

# Days Of Old Sumner County

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Sumner County Historical Society

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## Crime Didn't Pay For the Paso Kid, Or the Pinto Kid

According to court records found in the Sumner County Archives, J.D. Perdue, age 21 and Thurman Cole, age 18, alias The Pinto Kid and The Paso Kid, had an inspired plan to extort money from a Sumner County man named Charlie Freeman for unknown crimes.

Because Charlie Freeman occasionally ran afoul of the law, the two cohorts thought it was a slam dunk that Charlie had something to hide and would willingly pay for their silence. They were wrong.

The Paso Kid and the Pinto Kid were charged with extortion in *Case #2817 May 1948, The State of Tennessee vs J.D. Perdue and Thurman Cole*:

"The Sumner County Grand Jury charged the defendants with maliciously and feloniously, by written and printed communication placed in the mail and addressed to Charlie Freeman did threaten to accuse said Charlie Freeman aforesaid of a crimes offense and act with intent to extort money in the amount of one hundred dollars from the said Charlie Freeman to be paid by said Charlie Freeman against his will, contrary to the statute and against the peace and dignity of the State of Tennessee."

Perdue and Cole also constructed a list of other potential victims they planned

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The Bridal House in Cottontown

## Bridal House: Open, Fit for a Bride

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

Cottontown's Bridal House, the only remaining house linked to the town's founders, was unveiled for the public earlier this month. Its debut followed months of preparations: research, repairs, cleaning and acquiring furniture and utensils. The house, along with six acres of grounds, was donated to Sumner County by former owner Donald Brickey, when he died in 2016.

"According to family tradition, the house got its name because it was a wedding gift from the bride's father, Moore Cotton, to his daughter, Elizabeth, when she married in 1819," said Ken Thomson, president of the Sumner County Historical Society. Located on Highway 25, the Bridal House is a two-story, four-room log house.

Moore Cotton was the oldest son of town founders, Thomas and Pricilla Knight Cotton. Thomas (b. 1748-d.1843) and Pricilla came to Tennessee from Halifax, N.C., in 1791, settling on a Revolutionary War land grant. They founded Cottontown circa 1792. Shortly after, Thomas' sister, Talitha, and her husband, Robert Hobdy, with nine of their 11 children—ages 19 to one—arrived at the settlement. Robert Hobdy bought 86 acres on Drakes Creek and likely operated a blacksmith shop, as had his father and grandfather before him.

In addition to its age, the Bridal House is remarkable because of the enormous size of the logs—some four feet wide—with which it was built. Sumner County historian Walter Durham noted in the book, A

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# WWI: Black Soldiers Take Up the Fight

By Judith Morgan from *Sumner County in the Great War*

**Editor's Note:** In the 2016 book *Sumner County in the Great War*, a chapter entitled "Quiet Heroes" recalls the service of Sumner County's black servicemen in WWI.

In the fall of 1917 as the war raged in Europe, groups of Sumner County men began shipping out—first the white men in September and then the black in November. By April 1918, six black men from Sumner—Charles Jackson, Walter Beard, Henry Douglass, Lewis Williams, James Hill and Robert Brinkley—had arrived in Europe as part of the 93<sup>rd</sup> Division and were assigned to the beleaguered French, fighting against a German offensive at Marne. Hendersonville author Judith Morgan wrote:

The French welcomed black soldiers. They had many of their own colonial troops fighting in their ranks, Senegalese, Moroccan and others, and they "viewed with disdain" the American attitude toward black men...

The 93<sup>rd</sup> Division was not the only 'colored' division: the 92<sup>nd</sup>, a draftee division, had been created in 1917 as well. It adopted the nickname 'Buffalo Soldiers' in homage to the famed frontier cavalry by that name. The 92<sup>nd</sup> did not arrive in France until late June 1918, but it was a full division with all the elements: field artillery, machine gun battalions, supply trains, sanitary (medical) trains, etc. Among the ranks of the 92<sup>nd</sup> were 14 Sumner draftees, including John Sanders of Gallatin, spread among two infantry regiments and a field artillery regiment, and one volunteer, First Lieutenant Jonathan Rucker.



Dr. Jonathan Rucker

In 1917, when the War Department decided, in an era of almost total segregation, to create "colored" Army divisions, one of the thorniest issues was that of officers. Even men like

General Pershing, who believed the black men would fight, still felt white officers were needed because the general level of education among blacks, in their opinion, was lower, making it harder to train them. There was also an element of fear: many believed arming black men and giving them black officers was an invitation to insurrection. (German propaganda, promising the black man better treatment, did nothing to ease that fear.) It was a controversial decision, then, to create an all-black Officers' Training Camp at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, with a Medical Officers' Training Camp at the same site. Officers through the rank of First Lieutenant were trained, and the Army scoured the land for the best educated black men it could find. One of them was Gallatin's Dr. Jonathan Rucker, honor graduate of Meharry Medical College in Nashville.

