Six Girls Waited...

As Hood's Battered Confederates Marched Toward Nashville

By HUGH WALKER

THE DATE was Friday, December 2, 1864, and I the Confederate Army of Tennessee was marching from Franklin toward Nashville.

No bells were ringing, as for the Romans on the Appian Way. No bands played. It was a somber, silent, battered army - hoping for the best

and expecting the worst! But one thing this army had as it marched up the Frank-lin Pike to its old stamping grounds. The girls had heard the boys were coming home again—after three long years—and they were waiting.

There they were, six of them, in buttons and bows, hoop skirts and crinoline, caps and bonnets—"much excited," as Colonel W. Dudley Gale put it, chattering, laughing, waving and, perhaps, crying for joy.

In his letter to his wife Colonel Gale listed the girls' names: Mary Bradford, Miss Maxwell, Miss May, Misses Becky Allison, Mary Hadley and Buck Correy. For the rest of the century their names would be prominent in and around Nashville.

Coming Home

It was no wonder the girls were excited as they stood by the road near Traveler's Rest. Their sweethearts and brothers were coming home again from Stone's River, the Chat-

from Stone's River, the Chattanoga and Georgia campaigns—and from the bloody battle of Franklin. There, just two days before, 1750 boys in gray had died before the Federal battle line.

Death and his pal, danger, were everywhere that day, hiding like rabbits in the broomsedge fields. But these girls, and the soldiers passing by, had lived with war for by, had lived with war for nearly four years now. They were thinking of life and love —brown hair and blue eyes and long-remembered kisses. If danger was in the air, so was romance!

* * Mary Hadley

Take Mary Hadley,

for instance. Mary was 24 years old, the daughter of William and Mary Hadley. Her father had been a law partner of Felix Grundy, had served as mayor of

Mary was in love, and her sweetheart rode by that day in Hood's army. She must have waved, and perhaps found time for a little sweet talk, because ten exciting days later they were married in the Brentwood Methodist Church. Mrs. William G. Ewald of

Baltimore was, as a girl, Frances Moore of Nashville. And her great-grandmother was Mary Hadley's cousin. Mrs. Ewald brought to Nashville a copy of the only known por-trait of Mary Hadley, which angs in her Baltimore home.

Romance and battle were in the air, and while the Confederates labored to fortify their lines around Nashville, Major William Clare found time to go see his girl — and she found time to see him. On the 12th the Rev. Dr. Charles Quintard, a chaplain with Hood's army, came riding up from Franklin, and Major Clare had business for him.

from Franklin, and Major Clare had business for him. There would be a wedding. High Confederate officers were there, swords clanking were there, swords clanking and spurs jingling, as the wedding company met in the little Methodist Church at Brentwood. Becky Allison and White May were Mary Hadley's attendants as she walked down the aisle, while Dr. Foard and Major William E. Moore attended the groom.

When the ceremony was

Moore attended the groom.

When the ceremony was over Major Clare put \$200 in the bishop's hand — a sum which the clergyman urgently needed. He had spent his last dollar a few days before on proper burials for his friends killed at Franklin.

When Mary and Will had

When Mary and Will had aid "I do" and the good

bishop had pronounced them man and wite, the party pro-ceeded to Traveler's Rest where John Overton II, son of the old judge, served a wed-ding feast. And then Mary and her new husband went on their pitifully brief honey-

Mrs. Ann Snyder wrote of the major racing away after the feast, leaving his bride at the door of Traveler's Rest, while he rode toward the sound of guns. But that's not the way it happened. They were married on Monday, the were married on Monday, the 12th, and it was not until the 15th that the Yankees attacked. Mary Hadley, just as Colonel Gale wrote his wife, had a three-day honeymoon. And the way she spent it gave all the girls something to talk about at tea time.

For the truth is Mary and Will spent their three nights and two days together in the Confederate lines, in the snow and ice-bound hills south of the city.

Did they sleep in a tent?
Did General Hood find space
for them at Lealand or Traveler's Rest? Did they find shelter in a small house or barn

We don't know-but there is We don't know—but there is a well-authenticated story that Mary felt a little faint on Tuesday morning, and the major sent to Traveler's Rest for some whisky to treat whatever ailed her.

But Mary wasn't sick enough to come home. For two more nights she stayed on the

more nights she stayed on the line with her major. And she didn't leave until shells were flying and a vast army of men in blue were moving on the Confederate breastworks. Mary went home then—be-

day her major was gone with the rest of the Army of Tennessee, driven southward across the Duck and Tennessee. see rivers.

see rivers.

But peace did come, the next spring, and Mary's major came back to her. Ahead of them were years of happy married life and two pretty daughters—brunette Mary Lee and golden haired Annie. Anand golden naired Annie. Annie married Charles Duncan, who owned Nashville's Duncan hotel, and their only son was killed in World War I. And Mary Lee? She married and went to a northern city, and there, perhaps, her descendent on his living to the content of the server dentage. cendants are living today.

