

“TRAVELLERS REST”



"TRAVELLERS REST"



"To muse and brood and live again in memory"

"Travellers Rest"

"TRAVELLERS REST" gained its name, which it has worthily borne for over ninety years, from the fact of the many guests it has entertained. John Overton, afterward Justice of the Supreme Court, came from Virginia in 1793 and built a two-room log house on the site of the present building. He was one of the first lawyers to practice in this section of the country, and the little brick office in the yard was also the first law school. Here many of the pioneer lawyers were educated, making their home meanwhile with Judge Overton in the house which had been enlarged to meet the growing needs of his hospitality.

In 1820, being then well advanced in years, he married Mrs. Mary White May, the widow of Dr. Francis May. Soon after their marriage the house was enlarged to practically its present proportions.

Judge Overton and General Andrew Jackson were warm personal and political friends and the correspondence between them during the period of Jackson's presidency and until the former's death was voluminous and intimate. Judge Overton's only son, Colonel John Overton, inherited the place. He married first, Miss Rachel Harding, who lived only a few years, leaving one son, the late John Overton of Memphis. His second wife was Miss Harriet Maxwell, a girl of eighteen when she came as a bride to "Travellers Rest." It was during their long life there together, of over forty years, that the hospitality of the place reached its zenith.

During the four troubled years of the Civil War, the house was never closed, and although situated almost on the battle field, it escaped practically uninjured.

In the winter of 1864, when Hood made his remarkable march into Tennessee, the present sitting room at "Travellers Rest" was his headquarters for a few days. Mrs. Overton was often heard to say that the proudest day of her life was during a cold, bleak day in December when seven Confederate Generals sat at her dining table.

Through the long, anxious years of reconstruction and the natural troubles of readjustment, after the upheaval of social conditions, Colonel and Mrs. Overton's home circle continued unbroken and the house became the center of an ever widening circle of friends and relatives. They lived to see all of their six children married, and, with one exception, living in the immediate vicinity of the old home place. Since their deaths, which occurred within a few weeks of each other, the house is owned and occupied by their eldest son, May Overton, under whose loving care many improvements have been made, but the house itself has been kept unchanged in its unpretentious, home-like exterior.

This sketch should not end without mentioning Mrs. Overton's old-fashioned garden which stood, in a way, as the mother garden of all those in the neighborhood. Whenever a new home was started she felt it her greatest pleasure to make the first donation to the garden, and many of her friends have some beautiful reminder of her in the living presence of a rose, a jasmine or a clump of snowy phlox.



"The Old Garden"

*"Oh! far away, in some serener air,
The eyes that loved them see a heavenly dawn.
How can they bloom without her tender care?
Why should they live when her sweet life is gone?"*



Brick Office where Judge Overton had his Law School

“OVERTON HALL”



"OVERTON HALL"



A Beautiful View of the Park, with the House in the Distance



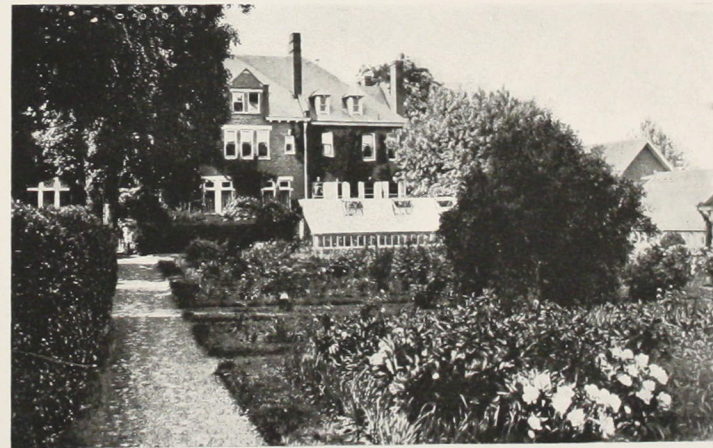
Side View of the House

“Overton Hall”

THE residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Maxwell Overton was built in 1900 by Mr. Overton. It is after the Tudor style of architecture for manor houses, and stands in the midst of a large park, thickly wooded with giant forest trees. There have been effectively planted many varieties of evergreens and flowering shrubs in groups and borders. These, with the closely clipped hedges which surround the formal garden and greenhouses, carry out the idea and appearance of its English architecture and planting. The land on which Overton Hall stands was granted by the United States government to Jesse Maxwell, the great grandfather of its present owner, for services in the Revolutionary War.