Dr. Rucker attended the camp at Fort Des Moines and then went on to Camp Funston, Kansas, with the doctors who would be part of the 92<sup>nd</sup> Division. At Camp Funston, First Lieutenant Rucker became the medical officer of the 317<sup>th</sup> Motor Supply Train that would support the infantry regiments of the 92<sup>nd</sup>. The only black officer in the unit until a dentist and a chaplain joined him, Dr. Rucker answered to a white captain...

Aside from these two Army divisions, most black men sent to France were in the Service of Supply: Regular Army stevedores, like David Watkins of Gallatin, and draftees in units of engineers and pioneer infantry (trained to use weapons but used mainly in labor and engineering functions). They were, in the words of poet Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a white woman, the "quiet heroes of the brawny arm..."

The French called them "Black Yankees"—a name many of the men themselves thought was funny since most of them came from the South. These support soldiers built the warehouses, barracks, cantonments and hospitals so desperately needed, but they were soldiers still. They were under military command and regulations; they wore the uniform; they received the same discipline as combat soldiers and felt the same sense of pride. Their officers constantly emphasized that their work was "essential to the boys in the trenches."

These men worked hard, but they also enjoyed their work. As with the infantry, each regiment had its band to play for parades and to keep spirits up. The bands played as the men worked, and laughter, singing and joking were common,

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## (WWI, Continued from Page 2)

all to help morale. Contests between regiments, such as the one that tested how fast a ship could be unloaded, yielded prizes, decorations and banners that men wore and carried proudly. Most of the black men from Sumner County served in this way. One among them was recently married Charles Jackson Robb of Cairo.

Jack Robb's story began on June 5, 1917, when he registered for the draft along with the rest of the men his age in the county. Though the *Sumner County News* reported in October 1917 that the county's first group of "colored" draftees would soon go to Camp Meade, Maryland, the 7 percent quota for blacks in the first draft was met before any from Sumner County had to go. It was not until March 30, 1918, that the first group of black draftees left Sumner County, with a celebration that outdid the sendoff of the white boys a few months earlier:

[The newspaper reported] *"The colored people of Gallatin are to be congratulated on the patriotic demonstration given to their boys who left last Saturday for Camp Meade to become a part of Uncle Sam's great national army. Outside of giving the boys a farewell reception at the Baptist church on Thursday night the colored people gave them a bountiful feast on Friday night and Saturday, and escorted them to the station amid strains of martial music. A feature of the parade was a number of snappy banners carrying patriotic mottoes."*

In that first group was James Payne, Grand Master of Sumner Lodge 203, the local "colored" chapter of the Knights of Pythias, a philanthropic brotherhood. Just the week before, the lodge had shown its patriotism by purchasing a block of War Savings stamps, knowing that several of its members would soon leave. James Payne was in France by late June, in Battery D, 351<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery of the 92<sup>nd</sup> Division. James West of Hendersonville, inducted that day, also wound up in the 92<sup>nd</sup>, assigned to Company B, 368<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment. The rest of the 40 men sent off that day, except for a number who never went overseas, were spread among several regiments of engineers. One of them was Jack Robb.

Jack, whose first child was born the day he arrived at Camp Meade for training, went overseas with the 509<sup>th</sup> Engineer (Colored Service) Battalion in late September 1918. His baby boy would more over a year old before Jack ever got to see him. Jack would later recall his fear as the ship zigzagged across the ocean, lights out at night, for the 14 days it took to cross, and how grateful he was to arrive safely. Jack's first assignment was to move huge mounds of

earth by wagon onto swampy ground where a warehouse would be built. Jack soon earned the name "Two Line Mule Skinner" because he could make the two mules pulling the wagon work along together so well. One of Jack's most vivid memories would be the day he witnessed a man from Hartsville reunited in France with a mule he knew from home named Old Abe.



Jack Robb

Another story Jack told in later years was that he himself found mules he knew from Sumner County, mules he used to carry ammunition to the front when the ground was too muddy for motorized vehicles. Stories have way of changing over the years, as these may have, but both are credible: from early 1917, J.D. Whiteside of Gallatin had been selling local mules and horses to the government for use in France.

Before too long, Jack Robb was transferred to a hospital unit caring for wounded soldiers straight from the front...He witnessed men in agony..."It was bad to see all of those men who were wounded," he would recall.

