Williamson County Historical Society

Journal

Number 30 1999

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From the President

All to often our "fast food" culture undervalues the importance of history. In many ways, we are lucky to live in a county that draws so much of its identity from its rich heritage. Even as our community accelerates down the road of development and progress, there exists in Williamson County an appreciation and affection for its historical connections. This affinity for things of old is evident in our schools, churches, civic organizations, government bodies, and in the lives of many citizens.

As Franklin and Williamson County celebrate their two centuries of achievement and simultaneously prepare to enter the next millennium there will be numerous celebrations and ceremonies to mark the day and highlight the achievements of our forerunners. Historically speaking, there is much to be proud of in Williamson County.

However, I would like to offer this word of caution. Be certain, only being mindful of one's history is not enough. If we are merely content to standby and simply admire our community's past we will, over time, loose our perspective for the present and our vision for the future. To the contrary, we should be earnest in the pursuit of historical study fervent in its support, and active in its promotion.

As lovers of history and members of the Williamson County Historical Society, we hold a special position. It is our duty to lead the fight as centurions for historical preservation. We are charged with three crucial duties: 1) uncover and interpret our past, 2) preserve and promote our findings, and 3) make records of today for tomorrow.

The WCHS should continue to lead the way in local historical research. For example Rick Warwick has recently completed an indepth research into the African American history of Williamson County and has completed a manuscript on the subject titled "Williamson County: In Black and White."

Likewise, through the generous support of the many WCHS members, there are presently 168 historic markers throughout Williamson County which identify areas and events of historical significance. This fall a new book sponsored by the WCHS will be published by Hillsboro Press that includes the marker text and historic photographs of the county along with a driving tour of the markers.

The active collection and donation of new materials for the WCHS archives gives historians of future generations the data in which to make accurate interpretation.

Our historical society has accomplished much of which we can be proud. Let us be sure that we continue the essential work of examination, preservation, and documentation.

Andrew B. Miller
June 1999

Editor's Note

On October 26, 1999 Williamson County will begin its bicentennial. With this issue, the Society has recorded segments of the county's history in thirty volumes. The first issue appeared in 1970 with Mary Sneed Jones, Publication Chairman, and George Watson, President of the Society. In revisiting back issues, it is remarkable how many interesting, informative articles there are and somewhat saddening to realize how many contributors of those early articles are no longer physically with us.

During the last thirty years, Williamson County has experienced unbelievable growth, from a population in 1970 of 34,000 to over 100,000 at present. We have witnessed in three decades the destruction of many historical sites, the disappearance of the rural countryside, and the general lessening of the quality of life enjoyed by previous generations. Our county has been transformed from an agricultural society that produced food to a suburban one that primarily provides houses for people. With the steadfastness of the little Dutch boy holding back the water, the Society has quietly compiled three volumes which document the over 800 county cemeteries, co-published a book on National Register properties, reprinted the 1878 Beers map, and, since 1991, erected over eighty historical markers.

In previous years, the Journal has been dedicated, from time to time, to individuals who deserve special recognition. In this our bicentennial year, it would seem appropriate to look back two centuries and recognize two citizens, one each century, for their outstanding and overall contributions to Williamson County. As the first two articles will hopefully justify, John B. McEwen of the nineteenth century and Virginia Carson Jefferson of the twentieth century merit these laurels. As models for the present and future generations of Williamson County, few could serve as better examples.

Subsequent articles include a newspaper description of the dedication of the Confederate Monument one hundred years ago this November 30th, the histories of four pioneer families-Carl, Carothers, Perkins and Thomas, county fairs, local government during the Civil War, Marshall Morgan's description of the filming of the "Second Battle of Franklin" and Louise Davis's article on Abram Maury, Franklin's first developer. The Journal strives to provide a variety of subject matter and it would appear diversity has been achieved.

Good Reading.
Rick Warwick, Editor

John B. McEwen

by Lula Fain Moran Major

Williamson County Honor Roll Series

The Review–Appeal
March 15, 1998

John B. McEwen was a lawyer, an agriculturist, an astute businessman, and mayor of Franklin for the four war years, 1861-1865. He served one two-year term, 1873-1875, as superintendent of public instruction for Williamson County without compensation. He was owner and developer of the Fernvale Springs Resort and developed, or laid out, a subdivision known as McEwen's Addition. When McEwen died Jan. 14, 1903, a friend wrote that he deserved the name of "useful citizen" of the community.

John Brown McEwen, second son of Christopher Ervin and Rebecca Brown McEwen who married in 1815, was born on Spencer's Creek about two and one-half miles northeast of Franklin on October 12, 1820. When he was born, his father had not yet built the brick house now known as Aspen Grove.

His father (1790-1868) was born near Danville, Ky., and came to the Franklin area in 1798 with his parents, David and Margaret Ervin McEwen.

Christopher E. McEwen served with Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812. Rebecca Brown McEwen (1799-1827) was a sister of Gov. Aaron V. Brown.

John B. McEwen's early education was in a log schoolhouse on the farm of his uncle, John Lapsley McEwen. This was near his home and may have been the school referred to as Old Beech Grove Academy where, it was written, he studied under an able educator, Eben L. Crocker, and with teachers, Joseph McMahon Woodard and Jefferson Walker.

John B. McEwen

When he was in his twenty-first year, he came to Franklin where, on March 4, 1841, he began the study of law under the distinguished lawyer, John Marshall. Before studying law, John B. McEwen worked on his father's farm and attended his father's mill.

Upon completing his studies, he secured his license to practice law from Nathaniel Green, Thomas Turley and William B. Reese. Thomas Logan was his first law partner in 1841-42, but in the latter year he and David Campbell formed a partnership. Later, the law firm became Campbell, McEwen, and Bullock. They practiced in Hickman, Cheatham and Williamson counties.

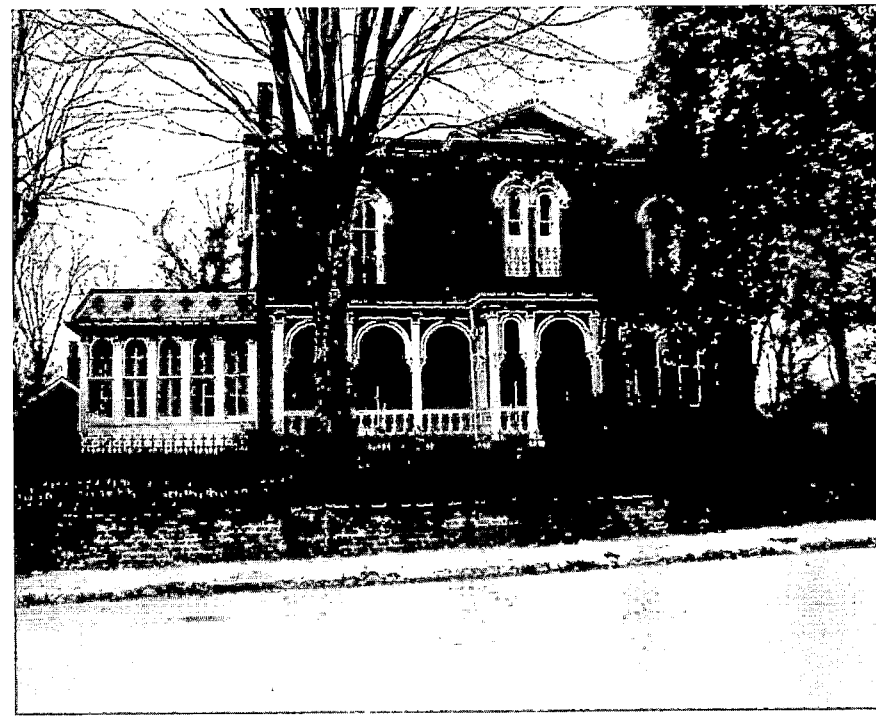
On the first Monday in April 1855, the Quarterly Court of Williamson County appointed John S. Claybrooke, John B. McEwen, Beverly B. Toon, Lemuel Farmer and Constant W. Davis as commissioners. Their duty was to select a site for a new county courthouse, adopt a plan for the building, and determine the probable cost of its erection. They were to report to the next Quarterly Court. This is the courthouse that stands today.

In 1876, Mr. McEwen retired from his law practice because of failing health. In the sources consulted, it is not clear whether he was attorney for the L & N Railroad and for the National Bank of Franklin before, or after, 1876.

In one of a series of sketches of distinguished citizens of Williamson County, John Brown McEwen was featured in the Nashville Banner on June 11, 1904. In speaking of him as a lawyer, the article reads, "As a lawyer, he stood high in the estimation of his brethren of the bar and the community at large. He never wearied the courts and juries by 'much speaking,' but what he had to say was always pertinent to the issue . . . when he was done, he quit (a virtue possessed by but few of his brethren at the bar)."

In 1842, the same year in which he began his practice of law, he wed Cynthia Graham in Williamson County. Also that year, he became a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The inscription on Cynthia Graham McEwen's tombstone gives a brief history of her life. It reads: "Cynthia Graham McEwen, Daughter of John and Martha Cook Graham. Born in Rowan Co., North Carolina Oct. 13, 1821. At 6 years of age on the death of her parents Mr. Cowan, a relative, took her to Missouri where she resided until 14 years of age when her brothers Samuel & Richard Graham brought her to Tennessee May 18, 1835. She was married by John McPherson to John B. McEwen October 13, 1842. Five children were the issue of this marriage- Richard Samuel, Mary Alice, Sarah Florence, Francis Adelicia, & Virginia Brown. She died Thursday 10:45 o'clock a.m. Nov. 22, 1894 in the 74 year of her age. 'A Model Wife'"



McEwen house

During Mrs. McEwen's funeral services, banks and business houses closed in testimony of the universal esteem in which the community held her. She had died at home.

After Mr. McEwen gave up his law practice, he devoted more time to agricultural pursuits. He was a successful farmer, and he had the honor as a wheat grower of producing more wheat per acre than any other man in the state.

He wrote for the Country Gentlemen of New York for almost half a century. He also contributed articles to the Tennessee Farmer and Farmer's Home Journal as well as town papers. His style of writing was said to have been like his speeches at the bar-concise and direct.

He was "one of the organizers and chief director of the several county fairs that made Williamson County stock and products famous."

Mr. McEwen was a large landowner; he bought and sold many tracts and city lots, among them was Everbright in Franklin. The home where the McEwen lived most of their married lives and where they both died was bought in November 1842 from Eben L. Crocker for $1,500. It was lots 41 and 42 in Franklin's Hincheyville subdivision. Mr. McEwen had earlier that fall purchased lots, 54 and 55, which lay back of the residence and joined lots 41 and 42. Carey Harris built the houses on lots 41 and 42. It still stands and faces Fair Street at the corner of Seventh Avenue North.

On October 1853, Mary McGavock Southall, daughter of Randal McGavock and wife of Joseph J.B. Southall, sold Mr. McEwen eleven acres three poles of land that lay just north of the four lots he had purchased four years earlier. A week later, Mr. McEwen sold three acres seventy-six poles to Charles Wall.

Each of three older McEwen daughters was given a home or farm, when, or soon after, she married. Adelicia German was deeded the house and four lots, number 39, 40, 46, and 47-about two

acres, adjoining the home of her parents and at the corner of what is now Fifth Avenue North and Fair Street. This house, too, still stands.

Mr. McEwen was a director of the Franklin National Bank from the time of its establishment in 1871 and was re-elected vice president the day before he died. He was also a director of the Williamson County Banking and Trust Co.

John B. McEwen purchased a tract of land containing 1,100 to 1,200 acres from Abram and Martha Smith in September 1878 for $3,000. This tract was in the 1st District of Williamson County and was known as the Smith Springs tract. In May of that year he had bought 50 acres in the same area.

On this acreage in the other land purchases, Mr. McEwen built a 114-room hotel that lay on both sides of Old Harding Road and whose second stories were joined by a bridge over the road which was called a Rialto. He used the large well-known black sulfur spring up the hollow from the hotel and also developed at least two other springs, one, which was the white sulfur spring, called the Mayfield Spring. Cabins for families were built in the hills. This resort opened around 1880.

Fannie Graham, a niece of Mrs. McEwen, suggested the name of Fernvale Springs for the resort because of the many ferns growing in the hills and hollows.

The sulfur springs in the area of the hotel were advertised as a remedy for dyspepsia, kidney ailments, nerves, rheumatism, and for teething children, among other things. Mr. McEwen had the water tasted for purity, and the tests also showed "the water to possess high medical properties." Crowds flocked to the resort.

Guests could furnish their own transportation or they could hire a hack at the train depots in Bellevue or Franklin. Mail was delivered daily.

Mr. McEwen died in 1903. In February of 1904, his executors and heirs sold the lands and personal property, such as furniture, dishes, cooking utensils, bedding and linens then in the hotel at Fernvale Springs to William Pepper Bruce for $10,000. Nineteen different tracts comprised the Fernvale Springs 3,228-1/2 acre resort area when bought by Mr. Bruce.

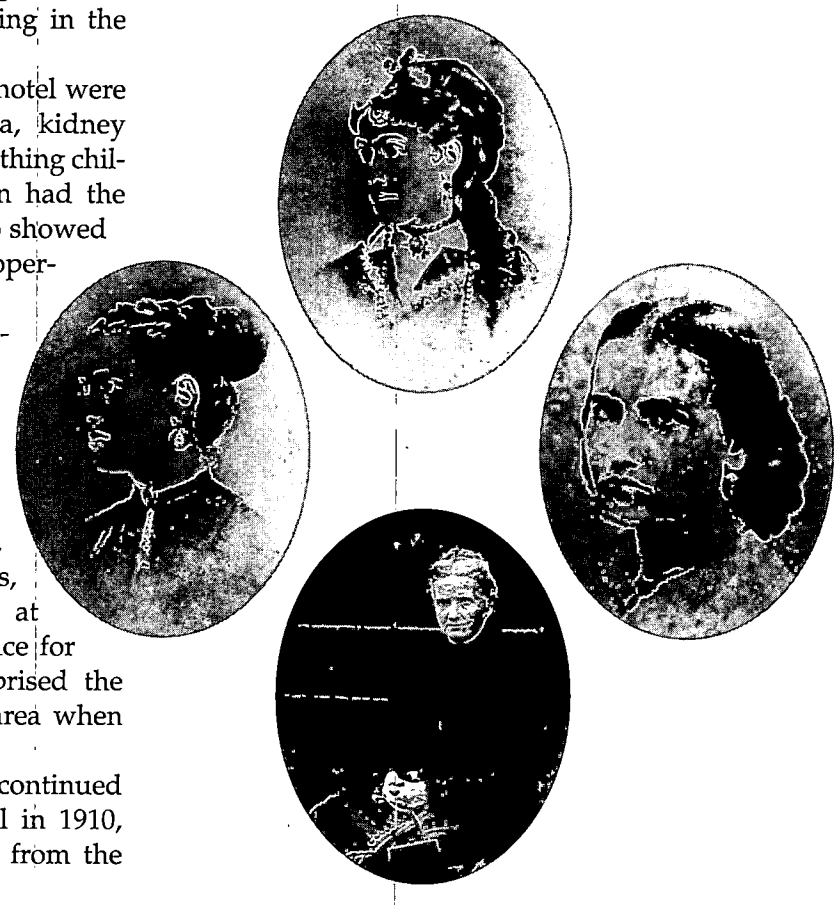
Mr. Bruce remodeled the hotel and continued operation. There was a fire at the hotel in 1910, which ended the resort days. Materials from the undamaged section of the hotel were used to build a large country store on Old Hillsboro Road in the Bingham Community; the store was known as Gray's Store.

The McEwen's oldest child and only son, Richard Samuel, died shortly before his 16th birthday on June 22, 1859. After this the McEwens took into their home no less than a dozen boys, at different periods of time, to share their affection and bounty.

Although Mr. McEwen did not serve as a soldier in the War Between the States, he helped the cause of the South by providing food, raiment, and shelter. He equipped three boys who had lived with them for the Confederate Army; all were killed. This family cared for several wounded soldiers. One Dr. F.P. Sloan, a surgeon in the CSA Army died there June 19, 1865, from wounds received in the Battle of Franklin on November 30, 1864.

The McEwen daughters all married men who fought in the Confederate Army. Mary Alice (1844-1899) was the second wife of Capt. E. Marcellus

Clockwise from top:
Mary Alice, Florence, Adelicia , andVirginia



Hearn who served in the First Regiment of Heavy Artillery commanded by Col. Andrew Jackson, Jr. Florence (1846-1867) married Rev. W.L. Rosser June 14, 1866; she died 11 months later leaving a month-old daughter. Adelica (1848-1942) became the wife of Dr. Dan German, chief surgeon with Roddy's 4th Regt. Alabama Cavalry. The youngest daughter, Virginia and called Jennie (1853-1935), wed Newton Cannon, a member of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry.

In all the memorials written after his death, John B. McEwen was called Colonel. This must have been an honorary title.

John B. McEwen was a member of Orestes Lodge, Knights of Pythias, to which fraternity he was admitted by special Pythian dispensation.

A number of memorials were written by friends after Mr. McEwen died following a lingering illness with the infirmities of advanced years. They all spoke of his unbounded charities, of his kindly hospitality, and of how he loved to have guests. One wrote that he was a great believer in home trade and did all of his buying locally. Another spoke of his fondness for hunting and fishing.

"The Confederate Veteran" magazine in its March 1903 issue eulogized him and ended by saying, "The story of his life might be told in a few words"

"He gave the best part of eighty-two years to teaching by practice the deep and holy-meaning of the golden rule."

To illustrate the public-minded spirit of Mr. McEwen, *The Review and Journal* on November 11, 1875 while covering a meeting of the Board of Education reported: "Mr. (John B.) McEwen stated that for one-third of a century he had been School Commissioner, and was today for educating all the children of the county in public free schools. He said that if the next Quarterly Court would levy twenty cents tax, that, with the polls and dog tax, would keep the schools running ten months. He had no children to educate, and paid his school tax with more pleasure than any other. He said that Major Isaac Ivy was the only school man in the service older than himself, and he had been in the harness for forty-five years, and had the children of the First District-the largest and poorest in the county-better educated than any other. He had seven schools in full blast, all the time. He said that there was no opposition to the public free school system in this county, and that he could not see why the Quarterly Court should refuse to levy a sufficient tax to carry on the schools. He further said that children could be educated cheaper by taxation than by private enterprise, and proved it."

The following account in the *Williamson County News* on October 14, 1897 of McEwen's birthday party illustrates the gracious host and country gentleman in legendary terms.

A Notable Day
Col. John B. McEwen Entertains a Host of Friends

October 12th has been for two years a "Red Letter Day" in the calendar of Williamson County's history and pleasure. On this oftentimes most beautiful day of the autumn, when dame Nature decks herself in earnest of her more gorgeous array, was born one of our most widely known wealthiest and public-spirited citizens-Col. John B. McEwen. For two years he has been celebrating the anniversary of his birth at one of his several places- "MacEden." or "McEwen's Rest," so-called on account of being the final "Rest" of four generations: a most beautiful place. A level surrounded by hills clad in verdure, varied from the green of spring to the "the ruined gold" of autumn, and to misty purple in the distance. Here fine Jersey and Durham cows browse among luxurious pastures of bluegrass that make the celebrated bluegrass regions of Kentucky look to her laurels. Clear streams flow from never failing springs of fine water. We even find on this place large pecan and the American date trees, as if nature wished not only to provide the necessaries, but luxuries. Amid such surroundings, Col. McEwen invites his friends, numerous employees and servants to participate in a gain day for them as well as himself. He send his 'coach and four" around for those friends; who do not keep a vehicle, and away they go to be heartily welcomed by their smiling and genial host, assisted by his daughters and charming granddaughters.

Everything has been done for the pleasure and comfort of the guests; even the manager of the place, who had held his position thirty-three years, has thrown open his "best room" for the reception of those who prefer in-doors. Old and young have arrived by eleven o'clock, and a brisk conversation is going on, supplemented by the almost continuous crack of the gun. The Gun Club is always a feature of the day. Many were the shots made at "clay pigeons" by the members of the club and their guests, among whom were Messrs. Elliston and H.A. Hasslock, of Nashville. About 12 o'clock "mine host" went from

The Spring House

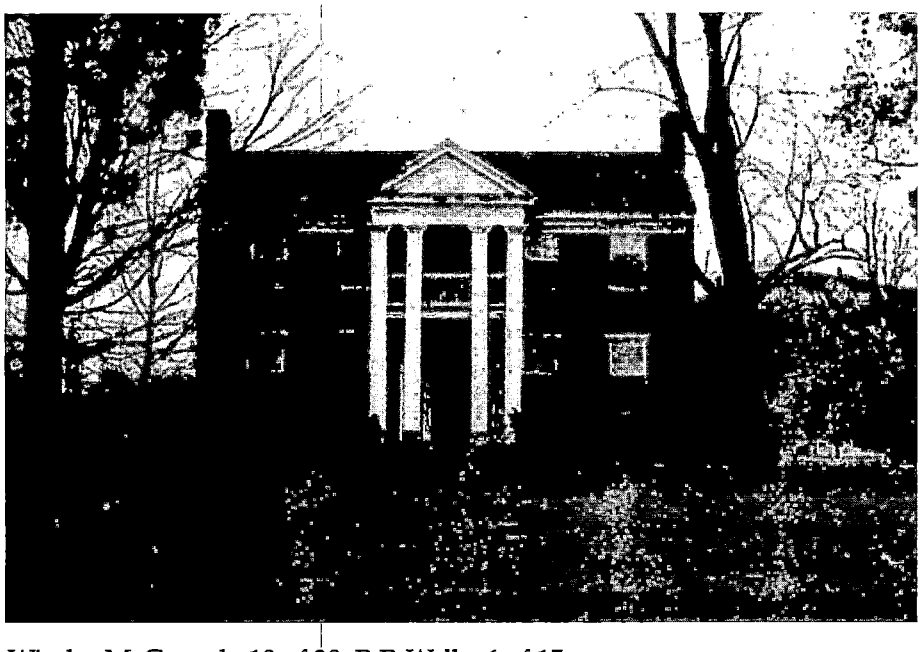
merry chattering group to group, telling them to come to the house. When all had arrived, he stepped forward, and in a short speech told that we were on historic ground; the house, being the schoolhouse where he had received most of his education, and a certain spot designated by him, the house of his granddaughter, one of the first settlers of this county before it was a county. Here David McEwen, Andrew Goff and others settled in 1798, in rifle shot of each other for protection from the Indians. The first blacksmith shop and gin were built by David McEwen.

After speaking for a short time, on incidents of his life, in his usual felicitous style, he said, "now ladies and gentlemen, walk around the house where you will find a repast to satisfy your inner man, to whom you are most welcome." Such a table! It seemed to behalf a mile long! Covered with all the good things befitting such an occasion and day. Barbecued lamb, beef, pig, possum and even "ground hog", I was told; breads, cakes, pies and custards; apples galore, and the finest of coffee, served in small tin cups (souvenirs of the occasion), that shone like silver in the sunlight. A feeling and beautiful "blessing" was asked by the gifted young Presbyterian pastor, Mr. J.S. Foster. Most ample justice was done to that full and long table. Buttermilk, rich and cool, from the rock springhouse built by David McEwen, and still in perfect condition, flowed like water.

After dinner the talking, walking and gunning were resumed until about three o'clock, when some of the ladies were asked by Col. McEwen to visit the milking barn, where 45 cows walk up to their way homeward. Col. McEwen was thanked for the great pleasure afforded his friends, and many were the heartfelt wishes that he might round out a century of usefulness and happiness-and the day was done! To linger in our memory for many a moon.

In the first match of the Gun Club, Capt. Pleas Smith broke 10 of the 25 clay pigeons; Frank Legler, 21; Jack Patton, 20; Fletcher Scales, 11; Henry Perkins, 9; Wm. Elliston, 21; W.K. Bolling, 14; E.B. Campbell, 8; H.A. Hasslock, 11; John Cliffe, 11; Sam White, 11; Ewin Waddy, 15; Harry Wise, 11; Tom Crenshaw, 13; Henry Pointer, 19; A.B. Ewing, 12; Freeman Hyde, 14; J.H. Campbell, 16; Joe Kenneday, 8; J.C. Eggleston, 4;

The Gun Club



Creek Side

Winder McGavock, 10 of 20; R.P. Wells, 6 of 15.

Earlier on January 27, 1876, *The Review and Journal* had reported the establishment of what became known as McEwen's Creek Side Dairy. The paper stated: "John B. McEwen, is establishing a 40-power dairy on Spencer's Creek, one and one-half miles from town. He has an experienced dairyman from Canada in charge of it. Cheese will be manufactured and butter and milk sold. This is the pioneer enterprise in this section and we hope it will succeed. Some butter made there has been exhibited in town and was pronounced the most beautiful ever seen here. All we want to make this country the richest and most prosperous on the globe is to have all our citizens take the same interest in enterprises of this character as the gentleman referred to does."

Mr. McEwen's political interests were more in line with the Democratic Party, both before and after the Civil War, than the Whig or Republican Parties. As mayor of Franklin during the Civil War, his loyalty to the Confederacy is questionable. Franklin writer, Marshall Morgan recounts Mayor McEwen's dilemma when faced with Federal troops at the outskirts of the town, to wit:

Mayor John B. McEwen's Dilemma
By Marshall Morgan
The Review Appeal
April 12, 1962

Mayor John B. McEwen studied the faces of his alderman as they filed into the room. Unsmiling, he shook hands with each new arrival.

It was February 17, 1862, and an emergency meeting had been called.

Mayor McEwen, tight-lipped, let his glance go round the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are here for a solemn purpose."

And so they debated and searched their hearts, these city fathers of a century ago; and at last wearily, they subscribed to a resolution.

"Upon motion and after due deliberation," read the faded minutes of that meeting, "it was unanimously agreed and ordered by this Board that in view of the early approach of the Federal army upon this town, that in view of the irreparable injury which might be inflicted upon the town and community by the taking of an obstinate and hostile stand against the approach of said army...

"That the Mayor with such a committee of men as he may select to act with him, surrender the town into the hands of such Federal officer or officers or branch of the army which has authority to preserve the peace toward said army and every member thereof...

Almost seventeen months after this order of capitulation-on a tense September day in 1863-a rigidly courteous young Federal officer called on Mayor McEwen. He had come he said as a representative of the commanding officer at Franklin; Col. H.R. Mizner of the Fourteenth Michigan Regiment.

"Colonel Mizner sends you his compliments, and asks me to deliver to you this written communication." said the officer. He bowed slightly and handed Mayor McEwen a folded sheet of paper.

The burdened city official, adjusting his spectacles, opened the document. These are the chilling words he read:

"Ordered that notice be given to all concerned that in the event of any Confederate raid being made into the streets of Franklin, that it will be at the risk of the lives and property of the citizens of the town; that in such an event the guns from the fort will be turned upon the town without further notice."

Mayor McEwen sighed. He removed his specta-

cles, carefully pocketed the paper, and returned the cool, steady gaze of the young lieutenant, who stood at attention.

"Sir," said the mayor, "I have no choice, I can only acknowledge the receipt of Colonel Mizner's ultimatum. I can do no more."

McEwen vented his hostilities toward the "Lost Cause" and General John Bell Hood's folly in a letter to his brother-in-law, Richard Graham, who is living in New York as a cotton broker, just after the Battle of Franklin. As follows:

Dec 27,1864

Dear Sir:

This is my first opportunity of writing to you since the battle here on the 30" Nov. Alice wrote you a few days since I do not know whether it would reach you or not. I had mentioned to you in my two last letters that Hood had crossed the Tennessee and I apprehended great trouble. And I was not mistaken, he rushed on and he and every citizen has seen trouble on account of it. Hood met resistance at Columbia but the Federals fell back, and he pushed forward at Franklin he met resistance again, and got most soundly thrashed lost between 4,100 & 5000 killed or wounded & 14 General Officers killed or wounded & captured &The Federals lost about 2100 hundred killed wounded & captured. Only one General slightly wounded, Gen., Stanley. The Federals fell back that night to Nashville and Hood pushed forward & at Nashville got a terrible drubbing, and fell back in great confusion, in all I think with a loss of full one half of his army before he would get across Tennessee River,

The trouble I have had it is easy to imagine without telling but under the circumstances I have braved it as well as could be expected. I thought I hated secession as much as any one could hate anything but I was mistaken. I find I have a much greater hatred for the Mississippi Fire eaters than I had for anything else save the demon himself. This experiment of Hoods with all the other damages I had experienced heretofore (and estimated at $30,000) has cut me again not much less than $20,000, and I have determined to get out of the way. And if you can think of a place that we can go to North or East, suggest it and we will go there until the war is over. John Campbell is of the same opinion and we wish to get some quiet place where there are good schools at hand & Campbell says he would not stay here one day longer if he could get off now, but I am determined to do it. I can leave the country probably with some 12 or $15,000 in money and leave my lands behind. With economy I think we could live a year or two, may be three if I did not a make a dollar. I have been quite sick a day or two and am so yet and can't write much. Dr. Cliffe has not lost any property by the raid, Merrill lost a good deal. No cotton lost or burned. If I can't get further what do think of Louisville or Cincinnati or Nashville, What do you suggest? Sam had not lost anything at last accounts. John started for Canada has not heard from him since he left Clarksville. If I had the family off I could close up a good deal of business at Nashville. I have lost all my horses except Alice's pony and I expect he will go up before night.

Write me as soon as you can. This leaves all pretty well except myself.

Yours truly,
John B. McEwen

McEwen's letter reveals much of the despair of Franklin's citizens after four long years of civil war. The discovery of families thinking of moving to Canada or northern cities is somewhat surprising. It has been understood that a few Franklin families sent their children north for schooling during the conflict, namely, Dr. D.B. Cliffe and Dr. Sam Henderson. However, the packing up of whole families as the John Campbell clan was not before commonly known.

For a humorous look at Mr. McEwen and his agricultural pursuits, one must read Horace German's account detailing his grandfather's hog experiment.

Hog Killing Time in Franklin
The Night Watch
Horace German
The Review-Appeal
November 23, 1929

Another big drove of hogs came in this morning and the total to date is something near three hundred with a lot of twenty-five wild ones due in the first of November. Mr. Wash King says that this bunch of twenty-five have been raised on acorns and beech mast, and that they are jest natcherally the wildest lot of hogs he ever saw. Fight a feller jest

lak a bear n' sometimes a feller has to climb er tree to keep fum jest bodaciously bein' et up by hawgs. I want to see them when they get in the lot with these trough fed, pampered lot of civilized hogs that don't know anything but to eat after somebody brings the food to them.

It is funny to see them eat. Green corn brought in from the farm and pumpkins, and I spend most of the time I don't have to study watching them eat. Creek so full of hogs that it looks like a nest of crocodiles and the fun they have is a picnic all day, all week long. Eat and sleep, and eat and sleep, and eat and sleep. Not a thing in the world to worry them.

Grandfather (John B. McEwen) arranged to send a wagon to the creamery once a day for skim milk to stretch the hogs' hide so they can accomodate more corn, and this process is so interesting to him that he spends most of his afternoons sitting on a lumber pile watching them swill that combination of skim milk and corn meal. They won't notice pumkins now excepting at intervals, and they have nearly reached the rhinoceros stage in their attempt to eat more swill that the other hogs at the far end of the trough. He says that he is going to kill them on the 11th of November, as a cold spell almost invariably comes on that date.

Parman's mill burned last week and grandfather bought a house full of corn that burned too much to be of any use other than as hog feed. Got a lot of barrels, had Clabe fill them with burned, shelled corn and then had him fill the barrels with skim milk to make what he called "Pig's Burgoo," a kind of soup that the more of it a hog drinks the more he wants to drink and the result is an inordinate amount of fat and so later lard.

Mr. Wash King arrived this morning at daybreak with a wagon load of what he called the fightinest lot er hawgs ever wuz bawned." Had to keep a boy on top of the wagon to keep them from breaking out and going back to Kingfield, where they were reared.

He drove down into the lot, backed the wagon into the big hog pen and knocked the rear gateout and out came a lot of the funniest looking hill scratchers I ever saw. Big two-year olds, and each hog's head seemingly as long as his body. Razor backs, which had to root for a living, and what each hog got to eat he had to root for, and kept unless some other razor back could take it from him.

Grandfather looked at that bunch of hogs and grunted, "Guess I must have bought me some hogs," and went on to the house to write out ta check for the lot.

He came on back, called Clabe and told him to break out five or six barrels of that burned corn-skimmed milk, pig's delight, and pour it into the troughs and so make the new hogs welcome with a pig's banquet.

Clabe grinned, for I believe he knew what was coming. Told me, "This stuff sho smells lak it good enuf fef a man t' drink. Sho is a noble odor," and I smelled it and the odor was exactly like the odor one gets when he is in a distillery-sweetish, sourish, fermented odor that is not at all unpleasant to the nostrils.

After he got the troughs filled he yelled "Whooee, Pig" and out of that creek came the mighty three hundred pigs that he had coddled for two months, and with them came the new arrivals-the guests of the pigs, and my grandfather at a pigs' banquet. I never saw such a feast, and my grandfather, who weighed two hundred and twenty,laughed till he shook over this big party. Said he had never been host at any party that he enjoyed more.

The three hundred drank till they groaned-the twenty-five newcomers drank till they were full and then Clabe whispered to me, "look at dat big spotted pig. He done felt de sperrit move him," and I looked at a big razor back which had his bristles and he was walking around from pig to pig, saying something in pig which I didn't understand, but Clabe understood perfectly.

"Marse John, git out er dis lot quick. Deys goin' ter be de biggest hawg fight ever wuz in about er minute," and before my grandfather got the gate fastened the big spotted razor back made a pass at a little fat pig that had never bothered hog nor man; another city pig took it up as a personal affront, for he was also loaded on that Parman's Mill-Franklin Creamery Company concoction, and then three hundred and twenty-five hogs that up until that day had never thought of anything but food in quantities, turned all their thoughts and energies to seeking the bubble glory that comes at the cannon's mouth.

Clabe laughed; "Every last one o' them hawgs is drunk, Marse John. Done got drunk on dis burned cawn-skim mike whiskey de done made" and what that fight in a hog lot cost my grandfather in loss of hog fat and lard and bruised hams and spare-ribs that had to thrown away, I don't know.

I do know that he had no more corn and skim milk mixed up for pig's feed. Said it was a lot of fun, but it cost too much.

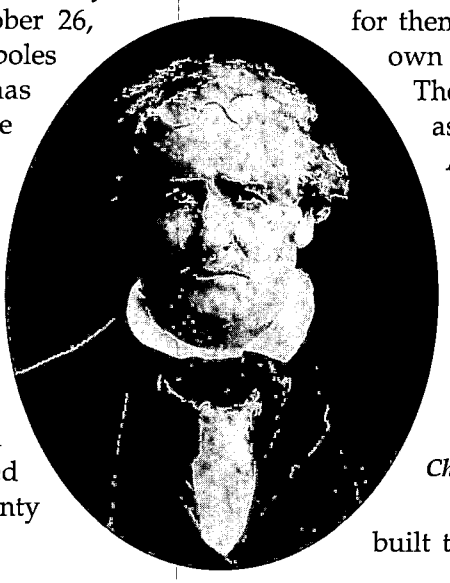
That was before Tennessee Centennial-I have not seen a cold 11th of November since, but today on the twenty-third of November, 1929, I see hanging in front of Mr. Ernest Baugh's vegetable house, spare ribs; I see sticking out from Mr. Owen Johnston's meat house pig's tails, which mean that there is backbones attached to the other end; I see in front of Mr. Mike Hagerty's food emporium, pans of chitlings, and I know somebody is going to have a feast, at which no ladies will go, and there is a man on a corner with a wagon load of livers and pig's feet, and other stuff from a hog killing which the uniformed term "Offall," but which in its deeper sense means material for a feast such as comes only once in a year-the feasting that comes after the slaying of the pig.

And as I end this digging back into years that have slipped away almost unnoticed, I hear a man say; "If there is a piece of souse in this town, I am going to have it for supper. Just feel that way about this time of the year-hog killing time."

One of our earliest histories detailing the first settlers of the county was written by John B. McEwen.

Pioneer Days In Williamson County
By John B. McEwen
Part 1
(as told by his father, Christopher Ervin McEwen in 1851)

Williamson County was laid off by the act of the legislature of October 26, 1799, beginning at a point 40 poles due north of Col. Thomas McCrory's dwelling house. The commissioners appointed fix upon a site most central for court-house, etc., were: John Johnson, Sr., Daniel Perkins, James Buford, William Edmondson and Capt. James Scurlock. They fixed on the town of Franklin as the proper place. Henry Rutherford and John Davis were appointed commissioners to run the county line.



Christopher E. McEwen

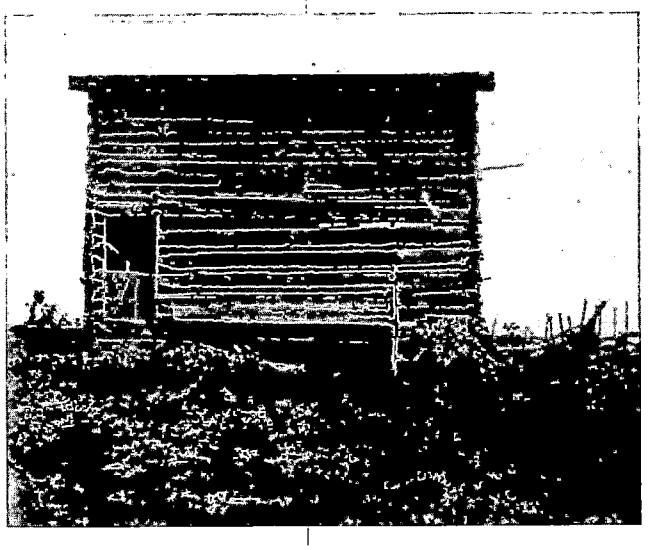
The first family that came through the Holly Tree Gap was George Neely's. That was on March 12, 1798. The second was Andrew Goff's on the 14, and third was David McEwen's, on the 16. They settled about two miles north of Franklin. On the 16, Neeley settled on Spencer's Creek, two miles south of the Big Harpeth. The second white woman that crossed the river was Mrs. Priest, who has very recently died, at the age of about 100 years. Mrs. Goff lived to between 90 and 100. Mrs. Sarah McEwen, wife of William McEwen, died the 5 day of July (1851), last, about 94 years of age. They settled on Spencer's Creek, in 1799. The first death that took place among these settlers was that of a daughter of Daniel McEwen, aged about 14 years, in the month of April, 1799. And the first marriage was that of John Goff of Giles County, now, to Jane McEwen, about 1800. They were married by James Buford, Esq.

The cane was cut off the town of Franklin in the winter of '97-98, and from the fall of '98 to '99 the new country began to be settled rapidly. The first settlers got their meat mainly from wild game-bear, deer, turkeys and fish. The Indians, at that time, were peaceable, frequently visiting these early settlers, in good faith. The settlers endured many hardships: had to get their meal from the neighborhood of Nashville for the first two years, what little they got. They had a kind of "makeshift" after their first corn was out, of a piece of tin, punched full of holes and nailed on a board, for grating it; and when they could not get bread, they substituted the bear meat for it.

Having settled in the spring of the year, they had no turnips, and they substituted wild nettles for them. Those who were fortunate enough to own cows, had plenty of milk and butter. There were but very few hogs among them, as all of them had come from other states. Andrew Goff, from Holston, Va., and D. McEwen from Madison County, Ky., drove cows, hogs and sheep from those places, but bears and wolves were very troublesome to the stock, the bear coming in forty or fifty steps of the cabin, and pouncing upon a hog, and if he didn't get it off would wound it so badly it frequently died. John West built the first horse powered mill, about four

miles north from Franklin. In 1801 or 1802, that served to make meal for the whole country. David McEwen erected the first cotton gin that was built in the county, which served to gin all the cotton that was made. He, also, made the first several sets of gin irons that were made for the state, for a Mr. Baker, who set up gins at a David Batie's, south of Nashville, on the headwaters of Brown's Creek.

Old Joel Parrish erected a grist mill near the mouth of Sharp's Branch, below Franklin, that supplied the inhabitants with meal in the winter season. Dr. John White, after that, erected a double-geared mill on Little Harpeth, just above the Franklin road, and these mills and cotton gins multiplied as the county settled up. The first settlers had to struggle along without that valuable class of men-the physicians for several years. I think the first that settled in Franklin was Dr. Cornwell, and



David McEwen log cabin, Springland

then John Sappington and Dr. Crockett. Since that they have increased sufficiently. The diseases of the county were mostly fever and ague and bilious fever and what is called "slow fever." Perhaps what is called now typhoid, we called "slow" because it was so long before the patient died or recovered. The bilious fever killed on the 9th or 10th day, or the patient commenced mending.

The first settlers in the county were very hospitable people-seemed to take great pleasure in assisting each other in their sickness, and the common labors of the new country, such as house-raisings, log-rollings and cornshuckings. All classes of men labored in those days. The young men that could do most at that kind of labor seemed to be most esteemed. But the order of things is somewhat changed in our day. The ladies instead of pianos had then spinning wheels and looms to play upon. Our people were generally poor when this part of the country was first settled, having very few servants in the country. The most fashionable dress for a man was hunting shirts and trousers and bear skin moccasins; their armor a rifle, hunting knife and tomahawk. the ladies' dresses-for the young, a striped cotton habit, and coon skin fur hat; for the elderly ladies, bed gown and petticoat, with same hat.

As to living, it was of a very common kind. Teacake and pound cake were not known amongst us. After flour could be procured and peach trees grown, we had what we called Dutch oven pie, well seasoned with homemade sugar, and occasionally, chickens pie. We made an abundance of tree sugar. Some families would make five or six hundred pounds, and some that were better off for kettles, 1000 pounds. Amongst our living, was fine cheese, and when coffee could be obtained at fifty cents per pound, almost all the people would have it on Sabbath mornings when one neighbor woman would visit another, I tell you, that was the time to see ruddy, good looking girls tripping over the green, barefoot. The gentlemen's amusement, after finishing a log-rolling, was running, wrestling and jumping, until fiddles were introduced in the county; then the puncheons suffered, and toe nails, too, at the four and six-handed reels.

As for churches, they were scarce; but good people held camp meetings. The first house for worship was the well-known McConnico (Baptist) meetinghouse, at which were held monthly meetings. Liberty meetinghouse, on the waters of Mill creek, was one of the early meetinghouses, which was a Methodist meetinghouse. The late venerable Green Hill occupied the stand. Until the day of his death these meetinghouses multiplied. The writer of this short and imperfect sketch of the early settlements has resided here for the last fifty-four years.

Just before the treaty at Nickojack there was a party of three white men killed by the Indians about 1 1/2 miles west of Beech's Tavern-John Brown, Tinnan and Graham. That treaty was in 1794. There was a man killed just before Brown and others, down one-half mile below Bony named Walker, or just after, perhaps, the last man

killed before the treaty. Brown and his party, after a hard chase of a bear, which, those days, started near the Holly Tree Gap, killed it late in the evening and then made for the water that they could hear from where they killed the bear, got to it and camped on Little Island that was made by the branch. They feasted themselves and dogs on the meat and all fatigued from the chase, lay down and went to sleep. When everything was still the savages crept in the main branch and fired on them, having trailed after them all evening. It is supposed Graham was killed or badly wounded the first fire. Brown and Tinnan fought desperately before they were conquered, finally fell victorious. They done execution, too, in the fight, for the Indians, three weeks after when the dead men were found, had their wounded upon a knob not three-fourths of a mile from where they had the fight and after the writer of this settled, here his brother found the butt half of shotgun, which had been broken in the fight. The bear chase and killing was discovered by those that found the remains of the three white men. Brown's dog, Lola, with his master, and the writer saw him at his plantation in the fall of 1796, and the manner of attack and wounded Indians been kept so near the place was told to the whites by the Indians. At the treaty of Nickojack they said the big man and the little man fought mightily. Doctor Matherson's wife of Paris and William Haskel's wife of Jackson, are two of Brown's grandchildren.

John B. McEwen

The above is a sketch of my knowledge of the first settling of this county. You can draw upon them for your narrative. If anything more can be done by me I am at your call. This is not tried to be set in order or spelled correctly. I wish to see you before you publish. Christopher E. McEwen

Part Two
By John B. McEwen

We have spoken of Andrew Goff, George Neely, Billy McEwen and Jno. Goff, the young man who drove the teams for the emigrants, and married two of their daughters, to-wit: One of Billy McEwen-Jane, his first wife; and then Isabella, his second. Each of the wives left two children; the first Mrs. Andrew Ballentine and the other, Mrs. Andrew Gordon. The second left two sons-Major Frank Goff and George Goff-all dead.

