

Days Of Old Sumner County

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Queen Victoria Bransford

Gallatin Had Its Own Queen Victoria (of Culinary Delights)

By Ken Thomson

For most of the 20th century, folks in Sumner County were tickled to learn that Gallatin had its own Queen Victoria, whom city residents boasted reigned supreme in her culinary kingdom for more than 90 years.

The question asked by anyone meeting Queen Victoria for the first time was inevitably, "How did you get the name Queen Victoria?"

She would explain that in July 1892, when she was born, her mother, Mary Bowers, was employed by Samuel and Darthula Phipps Nickelson, who owned Eagle Woolen Mills and lived on North Water Ave. in Gallatin. They had seven children including twin daughters, Victoria and Ophelia. Victoria Nickelson asked if she could name the new baby. When given permission, she promptly called her "Queen Victoria!"

When Queen Victoria, who was called Miss Vic for most of her life, was six years old

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Hendersonville's Rich Musical History Highlighted in New Book

By Tena Lee

I had no intentions of writing a book until May of 2019. That's when Jennifer Bruce made me an offer I couldn't refuse. OK, it wasn't really an offer. It was more of an idea.

I had interviewed Bruce, who moved here from California some years ago, for the *Hendersonville Standard* about the state historical markers she secured on property once owned by Johnny Cash and Marty Stuart along Hendersonville's Caudill Drive. During the interview, we strolled along the windy road, marveled at its beauty and chatted about its unique, almost magical history. Even today, the

area holds a mystique that is almost palpable.

Most people know by now that Cash and his wife June Carter lived at 200 Caudill Drive for more than 35 years until their deaths nearly two decades ago. Many know too that Stuart and his wife Connie Smith lived next door to the couple. However, the tragic story of the land between them, where the home of legendary singer Roy Orbison once stood, has faded from many memories.

"Somebody needs to write a book about this place," Bruce said. I didn't disagree. The idea had gnawed at me for years.

After moving to

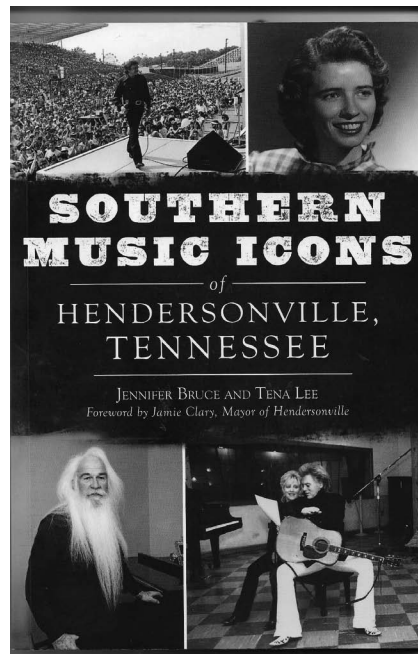
Hendersonville in 1998, I was hired as a part-time feature writer for the now-defunct *Hendersonville Star News*. For more than 20 years I've chronicled Hendersonville's growth as both an observer and as a participant. I've also heard countless stories about the city's early days when tourists flocked from all over to visit the Bobby Bare Trap, the House of Cash, and Twitty City.

"You don't know the half of it," I said.

A month later Bruce sent me an email, thanking me for my article and asking if I'd like to collaborate on a book with her.

"Sure," I said, honestly not thinking anything would ever come of it. My phone rang a few weeks later.

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Daniel Smith: Senator, Then Not a Senator, Then Senator Again

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

Editor's Note: This is the final part in the series of stories about Sumner County pioneer and statesman Daniel Smith (1748-1818). Now, more than 200 years after his death, the life story of Daniel Smith, whose home was Hendersonville's Rock Castle, may be only a footnote in history books, but his legacy deserves a second look. Smith is the man who named this state "Tennessee." He chaired the committee that drafted the state constitution and its bill of rights. He surveyed its borders for the map that defined it, and he helped govern it as Secretary and Treasurer of the territory and then one of its earliest U.S. Senators.

When President George Washington made Tennessee the 16th state on June 1, 1796, Smith was already well known as an explorer and surveyor of the southwest wilderness. When the wilderness became the Tennessee Territory, he was its top military man—*General* Daniel Smith—and its Secretary/Treasurer, second only to Territorial Governor William Blount.

For Smith and other pioneer leaders, territorial status was seen as a pathway to statehood, the ultimate goal. State Historian Walter Durham wrote in his 1976 Smith biography, *Daniel Smith, Frontier Statesman*, that Smith commanded "impressive political power" in 1796 after Tennessee became a state—just as he had when it was a territory. Smith was one of the few leaders in the cause of statehood who did not seek political advantage. After Tennessee joined the Union, Smith hurried back to Rock Castle, intending to stay home and be a good farmer.

But his intentions fell flat. Tennessee's entry into the Union, for which Smith had worked so diligently, did not go smoothly. First, in 1797 Smith's old boss, Territorial Gov. Blount, appointed by the Legislature as one of Tennessee's two new U.S. Senators, got into big trouble in the capital, was expelled and faced impeachment. (See adjacent story, "Blount Gets In Hot Water").

Second, Andrew Jackson, who had been appointed along with Blount as a U.S. Senator, decided he didn't like being a senator after all, especially because he was in the minority party. What he wanted was for his friend, Daniel Smith, to take his seat in the Senate and free him up for other things. Jackson resigned as senator in the fall of 1798 and took up a seat in the Tennessee Supreme Court. Years later, Jackson explained his resignation in a letter partially quoted in Durham's book. "My votes in the Senate," said Jackson, "will show that upon all questions I vote with the Republicans...being continually in the then minority. I resigned to make room for General Smith, whose age and weight of character I thought would add to the Republican strength."

So, Smith found himself thrust back into politics. In the fall before Jackson resigned, Tennessee Gov. John Sevier wrote Smith a letter, asking if he would fill Jackson's Senate seat "temporarily" until the General Assembly could act to find a permanent replacement in the spring. It was understood that by taking Jackson's seat in the fall, he would get Sevier's support in the General Assembly for election to a permanent seat in the spring.

