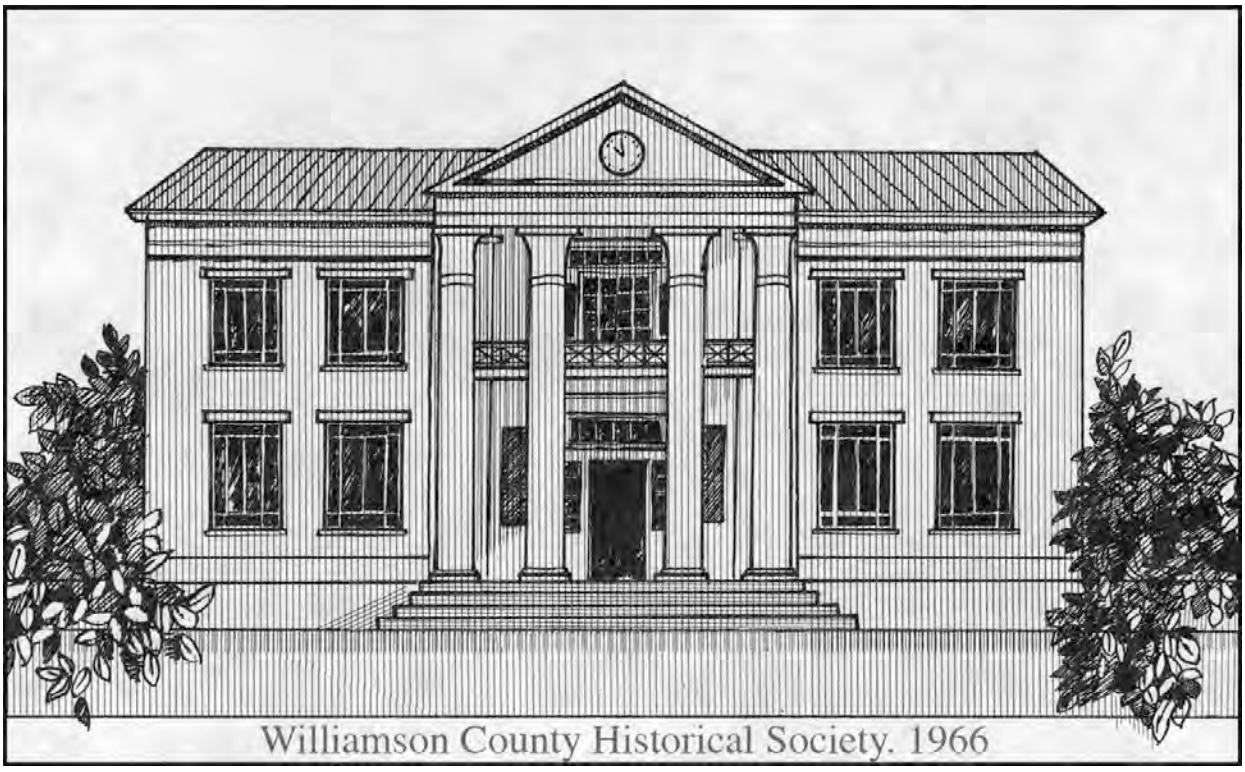
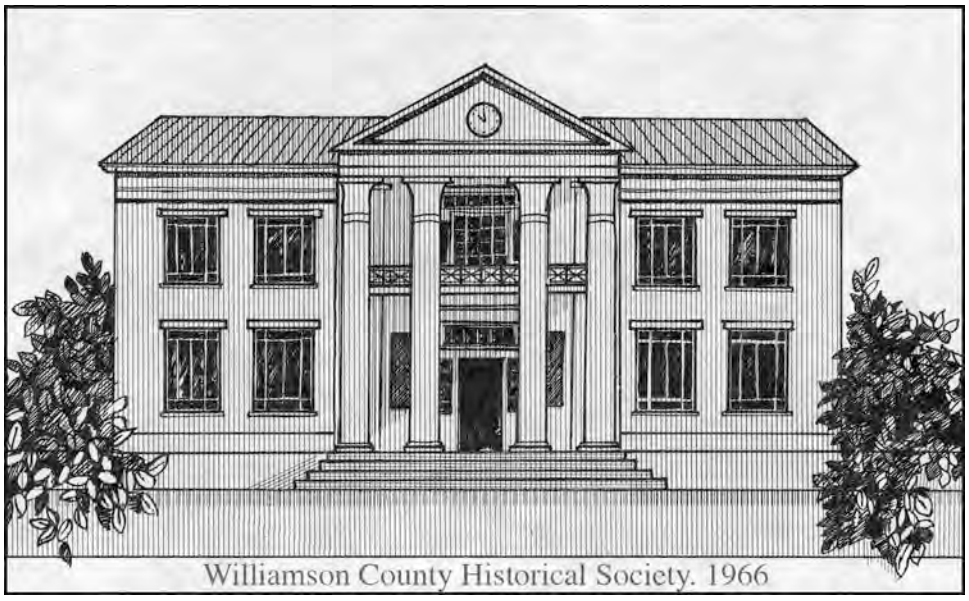
WILLIAMSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Journal

No. 50 2018-2019



Rick Warwick, Editor



Williamson County Historical Society
P.O. Box 71
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Front cover photo: *Bonnie Blankenship (Parham) is holding the banner Vote for Women, after attending the Franklin Liberty Loan Parade on October 5, 1918, as her Bingham neighbors posed with her.*

Annual dues are $25.00 with season running from September-August

Editor's Introduction

Welcome to the fiftieth edition of the Williamson County Historical Society's annual publi-cation and my thirtieth year as its editor. As I read over the many articles in past journals, I realize what a wealth of historical information has been shared with each issue. Many of those early contributors, I notice, are no longer living, but their articles and legacy live on. We should be mindful and thankful of those who have labored and shared their interest and knowledge in local history. Also, if you have bit of history to share or subject you wish to write on, let your editor know.

The Society has taken a giant step into today's technology. Thanks to the efforts of Brian Laster, our WCHS webmaster, everyone may now begin to enjoy, at their leisure, all the past WCHS journals and additional material related to Williamson County in our purview. For those with computers connected to the internet, try www.williamsoncountyhistory.com.

There is no general theme for this issue. However, since the centennial Armistice of World War will be celebrated soon, we begin with an article by Thomas Henderson III, grandson of Capt. Thomas P. Henderson, who will share letters between his grandparents during World War I. Also, Thomas provides some of his grandfather's insight into the failed attempt to capture Kaiser Wilhelm II. It should be remembered that Capt. Tom Henderson shared his personal experience with local columnist T.H. Alexander for an article on the subject to raise money for Alexander's son, Huddy's, much needed surgery in New York. Henry Hill wrote "The Story of the Theft of the Kasier's Ash Tray" for the *Dearborn Independent* in 1924, which gives a more detailed report.

We own a "thank you" to Jim Chapman III, grandson of Jim Chapman of pie wagon fame, for providing two photographs from his father's photo album, which include two interesting views of the NRA Parade on Armistice Day of 1933. We see the BGA students marching behind Harry Marsh's horse-drawn cab and the Red Cross truck-float entering the Square. These photographs enticed your editor to find an article in *The Review-Appeal* describing the event in more detail, which fit nicely with the photos.

The third article, taken from *The Nashville Tennessean Magazine* of 1947, brings to light the origin of how Henpeck Lane got its name, after long being known as Douglass Lane. Franklin attorney R.H. Crockett wrote a delightful article on Franklin for *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville, Kentucky (1896) describing a brief history our fair town. The Nashville Globe (1912) reported on the black businessmen of Franklin, which provides biographical information on these individuals that *The Review-Appeal* failed shared with its readers. Two related articles written by your editor explores the famous gardens of Judge W.J. Smith and Dr. Moscow B. Carter, illustrated with photographs taken by the proud gardeners. Next, we have a memorial tribute, found in the John B. Claybrooke Collection in the TSLA, to Samuel Fearn Perkins (1889), builder of Westview and owner of large plantation at Triune. Also, from this source, we have insightful information on S.F. Perkins' ex-slave Tommie Ella May, who died in 1949 at the age 99.

Again, we rely on Franklin mayor Park Marshall to provide us with four articles taken from the *Tennessee Historical Magazine*: The True Route of the Natchez Trace (1915), "Cushman's History of the Indians-Choctaws, Chickasaws and Natchez" (1925), The Topographical Beginnings of Nashville (1919), and John A. Murrell and Daniel Crenshaw (1920). Also, taken from *The Tennessee Historical Magazine* (1931), we have "An Ohio Farmer in Middle Tennessee in 1865" by R. Pierce Beaver, which describes the trials and tribulations of a northern farmer trying to live in unfriendly Williamson County.

Another Franklin mayor, John B. McEwen wrote an article in *Spirit of the Farm* (1885) describing the trouble Col. John McGavock and his son, Winder, and Col. Moscow B. Carter were having with sheep-killing dogs. Your editor has explored the available county records to compare the farm operations the McGavocks of Carnton and the Carters just across the railroad tracks.

"Running for Life" appeared in the *Nashville Daily American* (1878), which describes the lynching of John Thompson, a person of color, for the rape of five-year old Lelia Shannon. After a lengthy attempted to escape the mob, Thompson was captured near where McEwen and I-65 interchange is today and he was subsequently taken to a large oak near Rebel's Rest on Liberty Pike and there the mob had their way.

A niece of the tragic Lelia Shannon, Louise Shannon Dedman, wrote an article for *The Review-Appeal* (1978) describing her father, Dr. J, O, Shannon, and his pioneer family. Mrs. Dedman sold the Shannon home place in 1978 to Franklin for a city park, thinking it would be named for Dr. J.O. Shannon. Instead, we have the John Pinkerton Park, named for a city alderman at that time.

Thompson Station native, Pete Mefford reflex on the period 1954-1958 (his BGA days) with "The World That Awaited Us," a nostalgic view of what was happening and what the future held. Pete lives in Texas but keeps close taps on his fellow BGA alums of the class of 1958, who recently celebrated their 60th Reunion.

In 1946, Dr. Moscow B. Carter wrote a series of articles for *The Review-Appeal* providing a detail "Who's Who" of those personalities on the Franklin Square since he entered dentistry in 1896. Growing up in Franklin and observing events from his upstairs office on the north side of the Square, Dr. Carter had a lot to relate, which he does with good humor.

The Nashville Tennessean (1918) reported on the Williamson County Women's Liberty Bond Parade of October 5, 1918. The article allowed your editor to include photographs of the event from his collection.

United States army troops were ordered to the Duck River ridge to begin work on a new federal road from Nashville to Natchez. Lt. Col. Thomas Butler with his battalion was tasked with the work of road building. The final article is a transcription of his official 1801 order book entries.

Good Reading,
Rick Warwick, Editor

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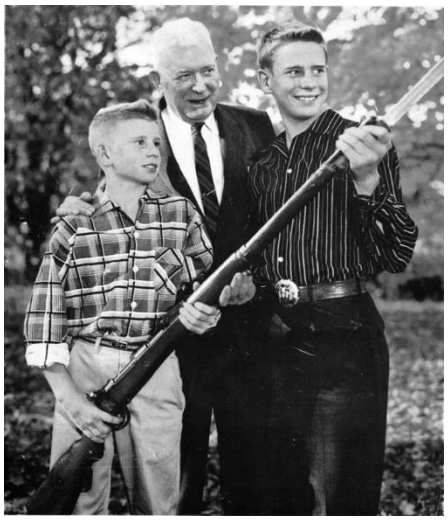
CAPTAIN TOM WAS "OVER THERE"

Attempted Kidnapping of the Kaiser Just Misses

Thomas P. Henderson, III

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So, prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware –
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.
George M. Cohan- 1917

About my 12th or 13th birthday I had my picture proudly displayed in the Sunday newspaper with my paternal grandfather, my first cousin, and a rifle with bayonet attached. It was then that I realized my granddaddy had done something special in the past.



Capt. Tom with grandsons, Tom III and Tom Minton holding his WWI rifle.

I knew he was a well-respected country lawyer in the small town of Franklin but that was about it. Letters written to my grandmother, back in Franklin while serving his country in France during World War 1, were eye-openers.

In April 1917, the United States declared war on Germany and its emperor, the ruthless Kaiser Wilhelm II. Senator Luke Lea from Nashville the founder, editor and publisher of the Nashville Tennessean newspaper, had already begun to organize an entirely voluntary force of men to join America's 30th Division, which was part of the A.E.F(American Expeditionary Force) 55th Artillery Brigade. It became the 114th Field Artillery. My grandfather, Tom Henderson from Franklin, was personally recruited by Lea having known him through the Democratic party and being fully aware of his reputation as one of the finest lawyers in the state. He was made Captain of Battery F, comprised mainly of soldiers from Franklin, Columbia, Lawrenceburg and surrounding areas.

On May 26, 1918, after months of training, Henderson and the 114th embarked on a nightmarish 11-day voyage from New York to Liverpool, England and on to Coetquidan in France aboard the vessel *Karoa,* which was described as somewhat bigger than a large tub, escorted by submarine chasers. In one of the tens of letters my granddad wrote to his wife Lucille in Franklin, he stated: "It is a rather funny feeling, this feeling we are out here hunted by someone who wants to kill us; we are in submarine water." "Men packed like

sardines, sea sickness was rampant, and the ship bobbed mercilessly in the 11-day ordeal…everyman almost was sick, and to see a regiment sick, sea sick, is some sight; I never saw the like. Nuck spent 4 days in his bunk…. your dear Mitch was sick, awfully sick, his pride suffered greatly."

Artillery training ensured at Coetquidan for 2 months and then it was finally off to battle. Surviving constant shelling, waist deep mud, gas attacks and rats in St. Mihiel, the Argonne Forrest, and Verdun while providing artillery support for the infantry he writes on September 21st, near the front lines: "Mud was knee deep and rain pouring in torrents. I ran a wire from my dug-out to my Battery, about 200 meters, and got my men out." They pummeled the Germans for 7 solid hours during this time. "I fired over 1700 rounds", said Henderson. On October 1st: "We have been engaged steadily since Sept. 26th at 2:30am; mud, rain and cold, the most disagreeable weather I have ever seen…water and mud are in my dug-out deep. Take the dirtiest pigpen you can find in Williamson County, and you will have something clean compared to this place. I have been living in it for the past 4 days; it's filthy." "Last night (Oct 12) I felt something on my chest, grabbed it and threw it against the wall, the biggest rat I ever saw. It's really dangerous."


Capt. Tom Henderson in 1918. (Images: Tom Henderson III)

Capt. Tom Henderson

Describing some of the fighting, Captain Tom writes Lucille: "Shells fall all around us, but so far we have been lucky… I only pray that our good luck will last. It is not a pleasant feeling to sit and listen to the big shells come whistling in, they sound scary." October 29: "During the battle of the Argonne…Corporal Gerald Collins and Dillard (Red) Anderson were killed. Clyde Campbell was wounded all at the same time. We buried the two in a new American burying ground a short distance from where they were killed. If they are going to get us, they are going to get us, and we cannot help it, and that's the way we look at it."

What was one of the most important things to Captain Tom, as he was known by his troops, was that his men would come back better than when they left: "Williamson County is going to be a better County, as a result of these boys coming home." However, foremost in my grandfather's thoughts was his wife back in Franklin. Letter after letter voiced his homesickness and love for Lucille, whom he refers to as Lucindy: "Oh Lucindy, life has been worthwhile, and you have made it for me, no matter what the future holds. I am bound to be happy; but I am lonesome and homesick for you, and I love you, heart o'mine, how I love you. Write to me often and tell me you love me, and tell it over again, and over and over again." "…the homecoming I am looking forward to is not the parade through Nashville nor Franklin, it's the demonstration I am going to get out at the little grey home on the Lewisburg Pike, west of Franklin…that makes my heart thump and my blood run quicker." Their home is now marked by an historical marker entitled "Collins Farm".

Good –by, ma! Good-by, pa!
Good-by, mule, with yer old hee-haw!
I may not know what th' war's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a King fer a souvenir.
I'll git you a Turk an' a Kaiser too.
An' that's about all one feller could do.
Long Boy- 1917

Armistice was declared November 11th, 1918 at 11am. Henderson wrote: "I guess this is the greatest day in the history of the World…" Weeks later he got a call from Colonel Lea to meet him at Luxembourg on Christmas Eve morning. (The 114th was stationed there as part of the A.E.F awaiting orders to be transferred back to the states). There a plot was hatched to kidnap Kaiser Wilhelm II who had abdicated the throne and was exiled and lived in a castle outside of Amerongen, Holland. In on this from the beginning was Captain Leland (Larry) MacPhail and my grandfather. It is said Lea was enjoying some of the local Priest's wine and said … "Am thinking of motoring up to Holland for the purpose of kidnapping the Kaiser." MacPhail, who worked at Huddleston's Department Store, and later became owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, New York Yankees and brought lighting to baseball said: "You're crazy." After more samplings of the padre's stash the plot was set. The plan was to kidnap the Kaiser and take him to Paris where President Woodrow Wilson was going to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

Lea, Captain Tom, MacPhail, plus 4 other non-commissioned officers from Tennessee: Signal expert 1st Lt. Ellsworth Brown, Dan Reilly- Lea's right-hand man, Sgts. Marmaduke Clokey, and Owen Johnston, a noted mechanic, took off in 2 cars at 5:30 am Christmas morning driving through picturesque snow-covered mountains and ice laden spruce trees in-route some 300 miles to where the Kaiser was taking it easy. (It should be noted that, according to my grandfather and McPhail, they and Col. Lea were the only ones who knew the purpose of the mission…until later). Unfortunately, for lack of proper passports from Germany into Holland, they about-faced at Cleve and drove back to camp as their leave was expiring the next day. The group arrived back at 2:30 pm exhausted after traveling over 600 miles- "one of the most interesting motor trips anyone could take", wrote Captain Tom. My grandmother received this ominous letter written on December 27th: "When you hear my reason for not writing you on Christmas Day or Christmas Eve I know you will understand. We had an object in view on our trip; we failed in that." "We will probably take a 7-day trip beginning tomorrow night. We have big plans and I think they will work out, if they do I'll have lots to tell you when I see you…. Do not say anything about my trip into Germany… I mean do not make the news public. I have a reason for this."

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New Year's Eve 1918 granddad wrote an even more compelling message from Tuntage, Luxemburg- "…we have some plans which are foolish, but which if successful mean considerable to us." "It will all be over when you get this. I just wanted you to know how I cared, and how I always will care. I always want you to know that to me you are the most beautiful woman, the nicest little sweetheart, the dearest wife, and the best little mother and home-maker that ever lived… I love you, Lucille, I love you. Tom".

Seated:
Capt Larry MacPhail, Col. Luke Lea, Capt. Tom Henderson, 1st Lt. Ellsworth Brown

Standing:
Sgt. Dan Reilly, Sgt. John Toliver, Sgt. Owen Johnston, and Capt. Marmaduke Clokey

Back out on the treacherous snow-covered roads New Year's Day 1919, with what was described by the 55th's Brigadier General Oliver Spaulding as "...the damndest order of leave I have ever read, but it violates no special or general order, so I'll sign it", off they went in the 114th's *Winton Six* automobile to make another attempt. When the *Winton* broke down a supply vehicle rode Clokey all the way back to Luxembourg where he acquired Col. Gleason's 8-cylinder *Cadillac* from the 115th, along with driver Egbert Hail.

Lea finally obtained passports in Brussels through his friend, Brand Whitlock, the ambassador to Belgium. Big snows slowed them down but they finally reached the border to Holland on January 5th. Encountering armed guards at check points along the way, and not completely fluent in the language, they hired a young boy during a lunch stop called Botter, whom they nicknamed Hans, about age 16 who pushed through the crowd as it was gawking at the 2

large automobiles. He said: “spik-English, very proficient”. Onward they continued with the boy sitting on the floorboard acting as their interpreter. “Hans” frequently yelled to folks along the route to startled citizens. The men finally figured out what the kid was saying- “Where is the residence of the damn crazy Kaiser?” Not really what you wanted at this point.

Captain Tom’s 2nd letter home on January 5th from Arnhem, Holland states: “We are all due to call on a gentleman tonight and as to whether my letter tomorrow is from Holland or Luxemburg depends upon what he had to say. Well, goodbye Lucindy. I love you better than life itself, and I am living to see you next month. Don’t form any inferences, for publication, as to our trip up here, wait until I tell you.” No more letters were written for 4 days.

It was getting dark as the 2 cars, the Winton (now running again) and the Cadillac, with 50-gallon drums of gasoline strapped to each side, forged ahead. Suddenly the front one stopped and Sgt. Reilly got out, shined his flashlight ahead and said, “Bridge washed out”. It was a tributary of the Rhine called the Waal river and was only 16 kilometers from their destination; the castle at Amerongen. At that point, Col. Lea told all the men of the mission and offered anyone who wanted to turn back the opportunity to do so. Captain Tom was the first to speak: “I am ready to go with you Colonel.” All the others followed suit. Moving parallel along the river they came upon a ferryman whom they persuaded to take them across but offered no assurances he would be there when they wanted to return. Nevertheless, the boys continued on and arrived at the castle of Count von Bentinck around 8pm where the Kaiser was holed up, around 8pm. Huge gates surrounded the estate. When Col. Lea knocked on the door a face appeared in a small panel. Persuaded by the American uniforms, the Colonel’s insignia, and the 2 Captains in accompaniment, MacPhail, Lea and Henderson, along with “Hans” and Ellsworth Brown of Chattanooga, were ushered in by a sentry. Henderson wanted to eliminate the sentry with his .45 but was advised against it. This turned out to be a mistake.

They were greeted by the count and ushered into the library. Hans became so enthralled with the proceedings that he fainted and had to be drug back out of the castle by Brown. Yikes. When asked the nature of their visit Col Lea, acting as spokesperson, by-passed the question and asked for the Kaiser claiming it was of a personal matter. Von Bentinck left the room. The Americans could hear “Your Majesty” and other faint ramblings going on behind closed doors during this time. After an hour of requesting a personal visit and subsequently meeting the Burgomaster, or Mayor of Amerongen (who, as it turned out, went to Harvard), the demands were denied. Suddenly, a loud banging on the castle door revealed a quite agitated Lt. Brown who told Lea: “I think, sir, the object of our mission has been misunderstood”, revealing that the sentry had massed over 150 Dutch troops waiting outside. Search lights were turned on, and machine guns were being manned by German Militia in the chateau wall’s crevices. This seemed like a good time to bid adieu. While exchanging “pleasantries”, MacPhail managed to abscond with the Kaiser’s beloved ashtray; a bronzed one showcasing a German shepherd with a long pipe in its mouth.

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As the Americans left the castle, the Burgomaster followed them closely. He ended up getting "clocked" by one of the American sergeants who had become panicky. Dutch troops surrounded the cars and were joined by patrons from a nearby theater that had just let out, adding to the confusion. Word had circulated that something was going on at the castle as evidenced by someone from the crowd yelling to Reilly and Johnston, sitting in the *Winton*: "Well you came for the old boy, did you? You might as well get the old son of a bitch, he had to leave this village, and it might as well be tonight as tomorrow." The men jumped into the cars and sped off, encountering Dutch troops along the way and smashing through a road block. According to McPhail, the *Winton* took the brunt of it at full speed showering broken timbers and splinters on the ducking guards. The alarm had been sounded by the count instigated by the theft of the Kaiser's prized ashtray.

Capt. Larry McPhail's trophy from Kaiser Wilhelm II

Arriving at the Waal River ferry crossing, our men pointed their rifles across the tributary to "encourage" the ferryboat master to come across to get them. During the excruciating 30-minute wait, with troops on their tail, Lea revealed that Captain Henderson was right in wanting to take out the sentry. They could have snatched the Kaiser, got him into the car and off they would have gone had it not have been for that guy. "…would have been easy, it's the getting away that counts" said Lea. 36 hours, and many adventures later across Holland and Belgium, including hitting a cyclist, they finally made it back to Metz and headquarters in France on January 7th, promising to say nothing to anyone about where they had been or what they had done.

In a matter of hours, the story broke in newspapers all over the world and the 7 Americans became infamous overnight. General "Black Jack" Pershing, commander of the AEF (American Expeditionary Forces) got word from Colonel House, President Wilson's top advisor, wanting to know what the hell our troops were doing over there with the war over. On January 11th Henderson writes home to my grandmother: "I have had some adventures that I cannot mention to anyone but you, and to you only in person. Some of these were foolish, but they will make good talk." There is an understatement!

Meanwhile Captain Henderson and the rest resumed duties with the 114th., but much to their dismay, all were brought in for questioning January 26th. A January 24th letter home: "I was jerked off the Troop Train day before yesterday…. together with MacPhail and Owen Johnston and ordered to report here to GHQ (general headquarters). They are investigating a trip some American officers made into Holland early in January. It may be too that we will

be kicked out of the Army." The hearing lasted for 6 weeks. Charges of invading a foreign country, unauthorized use of Army vehicles, communicating with the enemy, kidnapping and theft were leveled. January 29 my granddad wrote: "I am not afraid of any Court Martial; I have done nothing that I am ashamed of." "They can't hang me, you know, and they can't imprison me, and all they can do that will hurt will be to keep me from getting home". In the end, none were convicted and all avoided court martial. Each man received a letter of censure from Pershing in their file stating the visit "… might have entailed the most disastrous of consequences, both political and military."

The entire regiment and Captain Tom arrived on special trains back in West Nashville at Centennial park at 4pm March 31st, 1919 with every whistle in the city opened at full blast welcoming the boys. The next day, Monday April 1st, the entire town was at a standstill for the welcoming of our troops. 50-100,000 people showed up as speeches were given at the Parthenon. The parade wound through Vanderbilt, across Dudley Field, downtown under the Victory Arch to the foot of Capitol Hill. The Governor observed from his stand as the parade continued back to the Hippodrome where an elaborate dinner was served after which the street was roped off and dancing ensued. All agreed it was the largest crowd ever assembled in Nashville. Captain Tom and his Battery F mustered out April 8th, 1919.

Capt. Tom and Lucille Henderson with Elizabeth and Tom, Jr. at their home on Lewisburg Pike.

In 1921, my grandfather attended the 30th Division's reunion in Nashville with General "Black Jack" Pershing as the guest speaker. Someone timidly asked Pershing about the Kaiser kidnapping attempt to which the general, with a twinkling in his eyes, said: "I'd have given a year's pay to have been with those boys in Holland." I wish I had been with my granddad too.

II

THE STORY OF THE THEFT OF THE KAISER'S ASH TRAY

An Heretofore Untold Post-Armistice Escapade of a Group of American Army Officers That Sought to Kidnap Wilhelm

Henry Hill , *The Dearborn Independent* January 12, 1924

Col. Luke Lea

Somewhere in America today there is an ash tray—quite a famous ash tray, made of bronze, and beloved of its owner as the memento of one of those escapades which almost made history. For the ash tray came from the castle of Count Bentnck, at Amerongen, Holland, and was taken by a party of American artillery officers, in lieu of Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

This plan to capture the ex-Kaiser is little known; it has never been incorporated in the war annals of the A.E.F. but it is none the less a fact, and is one of the most amazing of the war's unwritten episodes.

We start in Luxembourg, a few weeks after the Armistice. The 114th Field Artillery regiment of the 55th Field Artillery brigade, was quartered in the Grand Duchy, holding the line of communication for the Third Army on the Rhine. The billets were drab, the amusements few; and the activities required prior to November 11, by barrages, counter preparations, digging battery positions, and the like, were no more. Mere inspections of horse lines and battery kitchens could not be expected fully to occupy the officers' complete attention. Nor did it that of the commanding officer, Colonel Luke Lea, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Colonel Lea's career had been a distinguished one, both in and out of the army. In his early twenties, he had loomed up large on the political screen in Tennessee. In the bitter battle between the wets and drys he had carried on the work of the murdered Carmack.

The Plan to Seize the Kaiser

He had gone to the United States Senate in his thirties, barely over the age limit. He had made a brilliant record there, and, when defeated in a primary for re-nomination for the senatorial post, he had turned his full energies to the publication of his newspaper, the Nashville *Tennessean*. With the outbreak of the war, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the First Tennessee Field

Artillery, had a great part in raising this new national Guard unit, and at Camp Sevier, Greenville, South Carolina, drilled it on wooden guns, but made an iron regiment.

Amerongen Castle

The 114th got into the game in France right enough. It was at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne. It had its share of mustard gas and shell wounds, of hard marches and fine achievements. But this story is not of the war, but of that time impossible to describe when the war had done, but men still felt it. In Luxembourg time hung heavy on the Colonel's hands; his active and resourceful mind was deeply interested in the debate in progress in the Allied press and parliaments regarding the necessity of punishing the Kaiser. And the *sine qua non* of that was that Wilhelm be in Holland. It was just like the old recipe for rabbit stew: First catch your rabbit.

At Amerongen, the "guest" of Count Bentinck, Wilhelm was a refugee on Dutch soil, and entitled to the protection of the queen's government. Wilhelmina and the States would have to consent to the release of the fallen emperor before the Allies could try him, and when sounded out on this point, the Dutch government had pointedly indicated it would not do so.

So, Colonel Lea evolved a plan to seize his former Imperial Highness, and hand him over to the French, so he could be tried. The artillery commander's former position as a Senator had given him many friendships in diplomatic and highness army circles, and through them he secured passports for a party to cross into Holland on a "sightseeing expedition." And one day in December the "tourists" started out, in two United States Army cars; the party included Colonel Lea, Captain L.S. MacPhail, of Nashville, Captain Thomas Henderson, of Franklin, Tennessee, and Lieutenant Ellsworth Brown, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, the latter the regimental radio officer. Five sturdy, resourceful enlisted men had been selected to go along. [Sergeants Dan Reilly, Owen Johnston of Franklin, Eustace Hail and Corporal Marmaduke Clokey]

In the plot, in addition to the Americans, were a Luxembourger, a Belgian officer, a German, and unwillingly, a young Dutch soldier. The kidnappers had secured full information of the lay of the land, maps of the

Amerongen section, and hints as to Wilhelm's habits. On the way from Luxembourg, the cars ran short of gasoline and Captain MacPhail went to the airplane park of King Albert, in Brussels, and there borrowed from the Belgian monarch enough "essence" for the final dash across the Waal.

When the party reached an inland Dutch city, and were ferried across the Waal, they hired a Dutch soldier to act as interpreter and guide. Rejoiced at the opportunity of making some *trinkgeld*, he unsuspectingly accompanied them to Amerongen. It was about dusk and too early for effective work, when the cars neared their goal. They waited at a secluded Arnhem inn until it was thought Amerongen would be quiet and the streets clear. Then Colonel Lea pushed on to Count Bentinck's house.

Received by Count Bentinck

The Dutch soldier-guide finally began to scent a plot, but his fears were calmed, and he was prevailed upon to show the way. The two cars halted in front of the count's large and well-guarded house. It was pitch dark, after nine o'clock, but some Yuletide festivities had kept the villagers up later than the visitors had counted on. Lea, MacPhail and Henderson presented their cards, and were received by Count Bentinck. The N.C.O.'s and Brown remained in the cars just outside the gate.

A careful examination was made to see if all communication between Bentinck's house and the outside world could not be cut. Apparatus had been disclose any phone lines. However, Sergeant-Major Dan Reilly, of Franklin, was positive that radio antennae were mounted high over the castle roofs, and could not be cut without provoking "premature hostilities."

Kaiser Wilhelm II

Inside, the Colonel, on another bent, had asked Count Bentinck, who with his son, the younger welcome guests, to carry a message to the ex-Kaiser, asking him to receive the party for an "interview." The Count, after considerable parley and hesitation agreed to take the message. The officers began to prepare for a rapid seizure and dash. No immediate response was forthcoming, and the minutes grew until a half-hour had passed.

Meanwhile, things began to happen outside. The full guard and retinue of the estate was paraded at the main gate in an imposing and threatening manner. A picked guard was detailed upon the main street. This only intensified the village sensation and added recruits to the mob forming about the American cars. The usual custom was for a corporal's guard to stay at the castle, the rest keeping as inconspicuously as possible on the grounds of the Bentinck estate. Never had the Americans officers seen so imposing a group of soldiers, splendidly uniformed, tall, and well filled out, much after the fashion of old Friedrich Wilhelm's fabled guard of giants, as appeared in that main guard of Dutch soldiers.

The younger Count Bentinck, surrounded by a corporal's guard, inspected their arms and ammunition. Machine gun implacements on the walls were manned, and trained upon the gateway, the Americans cars, and the mob of civilians gathered outside the outer gate.

About that time, the elder Count Bentinck came back with a message from "the emperor," as he always called the former Kaiser, to the effect that unless the Americans had permission from Queen Wilhelmina or an order from General Pershing, he could not receive them. The wily Hohenzollern evidently suspected what was in the wind.

The martial sounds in the inner domain of the castle, the cold tone of the reply, and threatening gestures outside, of which they were kept informed, dampened the kidnaping ardor of the artillery officers, who returned some equivocal reply, and left.

Mob Becomes Threatening

In the meanwhile, the N.C.O.'s and the junior officer had been having an exciting time of it. They've come for the Ka-ser," some were heard to remark, and many came near the cars, to wish the raiders good luck. A few heavily armed squads of the Kaiser's Dutch guard came to the gate, armed with flash lights, to inspect the American cars.

Luckily, while the long stage wait had been on, Brown gained information from Captain Henderson that all was not well inside. He and an N.C.O. gathered together the spare pistols, and put them under the car seat. They were lounging on this seat when the younger Bentinck and his warrant officer detail flashed their lanterns in the car and rudely poked about, ostensibly for firearms. During the inspection, the young American officer and his men aped nonchalance as best they could, with fast-beating hearts. No guns were found, though each sat through the inspection with a .45 automatic stuck loosely inside his half-buttoned leather jerkin.

About this time, the mob became more threatening, and the commander of the Dutch castle guard called on the villagers to disperse. Failing response, he threw a line of guards along the street and forced the curious crowd back a few paces. Shortly thereafter, Lea, MacPhail and Henderson came forth, without the Kaiser, clambered in, and drove rapidly off.

It had been an exciting hour for them all. Had not the signs been so threatening, a rapid search of the house, a seizure of the Kaiser and a dash for Belgium or the British Army are in West Prussia would have been the program. Once there, the Colonel had the way greased to Nancy, or Verdun, where he would have surrendered his capture to the French, and have received the plaudits of the rejoicing Allies.

As it turned out, the cars were delayed half an hour at midnight at the ferry over the Waal, due to the ferryman being called to the opposite bank before the American came up. Some of the members of the party think that in this time they would have been caught, their prisoner taken from them, and they themselves cast into a Dutch dungeon.

II

Larry McPhail

This little private party of the Colonel's would never have become known had it not been for the souvenir gathering propensities of Captain MacPhail. There was an elaborate bronze ash tray in Count Bentinck's smoking room, which Mac decided would make an excellent souvenir de guerre. He abstracted it, slipped it to a trusted orderly upon reaching France and for months the ash tray was "lost."

Count Bentinck asked the queen's government to ask Washington for its return; Washington asked Chaumont what had been going on, and General Pershing straightway summoned Colonel Lea, who until then had known nothing of the souveniring exploit, and other participants, to G.H.Q. where they were put on a carpet. Nothing was ever done to them, although they had a tight squeeze before the explanations were allowed to be satisfactory.

The "Imperial' ash tray, with its rampant bronze wolf-handle, is in its daily use in the MacPhail home, even now, a souvenir of the narrow escape the Kaiser had from falling into the hands of the Allied and associated powers—and perhaps of the narrower escape the Colonel and his aides had from a dank Dutch dungeon.

FRANKLIN'S NRA PARADE
ARMISTICE DAY 1933

Ten Thousand People Enjoy Armistice Day in Franklin

The Review-Appeal, November 16, 1933

BGA students march in step following the NRA car and Uncle Harry Marsh's horse-drawn cab.

Last week's Review-Appeal stated that fully 10,000 people were expected in Franklin for the big Armistice Day Parade, held Saturday. They were here. The sidewalks were jammed all along the parade route and spectators were even jammed in the second-story windows of a number of Main Street buildings. It was probably the largest crowd that had been in "Tennessee's Handsomest Town" in the past six or eight years.

The line of march led from Columbia Avenue down Main Street to the Public Square, and back; but the civic and commercial floats also visited the city's residential sections.

Every department of the parade was a credit to those who had planned it and well worthy of the Day which occasioned the event. Incidentally it might be remarked that one of the biggest hits of the day was the Battle Ground Academy group; the boys were gaily attired and marched in step to the music at all times.

When the line of march reached the monument on the Square, a halt was made and one minute of silence observed in memory of the departed dead.

The day was such a successful one that it is planned to do the same thing "all over again" next year.

The line of march was headed by the three marshals of the day, Tom Cotton, Owen Johnston, and Edward Buckner, followed by six motorcycle officers. The American Legion was led by John Green, American Legion commander; Capt. Tom Henderson, adjutant, and Chaplain W.H. Armistead, Sheriff Charley Fox, Travis Wallace, followed by 200 Legionnaires. Percy Jennette carried the John Stephens Post Flag, and Fred Smartt the National Flag.

200 American Legionnaires march behind Chaplain W.H. Armistead, Sheriff Charley Fox, Percy Jennette, Travis Wallace, Fred Smartt, and Sam Cowan

Music was furnished by the Tennessee Industrial Band, of Nashville.

Next in line came the American Legion float, NRA Float, Women's Division, NRA; C & R. Cash Grocery, Spirit of '49 float; Harpeth Home Demonstration Club; D.A.R.; U.D.C.; Spanish War Veterans; Progressive Club float; Red Cross ambulance; magazine Club float; U.S. D. 1812; Lillie Mill Co.; S.M. Fleming Co.; Ash Grove; F.H.S.; F.G.S.; Harpeth; Forest Home and College Schools; Hillsboro float; B.G.A. boys and their sponsors, headed by Uncle Harry, colored, also a sponsor of the school boys; Smithwick's Bakery; Gulf Refining Co., J.M. King & Co.; Girls' Cotillion Club; Texaco Oil Co.' Thompson Station Home Demonstration; Dave Buchanan Plumbing; Del Rio Club; Lucky Stop Garage; 'Miss Rachel Mathis for Register"; county and city officials; Midway School and Club; Harpeth Club; Hillsboro School; Boston School; Boston Home Demonstration Club; Southall Club float; Forest Hill School; Franklin Oil Co.; Rose Grocery Co.; Franklin Warehouse Co.; Franklin Implement Co.; Trice-Reynolds Co.

The Negro section was headed by Tom Patton, marshal, followed by American Legion post, Red Cross section; colored schools of the county.

The program closed with the Old Fiddlers' contest and a ball game, in the afternoon.

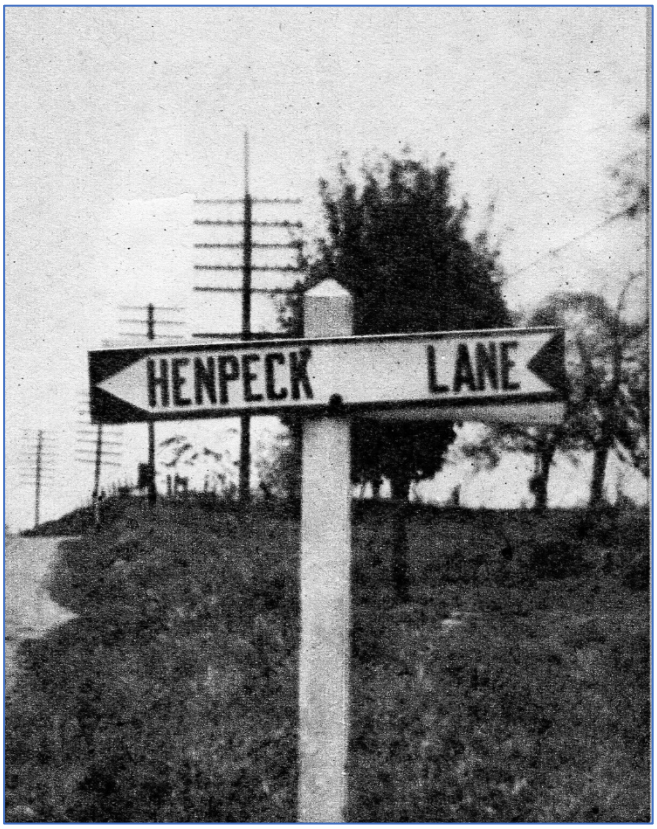
HENPECK LANE

That by Which we Call a Lane

Ralph Morrissey - *The Nashville Tennessean Magazine, January 26, 1947*

When W.W. Doss, who was a colonel in the Confederate Army, humorously remarked one day in 1881 that he lived on Henpeck Lane near Franklin, he started something. For through the years this unusual name has stuck, despite objections from newcomers and older residents who failed to see anything funny in Colonel Doss' little joke.