We will now speak of the fourth-David McEwen. He was the mechanic of the family. After his arrival in the woods, or rather, cane, he erected a blacksmith shop to do the work for the party. Hoes, axes and plows were in much demand. He built his ship on Spencer's Creek bottom. The cinders from his forge are now annually plowed up. The boys took charge of the farm, planted corn and made the crops. He followed the trade and made the improvements upon the farm.

He had a splendid spring close to his house. He erected over that a two-story rock springhouse, which is still standing. When he was covering this house, the hatchet flew from the handle and struck his son, his youngest son, on the knee, making a cripple of him for life. Cyrus C. was his name. He, also, built a brick dwelling house, making the brick on the premises. He and Andrew Goff erected a cotton gin on the hill above his shop, which was much needed in those days. Next, on the same, or west, side of Spencer's Creek, he and his boys erected a distillery to make up their corn and fruit into whiskey and brandy.

When Williamson County was laid off, he was elected one of the magistrates at the organization of the County Court. The first terms he was appointed an overseer to open and clear out the public road from Franklin to Holly Tree Gap. Failing to do so, at the first term of the Circuit he was indicted for failing to do the duty assigned him. He demurred to the indictment, and his demurrer was sustained because the County Court, in the appointment failed to assign hands to work under him. He was the useful man of the family, moral and correct, and as a strict Scotch Presbyterian; was strict with his children.

One of his boys, John L., when quite a lad, came in possession of a gun and dog, and was anxious to try them. One Sunday morning he feigned sickness and gave that as an excuse for not going to church with the old folks. He was left by them to take care of the house until they returned. As soon as they had gotten fairly out of sight he took his gun, walked outs about one-half mile from the house and "jumped" a very fine deer. He shot and crippled it, when the deer ran toward the path the old people had to travel, and, finally, fell near the path. He followed it, but was afraid to take it to the house, for fear of the lecture and "licking" he would get. Instead thereof, he dragged it up by the side of a log, covered it up securely with leaves and

went to the house, and was as demure as he could be when the old folks arrived-as innocent as a lamb. The next morning he was up bright and early, ready to go out and try his dog and gun, promising to be gone only a little while. Soon he returned, dragging in a fine, fat doe. This pleased the old folks wonderfully, they never suspecting it to have been shot on Sunday.

He had four boys-James, Kit, John L. and Cyrus C.; and four daughters- Margaret, Isabella, Sallie and Caroline. James was the eldest, and the farmer of the family, being about 19 years of age. He with his younger brothers, made the crops. In the Spring of 1798 he cleared a little field and planted corn, etc. When he "laid by" his crop it was the 1st of August. Having no grass or other food, his two horses were nearly starved; so he concluded to turn them out on the cane to recruit.

Taking his rifle and hunting knife and his younger brother, Kit, with him, to lead out one of the horses to the cane; also taking his little bear dog along, he went to the grazing ground, just upon the hill back of the first toll-gate now on the Nashville pike. He turned the horse loose, and concluded to rest a few minutes and watch them enjoy the cane. While resting the little dog treed a huge bear up a large hickory tree, a hundred yards off. Rifle in hand, he went to the dog and shot the bear, wounding him so that he fell out of the tree. He was so badly hurt that he could not run off, and seemed to be very angry with the little dog. It would provoke him by running up and pinching him, then running away. James took in the situation, and considered whether he should waste another bullet on him or kill him with his knife. He concluded to save his bullet. So he cut a handful of the cane, and as the bear came around with mouth open, after the little dog, he trust the bear's mouth full of cane, then jumped upon him and dispatched him with his knife. It was a very large bear, but, it being August, he was poor. He took off his robe and carried it home, to make him a rug, and had Kit, who was only eight years old, carry the heavy rifle, which overheated him, and when he arrived at home, blood gushed from his mouth and nose, and he bled until it would not color clear spring water. He contended always afterward, that that feat made a runt of him, and he never attained a weight of over 260 pounds.

J.B.M

Part Three
By John B. McEwen

It is proper before we leave my family to speak of James McEwen further, as he was the leading bout of the settlement, and afterwards a historical character. He was between nineteen and twenty years of age when he came to Spencer's Creek. He opened and cleared up the farm, with the aid of his younger brothers, while his father devoted his time to his blacksmith shop, cotton gin, etc. He married a daughter of Andrew Goff, then his father gave him 100 acres of land off the north side of his farm, one quarter of a mile distant.

After he had gotten all things comfortable about him, Gen. Jackson issued a call for volunteers to go south to fight the British and the Indians. He immediately raised a company, which elected him captain, with C.E. McEwen, Mac DeGraffenried, Sam Benton and Matthew D. Cooper as subltern officers, the privates being the county's bravest and best men. The muster roll is on file in the Historical Society, at Nashville, for safekeeping. This company was mustered into service for twelve months on December 12, 1812. Thomas H. Benton was elected their colonel and commander. The brigade went to work and built flat boats. They embarked at Nashville, floated down Cumberland River to the Ohio, thence to the Mississippi, and on to Natchez, drilling aboard of the boats. Arriving there, the enemy had backed out, when General Jackson received orders to return his army to their homes in Nashville and disband them until needed. The task of getting the flatboats back up stream was too hard an undertaking for the men, so General Jackson concluded to march the army back overland and did so, cutting the road as they came. That road received the name, and was, and is, to this day, known as the Natchez Trace Road. The Franklin Female Institute was built across that road, and the Carter's Creek pike runs over part of it; also, that street in Franklin known as "Baptist Neck."

Gen. Jackson landed his army safely at home in June, 1813, and disbanded rather late for the men to make crops. They were again called out in haste to go fight Indians, and to rendezvous at the Big Spring, in North Alabama, now known as Huntsville. The army soon came together, and reorganized at Huntsville. Col. Thomas H. Benton having resigned in the meantime, Thomas Williamson was elected colonel, and James McEwen was promoted from captain to major of the regi-

ment, and C.E. McEwen from his subaltern office to the captaincy of the company, in lieu of his brother James, he being the youngest captain in the army.

The army being organized, it put out immediately in the direction of Talledega; where the savage Indians had the friendly Indians surrounded and blocked up in their fort. The army went on a forced march, losing no time in reaching their destination. George Mayfield having been captured by the Indians when a small boy and reared by them, he knew the country and roads well. Gen. Jackson selected him as his chief scout. He did his part well, reporting the exact location of the Indians. Jackson, making a forced march by night, reached his destination, and had the Indians completely surrounded before it was light. At daybreak he surprised the Indians. When they discovered they were completely surrounded, they fought desperately to extricate themselves. The fight lasted over half a day. Over 600 of the Indians were killed outright, and a great number wounded. Not one would have escaped, but for an accident. When the fight waxed very hot, a quartermaster became stampeded and galloped down the line hollering 'fall back.' When he reached Col. Dyers' regiment, the colonel supposing him to be a proper officer, obeyed the order, and fell back, making a space between his regiment and Col. Williamson's command. When he reached Major McEwen, his order was questioned and he was cursed off the field.

Through this break in the line two or three hundred of the Indians made their escape. They were pursued three or four miles in the pine mountains. Major McEwen, with a friendly Indian by the name of Fields, was some distance in advance in the pursuit of the fleeing Indians, going up the mountain. The Indian called out: "Stop! Stop! We are ambushed." At that moment an arrow sped through the Indian and he fell. Immediately the Major stepped across to the Indian, took him under his arm, and carried him back to the battleground. He had him treated by his surgeons, and his life was saved. Some time after that a treaty was made with the Indians to go to the Nation. The Indian, Fields, refused to agree to the treaty or go to the Nation unless they would permit him to come through this country to see the man who saved his life, but, unfortunately, the man had died.

I will close reference to the battle of Talladega and military service of Major James McEwen by telling a short story of Gen. Jackson and the Georgia headquarters to pay their respects. The old General was in a scrape having failed to come to time. The General traveled so far and fought his battles so quick that they could not keep up with him; consequently, he and his army after the battle were very nearly on the point of starvation. Many of his men subsisted on strips of stale raw hides roasted on the coals, and parched corn. He walked about the forest and filled his overcoat pockets with acorns. His visitors had traveled some distance to pay their respects, and expected to get a sumptuous dinner, but when dinner time came, the General walked among them and gave each officer a number of sour acorns from his pocket, asking them that the acorns were every morsel he had to feed them on.

This divergence from the settlers and citizens of Williamson was simply following an active citizen through his life. We ask pardon for this divergence and return to our subject. After the county was laid off and the town, as you have noticed in the town, as you have noticed in the course of these articles, the county settled up very rapidly. Citizens dropped in and industries sprang up all over the county. First, after the McEwen and Goff settlements on Spencer's Creek, Thomas Spencer's family settled at the head of the creek, where Mr. John Mallory settled and where Mrs. Will Mallory now resides. The creek was named for Mr. Thomas Spencer, or his father, I am not certain which. Eugene Spencer and Col. Tom Spencer were among the pioneers and were enterprising. This family was succeeded by that of John Mallory. Eqs. Mr. Mallory was a carpenter, and did much of the framing and work upon the Courthouse that stood in the center of the square, and on the bridge across Big Harpeth and Nashville Road. The work upon these two jobs the best of the kind I ever saw.

William Mallory was an excellent and progressive farmer. His wife was a Miss Crockett, the daughter of another pioneer, and sister to the late Joesph Crockett of Little Harpeth. He died leaving six children, four sons and two daughters. Miss Lucinda and Sarah were his daughters. Dr. Crockett Mallory, James Mallory, father of the late Willie Mallory; John Mallory, who moved to West Tennessee; and Newton Mallory, who, as did his older brother Crockett, died unmarried. This was a most excellent family. I went to school with all of them except Miss Lucinda.

The next family located near to where Mallory's Station was that of William Hope. They conceived that salt could be found by digging; consequently, he had considerable digging done in search for salt very near where the station is now. He owned slaves and was a good citizen. One of his daughters, as well as I remember, married Benjamin Williamson who was a very thrifty man and built about the first brick house I ever saw. He afterwards sold it to Johnson Vaughn for his son Isaac L. He raised a nice family. I went to school with his daughters Jane and Martha. I never saw any of them after their removal to West Tennessee. Another of Mr. Hope's daughters, as well as my recollection serves me, married Mr. Henry Hatton, and settled in the woods a few hundred yards north of the station, who then sold his land to my father and moved away to near where Kingston Springs now is, down Big Harpeth River.

The next settler close to Williamson was William McKay, who built and ran a horse mill with tread power on the pike near Beech's Hotel. He was one of the best and most quiet old men I ever knew; everybody loved him. He left a number of sons and daughters-John P. McKay, Wm. A. McKay and Reece McKay, sons; Mrs. R.H. Richardson was one of his daughters.

The next settler close by near the residence of William Moore was Thomas Cayce, the uncle of Eldridge. His sons Shaderick and William were my playmates and schoolmates. They sold out to Alexander Moore, Eqs., and settled on old Caney River, in Texas at a very early day. When Texas was in its youth, and Shed, as I used to call him, was guarding a court in session a lot of Indians rushed in upon the guards and shot an arrow into Shed's shoulder from which wound after great suffering, he recovered. He is still living, as far as I know.

The next settler in sight of Mr. Williamson was Elijah Brooks. He raised a family, I believe, sold out his land to Alexander Moore and moved away. The next settler south and east of Mr. Mallory or Spencer was James Russell, who raised a nice family. He sold his land to James Rice, and after his death it was sold to Dr. Cliffe for his daughter, and after her death to Sam Sweeney. the next place of importance just south of the Russell farm was settled by Mr. Buchannan, the grandfather of our Ex-Governor John P. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was an early settler; a surveyor of lands, and widely known over the country. He left a number of children. I distinctly remember his son John coming to Cyrus C. McEwen's gin with an ox cartload of seed cotton, with his son John, a beautiful little boy in the cart with him. Coming down the grade to the gin the cart was upset and the little fellow killed.

The next year neighbor settling just below Mr. Buchanan was Michael Long, the great-grandfather or grandfather of our fellow citizen, Mr. P.H. Priest. Mr. Long was a German, and had a distillery on the south branch of Spencer's Creek. He had a number of children. I distinctly remember his son James, went to school with him.

The neighbor just south of Mr. Buchanan was Mr. Joel Stevens. He was an early settler and raised a large family of children. The farms of Joel Stevens and Mr. Buchanan are both the property of Dr. Cliffe, both constituting one farm. I might just here state that the county of Williamson was more, largely populated in the days I am writing say from 1800 to 1830 than it is at the present, one man now owning the lands which from two to six families owned and occupied in those days thus lessening the population and voting proportionately. Then the males, "free, white and 21," voted in the county a larger vote than the white and freedmen now vote in the county.

J.B.M.

Virginia Carson Jefferson

1894–1973

Leading Citizen of Williamson County of the Twentieth Century

Though not a native of the county, few who were loved it more or contributed to its general welfare and uplifting than did Virginia Carson Jefferson. Miss Virginia came to the county in 1922 to begin her work as County Home Demonstration Agent and remained until her death on November 7, 1973. Her devotion to her work and success in improving the living conditions of a then backward rural southern county, endeared her to her adopted home. Becoming Mrs. Bob Jefferson in 1942 forced her to give up the position as County Agent since married women were prohibited from serving. She returned to the classroom as a teacher until retirement. Her tenure as Home Demonstration Agent remains a model for public service. She enlarged the number of community clubs and school 4-H programs thus improving rural life throughout the county. In my opinion, Miss Virginia's contributions and lasting positive impact allow for even a few contenders to the title of "Citizen of the Twentieth Century."

The following newspaper articles will support and affirm this opinion.

Editor

Virginia Carson
By Horace German
The Night Watch
The Review-Appeal
September 27, 1934

She came into Williamson perhaps fifteen years ago—maybe ten—unknown even to the members of the County Court, who had employed her to administer a dose of digitialis to a county that had gone into a slump.

From somewhere up on the Manchester Road she came. Williamson remembers with tears, The Manchester Road, for there one of her best beloved fighting men fought himself to deathless glory, and died. Colonel Starnes died on the Manchester Road and The Manchester Road, and Hoover's Gap . . . peculiar as it may seem, The Manchester Road took from Williamson the cream of its citizenship and fighting men and later, perhaps, sixty years later it sent to Williamson a bit of a woman, hardly out of her teens, who took Williamson by the ears and dragged her up into the top notch of efficiency.

He leaned on his elbow . . . a hairy, horny-fisted

member of the County Court: "You want me to vote eight hundred dollars of the tax-payers' money to pay a woman to show our women how to make butter and keep house and to grow eggs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Listen to me. I don't vote one cent of the tax-payers' money for any such kind of monkey-business."

And he sat down. But the County Court's appropriations of Williamson County's monies do not hang upon the vote of one man. They out voted him. And Virginia Carson came to Williamson.

The day she appeared before that august body, forty-eight magistrates sat up in their chairs and looked, and then they stood up and welcomed her. Forty-eight convinces farmers welcomed the new county demonstration agent to Williamson.

Forty-eight farmers shaved for the next meeting of the County Court; put on clean shirts and shined their shoes. Even at that early date the leaven had started to working.

The women of Williamson . . . deeply analytical and capable of cutting to shreds when need be . . . took the newcomer to their bosoms, and I do not know who started that Pioneer Club, but today Virginia Carson is reaping where she had sown.

A pain in any farmer's neck is buck-bushes. Yesterday I saw a group of baskets woven from the withes of buck-bushes and a nuisance on a farm has been tamed and made to go to work.

Rags have been woven into carpets, waste things in foods and material have been saved, and later worked up into household conveniences, and vegetables and fruits that once went into to make a dessert for a pig's breakfast . . . they sit in cans on cellar and store room shelves . . . canned under the direction of a conserver of waste things.

A cow goes on a lacteral strike in Williamson, that cow gets served upon tables as roast beef and hamburgers, and the bones . . . many grapes grow purple in the summer's sun in Williamson, fertilized by the decaying bones of cows that would not work for their board.

Hens . . . temperamental things . . . failed to pay for their feed. Miss Carson had these hens corralled in a cooped yard and next day the culls, or lazy birds, went into the discard and got a ride in a chicken coop.

I have always admired a chicken rooster for his crow . . . his value after his youth has fled, and life seems only a down-grade procedure for him is ten cents on any market. Not so in The Carson set-up.

For years Williamson's Commerical Club, her Legionnaires, her soldiers who came home, have feasted upon a delectable dish served by the Pioneer Club and Ladies Auxiliary . . . a salad made of chicken roosters that had served out their days crowing and scratching for hens and baby chicks. Even in death a chicken rooster is a delight. There is nothing so delightful as chicken salad.

Accordingly . . . deep bow to Miss Carson . . . who knows how to cook and teaches her art to all of Williamson, who would learn to save.

"We cannot afford in this time of depression to continue the salary of Miss Carson." The gullotiine fell, but right there the axe was dulled. Sixty members of the Pioneer Club commandeered all the taxi-cabs in Williamson and rode up to the front with a battle-cry that was old:

"Il ne passeront pas!"

Which translated from war-time French into modern Williamson County means "Virginia Carson keeps her job, and we pay her salary." and that is what value the women of Williamson placed upon the service of a county demonstrator from up somewhere on the Manchester Road. Williamson County adopted Virginia Carson.

Yesterday there hung along white-washed walls in the warehouse on Fair Street, a dozen quilts, and in all of ancient Scotland; not in England, nor in France, hang tapestries more beautiful. Gobelin used art in the making of his tapestries, but the women of Williamson wove love into their quilts, for underneath them sleep nightly the same breed as went up into Hoover's Gap and Wild Cat, and Chickamauga, and some of the same breed sleep under a quilt of living green, shot with butter-cups and daisies, on Battle Ground Heights, at Franklin.

Peaches preserved, pears preserved in the form that they fell from the tree...tomatoes and apples, and and...good heavens, what a lot of cakes and pies.

"A check for a thousand," and the lady smiled. Fifteen hundred could not budge that lot of quilts on inch. And that is only a sample lot . . . brought in a hurry.

Friday night I saw a gracious thing. Williamson had a beauty show . . . that is merchants sent in fifty girl representatives to vie for a prize in the matter of personal pulchritude, and after two hours of delight, accompanied with much misery because they had not fifty prizes to bestow, the judges selected a bit of lovliness from the Hillsboro Road

and awarded her the prize.

And I saw enacted there a scene from the deep South; a scene that might have been taken from Caskoden's "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

I saw the manager of that show take the hand which she extended of the very most beautiful woman in all the wide reaches of the five Harpeths, and he bent low at the waist, and impressed upon the finger-tips of that girl he was a cavalier, stepped out of a book a kiss.

This is only a column in a country newspaper, whose editor has the interest of Williamson at heart, and as I saw that scene from a day long since gone, I saw the man power of Williamson passing in parade before Virginia Carson, who had her hand extended, and each man impressed thereon a kiss for what she had done for Williamson.

Fourteen Years Of Fine Service To Williamson County
The Review-Appeal
January 9, 1936

Fourteen years ago in the bloom of young womanhood there came to Franklin from a neighboring town, Manchester, Miss Virginia E. Carson, in the capacity of Home Demonstration agent. The county was not sold solidly on the subject of a home agent and her way was not all smooth sailing, but, nothing daunting, she kept right at her work, helping here and advising there until today there is not a more familiar sight anywhere in the county than this pleasant individual in her little coupe going from one part of it to the other, helping housewives and young girls with their problems, making them more efficient homemakers.

Miss Carson is the daughter of a country doctor, who many is the time has turned down a well-paying patient to go to a hovel to help usher into this world a new-born babe. She rode with him day after day as he jogged along in his buggy, and later in an automobile, and as she saw the conditions of some of these homes in comparison to the one her mother kept for her family she decided that when she grew to womanhood she would enter some calling that would help her to lighten the load of womankind.

After completing her high school education at Manchester, her brother-in-law, G.H. Evans, then county agent of Sumner, but now holds that position in Lewis county, knowing her desires and her natural trend persuaded her to take work at Peabody to fit herself as a demonstration agent. This she did and later studied at the University of Tennessee, striving further toward perfecting herself.

After the death of her mother, whom she nursed devotely for many months, she received the appointment in Williamson County following Miss Nettie McAlpine. She established her residence with Dr. and Mrs. J.A. North, where she today is looked upon by the family as one of them.

Go into any home in the county and the housewife will point with pride to some article in use and say, "Miss Carson taught me to make that." It may be a cake, rug, broom, basket, dress, salad, or chair bottom, but the remark always fits.

Not only does Miss Carson teach the ladies useful things, such as dietetics, but she helps develop the love of the beautiful thus enabling them to make their homes a more pleasing place in which to hold the family ties more closely knit together.

A visitor entered a home a few days ago as the mother was just finishing washing dishes and after drying her hands she applied some lotion, remarking, "This is Miss Carson's make, and it is the best ever. Isn't she wonderful?"

Being tended a piece of cake the same remark was forthcoming, "Miss Carson's recipe." Entering the living-room were flowers so life-like as to compel one almost to take a sniff, this again met the ear, "Miss Carson certainly knows how to make flowers and to teach others." As she was saying this she was sweeping the hearth with a hand-made, handpainted broom, which she also learned to make from the same source. The chair she proffered the visitor was bottomed by her instructions. She picked up her hand-work, a square for a crocheted bedspread, and smiling, said, "Another lesson."

The visitor asked, "Do you think it pays the county to employ Miss Carson?" The answer shot back like lightning, "Do you think the county could afford NOT to employ her?"

The visitor was then taken to the rear of the house again, and shown the pantry, where according to Miss Carson's instructions nothing frails. "She cuts our grocery bill in third, no, I can safely say fourth. We look forward all month to our next meeting for we know she will be ready with a worth-while demonstration. Then, we have such a good time socially and it takes our minds off our real or imaginary home problems for awhile."

The visitor left with a feeling that it was good to

have been there and to know that Williamson County has such a treasure within its borders, who is regular "balm in Gilead," carrying knowledge and happiness to hundreds of homes, which would otherwise be void of many of its conveniences which are fast becoming necessities. Trays for the sick she teaches how to make, not only more health building but attractive to awaken in the invalid the desire to eat and live.

Miss Carson is wonder.

A History of Extension Work in Williamson County
By Miss Virginia Carson,
County Home Demonstration Agent
Williamson County News
August 2, 1935

Thirteen years ago last February I came to Williamson County as Home Demonstration Agent. In this period has passed the post war, the boom years and the depression, and today the adjustment. A resume of club work and extension activities in which I've spent all my time is more difficult than it would seem to many. The years have passed so quickly. I remember the organization when I came. It consisted of an office supported by the County Council, which was changed to a farm bureau that spring. W .I. Smith was the county agent at that time and Miss Addean Marshall, secretary. Radios, as you remember, were unknown and the live stock market was wired to this office and phoned out to all country stores every morning. Today with H. H. Jones in charge of AAA activities, makes the duties of the county agent's office heavy enough to employ a force of five secretaries, assistant county and home agents, etc. From seven women's clubs organized thru the efforts of my predecessors, Miss Lula Chrisman, Miss Alpine and Mrs Wendell, we now have 25 adult clubs and 17 4-H clubs.

From the early canning program we have added manifold studies and demonstrations along all lines of home duties, garden and poultry work. Each year has seen a larger enrollment in the clubs and a growth of the organization to the present enrollment and activities. From the first year's enrollment of around 300 women and girls, I now have on my list above 1000.

In the early days fairs were an important factor of our programs to display the work and show the high standard set of demonstration workers. Williamson County had a fair for several years and many months preparation for these fairs were spent each year. The history of each club would have to be written to show the work done accurately. Preserves, pickles, canned fruits and vegetables, cooking, sewing, handiwork of all kinds. Garden products and poultry gained a better place because of the higher standard at home and abroad. Fairs served well in presenting the higher standard to the public.

These years saw a reaching out by clubs for new duties, broadening of interests in the home, community and county. Distaster years saw the clubs leading in working together for funds, making needed articles, helping the underprivileged youngsters. The depression called out every generous impulse in carrying on in schools, needy homes, churches, cooperation with all organizations who needed their leadership. Looking over these yesteryears I see my first model T cars, three in number, carrying me thru toll gates, over miring muddy roads over the county, following years when lower cars were modeled as the better roads spread thru the county. Home visits at the average I find of around 400 clubs meetings averaging a number of years around 500, an ever increasing interest on the part of the people of the county in extension clubs. Every member a teacher, a leader, carrying the teaching to others, leading to the results of today.

Changing personel in courts, in my office, removal of many great leaders by illness, death, the crisis of the depression, my threatened removal. The strengthening of the extension organization by this challenge to the usefullness of the work. The federation of 22 clubs who, with the cooperation of hard hit business houses and firms, carried on my appropriation until the county could meet it again. This federation headed by such leaders as Mrs. J. A. Hamilton, Mrs. Will Fulton, and their corp of assistants from the president of the clubs, were indefatigable in keeping fundamental goals of extension projects before members. When civic organizations failed these built on the fundemental purposes for home improvements grew stronger. These 25 clubs today have behind them a record of holding out a helping hand to the individual, the group who has needed them, meanwhile to have kept going routine programs of demonstrations in food and nutrition, gardening, poultry and cultural subjects. Their furture promises a fullfilment of a long time goal of "Better Homes on Better Farms."

If I could paint the picture of my thirteen years it would be an intricately woven tapestry, seemingly mixed of figure as this article is in metaphor. My memory jumps from numbers and accomplishments to the panorama of the beauty of the countryside of this county. Hill tops, cedars weighted in snow and the sheer sleeving of sleet, rain soaked pastures with huddling cattle, a sudden turning in the long road, the muddy slow road , and a view breathtaking, steep hillsides, low cottages snug in the encircling hills and rolling slopes, with smoke curling from stack chimneys, hominess of humble houses. The gladness of the sick at my stopping, the pleasure of a child in seeing one, sheep on a thousand wheat fields in spring time, threshing crews in still hot noon time, a roadside nature planted with columbine, wild roses, larkspur and Queen Anne's lace. Homing herds of purebred Jerseys, fertile fields, blooming apple orchards-all these beauties fill my eyes so in retrospect that I cannot see the facts I'd like to record. However, to see better homes, better home makers, I have only to look all around me. I see the girls who have finished 4-H clubs, some teaching, some running more efficiently their own homes all with a better understanding of those around them because of their contacts in their clubs. This is a reward for the quick passing of the years to have these girls bring their own youngsters into the 4-H clubs to learn as they did, to have wholesome pleasure and profit in club work.

To see pride in rural homes from naming them to foundation planting, 1-2 reading with only 5 in 1923 to more than half the homes in the county. To see from four or five purebred flocks as Mrs. F. E. McKay's and Mrs. W. A. McKay's barred rocks, Mrs. Lewis' Rhode Island Reds, Mrs. John Murry's reds, and Mrs. Gracey's, on to where three hatcheries are competing for eggs from hundreds of flocks today. Today a hatchery is signing up barred rock flocks with 12 months contracts at from 6 to 12 cents above the market. Already 2000 birds have been blood tested and are making substantial profits for their owners. This is a direct result of Home Demonstration club work and the flocks of the county are far above the average as direct and indirect results of the work. Interest in gardening and canning the surplus is increased with the keeping of home accounts and making of food budgets. The part the housewife contributes to the economy of running the home is not small as the prices of high quality products are recorded. The keeping up with the trend of the times is no longer the homemaker's tasks, but she must keep ahead, so club programs carry subjects she needs to be informed on. She counts the calorie value of the dish she prepares, knowing whether it is contributing enough to the fuel of energy giving need it is supposed to function for. She balances her budget as well as her menu. She is familiar with good equipment and makes out her list of needs, that she may spend wisely for electric or hand power washers, ironers, steam pressures, etc. She makes her own equipment in club meetings when possible; as soaps, mops, floor wax, etc. She tests clothing material before buying-for fading, for adulteration and later she dyes it over in demonstration program for she buys well.

An average year's activities taken from last year's report shows the following:

Total number of farm or home visits made in condcuting extension work, 437; number of different farms or homes visited, 270; number of calls relating to extension, office, 525, telephone, 2,020; number of news articles or stories published, 350; number of individual letters written, 420; number of different circular letters prepared, 3,800.

Unfortunately, the article ends abruptly. The ending is not available. It should be noted just how important Miss Virginia Carson, later, Mrs. Bob Jefferson, was to Williamson County. As the above statistics reveals, Miss Virginia did not allow any moss to grow under her feet. She was a powerhouse of energy and a strong advocate for the improvement of rural life. Mr. W. C. Yates, also a beloved county figure, said of her, "Miss Virginia has single-handedly done more for Williamson County and touched more lives, in a positive way, than any one individual." Unfortunately, at her death in 1973, Williamson County had changed so greatly, few citizens realized that with her passing an era of public service, unparalleled, had ended. For those of us who had the privilege of knowing Miss Virginia, we realized that hers was a life well-lived and her contributions to the county unequaled.

The Confederate Monument

The Icon of Franklin's Past

On November 30, 1899, Franklin dedicated the Confederate Monument located in the center of the Public Square. Over the past one hundred years this stone shaft, with marble soldier on top, has greeted all who entered the square. This dedication and memorial service marked the greatest event in Franklin since the battle one hundred years earlier. The following account of this monumental day is found in *The Williamson County News*.

The Confederate Monument dedication

The Confederate Monument

The monument consists of a heavy stone foundation, above which rises, in three steps, the granite platform. On the north-east face of the second step are sculptured, in relief, crossed rifles. Above, on the the third step, are the words "Our Confederate Soldier" in bold lettering. Above the platform is a square die, with polished faces and inverted cannon at the angles. Above the die is an ornamental cap, its upper edge cut in the form of battlements and surmounted by a row of sculptured cannon balls. From this cap rises the tall shaft, on the north-east face of which is chisled a beautiful Confederate banner. Above the shaft is the elaborate capital, carved and battlemented; and crowning all stands the marble figure of a Confederate Soldier at "parade rest."

The four faces of the die bear the following inscriptions: On the first, toward the north-east, in which direction the statue faces, "Erected to Confederate Soldiers by Franklin Chapter No. 14, Daughters of the Confederacy, Nov. 30, A.D. 1899." On the reverse: "In honor and memory of our heroes, both private and chief, of the Southern

Confederacy. No country ever had truer sons, no cause nobler champions, no people bolder defenders, than the brave soldiers to whose memory this stone is erected."

On the south-west face, looking up Main Street: "We who saw them and knew them well are

The Confederate Monument

witnesses to coming ages of their valor and fidelity; tried and true, glory-crowned. 1861-1865" On the reverse:

"Would not it be a shame for us
If their memory part from our land and hearts,
And a wrong them to and a shame to us.
The glories they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay our Heroes in Grey
Shall ever live over again for us."

The monument is thirty-seven feet, eight inches in height and is of Vermont granite, except the statue. This is six feet high and is of Carrar marble. It represents a Confederate Soldier with slouched hat, service uniform and rifle, standing at "parade rest."

The last verse was written by John H. Henderson, Sr., father of Franklin's beloved attorney Tom Henderson and Judge John Henderson.

An Account of the Festive Day

With open heart and arms extended in the gladness of her welcome, fair Franklin stands, greeting with smiles and cordial warmth the guests who are assembling within her gates to participate in the festivities of an occasion, the hope of which has been dear to her heart for many years-the unveiling of a monument to the living and dead herores of the Southern Confederacy.

Order of excerises for unveiling of Monument:
Music, by band.
Prayer, by Rev. J.H. McNeilly, of Nashville
Address of welcome, by Dr. J.P. Hanner.
Music by band.
Inveiling of Monument.
Introduction of speakers, by Col John H, Henderson.
Address by orator of the day, Gen Gordon, of Memphis
Song, "Bonny Blue Flag," by young ladies representing Confederate States.
Music, "Dixie," band.
Address.
Song, "Maryland, My Maryland," by young ladies.
Prayer and Benedication, by Rev. D.E. Kelley, of Nashville.

The parade will be formed at the depot this morning at 9:30 o'clock, and begin immediately after the arrival of the south-bound train. The arrangement of procession will be effected by Col. S.E. Shannon, Marshal of the Day. His aides are: Dr. John B. White, Samuel Claybrooke, J.H. Akin, Bud Herbert.

The line of march will be along Maple avenue (Third) to the Square, across the Square, up Main to College (Fourth), up College to South Margin, from thence to West Wargin, down West Margin (Fifth) to Bridge avenue, to North Maple and from thence to the Square.

Guests arriving on the train wil be met by a reception committee composed of Mrs. R.N. Richardson and Miss Annie Claybrooke, assisted by members of McEwen Bivouac.

All veterans will be presented with badges by Mrs. Richardson. At the termination of the parade the exercises of unveiling will begin, the platform being in charge of its committee, Mesdames George Nichols and J.A. Britt.

After the unveiling ceremonies are finished, dinner will be served in the Courthouse, under the direction of a committee composed of ladies who have kindly volunteered to assume charge of this

A photo of U.D.C. at the monument

feature and thus relieve the Daughters of the Confederacy, thereby allowing them to more effectually discharge their office as hostesses toward the immense throng of visitors expected to be present on this most eventful occasion.

Striking features of the parade will be ornamental floats filled with charming young ladies in snowny costumes. They will represent the various members composing the Southern Confederacy; also, the beautifully decorated carriages drawn by handsome steeds and flanked-as will also be the floats-by squadrons in gala attire.

The houses along the line of march will by gay with vivid hues of bunting and fluttering flags; the air will be vibrant with stirring strains of music; thousands in holiday attire and with glad faces are even now thronging our streets and the whole city has dressed herself in festal garb in honor of her guests and the sacred occasion that has brought them together.

Monument is Unveiled
Ten Thousand People Witness Frankln's Tribute to Her Confedrate Heroes

Had the weather man been specially petitioned he could not have given a fairer day than that which broke over Franklin on Thursday, November 30-the day which stands in the front of Old Williamson's historic annals as Thanksgiving Day, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Franklin battle, and greater than all, the day on which was unveiled the monument dedicated to the memory of our Confederate soldiers.

Bright and early on that eventful morn long strings of vehicles and endless files of horsemen began to pour into our city from the surrounding country, and the early trains came into the depot crowded with eager visitors from points all along the line, everyone alert with anticipation of the day's celebration.

On the streets everything was bustle and excitement. Hundreds of bright-hued flags and thousands of yards of brillant bunting fluttered from the house fronts; gaily caparisoned vehicles dashed hither and yon, while booted and spurred cavaliers, in all the bravery of sash and cockade, rosette and streaming plumes, threaded their way through the fast-filling avenues and crowded thoroughfares, on their way to join the parade which was being moblized at the depot, awaiting the arrival of the train from Nashville with its freight of troops, civilians and distinguished guests. A fine band was stationed near the depot and helped while away the time of waiting by its stirring patriotic airs.

A few minutes after 10 o'clock the hoarse blast of steam whistle announced the arrival of the train and a rush of thousands was made for the depot. The engine panted to a standstill, the car doors were flung open and the long string of coaches emptied themselves into the crowded depot square. Two companies of old vets in the once familiar uniform of grey jeans with rifles and coutrements, came out under the command of Captains Mark Cockrill and George F. Hagar of Nashville. With them mingled the fresh unfaded blue of the State Guard-two companies, B and D, of the new Fifth Tennessee Regiment. Gov. Benton McMillin, Judge S.F. Wilson, Gen. G.W. Gordon, of Memphis, Rev. D.C. Kelley, Maj. T.F.P. Allison and other prominent Tennesseans formed a distinguished group of our city's guests on this, her grandest gala day. They were met by a reception committee and escorted, with the ladies attached to the party, to the elegantly decorated carriages reserved for their use.

The scene while the parade was forming was an inspiring one. All the air was aglow with warmth and color, with flutter of flags and snapping streamers as the vheicles, each one rich with the intermingled hues of vivid scarlet and white and crowded with Old Williamson's lovliest daughters in beautiful costumes, wheeled into line. The long lines of gray swung into column of fours and with rifles at right shoulder, stood ready for the signal to march. Behind them stretched the ranks of blue-once hated color, but now symbol of one common country.

Col. S.E. Shannon, with his aides, Dr. John B. White, Maj. J.H. Akin, Mr. John S. Claybrooke and Capt. John Smith, in full regalia, rode up and down the line marshalling their forces into order.

The signal was given, a warning tap sounded from the drum, and as the band burst into full chorus the long and beautifully imposing procession began to move. At its head rode Col. Shannon, Dr. White and Capt Smith. Behind them came an open carriage, all ablaze with streaming colors and rosettes, in which were seated little Misses Leah Cowan and Susie Winstead, the dainty, white-robed maids whose tiny hands were to unveil the monument; on either side, riding two-and-two, were their Knights of Honor, Masters Reppord

Starnes, Jim McEwen, Walter Atwood and Wirt Courtney. Behind this beautiful little picture in cloumn of fours came the old Confederate Veterans in gray, with springy step and eyes alight with the fire that the flood of years had not dimmed.

Next in order were the lads of the Fifth Tennessee, two companies strong, with the sunlight sparkling on buton and buckle and glinting on the blue of their uniforms. Behind, in a far-reaching column, marched the vets in civilian attire, with the shot-riddled folds of an old Confederate battle flag fluttering above them. Next came a buggy containing Capt. W.T. Ridley and Mr. Geo. Nichols, who bore respectively the Chapter flag of the Franklin Daughters of the Confederacy and the blackened, smokegrimmed bit of bunting that had so often led the old First Tennessee Regiment on to victory. These flags preceded an open carriage in which sat Gov. McMillin, Gen. G.W. Gordon, the orator of the day, Dr. J.P. Hanner and Mr. John H. Henderson. And then came the spectacular feature of the parade, and it was a sight to gladden the eyes. A seemingly endless array of flower-laden, beauty-filled vehicles, drawn by splendid horses, streaming with flags and pennants, wreathed and twined and festooned and crested with ribbons, streamers and rosettes of crimson and white, all woven and blended with harmonious taste and richest, most dazzling effect, and preparing the way for the culminating feature of the day's pageant-a white draped, beautifully decorated float drawn by four handsome steeds and bearing a group of Williamson's lovely daughters-nineteen fair girls, dressed in snowy robes with caps of white and red and crimson sashes on which were picked out, in letters of gold, the name of the state or city of the Confederacy represented by the wearer. Each young lady bore a Confederate flag, and the progress of the float was marked by thunders of applause from the close packed thousands of spectators along the line of march. On either side of the float and also of the procession of carriages roade the attendant cavaliers in full equestrian costumes, with plumes, red sashes and cockades of white and scarlet.

The long procession turned into Maple avenue and defiled toward the Square. Through the dense sea of faces a lane was cut and as the head of the parade debouched onto the city plaza, fronting the tall monument swathed in its clinging veil, a cheer burst from ten thousand throats. Crossing the Square the parade passed along Main Street under festoons of blunting, between flag-wrapped awnings and store-fronts bursting into masses of color. Reaching College it wheeled to the left, proceded to South Margin, along that past the Tennessee Female College to West Margin, down West Margin to Bridge avenue and long the avenue to North Maple. Up that street proceeded to the Square, passing beneath an arch of welcome. On the Square the veterans and State troops marched to the Courthouse front, where they drew up in line, while the float halted at the base of the monument.

Here, in solemn and beautifully chosen words, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, opened the unveiling exercises with prayer, after which Judge R. N. Richardson made an appropriate speech, introducing Dr. Jas. P. Hanner. Dr. Hanner's address was one of welcome to our city's guests and was received with well-merited applause. Then the band filled the air with the inspiring melody of martial music and little Misses Susie Winstead and Leah Cowan, surrounded by their guard of honor composed of Masters Henry Atwood, Jim McEwen, Wirt Courtney and Reppord Starnes, drew the cords, and the veil fluttered to earth, revealing the glistening silken folds of the old Thirty-second Regimental battle flag wrapped around it.

This concluded the unveiling excercises proper and the orator of the day, Gen. G. W. Gordon, with Gov. McMillan, Judge Wilson, Dr. Kelley and other distinguished visitors, accompanied by prominent citizens of Franklin, adjourned to the Court-house, followed by the young ladied from the float, members of the Confederate companies, the Fifth Regiment and as much of the crowd as could find standing room in the densely filled Court chamber.

After being felicitously introduced by Mr. John H. Henderson, Gen. Gordon delivered the oration of the day. In exquisite phraseology he spoke of the Lost Cause and the heroes who fought for it. He defended the memory of that Cause, paid tribute to its defenders in thrilling eulogy, gloried in thier sufferings, and held his vast audience spellbound by the might of his matchless eloquence and enthralling powers of oratory. No more beautiful oration ever delighted an audience in this city than was that of Gen. Gordon.

After the thunderous applause had subsided for some time most entertainingly. He was followed by Col N. N. Cox, Judge Richardson, Maj Akin and

Messrs, Irby Bennett and John Holt, all of whom delivered happily appropraite remarks. Dr. J. H. McNeilly then held the attention of the audience for a few moments, concluding with prayer and benediction, and the exercises were over. During the program a number of songs were sung by the young ladies and the old veterans present.

In the meantime a busy corps of workers had been rapidly laying tables in the rooms downstairs and loading them with wholesome viands preparatory to dinner. Through the generosity of friends all over the county ample supplies had been sent in, and the old vets were introduced to the tables and most hospitably supplied. Numbers of them were also taken to the homes of friends and acquaintances for entertainment.

If a ceremonial day whose smooth continuity was unbroken by any untoward incident and the present of an assemblage of over ten thousand people be taken as criterions of success, then Franklin's Confederate Memorial Day is one which could fill the heart of every citizen of this town and county with pride. Everybody was in fine humor,; rowdyism was conspicuously absent and, except for a few ardent souls whose excitement outran their discretion the day was marked by a sobriety little less than remarkable. With very few exceptions, all the "jags" were confined to the members of the Fifth Regiment and simply took the form of rather noisy hilarity, without desire to create any bellicose distrubance. Their officers kept them in hand as well as possible and about 4 o'clock, when the Square was fairly deserted, the troops were given about sixty minutes of rapid drill that stiffened them into shape before embarking for Nashville.

The Rock City was well represented by some of its distingusihed citizens; His Excellency Gov. McMillin, Judge S. F. Wilson and wife, Dr. D. C. Kelley, known as the "Fighting Parson" during the war, Maj. T. F. P. Allison and wife, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, who was present at the Franklin fight as chaplain; Captains George F. Hagar and Mark Cockrell, Maj. Bush and Dr. Rothrock-all four gentlemen whose private history since the war has been in close accord with their unblemished reputation as soldiers of the gray; Capt. John Hickman and Mr. S.F. Cunningham, editor of the famous "Confederate Veteran;" Mrs. Judge Gaut, who organized Franklin Chapter of Confederate Daughters and is a most enthusiastic member of the Nashville Chapter, Mesdames Wilson, Pennybaker, Mrs. Wm. B. Bate and many others.

Gen. G. W. Gordon and Dr. Newt Perkins came from Memphis; Mr. Hardin Figuers, of Columbia; Dr. Sloan, a prominent physican of Cowan, and Dr. Cowan of Tullahoma, who was Forrest's chief surgeon,were honored guests.

Mrs. Gen. Adams, widow of the Confederate General who was killed while mounting the Federal works, was present and received quite an ovation from the old boys in gray who had followed her gallant husband on that fatal field, as well as from the citizens of our town.

Ex-Gov. Wm. B. Bates was unable to come but wired his regrets and deep interest in the occasion.

The number of people present was conservatively estimated at 10,000-one of the largest assemblages ever seen in Franklin. It had been determined to conclude the day's exercises by an "Old Fiddler's Carvinal," but this feature was by mutual agreement postponed to the holiday season.

The little girls, Misses Susie Winstead and Leah Cowan, who unveiled the monument, are both daughters of distinguished Confederate Veterans, and the lads who were their guard of honor are sons of sires who, in their time guarded the honor of their fair Southland.

Miss Susie Winstead, whose father was our lamented fellow-citizen, Mr. M. P. G. Winstead, was adopted by unanimous vote a daughter of McEwen Bivouac.

Horace German, son of Dr. Dan German and grandson of John B. McEwen, wrote the following article concerning his memories of the raising of funds and erecting the Confederate Monument.

The Night Watch
By Horace German
The Review-Appeal
October 17, 1929
Extracts From a Diary
October 1896

Just got my history and geography and language lesson, but the man who hatched up this algebra stuff must have had something against boys in general. Asked my grandfather to work it and he said that algebra didn't interest him, and asked me what I thought he was paying a teacher for anyway. Said get the teacher to work it.

Guess I must have gone to sleep over that algebra, when I heard my grandfather tell me to go

to the door and see what in the world anybody meant ringing a doorbell off at that time of night.

Went to the door and two ladies in old scoop bonnets and hoop skirts said they understood from a neighbor that Colonel McEwen lived here, and that they wanted to see him.