* * Mary Bradford

A ND THEN there was Mary Bradford — beautiful, brave and destined for a place in the history of Nashville and the Civil War. Mary lived on the Gran-ny White Pike, and she had come across, perhaps on horseback, by one of the country lanes that in those days connected the pike to the Franklin Pike.

Mary Bradford's daughter, Miss Virginia Campbell Johns, lives in Nashville today, at 1610 East Linden Avenue, and through her we know more about Mary than any of the other girls who smiled at the Confederate sodiliers that Dec-Confederate soldiers that Dec-

ember day.

Mary Bradford was born on Feb. 11, 1836, and on June 19, 1873 she would become the bride of a sweetheart and neighbor, John Johns. Of Virginia ancestry, she was a descendant of Pocahontas and John Polfo. She died on July John Rolfe. She died on July

Even wounded Confederates could smile when they saw six pretty girls waiting on Franklin Road. The date: Dec. 2, 1864. 25, 1913, while on a visit to Rockville Center, Long Island, New York.

Mary Bradford was a beautiful girl — her pictures show it — and she had her mind on serving the South. On Dec. 15, during the afternoon of the first day of the Battle of Nashville, she made a place for herself in history. It happened like this:

Deas' brigade of Confederate troops, from the division of Gen. Edward Johnson, had been driven by Federal infantry from their positions along the Hillsboro Pike. These men had taken a beating, and they were retreating under orders, to a new position.

Helping the Wounded

The Confederates had set up a field hospital near the Bradford house in a small school building, and here Mary Bradford was helping the surgeons with the wounded.

"A Lieutenant Fitzpatrick of Alabama had his arm splint-ered," Miss Johns said, "He had no drugs, but Mary Bradford held the shattered arm while the surgeon cut it off. The lieutenant just looked into her eyes and made not a sound. Her eyes were his anesthetic. Whether he lived or died I don't know" died, I don't know."

The surgeons ran out of bandages, and Mary ran up to the house to get linen sheets to make more. As she ran

to make more. As she ran out of the house on to the battlefield, she met Deas' beaten brigade streaming to the rear, officers trying in vain to rally them.

In the name of God and country, Mary begged the soldiers to go back into the front line and fight. Miss Johns says they did rally momentarily. But it couldn't have been for long, because all accounts agree that the men accounts agree that the men

Headquarters Stewart's Corps,

count of our doings in front of Nashville. We left Franklin on the second day after the

fight and moved on towards Nashville, our army in mourn-

ing. When we got to John Overton's place I saw some ladies by the roadside in high excitement, and on riding up found them to be Mary Brad-

ford, Miss Maxwell, Miss Jay,

... will give you some ac-

Tupelo, Miss.

them-boys shoved into early manhood by the hard hand of war.

eyes bright, hearts beating fast.

TENNESSEAN staff artist Jim Young has captured that moment of long ago in his painting. At the bottom of the page, reproduced from paintings and photos, are the six girls as they

The scene was a cameo of Civil War his-

The girls stood by the side of the road where

The soldiers came down the dusty road, and

the lane comes down from Traveler's Rest -

there were shoeless boys with beards among

looked when they lived in Nashville. It was a moment when tears and laughter were mingled by the jostling of war. And these girls and boys of long ago come alive again on

Colonel Gale's Letter to His Wife

continued to the rear. But. Mary Bradford had done her

this page.

"The men seemed utterly lethargic," wrote Colonel Gale, "and without interest in the battle. I never witnessed such want of enthusiasm, and began to fear for tomorrow." mention Mary Bradford's

tempt to turn the tide of batin his official report. And Mary Bradford, as long as she lived, and now in me-mory, is the official heroine of the Battle of Nashville.

* * White May

MARY WHITE MAY Who was Mary Bradford's friend—was usually called White

Misses Becky Allison, Mary Hadley, and Buck Correy.

Mary Hadley was married to Maj. Clare, of the staff of Gen. Hood, and was left behind after her three days' honeymoon. Our corps moved across to the Granny White Piles through

Granny White Pike, through Mr. Lea's place, and went to Mrs. Johns' house and established headquarters there.

May. A few years before they had graduated from the Nashville Ladies' College together, White reading a paper on "Eloquence of Desolation" and Mary on "The Heroic of Com-

mon Life." Together they had ridden in a carriage driven by "Uncle Alfred" to Murfreesboro, when Gen. Braxton Bragg commanded the Confederate army there. And Bragg had stood with the two girls on top of the carriage while the whole army marched in review.

The daughter of James May and Elizabeth Perkins, White May was born on Hill Road in a house which still stands. Although she never married she was a pretty girl, and prob-ably did have a sweetheart in

time ago), across to the Hills-boro Pike, near Mr. Rains. This Corps on the left, Lee in centre, and Cheatham on the

right, extending over towards and near to the Murfreesboro

Pike. We remained thus for two days, entrenching and

building redoubts on our left. The Yanks were in line, plain

in view along the high ridge just back of Mr. Lawrence's

and in front of Mrs. Acklen's.

the army—perhaps a soldier who never came home.