Smith answered Sevier on Oct. 18, 1798, humbly accepting the senate appointment. "To be thought to merit such an important office by the first magistrate of our state fills my mind with grateful and pleasing sensations," he wrote.

In November, he headed to Philadelphia to be sworn in, stopping in Knoxville on the way to visit the "first magistrate." Sevier greeted him cordially—an oddity since he would soon stab him in the back or at least be a party to it. Smith traveled on and took his oath of office on Dec. 6, 1798.

Then came the knife in the back: On Dec. 12, Sevier's General Assembly met and unexpectedly elected a permanent replacement for Jackson. They chose Judge Joseph Anderson, who was at the time already filling the Senate seat caused by the expulsion of William Blount. The plan was for Anderson to remain as Blount's replacement until March 3, 1799, at which time he would become Jackson's replacement until Jackson's term expired March 3, 1803. History records that Smith's term ended March 3, 1799—only three months after it began.

Durham noted that no one knows why Sevier and the General Assembly acted early and rejected Smith on Dec. 12. Why humiliate the man? Durham theorized that Smith's rejection may have had to do with his close association with Blount, then a pariah in the Senate and a political rival to Sevier at home. Durham said written records of the election—both public and private—are "scanty." We don't know how Smith felt or who he blamed.

What we do know is that Smith returned to Rock Castle in 1799 to once again take up private life. "Whatever his political strength—or weakness—in the new state might have been, Daniel was unassailably strong in his own bailiwick," reported Durham. Only months after humiliating him in the Senate, the General Assembly tried to gloss it all over by creating a new county from the eastern part of Sumner and naming it Smith.

Back Home and Farming Again

Though Smith may have enjoyed the next few years at home, he did not keep detailed records about his life there. It is from visitors to Rock Castle that we learn the farm produced corn, cotton and peach brandy.

In fact, we hear little about Smith until 1803 when the General Assembly called Smith to run as one of Tennessee's two U.S. Senators for a six year term to begin in March 1805. He was proposed for the first seat against Judge Anderson, the same man chosen over him Dec. 12, 1798. We don't know what he thought of that!

"When the first vote was taken at the morning session on September 21, the count stood at 18-18," reported Durham. "Another vote was held in the afternoon, but the tally was unchanged. On the next day, after two more votes, a single vote was switched to Anderson to provide his election by 19 votes to 17. The second U.S. Senate seat was filled on September 23, when the Legislature elected Daniel Smith in a contest with Jenkin Whiteside by 35 votes to 1."

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(SMITH, Continued from Page 2)

There was a two year interim between Smith's election in September 1803 and his Senate oath of office in December 1805. During that time, the Louisiana Purchase was accomplished. Smith rejoiced, having long recognized the importance of the Mississippi River to the development and security of Tennesseans. On Feb. 5, 1804, he wrote a letter to President Thomas Jefferson:

Sir, Tho' late in my congratulations with you on the acquisition of Louisiana, they are no less ardent on that account. How greatly is our chance increased to remain at peace with foreign nations! To what a degree are they excluded from tampering with our Indians! How bright the prospect of increasing population and commerce.

A bill, I understand, is on its passage in Congress for the government of the Territory of Orleans, and the appointment of a suitable person as governor will claim your attention. Permit me on this occasion to call up to your recollection your friend, Mr. Andrew Jackson with whom you are acquainted—He is a well wisher in a high degree to the welfare of the United States, possesses very acute parts, and firm decision, and I trust would answer your expectation. Not knowing what characters may be recommended to you for that purpose. I have taken the liberty to mention his name as an act due to merit. You will have at any rate more characters to choose from.

I am Sir with great respect and esteem Your obedt. Servt.

Two months after sending that letter, Jefferson commissioned Smith to serve with Return J. Meigs (an Indian agent) to treaty with the Cherokee Indians about land cessions. Smith was authorized to pay "reasonable" sums not to exceed \$14,000 plus yearly stipends of not more than \$3,000 for land in Tennessee and Kentucky.

When he finally got to the Senate 18 months later, Smith was unwell, recuperating from a fever. Still, he rarely missed a session. Like his peers in office, he was fearful that the United States would be drawn into another war with Britain. He joined in a unanimous resolution charging Britain with "unprovoked aggression" for capturing U.S. ships and cargoes at sea. Like his peers, he was alarmed over allegations that Aaron Burr, VP under Jefferson, had plotted to use his connections to form another country in the U.S. Southwest. Also, like his peers, Smith worked on many routine matters for his constituents. His most important contributions were public land policies.

Smith spent four years in the Senate before resigning because of ill health in the spring of 1809. Smith attended the inauguration of President James Madison on March 4, 1809, and dined with President Jefferson on March 15, 1809, before heading back to Rock Castle.

This time Smith was home to stay. He farmed, he acquired land (partnering with Henry Bradford of the Bradford-Berry House for some), and he made investments. He was frequently consulted about maps and surveys and kept up his friendships with Jackson, Blount and many others.

Smith's health failed over time, and he died on June 16, 1818, survived by his wife, Sarah, son George and daughter, Polly Smith Donelson Sanders.

Blount Gets In Hot Water

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

When Tennessee entered the Union June 1, 1796, the legislature elected Andrew Jackson and William Blount as its first U.S. senators. They were not fortuitous choices. Within two years, Jackson had resigned to get himself a seat on the Tennessee Supreme Court, and Blount was on the run after being expelled from the Senate.

Blount had seemed to be a perfect fit for the job of senator. He had served in the Revolutionary army, the North Carolina legislature, the Continental Congress and Convention. Most importantly, he was the territorial governor of Tennessee, where he was boss to Daniel Smith, who served as territorial secretary/treasurer and was his second in command.

Blount was also an avid land speculator, and that occupation landed him in serious debt. In an apparent attempt to end his financial woes, Blount schemed to help the British take Spanish Florida and Louisiana territories, recruiting frontiersmen and Indians to help. It was a bad idea made worse for Blount by the fact that he wrote a letter incriminating him self. That letter fell into the hands of President John Adams on July 3, 1797.

Adams promptly sent the letter to the Senate and the House along with evidence that Blount had tried to use a government interpreter to help carry out his plan. The Senate and House each set up committees to review the evidence. On July 6, the Senate committee advised expelling Blount. On July 7, the House announced that it would present articles of impeachment. Since no one had ever impeached a senator before, there was debate on whether this was actually lawful. On July 8 after two of Blount's colleagues testified that the letter was in his handwriting, the Senate voted 25 to 1 to expel Blount.