About five years ago the county placed a marker on the Columbia Highway, three miles or so from Franklin, indicating Henpeck Lane. It is an ordinary country road about two miles long leading to the Lewisburg Pike. The sign is still there and doubtless will remain.



Henpeck Lane marker at Columbia Highway

Colonel Doss, who started it all, was a Mississippian who came to Tennessee and married a Williamson County girl. He became interested in the fact that most of the farms in the area were owned by women, and he facetiously determined to make a good story of it. As he was the correspondent for the Franklin paper, he began sending in his weekly column under the caption: "News from Henpeck Lane."

His effort was eminently successful, for in addition to naming a community, he also brought it publicity, despite the fact that many doubtless thought that Henpeck's inhabitants were made up entirely of overbearing and dominating wives and meek and quiescent husbands.

Many of the ladies became indignant at being labelled Xantippes as their husbands took their cue from Doss and teased them about being henpecked. One good lady was always careful to explain to strangers that "Lovers' Lane" was the road's correct name. But most of the families accepted the name and its attendant chiding with good nature and resignation.

One man, however, dissented bitterly. He even went so far as to insist on being listed in the telephone directory as living on the Columbia Road, when the first telephones were installed around 30 years ago. The result was constant difficulty for both him and the telephone company. Central has a hard time

locating him, especially on long-distance calls. The way of the individualist is hard.

Another schism arose over the placing of markers by the county. Some of the res1dents clung to the name Henpeck, other disagreed. Consequently one-marked "Henpeck" was placed at the Columbia Highway end and another labelled "Douglass Road" was erected at the Lewisburg end. This name came from the old Douglas home which stood near the termination of the road, close to the Douglas Methodist Church which was blown down in 1920.

The name "Henpeck" however, seems destined for immorality. The Douglas marker has long since fallen-down and there is no indication that it will ever be replaced.

As the older families died out or moved away and newcomers came in, there began a movement to drop the old, familiar name in the phone book. These new arrivals were unhappy over the name's connotation and favored the Douglas Road or Lewisburg Pike designations. About a year ago the Telephone Company settled this problem by listing all residents in the area as living on Lewisburg Pike.

Rev. Logan Douglas-Robert Reams home, a landmark in the Henpeck community.

Whether or not, it is doubtful that this newer appellation will ever gain wide acceptance with the majority of Williamson Countians; there will always be a Henpeck! All of which goes to prove: be careful how you point those jokes.

FAMOUS FRANKLIN

Historic spot in the bend of the Harpeth River
Graves of a lost race
One of the bloodiest battles of the War was fought here

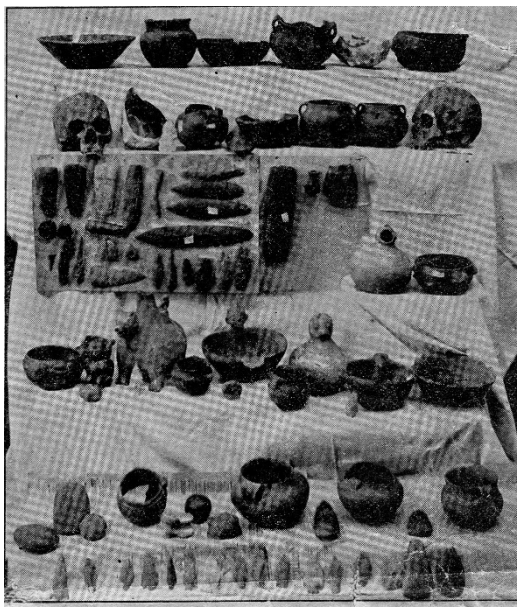
Robert Hugh Crockett - *The Courier-Journal* - Louisville, KY March 22, 1896

R.H. Crockett
1869-1944

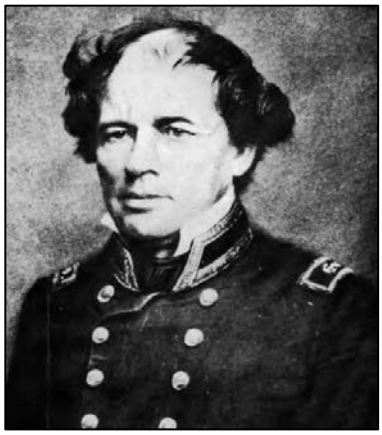
Franklin, Tennessee. March 20--Just on the margin of what geologists call the lower Silurian basin, in a horse-shoe bend in the Harpeth River, lies the historic town of Franklin. Historic in that it is one of the oldest towns in the State, of some of the nation's greatest sons, historic in that it witnessed, if not the most important and decisive, the most desperate conflict of the civil war, the beginning of that disaster to southern arms which followed in the wake of the chivalric and intrepid, yet unsuccessful Texan.

The valleys of the Harpeth are in truth nature's garden spot. A population of some forty thousand of the best people who ever lived now call this section home; our history covers a little more than a century, and the oldest inhabitants still speak of the first settlers as pioneers and discoverers of this beautiful land. But ages ago, without doubt long before the adventurous Spaniard steered his fragile craft from the gulf and sailed for the first time up the "father of waters." And possibly much earlier, it may be while our own ancestors were still in the savage state and built their miserable huts along the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, these same fertile valleys were filled with a population more dense than that of today-a forgotten race, more completely mammoth, for of these traditions remain; valleys in a higher state of preservation than the remains of this race.

About seven miles northeast from Franklin can be seen a mound, circular in form and some sixty feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet high, and level on top. The sides of this mound are very steep, it being almost impossible to ascend without making a circuit. On the top of the structure, the construction of which, without machinery, would require the work of many thousands of hands, stand full grown oak trees, which have been in their present condition as far back as the mound has been known, and appear to be centuries old. About the base of this structure, in the valley of the "Little Harpeth" lie buried many thousands, possibly millions of human beings, doubtless the builders of this mound and many others like it. The writer, being an enthusiast on this subject, has explored many of these ancient burying grounds, and has brought to light many interesting



Harpeth River Indian Artifacts



Matthew Fontaine Maury

Thomas Hart Benton

Felix Grundy

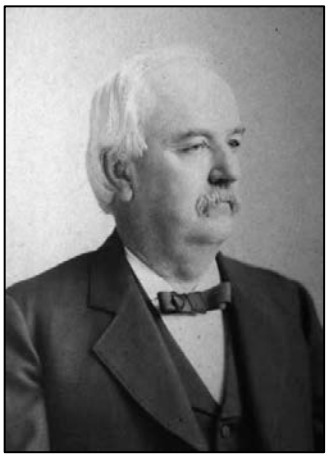
specimens of pottery, flint implements and ornaments of cannel coal, all of which furnish evidence of an advanced state of civilization.

About seven miles west of Franklin lies the famous "Old Town" aboriginal burying ground, a descriptive and cut of which appears in the reports of the Smithsonian Institution. Here many acres of land overlooking the Big Harpeth River are covered with these stone graves. In this vicinity, also many mounds are to be found, and other many mounds are to be found, and other evidences of the remains of villages and dwellings of this ancient people. South of town can be seen a series of fortifications and mounds, all of which show that in the dim vistas of the past, a race peopled these hills and valleys, built their huts along the banks of the Big Harpeth and its many branches, and hunted the bison and the bear in the tangled forests and cane-brakes.

Long before this section was explored by the pale-faced, rumors of its fertility had crossed the mountains to the east. It was the favorite hunting-ground of the Indians. Here grew the largest timber and the largest cane, and the tangled forests were the favorite resort of the deer and the bear, and small game existed in great abundance, and the streams were filled with fish. Pages might be written of stories of adventure with the Indians in the early days, who reluctantly yielded so rich a hunting field, and the "oldest inhabitant" delights to tell to eager listeners of the hardships of the first settlers and how bands of marauding savages from further west would each year visit this much-favored locality, and of the bloody-contests with them. I might remain much longer away back in pioneers' times, and relate many thrilling adventures; tell of Little and Big Harp, the two robbers; tell of the many conflicts of the early settlers and of hair-breadth escapes from savages; tell how the last Indian was killed, and so on and so on, as we have heard many times from our grandmothers and others, but the later Franklin is not to be neglected.

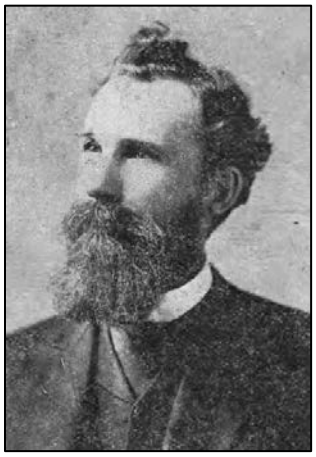
The county was organized late in the Eighteenth century, and the settlement at Franklin soon became quite a town. In those days giants at the bar waged their contests here. It was here that Samuel Houston was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of law. This statesmen and patriot afterward left the Governor'' chair of his own State to join, with many others, the struggling patriots of the Lone Star State. His subsequent career as commander of the Texan forces and as President of the Republic of Texas need not be detailed here. Hon. Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years Congressman and United States Senator from Missouri, also commenced his career here. It was here that John Bell and Felix Grundy opposed each other, and the eloquence of the silver-tongued gentry is still an inspiration to younger generations. Matthew Fontaine Maury, known in history as Lieut. Maury, was reared to manhood here. Some years ago, an

eloquent speaker (Senator Bate) said to him: "To Lieut. Maury every nation that floats a navy, every city to which commerce is tributary, every ship that bears exports and imports over the sea, every traveler who crosses the ocean seeking gain or pleasure, every sailor that goes before the mast, in calm or in storm, is indebted for the fruits of his profound research. He studied the sea scientifically and with practical observation as no man ever did. He marked the winds above and the currents beneath the great deep; learned their habitudes in every season and in all latitudes, placed their movements and pointed out the nurseries of sea storms and the causes that gave them birth, thus virtually putting beacons of warning on the Scyllas and Charybdes of the great sailor a chart of the internal motions of ocean water, with their cause and effect."



Nicholas N. Cox

The home of N.N. Cox, of the Seventh congressional district, is here. This gentleman was first elected to the honorable position which he now holds in 1890, defeating before a Democratic convention, Hon. W.C. Whitthorne, of Maury County. He has made a faithful representative and his party has shown its appreciation of his services by twice returning him to the station of honor. Here also is the home of Hon. Park Marshall, ex-State Senator and at present Assistant Secretary of the United Senate, a man though yet young has attained a degree of eminence of which many older men might well be proud, a lawyer of ability and distinction and a public man in whom his people have confidence.



C.R. Berry

Not of this town but of this people, may be mentioned Judge W.L. Grigsby, of the Nineteenth judicial district. He lives in Dickson, but at present is a citizen of the State at large. He is spoken of for Governor.

In speaking of courts and of the bar, the name of William House is ever among the first. In his death, which occurred last October, this bar and the community sustained an irreparable loss.

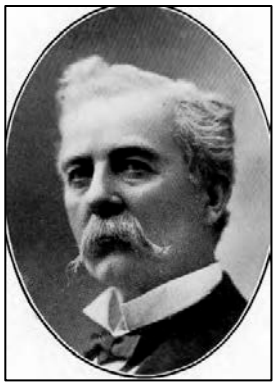
Ex-Speaker C.R. Berry, of the State Senate, is a gentleman of the Old Virginia type. A lawyer of ability, a student of letters and a connoisseur of the fine arts.

William House

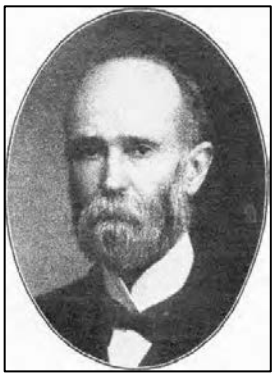
Judge H.H. Cook, who has but recently been presented to the people of this Chancery division as a candidate for Chancellor, is another lawyer of the first rank. Judge of the county court for sixteen years, and a practitioner in the chancery court for twenty-five years, he is well fitted for the high position for which his name is urged.

Capt. E.M. Hearn, ex-speaker Henry P. Fowlkes, Col. John H. Henderson, Judge J.C. Eggleston, Hon. Atha Thomas, Judge J.G. Wallace and others could be mentioned as prominent members of the legal profession.

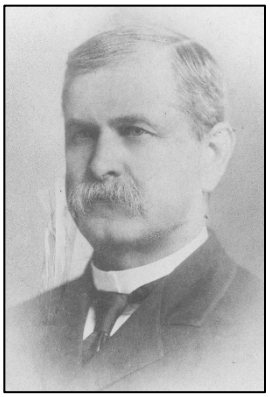
The population of Franklin is about 3,000. In religion, the leading Protestant denominations are represented with large



E.M. Hearn



Henry H. Cook



Henry P. Fowlkes

Jessie G. Wallace

congregations. The Roman Catholics have a small chapel, and though weak in point of numbers, they hold regular services.

In educational matters Franklin easily leads in this section. A reference to the past will show that Williamson county has furnished more than her share of great men, and, as would be expected, we find here a population of cultured and refined people, who appreciate letters to a very high degree, and who always and willingly lend their moral support and material aid to such spirit is to be seen in the Battle Ground Academy, the training school of Messrs. Wall and Mooney. The building cost about $8,000 and was erected by the citizens of Franklin and vicinity. The character of Profs. S.V. Wall and W.D. Mooney, as educators, is known throughout the land and from 150 to 200 students are here during each year, preparing for business or higher work in colleges and universities. All parts of the Union are represented. Far off California sends her dull quota, and many Indians from the Territory are here studying Latin, Greek, and mathematics and preparing themselves for professional work of the highest order. Students holding certificates from this school are admitted without examination to the freshman classes of colleges and universities.

Battle Ground Academy W.D. Mooney & S.V. Wall Headmasters

The building as its name indicates, is located on the field of the desperate fight between Gen. Hood and Gen. Schofield on the 30th day of November 1864, near where the famous "gin-house" stood, and from the foundation stones of that historic structure has been built a pedestal on which will be erected a marble shaft to mark the spot where the gallant Cleburne fell.

The residence of Col. M.B. Carter, known in history as the "Carter House," is just across the street, and here this ideal old southern gentleman,

a veteran of the war with Mexico, now advanced in years, still resides, delights to tell the youth, who have grown up around him since the war, the tourist from the North and from foreign lands, especially one who took part on the Union side in the "late unpleasantness, of the heroism of the Southerners who made the desperate charge at Franklin. If you ever visit the battlefield at Franklin, do not fail to have a talk with Col. Carter.

Carter House

The Franklin Academy, founded by Messrs. Andrew and Patrick Campbell, is another school of which the community can boast. Messrs. Chiles, McConnico and Allen are in-charge of this institution, and here each year young men and young ladies are prepared for business and for college.

Another educational institution is the Tennessee Female College. This is one of the oldest colleges in the State and reflects credit upon the community and the educators who have been connected with it. At one time Bishop R.K. Hargrove, now Bishop of the M.E. Church, South, and President of Vanderbilt University, was its president. Later Dr. William J. Vaughn, now professor of mathematics in Vanderbilt University, managed its affairs. Then came Mrs. M.E. Clark, Dr. S.A. Link and others, all educators known throughout the land. Prof. D.W. Dodson, an Oxford graduate, is now its president.

M.B. Carter

The oldest newspaper in the State is the *Review-Appeal*. It dates back to the beginning of this century. An old corner-stone, near the remains of the building where it was once published, fixes the date

Tennessee Female College

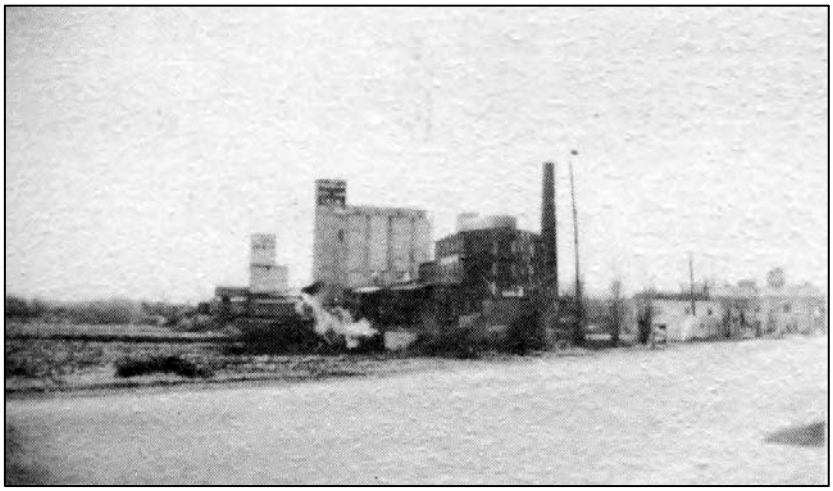
George H. Armistead, Sr.

at 1813, and legends agree that his is correct. Suffice it to say that it has been "coming out" every Thursday, "rain or shine" since "when the memory of men runneth not to the contrary", and under the management of its present able editor, Mr. George H. Armistead, and energetic business manager, Mr. J.L. Parkes, Jr., will doubtless continued its uninterrupted prosperity for many years to come. Political parties may come and go, but the "Old Reliable" goes on forever.

The Franklin Press, edited by Hon. W. Blake Leech, Attorney General of the Nineteenth circuit, first made its appearance about three months ago. It is a newsy sheet, well-edited and will doubtless hold its place among the best weeklies in the State. Both papers are Democratic in politics.

Two banks handle the exchange of this section. The National Bank of Franklin, with a capital of $100,000 and the Williamson County Bank and Trust Company with a capital of $150,000.

The stock in both is high in the markets, and neither the stringency in the financial affairs, nor panics produced by political disorders affect their business or the confidence which our people have in their management.



Lillie Mill Company, maker of Franklin Lady Flour.

The business of Franklin is built upon a solid foundation. The commercial agencies report few failures. The business enterprises of the place have a history to look back upon. Worthy of mentions just here are the flouring mills of the Lillie Mill Company, and the Parman & Co. these mills are known throughout the South and their products are staple in the markets. The mills and machinery of the last-named company were destroyed by fire a short time since, but Messrs. W.B. and J.C. Parman are energetic business men and are already making good headway to begin again, and will doubtless be ready for the coming wheat crop. New enterprises are continually springing up. The latest is a creamery. A charter has recently been obtained and a company has been organized for the conduct of this business. Location has been purchased just south of town, and the company, under the management of Mr. E.A. Gordon and Dr. C.H. Kinnard and others, gives promise of much success. Many other enterprises might be mentioned, but we have not the space here. Let those who are interested come and see for themselves.

As already intimated there have been and still are great men here. There are good people here. There are honest people here. Everything necessary to make a good country is here. However, like all other places, the "Moss-back" is here, the man who always talks about the good old times of the long ago, the man who opposes every new enterprise, just because they did not have it when he was a boy. Gov. Bob Taylor once divided mankind into two great classes,

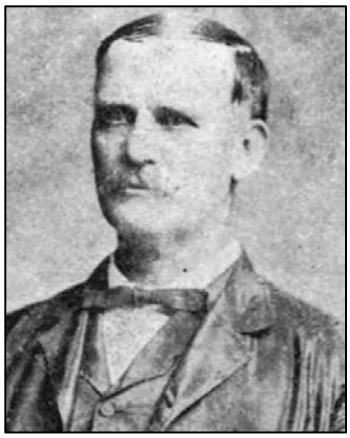
"The wise and the otherwise." Both of these classes are here. There are men here who, by actual experiment, have shown themselves incapable of running a truck farm, or managing a small family grocery, yet the man contrived plans for running a railroad that would embarrass Jay Gould. If the Administration would take their advice, chapels throughout the land would become churches, the poor men's houses prince's palace. Measures are hourly set forth and demonstrated, relative to the currency question, which, if congress would but adopt them, would relieve the Administration of the grave problem which confronts it. These men would all, of course, have been great, if that golden opportunity, which comes but once in a life-time had only presented itself. But, alas it did not!

Blessed with a soil more fertile than the valleys of the Nile and abundant natural resources, Williamson county can offer homes to three times her present population. Good people (others not wanted) will do well to consider this garden spot, if they are thinking of coming South. In this article, I have not attempted to embrace a cyclopedia of reference. If any one wishes figures and statistics the Commissioner of Agriculture will furnish them. But a personal survey of the vicinity would be ample on this point. If you are industrious and enterprising and willing to do your share, come. But do not come with the idea that money grows on trees down here. It does not. There is one man down here who says that he finds plenty of money growing in trees but that you have to cut the trees down and saw it open to get at the money. He is a sawmill man, and there is a lot of timber here yet to be cut.

There are public offices down here to be filled, and, of course, none but the best men dare ask for public support. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Democratic party of the county, held for the purpose of arranging for a primary election to nominate candidates for county offices, it was determined that any candidate who used liquor, money, boodle or promise of any kind in the race, if nominated, would thereby forfeit his nomination, and the committee would declare the next highest candidate against whom there were no charges to be the nominee. The meeting was largely attended by Democrats, not of the committee, and in fact, became a mass-meeting, and the committee's action was very loudly and emphatically indorsed. Most candidates now out are submitting their claims to some political party. The notable exception to this is Judge Richardson, who is asking for the office of County Judge. He is a very liberal-minded gentlemen, and is not to be hampered by the machinery of any one sect. On all questions of public interest, he is strictly with the people, particularly on the financial question, in which he goes a little further than our genial ex-Governor-being for some gold, more silver, enough nickel, plenty of paper and a "little" counterfeit. In fact, there is but one kind of money ever heard of in financial circles which the Judge is not in favor of. This is the copper cent. His opposition to this harmless little coin is on account of its small purchasing power.

The best-regulated post office in the United States is at Franklin, because James R. Neely is the postmaster, and anyone wishing further information of this "El Dorado" can send inquiries through his hands.

V

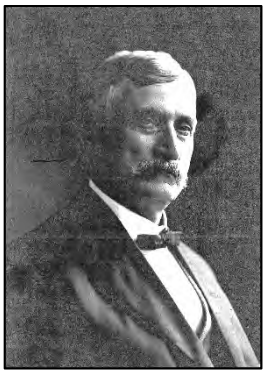


James R. Neely

R.N. Richardson

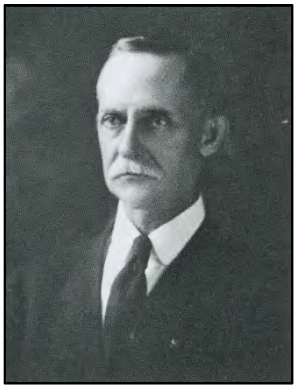
Atha Thomas

Josiah C. Eggleston



John H. Henderson

Martha Blackman Clark



W.D. Mooney

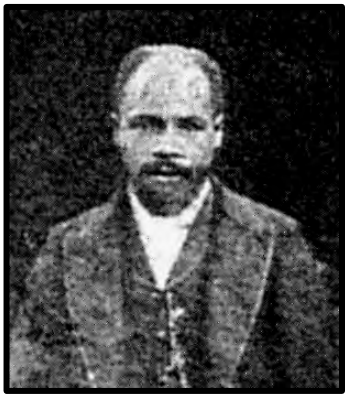
E.A. Gordon

Simon V. Wall

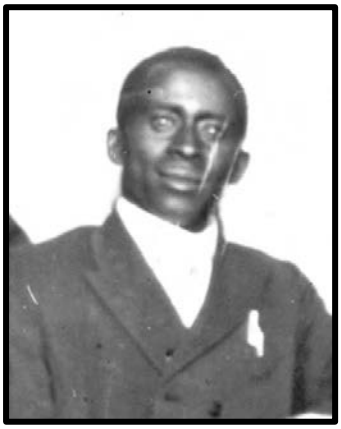
HISTORIC FRANKLIN TAKING ON NEW LIFE

The Nashville Globe - February 16, 1912

When speaking of the difference cities and towns of Tennessee that have first-class records as important towns where the people are doing things, one must not overlook Franklin, the county-seat of Williamson. No more wide-awake seat, of its size, can be found in the old Volunteer State. Franklin is the local center of the State of Tennessee, being as near Shelby as it is to Carter. While it is true it cannot boast of being a metropolis, but the encouraging feature of Williamson County's largest city is, that out of about three thousand inhabitants, one thousand are Negroes. These thrifty, industrious, wide-awake one thousand Negroes stand on par with those of any other city. Indeed, the homes of some of the most noted men and women in the United States can be traced to this quiet, unassuming spot on Tennessee's map. In order that one might get a pictorial glance of what is transpiring in Williamson County, whose record in ante-bellum days stands unparalleled in the state and whose citizenship, present and past, has afforded great men and women a review of the personnel as well as the avocations of business among the Negroes might not be out of place.

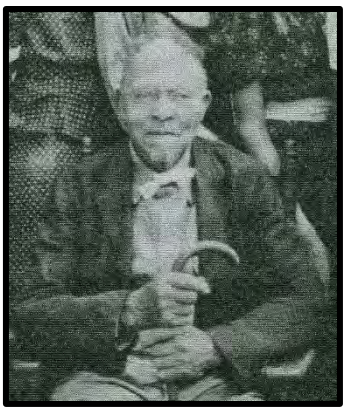


T.A. Williams



Rev. J.T. Patton

The Negroes are conducting the following businesses: grocery stores, butcher shops, shoe shops, tailoring establishments, undertaking establishments, hotels and other enterprises that not only furnish their children employment, but that give a rating in the business world. All of this has not induced them to overlook their religious duties. There are eight organized, well-attended churches whose towers point skyward at Franklin. The peaceful relation which exists between the races has always been a matter of much favorable comment.



Henry J. Ewing

Franklin and Williamson County furnished more free Negroes during the period of slavery than any other section of the state. This is actually proven by the records. There were Negroes in Williamson County during the darkest days of slavery who were pursuing first-class trades and whose children still live to testify to these facts. At present, there are some successful business men and farmers in the country: Mr. A.N.C. Williams, proprietor of a grocery store; Mr. G.W. Patton & Company, grocery merchants; Mr. T.A. Williams, proprietor of a grocery store; Mr. J.T. Patton, undertaker; Mr. H. J. Ewing, undertaker; Mr. John Lawrence, merchant tailor;

Mr. Andrew Merritt, blacksmith; Mr. Will Redmond, proprietor of a hotel; Mr. John Carter, president of the Thrashing Machine Company; Mr. Andrew Ewing, Mr. Henry Ferguson and Mr. Harvey Ewing are contractors, and there is a contracting firm in the city known as Ewing and Wilson.

The proprietors of barbershops are Messes. Fount Brown, Jackson McEwen and John Hughes. While the butcher shop there is owned by Mr. Charley Conn, who has been in business over a quarter of a century. Mr. Jack Shelburne is one of the leading upholsterers in the city, while Mr. Gus Foster occupies an enviable position as a machine man. Prominent among the farmers, in close proximity to Franklin, who own splendid farms of their own, are Messrs. Jack Davis, Tom Mason, Wiley Scruggs, John Gentry and Marvin Hatcher. The homes of Franklin compare on the whole favorably with those of any other city in the state.

A.N.C. Williams & Sons Grocery was on Main Street for 64 years

JUDGE WALLACE SMITH'S ENCHANTING GARDEN

Rick Warwick

"O wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind."
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Shelley's words always remind me of daffodil, iris and crocus. What better way to lead into a discussion of one of Franklin's well-known gardeners, Judge Wallace J. Smith.

Judge Wallace J. Smith *Bettie H. Smith*

Judge Wallace J. Smith was a well-known Franklin gardener, who lived on the corner of Lewisburg Avenue and Fowlkes Street. Judge Wallace came to Franklin from Nolensville in 1912 after graduating from Cumberland Law School in Lebanon. After serving in World War I, he married Bettie Hunter of Paris, TN in 1919 and, and in 1923, they moved into their new home, built by Frank Craig.

Review-Appeal reporter Jane Owen interviewed Judge Smith in 1936 for her "Who's Who in Williamson County" series where she reported: "He is a great lover of Nature and in the lovely garden at the rear of their beautiful home on Lewisburg Avenue he has had a chance to work off his artistic enthusiasm.

The home of Judge Wallace J. Smith at the corner of Lewisburg Avenue and Fowlkes Street.

He boasts the first rock garden, pool and Japanese bridge built in Franklin. In this garden are over 500 separate and distinct varieties of shrubs, flowers and trees, coming from nearly every country in the world, some of which he smuggled in himself, and all planted by his own hands. He has the honor of being the only person in this section to successfully transplant rhododendrons from their natural habitat. He has had nearly every known wild flower as well as the most highly cultivated ones on this little Eden. Comfortable seats add to the beautiful setting and make of it a rendezvous for their friends on summer evenings, for here can be found coolness even in the sultriest weather."

Judge Smith's rock garden with fish pond and luscious vegetation

Judge Smith's rock bridge over McEwen's Branch.

The covered gate to Judge Smith's enchanting garden on Fowlkes Street

Today, the present owner enjoys the remnants of Judge Smith's enchanting rock garden in her backyard and now enjoying the spring blooms. Many traveling on Fowlkes Street may see the architectural curiosity serving as the garden's entrance gate and wonder "what could that be?" Now you know.

The stone wall along Evans Street, bordering Judge Smith's garden

VII

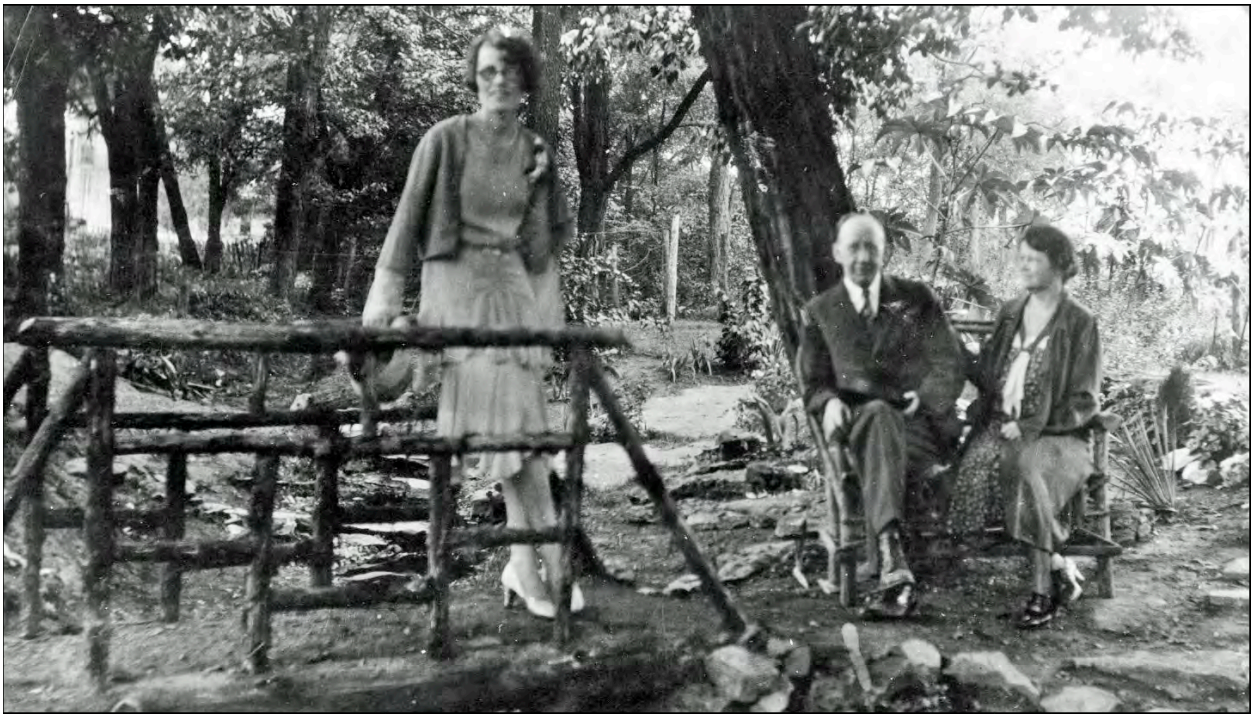
Judge Smith's back yard with garage and gate in view.

The yards of Leonard & Mattie Armistead and Wallace and Bettie Smith.

DR. M.B. CARTER'S FAMOUS ROCK & FLOWER GARDEN

Rick Warwick

In 1936, the Garden Study Club of Nashville published a book entitled *History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee*, which included the rock and flower garden of Dr. M.B. and Lucy Carter at 701 West Main Street in Franklin. The only other homes and gardens included in the book from Williamson County were Everbright, which was being demolished, Carter House, Carnton, Hadleywood at Brentwood, and the Matthew Fontaine Maury home which was no longer standing. The book has become a must for book collectors, architects, gardeners and Tennessee historians. I surely treasure my first-edition copy given to me by Dr. Rosalie Carter before her death in 1991.



Corinne, Dr. M.B. and Lucy Carter enjoying their handiwork in 1930.

Around 1929, Franklin dentist Dr. M.B. Carter and his wife Lucy began transforming their side yard, which was bisected by McEwen's Branch, into a showplace featuring rusticated trig-furniture, an arched-rock bridge, beds of irises, daffodils, surprise lilies, hydrangeas, and a variety of native wildflowers. McEwen's Branch proved to be the lemon from which they made delicious lemonade. Locals were invited on Sunday afternoons to sign the guest book and walk leisurely through the rock-lined paths and enjoy the colorful spring

VIII

Rosalie and Corinne at side entrance facing 7th Avenue.

Rosalie and Corinne standing on the bank of McEwen's Branch before the rock garden.

Dr. Rosalie Carter standing at the trellis-gate, the entrance to the garden.

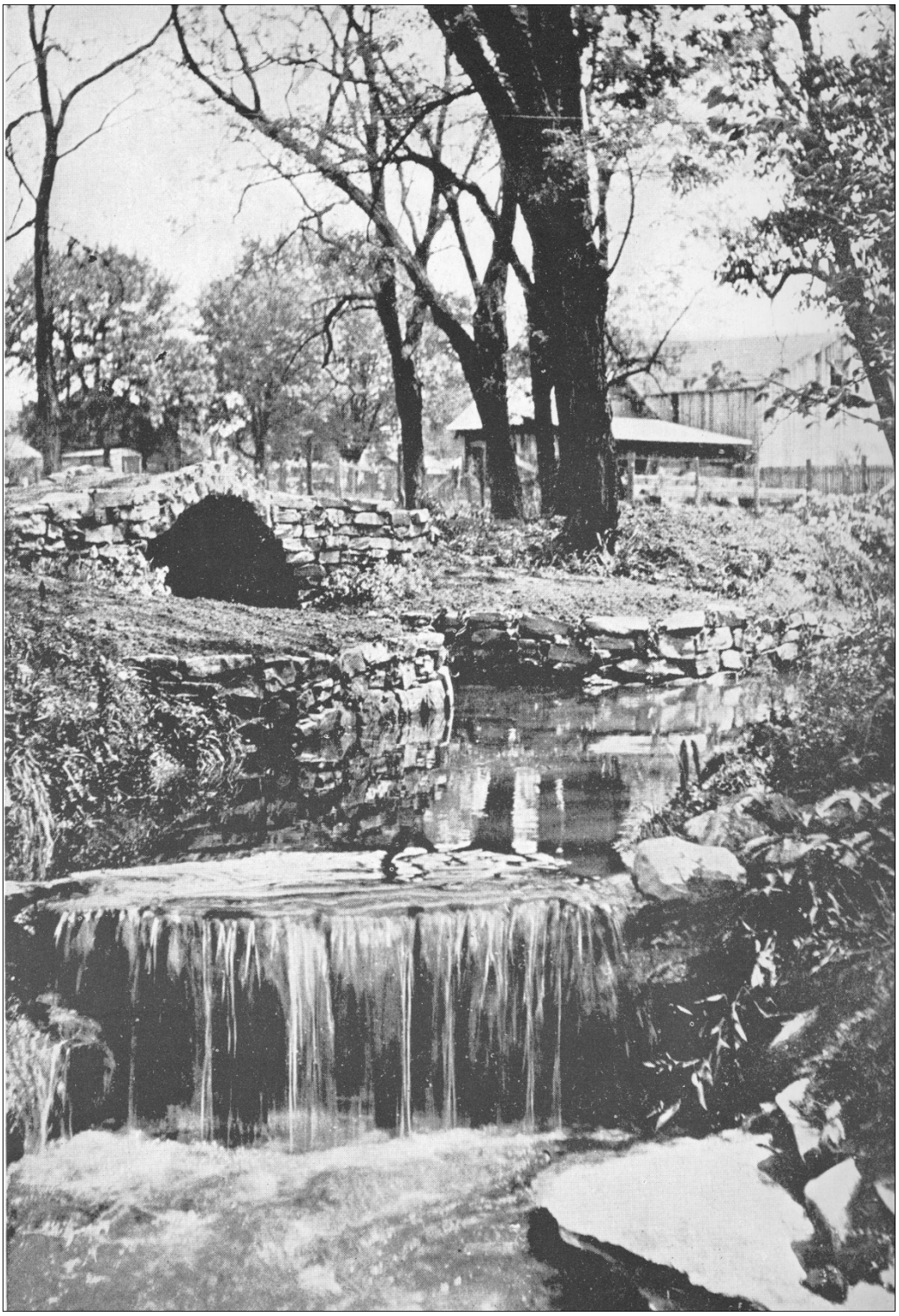
flowers. Cookies and iced tea were often served to groups, especially Sunday school groups and social clubs, taking the tour.

The Carter home, located at the corner of West Main and 7th Avenue, was purchased in 1906 from Henry Horton, who built it in 1891 and included lots 4,5, and part of 6 of Hincheyville, the first subdivision of Franklin established in 1815. The Horton house was built around an early 1815-era house of post & beam construction. In 1992, Shirley McGrew purchased the house from Corinne Carter Ward, the sole member of the Carter family, for $50,000.

As the following photographs will illustrate, the Carters were lovers of flowers and, obviously had a green thumb to nurture them, plus they had a landscape architect's eye for planning and execution. Their daughters, Rosalie and Corrine, were photographed often in the garden, particularly when in full bloom.

Rosalie poses next to a prized hydrangea.

VIII

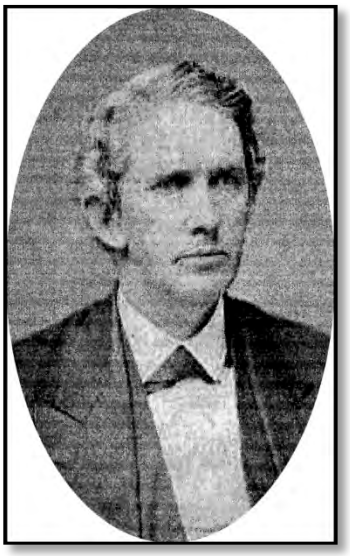


Dr. M.B. Carter's Rock and Flower Garden as presented in the 1936 edition of History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee.

SAMUEL FEARN PERKINS, SR.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

Claybrooke Collection, Tennessee State Library & Archives



Samuel Fearn Perkins Sr.

Samuel Perkins, Sr. is dead! He departed this life at his residence near Triune on this morning of May the 22nd 1889. He was born on the _ day of _____ 1828 being in his 61st year of his age. He was the son of Samuel Perkins and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Richardson.

His place of residence is where his father Samuel Perkins resided and settled in 1805, when the country was in a wilderness state, and the inhabitants sparely scattered around occupied it. His father was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, well informed upon most subjects, and of a very decided character of high moral standard, whose counsel, judgement and opinions were much esteemed, and respected by all who knew him. He, by energy, application, succeeded well in whatever enterprise he engaged in. The greater part of his life, after settling in Tennessee, was devoted to agriculture, and through systematic order, and constancy, he accumulated a large estate for that period. He died in 1843, leaving his son, Samuel Perkins, about fifteen years of age, and his wife, a widow. She was an excellent lady, possessing all the characteristics of an exemplary Christian. She was modest, retiring and domestic in her habits, she was benevolent, kind, and charitable, and beloved by all who knew her. The son, and mother, resided together conducting the farm, jointly, as long as she lived, some 27 years after the death of his father.

