

HISTORICAL AND BEAUTIFUL  
COUNTRY HOMES

NEAR  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

1911





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LOUISE GOODLOE











## DEDICATION

**T**O the makers of these homes who have helped so much by giving me such lovely pictures and interesting articles, this book is most gratefully dedicated by the compiler, Mrs. James E. Caldwell.



## My Garden

*"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!*

*Rose plot,*

*Fringed pool,*

*Fern'd grot—*

*The veriest school*

*Of peace; and yet the fool*

*Contentds that God is not—*

*Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?*

*Nay, but I have a sign;*

*'Tis very sure God walks in mine."*

—THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.





*Roses of June*



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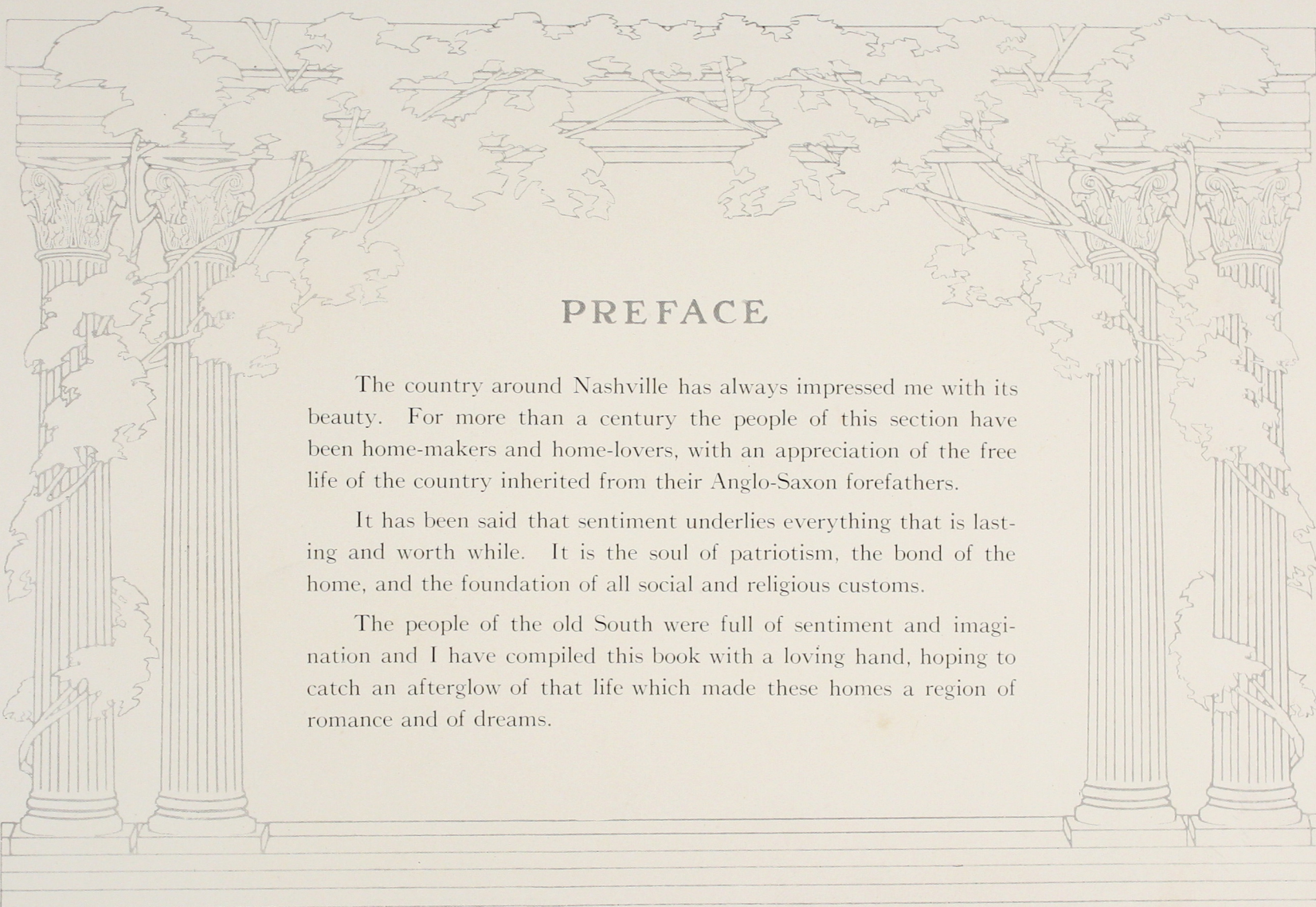
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## PREFACE

