the possibility of a Book Club in College Grove. She found a great deal of enthusiasm in Mrs. Daisy Dobson and Mrs. Gladys Lane, who helped her to organize The Book Lovers Club in January 1920.

Plans were made for twenty-four members so there would be two hostesses for each month of the year. By 1922, there were thirty members. Ladies came by the car loads. All the members had not learned to drive. Those ladies who did drive were glad to bring their neighbors. Then, as now, everyone enjoyed a good visit to and from the meetings. In one of the earlier minutes, we find: "The hostess served a delicious plate and we lingered happily for visiting."

In the beginning, the Club was a combination Book Club, Missionary Society, Demonstration Club and Garden Club, as such diverse subjects were covered as: Appreciation of Those Pre-eminent Among Modern Poets, Holding the Husband and Missions in China. Musical

programs were often presented with duets and quartets performing. Flowers were discussed from every angle - growth, care and arrangements.

The Club met every two weeks. In the front of the first year book, we find on the first page: "Dear Father, consecrate womanhood to thy service, unite us into a perfect sisterhood whose influence may be for thy honor and glory and whose services may brighten the spot of our activities." The Constitution stated: "The object of this club shall be to aid and encourage the social and literary development of its members."

A ten cent fee was charged if a member failed to pass their book on time. One of the earlier members delighted in collecting fees. Each member bought a book, and each two weeks they passed their book to the next designated member. Thus, each member had the opportunity to read thirty new books each year.

Each lady has always come to Club dressed in her best dress. In the early days, hats and gloves were worn. Proper etiquette dictated that one removed one's gloves before shaking hands with the hostess on arrival. Gloves were again donned until the time for refreshments when, again, they must be removed.

On September 1, 1922, the program was: Modern Inventions Which Aid the Housewife. On November 9, 1923, the program was: Debate: Subject - Resolved That The Writers Of Fiction Effect The Morals Of Our Youth.

In 1924 the name was changed from Book Lovers Club to The College Grove Book Club.

On December 13, 1926, the Club held their Christmas Banquet. The year book quoted: "Bring hither the fatted calf and let us eat and be merry." - Bible. Mrs. Louise Alexander remembers the year her mother, Mrs. Cornelia Lanier entertained the twenty-four members and their husbands at Christmas time. The furniture was removed from the front hall, with the exception of the piano. Mr. Lanier built tables. One member cooked a ham and another cooked a turkey. Linen tea napkins were used. There were no paper napkins.

In 1927, the programs became more organized. The year was divided into programs on: Home, Church, School and Law.

In 1930, the meetings were changed to once a month and in July of that year the candidates and the coming election was discussed.

Mrs. A. J. Maxwell is first listed in the 1930 year book. She continues to be an active member. Her husband, Dr. Maxwell, died in 1966. Several years later she married Mr. Jordan Williamson. This is her fifty-seventh year as a member of the College Grove Book Club.

In 1932, the entire nation was shocked and outraged when the small son of our national hero, Charles Lindberg, was kidnapped. When the time came for the next Book Club meeting, mothers were hesitant to leave their small children at home. The hostess urged the children be brought to the meeting. She promised someone would be there to care for them. On arrival, the children were ushered upstairs to the play room. The meeting was called to order and was well into the program when little feet were heard scampering to and fro across the upstairs rooms. The hostess quickly arranged for the children to play outside, properly supervised and in sight of their mothers. The meeting continued.

In May 1934, Outstanding Writers of the Last Quarter Century were discussed. November 1934 program: The Bible, A Literary Gem and The Bible a Complete Library. March 1935 program: Hitler and the Nazi Government.

In August 1940, Mussolini was discussed. In September the program again centered around Hitler and the Nazi regime and in November, Stalin. In January 1941, Chamberlain was discussed. Spurgeon, a well known Baptist preacher from the past was quoted, "Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties."

In 1942, we were involved in World War II, and in the front of the year book, we find: "Dear Father, we pray thee to prepare womanhood for the emergency which she is facing that she may be able to render valiant service to this turbulent world."

In 1944 there was a book review every other month.

April 1947 Program: History and Customs of Russia. September 1947 Program: The Tennessee Walking Horse. February 1948 Program: Music Composers of Russia. March 1948 Program: Debate - Russia.

There was a Christmas Dinner at the school. The school had no cafeteria, therefore tables were set up in the hall. Tablecloths were provided by members. Each member was asked to bring two slices of ham. Turkey and dressing was provided by the hostess. The dress

was formal.

In 1951 all of the programs centered around outstanding American women.

January 1952 Program: Debate - Should Women Serve on the Jury?

June 1952 Program: Hat Designing. July 1952 Program: Modern Medicine. October 1952 Program: Black Magic. September 1953

Program: Flower Talk. Saadi was quoted:

*"If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft
And from thy slender store two loaves
Alone to thee are left
Sell one, and with the dole
Buy Hyacinths to feed thy soul."*

October 1966 - A book was bought for Mrs. Charley Tomlin, a former member, as an expression of sympathy for the death of her husband. The price of the book was \$1.60.

December 1966 - A Christmas luncheon was given by Mrs. Bill Ogilvie and Mrs. Walter Ogilvie for twelve members and three guests.

May 1969 - A covered dish luncheon, each person brought the recipe for their dish. Plans were made to repeat this luncheon.

December 5, 1969 - Christmas Luncheon - Horton Park Restaurant. This was the first meeting that the food was prepared by other hands than those of the members.

January 2, 1970 - The Club met in the home of Mrs. W. A. Bradford to observe the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Club. Mrs. Kathleen Ogilvie and Mrs. Gladys Lane, charter members recalled how the Club started and Mrs. Ogilvie stated, "The members have had access to some of the best reading material and they have enjoyed many, many hours of good reading and pleasant associations."

March 5, 1971 - The by-laws were changed to charge members \$.50 who failed to pass the books.

July 2, 1972 - Mrs. Billie Crowell reviewed the new book Blood Kin, written by her sister, Mrs. Barbara Pauley.

August 17, 1972 - The Book Club and the Garden Club visited Pinewood, an ante-bellum mansion in Hickman County, for lunch and a tour of the premises. There were many antiques to admire.

Dr. Edwin Windrow was asked if he would invite Dr. Alfred Le-land Crabb and his wife to visit the Club. Dr. and Mrs. Crabb came to the home of Mrs. Corny (Cornelia) Lanier. His review of his book, Journey to Nashville, was greatly enjoyed. This book mentioned

College Grove several times and had a character named College Grove. Dr. Crabb reported that the Brentwood Methodist Church was the first church in the world authorizing men and women to sit together in church.

September 7, 1973 - Mrs. John Haley Burgess discussed Cordell Hull, a Tennessean who had been Secretary of State under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

November 1, 1974 - Mrs. Matthew Harwell in - A Program on Thanksgiving - stated, "America is a Christian nation and we the people should preserve that heritage."

January 3, 1975 - A book was given to the College Grove School Library in memory of Mrs. Wilson Dowdy, who had been a member of the Book Club for many years.

October 4, 1975 - The Book Club met in the home of Mrs. Leslie Osburn. A musical program was presented by Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Osburn and Mrs. Moss. Mrs. Ferguson stressed the importance of celebrating our bicentennial year to show our patriotism.

1976 - The bicentennial was observed at each meeting of the year: A Program on the Flag in July, The Declaration of Independence in April, a visit to the Governor's Mansion in August and Churches and Faiths in October.

October 1981 Program: Hobbies of Famous People.

1982 - Programs were centered around - Great Moments in History. July - Space Exploration. September - Building of Railroads.

May 1983 - Computers.

May 1984 - Political Women.

November 1984 - Hobbies - Show and Tell.

September 5, 1986 Program: Tennessee Books. Mr. James A. Crutchfield gave an interesting review of his book, The Natchez Trace.

In this the sixty-seventh year of the College Grove Book Club, we still have three of our charter members. Mrs. Kathleen Ogilvie and Mrs. Kate Patton reside in McKendree Manor. Mrs. Gladys Lane is in the Hill View Nursing Home in Columbia, Tennessee.

From the very beginning, the most delightful, intelligent, witty and talented ladies have been members of the College Grove Book Club. It would be impossible to list even the brightest or the best. There have been so many. We continue to seek to

achieve the original goals of the Club, to expand our minds, to increase our knowledge of the world around us, and to enjoy our continuing friendship with each other.

FANNIE BATTLE OF NOLENSVILLE

By: Sara Sprott Morrow

Many of us in Nashville appreciate the Fannie Battle Carolers who come at Christmas time to collect money for the Fannie Battle Day Home. But how many of us know that as a young girl Fannie Battle lived on her father's plantation near Nolensville?

Joel Battle owned property in Williamson, Rutherford and Davidson Counties. He was an only child who inherited "many slaves and much land" when he was nineteen years old.

Battle first married Sarah Searcy of Rutherford County, Tennessee. They had one child, William Searcy Battle. The son fought at the Battle of Shiloh where he was killed on April 6, 1862.

Battle's wife died, and he raised a militia company and enlisted in the Florida (Seminole) War. After his return to his plantation, Battle met and married Adeline Sanders Mosely. The pair had eight children: Joel Allen, Jr., Frank, Mary Frances, born September 24, 1842, Sarah Lucinda, Elizabeth Stacill, Annie Watson, Robert Mosely and Adelina May Battle.

While her father and two brothers were in the Army, Fannie lived on the plantation at Nolensville. When she was twenty years old, she evidently passed information about the Yankees on to the Confederates.

During the war, an active group of scouts and spies operated out of Flat Rock, a few miles from Nashville, gathering information and delivering it to the Confederate headquarters. The special work of the girl spies was to report the movement of Federal forces and the strength of their defenses at Nashville. What was better than that these girls should date the Federals?

Fannie Battle's sister-in-law escaped, but Fannie was apprehended and sent to prison. She was first imprisoned in the old Tennessee State Penitentiary at Church Street and what is now Fifteenth Avenue, then transferred to a prison at Washington, D. C., where women were incarcerated for the duration. She was, in all probability, kept there in the old Capitol Prison until the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

In 1947, Fannie Battle's bravery as a spy was commemorated by

a memorial plaque installed by the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Virginia.

While Fannie was on the farm, she became engaged to a young boy who was killed the day they were to marry. Doubtless, this increased the misery she felt for her father and two brothers who were in the Confederate forces. Captain Frank Battle came home on leave to visit his mother and sisters. He was a venturesome sort and persuaded his sisters to lend him a suitable dress and other paraphernalia to make him look like a woman. Battle encouraged his sweetheart to go with him on this dangerous journey.

Frank visited Nashville, where he could have been hanged for his trouble, but he wanted "to see what the Federals were doing."

"Being slender, young Captain Battle could wear his mother's and sisters' dresses easily, and he was able to keep his voice high enough to avoid suspicion. Carrying passes issued to his mother and his aunt, only two weeks before, authorizing them to enter Nashville, the Confederate officer and the lady reached the Federal picket line, only to find that the Federals were no longer honoring any passes at all. The girl, however, was carrying several bottles of wine for a sick aunt in the city. One of these she sacrificed to make glad the heart of the officer of the guard, who gratefully let the pair through the picket line, regardless of the orders.

"After that, all went well, until a Union Army wagoner accidentally backed against their buggy. Forgetting to act like a lady, Captain Battle blasted the man with some strong language, which could have aroused suspicion but did not." (It is perhaps true, as has occasionally been hinted, that some Southern belles had vocabularies more robust than the moonlight-and-roses tradition suggests).

"Having visited their Nashville relatives, the apparently feminine pair drove peacefully home, carrying a bundle of newspapers - which the Confederate command found interesting." (From George Bakeless, "Spies of the Confederacy").

Later, Captain Battle was arrested and sent to Johnson's Island, which was on Lake Erie within sight of the present city of Sandusky, Ohio. Battle was released through the efforts and influence of his father, Colonel Battle, who had been exchanged for Federal prisoners at Vicksburg, Mississippi in September, 1862.

When Colonel Battle returned, he was arrested and imprisoned, with his family destitute. When the guns of war ceased, Colonel Battle moved to Nashville in 1869. He was proprietor of the City Hotel located on the Public Square.

The first time Fannie Battle is mentioned as living in Nashville was in 1870 - she is listed as living in the Battle House - her father now had his own hotel at 122, 123, 125 Church Street. She had been teaching at Howard School at a salary of \$50 per month.

She gave up teaching at the age of 44 to devote her life to helping the unfortunate. Among those she found, in 1914, in the old Tuberculosis Hospital (1914-1917) an Isaiah Battle, age 49. He was suffering and dying of pulmonary tuberculosis. This black man was undoubtedly the son of a worker on the Battle plantation. He listed her name, Fannie Battle, as his next of kin.

She had learned, early in life - from age 20 - that her lot was one of suffering. She lost the man she loved in a railway accident, her two brothers, William and Joel, Jr., died at Shiloh in 1862; she, her father and brother Frank, all endured imprisonment. They lost their liberty, their possessions and they were all poverty-stricken. Small wonder that remarkable Fannie Battle lived her life for the needy, finding that wisdom comes by the grace of God.

NOTE: Much of this material comes from my book, "The Legacy of Fannie Battle".

THE EVANS CEMETERY

By: Sara Sprott Morrow

One hundred and eight years ago, my grandfather, Milton Evans, built the house which I remember with great pleasure on the Lewisburg Road, eleven miles from Franklin. It stands tall and quiet, drowsing in the sun, occupied by Hal and Marion Herd.

The lumber to build this house, my grandfather told me, was from trees cut down where he planned for his barn to be built below the house. Yellow poplar trees, part of a primeval forest, furnished material for the house. A saw mill was moved to the farm to cut and saw the lumber.

My grandmother, Martha Alexander Evans, had brought my mother, Artimesa (called Artie), and had walked the half-mile across the farm to see the new house in 1879. She had given birth to a little boy, Ernest Lionel, who had died in 1878 of some disease which my grandmother called "eczema" or perhaps some variety of it. My grandfather had promised to build a house on the Lewisburg Road after the death of the little boy.

As my grandmother, carrying Artie, walked over to a well that my grandfather was having dug, she looked to the East only to see that their present home was afire! The fire had been set by someone, they never knew who, but all they had accumulated through the years was endangered. My grandfather and the men who were helping him ran through the woods to try to save the house. Neighbors, also, including my grandfather's brothers, Gus and Brown, raced to help him put out the fire.

Nothing was saved. My grandmother had even lost her wedding ring in the fire - something she never forgot. The clothes they had on their backs were all that was saved.

There are in my house today six needlepointed chairs that were gifts to them after the fire. (The needlepoint was added later). Beside my bed, is a walnut table that was sent to Milton and Martha. In this table were letters written to them deploring their loss.

At that time Milton was 27 years old and Martha was 26. He had begun a house that actually lacked a considerable amount of work to be finished, but they spent their first night there in the new

house, glad that the dwelling was nearly ready. No barns, no milking sheds were then erected - they came later.

Martha Evans had had to leave the little boy's grave in the woods - there was so much to be done. Following my mother's birth, she had other children, Loulie, Cammye and Leon. Loulie grew up and went to Mississippi to teach music in a school there. She came home for the summer holidays when she, too, was 26, contracted measles, developed encephalitis and died. Before she died she asked her father to "bury me on the farm." He and Leon (then a young boy of 13) picked out a place where the Evans Cemetery, one-eighth of a mile from the house, now stands.

They planted maples about the grounds, but they are now gone with age. Family members have planted dogwood trees and redbuds which brighten the grounds. There are peonies, daffodils and tulips that bloom in season.

When on one occasion, we were planning a trip to Europe, I asked my husband if he would ask Uncle Leon to go with us to try to locate Ernest's grave. All of my life I had known that my grandmother wanted her first little boy's grave to be moved and put inside the cemetery. I wanted to do this before, somehow, I got too far away.

We found the grave! My uncle went with us in a truck, and after walking about we found the gravestone. It was tiny, as befits a child's grave, and we saw the markings that said "Ernest Lionel Evans." A little lamb is embossed there and the words of comfort, "Sleep, our sweet babe, and rest, God called thee home and thought it best." We did not move the grave itself because we felt that there would not be anything to move after one hundred years. We did re-set the stone in the family cemetery.

The father, the mother and all of their children with their husbands or wives are buried there. A neighbor, who loved the plot, asked to be buried there. His name is Robert Marlin and space is saved for his wife. My husband's brother was buried there last year. His name is Dr. William Mack Morrow, who died unexpectedly in Valdosta, Georgia. The day of his burial was bitterly cold - 17 degrees. Piercing winds swept the cemetery and those who were there felt the wintry gloom of that day.

We, my husband, my brother and sisters and I, have always loved this spot. We do not weep or mourn. As our own granddaughter, when

she was six, said, "Is this where they are planted?" This California grandchild is now 26, and when she came home this past Christmas with her husband one of her first requests was, "May we go to the cemetery?" Her grandfather took them both there.

Among the persons buried there are two children - my double-cousins, a girl of 15 and a boy aged 7. Like all families long ago, country people often married cousins. It was convenient, travel was difficult, and there was a trend to marry one's cousin. Their parents are also buried in our cemetery.

Family cemeteries have been recorded in Williamson County by those who are interested, but it is a custom that is dying out. Perhaps one day, condominiums will force cremation upon the whole population.

I remember going with my grandmother to take flowers every day to the cemetery. After "naps" she cut flowers and I drew water from a well to take with us. We carried them to decorate the one grave there at that time - Loulie Evans. That was when I became accustomed to visiting the "graveyard." I was pleased to pass wild roses blooming on a fence; trumpet vines ran rampant over the countryside. This aunt who had died taught music, and I felt that I had inherited her musical skill. I spent a great deal of my vacation time playing the organ in the parlor. I yanked out the stops, pushed them in and made a remarkable show! No prudent voice ever reproached me for that.

My grandmother rooted a boxwood shrub (a sister-in-law in Columbia had given it to her) and the day came when we, with great care, took the boxwood to the graveyard to be planted near Aunt Loulie's grave. It was followed by many boxwoods, some of them growing to a splendid 15 feet in height. In 1985, all but three or four small ones died in the terribly cold weather that enveloped the whole countryside.

Many of us have enjoyed this small area of ground - it holds moments of serenity. It not only holds memories for us and reminds us that we are all human beings who live and die, but we are challenged to keep the grass neatly cut, dig weeds, sow blue grass seed and "tend" it. We sometimes take our lunch and have a fine time working there. Once we found a nest of rabbits - tiny bits that huddled fearfully in their tiny house. We could hear robins

singing in the trees; blue jays raising their scandalous voices; a mourning dove calling from the meadows. Such signs indicated that Spring was here, and my uncle shed his shoes and stockings.

At Christmas time, we hang a joyous wreath on the gate made of holly from our own tree, bright magnolia to glisten in the winds - a sense of stillness comes over us while we are there. We realize that the evergreen symbolizes life and growth.

My grandfather took care to write in his will that this cemetery was to be kept in perpetuity by his heirs. So all of us own this 54 x 72 feet of ground. We will pass it along to a younger generation.

They may or may not use it - that is their choice. We will leave funds to use as they see fit. A neighbor who lives nearby keeps the grass cut and we are grateful.

A young friend of mine crafted and erected over the gate a sign of identification: "Evans Cemetery." An aunt had this done as a mark of respect and admiration for the eighty years this place has stood.

UNVEILING OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

Reprinted From The Review Appeal

Thursday, December 7, 1899

Contributed by: Lula Fain Major

UNVEILING OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Many Thousand Tennesseans Gather in the Welcoming
Capital of Williamson.

A DAY MEMORABLE IN ITS ANNALS.

The Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Bloody Battle of
Franklin.

The City Decorated in Honor of the Event; An Inspiring Parade; Many
Veterans in Attendance; Scenes That Will Not Be Forgotten;
Eloquent Speeches Delivered.

Last Thursday will be a day memorable in the annals of Frank-
lin and of Williamson County. Thirty-five years before the battle
of Franklin - the Gettysburg of the West - was given to history,
and on that anniversary a monument was unveiled on the Public
Square which will perpetuate the memory of the splendid Southrons
who fell on that field, and their surviving comrades long after the
present generation shall have mouldered into dust.

The Day Was Ideal.

Every circumstance was suspicious. The day was ideal. Not
a cloud ruffled the blue skies; the November sun had the genial
glow of Spring, and a balmy breeze played amid the maple and oaks
along avenue and lawn whisking the browning leaves to the gaily
carpeted earth. The welcoming capital of the County was barely
awakening to the long expected day when railroad and pike began to
contribute to the swelling population, and as citizens came to

their places of business they found the streets already filled with visitors.

The Crowd Was Enormous.

By eleven o'clock one of the largest crowds that was ever in Franklin was on hand. Estimates varied all the way from six to ten thousand; some holding that it was a record breaker, others that it was not larger than that which attended the Confederate reunion seven years ago. Be that as it may, all agreed that the demonstration was a magnificent tribute to the occasion, and was ample evidence that in the inner sanctuary of the public heart the memory of the forms in gray that have melted into mist was still enshrined on an imperishable pedestal. From every part of Williamson, from adjacent Counties, and every section of the State came grizzled veterans, their families and friends, youth and age, childhood and maturity, to mingle their tributes to those whose lips are forever hushed, whose footfalls are now noiseless in the dim and distant corridors of time, but whose recollection lingers in the hearts of their reverent countrymen with sentiments of fragrant tenderness. Among the visitors were men prominent in every profession and pursuit, who, having exchanged the arts of war for the paths of peace, had achieved eminence and were laying aside the cares of life for the hour to revisit scenes of pathetic interest.

