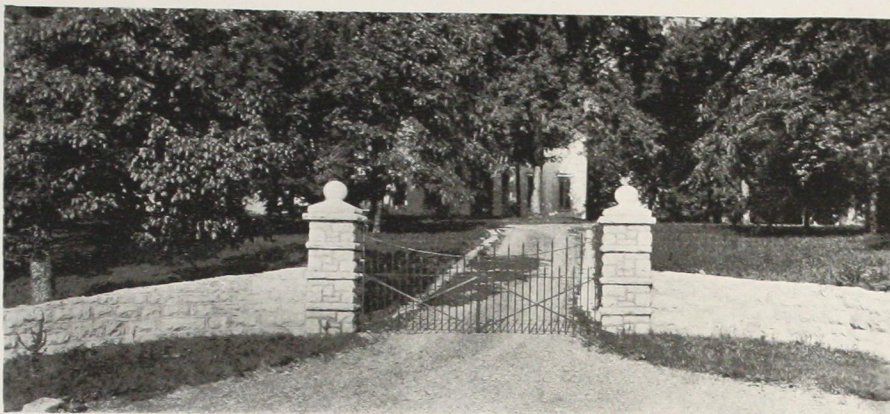


“GLEN LEVEN”



"GLEN LEVEN"



“Glen Leven”

THE present house at “Glen Leven,” the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson, dates only from 1857, but it occupies the site of the one built prior to 1823, by John Thompson, a son of Thomas Thompson, who was born in 1793 in a block house on the part of the property now owned by Joseph H. Thompson.

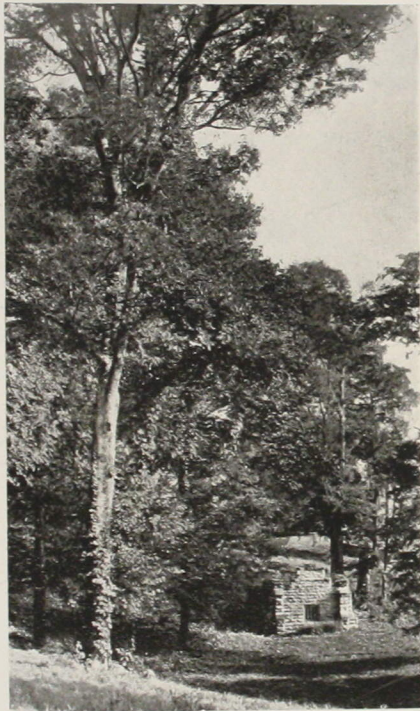
The elder John Thompson was married four times and it was after his last marriage that he decided to build a larger house in the same yard with the one he had occupied for more than thirty years. It was completed, and the night before the furniture was to be moved in from the old house to the new, both caught fire and were burned to the ground. Then the present house was built.

When the Civil War came on, Mr. Thompson was quite an old man, nearly seventy, and his sons were too young to be any protection, so the place suffered a great deal from vandalism after the occupation of Nashville by the Federals in 1862. The day of the battle of Nashville, Mrs. Thompson sent word to one of the surgeons that she had prepared several rooms for the reception of the wounded, and that she would be glad to have them brought there. Her invitation was accepted, and the large square piano was wheeled out on the back porch, and Mrs. Thompson assisted at the amputations, which, needless to say, took place without anæsthetics. Mrs. Thompson rarely spoke of her war sufferings, of which she bore her white hair as a token, although she was at the time little over forty.

Mr. Thompson's death, at the age of eighty-three, removed one of the last links with pioneer days. He passed his long and useful life on the same tract of land which his father had taken up as a homestead from North Carolina, in 1782. He had seen



Nashville grew from a collection of fortified log cabins into a modern city, and he had seen volunteers for four wars march away. His eldest son and namesake inherited "Glen Leven," and he and his wife, *nee* Overton, have worthily maintained its reputation for open-handed hospitality.



Spring house at "Glen Leven"
*"O'er which the columned wood did frame
a roofless temple."*



*I know an old sweet garden
Where the roses are in bloom,
You can find it if you follow
Bee, butterfly, and swallow,
And the waft of the rich perfume."*

A glimpse of Mrs. A. S. Caldwell's garden at "Wayside "