The country around Nashville has always impressed me with its beauty. For more than a century the people of this section have been home-makers and home-lovers, with an appreciation of the free life of the country inherited from their Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

It has been said that sentiment underlies everything that is lasting and worth while. It is the soul of patriotism, the bond of the home, and the foundation of all social and religious customs.

The people of the old South were full of sentiment and imagination and I have compiled this book with a loving hand, hoping to catch an afterglow of that life which made these homes a region of romance and of dreams.





"THE HERMITAGE," HOME OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, WHO WAS SEVENTH PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES, 1829-1837





*"Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombrous pines."*



*Aaron Burr Made his Famous Visit to the Hermitage in 1805,  
and was Entertained in this Log House*

## "The Hermitage"

THE Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, is situated on the Lebanon Pike, about twelve miles from Nashville.

The original Hermitage was built in 1804. It was made of logs and part of it is still standing. Jackson was living there when the battle of New Orleans was fought, in 1815, and he returned to this humble home the conquering hero and idol of the nation. The present site was selected in 1819, and the

house was built of brick made on the place. LaFayette was entertained at the Hermitage in 1825.

Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of General Jackson, died in 1828, just after he was elected President, and on the eve of his departure for Washington for the inauguration.

The adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., was married in 1831 to Miss Sarah Yorke, of Philadelphia. All of their children were born at the Hermitage, and the family were the solace and comfort of General Jackson's declining years. The daughter, Rachel, married Dr. John M. Lawrence. She is still living and tells many interesting incidents of the home life at the Hermitage and in Washington City.

General Jackson died in 1845, at the age of seventy-eight years, and was buried by the side of his wife in the tomb in the garden.

The Hermitage farm of five hundred acres was sold by Andrew Jackson, Jr., in 1856, to the State of Tennessee, for the sum of \$48,000. The family remained at the Hermitage during the Civil War. General Thomas, commandant of the post at Nashville, sent out a detailed guard to protect the place, and thus saved it from devastation. Andrew Jackson, Jr., died in 1865, leaving his widow, and her widowed sister, Mrs. Marian Adams, the sole occupants of the Hermitage. The sons of Andrew and Sarah Jackson and also of Mrs. Adams, five in number, joined the Confederate service. Only one, Colonel Andrew Jackson, returned.

The State Legislature allowed Mrs. Sarah Jackson to remain tenant at will during her lifetime. She died in 1888 and was buried in the garden.



*The Back Gallery, Looking  
Towards the Garden*



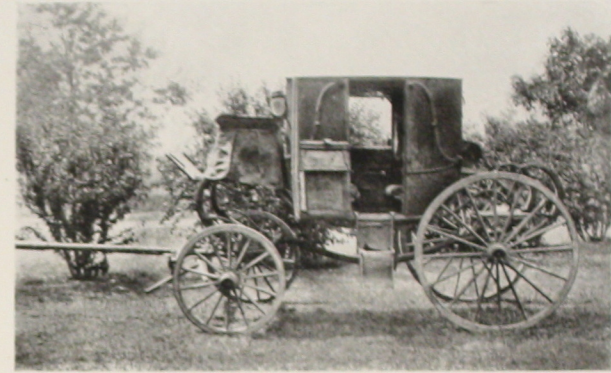


*"Still stands the forest primeval."*

The Hermitage is built in Old Colonial style of architecture. There is a wide hall, with double rooms on each side, and wings supplementing these. Entering the hall, one notes at first glance the pictorial wall paper, which represents the story of Telemachus in search of Ulysses, his father, and is that part of the story which tells of his landing on the Island of Calypso.