An Interesting Panorama.

As the day advanced and the crowded streets attested the approach of the exercises of the day the scene on the Public Square and along the business quarter was a panorama of graphic features. Every age and condition had its exponent. Here the bent form of a veteran who had dared death across the valley over yonder, now green velvety with growing wheat, held aloft a sturdy grandchild that its wondering eyes might catch full clear the outlines of the veiled figure at the summit of the shaft, or note the riddled folds of the old battleflag as it fluttered by in the grasp of the cheering comrade of '61 to '65. There the broad shouldered youth, scion of the follower of Cleburne or Stewart or Forrest, divided his devotion between the bright eyed beauty at his side, and the comrades of his fallen father, as they gathered beneath the banner that had once led them to undying fame, and was now to be their rallying point in the approaching parade. Here a veteran stands with chivalrous mien

near the silver haired matron who had prayed and watched and hoped and struggled for him in the dark days of the long ago when he was daring death on distant fields, and was now the tender partner of memories as stirring to her as they were sacred to both. There the dimming eyes of the mother whose heart strings snapped over thirty years ago when her first born fell with face to the front and feet to the foe, rest with wistful tenderness on the towering shaft around which faded flags are clustered in mournful meaning. Each face was a mirror, and emotion swept, with here the glow of pride that men so brave were now to be honored, and there the touch of pathos that men so brave were yielded to the grave; but of bitterness there was none; memory had mellowed the past, and the present brought tenderness and peace.

Franklin In Gala Attire.

Franklin was in holiday attire in honor of the occasion. Red and white, the Confederate colors, were in almost every conceivable device, on the Court-house, business houses and residences in tasteful decorations. Bunting and flags abounded, and streamers fluttered to the breeze at many a point of vantage. Photographs of Confederate generals were brought forth from halls and parlors and the familiar faces of the immortal leaders of the Lost Cause greeted the passer by from nearly every store - here Lee, there Jackson, yonder Johnston, and, too, the tall form of the President of the Confederacy. About them groups gathered and the veterans gazed long and tenderly upon lineaments still fresh in memory though vanished for many a year. In several display windows were collections of bullets, shells, scabbards, pistols and muskets found on the battle field of Franklin, and, at one place among them were weapons brought from the Philippines by Williamson County boys who had there upheld the gallantry of their valiant fathers. Looking from the Public Square down Main Street the eye caught a vista of waving flags, bright coloring, packed sidewalks, close moving column of vehicles, the police at the corner having all they could do to prevent traffic from clogging or unwary passengers from being run over.

THE PARADE.

The parade was an imposing spectacle, in which the panorama reached its climax. The equipages were gaily decorated in red and

white, flags and bunting, and ranged from dainty phaeton to landau, from the pony cart to the stylish tandem and trap. In it were belles and beau, grizzled veterans in their army uniforms, the Governor, members of the Judiciary, bar, ministry, legislature, farmers and mercantile pursuits; outriders on mettled steeds, lassies in costume and matrons in elegant attire, battle flags held aloft by loving hands, uniformed musicians, officers of the day in sash and braid, and around all, pressing close and stretching far away, a cheering crowd, jostling, good natured, well ordered, from the depot to the square, along the business quarters and the residence streets. It was a great scene, memorable, inspiring, impressive. To the front rode Col. S. E. Shannon, the marshal of the day, a knight, worthy of Arthur, whose gallant bearing bestrode his chestnut charger, little told of the long hours when he lay on the field of Franklin almost shot to death himself and unconscious under the bodies of fallen comrades, and with him in gallant array the members of his staff, Maj. J. H. Akin, John Smith, Sam Claybrooke, Capt. Geo. L. Cowan, Bud Herbert, Tom Creech and Dr. John E. White. As the head of the column turned into the square cheers rose from five thousand throats, in welcome of the pageant and the strains of "Dixie" from the band made even old blood run hot. Following were Leah Cowan, and Susie Winstead, the former chosen to pull the string to unveil the monument and the latter her assistant, riding in a pony carriage, with Reppard Starnes, Henry Atwood, Jim McEwen and Wirt Courtney as their escort.

The Veterans.

Now come veterans of the civil war with battle-flags and Bivouac banners, and interspersed were Companies B, E and D of the Fifth Tennessee Regiment. The battle-flags that swung to the breeze were those of the First Tennessee, carried by George Nichol, W. T. Ridley and Comrade Allen, of Nashville; the Twentieth, by John Smith; the Thirty Second, by Gus Watson. The banners of McEwen Bivouac, and Starnes Camp, of Franklin, Cheatham and John C. Brown bivouacs of Nashville. The Tennessee regiments that were represented by veterans in ---- parade, so far as we were able to ----, were the First, Third, -----, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-----, Thirty-Second; Forty-Fourth, -----Fifth, Forty-Eighth, infantry; Barteau's and Baxter Smith's regiments and Starnes Brigade, of

Cavalry; Maney's and Baxter's batteries of artillery.

The Float.

The float containing the young ladies who represented Southern States and cities was the object of much admiration. The fair occupants were attired in white costumes, name of the state and city for which each stood sponsor being formed in gilt letters on a red band. Cheers greeted the galaxy of beauties wherever they went. The group was a notable and most attractive feature of the day. The several members of the group were as follows:

The Confederacy.....	Miss Sadie Pollard
Virginia.....	Rosa Holt
Tennessee.....	Mary Kate Davis
N. Carolina.....	Janie Hyde
S. Carolina.....	Beulah Tucker
Texas.....	Emma Carter
Maryland.....	Louise McGan
Georgia.....	Alma Neely
Florida.....	Susie Robinson
Arkansas.....	Lutie Carl
Louisiana.....	Virgie Farmer
I. Territory.....	Lida Boyd
Mississippi.....	Ethel Aikin
Alabama.....	Edna Covington
Dist. Col'a.....	Virginia Cunningham
Missouri.....	Juliet Herbert
Kentucky.....	Madeline Hatcher
Richmond.....	Maggie Miller
Franklin.....	Virginia Fitts
Montgomery.....	Alice Jordan

The Outriders.

The escort to the float and outriders for various equipages were a numerous body of gentlemen who with sashes and rosettes of red and white and finely mounted made a splendid array. The list appended is as complete as we are able to obtain, and is as follows:

Lee Ridley, Sam Bolton, Ben Atwood, Buford Mallory, Dan German, Richard German, Tom Tansil, J. A. Britt, Carter Cox, Scott Tulloss, Ed Atkins, J. F. Church, Maury Synan, Fred Miller, J. Jordan, Howard Buford, Will Crockett, B. F. Roberts, John Critz, Tom Critz, Jo Briggs, Jo Holshouser, Kit McEwen, Jo Kenneday, Wm. House, R. E. Regen, Ed Curd, Harry Hughes and Bob Jarmon.

In Carriages.

The carriage which led the cavalcade of equipages contained Governor McMillin, Gen. George W. Gordon, John H. Henderson Esq.

and Dr. J. P. Hanner, and stretching behind it were a number of vehicles. Among those seen in decorated equipages were the following:

Mrs. R. N. Richardson, President of Franklin Chapter No. 14 D.C.; Miss Anna Claybrooks, Vice Pres.; Dr. D. C. Kelley.

Mrs. John O. Gaut, Nashville; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. W. E. Carter, Smith Pittsburg; Mrs. Roscoe Wright, Hartsville.

Mesdames Pattie Johnson, W. K. Miller, John B. deGraffenried, Miss deGraffenried.

Mrs. J. A. Britt, Miss Louise McKee.

Mesdames Henry E. Perkins, John H. Henderson, Frank Y. McGavock, of Nashville.

Mrs. R. A. Bailey, Mrs. Geo. Adams, Miss Bailey.

Mrs. W. W. Campbell and James W. Harrison; Capt. J. B. Briggs.

Mesdames W. E. Gillespie, S. F. Wilson, of Gallatin; Pennebaker, of Nashville; Elliott, of Hartsville.

Mesdames A. W. Beckwith, Jr., Cannon Bostick, Ophelia House, E. B. Campbell.

Mesdames L. H. Perkins, P. A. Fitts, Guild, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardin P. Cochrane; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin M. Perkins.

Mesdames W. H. Synan, Mary Cliffe, Miss Winfield.

Misses Eunice Lee, of Duplex; Sheegog, of Columbia; Minnie Bolton, Bessie Tate, Bolivar.

Mesdames P. A. House and W. D. Neely, of Smyrna; Misses Lillie and Sarah House.

Misses Eliza Claybrooke, Addie White, Mr. F. F. White.

Misses Mazie Henderson and Tillie Briggs.

Misses Alma Anderson and Maria Vaughan.

Mrs. S. K. Harwell, Miss McClure, Marie Harwell.

Mrs. E. P. Winston.

THE UNVEILING.

Noon was not far distant when the parade was ended, and the unveiling exercises began. The float containing the young ladies, carriages containing the Governor, guests of the day and ladies of the County, the National Guard and the Veterans were massed around the monument, and stirring music swept the air. Judge R. N. Richardson announced that the cord that would release the veil would be pulled by Leah Cannon, grand-daughter of Col. John McGavock, whose

name is treasured by the Confederate soldier, and daughter of Capt. George L. Cowan, a gallant officer under Forrest, assisted by Susie Winstead, daughter of the late M. P. G. Winstead, valiant and well remembered Confederate soldier from this County. The battleflags which had been resting against the monument were raised and unfurled, the cord was pulled, the veil swung free, and the stately monument stood revealed, greeted by a mighty shout. An appropriate prayer was uttered by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, who was in the battle of Franklin, and is now a distinguished divine, after which Capt. (Dr.) J. P. Hanner, a noble veteran of the Lost Cause, delivered an address of welcome, whose fervid sentiments, eloquent language and happy delivery won unstinted praise. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Comrades, Ladies and Fellow Citizens:

It is a proud privilege to welcome you in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The honey of Hymettus has never passed my lips, the gift of eloquence is not mine; but the sincerity and cordiality of the welcome must make amends for the lack of oratory.

There are occasions when words are empty sounds and meaningless nothings; when the intenser feelings find fit expression in the cordial grasp of the hand and the kindly beaming of the eye; when silence is more eloquent than affected and labored rhetoric; when the warm heart overflowing with kindness goes out in emotion inexpressible in words. Such is the welcome Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy extends to you. Though orphaned and bereft, their deathless loyalty and devotion to their mother seeks a faint expression in the erection of this memorial to her soldier sons. The work of the living is ever ennobling in commemorating the glories and heroism of the past. The self sacrifice and devotion of the women of the South in our glorious but unsuccessful attempt to establish our independence and a government for ourselves, is illustrated by the undying veneration accorded to the veterans of that struggle by their daughters. The Roman patrician gloried in the images of his ancestors, the Anglo-Saxon exulted in the deified heroes of the Valhalla, but the pride of ancestry of the one, and the mythological worship of

the other pale into insignificance before the homage and heart tribute paid to you, my comrades, by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

They welcome you to the gladness of this hour, which witnesses the consummation of a work, loyally conceived, nobly conducted and successfully achieved. "The end crowns the work." Did I say end? No! This does not terminate their filial devotion. It knows no limit, but will be perpetuated to successive generations, and the pages of future history will glow with a record of the continued loyalty of the daughters as well as the bravery and chivalry of the sons of the South.

Let this occasion arouse all the enthusiasm of your nature and kindle afresh that patriotism that never fails. Ennoble the history of our common country in the future as you have done in the past, and coming ages will proclaim that you were as noble as citizens as you were brave as soldiers.

The shadows of the evening are lengthening on our pathway; the twilight approaches, let the evening song of our declining years, more plaintive and heart touching than the *rdnz--des bache* of the Swiss herdsman, utter its passionate longing in the strais of our southern bard:

"Yes, Give me the land where the ruins are spread,
Where the living tread light o'er the hearts of the dead.
"Yes, give me the land with graves in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall ne'er be forgot.
Yes, give me the land of legends and lays,
Enshrining the memory of long vanished days;
Yes, give me the land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong.
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night, comes the sunrise and morn."

I bid you thrice welcome to our hospitality, to our homes,
and to our heart of hearts.

In The Court House.

Owing to the rather stiff breeze that played across the Public Square rendering it difficult for the voice to be heard more than a short distance, it was decided that the remaining exercises be held in the Court House, and thither went so many people as it would contain. The Circuit Court room had been very tastefully decorated by the ladies, with Confederate flags, pictures of Confederate Generals and evergreen intertwined. The Daughters of the Confederacy,

visiting ladies and the young ladies representing the Southern States occupied seats on the north side of the room, and one of the most distinguished audiences that ever assembled here occupied all available space. The exercises were deeply impressive. Several times the eloquent portrayal of tragic scenes of the war, particularly when Gen. Gordon described the first desperate charge on the Federal breastworks, tears coursed the cheeks of veterans, and dimmed the eyes of youth and maiden, and occasionally the famous "rebel yell" made the pulses leap. The speaking was of a high order of excellence, as was attested by the circumstance that, though it lasted four hours, interest was unflagging. Before the exercises began Maj. J. H. Akin announced that McEwen Bivouac had selected Susie Winstead as the "Daughter of the Confederacy" for the Bivouac. The platform programme was presented by John H. Henderson, Esq., who made the first address and introduced the several speakers. Mr. Henderson was at his best and acquitted himself with marked credit to himself and in a manner to approve the judgment of the committee who selected him for the honorable position. His remarks, which were punctuated with applause were as follows:

ADDRESS OF J. H. HENDERSON.

The occasion which brings you here is one to which we have all looked forward with interest. We are making history today. Future generations will point back with pride to this day that their fathers and mothers thirty-five years after the close of one of the bloodiest wars of history, when all passion had subsided all animosities had been buried, and all sections of our common country were at peace with each other as brothers, had paid this tribute of affection to the memory of their countrymen.

A generation has passed, and this is in part the work of a new generation. To have done this sooner, would have, perhaps, been too soon. There might have been in the tribute some malignity, some vindictiveness. But we are prompted by nothing of that sort. The cornerstone of this monument is love, every rock in its foundation is cemented in love, every stroke of the chisel that worked out its beautiful symmetry was made in love; love pure and simple, welled up in grateful hearts, as a token of which we transmit this monument to posterity.

This is the work of the noble women of Williamson County, than whom there are none more noble on earth. They are the daughters of these women who near forty years ago gave such impetus to the cause of the Confederacy.

Go back in memory to the stirring days of 1861: the women were as active as the men; there was an invading army at our borders, nothing was left to be done, but go. The women aroused an enthusiasm that brooked no opposition, and be it said to the lasting credit of Williamson, that she put more men in the field than she had voters.

The wife to her husband, the mother to her boy, the sister to her brother, the maiden to her sweetheart, all said, "Go, God be with you till we meet again; should the fate of war befall you, and should that banner around which cluster the bright hopes of the Confederacy, go down, you shall ever live in the hearts of your countrymen." We saw them go; they were boys, the flower of the land. Amid the hardships and deprivations of camp life, the desolation of the battlefield, they knew that promise would be redeemed, and gathered strength and courage from the fact. That promise has been as sacred with the daughters as it was with the mothers.

Who first suggested this monument, and that it be placed upon the public square, is a question that has been asked. No man or woman can claim the credit. The sentiment that something should be done to show to coming ages that we who saw and knew the Confederate soldier, honored and loved him, was spontaneous, and had its origin in no single mind, and upon the idea that a monument to his memory was the proper means, we were all unanimous.

The only difference we had in connection with it has been in the location of the monument. Some at first preferred the beautiful McGavock cemetery, the gift of that venerable gentleman, whose memory is lovingly cherished by every man, woman and child in Williamson County. The locality, while sacred as the resting place of the hallowed bones of our heroes, was too far removed from daily public contact.

Some preferred the battlefield, in sight of the railroad, that strangers in passing might know that we honored our countrymen. But we don't build it for strangers; we build it for our children; we teach our children patriotism, to love, honor and defend the government under which we live: and in recent months children of

Confederate soldiers, wherever the Government offered the opportunity, have proven themselves to be worthy sons of honored sires. And all with rare exceptions gradually came to the conclusion, that the public square was the place: that our children might know by daily observation of this monument that their fathers and mothers regarded the Confederate soldier as the grandest character in all history.

He is. History has her heroes from the earliest age. They stand out upon her pages as beacon lights and have ignited the chivalry in the souls of many a boy. But we never saw them, we read about them. The men who left their homes that they had not seen for four years, and followed Hood out of Tennessee, when they so plainly saw that the star of the Confederacy had begun to set, were heroes, before whom in our eyes, all others pale into comparative insignificance. The men who followed Lee from Richmond, when they could but see that his Appomattox was near, were men in whose fidelity and valor the gods delight.

These men were Southerners, our own countrymen: some of them were from Williamson County: some of them are here to-day, some have passed over the river, and are resting under the shades of eternity, awaiting the coming of their comrades, which will be short. These are the men we desire to honor. It is an honor to belong to the race that could produce them. Our children should know them, and the richest heritage we have to leave them is, that their blood flows through their veins.

Such is the sentiment that built this monument and located it where it is.

Contrast for a moment their home-coming in 1865, with that of their sons in 1899; you have just witnessed the latter, in the sentiment of which we all heartily join. Ragged, footsore, weary, desolation on all sides; burnt cities and homes, wasted fields. There was no trumpet to sound their coming; the sound of their approaching footsteps wasted away in the surrounding stillness; nature was arrayed in all the beauty of spring time; the melodious notes of the birds fell with a melancholy sadness upon their hearts, as the requiem of a cause that was lost.

----- out their countrymen, their country women, God bless them, gave them a greeting that was worth immeasurably more than evanescent, fickle "Io triumphe" of the

returning conqueror. With a silent, melancholy joy you met them with outstretched arms and hearts full of love you received them and showed to them then as you have shown to the world for the thirty-five years since then that you were proud of the record that they had made.

Only a few words in regard to the manner in which the money was raised. It is the work of the women of Williamson County. They have commanded the willing services of the men and we have come and gone at their bidding. The monument was first started about fourteen years ago, by a few women, whose number was continually increased: by ice cream suppers, concerts, cake walks, etc. from time to time, a few dollars were raised.

During this period these women devoted much of their attention to raising funds for needy Confederate soldiers, for the Soldiers' Home, McGavock cemetery, etc. On this account the completion of the monument was deferred and not for lack of interest in it. They succeeded in raising near five hundred dollars. In 1896 Chapter 14 United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Franklin, of which the most of these women became members, some few did not, though they were eligible. The chapter took charge of the enterprise, and with a determination that saw nothing but success, they went to work and you see the result.

While our pride in our soldiers is great it is not greater than that we have in these women. All praise to the United Daughters of the Confederacy; all praise to the women of Williamson County. It took just such women as we have to make the Confederate soldier what he was.

Donations have come to them from all sources, Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Prohibitionists, vied with each other in their contributions. School children have given their dimes, Federal soldiers have taken stock, and this is the gift of all conditions of life, to stand as a monument of the affection of a grateful people. While many Confederate soldiers have been liberal in their donations, I for one, have thought that we should not require much of them, because this is done not by them, but for them; it is done by a grateful people in their honor. We who for one reason and another did not share their toils and dangers know what they did.

While history for a season be colored by the conquerors, and thus shadow the truth, in time it will right itself, and the world

will know as we now know, that no age or country has ever produced the superior of our countrymen in courage, fidelity and nobleness of character, and we wish to offer for coming generations our humble testimony of these virtues.

The women have done me, a non combatant, the honor to designate me for this place, an honor I appreciate very highly indeed, more highly than I am willing to risk my limited command of language to attempt to express. While others could have been selected who would have performed the duties of the occasion more acceptably than I can, there is not a man who feels a deeper interest in this monument than I do, and have felt ever since the movement was first started. A monument in honor of the Confederate soldier, or something that will impress my children with the grandeur of his character, has been the burden of my heart ever since I have had children. Now that it is an accomplished fact, no man can be more rejoiced than I.

With an apology for having detained you for so long we come now to a more interesting part of the programme. We had expected to have an address from General Bate who in addition to being the senior surviving General from Tennessee, is a gentleman whom we all love, and who has for more than forty years been a special favorite of Williamson County. But temporary ill health deprives us of the pleasure of hearing him. I am directed by him to say that no one regrets this more than he does, but really his regret cannot be greater than ours. His physicians have advised him not to attempt to speak. Will you permit me to say that Tennessee loves General Bates; she loves him for the luster he has added to her arms; for his blood he shed in her behalf; for the life he has lived since then. She has heaped upon him all the honors that she has and regrets that she has not more to bestow.

While we are deprived of the pleasure of hearing him, we have in his stead, a gentleman who has a warm place in the hearts of the people of Williamson County, of Tennessee and of the South, one of our youngest Brigadiers, and one of the bravest.

On the fateful field of Franklin, in addition to the great fatality in the ranks, there was unprecedented fatality among the officers. They led their men. Six Generals, one Major General and five Brigadiers died upon the field, and as many wounded, Cleburne, Adams, Carter, Granberry, Gist and Strahl; - names that

will ever be sacred to Southerners, as Brave and as heroic as any in all the annals of history. They sought the Federal lines, and fell in their attempt to reach them.