Perhaps Jack heard the men chanting—their habit when one of their buddies died—as a weary band played the Funeral March, "Ten thousand dollars for the folks back home..." The life insurance policy left the family was the only good they could see. "I was glad to leave there," Jack Robb would later say...

Ultimately, around 200 black men from Sumner County would serve, a bit over half of them going overseas, a proportion similar to that of their white counterparts.

# Bugg Hollow and Other Good Places

Quotes from the writings of Homer B. Collins, Sr.

This is a story about growing up in rural Middle Tennessee during the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. There are places called Bugg Hollow, Poplar Hollow, Cottontown and Station Camp Creek. My ancestors were early settlers in this region, both grandfathers having fought in the Civil War on the side of the Confederacy.

This is not intended to be a history or biography but is about incidents as I can recall them, and not necessarily in consecutive sequence or order. I have related them in the hopes that my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren might derive some pleasure from them and see how life was lived in the 1910s, '20s, and '30s.

Cottontown is a small community of 40 or 50 families on the banks of Station Camp Creek, about seven miles northeast of Gallatin on State Road 25. There is a rural road that leads northeast out of Cottontown, following Station Camp Creek to its headwaters about three or four miles above Cottontown that comes into Highway 109 between Gallatin and Portland. The area above Cottontown was heavily wooded, with steep hills and narrow hollows. It abounded in wild game with bobcats, foxes, raccoons, possums, skunks, rabbits and muskrats. I used to make some extra money trapping and hunting.

In the 1850s, '60s and '70s, a lot of the timber was cut out of this area and hauled to sawmills to be made into lumber. The trees were huge, measuring three to five feet in diameter. My grandfather, Nimrod Price, lived in an old log house built out of poplar logs, some of which measured three feet in diameter. In cutting the timber out of this area, it was necessary to name the hollows so that the timber cutters would have some means of identifying the cutting area...

I was born Sept. 22, 1908, in a small three room house on the banks of Station Camp Creek, about two miles above Cottontown. I spent most of my early childhood in this area, fishing, hunting, playing with my brothers and sisters, cousins and uncle. In pretty weather, I walked to Cottontown School, which was a three room frame building about two miles from our house. During the cold winter weather, I simply did not go to school.

Most of the people around Cottontown were middle class, hard working people of good pioneer stock. Most were English, Scottish and Irish descent with names like Parham, Mitchell, Cunningham, Warren, Carr, Briggance, Leggett, Stone, Rutledge, Reed, Hinton, Pitt, Strother, Duke, Price, Higgerson and Collins. Most had lived in this area for several generations, and their ancestors had fought in the War of 1812, the

Mexican War, Indian Wars, Civil War and World War I. They were industrious, owning their own homes, farms and businesses. They did not lock their doors at night and went about wherever they chose except to stay clear of the upper reaches of Bug Hollow, which was the moonshine-making district, with clear, cool springs and plenty of cover, a favorite spot of moonshiners.

Cottontown had a country store, post office, a school house and two churches, and for us, this was all we needed except for a doctor. We had a good one in Gallatin about seven miles away, who would make house calls, driving his old horse and buggy and bringing his own medicine.

## Card Playing and Other Activities

Near the head of Bugg Hollow, about 20 or 30 feet to the left of the road going north, there was this wonderful spring. It was clear, cold and sparkling with a good fast flow, maybe 20 or 30 gallons per minute. There were several good smooth rocks around it, and over it all there was a wide canopy of shade. There were several huge maples growing around the spring, and even on the hottest day it seemed cool and pleasant there. Naturally, it was a favorite spot for people traveling up and down the road. We always kept a gourd dipper there for thirsty travelers to quench their thirst.

Naturally, this also became a favorite spot for a few people who like to play cards, shoot craps and gamble. On a Saturday afternoon, there might be as many as 10 or 15 men gathered there playing cards, shooting craps, drinking moonshine whiskey and just loafing. I had three uncles, John, Burt and Jep Collins who were more or less regular attenders at these sessions. These uncles were pure blooded Irish, and they loved a good time, a good joke, a good argument and a rousing knock-down, drag-out fight and a good drink of the Bugg Hollow moonshine, and all were available at these gatherings.

Uncle John was a tall rawboned man, about six feet and one inch, and weighed about 175 pounds. He had worked in the hills most of his life and although he did not have big bulging muscles, they were like steel cords. I believe that he was about the strongest man that I had ever seen. He could put a green hand-hewn railroad cross tie on his shoulder and walk out of the woods with it, and I couldn't ever lift one end of it. Hwas fast as lightening and was completely fearless as far as I ever knew...