The Senate also ordered Blount to appear on July 10 to answer the articles of impeachment. Blount assured them he'd be there, but instead he high-tailed it out of town and back to Tennessee, where he knew he'd be safe. Once in Tennessee, he was protected, and he rebuffed attempts to make him go back and face the music. Records held by the United States Senate Historical Office note, "Although Blount graciously received the acting Senate sergeant at arms at his home, the unrepentant Tennessean's supporters and state authorities warned the official to make no attempt to remove their friend."

Despite Blount's absence, the Senate began his impeachment trial on Dec. 17, 1798 (the same embarrassing week that the General Assembly took Daniel Smith out of the running for Jackson's permanent Senate seat.) The impeachment trial began with discussion on whether the Senate had the right to impeach an expelled Senator. A resolution claiming that Blount was impeachable was defeated.

Historical Office records say, "As for Blount, his Washington difficulties had no adverse effect on his popularity in Tennessee. Shortly after his return home, Blount won a seat in the state senate, became speaker of that body, and continued to serve there until his death in 1800."

1864-65: A Union Soldier in Gallatin Writes Home

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

The following are excerpts of letters written near the end of the Civil War from Gallatin by John P. Shumway of Minnesota to his wife Louisa back home. Strange spellings and punctuation are included except where they make reading impossible. Shumway, 34 years old at the time, enlisted in the Union army in August 1864 and served with the Minnesota 11th Regiment, which was stationed around the railroad at South Tunnel. There is also a love letter from Louisa, who was 25. She and John had been married for five years.

The Sumner County Archives received copies of these Civil War letters from the Minnesota Historical Society's Shumway-Russ historical collection. John Shumway's letters include descriptions of his Gallatin barracks, Christmas "victuals," the dilapidation of Fairvue plantation, standing watch at night, the importance of mail and "rumors" that the war would soon end. The common thread throughout all of his correspondence is his hope and prayer that he will live to go home to his beloved Louisa.

On Dec. 21, 1864, John wrote:

My Dear Wife

Once more I have the greate pleasure of writing to you...Still I am in the land of the living, am in good health and very good spirrits It is said that it is reported, or rather a telegraph dispatch that Gov Miller has sent to Gen. Russo (one whome we are under) to have the 11th Reg. sent home. Now don't get you exspectations raised to high, but I am led to believe that it is not all a rumer, and before this reaches you I may be on my way home. We have not been in any battle yet and it looks now as we wer not likely to rite away. Thomas is setting Hood to flight—has taken 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners—is still following him...

The weather is cooler and it is snowing quite smart...I was on picket last night. It rained and froze so when I came off my watch was covered with ice. Our pickets have to go out on picket and stay 24 hours at a time—three on each post—have to carry our rations with us or have it sent to us—we are not allowed to leave on any account...

Herd last night our cavalry had cut their way through Hoods army and got in his retreating front. I think he will soon be gobeled up and this war be closed up. Why is it that we, an enlitened nation, possessing gospreveagen and many many professing the gospel, should take armes to kill each other in order to settle some little dispute? Oh! Sad hearts this war has, and is now making. How many Wives, children, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers and Sister will wate and listen for the creaking of the gate turning on its hinges—the well known fotsteps on the threshold—welcoming their coming—that never, no never to return to them again? Oh! How sad is the Picture...

Oh I prey that I may be prepared to meet you, if not on earth, in heaven. We are all well in general. My love to all. Here I leave as many kisses as you wish.

From your Husband tru—John to my wife far way—
Louise cX

Editor's Note: Confederate Gen John Bell Hood, at age 33 when these letters were written, was the youngest general in the war. He was given command of the Army of Tennessee in 1864 and led it to defeat in the second Battle of Franklin in November 1864 and the Battle of Nashville in December, when he was bested by Union Maj. Gen. George Thomas, his former West Point instructor. At that time, Hood had already lost the use of his left arm from the Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863, and had had his right leg amputated after the Battle of Chickamauga in September 1863. He was relieved of his command after the Battle of Nashville.

South Tunnel Dec. 23-25, 1864

Dear Wife...Saturday. I have just got through dinner. It is pleasant to day—I think it a weather breader. I came off guard at 9 o'clock. When we come off guard, we fire off our guns at a mark—that's where our powder goes. We got up a load of wood—we have the best kind of hickery. We are all well—enjoy ourselves very well. Hood is not likely to trouble us at present. A rumer says that he was gobled with his whol army. Hope it is so, if he is not—will be soon. Some of our squad had just started out to get some thing for Christmas, such as geese, chickens, apples and potatoes. Oh I wish I was at home to spend it—I would not care for the victuals...The war must close soon. I think Hood is done broune without doubt. (Union Gen) Sherman is doing a big thing which makes the Rebels squirm. (Union Gen) Grant noes what he is doing...Some troops are being sent from Nashville past here, by way of N.Y., to join Sherman, so you see we have more soldiers here than there is work for...

Sunday morning [Christmas] No news today. The boys are making calculations on a great dinner. The boys sold enough of their stuff to get their money back and fifty cts more—enough left for our dinner...Oh hope and prey that we may come together again...No one can tell how mutch I want to see you to press you to my heart again. What a happy meeting will it not be...From your husband John

South Tunnel Jan. 5, 1865

My Dear Wife...the camp was alarmed by the firing of three guns—all hurried to armes and in a minute we were in a line of battle. The guard went to ascertain the cause—found that a foolish man living neare here had been shot thru the arm—nothing but a flesh wound. He had been round the pickets—they halted him, but he did not know enough to halt—of course he was shot, for the pickets ar under strict orders not to know no one after dark—if anyone refuses to halt—to shoot. It is now bed time, so I will bid you good night...

Fri Eve Jan. 7th. I am well as usual tonight. I do not know hardly what to write for there is not mutch here

at present. I will tell you of our exploits in trapping rats, of which we have quite a number and good size at that...