We have with us to-day one who was with them on the same mission, faced the same bullets, charged upon the same breastworks when he was captured. Why he did not fall as they did, is one of the unexplainable incidents of battle; as brave as they were, it was not because he was less brave than they. It is my pleasure and honor to present him to you, a soldier as brave as the bravest, a gentleman of the highest order, a matchless orator, General George W. Gordon of Memphis.

ADDRESS OF GEN. GORDON.

Gen. Gordon was greeted with rounds of applause as he stepped to the front. His address speaks for itself. Its eloquence, chaste diction and virile strength aroused admiration and evoked high enthusiasm. He spoke as follows:

Five and thirty years ago to-day, there occurred upon yonder field, one of the most dramatic and sanguinary conflicts, recorded in the annals of warfare. And, I think, if we first give an account of the battle, it will enable us to understand more fully the matchless prowess and splendid heroism of the brave and patriotic men who fell upon this field, and whose memories and deeds we honor to-day. And then, we will speak of the monument.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that tragic and memorable day, the Confederate Army commanded by Gen. J. B. Hood, appeared near the crest of yon range of hills that looks down from the South upon this beautiful valley, but not in view of the Federal Army, commanded by Gen. Scofield, that then encircled your devoted little city as a huge anaconda. The Confederate Army was halted near the southern crest of the hills, and was kept under cover thereof, preparatory to making dispositions for battle, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime the Confederate officers had been inspecting the enemy's position with their field glasses and had discovered that he was fortified immediately south of the town and extending to the east and west - his wings apparently resting on the stream that bounds the town in an abrupt bend on the north. About this time, 4 o'clock, General Hood and General Cheatham rode to where

General Brown and his brigade commanders were, the speaker among the number where the Columbia pike crosses the hills, coming north. After they had examined the enemy's position ---- that point, General Hood said to General Cheatham: "General, get your command ready to go at the work immediately, we have no time to lose. Tell your officers to go with the men, to stop at nothing and to sweep everything before them." General Cheatham turned to us and said: "Gentlemen, you have heard General Hood's order. Get your commands ready to move forward immediately." The speaker had been examining the enemy's position for more than an hour with a strong field glass, and had discovered that his defences of earth works were formidable, especially in the vicinity of where the pike leading into the town crossed them; and when he heard General Hood's orders to sweep everything before us, he felt that a desperate and death-dealing struggle was about to ensue, and it was.

I had observed that in addition to the enemy's main and rear line of fortifications, there was, from four to five hundred paces in front of that, another line of works, but extending only two to three hundred paces on each side of the pike leading into the town, and that this short and isolated line was well manned with men. So that, in our immediate front (Cheatham's right brigade and Cleburne's left) two lines of fortifications had to be stormed and taken if we were to be victorious.

After General Hood's order to prepare for the assault, our commands were promptly moved into the positions they were directed to take, namely, Brown's division of Cheatham's corps formed to the left of the pike leading into Franklin, with his right wing resting on the pike, which was to be his right guide in moving to the assault. Cleburne's Division was formed on the right of the pike mentioned, with his left wing resting thereon, and which was to be his left guide in advancing to the attack. The brigade formation of Brown's Division, was Carter's and Gordon's Brigades in the front line - Gordon on the right, Carter on the left - Gordon's right wing resting on the pike. Gist's and Strahl's Brigades formed the second line of battle in this division - Gist supporting Carter and Strahl supporting Gordon - the supporting lines being ordered to keep within two hundred paces of the front line. Bates Division was moved to the left of Brown's, thus making the formation of Cheatham's Corps: Cleburne's Division on the right, Brown's in the

centre and Bate's on the left. General Stewart's corps was on the right of Cheatham's. Only one division of Lee's corps, Johnson's, had arrived and that was held in reserve.

When these dispositions were made the advance was ordered - not in battle array, however, for we were then too far off (one and a fourth to one and a half mile on the elevation of hills that looked down upon the then solemn and tranquil valley) to begin the charge, but in a regimental movement that our tactics designated, "double column at half distance," in order that we might move with more facility and precision, and also more easily pass obstacles, such as fences and small groves of trees that here and there interposed the otherwise open plain upon which the mighty struggle was soon to take place.

In describing the battle I can only speak from personal knowledge of the action of the men and officers near to or with me in the fight.

As the array of columns which has been mentioned with a front of two or more miles in length, moved steadily down the heights into the valley below, with flying banners, beating drums and bristling guns, it presented the most magnificent and spectacular military pageant ever witnessed by that veteran army, or perhaps any other, during that great international war. It presented a scene so imposing and thrilling in its grandeur, that the sense of ensuing danger, was lost in the sublime emotions inspired by that surpassing martial panorama.

When we had arrived within four or five hundred paces of the enemy's first and short line of entrenchments, our columns were deployed from the march into two lines of battle and were halted for a few moments and aligned, preparatory to the charge upon this line. The speaker here dismounted to charge with the men on foot.

Immediately after the alignment just mentioned was made, the 'charge' was ordered, and with an impetuous rush and a startling shout, we dashed wildly forward on this line. The enemy delivered one volley at our rushing ranks and precipitately fled for refuge to his rear and main line of defence. When they fled, the shout was raised by some one of the charging Confederates: "Go into the works with them! Go into the works with them!" This cry was quickly caught up and wildly vociferated from a thousand straining throats as we rushed on after the flying forces we had routed - killing some

in our running fire, capturing others who were slow of foot, and sustaining but little loss ourselves, until, perhaps, within a hundred paces of their main line and stronghold, when it seemed to me that hell itself had exploded in our faces. Men fell right and left, fast and thick and the field was covered at this point with a mantle of dead and dying men.

They had thus long reserved their fire for the safety of their routed comrades who were fleeing to them for protection and who were just in front of and mingled with our pursuing forces. When it was no longer safe for those in the works to reserve their fire to protect their comrades, they opened upon us (regardless of their own men with whom we had mingled in the run) such a storm of shot and shell, canister and musketry, that the very air was hideous with the terrifying shrieks of the mad messengers of death. The booming of cannons, the bursting of bombs, the screaming of shells, the rattle of musketry, the shouting of the combatants and the falling of men all made a scene of surpassing terror and appalling grandeur.

"Such a din was there,
As if man fought on earth below,
And fiends in upper air."

It seemed to me if I had thrown out my hand or cap, I could have caught it full of the flying missiles of death as we rushed through them and it yet seems a mystery and a wonder how any of us ever reached the works alive.

Amidst this scene, General Cleburne came charging from our left through his men and mine, diagonally toward the enemy's works, looking like a war god in a battle picture. His horse, running with great speed, would have plunged over and trampled the speaker to the ground, if he had not checked his own pace as he ran on foot, to let the charger pass. This was near the works, and General Cleburne must have fallen immediately after this though I saw him no more. On we rushed, Granberry's men and mine, mingling as we approached the enemy's works, on reaching which, the most of us, though few, halted in the ditch on the outside - amid the dead and dying men of both armies. From the time the enemy opened the fire they had reserved so long, they slew friend and foe alike. We reached the works with but few men and these were well nigh exhausted, having charged at full speed for more than half a mile. Some of our comrades in their impetuosity went over the works at

this point but were clubbed to the earth with musketry or pierced with bayonets. But as stated, the most of our small number halted in the ditch on the outside, seeing that it was futile death to attempt to overcome, in a hand to hand struggle, such superior numbers - especially in our exhausted condition. So, we did not break the line at this point. But for quite a while, however, we fought them across their breastworks, both sides lying low and putting their guns under the head logs that were on the earth-works, firing nervously, rapidly and at random, and not exposing any part of the body, except the hand that fired the gun, and that only for an instant. Consequently, neither side did much injury to those with whom they were immediately engaged. But while this melee, which now seems like a hideous dream, was going on across the works, we were exposed to a dangerous and destructive enfilading fire of the enemy on our left, there being an angle in their works; and also to the fire of some of our own forces of General Stewart's command, from our right rear - there being another angle in the works in that direction. Our position at the works was just to the left of the famous old gin house between that and the pike - some of my men and ----- in the rush and confusion, having pressed to Cleburne's side of the pike reached the works with some of Granberry's men.

Finally, the fatality to us, as we crouched and fought in the ditch, became so great from these three fires, front, left and rear, that some of the men shouted to the enemy across the line, that if they would "cease firing" they would surrender. Amid the uproar, this was not heard, and a signal of surrender was made by putting their hats or caps on their bayonets fixed on their guns and holding them up above the works. The first of these signals that were seen, were perforated by the enemy's bullets. I suppose they thought it was our heads, or they did not know what it meant. At length, however, they heard and understood our men, and amid the fearful din, we distinctly heard the command, "cease firing" given on the other side of the works; and in a moment more, all was comparatively quiet in our immediate front and the men walked over the works and surrendered. It was fatal to leave the ditch and attempt to escape to the rear. Every man who attempted it, and a number did, was at once exposed and was shot down without exception. And I ordered them to remain in the ditch until I told them they could surrender. When all had walked over the works except one of my men and myself,

he asked if I was not going over. I replied in the negative, saying that I would remain under cover of the dead in the ditch until night, which was approaching. He said he would remain with me. But the bullets from our right rear and from the enfilading fire on our left (and which was never ceased) fell so thickly about us, that I finally said, "we will be killed if we remain here." at the same time handing him a white handkerchief and telling him to put it on his bayonet and walk over the works. He did so, I following him.

As I jumped down on the inside of the works, a Federal soldier struck at my head with the butt of his gun. But the stroke was averted from my head by another Federal soldier, pushing the gun as it came down, causing it to give me only a glancing blow upon the shoulder saying as he did so: "Don't strike him, he is surrendering." I was immediately placed in charge of two soldiers, who were ordered to hurry me to the rear. There was great confusion not to say consternation in the enemy's ranks, even after we surrendered. I heard officers cursing their men and saw them striking them with their swords to hold them at the works. And when I arrived in charge of the escort mentioned, at the pontoon bridge across Harpeth river, about a half mile from where I was captured, I saw hundreds of stragglers from the Federal Army, huddled there and attempting to cross the stream, but were kept back by officers with drawn swords and pistols and who were urging them to return to the field they had abandoned.

Reverting again to the battle, I remark that the main line of the enemy's defences was broken by the left of Gordon's brigade, under the splendid leadership of Colonel Horace Rice, commanding his, the 29th, and my own regiment, the 11th Tennessee infantry, consolidated - some of the soldiers being killed fifty or more paces within the enemy's line - Col. Rice, himself, being wounded after he had crossed the works. But at this critical juncture and before the rout could be made general, Opdykes' brigade of Federal re-enforcements arrived at the critical moment in front of Rice and the small force he was leading and pressed them back to the works they had taken, but which they held till the Federals retreated during the night.

Col. Frank A. Burr, an ex-Federal soldier and a brilliant writer, in an account of this battle, published in the

Cincinnati Enquirer in 1883, gives me the credit of leading the men who broke the main line of the Federal defences. But I am not entitled to this honor. It belongs to my friend and comrade, and colonel, Horace Rice, long since dead. The gallant ensign of this consolidated regiment, Sergeant Dru, leading the charge sprang upon the works, was shot down, and fell inside of the line, with this standard in his hand. (Showing the battle flag of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry.) This dark discoloration which we see, is the blood of that martyr, Sergeant Dru, who fell and died upon it. These tattered fragments, these bullet holes and this faded blood, speak a more eloquent and glorious history for that regiment than all the eulogies that my poor tongue can utter. I do not exhibit this flag and speak thus so much to individualize heroic deeds and special commands, as to indicate the general prowess, courage and self-sacrifice that characterized the action of that valiant, war-worn and battle-scarred army-known in history as the "Army of Tennessee." Other flags were perforated and other commands decimated on that momentous day, other deeds performed that deserve equal and honorable mention.

The opposing forces in this battle were nearly equal in numbers - the Confederates having about 19,000 infantry actually engaged, and the Federals about 22,000. But, as already stated, the Confederates were the attacking force and the Federals were so well fortified as to render one man defending equal to about four attacking.

The casualties in this battle were appalling, especially on the Confederate side. In general and field officers, especially, they were greater in proportion to numbers engaged than in any battle of the war. Six general officers were killed, six wounded and one captured - total, thirteen. Of the four Brigadier Generals of Brown's Division, Carter, Gist and Strahl were killed and Gordon captured, and Maj. General Brown severely wounded. So that, this division was commanded next day by a Colonel. Maj. General Cleburne and Brigadier Gen. Granberry of his division were killed. Major General John Adams of General Stewart's corps was killed - himself and horse falling upon the enemy's works. Generals Cockrill, Quarles, Scott, Manigault and one other General Officer whose name I cannot now recall, were wounded. Thirteen regimental commanders were killed, thirty-two wounded and nine captured. Besides these

many other field and line officers were killed and wounded, and about 6,000 of the rank and file lay dead or disabled on the field at the close of that memorable day. The Federal loss, I think, was about one-third as great as the Confederate Infantry forces, actually engaged, was 33 per cent. In Stewart's corps the loss was 28 per cent. In Cheatham's 35 per cent. Loss in Stewart's corps by division was: Loring's 23, Walthall's 25, and French's 45 per cent. In Cheatham's corps by divisions the loss was: Bates' 16, Brown's 31, and Cleburne's 52 per cent. In Lee's corps, Johnson's Division (the only division of this corps that was in the battle and in the second charge) the loss 21 per cent.

In Forrest's Cavalry corps, which did valiant service, the loss in Jackson's and Chalmer's Divisions was 15 per cent. Pickett's Division in its famous charge at Gettysburg lost 21 per cent, while the loss in this battle (Franklin) in the entire infantry engaged, was 33 per cent or 12 per cent greater than that of Pickett. Military statistics of foreign and American battles, as compiled by Lieut. Col. Dodge of the U. S. Army, show the following losses:

- Prussians - Up to Waterloo in eight battles,
18 2-5 per cent.
- Prussians - At Kouniggratz, nearly 4 per cent.
- Austrians - Up to Waterloo in seven battles,
11 1-5 per cent.
- Austrians - Since in two, 8 1-2 per cent.
- French - Up to Waterloo in nine battles, 22
2-5 per cent.
- French - Since in nine, nearly 9 per cent.
- Germans - Since 1745 in eight battles,
11 1-2 per cent.
- English - In four battles, nearly 10 2-5 per cent.
- Federals - In eleven battles, nearly 13 per cent.
- Confederates - In eleven battles, 14 1-5 per cent.
- Confederates - At Franklin, 33 per cent.

From all of which, I think we can safely say that the battle of Franklin is the bloodiest of modern times.

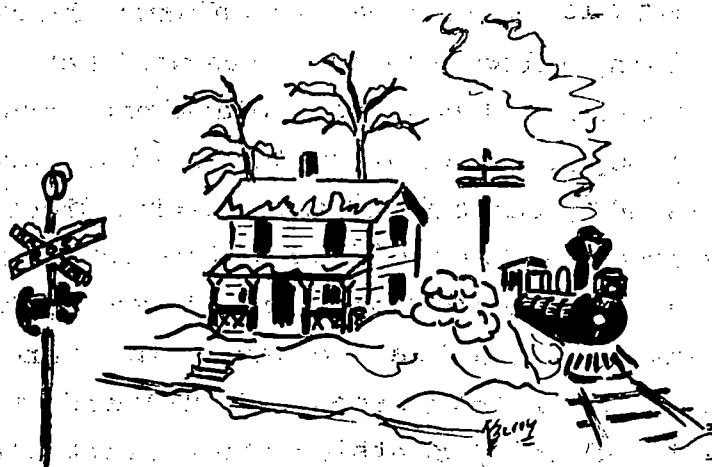
In concluding the account of this great conflict, I doubt if in any of the bloody battles of the world, from Marathon to Waterloo, from Waterloo to Balaklava, and from Balaklava to Gettysburg there was more desperate daring than was displayed on some portions of this famous field.

After the description I have given, though very imperfect, of the conflict in question, I think that we are now somewhat better prepared to appreciate the patriotic virtues and splendid manhood

of the brave and self-sacrificing officers and men who died here, and whose names and deeds we this day commemorate, by dedicating to their honor and glory this beautiful and durable monument - erected by the love and gratitude of the noble women of this community, and especially by the Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, after many years of persistent effort and patient perseverance. And on behalf of every surviving soldier of this battle, and in the name of every sister whose brother, and every widow whose husband, died on this field, and in behalf of Confederate soldiers everywhere, I want to thank, from my heart, the noble, true, patriotic and generous Southern women and all other contributors, who, after so many years of effort, have at last completed this enduring testimonial to the prowess and patriotism, to the valor and virtue, of the martyred heroes who perished here. We can never do adequate honor to their names and memories. They died as it became men to die, in defence of the laws, constitution and independence of their country. Be it said to their glory that they never engaged in a cruel, criminal and commercial war of aggression, but strictly in a war of defence, the only kind of war, I hold, that is legally or morally justifiable, and so holding, I charge that all aggressive wars are unjust and iniquitous. Whom did we and our comrades seek to aggress, to invade, to plunder and to kill? None! None! We remained upon our own soil and fought for home, freedom and independence. We were not the invading but the invaded party. We simply withdrew from a voluntary Union of sovereign states, in the same solemn, dignified, orderly and peaceable manner in which we had entered that Union; namely, by the deliberate action of the sovereign people of the States, speaking through conventions or by popular vote, as in the case of Tennessee. But this was not done, however, until the terms of that Union had been repeatedly violated, and the Constitution of the country and the decision of our highest courts had been denounced, disrespected and disregarded by the people of the North. The compact of Union had been broken by the Northern States, and the Southern States were no longer bound thereby. And the act of these States in withdrawing therefrom, was not an act of treason and rebellion, as charged. They, thereby violated no constitutional obligation. Besides, the States were sovereign and the units of power. And besides, too, New York, Virginia and Rhode

Island expressly reserved the right, in their Acts ratifying the Federal Constitution to withdraw from the Union whenever the interest and happiness of their people required it. And a reciprocity of principles should surely.....

NOTE: This article has been typed exactly as is. The rest of the article is missing.



RAILROAD SECTION FOREMAN'S HOUSE
(Pioneers' Corner)

327 Third Avenue, South

Franklin, Tennessee

By: Elva M. Darby

The small frame house that sits atop a knoll on the east side of Third Avenue, South in Franklin, Tennessee, at the railroad crossing and the Big Harpeth River bridge, was formerly a railroad section foreman's house that dates around 1870, was the home of the section boss in charge of maintaining the Louisville and Nashville Railroad (formerly the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, at present, 1987, the Seaboard Systems Railroad) tracks between Nashville and Columbia.

When a group of interested citizens of Franklin and Williamson County learned that the house was to be razed (1974) they went to Colonel Phil Hooper, Vice-President of the L.&N.R.R., and acquired the property. (See Illustration #1)

The citizens, representing three historically oriented organizations - the Old Glory and John Nolen Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Williamson County Historical Society - formed a non-profit educational organization known as the Pioneers' Corner Association. They funded restoration of the house by master craftsman Aubrey Cole of Franklin.

The only interior change was to enlarge the doorway between the living and dining areas so the two could be combined into a meeting room for small groups and a place for serving luncheons.

The original poplar and pine floors inside are intact and have been refinished, with the rotting porch floors replaced by poplar flooring from another old house. (See Illustration #2)

Located in an old subdivision once known as Price's Addition, that part of Franklin which lay between South Margin Street on Main Cross Street (now Third Avenue, South) and the Big Harpeth River and lying immediately outside the original town plan of Franklin. (See Illustration #3)

By 1861, Nashville had a railroad connection - the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad - through Franklin, Columbia and Pulaski to the Tennessee River at Decatur, Alabama, which in 1862 became part of the Louisville and Nashville system.

In the latter part of the 1800's the railroad had established for the benefit of their track foremen several residences along the entire length of the line. The foremen and their families used these houses as their principal places of abode while in the employ of the railroad. A foreman could then supervise the maintenance of the track for several miles on either side of his house which he used as a base of operations.

Maintenance-of-way functions pertain to right-of-way, track and signals, as well as to stations and structures along the line. Track is divided for maintenance purposes into sections, with a section gang in charge of work on each section. Foremen supervise these sections. Extra gangs supplement the work of section gangs when necessary and gangs specialized for various types of work. Construct and maintain other roadway facilities, crossing protection devices, whistle posts, mileposts, and right-of-way markers, snow fences and cattle guards. (See Illustration #4)

Among some of the foremen who have occupied this particular house on Third Avenue, South have been Ezra Andrew Jackson (Born 1860, Died 1930), grandfather of Elizabeth Hughes Haralson of Franklin. Jackson moved into the house in 1908 as foreman of the section from Nashville south to the Alabama line. It was his responsibility to see that the track was carefully watched, either by

walking or by using hand-cars. He moved to Brentwood for a short time and returned in 1910. When it later became necessary for a member of the family to live in the house, his son, William Jackson, moved there in 1916. Mr. E. A. Jackson returned in 1922.

When Mr. Jackson became disabled he was replaced by Mr. Bedford Holt in 1927. Others who followed him (dates unknown at present) were a Mr. Daniels, Mr. Turner Jennette, Mr. M. E. Morrow (Born 1885, Died 1964), Mr. James Bradburn and Mr. Corbett Burgett.