**(See HOLLOW, Page 5)**

## **(HOLLOW, Continued from page 4)**

### **Papa's Leaning Corn Crib**

Bugg Hollow was not noted for its farms or farming. Perhaps its most noted products were timber, moonshine whiskey and its rugged people.

The road followed the creek as it twisted and turned on its way to the Cumberland River about 15 miles away. Generally, the stream was quiet and gentle as it slowly wound its way to the river, but after a heavy rain it became a raging torrent, washing out bridges and the road, as it made its muddy way to the river. After each heavy rain the road had to be repaired, which was a fairly simple matter. We took the wagon and team down to the side of the creek and hauled gravel and put it on the road to replace that which had been washed away.

On each side of the creek, there were narrow rocky fields that had been cleared and were cultivated or planted in grass. These fields were not large, usually not more than two or three acres. One year we planted two or three of these fields in corn, and it was looking pretty good, so Papa had decided that the little crib in the barn was not large enough to hold all this corn and that we needed another. He had begun to trade and buy horses and mules and had several on hand, so he needed more feed. He had helped build a house for Grandpa, and he thought building a little corn crib would be duck soup for an experienced carpenter like himself.

Now they had some tools to build the house: levels, squares, etc. But Papa only had a hammer, hatchet, handsaw and ax, but he thought that was enough for an experienced carpenter. We started out, going to the mill for lumber, to the store for nails, and then we were ready.

After about two weeks, we had it finished. We noticed that it leaned a little to the left but thought that this would be all right, but the more we did, the more it leaned. It would not have been so bad except that it was only about 300 feet from the road and in plain view. Papa took a lot of kidding about his leaning corn crib, but he didn't mind too much. He said it would hold just as much corn as if it had been square and straight.

When I finished grammar school at Cottontown and started to high school in Gallatin, I saw pictures of another building that also leaned. This building is certainly more famous than Papa's corn crib. It is called the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

## **1990 Book Gives Additional Insight on Bugg Hollow, Cottontown and More**

From *Tell Me a Story* by David Collier

**Editor's Note: The late David Collier wrote briefly about Bugg Hollow and small town life in his book, *Tell Me a Story*, now in Sumner Co. Archives. He wrote:**

### **Bugg Hollow**

Back in the very early 1800s, a man by the name of Samuel Bugg and his family made their way across the wilderness from North Carolina and settled on the headwaters of Station Camp Creek. His wife was Frances Lewis Bugg, also of North Carolina. Several children were born to this union. Anselm D. Bugg married Tibitha Smith, who was a granddaughter of General Daniel Smith. His home was Rock Castle in Hendersonville.

Mary Ann Bugg married Governor William Trousdale and lived in the Trousdale Place in Gallatin. Joice Bugg married William Cantrell. Walter Lewis Bugg married Zeralda Prudence Franklin. Samuel Howell Bugg married Catherine Smiley. Henry Willis Bugg and John Langley Bugg never married.

### **Early Roads and Bridges**

According to Miss Ruth Langford, in 1930 the road as it is now, running from Cottontown to Douglass Chapel, was changed from the creek bank as the old road turned down the creek beside the old log house. In 1934, the bridge across the creek at Cottontown was built. Before the bridge was installed, a swinging bridge was used for people walking. One pillar of this bridge still stands in the corner of Aster Draper's yard. The road from Cottontown to Gallatin was blacktopped the same year.

In 1935, construction was started on the electric power line from Gallatin to Cottontown.

In the late 1890s, the first telephone was installed, probably in Mitchell's store.

### **Early Schools**

On Nov. 17, 1843, Hugh Cotton sold a piece of property containing 1 ½ acres of land for \$15 for the purpose of a school. It was named the Duke School, located where the Travis Burton farm is today. At the time, Cottontown was located in the 10<sup>th</sup> District. Professor Stevens was one of the first teachers.



Miss Nannie's kindergarten graduates of 1946 were: (front, l. to r.) Lena Bradford, Phillip Brown, Ann Draper, Billy Breedlove, Kippy Caudill, Wayne Gibbons, (back, l. to r.) Ruth Elmore, Rebecca Johnson, Kay Durham, Martha Waldon, Kenneth Lemmons. *Photo courtesy of Kay Durham Hurt.*

## Miss Nannie's School Is Loving Memory

By Kay Durham Hurt

**Editor's Note:** This memoir by Kay Durham Hurt of Gallatin was included in the book *Remember When*, edited and published by former Hendersonville High School history teacher and coach Jim Lind and written in part by his HHS students. Miss Nannie was an icon of Hendersonville, whose school was beloved by hundreds of Hendersonville boys and girls, the youngest of whom would now be in their 60s. She was also the leader of the first Brownie troop in Hendersonville, which is where I met her at age seven and, like Kay Hurt, was enchanted.