Some of Mr. Overton's Imported Jersey Cows

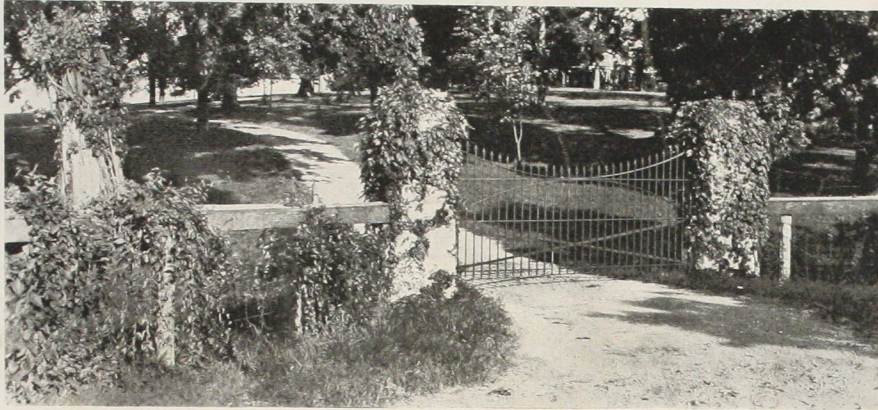


A Corner of the Garden

“RAVENS CROFT”



"RAVENSCROFT"



“Ravenscroft”

THE home of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Ewing was built on a part of the original Overton grant of land. It was the home of Mr. Robert Overton, and, after his death, it passed into the hands of his sister, Mrs. Ewing.



*“And clothed with a light of airy gold,
The mists on the Overton hills uprolled.”*



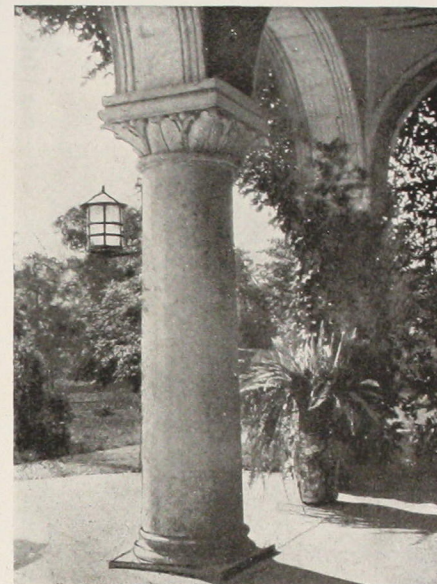
"OAK HILL"



“Oak Hill”

THE residence of Mr. and Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, like many other homes on the Franklin Pike, is situated on a portion of the battle field of Nashville. Many relics of this conflict are here preserved. On the lovely lawn, immediately in front of the house, is a cannon which was used in this great battle, and every year a mocking bird builds its nest in it. All day and at night, when the moon shines, as it sits on this grim emblem of war, it pours forth its soul in beautiful songs of hope and peace.

Nothing has more distinguished this home than its gracious hospitality. This was especially notable during the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, when, as President of the Woman's Board, Mrs. Kirkman gave weekly receptions at which many people of distinction were entertained. The charm of this place and the grace and beauty of its hostess are expressed in a little poem which was written by Miss Garland in appreciation of this charming home.—*M. W. C.*



Portion of the Veranda



Where Poppies Blow

A Drive to "Oak Hill"

*'Tis early morning, meadows ripe with June,
The birds awake with full-toned throats atune,
While myriad daisies star the spreading fields
And wild-rose wealth of happy perfume yields
The elder-flower unfolds its misty veil
O'er hedge and fence, and all adown a trail
Of honeysuckle, haunting, wild and free,
Fills all the air with fragrant memory.
Now up the rolling lawn and through the gate,
Away the past from happy present goes!
For there in gracious majesty doth wait,
The fairest flower in all the garden's close,
The fairest flower—Kate, the royal rose!*



*"Softly falls the sunbeam's glisten,
Only the shadows seem to listen."*