The house is full of interesting relics. General Jackson's bedroom is as it was the day he died. One is also shown the room occupied by LaFayette and that of Colonel Earle, who spent many years at the Hermitage. He painted a number of portraits of Jackson, and assisted in laying out the beautiful garden and the interesting grove of cedars which are placed in the form of a guitar.

Nothing so well indicates the character, manliness and chivalry of Jackson as the epitaph which he wrote for his wife's tomb. It is as follows:



*The Four-horse Coach used by Jackson at the White House for all State and Social Purposes, and for Several Trips to the Hermitage, which Trip took 30 Days.*



*"Still bloom the flowers  
With their old-time sweetness."*



*"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor; even Death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."*

The people of Nashville and of Tennessee owe a debt of gratitude to the Ladies' Hermitage Association, a band of noble women, whose zealous efforts have preserved and restored this historic home. President Roosevelt, while occupying the White House in 1907, made a visit to Nashville for



The Grave of Andrew Jackson and of Rachel

*Deep in the shadow of the friendly trees,  
In that old garden of the Hermitage,  
All color-crammed, like some rare-pictured page  
Whose quaint old patterns still essay to please;  
Where valley lilies in the Southern breeze  
Hang their pale bells against the scarlet sage,  
Deep-scarred and war-worn, ends his pilgrimage,  
Among the lily bells and wandering bees.*

*His troubled heart, fierce with the world's unrest,  
No longer throbs wild beating to the tread  
Of bugle-summoned, fear-defying horde;  
But dust to dust, and still dead breast to breast,  
Bravely content beside his gentle dead,  
The warrior to the lover yields his sword.*

—W. A. D.

the special purpose of inspecting the Hermitage. His subsequent act in recommending it to Congress as a subject deserving of National support and assistance, illustrates the fine qualities of the man, and his ready perception of the worthy thing to be done.





"CLOVER BOTTOM"





## “Clover Bottom”

**A**MONG the many splendid country estates around Nashville, none is more historical or more beautiful than “Clover Bottom” farm, situated seven miles from Nashville on the Lebanon Road. This farm was purchased by Hon. Andrew Price in the early eighties, and consists of over fifteen hundred acres of fertile rolling uplands, rich fields, green, shady woods and velvety sward that stretches on both sides of the road, a delight to the passerby.

To quote from one of Tennessee’s distinguished writers, John Trotwood Moore, in a recent magazine article, “I struck real history first, some seven or eight miles out, at beautiful ‘Clover Bottom,’ on the picturesque Stones River. It is worth a visit of miles to see this splendid estate, with the fine old mansion sitting back among the trees of maple and oak, its lawn of sweet grass, billowy with bunches of smutty faced, pure-bred Southdowns, its paddocks dignified by the blooded matrons of bluest blood, its distant fields shimmering in new coming wheat or drowsy and dreaming meadows. ‘Clover Bottom’ is now the property of Hon. Andrew Price, a large sugar planter of Thibodeaux, Louisiana, who spends part of his time here; a gentleman of the old school, and a fond lover of trotters, he has left nothing undone to make the place typical of his love of land and the things that grow thereon.”

The spacious, dignified, colonial house was built in 1858 by the former owner, Dr. James Hoggatt, and, while it has been modernized and beautified, the original lines and plans remain unaltered.

In the halls are the old time pictured papers, representing scenes from the Revolutionary War, and an English Deer Chase.