The early impressions of the business and domestic habits of the father, made upon the son, continued to be revised by the counsel and influence of the mother, seemed to have formed and fixed the leading characteristics of the son, as they were very similar in many ways. He being the only child of his mother, and great desire to keep him with her, was the reason of his not receiving a liberal college education, therefore his knowledge in books was limited in the Academic course. He was fond of reading and acquired a good deal of information upon various subjects in that manner. He twice married, his first marriage was to Susan May, daughter of James F. May, and lived but a few years, leaving two children, daughter Susan M. Perkins, now Susan M. Crichlow, and a son Samuel Perkins, Jr, surviving her, His second marriage was to Ella Brown, daughter of Mrs. Jane Brown. His second wife departed this life in 1866, leaving three children surviving her—Annie R. Perkins, John Preston B. Perkins, and Ella Perkins, now Ella Bailey. All five of his children are now surviving their father, to lament their loss, and mourn his death! His father left him a very handsome estate, and when he arrived at the age of twenty-one years, he determined and decided to be a farmer and his decision was a very judicious

one, as he excelled in that vocation. His taste, inclination and pleasures seemed to center on his farm. His farm was well cultivated and kept in fine condition and well supplied with good pasture, with good stock of every description. Whatever he did was well done. He was an obedient and dutiful son! He was the devoted and indulgent parent, he was the kind, and obliging neighbor, and was a generous, liberal-hearted man, in all his actions. There was nothing of the sordid or penurious in his nature. He was public-spirited and liberal in his donation, always giving more than his part. He was kind and generous in helping the needy as well as the unfortunate. He aided and assisted his relations, and kindred in every way he could or was in his power. He was an advocate of internal improvements, and a stockholder and director in several turnpike companies. He was a trustee in the Male & Female Academies in his neighborhood. He was always diligent and punctual in attending the meetings and participating in the business associations of which he was a member. He was an honest man!

He was a good man in its most significant sense and application! He was candid, sincere, truthful, and reliable in all the relations and intercourse he had with his fellowmen. He was modest, polite, cordial, earnest, and unassuming in his manner. He was prudent, and temperate in all things, never participating in excesses of any kind.

2nd wife Eleanor Brown Perkins

1st wife Susan May Perkins

Daughter Ella Perkins Bailey

Daughter Nannie Perkins Jordan

X

WESTVIEW AND ITS STOCK

HOME OF SAMUEL F. PERKINS SR.

The Rural Sun- April 10. 1873

Editor's note: To provide an in-depth observation of Samuel F. Perkins as a farmer, we have an article from ***The Rural Sun*** *(1873) as follows:*

Westview is one mile south of the village of Triune. It is a large and beautiful estate—sixteen hundred acres in all—with woodland, pasture and cultivated fields, properly proportioned and conveniently arranged. The place combines two great advantages rarely found together—a level or gently undulating surface, and a great variety of soils. The most elevated part is of limestone formation. Sloping thence toward the south is a board belt of sandstone soil, loose and friable, but very fertile. Still further south is another limestone region, with luxuriant blue grass pastures; while westwardly the descent is gradual into an alluvial valley of inexhaustible fertility. Nowhere can a more advantageous location for a stock farm be found. The dwelling, commodious enough to accommodate a feudal baron with all his retainers, is situated on a broad swell of land now clothed with all the garniture of a well-kept park. It is near the border of the sandstone area. Flanking it on the right, and extending out to the road, is a large orchard in good condition, back of which is an elliptical pond of perfectly clear water, well stocked with trout where mules, horses, cattle and sheep may be seen among the trees. In front of the dwelling, looking toward the west, is a very attractive view of cultivated fields, some of which are already green with clover and growing wheat.

Mr. Perkins is one of the pioneer sheep breeders of Tennessee. For seventeen years, he has been devoting his attention principally to Cotswolds. Southdowns and Merinos have also received some attention, but of the latter Mr. P. has rather a poor opinion. Most of his sheep at present are Cotswolds and their grades. Of the pure bloods, he has some very fine. His yearling ram, Barbee, purchased of Geo. Barbee, of Georgetown, Ky., is the offspring of an ewe bred by R.A. Alexander, of Kentucky, (common called Lord Alexander because he was an English nobleman,) out of an imported English ewe by a Langston ram. His sire is Billy Grane, bred by and imported direct from the celebrated breeder, W. Grane, of Alsworth, England. His weight, last fall, when brought from Kentucky, was 275 pounds. Mr. P. made choice of him on account of his breath of frame, deep chest and square hips. The pure blood ewes number about fifty, some of which are very fine. Several of them are descendants of Bolivar, the famous ram imported by Lord Alexander in 1863. There is also fine lot of young ewes purchased of L. A. Drain of Kentucky.

The experience of such men as Mr. P. as to the relative merits of the different breeds of sheep, is worthy of being placed on record. He regards the Cotswold as the best sheep for a majority of the farmers in Middle Tennessee. They yield more wool of best quality than any other breed, and their mutton is

unsurpassed. The only reason why they should not be bred to the exclusion of all others is that they do not herd well together. It is better if no more than forty or fifty be kept in a single flock—certainly not more than one hundred. They are lazy and sluggish in their habits, do not range extensively, and make little effort to escape when attacked by enemies. A Southdown or a Merino, when he hears the buzzing of the fly that causes grub-in-the-head, will either run rapidly away or thrust his nose into the dust; but the Cotswold will quietly suffer the egg to be deposited in his nostril, which soon produces a larva that ascends into his head and causes his death. The Cotswold, too, is a shorter-lived sheep, and requires better treatment than the Southdown.

The Southdown is a much smaller sheep than the Cotswold, and the fleece is neither so heavy nor so fine, but he is hardy, active, lone-lived and thrives on pastures where the Cotswold or Leicester would starve. He ranges far and wide, and may, therefore, be kept in flocks of hundreds together. His character and habits fit him for a residence among the barrens of the Highland Rim and Cumberland Table-land, and for many large tracts in East Tennessee, North Alabama, etc. The Merinos Mr. P. regards as of little value for this country.

Mr. Perkins and Col. D.F. Cocke, of Franklin, are preparing to colonize a large number of Southdowns on Cumberland Mountain. The adaptation of that broad expanse of tableland to sheep-farming has already been discussed in the *Rural Sun*, and, barring misfortunes unforeseen, there is little doubt of the success of the experiment. If success attend this effort, it will perhaps be the first step toward reclaiming and utilizing hundreds of thousands of acres of our territory that are now waste, the improvement of which would add millions of dollars to the wealth of the State.

The Berkshires at Westview are, in interest and importance, second only to the Cotswolds. Many fine animals have been bred there that are now improving the stock of several of the midland counties of Tennessee and adjoining parts Alabama. The herd of the fine bred hogs at present consists of about thirty in all, eighteen of which are brood sows. The yearling boar, Duncan, is out of Mattie Pryor, of the celebrated Pryor stock, by Jacoby, and he by imported England’s Glory. Duncan is descended in the third degree from the famous imported boar, Bob Lee. There are two aged sows, not fat, but in good condition, which I think would weight about five hundred pounds each. Their bodies are long and as round as a barrel; ribs full; back level; broad rump free from any ugly curl of the hair; short, well-turned legs. Their greatest fault is that the hair is too thin—indeed, they are almost naked. A yearling sow, that took the first premium in her class, and, also the sweepstakes at the Franklin Fair, is a beautiful animal, not large, but one can scarcely see possesses all the good points of the two aged sows, and has a better head, smaller ears, and a fine suit of soft silky hair. Two sows bred by Mr. Fairfield of Kentucky, are also worthy of note, being of a somewhat different type.

It will be seen that the Westview breed of Berkshires is eclectic in its character, being made up from various families of acknowledged excellence. This mingling of blood, with good management, care being taken breed out

imperfections and develop good points, will be productive of the best results, giving hardy constitutions instead of feebleness and delicacy, which invariably result from in-and in breeding.

Editor's Note: Another interesting item we have that is connected to Westview is a letter of Margaret Perkins Bradley to her husband, Robert Bradley, describing the wedding of Ann May to Henry C. Ewin in 1861. Sadly, Henry would be killed at the Battle of Stone's River in January 1863.

Wedding at Westview

Franklin March 7, 1861

My dearest old one,

I do not know if this will reach you or not as they have stopped the mail with the seceding states. We are all as well and fat as balls. I am fattening by the day to my great distress. Well, what must it be…I went to the wedding at Triune. Ann May was dressed very fine but for the house, the finest house and furniture I ever saw in any clime or state, public or private. The house has 16 rooms, 3 halls, 4 dressing rooms, 2 china rooms, the size of this room where the children are sleeping, 14 rooms are carpeted with velvet, Brussels curtains for 3 rooms at $50 a window. Ann had a great many presents. Sam Perkins told me the amount for presents was about $400.00. All the kin were there, from our family there was only A. and M. Maury, Ed, Peter, and myself. To say one good thing, Peter was there and did not take one drop of anything to drink. I watched him and others…I and several friends stood at the door when they were at supper and he did not touch a drop of anything that had liquor in it. Said he would not take any whip because it had wine in it, but Abe Maury had to be put to bed. Edwin Perkins Cannon, the man that married them, was so tight that he could just stand up.

Estate Settlement

Upon Samuel F. Perkins's death on May 22, 1889, Samuel P. Claybrooke, Samuel F. Perkins, Jr. and John H. Henderson were appointed executors of his will. His children, Susan Critchlow (Mrs. William), Samuel, Jr. by his first marriage, and Nancy Jordan (Mrs. E.L.), John Preston Perkins and Jane Ella (Mrs. William Bailey) by the second marriage, were to share equally in the estate. Westview, with its mansion and 1,059 acres, was divided into five lots and sold at auction on May 11, 1897. Lot No. 1, which included the mansion and 311 acres, was sold to Ella Bailey for $13,106.70. Ella immediately sold it to Lavinia Wilson Scales. Lot No. 2 contained 226 acres and was sold to W.D. Shelton for $5,171.08. Lot No. 3 contained 98 acres and was sold to Nancy Jordan for $5,382.97. Lot No. 4 contained 127 acres was sold to Susan Critchlow for $6,230. Lot No. 5 contained 51 acres and was sold to Susan Critchlow for $2,793.45 for a total of $32,684.20. With properties in Memphis and Murfreesboro and the Nolensville Turnpike stock sold, plus life insurance, the S.F. Perkins, Sr. estate totaled upwards to $80,000.

S.F. Perkins mentioned in his will that he owed Tommie May, his faithful and attentive servant for many years, about one thousand dollars in back wages and bequeathed her fifteen hundred dollars. He left Ann Hadley, Jim Hadley and Dora Perkins ten dollars each for their services.

X

Westview (1860-1927) -The home of Samuel F. Perkins of Triune was estimated to cost $53,000

Westview in its halcyon days before the death of Samuel F. Perkins in 1889

TOMMIE ELLA MAY, BORN A SLAVE IS DEAD AT 99

Obituary

Nashville Banner - December 9, 1949

Editor's note: The faithful servant Tommie Ella May is an interesting person in her own right. The following photographs and obituary were provided by Ruth Warner and Ophelia Thompson Paine of Nashville

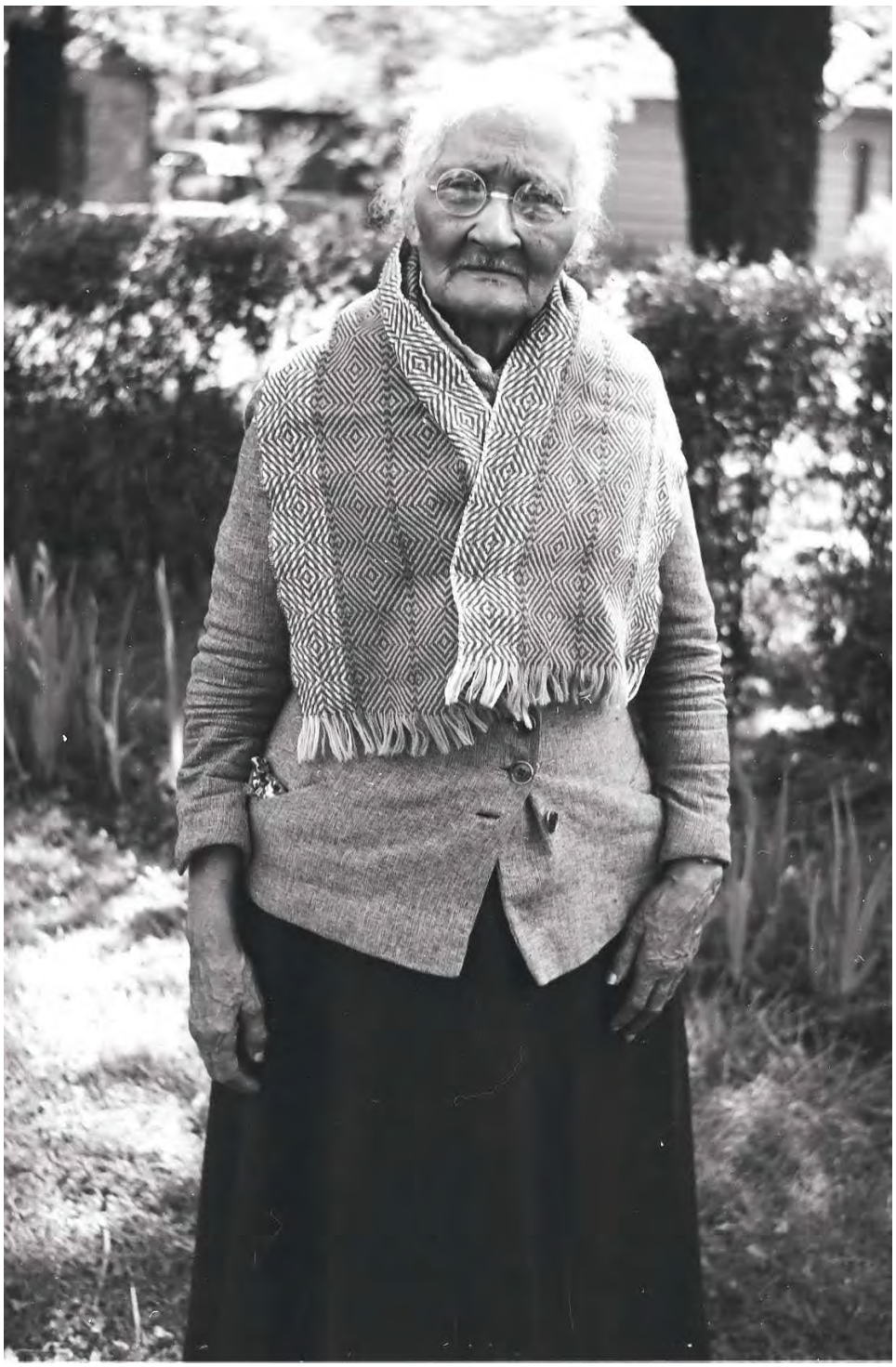
Tommie Ella May, born a slave on the place of James F. May near Brentwood in 1850, died Tuesday at the home of her great-nephew, Shirley D. Cliffe, 829 Twelfth Ave. South. With the exception of a few years when she traveled in the Far West during the 1870's, she had spent her entire life in the service of her former master's family and his relatives.

For more than 20 years she lived with Mr. May's daughter, Mrs. Samuel Perkins at Triune as nurse and housekeeper. In 1892, she came in a similar capacity to Mr. May's niece, Mrs. John Thompson, at Glen Leven on Franklin Road. She went to Mrs. Thompson's daughter, Mrs. Samuel F. Orr in 1909 and remained with her until the past year or two.

During her long life, she had a hand in the rearing of many generations and always kept touch with a wide circle of the family. She celebrated her 99th birthday last October. She was a member of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. In addition to several generations of nieces and nephews, she is survived by a sister, Kate M. Brown, 104 Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Tommie Ella May

XI



TENNESSEE

HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

VOL. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1915. No. 3.

THE TRUE ROUTE OF THE NATCHEZ TRACE.

THE RECTIFICATION OF A TOPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

In the preparation of this article, the chief object of the author is to correct what he deems a serious error in topographical history,—an error the more serious because it has received support in the publications of an office of the United States Government—the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The Natchez Trace, or Natchez Road, or as it was officially named, the "Columbian Highway," has been during the past one hundred and fourteen years a subject of great interest to the people of Tennessee and Mississippi and of more or less interest to the whole country. It was "cut" and opened under the authority of the United States, after treaties negotiated with the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians by the famous, or rather notorious, General James Wilkinson, towards the end of the year 1801.[1] The Trace was designed largely for commercial purposes as it had its terminus on the Mississippi in the district of Natchez which was at the time separated from our other undisputed possessions, and it furnished a direct way for the return journey of merchants and traders who descended by water to the lower Mississippi country. Still, it had military advantages. At the time of Jackson's Natchez expedition, which left Nashville January 7, 1813, mainly on flat boats, nearly 700 cavalry under General Coffee traveled the Trace to Natchez; the entire army returned by way of the Trace in the spring. When the British fleet came into the gulf in 1814, Jackson and Coffee were at Pensacola or Mobile, whence they went direct to New Orleans, while Carroll raised an army at Nashville and conveyed it to New Orleans in boats. At this time many squads of volunteers went by

[1]American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. V.

way of the Trace as far as Natchez. After the battle the army returned on this road. In fact there are many interesting facts connected with this famous highway, but to detail them here would be a chapter outside of the purposes of this article.

The Trace began at Natchez, thence ran northward to the northeast corner of Mississippi as at present constituted, and there it crossed the Tennessee River at Colbert's Ferry not far from the mouth of Big Bear Creek, some twenty-five miles west of Florence, Alabama; thence it entered the southeastern part of what is now Wayne County, Tennessee, and passed across the head forks of Cypress Creek; thence through the western part of Lawrence County it reached the southern line of the present Lewis County at the village of Napier; thence north-northeast through the middle of the present Lewis County, on which stretch it passed the place where Meriwether Lewis died and was buried in the year 1809; thence it ran to Swan Creek at Dobbins' Stand, now the mining town of Gordonsburg where the Mayfield phosphate mines are situated, seventeen miles west from Mt. Pleasant; thence to the northeast corner of Lewis and the southeast corner of Hickman Counties; thence it ran through a course of six or eight miles in the extreme eastern part of Hickman and at an acute angle entered the western part of Maury, and here it had Swan Creek on the west and Leiper's Creek on the east, and thus reached what was Gordon's Ferry on Duck River.[2] From this point the road ran to Lodebar (formerly called Kinderhook), after passing Jackson's well; it then ran into Williamson County at a point about six miles from its southwest corner; three or four miles north of the Williamson County line it reached the top of Duck River Ridge, which in some old maps is marked "Tennessee Ridge." This last-mentioned point, about twenty-seven miles from Nashville, as the crow flies, was an important point in the Indian boundary line established under the treaties of Hopewell, which were made in 1785 and 1786, and retained this posi-

[2]It is important to keep this place in mind. It is about sixteen miles northwest from Columbia, and on an airline it is about four miles northwest from Williamsport. It was the home of the well-known Major John Gordon, who belonged to Jackson's army and served in the Indian wars of his day, and the tract of 640 acres was given him in 1806 by special grant of the Legislature, being actually the first grant of land ever made by the State of Tennessee and within one week after the State's power to make grants was perfected. It was, in the words of the act, granted or given to Major Gordon "as a special privilege," because of his having maintained the ferry and otherwise assisted in the operation of the Natchez Road.

tion until 1805. Duck River Ridge was thus the northern terminus of the Columbian Highway or Natchez Trace proper. Work was begun very promptly, upon the completion of the Chickasaw and Choctaw treaties, under the direction of Captain Robert Butler and Lieutenant E. Pendleton Gaines, with Indian guides and some ten companies of troops, and finished in due time.

In June, 1802, the Trace having been opened for traffic, it had become necessary to open a connecting road "the most direct way" from Nashville to join the Trace end to end at Duck River Ridge. At this time we find the United States army officer, now called Colonel Butler, awaiting the proper local authority to cut and open this connecting link. This knowledge is derived from a letter written from Franklin to the Governor of Tennessee by John Overton, dated June 11, 1802.[3] The letter is a long one, but its main points may be briefly stated as follows: Overton appeared before the Williamson County Court, and representing the Governor asked the court to order the road to be laid out and "cut" through the county on a line the "most direct course" from Nashville to the ridge at the end of the Natchez Trace; but the court declined, because such a road would not touch Franklin, the county seat, but would pass five miles to the westward of Franklin.[4] Overton said that Colonel Butler would leave in a short time unless this question should be settled, and therefore advised the Governor to write at once to the Secretary of War asking him to authorize Colonel Butler to get permission of land owners along the proposed road, and to open it upon that authority. Such a course would be legal, but would not bind the county to keep up the road. This Colonel Butler evidently did, for the road was opened, and for many years the county did not appoint any overseers for it, and it fell into a state of bad repair. This connecting road was long called the "Natchez Road." It followed the general course of what is now the Hillsboro turnpike, but mostly on high ground westward of it, but crossing it twice, until it reached Cunningham's bridge at the end of that pike, a point twenty-five miles from Nashville.[5]

[3]This letter is now on file in the Tennessee Archives.

[4]It may be stated that the county was not three years old and was a wilderness at the time.

[5]The reader who is disposed to get a clear understanding of the places mentioned is supposed to have a good map of Tennessee before him while reading this article. The names of places used in this paper are in general the present-day names.

Investigators should remember that at the date of the opening of the

In this same letter of John Overton the writer said that the county of Williamson intended to open a road from Franklin to intersect the proposed government road from Nashville to Natchez, and the minutes of the county court show that such an intersecting road was opened from Franklin, joining the Trace just north of Duck River Ridge. In the course of time this intersecting road, being improved by the county hands, and following a fairly level course as well as passing through the rather important town of Franklin, became the regular line of travel from the north end of the original Trace to Franklin and Nashville. The map made by Dr. Gerard Troost, State Geologist, dated 1830, shows the Trace as bending northeast at the ridge and passing over this intersecting road to Nashville by way of Franklin.[6]

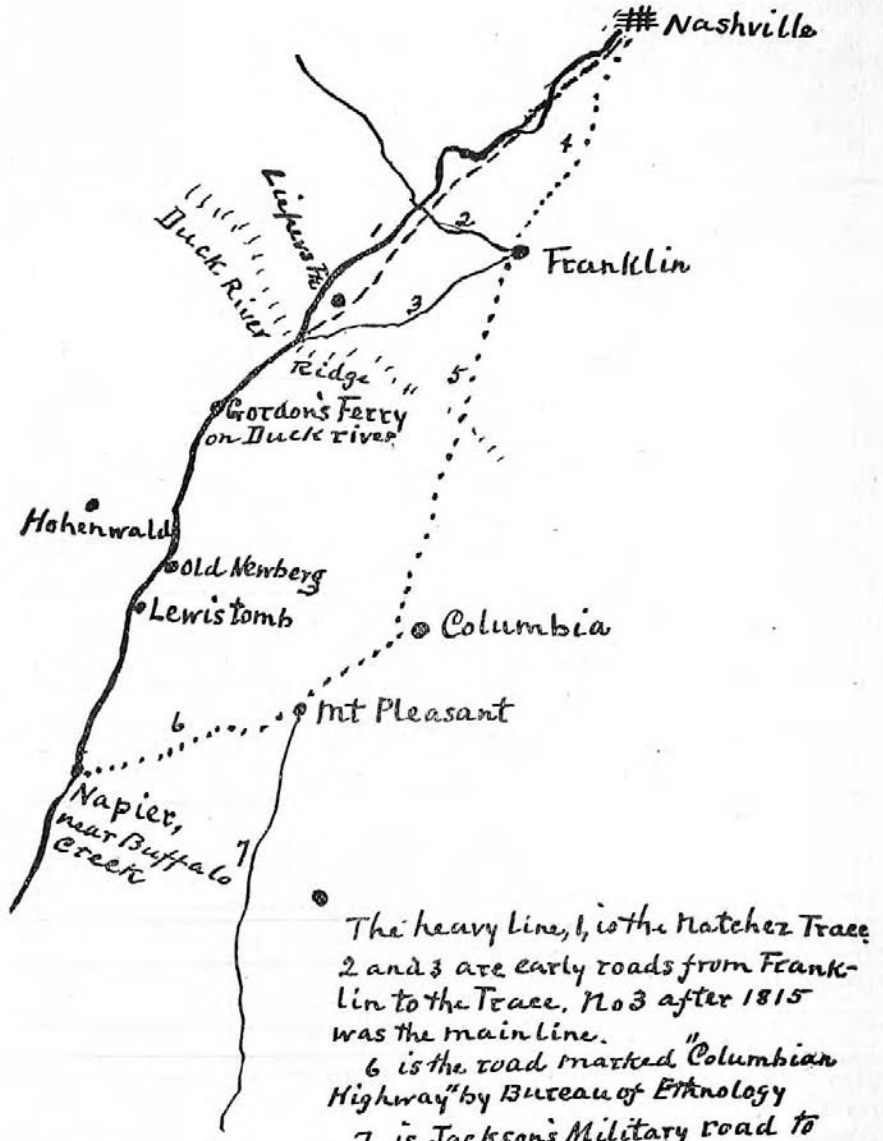
With this statement of the origin and course of the Natchez Trace we now come to the purpose of this paper, the correction of a serious error which has been made popular by its appearance in a report of the Bureau of Ethnology.

In two maps prepared by C. C. Royce for the Bureau of Ethnology, one of which appears in the fifth annual report of that bureau and the other in the eighteenth annual report, the author represents the Columbian Highway, or Natchez Trace, as the road running from Nashville to Franklin, thence to Columbia, thence to Mt. Pleasant, and thence to what is really the Natchez Trace at Napier on Buffalo River at the south border of Lewis County. This map misrepresents the historical facts in this regard. That the Natchez Trace really ran, and is still to be found, at the joint borders of Maury and Hickman Counties, and in the midst of Lewis County, is known with certainty by every intelligent citizen of those sections, and the line of the Trace does not lie nearer than about sixteen miles to either Columbia or Mt. Pleasant.

The importance of this correction does not lie simply in the single fact, without more, that a certain old road has been mapped as being at one place whereas it really was at another. The map, if received as correct, would convey the idea that the area now covered by the western part of Maury County and the eastern part of Lewis was Cherokee country from 1785 to 1805, whereas it was Chickasaw coun-

Natchez Trace—1801-2—Andrew Jackson had attained no military prominence.

[6]Now in the Museum at Centennial Park, Nashville, Tennessee.



The heavy line, 1, is the Natchez Trace
2 and 3 are early roads from Franklin to the Trace. No 3 after 1815 was the main line.
6 is the road marked "Columbian Highway" by Bureau of Ethnology
7 is Jackson's Military road to Florence, Ala.
Dashes show Hillsboro pike, 25 miles long.

try, though claimed by the Cherokees.[7] Second, it would belie scores of deeds, grants, and surveys, calling for the Natchez Trace, on our public records. Third, it would convey the impression that very many of the leading settlers who came into that country from 1807 to 1816, namely, the Akin, Love, Lusk, Whitesides, Erwin, Alexander, Peyton, Bell, Isom, Biffle, Burns, Armstrong, Mayes, Stephenson, Fulton, Fleming, Frierson, Witherspoon, Polk, Gordon, families did so in utter disregard of law and of the treaty rights of the Indians, who did not in fact give up their title to the area west of the Trace until the treaty of 1816.

This will be made clear when the following facts are pointed out. Under the treaty of Hopewell the Indian boundary was Duck River Ridge, which is considerably north of Duck River. In 1805 a treaty was made whereby the Chickasaws ceded additional territory. Under this treaty the boundary line was Duck River from its mouth to the point where the Columbian Highway, or Natchez Trace, crosses that stream; at this point the line turns and follows the Natchez Trace until it reaches the hills or ridge of the Buffalo River watershed; there it angles and runs straight to the Old Fields (near Huntsville, Alabama); then north, going around the waters of Elk River; then following Duck River Ridge all along until it enters Kentucky. All the land within those borders was ceded. The Cherokees were not considered as having any valid claim to any of this land, yet the government, out of caution, obtained a treaty from them which overlapped a part of lands in the area under discussion.

It can readily be seen that, as the line of 1805 ran with the Trace, it is important historically and legally to place the Trace in its true position. The government solemnly pledged its faith that white people should not settle on the Indian lands, that is, on any lands that lay south of Duck River and west of the Natchez Trace; nor was it lawful to register any deed or grant of lands lying there, though both grants and deeds were made to such lands with the understanding that they could not be registered, nor in any manner be made effective, until the Indian title could, in the future, be extinguished by treaty.

Further, the treaty provided that a certain time must elapse after the making of the treaty before settlers could lawfully take possession. At the end of this time a rush occurred across Duck River at Gordon's Ferry, sixteen or

[7]See report of Wilkinson in American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. V.

seventeen miles northwest from Columbia, comparable to what took place at the opening of the land for settlement in Oklahoma. Of course nothing of the kind could have happened at Gordon's Ferry if the Natchez Trace had been anywhere near Columbia or Mt. Pleasant. The rest of the Indian lands (those lying west of the Trace) were not ceded until the treaties made in 1816 and 1818, as is well known.

The evidences that may be presented to the student, or stranger in the land, as to the true course of the Trace are abundant and overwhelming and some of them will be given now. These are not needed by any resident of the vicinity, as the road is now, and always has been, well known, and is still used as a highway in most of its parts. It follows the principal ridges and often there is no other practicable course between the streams that flow in the valleys on the one side and the other. A road in such a situation, especially when in almost continuous use, manifestly cannot be easily lost except at most in minute and unimportant stretches.

(1) The Natchez Trace is the same line of travel as the Chickasaw trail, except as modified to suit the requirements of a wagon road instead of a footpath. This was the line of march pursued by James Robertson in 1787 in the Coldwater expedition which went down Lick Creek and passed a salt lick "as big as a cornfield." It is also the course followed by Captain Rains with his company of scouts.[8]

Robertson, and even Haywood, supposed the trail to be the boundary between the Chickasaw and the Cherokees, but it was found that the trail or path was wholly within Chickasaw territory, though this was disputed by the Cherokees.[9]

The home of Thomas H. Benton was some twenty-five miles from Nashville on the Natchez Road, at the present village of Leiper's Fork, and a residence still stands on the original foundation. Benton says that his mother kept a 3,000-acre tract there, about which the Indians swarmed, "and their great war trail led through it."[10]

When General Wilkinson met the Chickasaws at The Bluff (Memphis), on October 24, 1801, preparatory to making the treaty for the Natchez Trace, he said, as he reports, "The Chickasaw path is a very uncomfortable one, and we propose to make it suitable to accommodate those who wish to use it."[11]

[8]Haywood, John, *Civil and Political History of Tennessee*, pp. 230 ff. (Edition of 1891).

[9]See American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. V, Wilkinson's report.

[10]See Preface to Benton, T. H., *Thirty Years' View.*

[11]American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. V.

W. Jerome Spence, historian of Hickman County, Tennessee, says, "Griner moved out on the Natchez Trace and had an inn where the Lewis monument now stands." He further says, "The early settler on (north) side of the river (Duck) and on the east of the trace obtained his title from the United States; the early settler on the (south) side of the river and west of the Trace was a squatter." Spence then tells the names of a number of the "squatters," in the limits of the present Hickman County, who were removed from the west side of the Trace to the east side by the government troops; and gives certain minor deviations of the Trace from the Chickasaw trail at the border of Hickman County.[12]

All of the foregoing shows that the Chickasaw trail and the Natchez Trace were practically one and the same line of travel, and that it lay along the east border of Hickman County, and through Lewis.

(2) There are at least three legislative recognitions of the position of the Natchez Trace:

The act of September 13, 1806, says: That whereas John Gordon "did make an establishment at the crossing of Duck River for the purpose of affording the necessary conveniences for travelers on the route from Nashville to Natchez," etc., he is given his tract there of 640 acres. This place is at the line between Maury and Hickman Counties.

The act of November 16, 1807, laying out the County of Maury, in giving the boundary says: "Beginning at the southwest corner of Williamson County; thence south to the Columbian Road ("Natchez Trace"); thence with the said road as it meanders to the point where the Indian boundary line leaves the same," that is, at the Buffalo River Ridge.

The act of the General Assembly of 1909, Chapter 263, confirms an official survey of the line between Maury and Lewis Counties; and the calls recited give the names and numbers of various grants lying along the Trace. This is the last call—"thence north with Whitesides' line 49 poles to a white oak on south side of the Natchez Road in Hickman County line." The lines of Maury, Lewis, and Hickman touch that white oak.

(3) Meriwether Lewis, the friend of Thomas Jefferson, and associated with Clarke in the great exploration to the Pacific in 1803-1805, was the Governor of Louisiana (that is, Missouri) in 1809 when he was ordered to go to Wash-

[12]Spence's *"Hickman County,"* pp. 50, 112 and 331.

ington, and started to make the trip by water. At Memphis, because of the fear of warships or privateers, Neely, the Indian agent, advised him to go by land by way of Nashville. He cut through the country and reached the Natchez Trace at Griner's inn, or stand, and the same night was shot—whether by his own hand or by an assassin is a disputed point, with the probabilities on the side of suicide. He was buried there by the margin of the Natchez Trace, and long afterward the state erected a monument to mark the spot. It is near the exact center of the county named in his honor.

(4) North Carolina gave 25,000 acres of land to General Nathaniel Greene by act of 1784, but the tract being later found to be within the Indian country, the grant did not issue until November 28, 1807,—after the treaty of 1805 ceding the land east of the Natchez Trace.[13] This is mentioned because every part of this large tract, seven miles wide, is entirely west of the road from Columbia to Mt. Pleasant, but east of the true Natchez Trace; hence not in Indian territory after 1805.

(5) There are a great many very early orders laying out county roads, or establishing road districts, on the minutes of Williamson and Maury Counties—perhaps as many as fifty—all showing that the Natchez Trace or road was not less than five miles to the westward of Franklin and some sixteen miles from Columbia and Mt. Pleasant. One of these will be quoted here, and the others will be referred to in a note for the benefit of anyone wishing to look them up. Here is an order for laying out a road in Williamson County, made in 1803: Running "from Franklin to the Methodist Meeting House; thence a direct line to West Harpeth" (a stream five miles west of Franklin); "crossing at a ford known by (*sic*) Spencer's ford; thence down said river, leaving Perkins' horse mill on the left; thence, as is marked, to the Natchez Road." The position of this horse mill is well known; the old stones still are lying at the place.

(6) The Quadrangles for Franklin, Columbia, and Waynesboro, of the Topographical Survey of the United States Geological Survey, give the Natchez Trace in the correct position as described in this article. The information of the surveyors was derived from the common and general knowledge of the citizens along the route, and from sundry records such as have been referred to.

The author of this article has in his possession a letter

[13]Maury County, Book A, Vol. I, p. 39.

from the Bureau of Ethnology which quotes a report from Mr. Royce, who prepared the Bureau's erroneous maps, wherein it is admitted that said maps were not prepared from any regular survey. This is true enough, and the statement would perhaps have been much better had it been admitted that they were not made from any survey of any kind, for it is evident that no survey preceded the laying out of the Natchez Trace, for the reason that the soldiers began to cut the road just as soon as the Chickasaw treaty of October, 1801, was signed, and had Indian guides furnished them to show the way. Had there been any previous survey no Indian guides would have been needed. Besides, no survey of the road has ever been found or referred to, in so far as the knowledge of the present writer extends.

(7) The map of Dr. Troost, the maps of the surveyors' districts on file in the office of the State Secretary of State, several old maps in the Draper Collection at Madison, Wisconsin, and a great many plats and deeds in our courthouses, all show where the Natchez Trace ran and still runs.

(8) The map of Lewis County, Tennessee, showing iron ore beds and deposits, by Reese S. Rogers of the State Geological Survey, gives the Natchez Trace through Lewis County in its true and correct position. This map was issued about May 1, 1915. PARK MARSHALL.

[14]See Minutes of the Williamson County Court, Volume 1800-1812, 48, 53, 70, 79, 98, 100, 104, 152, and many others. See Minutes of Maury County of December 22, 1807; March 22, 1808; March 21, 1808; June 20, 1808; September 21 1808; September 22, 1808; December 23, 1808; also the report of B. C. Mitchell, County Surveyor of Maury County, of July 19, 1838, which many times refers to and gives the definite location of the road, incidentally, of course. Also, see deed of Thomas H. Benton to Mary Benton, Williamson County, Deed Book, p. 126, year 1817. The calls of this deed show the exact position of the Natchez Road at Leiper's Fork. The previous division of the Benton land also shows it, but the plat of this division has not been found by the writer.

Tennessee Historical Magazine April 1925 Vol. IX No. 1

"CUSHMAN'S HISTORY OF THE INDIANS—CHOCTAWS, CHICKASAWS AND NATCHEZ"*

By Hon. Park Marshall

The subject of the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States, and along with them the Mound Builders, their origin and date, is one of perennial interest, breaking forth from time to time with renewed energy. The work in this line is unusually active at the present day, calling for excavation work at various places. Nothing in particular has been discovered that is new, this character of research having been engaged in ever since the days of John Haywood in 1821, and often by archaeologists of marked ability. But the investigations of the elder archaeologists seem to serve no great end and are not even often referred to by the diggers of today. Extraordinary and novel notions and theories about the antiquity of the mounds are being put forth at frequent periods, and equally extraordinary deductions are made from finds. The tendency is to fix the dates of the mounds very far back in the past, with reasons therefor that do not very well bear the test of reason.

In this situation the book mentioned in the title of this article should be of great interest, especially as it has been so often said that there is no tradition nor knowledge of the origin of any of the mounds or of their builders. The author of this book distinctly says that the fact and reason of the building of most of the mounds in the Choctaw and Chickasaw country were well known, as were the dates, to a reasonable approximation. Mr. Cushman qualifies as a witness by giving a statement of his own relations with the Indians.

He says that his father was a minister of the gospel in Massachusetts and went as a missionary to the Choctaw Indians in 1820, and remained among them for many years and until his death. The author was a youth at the time and went to the Choctaw country with his father, remaining with the Indians until their removal in 1836, when he removed to Texas. He was acquainted with the speech of both the Choctaws and Chickasaws, which was merely different dialects of the same language. After going to Texas he kept up his acquaintance with the Indians by often visiting them in their Indian Territory homes. In fact, he everywhere shows his very great friendship for them, and from his statements he must have been identified with them

*Cushman's History of the Indians—Choctaws, Chickasaws and Natchez, 1899.

almost as if he had been himself an Indian. This would appear to make a proper witness of Mr. Cushman, for it would, as he says, in his case, enable him to understand the Indian character, the natural taciturnity of the Indian being relaxed in his presence. He was able also to understand the Indian because he knew his language, and thereby to avoid the numberless errors which white men have made in talking with Indians when neither fully understood the tongue of the other. Mr. Cushman seems to have been over eighty years old when this book was published.

He seems to have had such a very deep affection for the Indians of the two tribes, and such a degree of resentment against the government on account of their removal from their ancestral home, as to cause him to rather overdo his defense of them, as he over and over implies that the Indians were so constantly subjected to massacre by the whites that they had been reduced from populous nations to a mere handful. In truth, it does not appear that the Indians in this part of the country were killed off in such numbers by white people; it is known from their own history that they delighted in war among themselves, even parts of tribes against other parts of the same tribes, and that no Indian could attain to perfect fame as a warrior except by the exhibition of a number of scalps. The Indians were really decimated by war among themselves, by the state of savagery in which they lived, and by the depravity and vice and new diseases incident to contact with "civilization." Mr. Cushman may, however, be fully pardoned for his zeal, which in fact is mentioned here mainly because it implies his intimate acquaintance with the Indians.

According to Mr. Cushman these Indians regularly conducted a kind of school designed for accurately passing their past history down from generation to generation. They had set dates when the tribe gathered to hear its wise men recite the history of the tribe, which they said had been the practice time out of mind. In these official recitations they told of the migration of the tribe from the far West, but said that long previously to that last migration they had come from a country a vast distance toward the Northwest.