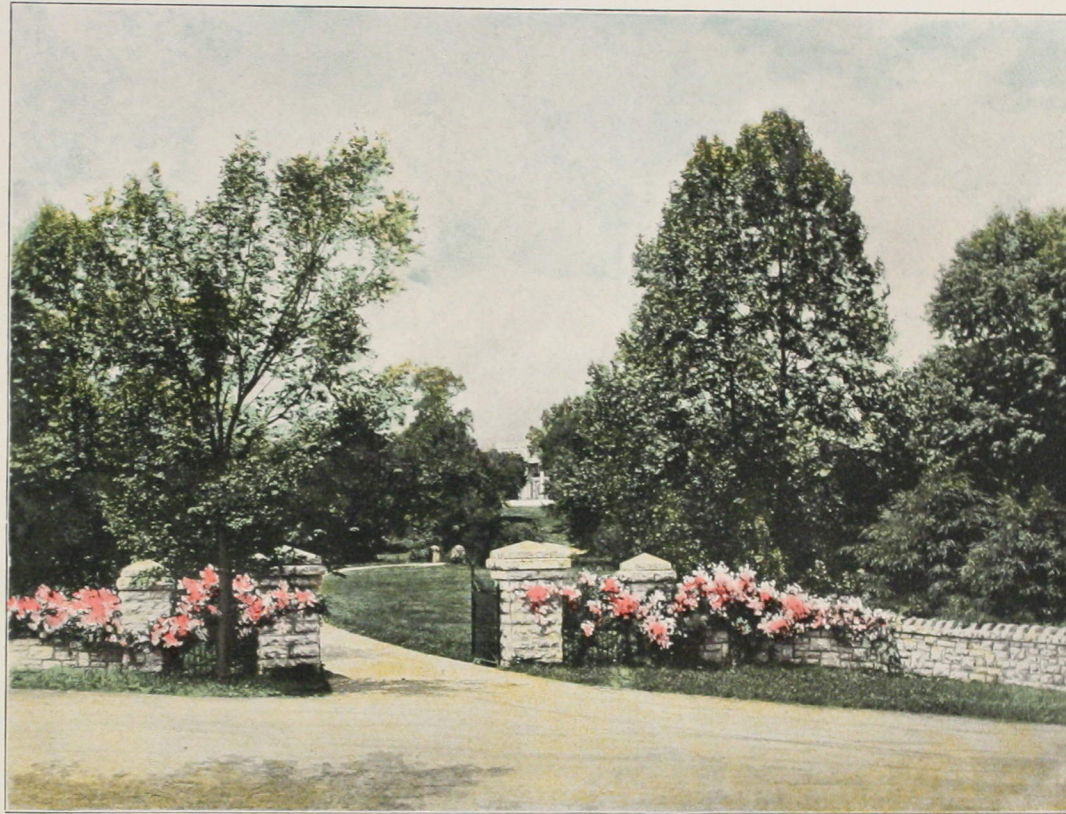
*"Here the birds sing when the sky is blue,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through."*



One of the Pretty Cross Lanes



"LONGVIEW"



“Longview”

“LONGVIEW” has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Caldwell for over thirty years. It is a growth, having been added to and enlarged at different periods. It stands on ground made historic in the Battle of Nashville, being quite in the center of the bloody operation of that eventful occasion. A part of the breastworks can still be seen in some of the fields. The house fronts on the Franklin Pike—a veritable historic highway—used by the stage coaches of early times, and over which passed the army of General Andrew Jackson, on its way to New Orleans, and the armies of Albert Sidney Johnston and of Buell to Shiloh, and those of Schoefield, Hood and Thomas on their way to Franklin and Nashville.



The Wedding on the Lawn of Miss Elsie Caldwell and Daniel Carter Buntin

*Gates decorated with sweet peas and opened by little pages for
the wedding procession to pass through. Aisle formed
by standards of lilies connected by smilax.*



The Spring House at "Longview."



Looking Down the Aisle to the Altar

*"Two wedded from the portal stept;
The birds made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O, pure-eyed bride!
O, tender pride!"*



Changing Pastures



"And sweet with clinging memories the garden lies"

THE following poem was written twenty years ago by Miss Ellen M. Winston, sister of Mrs. Caldwell. It was suggested by the unearthing of a cannon ball in the garden at Longview:

*Grim symbol! wherefore hidest thy dark form
Beneath the tender roots of lovely flowers?
Dost fear thy war-like visage stern may fright away
These happy, peaceful hours?*

*Above thy resting place the flowers bend,
The azure skies laugh out, the blue birds sing;
And fragrant odors fresh from field and lawn proclaim
The time's sweet blossoming.*

*Far different was the day thou camest here—
Athwart the sky thick hung war's sombre pall,
And want and fear and care—grim spectres three—
Did darkly brood o'er all.*

*Then loud the battle's roar, the crash of arms
Rang out! By murd'rous shot and shell, the land,
Deep ploughed in yawning furrows, ran dark streams of blood,
Her dead on every hand.*

*Ah, sadder truth than aught we e'er can know
'Gainst no dread alien foe the steel was pressed,
But fiercest anger plunged the cruel sword
Deep in a brother's breast.*

*Dark dream, avast! The war-clouds rolled away,
Reveals a stricken land all bleeding, torn;
A people crazed with grief, a thousand ruined homes,
And blighted fields forlorn.*

*But Nature, musing sadly on the grief-bowed land,
With patient hands thro' all the coming years,
Binds up each gaping wound and on each crimson stain
Drops soft, effacing tears.*

*And Peace, her garments breathing spice and myrrh,
Doth on the gale delicious incense fling,
While from each riven scar, each tear-bathed spot,
The pure, sweet flowers spring.*