South Tunnel Jan. 29, 1865

My Dear Wife,

It is sabbath morning and very pleasant, and if I was with you, O I could enjoy it so much... We have good news in camp last night, which certainly looks like peace. Oh I hope and pray that the sines may prove true and successful—that they may no more fall in battle, and it is generally believed that this is the commencement of peace. I must stop here to prepare for inspection—I have to rip up my gun a little. I will leave here a kiss for you...

South Tunnel March 5th 1865

My Dear and Ever Remembered Wife

It is Sabbath morning and very pleasant—spring like—it makes me feel homesick. O how I want to see you. I received a letter from you last night... You cannot tell how much good a letter from you does me. I can hardly wait for them to come. Yet I have a great deal to be thankful for. It seems as providence had done the best that it could be done for me. I was talking it over this morning with Mr. Herrick, for if we had not enlisted when we did, we should have...been drafted and sent to the front shore. Now our time is half in, but when I look ahead and think of home, it looks like a long time. I am now writing with my paper laying on the bridge. We came to the bridge yesterday—shall go to camp tomorrow...

Again I write, yes the rebels evacuate at every point and show no resistance and they must concentrate or cannot hold any place long... The Gurrillers burnt a train of cars 16 in number, up towards Kentucky a day or two ago—killed three soldiers, wounded the fireman and took the engineer prisoner. One of them took a government horse and left and was overtaken by some soldiers who shot him and left him where he fell, not stopping to bury him. I am well as ever and hope that I may be permitted to enjoy the same while in the army. I think if our army is successful for one or two months, the fighting will be done...

O I pray if it is Gods will that I may be spared to see my Dear Wife again... This from your Husband to my wife Louisa. I guess you will have a hard one to read this but it is the best I can do, I had no good pen here with me. Good by—Good by.

April 15th Saturday

Cloudy. Sad news today. President Lincoln shot. Received a letter from my wife...

Pilot Knob May 21, 1865

My Ever Remembered Wife,

You will see by the direction of this heading that we have changed our location... this is where I am—called Pilot Knob. It is a small stream bridge that we are supposed to guard, but we do but little of that even. No guard out in the day and only one at a time at night... We had the hardest thunder shower or rather storm the night we left the tunnel that I ever see. It commenced just at dark and lasted all night... It

raised the creek here so it flooded over a field or farm... The water was nine feet around the lower part of the house. The house was occupied by a negro family who were caring on the farm—had to flee for safety up the stairs. It carried off the stable here at the stockaid. The men said they had just waded in and taken out the mules, six in number, when the stable started downstream... Now my Dear Wife, be careful and do not worry about me at all. I am getting along well, and the war is now closed. We had the orders read to us that it was over and we were not to rely on citizens any more unless obliged to—and then to give them government vouchers for them... I close now. Here is a kiss and love to you.

Pilot Knob May 28, '65

To My Ever Dear Wife,

It is Sabbath again and I will once again write you hoping that it is well with you... May God in his mercy fit me for all and every trial that awaits me. May I be able to say God's will be done. I pray then if it is His will you may yet be spared to me and that I may very soon be restored to you, My Dear Wife, in safety, one more time and to serve God while here upon the earth live a good purpose and be prepared to meet together, and, God in Heaven. I like our new position here well as it is a change of things and helps to pass off the time. I was out in the country about two miles from our post, to see what is called the Fairview Plantation. The owners or old proprietors are all dead, the place was willed to, or for the benefit of, private schools, but I believe the will has been broken up and it is to be divided. It comprises I think but am not sure though, about three thousand acres of land. It has buildings of every size, shape and dimension, all built of brick. Negro quarters with the rest composing of it self quite a smart village. The original owner was a Negro trader, had from three to five hundred negroes at a time. Now the place is occupied by negroes and worked by the same on shares, save a widow lady and to or three Daughters. There is a grist mill operated by horses or mules. Talked with an old Negro who was grinding. Said he had been there forty years, that the buildings had been built thirty years ago or there abouts. The very look of it was enough to astonish moderate men, that is to say, a man of moderate means, to see the waste of money, everything betokened that pains was taken to put in all money that was possible, yet it did not have the look of Yankee ingenuity. All is now going to decay. The great mansion is said to look very bad. There is now on the premises, one hundred and sixty blacks. Saw twenty-five in one field yesterday tending cotton. Cotton, when it is growing, looks like buckwheat—it now has leaves on about the size of a quarter of a dollar... I now close, pray God to Keep you in the hollow of his hand. I remember you, yes you are not long out-of-mind. I leave here a kiss, yes many with my heart's best wishes. **My respect to all and love to you, my Dear Wife. This from your Husband. Truly to my wife Louisa.**
John P. Shumway

Sumner County's Last Year of the Civil War

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

By the start of the last year of the Civil War, April 1864, the people of Sumner County had lived under Union military occupation for two years, mostly in the iron grip of the brutal bully, Gen. Eleazer Paine, infamous for arbitrarily inflicting punishments on citizens as a means of intimidation. They had grown accustomed to lawlessness, looting, loss, stealth, death. They had learned the strategic value of their railroad as a supply chain and troop mover. They had learned to do without their men at home. More than 3,000 of the approximately 22,000 Sumner County residents were soldiers.

The last year of the war was more bearable when Paine was transferred out of Gallatin on April 29, 1864. His exit followed numerous complaints made to Ulysses S. Grant and military Gov. Andrew Johnson about his thefts and executions.

April 1864 was the beginning of what Sumner historian Walter Durham, called "sweeping changes" in the local army of occupation. "The post would have four different commanders between April 29 and October 17 with at least two complete changes in other personnel," noted Durham in his book, *Rebellion Revisited*. Lt. Col. John Ball took command with the Eleventh Minnesota Volunteer Infantry (including John Shumway, pages 4 and 5) in October until Col. James Gilfillan took command on Nov. 6. The Eleventh Minnesota, along with the Thirteenth Indiana Battery, the Fortieth United States Colored Infantry Regiment and a detachment of the 101st United States Colored Infantry remained in Sumner until the end of the war.