The last migration, just before reaching Mississippi, was under the leadership of two chiefs, Chahta and Chicasha, and the former settled to the southward in Mississippi with his part of the tribe, and the latter to the northward in that state and Tennessee (as those states afterward were). These, of course, were the Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Mr. Cushman here tells what they said about how they made up their minds about the direction they would take, and it is curiously like what has been said about the tradition of the southward migration of the Aztecs. It is not to be supposed that a migrating tribe would maintain any well-planned and continuous "trek"; it is quite likely that the tribe would inhabit some district for years, even many years, then move on in some haphazard way to some other place, so that it might take a hundred years to travel as many miles. At any rate, wherever they tarried they set up a pole, which pole in the course of time would lean in one direction or another. When this would occur the tribe would pack up and move off in the direction toward which the pole leaned. In this way they journeyed from place to place until they reached the Father of Waters, which they crossed and again set up the pole, which stood straight up for so long a time that they decided to make the country east of and adjoining the river their permanent abiding place. Coincidently with this decision there was a great celebration, and a large mound was erected to mark the place. This mound is a well-known place to this day, and a part of the Choctaws settled around it and remained there until their removal by the United States to the west of the river. It was their most sacred ground, associated as it was with so vital a part of their history. The facts given in the Choctaws' recitation of their history are such as to indicate that the arrival of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and the erection of the mound, were events of no great antiquity—not a long time when compared with the duration of the migration.

It has been said that the Choctaws believed that their ancestors came up out of this mound, swarming like a hive of bees, but Mr. Cushman is particular to say that the Indians never made any such statement, but always denied that there was such a tradition or belief. If an Indian were asked whence he came, and he happened to be from that vicinity, he might say that he "came from the big mound," meaning only that that was his residence, or the abode of his family. It was a very common form of Indian expression and meant nothing more than that. This was naturally misunderstood by the Indian's interviewer, who, no doubt, like many another writer, had a fancy to make some such startling statement. Many interviews were gotten from Indians by sign language, as well as by the use at times of perhaps half a dozen words only dimly understood at best.

Before the missionaries were well established among the southern Indians several of their tribes practiced burial customs as follows: The dead were wrapped and sewed up in skins or blankets and then laid upon scaffolds six to eight feet above ground, where they remained a considerable length of time and until the flesh decayed. After so long a time the professional undertakers called the "bone-pickers" came, took them down and carefully picked all remaining flesh from the skeleton. The bones were then placed in a cabin built for the purpose, in boxes; there they remained maybe several years, or until the cabin was full of the bones. Then a sacred day was fixed for the solemn rite of the burial of the bones. They were carried and placed on the ground, but oftener in a shallow excavation, and a large mound of earth was heaped up above them.

Mr. Cushman says that the missionaries exercised an influence that caused the Indians to abandon this custom, but that this action was so recent that he had been acquainted with Indians who had been bone-pickers. The Indians substituted the practice of burying the skeleton in a sitting posture, inclosed in an excavation lined with flat stones, and later began to bury at full length, in imitation of the white people. He does not say whether or not the services of the bone-pickers were needed under these new methods.

He says that the Indians did not know the precise history of any of the mounds except in the case of the large mound first mentioned, but from the context of what he says it is clearly to be inferred that he only means by this that they could not tell the exact date or other circumstances, for Mr. Cushman had just told about the custom of burying skeletons *en masse* and heaping up mounds, and later of burying skeletons in sitting posture. If the above was a general change of custom, we may infer that bones found in sitting position in the small square graves are older somewhat than those found lying full length.

Though it is not mentioned by Mr. Cushman, it is a fact that some of the southern Indians removed the skin and flesh from their dead and exhibited the skin, in lifelike form, in the main lodge. They reverenced the dead, especially the bones, and would, if possible, take the bodies from a battlefield, or hide them for future removal. When they were killed in thickets the bodies often were not found by the white people. No doubt various customs prevailed, but the chances are that the flesh was not often buried with

the bones. This gives point to the Indian expression, "The bones of our fathers."

At least in Choctaw and Chickasaw country, then, if our author is right, the oldest remains should be found under mounds, later ones in square graves, and the most recent in long graves, with no great difference in age among them.

From all of the foregoing matter one gets the impression that the events mentioned, including the erection of the large mound, took place comparatively recently.

As to the Natchez, Mr. Cushman thinks they were once a far more widespread nation than they were at the close of their independence, but as to this there is no reason to consider him any better informed than any other writer.

The remaining part of this article has nothing in particular to do with Mr. Cushman's book.

It may be surmised that the mounds had other purposes additional to those mentioned. It may well be that the largest of a group of mounds would be the place for the council house, and, in fact, the holes for the studding, and remains of the posts or studding, are often found upon them. They also may have symbolized the high office of chiefs, and may have had a religious significance. They would serve as observation stations, and would shed the rain water.

Remains of bodies are sometimes found in the sides of mounds, being of more recent date than the mounds, and no doubt having been placed there by other Indians occupying the position after the builders had abandoned the site.

The following points may be of service to show that these mounds and graves are not of very great antiquity, perhaps in few, if any, cases over 250 to 400 years old. Some of these points are positive, while others will serve only to controvert arguments of antiquity:

(1) The "floors" found in mounds composed of baked clay. This clay was obtained at some other place and spread on the mound and rolled level; then fires were built on it to harden it. In time the floor would break up in places, when additional earth would be brought and spread on top of it to a depth of one or two feet, and a new clay floor would be laid and burned. Dr. Joseph Jones shows three such "floors" in a mound at Hughes' bridge in Williamson county. So, the amount of earth over a "floor" by no means indicates anything more than a very few years at the most. The Indians cleaned house by piling on more dirt, and incidentally raised their mounds on the installment plan. Also,

they got rid of bones, ashes, pieces of shells, and broken or roughened floors, by covering them over. This seems to be a reasonable hypothesis.

(2) Large trees on mounds do not indicate great age, but rather the contrary, for it is certain that trees would spring up the first year in the fresh soil; and there is probably not a tree in Tennessee or south of it that is over 300 years old.

(3) The skeletons have decayed greatly within the past fifty or sixty years. This point is about conclusive, for if bones were say 2,000 years old the deterioration of fifty or sixty years would be negligible.

(4) By definite Cherokee and Chickasaw tradition Middle Tennessee was, about 1700, occupied by the Shawnees, that wandering nation called "the gypsies of the wilderness." Those two tribes drove the Shawnees into Tennessee, where they fortified themselves, by means of which fortifications they held their position for some years. The last of these Shawnees were at the mound fort occupied by Charleville at Nashville, 1714. This question was involved in the treaty of Ft. Stanwix in 1763, where those two tribes claimed the land within the great bend by reason of conquering the Shawnees, while the Iroquois also claimed it. These mounds and fortifications would thus seem to be the work of the Shawnees, done at that time. The whole scheme seems to be central points fortified by outposts roughly in a curve convex toward the south.

(5) The general characters of remains in mounds and graves are very similar in kind. After the white people reached and settled the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the Great Lakes, which was at least a hundred years before the interior was known, the Indians lost the art of their native manufacture of weapons and utensils, and it is no argument to say that they were not making the same things when they became better known along about the year 1800.

(6) The Indians were simply a poor savage people almost perpetually at war and much given to wandering about over stretches of hundreds of miles, if not thousands. Whenever they had any very precious possessions, such as porphery scrapers, knives, ceremonial implements, etc., it is reasonable to think that they would cling to them for many years, unless they were buried with their corpses, hence such objects from distances are found in their graves, and it signifies nothing more than that. They were all in the neolythic age of their kind of people, and the practical

uniformity of the articles found in mounds and Indian graves is remarkable, and leads to the idea that Mound Builders and Indians were one and the same. That there were different nations and radically different tongues is true, but they were Indians all; that is, they were the red men of America living in the neolythic age of the red man.

There are some reasons, nevertheless, for the belief that the Natchez were once more numerous than they were when they became known to Europeans, and that there may have been some connection between the Natchez and the Aztecs, but that does not argue that the settlement of the Mississippi Valley dates back as far as the Aztecs, as some seem to argue, for a band may have been on its wandering course from the southwestern United States, or from Mexico, for hundreds of years without reaching the great valley until, say, two hundred years ago, or a few wandering tradesmen or refugees may have filtered into this part of the country with a few trinkets from a distant land, or with dimly remembered culture coming thence.

(7) Mounds and graves were made thousands of years ago in Europe by peoples then in their neolythic stage of culture, and every settlement had its kitchen-midden where pieces of bone, rubbish, and offal were cast. Some of these are acres in extent, showing what happens in case of a very long occupancy. There are kitchen-middens connected with these Indian village sites, but they are invarably very small, generally a few square yards at the most, which seems to show a brief stay. There are few deeply worn paths such as are found in similar situations in Asia and Europe at places.

The amount of soil overlying ancient remains is an uncertain means of fixing dates. The city of Corinth in Greece, now being excavated, has its antique remains covered at some places to depths of twenty to forty feet. The upper part of what Schliemann took to be the Tomb of Agamemnon is thirty feet under ground, and there were three stone markers, one above the other, between it and the surface of the ground.

Franklin, Tenn.

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Tennessee Historical Magazine July 1919
Vol. 5 No. 2

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL BEGINNINGS OF NASHVILLE

The first resident of the area now covered by the city of Nashville of whom we have any account was a Creole named Charleville, who ascended the Cumberland river and established a trading station and store on the top of a large Indian mound in the angle formed by the river and the Sulphur Spring branch. According to John Haywood, this mound was about seventy yards from the river and about the same distance (northward) from the branch.[1] On the wall of the Tennessee Historical Society's rooms is a plat made by David McGavock, in 1786, showing this "Mount" as situated on the 960-acre tract of James McGavock, near its northeast corner. To judge from this plat the mound would seem to be about 210 feet from the south bank of the river and about 400 or 500 feet northward from the branch. It would thus lie a very few feet north of the approach of the present Jefferson street bridge, and between Market and College streets, (Second and Third avenues).

The beginning point of this Freeland, afterward McGavock, tract was on the south side of the river, 18 poles below the branch, and the line ran thence south 67 degrees west. This was also the line of the Salt Spring tract, which will be mentioned later; it is identical with the present course of Jefferson street.[2]

It cannot be said with certainty what tribe of Indians built and occupied this mound, but the present writer believes that it was the work of the Shawnees, as this nation, the "Gypsies of the Wilderness," held this section up to the time of Charleville, whose hunters were a remnant of Shawnees. There was a stockade of heavy upright timbers inclosing the mound. As a result of bloody wars with the Iroquois, Chickasaws, and Cherokees, the Shawnees had been partly exterminated and partly driven across the Ohio river; only some twenty or thirty remained around Charleville's station.

In the year 1714 Charleville and his Shawnees packed their peltries into canoes and started for the French settlements on the Mississippi, but were waylaid at Harpeth Shoals, some forty miles below Nashville, and nearly all the Shawnees were killed. Charleville made his way to Cahokia, the French settlement in the present state of Illinois.

[1]J. Haywood, *Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee,* p. 136 (Part 4); and pp. 221-224.

[2]*Davidson County Deed Book C,* page 217.

This mound is not visible now, it probably having been scraped down when Front street was leveled for the railroad tracks.

There were a number of other mounds in the vicinity, particularly about the sulphur spring and present ball park. The three hillocks in the bottom where the sulphur well now is are remnants of such mounds. Part of the ground under the Howe ice factory is a mound; and the same is true of the ground under the warehouse on the opposite, or south, side of Fourth avenue.

The next settler was Thimoté Demonbreun, also a Frenchman, whose name was commonly both pronounced and spelled Timothy Demumbre. He is too well known to need much mention here. He had served in the French army in New France, and had come to the Cumberland as a trapper and lived there until over ninety. His name is on the list as a subscriber for one of the town lots. He was a sergeant in the guard for the protection of Mero district, and the society has his signature on two requisitions for supplies. There is no evidence that the "long hunters" of 1770 reached the bluff where Nashville stands, but they did reach Bledsoe's lick and Station Camp Creek in Sumner county. In 1772 hunters explored as far as Nashville. The settlers under the lead of James Robertson reached the bluff in the early part of January, 1780—some say on Christmas day, 1779—while the "Boat Adventure" with its settlers arrived April 24, 1780. The first Indians met were a friendly hunting party; the Battle of the Bluffs did not occur until April 2, 1781.

A remarkable thing is that the settlers did not know what latitude they were in; nor did there exist any mode of acquiring title to land. The Watauga settlers thought they were in Virginia, and Daniel Smith's map (in Imlay) runs the line that way by a detour into Tennessee. Long after the running of the line of Walker, who in 1779-1780 attempted to locate the place of latitude 36° 30′ from the northeast corner of Tennessee to the second crossing of the Tennessee river, the settlers or "stationers" on the north bank of the Cumberland river at Nashville believed that they were in Virginia; but this was due largely to the fact that Henderson's attempted purchase from the Indians extended to that point and to the Ohio, and Henderson treated it as Virginia domain for a short time. The commissioners who made the abortive treaty with the Indians at Nashborough in 1783 were appointed by Virginia.

These doubts as to the borders of the territory to which the Cumberland country belonged were, however, soon set at rest.

The next trouble was the fact that there was no land at the place at which the settlers had arrived the individual ownership of which could be legally acquired, for the reason that it was adjacent to a salt spring and the State of North Carolina reserved such tracts from entry and grant. This naturally brings the discussion to the matter of the salt spring and the tract surrounding it.

The salt spring was located on the north side of Cherry street, or Fourth avenue, in North Nashville. It was not at the spot where the sulphur spring pump is now located, but about 100 yards east of that point, and on the other side of Cherry street, or Fourth avenue. It was in the soil near the branch, or "lick," and was surrounded by a low circular embankment sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter, the spring thus being in a saucer-shaped depression.[3] It is believed that this embankment was caused by buffaloes pawing the mud out of the spring and throwing it back toward their hind feet.

As stated before, it was the law of the State that salt spring tracts could not be granted. The law required that a tract of 640 acres should be laid off so as to include the salt spring and that this tract should be reserved as a kind of public park for the free use of all citizens and their cattle. Even the later act permitting the sale of salt springs tracts required that the springs themselves should not be inclosed by the purchasers.

In 1782 the salt spring tract was surveyed by Thomas Mulloy. It embraced 640 acres and began at the south side of the river 18 poles below the mouth of the salt lick branch (Sulphur Spring branch), and the line ran thence south 67 degrees west, 226 poles to a hackberry and other marked trees; thence south 33 degrees east on a line 742½ feet west from the present McLemore street, which street later was the "back line of the town." This line continued until it crossed Wilson's Spring branch. It then cornered again and ran north 67 degrees east until near the river above Nashville, where it again cornered and ran due north 36 poles to the river.[4] The above line running north 67 degrees east crosses Peabody street at an acute angle. The place where the last call touches the river is very near the new railroad bridge of the Lewisburg & Northern railway.

The next act of North Carolina appointed trustees to lease out the salt springs, and Lardner Clark and J. C. Mountflorence were the trustees appointed to lease the spring for the Cumberland settlers. The original of a lease of this kind is in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society, made by

[3]This fact is related by Mr. I. T. Rhea, a highly intelligent citizen.
[4]North Carolina, *Private Acts*, p. 200.

Anthony Hart in September, 1790, he having made bond to pay to the trustees of the town 600 pounds of dry salt for the use of the salt works for four weeks. The paper shows that there were kettles, beams, arches, etc., there. On the back is a credit for 150 pounds of salt, and other credits in articles the value of which is not stated.

Salt was selling at $20 a barrel at that period.

A few words with respect to our salt licks in general may not be out of place here. Originally there were many salt swamps or springs in this western country the water of which could be evaporated, leaving a residuum of very good salt. Besides this one at Nashville there was one on Mansker's creek at the north border of Davidson county. In the account of James Robertson's expedition in 1787 against the Indians at Coldwater on the Tennessee river a salt lick "as big as a cornfield" is spoken of as being near Lick creek in the present Hickman county. There were a number of them some miles west of the Cumberland plateau. When they began to fail they were often drilled to considerable depths by means of drills fitted to heavy wooden poles, and casings were let down into them to keep out other kinds of water.

What was the origin of these salt springs, and why have they disappeared?

There were no beds of salt rock; if there had been they would not probably have become exhausted almost at one and the same time.

The whole Cumberland or Middle Tennessee valley is the result of the solution and erosion of a vast amount of earth and rock from which the salt was left as a residuum in certain confined places where the waters, not being able to escape freely, evaporated through a long period of time. This left a limited amount of salt, which was mostly exhausted by extraction, and the remainder of which disappeared with drainage and cultivation of the lands.

In 1789 an act was passed directing the sale of the salt spring tracts whenever the county courts should be of opinion that they were of no use for salt production.[5] Those holding leases were to be excused from half the rental charge and be given time in which to pay the rest. Davidson Academy was to get one of the salt springs tracts, and it was given the Casper (Mansker's) creek tract of 640 acres, it has been said. The academy had additional land given it within the Nashville tract, as will be shown.

Under an act of 1784 of the State of North Carolina 200 acres of the Nashville salt spring tract were set apart to constitute the town of Nashville, and out of the 200 acres were

[5]North Carolina, *Acts*, 1791, p. 679.

to be laid off and reserved four acres for public buildings—courthouse, jail, and stocks.[6] The rest of the 200 acres were to be laid off into one-acre lots and sold, the proceeds to go to the construction and maintenance of these public structures. Each purchaser was to build a certain kind of house within three years, a requirement from which they were relieved very soon by another act.

The four acres are the Public Square, which could not be sold, and which was "reserved" for public structures of a nature pertaining to a county. The four acres were never *granted,* but being *reserved* went first to the United States under the cession act, then to Tennessee, but each time charged with this dedication; hence are under the county's management.

The act of 1784 simply directed that out of the salt spring tract 200 acres should be laid out for a town, four of which acres should be set apart for public buildings, as a courthouse, a gaol, and stocks. Trustees were named in the act and empowered to sell the lots at four pounds North Carolina money by subscriptions to as many as fifty lots at a time. The lots subscribed for were to be later drawn for by lot, except that James Robertson should have the right to purchase as many as four lots, which he could select as he might see proper.[7] The present street railway transfer station is on one of the James Robertson lots. This act was thus the original charter, though it contains few grants of authority such as are usually found in charters.

[6]North Carolina, *Acts,* 1784.

[7]One of the subscription lists for the original lots is among the HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S papers, dated April 30, 1790. It is as follows: Jas Love, 3 lots; J. C. Mountflorence, for Hyder Alby Davis, 1; Thimote demonbreun 1; Edwin Hickman 1; Edmond Gamble 1; John Johns 1; John McNairy 1; Wm Cooke 1; Elijah Robertson 2; Elijah Robertson 2; John McNairy for Thos Hamilton, jr, Boyd McNairy, and Hance Hamilton, jr, 3; D. Hay 1; Wm A. Pease 2; J. C. Mountflorence 5; G. Walker 2; J. Sitgreaves 2; Charles Snier 4; Geo Sugg 5; B. Searcy 2; Rich'd McGuire 2; A. Foster 6; John Boyd 1; C. Walker 2; James, for Simon, Sugg 1, and for Wm Sugg 1; Anth'y Hart 2; Jas Love 2; John Deadrick 2; David Deadrick 2; Danl James 1; Ho. E. Tatum 1; D. Robertson 1; David Donnell 1; Joel Rice 2; Thomas Overton 1; Elisha Rice 1; John Forman 1; James Mulherrin 1; James Shaw jr, 1; Sam'l Barton 2; Deadrick & Co 2; John Rice 2; James Shaw 1; Thomas McFarland 1; Jno Hay 1; John Rains 1; John Boyd jr, 1; Total 83. On the back are four other names which may stand for other lots—Sam'l Barton; Thos Mulloy; Tal Shaw; Grace (?) Lindsey. The date shows that this was not the very first list, and the records show that the larger numbers represented these lots; deeds made in 1784-5 show lots with small numbers. All of the subscribers were able to write good hands. Roosevelt calls attention to the fact that the 256 subscribers to the Cumberland Compact except one signed their own names.

The town was at once laid out into streets and one-acre lots by Thomas Mulloy, a local surveyor, there being 180 lots, and the act was carried out in all respects.

The east boundary of the town was not the river, but Front street, thus cutting the town off from the river, but at the same time obtaining the largest possible number of good business lots; the south boundary was Broadway from Front to McLemore street, or Ninth avenue; the west boundary was McLemore to Line street, now Jo Johnston avenue. At the last-mentioned point the boundary angled and ran north 57 degree east with Line street to the beginning at Front street, except that the plan included in the town three lots on each side of Market street and three lots on the west side of College street, these nine lots being north of Locust street, which is a short street between Market and College, a little north of the direction of Line street.[8] At a later date the trustees sold a number of other lots, to which they really had no title, lying between Front and the river and north of the present bridge, which gave rise to litigation with Judge McNairy; but in the end the suit was compromised so that the purchasers held the lots, and they have ever since been treated as parts of the original plan.

In 1785 the legislature of North Carolina granted 240 acres of the Nashville salt spring tract to Davidson Academy, this act being thought to be the first endowment of a college located west of the mountains. This 240 acres was surveyed as beginning on the river at the southeast corner of the town (*sic*); then with the south border of the town south 57½ west, 181 poles, which point is the corner of McLemore street; then the line followed the greater part of the west border of the town; then westward to the back line of the salt spring tract, which it followed southeast, and then northwest back to the river. Owing to certain inaccuracies in this survey, the grant was not issued until June 12, 1794.[9]

This left 200 acres of the salt spring tract, upon which the spring was situated, as public property. The county court, under authority of an act, decided that the spring was manifestly of no further profit, and thus the tract was thrown on the market. It was bought by John McNairy, judge of the Superior Court, at 200 pounds, and his grant was issued

[8]According to Mulloy's survey—which is given in needle readings—Line and Broad streets run North 57 degrees East, while the cross streets, as McLemore and Front, are South 33 East. The north and south streets are parallel with the south line of the old salt spring tract, but the east and west streets run ten degrees off from the side lines, one of which is Jefferson. This was because the angles of the salt spring tract were not right angles.

[9]*Davidson County Deed Book E*, page 193.

over the navigation of the Mississippi, led to the proposel for the Louisiana purchase at a most auspicious time; and from this, in turn, grew the grounds which ultimately led to the acquisition of Texas and the far West. Of course, it is always in some such ways as these that nations expand. The feeble origin of such an expansion, though doubtless ruled from above, should never fail to interest a nation which has experienced it.

One can hardly treat at any length of the early history of Nashville and the settlement without a reference to James Robertson, who certainly stands in the front rank of great Tennesseans. To his wise counsel and stubborn and courageous nature the persistence of the settlers was due, and without him the district would certainly have been abandoned until long after the close of the revolutionary war. Men of his kind appear to have been gifted, in a way, with flashes of inspiration. When he was urged to give up his design to hold the country and was told that he and his companions would be slain, he said, "We are the advance guard of civilization and our way is across the continent." He was a noble example of obedience to law and order, and at the same time led his volunteers in most dangerous expeditions, with uniform success. His influence was boundless, but he insisted that his duty was to remain among the people, and he scorned to accept any political office for money or motives of ambition. His field, it is true, was in miniature compared with many another great man, but the record he made is perfect and gleams as a gem.

PARK MARSHALL.

TENNESSEE
HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 6 APRIL, 1920 No. 1

JOHN A. MURRELL AND DANIEL CRENSHAW.

Some Facts with Regard to These Criminals—The Plea of "Benefit of Clergy."

John A. Murrell and Daniel Crenshaw when young men, in the year 1827 and before that date, both lived in Williamson County, Tennessee. Whether or not they were born in the county the writer does not know, but supposes that they were. Murrell's home was near the present Lewisburg pike about ten miles from Franklin and not far from Bethesda. Crenshaw's home was about the same distance from Franklin and near Lieper's Fork or Hillsboro. Crenshaw appears to have lived on land belonging to the Benton estate, for after Mrs. Benton (mother of Thomas H. Benton, the Senator) died, her estate was divided. Still later Thomas H. Benton conveyed 226 acres of this land to Mary Benton, his brother's widow, and in the deed refers to a large spring near one of its corners as being known as Crenshaw's spring. In this deed and in other papers relating to this land it is curious to note that the name Crenshaw is mentioned three times and is spelled three different ways. Besides the above spelling, it is also spelled Grenshaw and Grainshaw.

For some time previously to 1827 Murrell lived in Franklin, and possibly Crenshaw also lived there for a time, but about that time they both appear to have left Williamson County for other fields of activity.

TWO TRADITIONS AGREE.

There are two points upon which the traditions which have come down in Williamson County from those days agree: (1) That the father of Murrell was a Methodist preacher having a good moral character; (2) that as between John A. Murrell and Daniel Crenshaw, the latter was the leader. The tradition is also uniform and undisputed that neither of these men ever practiced murder as a means of carrying out his designs, and that no definite charge of murder was ever brought against

them. The reference here made is to the tradition that has come down from their days, but naturally there have been some persons of later generations who supposed that they were murderers and "great land pirates," but this idea they received from reading faked stories, just as persons in other parts of the country have done.

IN WEST TENNESSEE.

After leaving Williamson County Murrell lived for some time in what is now Chester County, where his character was precisely the same as it was in Williamson County.

Again, Murrell always positively denied that he or his "gang" ever committed a murder. No charge of murder in any definite form was ever brought to his door.

And again, he was convicted of negro stealing in court at Jackson, and was sent to the penitentiary where he remained six years, at the end of which time he was pardoned because of his failing health. He went to Pikeville and died not long afterward in that part of the state. During all of this time he could have been tried for murder if the state had had a case against him.

Yet the prevailing belief in the minds of the people in many parts of the country, and to a great extent locally at the present time, is that Murrell and Crenshaw—particularly Murrell—were the leaders of the greatest band of highwaymen the country has ever known, and could with justice be described as "the great land pirates of the Southwest."

NOT THE LEADER OF A BAND.

This mistaken notion had its origin in a highly fictional and long since discredited story contained in a small book published by one Vergil A. Stewart, which owing to its sensational character had a large sale and of course a very large number of readers. It is not at all an uncommon thing to hear this book referred to at this day, and it is still less uncommon to hear blood-curdling stories told which had their origin in the same book. Only a year or two ago some one in the North published another book of fiction about Murrell, its "facts," no doubt, having been pirated, from Stewart's book of Murrell fiction of eighty or ninety years ago. The writer has never seen this last-mentioned book, but has seen it advertised in magazines that charge high rates for ads. As it is certain that no facts can be found and no records resurrected upon which to found a story containing anything very sensational about Murrell, it is naturally left to inference that the basis of any such story must be found in the former story,

so that two books are no greater authority than the first of them alone.

In his story Stewart pretended that Murrell was the head and front of an organized band of outlaws spread all over large parts of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas; that a large number of very prominent men were members of the band, bound under secret oaths to obey the orders of its chief and to protect its members under all conditions and situations. The story went on to show that the whole country, in the area of the operations of these outlaws, was in a state of terror, so that no one dared to give any information or evidence in court.

Stories were told of bloody murders and robberies, and of negroes being stolen, then sold for cash, and restolen from the last purchasers, and finally murdered, filled with stones and sunk in creeks or rivers.

It is enough to know the fact that none of these stories was believed at the time and in the sections of the country named in the book, or in those sections where Murrell or Crenshaw had lived or performed any of their thievery. The fact is, they had the reputation of being merely common thieves, secretly stealing horses or negroes in one neighborhood and conveying them for sale to another. Neither of the two men was of any great consequence even in his character as stealer of horses or of negroes, and it is well that this fact should be recorded. The writer many years ago conversed on this subject with a great many old citizens of different parts of Tennessee and Mississippi with a view to finding out what the prevailing opinion was, and found it in all cases as above given. Maj. J. G. Cisco also made an investigation to the same end in Chester County, where Murrell lived for a time, and has informed the writer that he reached exactly the same conclusion, there not being a single reason for reaching any other conclusion.

SENSATIONAL STORIES.

The comparatively unimportant character of Murrell and Crenshaw, and of their acts and doings, would not call for any extended notice in this publication, were it not for the fact that by fictions they have been "boosted" into a position of notoriety in many places where the facts of their humble and unimportant lives and acts are not so well known.

Vergil A. Stewart, the author of the first-mentioned book, was in person brought before the grand jury in Jackson and was questioned for hours by the state's attorney, and was unable to give the name of any prominent man connected with

the outlaws, or any fact bearing on their having an organization, or any fact on which to base charges of murder.

It was believed that Stewart was at one time associated with Murrell in his peculiar line of business, and for some cause fell out of Murrell's favor, and so wrote against Murrell for the gratification of a desire for revenge.

The records of Williamson County relating to Murrell and Crenshaw will now be given, together with the disposition of several indictments there against them which were disposed of elsewhere.

MURRELL'S FIRST OFFENSE.

Murrell's first known offense does not appear to be shown on the records, but is handed down by tradition. It occurred when as a boy or very young man he robbed a poor peddler. He must have gotten out of that scrape some way or other, or possibly it is hidden in the records of the Quarterly Court, if it occurred at all. Next we find him tried in the Circuit Court for "Riot" and fined fifty cents. This was in 1823. Not long after that he was arrested along with a brother and two other men and put under bond to keep the peace. In 1825 he was tried for gaming, a very common offense of those days, however. He was afterwards indicted for horse stealing, and by making oath that the people of Williamson County were prejudiced against him so that he could not get justice in a trial in that county, obtained a change of venue to Rutherford County. As the records of Rutherford County covering the date of this case were lost during the Civil War, the result of this case is unknown. In another case he obtained a change of venue to Davidson County. This was in 1826. In a small book called "The Historic Blue Grass Line," published by Mr. Douglas Anderson in 1913, Mr. Anderson gives an account, from a note of C. W. Nance, an eye-witness, of Murrell's punishment at Nashville, though the date given (May 25, 1825) would seem to be wrong unless it was a different case.

Mr. Anderson says, "The verdict and judgment was that Murrell should serve twelve months' imprisonment; be given thirty lashes on the bare back at the public whipping post; that he sit two hours in the pillory on each of three successive days; be branded on the thumb with the letters 'H. T.' in the presence of the court; be rendered infamous" (and, he might have added, adjudged to pay the costs of the case).

"At the direction of the sheriff Murrell placed his hand on the railing (which extended) around the judge's bench. With a piece of rope Horton then bound Murrell's hand to the railing. A negro brought a tinner's stove and placed it beside the sheriff. Horton

took from the stove the branding iron, glanced at it, found it red-hot, and put it on Murrell's thumb. 'The skin fried like meat.' Horton held the iron on Murrell's hand until the smoke rose two feet. Murrell stood the ordeal without flinching. When his hand was released he calmly tied a handkerchief around it and went back to the jail. Here he was to receive the lashes and go into the pillory, but the whipping was too much for his powers of endurance. Several times in compliance with Murrell's request sheriff Horton held his whip to give Murrell time to get his breath and collect his nerve for the blood-fetching blows to follow."

For this punishment Murrell had appeared handsomely dressed and seemed to be the most unconcerned man present. The branding "on the thumb" is sometimes expressed as on the "brawn of the thumb." In the Scotch and English law it was called "the brawn of the left hand," which probably means the muscular part next to the thumb.

CRENSHAW.

Crenshaw was guilty of various offenses, but three cases for which he was indicted arose within a period of only four months, and there are interesting points connected with the cases. In January, 1826 (so the indictment reads), he forged a note on the Bank of Tennessee for $200; in February he stole a horse worth $75 from Kessiah Wooldridge; and in April a horse worth $110 from the lawyer R. C. Foster. He was indicted for all three offenses in separate indictments, and was tried for the stealing of R. C. Foster's horse, which occurred in April.

It will be noticed that this was the last of the three offenses, the Wooldridge and the bank offenses having both occurred before. In this case Crenshaw was convicted and a sentence given similar to the Murrell sentence at Nashville, except that the imprisonment was six months. At that time the courthouse in Franklin was in the middle of the public square, and adjacent to its easterly side there was a market house sixty feet long. In the space between the market house and courthouse there was an auction block for public vendue; it was there that criminals were branded in sight of the judge and not within the courthouse. When Crenshaw was branded (and this also is traditional), he was more or less defiant, and as soon as his hand was released after the branding and while still standing on the block, he bit the letters from his hand. This was told to the writer by several men who said that they had heard it from reliable men who saw the act done. When two stories that look much alike are told of two different persons, it could be argued that it might be that there had been only one act that had become attributed to two or more persons, and it is true that a similar story to this had been

told of Bean in East Tennessee. The Crenshaw case, however, is pretty well authenticated, and may even gain strength upon the idea that he had heard of the Bean case, and so played the part of imitation.

THE "BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY" CASE.

This leaves the two other cases against Crenshaw that are mentioned above. The afterwards distinguished statesman, John Bell, was Crenshaw's attorney, and as soon as Crenshaw had been branded and sent down the street to the jail to be pilloried, whipped and imprisoned, Mr. Bell asked that he be permitted to withdraw the plea of "Not Guilty" in the two remaining cases—which was granted. He then filed in each case a plea of "Benefit of Clergy," in which he claimed that Crenshaw, having been punished in part for one offense and been duly branded, could, under the law of Benefit of Clergy, demand the right to be exempted from punishment for all offenses, short of capital, that may have been previously committed. Judge Stuart overruled this plea and condemned Crenshaw to somewhat lighter penalties to be inflicted after the close of the jail sentence inflicted in the first case. Upon this an appeal was taken to the Superior Court, or as we now say, the Supreme Court. In the Supreme Court the opinion was rendered by Judge Catron, who later was for many years a justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

It is an interesting case, as it explains to a certain extent this queer form of judicature that had prevailed in England and this country for many hundreds of years, but was at the date of the Crenshaw trial little understood here. The case is reported in Martin & Yerger's Tennessee Reports and is entitled Crenshaw vs. State.

The opinion cannot be said to be a complete exposition of the history of Benefit of Clergy, but deals only with the statutes passed in the times of King Henry VII and Elizabeth which made certain changes in the law. In fact, the Church, as far back as the eleventh century, endeavored to wrest the jurisdiction over its favorites and officers and servants from the civil courts and to manage all such cases to suit itself. The clergy were the only people who could read, so that the very word "clergy," meaning practically the art of reading, or one who understands the art of reading, came to mean the priests. After a time they compromised by agreeing that the law court could first try the man and brand him so as to show the case had been before the law court; but then the man was required to be turned over to the ordinary, or ecclesiastical judge, who, it was well understood, would nearly

always turn him loose. In time again it became the law that the Benefit of Clergy innured not only to priests and other church officers, but to any one who could read, which was tested by letting him try to read a verse from the Psalter. It was so customary to excuse former crimes that it came to be the law that when a defendant demanded by plea the benefit of his clergy, he was, after branding, excused for past offenses short of those calling for the death sentence. This is, of course, not intended to be an exposition of this more or less difficult subject, but it is a fact that with various modifications this curious law came down to us in this state even to the year 1826, and upon the strength of it Crenshaw got immunity from the penalties in the forgery case and in one of the horse-stealing cases.

TEST CASES.

From what Judge Catron says, it is plain that these two cases were brought up by Mr. Bell at the wish of the bar in order to have an authoritative ruling on the law, as the opinion says that the bar was in great uncertainty about it, and it was, as he gathered, desired to have the law more clearly understood.

It is very manifest that the law was in fact not understood, for every lawyer uniformly put in the plea "Not guilty, and the defendant demands the benefit of his clergy." Yet, after so pleading, they did nothing whatever about it, so that it was merely form and verbiage. The courts also acted in a manner that showed plainly that the words had no particular meaning, for in hundreds of cases they, as in the Murrell and first Crenshaw cases, they not only branded the criminal, but forthwith proceeded to inflict divers other severe penalties, though the plea was formally entered, and this the courts could not have done consistently with any form into which the laws of Benefit of Clergy had gotten themselves.

As soon as it became known that these laws, though largely archaic, were still in the unrepealed written laws they were repealed. The repealing act is brought forward in the Tennessee Code, where it now shows under Section 5274 of the Code numbers.

Both Murrell and Crenshaw, as to their imprisonment for costs, after serving their sentences, "swore themselves out of jail"—that is, they pauperized by making oath that they possessed no property out which to pay.

"What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" What, also, will it profit him if he lose his soul, yet fail to gain any of the goods of the world?

PARK MARSHALL.

I XVI

Tennessee Historical Magazine July 1931 Series II Vol. 1
No. 4

AN OHIO FARMER IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE IN 1865*

BY R. PIERCE BEAVER, A.M.

At the close of the Civil War there was much interest in the North concerning the attitude of the conquered people towards the national government. There was doubt as to whether the South truly acknowledged defeat and as to whether there was, in the phrase of Carl Schurz, a state of "returning loyalty." Information bearing upon this was regarded as highly desirable and several special missions were sent to the South to ascertain the temper of the people and their attitude towards the Union.

Particularly fruitful as to evidence in this matter were the stories of northern men who went south to devise means of making money, and the relations between these intruders and their neighbors were regarded as furnishing true indications of the character of Southern loyalty. These relations varied locally, and an investigator of the behavior of the conquered people was usually able to discover that state of affairs upon which he had predetermined, and to substantiate his report with specific evidence. Thus on the one hand there is the type of evidence related by B. C. Truman, who found that in general the two peoples were living and working in peace and often in friendship and cooperation,[1] and on the other hand is that kind reported by General Carl Schurz, who discovered that "the loyalty of the masses, and of most of the Southern people, consists in submission to necessity," and that except in individual cases there was no trace of "that rational spirit which forms the basis of true loyalty and patriotism."[2] The material brought before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction was collected with the definite purpose of producing conclusive evidence of a situation such as Schurz described. General Grant, however, was not a politician with desires to manipulate the situation for personal and party advantages, and when he visited the South he reached a conclusion probably more just than that of any of the others. He states:[3]

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[1]Senate Executive Document, No. 43, 39th Congress, 1st Session.
[2]Senate Executive Document, No. 2, 39th Congress, 1st Session, 45.
[3]Coolidge, L. A., *Life of Ulysses S. Grant*, 220-221.

I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men of the South accept the present situation in good faith.

My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible; that while reconstructing they want and require protection from the Government; and that they are in earnest in wishing to do what is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens; and that if such a course was pointed out they would pursue it in good faith.

One occupation that called many was farming, and Union officers frequently remained in the South or returned after their discharge and purchased or rented farms. To many a northerner this vocation appeared to be the most peaceful, commonplace, and obscure that he could engage in, and, therefore, one not likely to bring himself into disfavor with his neighbors. However, the South was agricultural in its civilization and agrarian in outlook, and the attempt to exploit the plantations and lands of the region struck deeply into sentiments dear to the Southern heart. A farming venture then might be less likely to succeed than one of a merchandising nature. Yet, in spite of this fact, many farmers did succeed. B. C. Truman reported[4] in 1866 that the banks of the Mississippi, Arkansas, and White rivers were lined with plantations leased by ex-officers of the Federal army; that in numerous instances he found northern and southern officers in partnership, and that these persons were prospering. Major-General Edward Hatch, a witness before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, in commenting upon the popularity of the Confederate General Forrest, remarked that the quartermaster of his former regiment was operating a plantation in partnership with that officer.[5] This statement was made January 25, 1866, before the Ku Klux Klan, of which General Forrest was the head, was organized, and, therefore, it cannot be said that his association with a northern partner was merely a gesture to veil his true feelings and activities. It may be an indication that General Forrest discriminated between the various types of immigrants and that he was willing to receive into southern society those whom he thought could become good members of it. A number of farmers, however, soon had to give up their enterprises, either because of inability or expulsion by the southerners. The story of one instance of aggressive opposition to a northern farmer is found in a series of twelve documents among the miscellaneous papers of General Ferdinand Vanderveer.[6]

[4]Senate Executive Document, No. 43, 39th Congress, 1st Session, 7.
[5]Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction (Govt. Printing Office, Washington, 1866), 106.
[6]In the possession of R. Pierce Beaver, Cornell University.

Before the war, Colonel George F. Elliott[7] was a prosperous farmer of St. Clair Township, Butler County, Ohio. He was a native of the county, having been born in Liberty Township, where his father, the Rev. Arthur Elliott, had been a pioneer minister. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Elliott recruited Company C of the 69th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was appointed captain, December 9, 1861. The following summer he was promoted to Major, and in October became Lieutenant-Colonel. For a time and including during the Battle of Stone River, Col. Elliott was in command of the regiment. In the spring of 1863 he resigned his commission, returned to his farm in Butler County, and remained there until February, 1865, when he embarked on his agricultural venture in Middle Tennessee. Col. Elliott associated with him as his financial partner, Brigadier-General Ferdinand Vanderveer,[8] of Hamilton, Ohio, then commanding the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, 4th Army Corps, in Tennessee,[9] and whose influence as well as funds might aid in the success of the venture.