*A resurrection! From the grave the flowers,
Sweet spirits springing upward towards the skies,
So from the gloom, the carnage of those awful years,
Doth higher thoughts arise.*

*And higher love! For brothers—foemen once—
Palm closely pressed to palm, together stand,
Commingle tears o'er graves of Blue and Gray,
The children of one land!*

*Thy tale is done. Back to thy hiding place
Return, O Missile dread! Thou hast no part
In this fair pageantry—thy presence here
Doth strangely stir the heart.*

*But yet, 'neath rose and pink and violet,
Thou still may rest, untroubled in the dust;
And may thy dreams henceforth no ruder shock receive
Than ploughshare's sturdy thrust.*



"And evening's breath wandering here and there,
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream."



"BRIGHTWOOD"



“Brightwood”

IN 1782, North Carolina granted to Thomas Thompson 640 acres of land, which he, in turn, gave to his son, John Thompson. Five hundred and eleven acres of this grant John Thompson partitioned to his younger son, Joseph Hamilton Thompson. It was on this very estate that Thomas Thompson, grandfather of Elizabeth Thompson Horton, John Thompson, and Joseph Hamilton Thompson, built his fortified block house. John Thompson, son of this early pioneer, was born in this fortification at a time when Nashville was a trading post, before Tennessee was a State, and when the canebrakes were still the lurking place of the Cherokee Indians. It was here that this stalwart man of honor helped to clear the canebrakes which were to be followed by beautifully cultivated fields. In 1877, Joseph Hamilton Thompson built his home, “Brightwood.” The house is situated in the center of a beautiful grove. These mighty trees seem to spread their strong branches, as in a benediction, over the home of a man whose life is ever the story of a true and tried friend, a gentle counsellor, and a devout Christian.



*“The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth.”*



View of Thompson Lane from Front Gate



*"I wonder if your memory holds
A garden old like mine—
Within its midst a summer house
As lovely as a shrine?"*

*"Around mine bloomed a world of flowers
That scented every breeze;
And all Life's noises have not drowned
The murmur of its bees."*



*The Tree to the Left in the Picture was Inside the Thomas
Thompson Fortification*



“ELMWOOD”



"ELMWOOD"



"All the old scars of wanton war are banished."

"Elmwood"

THE residence of the Berry family, "Elmwood," is among the attractive and interesting old places in the vicinity of Nashville. It has been the home of the Berry family for fifty-eight years. The house, of the Italian villa type, is situated on a commanding site, three miles from the city, on the Franklin Pike. It is surrounded by rolling fields and woodlands, and its beautiful views and lovely old garden make it a most charming home. It was purchased in 1852 by Mr. W. W. Berry from George W. Martin, Esq., who had improved it with everything requisite for the most luxurious Southern country life. Beautiful shrubbery, gardens, orchards, productive farm lands, and all the necessary outhouses, rendered the place a self-supporting community.

In 1860, it was decided to build the present house, and the family removed to a cottage on the place, expecting to spend a year there while the new house was under construction. This was partially completed, the walls being up and the roof on, when war was declared, and the work stopped. It is an interesting fact that the same conditions were true of the Maxwell House. The brick in both of these buildings was made on the Overton farm, at the same time.

After the fall of Ft. Donelson and the consequent surrender of Nashville, the place was occupied by Buell's Army as a camp. The scene on their arrival, a cold, rainy winter's night, was indescribably weird and horrible. Every rail fence on the place was used for their camp fires, and the shouting of the soldiers as they pitched their tents, the sharp ring of their axes, the bleating of the released and terrified sheep, the lowing of cattle, and the crackling of the burning wood, combined to make an impression never to be forgotten. The next day, the country home was a city of tents.

From this time on, it was occupied by different divisions of the Federal Army, until the time of Hood's raid, when the Confederate Army advanced after the Battle of Franklin, and spent two weeks on the Elmwood hills. They constructed a line of breastworks diagonally across the lawn, within three feet of the house at one point. These were soon abandoned, and there was no heavy fighting on the place, though shells from Fort Negley and the bullets of sharpshooters made it an unsafe refuge. Many of these



The Road to the Fields

relics were picked up after the war. On the retreat of the Confederate Army the war was virtually over, and there were no more camps nor soldiers, but the despoiled home was a striking illustration of the horrors of war. It is estimated that there were at least six hundred trees felled, and the gardens and orchards were a waste. Many of the outhouses were destroyed. The lawns were so cut up with trenches and ditches that they had to be plowed in order to level them again. The house alone remained, by a miracle, uninjured. The architect, Major Heiman, was killed in battle, but when work was resumed in 1866, many of the same workmen returned to complete their job, and in the autumn of 1867 the family were at home in their new house. The old spring house still bears the marks of the war, in the autographs of the soldiers of many regiments. The grounds have never been restored to their former beauty, but it has been a home where hospitality has reigned and where children and grandchildren have loved to gather, and it is endeared to them by many sacred memories.