I took them back to his room and he nearly had a fit. Told the ladies that it was rather unusual to receive company with one's feet in a mackerel juice foot bath, but that no man in this world could be held responsible for actions of an irresponsible boy. Told them that I was his grandson and further, that he didn't know what in the world he was going to do with me.

He asked them to have seats, but they were in some kind of a hurry and the smaller one told him that they had come to show him some needle work, in which they had been told he was interested for the reason that the funds derived from sale of all their needle work went into a fund to buy a Confederate monument to put on the square.

They must have known his one great weakness. The larger lady unfolded something she called an African and spread it on the bed and I got interested in the thing. All sorts of colors woven in it, and it was just as soft as a kitten's stomach.

"How much must I have to pay?" and the lady said twenty-five dollars, and my grandfather whistled and grunted and then made me bring him a check book in which he wrote a check for twenty-five dollars, and while he was blotting the check the smaller lady leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. I never saw him blush so red before, but I know it didn't displease him so greatly, and then both ladies pulled off the sugar scoop bonnets and they proved to be my sister and my cousin.

That tickled him immensely and he asked how much money they lacked to get the monument, and they told him it would cost around fifteen hundred dollars, and he told them he would contribute a lamb and a shoat and some cornmeal lightbread to the next big dinner in the courthouse, and that would help. They thanked him and said they would tell Mrs. Cowan about the contributions for the dinner.

After they left he went to the wardrobe and took a big stiff drink and then pulled out a chest in which he kept the dollies and centerpieces and african and other things people knitted and sewed and embroidered to get money to go into the Confederate Monument Fund.

There was enough linen in that chest to make a bride happy, and how many weary hours and miles of stitches had been put on those things I don't believe the man who wrote the Algerbra could figure out.

All sorts of butterflies in natural colors, tropical birds, red roses and yellow roses and forget-me-nots, and poppies as red as turkey calico were stitched in these centerpieces, and I reckon he must have had a thousand dollars worth in that chest.

We sat up till after twelve o'clock looking at them and refolding them, and then he took another big drink and he told me he didn't reckon I would live long enough to see it, but that some day there would a wonderful Confederate Monument built on the square with the money the ladies sewing societies and dinner groups were making.

Mrs. Cowan told my mother that the money to buy the Confederate monument was in the bank and that pretty soon the monument would be selected and put up.

The funniest thing I ever saw I saw today. There was an Irishman superintending the putting up of the Confederate monument on the square.

He had blocks and tackles and guy wires and guy ropes and he was talking to his men like a driver talks to a team of horses with a heavy load going up a steep hill. Begging and pleading to be careful and directing that operation as a bandmaster directs a band, and that monument was going up according to orders. One of the ropes as tight as a piano wire got across the top of the monument and rested against the soldiers's hat.

That Irishman stopped everybody and told them that the hat's brim was of marble, and if it snapped he was a ruined man. "Be careful, steady, don't move till I git it off'n the damn hat," and as he was trying to relieve the strain on the hat Mr. Lockridge, who is seventy-five years old and as deaf as a post, drove his horse against the rope and the hat brim snapped off.

That Irishman turned red in the face and then choked while he was turning purple in the face, and several ladies put their fingers in their ears and one said, "It's a shame, I never heard such language," and Mr. Lockridge, who couldn't hear a word the Irishman said, drove on up the street.

That was years and years ago; my grandfather has gone with the granddaughters accomplished in sewing into another land; Mr. Lockridge and the swearing Irishman sit side by side in the promised

land and discuss ways and means of lifting heavy bodies from prone to perpendicular and many of the ladies who fed hungry Williamson on court days of long gone Aprils have lived to see their life's dearest work achieved, and gone their way, laid the monument for they had cooked stands today in the middle of the square with the finest Confederate soldier in the world on its top, with a gun in his hands and his hat brim sewed on again, is just as good as it was when it was when it was new.

There is some indefinable charm in marble for me, something in its purity, something in its unstained whiteness, something in its everlasting hardness-marble to me is beauty, but marble fashioned into the form of a Confederate soldier who fought his fights in battle and then crippled, impoverished by war, turned his remaining energies into that mighty, seemingly hopeless struggle for a livelihood for his dependents and won his battle. Ay there is charm in marble.

Nearly every day I see that soldier with his torn hat and his gun in his hands nearly every night I see that soldier in the glare of an electric spotlight at midnight, and some nights I see him standing steady and staunch, in the softness of the light of a waning moon, and I believe that within all the wide reaches of the Garden of Williamson, there is nothing animate or still so beautiful.

In the center of a miniature park that monument stands with its marble soldier at "Parade Rest"; a park in which recently have been put flowering shrubs, Paul's Scarlet roses and weeping willow to make it still more beautiful, to accentuate the beauty of the soldier at its top, and parading before that spot each day thousands may feast their eyes on beauty that comes in a combination of green and red and white.

If my memory serves me, there hasn't been a Confederate dinner given in the courthouse in April in so long a time that a great majority of young Williamson is actually ignorant of what a Confederate Memorial fund dinner means and a great lot of us who feasted on the bounty of Williamson in days long gone, haven't feasted since that last dinner given years and years ago.

Mrs. Howlett and Mrs. Akin asked recently where would the money to place a fountain on each corner of the base of that monument come from, and I thought of the revival of that custom of a courthouse dinner in April and the willingness of a city board which functions a city within the boundaries of which was fought one of the nastiest fights recorded in history, to supply the water free of charge and labor of putting in that pipe system. Mr. Lunn and Mr. Hussey, who sit on that monument at nights and then raid main street for funds to help some unfortunate girl to reach her destination, or some bedless bum or some other less priviledged mortal over rough rocks in the road, they might catch some labor that is going to waste and put it to work.

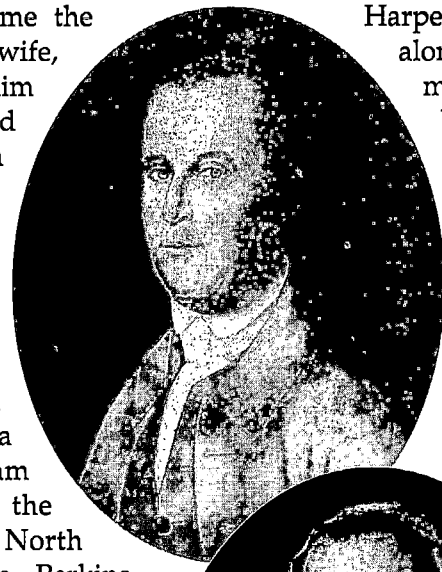
This is your soldier, your monument, your park, your city, and with four fountains shooting sprays of water forty feet in the air, the famed Marble Fountains at Versailles, can't be more beautiful. I have seen the Versailles Fountains at Versailles, France, but these proposed fountains are at home.

Two Centuries at Meeting of the Waters

Ridley Wills II

Williamson County and its county seat of Franklin were created by the Tennessee Legislature on October 26, 1799 although the town was not incorporated until 1815. Abram Maury, one of the earliest settlers, laid out the town of Franklin in 1800. The plat contained 119 lots. Maury intended to name the town Marthasville for his wife, Martha, but she convinced him otherwise. Instead, he named the town for Benjamin Franklin.

Another early settler was Thomas Hardin Perkins (1757-1838) who was born in Halifax County, Virginia and who fought as a Colonial officer in the American Revolution. Hardin and a compatriot, Col. William O'Neal, were captured by the British near Hillsboro, North Carolina. After their release, Perkins visited Colonel O'Neal at the latter's home in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. There Hardin met Col. O'Neal's daughter, Mary Magdalen (1763-1835). Hardin and Mary married December 17, 1778. Two years later they moved to Orange County, North Carolina where they lived until 1800 when they moved again, this time to Williamson County, Tennessee.

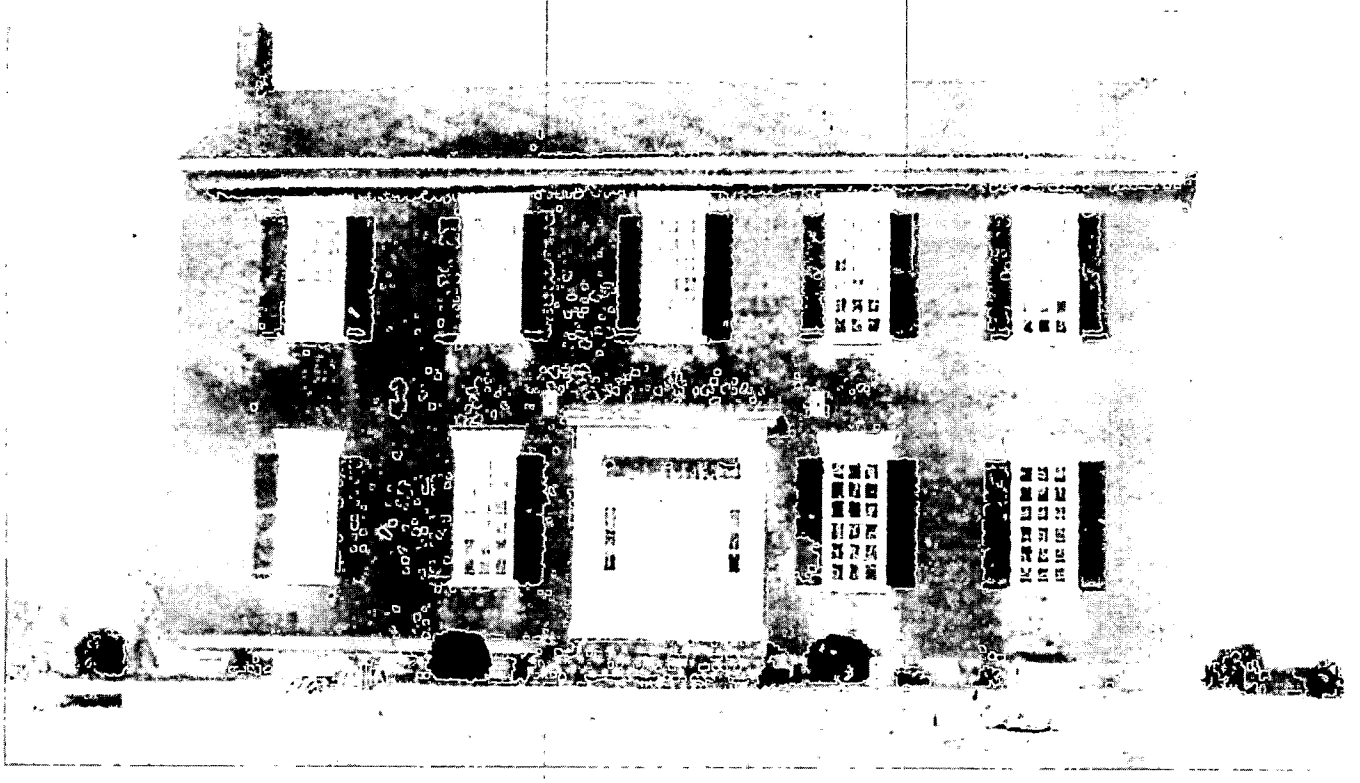


Col. and Mrs. William O'Neal

Williamson County tax books for 1800 and 1801 list Thomas H. Perkins, although they do not indicate he owned landed. However, 1802 Williamson County tax records indicate Perkins owned 1,163 cares on the Harpeth River. In 1804, he purchased 1,620 more acres along the West Branch of the Harpeth.[1] In 1810 he bought another 640 acres along the Big Harpeth.[2] Over time, Perkins made other land purchases in Williamson, Davidson, Maury, Marshall and Lawrence counties. In 1825, he constructed an iron works near Lawrenceburg, one of the first built in that section.

It supposedly took Hardin Perkins nine years to build his home at the confluence of the Big Harpeth and West Harpeth Rivers. Because of its site, he named it "Meeting of the Waters." Historian Virginia Bowman wrote in her book, *Historic Williamson County*, that the house was finished in 1809.

Of Federal design, "Meeting of the Waters" resembles homes that Perkins knew in Virgina and North Carolina. The cherry stairwell was built in a tongue and grove pattern fastened with wooden pegs. The floors in the living room, front hall, and dining room are of ash and the rafters in the attic are numbered with Roman numerals and secured with black locust pegs seven inches long. My wife, Irene, and I



Meeting of the Waters c 1960

feel that our dining room and the room above it are the oldest rooms in the house. When we removed the dining room wallpaper in 1989, we found the outline of a stairway that led to the room above. We assume that Perkins later built the central hall on the first floor, the central landing on the second floor, and the two rooms, one above the other, on the west side of the house.

Perkins' home was accessible to Franklin via a road built in 1802 from the town to present-day Forest Home, where it intersected the Natchez Road. The 1802 road led from Franklin to the Methodist Meeting House and from there to the West Harpeth River where it crossed at Spencer's Ford. From that point the road ran along the stream to Perkins' horse mill and from there the short remaining distance to the Natchez Trace. This road was later called the "Hurricane road" and is today's Del Rio Pike, although it was much straighter in the early 1800s than it is now, having subsequently been lengthened at the insistence of farmers who wanted to square up their fields.[3]

Hardin and Mary Perkins had five children, three boys and two girls. Two of the sons died in infancy. One daughter, Elizabeth Stiver (1784-1815), married her cousin, Nicholas Perkins. The other daughter, Mary Hardin "Pretty Polly" Perkins (1794-1840), married her first cousin named Nicholas Perkins (1779-1848). Mary's wedding took place in 1808 when she was only fourteen years old. To distinguish himself from other family members with the same name this Nicholas Perkins went by "Bigbee," a nickname he acquired because he owned land on the Tombigbee River in the Mississippi Territory.

Hardin and Mary Perkins's only son to reach adulthood was William O'Neal Perkins, who was born in 1791. In his youth, O'Neal began living with a Negro woman. The liaison apparently lasted for some years. Nevertheless, in 1827, O'Neal became engaged to a young white woman from Alabama named Pocahontas Rebecca Bowling Meredith. A "Meeting of the Waters" overseer, John Holladay, heard Mr. Perkins say that year

Mary O'Neal Perkins

that he was going to Alabama "to know from her own lips if she could or would have O'Neal after [he had] lived with a negro woman from his youth." Upon his return, Mr. Perkins told Holladay that he and his son agreed that if O'Neal would "put away the black woman," marry his fiancee and come and live by him in Williamson County, O'Neal would inherit his estate, including "Meeting of the Waters."[4] The prodigal son soon returned with his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins welcomed them with a large dinner and dance. Fanny Twoomey, the wife of Isaac Twoomey, an overseer Mr. Perkins employed that November, testified in 1839 that she spent sixteen days preparing the dinner and that Mr. Perkins was in such good mood that he danced at the affair. According to Mrs. Twoomey, on the morning of the dinner party, Mr. Perkins asked his daughter, Mary Hardin Perkins, to come over to have breakfast with her brother and sister-in-law and to asist in last-day party preparations. "Pretty Polly" declined to come. Mrs. Twoomey testified that Hardin Perkins said his daughter was pouting because she felt he would leave "Meeting of the Waters" to O'Neal and not to her and her husband, Nicholas "Bigbee" Perkins. Pretty Polly's behavior was consistent with written testimony which indicates that all three of Hardin Perkins' children, their spouses, and their children were strong-minded, opinionated individualists who did not mind expressing themselves on every subject at hand."[5]

Despite having difficulty getting along with his children and a propensity for getting into lawsuits with his neighbors, usually involving land disputes,[6] Hardin Perkins was a prominent and successful planter. He also had some sense of public responsibility as he served as recorder for the town of Franklin from November 7, 1828 until Nov. 4, 1830. A week after he was a named recorder, Perkins and another man were appointed as a two-man committee to "prevent cattle from sheltering under" the market house on the Public Square.[7] When General Layfayette visited Nashville in 1825, Perkins was given one of the seats of honor at the banquet given the venerable French hero in Nashville.

In 1827, the year O'Neal Perkins married, his sister Polly and her husband, Nicholas Perkins, were living at their adjoining plantation, where they had built their home, Montpier, in 1821-22. Nicholas had, by 1827, accumulated a substantial fortune, owned a large number of slaves, and was a planter of note. A year before their marriage in 1808, he was Register of the Land Office in the County of Washington in the Mississippi Territory for lands lying east of Pearl River, a position to which he had been apponted by President Thomas Jefferson on December 23, 1805. On the night of February 18, 1807, "Bigbee" was in the courthouse in Wakefield, Washington County, Mississippi Territory with the sheriff and another man. At midnight the sound of approaching horses broke the stillness. Curious, he went outside. One of the riders went by at a brisk trot. The other stopped and asked the way to Col. John Hinson's house, seven miles out of the village. Perkins decided one of the horsemen was Aaron Burr, then a fugitive from justice on charges of treason. That night, Perkins and the sheriff went to Col. Hinson's home where they found Burr sitting by the fire. The sheriff took no action against him, however. The next morning, Perkins rode to Fort Stoddard and reported his suspicions to Lt. Edmund Pendleton Gaines, who was in command there. Gaines returned with Perkins and arrested Burr about three miles from Hinson's place. Perkins was soon deputized to command a party of seven men to deliver Burr by horseback to Federal authorities in Washington City. On the trip Burr attempted to escape in Camden, South Carolina. Perkins, a more powerful man than Burr, quickly overpowered him. Nicholas Perkins and his command ended up taking Burr to Richmond, Virginia where Burr stood trial before Chief Justice John Marshall on charges of treason. Although he was acquitted, Burr's reputation was ruined.[8]

On March 29th, Perkins wrote The Honorable Henry Dearborn, from Richmond. He advised the Secretary of War that he had in his possession "nine horses and a double chair" which he had purchased on the account of the United States for the purpose of "transporting Aaron Burr from the Mississippi Territory to this place." He went on to write that the horses were "so much reduced by the journey that I do not suppose they will be fit for service in a short time." He added: "The daily expense of feeding them here is very considerable, in consequence of which by the advise of Mr. Rodney and Mr. Hay I make this statement to you and shall await your direction." Perkins then informed the Secretary of War that his party consisted of seven persons besides himself, two of whom were soldiers, the others being gentlemen

"engaged upon the public account." He said that he did not have the means of discharging them and asked the Secretary of War for orders, either to take the stage to Washington, or "endeavor to go there upon these worn out horses."[9] Perkins, who was praised by Federal authorities for this work and who received a monetary reward, did take the stage to Washington, before returning to the Mississippi Territory where he was appointed Attorney General for the County and District of Washington. He resigned from that office on May 14, 1809 and soon returned to Tennessee where he was admitted to the Bar in Williamson and neighboring counties.[10]

When Irene and I first entered the dining room at "Meeting of the Waters" in 1989, the pistol that Perkins carried with him on the 1807 trip from Fort Stoddart to Richmond was hanging on the wall. Unfortunately,we did not acquire it with the house.

Thomas Hardin Perkins died November 15, 1838. When his will was probated, it became public knowledge that he left "Meeting of Waters" to his son-in-law, "Bigbee" Perkins. The will was contested, presumably by William O'Neal , on the grounds that, "Bigbee" exerted undue influence on his aged father-in-law. Hardin Perkins' lawyer, Charles Olmsted, testifed in the trial that, at Perkins' request, he drew the will in secrecy. He also recalled hearing Mr. Perkins say that some of his grandchildren were not affectionate toward him and that they would "be sorry for it," or words to that effect. It was clear that there had been many family fights. Old Mr. Perkins, harassed and exasperated, once told Olmsted "that he could not see any satisfaction and he was a good mind to let them all shift for themselves," speaking of some of his children and grandchildren. Mr. Perkins' minister stated, in a deposition for the case, that, when he last saw Hardin Perkins shortly before his death, "The old man's body only lay in ruins, not his mind." With such testimonies, the will was not broken and Polly and Nicholas moved to Meeting of the Waters, with their unmarried children, including Edwin Nicholas Perkins and Margaret Ann. They left "Montpier" in the hands of a married daughter , Mary Elizabeth, and her husband, Leland Bradley.

Montpier

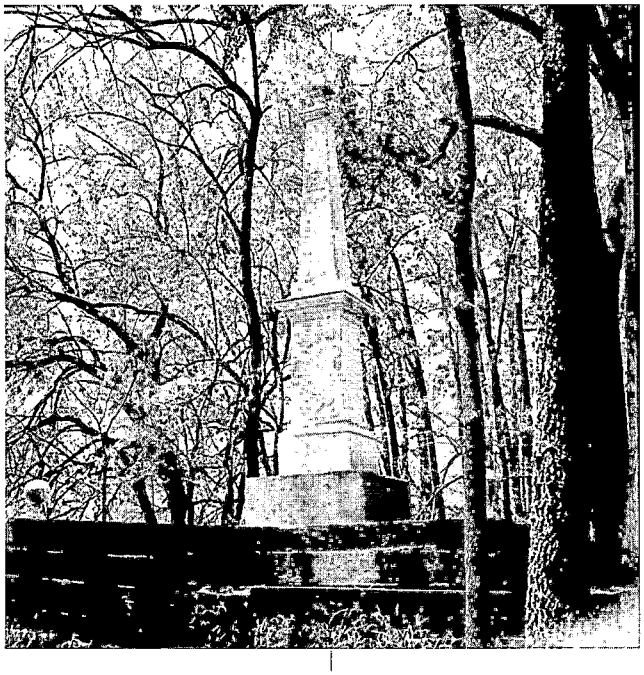
Nicholas and Mary Hardin Perkins had twelve children in all, including William O'Neal Perkins (1815-1895), named for his uncle or great grandfather. William first married Martha Elizabeth Slaughter of Russellville, Ky. They had four children. His second wife was Julia Putnam, daughter of historian A.W. Putnam. This William O'Neal Perkins was president of the Tennessee & Alabama Railroad, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a member of the Tennessee General Assembly (1853-1855). In 1921, George W. Polk remembered Mr. Perkins as "a tall, slightly built, dignified looking man, who was always dressed with great care and never without his silk hat and snow white shirt front."[11]

William O'Neal's father, Nicholas "Bigbee" Perkins, practiced law in Franklin and also served several terms in the State Legislature.[12] At his death on January 6, 1848, he was one of the largest land owners in the state. Bigbee Perkins' estate, estimated to be worth $500,000, included 11,513 acres in Williamson County, iron furnaces at Fernvale and in Hickman County, land in Sumner and Lawrence counties, eight houses and a tanyard in Franklin, and 310 slaves.[13]

Nicholas' daughter, Margaret Ann Perkins (1826-1872), fell in love with handsome Robert H. Bradley, Jr. (1819-1910), a nephew of Leland Bradley. Margaret met Robert when he visited his uncle at Montpier. Nicholas Perkins' only objection to Robert was that he was not a Perkins. To circumvent her father's objections, Margaret enlisted the help of her father's carriage driver and Leland Bradley's carriage driver to facilitate communica-

tion with Robert. The carriage drivers would pick up and deliver notes from the two young lovers beneath a great rock at "Meeting of the Waters." To break up the romance, Mr. Perkins decided to send Margaret to a boarding school in Philadelphia via a carriage on August 1, 1844. They spent the first night in Nashville. Mr. Perkins, was unaware that Robert Bradley followed them in his own carriage. Robert made contact with Margaret that evening and they slipped away from her father to the home of prominent Baptist minister, R.B.C. Howell, who married them as they were both of age. They then returned to "Meeting of the Waters" to confront her wrathful father. When Mr. Perkins angrily asked Robert why he ran off with his daughter, Robert replied "Sir, you were the one running off with your daughter, I brought her back home." On their honeymoon, the Bradleys visited his parents near Lexington, Ky., the home of Henry Clay. The distinguished statesman came by the Bradleys to call on the young couple. He was much taken with Margaret and declared her to be the prettiest young woman he had ever seen.[14]

Nicholas Perkins died four years after Margaret's marriage and eight years after his wife, Polly died. Nicholas and Mary Hardin were both



Perkins' Cemetery

buried in the Perkins family cemetery where her parents, Hardin and Mary Perkins, were buried following their deaths. There is an impressive obelisk at Perkins family cemetery, which is on the edge of my property. In his will, Nicholas Perkins wrote: "I have given to my son, Nicholas Edwin Perkins, the plantation on which his grandfather Thomas Hardin Perkins died."

Nicholas Edwin Perkins was born in Williamson County in 1821. He grew up at Montpier and received his early education in Franklin. Subsequently, he attended and graduated from Centre College in Danville, Kentucky, where he lost the use of his right arm in a duel with a classmate. Edwin returned to Williamson County to pursue the life of a planter. In 1848, the year his father died, he married Martha Thomas Maury (1827-1897), at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Franklin. Within six years, Edwin and Martha had three children, Edwin M. (born 1850), Leighla O. (born 1852), and Maud C. (born 1854). Mr. Perkins was a member of high rank in the I.O.O.F. Considered a person of unblemished character, he was held in high regard in Williamson County, where he was a very sucessful farmer.[15] Sometime during the 1850s an incident occurred that indicates a solicitious feeling that Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had toward their slaves. They asked their Rector, the Rev. Moses S. Royce, to come to "Meeting of the Waters" and baptize forty-four black children and one black adult.[16] Rev. Royce did so and recorded their names with the notation that the parents of the children were their sponsors.[17]

By 1861, when the Civil War broke out, Edwin was forty-years-old and beyond normal conscription age. Because of this, his dependents, and his disability, he did not see military service and spent the war at home. Neverless, he was a fervent supporter of the Confederacy and pledged much of his assests to the Southern war effort, including cotton from his Williamson County plantation. Much of that cotton was held by Confederate authorities in New Orleans. Before that city fell in April, 1862 to Commodore Farragut's Federal fleet, the Confederates burned Perkins' cotton. For the rest of his life, Perkins would be in debt.

Even after the Federal occupation of Franklin on March 16, 1862, the Perkins family frequently saw small groups of Confederate soldiers, often members of Thomas Fern Perkins' Partisan Rangers. This company operated largely on the Hillsboro and Charlotte Pikes. Their purpose was to protect the property of landowners, such as the Perkins, from Union forgaging parties. In October,

1862, Perkins' Rangers burned the bridge over the West Harpeth one-half mile from "Meeting of the Waters."[18] For the remainder of the war, Edwin Perkins had to ford the river to reach Franklin.

To the Perkins the war seemed to last forever. On January 2, 1864, Martha wrote these words in her diary: "We have passed through three years of war, such as the world has scarely seen before, and at the beginning of each we hoped that we soon would see the end, and now, tho disappointed, we hope so still though our reason tells us the 'end is not yet.'" In her diary, which she kept that winter, Martha's loneliness and her faith in God, which helped sustain her, were apparent. Life in the country was monotonous; there was little news, travel was dificult, and the weather was often cold. Occasional visitors brightened otherwise dreary days. Nicholas Edwin worked on the farm while she attended to household duties and taught school at the Masonic Hall on the Hillsboro turnpike immediately north of the Harpeth Presbyterian Church. Martha longed to once again see her sister and her family and to meet again in "our old church," St. Paul's Episcopal Church. She admitted to being depressed much of the time. Occasionally, her husband would go to Franklin or Nashville and bring her and the children news of local and national events. This helped a good bit. On January 28th, she mentioned the report of a battle near, Knoxville but wrote that "We have lost confidence in these reports." The next days her fears centered on the likelihood that the Federals would "disfanchise them and place the whole power of U.S. [and the] State in the hands of an abolitionist party. Regarding this, she wrote: "Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord-Let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud."[19]

Sometime during the war, thought to have been near the time of the Battle of Franklin, a foraging party of drunk and mean-spirited Federal soldiers came to "Meeting of the Waters." They swarmed over the slave quarters and house, stealing everything that was edible and destroying property. They declared their intention of burning the house after they had helped themselves to its contentions. Mr. Perkins, who was powerless to stop them, found an opportunity to tell his young son, Ed, to run out to the pike, find a Federal officer and ask his help in stopping the wanton destruction. Ed asked his father what a Federal officer would look like. Mr. Perkins told him that he would be in a blue uniform, on horseback and would have a sword. Ed Perkins followed his father's instructions and, in time, returned with a Federal officer, who, in a towering rage, entered the house and scattered the soldiers who scurried out carryng their booty. Mr. Perkins, who had locked his wife and two small daughters in an upstairs bedroom, hurried down the front steps to thank his benefactor. They recognized each other. The Federal officer was none other than the student at Centre College with whom Nicholas Edwin had a duel with a quarter of a century earlier. Meanwhile, Martha, Leighla, and Maud were standing at an upstairs window, watching Yankee soldiers headed out of the yard, with wagons loaded with every conceivable article of stolen goods, driving livestock, and riding the Perkins' horses and mules and the children's ponies. They broke into tears when one of them spotted a grizzled Yankee soldier carrying a crock of pineapple preserves that Mrs. Perkins had been hoarding for Christmas dinner.[20]

The Civil War left Nicholas Edwin Perkins in debt figuratively to the officer who saved "Meeting of the Waters" and literally as a result of his financial support of the doomed Confederacy. In settlement, the Circuit Court of Williamson County, at its March 1867 term, ordered F.M. Lavander, Sheriff of Williamson County, to sell to the highest bidder Perkins' 400 acres of land on the Big Harpeth River.[21] Somehow, Edwin managed to avoid the humiliation of having his property auctioned off at a public sale. He was still in debt, however, when he died in 1871.

Not until 1872 was the bridge that Captain Perkins' company burned in 1862 replaced. Williamson County Court records for January of that year indicate that John D. Miller was the builder for the new Perkins Bridge over the West Harpeth. The covered bridge, which stood on rock piers and cost $2,500, was 120 feet long and 12 feet high and 12 feet wide. It was built with poplar timbers, chestnut shingles, poplar siding and[2] oak flooring.

In the spring of 1872, Martha Perkins' daughters, Maud and Leighla, and their brother, Ed, hosted a party at "Meeting of the Waters." The *Franklin Review and Journal* covered the party in their May 24, 1877 issue. The newspaper's editor, Dick Bullock, wrote that, "before dinner, the parties sauntered off in couples, accidentally of course, and some engaged in playing croquet, and had a splendid time." The party also "visited the spring and fished

awhile." A spring thunderstorm caused the merry group to return to the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Perkins where she superintended a basket lunch accompanied by "the livliest of music." Mr. Bullock concluded his account by writing: "Such a hilarious May party never left our shores for the green and happy banks of the Harpeth."

During the eighteen seventies and eighties, Williamson County "watering holes" and summer social centers such as Cayce's Springs, ten miles southwest of Franklin, and Fernvale Springs, twenty-two miles southwest of Nashville, were in full blast. Leighla, Maud and Ed Perkins often visited these resorts with other young people from Franklin, Nashville, Peytonsville, Spring Hill and elsewhere. On August 24, 1876, Maud and Ed were at Cayce's Spring to dance the night away to the enchanting music of the Thompson Brothers.[22] The Perkins and Middle Tennesseans generally were recovering from the debilitating effects of the war.

On December 13, 1882, eighteen-year-old Maud Perkins married John William Reid, son of Dr. William S. Reid and Sarah Claiborne Maury Reid. John's grandfather, Maj. John Reid, was aid-de-camp to Gen. Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. The cousins were wed at her church, St. Paul's Episcopal. Following their honeymoon, they set up housekeeping at "Meeting of the Waters." There, their first four children were born.

In 1886, Ed Perkins was teaching at the Perkins School, which stood on the bluff of the Harpeth River in front of "Meeting of the Waters." That year, thirty-four children attended the school, which moved to Forest Home in the 1890s. Tim Lyons walked two miles to the school every day from his log home on the Old Charlotte Pike. Earlier, he and his family had lived in a tenant house at "Meeting of the Waters" where his Irish-emigrant father, Timothy Lyons, farmed for the Perkins. In 1948, Tim Lyons recalled that Mr. Perkins "was easy on us" but the other teacher, Mr. Bill Reid, "was as strict as they come." Tim also remembered that "at recess the boys would slip off down the bluff to the river where we'd go swimming, fishing, or just sit around on the rocks and talk. Sometimes we would not hear the bell and again we would just not answer it and when we got to the house we always caught the keen end of the switch."[23]

Martha Maury Perkins died March 30, 1897 at "Meeting of the Waters." Before her death, she had managed to pay off her husband's debt. She also died knowing that her home was safely in the hands of her son, Edwin Maury "Ed" Perkins.[24] By the time Ed grew up, the local economy, traditonally based on agriculture, was slowly giving way to business and industry. After teaching as a young man and living at home, Ed moved to Franklin, where he sold insurance. He served as mayor of Franklin after being elected in an October 1907 race which drew the largest vote ever registered in the town.[25] Ed married Caro Sidway, of Jackson, Mississippi. He kept ownership of "Meeting of the Waters" and was responsbile for it, although the farm was being run "on shares" by tenant farmers.

Meeting of the Waters, presently

Sometime after Ed Perkins moved to Franklin, share-croppers moved into "Meeting of the Waters." One who did so was Isaac Pewitt and presumably his family. On August 1, 1919, Pewitt and Ed Perkins signed a contract under which Pewitt rented the 500-acre farm for the year 1920. Under the agreement, "Meeting of the Waters" was to be worked on the shares one half to each party." Pewitt agreed to work the land and furnish all the workstock and implements necessary to carry out the work, as well as a tractor. He was obligated to deliver Perkins' part of the wheat crop to Franklin "free of charge" and "to keep in repair the fences on the farm." The two men also contracted to "go on shares" with all the livestock raised on the farm and to share equally in the cost of seed grain and clover seed. Pewitt also guaranteed the good behavior of all the farm workers who would live on the place in tenant houses. Perkins agreed to furnish the material to repair the fences. The two men were to consult

each other and agree on the best crops to be grown. The contract stated that "The McPherson lease of the Perkins store" and three acres of land at Forest Home "is not included in this agreement."[26] Incidentally, the Perkins Store was for many years the voting place for Williamson County's Sixth Civil District.

Money may have been scarce in 1919. That December, Ed, Perkins sold James Buckner an Osage Orange hedge that ran from the corner of his front yard at "Meeting of the Waters" along Del Rio Pike toward Old Hillsboro Road. Buckner paid Perkins fifty dollars for the Osage Orange wood. Buckner agreed to leave standing about every ten feet a living hedge post to which Perkins could attach a wire fence.[27]

Edwin and Caro had four daughters, all of whom grew up in Franklin. They were Mary, born in 1898; Martha, born in 1900; Caro, born in 1902; and Leighla, born in 1904. Mary married Robert Overton. Caro married Sam Woolwine, Jr., of Nashville. Martha married Goulding Trousdale, of Nashville, while Leighla married Lester Irwin Carroll, Jr. Leighla and Lester lived in Baltimore, Buffalo, and Mobile, while Mary and Robert Overton lived much of their married lives in Oak Ridge. Although none of the four women grew up at "Meeting of the Waters", they all were sentimentally attached to it as their ancestral home. They were also proud their grandmother, Martha Maury Perkins was able to pay off her husband's Civil War-related debts.[28]

After Edwin's death in 1929, his widow, Caro Perkins, assumed responsibility for the family farm. Among the tenants who lived at "Meeting of the Waters" during her years of responsibility were the Albert Sidney Hughes family who lived there from about 1936 until 1943. According to the Hughes' grandson, Brown McMillan, his grandfather killed 100 or so hogs annually and hung the meat in a smokehouse on the place.[29]

Caro Sidway Perkins lived well into her nineties, dying in 1962. Following her death, "Meeting of the Waters" lost its tenant and stood vacant for a year or two. As a home which had long been occupied by tenant families, and which then stood vacant for a year or longer, it naturally deteriorated. During the depression a tornado had uprooted trees in the yard and ripped the roof off a kitchen house. Subsequent to that, Mrs. Perkins had the kitchen house torn down. Other repairs were made but as Mrs. Perkins grew more and more elderly, maintenance of the house lessened.

When Mrs. Edwin Perkins died, her daughters Caro and Leighla were widows, and Martha was divorced. The three ladies decided to restore "Meeting of the Waters" and live out the remainder of their lives there. Because the kitchen house had been town down three decades earlier, they converted a back study into a kitchen by installing a sink and refrigerator there. They added a central heating system for the downstairs and used space heaters upstairs. With these and other changes in place, they moved in during 1966. By this time, their oldest sister, Mary Perkins Overton, had already died. A plan was agreed upon that Caro would handle farm matters, Martha would tackle finances, and Leighla would manage the house. It worked well. A number of Nashvillians recall coming to "Meeting of the Waters" as teenagers when Mrs. Trousdale was teaching dancing lessons at "Fort Nightly" in Nashville. They did so to make up classes they missed on West End Avenue. People living along Del Rio Pike and Old Hillsboro Road probably knew Mrs. Woolwine best. She drove a yellow Cadillac convertible with a black top. The car, which her sister-in-law had given her, was so big, her nephew, Goudling M. Trousdale, Jr. called it "a battleship." Mrs. Woolwine drove very cautiously, usually about 25 miles per hour. Consequently, anyone traveling north on Old Hillsboro Road, who was unlucky enough to be behind her, found it impossible to pass until they got to Hillsboro Road. Those headed to Franklin on Del Rio Pike had the same problem.

During the 1980s, Leighla and Caro died and Martha became so infirm that it became necessary to sell "Meeting of the Waters." This obviously was a traumatic decision as she represented the fifth generation of the Perkins family to live in one of Middle Tennessee's oldest and most historic homes. Goudling M. "Denny" Trousdale, Jr., Martha's son, who was living there at the time, helped his mother and first cousins, who lived outside Tennessee, consummate the sale.

On Sunday morning in February 1989, Irene and I were at Sunday School at The Downtown Presbyterian Church in Nashville when Jim Laise, a sportwriter with *The Tennessean*, told our son, Ridley III,who was also there, that "Meeting of the Waters" was "coming on the market." Jim knew this because he was then living with Agnes and

Irene and Ridley Wills II family

Livingfield More at "River Grange" another Perkins home on Del Rio Pike. Irene, Ridley III and I knew the house, at least from the outside, and decided to look at it that afternoon. We met Clarence Johnson, the real estate agent, there and decided that day to make an offer. We bought the house and forty acres, some of which were being mined for phosphate, signing the contract on March 2, 1989. Since then we have bought another 81 acres from the Perkins. Our son, Ridley, who in 1989 owned a fledgling construction company, and who was trained at the University of Virginia School of Architecture, was the contractor for our restoration project. Larry Brown, of Nashville, was our architect, while Buell Sullivan, of Bradford's Interiors in Nashville, helped Irene with the selection of interior color schemes, wall papers, and draperies. Ridley built a two story, L-shaped porch on the back, added three HVAC systems, new wiring, a master bathroom, and built a kitchen where the old breezeway to the kitchen house had been. On the foundation, where the kitchen house once stood, we built a downstairs bedroom and a small side porch which hid, from the front, a new two-car garage. Above the garage and bedroom, we built storage areas, one of which we later converted into an art studio for Irene. From the front of the house, the addition, with brick to match that of the original house, looks like a kitchen house. Similarly, the modern kitchen, complete with lattice on the south side, looks, from the front, like a lattice-covered breezway. In June 1990, thirteen months after the closing date, we moved in.

Irene's aunt, Margaret Early Wyatt, of Franklin, read in the *Franklin Review-Appeal* an article about our purchase of "Meeting of the Waters." In the article, I was correctly quoted as saying that I was distantly kin to the Perkins through the marriage of Bethenia Harding and Nicholas Perkins (ca. 1718-1762) in Virginia in 1738. Margaret told Irene: "You are a lot closer kin to the Perkins than Ridley ever was." Margaret was correct. Irene's direct ancestor, Absalom Bostick, married Bethenia Perkins (1743-1809), a sister of Thomas Hardin Perkins, the builder of "Meeting of the Waters." So, here we are, nearly 200 years after Thomas Hardin Perkins began construction of "Meeting of the Waters" and the home continues to be owned by a Perkins descendant. Irene said in 1994, "As custodians of this home, we love the feel of permanence that this home gives. Hopefully, we've pulled it together so it can last another 200 years." I would only add that "Meeting of the Waters" has a feeling of serenity that Irene, I, our children, and grandchildren have enormously enjoyed.

End Notes

1. Williamson County Deed Book A-1, p. 570, roll 137, Tennessee State Library and Archives.
2. Ibid. Book A-2, p. 396.
3. "Roads and Turnpikes," Williamson County Historical Society Publication Number 24, Spring 1993, p. 24.
4. Testimony of John Holladay before J. Rothrock, Williamson County Justice of the Peace, March 8, 1839.
5. Testimony of Fanny Twoomey before acting Williamson County Justice of the Peace, J.J. Bingham., July 15, 1839.
6. Henry Childress vs. Thomas H. Perkins and Peter Perkins, Chancery Court, Nashville, 1812; Thomas H. Perkins and the executors of John Taply, deceased vs. Hays, Sloan, Gurtre and Walkup, Chancery Court, Nashville, 1812; and Thomas H. Perkins vs. Robert Hays, Chancery Court, Nashville, 1812, William W. Cooke, Reports of Cases argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of Errors and Appeals of Tennessee and in Federal Court for the District of West Tennessee (Nashville: M. and J. Norvell, 1814), pp. 87, 163, and 189.
7. "Recorders," Williamson County Historical Society Publication Number 24, Spring 1993, p. 124.
8. Walter W. Faw, "Nicholas Perkins," Faw Papers, II-D-6, Box 141, folder 7, Tennessee State Library and Archives, Nashville.
9. The original letter from Nicholas Perkins to The Honorable Henry Dearborn is in the Records of the War Department, National Archives, Washington, D.C.
10. Faw, "Nicholas Perkins," Faw Papers, II-D-6, Box 141, folder 7, Tennessee State Library and Archives, Nashville.
11. *Descendants of Nicholas Perkins of Virginia* (Edwards Brothers, Inc., Ann Harbor, Michigan, 1957), 199.
12. A Nicholas Perkins represented Williamson and Rutherford counties in the State Senate in 1807. In 1815, a Nicholas Perkins served in the Senate, this time representing Williamson County. A Nicholas Perkins also served in the same capacity in 1841. "Members of the Legislature," Williamson County Historical Society Publication Number 24, Spring 1993, pp. 84-85.
13. Perkins' estate also included 40,000 pounds of bacon, 3,000 pounds of tobacco, 722 sides of leather, 311,000 pounds of seed cotton, 77,890 pounds of ginned cotton, and 3,000 pounds of iron. Williamson County Chancery Court Records. 1851.
14. Virginia McDaniel Bowman, *Historic Williamson County* (Nashville : Blue & Gray Press, 1971), 97.
15. *History of Tennessee with Sketches of Maury, Williamson, Rutherford, Wilson, Bedford and Marshall Counties* (Nashville: The Goodspeed Publishing Co., 1886), 1002-03.
16. Vol. 1, folio 296, St Paul's Episcopal Church Register.
17. Rev. Moses S. Royce served as rector at St Paul's Episcopal Church in Franklin from 1854 until 1859.
18. Campbell H. Brown, ed. *The Reminiscences of Newton Cannon, First Sergeant, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, CSA.* (Franklin, Tenn: The Carter House Association, 1963), 22.
19. A copy of Martha Maury Perkins' diary was given to Ridley Wills II in June 1991 by Dare Reid Turenne, a great granddaughter of Mrs. Perkins who, in 1991, lived in Chile.
20. Bowman, *Historic Williamson County*, 97.
21. *The Weekly Review* (Franklin), June 14, 1867.
22. *The Review and Journal* (Franklin), August 26, 1876.
23. "Who's Who in Williamson," The Review-Appeal, (Franklin,Tn.) June 6, 1948.
24. Following her death, Mrs. Perkins' family gave St Paul's Episcopal Church a stained glass window for the sanctuary. It was dedicated to the Glory of God and in loving memory of N. Edwin and Martha Maury Perkins.
25. *Nashville Tennessean*, October 27, 1907.
26. Contract between E.M. Perkins and Isaac Pewitt, dated August 15, 1919, copy in possession of Ridley Wills II.
27. Contract between E.M. Perkins and James R. Buckner, dated December 29, 1919, copy in possession of Ridley Wills II.
28. Conversation between G.M. Trousdale, Jr., of Nashville and the author, April 23, 1998.
29. Conversation, Brown McMillan with author, August 24, 1995.

The Capture of Aaron Burr by Nicholas Perkins

by Hugh Walker

The Nashville Tennessean Magazine
November 10, 1963

On a cold February night in 1807, in the village of Wakefield, Washington County, Alabama, two young lawyers played backgammon in a little log courthouse. They were Maj. Nicholas Perkins, late of Davidson County, Tennessee, and Thomas Malone.

The hour was late, and not a sound was to be heard save the clicking of the dice as then players moved their checkers on the board.

Suddenly there was a clatter and a shout outside, and Perkins threw open the door. Two travelers sat in their saddles and inquired the road to a Colonel Hinson's.