The site chosen was the farm or plantation of D. Hughes, deceased, near Franklin, Tennessee, and was leased from the administrator of the estate. Franklin is a town in Middle Tennessee about twenty miles south of Nashville, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, then the Tennessee & Alabama Railroad. This district was well known to Col. Elliott, however, it was the movement of his regiment which led Col. Elliott to Franklin. In April, 1862, the 69th O. V. I.[10] was sent to Nashville to serve as provost-guard at the request of Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee, a personal friend of Col. Lewis D. Campbell, commanding the regiment. However, on its arrival the regiment was detailed to guard the railroad bridges for a distance of forty or fifty miles south of Nashville, and while thus engaged from April 19 to June 8, 1862, the regimental headquarters were at Franklin. While there, Col. Elliott had opportunity to observe the surrounding country and the particular vicinity he later chose for his farming venture. In the meantime Gov. Johnson had asked President Lincoln for the return of the regiment to his service, and this was granted.[11] Col. Campbell soon became involved in difficulties, and was permitted to resign, and thereafter the regiment was engaged in more

[7]See Cone, S. D., *History of Hamilton* (Ohio), I, 357-9; Reid, W., *Ohio in the War*, II, 339.

[8]See Cone, *History of Hamilton*, I, 344; Reid, *Ohio in the War*, I, 890-893; Keil, F. W., *History of the Thirty-fifth O. V. I.*, 230-234.

[9]An account of the regiment and its movements may be found in Cone, *History of Hamilton*, I, 349-354.

[10]War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Ser. I, Vol. 10, pt. 2, 129, 132; Vol. 16, pt. 2, 72.

[11]*Ibid.*, Ser. I, Vol. 16, pt. 2, 119, 135, 228, 299.

active service and left the vicinity of Franklin and Nashville.

On February 16, 1865, Col. Elliott, accompanied by six farm-hands and carrying with him much equipment, left Hamilton and on the 22nd arrived on the plantation. Mr. Elliott hired additional hands, apparently all negroes but one, and the party immediately commenced farming. For exactly one month operations were carried on without interruption. Mr. Elliott wrote to General Vanderveer:

"We put up and repaired at least two miles of fence, Started 7 teams to plow, Sowed 40 Acres of Oats, planted one Acre of early potatoes & broke 115 Acres for Cotton & it was the finest land I ever plowed in & this is what we had done up to the night of the 22nd March when the Rebs came and took all the Horses and Some Harness."

What occurred that night is told in a deposition made by two of Elliott's farm-hands, John Halstead and William Longfellow, who accompanied him from Hamilton:

"On the night of the 22nd there was five[12] men came to the farm in the absence of Geo. Elliott and said they wanted to find him to kill him. They then took all the horses, 14 head and some harness and told us (with four other men) who have since gone home to Ohio, that no Northern man should farm here, and if we did not leave our lives would be in danger."

Col. Elliott made a like report:

"They told the men that come from home with me that if they did not leave they would kill us all & particularly me. They said if I ever came to the farm again they would kill me, but of course that was all stuff for I have staid on the farm all day Since alone but did not see anyone."

Even though handicapped by the immediate flight to Ohio of four of his men, Col. Elliott determined to ignore the threat and proceed with his farming. However, he was not left unmolested. On April 6 he wrote his financial partner:

"They have since been back to see as they said if we had any more Horses. One Horse was left & one was brought back and tied in the Stable so there were only twelve stolen, but they might as well have taken all as I charge them with all & I am going to have my pay for it at the rate of $150 per Head up."[13]

The raiders were an armed band of citizens resorting to violence to free their community of the presence of persons odious to them. They acted at night under the guise of a guerrilla band, perhaps thinking to throw off suspicion thereby, since the country was infested with troops of robbers. Franklin was the home of A. S. Hendricks, "one of

[12]All other statements, including an earlier deposition of Halstead, state seven men.

[13]It would be interesting to know where Colonel Elliott bought his horses and what price he paid. Throughout the war there was a "horse camp" at Hamilton, where wornout horses were brought from the armies operating in Kentucky, Tennessee, and the states surrounding them to be treated and reconditioned. They were then sold, and if Colonel Elliott obtained his horses in Hamilton he may have purchased them there at a very low price.

the worst guerrillas and murderers who has infested the country," and who surrendered at Tullahoma, May 17, 1865.[14] The following day Major J. B. Nulton, commanding Franklin, reported "the surrender of Captains Duvall, McNairy, Cross, and Miller, who were chiefs of guerrilla bands."[15] The farm-hands had been warned by a Dr. Freeman "that the Neighbors, let alone the bushwakers, would not let Elliott farm there as he had been an officer in the Union Army." However, the members of the band were recognized—or at least farmers declared they recognized them as local citizens. Moreover, it might have been more difficult to demand reparations for losses at the hands of guerrillas than for those for which citizens were responsible.

The 69th O. V. I., of which Mr. Elliott had been Lieutenant-Colonel, had particularly incurred the hatred of the people of Franklin, who at that time were bitterly opposed to the northern soldiers and the Unionists in their midst, and on one occasion women of the town danced on the graves of Federal soldiers to demonstrate their hatred.[16] Col. Campbell issued a special order of warning, and the members of the regiment no doubt individually exacted revenge as they usually did in such cases. At the close of the war the existence of such feeling in Middle Tennessee was still being reported.[17]

However, all the evidence in this particular case is presented from one side only, and there are no means of ascertaining the true relations between the farmers and their neighbors in the month preceding the raid. According to Col. Elliott, he had previously met some of the raiders and they were then "as friendly as any neighbor (he) had." The mere presence of a northern officer with adequate funds and farm equipment among the impoverished farmers of the community whose lands had recently been a battlefield,[18] would be sufficient to cause a general feeling of resentment. But added to this was the fact that Elliott did not intend to become a permanent resident, enter into the life of the community, and take upon himself his share of social responsibility. His intention was to exploit the plantation to the utmost, and then take home to Ohio the great financial returns he expected. It is natural that the farmers' emotions were outraged, and that they took action. This is an early in-

[14]War of the Rebellion Official Records, Ser. I, Vol. 49, pt. 2, 822.

[15]*Ibid.*, 832.

[16]Reid, *Ohio in the War*, II, 440; Cone, *History of Hamilton*, I, 350. [The Hon. Park Marshall of Franklin, Tenn., assures the Editor that this statement is untrue to fact. —Ed.]

[17]Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 105, 106, 114, 119.

[18]Battle of Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864.

stance of a local band of citizens taking upon themselves the functions of regulators or of a vigilance committee as the only means of saving a society of which they were members. A year later the Ku Klux Klan arose, but before that organized system of regulation could be created the need for it and the efficiency of its methods had to be demonstrated in numerous local incidents such as this.

Immediately upon hearing of the occurrence the adjutant of the post, Capt. J. W. Smith, took measures to apprehend the raiders. His report was made March 28, and in part states:

"I would furthermore state in this communication that it is an unquestionable fact that there is a band of young men in the surrounding Country who are not only engaged in robbing on the highway, but also in breaking up farming operations that are being carried on by discharged officers and soldiers.[19]

"The individuals thus engaged I believe to be no others than the sons of wealthy Citizens in the vicinity who are opposed to the well-being in the Union Cause. There is much evidence that might be had in this matter from reliable Union Citizens, did they not feel a delicacy in having their names brought before the public.

"It is a notorious fact that such men as Rozell, Degraphenried, Stephens, Nolen, Davis, and others are engaged in the Outlandish Works. There is conclusive evidence that the above named persons were engaged in the theft committed on the farm occupied by George F. Elliott, for immediately on hearing of the occurrence I mounted and sent a Squad of twenty men after them at their homes, but they were absent and no tidings have been had of them since the theft above referred to."

The farm hands, Halstead and Longfellow, were certain they recognized the raiders and made a full statement:

"We further state that one, Dr. Freeman,[20] whose Wife is cooking for the White Hands, six in number, is the prime mover in the taking of the said Elliott's horses and other property, for he said the Neighbors, let alone the bushwakers, would not let Elliott farm there as he has been an officer in the Union Army. We have seen the said Freeman leave home and come home before daylight the next morning. We further state that Dr. Freeman's nephew, Tom. Stevens, was one of the party and that the said Freeman was at home at supper—the horses were taken at 12 o'clock at Night—And Dr. Freeman was not at home, and One of Elliott's horses was tied in the stable. We further State that we have heard the said Freeman use the most bitter and abusive language Against the United States Government, and that he never took the oath of allegiance and he never would, and if he did he would not regard it. He said to us that all the officers of the United States Government were a set of thieves. We further state that no man in the neighborhood knows the names and surnames of the six men that came with Elliott from Ohio but Dr. Freeman and his wife. We further state that all the men who took the horses, Knew all the names of the men and the horses each

[19]This would indicate that Elliott was not the only Union officer farming near Franklin, and illustrates the fact that things and situations usually developed earlier in Tennessee than elsewhere.

[20]Elliott's comment on Freeman: "The most deceitful man was the damned cuss that lived in the House with me. He, his brother-in-law, and his wife's nephew were the prime movers in the affair."

worked—And Further that a Mr. Degraphenried whose farm joins the one Elliott farms has two sons in the Cavalry as Guerrillas, and one in the rebel army, and that he has all the teams he wants, and farming as usual.[21] We further state that F. De Graphenried was one of the party—and also that the Widow Hughes said that Mr. Davies son of one Thos. Davies was one of the men engaged in the theft."

From time to time during the war foraging detachments of southern cavalry had plundered unionists, and, to assure for relief in such cases whenever it was in the power of Federal authorities, General Grant issued an order[22] providing that the Confederate sympathizers in the particular district be assessed the amount of the unionists' losses. This provision was elastic enough for Mr. Elliott to appeal to it in this instance.

Col. Elliott made out a bill for $5,010, of which $1,800 was for the horses, and took it to Major-General Lowell A. Rousseau, commanding the District of Mississippi, with headquarters at Nashville. The General promised to tax the "rebels" when Elliott obtained all the necessary papers. Halstead and Longfellow did not agree with Elliott as to the size of the bill for the horses:

"We further state that we have looked over Elliott's bill of horses and think it much too small as he has a great many hands, 6 of which cost $30 per Month—one $60 per Month, and board."

On April 6th, Mr. Elliott wrote to Gen. Vandeveer that he was making progress, but that he and General Rousseau could not agree as to the amount of the assessment and he began to doubt the wisdom of continuing farming:

"I have the Order from Gen Rousseau to that effect [12 horses at $150 per head, ed.], but the whole amount of losses the Gen and I

[21]The deponents were evidently contrasting Mr. De. Graphenried's condition with that of the other farmers in the region.

[22]GENERAL ORDERS No. 4.

Hdqrs. Mil. Div. of the Mississippi,
In the Field, Chattanooga, Tenn.,
November 5, 1863.

The habit of raiding parties of rebel cavalry visiting towns, villages, and farms, where there are no Federal forces, and pillaging Union families, having become prevalent, department commanders will take immediate steps to abate the evil or make the loss by such raids fall upon the secessionists and secession sympathizers of the neighborhood where such acts are committed.

For every act of violence to the peron of an unarmed Union citizen, a secessionist will be arrested and held as a hostage for the delivery of the offender.

For every dollar's worth of property taken from such citizens or destroyed by raiders, an assessment will be made upon secessionists of the neighborhood and collected by the nearest military forces under the supervision of the commander thereof, and the amount thus collected paid over to the sufferers.

When such assessments can not be collected in money, property useful to the Government may be taken at a fair valuation and the amount paid in money by a disbusing officer of the Government, who will take such property upon his returns.

Wealthy secession citizens will be assessed in money and provisions for the support of Union refugees who have and may be driven from their homes and into our lines by the acts of those with whom such secession citizens are in sympathy.

All collections and payments under this order will be made through disbursing officers of the Government, whose accounts must show all money and property received under it and how disposed of.

By order of Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant:

do not agree on, & he has agreed to let Dr. Cliffe make the assessment & just the ammount the Dr. says will be assessed on the Fathers & friends of the ones engaged in the theft. That is jest as far along as I have been able to get with it, but I feel so good tonight that the order has been issued that I thought I would write to you. I telegraped Dr. Cliffe to come up in the morning & then I will take the order to Franklin myself. I could taken it myself today but I want to get ahead of the damned Cusses about $1000 & Dr. Cliffe is the man to do it for me. That is the reason I am waiting here tonight. I wish I could see you & have a talk as I have almost come to the conclusion to sell out the whole concern. I can do it now & make money but after these people are assessed to pay my losses they will all the time be doing me some injury. Already they have sent me word into Town that they would kill me if I went to the Farm again but I sent them word that I would be on the Farm the next day & stay all day & did, but Saw no one. Four of the Boys that came down with me have gone home Scared out, but two of them are here yet. I had to keep them to testify in the case & they are making expenses. I was feeding about 15 Niggers, I feel sorry for them. They have no place to go to if we quit & it is getting late now & I fear that we could not do as well as we could have done if we had had no delays. There is 115 Acres might be put in Cotton but I don't think that ammount will pay for the risk we will have to run after I get the $600 rent paid back & all the notes. I will try & make Some arrangement to Sow it in Millet which will pay very well & then 40 Acres of Oats will bring some Money.—The two Men that are still with me stay at the Farm all the time & I can make any use of them that will be to our advantage & will do so unless something turns up.

Gen you may rest assured that I will do all that I & my friends can do to make the partnership come out ahead of the Hounds. I have tried to give you all the peticulars but Alden and L'Hommidieu are talking so much that half the time I forget what I am writing about but I will write you again next Sunday & tell you the hallow. Write me soon & give me your views & advise in the matter for if I ever needed counsil it is now."

The Dr. Daniel B. Cliffe, to whom reference is made, had been a surgeon in Gen. Crittenden's division of the Confederate Army in Tennessee. In the Battle of Fishing Creek or Logan's Cross Roads, Kentucky, in 1862, he remained with the wounded and was captured. General Thomas permitted him to accompany the remains of Gen. Zollikoffer to their destination, and shortly after he was exchanged.[23] His wife was a Unionist, and was arrested for giving information to the Federal army and then became the subject of some correspondence between Generals Rosecrans and Bragg.[24] Dr. Cliffe had apparently now become a Unionist with a vindictive feeling against his former associates.

On April 15th matters stood thus:

"Dear Gen

As you are anxious to know how I am getting along I will give you the details. When I wrote you last I had just been to see Gen

[23]War of the Rebellion, Official Records, Ser. I, Vol. 7, 565; Ser. II, Vol. 3, 231, 243, 786; Final Vol., 1117.
[24]*Ibid.*, Ser. I, Vol. 20, pt. 2, 209.

Rousseau for the 5th time & he agreed to assess a tax for the full amt I asked for which was $5050. I left him with the promise that he would send the order down the next day. I went to Franklin & waited 4 days but it did not come. I road up again & then he declined to give me more than $1860 er/er. That with a return of all the notes & the Money that I have paid which leaves a small loss to us but it wont be much after the assessment of the $1860 which order is here in the hands of the Commandant of this post who will make it tomorrow. I am making all the money out of it I can for the Rebs will not let any Yankee farm here, that is clearly demonstrated, in this all the good men of the county are disappointed, but there is a Set of Men here that have lost all they had by the War & they will never be Satisfied until they loose their Heads. It is Such Men that Prowl around at Night to do us all the injury they can. They have been back twice to the Farm to see if I had any more Horses to take. I am Satisfied that I have done the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. Early losses are always the smallest & if this $1860 is collected, which it will be I think, we will be pretty safe. If I could I would give you all the items but have a good deel to Sell and Collect & I am going Home Thursday. Will be back in a few days to finish. I have a permit to bring 500 bbl of Beer here which will pay well & be no trouble & require no money. I will make a Shure thing on it or I wont bring it. Will write you soon again, & will be able to give you all peticulars.

I am Gen

Your Obt Svt
G. F. Elliott.

P. S. In my claim was the rent so you see it is cut down about $1200 er."

When another month passed and the assessment had not yet been made, General Vandeveer took a hand in the matter. He went to Nashville to complain to General Rousseau of Major Nulton's negligence in not collecting the tax, but not finding the General there, sent him a letter on May 16. Nine days later he carried the matter to the highest authority in the district, General Thomas, who declared the assessment had been properly made, that he approved it, and that it should be executed without delay. Upon hearing this Gen. Vandeveer wrote to Major Nulton, who replied that he had made the assessment on May 1st, that "Subsequently, however, parties concerned petitioned General Rousseau praying for the revocation of the order, claiming that they were loyal citizens." General Rousseau ordered an investigation and suspended the collection of the assessment. Major Nulton became ill and had been unable to attend to the investigation by the date he wrote, May 28. General Vandeveer thought this needless delay and told Major Nulton so.

"If they [the petitioners] are loyal, then all Tennessee is in the same condition, and we have been guilty of a great mistake in keeping up military posts to watch and control them."

However, the first of July came without the assessment having been collected, and General Vandeveer appealed in writing to General Thomas through the Judge-Advocate General of the Department of the Cumberland, Major G. P. Thurston. The document was folded according to military propriety, endorsed with the proper heading, and dispatched to Major Thurston. At the end of two weeks the back of the paper was covered with endorsements revealing its official progress. Major Thurston submitted it to General Thomas, who referred it back to the Judge-Advocate General to submit it to the commanding officer of the District of Middle Tennessee. That officer, General R. W. Johnson, kept it eight days and then sent it back to Major Thurston with this endorsement:

"Respectfully returned to Major G. P. Thurston with the information that the assessment was made at a time when the civil law was not in force, but now the matter can be properly referred. If I should undertake to assess for all who call for assessments, I would not be able to attend to any other duty and unless ordered I do not intend to assume the functions of the officers of the Civil Government.

"The greater the necessity for civil law the sooner it will be restored."

Two more weeks elapsed before Major Thurston was able again to submit the case, now bearing Johnson's endorsement, to General Thomas. His note of July 30th, as follows, closes the story:

"Head-quarters Mil. Div. Tenn.
Nashville, July 30th, 1865.

My Dear General,

I was detained some days in submitting your assessment case to General Thomas, & I am only at this late day able to give you a final decision. You see Johnson's Endorsement & as I intimated to you, I found the General was unwilling to order or take any further action upon the subject. The General tells me that this is now his decision in all assessment cases that may hereafter come up to these HdQrs.

If you feel like prosecuting these parties who stole your horses, and will send me a statement of the evidence against them—Et—cet—I will see what can be done for you. If it should appear from any cause now unforeseen that I am unable to give proper personal attention to the case, I will place the business in the hands of some attorney, who will give it proper attention."

Col. Elliott had failed to recover his losses for several reasons. In the first place, as pointed out above, southern society was based on agriculture and the northern farmer was an intrudent violating the most precious sentiments of the community; and in this particular community almost immediately after two terrible battles had destroyed their property and their hopes. He came there with adequate funds and supplies to make as much money to carry back north as he possibly could at the expense of the farm and his

poverty-stricken neighbors. Mr. Elliott was therefore isolated and his only possible friends were the Unionists, and they were the only persons upon whom he could call for witnesses. However, these men could only ruin his cause by their zeal to revenge themselves on their "rebel" neighbors through the Elliott case by making an excessive assessment. The fact that the persons selected to pay the tax could successfully stop the proceedings for a time by claiming loyalty indicates that there might have been much to say on their behalf, and that they might not have been responsible for the raid, which could have been the work of guerrillas. Further, this incident demonstrates the reasonable attitude of most of the army officers in their relations with the conquered peoples. General treatment was the best way to confirm the loyalty of a district; and the officers had sufficient military business on their hands without interfering with civil affairs more than was absolutely necessary. However, the army officials would have carried out the assessment promptly if it had not been for Elliott's avariciousness and his determination to get as much as possible out of the "rebels." His demand for $5,050, when he confessed to General Vandeveer that the proposed assessment of $1,860 would leave only a very small loss, delayed the proceedings until the General concerned had enough time to think about the matter to become reluctant about it. Then, by the time the case was again under way, the civil reconstruction of the district had been completed and the army would have nothing more to do with the affair. The way was then open for normal legal procedure, and General Vandeveer, who was a successful lawyer, would have known how to handle the case to insure its success in the unionist courts if there was justice in the plead. The General Assembly of the state on May 17 had passed two laws:[25] One concerning raiding parties such as the one at the Elliott farm, declaring members of such groups "guerrillas and highway robbers and brigands," and subject to death by hanging; and the other providing the penalty of hanging for the stealing of a horse, mule, or ass. Such acts illustrate the feelings of the unionist officials and indicate their interest in such persons as Mr. Elliott. However, there is no evidence among General Vandeveer's papers showing that the matter was taken to court, and it must have been dropped because the partners were discouraged by the long delay or because they believed the case too weak.

Cornell University.

[25] Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 24-25.

FARMING OPERATIONS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RAILROAD

Rick Warwick

Franklin lawyer and progressive farmer, John B. McEwen wrote often for the *Spirit of the Farm*, a Nashville monthly magazine, on farming in Williamson County. His reporting on the trouble farmers were having with dogs killing sheep may be of interest to readers today. It seems both John McGavock and Moscow Carter had their share of trouble with sheep-killing dogs roaming the countryside. The following two articles provide new information on sheep farming at Carnton and how different Winder McGavock and Moscow Carter dealt with the problem.

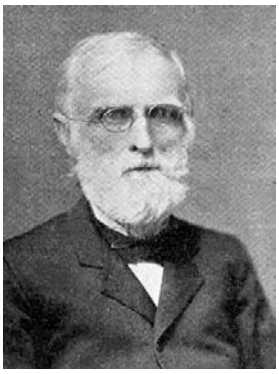
Our Williamson County Letter
By John B. McEwen
Spirit of the Farm
January 28, 1885

John B. McEwen

Truly the path of the farmer is a hard road to travel. He must strive in good weather, and he must lay up in bad. Yesterday and today, though in bright sunshine, it was a little too cold to endure. The mercury let itself float down to zero, which to itself could be borne fairly well, but with that came a brisk east wind, which was, according to the old proverb, "sufficient to freeze a dog." Up to this date I had good luck with my lambs: out of 25 up to last night had never lost one on account of the weather. Today I had full-blood Merinos dropped, and both froze to death in a few minutes. This was an uncommon day. I saw eggs split from end to end after the hen had left the nest but a few hours. My boss says it is not the coldest weather he ever saw, it is the hardest.

While talking on this sheep question, I was told today by a young farmer, Mr. Winder McGavock, who is with his father, Col. John McGavock, who owns one of the finest and very best sheep-farms in Tennessee, without any exception, with grass sufficient to support five hundred sheep, that there was not a sheep left on the large and elegant farm; nor was there sheep left out of a large flock of well-bred Southdowns and Shropshiredowns; that the worthless dogs had killed the last sheep. The young man was exceedingly poked at his bad luck and did not hesitate to say that as the dogs had ruined his flock of sheep he would endeavor to take a few of them off, consequently he sprinkled a little of powder of rough on dogs on the dead sheep, and the consequence was the next morning

XVII



Col. John McGavock

Fountain B. Carter

Col. Moscow B. Carter

Winder McGavock

he saw seventeen dead dogs. One notorious dog of the neighborhood he found lying dead on the top of the sheep he was eating. Now, under these circumstances, what encouragement is this to a farmer to start another flock? No protection, and the law-makers afraid to offer him any on account of the unpopularity of the dog-law, although they may see and know of its great . This is not all. When the dogs fail to find sheep to prey upon they will turn their attention to the hogs and calves of the country.

I know it is difficult to get out of this dilemma, when nearly every citizen in this state, colored and white, claims the right and privilege to keep from one to a dozen dogs—most of them from two to four. They claim the dogs to be property, and claim it is as much a constitutional right for him to keep his dogs as it is for his neighbor to keep sheep. If that is so he ought not to object to have his dogs assessed, and pay tax upon them as the sheep-raiser does upon the value of his sheep. In addition to that he ought to be made responsible for the damage his dogs may be guilty of. But I know I am writing on a fruitless subject, and desist and say no more about it.

Our Williamson County Letter
By John B. McEwen
Spirit of the Farm
February 11, 1885

It is needless to say more about the road-law or the dog-law—they have been stirred sufficiently. I am sorry I said anything about the latter (not very much, however), because my friend Col. M.B. Carter, one of the very best fellows and farmers in the State, informed me today that the dogs had rid him of his sheep some time since, and he had changed his tactics and was now raising dogs instead of sheep; did not expect to raise any more sheep, and disliked very much to have his dog business interfered with by law. I imagine, however, that he will not be great molested by what I have said; I ask his pardon, and promise not to say more on the dog-law question.

Comparing Farmer McGavock to Farmer Carter

To illuminate the farming operations at Carnton and the Carter farm, a look at the U.S. Agricultural Census for 1850, 1860, 1870 and 1880 maybe be useful. Apparently, in 1880 the dogs had attacked the sheep, for it is noted that 111 had been killed by dogs. Carnton seem to do better in growing apples by dedicating 20 acres to 1,200 apples trees which produced 6,000 bushels.

It may also be interesting to compare farmer John McGavock with his neighbors, F.B. and M.B. Carter, whose farm was across the railroad tracks. A look at the Williamson County tax records will allow a comparison in slaves, and the land value between the two farms over a thirty-year period. Most notable, neither McGavock or Carter grew cotton or tobacco.

1850 Williamson County Tax Book
John McGavock-640 acres, value $22,400, 11 slaves (ages 10 to 50) value $5,300
F.B. Carter-300 acres, value $12,000, 5 slaves (ages 10 to 50) value $3,000

1860 Williamson County Tax Book
John McGavock-840 acres, value $48,000, 18 slaves (ages 10 to 50) value $11,300
F.B. Carter-284 acres, value $16,000, 13 slaves (ages 10 to 50) value $9,200

1870 Williamson County Tax Book
John McGavock-800 acres, value $40,000
F.B. Carter-284 acres, value $17,040

1880 Williamson County Tax Book
John McGavock 800 acres, value $32,000
Moscow B. Carter-96 acres, value $3,600 (F.B. Carter died in 1871 and his farm was divided among heirs)

1850 U.S. Agricultural Census for John McGavock
400 acres improved, 600 acres unimproved, value $50,100, $925 equipment, 41 horses, 3 mules, 12 milk cows, 8 oxen, 42 cattle, 25 sheep, 250 swine, $3,351.50 value in livestock, 200 bushels of wheat, 9.000 bushels of corn, 4,000 bushels oats, 200 bushels Irish potatoes, 1,000 bushels sweet potatoes, 10 tons of hay, $350 value in animals slaughtered

1850 U.S. Agricultural Census for F.B. Carter
220 acres improved, 1,300 acres unimproved, value $15,000, $150 equipment, 14 horses, 2 mules, 5 milk cows, 10 cattle, 100 swine, $1,025 value of livestock, 2,000 bushels corn, 1,500 bushels oats, 30 bushels Irish potatoes, 250 bushels sweet potatoes, 100 lbs. butter, 9 tons hay, 30 bushels grass seed, $300 value of animals slaughtered

1860 U.S. Agricultural Census for John McGavock
450 acres improved, 500 unimproved, $150 value of farm, $1,000 equipment, 37 horses, 30 mules, 24 milk cows, 4 oxen, 50 cattle, 300 sheep, 200 swine, $10,500 value of livestock, 400 bushels wheat, 7,500 bushels corn, 20 bushels Irish potatoes, 150 bushels sweet potatoes, 500 lbs. butter, $1,200 value of animals slaughtered.

1860 U.S. Agricultural Census for F.B. Carter
(Unfortunately, the microfilm is unreadable in sections of the 1860 Agricultural census that may have information for F.B. Carter. However, M.B. Carter may have been farming for his father and the page listing his farming operation is readable.)
M.B. Carter-140 acres improved, 200 acres unimproved, value of farm $10,000, $300 value for equipment, 8 horses, 11 mules, 4 milk cows, 16 cattle, 12, sheep, 70 swine, $3,300 value of livestock, 290 bushels wheat, 750 bushels of corn, 12 lbs. of wool, 50 bushels of Irish potatoes, 50 bushels of sweet potatoes, 20 gallons of wine, 300 lbs. butter, $300 value of slaughtered animals.

1870 Agricultural Census for John McGavock
600 acres improved, 400 acres woodland, value of farm $75,000, value of farm implements, $900, wages paid $864, 9 horses, 2 mules, 20 milk cows, 75 other cattle, 150 sheep, 100 swine, value of livestock $5,225, 750 bushels wheat, 2,500 bushels corn, 300 bushels oats, tobacco none, cotton none, wool, Irish potatoes 50 bushels, orchard products $4,000,
Butter 1,000 lbs, Hay 50 tons, Value of animals slaughtered or sold for slaughter $840,
Estimate of value of all farm production including betterments & additions to stock $8,700

1870 Agricultural Census for Moscow Carter
25 acres improved, value $2,500, value of equipment, $500, $300 wages paid, 2 horses, 2 mules, 3 milk cows, 3 cattle, 20 swine, $800 value of livestock, 500 bushels corn, 5 bushels peas, 75 bushels Irish potatoes, 30 bushels sweet potatoes, 150 lbs. of butter, 10 tons hay, 50 lbs. honey, $250 of animals slaughtered, $1,700 value of farm products

1880 Agricultural Census for John McGavock
200 acres tilled, 100 acres pasture, 100 acres woodland, value of farm $20,000 (cannot explain why the value dropped from 1870), value of equipment $500, value of livestock $1,000, cost of buildings & repairs $1,200, wages paid $200, farm products $2,800, 25 acres mown, 100 acres not mown, 75 tons hay, clover seed 14 bushels, 6 horses, 2mules, 8 milk cows, 20 cattle, 4 calves,
22 cattle sold, 2 cattle slaughtered, 365 lbs butter, 50 lambs dropped, 12 lambs slaughtered, 111 sheep killed by dogs, 1 died of disease, 50 fleeces, 260 lbs

wool, 31 swine, 60 chickens, 88 dozen eggs, 150 acres of corn, 3,500 bushels of corn, 150 acres wheat, 1,625 bushels of wheat,
4 acres of Irish potatoes, 300 bushels of potatoes, 1 acre of sweet potatoes, 150 bushels of sweet potatoes, 20 acres for apples, 1,200 apple trees, 6,000 bushels apples, 140 cords of wood, $700 value of forest products

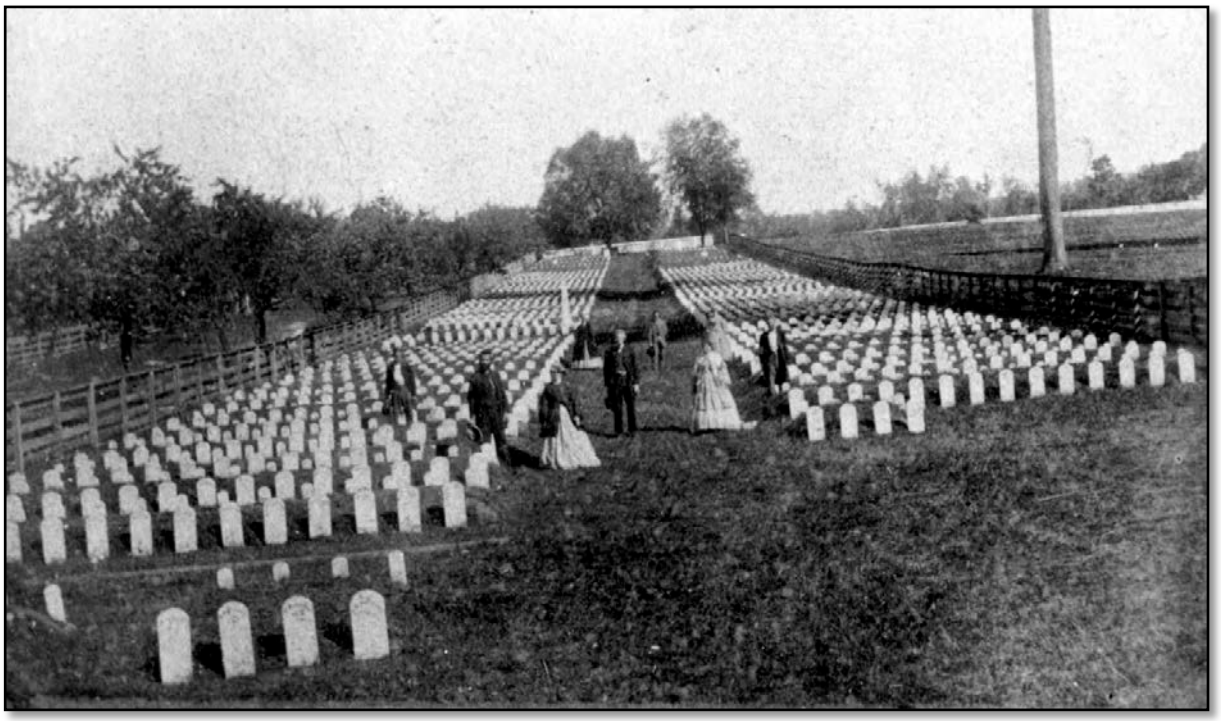
1880 Agriculture Census for Moscow Carter
75 acres tilled, 15 acres meadow, $5,000 value of farm, $500 equipment, $500 value of livestock, $150 wages paid, $1,000 farm products sold, 14 acres mown, 20 tons hay, 2 horses, 1 mule, 4 milk cows, 6 cattle, 3 head sold, l slaughtered, 1 died of disease, 250 lbs butter, 35 sheep, 10 lambs dropped, 1 lamb sold, 4 lambs slaughtered, 3 lambs killed by dogs, 2 died of disease, 26 fleeces, 83 lbs. Wool, 4 swine, 35 chickens, 200 dozen eggs, 27 acres corn, 625 bushels corn, 30 acres wheat, 360 bushels wheat, 1 acres potatoes, 50 bushels Irish potatoes, ¼ acres 50 bushels pf sweet potatoes, 6 acres apples, 280 trees, 500 bushels, 2 acres peaches, 200 trees, no peaches, $100 product of orchard

After the death of John McGavock in 1893, it now appears that his son, Winder, took over the full operation of the farm. We now have concrete evidence of this with a billing statement to Dr. W.M. Gentry, dated June 5, 1894, on a printed form entitled Carnton Stock Farm, Winder McGavock, proprietor. Winder soon tired of farming and opened a mercantile store on Main Street.

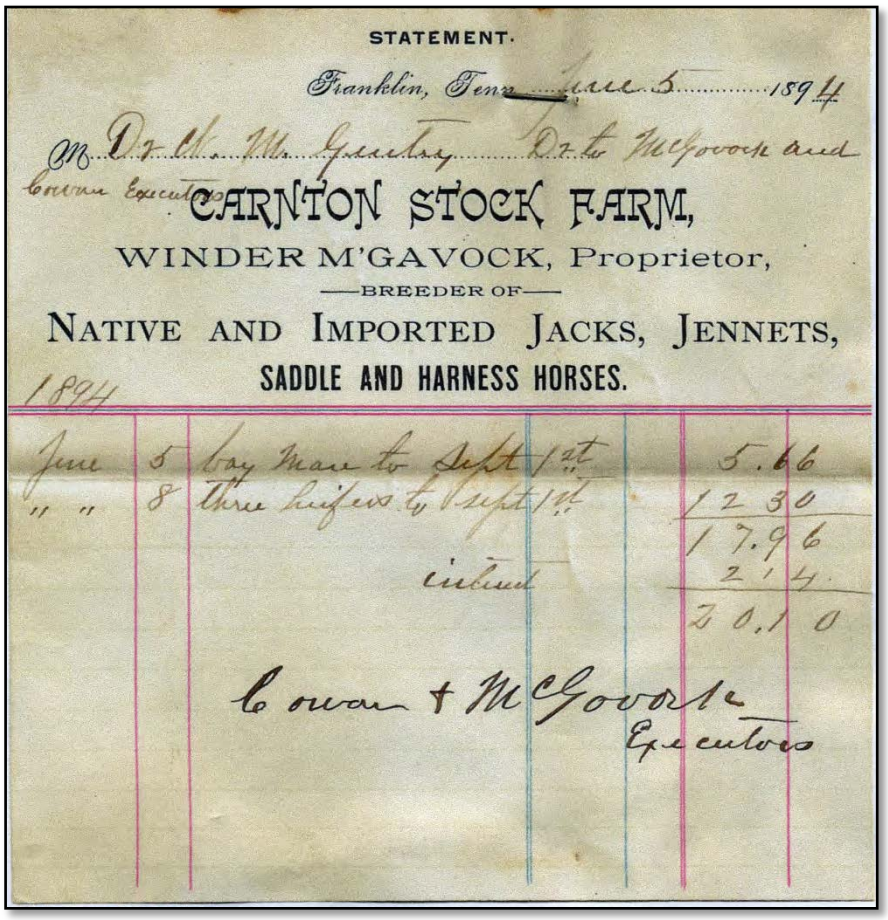
The Nashville Union American on October 19, 1860 reported that Col. John McGavock had been awarded the first prize as the best improved farm in Williamson County at the County Fair. The reporter described Carnton in glowing terms:

> **Carnton**—We can conceive of no higher compliment to a planter than that which was paid to Col. John McGavock of Williamson, by, the Annual County Fair, lately held at Franklin. One of the handsome cups or prizes distributed by the commissioners was awarded for the best Farming Estate in the county, and of which Col. McGavock is the deserving recipient.
> Carnton—the premium place—is about one mile from Franklin, the county town of Williams. It consists of one thousand acres, handsomely and durably fenced at all points with rock walls and plank. Its buildings improvements are after the fashion of the old English Farms—its crops are inferior to none that our State had this year produced—its fruit orchards are abundant in their yield—its meadows are thickly carpeted with rich and valuable grasses—from the variety of feed and the unfailing springs which so numerously gush out upon the hill-sides, its stock of all kinds it appears are the most excellent condition—and the ample groves of lofty wood which embraced so many acres of the tract, throw their shades over fields of perennial blue-grass. Indeed, the entire place and its excellent condition bear indisputable evidence, and we cordially congratulate its fortunate proprietor and occupant upon this handsome compliment which his neighbors, who know him best have so handsomely paid him.

XVII



Notice fruit trees on the left and wood panel fence enclosing the cemetery ca. 1866.



STATEMENT.

Franklin, Tenn., June 5, 1894

Mr. Dr. W. M. Gentry, Dr. to McGavock and Cowan Executors

CARNTON STOCK FARM,

WINDER M'GAVOCK, Proprietor,

—BREEDER OF—

NATIVE AND IMPORTED JACKS, JENNETS,

SADDLE AND HARNESS HORSES.

1894

June	5	bay Mare to Sept 1st	5.66
"	8	three heifers to Sept 1st	12 30
			17.96
		interest	2 14
			20.10

Cowan & McGavock
Executors

A statement from Winder McGavock to Dr. W.M. Gentry for pasturage at Carnton.

Since George Cowan and Winder McGavock have signed as executors, the bill must have applied to the estate of John McGavock, who died in June, 1893. Winder had inherited Carnton with the death of his father and this statement was billed under Carnton Stock Farm, Winder McGavock, Proprietor.

RUNNING FOR LIFE
Mob Lynching of John Thompson

Nashville Daily American - October 8, 1878

Franklin, Tenn. Oct 6.- Really, I have so often, of late, written "I have another one of those horrors to relate," that it gives me a horror to take my pen. This is how it happened: Just as the evening train moved off, and we at the depot were left free of its noise, we heard in the field opposite the depot a man yelling in a loud, excited voice, "Help, help! Catch him! Catch him! The few who had lingered down there ran around the houses to get a view, and there was, on the other side, Mr. James T. Shannon, one of our merchants, running after a negro, and the negro going like a racer, leaving his purser further and further every step, in the rear. We ran toward the railroad bridge, but before we got there we saw the fugitive spring up the embankment, jump on the track, and dash along it toward Nashville.