In 1866 Mr. John W. Miller, an architect from Birmingham, Alabama, built his home at the southeast corner of South Margin Street and Main Cross Street in the same area known earlier as Price's Addition. He purchased the land from the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad. In 1879 E. Marcellus Hearn bought the Miller home and for 70 years this house was known as the Hearn place - in 1946 it was bought by Robert N. Moore who kept the back part and sold the front portion, including the residence, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beasley that same year. The present owners are the Reverend and Mrs. Eugene Crawford. (See Illustration #5)

On an 1893-1895 map is shown the names of residents and occupants, Lots 209, 208, 207, 206 and 205, the latter lot on which the section foreman's house was built, around 1870, the circled O house shown on the 1878 map, still property of the railroad company, but the house itself not designated on the map. (See Illustration #6)

This house continued to be owned by the railroad until acquired by the three above-mentioned organizations and then restored by the Pioneers' Corner Association. Following is the Time Table for the Section Foreman's House:

September 18, 1974 - Letter from Colonel Phil Hooper, Vice-President of Louisville and Nashville Railroad, to Louisville office, recommending that the Foreman's House property be offered to the historical groups which had requested it for the sum of \$2,500.00.

September, 1974 - Each of the three groups met and voted to appoint a steering committee to develop plans for accepting the offer of the L.&N.R.R.

October 18, 1974 - Letter to Colonel Hooper: intent to purchase railroad house property from L.&N.R.R.

During November, December, January and February, 1974, 1975 - the Committee met four times to draft long-range plans, among these being: "Pioneers' Corner" was proposed as a name of the project to be dedicated to the memory of American Revolutionary War soldiers who helped to settle Williamson County.

February 1, 1975 - Committee drafted a proposal to apply for a grant from the Tennessee Bi-Centennial Commission to restore the house.

April, 1975 - Goal of raising \$2,500 to purchase property was reached meeting in Colonel Hooper's office to execute deed by the L.&N.R.R.

May, 1975 - Letter from David Hyman, Tennessee Bi-Centennial Commission, request to review grant application and to inspect the property.

June 3, 1975 - All-day meeting with David Hyman of TBC to adopt purposes of Pioneers' Corner so as to meet Bi-Centennial qualifications:

- (1) Establish a broad base of service to the community;
- (2) Have a clearly defined purpose;
- (3) Set up a new non-profit corporation instead of the association of the three historical groups; and
- (4) Apply for a tax-exempt status with the Department of Internal Revenue.

June 4, 1975 - Meeting with Emmett Strickland, Superintendent of the Franklin Special School District and Mrs. D. W. Sanders, Director of Curriculum, to assess the value of a program for school children. On June 10, Mr. Strickland wrote a letter to the Bi-Centennial Commission in support of the grant proposal.

June 5, 1975 - Meetings in the offices of Colonel Hooper and the Bi-Centennial Commission.

June 16, 1975 - Luncheon meeting to discuss further the altarcations of establishing a new non-profit corporation known as Pioneers' Corner.

Week of June 16, 1975 - Obtained two estimates for work to be done - plumbing, roofing, electrical work including wiring and heating, and insulation; also prepared grant proposal.

June 25, 1975 - Meeting of the Tennessee Bi-Centennial Commission - approved proposal

for grant of \$5,000 for restoration of the railroad section foreman's house upon fulfillment of two qualifications:

- (1) Property be in the name of a new non-profit corporation to be known as Pioneers' Corner Association. The three groups to deed their interest in the property to the association.
- (2) Application for a tax-exempt status with the Department of Internal Revenue.

July 1, 1975 - Called meeting of the Williamson County Historical Society to approve transfer of title to new corporation. The other two organizations had already agreed to transfer title.

July 8, 1975 - Apply for Charter.

July 21, 1975 - Meeting to draft ByLaws and form a slate of Directors.

July 21 - August 4, 1975 - Three youths under the summer employment program were secured to work on the property. A total of 264 man hours were done on the house. This work included cleaning grounds of debris, rocks and bricks, mowing and raking the yard twice, removing all wallpaper, washing down the walls and floors and cleaning windows.

August 4, 1975 - Organizational meeting of Pioneers' Corner Association for approval of By-Laws and elect Board of Directors; application for tax-exempt status and receiving of money appropriated plus application for insurance will follow. It is hoped that by late fall the building will be usable, and on into the future.

In summary, this landmark has been designated as a Bi-Centennial memorial to Revolutionary War soldiers and to their families; it is being developed as a living museum to interpret the life of early Williamson County settlers, emphasizing the preservation of the vanishing rural culture of Middle Tennessee, serving to host seasonal festivals depicting life and customs of pioneers, and, eventually, planning for this section foreman's house to be a local center for railroad memorabilia.

Bibliography

1. Bowman, Virginia - "Historic Williamson County"
2. Crutchfield, James - "Picturesque Williamson County"
3. Haralson, Mrs. Ivie - Letters
4. Klein, Maury - "History of the L.&N.R.R."
5. Miller, Mrs. William - Letters
6. Ogburn, Chilton - National Geographic Society - "Railroads, the Great American Adventure"
7. The Review-Appeal
8. The Williamson Scene

(Illustration #1):

Vol. 246 p. 463

FOR AND IN CONSIDERATION of the sum of Two Thousand Five Hundred (\$2,500.00) Dollars, cash in hand paid by WILLIAMSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, and OLD GLORY CHAPTER DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION and JOHN NOLEN CHAPTER DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, hereinafter jointly and severally called Grantee, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, the NASHVILLE & DECATUR RAILROAD COMPANY, a Tennessee corporation, hereinafter called Grantor, does hereby remise, release, and forever quit-claim unto the said Grantee, all its right, title and interest in and to the following described property situated in Franklin, Williamson County, Tennessee, more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a tack in hub forty-three (43) feet measured westwardly from and at right angles to centerline of main track of the railroad of the Grantor at Valuation Station 3457+70.5, which point is one thousand eight hundred thirty-five and five tenths (1,835.5) feet measured southwardly along said centerline of main track from Mile Post 205 from Louisville, Kentucky; thence southwardly two hundred thirty and sixty-eight hundredths (230.68) feet to a tack in hub, said tack in Third (3rd) Street (Old Main Cross Street) being thirty-three and forty-two hundredths (33.42) feet measured westwardly from center-line of said main track at Valuation Station 3460+02.05; thence north-westwardly forming an interior angle of $59^{\circ} 07'$ a distance of eight-one and ninety-one hundredths (81.91) feet to a tack in hub in said Third (3rd) Street (Old Main Cross Street); thence northeastwardly forming an interior angle of $100^{\circ} 27'$ a distance of two hundred one and thirty-three hundredths (201.33) feet to the point of beginning containing nineteen hundredths (0.19) acre, more or less, and being a part of the same property acquired by the Grantor by a processing survey by Matt F. Maury, County Surveyor, registered in Book 18, Page 154, in the Office of the Register, Williamson County, Tennessee.

This instrument is made subject to terms, conditions and provisions of Indenture dated September 17, 1957, recorded in Deed (Vol. 246 p. 464) Book 108, Page 57 in said Register's Office, whereby the Grantor herein granted the State of Tennessee, for use and benefit of the Department of Highways and Public Works, an easement for street purposes over the southerly portion of the hereinabove described property.

This conveyance is made subject to any and all rights the public may have in and to Third (3rd) Street and to all easements to which the above described property is servient, whether or not such easements are apparent on the ground or created by instruments of record or otherwise.

The Grantor shall pay all taxes on the property hereinabove described for the year 1974 and the Grantee agrees to assume all taxes for the year 1975 and thereafter.

(Illustration #1 cont'd.):

Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, as Lessee of the Grantor, joins in this conveyance for the purpose of releasing, and it does hereby release, such interest and rights as it may have in the above-described property, by virtue of that certain lease from Nashville & Decatur Railroad Company, dated October 18, 1899.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the Nashville & Decatur Railroad Company has caused these presents to be duly executed, and its corporate name to be signed hereto by R. E. Bisha, its Vice President, and its corporate seal to be affixed and attested by David D. Owen, its Assistant Secretary, and the said Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has caused these presents to be duly executed and its corporate name to be signed hereto by Chester R. Lapeza, Executive Vice President, and its corporate seal to be affixed and attested by David D. Owen, its Attesting Officer, this 7th day of February, 1975.

NASHVILLE & DECATUR RAILROAD COMPANY

Attest:

David D. Owen
Assistant Secretary

By R. E. Bisha
Vice President

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY

Attest:

David D. Owen
Attesting Officer

By Chester R. Lapeza
Executive Vice President

(Illustration #2)



Section Forehand's House, unrestored

Restored Historic Site Has 'Design' Opening

A DESIGNER'S open house will mark the grand opening of the 1870 Section Foreman's House in Franklin Nov. 5 - 7.

The dwelling was obtained a year ago by a group of interested citizens who formed a non-profit educational organization, Pioneer's Corner Association, and restored the house as a historic site.

As Franklin's most recent historic restoration project, the house will be open to the public from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 on Nov. 5 and 6, and from noon to 4:30 p.m. on Nov. 7.

THE FURNISHING and decorating of its interior spaces is a project of second-year students of the O'More School of Design in Franklin. Their instruc-

tor, Theresa Patterson, said the students were presently preparing plans and making renderings of their designs for furnishing the simple Victorian cottage.

The winning designs will be chosen this week, according to Miss Patterson, who expressed enthusiasm for the "charming scale and proportion of the small residence. The whole thing is like a doll-house."

There are two bedrooms upstairs; on the ground floor are a kitchen, living-dining room, and library. Students in the design competition are allowed the leeway of contemporary ideas upstairs, but must restrict themselves to period country furnishings in the downstairs area.

ADMISSION OF \$2 per person, \$1 for students, will be charged for the grand opening, with pro-

ceeds going to Pioneer's Corner Association to help pay for restoration and the Association's educational projects.

The Section Foreman's House is on a knoll at the edge of Franklin's downtown historic district on Third Avenue South, the main approach to town for tourists coming from Interstate 65.

It will be used as a center for the educational activities of the Association, whose primary purpose is to preserve and interpret the vanishing rural culture of Middle Tennessee.

(Illustration #2 cont'd.)

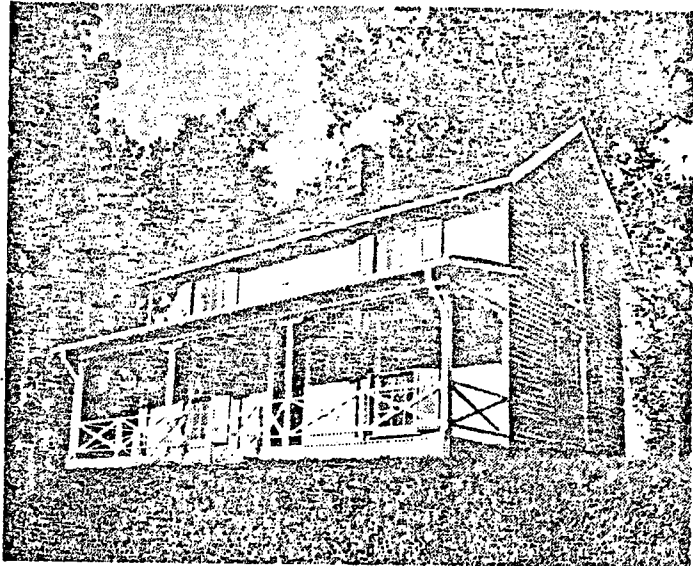
CHANGING exhibitions are planned, and it is to be a center for coordinating school field trips for children who will visit farms to see traditional agricultural techniques in operation.

Restoration of the house, which served for years as a dwelling for the L&N "section boss" and his family, was made possible by a \$5,000 grant from the Tennessee Bicentennial Commission.

Skilled artisans from the area worked on the restoration. Aubrey Cole, a master craftsman with long experience in the restoring of buildings in Williamson County, did all the carpentry, cabinet work and masonry.

The only interior change was to enlarge the doorway between the living and dining spaces so that the two could combine in a meeting room. The original poplar and pine floors have been refinished; the

porch floors have been replaced with poplar flooring from another old house.



The restored Section Foreman's House will be the scene of the Designer's Open House, Nov. 5-7.

Book 3 - Page 212

Corporation of Franklin

forward by John Price.

redrawn 10 May 8/8

This Indenture made and signed this 27 day of November 1857, between John Drew of the County of Franklin and State of Tennessee of the one part, William D. Smith of the County of Franklin and State of Tennessee of the other part, Witnesses, That the said John Drew Corporation of the County of Franklin and State of Tennessee of the one part, and the Frankfort State of Tennessee of the other part, and the

[illegible]

that will be taken up by cutting in an arch about from the margin in a curve line leaving from the front corner with the full width of one third to three fourths more to have made like the of some grooves as a gutter that they may, and the one like the one with freely present it along the side of each groove to one end of the one half from the corner of the piece. In testimony whereof, in the said One half have been made at this my being the power.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

216
 Let it be done
 Wm. H. Harrison & Co.

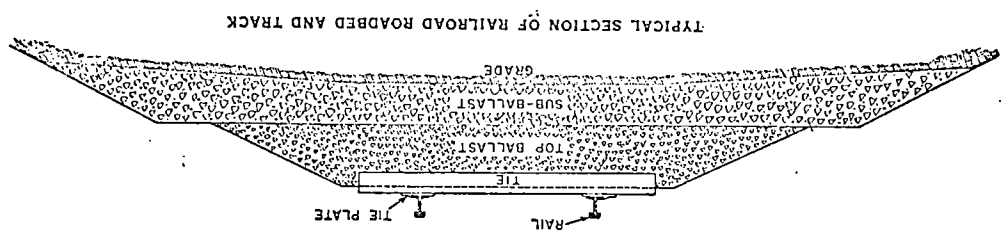
Illustration #4)

TYPICAL SECTION OF RAILROAD ROADBED AND TRACK

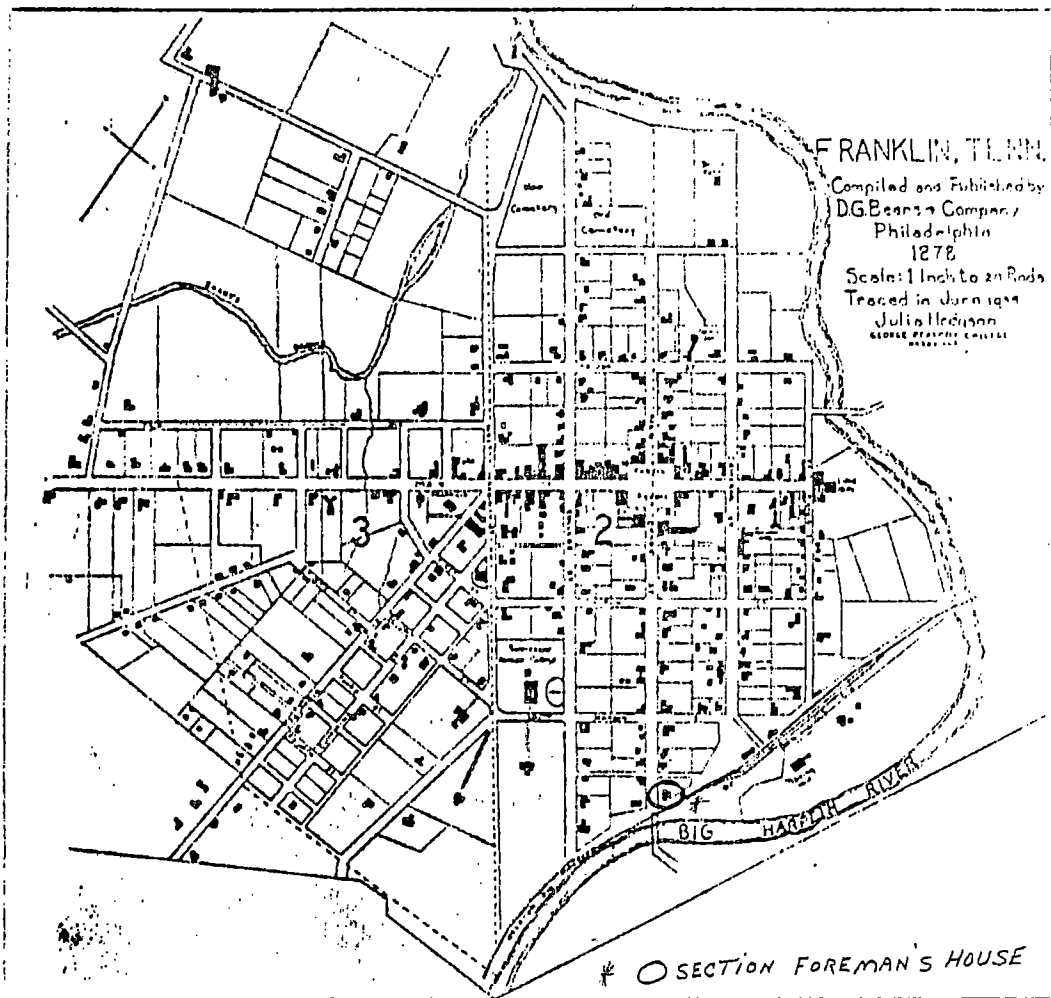
Diagram illustrating the cross-section of a railroad roadbed and track structure. The layers are labeled from top to bottom:

- GRADE
- SUB-BALLAST
- TOP BALLAST
- TIE

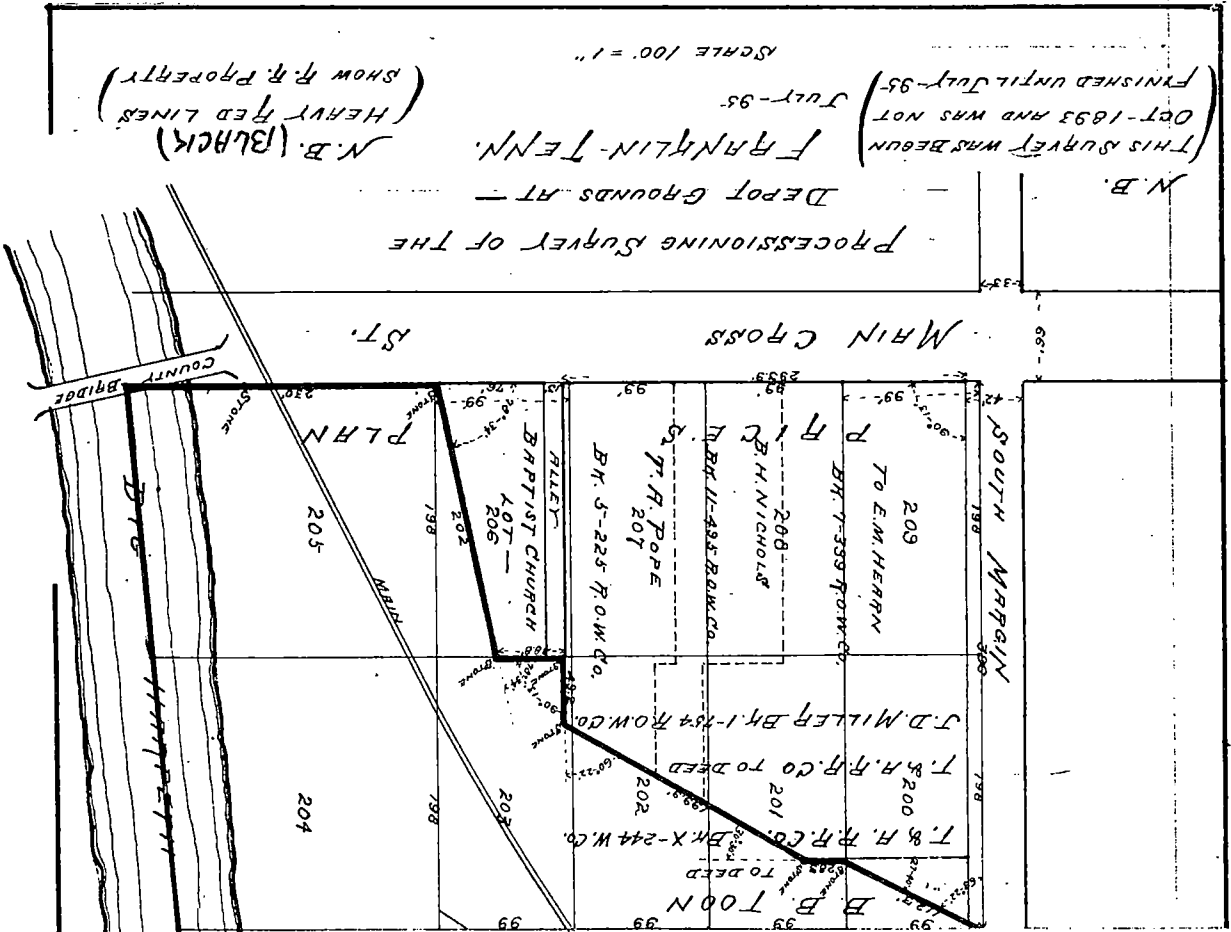
(Illustration #4)



(Illustration #5)



(Illustration #6)



Proceedings
Record
M. D. R. R. Co.