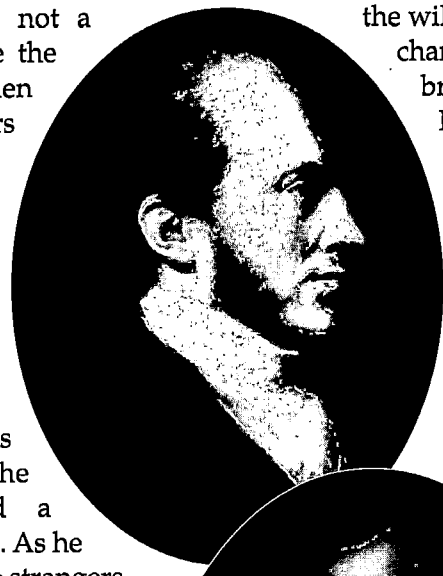
The house was seven miles distant, Perkins replied, the road hard to find, and a dangerous creek to be crossed. As he talked Perkins eyed one of the strangers, a short man in a floppy white hat.

In the flickering light of a pinewood fire, shining through the open door, Perkins noted that the man rode a superb horse. He wore homespun clothes, but his boots were polished and fine. And even in the dim light the major was impressed by the man's bright, glittering eyes.

The men rode on and Perkins turned back into the cabin. Then he remembered. "Let's get the sheriff!" he shouted. "The man was Aaron Burr!"

Aaron Burr! To this day the name has a rasping sound, and conjures up an unpleasant chapter in American history. He was the man, as every schoolboy knew, who had killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. And that night, fleeing through the wilderness as a suspected traitor, as much by chance as a throw of th dice, events had brought Burr across the path of Nicholas Perkins of Tennessee.

A native of New Jersey, son of the president of Princeton University, Aaron Burr was destined to come within a vote of a heartbeat of the presidency of the United States. He would go from the heights to the depths and would become, next to Benedict Arnold, the most hated man in America.



Aaron Burr

Burr was one of the most colorful figures in American history, and much is known of his life.

The opposite was true of Nicholas Perkins. Born in 1779 in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, he had moved to Davidson County with his parents as a boy.

Nicholos Perkins

Compared to Burr, Perkins would live an obsure life. But as Burr would become a great failure, Perkins, in his own region and in his own way, would become a great success. He lived as

quietly as he sleeps today beside beside a field of tall corn on land still owned by his descendants in Williamson County.

Young Aaron Burr was graduated from Princeton in 1772, and three years later entered the Continental Army as a private, rising to the rank of lieutenant colonel and commanding a brigade at the Battle of Monmouth.

After the war, having married a widow 10 years older than himself, Burr began the practice of law in New York City, and rose rapidly in his profession. From the first he was a potent rival of Alexander Hamilton.

Although he became one of the leading lawyers of the nation, Burr raised eyebrows with this definition of the law, quoted by his biographer, James Parton: "Law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained."

Burr entered politics and was the choice of the Republican party for vice president in 1800, with Thomas Jefferson for president. Loosely speaking, the Republican political principles of that day are now held by the Democratic party, and the Federalist principles are held by the present-day Republican party.

Burr and Jefferson having tied in electoral votes, the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, where a majority of votes by states was required. The Federalists, who controlled the House, supported Burr for President, to the embarrassment of the Republicans. There was a tie vote.

Burr would not withdraw, as his party thought he should have. The balloting went on for seven days. At last, on the 36th ballot, Jefferson was elected and Burr, according to the Constitution at that time, became vice president.

He was convinced that Alexander Hamilton had maneuvered to defeat him in his contest with Jefferson. In 1804, he was a candidate for governor of New York, was defeated, and again attributed his loss to Hamilton. This was more than he could bear. Hearing that Hamilton had used the word "despicable" in describing him, he now forced his old adversary into a duel.

Burr's bullet killed Hamilton on the "field of honor" at Weehawken, New Jersey. But politically speaking, it was Burr who died and Hamilton who lived. Burr's bullet, one historian remarked, might as well have turned around in the air and struck him between the eyes.

The outcry against Burr was so great that indictments for murder were brought against him, and the vice president fled to St. Simon's Island, off the coast of Gerogia. He later returned to Washington to preside over the senate until his term ended.

In the populous Northest Burr was now without a political future. Entering a waxworks show, he saw crude figures of himself and Hamilton dueling, and beneath the exhibit read these lines:

> Oh Burr, oh Burr, what hast thou done,
> Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!
> You hid behind a bunch of thistle
> And shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol!

In the spring of 1805 Burr bought a housboat and floated down the Ohio River, stopping for visit with Harman Blennerhassett, an eccentric man who lived on an island in the river. The old man was charmed by his distinguished visitor.

It had been suggested to the now unemployed Burr that he set up law practice in Nashville, Tenn., where many people thought none the less of him for killing Hamilton, and run for Congress. So at the mouth of the Cumberland Burr turned up that stream for the Tennessee capital, and a visit with Andrew Jackson, a lawyer and soldier like himself who well understood the code duello. A strong-willed major general of militia, Jackson had loyal friends and bitter enemies. The next year he, too, would kill his man in a duel.

In Nashville Burr was "lionized," as Parton put it, with parades and banquets, and toasts drunk in his honor. For four days he was the guest of Jackson at the Hermitage. It was this "lionizing," Patron thought that made it impossible for Burr to open a "little law office" in Nashville.

Resuming his journey on the Cumberland and the Ohio, Burr next met Gen. James Wilkerson, U.S. Army commander at New Orleans. The two old comrades in arms talked of land speculations and the project of building a canal on the Ohio where Louisville now stands.

Wilkerson is generally considered one of the shadiest characters in American history. While an officer in the U.S. Army he was also in the pay of Spain, and remained for years in the service of both governments.

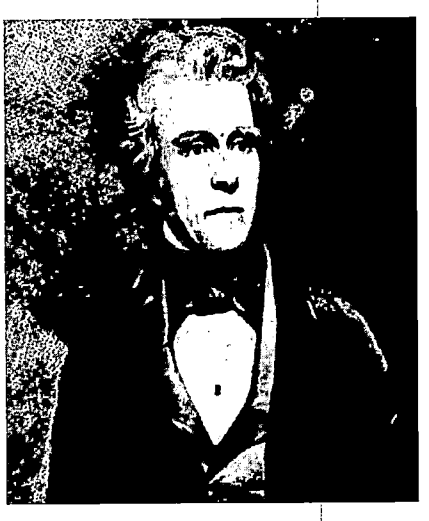
Armed with letters of introduction from Wilkinson, Burr continued to New Orleans, which for two years had been under the American flag. Here, in

the exciting atmosphere of changing times and historic happenings, he hatched his vague but famous scheme for setting up a new empire in the West.

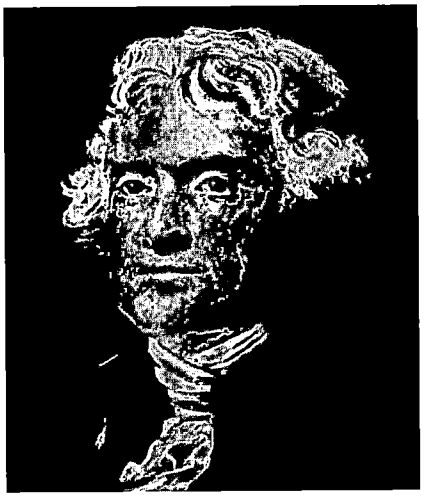
As Burr later explained to Jackson, he planned to lead an expedition of armed men down the Mississippi, with the financial aid of Blennerhassett and others. He would set up a colony on the Washita, a tributary of the Red River. Then, Burr reasoned, when the "inevitable" was broke out between Spain and the United States, he and his colonists would invade Spanish-held Mexico.

It was not until the next year, when the expedition was actually attempted, that Jackson and President Thomas Jefferson realized that Burr's real scheme was to "divide the Union" and set himself up as master of the Southwest Empire.

Late in the summer of 1806 Jackson received $3,500 from Burr for building and provisioning five flatboats. The work was undertaking by John Coffee, and Jackson's friend and horse trainer, Patton Anderson, started raising a military company to go with Burr.



Andrew Jackson



Thomas Jefferson

It was a "Captain Fort" from New York, visiting as a stranger at the Hermitage, who gave Burr's scheme away. When he used the words, "divide the Union," Jackson hit the ceiling. He wrote to Governor Claiborne at New Orleans: "I will die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited."

But in December of 1806 Burr again appeared at the Hermitage and put up at the Clover Bottom tavern. Jackson paid a stiff call, and Burr swore "on his honor" that he had no designs "inimical" to the U.S. government. He produced a blank commission signed by Thomas Jefferson. Jackson was reluctantly convinced and on Dec. 22 Burr left on the Cumberland, taking two of the boats Coffee had built, but no military company.

In the meantime Wilkinson in New Orleans had decided his most profitable course was to betray Burr, which he did in a letter to Jefferson. Burr got away from the Hermitage barely in time to escape Jefferson's promclamation for his arrest. Jackson was enraged, for he had been a victim of Burr's duplicity. In Nashville, the former vice president was burned in effigy.

State authorities seized Burr's boats on the Ohio. As he floated down the Mississippi in the little fleet that was left to him, he realized the jig was up. In the dark of night he abandoned his fleet and made through the wilderness toward Pensacola, hoping to find refuge aboard a Bristish man-of-war.

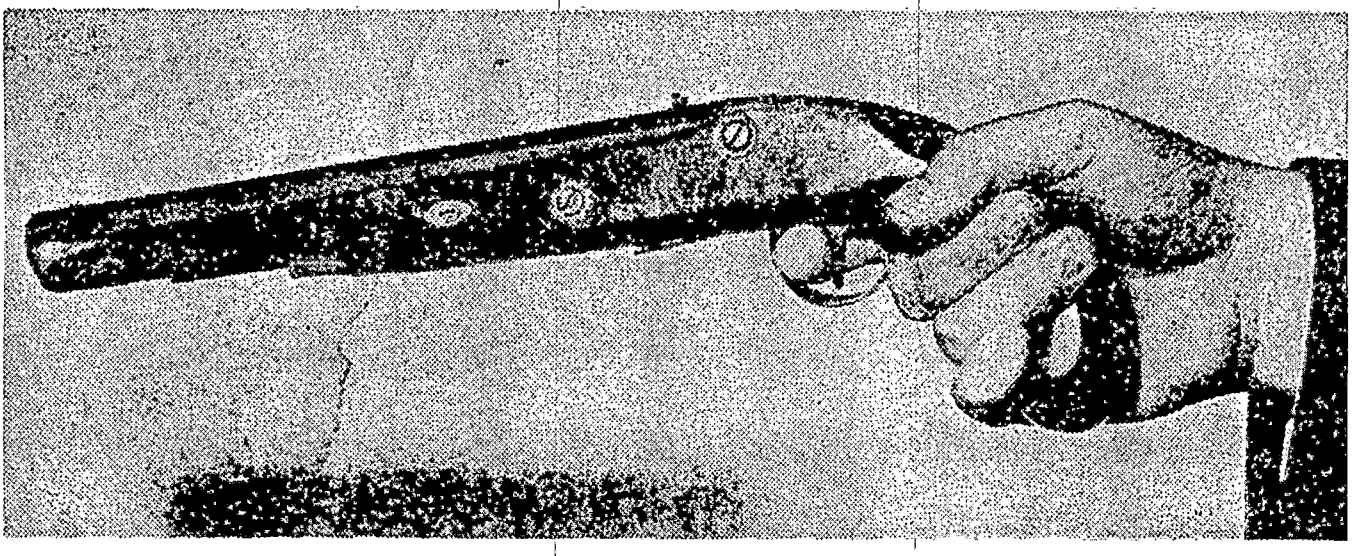
Thus it was that in February of 1807, Aaron Burr rode through the Deep South, every man's hand against him, accused of treason and a fugitive from his own government. And now it was that he crossed the path of Nicholas Perkins.

As to that young man his early years, compared to Burr's career, had been quietly spent. We know that as a boy he came to Davidson County with his family from Virginia, that he received a good eductaion. Like Burr, he studied law, perhaps "read law" in the office of an established lawyer. Like Burr, too, he had a military turn of mind, and when he went to the Mississippi Territory to launch his career as a lawyer, he soon became a major in the territorial militia.

Major Perkins was called Bigby or Bigbee Perkins, after the Tombigbee River on which he lived, to distinguish him from a relative another Nicholas Perkins, who was called "Dan River," and another relative, Col. Nicholas Tate Perkins.

Exactly what happened that night is clouded by various accounts. Perkins' own story, contained in a letter to C.A. Rodney, is modest and brief. Pickett in his "History of Alabama" says he interviewed several participants and his story was incorporated in Parton's "Life of Burr."

Sheriff Brightwell and Perkins found the strangers at the Hinson house, according to this



One of the pistols Perkins threw to the gound is still in the family.

account, and while Perkins stayed outside the sheriff went in to investigate. Brightwell soon determined that the beady-eyed stranger was Aaron Burr, but he was so taken with the man's manners and conversation that he determined not to arrest so "amiable a gentleman" and forthwith went to sleep on the kitchen floor.

That left young Major Perkins out in the dark and the rain as well. Shrewdly surmising what had happened, this "indomitable son of the wilderness," as Patron calls him, rode and paddled a canoe to Fort Stoddart, arriving by daylight. There the commander, Capt Edmund P. Gaines, agreed to go with him and arrest Burr.

They intercepted Burr's party on the road.

"There comes Perkins," said Sheriff Brightwell, who was acting as guide, "and you are gone."

"May God have mercy," replied Aaron Burr, and the next moment Gaines had put him under arrest, "at the instance of the Federal government."

As a prisoner at Fort Stoddart Burr "bore himself as he would have done in a drawing room of Philadelphia or New York" and won the friendship of all, especially the ladies. But Gaines feared Spanish intrigues with Burr, and on the fifth of March he sent his famous prisoner overland to Washington, guarded by a squad under the command of Nicholas Perkins.

Perkins meant to take no chances with Burr. He had his men sign a paper which read: "We do pledge our lives, our honor, each to the other for the safe conducting and delivery of Aaron Burr, a U.S. prisoner, to the President of the United States under the direction of Nicholas Perkins." The testing was to come within a few days.

Perkins described Burr as he appeared in those days . . ."wearing that same wide, floppy hat, with a greatcoat belted around him, a butcher knife and a teacup hanging from his belt."

The party "struck into the woods by the Indian trail," Parton noted, "the gigantic Perkins at the head of the line, the prisoner in the middle. At night the only tent was pitched and assigned to Burr, who slept guarded by armed men and lulled by the howling of innumerable wolves." There was, Parton added, "a kind of silent friendship" between Burr and his guards, but this feeling apparently did not extend to Perkins.

Near Fort Wilkerson, at a remote house, the company stopped for food and lodging. The landlord, not knowing his guests, began to ask news of "the traitor," Aaron Burr. Burr looked the man in the eye and said, "I am Aaron Burr. What is it you want with me?" The landlord answered not a word, but served the meal.

As the little squad and its prisoner approached the village of Chester, S.C., Burr resolved to make a try for freedom. Parton tells what happened:

"They passed near a tavern before which a considerable number of persons were standing, while music and dancing were heard from within. Here Burr threw himself from his horse, and exclaimed in a loud voice:

" 'I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and claim the protection of the civil authorities.'

"Perkins snatched his pistols from his holster, spring to the ground, and in an instant was at the

side of his prisoner. With a pistol in each hand, he sternly ordered him to remount.

" 'I will not!' shouted Burr in his most defiant manner.

"Perkins, unwilling to shed blood, but resolute to execute the commission entrusted to him, threw his pistols upon the ground, caught the prisoner around the waist with the resistless grasp of a frontiersman, and threw him into the saddle. One of the guards, seizing the bridle of Burr's horse, led him rapidly away."

Having his orders changed, Perkins brought his prisoner to Federal authorities at Richmond 21 days after leaving Fort Stoddart, and family tradition has it that the major divided the reward money among his men.

The next year found Major Perkins back in Middle Tennessee to marry his cousin, Mary Hardin (Pretty Polly) Perkins and settle down as a lawyer and plantation owner in Williamson County. His collateral descendant, Sherrell Figuers, says county records show the major acquired 12,000 acres of land, the largest piece of real estate in the county, owned hundreds of slaves and amassed a fortune of more than a million dollars.

Mary Hardin Perkins

Aaron Burr, after winning acquittal in his trial for treason, lived for years in Europe, engaging in various intrigues to no purpose, and finally returned to the successful practice of law in New York. He lived to be 80, but his declining years were saddened by the death of his grandson and the loss of his beloved daughter, Theodosia, in a storm at sea. At the age of 79 he was married again to a young widow who soon divorced him-on the charge of infidelity. To the day he died, the shadow on Aaron Burr's life never lifted.

But no such shadow darknened the days of Major Perkins, who prospered and lived until 1848, leaving behind a large family. He entered politics and served in the state senate. He is buried at the home of his father-in-law, Thomas Hardin Perkins, known as Meeting of the Waters.

The following timely epistle was found in the attic of "Meeting of the Waters" many years ago and appears to support the previous story concerning the capture of Burr and Nicholas Perkins' role in the interesting chapter of national history.

Mobile City, Alabama
August 10, 1842

Major Perkins

Sir,

I received your letter the 26 of July on the 8th Monday last. I must say I was somewhat surprised at your brevity, and style of writing, as if you were offended with me. I assure you sir, I have not received a letter from you since I had the pleasure to see you. You were my first acquaintance, apart from those I was raised with, and the bosom friend of my husband Lemuel Henry, therefore I have freguently regretted the entire forgetfulness of the two families of each other. Last winter and the one before, Major Perkins and Lady of Tuscaloosa was here, whose christian name I do not know, told me all I have ever heard of your family since 1815. I was very glad to hear of those dear little, children of yours whom I used to nurse in 1815, when at your house. They are no doubt grown and most of them married.[1] There never has been a day, that I would not have made it my first business, to have answered a letter from you. My name was Sally Linder untill the 25th of Dec. 1802. I married your friend Lemuel Henry. You were very sick at my mother's in August 1802, with bilious fever, I think, do you remember it? My two daughters Mary and Lavinia Henry are with and near me, Mary married Frank Gaines, as you know, had one child Ellen, and died, leaving it but a few weeks old. In 1825, she married John Morris Jun. of Richmond, Virginia, who was a commission merchant in Mobile at that time, and died soon after in 1827. Ellen Francis Gaines, her daughter, is now a grown young lady, with us, her mother and me. Lavinia Henry married Alexander Smoot, had a son. Mr. Smoot died in 1827. Mrs. Smoot in 1833 married James G. Lyon, whom you know, they

have two children, and live here. Pray excuse the genealogy of my family. There are very few of the persons living now, you used to know here. George S. Gaines and lady live here, Thomas Malone,[2] Col. B.S. Smoot, A.S. Lipscomb, but he is gone to Texas to live. James Johnston, and my sister, his wife are living and at the same place where you had Aaron Burr arrested. Major Reuben Chamberlain lives here. Do you remember the night you came to my fathers and communicated the intelligence to him, of having arrested Col. Aaron Burr, a night of what moment, and interest it was. How I love to dwell on those days. Your loved and honored brother, Constantine Perkins,[3] spent much of his time, with us that year. Mrs. Marr,[4] your sister, of Tuscaloosa is here every winter in fine health. Col. John Rogers of Rogersville, Tennessee has been here for some time. Do you know him? He is sent here by the government to inspect the land offices. She that was Mrs. Hinson[5] is living here. Excuse this lengthy letter, but believing you would be pleased to hear from your old acquaintances, I have trespassed. I shall write a long, long letter to General Gaines[6] who is now at St. Louis, Missouri, be glad to hear from you, or anything relative could I ever have supposed that I should be remembered by one whom I thought I had been so long forgotten by. May that Almighty hand which has sustained you and me and taught us to love him, guide and guard save and accept in the name of the great Redeemer I ask it.

Your friend Sincerely,
Sarah Howes

End Notes

1. Nicholas and Mary Hardin Perkins had twelve children.
2. Thomas Malone was with Maj. Nicholas "Bigbee" Perkins in the Courthouse at Wakefield, Alabama on the night in February 1807 when Aaron Burr road by and was recognized by Perkins.
3. Constantine Perkins died unmarried. He was killed in a duel near Mobile, Alabama about 1807.
4. Nicholas and Mary Harden Perkins had a daughter named Sarah Agatha who married Nicholas LaFayette Marr. This may be the person Mrs. Howse was referring to.
5. Probably the wife or widow of Col. Hinson whom Burr spent the night with the evening he spoke to Maj. Perkins in Wakefield, Alabama.
6. Gen. Edmund Pendleton Gaines fought in the War of 1812, participated in the First Seminole War in 1817 before turning over his command that December to General Andrew Jackson. In 1847, Gen. Zachery Taylor wrote General Gaines criticizing the administration and defending his agreement to an 8-weeks armistice with the Mexicans.

Abram Maury
The Founder of Franklin

by Louise Davis

The Nashville Tennessean Magazine
October 3, 1948

There's nothing left of Tree Lawn except the spring house indelibly daubed against the side of the hill, and on top of the hill the squared crown of a cemetery where Abram Maury, founder of Tree Lawn and of the city of Franklin, pioneer who gave his name to Maury County, is buried with his children and grandchildren today.

Carved on the tall shafts and the long crypts in the thick-walled family cemetery are names of Abram's sons and grandsons who counted Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston as their friends, who edited newspapers and served in congress, who were in the President's cabinet and who made history in the United States Navy, who went to school to Bishop James Otey and shared their room with Edgar Allan Poe at college.

Abram Maury

The springhouse

And the spring that brought Abram Maury, christened "Abraham," to Tree Lawn 150 years ago still slips between the rocks in a gush fresh as the day he first followed an Indian-cut path through the canebrake and found the water at the end. It was the place he had been looking for ever since he set out from Virginia in search of a new home. A civil engineer himself, he surveyed the gentle hills and pleasant valleys around, and he bought hundreds of acres that stretched one and half miles east to include part of the present site of Franklin.

He had brought with him on the rough journey his wife and two daughters, his widowed mother, four sisters and his brother Philip. They cleared a spot on the top of the hill for their new home, and they built the house of logs. Even when the big two-story frame house was built just in front of the log house years later, the long log structure was still used as kitchen and storeroom, and its sturdy walls were background for watermelons cuttings on the back lawn at great family gatherings for generations.

Abram Maury had first proposed nameing the new town "Marthasville" in honor of his wife, the former Martha Worsham, but she would have none of it. Acceding to his wife's modesty, Abram

dropped the name of Marthasville and decided to make it "Franklin" instead.

But his wife was said to have been the second white woman to cross the Harpeth River at the site of Franklin, and she knew what it was to deal with Indians. An invalid for a few years, she became known among them as Pale Face Who Can Not Leave Her Bed, and they considered it worth a long journey to troop into her long house and see her. Sometimes they would come single file and line up around the wall of her room to stare blankly at the bed. They never tried to harm her, but their unblinking scrutiny made her so nervous that she trained her slaves to warn her of the Indians approach. She would hustle out of bed and lock herself in the smokehouse until the curious red men departed.

One of the favorite stories of Martha Maury that have come down to her descendants concerns her dream of her father's death. She had never returned to her girlhood home in Virginia, but she entertained her Tennessee-born children with stories of the old homeplace-the great mulberry tree by the front gate, the three pear trees shading the dairy barn, the old mill dam, the top of the low doorway which she took some pride in touching with her toes when she was a tomboyish lass. And then one night in a dream the old Virginia home came to her clear as life, and she saw her father dying there. The next morning she told her husband to buy her some black cloth for a mourning dress. Partly Welsh in her descent, Martha Maury had always had a "second sight," and she was wearing mourning three weeks later when word came of her father's death. It had occurred the night of the dream.

Abram Maury's two daughters who had accompanied him from Virginia soon had six young brothers to romp with them over the slopes of Tree Lawn, and also a cousin who came to live near them and go to school at Harpeth Academy across the road. The young cousin, born in 1806, was named Matthew Fontaine Maury and was the son of Abram Maury's first cousin, Richard Maury. His grandfather, the Rev. James Maury, had taught school in Virginia and had numbered among his pupils Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and Light Horse Harry Lee. Matthew Fontaine Maury himself started under its famed founder-minister-principal, Dr. Gideon Blackburn, and continued his education at Harpeth Academy under the next principal, James H. Otey, who later founded the Protestant Episcopal Church in Tennessee and became its bishop.

When Matthew Fountaine Maury had finished his studies at Harpeth Academy, he received his appointment to the United States Navy thorough the assistance of Gen. Sam Houston, and young Maury set out from Franklin for the seas that he charted to win for himself the rank of admiral and the title of "Pathfinder of the Seas."

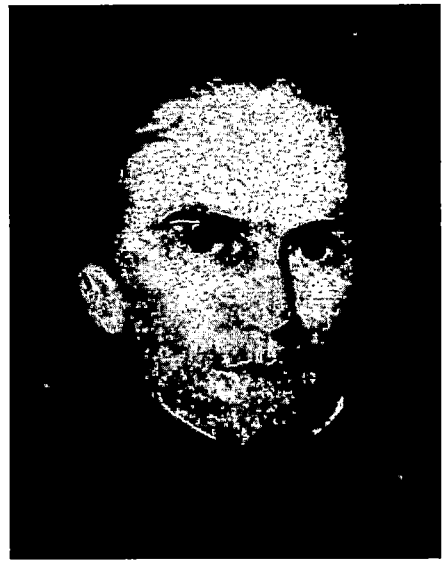
Meantime Abram Maury's two daughters had married and Tree Lawn became a center of political activity as their husbands took positions of influence in President Jackson's government. Elizabeth, Abram's eldest child, married Major John Reid, aide-de-camp to General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans and said to be the "handsomest man in the army." Major Reid so closely attached to the general that the latter asked him to write his biography. But the major had hardly begun the work, had in fact completed only four chapters, when he died unexpectedly. John Eaton completed the work and the book was published as "Reid and Eaton's Life of Jackson," and, as General Jackson had specified, the proceeds from the sale of the book went toward the education of Major Reid's two sons.

Those sons too were born and raised at their mother's home at Tree Lawn, and when one of them, William S. Reid, was ready for college, Andrew jackson again proved his friendship for the family. Then President Jackson knew that the lad and his brother, John Reid, later to become a distingusihed member of the Nashville bar, were in school in Virginia, and he sent for them to come to Washington to see him. When he received them at the White House, Jackson told the brothers that he wanted to offer one of them an appointment to West Point. Their father had been one of the finest soldiers, had had Jackson's confidence "as much as any man who ever lived," and he wanted to see at least one of the sons follow in the military tradition.

But neither of the brothers wished the appointment, William having his heart set on being a doctor and John determined to be a lawyer. The elder brother, however, agreed to give it a try, and after Jackson appointed him to the military academy the President wrote to William's grandfather: "I assure you that my affection for the Father has descended to the son, and as far as I can, with propriety, he will be protected in all his rights, and will be encouraged to do right."

When young William Reid arrived at West Point, he found that another restless young man from Virginia, Edgar Allan Poe, had arrived the same day and had been assigned as his roommate in room 28, South barracks. Young Reid admired Poe's swimming prowess mightily, but he found his untidiness in their room a constant trial. There was always Poe's nightshirt on the floor, and Reid finally made a great show of throwing it out the window just to teach Poe a lesson. And of course Poe enjoyed the spectacle, because that time it was Reid's nightshirt. But the boys shared their loathing of the rigors of Miltiary life, and Poe confided that the only reason he went through with the thing was to please his bachelor uncle for whom he was named and from whom he expected to inherit. But when bachelor Edgar Allan surprised the embryo poet by marrying, Poe saw no reason for going on with the distasteful career. He "shut himself up from attendance to either academic or military duties" and he was expelled.

Young Reid decided to give the whole thing up too, and he left West Point to enter medical school. After he had become a doctor, he eventually returned to Tree Lawn to practice and for his third wife he chose a cousin of his, a granddaughter of Abram Maury. It was was their son, Maury Thrope Reid, who was the last of the Maury family to live at Tree Lawn. Born and raised there, he cultivated the rich farm until about 10 years ago, (1938) when he sold it to go into the cotton brokerage business in Memphis. He died in Memphis last spring at the age of 76.



Carey A. Harris

But, to go back to Abram Maury's daughters, the second of them, Martha Fontaine, also married a Tennessean of distinction, Carey A. Harris, who became a member of President Jackson's cabinet when he was barely 30 years old. Harris had got an early start in men's affairs when he began publishing his own newspaper, the "Independent Gazette" in Franklin in 1821, when he was 15 years old. He came to Nashville to publish another paper, and was only 28 years old when he went to Washington as chief clerk of the War Department. Following his resignation from that post, he was made acting Secretary of War, and still later President Jackson appointed him Commissioner of Indian Affairs. When he died at the age of 36, he was buried in the little square cemetery at Tree Lawn, where his shaft is one of the tallest and his wife and children are gathered in its shadow.

Elizabeth and Martha Fontaine Maury, daughters of Abram, probably saw more of their third brother, Abram Poindexter Maury, than of any of the other five, for his political and newspaper interests paralleled those of the sisters' husbands. Master of Tree Lawn from the time of his father's death in 1825, Abram Poindexter Maury married a niece of Gov. W. C. C. Claiborne, territorial governor of Louisiana for thirteen years.

Like his brother-in-law Harris, he got an early start in the newspaper business and went to St. Louis, Mo., when he was only 16 years old to edit a newspaper owned by the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. After a year in West Point, he returned to Tennessee to edit a paper in Nashville and to study law. From there he returned to Tree Lawn to practice law and to take part in state government. For four years he served in the state legislature and for two terms he was elected to the United States congress and thorugh his lectures and writings he became so well known that many Tennesseans have supposed that Maury County was named for him rather than his father. However since Abram P. Maury was only six years old at the time Maury County was established, it seems evident that the county is the namesake of his father.

Abram P. Maury's shaft is the tallest in the solid-walled cemtery at Tree Lawn, standing guard just left of the old iron gate that has been sealed in concrete to keep out stray cattle. His daugher Sara Claiborne, who married his sister's son, Dr. William Reid, is buried near the pointed shaft too.

Youngest of Abram Maury's six sons, Gen. Z. M. P. Maury was finally brought back to Tree Lawn for burial too. It was in June 1862, in the agony of Confederate woe, that remnants of the family stood silently on the hilltop for the bitterest burial of them all. Z. M. P. Maury

had established himself on a farm in Warren County, near McMinnville, and had left five sons and three daughters when he was captured by Union forces. Held prisoner at nightmarish Johnson's Island, he "died a most horrible death from torture, neglect and starvation in the Yankee prison," a great-nephew wrote recently. The charge laid against him, strangely enough, was that he was not a Union sympathizer, and there was no one to gainsay it.

There are loose chunks of marble and crumbs of concrete scraped together in a low wooden box on top of founder Abram Maury's long, low crypt, and it half covers his name and the dates of his life. By special clause of the deed to the land, Will Reese, farmer-banker who owns Tree Lawn and considers it the best farm in the county, owns all but the square burial plot on the hilltop. That will always belong to descendants of Abram Maury, though the timber of his house has gone into Reese's bungalow and the water from his spring, the spring he found at the end of the Indian path in 1797, is pumped up to Reese's kitchen by electric pump.

Maury family cemetery

Maury Family Cemetery
Located at Tree Lawn
(Today known as Founder's Pointe)
Directory of Burials Vol. 1. W.C.H.S. 1973

Hanly, Martha F.; B. May 28, 1833; D. Sept. 22, 1855.
Harris, Carey Allen; B. Sept. 23, 1805; D. June 16, 16, 1842.
Harris, Carey Allen, Jr.; B. April 20, 1836; D. July 25, 1868.
Harris, Martha F. Maury; B.Feb. 22, 1807; D. Aug. 29, 1882.
Maury, Abram; B. Jan 17, 1766; D. Jan. 2, 1825.
Maury, Abram Daniel; Son of A.M. P. and Virginia A. Maury; B. 1857; D. 1877.
Maury, Abram P.; B. Dec. 26, 1801; D. July 22, 1848.
Maury, Abram P. Jr.; B. July 16, 1836; D. Aug. 24, 1864.
Maury, Daniel W.; B. May 22, 1799; D. Aug. 11, 1866.
Maury, Elizabeth J.; Daughter of Abram P.; B. May 22, 1832; D. Jan. 28, 1853.
Maury, James; B. Oct. 26, 1829; D. Sept. 23, 1853.
Maury, James P.; B. April 20, 1804; D. Feb. 24, 1875.
Maury, Josephine; Daughter of Abram P.; B. Aug. 26, 1834; D. July 9, 1856.
Maury, Martha; Relict of Abram Maury; B. Feb. 11, 1775; D. June 25, 1844.
Maury, Mary E.T.; Wife of Abram P.; B. June 5, 1806; D. Aug. 7, 1852.
Maury, Mary Ferdinand; Daughter of Abram P.; B. June 21, 1830; D. Mar. 22, 1844.
Maury, Mathew ; B. May 2, 1796; D. Sept. 12, 1808.
Maury, Octavia; Daughter of Abram P.; B. Jan. 21, 1842; D. Sept. 19, 1851.
Maury, Richard L.; B. Jan. 28, 1828; D. Jan, 21, 1843.
Maury, Septimia; Daughter of Abram P.; B.Aug. 2, 1840; D. May 22, 1867.
Maury, Susannah Poindexter; Mother of Abram Maury; D. Jan. 22, 1801.
Maury, Z.M.P.; B. Oct. 24, 1814; D. May 28, 1862.
Murray, Joseph; B. Oct. 17, 1823; D. May 28, 1912.
Reid, Elizabeth; B. Nov. 13, 1833; D. April 25, 1840.
Reid, Elizabeth; B. Nov. 25, 1793; D. July 1, 1852.
Reid, Dr. Francis Thorpe; B. Jan. 6, 1801; D. Dec. 3, 1882.
Reid, Julia; Infant daughter of William S.; B. June 12, 1853; D. July 14, 1854.
Reid, Sophia Josephine; B. April 10, 1852; D. July 14, 1854.
R.G.M.E.; B. May 10, 1831; D. June 29, 1833.

The Carl Family of Williamson County, Tennessee

by Al Mayfield

Jacob A. Carl brought his wife Phebe and seven children to Williamson County about 1814. They transported what few possesions they could by ox-cart from Duchess County, New York. The family settled in the Leiper's Fork area where Jacob bought 313 acres of land in November of 1814. At the same time he bought a grist mill on the West Harpeth River.

Jacob was born in Duchess County on June 5, 1766 the son of Jacob Carle (born 1730 on Long Island, New York and died 1796 in Duchess County, New York) and Margaret Pettit (1742-1785). His grandparents were Jacob Carle and Mirriam Williams. His great grandparents were John and Sarah Carle and his great, great grandparents were Capt. Thomas Carle and Sarah Halstead. According to one account, Thomas was born at Faversham, Kent County, England about 1635. (I have not been able to find him in the Faversham Parish Baptism records.) In 1656 he bought land on Long Island when it was still in the possession of the Dutch and Peter Stuyvesant was governor.

Jacob's wife, Phebe, was born May 3, 1768 in Saratoga County, New York, the daughter of Thomas Beadle. Jacob and Phebe were probably married in Saratoga County since they had their first two children there in 1789 and 1791. Between 1794 and 1807 five children were born in Duchess County and one in Washington County. However, in 1810, they were back in Saratoga County. It seems hard to imagine the family moving that much during those early times. However, all three counties are located on the Albany River which made travel much easier.

When the family came to Tennessee, they may not have come alone. It is likely that at least the children of Jacob's brother came with them. In the 1820 census, Jacob is the only Carl listed as head of household in all of Tennessee. At that time, names of the spouse and children were not reported, only the number of persons in each age group for each sex. In Jacob's house was one male, age 18-24, and six young females that were not his children. By 1830, Jacob still had two extra females in his home. I have found a Thomas Carl who fits the description of the 18-24 year old male in the 1820 census. He was born in New York in 1802 and married Nancy Shed in Tennessee. Their first child, James Harvey Carl, was born August 24, 1826 at Hillsboro. By 1830 he was living in Frankin County, Tennessee with his wife and three small children. By 1838 they had moved to Crawford County, Arkansas. I have entensive information on his discendants, but that's another story.

Phebe died on November 12, 1842 and is buried in Leiper's Fork Cemetery at Hillsboro. Jacob died June 20, 1845 and is buried beside Phebe. The head stones are weather-worn and barely readable now. In his will he left 111 acres of land and the Union Meetinghouse to his son, Jacob B. Carl. The rest of his land, including 100 acres on Sulphur Spring Branch of the Leiper's Fork, was divided between children Joseph, Daniel, Sarah, and Elizabeth. Jonathan and Nancy received $600 each plus all bonds and notes due to their father. At the time the will was written both Jonathan and Nancy had left the state so they would have had no use for the land.

Another section of the will read "My will and desire is that my black woman Milly be set free and

that my black man Abram be hired out and the proceeds of the hire to go to the benefit of the said Milly and Abram in their old age, they are not to be sold in any wise, but to be put under the guardian care of Jacob B. and Jane Carl, his wife." Jacob B. Carl died in 1854. In the 1860 census Jane Carl is listed head of household and with her is Milly Carl age 60 (black). We know Milly had been freed because slaves were listed on a seperate schedule.

The following is an account of the children of Jacob and Phebe.

1. Nancy Carl, my great, great grandmother, was born on October 21, 1789 in Saratoga County, New York. She married John Mayfield (born May 2, 1786) on October 11, 1821 in Williamson County. John was the son of Sutherlin Mayfield, who built Mayfield Station in Brentwood. This is thought to be the first permanent structure in Williamson County. John had first married Polly Martin on September 8, 1805. They had seven children, then Polly died October 1, 1820. Nancy and John had five children Phebe, John, Minerva, Albert, and Elizabeth. Sometime between 1830 and 1834 John, Nancy and their children five children moved to Jackson county, Illinois. It is not known if any of John's children from his first marriage went with them. John died March 14, 1845. Most historians assumed he died in Wiliamson County, Tennessee because a probate was filed there in 1849. Actually, John still owned 63 acres on Leiper's Fork when he died and the land was being disposed of by Nancy's brother Jacob B. Carl for her benefit. Nancy died May 1, 1859 in Jackson County and is buried in Holliday Cemetery, just northeast of Murphreesboro. Her husband and two oldest children are there also.
2. Sarah Carl was born September 28, 1791 in Saratoga County, New York. On September 20, 1832, she married John Scruggs (1780-1851) in Williamson County. They were living in Davidson County on 1854 when her father's will was probated. The 1850 census showed them in Williamson County again with no children. I am assuming that the notice in the Western Weekly Review was for Sarah's husband. It read "John Scruggs died August 17, 1851 at his residence 10 miles southeast of Franklin." I think Sarah then went to Arkansas with her brother Joseph because she died there. On March 19, 1859 Nancy Carl Mayfield received a check for $15 from her brother Joseph. He said Sarah had died in Arkansas and this was her share of the estate. Obviously, her husband had died by then and there were living children.
3. John Carl was born August 20, 1794 in Duchess County, New York and died there on March 13, 1795.
4. Joseph Carl was born February 26, 1796 in Washington County, New York. This county is located across the Hudson River from Saratoga County. He learned to read the Bible when he was six and eventually became a circuit-riding Methodist minister. On August 1, 1822 he was licensed to preach at Columbia and joined the Tennessee Conference, but was transferred to the Virginia Conference the same year. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Soule on February 25, 1825 and Elder by Bishop Roberts in February 1827. He married Elizabeth Ely, daughter of Capt. Eli Ely in 1828. Joseph moved back to Tennessee on 1830 where his only child Jacob was born the same year. Between 1836 and 1841 Jospeh purchased five separate tracts of land in Williamson County. He then moved to Shelby County for several years. During the 1850s he lived in Jackson County, Arkansas. His wife died there. It is probable that his sister Sarah died in the same place. Jospeh and son Jacob, along with Jacob's wife and three children moved to Louisiana in 1859. Jospeh obtained 320 acres of land in Tangipahoa County near Amite City. He was still preaching when he died there on November 12, 1860.
5. Elizabeth Carl was born March 8, 1800 in Duchess county, New York. She married Col. Thomas Helm on February 17, 1825. Thomas was born in Virginia about 1785. She was a talented writer and had many of her beautiful poems published (she wrote under the name of "Cornelia"). Elizabeth died at Peytonsville on April 12, 1855 after being bed ridden for most of her last seven years. Thomas and Elizabeth had at least one son, John C. Helm and may have had a second. J.C. Helm wrote a letter from Peytonsville to his cousin Albert G. Mayfield in Illinois. It was dated August 22, 1860 and told of his father suffering from Erysipelas.

The Joe Carl Family

6 Jacob Beadle Carl was born October 18, 1802 in Duchess County. On April 1, 1825 he married Jane Breathett Stuart. Jane was born Ocotber 11, 1806 in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the daughter of Robert and Sarah Stuart. Jane's brother Judge Thomas Stuart married Maria Mayfield, the daughter of John Mayfield (Nancy Carl's husband) by his first marriage to Polly Martin. Jacob and Jane had six children John, Joesph, Franklin B., Nancy Marion, Robert, and Thomas. John died at age six. The others all married and lived long lives.

7. Jonathan Carl was born August 8, 1805 in Duchess County. On August 13, 1824 he was commission Lt. in the 21st Reg. of the Tennessee State Militia. On September 14, 1832 he married Sarah Oldham. She died a short time later. He then married Mary G. Beaty in 1834. She was born in North Carolina. Soon afterward, they moved to the town of Granada, Mississippi. There he operated the first mill in the area. It was run by horsepower. He also had the first lathe in the community. He manufactured wagons, treadwheel gins, spinning wheels and looms. Jonathan and Mary had at least eight children Victoria, Mary Angeline, Harriet, Mary J.I., Rias, J.James, Jonathan A., and a daughter, name unknown, who lived about three years. Apparently, only Mary Angeline, Rius, and Jonathan A. lived to adulthood.

Jonathan's wife, Mary, died July 22, 1853 and is buried in the Yellow Fever Cemetery in Granada. On February 6, 1854 Jonathan married Louise Beaty. We don't know if she was a sister of Mary or a widow of Mary's brother. On April 29, 1866 Jonathan wrote a letter to his nephew Albert G. Mayfield in Illinois. It described his bitterness over the Civil War, but urged re-unification of the northern and southern branches of the family. Jonathan died September 19, 1877. His descendants still live in the area and have carried on the profession of manufacturing and building.

8. Daniel Carl was born in Duchess County on May 6, 1807. He became a circuit-riding Methodist minister like his older brother Joseph. He went to Texas between 1842 and 1845. On November 4, 1852 he married Martha Davidson who was born about 1811 in North Carolina. On December 18, 1852 he wrote a letter from Mission Valley, Victoria County, Texas to his brother Jonathan in Mississippi. He said "in the good providence of God I have found a wife in the person of Martha Davidson, daughter of George Davidson one of the first families of North Carolina. Well, she is neither rich nor poor nor young handsome nor ugly, but she is a meek and quite spirit." In 1855 Daniel sold 320 acres of land in Goliad County and moved to the city of Victoria. Daniel and Martha had six children Irv, Mary E., George, Lucy, John, and Sallie Caroline. It appears that Daniel died between 1861 and 1870. Martha was living in Bee County, Texas in 1900 with her unmarried daughter Mary.

Prologue

The following letters were written during the five months preceding the Civil War. They were written by Jacob Carl who was born in 1830 in Williamson County and grew up there. He was the son of Rev. Joseph Carl, a Methodist minister, and Elizabeth Ely. In the early 1850s, he moved to Jackson County, Arkansas with his parents. He and his wife, Mary, had three children there: Elizabeth, Mary Ada, and Joseph S. His mother died there. In 1859, he moved his family to

Louisiana and his father went with them. They obtained 320 acres of land near Amite Cty. He wrote to my great, great grandfather Albert G. Mayfield in Jackson County, Illinois. Albert was the son of Nancy Carl, sister of Joseph. Albert visited Jacob and another cousin Frank from April to July of 1860 in Louisiana.

The letters give us an opportunity to share Jacob's emotional turmoil during this tragic time. As you will see, he alternates between hope and dispair for the future. He, like many others, realized the devastation that War would bring and continually searched for alternative solutions. He could deal easier with the death of his father from the death his nation.

I want to thank my cousin, Brenda Lee who preserved the original letters which were handed down through the generations to her. She gave me 30 family letters dating from 1852. It was perhaps the most generous gift I have ever received.

Albert H. Mayfield

Amite City, La.
Nov. 24, 1860

A.G. Mayfield, Esq.