Some Union soldiers were assigned to guard the railways. Others were moved from place to place along the Cumberland River and in Gallatin and Hartsville in response to rumors of Confederate attacks. All during this time "guerrillas in Middle Tennessee fought back with a stealthy campaign of violence that almost overwhelmed the Union army of occupation," reported the late University of Tennessee Professor Stephen V. Ash in a fall 1986 article in the *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*, "Sharks in an Angry Sea: Civilian Resistance and Guerilla Warfare in Occupied Middle Tennessee, 1862-1865."

Ash wrote, "Harbored in the countryside by their families and neighbors, these bushwhackers roved and marauded almost unopposed, evading all attempts to snare them. They wreaked brutal vengeance not only on the invading Northerners, but on members of their own community who stepped out of line. Not until the Yankees learned some hard lessons about guerrilla warfare and civilian resistance did they curb the guerrilla threat, and ultimately crush it."

In 1864, Andrew Johnson was two years in as the Lincoln-appointed military governor of the state, and he was well known to residents of Sumner County and even gave a campaign speech in Gallatin in July of '64. As a former congressman and elected governor (1853-'57), he had once been an honored guest of the county's social elite, including Judge Josephus Conn Guild who owned Rosemont plantation in Gallatin. But the war changed all that. In fact, shortly after accepting Lincoln's appointment of him as governor, Johnson—a native of East Tennessee and always a Unionist—ordered Guild's arrest for "treasonable language" and for using his influence against the U.S. government. Denied a writ of habeas corpus, Guild was imprisoned for three months at Fort Mackinac, Michigan, before taking the loyalty oath.

Among the troop changes in Sumner was the arrival of East Tennessee Union soldiers called the "Governor's Guard," who occupied the area around Gallatin (they weren't allowed to come in town without written permission) in the spring and summer. Durham noted that the Guard was probably established as "a token response" to Gov. Andrew Johnson's persistent efforts to control the Union Army in Tennessee.

Sumner residents saw these Tennesseans as a vast improvement over Paine and his men, but they found no basis of compatibility. Durham wrote, "As Sumner Countians became acquainted with the East Tennesseans, they found many of them less than enthusiastic about abolitionism. They had no patience with the blacks and seemed unable to understand why slaveholders esteemed them of any value at all. The 'peculiar institution' was simply beyond their experience."

And, Durham added, "During May and June, Sumner Countians were visited frequently by East Tennessee cavalrymen looking for horses. The three cavalry regiments seem to have arrived in the county without mounts, but, by the end of June, they had rounded up enough horses to ride handsomely..." and during all of this time, troops foraged for food. In other words, they stole at will.

Rumors of Attack Continue

In the late summer of '64, Sumner Countians were caught up in chaos based on rumors of upcoming attacks. Durham explained that Confederate Brig. Gen. Joseph Wheeler of the Army of Tennessee had been sent on a raid to destroy Sherman's railroad communications. Reports came into Gallatin that Wheeler was nearby in either McMinnville or Franklin, Tenn. Everyone was convinced that he would attack the railroad in Sumner before returning to his headquarters in northern Georgia.

According to the Aug. 31 *Louisville Daily Journal*, there as "great excitement" in Gallatin on Aug. 30 when residents heard that Wheeler's cavalry was encamped only three miles away. They anticipated that he would cross the river and attack Gallatin. Rumors flew, and there was "extreme disorder and confusion" in town as Union soldiers herded residents into Fort Thomas. Women and children unwilling to go to the fort were ordered to get out of town. There was talk of burning down the railroad depot to get it out of the way of guns at Fort Thomas, and men were impressed to fortify the fort.

Durham wrote, "A Nashville newspaper reported that Wheeler had entered Lebanon on the morning of Aug. 30 and had crossed the river headed toward Gallatin the same day. The train from Louisville had 'brought down a large number of women and children' who had left Gallatin to avoid the conflict by taking refuge in Nashville..."

"The truth was that Wheeler had turned eastward, not toward Gallatin, and that he had sent no more than 100 men into Lebanon on Aug. 30. He successfully misled the Federals about his intentions north of the Cumberland, however, and created near panic in their ranks...It apparently had never been a part of Wheeler's plan to attack the Federals at Gallatin."

Soldiers close to Wheeler knew that he wasn't headed to Gallatin. In fact, during the ruckus in Gallatin, Cavalry Lt. George B. Guild, son of Josephus Guild (and an eventual mayor of Nashville) managed to elude Union pickets and slip home to Rosemont to visit his family.

The Battles of Franklin and Nashville

On November 30, rumor gave way to fact as the Confederate army, more than 33,000 strong, led by Gen. John Bell Hood marched from Georgia and Alabama to Middle Tennessee and clashed with the 30,000-man Union forces of Maj. Gen. John Schofield in the Battle of Franklin. Both sides suffered thousands of casualties, but for the South it was worse. And the devastation continued as the battle of Nashville commenced in December.

Meanwhile, citizens of Sumner County and the Union occupiers anxiously awaited news. Would Hood take Nashville? If so, the fighting could push northward along the railroad through Gallatin and the heart of the county.

Durham wrote, "During Hood's approach to Nashville, skirmishing between Rebel partisans and railroad guards continued sporadically [in Sumner]...guerrillas were reported to have visited Hendersonville and engaged in a light skirmish with Union soldiers there...after the battle of Franklin, Sumner Countians were caught up in the excited

preparations for the defense of the capital city and the railroad..."

Adding to the confusion, the ferries at Gallatin landings were sunk to stop any attempt by the Confederates to cross the Cumberland, and Union gunboats patrolled the river. At the same time, cattle and horses were rounded up by soldiers on both sides, and more trains that ever before sped through Sumner County as men and supplies were rushed toward Nashville.

Durham wrote that by December 15, "the attention of the entire mid state area was focused on the Battle of Nashville. That savage battle raged for two days and on the third day Hood began to fall back...In fact, on December 28, Hood's rear guard crossed the Tennessee River. There would be no more large scale fighting in Tennessee.

"To Middle Tennesseans the end of the war seemed only a brief time away. Behind Union lines in Sumner County, the last roar of cannon in battle had been heard. There was no longer any threat of Confederate cavalry strikes, nor was there any likelihood of any organized Confederate military presence in the area. However, Federal troops remained to guard the river from Gallatin to Carthage and to guard the railroad from Nashville to the Kentucky line."