White was an "ardent partisan" according to Mrs. Mary T. Orr, who knew her well, and was known to smuggle boots, pistols and medicines to the Confederate army under her voluminous petticoats.

One one such occasion she was searched by a Federal officer, who found the items he was looking for. "Well." said White, "Tve often heard of a fellow feeling, but I've never experienced it until now."

never experienced it until now."

White May was a mother to the children of her sister, who died young. She lived until 1898, and today she is remembered by a faded photograph, owned by Miss Virginia Johns. On the back is written: "Miss White May school-mate" "Miss White May, school-mate and close friend of Mary Bradford."

Mary Maxwell

MARY ELIZABETH MAXWELL was the second daughter of Jessie Maxwell. It was her uncle's land which was sold to Judge Overton for his plantation on Franklin Pike. Her sister married the judge's son, and it was the Maxwell name that was given to Nashville's largest and most famous hotel, built just before the Civil War. It burned to the ground after more than a hundred years had passed. Mrs. Orr remembers Mary Maxwell as a beautiful girl—

anxious to capture. He detached the most of Forrest's cavalry and Bate's division to that work, but they failed.

Bate was then ordered back, leaving Forrest. Here we re-

mained watching each other and entrenching as hard as

we could until the morning of the 15th of December.

There was a force under in heavy force on the Hills-

On that morning about 9

but the executive type. She wanted a husband she could boss, said Mrs. Orr, but the right man never came along.

One time, however, Mary got a proposal while riding on the train. She was taking half a dozen children to Bon Air when a man boarded the car who supposed she was a widow, and the children were Graves.

"See here," he said, "I'm a widower and I've got six children, too. I need a wife like you who knows how to handle them. Will you marry me?" Needless to say the answer was no, but Mary had a proposal to talk about. In later years Miss Mary learned to use the telephone. One time a well known bachelor got her number by mistake. Thinking he had the laundry. He demanded: "When

are you going to send my shirts?" "I am an old maid," shouted Miss Mary into the telephone,

"and no man's shirttails hang on my line!"

Miss Mary lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1916 while living in the home of Dr. W. G. Ewing.

Becky Allison

AND THERE by the road that day, as Colonel Gale noted, was Becky Allison - little, lovely, and out to capture a Confederate officer for herself. She did, too, because she married tall Captain A. J. Porter. And his portrait makes it plain that if he wasn't the handsomest man in the Confederate Army, he was close to it. As for his young wife, Bishop Thomas Gailor called her the prettiest girl in Nashville.

Rebecca Allison was a charmer—her great-grand-daughter, Mrs. David B. Graves tells how she persuaded the Federals to let her brother out of prison for Christmas. This young soldier, Dixon Allen Allison, came home for a hot bath and a Christmas dinner—then had to go back to the Federal cala-

o'clock it was reported to me that the enemy was advancing Becky's husband had been educated at the Sorbonne, and the young couple went to Paris

on their honeymoon. Becky had three children, two of them being girls who never married, Rebecca Allen and Matilda Allison. They lived to be 87 and 90. But her son, A. J. Porter Jr. had children, and today a 5-year-old great. and today a 5-year-old great-great granddaughter of Becky is named Rebecca Allison

Painting by TENNESSEAN Staff Artist Jim Young

Buck Corrrey

BUCK CORREY'S real name was Rebecca. But the day she was born, in Pennsylvania, a sister shouted, "Our Buck's come." And from that day she was Buck.

When she was a girl of six Buck's parents brought her to Nashville, where she was educated in a Catholic school and learned to read and love the novels of Charles Dickens.

Buck was 27 the day she waved at Hood's Confederates — but her heart was still her own. It was nine years later that she was married to David Alexander Shepherd in

Nashville's old Christ Church.
The Shepherds lived in
Nashville and Fredericksburg,
Va. until 1893 when they

moved to Sewanee, where David Jr., would attend the grammar school.

Today Buck's granddaughter, Mrs. John Harvey Soper, still lives at Sewanee on the mountain in a vine-covered still lives at Sewance on the mountain, in a vine-covered house of Sewance stone. Inside the house Buck's silver service is polished as bright as the days she used it, and her big punch bowl is something to see. Her great-grand-children (and they've got children) are making places for themselves in the Twentieth Century world.

But none have forgotten

But none have forgotten Miss Buck, who waved to Hood and his Confederates that day — and once carried a pair of boots to a barefooted oldier, hidden under her hoop

What was Miss Buck like? Her granddaughter remem-

"She liked to have her way - and she usually did."
In her later years Buck used to say: "I'm not long for this world."

But it was not until 1919 that she died at Sewanee. She had lived to use the telephone, turn on the electric lights and ride in automobiles. And she had seen another great war pass into history.