Dear Albert,

It is my sad duty to inform you of my father's death on the 12th of this month of Bronchial Affection or the Consumption. He took fresh cold after attending Camp Meeting near Greensburg in September. A hacking cough set in, some fever without intermission, much troubled with hiccups, gradually grew weaker, finally unable to leave the house and finally unable to leave his room. Expectorated a thick mucous matter, very much emaciated and feeble so much so that the hiccups of themselves threatened his life. Physicians pronounced the illness Consumption. I still was sanguine that they might be mistaken. Telegraphed to New Orleans for an Experienced Physician, but he too only came to examine & confirm our worst fears. My Father died as he had lived, a firm believing Christian, patient & calm in his sufferings & looked on Death as only a Messenger to release him from his Master's Work on Earth & convey his spirit to the Better Land there to join friends gone before. Father's implicit faith (in) the promises contained in the Holy Scriptures that our heavenly Parent did all things for the best, even though our poor short sight could not see His hand was designing such seemingly trouble in pain, he seemed to look Heavenward & almost forgot his Earthly sufferings. Pray for me, cousin that I may so shape my life that when called to yield it up, I too may be ready & counted worthy to join our relatives in Heaven.

I was in New Orleans a few days, since time's rather tight. Cotton in good demand at fair figures. Provisions dull, so much the better for us. Disunion becoming rather popular even with Union men on certain conditions. To be plain, dear Cousin, the South is nearer united than is generally believed, more than ever since the Election. I begin, myself, to look on Sucession as not so far wrong after all, unless some of the ultra Northern States will repeal certain abnoxious State Laws opposing the Fugitive Slave Law. Only a few more insults, a few more taunts of cowardice from weal minds & small papers, which is but feeding the flames already justly kindled in the South & dear as the Union is to its friends, North & South, & great as the cost of its destruction is, it will be torn asunder & its scattered fragments will be remembered only a sad momentoes of the past, while we battle for our homes, rights & the dear ones that look to us for protection. We of the South feel that we are not dependants & in this is the last hope of Union Men, North & South. If, by touching the pockets of the fanatic North, the working classes will not demand that justice be allowed, then the deed is done, farewell to Union.

My hope is yet strong for the Union, I merely wished to tell you that Disunion is becoming stronger & gaining friends, that you might know the true state in Louisiana. Now if the storm does come, the south will be United to a man & your humble servant with them. God alone can avert it. We are in his hands. He doeth all things. Well, blessed be His Holy Name.

More shortly of Wood Lumber business & excuse the tone of my letter & believe me to be, Ever Your Implusive yet affectionate Cousin. Give my love to the relations & will write to them shortly & you very soon. Mary joins in love to you all. All is well, so is Frank.

Your Cousin
J.C. Carl

Amite City, La.
Jan. 18, 1861

Mr. A.G. Mayfield

Dear Cousin,

Your very kind letter would have long since been answered, but I have been much pushed for time. The RR will throw me back some $1000 that I must wait for. Even the 10 day note given when you was here yet, remaining unpaid. I had $1000 to raise on the last payment of my land, besides enough to provision me until I can make a crop. I shall plant a cotton & corn crop this year, thinking it unsafe to trust to other sources just at this time for a support. Should times improve by summer, I may commence wood business again. But by summer, who can tell where we may land! Nothing that man can do will avert the threatening storm. He who rules not only this nation but the universe itself, alone has power to speak and command the troubled waters to be still.

This parish and quite a number in this state voted the cooperation or conservative ticket, but the presumption now is that the state had gone the Secession ticket. The arsenal and all the Forts & United States property in this state is now in the possession of the La. State troops. Fanaticism, threats, (and) falsehoods seem to rule the hour. But the North can't be all right and the South all wrong. The North seems now to demand everything and give nothing, speak of southerners as trators, cowards. Will this give quiet? Will this cherish friendship? Never! Never!

I know dear Albert your heart is all right. As a Christian and a Gentleman you deeply feel for the unhappy state of our once United Land. What does it matter now that you nor I have done aught to bring it about. It is here; trouble and danger! Our Country dissevered, bellegerent and may soon be drenched in blood!

The South is united now! There is a settled determination to resist to the last man and if the North should conquer, twill be over a territory devoid of Population. but the South can protect herself and will. Towards the few noble hearted conservative men of the North that have battled hard with us for justice, the South will ever remember with pleasure. May Heaven reward them, in the Land where we are all fast lasting, with the fate they merit. Maybe by this time the smoke may be rising over Charlstown. Since Scott had got hold of the wires at Washingtown, things seem to bristle up and he may be foolish enough to attack Charlstown. If so, Farewell to Compromise. The South takes the position that since her rights will not be yielded in the Union, she will seek them out (of the Union) and now only asks the poor boon of withdrawing in peace. Should even this be denied (we) are willing to brave the consequences! If we can steer clear of anarchy, all may yet be well yet. Just now it is everyone for himself and already Monarchs and Tyrants begin to gloat over our downfall. I sinceringly say that free Republics under the best auspices have failed. If the oppressed of distant Lands can no longer turn to this as "the land of the free and the home of the brave", if we must separate, let it be in peace. It may and can be so if the North will pause and consider. Must friend meet friend, brother meet brother and even father meet son on the bloodly battlefield, just to sustain the obstainacy of a few politicians? Heaven forbit it. Could the "possible" rule for one brief period, times would be different. And, if we could unite no more, we at least could form two Confederacys. One North and the other South, yet on friendly terms and ready to assist each other, when necessary owing to the times.

I must ask indulgence of you all in the settling up of Aunt Sally's Estate and regret it, but can't help it. Albert, financially stonger men than me have begged indulgence. Please mention this to the other kin. I trust that you know me too well to believe that anything short of necessary would cause me to ask time. Tell Cousin John, If I can send him a letter before correspondence is prohibited I will write to him. If not, please let this answer for both. I write you at length for it may be my last, unless times change.

My heart, my means, my all, I feel may soon to be offered to the service of my country. For home protection already two bags of shot, trey of power and arms. I tell Mary that she and the girls must take lessons in the use of arms. Even little Josie steps around and wags his head and talks knowingly about the shooting. You see things are warming up and I trust that I can lay by my crop before the ball opens, fact is , I must. The St. Helena Rangers drill three times per week and are composed mostly of conservative men. Indeed, when it comes to fighting, conservative men will lead. We have all long said that in the event of

secession, we anticipated war. Hence we are not surprised. Many of the secessionists thought different and are now astonished.

Albert buckle up our armour old fellow. There's one consulation, they will feed a man free gratis. If I take you prisoner, I will extend the curtsies of my home to you and I may be so maimed that I can stay at home, arillate and keep you company.

There is one place we may meet, to part no more, in Heaven. Pray for me that I may make my way. Were I would that you could be with us in this hour of trouble. Let us pray that we may do what is right, think right and act right in all things. Write me again and tell me how the people talk in your state, the majority. Mary send love to all the cousins.

Affectionately your cousins,
J.C. Carl

Amite City, La.
April 2, 1861

A.G. Mayfield Esq.

Esteemed Cousin;

Your very welcome and truly refreshing letter has been in receipt some time. Its kind words fell or rather acted on my feelings like a cool shower in summer on parched up vegetation, Times like these try men's hearts. In prosperity when everything moves on smoothly, it's hard to distinguish true friends & noble hearts from superifical false ones. But let trouble come & then the false separates from the true ones as readily as dross from the pure metal on the refining crucible. Your compts & regards were duly presented. But I forgot in my haste, in my last letter, to inform you of the fact that there is another little boy besides Josie to claim your regards. His name is Jacob Franklin Carl. Josie calls him Frank most of the time.

Spring is opening finely. Just enough warm light showers to keep the ground soft. I have about 60 acres in corn, all up about 4-6 inch high growing finely. I have cleared up about 10 acres of ground since Christmas and cleaned off all the creeks and branches except the one next to the school house. It adds much to the appearance of my farm and saves land. Besides I have cut some 1/2 mile of ditches, repaired my fence and in a few words I think enhanced the value of the farm several hundred dollars. I will commence planting cotton this week, will plant rest of 70 acres. I have some 8 acres in oats that will come on early and Irish potatoes are now as large as pullet's eggs, so you see I will soon have something for eating. Mary's peas are in case too, so you see we are getting on so-so. Cattle are beginning to pick up grass fine.

Will not run my mill any more til summer, but sent George up this morning to finish up a 300 cord lot of wood that is part corded and part laying on the bank of the ditch opposite some holes of water that you remember were down the tract. They are now just dry enough to operate. Money matters are on a stand still with the RR company. Yet the wood is exposed and I wished it received and the matter closed by note like the rest. The company liabilities are heavy yet they are doing a profitable business and I presume will straighten by fall if not sooner.

By a kind of mutual indulgence our Country has dragged though the winter and by pursuing the same course will squeeze through til a crop is made. The Secession movement had certainly been conducted in a masterly praiseworthy statesman-like manner and so far exceeded my expectations and by its conservative course. And now that it contains so many conservative old line Whigs & Know-Nothing or Native Americans that I, too, feel disposed to join in and aid my old friends the Whigs and Americans and the good work of promulgating our doctrine among the sutler (and) to benighted blind democracy, who now say we were right. Our constitution is a good one & there is nothing objectionable in it even to a Northern state. So why not join us under our Constitution with our economical administration. I think the border & Western Northern states might consistently act in unison with us. This is the only way the Union can be reconstructed. You know Albert that I have ever been conservative in my politics & have only yielded when conservatism ceased to effect anything, when as it were we had tried everything and still were refused justice. Then and only then like Clemens Stephens and others we joined in with our Secession friends & now that we are in for it, I say go it. Turn on the steam, all of it and since we must make the trip, let's go change on the fast line. There is one. Whig democracy as it once was, is dead.

Times are brightening and I trust we may all soon be enjoying peace and happiness. Tell your Illinois friends that we entertain a good opinion of them and rely on them to carry out their

expressed kindly feelings toward the South. Much to your credit Albert, your letter contained sentiments more manly and high toned than even some of our friends living in the border slave states, but you have the advantage of knowing the citizens of the extreme south even better than even Tennesseans. I am sorry to hear my old friends calling us soft hand aristocracy cowards that wish them to do the fighting, when we all know that white labor and stout hands make up the majority of the citizens in the South. Give my own and Mary's love to all the cousins.

Your Cousin,
J.C. Carl

Postscript

After months of deepening concerns about the fate of the nation, Jacob wrote this last letter feeling he "could see light at the end of the tunnel." Ironically, it was April 2, 1861, ten days before the start of the Civil War. True to the word, Jacob served in the Confederate Army. He enlisted in Company F of the 4th Louisiana Infantry and survived the war. Although his worth on the 1860 census was listed at $23,000, he probably had very little at the end of the conflict. He returned to Tennessee (Franklin County) where he and his wife taught school. Both of his sons became Methodist ministers like their grandfather and preached in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The Carothers Family

by Davis Carothers Hill

For many years I have known that Robert Blake Carothers was my ancestor, that he had six wives, and that I was descended from his fifth wife, Mary Caroline German Carothers. I inherited a Carothers family Bible which listed the names of the six wives and dates of marriage, the names and birth dates for ten children, and the death dates for five wives and four children. I also inherited a photograph which on the back side is labeled: "Dr. Robert Blake Carothers, M.D. and farmer." The names of the six wives and dates of marriage were recorded, and the death dates for the first five wives were recorded. In 1979 I visited the Carothers house in Franklin in which some of the original well-preserved logs from the 1830s were prominent.

It was not until 1996, however, as my wife and I were working on plans for our 50th wedding anniversary, that we learned that the Carothers house was the Cool Springs House which had been moved in 1993 from Franklin to Crockett Park in Brentwood. We had our anniversary reception in my great-grandparents' historic house on August 16, 1997. In July 1996 I gave to Mrs. Linda Lynch, City of Brentwood, and to Mrs. Louise Lynch, Williamson County Archives, many pages of material on the Carothers family and photographs of Robert Blake and Mary Caroline German Carothers. Richard Warwick saw my material in the archives and asked if he could reproduce it in this Journal. I agreed, but he and I knew that much of the material would have to be revised and that some additional information would have to be included. This article, which has primary emphasis on the James Carothers and Robert Blake Carothers families, is the result of our agreement.

Robert Carothers

Robert Carothers (1750-1837) was born in Lancaster County, Penn., moved to North Carolina in 1772, married Margaret Scott, moved to Nashville in 1791, and was in Williamson County when it was created in 1799. Robert and Margaret Carothers had eleven children, and the last four were born in Davidson County. Robert moved to Bedford County where he received a pension in 1833 for his service in the Revolutionary War. Three of Robert's children lived and died in Williamson County. Much more will be written about James (1792-1865). Robert (1795-1873) married (1) Elcy Blair (2) Martha Anthony Whitsitt. The Robert Carothers Cemetery is on Carothers Parkway in Franklin. An historical marker for the Carothers Family will be placed near the cemetery and the entrance to the Cool Springs Conference Center in 1999. Jane (1799-1878) married John W. Hodge, and their daughter Priscilla was R.B. Carothers' second wife. James, Robert, and Jane lived close to each other.

James Carothers

James Carothers (b. Jan. 30, 1792; d. May 12, 1865) and Penelope House Barfield (b. Feb. 22, 1801; d. June 30, 1839) were married in Williamson County Sept. 30, 1818. All of their children were born in Williamson County. They were:

1. Volantia Jane-b. Sept. 18, 1819; d. May 30, 1858; m. (1) Thomas J. Cook Aug. 25, 1836 (2) Edward L. Jordan Sept 21, 1853.
2. Zelotia-b. Aug. 30, 1821; d. Sept. 7, 1821.
3. James Louis-b. Aug. 23, 1822; d. Jan. 26, 1860; m. Isadora Carsey Feb. 25, 1849.

4. Robert Blake- b. July 28, 1824; d. Jan. 23, 1884; m. six times and information on his wives appears later in this article.
5. Nancy House- b. Aug. 29, 1826; d. April 16, 1850; m. Thomas S. Crutcher Sept. 10, 1846.
6. Wiley Blount- b. March 6, 1830; d. Nov. 28, 1875; m. Mrs. Isadora M. Carothers June 12, 1861, widow of his brother James Louis.
7. Margaret H.- b. April 25, 1833; d. Jan. 21, 1879; not married.
8. Penelope H.- b. March 6, 1834; d. Feb. 26, 1923; m. George W. Jarman Dec. 5, 1854.
9. John Brown- b. April 25, 1836; d. Sept. 12, 1843.
10. Thomas Jefferson- b. June 15, 1839; d. June 15, 1905; m. Sarah Josephine McEwen Oct. 30, 1866. James Carothers married Pamelia S. Noble (b. Aug. 13, 1810; d. June 2, 1892) Oct. 22, 1843 in Williamson County, and their two children were born in the same county.
11. Elizabeth (Bettie)- b. July 21, 1845; d. 1891; m. George Logan Neely Dec. 18, 1867.
12. John Noble- b. Sept. 24, 1847; d. Nov. 26, 1883; m. Lucy Tennessee Winstead Oct. 21, 1868.

Children 1,3,4,5,6,7,9, and 12 are buried in the James Carothers Cemetery. Child 8 is buried in the Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Nashville. Child 10 is buried in the Mt. Hope Cemetery, and child 11 is buried in the Rest Haven Cemetery, both in Franklin. It is assumed that child 2, an 8-day-old infant, is buried in the Carothers Cemetery.

James served in the War of 1812, and in 1879 his second wife, Pamelia, was awarded a widow's pension. James's first wife, Penelope House Barfield, was the daughter of Stephen and Nancy House Barfield. The Tennessee log farmhouse now known as the Cool Springs House was built on Jordan Road, now named Mallory Lane, just north of Cool Springs Blvd. in Franklin. The original two-story log house had two rooms on each floor. The exact origin of the house is not known, but in the early 1830s it was associated with two early Williamson County families—the Barfields and the Carothers—when James and Penelope Barfield Carothers lived in the house. For many years the house was located on 142 acres on Spencer's Creek. Additional acres were added later.

James bought the house and land from Willie Blount Barfield December 29, 1833 described as "land on which I formerly resided and left to me by the last will and testament of my father Stephen Barfield." Stephen Barfield in his will left to his wife Nancy the whole tract of land whereon he lived, and he gave to his son Willie Blount, after the claims of his beloved wife Nancy were extinguished, the two tracts of land, one of 125 acres conveyed to him by John Blackman and the other of six and one-quarter acres conveyed to him by William and Betsey Spencer. The 125 acres bought by John Blackman was the east end of a survey originally granted to Samuel Barton in a patent dated July 10, 1788. The 6 1/4 acres sold by the Spencers were part of Thomas Sharp Spencer's grant registered in 1798. We do not know where Willie Blount Barfield got the other 10 3/4 acres.

James sold the house and 142 acres to his son, Robert Blake Carothers, January 29, 1850, and it was described as being "the tract of land on which the said R.B. Carothers now resides." Additional comments on the Cool Springs property will appear later.

James bought and sold hundreds of acres of land in Williamson County. His largest purchase was on December 4, 1834 for 663 acres from John Donelson for which James conveyed 160 acres plus $7,470. In later years this land was listed as 701 acres on the tax rolls, and it became the well-known Pleasant Exchange Plantation. We do not know when the family house was built at Pleasant Exchange. The boundaries of this large rectangular tract of land were described by Virginia Bowman in current names as Edward Curd Lane on the east, Jordan Road on the west, Liberty Pike on the north, and Murfreesboro Pike on the south.

Death of Penelope Barfield Carothers

We assume that Penelope Barfield Carothers lived in the Cool Springs house until her death on June 30, 1839, just 15 days after the birth of her tenth child. Her death notice appeared in the *Western Weekly Review* July 5, 1839.

> DIED-On Sunday night 30th ult, Mrs. Penelope Carothers, late consort of James Carothers Esq. of this vicinity. The deceased was a lady of kindest social and domestic feelings—amiable and affectionate—and deeply esteemed by a large circle of mourning relatives and friends. A bereaved husband and an affectionate family are left to sorrow over this afflicting dispensation, but their loss is her eternal gain. There is a happier land beyond the scenes of death—

> beyond the power of the grave, where those who loved in life shall be again united—and the tear of grief, and the sigh of sorrow and of parting, shall be known no more forever.

No one has verified where Mrs. Penelope Carothers is buried. Many people assume that she was buried in the Carothers Cemetery, but her tombstone has not been found.

Pamelia S. Noble Carothers and Her Letters

James Carothers' second wife, Pamelia S. Noble, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 13, 1810. She was the daughter of a sea captain, John Noble, and his wife, Pamelia Sellars, of Boston. Miss Noble's given name was found as Parmelia in a Neely Bible and on her marriage license, Permilia on some documents, and Pamelia in a Carothers Bible, a Noble Bible, in church records, and in her many letters to her brother. We believe Pamelia is the correct spelling. Pamelia Noble moved to Franklin about 1829. She lived with C.H. and Sarah C. Hines and taught in a female boarding school under the management of Mrs. Hines.

A few years ago Peter D. Stengel of Readfield, Maine, discovered twenty-two letters Pamelia had written from 1840 to 1865 to her brother, John Harrison Noble. Mr. Stengel transcribed the letters and sent computer-printed copies to Richard Warwick in December 1996. Mr. Warwick shared copies with serveral people including me. The letters are valuable not only for family history but also for comments on politics, religion, diseases, weather, crops, slavery, preparations for war, Union predation, and postwar problems. I will quote from several of her letters as they relate to James Carothers and his family and Robert Blake Carothers and his wives.

On August 25, 1842 she wrote about her interest in James:

> You will think I have some new attractions, and, indeed I have many of them; last year I described a favorite bachelor. I will now describe a Widower who is a still greater favorite, and would like to know what you think about him as far as you can judge without seeing him. I expect he is about your size, lacks a little of being six feet slender and well-proportioned, has a genteel appearance, is one of the still moderate kind, speaks low, is deliberate in his plans, made a kind husband, and is an indulgent father, is 50 years of age hair gray; we have known him nearly ever since we have been in the country, and have always found him to be a correct person; is a Tennessean, and knows pretty well how to take care of himself and family, which is a very necessary qualification, especially in this country.
>
> The family approve of him, and I think upon the whole that he would suit me better than any one that I know. You will of course say how many children has he, unless M had told you, only a few. The oldest, a daughter is married, the next two are sons, grown, the next a daughter just grown, the next a son about 12, the two next daughters about 8 and 10, the next a son about 5 named John; the last and least, a son in his fourth year named Thomas. What do you think of the catalogue? I am laughing to myself, in imagining how you look, but don't be alarmed, they are good children, and seem attached to me. The daughters have been principally educated here the youngest are here now at school. His circumstances are good, lives on a beautiful farm about two miles from here; is a farmer, has been a widower three years, is not ready to marry yet. He presented me with a handsome ring to wear for his sake, and you may be sure that I do it. I believe that I have said sufficient on this subject for the present, you must write soon and let me know what you think about it.

On January 7, 1844 Pamelia wrote:

> I do not think I could have found a better husband, believe he is the one intended for me altho I am not a fatalist. The children are not troublesome and all treat me with respect and kindness. I find Nancy a very good girl, willing to consult me and do as I say, and assist me in any thing. The married one has moved to Miss. I have told you nothing about my wedding yet I was always opposed to any ado and if I had wished otherwise circumstances would have prevented unless we had postponed it and thought we had done that long enough. . . . We were married on Sunday morning 22nd October. None were present except the two families, did not have as many witnesses as you had. . . .

Pamelia Carothers became the mother of two children of her own—Elizabeth Noble born on July 21, 1845 and John Noble born on September 24, 1847. Mrs. Sarah C. Hines informed John H. Noble on May 19, 1848:

> A recent visit to Esq. Carothers enables to inform you of the health and prosperity in general. I known of no one apparently more happy than Pamelia—none more *independent* of the world and devoted to his wife and family than the Esquire. Their little Betty is a *fine* child and John Noble is finer still—*healthy, thrifty,* and good humored—*good looking* and highly promising.

On January 20, 1850 Pamelia wrote, "Betty is small but handy, both noisy and mischievous like all other children. John has the most temper, gets in a pet very quick, and is hard to conquer."

In her letter on May 13, 1861 Pamelia defended slavery saying it was nowhere forbidden in the Scriptures but provision was made for it, "and certainly it has been a blessing to the African race. . . ." She criticized the abolitionists and said that the Negroes were well provided for in the South. Then she wrote:

> Tennessee held on to the Union as long as there was any hope left, of course she could not go North without abolishing slavery, then there would be no one or very few to cultivate the farms. All the South wishes is justice and equal rights, have no wish to injure the North unless forced to it by self defence, wish that all could become peaceable again, it is horrid to think of kindred and friends are intermingled and have to array themselves in war against each other, and there is no knowing when or how it will terminate; millions must suffer, altho they have nothing to do with it. I was in hopes Lincoln would do better than was anticipated and we were willing to try him but he must be heartless to see the country go to ruin, to gratify the party that elected him, but expect he is afraid to displease them. . . . Some of the ladies are learning the use of arms. I made a commencement to-day and intend practicing, may have use for it if the invaders should succeed in putting their threats into execution; we would feel safer anyway.

She also wrote that her son John was anixous to be in some military company, but of course he was not old enough. He "has been killing game several years and is a pretty good marksman can protect his home."

During the war the Carothers' property was raided several times by marauding soldiers. In an article on Pleasant Exchange Virginia Bowman wrote, "Finally, harassed and pushed beyond the limits of his strength and failing health, James Carothers was obliged to seek help from enemy authorities to prevent further depletion of his dwindling resources." She quoted the following order preserved in family papers:

> Hdqts. U.S. Forces, Franklin, March 18, 1864. Protection is hereby granted to Mr. James Carothers of Williamson County, State of Tennessee, living in the vicinity of Franklin for all property both real and personal. All officers and soldiers belonging to the U.S. Army are forbidden to meddle with said property in any manner whatever without proper authority. By order of Lt. Col. George W. Grummond, Commanding Post.

The order did not stop the raids. In her letter of March 2, 1865 Pamelia said:

> The raids that have been made in here keep us disturbed and unsettled; we lost a great deal by the last one, but as we fared better than many others and have sufficient to live on comfortably, we should not complain.
>
> You cannot imagine the terror I feel to see the soldiers without law or order rush into the yard, break open the smoke house door. . . and carry off our provision just to destroy and deprive us of it, as they frequently admit and many other things. They have no respect for age, sex, nor politics. They went into the cellar, plundered and destroyed there then got into the dining room, broke open a chest and robbed that of coffee and sugar, broke the glass out of my pantry window, tore out the sash, went in and took what they chose. It is disloyal to complain so I had better stop. I have never given one of them a cross word, always treat them kindly when they will let me, have fed hundreds of them for nothing, and have been treated well by many of them, but still when I see a person approaching the house in a blue uniform, I feel terrified, thinking he is coming for

> harm, which is not always the case. We have had a quiet time now for some weeks which is a great relief, and appearances are more cheering, fields that have laid waste for two or three years are now rented out, and will be cultivated, some have commenced ploughing; some have rented their entire farms, others a part; mostly to Northern men, some to citizens, a part of ours is rented to both; they go principally for raising cotton, some have white hands and some black. If this inhuman war would only end and civil law could be established, people could begin to live again, but while it lasts there is no certainty of keeping any thing, and a person has little encouragement to work, but we have to keep trying.

She also told her brother that James had been quite sick for several weeks, that he was much better, but that he was still feeble and emaciated. "His breathing and circulation are much better than they have been since his attack last Spring."

She described the daily inconveniences of having to take oaths and to get permits, passes, and recommendations in order to purchase anything. "We have a great many trials to encounter, and I have had much trouble in consequence, but it may be for my own good. During the fight here we did not undress for two nights, and for two or three weeks after the rebs left I lived in dread." She added a page and recounted some additional problems:

> We have not horses to cultivate much with, and if we were to buy they would be taken away from us, and if we made a crop that would be taken. We made some corn, and wheat last year, and are going to do the same this, put up hay and fodder, had all the latter taken and most of the corn, and nothing for it. But my husband is not a man to give up. The U.S. has taken from us about 30 horses, a large quantity of forage, meat, cattle, hogs, etc. and not a cent received and only vouchers for two horses. That is one way I suppose the North is getting rich. . . .

She closed her letter saying that their Negroes

> are as they have been for two years, doing as they please, one cooks, and we do nearly all the house work ourselves. They make out to wash but sometimes refuse though we get it done. If they work the crop, make some for themselves, can't tell whether they are free or not, hear once in a while that they are, but remain the same, some at work as formerly, others refuse, some scatter according to situation and influence.

The last letter from Mrs. Carothers was dated November 16, 1865, six months after her husband's death. She referred to a great revival of religion "in this part of the country." She said business was still very unsettled, that it was difficult to get Negroes to work with regularity and steadiness, and that there was a lot of stealing going on. Several men were murdered on the Nashville Pike, and many others were robbed. "A great many smoke houses have been broken into, and in some causes all, and others a part of their meat taken, which is hard after losing so much by the army. Most of ours was taken not long since by pulling out the rock underpining. I am trying to have the house better secured before killing our next year's meat. . . ."

James Carothers' Will

James Carothers was a prosperous farmer, large landowner, and holder of many slaves. He had 36 slaves in 1859, 39 in 1860, and 41 in 1861. Those numbers covered slaves 12 to 50 years of age. When he wrote his will on October 29, 1859, he listed 87 slaves, and he named 81 of them. He included all ages in his listing. He bequeathed slaves to his wife, five sons, and three daughters. At the end of his will James said it was "written on three sheets of paper." He left to his wife, Pamelia S., "one-third in value of the tract of land upon which I now reside, to be so laid off as to include the dwelling house, kitchen, barn, and spring." He also left to her livestock, which he enumerated, plus his barouche, farming tools and implements including his wheat fan, thresher, reaper, and mower, and his household and kitchen furniture.

He gave to his son John L. two tracts of land, one containing 312 acres and the other containing 55 acres. His son Wiley B. was to receive the land "on which he now resides known as the Henry Brown tract," but the acreage was not recorded. He bequeathed to his son Thomas J. 350 acres of the home tract, and he left to his minor son John N. "the balance of the tract of land upon which I now reside not herein given to my son Thomas J." James left to his young grandchildren, Laura and Nancy Crutcher, some furniture which they would get when they became of age or got married. He made

other provisions for them in his will, but his real concern for the two girls was expressed in a few words: "I enjoin it on my wife and children to furnish among themselves a good and kind home for my said grandchildren during the time they may be unmarried or underage. . . ."

In his will James made provisions for a family graveyard. He gave to his children and their heirs forever one-half of one acre of the tract of land he was giving to his son Thomas J. There was already a family graveyard on this tract, and he was dedicating it as the burial place for his family and descendants.

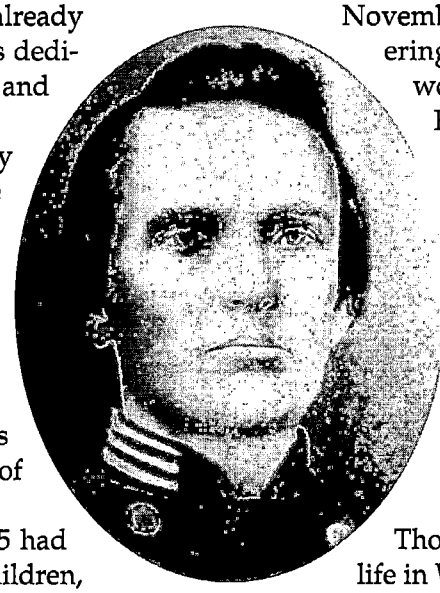
James wrote his first codicil the same day as the will, and it was a matter related to the slaves left to his minor children, Elizabeth N. and John N. He added three more codicils two of which significantly changed his will. After the death of his son James Louis on January 26, 1860, James wrote his second codicil on February 6, 1860. He simply said that all of the property he had given to James Louis in his will would go into the residue of the estate.

The third codicil dated February 10, 1865 had three provisions. He gave to his grandchildren, Laura and Nancy Crutcher, two tracts of land. He then said that all of the property given in his will to Thomas J. and Margaret H. separately would be given to them jointly and that the same would be divided equally between them. He made a similar provision for Elizabeth N. and John N.

The fourth codicil dated February 10, 1865 had a radical change and a minor one. He said that on that day he had sold the land bequeathed to his son Thomas J. and that he revoked so much of his will and codicils that gave Thomas J. "any interest or share of any part or parcel of my land." The minor change was that his wife Pamelia was to possess the lands bequeathed to his children John N. and Elizabeth N. until they attained the age of 25 and 21, respectively.

James sold to his daughter Margaret for $8,750 the 175 acres that he had given to Thomas J. in codicil 3. We do not know why James excluded Thomas J. from receiving any land. Originally he gave Thomas J. 350 acres, then reduced it to 175 acres, and finally reduced it to zero acres. It is interesting to note that on February 17, 1866 Margaret Carothers sold to her brother Thomas J. for $8,750 the same 175 acres she had bought from her father the previous year.

Thomas Jefferson Carothers was the tenth and last child of James and Penelope Barfield Caorthers. He enlisted at Franklin May 28, 1861 in Company H of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry Regiment. He was promoted several times and became a captain on July 1, 1863. He was slightly wounded in the leg at the Battle of Murfreesboro January 2, 1863 and was severely wounded at the Battle of Franklin November 30, 1864. After recovering sufficiently from his wounds, he joined Company F, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment as a private in January 1865. He surrendered at Washington, Georgia, May 9, 1865, and he took the oath of allegiance in Nashville June 3, 1865. He got home shortly after his father's death.



T. J. Carothers

Thomas J. lived the rest of his life in Williamson County and was at one time the owner of the historic Lotz House in Franklin. The house he lived in on Edward Curd Lane was moved to West Main in Franklin in 1990-91. It is now known as the Carothers-Ware house.

Death of James and Pamelia Carothers

James Carothers died May 12, 1865, just a month after the Civil War ended. Pamelia Noble Carothers survived him by 27 years. She continued to live at Pleasant Exchange for a few years, and she bought and sold portions of that property. In 1881 she still owned 213 acres. Sometime before 1870 Pamelia began living with her daughter Bettie and her husband George Logan Neely. The Neelys lived at Nestledown, which was located on the Pleasant Exchange land. Bettie died in 1891, and Pamelia at the age of 81 died June 2, 1892 at the Neely home where she had lived more than 20 years. Nestledown was moved in 1988 to Hen Peck Lane.

Pleasant Exchange

From 1866 to 1884 there were at least 15 different transactions among several members of the Carothers family involving Pleasant Exchange.

Lucy Tennessee ("Tennie") Carothers, wife of John Noble Carothers who died in 1883, bought several parcels of the land from other heirs. Her father gave her 30 acres adjoining her property. She acquired much property in her own name. When she married Henry P. Fowlkes in 1890, she owned the mansion house and 256 acres. She retained possession of this property until her death in 1915, when it went to her husband according to her will. Her husband, who died in 1917, and their son disposed of the property in several parts. Much of the original 701-acre tract was where the Royal Oaks Subdivision and the Williamson Square Shopping Center are now located.

The James Carothers Cemetery

The cemetery is located in Franklin, Tenn. in the Royal Oaks Subdivision near the end of Cambridge Place on the top of a knoll southeast of the end of the street. The cemetery is not maintained by anyone, and it is covered with weeds, bushes, and other growth. Several well-worn paths in and through the cemetery—one leading into a neighbor's backyard—indicate trespassing in recent years. All of the tombstones which had tall shafts are toppled over and broken. Some of the smaller markers have also been broken, and several have been moved. Phosphate mining done adjacent to the cemetery in the 1950s may have caused some of the damage. Vandalism has occurred through the years, and in 1998 two of the broken pieces of Mary C. Carothers' tombstone disappeared.

In his 1859 will James Carothers designated one-half of one acre of his land to be a graveyard for his family and descendants in all time to come. One of the real mysteries is how the cemetery's size got reduced so radically. In a 1987 survey which became part of the officially approved Royal Oaks Subdivision records the cemetery was designated as lot 65 with .059 acres or 2,574 square feet. That means the cemetery since 1987 has been less than one-eighth of its original size of 21,780 square feet. What happened to the other seven-eighths which was taken away from the cemetery? I will continue to work on the problem, but the work cannot be completed before the publication of this article.

The birth and death dates of all the people buried in the cemetery have been recorded elsewhere in this article, so they will not be repeated there. There are twelve tombstones which have had legible inscriptions recorded by many people. The names include the following: James Carothers; three of his daughters, Volantia J. Jordan, Mrs. Nancy H. Crutcher, and Margaret Carothers; four sons, James L., W.B. (Wiley Blount), John B., and John Noble; a daughter-in-law, Mary C. (German), consort of R.B. Carothers; two grandsons, James C., son of R.B. and Margaret J. Carothers, and R.B. Carothers, Jr., son of R.B. and Mary C. German Carothers; and one granddaughter, Maggie E., child of the previous couple. The tombstone has Maggie C. with Nov. 25, 1877 as the death date. The initial should be E. since her name was Maggie Emma. The Carothers Bible has Nov. 25, 1878 as the date of death, aged 12 years 5 months. We believe the 1878 date is correct. The tombstone for Volantia J. Jordan has an interesting inscription: "She was an affectionate wife, a kind step-mother, and a devoted Christian."

No tombstones have ever been found for James's two wives, Penelope and Pamelia, his son R.B. Carothers, or his infant daughter Zelotia. The Burial Notice for R.B. Carothers said interment would be in the Family Buring [sic] Ground, and the Funeral Notice for Pamelia S. Noble Carothers said interment would be in the family graveyard. The obituary for Penelope Carothers did not say where the burial would be.

There is a tall shaft, broken off from its base, which has been buried in the ground on three sides for many years. One researcher thought the marker, which could not be read, was probably that of Penelope Barfield Carothers since it was beside the grave of James Carothers. Using that same reasoning, the marker could just as probably be the one for Pamelia Carothers. We hope to get some professional help in trying to find any traces of identification for this tombstone.

This small cemetery, less than one-sixteenth of an acre, is all that is left of the 701 acres of the Pleasant Exchange Plantation owned by James Carothers.

Robert Blake Carothers

As indicated on the first page of this article, I have a photograph which on the back side is labeled "Dr. Robert Blake Carothers, M.D. and farmer." He has been referred to as "Dr. Carothers" for many generations in our family and by many people outside our family. However, no information has been found regarding his medical degree or his medical practice. From the letters written by his stepmother, Pamelia Noble Carothers, we

known that he was usually called Blake. In the remainder of this article he will be identified as R.B. or Blake Carothers.

Blake is best known for the fact that he had six wives. On the back of the photograph the names of the six wives and dates of marriage were recorded, and the death dates for the first five wives were recorded. From the following material on his six wives here is a summary of the duration of the marriages and the longevity of his wives. First wife: married only 15 months, died before her 20th birthday. Second wife: married 9 months, died shortly after she was 21. Third wife: married a few weeks less than 21 months, died shortly after her 23 birthday. Fourth wife: married 14 months, died a few months before her 29th birthday. Fifth wife: married 16 1/2 years, died six months after she was 40. Sixth wife: married 10 years four months, died at the age of 88, 41 years after Blake's death.

Robert Blake Carothers

Blake's First wife

Margaret J. Crockett, daughter of James and Martha Crockett, was the first wife. They were married Sept. 9, 1846 in Williamson County. They had one child, James C. Carothers, born July 6, 1847, died Oct. 20, 1847, aged 3 months 14 days.

Margaret J. Crockett is buried in the Andrew Crockett Cemetery located at the corner of Wilson Pike and Crockett Road in Brentwood, Tenn. Her tombstone reads:

In memory of
MARGARET JANE
CAROTHERS
Born Oct. 17, 1828
Died Dec. 8, 1847

The Cool Springs House, which was owned and occupied by the Carothers family for many years, has been moved to Crockett Park in Brentwood, Tenn. on the property formerly owned by the Crockett family.

On January 7, 1848 *The Western Weekly Review* printed the following:

Died

On the 18th [should be 8th according to family Bible and tombstone] of December, 1847 at the residence of her father, in the twentieth year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Jane Caruthers [sic], wife of Mr. Robert Blake Caruthers [sic] and daughter of James and Martha Crockett. Never did the real destroyer, Death, cut down a more innocent and amiable victim—never were parents bereaved of a more loving and dutiful child, or a husband of a more affectionate and devoted companion. As a child and a daughter, she was the pride of her parents, possessing all those endearing qualities that adorn her sex. It was the remark of those who were most intimate with her, that she was never seen, except in the accustomed sweet and serene temper.

Fifteen months since she was a blooming bride, when joy and hope beat highest, with the finest prospects for health, happiness, and many years of usefulness.

But the scene soon changed; one brief year had not passed when disease had fallen upon her frame. A few more months, and she was no more. What an admonition to the young! There is one, in the bloom of youth, surrounded by friends and wealth; but death marks her as his victim, and the cold grave opens for her reception. "Why should this earth delight us so," when death waits at every step to strike us down.

But she has finished her work upon the earth, and entered upon the realities of eternity. Her spirit has ascended to the presence of God who gave it. How soon may this be the case with those that survive? Memory will be redolent with the pleasing recollection of Margaret. An amiable and deeply afflicted husband and parents, together with a large circle of devoted friends deplore her early loss.

Blake's Second Wife

Priscilla R. Hodge was the second wife. They were married in Williamson County Oct. 25, 1849. They had one child, Elizabeth J, Carothers, who was born June 10, 1850. She married E.L. Pettus Dec. 25, 1870. She died May 17, 1901, and she is

buried in the old Jordan Cemetery, 2 miles southeast of Triune. Her tombstone identifies her as Bettie J., daughter of R.B. and Priscilla Carothers.

The Western Weekly Review of August 2, 1850 printed the following brief death notice for Priscilla Hodge Carothers:

> Died
>
> At the residence of her father, Jno. W. Hodge, about two miles East of Franklin, on Saturday last, 27th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Priscilla R., wife of R. Blake Caruthers [sic].

None of the burial books for Williamson County, Tenn. has any record of where Priscilla Hodge Carothers was buried, but she is buried in the John W. Hodge family cemetery in Franklin, Tenn. Her tombstone reads: Mrs. Priscilla Carothers/Wife of R.B. Carothers/Born June 1, 1829/Died July 27, 1850.

Priscilla Hodge and Blake Carothers were first cousins. Priscilla's mother, Jane Carothers Hodge, was James Carothers' sister.

Blake's Third Wife

Ann J. Holt was the third wife. They were married Nov. 19, 1851 in Williamson County. On the marriage license and in the Carothers family Bible her name is recorded as Ann J. Holt. In her two obituraries and on her tombstone she is identified as Julia Ann or Julia A. She and Blake Carothers had no children.

She is buried in the Holt Cemetery on Crockett Road, Brentwood, Tenn. The cemetery is adjacent to 9305 Crockett Road. In 1998 her tombstone is completely illegible, but in the 1970s the wording was recorded as:

Julia A.
Wife of R.B. Carothers
Born June 28, 1830
Died Aug. 7, 1853

The Weekly Review dated August 12, 1853 printed:

> Died
>
> At the residence of her father, Thomas Holt, Esq., on Sunday last 7th inst., Mrs. Julia Ann, wife of Mr. Robert Blake Carothers. Obituary next week.

The Weekly Review dated August 19, 1853 printed:

> Obituary
>
> Mrs. Julia A. Carothers was born on the 28th of June, 1830, and departed this life on the 7th of August, 1853, at the home of her father, Thomas Holt, Esq. She was united in marriage with Mr. Robert B. Carothers in November, 1851. She was a woman of fine sense, and possessed those qualities and virtues that greatly endeared her to those who had made her acquaintance. She was stricken down thus early in life by Laryngitis. She had suffered with the disease but a few months. She had before the affliction came on her, turned her attention to the subject of religion and had been reading her Bible, in order that she might know and do the will of her heavenly Father. She gave her trusting, confiding and dying heart to her Saviour, and professed to find peace and comfort before her departure. She has left numerous friends behind her, with many endeared relatives to mourn their loss; and long will she live in the memory of those who knew and loved her here.
>
> August 15, 1853
> M.L.A.

M.L.A. was M.L. Andrews, the minister who signed the marriage license as the person who solemnized the rites of matrimony between Ann J. Holt and Robert B. Carothers.

Blake's Fourth Wife

Martha E. Fletcher, daughter of James F. and Jane M. Fletcher, was the fourth wife. They were married in Rutherford County, Tenn. May 3, 1854. They had one child, James F. Carothers, born July 4, 1855, died August 13, 1855, aged 1 month, 9 days.

The Western Weekly Review dated July 20, 1855 printed a very brief death notice for Martha Fletcher Carothers.

> Died
>
> On Tuesday, the 10th inst., Mrs. Martha E., consort of R.B. Carothers, Esq. of Williamson County, and daughter of Jas. F. Fletcher Esq., of this vicinity *Rutherford Telegraph.*

In a Rutherford County, Tenn. cemeteries book it says that Martha E. Carothers is buried in the

Carothers Cemetery on Atlas Drive in Murfreesboro, Tenn. A recent map of Murfreesboro had Carothers Cem. printed on it at Atlas Drive. In 1998 there is still standing a large base of a monument which says, In Loving Memory/Fletcher Family. Obviously, the cemetery is really the Fletcher Cemetery rather than the Carothers Cemetery. However, since the only tombstone that is still intact is that of Martha E. Carothers, the person who recorded the data in 1969 chose to call the cemetery the Carothers Cemetery. The wording on the tombstone was recorded as:

> Martha E. Carothers wife of/ R.B. Carothers/ dau. of/ James F. & Jane M. Fletcher/ Born Oct. 9, 1827/ Died ? 1855.

The vertical marker is broken off from the base just where the month and day death dates were originally carved, and the base of the marker is apparently missing. The *Tennessee Baptist* August 11, 1855 confirmed the *Rutherford Telegraph* date of death by printing: "Martha Carothers died July 10, 1855 near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Wife of R.B. Carothers, age 28." We believe the July 10 date is correct, although the Carothers family Bible has July 11, 1855 as the date of death.

Blake's Fifth Wife

Mary Caroline German, daughter of Zacheus H. German and Emeline McEwen German, was the fifth wife. They were married in Williamson County Sept. 6, 1856. The Carothers family Bible and a German family Bible have Sept. 7, 1856, but on the Marriage License A.N. Cunningham wrote, "The within named persons were married by me on the 6th of Sept. 1856."

They had 7 children, several of whom reached adulthood, married, and had children of their own. The Carothers family Bible has the following information on the seven children:

> Robert Blake Carothers, Jr.-b. May 22, 1857; d. Sept. 11, 1863
> Fannie Volantia Carothers-b. June 20, 1858
> Sallie Carothers-b. July 24, 1860
> Charles Thomas Carothers-b. Sept. 26, 1862
> Maggie Emma Carothers-b. June 25, 1866; d. Nov. 25, 1878 aged 12 years 5 months
> Mary Lula Carothers-b. Nov. 27, 1868
> Laurah Barfield Carothers- b. April 8, 1871

From a formal death notice we know that Sallie Carothers died Dec. 12, 1906, aged 46 years, 4 months and 18 days, in Franklin, Tenn.