The End Is Eased, Normalcy Restored

Durham noted that Union Col. Gilfillan did much to ease the adversarial situation in Sumner County. He succeeded in having the suspicious activities of the local quartermaster investigated and prosecuted. He frequently intervened with the governor on behalf of local citizens, and he kept his troops under strict orders against foraging and against any criminal acts. In February of '65, he permitted citizens to own arms for protection.

Early in '65, civil courts were re-established in Sumner. On March 2, military officers left the courthouse in Gallatin, turning the building over to the county sheriff. Shortly after that, Sylvanus Heermans took the oath of office as Sumner County court judge, the chief executive office.

On April 3, news came that Richmond and Petersburg were under Union control. A week later came the news of Grant's victory at Appomattox. "To the pro-southern citizens of Sumner, the news was sad indeed," Durham wrote. "To the Gallatin Union garrison, however, it was a time to rejoice. After a rainstorm subsided, 200 guns were fired...and at nightfall the town was illuminated as the Yankee soldiers took to the streets in joyous celebration."

Frances Trousdale Peyton: The Early Years

By Susan W. "Sue" Burgess

Frances Elizabeth Trousdale was born on July 19, 1843, the youngest of William Trousdale and May Ann Bugg Trousdale's seven children. The five girls and two boys were: Maria Louisa "Lou," Valeria Caroline "Val," Belvederia Adelaide, who died in Infancy; Ophelia Alice "Missie," Charles William "Cappy," Julius Augustus "Munch" and Frances Elizabeth "Fannie."

Fannie grew up in her parents' two-story Federal style brick house, located at 183 W. Main Street in Gallatin. Their home is now named Trousdale Place, an historic site owned and managed by Trousdale Place Foundation, Inc.

Fannie grew up in a close-knit family and like her brothers and sisters idolized her father and dearly loved her mother. Her parents were devoted to each other. William was a leading figure in both Sumner County and the City of Gallatin, and her grandfather, James Trousdale, was a Revolutionary War veteran. Trousdale family life was interrupted many times by William's military and political service. These separations were hard on Mary and her children. In her husband's absence, Mary—an educated woman—managed all of the Trousdale affairs: the family finances, the house, their farm and its improvements, their enslaved servants and the children's education. She also entertained many guests.



This portrait of teen-age Frances Trousdale Peyton is from the Ken Thomson collection.

Fannie is described as a pretty young woman with even features, dark hair like her sisters and a reserved nature. Mary said of very active four-year-old Fannie, "Frances is as bad as ever, but I think she is the smartest child we have."

In 1850 when Fannie was seven, her sister Lou married Benjamin Franklin "B.F." Allen, and sister Missie passed away. In 1853, 10-year-old Fannie was left behind when her Papa went to Brazil to serve as Minister and her oldest brother Cappy accompanied him as his personal secretary and Secretary of the Legation. While William and Cappy were away, Lou's family moved in with Mary, and B.F. managed family finances.

Twenty-eight-year-old Lou described 14-year-old Fannie like this: "Fannie is almost a young lady in size and quite handsome. She is learning very well in school and plays finely on the piano. She

bids fair in the course of two or three years to make quite an elegant lady."

Twenty-four year-old sister Val told her father in a letter that "Fannie and Monsieur [Munch] play well together..."Munch on the fiddle and Fannie on the piano. In 1854, Val married General James Lafferty, and they settled in Grainger County, Tenn.

The Trousdale and Peyton families were good friends. Though the Peytons lived in New Orleans in the 1840s, they visited Gallatin frequently and stayed at the family home place, Station Camp Farm. Romance blossomed between Fannie and John Bell Peyton, the youngest son of Col. Bailie Peyton. John was a dashing figure with long flowing hair and the romantic look of the day. It is said that as early as 1856 while William and Cappy were in Brazil, 20-year-old John formally requested permission to escort 13-year-old Fannie to a concert, and in 1857 he formally invited and escorted her to a party.

Fannie was 15 when her Papa and Cappy returned to Gallatin in 1858. William retired from public life, happy to be home again and reunited with his family. On Oct. 4, 1860, Cappy married Ellen Katherine Odom of Gallatin. He and his family eventually lived in the house now known as Maywood, located at 211 W. Smith St., diagonally across and behind his parents' house.

The Civil War Years

April 4, 1861, saw the start of the War Between the States. Meanwhile, John Bell's courtship of Fannie continued, and on Oct. 8, 1861, the couple married. Both families were delighted and remained devoted though the Peytons were Unionists and the Trousdales were Confederates. John and Fannie moved into the Peyton home on Station Camp Farm.

The war years were difficult for both families—and a tough time to begin a marriage. Nevertheless, Fannie and her father-in-law Col. Bailie Peyton formed a close friendship and called each other "my dear father" and "my dear Fannie."

It is a testament to the deep affection of the members of the family and the long-standing friendship of William Trousdale and Bailie Peyton Sr. that their differences—Unionists and Confederates—created no rift. Cappy and Munch joined the Confederate Army. Bailie Jr. joined the Union army and was killed in battle in 1862.

In 1864, Fannie received letters from Munch, who wrote from Bristol, Tenn., where he was sent after being wounded in the Battle of Shiloh. Munch wrote: "I would like to see you and John

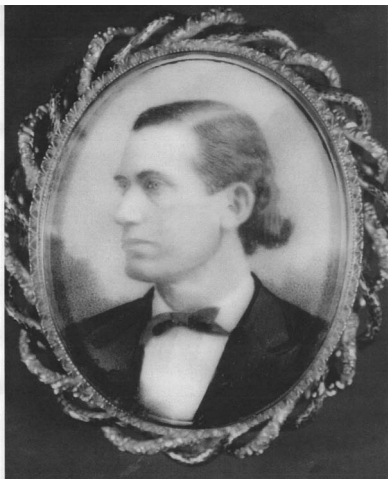
conducting house and farm affairs. I trust after one year's practice you and he will have acquired the proficiency that Ellen and Cap could boast in like pursuits after the same length of experience...My love to John & all the members of our several families...remember me to Col. P. [Col. Bailie Peyton Sr.] and Miss Emily [John's sister, who was also living in the Peyton family home]...