We now called up the river to Shannon to know "what was the matter." But few, hitherto, had paid any particular attention to the race, supposing the negro had committed some minor offense, but the despairing cry of the heartbroken father acted like electricity on all. Many look incontinently down the track on foot after the villain; some jumped on buggies and drove around to the Nashville bridge to flank him there; others ran up in town calling for help as they went. In a few moments the town was astir, every horse from the stables, every private horse that could be found, was put in requisition, and in an incredibly short space of time we were all over the fields north of Franklin. We searched gullies, clumps of trees, weeds, everything that could conceal a man, yet no negro could be seen.

At this time Shannon came up reeling and falling his face livid and saying, 'Oh Lord, boys, I'm ruined my poor child! My poor baby!" and with such heartrending cries as ran as perfectly crazy with excitement. It was not shown however, in noisy, fussy, boastful talk; that kind of excitement soon effervesces of the hands. No man said, "We'll hang him when we catch him;" but every eye spoke, every frown on the brow said "By____ we'll kill him." "Oh, gentlemen, don't let him get away," cried the heartbroken fellow, "he is as guilty as hell; he has confessed' I didn't act hastily; I didn't do a thing until I knew I was right; go on, go on, for God's sake, and catch him." And with streaming eyes we silently sped away, leaving the unhappy father gasping on the roadside, unable to go further.

Just after getting into Maj. Johnson's field, [Liberty Pike] while looking around everywhere for the fugitive, we espied him on the south face of Roper's Knob, running in an oblique direction across its side. We called to the crowd ahead of us, and they, changing their course, took after him, but, though distinctly seen by us, he was concealed from those near by the inequalities of the hill. Soon a horseman went towards him at a furious gait and we thought the race

was over, but, when within a couple of hundred yards, he, thinking the game was going over the knob, ran to the left on the northern slope into thickets on the southern slope. Now the hillsides were covered with the pursuers, and they, believing he was hid in the thickets, spread all over the hills, but the negro ran straight on without stopping, into McEwen's cow-pasture, beyond the hills, towards liberty. He never paused; he didn't look back, but went on and on through fields and over hills. It was with him a race for life. Liberty was before him; hell was behind, and he fled with the desperation of despair. But, alas for him, away off to the east he came upon an open clover field, and while crossing a hill in it, the pursuers on the top of Roper's Knob saw him. The horsemen, by this time increased to scores, dashed madly forward, and on Dr. Cliffe's or rather Mrs. Brownlow's farm, after a chase of about four miles, the quarry was brought to bay. The first man who approached him jumped from his horse and started to him. The negro drew a pipe and presenting it as if a pistol warned the pursuer to stand or he would fire. The answer was a crash with a loaded whip over the head, and the others coming up repeated the blows until he surrendered. The Sheriff ran up and seized him and said, "Gentlemen, he is my prisoner, stand back;" but they made a rush at the Sheriff and ordered him to stand aside and forcibly took the man away.

The crowd of footmen was resting, meantime, on the slope of Roper's Knob, and away off on an eminence three or four horsemen appeared to them, dimly seen in the twilight. We strained our attention and faintly but distinctly came the ominous word, over a mile, "We've got him." A yell of satisfaction went up from the assembled hundreds, and down to the road they went, pell mell, to greet the successful pursuers. Near the residence of Jas. Hodge they all met, pursuers and victim. The Nemesis of destiny had come. "Take him to Shannon, and let him kill him," said some. But, no, this poor man had suffered enough; his nervous energies were at an ebb, and he now lay prostrate away behind in the fields. "Don't bother him; let's do our do without him." And so it was tacitly agreed not to let Mr. Shannon see the awful tragedy now about to be enacted. They moved slowly along the road. No consultation was held, no man said let's do this or that thing; it was agreed, without a word, that he should die, and that speedily.

After awhile, on the roadside, just within a field of Hodges', they came to a large oak with horizontal limbs outstretched, which had been waiting for centuries to hold up the doer of this dark deed as a warning to others.

The crowd did not say, "Here is the place," but, in profound silence, accepted the invitation of the oak. They dismounted and went over the fence.

"Who's bossing this job," coolly asked the prisoner, a likely mulatto, about twenty years old.

"We are all bosses," said one.

"Are you going to let me hang all night?" inquired he.

"We are going to let you hang till the buzzards eat you up."

"All right, then go ahead," he remarked with the most perfect *sanf froid*."

"Don't you want to pray?" asked one.

"Yes."

"Then get at it."

He kneeled at the foot of the tree and attempted to pray, but his head continually turned from his devotions to watch the preparations around him. When he had kneeled five minutes he sprang up and signified his readiness to be hanged.

'What have you got to say?"

"Nothing, only I did rape the child."

"What did you do it for?"

"Because I could not help it."

Several attempts were made to shoot him, but it was prevented. The multitude wanted to execute him. No man should have the credit alone. He confessed in full and gave all the revolting particulars and showed no signs of fear or remorse.

"You are going to hang me," he said. "I want you to remember there is a judgment day, and I wish it were here now."

"It will be here so far as you are concerned very quickly."

"Why didn't you hang Bill Youngman and them other boys who raped the negro girl some time ago?" he asked.

The boys he mentioned were colored, and had been tried but were acquitted.

"Cause she was dar own color; and if you had stuck to your own color dey wouldn't a teched you," replied Dave Crawford, a colored man, and a good blacksmith of Spencer's Creek.

The last words the doomed man spoke were : "Don't let me hang all night, but gimme to my folks."

Then a man mounted the tree, a hangman's noose was placed around the negro's neck, a handkerchief was tied over his face, his hands were tied, he was placed on a horse behind a man, and when the horse got from under the tree the man rode alone, but John Thomas (Thompson) was dangling in the air, and his soul had gone to that judgment he had imprecated for the benefit of his pursuers. Silently the crowd looked on, drew a long breath and rode away, leaving him to his God.

The Corner, 'Squire Charley Wall, got H.S. Ewing, L.S. Barrett, James Russell, M.L. McCaul, R.A. McCaul, W.J.H. Hastings and Smith Whitfield as jurors, repaired to the place and "Set upon him." Verdict: "He came to his death at the hands of the citizens." What citizens? Everybody in Franklin, men and women, children and the strangers that were within her gates. Do you want their names? Every man there, black and white-and there were at least two hundred-would not hesitate a moment to give their names. They don't intend to shrink the responsibility; they are willing to avow it before the courts of justice or before the world. They want it distinctly understood that whenever the color line is crossed death, speedy death, is the reward. Bear, that in mind. Our people are the friends of the colored man. They should be friends, for their interests are identical; but they are determined to protect their women, be it in life or in death. They will not weakly hesitate and let the prisoner get within the clutches of the

law. The law will never reach them. We made the law for other things. The people are their own protectors when our women are touched.

After leaving the tree we went in search of the man who had suffered, and found him lying exhausted in a fence corner. We took him up and listened with bated breath to the story of his horrible wrong. The crime had been done several days before, and though the child, five years old, had received severe but not dangerous injuries, she had, through fear, concealed her wrongs until discovered by her mother. The father heard the news Saturday night-then some days old. He was stunned, petrified, could not sleep. He wanted to wreak vengeance at once, but his good wife begged him not to act hastily. So, with wonderful forbearance, he showed no signs of suspicion, but awaited the coming day. He then called a council of friends and they urged him to place the negro in the hands of the law. He feared the law; did not believe he would get justice; wise lawyers delay the law's vengeance. He did not want to kill the ravisher, for he is a man of peace, and he remembered that the good book says, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." He did not know what to do, and so waited. He sought secrecy. He feared to tell, for the child's sake, the dread news. While he hesitated, he tied and locked up the villain. In a short time the negro got loose and with a knife unscrewed the lock and got out. He was detected in the act of running off, hence the pursuit. My friend is broken hearted. He feels the great shame that is put upon his favorite child, and he and his poor wife are now, with bowed heads, praying for patience in this great affliction. He begs me to thank his many friends for their sympathy and for their help. What more can he do? He will ever look upon this as the darkest hour of his life. But he begs his friends to accept this as the only method now in his power to show his gratitude for their friendship. They have avenged him, and they claim no credit for it, for in doing this do they not protect their own?

The James T. Shannon House, 419 Murfreesboro Road, was believed built in 1870. It was the site of the tragic rape of Miss Lelia Shannon at the hands of John Thompson. In recent years, it was the home of Richard and Marie Jordan. Bill Powell is restoring the house to its 1870s appearance.

Editor's note:
From Miscellaneous Records Book 4 page 106, Louise G. Lynch has recorded the inquest for John Thompson (col.):

Inquest 1 ½ miles east of Franklin on the Liberty Road on October 6, 1878 over the death body of John Thompson (col.) then hanging dead. He came to his death by hanging by the neck to a tree. The hanging was done by a large crowd of citizens for the offense of rape.

Louise Shannon Dedman, a charter member of this Society, related this story to me in the mid-1980s while she was in the Harpeth Nursing Home. James T. Shannon was her grandfather and the victim in this event was her aunt. Mrs. Dedman related that her aunt never recovered from this tragic event. Miss Lelia Frazer Shannon (1873-1912) is buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery in the Shannon family plot. Where John Thompson was buried is unknown.

THE SHANNON FAMILY OF PINKERTON PARK

Recollections of Louise Shannon Dedman

Louise Shannon Dedman, *Review Appeal* June 22, 1976

Editor's Note: The following article was written by Louise Shannon Dedman, who was the owner of the land on Murfreesboro Road, which became Pinkerton Park. She sold the property thinking the City would name it Shannon Park, after her father, Dr. James O. Shannon.

Louise Shannon Dedman

I cannot know of any more fitting event to come into my life than to have a small acreage of land I own on 96E Highway just across the Murfreesboro bridge over the Harpeth River, to go to the city of Franklin, to be made into a park where children may run and play and be safe from highway dangers and streets of our modern times.

My father, Dr. James O. Shannon, and his father, James Thomas Shannon would approve of the land being utilized to make children and young people, as well as grown-ups too, happy.

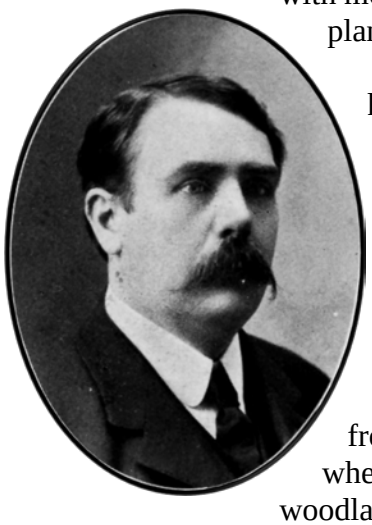
My grandfather built the house for his home where Marie and Dick Jordan now live when there were only two houses on that side of the road, then called by the name Chrisman Mill Road one was my grandfather's and the other one, the Ezell home or McFerrin brick house, where Thomas McCall now lives. (Recently, the home of Jane McCall and Van Montague). The rest of the land was my grandfather's where he had a little acreage of 35 or 40 acres of land to cultivate a garden for his family table, and a few acres to help raise corn and hay for his cattle, and especially for old Sally Betsy, his favorite buggy horse, which horse had become a legend to the townsmen, for when Sally-Betsy stumbled and fell at the incline of the street at Mount Hope and intersection with Hillsboro-Nashville road the papers carried most interesting accounts about my grandfather, and his horse. Sally-Betsy seems to have been known by many citizens of Franklin, and the extent of her popularity was shown in the song boys around town who sang the words of which ran something like this: "The lines broke, and the shafts fell, and Sally-Betsy broke her neck and went to ___." You know where, but it rhymes with "fell". My father would have washed my mouth out with soap if I had spoken that word. Anyway, Sally-Betsy got a popular funeral as she was put to rest at the edge of the old cemetery near-by.

In his youthful days, my grandfather had owned a general merchandise store in the village of Nolensville to which he gave attention to as well as his garden acres in Franklin, where he was not too occupied at intervals at the Naval Base in Brooklyn, N.Y.; or plying his supplies of early produce up the Cumberland River, to Ohio, Mississippi, and White River in Arkansas. It was

quite a fete to be one of the first boats on the rivers to arrive with a boat full of apples in Deason, to supply merchants in settlements along these rivers.

Old letters in the family verify these facts, as well as being on the rivers in flood season, or in droughts, one trip of which Mr. and Mrs. John Gray of Franklin accompanied him, Mr. and Mrs. Gray were his father and mother-in-law.

As time passed, and romance came into James Shannon's life, as with most young men, he had married Mary Gray, of Franklin and were soon to plan family life and a family.



J. O. Shannon M.D.

My father, Dr. James O. Shannon, was the first-born child. He made his appearance unexpectedly one night as his parents drove the few miles to spend a night with their grandparents on Clovercroft Road. A cold night in February 1856. The log home in which he was born has stood until a few years ago when it finally was demolished. The double log house, with the usual cross porch connecting the two sections, completely separating the girls' room from the boys' room. The girls having to go and come through the parent's bedroom by stairs going up from there.

George Shannon, and wife Mary had built that house when they came from Davidson County, Tenn., in the year 1798 following the marriage, when Williamson county and most all of Tennessee was then a jungle of woodland and only the venturesome youths dared to build a home so remote from neighbors' protection.

It was seven years before James and Cordella Bittick Shannon had a child, my father. In time others came, four sons and three daughters. Cordella Bittick Shannon accompanied her husband on a trip through Arkansas and their second child was born while on this trip. My grandfather had unfortunately picked up malaria and was quite ill but Cordelia, being an example of the sturdy helpmate wives of that era, knew she had to get back to Franklin with her seven-year son, and a newborn son, William T., and a sick husband. She bought a wagon and horse, loaded her sick husband on the floor of the wagon, along with her new born son, and with her seven-year old on the seat beside her, made the long drive from Memphis to Franklin alone, and she sewed her money in her petty-skirt to ward off being robbed enroute.

Being the sturdy character which she was, she made the drive safely to Franklin, and I can vouch that if anyone had attempted to rob her, it would have been an event they would not soon forget.

After arrival in Franklin, they were stopped and my grandfather was forced to sign the oath of allegiance, which if smart, all Southerners would swear to rather than be taken prisoners. I have that signed allegiance today among my important papers to be kept.

Before the last three children were born to my grandmother, my grandfather realized that if his children were to be educated he would have to sell his holdings in Nolensville and move to Franklin, for he put great emphasis on education for his children. My father had gone as far in school as Professor J.J. Didiot could take him, a tutor living near Nolensville, and a Frenchman.

Although school of that day were not graded as we do today, by what my father had gone through would be high school of today.

The first year of Franklin's Pat Campbell school, my father lived with his aunt and uncle, Rebecca and Thomas Buchanan, who built the house and farm now owned by Albert Jordan off the Liberty Pike about three miles from town. (Today, McEwen Intersection at Interstate 65.)

By the time his parents had built their new home, now owned and lived in by Marie and Dick Jordan on Murfreesboro Pike, now inside the city of Franklin, and the thirty-five acres more or less in land which went to me, Louise Shannon Dedman, a descendant, who lived in the house I was born in.

The land was good land and was very rich and productive. A man and his wife lived in a cabin in Grandpa's Shannon's back yard and he raised the crops, while his wife cooked and did the housework. I well remember how my brother and I eagerly looked forward to wheat-thrashing time, for we were told not to play in a newly thrashed stack of hay because it had not yet packed and we could easily fall into it and not be able to get out, or could even suffocate, but child-like, we did not obey.

After finishing the Pat Campbell school, my father began to "read" medicine under Dr. Martin Clark in Franklin. That was equal to present two-year pre-med work, getting ready to become a physician. It was then a requirement and accepted as sufficient preparation to enter college for further study. After two years under Dr. Clark, my father entered University of Nashville Medical School, that became Children's Museum in south Nashville but by the time my father finished it had become the second graduating class of Vanderbilt University Medical School.

He graduated there in 1877, which was the second graduating class of the University, at age 21 years. I had the privilege of escorting my father to attend a class reunion many years later and he was the only surviving members of his class. He was valedictorian of his class, and his valedictory address is a cherished keep sake of his family today.

Having just graduated from Vanderbilt Medical School, my father was not willing to drop his education there, nor was my grandfather going to let him stop there with his education. My father then entered at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, and returned to Franklin to begin his practiced of medicine. In my father's latter years, I took my father and mother to see Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

When my father was there as a student, Bellevue Hospital was located near the water edge of the harbor, when he saw it again in his later years, there was about three city blocks from the hospital site of the water. Refill and receding of the water had taken place so that the only familiar thing my father saw were some portraits on the wall of one wing of Bellevue.

We visited my brother who had established himself a short distance out from New York City in his practice of medicine and this brother of mine had followed the same pattern of training my father had experienced, and today there is a library at Bellevue Hospital which was named for my brother, "The James B. Shannon Library."

XIX

For a young doctor to feel that he was qualified to begin a practice of medicine, my father, went in practice with Dr. Williams at Burwood, in Williamson County for a period before taking up practice in and around Franklin. He practiced his profession for fifty years, and often would point out an elderly man on the streets as being "one of his babies."

In my lifetime, I saw my father drive in horse and buggy to distances of twelve miles or more to make a house call, or deliver a baby, for which he was paid ten dollars, if he got anything at all which very often this fee was paid at hog killing time by a sack of sausage or a hog's head, and once in a while was even given a country ham. Some of these babies he delivered bore his name as a token of esteem. He acquired the first automobile in Franklin, which could not go faster than ten miles an hour at most. It had high buggy-type wheels, and in appearance looked very similar to a buggy. Many a night he came home fed and bedded his horse for the night, only to get a call to come back over the same route he had just returned home from, to make another such call without having any rest or sleep.

As time passed he too had romance to come in his life. At age thirty-six he married Georgia Pope, at Pope's Chapel Road near Thompson Station and Burwood community. He had seen this little five-year-old beauty and had practiced medicine in her parents' home. He said he was going to wait for that little girl to grow up and marry her. He did just that and she was twenty-one and he thirty-six, when they married and began their family of eight children born to them, but six lived to maturity.

In rearing their family emphasis was put on education, just as had been done generations ago by their forefathers. They also emphasized having their children come straight home from school, and not loiter on the streets for social activities. To achieve this goal, my father and mother saw to it that sufficient amusements were at home for their children, as well as children from town to join in the wholesome recreation such as a baseball filed for his boys, a tennis court for boys and girls, ponies or horses to ride, hiking all over the fields, and exploring the historical sit of Old Fort Granger which adjoined their land area having boats in the Harpeth River, which often were stolen from a tree stump which it was chained to.

Swimming in Lavender's swimming hole was the gathering place for many children which adjoined out land. Boys hunted rabbits, and fished in the Harpeth River and the big event was to set a trotline and wait until dawn to come to go see what had been caught on the line-numerous turtle, with white meat people ate as a delicacy.

Going "gigging" to catch frogs was another of the interests of small and older boys. Drifting down the Harpeth River in a boat, and pulling into shore at the "Meeting of the Waters." There they would load the boat for a return trip back to town, since to paddle that distance was a chore no one enjoyed doing.

We were governed by a father who believed in disciplining a child, which we thought was most severe at the time, but it really was not, and did not hurt any of us to follow as told.

We grew up in a Christian home, and my father's signature is affixed to a page in the large family Bible which states that he will never imbibe alcoholic drink in any way, and he never did touch alcohol in any form, nor did his children when they grew up to be adults.

What better choice could possibly be made of the land than to turn it into a park where children could come from town and play, just as my father had done for us. I am sure my father and my mother would approve of such a project, and especially so, as their daughter, Louise Shannon Dedman, was born and lived there all of her life, and with her parents until her parents passed on.

Yes, the park should rightfully be named Shannon Park, where children may come to play, and my parents would approve of such being done to honor them. Let children once again run and romp over the land where my father grew up to manhood as well as his children.

My father was never known to send a bill to any patient he had waited on. He felt that if or when they had the money they would come pay him. Some did, but many did not. Their children occupied respectable positions in their lives, and I feel were a credit to the good parents we had.

I am well pleased that the city has seen fit to purchase from me that same acreage I had known and loved, for children of the present and the future generations to enjoy, my father would like to know this is being done by me.

XX

WHO'S WHO ON THE FRANKLIN PUBLIC SQUARE

A Tour of the Public Square with Dr. Moscow B. Carter

Moscow B. Carter, *The Review-Appeal* 1946

The following story was published as a series of articles in The Review-Appeal in the spring of 1946 that were written by the late Dr. Moscow B. Carter, prominent Franklin dentist and member of a pioneer family in Williamson County. The articles are his memories of the people of the Public Square 50 years earlier.

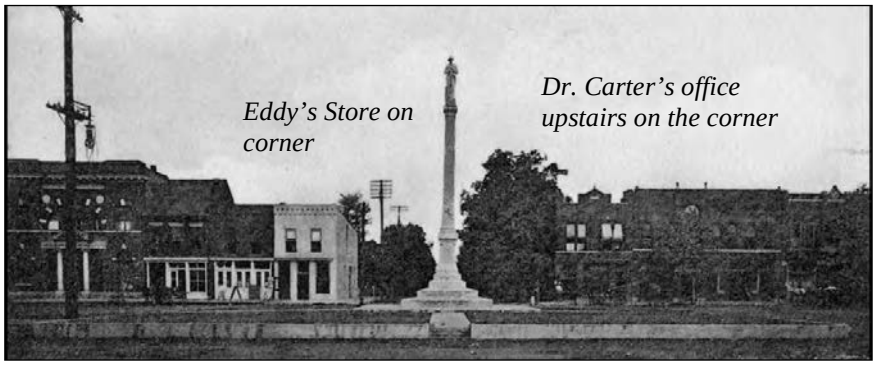
PART ONE

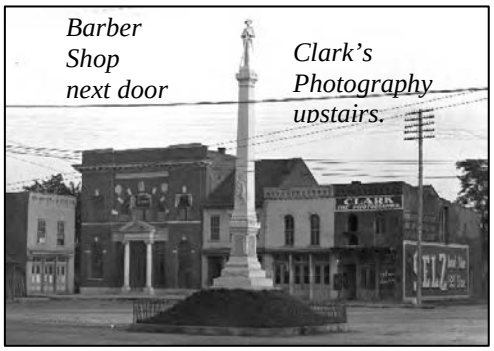
Dr. M.B. Carter

The Review-Appeal

To give the reader a brief synopsis of the men doing business and the line of business a half a century ago (1896) we shall go window-shopping around the square. Starting from the writer's street entrance we shall turn to the right from force of habit. Sticking our nose into the first door we enter the home of Tennessee's oldest weekly publication, The Review-Appeal. We are greeted by the editor, a gentleman with Chesterfieldian manners. This friendly man today is no other than editor-in-chief of *The Nashville Banner*, Mr. Geo. H. Armistead, Sr. We are permitted to see the workings of the county paper. Here are several local men and boys and the ever-present itinerant printer. Several men have made good in the big cities, who once served as "Printer's Devils" in *The Review-Appeal* office, and learned the art of setting type by hand. The two outstanding alumni of The Review-Appeal that come to the writer's mind are Ed Nevils, of Washington, D.C., and Ferd Nichols, of Boston, Mass.

Crossing the street, we call at the Eddy Shoe Store. Here we meet Mr. Eddy, a friendly elderly gentleman, who came from the North. He has lived here a long time and is held in high esteem by the best citizens of his adopted town. In his store, he carries a good stock of a nationally advertised shoe, the famous $3.00 W.L. Douglas shoe for men. In his work shop in the rear of the store several men are busy, some making new shoes and others repairing old ones. The work is all done by hand, with the men seated on low workbenches. On the second floor above the shoe store, we find a photographer. Photography has made wonderful strides since the days of 1896. The plates used then were so slow, it was common practice to help the subject hold still with an iron head rest. The photographer was entirely dependent on sunshine for printing the





pictures. It is possible that during some of the long cloudy spells he had to take up several inches in his belt.

The next building had been used for years by the Bryant Shoe Store (but at present vacant). The young boys liked Mr. Bryant (to them he was "Old Man Bryant'). He was full of pranks and would stop doing almost anything to cut a top string, for a nickel. When our popular shoe merchant, Mr. Rainey Lunn, was a youngster, he studied shoemaking and "Old Man Bryant" was his preceptor. In addition to his regular course he gave his apt wit: (1) Hold a gross of tacks in his mouth and (2) tell a clean nice joke and (3) drive tacks in the right place.

Rainey Lunn

We now come to a barber shop, though previously this building had been occupied by a grocery store. It was while working in this grocery that a boy by the name of Dorsey Crockett discovered that he liked the grocery business, and Mr. Crockett remained in the grocery business until about two years ago.

The second floor of this building was occupied by Franklin's oldest and one of it's best-loved doctors, "Old Doctor Park," a very soft spoken gentleman of the Old School, a quaint looker with his tall hat and long-tail coat. Down at the street level he had a place made to hold his hat. Patients who contemplated going up to his office all knew if there was no hat on the rack, there was no Dr. Park upstairs in his office.

Dr. John S. Park

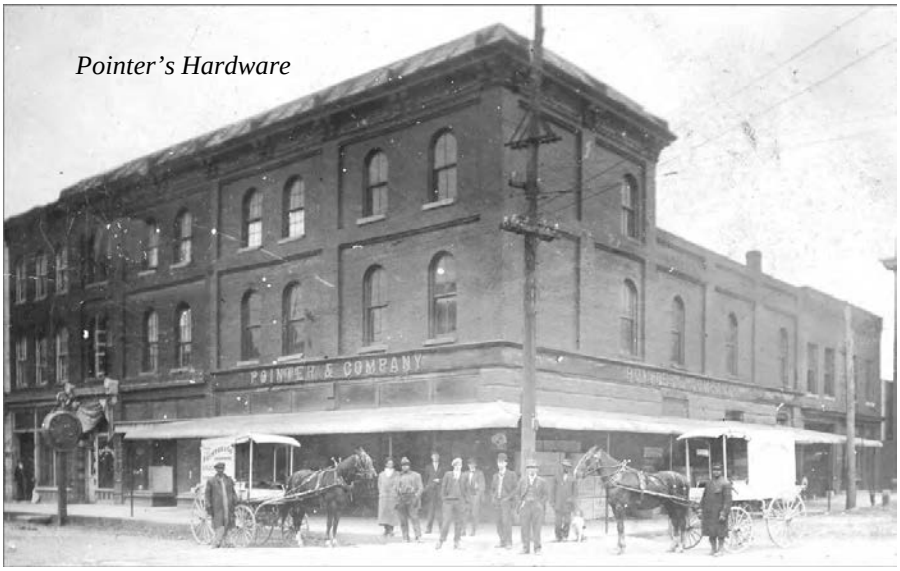
We have been interviewing some old men and now we shall take a look around in the Old Bank, as The National Bank of Franklin was known far and near.

We are welcomed by the friendly cashier, Mr. J.L. Parkes, Sr. After talking with him a few minutes we are made to feel that the bank would be delighted to lend us beyond the limit, just on our good looks. The catch is, we will have to wait until the directors have their meeting on the morrow.

These hardboiled old directors (all past middle life) will gladly grant you a loan- provided your pedigree is O.K. You have stated truthfully where you intend spending every dime. If you had two solvent men to sign your note, thus making it guilt-edge, and you are capable and willing to pay the usual 8% interest. The directors were not all bad at heart. They allowed three days of grace to get a payment or an alibi.

National Bank of Franklin ca. 1898-Tom Johnson, unknown, S.P. Maury, J.L. Parkes

Having passed The Old Bank, we now pause at the side entrance of the Pointer Hardware Store, which is owned and operated by Messrs. Henry and Sam Pointer. this is a pretentious establishment and one that would be a credit to towns larger than Franklin. On Sundays, and especially May



Pointer's Hardware

Meeting Sunday, the out-shining employee of this firm is the man-of-all-work, Bill Pointer (colored). Bill falls heirs to all of Mr. Sam's discarded clothes, and they fit him perfectly and their quality is the best the market affords. When Bill "struts his stuff' he is envied by every man of his race in town. It was when Bill laughed that he really shone. Opening his mouth ala alligator-style he displayed an assortment of gold crowns that would make the Zoot-Suiters of today turn white with envy. (The crowns were the handiwork of a struggling young dentist of the day, namely me.)

PART TWO

On the opposite comer is The Williamson County Bank and Trust Co., which weathered all of the financial storms to date, including the Daddy of all the financial storm, The Cleveland Panic (1893) since the day it opened its doors for business in 1889. This bank was organized largely through the efforts of Mr. J.W. Harrison, a successful and retired merchant. It was fitting that he should be elected its first president. It was quite natural, too, that this bank should soon become known as "Mr. Jim Harrison's Bank." Mr. Harrison's long record as a successful banker is too well known to be dwelt upon here. It is Mr. Harrison, the philanthropist, that he is practically unknown in this small town. He was a firm believer in not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. If the numerous recipients of his deeds of kindness kept mum the world was never any the wiser. It is quite likely that Mrs. Harrison never heard of half the good deeds her "Jimmy" did.


Williamson Co. Bank *Pointer's Hardware*

The writer thinks it is appropriate that he mention in detail at least two cases with which he is familiar, which will illustrate Mr. Harrison's "second nature" (though Mr. Harrison would not approve of it.)

Case No. 1 involves around a newcomer to our county who bought a farm and executed his note for $5,000.00 for the deferred payment. The story from here is as told by this

gentleman to the writer, or words to that effect. One afternoon he was informed that his note would be due the next day at noon. If not paid in full, the mortgage would be foreclosed. This was such a surprise, it came like a bolt out of a clear sky. The next morning, he drove to town, but still his mind was in a dazed condition and being very much a stranger knew not which way to tum. While crossing the Square from the East side and then about mid-way he was met by a man whom he did not know, who introduced himself as J.W. Harrison, who, without any delay asked if he was in need of financial aid. Mr. Harrison who had just heard of the raw deal our newcomer was about to get, invited him over to the bank on the corner, and without any hesitation, or the scratch of a pen as security handed him his personal check for $5,000.00, saying, "Go pay that note, and when you come back we will fix up the papers." I am sure as long as this man lived he looked upon Mr. Harrison as his greatest benefactor.

J.W. Harrison

The principal in case No. 2 is a young student who is trying to borrow the measley sum of two hundred fifty dollars to help defray his expenses at college another year. The time is 1893, just when the cloak of gloom caused by the Cleveland Panic is hanging over the whole U.S.A. like a swarm of locusts. He wants to get the money for twelve months. The banks are not eager to make any loans, especially for longer than the usual 90 days. The note bears the signature of two solvent men, but the men who had loaned money previously had all gotten to be tightwads. As a last resort, this young man thinks of trying The Williamson County Bank. Mr. Harrison tells him in a very nice way that the bank cannot grant the loan, but that he will handle it out of his own funds, adding that, "if more is needed, call on me." It is useless to say that this young man ever afterwards had a very tender spot in his heart for Mr. Jim Harrison.

PART THREE

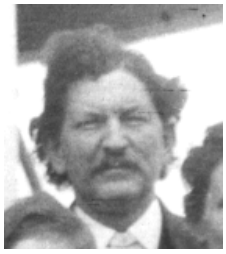
Having passed the side door of the Williamson County Bank on our journey around the Square, we may now see the sign of the Nestor of the Franklin Bar, the Hon. Atha Thomas, another elderly gentleman still in business. Although Mr. Thomas has had his shingle out some forty odd years he told the writer that during all of these years he had never had a bucket of drinking water in his office. This sounds almost incredible, coming from a man not addicted to strong drink, and Coca-Cola had not then migrated like the English sparrows into all of the highways and byways on the face of the earth. The writer can easily understand how he could have gotten on without a sign, but it seems impossible for anyone to get by without drinking water handy, especially an attorney.

Hon. Atha Thomas

It’s a well-known fact that eating salt will cause intense thirst and it is generally assumed that all lawyers have to "swallow" lots that they listen to in a professional way with the proverbial grain of salt.

Fifty years ago, the Post Office in Franklin was a very modest institution, though large enough for the town. It was located in a building that stood in the south corner of the Square, i.e., between the bank and the courthouse yard. The whole office was housed in a room approximately twenty by thirty feet. On its wall, there were no decorations except possibly a picture of Grover Cleveland. On these walls the F.B.I. could have found plenty a finger prints without the aid

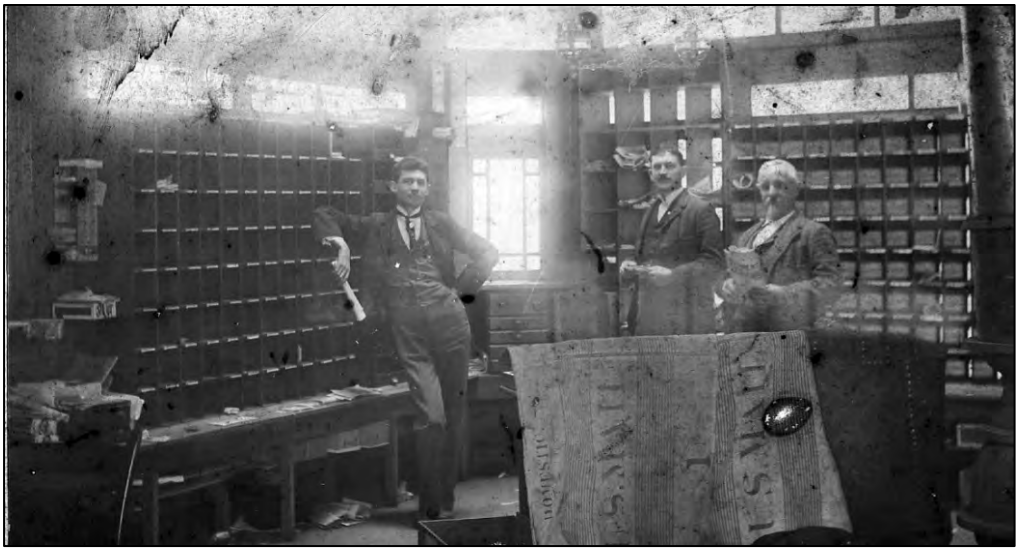
Jim Neely



Henley Reynolds

of a magnifying glass. The science of using finger prints for identification was unheard of then, however. Then it was a two-man office. Mr. Jim Neely, Postmaster and Henley Reynolds, Assistant P.M. With the exception of the help rendered by a part-time janitor, the two above named gentlemen attended to all the duties involved in holding the office, viz: selling stamps, issuing money orders, making up the mail for the two or more contract mail carriers as they were known. These riders made semi-weekly deliveries to their patrons living many miles away.

And, last but not least, every piece of mail leaving the office had to be handed to the patrons in addition to having to answer the same question many times a day (with a smile), "Has all the mail that came in on No.3 been worked?" although Uncle Sam collected rent on a goodly number of private boxes. These had small glass windows, but were without doors or locks. The great advantage of renting one of these boxes was that one could peep into his box, and, if empty, he need not disturb the employees needlessly. One of the mail routes starting at the Franklin office extended quite a distance into Marshall County. This was a two-day trip. The routes were allotted to the lowest bidder, who happened to be in this case a distinguished looking elderly colored man, who was very proud of his name and native state. Almost invariably when asked his name he would say, "George Washington Randolph" and born in such and such a county in Virginia. To a younger white generation, he was better known as "Uncle Randolph." The writer's younger brother got our relationship slightly mixed and he called him "Cousin Randolph." The delivery of the mail to and from the depot was awarded to the lowest bidder. The money paid for this service yearly was about what a janitor in a first-class office is paid monthly now- a-days. Our Post Master and his assistant were very accommodating. They opened the office for a few hours every Sunday morning for the benefit of the public. But some over-zealous ministers put a literal interpretation on the Fourth Commandment and they tabooed the reading of secular papers on Sunday, which they considered almost as great a sin as dancing, and the dance hall was considered by some as the vestibule of hell. And this was during the so-called "Gay Nineties."



Franklin's postal clerks were most accommodating.

PART FOUR

In the preceding article, brief mention was made of the "Gay Nineties." It is with apologies that the writer digresses from the subject, "Who's Who 50 Years Ago on the Square," and for the benefit of any readers under 50 years of age tell some gossip of these glorified days for comparisons with our present Puritanical customs and styles. There were many homes like my own where the parents believed in the literary interpretation of the Fourth Commandment viz: cold dinners and cold suppers every Sunday. Youngsters were not allowed to play any kind of boisterous games. No games with cards were allowed except "Old Maid." No Sunday studying even if we failed on an impending examination. When an emergency arose that required it was considered a case of "the ox in the ditch." When about 16 years old the writer worked all of one Sunday with a pick and shovel getting one of his father's cows out of a shallow well. (I hope St. Peter thought that big cow was an ox.) It was not considered just the proper thing for a young lady and gentleman to take a buggy ride on Sunday afternoon. (This was permissible on the other six days). We wonder if we are going to be held accountable for salting the sheep and greasing the Rockaway every Sunday morning.

During Mayor J.W. Harrison's administration he clamped the "lid down tight." The only places of business in Franklin that were allowed to open their doors on Sunday were drug stores, and their sales were limited to the sale of medicine for the sick.

The writer spent many happy days in his uncle's home in Wilson County. My Aunt Julia-had studied the Fourth Commandment through her reading glass, and concluded it was all wrong for any of the work stock on their big farm to do any work on Sunday, (except her favorite buggy horse). There was no room in the buggy for her three grandsons and their visitor. So, we walked to church every Sunday. By going thru the woods, we shortened the distance so it was only two miles. Heat expands, and the road under the burning mid-day sun seemed much longer going home.

My aunt would not allow just the four of us to look as a ball and bat, even though there was not a neighbor living within hearing distance. We did not dare go near a dandy swimming hole, or look a fishing worm in the face on Sunday.

But strange as it seemed she would allow us to fight bumble bees on Sunday afternoon to the last boy. This was because the bumble bees and yellow jackets had taken over her sweet potato house, for their summer apartment. My good old uncle decided he would eject these undesirable tenants single-handed. Being alone his tenants ganged up on him. While a squadron of bees bombed his head, another squadron made up of yellow jackets dived low and came up on the inside of his pant legs. Although my Uncle Charley suffered a humiliating defeat and had to be carried from the potato house he still had a case of the "swell head." It was alleged that the staid citizens of a neighboring city were shocked when they discovered that the advance agents of a vauderville had had the billboards all over their fair city papered with pictures of show girls dressed only

in pink tights. The Ministers' Alliance called a mass meeting and demanded that the city fathers have the posters removed. But the matter was settled out of court to the satisfaction of all parties, by having the bill poster put tissue paper skirts on the pictures of the brazen creatures. And this happened during the "Gay Nineties"!

One day two young men were busy at work in the courthouse. One of them glanced out of the window and beheld a middle-aged lady crossing the dusty square and holding all four of her skirts nearly as high as the regulation skirts of today. He was so amazed by such a display of white hosiery that he forgot to whom he was speaking, and said, "Good Gawd, look coming across the square!" His companion was a close observer and replied, "That's my mother."

PART FIVE

Before turning our flashlight upon the county officials who held office in the Williamson County Court House fifty years ago, we think that the early history of the founding of our county, and its court houses, of sufficient interest to tum back the pages of history for a review. (Credit is given Goodspeed's History for most of the facts mentioned in this article.)

On -October 26, 1799 and act establishing Williamson County passed the General Assembly, in session in Knoxville. This splendid portion of the earth was cut off of Davidson County and named Williamson County for Dr. Williamson, of North Carolina. The surveyor who did this piece of major surgery who did this princely fee of $4.00 for establishing the line forty-odd miles long. Recently a surveyor ran a property line 100 feet long across the writer's garden. His fee of $7.00 was not considered exorbitant because he had to content with Nut Grass. The General Assembly appointed commissioners and authorized them to locate a county seat, which was to be named Franklin, for Dr. Benjamin Franklin; also, to build a courthouse, jail and pillory.

The commissioners were to reserve two acres for a public square. It seems as if somebody made an error, for the Square looks too small. The writer carried the chain for his daddy, who was the county surveyor for several years.

Artist's rendering of the 2nd courthouse.