I, Wm. H. S. Maury, surveyor for Williamson County
Tenn, have surveyed and procured for the Nashville
and Decatur Railroad Company the several tracts or
parcels of land as herein set forth by plan, which
plan is made a part of this report and to be registered
as such, within the corporate limits of Franklin Tenn,
legal twenty days notice of the time and place of commencing
the survey and procuring of said land was given
to all the adjacent land owners, notifying them to be in
attendance at the time specified and all the adjacent
and employed in surveying and procuring
the said lands were sworn as required by law
for miles and bounds reference is made to
the plan hereto attached. The above described
lands were procured October 20-1893. The
assistan & were W. H. S. Maury, W. C. B. B. and Frank
Butler,

Wm. H. S. Maury
Co. Surveyor Williamson Co.

THE ALLIED ARTS CLUB

(Collected Memories of Several Members, Past and Present)

There are communities across the world that have a very special aura of art in progress - art in living. Franklin has, for many years, been one of these. It is a fortunate person who can look upon this city, indeed, the County of Williamson, as home. Even the shortest of expeditions make clear the description that William Webster gave us:

"The term fine arts usually is restricted to the graphic arts, drawing, painting, sculpture, ceramics, and sometimes architecture. The term arts is used of any of certain branches of learning, as literature, music and mathematics: in this sense the arts are usually distinguished from the sciences."

Early in the year of 1931, a small group of ladies met to plan the formation of a club that would celebrate their mutual love for the performing arts. Present at this meeting were: Miss Mary Pope, Mrs. Mattilee Reese, Mrs. Jesse Short, Mrs. Frank Gray, Sr., Mrs. Robert Dedman, Miss Frances Stewart and Mrs. W. H. Armistead, Mrs. John McGavock, Mrs. Wallace Smith, Mrs. Pryor Lily, Mrs. Joseph Posnak and Miss Anne Thorner.

There was much discussion as to the purpose of the Club, the frequency of meetings and the people who would be asked to become members.

At the end of the meeting everyone left with the happy knowledge that they had made an important first step and, even at that time, each one felt that they had embarked upon a project that would last for many years to come.

Dr. Rosalie Carter was one who joined them, with the status of charter member, for the second meeting when the name of the group was discussed and it was suggested by Mrs. W. H. Armistead that "Allied Arts" would beautifully sum up the purpose of the group. At this meeting, also, Mrs. Armistead, who now lives in Winter Park, Florida at the Winter Park Towers Retirement Center, presented a Collect that she had written. To this day, the first page after the Title Page is dedicated to this prayer which is repeated at the beginning of each monthly meeting:

"We thank Thee, our Father, for every good and beautiful gift with which Thou has blessed Thy children, and we pray that in the use of them our purposes may be so attuned to Thine that they may be forces spiritualizing the inner life of each one, and contributing to the peace and beauty of life."

It was decided to keep the membership small and limited to performing artists, or "persons very skilled" in their particular art form such as music, painting, writing, drama, etc.

The Club was scheduled to meet monthly for nine months of each year. The programs during those early years were limited to performances by the members or other local people. Yearbooks were planned and produced by the members and a Constitution drawn up. Many of the programs that were presented by the members were plays and/or music that had been written by them.

In those early years the meetings were held during daylight hours as opposed to the evening meetings now enjoyed. The dues for many years were \$1.00 per year.

It is unfortunate that at the time of this writing the older yearbooks seem to have been destroyed with the passing of one of the Club's historians. Therefore, from this point we can only concentrate on the changes and programs since the early 1960s.

In joining the Allied Arts Club one feels that she will be among friends who enjoy the disposition or modification of things by human skills to answer the purpose of things intended. Each program will be a study of art as opposed to nature.

Over the years it became the norm to invite ladies to join the Club who were not only performing artists, but to enlarge the circle and include those who can do one or more things with dexterity, a feeling for form, experience, study or observation as, "a person who is an artist when she cooks." Needlework, flower arrangement, design and renovation are also good examples, among many others.

Many times it has been said how wonderful the programs of years ago were. Those who have been privileged to attend, and participate in, the programs of more recent years, have found them also to be inspiring, informative, appealing to the senses and thought provoking. The Club has not only its own members to draw upon for these programs, but also the resources of Williamson County, Nashville, Columbia and parts afar.

During the past few years we have dined at gourmet dinners, heard beautiful music from members and guests, including those of other ethnic groups, heard reviews of books both old and new, feasted our eyes and senses on the works of local and well-known artists, studied needlework, jewelry making and flower arrangement, reveled in antiques and imports, listened to poetry readings and been challenged by many forms of drama, both American and international.

All of the Club members have worked hard on projects and entertainment, cared deeply and sincerely for each other, and have felt closer to God and the talents with which He bestowed us.

The Presidents for the Allied Arts Club from 1931 to the present are:

1931-32	Miss Mary Pope	1963-64	Mrs. Frank Gray, Jr.
1933	Mrs. Jesse Short	1964-65	Mrs. Frank Gray, Jr.
1934-35	Miss Frances Stewart	1965-66	Mrs. James H. Butler
1936	Mrs. Robert Dedman	1966-67	Mrs. James H. Butler
1937	Mrs. Frank Gray, Sr.	1967-68	Mrs. Tom C. Moody
1938	Mrs. J. M. King	1968-69	Mrs. Tom C. Moody
1939	Mrs. Jesse Short	1969-70	Mrs. John T. Helm
1940-41	Mrs. Elizabeth Mount	1970-71	Mrs. Herbert Crockett
1942-43	Mrs. Walter Pyle	1971-72	Mrs. Herbert Crockett
1944-45	Mrs. W. G. Polk	1972-73	Mrs. Boardman Stewart
1946	Mrs. James H. Campbell	1973-74	Mrs. Boardman Stewart
1947	Mrs. C. H. Kinnard, Jr.	1974-75	Mrs. Eugene Crawford
1948-49	Mrs. Charles Graff	1975-76	Mrs. Eugene Crawford
1950	Mrs. Wallace J. Smith	1976-77	Mrs. John Fowlkes
1951	Miss Mary Pope	1977-78	Mrs. Jack Plant
1952	Mrs. J. L. Farringer	1978-79	Mrs. Jack Plant
1953-54	Dr. Rosalie Carter	1979-80	Mrs. Virginia Dickinson
1955	Mrs. Walter Carlisle	1980-81	Mrs. Virginia Dickinson
1956-57	Mrs. Martin Tohrner	1981-82	Mrs. Conrad Matthews
1957-58	Mrs. Martin Tohrner	1982-83	Mrs. Conrad Matthews
1958-59	Mrs. Exie Dee Burrus	1983-84	Mrs. Otey Walker
1959-60	Mrs. Ed Warren	1984-85	Mrs. Otey Walker
1960-61	Mrs. Carter Collier	1985-86	Mrs. Exie Dee Burrus
1961-62	Mrs. William M. King, Jr.	1986-87	Mrs. Exie Dee Burrus
1962-63	Mrs. William M. King, Jr.		

The Club now consists of approximately fifty active members and a number of inactive members. All prospective members must attend at least two meetings before their names are presented in writing to the membership committee.

HISTORY OF THE FRANKLIN CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

By: Mattye Jackson

The following is a fragmentary account of the background, beginnings, people and progress of the Franklin Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

In the Preface of the 1814 Confession of Faith of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, also in the Revision of 1885 and 1924, the following facts are stated:

"The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was organized in Dickson County, Tennessee, February 4, 1810. It was an outgrowth of the Great Revival of 1800 - one of the most powerful revivals this country has ever witnessed. The founders of the Church, Finis Ewing, Samuel King and Samuel McAdow were ministers in the Presbyterian Church, who rejected the doctrine of election and reprobation as taught in the Westminster Confession of Faith.

These three ordained ministers met at the log home of Samuel McAdow in Dickson County and, after a night of prayer, they organized a new Presbytery. Ephriam McLean was ordained to preach. A replica of this house now stands on this site in Montgomery Bell Park and a small chapel stands near where visitors may hold services or kneel to worship. Not only Cumberland Presbyterians but throngs of others come this way, especially on the Lord's Day.

The number of ministers and churches rapidly increased. The first synod was constituted at Beach Church in Sumner County, and these four points of difference in their first statement of faith declared the separation from the Westminster Confession of Faith:

1. There are no eternal reprobates.
2. That Christ died not for a part only, but for all mankind.
3. That all infants dying in infancy are saved through Christ.
4. That the Spirit of God operates on the world or as co-extensively as Christ has made atonement in such a manner as to leave all men inexcusable."

Dr. T. C. Blake wrote The Old Log House in 1877 and quoted this exact copy of the record made by those three faithful men of God in the solemn act of constituting the Cumberland Presbytery:

"In Dickson County, Tennessee State, at the Reverend Samuel McAdow's, the fourth day of February 1810, we Samuel McAdow, Finis Ewing and Samuel King, regularly ordained ministers in the

Presbyterian Church, against whom no charge either of immorality or heresy has ever been exhibited before any of the Church judicatures, having waited in vain more than four years, in the meantime petitioning the General Assembly for a redress of grievances and a restoration of violated rights, have constituted and do hereby agree and determine to constitute into a Presbytery known by the name of Cumberland Presbytery."

Reverend E. K. Reagin, in his book, What Cumberland Presbyterians Believe, tells us that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church gets its name from two sources, the first purely geographic. This section of Tennessee was called the Cumberland Country. The second part comes from the type of doctrine and government which we accept. The name Presbyterian comes from the Bible, from the word presbyter, meaning we are governed by presbyters or elders.

Another point of interest about this new organization was that they ordained young men to preach who had never been to college and seminary, but were able speakers and sound in doctrine. There were far more congregations than ministers, so young men with the Spirit working in them were ordained and earnestly went to work. Their life was no easy one. Many of these young men were unsung heroes traveling on horseback to the homes of pioneers in the new settlements. They swam rivers, slept on the bare ground, received no money and often went hungry and half-clad. McDonnold's History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church gives an impressive picture of the spirit of those who bravely offered their lives upon the altar of service during those early days.

The new organization was, and still is, to some extent, viewed with disdain by some other denominations. In Robert E. Corlew's Tennessee, A Short History, they are referred to as a "spin-off" Presbyterian group who participated vigorously in revival activities. Later in the book they are called simply "Cumberlands".

Despite the odds against them, the group grew, Churches were organized in the Nashville Presbytery. Able men in Williamson County gave land for meeting houses. One such gift noted in the deed book February 15, 1833, is from Thomas Jackson, of three acres and ten poles to build a place of worship. Mt. Carmel was the first Cumberland Presbyterian Church organized in Williamson County. Burned by the Yankees and later turned around by a storm, it was rebuilt completely, still stands, and has an active congregation.

Goodspeed's History of Tennessee and Williamson County Historical Journal, No. 3, 1871-72, records that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Franklin was organized in 1871, with seven- or eighteen or eighteen members, by the Reverend Nathan Gill of Kentucky. However, several other sources state the date of the church was around 1872 and that the Reverend J. C. Provine was its first pastor. The members worshipped at the old Baptist Church, the Tennessee Female College and at the Masonic Hall until they could buy a site and construct their own building.

In old-fashioned spidery writing with the formal wording in the accepted style of a century ago, deeds are recorded in Williamson County Court House in Log Books 18 and 24 under "Franklin Cumberland Presbyterian" as follows:

"Six months after date we promise to pay to J. B. McEwen, Secretary and Treasurer of Franklin Female Institute two hundred and fifty dollars for a lot on which to build a church ninety feet front on Main Street commencing opposite C. A. Bailey's corner and running with Main Street towards the public square so as to make ninety feet front and then back to the McGan lot line. Sold by order of the Board of Trustees, February 9, 1876. Signed: R. G. Buchanan, H. P. Gray, A. Moore, James Pinkerton, J. N. Butler."

Record is also there concerning payment received by John B. McEwen. "From John Pinkerton \$100 on this note November 3, 1880, \$50 by Hambleton and Wells, \$42.22 1/2 by John Pinkerton and \$100 by James C. McEwen as subscription." Evidently these sums covered principal and interest.

In 1901 another deed was recorded: "For and in consideration of the sum of \$50 paid in cash, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged to undersigned, William T. House and wife Henrietta of Franklin, Tennessee have bargained and sold and by these presents do transfer and convey unto: W. A. Jordan, J. E. Walters and H. S. Reynolds, ruling elders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Franklin, Tennessee and their successors in office, a certain tract or parcel of land in Williamson County as follows: Being a lot in town of Franklin beginning at southwest corner of Cumberland Presbyterian Church lot on Old Natchez Trace Road running eastwardly 24 feet with alley thence northwardly to line between McGan and Institute Property thence westwardly 20 feet to the Old Natchez Trace Road to the beginning."

An interesting point is that Mrs. House appeared before a notary public apart from her husband and acknowledged that said instrument to have been done by her freely, voluntarily and understandingly without constraint from her said husband.

Again the Williamson County Journal recorded that a very elegant church was built in 1876 at an outlay of \$8,000, but valued at \$10,000. The new church had a floor space of 44 feet by 66 feet. The cornerstone was laid with Masonic ceremonies and the dedicatory sermon was preached on June 3, 1876.

Mrs. Harvey Williams made pertinent information available to the Williamson County News concerning the laying of the cornerstone, which was a very historic event. According to this article: "It was a very gala day with the whole city thronged with visitors. The address was delivered by Reverend T. C. Blake, D. D., at the Methodist Church, and immediately thereafter ceremonies were performed by Most Worshipful Joseph L. Parkes, Deputy Grand Master, assisted by Deputy Grand Officers, W. M. Clark, Burke Boud, I. N. Butler and J. K. Hughes. Music was furnished by the different choirs of the city led by Mrs. McNutt, organist of the Presbyterian Church.

Moving to the site of the new building in procession, the usual ceremony was performed and many deposits were made in the cornerstone."

The following is only a partial list:

Scroll containing this inscription "June 4th, A.D. 1876. Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Hugh Cathcart Thompson, architect. Building committee - R. G. Buchanan, Alex Moore, H. P. Gray and A. W. Brandon, Superintendent. Stone Masons - James H. White, Frank Reese, Chestine Crenshaw and Sam Young. Brick-work - Vaughn and McAlpin. Slate, tin and galvanized iron work - R. H. Rolffs."

It should be added at this point that the architect, Hugh Cathcart Thompson left four monuments of his work here in Middle Tennessee - Ryman Auditorium, the home on Berry Circle that now houses a part of the O'More College of Design and a small replica of the house on Berry Circle in East Nashville.

Deposits in the cornerstone were made by all the lodges of all kinds of old money, gold pieces, Confederate bills and notes, English coins, old Continental money and stamps. There were copies of newspapers, a copy of the Charter and By-Laws of the town of Franklin, with a list of the officials and a photograph of John D.

McEwen, Esq., the mayor.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church deposited a copy of the Holy Bible, a copy of the Confession of Faith, a hymn book, copies of the Sabbath School Gem, Sunday Morning Ladies Pearl and Theological Medium and a condensed history of the organization, progress and work of the church to that time (would that I could read it now). The Reverend Joe H. Warren made the presentation.

Work got underway and by April 16, 1877, the church was ready and dedicated. The Reverend Thomas Dale, a musician, author and publisher, was ordained to the ministry that same day and served as the pastor for about six years. Reverend Warren was the great-uncle of James H. Warren, former county judge and well-known citizen, for whom Jim Warren Park was named. He also preached for six years. The following are some of the early ministers: the Reverends M. E. Gabbard, John Stephens, Hardy Copland, Alexander, S. Sharp (whose daughter was Mrs. Derryberry), Sadler, Lum Hartley, John Williams, Minor Powers (about 1945) and C. M. Zwingle who preached from 1950 to 1963.

Elders during the early history of the Church were: R. G. Buchanan, James Pinkerton, W. A. Jordan, D. C. Kinnard, J. E. Walters, B. T. Wilson, James P. Moore, Hendley S. Reynolds and Pollock McPherson.

Family names on the early rolls include: Crockett, Carothers, (grandparents of Miss Elizabeth Carothers of Franklin, a long-time teacher), Courtney, Gleaves, Carter, Hughes, Smithson, Lockridge, Merrill, McAlpin, Johnston, Kinnard, McPherson, Pinkerton, Reynolds, Jordan, Vaughn, Redford, Grigsby, Billington, Hughes, Dansbee, Mount, Atkinson, Overton, Daniels, Walters and many more.

It took much determination, great pride and some sacrifice for these early people to erect this beautiful building. Nestled on the rather small lot described in the original deed, it still stands proudly with grace and dignity, a landmark on West Main Street for more than a century. It is one of the four oldest churches in Franklin.

The front steps made from stone are weathered and worn from the tread of many pilgrim feet throughout the years. Its reddish-brown brick exterior, in the distinctive architecture of a bygone era, is high-lighted by tall, narrow cathedral windows of pebbled glass.

The sturdy brick walls rise from a heavy stone foundation, which was made from stones furnished from the Hughes Farm on Boyd Mill Pike. Tall massive front doors are also arched as are the eight shutter-like vents in the bell tower. Double tin cap stones painted white are appended to the several brick buttresses around the sides and front of the building because tin was probably cheaper than the stone it would have taken for these.

A high, impressive steeple once reached skyward above the bell tower. In the early 1940s a severe storm blew this steeple down. Dr. Rosalie Carter remembers that it blew into her yard across the street. There is talk, and hope, even now, of replacing this steeple, which added so much to the appearance of the building.

Entering the foyer, one faces a stone wall marker noting the erection date, "A.D. 1876 by F. M. Reece." A door to the right and one to the left leads into the sanctuary, which immediately lends a feeling of utter peace and tranquility to both body and mind. The high vaulted ceilings are in keeping, and the handmade pews, with their beautifully turned arms are works of art, made of alternating strips of red and white oak. The wainscoting is of the same material. These pews are put together with pegs instead of nails. Most unusual is the low partition down the center of the room separating the pews. This arrangement was in keeping with the tradition of the era in the Old South for men and women to sit separately in church services.

Facing the pulpit one is profoundly affected by the beautiful stained glass figure of Christ, postured with outstretched hands, which fills the arch behind the choir in the chancel. This memorial to Felton Jarvis, an elder and a very devoted member, was given by his wife Mary, who is now an elder. There is also lighted stained glass centered with a dove bearing the olive branch in a transom position over the two doors leading out on opposite sides of the sanctuary. These were donated by Reverend James and Dot Pope, during his ministry. Red cushions and red carpet cast a warm glow over the white interior, where the window frames and the heavy oak ceiling beams loom darkly.

Once there was a rambling clapboard manse in back of the church. Miss Elizabeth Mount remembers it well because, not only was she born there, but lived there for nine years. She also clearly remembers that the kitchen was so far from the dining room that she disliked

taking the dishes to and fro. Once she dropped some dishes because she had stacked too many for an armful, just to save a trip. Dr. Rosalie Carter, who lives across the street remembers that it seemed strange that the manse was always rented and that the pastors never lived there. It would seem that the small congregation could never support a full-time pastor in Franklin.

Some of the more recent pastors are:

Reverend Jessie Harris, 1963-1974
 Reverend James D. Pope, 1975-1981
 Reverend Charlie Seaton, 1982-1983
 Reverend Buddy Pope, September 1983-
 November 1983
 Reverend James D. Pope, 1983-1986
 Reverend B. Keith Johnson, April 1986-
 Present

Early elders who were remembered were: Jim Hughes, Cook Whitehurst, Leslie Sawyer, Dan Blazer, Cal Holt, Frank Byrd and Will Stephens. These were followed by: Ike Pewitt, Gene Skelley, Clyde Warren, Bud Stephens, Leo Lynch, George Hollars, Charles Reynolds and Edward Curtis.

The present elders are: Mary Lynch Jarvis, clerk, Ray Stephens, Cecil Lynch, Charles Curtis, Andy Frost and L. S. White. The deacons are Charles May and Clifton Crutcher. Leo Lynch and Clyde Warren, long time elders, serve as ex-officio members.

The first addition to the church was a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Jarvis. In early 1970, they donated a building removed from their farm on Lewisburg Pike which houses class rooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. Its paneled walls, complete with a fireplace, make a homey atmosphere and a very useful wing of the building proper.

The congregation, although usually numerically small, has added several innovations. They have a new heating and cooling system, a new debt-free addition which furnishes Sunday School rooms and extra space for dinners or other meetings. This fellowship hall was built by builder John Patterson, assisted by Cecil Lynch. At the back of the church a hard top parking lot has been constructed with a walk from this lot to the front of the church.

Brother Will Stephens, who was a gospel singer and music teacher, was contacted by the Franklin Church to help with the music. He brought his accompanist, a very young, Fannie Mae Stephens (Lynch). He immediately brought other members of his

family, and today, through those who have remained, his love and loyal support can still be evidenced. His father, the Reverend John Stephens, was among the early pastors. His wife, Mrs. Mary Frances Stephens, is the oldest living member. She will be 99 in August and is lovingly called "Miss Mollie" or "Mammy" by most people who know and love her.

The Franklin Church has always been known for its good singing. The Church Quartet consists of Ray Stephens, Barbara and Don Frost and Clyde Warren. Often Mrs. Lynch sings in the quartet, or with her brother, Ray, in a special musical selection. There are various duets and solos sung and anyone who sings is welcomed to the choir, or to sing a special. Ray Stephens leads the choir. Mary Lynch Jarvis is the church pianist.

Franklin Cumberland Presbyterian Church is a caring church. Its people, who come to worship in Spirit and in Truth, love and help each other. There are always visitors, and quite often people who are traveling through Franklin, stop to worship because the church attracts them. It is never too strong in numbers, but the regular services of worship have been kept up - with or without a pastor.