Charles Carothers married Mattie Pickle, and they had 2 sons, Blake and Earl. I have no information on their descendants.

Laura (the h in her name had been dropped) Carothers married Joe Lancaster, and they had 3 sons, Lee, Howard, and Blake. Laura lived in Lockhart, Texas for many years until her death in 1931. There are some Lancaster descendants living in 1998, but I do not have their names.

The child named Mary Lula Carothers was listed as Mary Louise in other family records, and Louise is the name recorded on her marriage license. She married James Porter Erwin April 27, 1892 in Williamson County. They had one daughter, Katherine Louise Erwin, and Mrs. Erwin died shortly after the child was born. Louise Erwin married Edward W. Jones, and they had one daughter, Katherine Ann Jones. She married W.R. Mullens, and they live in Flagstaff, Ariz. They have 2 daughters. Jo Ann married Ted Sanditz. They have two daughters, Lisa, who lives in San Francisco, Calif., and Stephanie, who is 1998 is attending New York University. The Sanditzes live in St. Louis, Mo. The other Mullens daughter, Carol, married Charles Slaughter, and they had 2 daughters, Kealy and Cory. After a divorce Carol married Mark Slegers. They have one boy, Jan. The Slegers family lives in Portland, Oregon.

The largest number of Carothers descendants living in 1998 are descended from Fannie Volantia Carothers who married John Edgar Hill, Oct. 6, 1881 in Williamson County. They had 3 children, Carrie Louise Hill, John Edgar Hill, Jr., and Claude E. Hill. Carrie Louise Hill married M.T. Regen, a widower with 5 sons, and they lived in Franklin, Tenn. She died in 1967.

Mary Caroline German Carothers

John Edgar Hill, Jr. (1885-1946) married Ernestine Cowan (1889-1974), and they had 2 daughters. Martha Carothers Hill married William Gray Wilson, and they had one daughter, Sara Gray Wilson. After a divorce Martha married Robert Pierson Eaton. Sara's name was changed to Sara Hill Eaton. She married Daniel Mosner, and they had one son, Ephraim Mosner. Sara (Sally) and Daniel divorced. Sally and Ephraim live in New York City. A daughter, Elizabeth Janet Eaton, was born to the Eatons. She married Thomas Wilson Viall, and they have one daughter, Samantha Pierson Viall. They live in Riverside, Rhode Island. Martha Carothers Hill Eaton lives in Warren, Penn. The second Hill daughter, Janet Cowan Hill, married Walter Locke Bayard, and they had 2 sons. Walter John Bayard married Ruth Alice Sallenger, and they have one daughter, Amanda. They live in Columbia, S.C. Peter Locke Bayard married Sine Pedersen, and they live in Copenhagen, Denmark. Janet Hill Bayard died Nov. 30, 1952.

Claude E. Hill (1890-1970) was the third child of Fannie Volantia Carothers and John Edgar Hill. He married Mary Esther Robinson (1889-1981), and they had 2 sons. Ewing Robinson Hill (1918-1980) married Ruth Curnow, and they had 2 children, John Ewing Hill (1947-1959) and Marilyn Ruth Hill. Marilyn married Robert Farmer, and they had one daughter, Alison Farmer, who married Khanh Nguyen. They live in Dallas, Texas. The Farmers divorced, and later Marilyn married Robert J. Gibb. They live in Houston, Texas. The second son, Davis Carothers Hill, married Roberta Wilder, and they have one daughter, Carol Davis Hill, who married Mark Henry Winters. They have one daughter, Amy Caroline Winters, and they live in McKinney, Texas. Davis and Roberta Hill live in Nashville, Tenn.

To summarize, there are living today (1998) 13 descendants of Fannie Volantia Carothers and John Edgar Hill. Two of them, Davis Carothers Hill and Martha Carothers Hill Eaton, have retained the Carothers name.

Now back to the subject, Mary Caroline German, the fifth wife of Blake Carothers. There are no existing copies of Williamson County, Tenn. newspapers for 1873, the year that Mary Caroline died. However, a Funeral Notice does exist, and it reads:

> Died, suddenly, at the residence, 4 miles North-east of Franklin, at 10 o'clock last night, Mrs. Mary Caroline, wife of R.B. Carothers, Esq.
>
> The friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, at the residence, at 9 o'clock, A.M., tomorrow.
>
> Services by Revs. J.N. McDonald and B.E. Mullins.
>
> Interment in the Family Cemetery, at the late residence of James Carothers, deceased, at 12 M.
>
> Franklin, Tenn., Wednesday, April 2d, 1873

As indicated by the Funeral Notice and by the family Bible, she died on April 1, 1873.

Mary Caroline German Carothers lived with Blake Carothers far longer than any of his others wives. In fact, she lived with him longer than all of the other wives combined. She bore 7 of his 10 children.

Mary Caroline Carothers' tombstone was broken into several pieces. The wording and format were unusal:

> Mary C. Consort/ of/ R.B. Carothers,/ Esq.
> Born Sept./ 20, 1832 Died/ April 1, 1873.

Blake's Sixth Wife

The sixth wife was Mary Porter McKay Richardson, daughter of William McKay and Margaret McEwen McKay. She was the widow of Gideon R. Richardson, who was killed in the Civil War. She and Blake Carothers were married in Williamson County August 6, 1873. They had no children born of their marriage. Both had children from their previous marriages.

The following article from *The Review-Appeal* for January 29, 1925 states that her 88th birthday was on Sunday, January 18th. That is incorrect. Her death cetificate says she was born January 19, 1837, her death was January 25, 1925, and her age was 88 years, 6 days.

The newspaper article says interment was at Mt. Hope Cemetery. The records at Mt. Hope Cemetery do not contain the name of Mary Porter McKay Carothers. The records for the funeral home are missing for that year, so there is no record of the location of her grave in the cemetery. It is possible that no tombstone was put on her grave. There is no indication that she was buried in the family burial plot where other members of her family are buried.

It is interesting to note in the newspaper clipping that Mrs. Carothers was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Franklin and that her seat

was never vacant when she was able to be in her pew. The article also says that Mrs. M.T. Regen (Carrie Louise Hill Regen) was one of her step-grandchildren. Mrs. Carothers and her step-granddaughter, Mrs. Regen, attended the same church at the same time for about 8 1/2 years until Mrs. Carothers' death in 1925.

Blake Carothers died January 23, 1884. Mary Porter McKay Richardson Carothers died January 25, 1925. She was a widow for 41 years.

The records for the Mt. Hope Cemetery for 1920-1929 are missing, so that is why Mrs. Carothers' name does not appear in their listing of people buried in that cemetery.

Mary P. Carothers filed for a Widow's Indigent Pension in 1918. She stated that she was the widow of R.B. Carothers and that he was not in the Civil War. She gave details about her first husband's service in the Civil War. Her application was rejected with the notation "Carothers was not a soldier."

The news story on the death of Blake Carothers' sixth and last wife began on the first page of *The Review-Appeal* in Franklin, Tenn. January 29, 1925.

Venerable Mrs. Carothers Dies

The venerable Mrs. Mary Porter McKay Carothers died at her home on Columbia Avenue Sunday at 1:30 p.m. as the result of injuries received from a fall in her room Wednesday. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Monday at 2:30 p.m. by Rev. W.H. Armistead and interment followed at Mt. Hope Cemetery.

The deceased passed her 88th birthday on Sunday, Jan. 18th, just one week before her death. Though feeble she was able to sit at the table with her loved ones who gathered down to the fourth generation to rejoice that she had been spared to spend another birthday with her devoted family. On Wednesday she fell as she started to the dining room and the blow on her head proved fatal on Sunday. Mrs. Carothers was the daughter of Margaret McEwen McKay and William McKay and was descended from two sturdy pioneer Williamson County families. She was the widow of the late Robert Blake Carothers, having been formerly married to Gideon R. Richardson, who gave his life for the Confederacy, having been killed in the Civil War in West Tennessee, leaving her a widow with two small children. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and her seat was never vacant when she was able to be in her pew. She was a devout Christian who lived up to her ideals. She was gentle, kind and very charitable; to know her was to love her. Although she had been declining rapidly recently, her mental faculties were unimpaired and a visit to her was always inspiring. She was the idol of the home and much attention was lavished upon her by her devoted son and daughter and grandchildren. Her home was the mecca for many happy reunions. She reared six step-children and her motherly devotion to them was beautiful and they returned their hearts' devotion to her.

A beautiful spirit has been transplanted but her sainted influence on earth can never die. She has left a rich heritage to those who are left to mourn her passing.

She is survived by her son, Felix Richardson; daughter, Mrs. Bell Richardson Nolen; two step-children, Mrs. Joe Lancaster of Lockhart, Texas, and Charles Carothers, of Memphis; four grandchildren, Porter Nolen, of Nashville, Felix Nolen of Memphis; Miss Blanche Nolen, of Moccasin, Montana; Mrs. T.J. Shockley, of Franklin, and by several step-grandchildren, one of whom is Mrs. M.T. Regen, of Franklin; two great-grandchildren, Mary Porter Shockley, and Mary Elizabeth Nolen; a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Bradley, and a brother, Mr. W.A. McKay, of Franklin; three sisters-in-law, Mrs. Lizzie Hume Richardson, of Nolensville; Mesdames Newton Richardson and Josie Carothers, of Franklin.

Honorary pall-bearers were: L.P. Aspley, J.E. Alexander, elders and deacons of the Presbyterian church. Active pall-bearers: Newton Cannon, Dr. Dan German, Will McKay, Pope Mullins, George Smithson, John Roberts, Henry Logel and Dr. B.T. Nolen.

Regen & Cotton were the funeral directors.

Comments by Pamelia Carothers Regarding Blake's Wives

Pamelia Carothers in her many letters to her brother John Noble mentioned five of Blake's wives. Her last letter was dated in 1865, so she could not mention the death of the fifth wife or the marriage of the sixth wife. It is interesting to note that Pamelia never gave the names of any of the wives.

In a January 20, 1850 letter she wrote, "Blake

married again on the 25th Oct. to an own Cousin [Priscilla R. Hodge]. They had a large wedding, and we gave them a dinner next day." On February 16, 1851 regarding Blake she said,

> His wife died in July, the second if you recollect, his cousin whose parents live in sight of us and where she died. Blake has been very unfortunate. The life of his infant was despaired of for several weeks after its mother's death. It was one of premature birth and has been a great deal of trouble, but is now growing finely, and appears like being raised. It is with its grandmother.

Her January 26, 1852 letter stated, "Blake was married again on the 19th Nov. [to Ann J. Holt]. Has a tall stout healthy lady, who has never had a spell of sickness, his other wives were rather delicate. His child has become healthy, is still with its grandparents as they are unwilling to give it up."

Pamelia continued to keep her brother informed in her July 22, 1855 letter:

> I have again to repeat what I have so often related concerning Blake. His fourth wife [Martha E. Fletcher] is dead, was confined on the 4th of this month and died on the tenth with inflamation of the bowels. The child (a boy) was doing well when I last heard from it. She died at her father's near Mufreesboro, and left the babe to her Mother. She was a fine woman, religious, and died happy. Had a great deal to say, requested all to be kind to her husband and if he married again to be kind to his wife.

On October 6, 1856 she wrote, "Blake was married again last month, and has a fine wife [Mary Caroline German]. Hope he will have better luck; she is a pleasant cheerful person, and appears to have no dread of sharing the fate of the others who have preceeded her." In her letter of July 6, 1857 she mentioned lots of sickness in the community including some of her family. Then she added, "Blake's wife has a son and both are doing well." On February 26, 1858 she wrote, "Blake's wife enjoys good health (so does their little boy). She is a very good housekeeper, has a good disposition and all are doing well after the ups and downs of 11 years."

R.B. Carothers, His Property, and His Legal Problems

When R.B. Carothers bought the Cool Springs property from his father in 1859, it contained 142 acres. He acquired additonal land over a number of years until he had 260 acres. He and his wife Mary P. and their eight children lived on the land as their homeplace. In the early part of 1874 he opened a mercantile business in Franklin, and in the latter part of that year he moved his family and part of his household goods to a rented house in town. He left part of their household effects at the homeplace in charge of a family servant. They also left their farm stock and farming utensils there. The family lived in town about 12 months to the close of 1875 and then moved back to their homeplace.

We do not know how Mr. Carothers got into poor financial conditon, but on April 12, 1875 he executed a mortgage on the homeplace with power of sale to Y.W. Redmond to secure payment of two notes totaling $7,600. Mary P. Carothers did not join in the mortgage; she knew nothing about it.

It is difficult to summarize adequately the court transcript which covers 45 documents and 188 pages, but here is an attempt to record the most important facts. R.B. Carothers was the executor of his uncle Robert Carothers' will. Thomas J. Carothers (R.B.'s brother) and Thomas Buchanan were sureties on R.B.'s bond as executor. After R.B. made a settlement of the estate, it was found that a balance of $3,574.85 had not been distributed to the heirs. The sureties filed the original bill May 24, 1876 to foreclose the mortgage, pay the mortgage debts, and apply the balance of the proceeds to the payment of the money owned by Carothers as executor. Eventually the sureties were convinced that the land would sell for nothing more than the mortgage debt, so they took no further steps in this case.

Atha Thomas was the surety on the smaller note of $2,100. He petitioned the court on May 21, 1877 that he be made a co-complainant in the original bill and that the mortgage be foreclosed. He said that R.B. Carothers was insolvent, that the Carothers family had moved back to the mortgaged property, and that R.B. and Mary P. Carothers were going to claim a homestead for their house and land.

In January 1878 the chancellor ruled that Carothers had "abandoned" his home tract as a homestead, that he and his wife had no right to a homestead on that tract of land, and that Thomas had the right to have the mortgage foreclosed by

sale. After the exact amount of the mortgage debt was determined to be $9,099.05, the land was ordered to be sold.

On March 18, 1878 Mary P. Carothers in an affidavit said she had no knowledge of the mortgage or the proceedings under Thomas's petition until that month. On the same day she filed a petition stating her rights to the homestead, and she asked that the case be re-opened for her benefit. The January decree for the sale was confirmed in June 1878. Carothers had been allowed to sell 23 acres to a neighbor, and Thomas bought the remaining 240 acres for $6,441.20

On December 24, 1878 the court issued a writ of possession for the two lots purchased by Atha Thomas, and it was executed on January 21, 1879, one day after Mrs. Carothers had perfected her appeal to the Supreme Court. On January 14, 1879 the court decreed that Mary P. Carothers and Robert B. Carothers were bound by the previous decrees in said suit with respect to the question of homestead and that her petition was dismissed with costs. The court acknowledged Mary P. Carothers' appeal to the next term of the Supreme Court in Nashville, which was granted upon her paying $250 to get an appeal bond. The bond was obtained January 20, 1879.

The Supreme Court in its December Term 1878 reviewed the case, and in an undated opinion, probably in February or March 1879, made the following statements about Mrs. Carother's appeal. "Unquestionably, her possession of the property, to the extent of her homestead right, ought not to have been interfered with until her application was finally heard." Then the court ruled: "The motion of the appellant is well taken, and a writ of restitution will issue at once to restore her to the possession of the homestead." The court limited the homestead to the residence and ten acres.

The chancellor in Franklin ignored the Supreme Court's ruling. Mary P. Carothers appealed to the Supreme Court again in 1884. This time her case was heard by a new judicial entity known as the Commission of Referees. It was created in 1883 to relieve the Supreme Court. In a well-reasoned, clearly stated opinion the Commission of Referees ruled in favor of Mrs. Carothers. They said it is clear that the move to Franklin was only *partial* and *temporary*, and was not, at any time, intended to be permanent." They reviewed the subject of homestead and stated:

> The Homestead vests in the husband and wife jointly, and is a life estate. Neither has the right to dispose of it except with the consent of the other, and then in the mode only prescribed by the statute. The right of the wife is *fixed* during coverture, and is only lost by her voluntary alienation, or *abandonment*, or by her death.

The commission then wrote: "The decree should be *reversed* with costs, and Mary P. Carothers *reinstated* in her Homestead."

In a one-page decree on February 16, 1885 the Supreme Court in its December Term 1884 said it had reviewed the transcript from the Chancery Court in Franklin, the Report of the Commission of Referees, and the exceptions thereto. The Supreme Court then stated:

> It appearing there is error in the decree of the Chancellor dismissing the petition of Mary E. Caruthers [sic], the Court is pleased to overrule the exceptions [by Atha Thomas's lawyers] and confirm the Report of the Commission of Referees. It is therefore decreed that the decree of the Chancellor be set aside and reversed and that this cause be remanded to the Chancery Court at Franklin to the end that Mary E. Caruthers [sic] be reinstated in her homestead and that Atha Thomas and Y.W. Redmond will pay the costs of this appeal for which let execution issue.

The court misspelled Mary P. Carothers' name twice, but at least they ruled in her favor. This time the chancellor in Franklin abided by the Supreme Court's decision. The Chancery Court on June 24, 1885 quoted the Supreme Court's decree and then added: "and motion to have the same entered on the Minutes of the Court and executed, the Court orders that the same be and is done, and the Court further orders that said decree be carried into execution." Thus, Mary P. Carothers was reinstated in her homestead in June 1885 about six and one-half years after she had been erroneously removed from her homestead and more than a year after her husband's death.

Going back to the transcript in the Chancery Court, there are two depositions that must be referred to because of their significant involvement with the Cool Springs house and property. On January 1, 1879 in a deposition R.B. Carothers was examined regarding the condition of his house and the land on which the house stood. He responded:

The dwelling house is in bad repair. The plastering on all the lower rooms is broken off in several places worse in some rooms than in others. There is a shed room or side room the roof of which is so bad we can't use it. It leaks. The upper rooms are in very good repair. There are four blinds broken off. One half of the door leading from one room to the front is broken off the hinges. The main roof needs some repairs. The whole back gallery leaks. It is a part old house and part new. The old part is very old one of the oldest houses in the county it being made of logs and weatherboards. The new part was attached to the old making other rooms to the house by building them to the old. I think the new part was built in 1867 or 1868 not very positive about the year.

Immediately where the house stands is as good land as any but it stands right on the brow of a hill which is of the most inferior quality of land on the place. The house fronts this hillside, and immediately in front of the house to the creek which is about 150 or 200 yards the land is almost worthless. It cannot be cultivated. There is a road that runs with the creek in front of the house. The land itself between the house and the road is of but little value. The smoke house situated in the yard has a very good covering but several logs in the body of the house has rotted off at one end. There is also a wheat house that stands with one side only in the yard. The body of this house is outside the yard.

It is a box house and in such condition it cannot be used. These are all the houses in the yard. There are three small houses (cabins) standing in the lot two of them box houses, one a weatherboarded one. All now need covering and in very bad repair. The chimnies [sic] are falling out at the fire places. Standing from 100 to 150 yards from the yard. There is one standing outside right of the yard built with logs that has no chimney but simply a small hull of a house completely open. There is also a crib standing West of the house about 150 yards that is in very good condition the covering good. It is shedded all around. There is a barn about 200 yards North of the house. Shedded all around. The shed on the East side needs repair the rest of needs repair. There is also a buggy house in front but to the East of the yard that is tolerably good except the doors are down.

On January 1 and 2, 1879 depositions were given by three knowledgeable people, two neighbors and R.B.'s half brother John N. They confirmed that the mansion house was in bad repair, that other improvements (buildings) were in dilapidated condition, and that much of the land was quite poor and of little value.

A few days later on January 6, 1879 A.B. Vaughan testified in a deposition. His testimony has been quoted by many people who have had an interest in the Cool Springs house. Some of the work he described, such as the veranda, can still be seen today. He stated:

> About August 1870, Lawrence Vaughan and myself, contracted with R.B. Carothers, to build an addition to his old house, and renovated and repaired his old house situated on the farm where he now lives, and we did the wood work of this building according to contract. The old house had two rooms in front, two stories high, and a gallery, with a small room at the end on the rear. The chimney was taken down from one of the front rooms, and it made into a front hall. We built one room two stories high in front, making the front two rooms with a hall between, two stories high. The front rooms are about 20 feet square. We then built in the rear two rooms two stories high with a chimney between. These rooms are about 18 feet square. We built a veranda in front one story high, the full length of the building, except two feet at each end. On the West side of the two rooms, in the rear, we built a gallery two feet wide and the full length of the L. with a small room on the Southern end. New windows and doors were put in the old house in front, it received newly weather boarded in front, and all of the new building put up of good material, and built in a good workman like style. The front door and windows were finished very fine and in first class style, the front door and opening costing $35.00. The whole house was plastered and painted, and finished up in good style.

He also stated there was a kitchen, smoke house, servant houses, and other appurtenant buildings, and a large barn and stable. Most of them were good buildings. The questioner asked

Vaughan to read R.B. Carothers' deposition and say if he stated the true condition of the house. Vaughan said he had not examined this house since he built it. He had seen it from the road in passing but had not been in it and did not know its present condition as to repairs, etc.

If the Vaughans' work was "of good material, and built in a good workman like style," and "finished up in a good style," one could ask why the house was in such bad shape at the end of 1878, about eight years after the work was done.

Death of R.B. Carothers

The Burial Notice said that R.B. Carothers died at his residence, four miles East of Franklin, at 8 o'clock, A.M. Wednesday, January 23, 1884. On a copy of the Burial Notice someone wrote, "Born July 28, 1824 Professed Religion & joined McKay Church Oct. 1866 Chosen an Elder during same year." The following obituary appeared in *The Review and Journal* Franklin, Tenn., Thursday, Feb. 7, 1884. It was written by the former pastor of the McKay Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

> Will you allow me space for a few reflections which have been called up in learning that my old friend and Christian brother, R.B. Carothers, had died. The reception of this sad intelligence has imparted a fresh impluse to memory. Hence I have been carried back to my first acquaintance with the deceased then through years replete with appreciation and scenes which constitute some of the most pleasing reminiscences of life.
>
> While reminating [sic] over the past pleasurable emotions would culminate into real delight, but for those dark shades which death has so repeatedly thrown across memory's track.
>
> I first became acquainted with the deceased at the time of becoming pastor of the McKay church. He was then a church going sinner who exhibited his high appreciation of religion by contributing liberally to the support of the Gospel. Many now living will readily call to mind the impassionate zeal which he manifested while seeking religion and which he carried into church work. After a lapse of two years he had not been absent from a single appointment either for preaching or prayer meeting. Like most men who embark in the Master's service late in life, he had a perpetual conflict with old habits. Often has he the most bitterly deplored these with eyes suffused with tears. With emotions unutterable his family will turn to that vacant chair, while many will feel sad while beholding a vacant seat at church. On this line I could say much, but will forbear.
>
> This providence brings vividly to mind others who have fallen from the rank and file of the same church. Those venerable men, the McKays, Col. Thomas Moore, are now fresh in memory as when they used to serve at the sacramental feast. Then comes Robert Carothers, who, ere he had reached the zenith of usefulness fell at his post. But, when I turn to the laity, 'tis not as in the days of yore. The line has been depleted. Many of the purest, best and bravest soldiers of the Cross answer not the roll call. They are dead; no I slandered them. They have been promoted and assigned positions among the immortal ones. Among these I see those whom I received into the church. I feel enclined to mention names, but must not trespass on space. I will say they are men and women venerable in years. They have met where parting is no more. Me thinks the two brothers, R.B. and John N. Carothers, have recognized each other in heaven.
>
> I received a last letter from brother Carothers since his last confinement. His faith was strong and he said his Heavenly inheritance was sure.
>
> He was praying his victory over death might be so complete that the last one of his children would be brought into the Kingdom. When the older members of the McKay church, the 130 whom I received into her communion and those who succeed them, shall all meet in Heaven, the reunion will be grand and glorious. Through grace I hope to meet and recognize all of these there.
>
> J.N. McDonald

Cool Springs
1888–1998

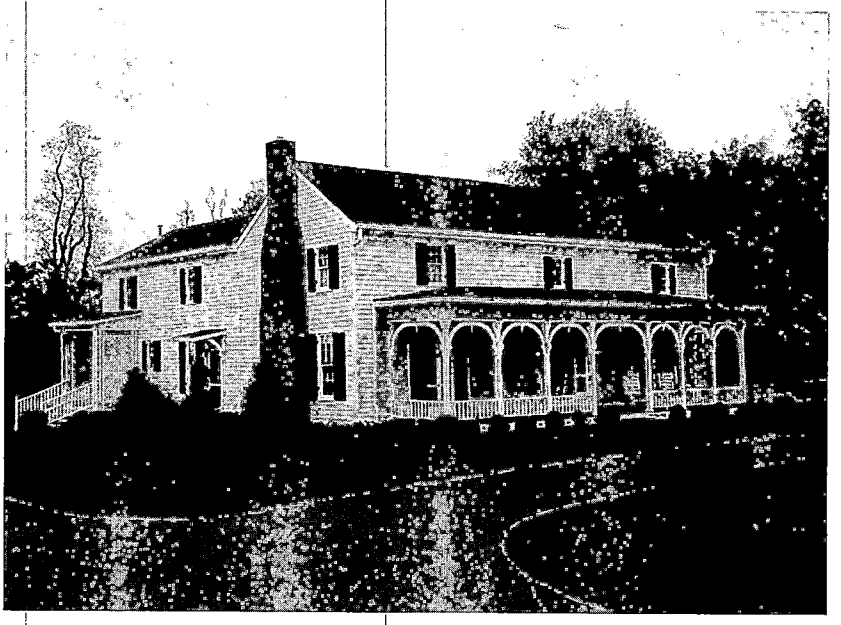
When Mary P. Carothers sold the property to William A. Jordan in 1888, that ended the longtime Carothers association with this house and land which began Dec. 29, 1833 when James Carothers bought the property. Although this article is on the Carothers Family, I thought it would be of interest to many readers to have a brief summary of what happened to Cool Springs in the last century.

W.A. Jordan owned the property until 1927, when he gave the house and 86 acres to his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Jordan Church, who installed electric lights and running water in the

house and did some remodeling.

Mrs. Church and her husband, J.F., sold the place in 1931 to J.R. Hooser. He and some others were owners for very brief periods. Mr. and Mrs. A.M. Gant were the owners from 1932 to 1942. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson bought the property in 1942, and they were the last longtime owners. They named the place Mallory Valley Farm, and they they lived there 32 years.

In 1974 John H, and Karen Dunn Noel bought the house and farm. They did extensive restoration work and made it a show place. It was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1983 as Cool Springs Farm. The Noels sold the house in 1985 with deed restrictions to assure its preservation. Impending development in the Cool Springs shopping area made preservation of the house in that location impossible. In 1993 the City of Brentwood became the owner of the Cool Springs House, and it was moved to Crockett Park on Volunteer Parkway off Crockett Road. The National Register designation had to be removed because of the move. The City of Brentwood and the Brentwood Historic Commission guided the move and restoration of the house so future generations can enjoy its beauty and facilities. The historic Cool Springs House is available for weddings, receptions, meetings, and retreats. Some of the original, massive, blue poplar logs, which are about 170 years old, are well-preserved and prominent. Also moved in 1993 and near the house is a log barn resting on stone piers. It is unique because of its German design.



Cool Springs House in Crockett Park

Conclusion

The Carothers family was in Williamson County when it was created in 1799. This article has recounted some of the history of that family. After the Williamson County Historical Society marker on the Carothers Family is erected in 1999 near the entrance to the Cool Springs Conference Center, future generations will be able to learn something about this family.

"A Large and Respectable Family" William Thomas and His Kin

by Philip Farrington Thomas

When one is thinking about William Thomas' clan of Williamson County, Tennessee, it's necessary to think in broader terms than of just one family.

You need to consider William's background, too: where he came from. According to family lore, the first member of the clan, John Thomas, came to America in 1634, arriving in St. Mary's City Maryland. Tradition says this forebear was a native of Pembrokeshire in southern Wales, a direct descendant of Sir Rhys Ap Thomas, an ally of Henry Tudor when Henry defeated England's King Richard III at Bosworth Field in August, 1485.

Be that as it may, John Thomas as a carpenter in the mid-1630's likely helped build the earliest rude houses at St. Mary's City, first capital of the Maryland Colony. However, John Thomas didn't linger long there, apparently sailing down the Potomac River to Chesapeake Bay and thence to the north shore of the York River and Gloucester County, Virginia, across from Yorktown. There a record shows the birth of four children to Samuel Thomas (son of the first John?) and Samuel's wife, Mary Spencer: one of those three, John Thomas, was christened at Abingdon Parish Church in Gloucester in 1690. This John Thomas then appears, with his wife Sarah, in 1739 in the land records of Amelia County, Virginia, southwest of today's captial city of Richmond. By 1755 his son, another Samuel Thomas, is recorded as owning 476 acres of Amelia County land a few miles further west of Blackstone, in an area that became Nottoway County, Virginia, in 1789.

Samuel Thomas' wife was Susan Woodlief. Her direct forebears included John Woodlief, who had first come to Virgina in 1608 from Buckinghamshire, England, and Robert Wynne, from Canterbury, Kent, England, arriving in Virginia about 1651. Captain John Woodlief was the founder, in 1619, of Berkeley Hundred (now Berkeley Plantation) on the James River; he then moved to a tract of some 550 acres on the south side of the James River. Robert Wynne (1622-1675), also a landowner along the James River, for more than a decade served as speaker of Virginia's House of Burgesses, the first representative assembly in English America.

Susan Woodlief Thomas and her husband, Samuel Thomas, had twelve children, nine sons and three daughters: Atha, Woodlief, Samuel, Robert, John, Joshua, Martha, David, William, Elizabeth Polley, and Spencer! Of their sons, William Thomas was born in what is now Nottoway County, Virginia, 10 July, 1772.

In 1796, following the death of their father in about 1791, William and an older brother, Robert Thomas, a Revolutionary War veteran, left their home in Virginia. They sold, it appears, some land they had inherited from their older brother John (died 1795) and went off through the wilderness to the frontier town of Nashville, Tennessee. Robert Thomas (1759-1836) settled down in Davidson county, marrying Sallie Wilkes on April 17, 1813. They had three children: Sarah, Susan, and Robert Hambleton.

William Thomas, however, moved to Williamson County in 1801. There he bought (for $1,320) about 300 acres of land, several miles east of today's town of Franklin. He bought the land from one Drury Pulliam by January 6, 1810 (it appears

William had been living there as early as February, 1808). The same year he bought the land from Pulliam, William was married to Eliza Bass, on 8 April, 1810. Their farm appears to have been located in a bend of the Big Harpeth River south of today's Murfreesboro Pike, centered by today's north-south line of Warren Road.

William Thomas was thirty- eight years old, and Eliza Bass was twenty at the time of their marriage. Eliza, the daughter of Benjamin and Sara Hicks Bass, had come in 1808 from Brunswick County, Viriginia, to Rutherford County, Tennessee, with her older brother Fred Bass, a Revolutionary War veteran, her older sister Ann Bass Batey, and Ann's husband, Major William Batey, another Revolutionary War veteran. (One of Eliza's brother was the forebear of the late U.S. Senator Ross Bass.) During her thirty-one years of marriage to William, Eliza gave birth to twelve children: Robert Spencer, John Hicks, Samuel Newell, William Batey, Sarah Woodlief, Eliza Bass, Dorsey Brown, Richard Garner, Woodlief, Atha, David Hambleton, and Mary Ann—nine sons and three daughters.

Eliza Bass Thomas

A family of Baptists, the Thomases attended Big Harpeth Baptist Church, organized by the commanding, trumpet-voice Reverend Garner McConnico. The original McConnico Meeting House sat in a bend on the north side of Watson Branch. A log structure, it was later replaced by a brick building, but this second church was destroyed by a tornado in 1909. An historic marker draws attention to the site three miles east of downtown Franklin on a road leading to Murfreesboro. The site is no credit to Williamson County, however; all that's left is the neglected weed-choked church cemetery, threatened with (illegal) destruction by land developers who appear to have no regard for their area's wonderful history. On at least one occasion several years ago bulldozers were stopped just in the nick of time as they were poised to smash and plow under the scores of historic grave markers still standing forelornly and abandoned downhill from unseemly commerical buildings that crowd the sides of the nearby highway.

There is the memorable story about Garner McConnico, first minister of the church, recalling a Sabbath Day when a sudden flood sent the nearby Harpeth River coursing over its banks, separating arriving member of the congregation from their church and their pastor. Rising to the challenge, the sentorian voice of the minister echoed across the wide, watery gap between himself and his flock, calling them to prayer. He then delivered a sermon, a real clarion call, that all could hear, it is said, without straining their ears the least bit! There may have been members of the large Thomas clan on hand that memorable Sunday. Obviously, William and Eliza Thomas liked and respected their minister enough to give one son (Richard) the middle name of "Garner," a name that has been passed down further in the Thomas family.

Others who were allied with the Thomases of Williamson County, Tennessee, were the Farrington and Critz families. Joshua Farrington came originally from Brunswick County, Virginia; Nancy Critz was from Patrick County, Virginia, where she and Joshua were married in the community of Critz, Virginia, on December 27, 1805. first going to North Carolina, they had moved to Williamson County by 1813. This followed the earlier move from Virginia to Williamson County, Tennessee, by her parents, Jacob and Mary Critz, and Nancy's siblings. Joshua Farrington bought, in July, 1820, a farm next to the land of William and Eliza Thomas. There is to this day a Critz Road in Williamson County, south of the town of Franklin, and the home of Jacob Crtiz, Jr., Nancy's brother, still stands in the Thompson's Station area of the county as a National Historic Register property. Joshua Farrington, Nancy's husband, was a leading figure in Franklin. He served on the court there on occasion. Joshua owned several lots in the town on the corner where the Kenneday House now stands. He operated there, first a gunsmith's shop, then a cotton gin manufacturing plant.

Martha Farrington, a daughter of Joshua and Nancy, was married September 16, 1846, to Robert Spencer Thomas, oldest son of William and Eliza Bass Thomas—more about them later. Nancy Critz

Farrington had a sister, Sallie Critz, who was married in Williamson County to Jacob Smith; their daughter was Sarah E. Smith, first cousin to Martha Farrington. Sarah Smith and her family also moved in the 1840's to Brownsville, Tennessee, where her father became a judge of the Haywood County Court; more of Sarah later, too!

William Thomas was described sometime after his death as a "farmer and quite successful as a money maker." An 1841 inventory of his estate provides one measure of his prosperity: he owned 15 slaves, as against an average of five slaves for most Middle Tennessee planters during that period. Nevertheless, he wasn't busy running his farm all the time, because he managed to become one of the "mounted infantry" to fight the Creek "Redsticks" faction during that struggle when—egged on by the British—those native Americans attacked encroaching white settlers in Alabama. His superior officers were Captain Isaac Patton of Thompson's and Colonel Thomas McCrory of Brentwood during William's service as a private in Jackson's army. William, apparently, was no Jackson political partisan, however: he was a Whig, it was said, "and so were his nine sons; not one of them voted the Democratic (Party) ticket until after the Civil War.

Children of Wiliam and Eliza Thomas

Though William and Eliza Thomas and their sons Atha and Samuel remained in Williamson County, other members of the family moved to new lands opening up further west. Robert Spencer Thomas (1811-1879), the oldest son, relocated to Brownsville in Haywood County, west of Jackson, Tennessee, by 1834. Joshua became a major manufacturer—with his son Jacob—of cotton gins in West Tennessee.)

Robert Spencer Thomas became and banker and was chairman of the Haywood County Court for thirty years. He and his wife, Martha Farrington, had three children: Sallie, Anna Critz and Spencer Farrington Thomas. Sadly, Martha Farrington Thomas died the day their son Spencer was born, August 28, 1856. However, on December 22, 1857, Robert Spencer Thomas was remarried, this time to Sarah Smith, his wife's first cousin! This second marriage for Robert produced a daughter, Mildred Thomas. Robert Spencer Thomas' home stood on South Main Street in Brownsville, Tennessee.

Five of Robert Spencer Thomas' brother also moved west from Williamson County during the period before the Civil War.

John Hicks Thomas (1812-1877), was a carpenter and a contractor. He was married to Ann B. Dunnaway in 1837, and they had four children: Eliza W., Bettie Dunaway and Dorsey Opie. John Hicks Thomas and his wife had lived in Williamson County for some time before moving to Haywood County where he served as a magistrate on the county court. Among other structures, he built a

large frame house in Brownsville (at 251 North Grand Avenue) which housed several generations of Thomases before being sold out of the immediate family in the early 1970s.

William Beatty Thomas (1817-1878) moved to Haywood County about 1845, working in Brownsville as a carpenter. In 1847 he was married in Brownsville to Sallie A. Williams. They had seven children: John Henry, Annie E., William Spencer, Mary Pettus, Ethel, David Williams and Atha J. He died in fancy.)

Dorsey Brown Thomas (1823-1897) moved to Haywood County about 1845 and engaged in the tanning business there. By 1855 he was serving as a representative in the Tennessee State Legislature from Haywood County. A Whig and a strong union man, Dorsey refused to take up arms on the side of the Confederacy during the Civil War. In 1860 he and his wife, Lucy Robertson, (married 1853) moved to Humphreys County, Tennessee (where he apparently practiced law briefly). They had seven children: Martha Willis (died in infancy), Battle Robertson, Mary Ann, Dorsey Brown, Jr., John Richard, Atha and Edward Willis. Becoming a member of the Tennessee Democratic Party after the Civil War, Dorsey Brown Thomas was, by 1865, in the Tennessee Legislature as a representative from Benton and Humphreys Counties. In 1867 Dorsey made a successful run for the United States Senate from Tennessee, but the Radical Republican Congress in Washington refused to seat the entire Tennessee congressional delegation since the state had not yet been formally readmitted to the union. That same year of 1867 Dorsey and his wife purchased 1,000 acres of fertile bottom land in Humphreys County. By 1869 Dorsey was elected a state senator and became speaker of the Tennessee State Senate the following year. That year of 1870 also saw the adoption of a new constitution by Tennessee; Dorsey Thomas' name appears-along with those of others—on the certification document for the new constitution. Later in the 1870s he made unsuccessful bids to become the Democratic Party's standard bearer in both Tennessee gubernatorial and U.S. House of Representatives races. He concluded his political career back in the Tennessee Senate (1885) and as chairman of the state's Democratic Party Executive Committee.

Richard Garner Thomas (1826-1905) settled in Brownsville, Tennessee, and there was married, first to Mary McLemore in 1856. They had five children: Bertha A., Stratton Sugars, Millie, William, and Richard Garner, Jr. Mary McLemore Thomas' father was a well-known West Tennessee surveyor, Sugars McLemore, who did much of the work involved in laying out the early city of Memphis, Tennessee. Richard Garner Thomas was remarried after the death of his first wife (in 1883) to Mrs. Mary Austin, a widow; they had no children. Richard Garner Thomas was a merchant and cotton buyer for many years and servd as a Deputy Haywood County Trustee from 1895 to 1904.

The last of the six Thomas brothers to move from Williamson County to West Tennessee, in the years before the Civil War was David Hambleton Thomas (1830-1985). David was only ten plus years old when his father William died in 1841 at the Thomas homestead east of Franklin; it is known that as a young man he attended Medical College in Cincinnati, Ohio, and practiced medicine in Lanefield, Crockett County, Tennessee, just north of Haywood County. He then, in 1877, was married to Emma Nelson of Nut Bush (Haywood County). They had four children: William Nelson, Mary Emma, Ella Parker, and David Hambleton, Jr. Leaving his medical practice in the hands of a nephew, Dr. John H. Thomas of Johnson Grove, Crockett County, David H. Thomas then moved to Bells, Tennessee, also in Crockett County. There he opened a drug store; his other business interests involved lumber and sawmills, general farming, and production of dairy products. He was one of the organizers of the Bank of Bells and served as mayor of the town, as well as being a member of the local school board. In addition, he was a Mason, an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias. A sad duty performed by Dr. Thomas came in April, 1861, when he travled to the battlefield at Shiloh, Tennessee, to bring back to Brownsville the body of his nephew, Robert Samuel Thomas, son of John Hicks Thomas. Dr. David Thomas himself was laid to rest in Brownsville Oakwood Cemetery in 1895, not far from his nephew's gravesite.

Still another of the Williamson County Thomas brother was Woodlief Thomas (1828-1888). Since his father had passed away when he was only about 12 years old, it was his mother, Eliza Bass Thomas, who was left to raise him and several other siblings still living at the family home. Another achiever, Woodlief graduated from Wise College in Tennessee and from Union University, where he took a theological course in 1854 before

going on for another year of education at Georgetown, Kentucky. After that, in 1857, he became the first among his siblings to leave Tennessee. He moved to Austin, Texas, to serve as the pastor of the First Baptist Church. On his arrival in Austin he was a houseguest for a while with a friend from Tennessee: Governor Sam Houston! He remained in that post until 1860, the same year he was appointed chaplain of the Texas Legislature. However, the outbreak of the Civil War caused Woodlief to change his course. He enlisted in 1861 in the ranks of the Confederate Army as a private in the 18th Texas Cavalry, ministering to his comrades while carrying his gun in the thick of battle as well. A "fighting parson," he was appointed a chaplain in 1862 by Confederate President Jefferson Davis, but was discharged that same year because of ill health. Following the Civil War, Woodlief was married, in 1865, to Jane Christie Covey, daughter of a Texas Baptist minister and educator. Jane and her husband had seven children: Louisa Renshaw, Eliza Bass, Covey C., Sarah Woodlief, Woodlief, Atha and Jane Covey. For sixteen years (1865-1881) the Rev. Woodlief Thomas was vice president and teacher of mathematics at Concrete College, DeWitt County, Texas, then the foremost college in Southwest Texas. He represted DeWitt County in the Texas Legislature in 1879. His later years were spent teaching and preaching in McMullen, Medina and LaSalle Counties. He died at Cotulla, Texas, the only son of the nine in his immediate family to be laid to rest outside Tennesse.

Atha and Bettie Thomas family

Woodlief had a twin brother, Atha Thomas (1828-1901), a man of marked accomplishments during his long life. Like Woodlief, Atha was raised largely by their mother after their father's death in 1841. He appears to have been among the more intellectual of the twelve children. Though he worked on the family farm, as had his siblings, Atha was (like them) given "school advantages" during the winter months. When seventeen years of age, he entered Salem Academy in Rutherford, Tennessee, then went to Wirt College in Sumner County, graduating at the age of twenty. Teaching school for some time after his graduation, Atha later (in 1853) spent a year studying law at Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee, one of about 330 students there at the time. (The university's buildings were, unfortunately, burned during the Civil War). After his schooling at Lebanon, Atha was admitted to the bar, but he then chose to return to teaching, in charge of Thompson Male Academy in Williamson County until 1861. While he was there he was married, in 1855, to Sarah E. North, daughter of Rev. Henry North, but she died in 1857, following the birth and subsequent death of their only child. William Henry Thomas. Unlike his twin brother Woodlief, Atha appears to have taken no part in the Civil War hostilities. Following the end of the Civil War, Atha entered the practice of law in 1865 with G.E. Fitch. Like the rest of his family, he was a Whig before the armed struggle between the states, but he became active in Democratic Party politics after the war. Through the turbulent years of the Reconstruction Period he served in the Tennessee

Atha Thomas

legislature and was twice Treasurer of the State. In 1881, at the age of fifty-two, Atha was married to thirty year old Bettie Martin Whitaker Sikes, a widow; they lived in a house (since demolished) on the west side of Franklin's Columbia Avenue. They had three sons, Atha, Woodlief and Spencer Martin Thomas. After serving as a state official, Atha returned to the full-time practice of law. Still an active attorney, he died in Franklin on January, 1901, aged 78.

Samuel Newell Thomas (1815-1876) was born on his family's farm east of Franklin, Tennessee, and spent his entire life there. Following the death of his father (1841) and his mother (she moved to West Tennessee in the 1850's to live with her oldest son, Robert Spencer Thomas, dying in Brownsville in 1857), Samuel took over operation of much of the family farm. The property ownership, however, had been divided among the twelve Thomas children in a settlement of William Thomas' estate in 1841-42. In 1848, when Samuel was thirty-three years old, he was married to Mary B. Hyde; they seem to have no children, but Samuel served for a time as a court appointed legal guardian of his minor siblings after the death of his father. Samuel Thomas remained a farmer all of his life, ultimately inheriting, or buying additonal land (totaling about 575 acres) north and east of the bend of the Big Harpeth River where he had been born and raised.