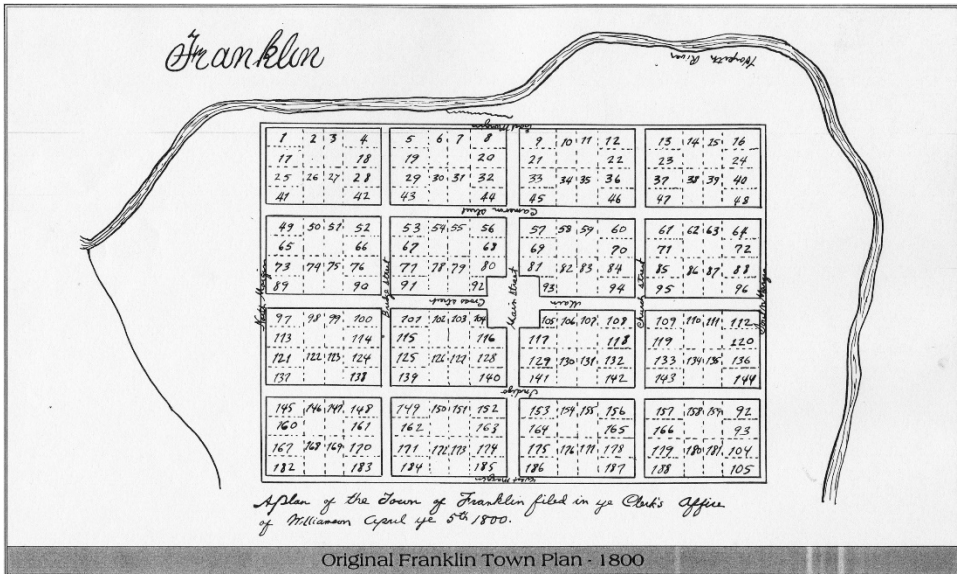
The public square contains one and a half acres, according to the writer's feet and strides (one man's opinion). Peter Perkins offered to donate the land for the square provided the county seat was located here. A substantial square building was erected in the center of the square, and it was used for a courthouse from about 1801 to 1857.

Some folks think the New Dealers originated the idea of price control, but they were only "copy-cats." Our county court back in 1803 established the following rates for taverns, which were supposed to afford food, feed, and drink. Breakfast, dinner and supper, 25 cents each; half-pint of whiskey, 12 1/2 cents; 1/2 pint of apple or peach bandy, 12 1/2 cents; 1/2 pint of gin or rum, 37 1/2 cents; one horse's feed, 12 1/2 cents. It is likely that just as good whiskey could have been bought on credit then as can be bought for cash now. The often heard expression "in the good old days" must have start right there. The name

of Hon. Felix Grundy and Hon. Thomas Hart Benton first appeared on the records as attorney in 1808. The following cases were picked from the records of the criminal court, mentioned to show that punishment for crimes was sure, severe and swift in those days. A murderer was found guilty as charged, and the court ordered that, "he be remanded to jail until Friday, March 20, 1807, when he should be taken to some convenient place near Franklin with good and sufficient rope hung by the neck until dead, dead, dead, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul."

A man was charged with stealing twelve milled Spanish dollars and twenty-five cents. He was acquitted, but was found guilty on a charge of stealing one-half dime. For this crime, he received ten lashes on his bare back, immediately. A man charged with murder was found guilty of only "feloniously slaying." For this he was brought before the court and branded with a big letter "M" in the palm of his left hand, and remanded to stay in jail until all costs of the suit were paid.

Two men were convicted for horse stealing. For punishment, they were given thirty-nine lashes on their bare backs, branded "H.T' and compelled to stand in the stocks for two hours on three successive days; were rendered "infamous" and then sent to jail for six months. John A. Murrell was once put under a $200 peace bond by our court. This John A. Murrell afterwards became a notorious thief, robber and murderer, and rated in the class with the "James Boys," and Rube Burrows, who followed in his footsteps many years later. Today they would be known as Public Enemy No 1). The first divorce suit filed in the county was dated 1821, but the record states "however, the prayer of the plaintiff was not granted."



Original Franklin Town Plan - 1800

Original Town Plat

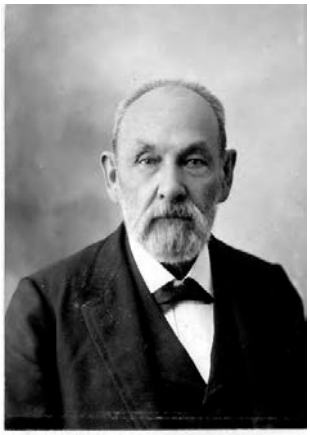
The Town of Franklin was surveyed and laid out in 1800. The plat consisted of between 100 and 200 lots. The Town of Franklin was incorporated by the General Assembly October 9, 1815. Among the many laws passed, one required every owner of a private house, store room or office to procure a two-gallon leather bucket, the same to have the owner's name on it, and hung in a convenient place for use in case of fire. All free males between the ages of 21 and 35 were organized into a fire company, under the command of a captain and four masters. The square was paved in 1820 (unfortunately the kind of material

with which it was paved is not mentioned) at a cost of $1,600, the county being assessed $1,200 and the town $400.

PART SIX

In the preceding article the write-up of our first Courthouse would hardly be complete without mentioning its necessary adjuncts, viz, the jail, market house and pillory. In Goodspeed's History, which the writer is using for a temporary prayer book, the jail is described as a small building only 14 feet high, built entirely of brick and wood and very insecure. It was located where the police station is now. The market house adjoined it on the west side. This was not only used for the disposal of farm produce and kindred things, but also for the sale of slaves. There was no county poor house until 1829; the unfortunates, who were county charges, were auctioned off in the market house to the lowest bidder, to feed and clothe by the year. It seems that the pillory was kept in the market house, but whether it was moved to the square just prior to its being occupied the writer is unable to state. In 1816, a second jail was built on the site of our present jail. (On Bridge Street)

In 1855, the cry arose for a better and bigger jail. A committee was appointed to inspect the Nashville jail. This was selected as their model. Their next problem was to find the right man for this important job. This one was built about where our present one is, and at a cost of $8,000. "Believe it or not" the man chosen was a man known to scores of people living today in our county and town who still hallow his memory. None of us knew the venerable Mr. Robert H. Bradley as a builder of modern jails and fine homes, but as a typical Southern gentleman, a retired tanner and the owner of a large farm located in one of the bends of Big Harpeth River that is known today as Bradley's Bend. Mr. Bradley grew old according to the almanac, but not mentally or physically. He was a familiar sight on our streets daily, years after he had passed his 90th birthday. He was not in business fifty years ago on the Square, but he had almost daily business on the Square. He looked after his own mail and banking business. He was seldom seen walking with a cane; never seen without a professional looking shine on his shoes. In cold weather, he preferred his cape to any overcoat. The whole community was grieved at his passing and bemoaned the fact that he could not have been spared just five months longer so he could have completed a full century on this earth.



Robert H. Bradley

The first steps toward building our present Courthouse were taken April 1st, 1855. On July 1st, a lot on the present site was purchased for $1,000. For a beginning the county court appropriated $3,000 and appropriated more as the money was needed; the careless historian failed to state the total cost. He mentioned the fact that due to the outbreak of the war it was not completed on schedule time.

Some years after completion a storm took off the roof and carried it about a block away. It's of passing interest that the large iron columns and their bases in front of the Courthouse were cast within a few blocks of the house. A yarn often told by the old-timers related that a man, while under the influence of

The third courthouse was built on the south corner in 1858.

whiskey, walked off the Courthouse balcony before the railing was installed. Luckily, he escaped with minor injuries. After he recovered from the shock a solicitous friend inquired of him if it hurt him when he fell. "Naw, Gawd," he replied, "it didn't hurt him when he fell, but when he struck the ground hit shore give him an idee." To the everlasting shame of our town, county and state one of the blackest pages of their history was enacted upon the balcony fifty odd years ago. (Dr. Carter must be referring to the mob hanging of a black man from the balcony.)

Although the writer had become very familiar with the exterior walls of our handsome courthouse, he knowns very little about the interior decorations. Never during my whole life have I heard more than thirty minutes of a lawsuit or criminal trial; have never known enough to be summoned before a grand jury (dentists are exempt in most states from jury service), and Williamson County marriage licenses are not valid in Georgia. (Mrs. Carter was from Georgia)
The writer can name many of the county officials who have served in the last fifty odd years, but my memory is a bit hazy as to the years of tenure in office. It seems as though, Mr. B.B. Roberts was our trustee when the writer was a small boy, but before stating this fact I shall consult my temporary prayer book mentioned above.

PART SEVEN

We have gone back some fifty-odd years ago and chose Mr. James Buford, a native of Mississippi, for our first Courthouse official in this series of county officials. Mr. Buford served first as Registrar then as Trustee, filling both offices with distinction. He was best known to the writer, who was then a lad, not in his official capacity, but as his Sunday School teacher, the father of one of his best friends and a splendid neighbor. The Biblical narrative relative to Saul, did not intrigue the boys of his class anything like as much as our beloved teacher's experience as a wounded Confederate soldier, when one of his legs was sawn asunder between his knee and hip joint (probably) without the aid of an anaesthetic.

Many other Confederates who were wounded had to submit to these terrible ordeals without an anaesthetic. Ether had been discovered, but it was not always available. In the battle near the close of the war, Mr. Buford was

James Buford

wounded in both legs. The surgeons decided that in order to save his life it would be necessary to amputate both legs.

Borrowing a legal phrase, he "demurred from this opinion" and saved his remaining leg, not by appealing to them for mercy in his soft, Southern accent, but by brandishing a loaded cap and ball pistol he had managed to get hold of, with which he threatened to shoot anyone approaching him with a knife or saw. The price be paid for his remaining leg was eternal vigilance. He could bluff the doctors with his six-shooter, but not the repulsive green flies that tormented the wounded day and night. He related that many a hot night he and his comrades had to fight off the green flies with the branches from the trees. For about three weeks following his operation, his daily ration of food consisted of one pound of boiled fat bacon (sounds rather tempting in A.O. 1946). It is not news when some record on file in the vault in the Registrar's office prevents a law suit and saves a home, but it is news when this same vault plays a spectacular part in saving a human life.

On a quiet summer day, the folks on Main Street witnessed a race that was far more exciting than any Derby race. There were only two entries in this blood-curdling race, one an ordinary looking work horse, the other a mule (but not the balky type), the stable mate of the horse on a farm approximately two miles west of town. Here the race began. The rider of the horse was a very nervy woman, though badly frightened. Astride of the mule was her husband who had suddenly become a raving maniac. He was armed with a long, keen butcher knife, and had murder in his heart. He would have delighted in sawing her neck asunder. Just how the woman managed to escape the maniac and mount the horse, or how much lead she had to start with, the writer has never known. No horse has ever been endowed with the power of speech as was Balaam's ass, but they have plenty of horse sense, and I for one believe that they can read the human mind as well as clairvoyant. This gallant life-saver knew that all was not well with the rider, his mistress. The last furlong of this exciting race was run on our dusty Main Street. This ordinary looking animal was surely inspired by some supernatural influence, with his ears backed and his rider leaning close to his neck, urging him on with frenzied utterances. Any horse slower than Whirl-a-Way would have had to "eat his dust." The race suddenly ended at the curb near the Courthouse gate. The woman leaped to the ground and ran for her life into Mr. Buford's office (the door happened to be open) pleading for help. Mr. Buford was quick to see that something terrible was about to happen. He rushed her into the open vault and locked the door.

Within a very few minutes her crazy husband bounded into the vestibule of the Courthouse and, not seeing his wife, he rushed up the steps to the court room followed by an excited crowd. The writer was among the stragglers who brought up the rear guard. Upon meeting the late Mr. John Atwood on the steps, the writer heeded his fatherly advice and returned to the sidewalk. The officers wanted to capture him without hurting him or getting hurt. They tried lassoing him. Though crazy he derided them heartily and with his knife cut the rope with ease. Next several men armed with up-raised chairs, tried to force him into a corner and overpower him. The late Mr. Sandy Brown (the livestock-trader) got

within his reach and received a scalp wound that bled profusely, but was not serious. But when he appeared on the street supported by two friends, and as bloody as a "stuck pig" our imagination ran rampant. The unfortunate man by now was really a raving maniac and as a last resort, he was rendered unconscious by a blow on the head with a chair, and while in this condition was bound very securely with a rope. The writer witnessed the loading of this manic into an open express wagon, and the terrible expression on his face flared up before the writer's eyes for many weeks every time he was in the dark. The plucky little wife did not have to remain in solitary confine for very long. Mr. Buford let her out just as soon as all danger had passed.

In the preceding article our subject was Mr. James Buford, Registrar and Trustee of Williamson County. In this article, we make no attempt to fix the years of tenure in either office. In 1888 while serving as Trustee aliment that caused greater pain. If such were possible than the amputation of his leg had caused him during the War between the States. Only a merciful death could relieve his suffering. His death certificate attributed his passing to a common and attributed his passing to a common and highly fatal disease of the day i.e. "cramp colic." The medical profession had not yet learned of appendicitis.

The new mistress in the old Ring home at Grassland was Mrs. Henry Ring, a charming young bride of a couple of summers, affectionately, called "Miss Fanny." She was related to Mr. Buford by marriage but he adored her just as much as if she were his own blood kin. There also existed a family connection by marriage between the writer's step-mother and the older generation of the Ring family. It was imperative that Mr. Buford's favorite cousin be notified. There was not a telephone in the county. The only practical and speedy way was by courier. The writer was chosen as the logical one to carry the sad tidings. A Texas cowboy on a cow pony riding 18 miles between sunup and sundown would not make front page news, but a Tennessee plow boy on a hard-trotting plow horse is "gray horse of another color." The rider forced the helpless animal into a lope almost all the way, going and returning. He cannot recall whether his father's horse had the "thumps", but he distinctly remembers that his father's namesake had to eat his victuals off the mantel piece for several days. The fact that a rider of Revolutionary fame got all the publicity had nothing to do with making this rider sore.

By a cruel decree of fate twenty-nine years after Mr. Buford's death, one of his sons, the Rev. Reedy Buford, a Presbyterian minister, lost his life emulating his father in service to others. Hearing a woman screaming for help, he rushed to her rescue, and unfortunately, he was shot and killed by a maniac, her husband.

An old colored woman referred to the pastor of her church as a "Zorter" (exhorter). Being asked the difference between a preacher and a "Zorter", she replied that a preacher stuck to his text and a "Zorter", just jumped from one thing to another. Having qualified as a "Zorter" by this definition I take the liberty of adding some personal allusions.

Fifty-eight years have passed since the writer made his Paul Revere debut, but now-a-days when commuting on the busses between Franklin and

Nashville it is only natural to recall the past and make mental comparisons. Noting the many improvements on every side we should recall the old hymn, "Count Your Many Blessings." The new highway makes the visible remnants of the old Hillsboro seem no wider than a bridle path and as rough as a curry comb. Tractors have relieved the work stock of much of the heavy work. The steam threshers that superseded the old groundhog type seem to have a rival in some of the more modem inventions.

Telephones and radios have long been commonplace in almost every home. The TVA had provided most of the county with electricity making possible so many modem electrical labor-saving devices. Jack and Jill no longer have to go down the hill to fetch a pail of water. Electric pumps furnish running water for the homes, barns and dairies. Candles, which were carried by boys going upstairs to bed until they were old enough to shave, were indispensable in former days. Even the lamps which superseded the candles are now electrified antiques. Milking, by which the writer probably gained his firm grip, is no longer done by hand in modern dairies. The cold sparkling springs are still highly prized for the water that they supply but not any more as a place to keep the milk and butter cold. Porcelain bath tubs have taken the place of the good old homemade bath tubs completely. The poorest boy could afford these tubs and there were no plumber's bills to pay. Their construction was simplicity itself. First a good tight barrel, preferably a whiskey barrel, was secured. These were always charred inside to give the whiskey a red color and charring the barrel eliminated the splinters, which was considered by some to be an advantage. The barrel was sawn asunder and presto, two good tubs were made in one operation.

The writer notes with a feeling of sadness the fact that the title to every piece of real estate (if he is not mistaken) between Franklin and the home of Mrs. Fanny Ring has changed hands one or several times, with the exception of the property owned by Mrs. Willie Armstrong Leigh. One of the bad habits acquired by the writer when a boy was visiting relatives or friends whenever the latch string was exposed the least bit. These visits were not just week-end affairs. Nothing short of the toothache or getting the seat of his pants torn off ever made him go home. Mrs. Ring showed her angelic nature early in life by tolerating such in nuisance. Of all the good souls that the writer thus imposed upon in his boyhood days she is the only one of his hostesses now living. The Ring home has not changed hands for more than a century,

On Saturday night, June 1, the writer was privileged to attend the presentation of the great historical pageant, "Tennessee Through the Years," celebrating Tennessee's one hundred fifty years of statehood. This great pageant was dedicated to Tennessee's most distinguished living son and statesman, the Hon. Cordell Hull. Back in the early nineties the little-known Cordell Hull piloted rafts of logs from the upper Cumberland down to the Nashville market. The writer was a student in Nashville and being a land-lubber who had never seen a stream larger than Big Harpeth was fascinated by the sight of the Cumberland with its steam boats and rafts. On several occasions, he strolled down to the wharf to watch the river traffic. Unfortunately, not being able to appraise a diamond in the rough, he never met Mr. Hull until several years later.

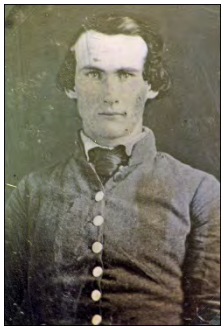
In 1915, while taking a boat trip on the upper Cumberland the writer had been without a newspaper for several days, so he took the opportunity while the boat was tied up taking aboard some cargo to go foraging for war news. In a nearby rural mail box a daily paper was discovered and the headlines were hurriedly scanned.

Out of curiosity the writer looked to see the name of the hillbilly in that remote section who would subscribe for a daily newspaper. He found the name of Hon. Cordell Hull, the rugged raftsman of by-gone days, now fast becoming a figure of world renown. Many historical deeds were re-enacted by the well-trained Davidson County school children participating in the Pageant, "Tennessee Through the Years." The following are among the scenes that were of special interest to the writer: The Constitutional Convention, A Ball at the Hermitage, The Nashville Female Academy, The War of the Roses, The Gay Nineties and The Centennial Exposition.

Cordell Hull

Our grand State was born only eight months and five days before the writer's paternal grandfather. It is hard to realize that we had no State of Tennessee until 300 years after America was discovered. The conspicuous date of 1796 intrigued the writer. In 1825, the gallant French General LaFayette, visited Nashville. That year a celebrated bird that is indigenous to every land visited the home of Fountain Branch Carter in Franklin, and left the writer's father.

The Pageant announcer related at length how and when Tennessee became known as the Volunteer State. It is with pride that the writer recalls that his father had a small part in this history-making event. When war between this country and Mexico became inevitable, his father and another young blood, William Ewing, the father of our late Judge Andrew Ewing, were instrumental in organizing a company of Volunteers. Capt. "Mock" Moscow Branch Carter and Lt. Bill Ewing marched proudly with their company down to Nashville, eager to see action in the impending conflict, only to be told to go home and disband since they were not needed.



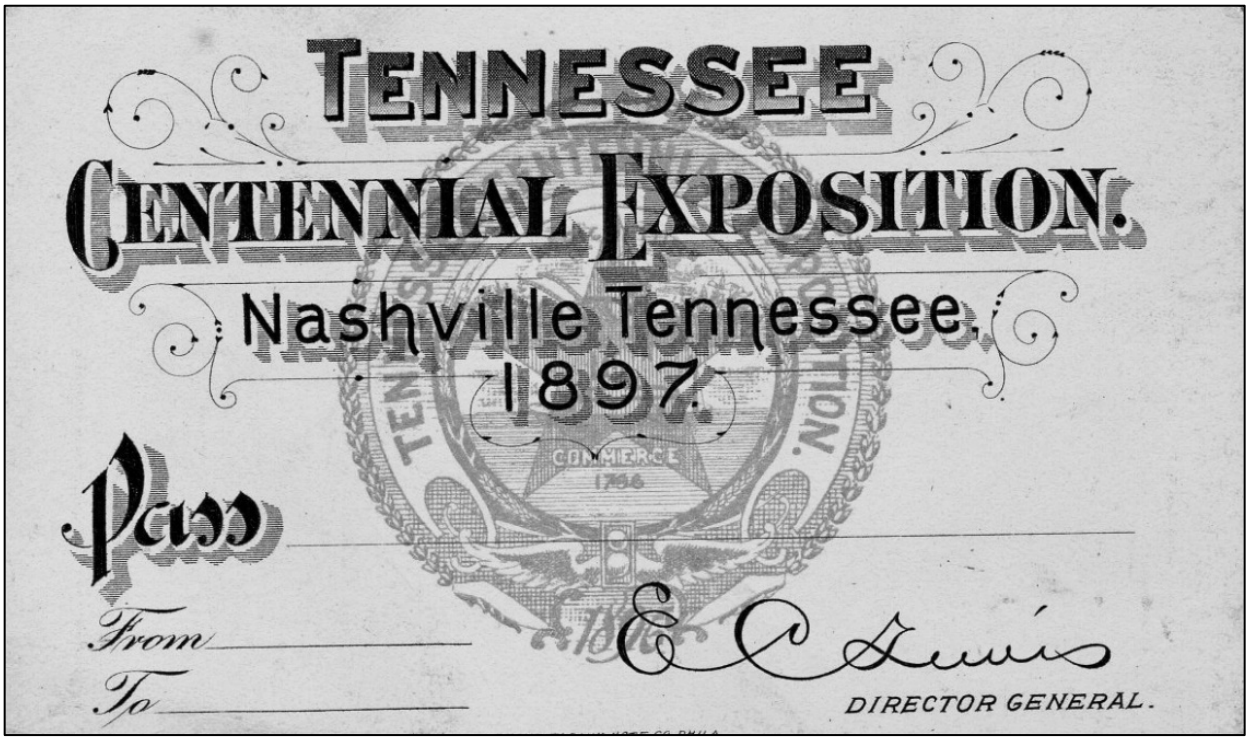
Mock Carter in uniform

Twenty-six hundred volunteers had been called for and thirty thousand men responded to the call of their country. Lt. Ewing had a slight political pull with the Governor who as a special favor placed these young men in a Marshall County outfit as buck privates at $8.00 per month, for service on foreign soil.

ln·one scene the announcer spoke of "The War of the Roses," the unique campaign for Governor of Bob and Alf Taylor. The two famous Taylor brothers opposed each other in 1886, Bob Taylor being the Democratic standard bearer and Alf the Republican. Their colors were white and red, respectively. Williamson County did herself proud the summer day that these brothers spoke at the beautiful McGavock Grove. The writer was one of many urchins who sold lots of white roses...but could not dispose of the red ones at any price. The scene featuring the Great Centennial Exposition was most interesting. The writer was a frequent visitor, making the trip by train, the tickets for these trips being equal in length to the present-day tickets to the west coast. They also had to be return trip. He has a vivid recollection at some of the celebrities who visited the Centennial, among whom was President McKinley, who looked the part of a real

President. Tennessee's Governor, Bob Taylor, was master of ceremonies at all important occasions. The great band masters, Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa, will long be remembered. One of the minor innovations shown at the Centennial was the phonograph. By placing two hard rubber ear pieces in one's ears and paying five cents one could hear a record played. Another was the now commonplace quick lunch stand which first made their appearance in the South at the Centennial.

The tempting winter morsel popcorn, was sold during the hot weather at the Centennial and has since traveled far and wide as a summer nick-nack. The writer drank his first glass of sparkling beer at one of the gaudy beer gardens and could hardly travel at all. He also bought a small electric fan that was operated with a dry cell battery, this believed to be the first electric fan ever in Franklin. The cost of operating this fan at that time would have bankrupt Henry Ford, who at that time had made only one automobile, a picture of which was recently shown in the papers.



XXI

THE WORLD THAT AWAITED US

A BGA Retrospect of Noteworthy Events from 1954-1958

Pete Mefford

Foreword

This essay is intended to shed light on the noteworthy events that impacted the world during the 1954-58 period that most of us spent attending Battle Ground Academy during our high school years. This is an attempt to provide context for our entry into adulthood. It is recognized that each of us have individual, and sometimes distinctly different, stories about our time at BGA.

It is hoped that by reviewing the state, national and world events that were occurring while we struggled with Algebra I or "30 Days To A More Powerful Vocabulary", we can appreciate even more the value and the values of our high school education.

This effort is dedicated to The Great Class of 1958, especially those class members who have passed away before our 60th Reunion in May 2018; and it is offered in grateful appreciation of those magnificent faculty members who taught and coached us to be the men we became.

All of us recognize the enormous changes that have occurred in all aspects of life over the past 60 years. It is not my intent to enumerate those here, but rather to show, by example, the world we encountered after gathering around the flag pole to sing our alma mater for the last time.

The Economy

The Franklin, TN economy changed little over the period of 1954-58. Farmers, particularly those who raised tobacco, were still the primary producers of income. There were three manufacturers who produced stoves, mattresses, and concrete, but predominantly the local economy puttered along with banks, grocery stores, insurance agencies, and oddly enough four drug stores, leading the way.

Tennessee on the other hand was beginning to experience growth with the advent of the Tennessee Valley Authority providing electrical power and the development of Oak Ridge's federal government activity. Although U.S. Highway 31 was a primary north-south route for tourists which brought some growth, there was not yet the capacity nor the need for transporting goods into or outside the region.

On the national level, the contributions of The Great Generation in bringing about the end of World War II, even though the Korean Conflict lingered until 1954, were beginning to have a significant impact on the economy. While the population of Franklin and Williamson County remained fairly constant throughout the period, the national population grew from 163 million in 1954 to almost 175 million in 1958. That growth, precipitated mostly by Baby Boomers, drove the need for more housing which provided more jobs, and the returning servicemen also benefitted from the G.I. Bill which allowed many of them to further their education in a way not previously possible before the war. The long and devastating Great Depression was definitely over and optimism was growing.

Politics

For decades the majority of Middle Tennessee counties had been run by candidates, mostly white men, who ran on the Democratic ticket. The governor's race of 1953 brought an unexpected, but still Democratic winner into office. For the first time in many years, the Memphis based political bosses were confronted with a young, charismatic former F.B.I. agent named Frank Clement. He was swept into office with a promise of no more corruption. Over the next 16 years, he and Buford Ellington took turns being governor.

When the local Democratic Party boss in Franklin threw his support to Clement, the result was 450-500 state government jobs which were given to folks who lived in Williamson County and most of those new incomes were spent right in their home county.

Nationally, Democrats had won five straight elections, until Dwight Eisenhower defeated Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and went on to be re-elected again in 1956 along with his Vice President Richard Nixon. The country had been at war formally since Dec. 7, 1941 until 1945 when Japan surrendered. Not long after, Korea became the focus of our military and President Truman's conflict with General McArthur grabbed our attention. Our country was tired of war and yet chose a general to bring us peace and prosperity, not to mention interstate highways, televised sports events, and (at the end of his term) warnings against the Military Industrial complex. While still in office, Eisenhower began sending "advisers" to a small country in Southeast Asia that would eventually cost us more than 55,000 lives including many local boys from Williamson County.

Society

Like most of America in the 1950's Franklin and its institutions including businesses, government, churches, and schools were segregated. To be clear black people could shop at most places of business, but not without restrictions. Many of us remember going to movies on Main Street and noticing that only white folks could sit downstairs. At the courthouse on the square there were two public fountains, one for each race. There were black churches and white churches, black schools and white schools (including BGA) and there were not only no black government officials or candidates, but also very few black people who were certified to vote in our county. To my knowledge Williamson County and Franklin were the rule, not the exception throughout Tennessee.

In 1954, the Brown vs. Board of Education decision by the U.S. Supreme Court ruled school segregation illegal, but nothing changed while we were at BGA. In December 1955 Rosa Parks was arrested in Montgomery, AL for refusing to move to the back of the bus, and a two- year boycott of buses ensued. In 1957 Arkansas' Governor Faubus used the National Guard to stop nine black students from enrolling in Little Rock's Central High school, but six days later the Civil Rights Bill was passed in Washington and Eisenhower sent Federal troops to guarantee the students could attend Central High.

Our local teenage hangout, The Gilco, served black people, but only through a walk-up window. They weren't allowed to come inside, even though

the Seeburg Jukebox in the corner included songs by Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, and Fats Domino- six plays for a quarter.
These important national changes were happening without much mention of them at our school and certainly with no intention of considering change.

Music
Very few things are as illustrative of how rapidly the off-campus world was changing as was the music scene. Allow me to demonstrate by giving examples of Top Forty tunes from the period

1954-58.
1954: "Little Things Mean A Lot" Kitty Kallen, "Sh-Boom" The Crew Cuts, "Oh, My Pa-Pa" Eddie Fisher, "That's Amore" Dean Martin
1955: "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White" Perez Prado, "Rock Around The Clock" Bill Haley & The Comets, "The Yellow Rose of TX" Mitch Miller, "Ain't That A Shame" Pat Boone, "Only You" The Platters
1956: "Heartbreak Hotel", "Don't Be Cruel", &"Hound Dog" Elvis. "The Great Pretender" The Platters, "Blue Suede Shoes" Carl Perkins
1957: "All Shook Up" Elvis, "Little Darlin" The Diamonds, "Bye Bye Love" & "Wake Up Little Susie" The Everly Bros., "Party Doll" Buddy Knox, "You Send Me" Sam Cooke, "Whole Lotta Shakin Goin On" Jerry Lee Lewis
1958: "Volare" Domenico Medugno, "Tequila" The Champs, "It's All In The Game" Tommy Edwards, "Get A Job" The Silhouttes, "Twilight Time" The Platters, "Sweet Little Sixteen" Chuck Berry

Nationally, "American Bandstand" hosted by Dick Clark came on the scene and was copied in Nashville by Dave Overton's "5 O'clock Hop". Our friend Tony Cobb's father, David coined the phrase "Music City USA" and Chet Atkins developed "The Nashville Sound". Elvis left Sam Phillips at Sun Records in Memphis to record in Nashville at RCA and our own Mac Gayden formed a band with John Brown and others to begin his musical journey. Country music would survive but change.

Wheels
It might be difficult for any of us to argue that the Class of 1958 made up of all white males constituted a diverse group, unless the category of wheels were taken into consideration. Some of us rode one of the two BGA school buses, some rode their bicycles, some were driven by parents or friends, a few had their own cars, and at least one hitch-hiked to school.

Regardless of personal modes of transportation, cars in the fifties were an infatuation of almost everyone. Perhaps the primary driver (no pun intended) of this desire was the sense of independence one felt when behind the wheel. If independence was #1, girls were a close (again no pun intended) #2. Therefore, we all paid attention to the newest models each year and during the model years of 1954 through 1958 no brand made more dramatic changes than Chevrolet.

No one can forget seeing the bland ’54 get a little sexier in ’55, then progress a bit more in ’56, before blowing the doors off everyone else with the raised fins and hardtop model of 1957. That was when I first heard about having “rolled and pleated” seat covers.

Not to be outdone, Ford introduced the Thunderbird and a certain doctor’s daughter interrupted football practice by wearing shorts while perched on the hood of her red ‘Bird.

With more people having disposable income and TV ads with Dinah Shore urging us to “See the USA in your Chevrolet”, car lust ran rampant. For those of us without wheels, double-dating was the next best thing. Suddenly movie receipts at drive-ins soared while inside movies no longer provided the ambiance they previously held. The times, they were a’changing!

Sports

For many but not all of our class, sports participation was a desire. Since our total enrollment during our time at BGA, including “sub-freshmen”, never exceeded 220, many of us got the opportunity to play based on numbers rather than ability. Although we had some forgettable sports moments, many of our teams where quite good. I’ll leave the detailed memories to each of you.

As we entered our freshman year, baseball was still billed The National Pastime. In my memory baseball from youth leagues through high school was very popular, but college ball was not well attended. There were so many levels of professional baseball that it was available virtually anywhere. Baseball easily led the way with racial integration followed by basketball (up North!) and much later football. Although racial incidents in sports continue to this day, sports have served to bridge the racial divide more than any other activity in our country.

To see the differences in team success compared to recent times, take a look at the champions of three sports in the 1954-58 period.

World Series: ’54 NY Giants, ’55 Brooklyn Dodgers, ’56 NY Yankees, ’57 Milwaukee Braves, ’58 NY Yankees

NFL: ’54 Cleveland Browns, ’55 Cleveland Browns, ’56 NY Giants, ’57 Detroit Lions, ’58 Baltimore Colts

NCAA Basketball: ‘54 LaSalle, ‘55 San Francisco, ’56 San Francisco, ’57 North Carolina, ’58 Kentucky

Many of those teams have moved, rules have changed, and players have come and gone. One thing that hasn’t changed is that Vandy football is still, regrettably not very good. Two dramatic changes have been allowing professionals into the Olympic Games and Title IX which provides equal access to women and girls in sports. Sports at all levels are now a business, but I thought playing “for the fun of the game” was so much better.

WILLIAMSON COUNTY WOMEN'S LIBERTY BOND PARADE

The Nashville Tennessean – Franklin, TN October 6, 1918

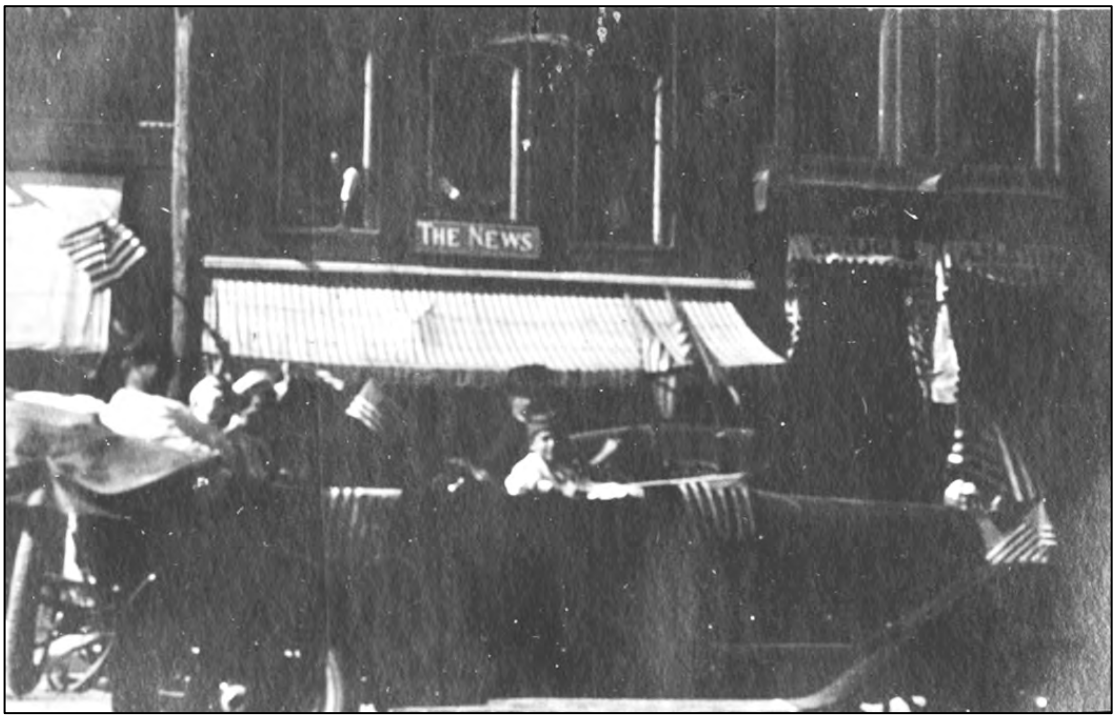
A splendid parade today, given by the Williamson County Woman's Liberty Loan committee, wound up the local campaign for the fourth Liberty Loan. Every woman's patriotic association was represented, the cars and floats being very striking. Special features were "Joan of Arc," represented by Mrs. Marjorie Sidway: "Liberty," Mrs. E.B. Pickard; "Our allies," represented by a number of young girls: "Belgian Relief," Mrs. John McGavock: "The Red Cross, Mother of the World," Miss Leonora Bailey and Mr. Edward Napier. Mrs. Jane Eve Buckner, driving a tractor. The beautifully decorated cars represented the Army Comfort Circle, the Red Cross, the Canteen Service, Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., "Mother of Soldiers," D.A.R., U.D.C., canning clubs, "Votes for Women," and "Colonial Dames." The Industrial School band furnished the music. Following the parade, a splendid address was delivered at the courthouse by Senator Frazier. An inspiring talk was made by Private Mackey.

A number of Nashville were present to hear the speeches and to witness the parade.

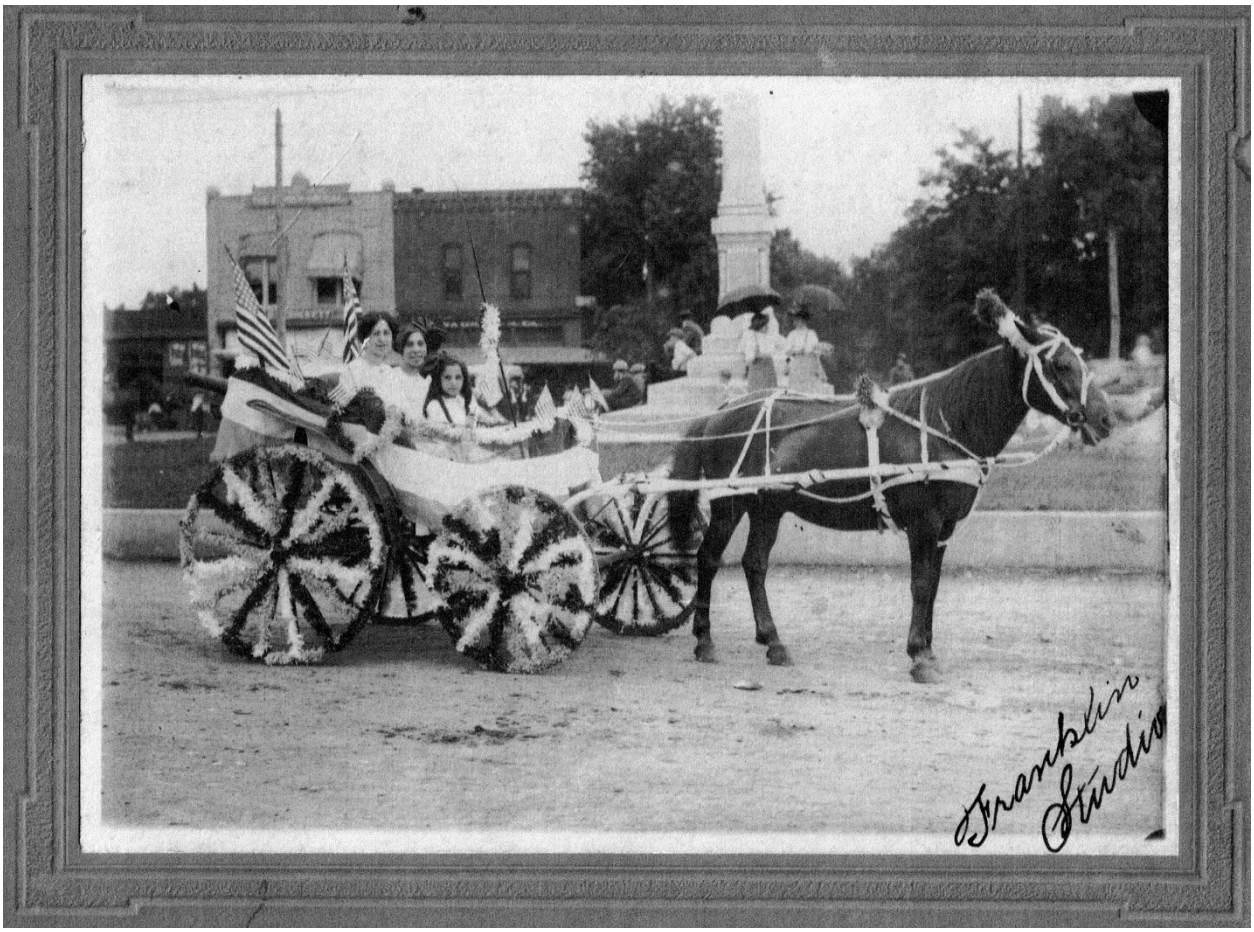
This photo was from an album of Dr. Rosalie Carter and was unidentified until now.

XXII

African Americans also enjoyed marching in the Liberty Loan Parade on October 5, 1918 seen here at the corner of Fourth Avenue South and Main Street.



These flag wavers in a touring car are in front of Williamson County News between the Square and 4th Avenue.



The daughters of Abraham and Flora Tohrner-Estelle, Anne and Hazel seem to enjoy their entry in the October 5, 1918 Liberty Loan Parade.