"Miss Nannie was Nannie Anderson before her marriage to Andrew L. Matthews. She taught first grade at Hendersonville school in the 1920s and 1930s. In 1944 she started a private kindergarten in her log home [Forrest Retreat Road, Hendersonville]. I was four years old when I began kindergarten that year with a wonderful and loving teacher, sweet and petite. Miss Nannie was small in stature and always dressed in her best with high heel shoes on. When we arrived at school, she would greet us at the door with "hello," a smile and a hug.

We knew she was glad to see us as we entered the house through the front door which opened into a large room with a stone fireplace. This was her living room furnished with a baby grand piano, a comfy sofa, chairs and a semi-circle of children's chairs in front of the fireplace. We had

music time in this area every morning with Miss Nannie at the piano. We spent a large amount of time in music, learning many children's songs. If Miss Nannie could not hear someone singing, she would nicely let that child know she was listening for his or her sweet voice.



Miss Nannie and two students, Beverly Dorris Harris and Judy Dorris in 1954 in front of her school.

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**(NANNIE, Continued from Page 6)**



Miss Nannie's classroom on Forrest Retreat Road about 1954. The school moved from her home to this location across the street. (Photo courtesy of Beverly Harris.)

After music time, we would go upstairs for reading, writing, science, health, story and play time. Play time upstairs was playing with dolls, doll furniture, dishes and dressing up in Miss Nannie's clothes. Oh, how we girls loved to put on her high heels! The boys would play with wooden blocks, trucks and trains.

For playing outside, there was a large yard with a wooden swing set and see-saw. A sunken rock garden on one side of the house provided nature study and coupled with excursions down Forrest Retreat Road into the woods at the lake. Here was a hollow tree that was home to the wood fairies, along with fairy-sized furniture. We were in the world of make-believe, but Miss Nannie had a way of making it real. Every day was the best day.

After two years of kindergarten, we had an end-of-school program and graduation for the family and friends at Kippy Caudill's home (the rock house on Gallatin Road between the entrances to Blue Ridge subdivision). Our May Pole Dance was a beautiful presentation. The graduation exercise was very special to us, with the wearing of caps and gowns.

Some of us continued going to school at Miss Nannie's through the third grade. She loved her students and told us we were special. We left school each day with a goodbye and a kiss on the forehead from her. Everyone loved Miss Nannie and still hold her special.

**(CRIME, Continued from Page 1)**

to extort in the future if their well-conceived plan worked out. The boys practiced writing notes until they had just the right sort of threatening jargon assembled.

They mailed their letter from the Portland Post Office on April 27, 1948 to Charlie Freeman. The letter in block print to disguise their hand writing states,

**“CHARLIE WE KNOW SOME  
THINGS ON YOU THAT  
YOU WOULDEN WANT  
THE LAW TO KNOW  
ABOUT, WE CAN KEEP  
OUR MOUTH SHUT FOR  
A \$100 DOLLARS  
YOU PUT IT ON ONE  
OF THE PILLORS UNDER  
THE BRIDGE THE LITTLE  
DRAKE BRIGE AT 9.0. CLOCK  
SUNDAY MORNING AND  
COME ALONE IF YOU DON.T  
WANT TO GET HURT  
SIGN  
THE PASO KiD  
THE PiNTO KiD”**

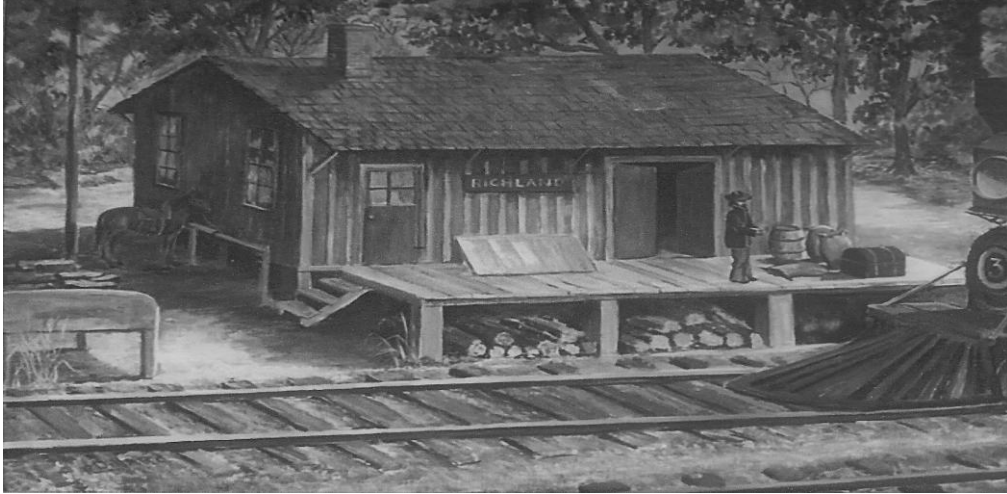
On the appointed day and time, J.D., Thurman and a pal, James Smart, watched from the nearby brush as Charlie placed the money in the designated spot under the bridge.

