

“ZENaida”



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THE home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hirsig, was built by Edward Bradford about sixty years ago. The original home, as shown in the small picture, was destroyed by fire since it passed out of the possession of the family and has been replaced by another very attractive home owned by Mr. W. G. Hirsig. The old residence occupied a position between the lines of the opposing armies during the battle of Nashville, and the occupants of the house at that time have many interesting, and at the same time distressing, memories of events which occurred during and following the conflict. Naturally there were no men as protectors for the little company of women who were left alone to face the dangers of war, so that when the firing of cannon gave the signal that a fight was being waged and that the battle ground was dangerously near, Mrs. Bradford, her two daughters—Mary and Louisa—a young son, James, and a niece, Lizzie Nichol (Mrs. Wilbur Foster), then a visitor in the family, hurried into a vehicle and beat a hasty



Old House which was Defaced by Cannon Balls During the Battle of Nashville



'Till the long vista endless seems.'

retreat, for there was firing both from the front and rear of the house, and that, too, at close range. In the picture may be seen the holes made by the cannon balls as they passed through the railing of the upper gallery. These defenseless women, courageous as the men who wore the gray, made their way through the darkness, by a circuitous route, to the home of Mr. McCrory, nine miles out on the Granny White Pike, where they spent the night, the young girls huddled in a small room, while the older woman stood guard at the door during the terrible hours of that night. Breakfast being served next morning from the old-fashioned log cabin kitchen detached from the house, it is laughingly told that as hot biscuits were brought across to the dining-room, straggling soldiers, lurking about, would snatch them from the plates about as quickly as they were replaced.

When the little band of women were carried home next day, it was a sorry sight which greeted them. Floor coverings had been taken up and cut into great pieces to use as wagon covers. All clothing and provisions were gone, and the only reason that a sum of money was left unmolested was because a few weeks previously, in anticipation of such an event, the mother herself, assisted by her daughter, had dug a hole in the old smoke-house floor, buried this money and with their own unaided strength had dragged a huge salt barrel over the spot to cover its hiding place.

The old home was used for a while as a hospital, the piano being taken as a dissecting table, and the family were driven for a while to seek shelter elsewhere.