Sarah Woodlief Thomas (1819-1897), the first daughter and fifth child of William and Eliza Bass Thomas, was married to Henry Downs Jamison of Murfreesboro, Tennessee in July 1835. Sarah Woodlief was Henry Jamison's second wife. His first wife had been Elizabeth Batey (first cousin of Sarah Woodlief Thomas), daughter of Annie Bass Batey and Captain William Batey. In other words his first wife's mother and his second wife's mothers were sisters. As if that wasn't unusual enough—by late twentieth century standards, at least—Henry Jamison's first wife, Elizabeth died February 3, 1835; then he turned around and married his second wife, only sixteen at the time, not six months later. Hardly what you'd call a long period of mourning for a bereaved husband! In Henry Jamison's defense, however, he needed a mother for his offspring, since his first wife had given him six children. His second wife outdid his first wife producing ten children by the time old (exhausted?) Henry left this veil of tears in 1859, having fathered sixteen children. In any event, the ten children of Sarah and Henry were: Cornelia Susan, Robert David, Sallie Ganaway, Louisa Batey, Clark Moulton, James Henry, Olivia Margaret, Samuel Thomas, Dorsey Albert, and Richanna Charlotte. Then, too, consider that durable Sarah Woodlief Thomas Jamison (not surprisingly) outlived her husband Henry by twenty-eight years. More than that, in 1875 she married a second husband, John L. Cooper, and outlived him by two more years. But it gets even better: the children of Henry and Sarah Jamison produced a total of thirty-seven grandchildren, and the Good Lord only knowns how many great-grandchildren, etc., etc.

The next daughter in the Thomas family was Eliza Bass Thomas, (1821-1901), and she married Thomas Brown King of Rutherford, County, Tennessee, in 1842. However, they did not remain in Middle Tennessee, moving in 1846 to Brownsville, Haywood County, and then, in 1854 to White County, Arkansas. They had seven children, the first three born in Tennessee, the other four born in Arkansas: Sarah Rebecca Garner, William Ellias, Mollie E., Otho, Martha Annie, Thomas Brown, Jr., Nannie Ledbetter, and Johns Spencer (who died in infancy). Both Eliza Thomas King and her husband, Thomas B. King, died in Searcy, Arkansas (he in 1879).

The third and youngest daughter (and last surviving child) of Eliza Bass Thomas and William Thomas ' twelve children was Mary Ann Thomas (1833-1909). In 1853 she was married to Opie Pope, a carpenter of Nashville, Tennessee. They had been married only a little more than six years when her husband died, in 1859, leaving her a widow at the age of just twenty-five. They had three children, Betty Opie, William Thomas, and James Atha, but their two sons did not survive beyond early childhood. Following the death of her husband, Mary Ann moved in with her brother, Samuel Thomas, back into their parents homstead in Williamson County. Seventeen years later Samuel died, in 1876; on the bright side, however, Mary Ann's daughter, Bettie, that same year (1876) married Christopher Beesley of Murfreesboro. After the wedding Bettie Pope brought her mother into the new household, too. Thus Mary Ann Thomas Pope lived long enough to be surrounded by eight grandchildren, also enjoying a close friendship with her son-in-law's mother, Susan Beesley. A lasting legacy left behind by Mary Ann, this last of the children of William and Eliza Thomas from Williamson

County, was a fourteen page booklet (appearing in 1903): Record of the Thomas Family, 1772-1903, published by the Connie Maxwell Orphanage Press in Greenwood, South Carolina. Mary Ann Thomas Pope (known as "Aunt Mollie" by her kinfolk) died January 8, 1909, at the home of her daughter, six miles west of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, aged seventy-five years, ten months and thirteen days.

Considering the death rate during the late nineteeth and early twentieth centuries in the United States, it is remarkable that every one of William and Eliza" twelve children reached the age of at least fifty years. But what of the Thomas homestead? As noted above, the William Thomas farm was broken up and some personal property (including 18 slaves) sold after father William's death in 1841, with the children getting shares of the land. Under terms of the estate settlement, Eliza Bass retained a dower right of ninety-three acres of the Thomas farm. Remember that Eliza Bass Thomas moved to Brownsville, and died there in 1857 at the home of her oldest child, Robert Spencer Thomas. Much of the land ended up in the hands of brother Samuel Newell Thomas until his death in 1876; Samuel's younger brother, Atha, was the administrator of Samuel's estate. Records show Samuel's wife listed as "Mrs. S.N. Thomas," owned 252 acres of Thomas land as late as 1881. However, after 1901 (the year brother Atha died), the only owner of Thomas land listed as Mrs. B. Thomas; she, of course, was Atha's widow.

In 1906 Williamson County Court papers show "Woodlief Thomas et all" (presumedly Atha and Bettie Thomas' children, two of whom were attorneys), sold a remaining 102 acres of land in the Big Harpeth area to F.G. Foxworthy. By 1919 this tract appears in the county records again, having been purchased by Maynard Criswell; he, in turn, purveyed the land to a daughter, Martha Ann Criswell in 1931. Criswell's daughter, the records indicate, then sold the land (114 acres) to George E. Kinnard. Though the research path is now obscure (as of 1998) current owners of what was the Thomas farm 1841 should emerge eventually from the county records. However, one can see the Thomas farm today has been engulfed by residential real estate devopment. Much of what was the Thomas farm appears to lie within the bounds of today's upscale Cedarmont single-family-home development, south of the Murfreesboro Pike and west of Arno Road.

How have the descendants of William and Eliza Thomas' children fared since the late nineteenth century? Needless to say, they have certainly multiplied! There are hundreds of Thomas descendants spread across the United States, too many to be dealt with in this history. However, a brief account of one branch, that of eldest son Robert Spencer Thomas, might provide a good example of how the future treated later Thomas family members.

Robert and his first wife, Martha Farrington, it will be remembered, had a single son, Spencer Farrington Thomas, born in Brownsville, Tennessee, in 1856. He attended East Tennessee University (now the University of Tennessee), then returned to his birthplace, becoming a banker, merchant and planter during his life. He was a

Photo of the Thomas family in Brownsville

trustee of the University of Tennessee, from 1901 until his death in 1927. Spencer Thomas served on the Brownsville Board of Education, as president of the Tennessee Bankers Association and on the Tennessee Democratic Party Executive Committee.

His wife was Kate Pugh Fanning, originally from Bertie County in Eastern North Carolina. Kate Pugh Fanning was the daughter of Mary Elizabeth Pugh and Thomas Edmund Fanning (the two Fannings and their daughter moved to West Tennessee in 1867 from Windsor, North Carolina). Mary Elizabeth Pugh's earliest American ancestor was Thomas Savage of Chester, England, who arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, in January, 1608. Another forebear was Francis Pugh, who came to Virginia about 1655 from Caernarvon, Wales. Kate's father's ancestors included Edmund Fanning, who came to Connecticut from Limerick, Ireland, in 1653; another forbear was Walter Palmer, a Londoner who arrived in the Massachusetts Bay Colony about 1623, then moved to Stonnington, Connecticut, where he became a founder of that town, along with Edmund Fanning.

Kate Pugh Fanning and Spencer Farrington Thomas were married in Brownsville, Tennessee, in 1880, and they had twelve children. Two of the children died young, and all of the remaining 10 children went to college, several at the University of Tennessee. Five of their six sons saw military service during World War I.

Their oldest child, Kate, married Charles Sevier Walker of Brownsville in 1906; he was a law graduate of Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee, the same school where Kate's Great Uncle Atha Thomas had received his law degree much earlier. Kate and Charles Walker the year of their marriage moved to Oklahoma where he became a judge. He died there in 1954.

Two of Spencer and Kate Thomas' daughters (who never married), Bess and Martha, became academicians in colleges in New Jersey and Maryland, respectively; Martha held BS and MA degrees from Columbia University. Martha taught for some time at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. Another Thomas daughter, Mildred, attended Peabody College and the University of Missouri; she was married to a West Point graduate (Class of 1922) and officer in the U.S. Army Engineers; they met through her brother, Robert, also a West Point (Class of 1905) and Army Engineer. Mildred's husband, Francis J. ("Babe") Wilson, though unable to serve overseas during World War II because of a back injury, remained in the Army until his retirement as a colonel in 1946. Having retired in Oklahoma, in the 1950's he became executive vice president and prime mover of the huge, 450-mile Arkansas River Basin development project. Mildred Thomas' older brother, Robert, who envisoned and promoted the ultimate construction (after Robert's death) of today's Tombigbee Waterway, also was in charge of the building of today's National Airport in Washington, the Nation's Capital, just before World War II.

There were again twin brothers in this branch of the Thomas clan: Atha, a graduate of the University of Chicago, earned his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He became a skilled surgeon in Colorado, where he was a professor at the state university's medical school. Atha's twin, Woodlief, started a career in banking, working later as an economist with the United States Federal Reserve Board in Washington, then for the World Bank and as the United States Senate committee staffer. Woodlief graduated from the Wharton School of Economics, later earning a PhD from the Brookings Institution. Brother Albert spent a career in agriculture, following his graduation from the University of Tennessee. An effort on Albert's part to be a working from in Haywood County, Tennessee, failed during the Depression of the 1920s and 30s; he became a county agricultural agent in Georgia. Another brother was Edward Garner Thomas; a University of Tennessee graduate in 1916, Edward earned a civil engineering degree. He worked as an engineer and manager for grain companies in Louisiana and Arkansas, as well as for the Arkansas state highway department.

Brother Frank Pugh Thomas graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1914, serving on convoy duty in the Atlantic in World War II; he served on surface ships and in the Navy's submarine service between the wars. Just before the United States entry into World War, then Captain Thomas was a member of the Harriman-Beaverbrook Mission to Moscow in September-October, 1941. During combat in the Pacific during World War II he was commanding officer of the battleship USS North Carolina. Frank Thomas, also, was one of the planners of the North African troop landings during World War II. He retired after the war as a Rear Admiral, following 37 years of naval service.

Another interesting member of the extended Thomas family was Gertrude Glass, daughter of Sallie Thomas Glass (sister of Spencer Farrington Thomas of Brownsville). In 1896 Gertrude was married to Joesph Wingate Folk of Brownsville, Tennessee. An 1890 law graduate from Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, he practiced for some years in Brownsville, but moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and became a crusading city attorney there, ridding the city of political corruption. In 1904 Joseph Folk was elected governor of Missouri on the Democratic ticket, but with heavy Republican support, serving 1905 to 1909. He later served as Solicitor General of the U.S. Department of State in Washington during the administration of President Woodrow Wilson and as first Chief Counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Joesph Folk died in New York City, New York, of a heart attack on May 28, 1823; his wife was at his side. She died in Brownsville, Tennessee, March 18, 1852.

William, the early patriarch of the Thomas clan, now rests in Franklin, Tennessee's Mt. Hope Cemetery, next to his wife Eliza, sons Samuel Newell and Atha and other family members. W.H. King, a friend of the family, writing in 1909 about William and Eliza Thomas more than fifty years after their passing, said: "Grandfather Thomas was quiet, unassuming, easy and dignified gentleman, . . . orderly and systematic." Writing about Eliza Bass Thomas, King described her as "a model woman with high intellectual cast." Then he added, ". . . there are not many families in this old Volunteer State to equal this one."

Following the death of William Thomas in 1841, the writer of his obituary in Franklin's *Review-Appeal* newspaper said: ". . . as a neighbor, he was kind and sociable. As a parent . . . (he was) firm and affectionate, . . . as a husband, tender and affectionate." Further, the writer said of William, "(he has left members of) a large and respectable family to mourn their loss." Little could the obituary writer, "J. C." (likely Jacob Critz, Nancy Critz Farrington's brother), have known just how really large that family was to become!

Williamson County Fairs

by Rick Warwick

Recently, I found in a box of old papers a booklet entitled, Williamson County Fair September 6-10, 1949. According to the booklet this was the second year for a county fair to be sponsored by the Williamson County Junior Chamber of Commerce. The 1949 Fair was in celebration of Williamson County and Franklin's 150th birthday. This being fifty years ago, it may be of interest to those citizens around then to review some of the information included in the booklet.

The officers of the Junior Chamber were: Tom Harlin, President; Mabry Covington, Jr., 1st Vice President; Malcolm Wakefield, 2nd Vice President; Dan Hagerty, Treasurer; and Ton Pinkerton, Jr., Secretary. The officers and directors of the fair were: Robert R. Garner, President; Pat Wade, Jerre Fly, Jr., and Tom Harlin, Vice Presidents; John McCord, Treasurer; Malcolm Wakefield, Secretary; J.C. Anderson, Asst. Treasurer; and Milton Meacham, Asst. Secretary. Superintendents of Departments were: Dr. Harry Guffee, Public Comfort and Sanitation; W.C. Yates, Future Farmers of America; G.L. Cleland, Farm Products; Miss Lois Crowley, Home Demonstration Clubs; H.Y. Beeler, 4-H Boys; Miss Pauline Stockton, 4-H Girls; W.A. Austin, Community Clubs; and Tom Harlin and Malcolm Wakefield, Displays and Advertising.

For a trip down memory lane, the list of advertisers and business sponsors will be shared as follows:

Akin Bros., Inc. (Studebaker Dealer), Columbia Ave.

Allisona Tractor Company, (J. I. Case Farm Machinery), Allisona

Bank of College Grove, ("We Want to Help You"), College Grove

Beach-Cato Pontiac Co.

Beard's Cafe, (Plate Lunches), E. Main Street

Beard's Service Station, (Sinclair Gasoline and Oil), E. Main Street

Beasley's Store, (Dry Goods-Shoes-Work Clothes), Main Street

Bellenfant Implement Company, (Farm Machinery-Goodyear Tires), College Grove

Bennett Hardware, (Seeds-Fertilizer-DuPont Paint), Main Street

Bethurum, Henry & Robinson Funeral Home, (Ambulance Service), West Main Street

Brentwood Super Market, (Open All Day Sunday), Brentwood

Brittain & Fristoe, (Feed-Poultry), 4th Ave, South

I. Bryan's, (Dry Goods), Main Street

Burgess Cafe, (Sandwiches & Drinks & Electrical Appliances), College Grove

Cannon Insurance Agency, (Mrs. Jane Cannon, Mgr.), Old Bank Building Public Sq.

James Christian Garage, Columbia Ave.

Cities Service Station. (Koolmotor & Ethyl), Main Street

CO-OP Barber Shop, (Dobson-Noland-Andrews-McMahon), Main Street

Corner Drug, (At Five Points)

Covington Feed & Seed Co., College Grove

The Dickerson Studios, (Photography), Phone 215

Dortch Stove Works, Nashville Hwy.

Dorothy's Flower Shop, ("Say It With Flowers"), 4th Avenue, South

Draper and Darwin, (Dry Goods & Ready-to-wear), Main Street

Ewin Supply Company, (Sproting Goods, Appliances, Radios), On the Square

S.E. Farnsworth & Co., (General Contractors), Columbia Ave.
Franklin Bookkeeping Service (Malcolm Wakefield Accountant), Public Square
Franklin Ice Company, (Ice and Coal), Second Ave. South
Franklin Implement Company, (International Harvester), Phone 815
Franklin Limestone Company,(Established in 1911), Carter's Creek Pike
Franklin Plumbing & Heating Co.
Franklin Theatre, (Always A Good Show and Often A Great Show), Main Street
The Globe, (Steaks-Chicken-Country Ham), 1 mile from town on Columbia Highway
Gray Drug Co., Main Street
Grizzard & Reece, (Gulf Oil Distr.)
Hall & Pinkerton Insurance Agency, Inc.(J. E. Hall and Joe Pinkerton), Wm. Co. Bank
Loy G. Hardcastle, (Dodge Dealer), 421 Main Street
J.E. Hardison, (Commission Marketer-Sinclair Refining Co.), College Grove
Harlinsdale Farm, (Midnight Sun-The Sire of foals with that natural walking horse gait)
Harpeth Insurance Agency, Inc., Harpeth Bank Building
Harpeth Service Station, (Pan-Am Products-Seiberling Tires), First Ave. & Main St.
H.G. Hill, (Home of Fit-For -A-King Coffee), Main Street
T.H. Hughes and Son, (All Kinds of Lumber and Building Materials), Columbia Ave.
Jenkins Ben Franklin Store,(Locally-Owned Nationally-Known), Main Street
Jennette's Super Market, (Phones 77 and 78), Main Street
Jewell Tobacco Warehouses(First to open-Last to close), Columbia Ave., 9th Ave.N
The Kiddie Shop, (Everything to wear for Tots to Teens), Main Street
Kroger's
Lehew Lumber, (Phone 373-M-2), Hillsboro
Lillie Mill Co., First Ave South
J.W. Little's Dairy, First Ave. North
Linton Service Station, Country Ham & Pit Barbecue) Hwy 100, Linton
Lunn & Garner Shoe Store, Main Street
McCall Electric Company, 5th Ave. North
McClure's, Main Street
M.P. Maxwell General Insurance, (Get insured-Stay insured-Rest assured), Public Sq.
Maxwell Pharmacy, College Grove
Morton Motor Company, (Oldsmobile-Sales and Service), 4th Ave. South
W.P. Mullens Feed & Grain Co., (Tuxedo Feeds)
National Stores Corp., (Franklin's Family Savings Store), Main Street
The Nolensville Co-op Creamery (Eggs and Cream), Nolensville
Pat's Cafe, (Home Cooked Meals), Main Street Opposite Theatre
People's Coal Co.
Pewitt Bros. Garage, Brentwood
Polly's (A Shop for Ladies), Main Street
Quality Market, Main Street
Ralph Rogers and Company, (crushed stone), 4 miles south on Columbia Hwy.
Red Grill, (Luncheon-Dinner), Public Square
Clair D. Regen Co., Plumbing and Heating)
The Review-Appeal, (The Oldest Newspaper in Tennessee), Main Street
Roberts & Green, (Real Estates Agents), Main Street
The Roberts Store, (Always the Best for Least), Main Street
Sanitary Dry Cleaners, ("It's Clean If We Clean It")
J.B. Sedbery, Inc. (Portable Mills), Franklin
Sewell Electric Company, 4th Ave. South
Shady Pointe Tourist Court and Cafe Modern, Hwy 41, Kirkland
Ship-A Hoy, Tourist Court-Dinner Club,(Ralph and Red Solomon),Nashville Pike
Southall Lumber Co., Inc., (Mill Work a specialty), Franklin
Spray-Cote, (Paints and Wallpaper), Main Street
Standard Farm Store, (Hardware-Furniture), Public Square
Thurman & Edgmon Food Store, Main Street
Tohrner's, (A Shop For Ladies), Main Street
Truett Floral Co.,(1848-1949), Nashville Hwy.
Truett Realty Co.,(Real Estate and Insurance), Public Square
Variety Shop, (Wall paper and Paints)
Victory Cleaners, Columbia Ave.
Waller & Company, (Funeral Homes Since 1875), Nolensville
Walker Chevrolet Co.
Warren Farm Service,(John Deere-GMC Trucks-New Holland), 9th Ave.
Warren-Smithson Funeral Home, (24 Hour Ambulance Service)
Western Auto Supply Store, Main St.
West Point Cafe, On the Square
White Cab Co.. Phone 860-J.E. Ragan), Franklin
White Drug Company, (Open Seven Days A Week), Main Street
Wilkerson Hardware Co., Main Street
Williams Lunch Room, (B.O. Williams & Sons, Props.), Nolensville
Williamson County Bank, (Since 1889), Public Square
Williamson County Farmers Co-operative, (Farmer Owned), First Ave.
Wilson & Co.

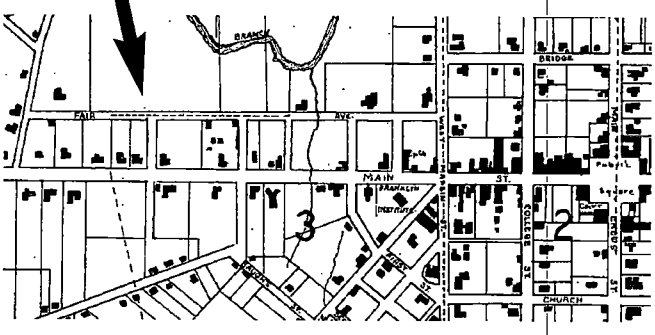
After researching *The Review-Appeals* of the early 1950s, it appears 1950 was the last County Fair. The 1950 Fair occurred on August 30–September 2 at the County Center, sponsored by the Junior Chamber. The County Center, located south of the Franklin High School football field, was organized on July 26, 1947 by W.C. Yates, W.W. Harlin, S.E. Farnsworth, C.E. McGlocklin, Jr., and Benton Sparkman. In 1951 a Home Carnival and a Dairy Show seems to have replaced the fair. Apparently, the hard work required in orgainizing and coordinating a fair was unrewarding. Also, the Tennessee State Fair in Nashville, being so close and occurring near the date, may have proven too much competition.

Williamson County Fairs of the 19th Century

Have you ever considered the origin of Fair Street, which parallels West Main Street and Highway 96 West or the significance of Fairgrounds Street off Columbia Avenue? No one in living memory remembers a fair in these locations.

Until recently Williamson County's primary economic engine was agriculture. Historically, the county has excelled in the production of livestock, row crops, and tobacco. Just twenty-five years ago, in 1973, the Williamson County Chamber of Commerce was expounding the importance of agriculture, to wit:

Fair Street



> Williamson County's fertile rolling hills make it one of the leading agriculture centers in the Mid-South.
>
> Annual income from agriculture is $10.5 million. The county's average farm is 152 acres.
>
> Williamson has Tennessee's second largest horse population, and from its farms come some of the finest thoroughbreds, walking horses and quarter horses in the U.S.
>
> A number of outstanding breeding farms and stables are located in the county.
>
> Williamson County also ranks second in the state in the number of cattle; third in the number of beef cattle; fifth in the number of dairy cattle; fifth in the gross sales of dairy products and silage acreage, sixth in hay acreage, and eleventh in tobacco acreage.

During the mid-nineteenth century, Agricultural Societies were formed statewide to encourage the efficiency of farm production. New scientific methods were being introduced in the form of improved seeds and stock breeding. Fairs were promoted by the Agricultural Societies as the following 1857 newspaper account illustrates. Franklin and Williamson County were not to be outdone by surrounding counties.

The following information was found in a Franklin newspaper, *The Weekly Review* of September 20, 1857, concerning a county fair:

Programme of the Williamson County Agricultural and Mechanical Society,
Commencing October 16th, 1857,
And Continues Three Days

Seeing the liberal and praiseworthy spirit evinced on the subject of Fairs, in many adjoining counties, and feeling deeply impressed that the future prosperity of our common County depends greatly on our progress in Agricultural pursuits, the President and Directors of the Williamson County Agricultural and Mechanical Society have determined to unite their efforts, and see what can be done in old Williamson so noted for fine stock and generous hospitality. And we most earnestly call upon every citizen to come forward and give a "long pull, hard pull; and pull all together," and the enterprise is ours.

And the smiles and efforts of our fair Matrons and Daughters are indispensible. We solicit their full cooperation and feeling confident that they will unite with us in this effort, we have made arrangements to have the Masonic Hall fitted up and placed in charge of competent Superintendents, who will have properly arranged all articles on exhibition, and we feel confident of seeing it filled with the richest specimens of science and industry.

We propose holding our Fair in Col. John McGavock's Grove near Franklin, commencing on

the 16th of October and continuing until the close of the 18th.

Owing to the depleted condition of our financial affairs, and the short lapse of time in which we have to operate, we deem it prudent to offer handsomely printed Certificates instead of Premiums; except where a number of discretionary money Premiums will be offered.

Programme

The following articles will be exhibited in the Masonic Hall. All persons are requested to bring them in the first day so that they may be entered on the Secretary's Book and placed on exhibition.

Canned and Preserved Fruits and Jellies—Best Crab Apple Preserves; Best Peach Preserves; Best Pear Preserves; Best Plumb Preserves; Best Quince Preserves; Best and largest variety of Preserves: Best Crab Apple Jelly, Best Plumb Jelly, Best Quince Jelly; Best Apple Jelly; Best Currant Jelly; Best Grape Jelly; Best display of Canned Peaches, in can and glass; second best; Best canned Pears; second best; Best canned Plumbs; second best; Best canned Gooseberries; second best; Best canned Cherries; second best; Best canned Currants; second best; Best canned Raspberries; second best; Best canned Stawberries; second best; Best display of Fresh Fruits, in cans and glass, examples distinct from the foregoing. Best canned Tomatoes, second best; Best sample of Grape Wine, home made; Largest varieties do; Best Blackberry wine, second best; Best Blackberry Cordial; second best; Best Peach Cordial.

Needle Work—Best Plain Knitting; second best; third best. Best Plain Sewing, the samples to embrace the different stitches used in household sewing and repairing; second best; third best; Same by child under 12 years, second best; third best; Best Tidy by child under 12 years of age; second best; third best; Best Worked Collar by child under 12 years of age; second best; third best; Best Crochet or Fancy Knitting Work; second best; third best; Best and most tastefully executed Patch Work Quilt; second best; third best; Same by child under 12 years; second best; third best; Best White Domestic Coverlet; second best; third best; Best Silk Quilt, not before exhibited; second best; Best Cotton Quilt; Best Worsted Quilt; Best Lace Work or Hemstitching; second best; third best; Best Transferred Embroidery; Best Specimen of Lady's Embroidered Slippers; Best Lady's Embroidered Portfolio; Best Worsted Embroidery; second best; third best; Best Needleworked or Floss Embroidery; second best; third best; Best Silk Embroidery; second best; Best Sample of Work in Feathers; Best Sample of Work in Hair; Best Sample of Crape Work; Best Shell Work; Best Leather Work; Best Bead Work; Best piece Fancy Netting.

Flour, Butter, Cheese, Etc.—Best 100 lbs. of Four, to be exhibted by maker with statement of varitey and weight of wheat used; Best 10 lbs. starch from wheat; Best 5 lbs. of butter; Best 5 lbs. of cheese made in the country; Best 10 lbs. of Honey; Best two loves of wheat bread, hop yeast; Best Bread milk rising; Best Bread, salt rising; Best Bread from unbolted flour; Best lot Honey, not less than 10 lbs. with written statement of hive and treatment of bees; second best; Best two loaves rye bread; second best; Best loaves of corn bread; second best; Best Sponge Cake; second best; Best Pound cake; Best Jelly Cake; second best; Best Fruit Cake; second best; Best Silver Cake; second best; Best Gold Cake; second best; Best Nut Cake; second best; Best Doughnuts; second best; Best Ginger Cake; second best; Best Crackers not less than 5 lbs.; second best; Best sour Pickled Cucumbers; second best; Best pickled Gherkins; second best; Best pickled Peaches; second best; Best sweet pickled Cucumbers; second best; Best Tomatoe Catsup; second best; Best browned pound of Coffee; Best Walnut Catsup; Best Mushroom Catsup; Best sampler of Extracts in variety-With the Bread and Crackers there must be a statement of the mode of manufacture.

Fine Arts—Best specimen of Portrait Painting; Best specimen Landscape Painting; Best specimen of Architectual Drawing; Best portrait of horses in oil; Best portrait of cattle in oil; Best specimen of Crayon Drawing; Pencil Drawing, Carving in wood; Best Ambrotype; Best Daguerreotype; Best Melainotype; Best Photograph, life size, colored; Best Photograph, life size, not colored; Best specimen of Fancy Painting; Best specimen water color Painting; Best drawing of a country residence.

Flowers—Best display of Flowers, Handsomest Boquet

Printing—Best specimen of ornamental and job printing.

Tailoring—Best Coat made by tailor; Best pair of Pants made by a tailor; Best Vest made by a tailor; Best Vest made by a lady.

Agricultural Products—Best ten acres of wheat with mode of culture; Best ten acres of corn with mode of culture; Best ten acres of oats with mode of culture; Best bushel of Wheat; Best bushel of corn in the ear; Best bushel of Oats; Best bushel of Barley; Best bushel of Rye; Best barrel of Flour; Best sample of fineWool; Best sample of middle Wool; Best sample of long Wool; Best bushel of Clover seed; Best bushel of Timothy seed; Best arce of Tobacco with mode of culture; Best box of Manufactured Tobacco; Best variety of Cigars; Best specimen of leaf Tobacco, Best specimen of Hemp; Best half bushel of Irish Potatoes; Best half bushel of Sweet Potatoes; Best bushels of Onions; Best bushel of Beets; Best bushel of Parsnips; Best bushel of Carrots; Best peck of Tomatoes; Best Egg Plant; Best bushel of Apples; Best Bushel of Peaches; Best variety of Pears; Best variety of Apples, no less than half a bushel; Best variety of Fruits and Vegetables; Best half dozen of Cabbage heads; Best half dozen bunches of Celery; Best variety of Garden Peas; Best Peas for winter use; Best bushel of Stock Peas.

Vegetables—Best sample of Early Irish Potatoes, 1 bushel: second best; Best Sweet Potatoes, not less than 1 bushel; second best; Best lot of Onions, not less than one bushel; second best; Best Table Turnips, not less than 1 bushel; second best; Best Beets for table use, not less than 1 bushel; second best; Best Mangold Wurtzels, 1 bushel; second best; Best Parsnips for table use, 1 bushel; second best; Best lot of Celery, not less than 12 stalks; second best; Best Cabbage, not less than 6 heads; second best; Best Tomatoes, not less than half bushel; second best; Best White Field Beans, not less than half bushel; second best; Best Lima Beans, not less than a peck; second best; Best variety of Garden Peas, 1 qt. each; Best lot of Pumpkins; Best sample of Carrots; Best and greatest variety of Vegetables, samples separate from the foregoing by any one person; second best; Best and greatest variety of Garden Seeds, raised in Tennessee, named; second best; Best sample, not less than 10 pounds of Tobacco on the stalk; second best; Best bushel Sugar Beets; second best.

FIRST DAY

All articles under this head will be exhibited on the grounds, and are expected to be exhibited the first day, and will be taken in charge by a suitable Superintendent. After the decision of the Judges the premium articles will be kept on exhibition at the Hall.

Agricultural Implements—Best Reaper; Best Mower; Best Threshing Machine; Best Cotton Gin; Best Portable Hay or Cotton Press; Best Corn Sheller; Best Wheat Fan; Best Straw Cutter; Best Roller; Best Hay Rake; Best Clover Seed Gatherer; Best Clover Seed Huller; Best Seed Wheat Cleaner; Best Two Horse Plow; Best Two Horse Sub Soil Plow; Best Large Harrow; Best Cultivator; Best Hay Elevator; Best Two Horse Wagon; Best One Horse Wagon; Best Portable Cider Mill; Best Wheel Barrow; Best Broadcast Seed Sower; Best Grain Cradle; Best Grass Scythe; Best Double Tree.

Mechanical Department—Best Grind Stone, complete; Best Family Carriage; One Horse Carriage; Best Buggy; Best specimen Tin Ware; Best Wrought Iron Cook Stove; Best Cast Iron Cook Stove; Best pair of Horse Shoes; Best specimen of horse shoe nails; Best specimen of Harness Leather; Best specimen of Bridle; Best specimen of Sole; Best specimen of Upper; Best specimen of Kip; Best specimen of Calf Skin; Best set of Carriage Harness; Best Buggy harness; Best Double Wagon harness; Best Man's Saddle; Best Lady's Saddle; Best Riding bridle; Best Home-made Boots; Best Home-made Shoes; Best Panel Door; Best Window Blinds; Best specimen of Brooms, Best Flour Barrel; Best Churn.

(FIRST DAY ON THE GROUND)

Grade Cattle—Best aged Bull; Best three year old Bull; Best Two year old Bull; Best one year old Bull; Best sucking bull calf; Best cow three years old and upwards; Best two year old heifer; Best one year old heifer; Best sucking heifer calf;

In this class will be admitted all native or indistinct breeds.

Durham Cattle—Best bull four years old and over; best bull three old; best bull two years old; best bull one year old; best bull calf under one year old.

Short Horn Cows and Heifers—Best cow four years old or older; best cow three years old, best cow two years old, best heifer one year old, best heifer calf

Alderneys or Jerseys & Ayrshires—If worthy animals are exhibited in this lot the best will be awarded premiums.

Fat Cattle of Any Breed—Best fat bullock four years old or over; best fat bullock three years or over; best fat cow over four years or over

Work Oxen of Any Kind (To be exhibited in yoke)—Best yoke of oxen three years old or older

Open to All Breeds—Best bull and five cows or heifers over one year old, owned by one indiviual; best five head of claves under one year old owned by one indivdual.

Sweeptakes—Best bull of any age or breed, best cow or heifer

Sheep-Long Wool—Best buck over two years old; best buck over one and under two years; best buck lamb under one year old; best pen of three ewes over two years old; best pen of three ewes over two year sold; best pen of ewes over one and under two years; best pen of ewe lambs under one year.

Middle Wool—Best buck over two years; best buck over one and under two years; best bick lamb under one year; best pen of three ewes over two years; best pen of three ewes over one and under two; best pen of three ewe lambs under one year.

Fine Wool—Best buck over two years, best buck over one and under two years; best buck lamb under one year; best pen ewes over two years; best pen three ewe lambs under one year.

Southdowns—Best Southdown ram three years and over; two years; one year; Best Southdown ewe 3 years and over; two years; one year; Best Ram Lamb; Best Ewe; Best Pair of Lambs; Best Lot of Southdowns under six.

Fat Sheep—Best six fat sheep over two years, best three sheep under two years.

Sweepstakes—Best lot of not less than one buck and six ewes.

Hogs-Berkshires—Best boar over one year old; best boar under one year old; best sow over one year old; best sow under one year old; best sow with litter of pigs.

Chester Whites—Best boar over one year old; best boar under one year old; best sow over one year old; best sow under one year old; best sow with litter of pigs.

Common Stock—Best boar over one year old; best boar under one year; Best sow over one year old; best sow under one year old; best sow with litter of pigs.

Sweepstakes—Best boar of any breed.

Draught Stock—Best aged stallion; three year old stallion; two year old stallion; one year old stallion; colt stallion; aged mare; three year old mare; two year old mare; one year old mare, mare colt; pair of draught geldings.

Horsemanship—Best horsemanship boquet presented by a young lady.

A committee of ladies wil be appointed on the occasion to make the award.

SECOND DAY

Jacks—Best Jacks 4 years or over; best Jack 3 years or over; best Jack 2 years or over, best Jack 1 year or over, best Jack colt.

Jennets—Best Jennet 4 years or over, best Jennet 3 years or over; best Jennet 2 years or over; best Jennet colt.

Mules—Best Mule 4 years or over; best Mule 3 years or over; best Mule 2 years or over; best Mule 1 year or over; best Mule colt.

Grade Horses—Best aged stallion; three year old Stallion; two year old Stallion; one year old Stallion; Colt; age Mare; three year old; two year old; one year old; Mare Colt.

Horses in Harness—Best pair of Carriage Horses; Best pair of Horses for light vehicles; Best single

harness Horse; three year old harness Horse; pair of harness Mares; single harness Mare; two year old harness Horse; two year old harness Mare.

The Judges of this class will be governed by form, style, temper, and capacity for endurance.

Trotting in Harness—Best Trotting Horse, Mare or Gelding; Best Model Stallion, Mare or Gelding.

Boy Riding—Most skillful Rider, 15 years old or older. A premium of $10.00 will be given, if an entry of five or more are made.

THIRD DAY

Thoroughbreds

Pedigrees must be furnished and approved by the Committee on Pedigrees, before the Secretary will enter the animal on his books. Five pure crosses required in each case.

Stallions and Colts—Best Stallion 4 years old and over, best Stallion three years or over, best Stallion two years or over, best Stallion 1 year or over. best Stallion Colt.

Mares and Fillies—Best Mare 4 years or over, best Mare 3 years or over, best Filly 2 years or over, best Filly 1 years or over, best Filly under 1 year.

Roadsters

Stallions and Colts—Best Stallion 4 years or over, best Stallion three years or over, best Stallion two years old or over, best Stallion one year old, best Stallion Colt.

Mares and Fillies—Best Mare 4 years or over, best Mare three years or over, best Filly two years or over, best Filly one year or over, best Filly under one year, best Filly or Gelding one year, best Filly or Gelding under one year.

Harness Horeses—The test of stock in this class shall be: 1st- form; 2nd- style; 3rd- temper; 4th- color; 5th- speed and endurance.

Carriage Horses—Best Stallion in single harness, best gelding in single harness, best pair Carriage Mares 3 years or over in harness, best pair Carriage Geldings 3 years or over in harness.

Teams in Harness—Best pair Mares in harness, best pair Geldings in harness, best single Mare in harness, best single Gelding in harness.

Saddle Horses

Stallion and Colts—Best Stallion four years or over, best stallion four years or under, best stallion three years or over, best stallon two years or over, best stallion one years or over, best colt under one year.

Mares and Geldings—Best mare or gelding four years old or over, best mare or gelding three years or over, best filly or gelding two years or over.

Sweepstakes

In this class premiums of $15 will be given to each sex provided there are six or more entries.

Best Stallion regardless of age or breed; best Mare or filly regardless of age or breed. To be ridden or led at option.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. All animals must be entered on the Secretary's book in the name of the owner, before 9:00 A.M. of each day. This rule will be strictly adhered to.
2. Animals can be entered in but one class, unless to make a pair, and in sweepstakes.
3. No animal of age in a class of breeding animals, that has proved barren shall receive a prize.
4. No stock shall be permitted to enter the ring except under the bridle or halter or the perfect control of the groom.
5. No premium shall be award to an animal or article without competition, unless the judges shall regard it worthy.
6. Should owners, without the special invitation of the officers, approach the judges, or be known to speak to them in regard to an animal or article unless by request to give information, their animal or article shall not receive a prize, and their conduct shall be regarded dishonorable.
7. No intoxicated person shall be permitted to exhibit an animal, contend for a prize, or remain on the premises.
8. Every animal or article must be numbered on entering the ring or place of the exhibition.
9. Should any individual enter an animal or article in any other name than that of the bona fide

owner, the person making such entry shall not be allowed a premium, should one be reported by the judges; and shall be prohibited from competing at any future exhibition of the Society.

10. The Premium to be awarded to the best animal or article. Blue Ribbon denotes highest Premium; Red, Certificates.
11. No disorderly conduct will be allowed on the grounds. A Police force will be in attendance sufficient to prevent the same, and to see that all the rules are obeyed.

GATE FEES

Single Ticket . . . . . 25 cents
Children under fifteen years old . . . . . 15 cents

In all instances where the competition will justify, money premiums will be given. In all cases where premiums are given, the entrance fee will be twenty per cent; but where no premium is offered no entrance fee will be charged.

As stated the 1857 Franklin Fair was held at McGavock's Grove, today known as Carnton Plantation, and the Masonic Hall, Hiram Lodge No. 7. F. & A.M. on Second Avenue South. The next year the Agricultual and Mechanical Society leased a lot from Mary McGavock Southall, sister of Col. McGavock, on Wall Street (Fair Street) adjoining Sharp's Branch and the lands of Charles F. Wall, John L. Burch, William P. Campbell and Perkins' Addition from January 1, 1859 until January 1, 1864 for $150 a year. The Society leased the grassy lot for the purpose of a fairgrounds and could subleased the pasture. All buildings erected by the Society could be bought by Southall at the end of the five years at a fair market value. Mrs. Southall had inherited this land from her father, Randal McGavock, it being the remaining undeveloped portion of Hincheyville, the 1819 subdivison involving McGavock and his Nashville friends, namely: Felix Grundy, James Trimble, James Irwin, and Alfred Balch. James C. Owen was president and Col. John McGavock was vice president of the Society.

Of course "the great unpleasantness" of the 1860s disrupted any plans for county fairs and the lease for the fairgrounds expired. Upon the death of Mrs. Southall in 1862, the fairgrounds became the property of her sister, Elizabeth Harding of Belle Mead, and the children of her brother, James Randal McGavock of Riverside.

In April 1869 John Bostick sold to John McGavock, M.F. DeGraffenreid Jr., William S. Campbell, Hubbard S. Ewing, J.L. Shy, 31 1/2 acres of Everbright on Columbia Pike for the benefit of the Williamson County Agriculture & Mechanical Joint Stock Association for $3,000. Apparently, this association operated the fairgrounds as a corporation with joint stock until 1879. A deed of February 17, 1879 reports that the Society filed a suit in Chancery Court to allow the fairgrounds to be divided among its members. William E. Winstead, Clerk and Master, issued a deed to the indivdual members:

James R. Johnson	lot 1
Thomas F. Perkins, Jr.	lot 2
Atha Thomas	lot 3
Joseph L. Parkes	lot 4
M.P.G. Winstead	lot 5
James Allison	lot 6
Charles F. Wall	lot 7
William Mathews	lot 8
J.P. Hanner	lot 9
F.M. Lavander	lot 10
Enoch Brown	lot 11
Samuel F. Glass	lot 12
J.E. Tulloss	lot 13
J.B. Davis	lot 14
Andrew Cambpell	lot 15
E.B. Buchanan	lot 16
L.H. Holt	lot 17
William Payne	lot 18
John B. McEwen	lot 19
Daniel Cliffe	lot 20
Dan German	lot 21

Found among the papers of President Andrew Johnson include the following:

Franklin, Tenn.
July 8th 1869

Hon. Andrew Johnson,

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the Williamson County Agricutural and Mechancial Association and many citizens of the county, we cordially invite, and request you to deliver the annual agricul-

tural address at the Fair to be held the second week in October.

If it meets your approval we would appoint Saturday Oct. 16th as a proper time for the delivery.

We would be proud to entertain you as an honored guest on that occasion, and you will meet with a warm welcome from many friends.

Please advise at as early a time as practicable as we wish to make the announcement in connection with our premium list.

Hoping that there will be no conflict with previous engagements, and a favorable response from you, we subscribe ourselves.

Yours Respecfully,
John McGavock, President
James P. Hanner,
Secretary
Williamson County Agricultural
& Mechanical Society

Hon. Andrew Johnson

Nashville
October 9, 1869

Dear Sir,

You are respectfully invited to attend the third annual Fair of the Williamson County Agricultural and Mechanical Association to be held at the grounds of the Association near Franklin, commencing Monday October 11th and continuing the remainder of the week.

The Director will do all in his power to make your visit one of recreation, pleasure and profit.

Respectfully,
John McGavock, President

The above letters bring to mind the perplexing relationship of Andrew Johnson and Williamson County. One would naturally assume, Federal Military Tennessee Governor Johnson, a Democrat and Unionists, would have few friends in supposedly Whig-Confederate Williamson County. However, the following memorial resolution upon the death of Andrew Johnson speaks of the great statesman with affection and personal knowledge of greatness.

ANDREW JOHNSON
The Review and Journal
Franklin, Tennessee
August 12, 1875
T.W. Dick Bullock. editor
M.L. Haynes and M.L. Andrews, proprietors

At a meeting of the citizens of Williamson County, held at the Court House in Franklin, on Saturday evening, August 7th, 1875, for the purpose of paying suitable tribute to the memory of Ex-President Andrew Johnson, Judge T.W. Turley was called to the chair, and Thomas E. Haynes and John H. Henderson were appointed Secretaries.

On motion of Judge Jesse G. Wallace, the Chair appointed a committee of five to propose resolutions for the consideration of the meeting. The following gentlemen were named by the Chair as the Committee: J.G. Wallace, T.W. Dick Bullock, B.B. Toon, W.G. Paschall and W.S. Davis.

During the absence of the Committee the Hon. Samuel S. House addressed the meeting in terms highly commendatory of the life and character of the deceased statesman.

Andrew Johnson

The committee reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

For a week past it has been known throughout Christendom that Andrew Johnson is dead. The sad intelligence girdles the globe before the remains of the departed statesman had been laid away from human sight. Milions of hearts throughout the Republic and across the seas and in distant lands have thus long mourned the demise of one America's most illustrious Statesman and the fastest friend the people ever had. The name Andrew Johnson was familiar to the people of every clime and country, and is one of the few that will live on through the coming cycles. The friend of the poor and friendless; sympathizing with those in suffering and want,he devoted his life and exhausted his great energies for the good of his race. Rising from the depths of poverty and obscurity, he became the peer of the great; filled the most exalted office in the gift of men and carved his name high on the column of fame.