Sunday Morning activities begin at 10 a.m. with Sunday School, Andy Frost is the Superintendent. Worship service is at 11 a.m. The current minister is Reverend B. Keith Johnson from Columbia, Tennessee, a graduate of Memphis Theological Seminary. He is a young man of pleasing personality, quiet demeanor, and a befitting professional dignity. The congregation is pleased and honored to have him serve as the pastor.

A membership list follows:

Donna Frost Beard	Diane Hartley
Margaret Bess	Misty Hartley
Gordon Blankenship	Jimmy and Lucille Tomlin
Gary Claiborne	Heithcock
Linda Claiborne	Daisy Hood
Patricia Curtis Clark	Margaret Tomlin Hood
Clifton and Linda Jones Crutcher	Janice Lynch Jackson
Charles and Faye Curtis	Matty Jackson
Edward Curtis	Mary Lynch Jarvis
Frances Lamb Curtis	Billy and Genice Johnson
Karen Jones England	Cathy White Johnson
Marcia Pope Foster	Geraldine Jones
Andy Frost	Cheryl King
Don and Barbara Lynch Frost	Keith King
Tony Frost	Terecia King
Frances Lynch Goodwin	Pearl Lamb
Benji Hartley	Cecil and Carolyn Lynch

Leo and Fannie Mae Stephens Lynch
Elaine White McGowan
Judy Lynch Mangrum
Sharon Maxwell
Charles and Carol May
Faye Nalls
James D. and Dorothy Morton Pope
James and Ronda Skinner

Ray Stephens
Clyde and Lillian Stephens
Warren
L. S. and Ruby Crutcher White
Alice Wiley
Bobby and Sue Wiley
Lera Wiley
Joyce Lynch Woodside

*NOTE: Mrs. Mary Frances Stephens has passed away (November 16, 1986)
since the writing of this article.*

PASQUO - AN OPEN COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD

By: Ola Mae Potts

The community of what is now Pasquo is located in the southwestern corner of Davidson County. Looking from Nashville in this direction there is a triangle which seems to be almost as much a part of the two adjoining counties, Williamson and Cheatham, as of Davidson. The Harpeth River is the base of the triangle while six miles further out the South Harpeth cuts across its apex. Leaving this community and traveling westward, one immediately takes the ascent to the Highland Rim. In fact, if the Central Basin in Tennessee were tipped, the residents of this community would certainly spill.

This region is an open country neighborhood section composed of these communities: South Harpeth, Pasquo and Belleview. It is made up of the Big Harpeth and South Harpeth valleys with a ridge of woodland between. The land is, for the most part, high, rolling and thin except for river and creek bottoms. There is a native growth of poplar, walnut, maple and several varieties of oak. Chestnut was rather extensive until it was killed by the blight several years ago. All the earlier farmers in the valley owned several acres of woodland from which they obtained their fuel.

Pasquo and the surrounding area of this corner of Davidson County was settled as early as 1606. Most of the early settlers were from North Carolina since Tennessee was once a part of North Carolina. In those days people were moving westward in search of more and better land. The reports tell about how these residents settled on places containing from a few hundred to a thousand acres of land. We may conclude, then, that this part of Davidson County was settled for land. In his history of Davidson County, Tennessee, Professor W. W. Clayton tells about the early settlers along Richland Pike:

"Crossing Harpeth Ridge you come to the DeMoss settlement, a fine section of country settled by four brothers, one of whom was Abraham DeMoss. Esquire DeMoss built a grist mill and saw mill over the Big Harpeth, which was of vast importance to the neighborhood. He was long a prominent magistrate of the County Court. In this neighborhood lived Esquire John Davis, the county surveyor, a man more universally beloved and esteemed than any man in the county for his integrity, honesty and benevolence."

Crossing the Harpeth River you come to Edney's meeting house at Tank. As early as 1812, the neighborhood gathered to hear Rev. Mr. Edney, a Methodist minister. The next settlement, a large farm, was owned by Mr. Thomas Allison, on South Harpeth. My home was 1 1/4 miles from the original site of Edney's Meeting House and the burial place of Father Edney, as he was called. The church moved from its original site to a lovely beech grove about 1 1/2 miles farther out Harding Pike. Here, my mother attended church when she was a young girl and helped with playing the organ which was later made by my father into a walnut sideboard. At present, this prized antique is still being used in our family. The original site of Edney's Meeting House has been used by the Pasquo Church of Christ for about forty years.

The name of the community bears some significance in considering the history of the community. It was originally named Pasquo-Tank for a county of North Carolina which bore that name. It later came to be known as Tank. At the request of the Federal Government, the name was changed from Tank to Pasquo. Nowadays, we do not hear the name Tank unless it is used by an elderly person. I recall a feeling of some resentment when the place was called Tank because it seemed to be done in a spirit of making fun.

Thomas J. Allison, the first settler to the West, on the South Harpeth, built a grist mill and started a store. This place was called Allison's Mill. It was at his spacious and hospitable home that the farmers from ten to thirty miles west would stop to spend the night on the long trips required to drive stock to market in Nashville, some thirty or forty miles from their homes. In the days before the War Between the States the hogs and cattle were driven on foot to the market. This community became known as South Harpeth and, then later, because of the prominence of the Linton family, it became known as Linton.

The Belleview community grew up around the railroad center. About 1850, a railroad called the Nashville and Northwestern was built. The money was raised by popular subscription to the amount of \$270,000. Twenty miles of road were built and trains were passing through our nearest railroad station, Belleview. It is now the N. C. and St. L. For many years Belleview was a fairly busy railroad station. It kept a telegraph operator and a ticket agent employed regularly. The mail came in two or three times a day and was

carried across the road to the post office.

Until 1925, the railroad station was a center of the area, from the Harpeth to South Harpeth. People drove in their buggies to the livery stable just across from the station where Mr. Underhill unhitched the horse or team and stabled them for the day. Then they would ride the "accomodation" into the city. Before 1924, the young people who aspired to higher learning rode the train to Nashville to attend Hume-Fogg High School. The ladies went occasionally for shopping. Several business and professional men rode it daily. Considerable freight was brought to Belleview. Before the day of parcel post Sears and Montgomery Ward orders were shipped by freight to Belleview. I remember the thrill of having a new piano-organ shipped from Sears in Chicago to Belleview. Altogether, the railroad station was an important meeting place for the residents of the countryside.

With the advent of trucks and automobiles, the railroad decided to discontinue its business, and soon the station building was torn away. We felt that this was an end to an era in our lives. Mail for a very small number of people is dropped twice a day. A post office is still maintained but most of the mail is carried by the Rural Route carrier from the West Nashville Post Office. The route of this carrier is said to be the longest in the United States.

Nina Hill Robinson, daughter of Dr. Hill, the physician for the surrounding territory from 1865 to 1895, wrote of Rehoboth Church (Edney's Chapel) in 1911: "The quaint appearance of the village is most pleasing. The little homes, like dovecots among the hills, are cherished, along with the aged citizens, as landmarks of a severed past. Pasquo is mellow with age, with a record almost as old as the capital city. Rehoboth was not without her adversaries - the followers of the flesh. See that trim village store where the daily mail now leaves its burden! The time was when the post office platform was the loafing ground of the idle, and every board of its battered front bore marks of the whittling knife. It was a 'far cry' then from the village store to the village church."

Later in her story, Mrs. Robinson tells vividly of one of the "blots on the escutcheon" of our community. As children we heard many stories about the troublesome times in the community when

Mr. Si Greer ran a saloon just across the road from the post office: "Rumors were in the air that trouble was brewing at the post office corner - a grievous disturbance that threatened the people of the church and the safety of the people."

Exercising the rights of privileges of citizenship, Pasquo established, under the supervision of the village platform, a bar-room and drinks were sold - cheap, poisonous, fiery - by the day and by the hour.

"Then, also, for the peace and quiet of Happy Hollow from over the hills and down the valleys come, not the incense of praise for the perfection of beauty, but the patrons of the barroom, the misguided youth, the straggles of the community, the weak, the curious and the idle. The days were but hours of hilarious indulgence, the nights of hideous revel. Women hurried by with blanched faces. Terror reigned in humble homes where sobriety and morals were inbred virtues.

"What could be done? The respectability of the village had always been its boast. It was a difficult thing to close the open doors of an open saloon."

Pasquo was dismayed. The safety of home and hearthstone hung in the balance. Dr. Hill and other leaders were taking measures to lift the "incubus." On election day they were successful in obtaining the protection of the four-mile law. Thus, the plague was slain and Pasquo was the "poorer" by the venture.

"Now the years have passed and the village is awakening to new life. Hibernating through a long winter of discontent, growing at the inroads of change and disturbances of new inventions, it was aroused at last to the needs of the times. The change was evidenced at first in neater doorways and painted fences. Store clothes were more in vogue. White socks and home-knit suspenders were worn by the aged few while the muslin kerchiefs and fluted sunbonnets were tenderly consigned to a sweet-scented past. The gardens took on a trimmer cultivation. There were books and the daily newspaper - that education of a commoner. There was much calculating over a prospective school."

The churches of the community have wielded an influence that has been felt far and wide. There are now two Churches of Christ, one Baptist, one Methodist, one Christian church and one other Baptist church. According to records, the Big Harpeth Primitive

Baptist Church was organized in the southern part of the county in 1800 with twenty members. This building was shaken off its foundation by the earthquake of 1813.

Mrs. Robinson said, "The village may well boast of its religious heritage. The North Carolinians who settled here were led by old Father Edney, a quiet, holy man who founded Edney's Chapel, spoken of as Rehoboth. In 1803, Levin Edney settled on the Harpeth River at what has since been known as Edney's Chapel. September 5, 1809, Martin Edney Conveyed to Levin Edney and others a lot upon which a church was erected. Tradition portrays Father Edney as spare and beardless with white hair falling to his shoulders. His memory was peculiarly cherished." The flat, gray tomb that covered his mortal dust was never more sacred to his flock than the old meeting house. Rehoboth, then, was the leading factor in the history of Glendower. But she was not without her adversaries - the followers of the flesh."

"The older members loved to dwell upon the glory of the former house and Glendower children now grown old remember yet to tell of it - how the great crowds gathered in midsummer for the yearly revival 'when God came down to meet his people'." There were the prosperous days of her peace before the blighting ruin of war and the changed conditions of life. This was the golden age of the village. Rehoboth flourished and made history during the old revival days of Tennessee. However, after the stirring lives of the war, Rehoboth found herself at last on the wane. Many of the aged had been gathered to their fathers, while sister denominations springing up among the Tennessee hills and valleys thinned perceptibly the yearly gatherings.

The church awoke with a rude shock one day when Dr. Harding (Dr. Hill) suggested a new building. Ah, no! The thought was a desecration. The old house must stand - The new Rehoboth was making her own history as a live and growing church. The members were fewer in number. The village kindly tolerated the new church and patronized the place of worship with unusual generosity, considering that the mind of the village hailed back to older and more primitive customs.

"The village was settling into an ancient and unproductive habit of argument. Hair-splitting deliberations were again the order of the day. 'The open court of justice' weighed carefully

in the balance the faith of old Rehoboth against the new. Religious discussions were renewed. Questions theological, with the old and threadbare formula of baptism, were reargued with such vigor that these worthy 'judicials' were soon floundering in a mighty sea of conjecture." I can remember the religious arguments and discussions in later years.

The South Harpeth Church of Christ, although about four miles out, has exerted much influence upon the Pasquo Community. Its members have staunchly supported its younger sister, the Pasquo Church of Christ. Mr. Linton Allen, a descendant of the Linton family, holds a deed for the church property dated 1812. Presumably, the first log house was built at that time. In my interview with Mr. Will Hilly I heard of an old negro who described the work of Alexander Campbell at this church. This church has a place in the hearts of people in Pasquo as well as those of surrounding communities as far as Franklin and Nashville. People from far and wide used to be invited to the annual Second Sunday in May Dinner on the Ground. These people are noted for their lavish hospitality, for the bountiful meals they prepared and for their whole-souled friendliness. On the Second Sunday in May, Brother F. C. Sowell Sr. preached from 1885 to 1947, when he became too feeble. At this time his grandson, Earl West, took over the duties of the pulpit. For many years, the dinner was spread on the bank of South Harpeth under the beautiful trees. The barbecue and cakes that were served were second to none.

Eventually, the dinners had to be moved to the various homes because of the huge crowds in which strangers came, helped themselves, took more than they needed and slipped away. It is still considered a rare privilege to be invited to South Harpeth on the Second Sunday.

Annually there are work days that have become significant to the social events and evidences of the "We" feeling in the Pasquo neighborhood. Wheat cutting time was one of the thrilling events of the year. All the neighbors joined forces and helped each other, going from one farm to another until all the wheat had been cut. The women gathered and cooked big dinners, while the children helped everywhere. The little boys all stayed on guard to help catch the rabbits which were trying to escape.

When threshing time came everything else stopped, and again,

there was fun and visiting along with the work. There was usually only one thresher in a neighborhood, and it took several weeks for it to make the rounds. The wagons would gather early in the morning and, while the dew dried off, the men sat and joked and discussed neighborhood affairs. This was a great time for all of the small boys. Some worked as water boys going to the nearest spring for kegs of fresh water to drink; others just got in the way of everyone, riding all the wagons and playing on the hay stacks. In the days of the steam engine, there was a water wagon loaded with barrels to have water from the creek to fill the boiler. The older girls would put on their fresh calicoes and sunbonnets and go out in the morning to visit the thresher. There was nearly always one who wanted to have a little flirtation with a young fellow or two. I believe threshing time was one of the best of all the year. Sliding down a newly-made straw stack was fun to last for a long time.

Now the use of the combine does the work of both the binder and the thresher in a much shorter time and with a minimum of "hands" which does away with the "We" feeling that we used to have. It is interesting to watch the machine work, but the social togetherness is gone.

Another work day that was somewhat of a social event for the big family was hog killing. We lived on the creek where the scalding trough could be located convenient to the water supply. There was always much preliminary discussion as to the possible state of the weather on the chosen day. The temperature always had to be below twenty, the colder the better, and the wind from the north.

The women came in to cook a big dinner, while the men carried out the job of dressing the big two hundred fifty to three hundred pound hogs. The boys could nearly always get permission to miss school, but, too often, the girls would have to go. This is one event that has not changed a great deal. The process is still carried on as it was in the past. It is not as much of a social event, but it is a day when teachers sometimes still feel justified in excusing the little boys from school. The only way it has changed is in the number of hogs killed in the entire neighborhood. It is one of the few cooperative enterprises still carried on by the country folk. They still shoot the hogs with rifles,

scald them in a big trough full of boiling hot water, then hang them by the hind feet on big poles to be dressed and cooled before being cut up and carried to the smoke house to be salted down.

The quiltings we still continue to have are still among the significant work days, although nowadays they seem to be more church than neighbor get-togethers. When a family has a misfortune, such as having a home to burn, the ladies meet, either at the church or at one of the homes, and quilt a quilt. This is a grand opportunity for exchanging all the recipes, household hints and gossip. The ladies from all of the churches join in this worthy undertaking.

Farming was the main occupation of the early settlers, with the farms ranging in size from seven hundred to two thousand five hundred acres. Much of it was forest area. As more land was cleared, corn became the main crop, with wheat soon becoming important as a money crop.

Sixty-five years ago Mr. Stewart had a block about eight inches in diameter. In it were set wooden pegs about the size and length of his little finger. To the block he had fastened a handle long enough to allow him to use it while standing erect. He would place a bundle of wheat on a sheet spread on the ground and start pounding with his block. He stood adding another bundle, on and on, until he finished threshing. That was the time when cradles were being used for cutting the crop.

In those days N. M. Morton had a grist mill on Harpeth River, and T. J. Allison had one on South Harpeth. It was there that the farmers took their wheat and corn to exchange for flour and meal. It is thought that the Allison Mill is the older of the two.

It has been gone for many years, and the site is not recalled by many residents, but Morton's Mill seems to have been prominent for many years. The Morton family home still contains many of the furnishings of the early days. There are many people who would like to have antiques like those found there.

Later, the Brown's built a big grist mill on the creek, across the road from Pasquo, which took the place of Allison's and, finally, Morton's.

During the early years the farmers grew a few rows of cotton for the making of quilts.

By 1870-89 the original large farms had been divided among the

sons and daughters until very few were left, leaving the farms averaging from fifty to two hundred acres. Since World War II prosperous business men from the cities started buying the neighborhood farms. Some of them are carrying on farming on a large scale, employing tenant farm help, as well as itinerant labor. In the Pasquo community very few of the sons have continued farming due to the great cost of farm equipment and labor. There are only seven or eight farms that have not changed ownership since 1900. The old Cato, or Wright place, has been subdivided into places measuring one to ten acres where lovely homes have been built by business men who commute to their work in Nashville. Indications are that this trend will continue.

Working with the County Highway Department is the goal for many of the students who do not finish high school. Several of the older men work on the roads. Some of these workers own their own homes, but most of them are tenants.

The gradual decline of the blacksmith shop is taking away one of the fascinating places for farmers to loaf on rainy days. Since 19,, the Forehand's had a blacksmith shop just across the road from the original Tank store and post office. When old Mr. Bill Forehand died, his son, Walter, took the shop, carrying on in the traditional way of his father, until 1943, when the land on which the old shop had stood was sold. Another son, Carroll, kept the shop at Belleview for a longer time.

It was in the blacksmith's shop at Pasquo that farmers for miles around brought their mules and horses to be shod, their plow points to be sharpened and other iron work that had to be done in a shop. No effort was ever made to modernize the shop to take care of automobiles.

An interesting business opening, about 1930, was Mrs. Brown's Coffee Shop. As early as 1860, Thomas L. Herrin Sr. ran a store at Tank, now called Pasquo. It became the trading center for the settlers for several miles around. In 1865-66, the Tank post office was operated by Mr. Herrin in the same building. It was here that neighborhood trading, loafing, news reporting and gossip were carried on. When Mr. Phillip Brown bought the property about 1870, it remained in the hands of the Brown family until the present time. After Mr. Brown's death, the property was leased by several different operators until about 1910, when Mr. A. Reid Brown, a

grandson, took over the store. Mr. Brown was a most accommodating merchant. He did a great deal to foster community spirit and pride. Mrs. Brown gave elocution lessons to all the neighboring girls. Both became very useful, active community leaders.

They ran a very successful merchandising center until the automobile became common. When people began owning cars they bought what they needed at other stores, both in the community and in the city, and business became dull.

It was then that Mrs. Brown happened upon the idea of converting the store into a coffee shop.

The old store building was arranged in one long, wide room with a fireplace at one end, two small rooms on the side and a porch in the front. It had the appearance and the atmosphere of the antique that it really was. The Browns furnished it in keeping with its appearance and started Mrs. Brown's Coffee Shop. Its growth was phenomenal; city people searching for something different were fascinated by this new place to eat, with its distinctive food, particularly the unusual homemade rolls.

The people of Pasquo were slow to accept this new innovation, viewing it with a critical eye. The Browns did not sell liquor or beer, thus keeping the neighbors placated.

The original building burned, and the large new log building carrying out the same idea of antique, rustic simplicity was built a few yards away. It drew large crowds and was successful until Mrs. Brown's health failed and it had to be sold. The new owners changed the policies, spending a large sum of money on a dance floor, orchestra platform, etc. They soon defaulted on their payments and had to turn it back to the Browns, who then catered more to large parties than they had before. It is now still following the original plan of operation, under new ownership. The Coffee Shop was included because it is illustrative of a new type of industry in the area and because it has advertised our community so effectively.

Dairying has been more or less popular since the advent of the automobile. In the 1930's, everyone who had more than one cow sold whole milk. It was picked up by truck and carried to market. Then there was a period of time when everyone separated the cream and sent it in to town by delivery trucks. Until pure food restrictions

became more stringent, many housewives traded butter for groceries at the local grocery. As the years have gone by, however, it seems that there are fewer families who own even one cow.

There have been significant economic changes in the type of community around Pasquo. In its earlier history it was distinctly agricultural. Farm families were stable and closely united in one common endeavor - making a living from the soil. The farm economy was a self-sufficient one. The sons of the family carried on in the ways of their fathers.

Then came industrial changes, the First World War and subsequently the depression of the 30's. All of these factors caused a migration of farm boys to the city. Tractors and other mechanized equipment came into use and the farm became industrialized. The farmer had to turn more to money crops to pay for his farm equipment and also the mechanized household equipment. This made the farm family more dependent upon outside sources for food and clothes.

Good roads, automobiles and rural electrification began to draw city-dwellers to the country and tended to hold in the community the members of the farm families, men and women, who had begun to work in the city. This latter group began to buy small acreages of marginal land and build their own homes. The ridge area between Pasquo and Linton particularly, along the highway, grew into a settlement. At first small frame houses were built, but now they are using bricks and other higher quality materials.

On the higher ridges back of the village proper, city workers are buying and building nice homes.

Indications are that this beautiful section located near enough to the city for easy commuting will continue its rather rapid growth. Its citizens are law abiding, loyal and cooperative. Its schools and churches are strong and yield a unifying influence.

There are many of the people of Pasquo who should have a place in this story, but, of necessity, they have been narrowed down to the following:

Dr. John Hill, whom I have already mentioned, seems to have been a sort of god-father to the entire community during its heyday following the Civil War. He moved away about 1909 to retire in the city, but the older generation grew up on stories of the wisdom, skill and consecration of Dr. Hill. His house, just a few steps away from the main store, was the center of hospitality for the

entire neighborhood. For many years the place belonged to E. F. P. Poole, an efficient railroad man, who died a few years ago.