Mr. Price was a thorough student of pedigree and a rare judge of individual merit in the American trotting horse, and the trotting stud at “Clover Bottom” was carried on as a means of recreation and pleasure. In the blue grass paddocks grazed royally bred mares, such as Clover-Belle, Summer Morn, Lydia Wilkes, Effie Hill, Lady Washington, and dozens of others equally well bred, with Egotist by the great Electioneer, and Lord Curzon by Prince of India as the premier stallions.

Lying in a bend of Stones River is a beautiful level tract, once owned by Andrew Jackson, known as “Clover Bottom.” It is





*"Bare, ruined choirs, where once the sweet birds sang."*

from this bottom that the farm takes its name, and it was here that the old "Clover Bottom Course" was located, upon which raced the horses of General Andrew Jackson and the prominent gentlemen of his day.

On the rise of the hill west of the race track is an old foundation of the store owned by Jackson and kept by Coffee, the firm being Jackson & Coffee. At The Hermitage is shown, among other relics, old account books of the Clover Bottom Store, 1804 and 1806. History relates that the early settlers of Nashville drifted down the Cumberland River into Stones River and planted corn in this bottom in 1780, and while harvesting their crops were attacked by the Indians and many of them massacred.

The old Blue Brick, one of the houses on Clover Bottom Farm, is said to be one of the oldest two-story brick houses in Davidson County, outside of Nashville, and it was there that Jackson was said to have recruited his troops when going to New Orleans.



*"But thou, unchanged from year to year,  
Gayly shalt play and glitter here."*



“TWO RIVERS”





"TWO RIVERS"





## “Two Rivers”

THE home of Mr. Frank McGavock is situated about seven miles from Nashville, on the Lebanon Pike. It consists of twelve hundred acres of beautiful and fertile land, and it takes its name from the fact that it lies at the junction of the Stones River with the Cumberland. This place was originally owned in 1819 by Mr. William Harding, the uncle of General William G. Harding of Belle Meade, and the father of Mrs. David McGavock, whose son is the present owner.

The residence was erected by Mr. David McGavock in 1859, and it is one of the best built homes in Davidson County. Mr. McGavock was his own architect and builder, cutting with his own mill all the timber from trees on the place. All the brick were made and the stone quarried by his slaves. An evidence of the thoroughness and skill of the work is that to-day there is not a seam, crack, or the slightest sign of decay in any part of the building. The large halls, galleries, and spacious rooms indicate the liberal and permanent scale of the construction. The names of Mr. and Mrs. David McGavock and their only son and heir are cut and burned in the brick which are laid in the wall near the side entrance.

On this estate, on the bluffs of the river, Dr. Priestley built and taught one of the first girls' schools in this section of the country. The foundation stones still remain, and the spring bearing the name of Priestley Spring is still used by Mr. McGavock. Dr. Priestley was President from 1809 to 1816 of Cumberland University, which afterwards became the University of Nashville.

—M. W. C.





"BELL AIR"



## "Bell Air"

"BELL AIR," the old Nichol home, was originally a part of the very large tract of land which was granted to John Harding. It was given to his daughter, Betty, upon her marriage to Joseph W. Clay, of Kentucky. The gift contained one thousand acres of land. Mr. Clay built the original house, which was greatly added to and improved by Mr. William Nichol, who purchased the place in 1839. The thousand acres of this now valuable land was bought at ten dollars an acre. The Nichol family lived there for nearly half a century, and the house became the center of a very charming social life. In 1882, after Mr. Nichol's death, the house and two hundred and fifty-seven acres were purchased by Mr. A. E. Burr, who unfortunately destroyed the beautiful flower garden. This garden was one of the most famous in this section of the country, and in ante-bellum days, from its lovely roses, was made rosewater that furnished all the bed rooms. The remainder of the place was divided between Mr. Edgar Nichol and Mr. H. D. Nichol. The place has since changed hands several times. It was for a number of years owned by Mr. T. P. Ayers, who recently sold it to Mr. R. A. Coleman.



*"Is blown the shadow of a climbing rose."*