In another letter, Munch wrote: "Cap is still in Atlanta. I learn from him as well as by statement of persons arriving often from there, that he is in fine health and spirits. Gen'l L. [Lafferty] and Frank were here to see me a week or two since; they are both quite well. Tell Ophelia that Frank has a gray pony and a nice little saddle. I have shown the gen'l all the letters that I received from home.

Munch also wrote: "You may be sure these letters from home are a great treat, they afford me more pleasure than any pastime I have; I keep every one that I get and have occasion to refer to them often.

In December 1864, Fannie learned that Munch had been captured and was on his way to a Union prison camp, Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio. Cappy was severely wounded at the Battle of Chickamauga and lost his left leg below the knee.

Fannie and John remained at Station Camp Farm throughout the war years. As the war was ending, their son William "Willie" Trousdale Peyton was born. Eventually, Cappy and Munch returned home.



John Bell Peyton

Echoes of the war still lingered in Gallatin on July 26, 1866, when the family gathered at the Trousdale residence to witness the baptism of six of the extended families children, including Willie.

Fannie gave birth to Balie "Bale" Edward Peyton in 1867 and to Mary Bugg (Bugg) in 1871.

John managed his father's flour mill outside of Gallatin and stayed there most of time with his business partner while Fannie and the children stayed at the Trousdale residence with her parents.

The Peyton family was plagued with financial troubles, and in 1872 John Bell wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, Cappy, that said "the mill will be advertised to be sold by the Marshall in a few weeks to satisfy the mortgage on it...Father is willing to give up the mill to anyone who will take it and pay the mortgage on it...and I have applied to a number of men here, at Nashville, and in Kentucky, but without success...If, without sacrifice, you could let me have about \$8,000.00...and allow me two years to replace the principal (I would pay 10 prct. Interest up promptly)...I feel mortified to be compelled, even as a last resort, to make this immodest request of you...Your friend, John B. Peyton."

Letters to Darling, Precious Grandpa

William Trousdale passed away on March 27, 1872. Fannie wrote many letters to family and friends; she even wrote letters for her children before they could write their own. During the winter of 1875, young Bailie, Grandpa Peyton's namesake, wrote to his "darling, precious grandpa" with his mother's help and in her handwriting: "I got the letter with the ten dollar bill in it just before Christmas, and I'll tell you it came in good time. I bought me a pair of good thick boots and a coat for school, and a pair of Sunday shoes and had some money left to buy Christmas things with...Father carried me and Willie to the country yesterday, we staid [sic] all night and had lots of fun. Mother says she missed me very much. I always warm Julien's pillow for him at night, he is the sweetest, smartest little fellow I ever saw..."

Willie complained to grandpa Peyton in another letter: "I went to the mill with Father yesterday and got my skates, as the ponds are frozen...I went to the panorama and saw New York City and also the city of Chicago in flames. Gallatin is very dull..."

In June of 1876, baby Julien, age 2, died.

July 4, 1876, was the nation's centennial, and Gallatin was awakened by cannon fire proclaiming the anniversary of American independence. An estimated 10,000 people celebrated in Gallatin. However, the celebration must have been hard for Fannie and John; it came so soon after the death of baby Julien.

On July 10, 1876, Fannie gave birth to Louise Allen Peyton. Julien was not forgotten, but life goes on.

The story of Fannie Trousdale Peyton will continue in the next newsletter.

(MUSICAL, Continued from Page 1)

"We have a contract," she said breathlessly, as if she'd just sprinted a 5K.

Unbeknownst to me, she had submitted a full book proposal to The History Press, a publisher of local and regional history books.



Jennifer Bruce and Tena Lee

And, like the two of us, they thought a book about Hendersonville's musical heritage – beginning with Roy Acuff in the mid-1950s to a young Taylor Swift in the early 2000's – would be worthwhile.

Nearly three years later, *Southern Music Icons of Hendersonville, Tennessee* was released earlier this year.

Of course, we wouldn't have had anything to write about if there hadn't been so many talented people who have lived here over the last six decades. The Cashes, Roy Orbison, Stuart and Connie Smith, Taylor Swift, Conway Twitty, Tammy Wynette and the Oak Ridge Boys immediately to come to mind for many. But there's also country music pioneers Roy Acuff and Kitty Wells; record producer Fred Foster; "Rocky Top" writers Boudleaux and Felice Bryant; "Heartbreak Hotel" writer Mae Axton, Bobby Bare, Ricky Skaggs, T. G. Sheppard, Kelly Lang, Dan Seals and Kelly Clarkson, to name a few more.

Acuff Was the First Resident 'Star'



Country music's first big star, Roy Acuff, was also one of the first "stars" to discover the beauty and serenity of Hendersonville. A secluded cove off Old Hickory Lake in the Bluegrass subdivision drew Acuff's attention, and he purchased two adjacent lots in 1956 with his wife, Mildred. Acuff's property later became part of Bluegrass Cove, a peaceful

area that included neighbors Kitty Wells and Johnnie Wright. The Wrights often spent time on Acuff's pontoon boat when they weren't on the road.

Born in the East Tennessee town of Maynardsville, Tenn., Acuff inherited his early love of music from his father, a fiddle playing minister and lawyer, and his mother, who played piano. By the mid-1930s, he and his band, later called the Smoky Mountain Boys, had signed their first recording contract. In those first sessions, they recorded "Wabash Cannonball" and "The Great Speckled Bird."

After a less than stellar first audition, Acuff appeared on the Grand Ole Opry for the first time in 1938, singing "The Great Speckled Bird." By popular demand, he was offered a regular spot on the show two weeks later. Acuff, who captivated audiences with his musical talent and stage presence, quickly became one of the Opry's most popular acts. By 1939, he had become the main attraction of the show's half-hour national radio show.

Known as the "King of Country Music," a name given him by baseball great Dizzy Dean—who first called him, affectionately the "King of the Hillbillies"—Acuff became a patriarch of the famed Grand Ole Opry for more than four decades.

'Home of the Stars'

Hendersonville really hit its stride in the 1980s as a destination for both tourists and musicians, prompting the Hendersonville Chamber of Commerce to promote the city as "Home of the Stars." By April 1983, the chamber office was receiving inquiries from all over the country from those either eager to visit the city or those wanting to move here to be close to their favorite country music star.