The villagers calculated that Dr. Hill spent a fortune in housing and feeding the "bond and the free". A calico-bred physician, he and his wife settled here when he began his practice in 1855. He served a wide area of the countryside. "Aside from his church and profession, his greatest ministry might have been the social intercourse with the constant streams of visitors that went in and out of the house. All of those in distress of mind and/or body turned naturally to his cottage".

Dr. Hill helped young Dr. Bradford get started, then he retired. The new doctor was a native of the community and when, some years later, he married, he also located next door to the store.

Soon after Dr. Bradford set up his practice, a new-comer, Dr. J. R. Major, with his wife and four children, came in and settled across the pike from him. These two men then served a growing area as long as they lived. Both were good doctors and built up remunerative practices. Their religious influence paralleled that of Dr. Hill. Dr. Major became one of the leaders in the Pasquo Church of Christ and exerted a strong influence, serving as the song leader for many years. His wife, too, has been a strong, steady influence in the community. She nursed, comforted and consoled the sick patients and their families. Since her husband's death, she has continued to be a steadfast, firm leader in community affairs.

My aunt, Ola Potts, was the artist of the community. It was she who was called upon to help with anything having to do with art. She worked in crayons, oil and water color. She became more widely known as a photographer, doing most of her work in her home, even setting up a dark room in the cellar. People came from far and near to have "pictures taken." Her specialty was baby pictures, particularly negro babies. In her later life she became well known as a Bible scholar, teaching a Sunday School class for many years.

The Brown family has been prominent for a long time. Mrs. Bettie Brown, the grandmother of the Coffee Shop owner, was a very interesting person. She was a charitable, helpful neighbor. Her interest in the neighborhood was keen and she always had a supply of news to share with anyone who would listen. Her family and neighborhood loyalty were very pronounced.

Her son, "Etch" Eldridge, and a cousin, Coley, farmed and operated a grist mill and a big sawmill. They used the steam engine to run the thresher at wheat threshing time. Their leadership was evidenced in the establishment and growth of Pasquo Church of Christ, as well as in other phases of community life. Mrs. "Etch" Brown, Miss Jenny, is well-remembered for her genuine Southern hospitality and her loyalty to her church and family. Her place is being filled by her granddaughter, Jennie Pittie Brown.

One of the most widely-known of Pasquo's teachers was Mrs. Anna E. Collins. She was the only child of John and Mary Ann Burlington of Nashville. Mrs. Burlington's twin brother, Henry Hollingsworth, served as mayor of Nashville for several years.

Mrs. Collins was educated at the Nashville Female Academy, and during the Civil War was secretary to an Army officer. After the war, she was secretary to Mr. Elliott, President of the Female Academy. Later, she was married to Jesse Collins, a railroad engineer. Soon after their marriage, they traded Nashville property for a farm at Pasquo (Dr. Anderson's farm) and it was then that her teaching career began. She taught two generations of Pasquo citizens, and it is said that at the reception following the wedding of her grandson, Walter Crafton, almost five hundred of her former pupils filed by her to shake her hand. At one time, she conducted a private school for young ladies in her home, a two-story brick, that was destroyed many years ago by fire. Mrs. Collins died February 10, 1919. Her funeral service was fittingly held in the auditorium of Coleman Brown School.

Another faithful teacher at Pasquo was Miss Lillie Mai Anderson who retired after forty-five years of service. Most of this service was in the community.

SOURCES

1. Clayton, W. W., History of Davidson County
2. Robinson, Nine Hill, The Pillars of Rehoboth Church
3. Turner, Gordon, THE TENNESSEAN
4. Old Clippings collected by family of T. L. Herrin
5. An article on Thomas L. and Susannah Herrin
6. Old letters of the Potts family

HENRY H. COOK AND THE SIX HUNDRED

By: Virginia Bowman

In the life of Henry Howe Cook (1843-1921) there were mingled in an incredible manner the gentleness of well-born parents, the security of country and small town living, the horrors of internecine warfare, an almost unbelievable experience in man's cruelty to his fellow man, a happy married life and a distinguished career.

This discussion of Henry H. Cook begins with William Cook of South Carolina who married Elizabeth Howe, daughter of Henry Howe and niece of General Robert Howe of Revolutionary fame.

Among the thirteen children of William and Elizabeth Howe Cook was a son, Lewis, who was born in South Carolina in 1801. While he was still young his family moved to the Bigby River below Columbia in Maury County, Tennessee, with a kinswoman, possibly a daughter of General Nathaniel Greene. From Maury County, Lewis went to Nashville to learn the carpenter's trade, an occupation he followed, along with farming, well into his latter years.

Lewis Cook married Margaret Jane Owen, whose parents, Nathan and Jennie Hightower Owen, settled along Mill Creek "at an early day" according to Goodspeed. In 1845 Lewis Cook began buying tracts of land in the vicinity of Moores Lane in Williamson County, near the Boiling Spring Academy. He combined three different tracts into a 334 acre farm in the 15th District and was living there when the 1850 census was taken. Nathan and Jennie Owen, well along in years, were living near their daughter's family in that census.

When Lewis Cook wrote his will on August 11, 1866, he specified that after his death his wife was to have the use and benefit of all his real estate her lifetime. At her death it would pass to their six sons - William, Henry, John, Lewis, Elias and Charles. Another boy named Alfred, age 13, was listed in that household in the 1850 census. Lewis Cook died in 1873, but it is not known when Mrs. Cook died.

Eighteen year old Henry H. Cook was in Davidson County attending Franklin College run by Tolbert Fanning, noted educator and minister, when war broke out in 1861. With his friends he enlisted

in the Confederate Army and was soon in Virginia with the First Tennessee Regiment.

The rigors of army life did not agree with young Cook, and he was sent home the winter of 1861-62. As soon as possible he re-joined the Army then at Fort Donelson and barely escaped capture there by wading and swimming through the icy backwaters about eight o'clock on the morning of that controversial surrender. He joined the 55th Tennessee Regiment at Shiloh and was elected lieutenant in Reed and McEwen's company, 44th Tennessee Regiment, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, after re-organization of the 44th and 55th Regiments.

At the battle of Murfreesboro Lieutenant Cook was severely wounded in the shoulder and in the head. In the second injury a portion of the skull was torn away. While his body servant held a mirror behind him, young Cook removed the bone fragments with a pair of scissors as he peered in a mirror he held with the other hand. A depression about the size of a silver dollar remained permanently in his head from this wound.

Cook was promoted to captain on the field at Chicamauga for conspicuous bravery. At Petersburg he performed one of those striking unexpected acts which bring young officers into particular notice. Cook and a few men opened fire under orders on a Federal gunboat as they stood on the very margin of the river exposed to the big shells lobbed from the vessel. Against impossible odds the little group disabled and captured their quarry for which Captain Cook received commendation from his commander.

In the spring of 1864 the brigade left East Tennessee for Richmond. Captain Cook never forgot the day they marched in front of the capitol of the Confederate States. By 1864 they were a ragged set of soldiers, those without shoes having strips of carpet or green cowhides tied about their feet. Despite their lack of warm uniforms and good boots the grey ragamuffins stepped along at a smart pace, their shot-torn battle flags fluttering in the breeze. There was an occasional gallant greeting to a pretty face along the way and a hoot of derision for an able-bodied man in the crowd. These were the men who held Butler's huge forces at bay until an army could be gathered in an effort to hold the vulnerable railroads, rivers and exposed positions in Virginia.

After the battle of Drewry's Bluff "Beast" Butler and his army were bottled up "at the landing in Bermuda Hundred", but at that

battle Henry Cook's life took a sad and painful turning when he was wounded and captured.

Placed aboard a boat anchored out in the James he could see Shirley, the Carter mansion so closely related to Robert E. Lee, and where, according to one of his captors, the Lee daughters were staying. The Federal officer appeared to be greatly pleased at the fact that General Lee did not fear to have his daughters within their lines. Captain Cook reflected on the havoc wreaked on Dr. Friend's home at Drewry's Bluff, but refrained from commenting on that circumstance. Evidently he was unaware of the destruction of Washington's artifacts, national treasures stored at Arlington, the Custis mansion which was taken from the Lee family early in the war and ruined, while its grounds became a burial ground for Federal dead.

As the Yankee officer prattled on Captain Cook thought about "Cowsons" (Cawsons?), the Bland residence, down the James and across the mouth of the Appomattox, which was associated with John Randolph, Chief Justice John Marshall and other illustrious names. Although he did not say so, Captain Cook might have known of the connection of Mrs. Guilford Dudley of Franklin with the Blands, even if he was too young to remember her before her death.

At this point the story of "The Six Hundred" begins, but without the article written by Judge Cook and published in the Confederate Veteran Magazine it would be difficult, if not impossible, to tell the facts with the credence they deserve.

The prisoners were taken first to Fortress Monroe where they were well-fed, thus giving them a false sense of security. From there they were transferred to Point Lookout at the mouth of the Potomac. At Fort Delaware Captain Cook was reunited with his friends who had been captured near Petersburg, among whom were Z. W. Ewing and Captain Thomas Fearn Perkins.

Without warning, on August 20, 1864, six hundred Confederate officers were put aboard the Crescent and packed in the hold of the ship worse than cattle. Entirely ignorant of plans for them or of their destination, the men existed for over a week in conditions past imagining. Many became ill from the heat and from the dreadful stench, for there were no sanitary facilities. A lack of provisions was acute. Both water and food gave out two days before

they reached the end of their torturous journey which proved to be Hilton Head off the coast of South Carolina.

By the time of their arrival there on the 26th, the condition of the prisoners was indescribable. Captain Cook had caught a little rain water in an oilcloth, but his friends had not been so fortunate and nearly perished from dehydration.

Finally a Lt. Col. Carmichael of the 157th New York Regiment came aboard and was horrified at what he found. Carmichael expressed displeasure and regret at the men's condition and tried to relieve their deplorable state. He had them transferred to a steamer while the ship was cleansed, and ordered the Federal soldiers to share their rations with their poor prisoners.

While the ship rode at anchor in the bay Captain Perkins and two other men named Ellison and Kent in some manner secured life preservers and slipped over the side in the darkness in an effort to swim to land. They were in the water three days and during that time Captain Cook saw the dorsal fins of five sharks above the water near the trio. When they were recaptured Ellison was not with them. This was but one of the numerous desperate escape attempts made by Captain Perkins, all of which resulted in severe punishments for him, but that is another story.

On September 7th the Confederate prisoners were landed on Morris Island and placed under the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, in which negroes were among private and non-commissioned officers.

The Confederates were herded inside a stockade made of palmetto logs driven in the sand. In the 130 yard square enclosure there were small tents; ten feet from the wall there was stretched a rope called the "dead line", with the whole overlooked by sentinals on walkways on top of the walls. The compound was in charge of General John G. Foster whom Captain Cook credited with being the cause of much of their subsequent suffering.

The stockade was located between Forts Wagner and Gregg, Federal fortifications in the Charleston harbor. From Ft. Sumpter, about 1,200 yards to the west, the Confederate defenders kept up a brisk fire on the artillerymen at Ft. Gregg. Off to the right lay Sullivan's Island where the Confederate flag floated over Ft. Moultrie. About 600 yards southeast of the stockade the Swamp Angel, a cannon of gigantic proportions, crouched ready to belch forth its fire and brimstone, but fortunately it was not fired more

than once a day.

The Confederate prisoners pondered endlessly on whose diabolical mind could have conceived the idea of placing them in this particular position so that they suffered not only the agony of nervous exhaustion while they waited to be blown to bits by their own artillerymen but also from physical deprivation.

Their breakfast consisted of two moldy crackers and two ounces of boiled pickled meat served at sunrise. At four o'clock in the afternoon the men received two crackers and a gill of bean soup. The rations, carried by two Negro soldiers, were parceled out by a corporal who strictly measured the amounts, never giving more or less than the prescribed formula. Tobacco plugs furnished by Charlestonians provided a little stimulant but no nourishment.

At sunset the men, four to a tent, were forced to retire from sight until sunrise. After dark the guns opened fire, illuminating the sky as mortar shells darted in all directions, not unlike a meteor shower. Occasionally, a fiery globe would curve gracefully skyward, descend and burst directly over the prisoners, scattering its deadly charge in their midst as they watched helplessly from their tent openings.

These artillery duels, amplified by an occasional roar from the Swamp Angel, made the sand island quiver and shake as if it would melt into the ocean, and noise from the exploding shells was deafening. Sickness was soon rampant from malnutrition and unsanitary conditions. Guards, bored and hating their onerous assignment and the men who were the cause of it, often shot indiscriminately into the pen, wounding the sick and defenseless prisoners.

One day Federal Colonel Holloway's announcement that a truce-boat was on its way from Charleston gave the impression a change was underway. The Confederates, almost daring to hope their ordeal might be drawing to an end, were marched a mile to the landing. Those fainting along the way were dumped unceremoniously in rough carts brought along for that purpose. They spent a day and a night packed on very small sailboats while every eye strained toward Charleston where they thought a surcease to their agony awaited them.

When the truce-boat departed, and the sailboats did not move toward the city, their hopes began to waver and then were

abandoned when on the next day they were marched back to the compound. No explanation was ever given for the cruel hoax. Some thought General Foster emptied the premises to see if any escape tunnels were being dug. Whatever the reason, it greatly weakened the sick and starving men but did nothing to soften the hearts of their gaolers.

By October 26th, when the prisoners staggered or were hauled to the wharf to be transferred to Ft. Pulaski on Cockspur Island at the mouth of the Savannah River, many had died. An occasional priest had been allowed to visit them but no doctors. All too soon they learned the horrors of Morris Island were nothing compared to what awaited them on the Georgia coast. Already the little funeral ships were on their way to establish a burial ground at the new site of their imprisonment.

Upon their arrival at Ft. Pulaski, the Confederates were taken to the interior of the dungeon-like building where they fell in an exhausted sleep on the brick floor. The next morning Colonel P. B. Brown, Lt. Colonel Carmichael and others from the 157th New York Regiment spoke kindly to the prisoners and tried to help them by supplying better food and by providing lumber and carpenters to build bunks and tables.

There were twenty casements, some twenty-two by twenty feet with thirty prisoners in each space. To relieve the overcrowding Colonel Brown sent 200 prisoners to Hilton Head. Among that number was Captain Thomas F. Perkins and "for which cause", Captain Cook wrote, "I lost the only officer from my own county and my truest friend".

The prisoners' only view was through the grated embrasures and naught met their eyes but an expanse of water dotted with little barren islands. For many a day Captain Cook watched the giant waves chase each other up on the beach and then turn back to the vast ocean. Occasionally a sailboat or a man-of-war would relieve the monotony of the scene. Eagerly he waited to catch sight of the topmast sail of a ship that might be approaching the island, hoping against hope that someone would come to rescue them before it was too late.

Well into January food had been more plentiful and the men had access to a sutler's goods, but suddenly a change for the worse occurred. Unknown to the Southerners General W. T. Sherman was

marching to Savannah and General Foster with Lt. Colonel Carmichael and part of the 157th New York Regiment made a feint on Pocotaligo to cut the railroad and prevent the re-enforcement of troops in Savannah. Shortly thereafter, the Confederates watched in silence as wounded Federals, Lt. Colonel Carmichael among them, were brought into the fort. Foster and his superior numbers had been surprised at Honey Hill and badly whipped by a small force of Georgia militiamen under General Gustavus Smith.

Rations were cut immediately to ten ounces of rotten meal and a cucumber pickle a day. The fact that the meal had been ground in 1862 at Brandywine Mills was marked on the barrels. When the staves were removed the mass stood alone, working with white worms and weevils which measured as many as one hundred to a pint of meal. As the worms contained much of the nutritional value of the men's only foodstuff, they were consumed, if not with gusto, at least with resignation. A Federal officer finally secured a little soda which neutralized acid in the meal and made it more palatable. Their weakened constitutions would not tolerate the briny pickles so it was the wormy meal or nothing.

Colonel Brown was grieved over the change in orders and did what he could to cheer the prisoners. With the coming of winter the chill winds off the Atlantic mourned through the open casements, such a damp, eager cold the men who survived never forgot it. The wood supply was barely enough to cook their small rations of weevily meal, and through that whole winter the officers did not know the warmth of a good fire. They were poorly clad, many without blankets, and the brick floor was wet as if it had been raining on it. Those who were able walked to keep warm, but they could not walk all of the time and some could not walk at all. Warm blankets, which would have saved many lives, were stored only a few feet away but were never distributed.

In a short time the treatment began to tell in many cruel ways. Federal officers never came about the prisoners, and while the men in the New York Regiment were painfully embarrassed at the victims' plight, they were powerless to provide aid.

Soon many of the prisoners became unable to walk, others wandered through the vaults, living skeletons gazing vacantly into friends' faces with a listless stare, plainly bordering on

imbecility or lunacy. Scurvy raged in its most fearful aspects. The men's mouths rotted from salivation, and as gums decayed and sloughed off teeth fell out. Arms and legs swelled and turned black, then veins burst and spilled blood out of the flesh. When the dead were carried to the cemetery Colonel Brown had a military salute fired over the graves, but this soon was forbidden and, day by day, the poor skeletons were carried out in silence to be laid in a slit in the ground.

When it seemed that all must perish, food appeared in a most unexpected source with the appearance of an unwary cat which ventured in the casement. The desperate men put aside foolish prejudices and learned that even a skinny cat provided a treat, not unlike squirrel. As pets of the captors, cats had free access to all parts of the fort through the iron gratings. Gentle and friendly, they were given a warm reception by the prisoners and rapidly disappeared, but even that poor diet supplement ended when numerous skins were found floating in the moat.

Efforts to reach the commissary filled with provisions by digging through the cellar proved useless and drained the strength of the sick men. Captain Cook himself had lain in a stupor for weeks in the heat and fetid dust of Fort Morris and then in the damp cold of Fort Pulaski. In his dreams at Fort Morris he saw the cool springs of childhood haunts and his mother's table laden with food, but he had not the strength to reach out his hand toward either.

At Fort Pulaski stories he had heard from his Grandmother Howe drifted across his feverish mind. The old fort was full of the Revolutionary history which was entwined with his own heritage. What was it she had said about the capture of Savannah and the brave deeds of Robert Howe and Samuel Davis? From some nebulous depth of his tortured brain there surfaced the recollection that General Nathaniel Greene had sent his nephew, William Cook, as a messenger from South Carolina to Georgia and the circumstances under which he had married Elizabeth Howe. Then Samuel Davis had married William's sister, Jane, and they had become the parents of Jefferson Davis. Had Lewis Cook said in a long ago conversation that, according to Mrs. Skipwith, Lewis' cousin and the general's kinswoman (daughter?), General Greene was not buried on Cumberland Island as was supposed, but at Savannah? Had his father said that General "Light Horse" Harry Lee was buried on Cumberland Island at the Green home while

General Greene, one of the great luminaries in the fight for Independence lay in an unmarked grave?

When a medical inspection team finally appeared at Fort Pulaski and their scandalized report brought food, it was too late for many of the Confederate prisoners. One Federal officer stated that in all of his experience he had never seen so horrible a place or known of men being treated with such brutality in a civilized society. He added that if he had not seen their pitiful condition himself he never would have believed an officer of the United States Army guilty of such treatment to his fellowman, not to mention his own countrymen. By this time only a thin veil separated the prisoners from life and death. Captain Cook reasoned that had relief not arrived when it did they all would have been dead within two weeks.

On March 4, 1865, when it became apparent the war could not last much longer, the prisoners were sent to the James River for exchange. Again they were packed in the hold of a ship, but this time they had to lie down they were so weak. Those unable to walk were carried down on stretchers and crowded alongside their friends. Those thought to be past hope were left behind at Fort Pulaski or Hilton Head. The ones who died en route to Fortress Monroe were tied in sacks, the bodies weighted and dumped overboard.

When the Federal medics saw the prisoners they would not permit them to move up the James as planned. No doubt ashamed of their condition, they sent them, instead, to Fort Delaware to recover somewhat before they were exchanged. As he regained a little strength, Captain Cook thought of the wasted forms of friends he had left at Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski. The casements, crowded when they had arrived at the latter place, were nearly empty when the exchange was finally ordered. Starvation, exposure to extremes of weather, total lack of sanitary facilities and of medical assistance over a period of five months had broken bodies and minds more quickly than three years of bloody conflicts in the Confederate Army had been able to do.

As long as he lived Henry Cook wondered at the treatment he had suffered at the hands of his Federal captors. He was asked time and again at Confederate reunions and in private conversations with veterans to give his opinions on the subject. As far as he knew an investigation was never made of their treatment by the

Federal government nor of those who were responsible for the orders which led to the deaths of so many innocent men.

Captain Cook could only surmise that the mistreatment of the six hundred Confederate officers was in retaliation for the very bad conditions at Andersonville, Libby, and other Southern prison camps. However, as he pointed out, Southern soldiers in the field had neither proper clothing, food, nor medicine from the very beginning of hostilities and by the end of the war were nearly starving, were in tatters and many were too ill to start home after the surrender. As a consequence, the Confederate authorities had very limited resources from which they could provide food, clothing and medicines for their prisoners-of-war. Acutely aware of these deficiencies, President Davis more than once asked for an exchange of prisoners, but his requests were either denied by Lincoln or ignored by him and then by Grant who said he had rather feed prisoners than to fight them.