The plan seemed to work perfectly. When the boys went to retrieve the ill-gotten money, Sherriff Reddick and three officers arrested them. Charlie Freeman wasn't about to succumb to their threats that easily and had notified police.

J.D. and Thurman admitted they wrote and mailed the extortion letter but said it was all in fun, and they didn't really think it was against the law. James Smart was freed but J.D. and Thurman were arrested and later released on \$1,000 bond each. With so much evidence of their own making against them, the pair pled guilty in Circuit Court and were sentenced to 11 months and 29 days in jail. They served 90 days each and were paroled on good behavior. For the Paso Kid and Pinto Kid, crime did not pay.

The El Paso Kid first appeared in 1946 in a movie starring Sunset Carson. In 1941, the Pinto Kid made many movie appearances in films starring Charles Starrett and the Sons of the Pioneers.

**Editor's Note: Thanks to Jamie Whetham for discovering the case in the Sumner County Archives files.**



*Artist Rendering of Richland Station, Circa 1859*

## Portland Was Site of Confederate Training Camp

By Edwin L. Ferguson

**Editor's Note:** Edwin L. Ferguson was formerly the county historian. This article is part of a book he wrote about the original Portland settlement entitled "Richland from Birth to Death, Born August 10, 1859, Died April 10, 1888." Richland changed its name to Portland due to mail confusion between two Tennessee communities named Richland. This article also appeared in the *Portland Sun*.

When the Civil War broke out, the little village of Richland was just beginning to realize its existence and to understand what the new railroad could and would mean to its development. However, the outbreak of hostilities caused a complete stoppage of all growth and development. Law and order disappeared. All business was suspended. Thousands of Confederate troops poured into Richland, the very first train ride for most of them.

Richland, by reason of its being on the line between the Confederacy and the northern states, was chosen as the site of a large training camp for the Confederacy, known as Camp Trousdale, located about two miles east of Richland at the little school house known as "Cold Spring," the place getting its name from a large spring of clear, cold water which became the source of water for the Army Camp. The little school building was used as a hospital, and many were the cases of measles, mumps and smallpox endured by the homesick lads.

A Nashville lawyer, Felix K. Zollicoffer, was appointed Brigadier General by Gov. Isham G. Harris to command the troops. Col. John C. Brown, afterwards Major General and governor of Tennessee, had charge of camp management. Dr. William. P. Moore, Sr., made daily trips to Camp Trousdale to administer to the hundreds of sick. He did this on his own, without pay.

Camp Trousdale began to receive regiments of Confederate volunteers in May 1861, and among the last to arrive was a regiment in August 1861. The camp was abandoned in February 1862 when the Confederate line of defense was broken in at Fishing Creek, Ky., and Fort Donelson in Stewart County, Tenn.

Local men were killed and wounded at both of these places. Sumner County furnished more soldiers to the Confederacy than she had voters, and the northern side of the county came through with their share and more. Richland, Fountain Head, Mitchellville, and other places were almost destitute of military age men. Volunteers included many under and over military age.

Richland had no battles fought nearby but was the scene of several skirmishes. When the

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northern army took over most of Tennessee in 1862, a redoubt was constructed on the east side of the railroad and at the northern end of the trestle and garrisoned by Union soldiers to guard the trestle and to keep the residents under control.

The 9th Tennessee Cavalry was recruited behind the Union lines in September 1862. It was composed of men whose enlistments had expired or men who had been discharged on disability or who were too old or too young or had become disgusted by leadership or the lack of it and had deserted.

It should be pointed out that being behind the Union lines, the men thought themselves safe from capture as deserters. However, Union forces began to arrest them anyway and send them north to prison if they did not take the oath of allegiance to the Union. Many had no choice but to enlist in this 9th Regiment, take the oath of allegiance or face Union prison. Ironically, the 9th Cavalry grew to become one of the very best regiments in the Confederate Army.

We have records to prove that Richland community men shed their blood on battlefields in 14 different states. The following reports from "Official Records" of Union officers to their superiors provide a closer connection of Richland to the Civil War.