Though thus exalted, he held himself not as a prince and a ruler, but as one of those from whose ranks he had risen. He was emphatically a man of the people. His equal in many respects never figured on the step of American politics and statesmanship; and no leader ever had a firmer hold on the affections of the masses. They loved and honored him while living, and now both friend and foe mingle their tears and express their sorrows over his grave. It is a wonderful, and a redeeming trait of passionate human nature, how a few short days can obliterate political antagonisms and turn into a common channel all out better sympathies and the true and honest sentiment of all hearts. A week ago Andrew Johnson was the object of personal and politcal animadversion on the part of many; to-day, contrasting the grounds of their opposition with the admirable features of his character, the former are eclipsed and forgotten. No stronger or more satisfactory evidence need be given of the ultimate correctness of public judgement, and the final ascendency of public justice over personal and political prejudice:

Andrew Johnson was in some respects the most remarkable man of the present era. Andrew Jackson alone, of all the great characters who have made their impress on the fortunes of our own State, filled so large a space in its history, and possessed equally the confidence of the people. And this is doubtless owing to the great similarity in their lives and characters. They were both born and reared on the same soil, early emigrated to the same State, and both filled high offices in the gift of the same people. Both contended with similar early adversities and with violent personal and political opposition all their lives. Both were combative and aggressive; iron-willed and courageous; of pure principles and honest purposes. They were both alike above the reach of bribes and gifts; alike labored for their country, and would willingly have laid down their lives in its behalf. The administrations of both were opposed by overwhelming hostile majorities in the Federal Congress, and both hesitated not to interpose the veto power in restraint of what they considered unconstitutional or impolitic legislation. Their weakness and their faults were not disimilar, and are already alike forgotten in the ground where sleep all animosities, while their good deeds, their honor and virtues live on and will grow brighter as the years grow older.

But we have assembled, as citizens of Williamson County, and a portion of the consitituency of the departed patriot and Senator, not to pronounce a eulogy on his great character and many virtues. His best panegyric is read in the grief now weighting on the hearts of the millions mourning his death. We desire simply to join in the common sorrow and mingle our sympathies in the flood welling up from the hearts of the people; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss to the country at large, and this State in particular, in the death of Senator Andrew Johnson.

Resolved, That we tender to his family, and particularly to his venerable wife, whose influence, in a great degree, moulded the mighty destiny of her departed husband, our sincere condolence, in this dark hour of gloom and despair.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be sent to the family of the departed statesman, and that the *Review and Journal*, be requested to publish the same.

J.G. Wallace
T.W. Dick Bullock
B.B. Toon
W.G. Paschall
W.S. Davis

Addresses were then made by T.W. Dick Bullock and Judge Wallace, after which the meeting adjourned.

T.W. Turley, Chairman.
Thos. E. Haynes, Secretaries
John H. Henderson

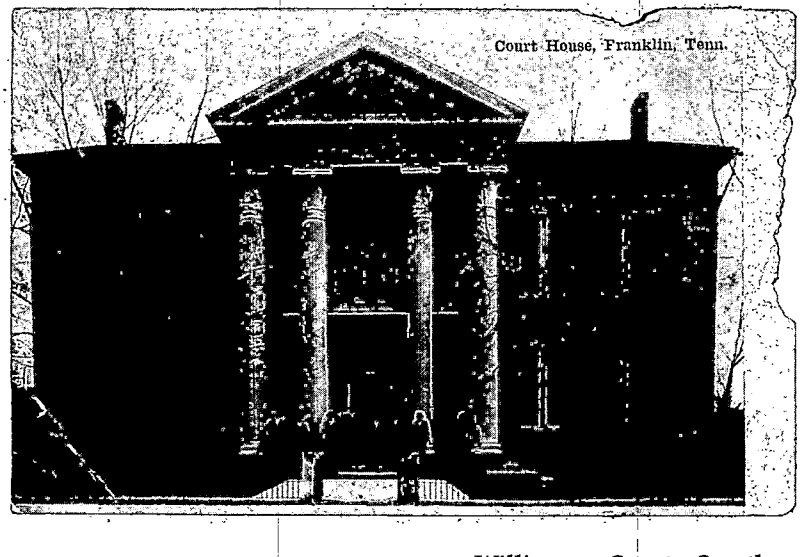
Williamson County during the Civil War

by Rick Warwick

The Civil War is overwhelmly the most written about period of our history. The Battle of Franklin, fought on November 30, 1864, has been detailed in volumes. Unfortunately little is known about the social, economic and political life during this tragic period. Letters, diaries and newspapers acounts of the period have been our sole sources in understanding daily life on the homefront.

Most local historians have assumed that with Federal occupation of Williamson County so early in the conflict, the courts and local government were discontinued. However, upon inspection of the county court records covering the period of 1860–1865 a revelation awaits the reader.

The Williamson County Quarterly Court, consisting of two magistrates or justices from each of the twenty-four civil districts, met on the first Monday of January, April, July, and October to conduct county business. This court appointed the jurors for the Circuit Court and tax assessors for each district. The county judge presided over probate court and matters of guardianship during the intervening months. Surprisingly, the court missed very few terms during the war years.



Williamson County Courthouse

The following accounts of the court's activities provides insight into more than just affairs of county government. Given the presence of the U.S. Provost Marshall's headquarters was in the courthouse, it must be assumed that all members of the county court and those involved in the affairs of the county must have taken the oath to support the U.S. constitution. It is rather revealing and yet diffcult to reason how so many members of the court had sons and relatives in the Confederate army while on the homefront they were conducting the county's business under the Union flag. As revealed in the minutes, taxes were levied and collected to support the families of volunteers, the poorhouse was kept running, repairs to bridges were made, coffins for paupers were provided, and doctors and jurors were paid to hold inquests.

With the clouds of war gathering, the Williamson County Court passed the following resolution to help equip a local militia:

Whereas our County and State is now threaten and menaced with war of the most devasting nature, and whereas our State is at this time unpre-

pared to meet such an emergency as is now upon her and the undersigned believing it to be the best interest of Tennessee that she should be placed upon the best possible war footing as early a day as possible and believing that volunteer troops should be formed speedily and equiped—therefore to meet the present exigency of the times and to aid in raising and equiping of troops. We the indersigned do convenant and agree one with the other that we will raise the sum of five thousand dollars by note for that amount made payable in the Planters Bank of Tennessee at Franklin four months after the 12 day of April 1861—advanced by John McGavock and others and such and all of the parties assigned hereto are advanced to protect and pay his prorated share to pay off and discharge the above described note provided the state of Tennessee shall not meet the same. (Record)

M. B. Nolen
J. G. Thomas
B. B. Toon
T. C. Tulloss
B. F. Roberts
Henry Jackson
Joel A. Regen
J. C. Seward
W. B. Carothers
R. L. Stevens
J. M. Shelburne
Hiley J. Harvey
Thomas F. Perkins
Perkins Cannon
Joel Anderson
William Mathews
James Carothers
Henry Eelbeck
William Burnett
J. T. Chadwell
Lem Farmer
F. W. Jordan
L. J. Bradley
A. R. Pinkston
John N. House
M. D. Dempsey
John E. Tulloss
W. A. Marshall
T. R. Marshall
M. B. Carter
W. A. Regen
J. W. Starnes
Henry Jackson, Jr.

In January 1861 the county officials were:
P.G.S. Perkins–County Judge and Presiding Chairman of the Quarterly Court
William Cummins–County Court Clerk
Hezekiah Hill, Sheriff
James A.M.E. Stewart–County trustee
Lucurgus McCall–Revenue Collector
Lemuel Farmer–Coroner

Justices attending the January term 1861: Isaac Ivy, B. B. Beech, Hugh A. Fox, William F. A. Shaw, William H. Thweatt, Wiliam A. Rodgers, Richard Steel, C. W. Davis, Lewis Johnson, Person W. Moss, Francis N. Claud, Samuel E. McCutchen, Isaac W. Ray, William M. Wright, Robert B. Carothers, Charles F. Wall, John Nichol, William D. Andrews, Philip Chapman, John C. Wiley, Mathew S. Irvin, William Jones, Edward S. B. Gosey, Samuel N. Thomas, William F. Carter, George W. Simpson, Daniel F. Collins, John . Winstead, Park Street, Jo. J. Green, James A. Bostick, James H. Glenn, Thomas H. Roberts, Thomas McGahey, James Patton, Malaci W. Pollard, William H. Ladd, John C. Corlett, William N. Smith, Robert A. Wilson.

Summary of Court Days:
January 1861 Term met on 7, 12, 19, 21.
February 1861 Term met on 5, 6, 14, 18, 25.
March 1861 Term met on 5, 6, 14, 18, 25.
April 1861 Term met on 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9.
May 1861 Term met on 10, 14, 20, 23. On May 20, 1861, the court levied a four and one half cent tax per one hundred property tax for the relief and support of families of volunteers while in active service. John M. Winstead was appointed General Commander of the County Home Guards or minute men.
June 1861 Term met on 3, 12, 15.
July 1861 Term met on 1.
August 1861Term met on 5, 15, 17, 22.
September 1861 met on 2, 26.
October 1861 met on 7, 14.
November 1861 met on 4, 5, 11, 14, 29.
December 1861 met on 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 28.

On December 3, 1861 a committee reported to the court:

To the Honorable County Court

The undersigned appointed by this Honorable Court to suggest or fix a basis in which all the Home Guard or magistrates of the different districts shall be governed in the distribution of supplies to indigent families of volunteers in action. Surmise hereby recommend the following as a basis for appropation until our January term of this court.

No coffee to be furnished but instead thereof shall furnish rye or wheat as a substitute, sugar in moderate quantities, flour one half pound per day to each indivdual, meal not to exceed one peck per week, beef one pound per day or pork or bacon one half pound, salt in moderate quan-

tities, shoes to the heads of families and if the others at the strict discretion of the person distributing the same, rents at the strict discretion of those having control, wood and clothing to be discretionary of the homeguard and the most rigid economy in all and every case where families are furnished.

Park Street
Richard Steel
William A. Rodgers
Samuel N. Thomas
John M. Winstead

On January 6, 1862 the Court appointed the borrowing of $2,000 for the purpose of caring for the families of volunteers.
January 1862 Term met on 6,7,10,11,13,15,18.
February 1862 Term met on 3,4,8,10,11,15.
March 1862 Term on 3, 4.
April 1862 Term met on 5, 7, 8, 9, 23.
May 1862 Term met on 7,
June 1862 Term met on 2. Judge P. G. S. Perkins was absent.
July 1862 Term met on 7, Judge Perkins and Sheriff Hill were absent under military arrest. However, court continued on 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, with C. W. Davis, Chairman protem, William Cummins, Clerk, Justices-Ivy, Fox, Rodgers, Thweatt, Johnson, Moss, Wright, Carothers, Wall, Nichol, Nichol, Haynes, Wiley, Carter, Collins, Davis, Winstead, Barnes, Street, Roberts, McGahey, Christopher.
August 4, 1862- no business.
September 1, 1862-no business.
Octobert 1862 Term met on 6, 13, 16, 18, 22, 28. Judge P.G.S. Perkins presiding, with 29 justices present.
November 1862 Term met on 3, 23.
December 1862 Term met on 6, 10, 16, 17, 23, 31.
January 1863 Term met on 6, 12.

No court was held from January 12, 1863 until October 5, 1863.

On October 5, 1863, Judge Robert S. Ballow, being appointed by Governor Andrew Johnson on September 25, 1863, after being sworn to support the U. S. Constitution, assumed the chair as County Judge. Justices W. A. Rodgers, W. H. Thweat, C. W. Davis, P. W. Moss, S. E. McCutchen, Robert B. Carothers, John C. Wiley, Edward S.B. Gosey, D. F. Collins, John M. Winstead, John B. Barnes, Park Street, Thomas B. McGahey, Thomas H. Roberts, W.H. Ladd were present.

November 1863 Term met on 2, but not a quorum of justices so the quarterly court adjourned until December 7,
December 1863 Term met on 7, 22, 28.
January 1864 Term met on 4, but not a quorum (19 justices were served notices to appear on 11th). On the 11th, Charles F. Wall, James McGault and Hugh Duff were elected jail commissioners, Robert P. Moss resigned as notary and Adolphus M. Wren elected as notary. Charles F. Wall was elected Ranger. Atha Thomas elected Examiner of school teachers for the year 1864.
February 1864 Term met on 1, 22.
March 1864 Term met on 7, 9, 21, 28. On March 28, 1864, Judge Robert S. Ballow presided, Jusitices Isaac Ivy, Joseph Hargrove, William A. Rodgers, A. W. Sudberry, William Harrison, Hendley S. Reynolds, Samuel E. McCutchen, John H. Stone, Robert B. Cartothers, John P. McKay, Natus I. Haynes, John L. Burch, Theodrick L. Owen, Jessie Williams, Milton H. Page, Thomas A. Crow, John C. Wiley, Edward W. Eggleston, E. S. B. Gosey, William Jones, William W. Waggoner, Wiley B. Carothers, Daniel F. Collins, John M. Winstead, John B. Barnes, Park Street, Thomas H. Roberts, Thomas B. McGahey, George M. White, Malaci W. Pollard, William N. Smith, R. D. Tatum, Robert A. Wilson. Elected constables were Joseph C. Nall, Jackson C. Biggers, John W. Hulme, James Pinkerton, William L. Johnson, James E. Mason, Napoleon B. Hartley, Ben H. Hall, Edward I. Smithson, William Oden.

William Cummins was elected County Court Clerk with bondsmen-Isaac G. Neeley, Samuel S. House, John Southall, William Skelley, and Atha Thomas.

William H. Crouch was elected County Trustee with bondsmen- Robert H. Bailey, Charles F. Wall, Fountain B. Carter, Robert B. Carothers and Charles Merrill. Benjamin F. Owen was elected Sheriff with bondsmen—Samuel S. House, Joseph P. Cummins, Johns S. Whitehead, William G. Marshall.

Thomas W. Bullock was elected County Registar with bondsmen-William Cummins, John M. Winstead, John W. Miller, Robert B. Carothers.

William G. Hunt was elected County Surveyor with bondsmen Fountain B. Carter and Park Street.

P.W. Moss, William A. Rodgers, and W. H. Thweatt were elected Commissioners for the Poorhouse.

Tax Assessors appointed were: 1-Isaac Ivy, 2-Joseph Hargrove, 3-W .H. Thweatt, 4-A. W.

Sudberry, 5-Hendley S. Reynolds, 6-P. W. Moss, 7-S. E. McCutchen, 8-R. B. Carothers, 9-Theodrick L. Owen, 10-Milton H. Page, 11-Thomas A. Crow, 12-John C. Wiley, 13-E.S.B. Gosey, 14-W. B. Carothers, 15-Daniel F. Collins, 16-John M Winstead, 17-Park Street, 18-William B. King, 19-Thomas B. McGahey, 20-A. G. Scales, 21-Malaci Pollard, 22- William N. Smith, 23-Robert Wilson, 24-Newt McCord.

April 1864 Term met on 4, 5, 11, 18, 25.

May 1864 Term met on 2, 7, 9, 16, 23, 30.

June 1864 Term met on 6, 13, 20.

July 1864 Term met on 4, 11, 18, 25. On July 4, 1864, Judge Robert S. Ballow presided. Justices Joseph Hargrove, A. W. Sudberry, Hendley S. Reynolds, Robert B. Carothers, John P. McKay, Natus I. Haynes, John L. burch, Theo. L. Owen, Jesse Williams, John C. Wiley, Edward S. B. Gosey, William Jones, William M. Waggoner, Wiley B. Carothers, John M. Winstead, Park Street, Malaci W. Pollard, William N. Smith, R. D. Wilson and Robert A. Wilson were present. Constables James Pinkerton and W. G. Clouston were elected. Thomas W. Bullock and William E. Winstead were paid $325 for indexing seven books of the Registrar's office.

August 1864 Term met on 1, 15, 22.

September 1864 Term met on 5, 12, 19, 26.

October 1864 Term met on 3, 10, 17, 19, 24. On October 3rd, thirteen justices were present.

November 1864 Term did not meet.

December 1864 Term did not meet.

January 1865 Term met on 2nd with seven justices present, no quorum. February 1865 Term met on 6th with 19 justices present.

March 1865 Term met on 6, 13, 20, 27.

April 1865 Term met on 3, 19, 18, 24. On April 3, 22 justices were present. They appointed the following jurors for the Circuit Court: 1-William Radford, 2-William Burns, Thomas Sparkman, 3-W. H. Thweatt, Alex W. Gray, 4-Charles B. Morris, Henderson Hulme, 5-Joesph Scruggs, William R. Reams, 6-Barnett R. Hughes, Nicholas E. Perkins, 7-William A. Gillam, Turner Smith, 8-Thomas Buchanan, Robert B. Carothers, 9-A. W. Wren, James H. White, 10-M. C. H. Puryear, George Andrews, 11-John T. Fleming, John T. Andrews, 12-Elliot Waddey, 13-Edward Gosey, 14-Thomas H. Davis, John Sweeney, 15-John Edmondson, Denny P. Hadley, Jr., 16-John M. Winstead, John D. Stanfield, 17-James F. Jenkins, 23-Chesley Williams, 24-Newton McCord.

May 1865 Term met on 1, 15, 22, 29.

June 1865 Term met on 5, 12, 19, 26.

July 1865 Term met on the 3rd. 27 justices were present. They ordered that the County Trustee pay A. W. White and John Vaughan seventy-six dollars for making fourteen benches and one table for use in the courthouse. The following jurors were appointed for the August Circuit Court: 1-William Givens, B. B. Beech, W. I. Kirby, 2-Carrol Potts, Hugh A. Fox, Joseph Hargrove, 3-Matthew Meacham, M. L. Bond, J. J. Bingham, 4-John Ridley, Charles Morris, George Trimble, 5-W. A. Boyd, Simon Shy, J. L. Morris, 7-Moses Cator, Joel Manley, R. S. Ballow, 8-Z. H. German, Joe Pinkerton, John P. McKay, 9-Michael Cody, Daniel McAlpin, Henry Eelbeck, 10-Thomas A. Crow, 12-J. S. Whithead, H. S. Smithson, Charles Smithson, 13-N. S. Smithson, Jesse Johnson, Gregory Johnson, 14-John E. Tulloss, L.L. Walters, William M. Waggoner, 15-Thomas J. Moulton, John Edmondson, John Moore, 16-Joel Champion, John M. Winstead, John O. Herbert, 17-Park Street, Jo. J. Green, W. K. Green, 18-James A. Bostick, Samuel Perkins, J. S. Page, 19-Abner Sawyer, Q. M. Warren, T. B. McGahey, 20-James Patton, Abner Scales, James S. Wiliams, 21-Lycurgus McCall, M. A. White, R. D. Tatum, 23-Samuel S. Morgan, Daniel D. Russell, T. B. Carson, 24-Newton McCord, M. H. Jones, John Haley.

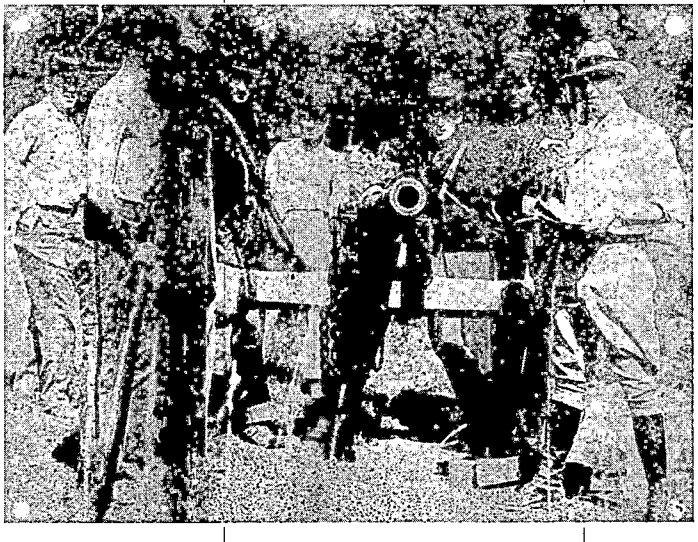
Considering all the turmoil and tragic conflict of the period, it is surprising how well civil government carried on and made the transition from gearing up for war in 1861 to safeguarding tranquility in 1865. This long neglected period of our history obiviously needs closer study and astute interpretation from local historians.

Second Hour of Glory

by Marshall Morgan

The leafy, unpretentous little town of Franklin has known two separate hours of military glory: one geniune, and enshrined in American history—the other, a make-believe re-enactment of the first, filed away and forgotten in the limbo of Hollywood's unfinished epics.

On November 30, 1864, Gen. John B. Hood's Confederate Army of Tennessee broke in bloody fragments against Federal breastworks in the disastrous Battle of Franklin. Almost 60 years later—on the sun-baked day of September 27, 1923—Metro Pictures corporation (now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) staged on the original battle site a thunderous, popping, trampling reproduction of that bitter struggle. Informed opinion holds that the Metro cameras that day caught battle scenes surpassing any in "The Birth of a Nation," and second only to those in the world-famous epic of 1930, "All Quiet On The Western Front."



Director Allen Holubar checks cannon

The occasion was the filming of the climactic scene in "The Human Mill." Hollywood's version of the late John Trotwood Moore's novel of the Old South, "The Bishop of Cottonwood."

The embarrassing trouble about the whole business was that the picture was never even completed. Allen Holubar, ace Metro director, died soon after he and his company had left Middle Tennessee; and apparently his executive superiors were dubious about entrusting completion of the film to less capable hands. At any rate, the project was dropped in mid-production; and it seems likely that with the exception of Holubar and a handful of his associates no one has ever viewed the movie spectacle of the Battle of Franklin.

Holubar arrived in Nashville on the morning of September 19, 1923. He was a man of easy and immediate personal charm with piercing quick eyes. Already famous as the director of such dazzling (if now forgotten) productions as "Hearts of Humanity," "Man-Woman-Marriage," and "Hurricane's Gal," he had given the late Rudolph Valentino his first push toward world-wide adulation in "Once to Every Woman." Another of his nominees for public acclaim had been a stiff-legged public young German actor named Eric Von Stroheim. Added to these distinctions was the almost obligatory sartorial getup of a Hollywood director, silent-era vintage. Holubar offered his public gray whipcord riding breeches, highlaced boots, multicolored silk sport shirts, a pipe, and a jaunty panama.

In Holubar's immediate entourage were B.C. Haskin and H. Lyman Broening, head cameramen; Roy Musgrave, still camera expert; Jack Pierce, makeup chief and leading extra, whose bristling black beard, pre-grown for his movie role, elicted female admiration; Carl Hernandez, power and explosives expert; Ernie Smith, property man; a Capt. Koch, costumer; and an electrician, unidentified. As the company repaired to its Hotel Hermitage headquarters, voicing numerous complaints about travel delays, three baggage cars filled with movie properties were nosed onto a siding in Nashville's Union Station yards.

Vincent McDermott, assistant director, had preceded Holubar to Middle Tennessee by a matter of a week or more. Aided by a fellow-Metroite, Jack Codd, a business manager, McDermott had already selected the battle site and had closed the necessary business deals. These gentlemen had spread the first germs of movie fever; but it was not until Holubar's arrival that the disease became an epidemic.

Item number one on Holubar's agenda, after a press conference had been dissolved, was a personal conference with the distinguished author of "The Bishop of Cottonwood." Apparently it went well, for immediately thereafter Mr. Moore conducted his star-spangled collaborator on an automobile tour of historic sites in the vicinity of Nashville.

Twenty-four hours after his arrival the Metro director announced that the leading male and female roles in "The Human Mill" would be played by Henry B. Walthall Jr., and Blanche Sweet. both were topnotch performers. Walthall, a native of Birmingham, was still riding the crest of his fame as "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of the Nation." Appropriately enough, as Holubar pointed out, he was the son of a Confederate veteran who had fought at Franklin. It is an odd fact, however, that he was not stated to appear in the battle scenes. Needless to say, neither was Miss Sweet.

A near-stampede of movie aspirants featured cultural activities in the Athens of the South during the next few days. Holubar had announced in the state press that he was in search of "doubles" for both Miss Sweet and Mr. Walthall. Simultaneously, he tossed out the glittering lure of possible future stardom in Hollywood. Both Nashville newspapers carried balloon pictures of movie-queen Blanche and the fire-eating Marse Henry, with such teasing captions as: "Are you the 'Sweet' Type?"—"Do You Look Like Him?" The foregone result was that some 400 aspirants, ranging in age from eight to 80, laid personal siege to the Metro mogul—lurking in wait for him in his hotel corridor, rushing upon him as he descended from his automobile. Despite hundreds of formal and informal interviews, however, neither Nashville nor Middle Tennessee sent a new star to blaze over Hollywood.

Holubar, the day after he arrived, shared honors with Mr. Moore at a highly excited luncheon meeting of the Franklin Kiwanis club. Afterward the two distinguished guests, accompained by the late Park Marhsall, historian and at that time mayor of Franklin, were escorted to the battlefield site. A cavalcade of Kiwanis committeemen trailed after them.

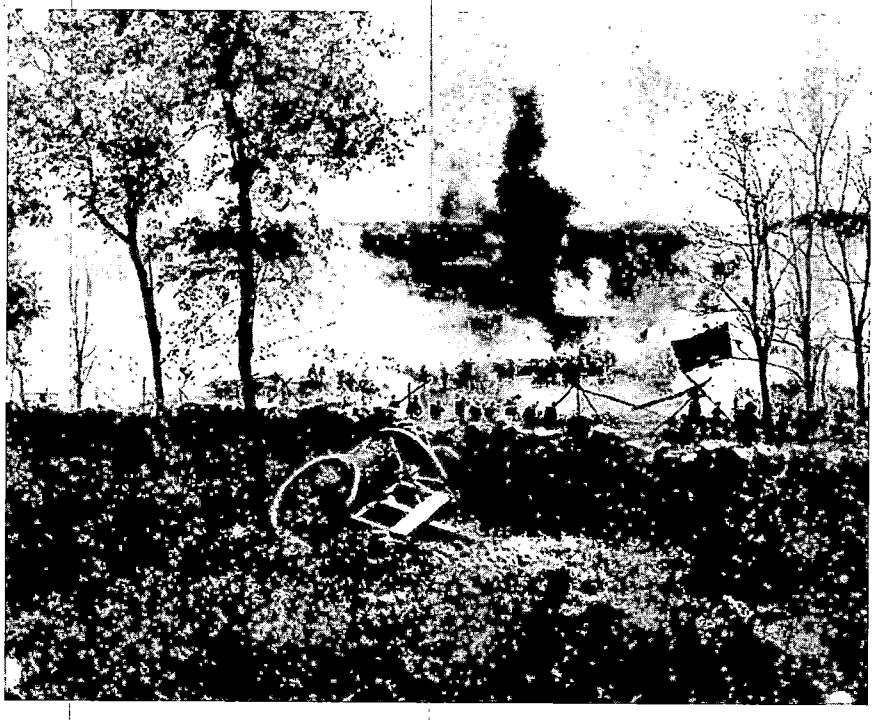
The locale was an open sweep of fields on the farm of J.W. Yowell, onetime homestead of a prominent family named Fly. It was located approximately a mile south of Franklin, west of and some half mile off the Columbia highway. Sloping from wooded hills, the fields stretched away in open vista to the crest of Winstead hill, a mile or more away. this cedar-covered summit General Hood had used as his headquaters during the original battle.

Holubar immediately pronounced the site well-chosen, Mr. Marshall—a man with a passion for historical accuracy—as promptly, and on the contrary, pronounced it ill-chosen. As a lad of ten he had witnessed the original struggle; and he insisted now that the site failed to coincide with the actual battlefield by a matter of some several hundred yards. Holubar's pleas of photographic necessity did not move him. Mr. Marshall announced to one and all that he would have no part in the perpetration of historical error—and gloomily stalked away.

A week of intensive work went into the preparation of the battlefield. A crew of forty workmen, directed by McDermott, labored at erecting a number of "prop" houses and barns. These dummy structures were to be burned during the fliming of the battle. Trenches were dug; old-fashioned rail fences were strung across the fields; a stone fence, made of appropriately weathered rock, was built. Every available source in Middle Tennessee (including the State Capital grounds) yielded its Federal field guns. Broken-down caissons were hauled to vantage points and left to lend their realism. Hundreds of mines, designed to stimulate heavy artillery fire, were buried thorughout the area. An elaborate field telephone system was extended to remote areas, including the distant Winstead hill.

Hernandez, the explosives expert, announced an extrordinary precaution. Every ounce of earth adjacent to the mines would be sifted, he promised. The detonating system, centering in a switchboard, would enable him to set off the mines at will, singly or in groups.

Holubar estimated that at least 4,000 men would be required for the movie struggle—a figure greater than the entire population of Franklin. An appeal for volunteers from surrounding counties went out, with immediate results. Officials of Columbia Military academy and Branham and Hughes school, at Spring Hill, said they would sent their entire student bodies. In addition, the male student bodies of Battle Ground academy and Franklin High school voted to take part en masse. The ever-active school and business establishment in Franklin, and the majority of these throughout Williamson county, to at least a half-holiday on the great day—in order to free as many men and boys as possible for participation in the battle.



Staged scene of battle recreation

Director Holubar, pondering the great number and inevitable rashness of his youthful extras, made a wise decision. It would be the better part of movie valor, he decided, to sandwich these exuberant boys into the ranks of as many World War I veterans as could be induced to take part in the battle. His call for such veterans brought assurances from hundreds of ex-servicemen throughout Middle Tennessee, and formal acceptances from Nashville's American Legion Post No. 5, the Murfreesboro Legion post, and the Columbia post.

Capt. Thomas P. Henderson, prominent Franklin attorney, recalls the stratagem whereby he put in the Hollywood bag almost every ex-service man in Williamson county. Many whom he beguiled into a hard day's work, at no pay, had served under him in the county's own Battery F, 114th Field Artillery, which he commanded in France.

"I simply sent out cards to all ex-servicemen in the county," Capt. Henderson said. "I told them, in substance, that unless they showed up early on the morning of the film battle, there could be no assurance that they could take part."

This Tom Sawyer psychology worked so well that few veterans were out of the picture when the cannon began to boom.

Allen Holubar's manipulation of publicity values achieved its masterpiece exactly two nights before the critical day. The timing was perfect. According to a contemporary newsaper account. "Mr. Holubar declared last night that the Battle of Franklin would not be realistic, nor would it be satisfactory to him, without the presence of real Confederate soldiers in the lines."

After that, there could be no doubt about it: the ghostly lilt of "Dixie" would ride the winds, the Confederate forces (at least) would go at the battle hell-for-leather—and newspaper readers from Savannah to Sacramento would become aware of a moving picture called "The Human Mill."

Several hundred of Tennessee's Confederate veterans were still alive at that time, twenty-seven years ago; and a large double-handful replied that they would be proud to take part in the picture. Exactly how their frail energies could be fitted into a battle scene remained Holubar's own problem.

By twilight of the eve of the battle, Franklin was packed to the gutters. Crowds of strangers pushed through the town's inadequate Main street, depleted its restaurants. Mays hotel, the one hostelry, bulged with five and six occupants to the room. A Kiwanis plea for extra housing swung open

the doors of numerous townspeople; but squads of shelterless individuals, neverless, roamed the streets all night. The evening was gaspingly hot, anyway; so those who sought sleep on the church lawns perhaps had the best of it, after all.

Director Holubar and his staff moved into reserved quarters at Mays hotel that same night. Shortly before bedtime, distinquished movie-maker strolled out on the Public square for a breath of air and a last look at the sky.

"Don't forget to pray for clear weather, boys," he told his assistants.

The great day came hot and fair, with a velvety blue-sky and mailorder puffs of clouds. At his 6 o'clock breakfast Holubar declared: "Gentlemen, it's perfect movie weather."

Two hours earlier the demolition crew had been routed out of bed, and now was hard at work among the mine fields, testing a wire here, a fuse there.

Although the battle was not scheduled to begin until 10 o'clock, daylight found the Columbia highway almost impassible under its burden of automobiles, buggies, wagons, bicycles, baby carriages, and plodding hundreds of pedestrians. Twenty special deputies had been sworn in to augment the everyday forces of law and order; and as fast as the movie-spellbound throngs arrived on the scene they were herded into a roped off hillside area. This position was immediately back of the Federal lines, some 50 yards behind the main camera stands.

Captain Koch, the costumer, was a thick-gutturalled, red-faced veteran of Germany's World war army. His troubles began while the senior director was still breakfasting. The Masonic hall, one of Franklin's oldest landmarks, had been selected as the armory and supply depot for the occasion; and before Captain Koch could open its ancient doors on the thousands of blue and gray uniforms stored inside, he was besieged by a mob of early-bird, would-be soldiers.

"Give us Confederate uniforms!" members of the crowd yelled surging forward. "We don't want any damn Yankee uniforms!"

The redoubtable captain, bracing himself against the onrush, wiped his crimson brow.

"Gentlemen-please gentlemen!" he roared. "How vill de pig-ture be made if no vun vill be a Vederal?"

In what was presumably a burst of inspiration, Captain Koch allowed the first 15 or 20 insurgents to seize Confederate uniforms. After that, with the aid of assistants, he rushed men through the hall so rapidly, and piled uniforms into their arms so virgorously, that hundreds of malcontents emerged to find themselves equipped with rifles, blank cartridges-and blue uniforms-before they could realize the extent of their humiliation.

Holubar, whacking at his thighs with a bright green megaphone, appeared on the battlefield at 8:15 o'clock. He mounted a camera stand and studied the positions through biconculars. By that time the camera had been set up; Haskin and Broening reported that focus adjustments had been completed. After a brief discussion with these all-important technicians, the director ordered trial detonations of several mines. They mushroomed beautifully. Holubar then scanned the fluffy, slowly-piling clouds behind Winstead hill. "The Lord is really with me today," he remarked.

The sweating deputies, struggling with the ever-increasing throngs of spectators, estimated that at least 3000 persons had clambered into the roped-off area by 8:20 o'clock. On the Columbia highway, a half mile away, the traffic inched forward in squeaks, jolts, and frenzied horn-blattings. Thousands more were coming.

White flags had been set at intervals in a several-mile cirlce about the battleground. These served to mark off the photgraphis area, and at the same time stood as fluttering warnings of the mine fields.

At 8:30 o'clock the Metro special from Nashville chugged into Franklin. It consisted of four coaches, each loaded to the luggage racks with World War veterans, National Guard troops, Spanish war veterans, Confederate veterans, and miscellaneous volutneers. The Kiwanis club, not to be caught napping, was ready with its welcoming committee. The Confederate representation comprised the surviving members of Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, and two members of Troop B. A line of parade was formed, and all marched off toward the Masonic hall in the wake of the warriors of the sixties.

The newcomers found a mob of 2000 men clamoring for uniforms and rifles. Captain Koch, informed that the Confederate honor guests had arrived, gallantly but unwisely called a halt on quartermaster proceedings. He wanted to welcome the aged heroes in person he declared. His florid speech of welcome was cut short when the masses of would-be extras, sweltering and impatient to

don their uniforms, began to shove, whistle and yell. A Nashville newspaperman present described the scene as one of "near riot." Captain Koch, undaunted, quickly clambered atop an automobile. Transforming his welcoming speech into an arm-waving appeal to reason, he was finally able to bend all dissenters to his will.

One old Johnny Reb slyly waited for his grandson to emerge from the rear of the building. When he saw the youngster clad in Federal blue, the unreconstructed old gentlemen shrilled at him: "Go take those damned rags off!" The boy fled, leaving behind him a stamping raging grandparent.

Confusion was compounded when the second Metro special, this time from Columbia, arrived 15 minutes after the first train. The contingent was in charge of Mac Cherry, of Nashville, Mr. Moore's secretary. Aboard were 113 boys from Columbia Military academy, 104 from Branham and Hughes, and numerous unattached individuals. All bore down on the already swarmed-over Masonic hall.

Meanwhile, on the battle site two miles away, Holubar was fretting over the non-arrival of a troop of fifty-two state cavalrymen. This outfit, scorning rail transportation, had cantered out of Columbia the preceding night. It arrived on the scene in the nick of time-in the best cliff-hanger tradition.

The crowd of spectators had swollen to 6,000 persons by 9:30 o'clock. Four thousand more managed to scramble to vantage points in the next half hour, at the expense of every fence and corn field in the vicinity.

The first Federal and Confederate troops began to straggle onto the field shortly after 9 o'clock. Many had hitch-hiked; more arrived on foot. Hundreds followed them, blue and gray mingling indiscriminately in the choking dust clouds overhanging the highway.

It was obvious by that time, that the scheduled H-Hour of 10 o'clock could not possibly be complied with. A not improbable conjecture is that Holubar, an old hand amid such doings, had deliberately allowed himself a wide margin of time.

The director paused to inspect a Federal gun crew. "It seems to me that these boys are entirely too young to be manning a gun," he complained to his overburdened assistant.

"Chief," said McDermott, "every last one of them was at Chateau-Thierry and in the Argonne."

Holubar grinned, shook his head, and walked away.

One final bit of field-editing concerned the American flags in Federal hands. Holubar pointed out that they were "too bright and new," so the offending banners were replaced by well-worn duplicates.

A spontaneous burst of applause rolled out to greet the Confederate veteran guests of honor. Holubar took time out to shake hands with every staunch old soldier. A few still determined to participate, hobbled off toward the distant Confederate lines; but most were content to rest in the shade of the trees.

John Trotwood Moore arived on the scene shortly before 10 o'clock. He was accompanied by his wife and a small group of friends. The author and his party were guided to a choice position, reserved in advance. Other notables present included Gen. Lawrence D. Tyson of Knoxville, commanding officer of the 59th Infantry brigade during the World War., who had but recently announced his candidacy for the United States Senate; the widely-known Gen. Harvey H. Hannah, a Spanish war veteran; and Col. John Fite, of Lebanon, Seventh Tennessee Infantry leader under Lee's command in Virginia.

A few minutes before the zero-hour Holubar sent out word, by telephone and mounted courter, that the battle's beginning would be delayed because of "unexpected difficulties." This information was enough to touch off outbreaks of firing that were to harass the film executives for the next two hours. Here were thousands of highspirted young men, equipped with tens of thousands of rounds of blank ammunition. Their impatient poppings were inevitable.

Captain Koch, his duties at the Masonic hall at long last ended, suddenly appeared on the field in the splendid full field uniform of a Federal general. Holubar at once sent him down to the Confederate lines to cope with the premature firing. Perhaps unaware of the incongruity involved, the perspiring Teutonic fixer offered the strange sight of a high-ranking Federal officer shouting orders and lifting his sword in the faces of Confederate troops.

"Boys, boys!" he bellowed, amid the cracking rifles. "Dere vill be no baddle until de baddle begins!"

In a first-aid tent nearby, a physician and two trained nurses began to lay out their bandages.

The Metro director picked up a field telephone and called an assistant stationed on Winstead hill.

Yes, the train of 60 Confederate supply wagons, parked on Columbia highway, was ready to snake down the hill and into the picture whenever word came through. The assistant also told Holubar that northbound traffic, now blocked off, was "backed up for miles," and that every trapped car was tooting its horn off.

"It's too late now," Holubar told him. "They'll have to wait."

The battle scenes were to feature two separate Confederate charges and retreats. Holubar, a perfectionist, ordered a "dry run" rehearsal-that is, one minus actual firing. This consumed another hour, and was marked by explosive disregard of the no-firing order, profound enthusiasm, and an almost unmanageable Confederate reluctance to retreat.

One last item remained. Sampling the breezes, the Metro executive ordered a rearrangement of smoke pots. These, set up beyond camera range, were to supplement the smoke battle.

At a few minutes before noon, Holubar turned to McDermott.

"Shoot the works, Mac," he said.

A land mine in the middle distance went up in a roaring black geyser of earth; the signal for the battle to begin.

What happened during the ensuring 40 minutes can best be described, perhaps, as an ear-splitting inferno of thunder, flame, smoke, and stumbling, falling men. Individual participants, swallowed up in the billowing smoke, blinded by rifle flashes and borne to earth under cascading tons of dirt, remember only shreds of their own experiences. The immediate and first general reaction among the troops was the shocked realization that the thing was terrific-far more realistic and hazardous than anyone had forseen. One astonished Confederate soldier, struggling to his knees under a deluge of dirt, expressed the overall reaction of the combatants when he shouted to the companion lying beside him: "My God, I didn't know it was going to be like this!"

Hundreds of the attacking Confederates ran forward to kneel, fire, and advance again; others, crouching low, fired from the hip. Dashing wildly through the melee came riderless horses, whipped into the scene from the sidelines. Federal gunners, stripped to the waist, sweated and cursed at their flaming field pieces; Federal infantrymen loaded and fired and loaded again, deafened by their own musketry, choking under the rolling clouds of smoke.

Casualties had been designated in advance and played their parts well. Some pitched headlong to lie still; others staggered forward, or crawled in simulated agony.

Jack Pierce, the leading extra, suddenly rode into the vortex at full gallop. He was bareheaded, and his familiar black beard streamed in the wind. At a point squarely in front of a camera he flung his arms wide, grimaced, and sailed magnificently earthward in a break-neck stunt fall.

The dummy houses, now flaming, added their glare and smoke to the lurid pandemonium. By the time the uproar had become so incessant that shouts had become only meaningless mouthings.

Holubar, his megaphone at his lips, bellowed into the ears of his cameramen.

"Catch the action on the left!"

"Sweep toward the right flank-"

"Pick up on Gun Crew Number One!"

Coldly, mechanically, the camera eyes followed the struggle.

The first charge broke, and fell back. But a moment later, waved on by officer-extras, the yelling and firing Confederates surged forward again.

Hernandez, master of the mine fields, played at his switchboard as though he were a harpist. Here he sent up a hurtling mushroom of earth in the face of an advancing plattoon; there, neatly he bracketed an entire company. The fact that inexpected results were taking place did not deter him. Oddly enough, it seemed that at certain key points some one had forgotten to sift the dirt over the buried mines, or had been so negligent as to oversharge the explosives. Chunks of sod as big as footballs, accompanied by swarms of rack fragments, soared skyward.

Hand-to-hand fighting developed on the Federal left flank, and quickly became more real than simulated. A 50-yard segment of rail fence became a focus of struggle as Confederates, swarming over, tried to wrest an American flag from the hands of their foemen. Opposing troops emptied their rifles, then grappled in desperate wrestling matches; rifle butts were swung. Locked figures fell headlong from atop the fence. Holubar, taking advantage of this unforeseen development, quickly brought one of his cameras to bear.

The clash of battle was too much for one Confederate guest of honor. Behind the restraining ropes he scuffled feebly with a beefy, placating deputy.

"Let me at 'em, boy!" shouted, "I fit 'em in '64,

and I ain't afeard to fight 'em now!"

One participant remembers that at the height of the struggle a terrified dove came veering across the battlefield. Suddenly a mine was touched off directly beneath the speeding bird; and an instant later two tiny gray wings whirled earthward.

A Federal sniper was one of the key extras. This sharpshooter, in real life Dr. T.P. Ballou, of Nashville, wore a curly blond wig; he plied his seemingly deadly trade from behind the stone fence in the immediate forefront of the battle scene. At a designated moment he fell, face downward, and remained motionless during the rest of the battle.

Another close-up extra, at that time a boy of fifteen, recalls the unpleasant consequences of falling face upward.

"I had been instructed to stagger, clutch my head, and fall face upward," this participant said. "No sooner had I fallen as directed, however, when a mine was set off about 25 feet in front of where I lay. It must have been overcharged; for one of the protective bags of sawdust arched upward in a beautiful curve, then started downward squarely toward my upturned face. Horrified, I watched this flight through half-closed lids. I remember now the ludicrous, almost insane threat that Holubar yelled; 'I'll kill any dead man who moves!' Luckily, the bag broke wide open while it was still 20 feet or so above my face, and all I suffered was a solid inch covering of sawdust. If the bag hadn't shattered exactly when it did, you can bet I would have rolled clear of that baby—and the hell with Hollywood."

When 500 feet of the battle scenes had been filmed, Holubar stopped the camera. He leaped down from his stand, exulant. "That was a great battle scene, boys!" he exclaimed. "Let the buglers sound 'Cease Firing,'"

The buglers blew themselves varicolored in the face; but the battle stubornly refused to be ended. Perhaps the notes went unheard in the general pandemonium, or perhaps, by that time, the conflicting forces were aroused almost beyond make-believe. At any rate, the struggle continued until the last round of ammunition had been fired and the last exhausted hand-to-hand grappler had come to terms with his foeman. That was almost 15 minutes after the twin cameras had been folded and removed from their stands. Holubar, meanwhile had walked up and down in impotent exasperation, waving his arms and shouting:"Stop it, stop it! The battle's over!"

Miraculously, no one had been killed. Indeed, there had been astonishingly few casualties of any kind. F.H. Johnston, one of the Confederate troops, had suffered sunstroke while carrying a flag; aged Zeb Mitchell, a real Confederate veteran, had received powed burns about the face, a dozen or more participants had been pawed by plunging horses, or had suffered wrenched shoulders, sprained ankles, or blackened eyes. One Confederate soldier appeared at the first-aid tent with his uniform torn half off, a badly shaken boy. "I sat down on a pile of dirt to rest," he explained, "and the dern thing blew me ten feet in the air."

Holubar's final comment was well tempered.

"For its explosive effects," said the Metro big-timer, "this battle scene surpasses any I have ever witnessed-in the making, or on the screen."

The Kiwanis club, outdoing itself, immediately served a mammoth barbecue luncheon for all sweat and smoke-begrimmed participants.

Franklin had known its second hour of glory, in its second greatest day.

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