Captain Cook always spoke of the treatment of the Six Hundred with sorrow rather than anger, with pride in his American citizenship, but with regret and no little fear that perhaps Americans were not as civilized as they pretended to be. After the surrender he made his painful way home and spent the first few months trying to regain his health. A victim of scurvy, he never fully recovered from its devastating effects suffered while he was incarcerated at Forts Morris and Pulaski. Only twenty-two at the time of his release, Captain Cook had lost the elastic step of youth and walked thereafter with a shuffling gait. The handsome, bright-eyed visage of the soldier boy in the familiar daguerreotype had been replaced by the wan expression and sad eyes of a man who has seen the worst life has to offer and lived to tell about it.

As soon as his health permitted Captain Cook began the study of law in Franklin and became a partner with R. N. Richardson. In 1882 he married Frances Crockett Marshall, the daughter of John and Frances Crockett Marshall whose home is still a well-known landmark on Third Avenue South.

While Fannie Cook's experiences during the war did not equal those of her husband, she had her own stories to tell about the occupation of Franklin. While the Yankees had control over the town they hung a United States flag from the balcony of the courthouse. To show their contempt for this high-handedness the townspeople

went to great lengths to avoid walking under the flag, careless that their actions infuriated the enemy.

It did not do to push them too far as Miss Fannie, only a girl at the time, found to her sorrow when she received the following note dated February 19, 1865, from the office of the Provost Marshall, "Hqts. Department of the Cumberland" in Nashville.

"Miss Fannie Marshall, You are required to submit to me at my office in Nashville, under oath and in writing, such reasons as you may have why you should not be sent within (without?) the lines of the enemy where your sympathies are fixed and where your confidential friends may be found. I remain very respectfully, Your obt. servt. H. B. Adams, Capt. and Adj. to Gen'l (Thomas?)"

Miss Fannie's father had died a few months before this event took place. Had Judge Marshall been alive his wisdom and tact would have mitigated the circumstances if he had not prevented its occurrence altogether.

As it was, the young lady was made to send a letter of apology in which she was required to state she no longer harbored rebellious feelings toward the North. She was forced to take the oath and received a stern reprimand from General Thomas who pointed out to her the evils of the Confederacy and advised her to remain "loyal and true to the Government we all once and some yet so dearly loved." He would permit her to remain within the lines as long as "You behave yourself with loyalty to the Government of the United States."

Miss Fannie, her sisters and friends doubtless stuck out their tongues at the letter, but took care to show their displeasure in the privacy of the Marshall home.

Henry and Fannie Cook were the parents of one daughter, Genevieve Turley, born on July 29, 1883. The Turleys, the Marshalls and the Morgans were all related. The Turley connection came through Thomas W. Turley who was born in 1820 in Granger County, Tennessee, one mile southeast of Old Bean Station. His parents were Thomas and Destimony Turley of Virginia.

From 1877 until 1893 Henry Cook was in law practice with his brother-in-law, Park Marshall. The firm dissolved when the latter accepted a position in Washington. During that time Mr. Cook was serving as Williamson County Judge. Elected in 1870, he was re-elected in 1878 and was in that office for sixteen years.

In 1896 Judge Cook was elected chancellor of Davidson and Williamson Counties, a position he held until 1902. The regular term of the chancellorship began in 1884, but after the elected chancellor, Andrew Allison, died, Thomas A. Malone had been appointed to hold the office until 1896 when Judge Cook took his place.

After his return to Franklin in 1902, Judge Cook resumed his law practice and was selected as a member of the first board of law examiners in the state. For several years he served as chairman of that board whose responsibility was to examine applicants for admission to the bar.

Judge Cook never lost his loyalty to the Confederacy nor his affection for his fellow soldiers, a brotherhood bonded in blood. A member of the Starnes Bivouac and a Mason, he was a close student of the Bible and was regarded by his peers as a jurist of great ability and legal acumen.

After the death of his wife and only child he filled his life with work, family, friends and church. As he grew older he remained seated during songs and prayers in the Fourth Avenue Church of Christ. Unknown to Judge Cook, the boys jockeyed for a position behind him so they could stare in fascination at the depression in his head left by the bullet wound he had received at the battle of Murfreesboro. On the street when little boys asked to see the place he would charge them a nickel for a look then give them two nickels when they said goodbye.

This courteous gentleman of the Old South died on November 2, 1921, at the home of Dr. J. O. Merrill, a dentist who lived on Third Avenue South across the street from the dwelling occupied by Miss Mary Pope and her father for many years. After funeral services held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey T. Crockett, his body was interred in Mt. Hope with members of his family.

After Judge Cook's death a lengthy memorial was prepared by R. H. Crockett, T. P. Henderson, and C. M. Gordon for the local bar association and a copy spread upon the minutes of the chancery courts in Franklin and Nashville. His friends remarked in the resolutions that Judge Cook was "little given to the practice of quoting multitudes of decisions to sustain his contentions...." but gave "legal reasons for his conclusions, thus winning the case by force of reason and common sense rather than by attempting to fit the case into the run of Supreme Court decisions."

Space does not permit use of the many honors paid to Judge Cook in the memorial. Suffice it to say that "very soon after he took his seat as chancellor the Bar at Nashville recognized him as one of the ablest chancellors the State has had and this reputation held throughout his term, being considered both at Nashville and throughout the State and especially by the appellate court as a chancellor of exceptional ability."

The Cook home on Church Street is older than it appears to be. Prior to his death in 1851 the lot on which the house was later built was owned by Samuel Winstead. In 1857 the lot was bought by Mary Brown for \$337. In August of 1864 Mrs. Brown gave half of the lot to her daughter-in-law, Sarah Louise Brown, and granddaughter, Mary Ida Brown. (Robert J. Brown had married Sarah Louise Spencer on December 22, 1859.)

In 1872 the Browns sold their one-half of the property to George I. Briggs, and it quickly passed from Briggs to Alexander C. Terrell to Campbell Brown of Maury County and Thomas and Harriet Turner of St. Louis. From 1872 to 1873 the price jumped from \$380 to \$3,500, indicating the house was built in that time period.

In August of 1889 Campbell Brown and the Turners sold "the house and lot situated on the corner of Indigo and Church Streets and being one-half of Lot 157 and being the same house and lot conveyed to A. C. Terrell in 1872...." to Mrs. Fanny Cook, wife of H. H. Cook. At that time the house faced Indigo Street.

After Judge Cook's death the property was sold through chancery court by his heirs to Mrs. Mamie Roberts. In June of 1924 Mrs. Roberts sold the lot, but not the house, to H. J. Potts and S. E. Farnsworth, local contractors. The house was evidently moved at that time to its present location on Church Street.

In that transaction it was described as "all that certain parcel of ground lying on the corner of Fourth Avenue (formerly Indigo) and Church Street and fronting on Fourth Avenue....owned and occupied for many years by Judge Henry H. Cook and Fanny M. Cook and which upon the death of Mrs. Cook on August 28, 1911, was inherited by her only daughter Genevieve Cook and upon the death of the said Genevieve Cook on the 19th day of December 1913 was vested in said H. H. Cook."

In 1929 Mrs. Roberts sold the house to Monroe and Nelle

Mosley who owned it until 1944. Sold eight times since that year, it is presently in possession of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne B. Glasgow, Jr., who restored it to the excellent condition it enjoys today.

BIG HARPETH CHURCH

(1860 - 1987)

By: Milton Lillard

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Psalm 127:1.

This Scriptural expression seems unusually appropriate to describe the origin and history of the Big Harpeth Church as it has continued active since its beginning on Fourth Saturday in May (24th) 1800, with twenty members; "May Meeting" has continued to mark each anniversary, when communion and feet-washing have traditionally been observed.

Elder Garner McConnico was one of the twenty charter members, and became its first pastor, serving until his death on August 16, 1833. He was so important to the founding and early growth of the church that many historical references speak of the church as "McConnico Meeting House." Any history of the Big Harpeth Church would be totally incomplete without a full account of this unusually talented servant, who was instrumental in organizing the Cumberland Association of Churches, and participating in the constitution of many other early area churches. He was solemnly ordained to the ministry, apparently on the day of its constitution, and was called as its first pastor the same day.

Included in some of the records is the reference that Elder McConnico gave the original lot where the first church building was erected (Williamson County Courthouse Deed Book C, page 607).

Among the first members of Big Harpeth Church was Gracy Goff, wife of Andrew Goff, who was said to enroll her name on the church roll first. Goff, along with George Neely and David and William McEwen, is said to be the first pioneer to venture into Williamson County from the Nashville Forts in 1798, entering through the famous Holly Tree Gap. The Harvey, Buchanan and German families were among the first on the membership roll.

The Big Harpeth Church, its name derived from the main stream of the Harpeth River system, was originally located in the "Mudsink" Community, just south and east of Franklin, where Watson Creek often flooded and wagoneers were told to be wary driving their loads

through the area. A historical marker near the intersection of Clovercroft and Murfreesboro Roads marks the location of the church, said to be the first formal church in Williamson County, and the third constituted south of Nashville.

The first building was of logs with "puncheon" (split log) seats. Negro slaves were members with their owners until the War Between the States, and had seats reserved for them in "one end of the building." A lean-to shed was attached; this building was replaced years later by a "plain but substantial brick building, consisting of one immense room with two entrances at the front" as was customary in the early days, one for the men and one for the women. This building was destroyed by a cyclone on April 29, 1909, but the present congregation had already moved to its present location on Liberty Pike. This site was reported to have been purchased from the Truett Family who were members of the church. This building remains today, having been remodeled, and with the gradual slope of the grounds and beautiful shade trees, has a very beautiful setting. With the continued extension of the Franklin City limits, the building is now within the city, and all seem to agree it was best that the proposed re-location to downtown during the late 1940's and 50's was never carried out. The grounds provide ample parking spaces for almost all occasions.

Goodspeed, in the Williamson County section of his History of Tennessee, page 806, states, "The Baptist Church is believed to have been the first church organized in the county, as a record of Harpeth Baptist Church is found in 1803. It is claimed it was built in 1800. It is known to the public as Old Harpeth Church. Among the first members were Andrew Goff and wife. This old church stood some three or four miles east from Franklin." Other historians, including Lula Fain Major who wrote, "This same Big Harpeth Church is now on Liberty Pike, and is the oldest church congregation in the county," seem to agree.

One of the famous stories from the early church, which is often related in the various writings of many people, tells of Elder McConnico preaching across the over-flooded Harpeth River near the present Third Avenue bridge to his congregation on the other side. An eye-witness who wrote of this occasion states, "he had an appointment to preach under some shade trees on the banks of Big Harpeth River, but there fell a heavy rain the night before, and

when he reached the river, it was past fording, consequently, he could not join his congregation. He spoke to them, however, from the opposite bank, and told them if they would seat themselves and be quiet, they could hear what he had to say. This being done, he raised his voice a little above its usual pitch and preached a fine sermon, every word of which was distinctly heard on the other side, notwithstanding the distance and the dashing of the swollen stream against its banks. A brother preacher used to say, when speaking of him, "Brother McConnico has a voice like a trumpet."

Elder McConnico performed a wedding on March 21, 1821, at which Sam Houston was best man for the ceremony.

A memorial to Elder Garner McConnico was read and adopted by Big Harpeth Church "on Friday before the 4th Lord's Day in May 1845, Jesse Cox, Moderator, H. J. Walker, Clerk." This memorial gives a lengthy account of McConnico's experience of grace and call to the ministry. It tells of his leaving Lunenburg County, Virginia with his young wife, first coming to Davidson County and of his meeting with Elder John Dillahunty, well-known early Baptist preacher, while searching for a stray horse. He soon became associated with the Baptists meeting at the historic Richland Meeting House, in the now Belle Meade area; in the fall of 1797 he moved to Williamson County, where he spent the remainder of his life.

During the ministry of Elder McConnico, Big Harpeth Church grew in membership and influence; in 1829 the membership was said to have between three and four hundred on the church roll, with the May Meeting congregation often numbering into the thousands. Several churches were organized from this large membership as new congregations were being established. He served in the presbytery during 1804 when both Wilson Creek Church in Triune and Concord Church in Nolensville were organized, and was first pastor at Wilson Creek.

When David Benedict, the distinguished Baptist historian, visited the area in 1810, he wrote of McConnico as a "distinguished preacher in the midst of his labors and usefulness." One record at hand notes that Elder McConnico, on Sunday during the May Meeting in 1832, baptized thirty-six persons that morning. This was just a little over a year before his death, which occurred on August 17, 1833. He was buried in the Kinnard Family Cemetery in

the Arno Community, where his grave can be seen today. A large portrait of this early pioneer preacher, painted by the famous painter Earl, who also painted Andrew Jackson and other famous statesmen, is presently in the possession of the present pastor, as a much-appreciated gift of the McConnico descendants.

Following McConnico, Elder James King of Leipers Fork served for two years.

Elder Jesse Cox, a native of Sullivan County, born July 19, 1793, next became pastor, serving from 1834 to 1857, when he resigned. It was said that the "mantle (of McConnico) fell upon Jesse Cox", who was somewhat of a scholar, writing the well-known Exposition of the Revelation, circulated widely throughout the country. He fought under General Andrew Jackson, and when he was 23, he married Elizabeth Brown. He first joined the church at Antioch, moving to Williamson County within two miles of Big Harpeth Church. His ministry was encouraged by Elder McConnico; one of his last endeavors was making the appointment for Jesse Cox to preach. He served the church as pastor for sixteen years, also serving other nearby congregations. His daily journal is preserved in the Archives in Nashville, with a microfilm copy available at Williamson County Library. In this daily record, Elder Cox tells of weather and snow and rainfall, and of his regular preaching services each week-end. He describes the death of many family members and close friends and of the "Yankees" coming during the war and taking his meat from the smoke house and his last horse. He recorded his personal feelings with the Biblical expression "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He died on the fourth Saturday in August 1880, and was buried in the McConnico Church Cemetery, which remains. He left a very noted family; having several doctors among his descendants.

Dr. R. W. Fain followed. He was an ancestor of Lula Fain Major, of the well-known Moran family, who supplied much of the material used in this writing. He was self-educated, born in Rutherford County on December 8, 1807, and married Elizabeth Walker on July 27, 1828. He was described to be gifted in doctrinal, experimental and practical subjects in his preaching. The church experienced growth and was greatly revived during his service. He died February 2, 1876, and was buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Nashville.

Elder B. E. Mullins served Big Harpeth Church from 1871 until his death, July 24, 1895, except for a short period of time. Born in South Carolina on November 30, 1831, he lived in Georgia before coming to Murfreesboro, and to Williamson County in 1870. He was quite scholarly, and helped to edit several church periodicals. During his ministry some discontent came within the congregation, apparently from the Nashville Church. A number of members obtained letters to constitute the present Big Harpeth Church, moving to the present location on Liberty Pike. The original building, being destroyed by cyclone, was later rebuilt, and the congregation began to decline, with ministers coming from various areas to serve until September 1936, when the records state the last service met in the old building.

Elder David Phillips, of Watertown, Tennessee, was called to serve the Big Harpeth Church on Liberty Pike, until his death, which occurred on March 10, 1912, while preaching at Cool Spring Church.

Older members who knew of the church's move to its present Liberty Pike location often spoke of the fact that they could possibly, by legal action, have retained the original grounds, building and records, but because of the fellowship and love of the brethren which had existed, and much of it remained, preferred to erect the present building. Since they continued to hold the original doctrine and practice of the Big Harpeth Church as organized in 1800, they no doubt could have kept possession of the original property, but their attitude and consideration is to be greatly appreciated. According to available records, close friendship continued.

Following Elder Phillips was Elder W. P. (Pink) Russell, who came from Lafayette, Tennessee, moving to the Triune Community. Then, Elders M. C. Johnson and C. V. Vandiver from Burwood and Nashville, respectively served jointly for several years. Elder Raymond A. Johns, of Pulaski, was next called as pastor, followed by Elder Roy H. Willis, of Franklin.

Following World War II, Elder Milton Lillard, reared in the Arno-Peytonsville area of Williamson County, was called in 1946 as pastor, his ordination being requested by Big Harpeth Church from Cool Spring Church. His service has continued to the present, more than forty years, longer than any other pastor.

During the Depression years and World War II, when travel was difficult and life was generally hard, the membership of Big Harpeth declined to seventeen members, mostly aged, with but three under fifty years of age. The 1986 Cumberland Association Minutes show a membership of one hundred thirty-three persons, the present deacons being as follows: Cayce Chester (treasurer), R. B. Jennette, Clifton Culberson, Billy Ray Wilson, Charlie B. Johnson, Ray J. Gannon (clerk), and Cayce Still. The deacons, church membership, community and friends have been very cooperative and helpful in every possible way.

The Big Harpeth Church was a charter member of the Cumberland Association and said to be one of its leading churches, with many council and area meetings being held here. Elder Garner McConnico was the Association's first moderator, and continued in that office until his death. The Mero District (Middle Tennessee) Association, organized in 1796, the same year that Tennessee was admitted to the Union, was the first association formed in the Cumberland Valley and was said to include all of the five churches west of the mountains, having been carved from the historic Philadelphia Association. When it, for some reason, disbanded, it was replaced by the Cumberland Association, organized in 1802, and there is no time in its recorded history that Big Harpeth Church was not a member. Thus, the Cumberland Association of Churches traces its line of succession and fellowship back to the early church, and eventually to Christ and the Apostles. Baptist historians have noted that these lines of fellowship were recorded mostly by enemies of the church during much persecution, thus assuring the validity of the claim of continuous succession as authentic. The Cumberland Association continues as the oldest ecclesiastical body of its kind in the state.

Many historians have stated that Baptists have almost always been named by others, often by their enemies. "First called Christians at Antioch," various names have been given during the centuries as noted in church histories. Finally, the name Anabaptist, then Baptist became the identifying name. The name Baptist Church of Christ often appears in the history of our churches, and continues in use in some areas of the country. The name Primitive, originally meaning first, genuine or original, has come to be used, rather than "Old School" as was used earlier, as identifying the

Baptists who held to the traditions and customs of the earlier days. Usage of words change with the passing of time, but the present use of primitive to mean backward, non-communicative, pre-historic, was never considered to refer to, or describe, Primitive Baptists.

With the substantial gift from the estate of Mrs. Henry (Kate Duff) Wiley, in memory of her late mother-in-law, Mattie Robinson Wiley (who transferred membership from Cool Spring and was sister of the step-grandmother of the present pastor), and other gifts and the generosity of various members and friends, the church building has been much improved. New furniture with cushioned seats, the heating and cooling system, with complete renovation were added, with the addition of a very nice, adequate dining room, entrance foyer with restrooms, a very beautiful front-columned porch and matching gate posts, make the present building quite comfortable and beautiful.

Large congregations composed of members, neighbors, visitors and friends gather for Sunday morning services, with evening services attracting considerably smaller crowds. During the annual meetings visitors and friends attend from many areas and several states, and continue to enjoy the gospel and fellowship as was common in the days of Garner McConnico so long ago.

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CONTRIBUTORS

BOWMAN, Virginia M. (Mrs. Joe Bowman) - She has been active in the research of the history of old homes in Williamson County for some twenty years. In 1971 she published her book, Historic Williamson County - Old Homes And Sites and is presently writing a second volume of this work. She is a member of the Tennessee Historical Society, a charter member of the Williamson County Historical Society, a life member of the Carnton Association, Inc., and a life member of its Board of Directors. She served as Historian for Franklin Chapter No. 14, United Daughters of the Confederacy for many years and formerly served on the Board of Directors of The Heritage Foundation of Franklin and Williamson County. For over thirty years, Mrs. Bowman has been in the teaching program of the Fourth Avenue Church of Christ in Franklin. She presently serves as Williamson County Historian.

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JACKSON, Mattie - She is a native of Dyer County, Tennessee and has lived in Franklin for six years. She is a graduate of the old Tennessee College for Women with graduate degrees from the University of Tulsa, George Peabody College for Teachers and had done post-graduate work at Columbia University. For many years she was a teacher of high school English and Library.

Contributors cont'd.:

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MAJOR, Lula Fain Moran (Mrs. Herman E. Major) - She is a native of Williamson County, Tennessee. She received her B.A. at Vanderbilt University, Nashville. She has been a Case Worker, Department of Institutions and Public Welfare in Williamson County and Davidson County. She is a member of the Tennessee Historical Society and the Williamson County Historical Society.

MORROW, Sara Sprott - She is a Nashville, Tennessee native. Her first successful short story was based on Tennessee history. Later, fiction set in Williamson County was published in the Southern Agriculturist. She has had several articles published in the Tennessee Historical Quarterly. She has also written for the Tennessee Valley Historical Review.

POTTS, Helen Sawyer - Native of Williamson County; Mrs. Potts is married to William D. Potts. She is a graduate of Peabody College for Teachers, and has taught middle school in Franklin and in the Mississippi Delta. She is now retired.

POTTS, Ola Mae - (Deceased) - She was born in Williamson County in the Pasquo neighborhood. She was a graduate of Peabody College and taught for several years as a teacher and a musician. Mrs. Potts was instrumental in establishing public school kindergarten classes for the state of Tennessee.

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