**South Tunnel, Tenn.**

**March 24, 1863**

**To Brig. Gen. E.A. Payne**

**Dear General:**

**As the finale of the rebel raid upon the Louisville and Nashville railroad, of the 19inst, near Richland Station (of which I apprised you by telegram of that date) I beg leave to report that the rebels were completely routed and driven from the ground in great disorder. We recaptured most of the mail and express goods, of which there was a large quantity and \$9,000 in money which was taken from the train. We also captured 16 guns (Springfield Rifles)**

**and should have got many more, but whilst my men were pursuing the enemy, a force (Union) arrived at the scene of action on a train of cars from Bowling Green, Ky. who picked up the guns which the rebels had thrown away in their flight. Twenty-eight horses and four prisoners were captured. One rebel was killed in the retreat, as admitted by the rebels, 18 were wounded, some slightly, others more seriously. One of the prisoners was shot through the knee, and was peremptorily taken from the corporal in command who had him in charge, by a Medical Officer who claimed to be high in authority, and who, as he said, was going to Louisville.**

**General, it is but just to say of companies A and K of my command, who were stationed at the stockade (Richland) 1.5 miles where the train was thrown from the track, that they made the distance and were firing at the marauders within 12 minutes from the time they heard the crash and the firing upon the train.**

**Company A was commanded by Lt. J.F. Culver, a brave and efficient officer, Company K by their 1st Sgt. Charles Magreaf.**

**Yours obediently,**

**G.T. Smith**

**Col. Commanding Gallatin, Tenn.**

**March 25, 1863**

**To Brig. Gen. Garfield**

**Chief of Staff, Murfreesboro**

**General: A guerrilla band ran the passenger down train from Louisville off the tracks in the Richland woods about 16 miles from here, this evening. Co. Smith sent some infantry, killing 1, wounded 3 and took 4 prisoners. I think they will get the train through tonight. Our loss, none. I shall go up as soon as I can get a locomotive.**

**E.A. Payne**

**Brig. Gen.**

Lacking manpower for clerical work, the rebels made no reports.

## **(BRIDAL, Continued from Page 1)**

*Celebration of Homes Built Before 1900 in Sumner County, Tennessee*, that logs were used for building because timber was available, logs could be rolled or dragged and were a familiar material to settlers, who grew up using axes, saws and similar tools.

Moving Bridal House's giant logs is the stuff of legend. According to stories, neighbors standing at Cotton's blacksmith shop (or thereabouts) watched in amazement as four yoke of oxen moved slowly past, carrying the largest logs they'd ever seen down Bug Hollow trail to the clearing for the Bridal House. The oxen pulled two wide-wheeled wagons lashed in tandem (a novelty even in those days) and left load after load. Logs were placed to season in the sun and be chopped into shape by a craftsman named Briggance (or Brigance).

Elizabeth—called Betsey—married her cousin, Richard Hobdy. Born in 1804, she would have been 14 or 15 years old when she married. Richard, who was a baby when his family arrived in Tennessee, would have been about 25. The house, which was located near Moore's own, may have been a gift with a practical purpose. It allowed Moore to keep his young daughter under parental supervision awhile longer and kept the bridegroom nephew handy for skilled labor.

Richard's own father was dead, killed by Indians when Richard was a small child. Some of his older siblings and their Cotton cousins did business and owned property together. The families were closely intertwined. Richard probably followed the family tradition of becoming a blacksmith and, as such, would already have been a valuable member of Moore's expanding horse breeding enterprise and farm. Moore owned as much as 600 acres in Sumner County and was known to breed race horses.

Living in Bridal House, Richard and Betsey would have seen the area around them change from frontier to settled community, with businesses growing up in Gallatin and Nashville. The couple prospered. By 1830, the family had grown to six, and Richard had six slaves and 130 acres of property. By 1840, he had 10 family members, nine slaves, 310 acres and was a Justice of the Peace. His preserved writings indicate that he was relatively educated.

Richard and Betsey had 11 children, three girls and eight boys. Descendants of family and friends still live in and around Sumner County, and many of them donated household items now in the Bridal House.

"People have been so generous," said Jane Wright, president of the Friends of Bridal House, which researched and furnished the house for

viewing. "We have had unbelievable response to our requests, and the house is now fully furnished and beautiful."

For example, Oklahoman Lee Groves, who has roots here, read in Facebook about the house restoration, got in touch and sent by truck a period sugar desk, chairs, benches, cupboards and two beds made here. (Sugar desks and chests are unique to Tennessee and Kentucky. They were made from 1800-1850 to store sugar, coffee and other valuable perishables.)

Visitors can see the parlor, a downstairs master bedroom (with trundle for the youngest child) and two upstairs bedrooms, one for the girls and another for the younger boys. The parlor, which would have been the center of family life, is where they entertained and conducted business. Richard would have registered marriages and even performed wedding ceremonies in the parlor if a circuit preacher was unavailable.