"The chamber has a thick stack of letters received since last fall that ask for information about the city and if any jobs are available," according to an article in the *Hendersonville Star News*...

As they started doing in the 1970s, tourists continued to travel to the lakeside city as a day trip from Nashville to see the homes of Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, Barbara Mandrell (who lived between Gallatin and Hendersonville), the Oak Ridge Boys, Conway Twitty, Tammy Wynette and Ferlin Husky, to name a few.

Tourists also spent their money here, beginning with Cash's House of Cash complex in the early 1970s. On the other part of town, at 709 W. Main, Loretta Lynn's Western Store, one of several corporate-operated stores, enticed shoppers from 1971 to 1979.

In 1975, a former rock-and-roll idol turned country crooner packed up his operation in Oklahoma City and traveled in a caravan to Hendersonville, where he would draw hundreds of thousands of tourists to the city in just a few years. He'd also leave an unforgettable mark with his generous spirit. He was Conway Twitty.

Conway Twitty: Benefactor

Conway Twitty, who was born Harold Lloyd Jenkins on Sept. 1, 1933, crafted a new name for himself in 1957 after completing a Rockabilly tour. He zeroed in on a map of the United States and combined the names of Conway, Arkansas, and Twitty, Texas. Twitty signed with MGM Records in 1958, recording his first hit, "It's Only Make Believe." By the late 1950s, Twitty had become a pop idol, but as his rock-and-roll fame began to fade in the 1960s, he started pitching his country songs to Nashville record producers. He auditioned for

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Nashville Sounds' Owen Bradley, who signed Twitty and successfully collaborated with him for years. In 1970, Twitty released the title single off his new album, "Hello Darlin." Named the number one song of 1970, the song became Twitty's signature song.

A shrewd businessman, Twitty saw what Johnny Cash's House of Cash was drawing in tourism and planned his own complex—one that would combine business offices, tourist attractions and homes for him, his children and his mother. Construction began on what would be called Twitty City in April 1981. The \$3.5 million, nine-acre complex was located across Main Street from the House of Cash. Twitty's Colonial-style home encompassed 10 thousand square feet and was surrounded by waterfalls, a pond, a pool, a rose garden and gazebo. Behind his home were four houses for his children and their families and a cottage for his mother. The complex also included a building that showcased Twitty's career, an entertainment pavilion and gift shop.

Busloads of tourists flocked to Twitty City in the 1980s, especially during Fan Fair week. In 1986, the nationally televised show "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" featured the lavish compound. By that time, the attraction had entertained more than 750,000 visitors each year since its opening. Local residents looked forward each year to Christmas at Twitty City, when more than 250,000 Christmas lights lit up the night sky and live reindeer visited.

Twitty donated half of every two-dollar ticket sold during Christmas to the 100-Club, a local nonprofit for families of civil servants killed in the line of duty. He and his bus driver, Billy Parks, started a nonprofit called Christmas 4 Kids, bringing underprivileged children by tour buses from their schools to Twitty City for fun and food and then giving them money to shop at a local store.

Twitty died unexpectedly of an abdominal aneurysm on June 5, 1993, after performing in Branson, Mo. Fans came from around the world to Twitty City to pay their respects. At a memorial service at Hendersonville First Baptist Church, friends participated in a tribute led by Ralph Emery. They included singer George Jones and songwriter Mae Axton, who shared stories of Twitty's early career; and musical tributes from Vince Gill, the Oak Ridge Boys, Connie Smith and Reba McEntire.

Where To Buy the Book

Southern Music Icons of Hendersonville, Tennessee can found in Hendersonville at Ace Hardware, Someone's in the Kitchen, The Monthaven Arts and Cultural Center, Hendersonville Area Chamber of Commerce, Mainstream Boutique, and at Honey and Suede in Gallatin. It is also available on Amazon.com.

Editor's Note: Portions of this article appeared in the Jan. 13 edition of the *Hendersonville Standard*.

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she and her family moved to the William Henry Dunn farm on Hartsville Pike. It was here at age eight that her culinary career began. She was hired to work at the adjoining farm, Oakland, by Dunn's sister-in-law, Susie Mentlo Anderson, who became her mentor.

The Story of Her Life

Gallatin'sr Queen Victoria was Queen Victoria Bowers Bransford (July 1892-April 1989), who was the city's premier chef and caterer for most of the 20th century. For years, anyone scheduling a big event—a society dance, dinner or elegant luncheon—planned it around her calendar.

It all started when the little girl worked up the courage to ask her boss if she could bake an apple pie. Miss Susie said yes and then asked her **how** she was going to do it. **Uh-Oh.** Like most eight-year-olds, Queen didn't know how, but she knew who would. She went home that night and quizzed her mother on making apple pies. She listened, memorized, then followed instructions and baked a surprisingly good apple pie for Miss Susie. Little did they know that that apple pie was the launch of Queen's career. She was on her way!

The ladies of Gallatin soon learned that Miss Susie's little Queen was a very good cook. They learned that she had a phenomenal memory for recipes and she could plan, organize and create a fine spread of food.

Queen was a young woman when she met and married her first husband, Mancefield Parker. They moved to town, and she began working for Gallatin's first families.

She worked for the William Roth family, who owned a jewelry store and Gallatin's first movie theater, the Palace. Later, she worked for the Norval Baker family for years and described them as "wonderful" to her.

Along the way, she married her second husband, Norman Bransford, with whom she had a long and happy marriage. They had a cottage on East Bledsoe.

Queen was probably Gallatin's first caterer. She supervised the preparation and serving of many fancy meals in Gallatin kitchens. And when the local civic clubs wanted a quality meal for a special occasion, they turned to her. She presided numerous times over the kitchen at the American Legion Hall on East Main, where Legion and civic club members were willing volunteers under her guidance. After these large dinners, she regularly collected edible leftovers and delivered them to the needy.

At the age of 80, Queen learned to read and write and passed the GED test. She confessed to being "so proud," of that. Her friends were quick to point out that she could also be proud of what she had done during the 80 years before she learned to read and write!

In Queen's declining years, Norman's niece, Anna Bransford Ligon, visited her regularly and provided the help she needed. Queen died in 1989 at the age of 97.

Sumner County Historical Society

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