Sara Reynolds is wearing her Red Cross nurses uniform her mother, Mrs. Lena Reynolds, made in readiness for the Liberty Loan Parade.

Bonnie Blankenship of the Bingham Community is holding the banner "Votes for Women" after attending the Franklin Liberty Loan Parade as her neighbors seem in support.

Grassland Red Cross Ladies prepare for the Liberty Loan Parade at the home of Mrs. George Kinnie on Hillsboro Road.

BETTER COMMUNITY PARADE

Lions Club and Farm Bureau Promote Improvement

The Review-Appeal - October 17, 1946

Franklin's largest parade in many years was witnessed Saturday by between three and four thousand people jamming the sidewalks along its course from the formation at Franklin High School Athletic Field to its termination on the Square where the exercises were held.

The parade was a culmination of a contest sponsored by the Franklin Lions Club and the Williamson County Farm Bureau and participated in by eight community clubs of the county, competing for cash prizes, each community showing its ingenuity by a float representing the progress of its particular locality.

Garrison, with its float of "No Food Shortage Here," won the $35 first prize wits exhibit of 30 different kinds of food produced in that section.

Nolensville, home of The Nolensville Cooperative Creamery, built its float around "Dairy Products for Health," with a fine Jersey occupying the center of the scene and won the second prize of $25, while Liberty won third honors of $15 with its float of "Before and After Agricultural Extension."

Columbia High School Band marching down Main Street, approaching Standard Farm Store.

XXIII

Community floats park in front of courthouse to hear that Garrison's float won.

The other floats receiving $5 each were Hillsboro, with its float of "Farm Improvement," where the men were cleaning out fence corners, painting mail boxes and engaged in other jobs and really busy as they wended their way along the line of procession.

Triangle's float depicted old and new methods of home-laundering from back-breaking over-the-tub-with washboard to letting the electric washer do the job.

Flat Creek featured soil erosion improvement bringing the farm from cedars and gullies to a well-ordered, productive one, and the part electricity played in the up-building of the home and farm.

Johnson's Chapel gave the church of the community the credit for its up-building with its float of a choir and organ, while Bethesda community depicted modes of travel from walking, horseback riding, buggy, different makes of automobiles from the first to the latest type.

Each first showed much thought had been given to the work in hand and it is the intention of the sponsors to make this a yearly affair.

Following the parade through town, the floats gathered on the Public Square where a short program was presented by the Lions Club. Dave Alexander, president of the club, welcomed the crowd to the rally by explaining the purpose of the parade.

The main talk was delivered by Frank Gray, Jr., past president of the Lions Club, who expressed the aims of the Lions Club for the betterment of the people of Franklin and Williamson County,

While the judges were deliberating, a program of special music was presented by the Columbia Band, a highlight if which was a clarinet solo by 14-year-old Jimmy Carrigan. The winners were announced, and the prizes presented by Alexander.

Singing the National Anthem, followed by the benediction which was led by the Rev. Frank Calhoun of the Methodist Church, ended the program.

The Franklin Lion Club's lead car in the parade parked in front of City Hall on north side of Square.

XXIV

ORDER BOOK OF LT. COL. THOMAS BUTLER

United States Army Troops Work on a Federal Road from Nashville to Natchez

Col. Thomas Butler - *Order Book*, 1801

Col. Thomas Butler - attributed

Introduction by Brian Laster

Mislabeled and hidden away within the collection of the Jackson Papers, at the Library of Congress, was the official 1800-1801 order book of Lt. Col. Thomas Butler. The society is grateful to Tony Turnbow, who discovered and copied this glimpse into army camp life, including work orders on the Natchez Road. Butler had been the commander of the 1st Battalion stationed at Fort Southwest Point in East Tennessee from 1797 until 1801. He was tasked with maintaining peace with the Cherokees and removal of settlers who encroached upon Indian lands. In 1801 his battalion was ordered to Fort Wilkinsonville, on the Ohio River, and then to Duck River ridge in Williamson County, below Leipers Fork. His mission was twofold: policing the border between the Chickasaw Nation and the United States and building a new federal road from Duck River ridge, through Indian lands, to Natchez. It is estimated that 300 to 400 troops, under his command, as well as camp followers and family members, established a camp in Peach Hollow near Garrison Creek. Here they constructed winter shelters made of logs and clapboards. Although the order book begins in 1800, transcribed here is only that portion dealing with their journey to and cantonment in Williamson County.

Regimental Orders Wilkinsonville July 25th 1801

The 1st Battalion of the 4th Regiment is ordered to be in perfect readiness to parade tomorrow morning at the hour pointed out in the Detachment order of the 23rd instant – the Colonel instructs that every officer & soldier able to attend will appear under Arms, in order to receive (with the usual solemnity) their Insignia with which they have been honored by the legitimate authority of their country – the Colonel has only to regret the great want of clothing, yet he expects that every man will appear on the occasion in the best manner possible.

Thomas Butler Lt. Colonel 4th Regiment

note: All proceeding orders were signed by Col. Butler unless otherwise noted.

Regimental Orders Wilkinsonville July 26th 1801

Captain Lockwood & Purdy are to be excused from Regimental duty until further orders, they will please take upon themselves the direction of the boatyard. The Quarter Master will furnish a list of the men who are to be employed on that duty only until otherwise directed.

Spelling and punctuation are faithful to the original text except, for the sake of clarity, in the rare instance.

Six men from each Company are to parade at the taps to cleanse the camp, two non-commissioned Officers to be warned for that duty.

Regimental Orders Wilkinsonville July 28th 1801
The Colonel expects that due attention will be paid to the orders of this day, and that no noncommissioned Officer or soldier will leave camp without permission, and that they hold themselves in readiness to parade at a moments warning.

Regimental Orders Wilkinsonville August 3rd 1801
Conformably to the general order of this date Sergt. James Weaver of Capt. Butler's Co. is transferred to Capt. Johnston's, and Wm Davis of said company is transferred to that of Capt. Butler. – and are to be held on the rolls as transferred on the 1st Instant.
The officers of said companies are directed to make regular transfers of the clothing? &ce?

Regimantal Orders Wilkinsonville August 8th 1801
The Guard is to be relieved tomorrow by a Corporal and three men from Capt. Johnston's Company.

The Officers commanding companies are to give an exact return of the sick that are to go in the Hospital Boat, and return to the Quarter Master at seven o'clock in the morning, all worn out tents, Axes, Picks & Spades except five Axes to a company and any other articles of public property not held in their Inspection returns.[i]

Orders Ohio River August 9th 1801
An Officer and twenty men (with six axes) are to be warned to return in the morning at day light to assist the teams up.

note: The following was entered into the order book after the date August 25, 1801 but bears order date August 9th 1801

Orders – Wilkinsonville August 9th 1801
The Officers Commanding Companies are the soonest possible to have the sick of their Companies first on board the Hospital Boat provisioned for four days, with the crew for the same. A Sergeant & three men from Capt. Lockwood's, Grayson's & Purdy's Companies to be detailed to pen the road in front of the Troops their Arms & accoutrements are to be taken forward by the Companies to which they respectively belong – the waggons are to take their knapsacks – they are to be furnished with two Picks & two Spades by the Quarter Master and five Axes by the Companies – The Troops to be ready to march at the shortest notice.

Orders Ohio River August 10th 1801
The canoes and Pirogues are to remain with the leading boats to which they are attached, the Officers will see this order complied with as it is improper for the Canoes to be pressing forward out of their proper places. –

XXIV

Pirogues

Orders Ohio River August 11th 1801
The Pirogues of Captain Lockwood, Grayson and Purdy's Companies are to remain until the Troops arrive and to be governed by such orders as they may receive from Captain Lockwood. – the remainder to start immediately.

Orders - Mouth of Cumberland River August 13th 1801
Lieut. & Quarter Master Luaine wilt hold himself in readiness to proceed by land to Nashville. One Officer will be immediately warned to march such of the Troops as do not proceed by water – the Adjutant will furnish a list of the non-commissioned Officers & Privates that march by land, to the Quarter Master who will have 14 days Provisions put up for them, with a proportion of the tents – the waggons to be loaded as soon as possible, no extra Baggage to be sent by land except what may be for the accommodation of the Officers & Quarter Master.

The Troops both by land & water are to be in readiness to move on the shortest notice – the Command by Land are to encamp by themselves to night and the Waggons placed near them who are to be in readiness to move as the Troops march.

Orders - Cumberland River August 19 1801
Three Officers are to warned immediately who are to examine the state of a Barrel of Pork offered for issue last evening – they are directed to make their report in writing to the Commandant.

No non-commissioned Officer or solider is to leave the Boats with Arms at any time of halt, or stop their Pirogues of Canoes at any house without permission, unless an Officer is with them.

Orders – Cumberland River August 19th 1801
Agreeably to the orders of Lt. Colonel Commandant Butler of this date we have examined a barrel of Pork offered for issue to the Troops last evening and are of the opnion that the same is not fit for use.

Benjamin Lockwood, Captain
Peter Grayson, Captain
George Salmon, 1st Lieut.

After orders
The Quarter Master Sergeant will take down the no. of the Barrel above mentioned and have it put into the river unopened.

Orders – Cumberland River near Nashville August 24th 1801
The Commandant positively forbids any non-commissioned Officer, Musician or Private to leave camp without permission. He flatters himself that the Soldiers of the 4th will distain to have attached to them the name of marauders, who will be hardy enough to violate this order will be punished with severity.

Two days provision is to be issued this evening and the Company Baggage put in a situation to preserve it from rain, the Officers will pay particular attention to see this order put in execution.

Orders – Camp near Nashville August 25th 1801
An Officer of the day is to be warned to attend to the Guard & police of camp. A Sergeant, Corporal & twelve men to mount this morning from the Detachment which marched under Capt. Purdy.

Lieut. & Quarter Master Luaine will lay off the ground for the Encampment and distribute the tents so as to give each Company an equal proportion of good, those which have been formerly in use are to be first issued.

The Officers Commanding Companies are to see the Camp pitched & the Company Baggage taken up as soon as possible.

No Non-Commissioned Officer, Musician or soldier is to leave Camp without a written pass signed by the Officer commanding.

Orders, Camp near Nashville August 30th 1801
Capt. Butler will muster and inspect the Troops tomorrow at 7 O'clock. The Officers are to have all their rolls in readiness tomorrow so as to be given to the Inspecting Officer in the evening.

Camp near Nashville September 1st 1801
A Regimental Court martial is ordered to commence at ten O'clock this day for the trial of such persons as may come before them. The Court to consist of three Officers – The Senior to preside. An orderly Sergeant to attend the Court.

Orders – September 3rd 1801
A Subaltern Officer, one Sergeant, one Corporal and twenty Privates to be in readiness to march at four O'clock in the afternoon.

Orders – Camp near Nashville September 3rd 1801
The General will beat at three O'clock tomorrow morning at which time the Officers commanding Companies are to cause the Company Waggons loaded with the tents, sick (such as can't march) and their knapsacks, also the children that are not able to march. – The Officers are to be particular that no improper baggage is transported. – The main Guard is to form the Waggon Guard and the

Corporal & ___ to take charge of the Provisions and constitute the rear Guard. Capt. Lockwood will command the Troops on the march who will receive such instructions from the Commandant from time to time as may be necessary, It is expected that great attention will be paid on the march to prevent any kind of impropriety.

Orders – Camp September 8th 1801
The Court Martial which sat on the 1st Instant and whereof Capt. Grayson is President is ordered to convene immediately for the trial of Torneas(sp) McGonagle and James Thompson.

Agreeably to the orders of Lieut. Col. Commandant Thomas Butler a Regimental Court Martial convened on the 1st Instant whereof Capt. Grayson is President, and after being sworn proceeded to the trial of the following Prisoners –

John Torneas(sp) & Samuel Brantshaw – of Capt. Lockwood's Company charged with "selling a pair of public shoes, and for stealing and selling nine Handkerchiefs of Mr. Nugents" – To the charge the Prisoners plead not guilty.

The Court are of opinion that John Torneas(sp) is guilty of selling a pair of public shoes, they also find him guilty of selling two Handkerchiefs the property of Mr. Nugent and under the 12th Section & Article the 3rd - and Section the 18th Article the 5th of the rules & articles of war do sentence him to receive one hundred lashes. – The Court are of opinion that Samuel Brantshaw is not guilty of the charge exhibited against him, therefore do acquit him.

John Loudon & John Sharpenstine of Capt. Butler's Company charged with "Being about from camp without leave on the night of the 29th of August. To the charge the Prisoners plead guilty.

The Court are also of opinion that the Prisoners Loudon & Sharpenstine are guilty of the charge exhibited against them, and under the 13th Section Article the 1st of the rules & Articles of War, do sentence each of them to receive 50 lashes.

Camp 8th September 1801
Agreeably to the order of Lt. Col. Thomas Butler of this date, the Court Martial convened which sat on the 1st Instant whereof Capt. Grayson is President and after being shown proceeded to the trial of James Thompson of Capt. Purdy's Company charged with "Absenting himself from the Camp near Nashville on the night of the 3rd Instant and for bringing into said Camp a Bottle of Whisky on the morning of the 4th contrary to the standing order.

To the charge the Prisoner pleads guilty. – The Court after hearing the evidence are of opinion that Thompson is guilty of the charges exhibited against him and

under Section the 18th Article 5th and Section the 13th Article the 2nd of the rules and Articles of War, do sentence him to receive 50 lashes. –

After Orders – Camp September 8th 1801
The Commandant approves & confirms the foregoing sentences and orders them to be carried into execution at retreat beating this afternoon. The Commandant also approves and confirms the sentence of the Court Martial which sat this day on James Thompson and orders it to be put into execution this afternoon at retreat beating. Samuel Brantshaw is to be released and ordered to join his Company, the others after receiving their punishment as severally sentences, are to be returned to the Guard until future orders.

Additional After Orders – Camp 8th September 1801
The Commandant directs the punishment of Loudon & Thompson to be remitted, he has thought proper once more to pardon them and cautions them against a repetition of the crime of which they have been convicted. They are ordered to rejoin their respective Companies

Orders, September 9th 1801
The Court Martial which sat yesterday is ordered to convene this day at ten O'clock for the trial of McGonagle of Capt. Lockwood's Company.

Agreeably to the order of Lt. Colonel Thomas Butler of this date, the Court Martial which sat yesterday convened this day for the trial of James McGonagle of Capt. Lockwood's Company charged with "Absenting himself from his Guard and going to Nashville on the night of the 1st Instant – To the charge the Prisoner pleads not guilty. –
The Court after hearing the evidence are of opinion that the Prisoner McGonagle is guilty of the charge exhibited against him, and under Section the 13th Article the 2nd of the rules & Articles of War do sentence him to receive one hundred lashes.

After Orders
The Commandant approves & confirms the foregoing sentence, and orders the punishment to be inflicted this afternoon at retreat beating. It is a painful part of duty to order punishments, but to pardon a crime of such a nature would be a violation of duty and distraction to order & discipline. When men are so incorrigible as to put duty & established rules to defiance they have only themselves to blame for suffering the penalties pronounced by the Articles of War. The Prisoner after receiving punishment is to be returned to the Guard until further orders.

Orders, Camp September 13th 1801
Three strong active men are to be immediately warned for command without Arms, they are to have three days provisions including today. They are to carry

nothing but their provisions, blankets & knapsacks. They are to be in readiness in one hour.

Orders, Camp September 18th 1801 It being necessary to move the present encampment, the Captains will hold the men off duty, of their respective Companies in readiness for fatigue tomorrow at 6 O'clock – they are also to have the Company Axes in order this morning if possible. Each Company will have five picks and one axe from the Quarter Master's store. The Company Officers will superintend the fatigue. Sergeant Miller of Capt. Purdy's Company, Walls of Capt. Butler's, Bowye & Kenny of Capt. Grayson's Company and two good Axemen from Capt. Lockwood's Company, are to be in readiness to make clapboards. They will receive their orders from the Quarter Master. One good Axe from Capt. Butler's & one from Capt. Lockwood's companies are to be sent with this fatigue. These men are to be reported on daily duty until further orders.

The Commandant is sorry that the conduct of Torneas(sp) and McGonagle of Capt. Lockwood's Company has been such as to merit punishment so severe, but when Soldiers who know their duty as well as they do, no excuse can be offered in their behalf. They are ordered to be released and join their Company – the Commandant flatters himself that they never will be guilty of a crime so disgraceful to a Soldier in future.

Orders, September 22nd 1801
Until further orders the children attached to the 1st Battalion of the 4th Regiment are to draw the same allowance of provision as they were accustomed to draw while at South West Point, and are to be included in the next Provision return.

Orders, Camp September 24th 1801
Corporal Mendenhall, Jennings (sp?) & Nugent of Capt. Purdy's Company, Love, Easter & Phillips of Capt. Butlers, Clingamire, Dodson & Green of Capt. Lockwood's, David, Brashirs & Andrews of Capt. Grayson's Company, are not to be detailed for duty until further orders. They will receive their orders from the Quarter Master. -

The Captains will cause sinks opened immediately in front of their respective Companies at the distance of one hundred yards.

Orders
The sinks being completed, all persons are positively forbidden from using any other place or places within three hundred yards of the encampment – the Commandant expects this caution sufficient; any persons caught violating this order will be punished in a summary way. – All washing and watering of cattle

is to be done below the forks of the creek opposite the right of the encampment and cleanliness is to be observed in lifting the water where it is set apart for drinking and ordinary uses. -

A general fatigue of all men off duty will take place tomorrow morning at reveille, to cleanse the rear and the Officers lines of encampment.

Civil War era photo of a sink or latrine (photo middle) consisting of a dug hole in the ground with single log and supports.

Orders, Camp September 28th 1801

Capt. Butler will muster & inspect the Troops present of the 4th Regiment on the morning of the 30th Instant, a 7 O'clock. The Officers are to have their rolls in readiness to be completed on that day. – The Surgeon, Quarter Master & Adjutant will also have their returns in readiness if possible. The men at work under the direction of the Quarter Master are to be taken off tomorrow in order to prepare for muster.

Orders – Camp near Tennessee Ridge October 1st 1801

The weather being favorable and the men at convenient leisure, it becomes the duty of the Officers, to cultivate both themselves and the men in their discipline; and as the Battalion has had little opportunity to exercise together heretofore, it would seem indispensable that one mode should parade the whole of the Companies. The following mode of Parade duty ___ is therefore directed to be practiced until one or both of the Field Officers are with the Troops when their approbation or alteration of the proposed plan will govern. –

Tennessee Ridge is synonymous with Duck River Ridge.

First of Roll calls

When the troops come on parade and have ordered their Arms by companies the Company Officers will take their posts eight paces in front, facing the Companies, their Espontoons at a close order before the right breast. – The Adjutant on the right dressing with the front rank.

On the ceasing of the music the Adjutant will step out one pace, face to the left and draw his sword, /Adjutant/ "Attention"! At this caution, the Officers trail their Espontoons. "Shoulder Firelocks", - they come to the right about. "By the right Dress" – the ranks dress immediately as do the Officers, the latter coming to an open order with their Espontoons.

The adjutant having examined all the ranks, and being satisfied with their dressing, he will take his position one pace in front of the right, as formerly, and give the word, "Order Firelocks" – when he will approach the Commanding Officer on parade, and report that the parade is dressed, who will have him to have the rolls called. – (Adjutant) "Attention" – "Orderly Sergeants to the front, march" – at this last command, the Officers trail their Espontoons, when the Sergeants have arrived in front of their companies, and have dressed with each other - /Adjutant/ "To the right about face" when the Officers & Orderly Sergeants will go to the right about – "Call your rolls" – the Commanding

Officer of each Company advances to his Sergeant & hears the roll called, making him account for every man. /Adjutant/ - "Orderly Sergeants to the center march" – at the word of command the Officers repair to their former posts & position, and the Sergeants to the Center where they are to make report in the usual manner, and then be dismissed to their Companies. – The Adjutant then turns and reports to the Commanding Officer, who will then exercise the Battalion, or cause the Adjutant so to do, at his discretion. – When the parade is dismissed, the Officers will pay their respects to the Commanding Officer, and answer any inquiries he may have to make as to their commands. -

Of Facings

At all times when the men are exercised without their firelocks they are to come to the right about face in the following manner. "To the right about", the Soldier brings his right hand briskly round & causes it to report well on his cartridge box, placing his heels in the proper position for facing at the same time, "Face" – when he comes round at one motion. Then places his heels & right hand in their proper position at the same time, or 3rd motion. When the men come to the right about with their Arms complete, they are to do it by an undivided word of command, and without striking the cartridge box. –

Of Wheelings

When a Battalion by Platoon, Companies, Guards or _____, is standing on their parade, and are ordered to wheel preparatory to Inspection or a march, they will wheel by a tolerable quick step, keeping dressed, when they have gained the intended Angle to the first position, whoever commands will order, "Halt! Dress". But when troops are put under march, either with or without music, they are to wheel in common time, and whenever they have gained the proper direction to move on, the officer will order, "Forward", when the first man and the whole are to step out with such a length of pace as will be sure to regulate their perfect dressing. – The pivot man must as well as every other ____ a full step by advancing his feet alternately but must advance only in proportion to the ground he ought to gain. –

The Troops will attend exercise until further orders, at half past 7 O'clock each morning and continue until _____ (exempting the men for guard) and each evening from four to half past five O'clock –

They will begin tomorrow morning and with detail exercise by Companies, in the first instance, the Commanding Officer present will consolidate the Battalion for maneuverings at his pleasure.

Capt. Edward Butler is the brother of Col. Thomas Butler.

Edward Butler, Captain – Commanding

Orders, Camp near Tennessee Ridge 3rd October 1801

A Non Commissioned Officer & twelve men from each Company with two Axes, two Picks and two Spades each party, to parade at eleven O'clock, they

will get their instructions from Capt. Purdy of the Commandant. – The Officers may employ such others as may be off duty for a few hours in fining their ____ but all must be ready for afternoon exercise. – Capt. Butler wishes the Officers, and directs the Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers, to understand, that all words of command from the commanding Officer, when the troops are under march (exempting to halt) is meant for the Platoon Officers only, who are to give the same word of command from front to rear to their several Platoons, and to give it loud and distinctly, as well as every word of command in the course of exercise, paying no attention to the number of their command in this case.-

After today all the Non Commissioned Officers off duty must be drilled from 12 to one o'clock by the Sergeant Major, and an Awkward Squad formed from the whole privates to be drilled at the same time by a Non Commissioned Officer set apart by the Adjutant for that purpose.

Edward Butler, Captain Commandant

Morning Orders, Camp 6th October 1801
The daily exercise of the Troops will be dispensed with until further orders. The Captains and Quarter Master will please call at the Colonel's quarters at 8 O'Clock.

Thomas Butler, Lt. Colonel Commanding

Orders, Camp 6th October 1801
The Quarter Master will point out the ground for each Company to pitch their camp upon, and direct the manner of pitching, and the Officers commanding Companies will cause the tents to be moved as soon as possible. All Company fatigues are to cease until further orders, as no unnecessary labor will be admitted of.

After Orders, 6th October 1801

The men with which the Adjutant have been furnished a list of are to be reported on Daily duty, and eight men detailed daily for Waggon fatigues. The Quarter Master will arrange the men arguably to the list furnished.

Orders, Camp October 7th 1801
The several arrangements of yesterday put it out of the Commander's power to examine the orders issued in his absence, he feels himself under the necessity of suspending the order of the 1st Instant. At the same time he wishes to be fairly understood in a case of such magnitude, and of such a delicate nature.

It cannot be supposed that his views are confined only, to so small a part of his Regiment, but that he feels himself responsible for the discipline of the whole under established regulations. –

The Colonel will at all times receive with pleasure from his Officers, their opinions in writing on points of discipline, of which it is his province to judge whether the proposed alterations or amendments, infract the principles established by law and those of custom sanctioned by General Orders, but he will never submit to a change by a junior Officer without first receiving his sanction.

The parade duties as heretofore practiced by the 4th Regiment are not to be deviated from until further orders. – The mode of Wheeling the Commandant highly approves of, but whether that mode will receive the sanction of antecedent orders will take time to ascertain. - The Officer of the day is permitted to march off the Guards conformably to the order of the 1st Instant until further orders. –

The facings being particularly described in the Regulations, striking the Cartridge box appears to be indispensable, as it is to be presumed when a Soldier has his Cartridge box on, that he has his Arms also, therefore in facing to the right about (after a Soldier is taken from the Squad of Recruits) the word of command is to be given without a rest, and he is to come to the right about, the instant the word of command is pronounced, striking his Cartridge box as before directed.

Order, Camp October 8th 1801
As soon as the saw pit is completed and the Colonel's house is up, the men are to be employed in raising the Company Huts. Capt. Butler will direct the party that have been employed at the Saw Pit, and Capt. Grayson that have been employed at the Colonel's house, and each commence and raise the rear block of their Company Huts; that done, Capt. Lockwood & Purdy are to succeed with the rear block of their Companies, and then the front line on the right as at first.

During the building of the Huts the Guard is to be reduced to a Corporal & Six.-

Orders, Camp October 15th 1801 Corporal John Hunter of Capt. Butler's Company is promoted to the rank of a Sergeant, and Robert Steen private in said Company is appointed a Corporal in the same – they are to be respected and obeyed as such, and are to be mustered as promoted or appointed the 1st Instant.

Orders, Camp October 16th 1801
The daily duty men under Sergeant Cowan, and those procuring saw logs, are to join their respective Companies tomorrow, except John Nantine who is to join Johnston & Miller and to be under the direction of the Quarter Master. The daily duty men under Sergeants Ragsdale and Anderson are also to join their respective Companies as soon as the last block of Captain Lockwood's and Purdy's Huts are covered. The daily duty men thus ordered to join their Companies are not to be detailed for camp duty for two days including

tomorrow. – The Quarter Master will report the quantity of clapboards on hand tomorrow if fair.

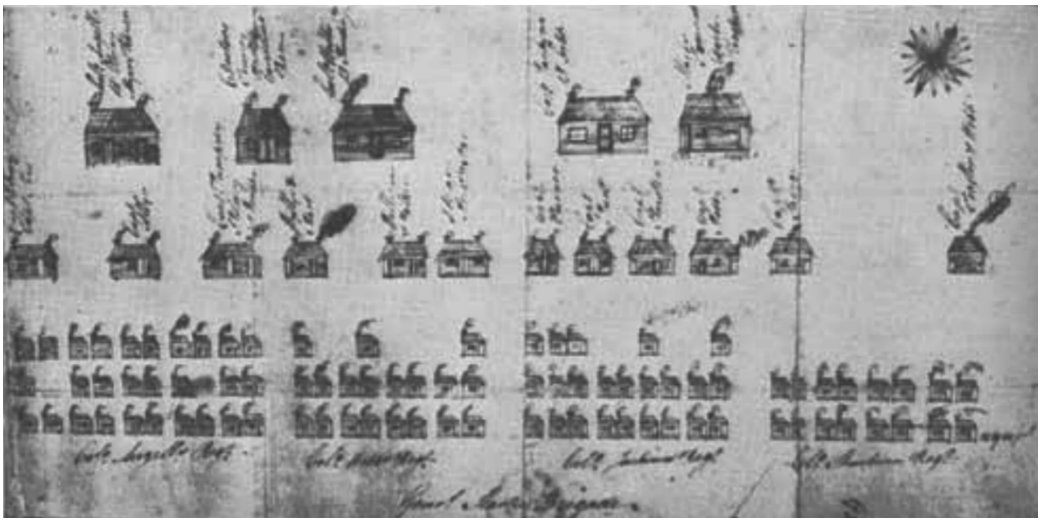
Orders, Camp October 23rd 1801
Corporal Mendenhall, Lee, Taylor, Adams and 6 men from Capt. Purdy's Company and six men from Capt. Butler's for fatigue tomorrow to raise the Major's Kitchen. Captain's Lockwood & Grayson to furnish men to raise Lieut's Jones & Gaines house. – Such other fatigues as the Quarter Master may be directed to call for are to be detailed.

Orders, Camp October 24th 1801
The Colonel thinks proper to observe that the quarters now erecting are of a very temporary nature, and he had conceived that delicacy alone would have inclined the Captains to conform to the simple manner in which he erected his quarters, but as that has not been the case, it becomes his duty to forbid any unnecessary labour in future. -

Captains Butler & Grayson teams are to be sent to the Qurater Masteras soon as they have the stuff for the roofs of their houses in.

A Regimental Court Martial is ordered to sit this day at ten O'clock for the trial of Sergeant Ragsdale, the court to consist of two Captains and three Subaltern Officers – the Senior Officer to preside, an Orderly Sergeant to attend the Court.

Camp October 24th 1801
Agreeably to the order of Lieut Col. Commander Butler of this date a Regimental Court Martial convened whereof Captain Butler is President. The Court after being sworn proceeded to the trial of Sergeant Ragsdale of Capt. Butler's Co. charged with "Improper conduct to Seregant McKinsey, the Orderly of said Company, on the 20th of October 1801". To the charge the Prisoner pleads not guilty.



Sketch of huts located in Jockey Hollow, showing the 1780 winter camp of Washington, his officers and soldiers. Each brigade occupied a sloping, well-drained hillside. Huts occupied by the captains and other mid-level officers were located higher up the slope.

Courtesy of the National Park Service, Morristown, NJ

Sergt. Ragsdale is guilty of the charge exhibited and having made use of provolking language to the Orderly Sergeant on the day aforementioned, and do sentence him under 1st Article of the 7th Section of the Rules of Articles of War to ask Sergeant McKinsey's pardon. –

After Orders October 24, 1801
The Commander approves and confirms the sentence of the Court Martial as pronounced on Sergeant Ragsdale – The Colonel is sorry that the Sergeant lost sight of propriety so far as to use language so improper, and directs the sentence to be put in execution in presence of his Captain and the Officer of the day at three O'clock, and to be released from confinement. -

The fatigues are to cease tomorrow, and the men agreeably to the list furnished the Adjutant are to be warned for daily duty on Monday next, who are to be under the direction of the Quarter Master until further orders.
The Sawyers are to have half a pint of whisky per man per diem until otherwise directed. – The Court is dissolved.

Orders, Camp October 28th 1801
The Huts being in a situation to receive the men, and the weather favorable, the Captains will cause the tents of their respective Companies to be well washed & packed up by Companies, as also those in the use of the Officers, as soon as they can dispense with the use of them. The Quarter Master will make a return and draw 10 pounds of soap for each Company and a sufficiency of salt to make salt water to rinse them in, after washing it will be proper for the Captains to have the tents marked as they are to be reserved for the Companies respectively. –


Artist's conception of winter huts.

The Quarter Master will also make arrangements to have those of the Field & Staff cleaned as soon as they can be stuck with convenience. – He will endeavor to procure a Barrel for each Company for the purpose.

Orders, Camp October 29th 1801
There will be no fatigue tomorrow. The troops are to prepare for muster and Inspection at eight O'clock in the Morning of the 31st. – Capt. Butler will muster & inspect them. The several Officers are to have their rolls in readiness for examination as soon after muster as possible.

Orders, Cantonment November 3rd 1801 For Command tomorrow at 6 o'clock, one Subaltern Officer, one Sergeant, one Corporal & eighteen Privates without Arms, with two days provisions cooked. – The Quarter Master will deliver the Officers detailed for command six Axes, six Mattocks & 4 Spades.

The Officer will call on the Commander this evening for his instructions. The Captains are to be detailed as officers of the Day.
Thomas Butler, Lt. Colonel

Orders, Cantonment November 12, 1801
All Spades, Shovels, Picks & Axes (except 4 to a Company) are to be delivered up to the Regimental Quarter Master tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, as well as all pubic tools of every denomination, after which the Quarter Master will be instructed what further issues of tools are to be made to the Companies. –

The Commander has observed with concern the improper use made of Spades & Shovels. The Officers will be held responsible for the punctual delivery of all in the possession or that of their Companies. –

All carpenter work is ordered to cease except what may be performed by order of the Commander or by those under the direction of the Regimental Quarter Master.

Johnson & Nantine of Capt. Butler's Company, Kinney of Capt. Grayson's & Miller of Capt. Purdy's Co. are to be under the Quarter Master until further orders. –

A general fatigue is ordered tomorrow at three o'clock to clean off the Cantonment, the Police men are to prepare brooms for the purpose. – The men employed at the store of Mr. Hall will be permitted to finish it.

Orders, Cantonment November 17th 1801
The Officers commanding Companies are to turn out a party every day until further orders (Sundays exempted) to cut wood for their respective Companies, each party to consist of a non Commissioned Officer & eight men – The Companies are to be employed on this fatigue, the Quarter Master will deliver one iron Wedge to each Company & no more. The wood thus procured that is near at hand, may be brought by the men of the several Companies and piled in a place which will be pointed out and delivered as the Captains may direct.

Orders, Cantonment November 22nd 1801
The Commandant has seen with concern the ill effects that have arisen in consequence of the men running in debt, and conceives that it is his duty to prevent in future an impropriety productive of such pernicious effects. He has reason to flatter himself that the Troops under his command will shortly be enabled to satisfy these debts, many of which have been imprudently contracted, and as soon as that can take place other arrangements will be promulgated better calculated for the convenience and advantage of the troops, as it is painful to observe that the pay of the troops has too generally been anticipated by others, and when pay day arrives the imprudent, tho otherwise meritorious Solider, has only the mortification of going through the necessary forms of receiving it, and

then deliver it up to satisfy debts raised against him, when he should at least have the greater portion of his pay unalienated for the purpose of purchasing such articles as are calculated to afford him comfort. –

Mr. Samuel C. Hall & Co. having obtained permission to open a store at the Cantonment for the accommodation of the Troops, regulations are necessary to realize that object, and not turn the proposed convenience to a curse. –

Therefore until further orders the store keeper is positively forbidden raising an amount against any non-Commissioned Officer, Musician, or Private, but under the following regulations and he expects the concurrence of the Captains to carry these regulations into effect. –

1st - Dry Goods are only to be sold to the non-Commissioned Officers, Musicians & Privates for cash. –
2nd - Groceries may be sold for cash, or under permits from Captains or Officers commanding Companies. –
3rdly - Wine, Spirits, Brandy, Gin, Whisky & Beer are only to be offered for sale at this Cantonment and under permits from the Captains as below directed noting whether for Cash or otherwise. Cyder or Cyder royal are not to be offered for sale to the Troops.- All permits signed by the Captains are to be kept by the store keeper and presented with the Company accounts for examination of the Captains at the close of every month, if so required by them.
4thly - Women and such hands as may be employed by the Commissary are prohibited from purchasing liquor of any denomination at the store. –
5thly - The hours set apart for the store to be open for the accommodation of the Troops are from 10 in the morning to one in the afternoon of each day, before and after which the Officer of the Day is to direct the Sentinel to prevent all intercourse of the Troops except waiters and such men as may be taken by an Officer. – The drinking of liquor in the store is improper and prohibited – Company Women are confined to the same hours as the men. –

After orders, November 22nd 1801
The Guard is to be augmented tomorrow at Troop beating to consist of one Sergeant, one Corporal & 12 Privates. –

Orders, Cantonment November 25th 1801
The Captains of Companies are at liberty to take off the Wood cutting Parties when they may think proper. – One Non-Commissioned & 10 men for fatigue tomorrow at the usual hour, the Quarter Master will take charge of them, and employ them as the Commander may direct.

Orders, Cantonment November 27, 1801
James Scott fife of Capt. Butler's Company is appointed a Fife Major to the 4th Regiment, and is to be respected & obeyed as such and held on the rolls of muster as promoted on the 1st Instant. – Thomas Higgins fifer is to join and be mustered

in Capt. Butler's Company from the date of his Enlistment. All Clothing drawn by the said Higgins is to be charged by Capt. Butler.

Orders, Cantonment November 29th 1801
Capt. Butler is to muster and Inspect the Troops tomorrow at nine o'clock.

Orders, Cantonment December 3rd 1801
The Adjutant is directed to read at roll call the order of the 8th of February 1798, and that part of the order of the 30th of July 1800 that has reference to the same, as a repetition of the neglect which has been observed in the Guard now on duty wilt laid to investigation.

Orders, Cantonment December 7th 1801
A Regimental Court Martial is ordered to convene this day at ten o'clock for the trial of Ephraim Jenkins of Capt. Purdy's Company. The Court to consist of five Officers, the Senior to preside. – An Orderly Sergeant to attend the Court.

Agreeably to the above order a Regimental Court Martial assembled whereof Capt. Lockwood is President and after being sworn proceeded to the trail of Ephraim Jenkins of Capt. Purdy's Company charged with "Being drunk when a sentinel on his post on the morning of the 6th December 1801". To the charge the Prisoner pleads guilty.

The Court finds the Prisoner guilty of the charge and sentences him under the 5th Article of the 13th of the rules & Articles of War to receive 75 lashes.

After Orders December 7th 1801
The Commander approves & confirms the sentence of the Court Martial, as pronounced on Ephraim Jenkins and orders the same to be carried into execution this evening at retreat beating. The crime is in itself unpardonable for a Soldier who is in charge of Property, and on whom the safety of a Camp depends to incapacitate himself from performing the duties assigned him, is such a breach of the principles of a Soldier that to extend lenity to the Prisoner would be a violation of duty, and the Professions of Arms. – The Court is dissolved. The Prisoner after Punishment is to join his Company.

General Edmund P. Gaines had a long and distinguished career in the U.S. Army. Gaines Trace in Alabama is named in his honor. In 1807 he led the party that arrested Aaron Burr.

Orders, Cantonment December 13, 1801
Corporal Stern & O'Donald of Capt. Butler's Company, Spence & Dogged of Lockwood's, Lauren & Bundy of Grayson's, Lee and James of Purdy's Companies are not to be warned for Camp duty, but are to hold themselves in readiness for command. They are to be under the direction of Lieut. Gaines who is directed to make the necessary arrangement for moving on the shortest notice. – The Quarter Master will draw thirty days Provisions for the Party which Lieut. Gaines will see properly fined for Parking.

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Orders, Cantonment December 16th 1801

During intervals of good weather part of the Troops are to be employed in opening a public high way, conformably to regulations from the War Department as announced in general orders of the 3rd of June last. –

In order to carry these regulations into effect, one Sergeant, three Corporals & eighty four Privates are to be warned as a select fatigue, who are to receive all the immunities expressed in the said regulations as a compensation for their labour.

Two Officers are to be warned to superintend the several fatigues and marking Parties. The Senior Officer is to keep a register and note opposite each man's name the number of days that he has labored whilst under his Superintendence. He is authorized to remove from one Party to augment another as occasion may require. –

The several Parties will be in readiness to move from the parade at 7 o'clock in the morning, two men of each Company of the selected labourers are to be employed as cooks, who are to have on the working ground at ten o'clock each day, such portion of the daily allowance of provisions as may be deemed proper. One hour will be allowed for refreshment. – The residue of the daily allowances the cooks are to have in readiness for the return of the men at retreat beating. –

The Quarter Master will see that the Whisky is issued to the labourers as follows – The ration Whisky in the morning, half a Gill of the extra at ten o'clock, and half a Gill at retreat beating to each man.

Captains Butler & Grayson are to be warned for the first tour of superintending which will comprehend all the days suitable for labour from this date to the 31st Instant. –

The Quarter Master will deliver the tools conformably to the list given him, charging each man with the tool and exchanging them when out of order. – He will also deliver such other tools as may be called for by the Officer commanding the fatigue who is to furnish a list of the men's names who receive them that they may be charged in like manner. –

The Adjutant will furnish the Senior Officer with a list of the men's names of the several Parties who are to be taken off duty and receive their tools immediately and have them put in complete order – The Superintending Officers will see the several arrangements made this day, in order to enable them to commence on the duty assigned them tomorrow at seven o'clock.

Orders, Cantonment December 24th 1801
No Fatigue will be employed on the men tomorrow – except what is necessary for the police of the Cantonment.

Daniel Bradley, Major Commanding

Orders, Cantonment December 29th 1801
Major Bradley will muster & inspect the Troops at this Cantonment at nine o'clock on the morning of the 31st Instant.

Second Lieut. William Lawrence is to be mustered in Capt. Butler's Company but is to do duty in Capt. Purdy's Company until further orders.

All fatigues are to cease until the morning of the 2nd of January when Captains Lockwood and Purdy are to relieve Butler & Grayson.

Thomas Butler, Lt. Colonel, Commandant

View of the Old Trace near Cunningham's Bridge on Garrison Creek.

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