**Bridal House Parlor**

A separate building, no longer in existence, with a kitchen and dining room was likely located behind the main house. The older boys (Noah, Robert and John) may have slept in a room over the dining room.

The west bedroom upstairs is illustrative of where Betsey and Richard's daughters (Mary, Elizabeth Talitha and Frannie) would have slept. The girls were born over a period 21 years, so by the time the youngest was born, the oldest was probably married and gone. The east bedroom upstairs would have been used by the younger boys (Alexander, Thomas, Andrew and William).

Census records indicate that the children had schooling from the time they were six or seven until they were about 16 years old. By age nine or ten, the boys would have also had chores, probably working in the blacksmith shop and on the farm. The girls would have helped their mother with the house, the younger children, the cooking and sewing

## **Cottontown: The Legacy of Thomas and Pricilla Cotton**

**From the writings of Gratia Strother**

Cottontown, the unincorporated community located seven miles west of Gallatin in Sumner County, has roots that go back to 1791 when the community's founders, Thomas Cotton and his wife Pricilla Knight, their 11 children (ages 21 to one), and Thomas' sister Susannah and her family arrived by wagon to the area. The place became known as Cottontown sometime during the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, and many Cotton descendants still live in the community.

The Cotton family came from Hertford, located in the far eastern side of North Carolina. They probably made the journey in stages, as was typical in those days. They probably traveled the first 300-plus miles of North Carolina to the Cumberland Gap, then on the Avery Trace for another 300 miles. It is estimated that they would have traveled for two months or so, moving at a rate of 10 to 15 miles per day.

What lay before them was wilderness territory, fraught with danger. Tennessee did not become a state until 1796. Sumner County, established in 1786, was still part of North Carolina.

Thomas Cotton and his brother, John, had each been awarded 640-acre Revolutionary War grants in Tennessee for their service to the new country. Both had enlisted as patriots in the North Carolina Militia. In 1776, Thomas, a captain, served under Col. Benjamin Wynns. Later he served under Col. Peter Dauge in the newly created 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of the Hertford County Militia. Thomas was among the soldiers who marched to Wilmington to guard against the British invasion.

Thomas was, in fact, taken prisoner by the British and held for seven months. Until the end of his life, he bore scars on his wrists from being held in chains.

Thomas' grant was in Davidson County on the Stones River, and John's was in Sumner County. It is not clear why Thomas ended up living in Sumner County on John's land grant. It is known that John arrived on his grant as early as 1789 and died in 1792. It is likely that Thomas inherited his brother's land. Tax records from 1792 bear this out, showing that Thomas owned 1220 acres in Sumner County.

When the Cotton family arrived in Sumner County, they found land that was largely a forest of huge trees. Their earliest days were most certainly spent chopping trees and building

shelter. The area was constantly beset by attacks by the Creek and Chickamauga tribes.

Susannah's family was attacked in 1791 as they were clearing logs. A son was killed, and Susannah was wounded when an arrow pierced her hand.

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### **SCHS Annual Membership Meeting Slated For April 19**

Sumner County Historical Society President Ken Thomson will be the featured speaker at this year's annual SCHS membership and dinner meeting.

The event will be Thursday, April 19, at 6 p.m. at the Gallatin First Baptist Church, 290 E. Winchester Street, Bldg B. Dinner is \$25 per person. Annual SCHS membership cost is \$25 per family, \$20 per individual and \$10 per student. Reservations must be made by April 16. Invitations with reservation return information were mailed to members, but the historical society welcomes non-members to attend and to join the organization. Call Sumner County Archives at 615-452-0037 or e-mail Bonnie Martin at [sumnersettlers@yahoo.com](mailto:sumnersettlers@yahoo.com) for information.

Thomson's lecture will feature stories about the houses of Dr. Levi Ring, Stonewall and the Carriage House, which were donated by the late John Garrott in 2015 to the Sumner County Museum. Garrott was the former president of the Sumner County Historical Society and co-founder of the Sumner County Museum.

Property around Stonewall and the Carriage House was once owned by former Gov. William Hall, the Gallatin governor who finished Sam Houston's term of office after he left in disgrace. Dr. Levi Ring bought the land from Hall and built Stonewall 1831. He was the head master of Gallatin's Transmontania Academy, a boys' school chartered by the state in 1806.

Ring lived in the house for two years, then he sold it to a lawyer named James Leath and returned to his hometown of Clarksville. Five years later, Ring returned to Transmontania and built the Carriage House, but he ended up not living there.

The house is called the Carriage House because a carriage factory was once located there.

*Sumner County Historical Society*

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To: