

**SOMETHING OF THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF HAYSLOPE:
WONDERFULLY QUAIN T HOUSE WITH OLD-TIME GARDENS**

The Golden Wedding Anniversary of Its Present Distinguished Owners

HISTORY OF A FAMOUS SOUTHERN FAMILY

By Annie Kendrick Walker
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The Beautiful Lucy Graham, Who Created a Furor at European Courts and Whose
Daughter is Now the Princess de L'iguora.

There may be other places where life goes on uninterruptedly and where old-fashioned gardens with the phlox and altheas are just as they were fifty years ago, but I have never known but one where the clematis-covered trellises have stood for a life time, where the old trees in the old orchards are still standing and where the phlox and altheas are allowed to bloom as riotously as the morning glories in the corn fields. Only a few hours ride out from Birmingham and yet such an old-fashioned garden, with its tangle of flowers reaching to the orchards and meadows and a little winding walk to the quaintest, most old-fashioned house in the world. Forty years ago Father Ryan, the poet-priest, said mass there in the living room, and it was there only a few weeks ago that the Pope's blessing was received when the candles were lighted in celebration of a golden wedding.

There are few persons in East Tennessee who have not heard of "Hayslope". For miles around it is known to even the mountaineers and every visitor to that part of the country has learned something of its history, which dates back over a hundred years, to the time when its country was infested

with Indians and when the old stage coaches rumbled their way from Charleston to Lexington right through the Hayslope farms.

Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Rogan, the present owners of Hayslope, have resided there for nearly half a century and are well known all over the south. Hundreds of guests have been entertained there until it has become as famous a social center as it was known as a rendezvous for both federal and confederate troops during the civil war.

The recent celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Rogan was an occasion of great social interest. Their marriage took place in Tazewell, Tenn., December 14, 1853. Hayslope was decorated with evergreens, taken from trees planted by Mrs. Rogan forty years ago. Among the guests present were the Rev. Richard Price, who had performed the marriage ceremony so long ago, and one bridesmaid, Mrs. Mary Day, nee Roddy, a granddaughter of the founder of "Hayslope".

After the reception Miss Maud Hooper of Selma, Ala., played the wedding march and Mr. and Mrs. Rogan led the way to the dining room, where an old-fashioned wedding supper,

representing as far as possible the original feast, was served to one hundred guests. There were old-fashioned songs, speeches from the minister and relations, response by Mr. Rogan, dancing by the younger set and reminiscences from the old.

The presents were as numerous as they were varied – gold coins, spoons, bowls, clocks, laces, shawls, embroideries, tickets to Florida, and most unique of all, from an European relation came the Pope's blessing. For days, letters and telegrams from this country and Europe kept messengers busy. It was a loving tribute, such as few are permitted to enjoy.

The Quaint Old House.

"Hayslope", the scene of the golden wedding, was founded by Col. Thomas Roddy, who obtained his commission as colonel at the battle of King's Mountain. He moved to Tennessee and married Miss Lea, the granddaughter of Mr. Russell, who owned large tracts of land near Russellville and for whom the town was named. At that time the country was occupied by Indians and was all for [unreadable] and canebrake. The large spring at the foot of the lawn at "Hayslope" was discovered by watching a squaw as she [unreadable] the canes and proceeded to bathe her papoose in the clear running water. [Unreadable] another spring was an Indian village, and pieces of pottery, arrow-heads, [unreadable] and tomahawks are still found [unreadable]. Later Colonel Roddy set out large orchards and following the example of other settlers, had his private still where the Indians had formerly gathered at the spring. Some of the trees are yet standing although the still has long been gone. His body servant, Harry, he had bought

from General Marion, who had captured him from a British officer. While Harry and the other slaves cleared up the Georgia fields – called "Georgia" because they were as hot as they had been in Georgia – Colonel Roddy mounted guard with loaded gun to protect them from marauding Indians.

"Hayslope" is built out of great logs, hewn by ax, celled outside and inside with heavy oak planks put on end wise, with nails wrought by hand in Colonel Roddy's blacksmith shop. The walnut shingles were hung on to the flattened poles beneath with wooden pegs. A small boxed porch occupied the front of the house, and one of the original benches, put there by Colonel Roddy, is still there. A porch in the real and a half story, with a sloping roof, completes this unique building.

The slave quarters were in the rear. Colonel Roddy was a devout Baptist and when at meals he said "grace," the kitchen doors were always flung open, that the blessing might reach black as well as white. There being no place of worship in the vicinity, he offered his house for the purpose, and there in the large room Richard Rice, a colleague of Judson, the first missionary to India, addressed a large audience soliciting means for the maintenance of missionaries. The old home, with its immense fire-places and chimneys of sun-dried brick, is still in a good state of preservation. Colonel Roddy is buried near his old home in Bent Creek cemetery, surrounded by his posterity. Many of his descendants are still in the country. The old road from Charleston, S.C., to Lexington, Ky., passed through the Hayslope lawn – following the track of Boone, on his way to the "dark and bloody ground of the Kentucky

wilderness". The site of Davy Crockett's cabin is on an adjoining farm.

Its Interesting History.

Hayslope, after Colonel Roddy's death, was purchased by Mr. Hugh Graham of Tazewell, and by him given to his daughter, Mrs. Louise Graham Rogan. During the civil war it was occupied alternately by confederate and federal troops and during the progress of the war Father Ryan, the poet-priest, celebrated mass in the large living room, the silver candlesticks that held the tapers being the ones that had graced Hugh Graham's wedding table. The stole worn by Father Ryan had been presented to him by a confederate officer, who found it on the field of Manassas. During the winter of '63 and '64 Hayslope and Cavan-a-Lee (the latter place named for the home place in Ireland and given by Mr. Graham to another daughter, Mrs. William Houston Patterson of Philadelphia) were occupied by General Longstreet and his corps. Three soldiers were assigned to Hayslope for protection, one acted as nurse, one milked the cows and cut wood while a third cooked. All three were killed at Cold Harbor.

Major Fairfax granted protection to the Hayslope cows on condition of receiving one gallon of milk daily for his egg-noggs. The federals having taken all supplies of grain and stock, the milk from the cows furnished all the means of living, as it could be exchanged with the soldiers for meat and bread. General Bryan and his officers moved into the house and brought their rations, so there was no lack of food at first. Later it was sadly different. The last winter it was no unusual sight to see ragged, barefooted soldiers huddling together for warmth in the big Hayslope barn, living on a ration

of one ear of corn a day, which they parched and soaked in water before eating.

A most pathetic sight was to see one morning, long files of soldiers marching past to witness the execution of a deserter, a lad of 18. He had asked permission to go to see his fatherless sisters, and permission being refused, had run away, been captured and was shot. The day after his death his pardon from President Davis arrived.

During the famous retreat of the Federals from Bull's Gap, the Confederates formed a line of attack in front of the house and charged on Gran Yard Hill, and the wounded and prisoners were brought to Hayslope and cared for.

Generals Breckenridge and Bail Duke pursued the enemy down the Morristown road, and succeeded in taking many prisoners, magazines and ammunition. General Bryan, on the occasion of meeting one of the officers after the attack on Fort Saunders, wept like a child over the awful slaughter of the men.

Former Owner of Hayslope.

Hugh Graham, the father of Mrs. Ryan, and former owner of Hayslope, came to America at the age of 14, with his nephew William Houston. He was born in Strabam Co., Tyrone, Ireland. Upon reaching this country he went into business with his elder brother, William Graham and his future father-in-law, Patrick Nenny of Bent Creek, Tenn., a man of large landed estates and a family of beautiful daughters. The beauty was an inheritance from his wife, beautiful Lucy Bramlette of Bedford county, Virginia, whose father, a Revolutionary soldier, went with Daniel Boone to Kentucky, entered land there and later

was killed. It was said he was shot in mistake for an Indian, while hunting in the forest, but in reality he was shot to get possession of his land. With two of his comrades he was buried at Cumberland Gap, and years afterwards a huge stone rolled down the mountain and rested on this triple grave, marking that and also boundary line where Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia come together.

When quite young, Hugh Graham and William B. Nenny were sent to Richmond to purchase slaves for the plantations of Patrick Nenny and William Graham. They went on horseback, stopping frequently to shoot squirrels or attend frolics, but finally reached Richmond. There they bought cooks, spinning women, weavers, carpenters and blacksmiths from a planter who sold them for a gambling debt. They were hand-cuffed to a chain and came on foot the long distance, safely guarded by their young purchasers, the way enlivened by the musical singing of the slaves.

Hugh Graham was a merchant and once while in Baltimore purchasing goods he was impressed to defend Fort McHenry, which was besieged by the British. While in the Fort, he heard the first rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" and brought the first copy of it to Tennessee. In his journeys he always carried a sword, the body of the cane being a hollow tube in which a sword was inserted, and in case of attack could be speedily drawn and used in defense by the wearer. They were much in use by the gentlemen of that day. Another cane which he prized very highly was given him by President Jackson, a lifelong friend. It was made from a hickory tree on the Hermitage grounds, near Nashville, the knobs were covered

with silver and had the names of Jackson's battles engraved on them.

An Old Library.

Hugh Graham found his greatest delight in his books. Reading with him was not a pastime, but a passion. From his earliest childhood he collected books, and as he added to them all his life, at his death his library was the largest in the south. Books were sent him regularly from Europe as well as from the American publishers, and many of his rare first editions are now worth their weight in gold. Very few of them remain in the family as like so many other southern homes his house was plundered of many of its treasures during the war, and the awful Reconstruction period. Books with his name are yet found all over East Tennessee, and some were found by a son-in-law in Leary's old book store in Philadelphia.

As a subscriber to magazines and papers he was equally remarkable. It is said twice a day a bushel basket of mail matter was sent to his library. From 8 p.m. until 12, night after night, he read regularly. No one was allowed to disturb him.

This is a partial list, as far as can be obtained from the family after the lapse of fifty years: Blackwoods, North British Review, Edinburgh Review, Littell's Living Age, Bentley's Miscellany, London Art Journal, Goodey's Lady's Book, Sartain's Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Demorest's Monthly, Gleason's Pictorial, Harper's Magazine, Missionary Magazine, Calvinistic Magazine, Peter Parley's Magazine, Lady's Magazine, The Rosebud, Merry's Museum. These of course were magazines. Among the papers were:

Boston Recorder, Youth's Companion, Youth's Medallion, South's Cabinet, The Albion, New York Tribune, New York Observer, Philadelphia Times, Baltimore Sun, Washington Intelligence, Richmond Dispatch, Nashville American, Charleston Courier, August Chronicle, Savannah News, Mobile Register, Memphis Appeal, Louisville Courier, Washington Post. It was said that before the war he subscribed to more magazines and papers than any man in the United States.

In one corner of the sitting room was a large rosewood bookcase kept filled with Bibles, and these were given away to poor people who had none. He knew the location of every book in his library. Being a Presbyterian he contributed largely to the erection and maintenance of the Presbyterian church.

His wife, Katherine Nenny, (Daughter of Patrick Nenny and Lucy Bramlett), being a Baptist, he also aided in the erection and maintenance of a church of that faith. One room in his home was called "the preachers' room", as ministers of all denominations found here a prophet's chamber.

A Secessionist.

Hugh Graham was a secessionist, and once when the Federal soldiers took all of his hay and grain he said: "You have taken all my provender, why don't you take all my stock?" which they immediately proceeded to do, driving off forty mules and other stock in proportion. His wife and daughter, when visiting Philadelphia relatives at the beginning the war were taken down to the wharf to see a whale in the Delaware. The whale had a United States flag in its mouth, and as soon as the ladies beheld that they turned their backs on both whale and flag.

While in Baltimore, after the siege of Fort McHenry, Hugh Graham purchased four characteristic pictures of life in China from the vessels just back from there, and a curiously carved fish bone butter knife. His return from trips was always a time of great excitement among his children as he brought back beautiful gifts for all. [much unreadable] ...for it in Boston and hauling this rosewood Chickering to Tazewell in a wagon. He also introduced the first zinc-lined bath tub, which created intense excitement, as the natives took it for a new style of coffin. Four pronged slim forks, instead of the customary three prongs, were another innovation, likewise the first sewing machine and cooking stove, the first reaping and mowing machine, and the first blooded stock.

He was also a great flower-lover and whatever else he brought home, he was sure to bring some new bulb, some rare flowering shrub or fruit tree for the lovely flower gardens of "Castle Rock," famed far and wide for their beauty and extent. They were laid off to represent the gardens of the Duke of Abercorn in Ireland, a friend and neighbor of Hugh Graham's father, and whose son, the young marquis, and Hugh Graham had the same tutor, studied the same lessons and received the same punishments.

Far Famed "Castle Rock."

"Castle Rock", with its outlying houses and slave quarters, formed a village in itself while the flower gardens and groves of trees in front, and sunken garden in the rear, for vegetables and fruits, made it a place of beauty never to be forgotten.

A stone wall enclosed the grounds and outside of that a wide stone pavement, with a double row of blossoming locusts, made an attractive

promenade, and here the master of the house and his troop of children might be seen as they walked to and fro, admiring the locust blossoms.

During the progress of the battle of Tazewell, he surveyed the flight from a third-story window, while his family, neighbors and slaves took refuge in the cellar from the flying bullets and bursting shells.

That night he gave the shelter of his barn to Colonel Ashby's men. Next morning he opened the barn door, saying "Good morning, boys, how did you pass the night?" To which he received the answer: "We are not your boys; we are Uncle Sam's" and immediately, as if by magic, house and grounds were filled by blue coats, who swarmed all over the place, demanding keys and ordering breakfast to be prepared, while they plundered the house and hunted for concealed rebels.

For forty years, "Castle Rock" was the scene of splendid hospitality, guest succeeding guest, all being as "welcome as flowers in May," as the genial host expressed it. He was genial and affable and was never better pleased than when, at the foot of a well-laden table, he dispensed gracious hospitality to relatives, life-long friends and casual guests. His hands and purse were open to the poor and needy and none went portionless from his doors. He made life delightful for his family, providing both indoor and out-door games for them. To his young children he gave books and to each a little flower garden, and a big house with second story in which to play dolls, read and give tea parties to wile away the summer days.

In winter they had big rooms with great fire places, games and maps and globes and microscopes and telescope and orrery; always books, with two old

slaves to look after all. From the blooming of the first dogwood and ripening of the first strawberry to the last nut that fell the Saturdays were employed in roaming through the fields and forest. In the grove near the house were swings and joggling boards and flying horses and doll houses. The gentle old horse "Prince" and the Indian pony "Dobbin" were always kept in readiness for a ride with saddle or bare-back, as the whim inclined. In the fruit garden were some trees and muscadine grapes trained low so the children could have the pleasure of gathering their own supply, or like Pope at Strawberry Hill, gather the fruit in their mouths. He ruled his family by love and in all things they were loving and obedient to his will. Kind and humane to his slaves, they responded with willing service.

At his death, on March 21, 1865, notwithstanding the war had devastated his domains he left a large estate at Tazewell and many outlying plantations, some of them still being owned by his daughters.

Very methodical in his business habits, he left receipts to show all business transactions and moneys paid from fourteen years of age until the limit of his life – eighty-four years. He had never known a day's illness nor employed a physician and his was the first death at Castle Rock during an occupancy of forty years.

Here he passed away in the hope of a blessed immortality, surrounded by family and friends. Owing to the sorrowful fortunes of war, his coffin was made by one of his slaves from the walnut pew where he had so long worshipped God. He, whose wealth was a proverb in that country, was taken to his last resting place in a rude cart, owned by one of the freed slaves of his

brother. He was laid to rest in the "old Irish graveyard" while the thunder of the federal cannon at Cumberland Gap sounded a fore-warning of the doom of the Lost Cause, which he loved so well.

Mrs. Hugh Graham.

Mrs. Hugh Graham inherited her mother's (Lucy Bramlette's) great beauty and was a notable housekeeper and lover of china. When she gave "big dinners" there was always a spirited discussion as to what set of china to use: the blue set with the "Landing of LaFayette" on it, or the "Valentine" pink one or the brown "Warwick Castle," or the "willow ware" set. With amusing inconsistency she advocated the abolition of slavery, and was never known to wait on herself in the course of a long life. Even when sitting in her room knitting or reading, a slave stood at her back in readiness to hand her a glass of water or put wood on the fire or take a message to the quarters. After "freedom" came the old slaves clung to their beloved mistress and she was waited on as faithfully as if Lincoln's proclamation had never been made.

In her old age, she liked to tell of youthful days, particularly of her visit to Virginia where she was taken at the age of 12 to be educated, there being too many Indian wigwams in the neighborhood of her father's home for schools to be thought of. She visited Monticello, then in course of erection, and often spoke of the subterranean passage by which Jefferson could escape in case of an attack.

She lies buried beside her husband and kindred. Two churches were built and named in her honor and no one knows how many children in that section have been named for her.

The Graham Family.

The Grahams have ever been splendid soldiers. Their record goes back to the crusades when they followed Richard the Lion Heart of England and [much unreadable] ...with the proud motto: "The Right is Sufficient for Me." During Cromwell's Irish war part of the Graham clan moved from Scotland to the north of Ireland. Taking part in the "Rebellion of '98" against England, their estates were confiscated and the leaders were condemned to death. By the united efforts of the few Grahams who remained loyal, and their friend and neighbor, the Duke of Abercorn, the death sentence was changed to banishment for life, and the large family connection came to America. Some settled in East Tennessee, where they founded the town of Tazewell. There they led an ideal life, reproducing as far as possible the old life in Ireland. Aristocrats to their fingertips, the last thing they subscribed to was the declaration that "all men were created equal."

There in the wilderness they formed a nucleus of wrath and refinement and culture famous in its day. They built churches and founded schools. On Sunday the Irish brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands assembled around the sacramental table and partook of the "Lord's Supper" in their reverent fashion. On week days all of them would take turns in assembling at each others houses for supper, which consisted of broiled home, chicken, beef biscuit and waffles, pickles, preserves, honey, pound and sponge cake, tea and coffee. Before supper was served sangaru wad handed around as an appetizer. The brothers sang Irish songs, the sisters knitted and chatted and the children danced. In all these meetings

the utmost good feeling prevailed, and when the parting good nights were exchanged, they were always followed by "I wish you well" from each one.

Volumes could be written of the different members of that remarkable family and their family life. There was William Graham, the older brother of Hugh, who founded colleges, freed his slaves, paved the town and brought water in pipes from a spring three miles away, which in that day and time was considered the most remarkable thing he did. There was Mrs. William Houston, who ruled the clan with rod of iron. Once when a new preacher suggested Wednesday night prayer meetings, she said: "if you wish to pray during the week, pray in your closet; this church will be unlocked only on Sunday." And on Sunday it was unlocked, and only then. Alas! only memories remain of people and town. Soldiers burned and plundered the town and the gay Irish brothers and sisters are peacefully sleeping their long sleep.

The Famous Lucy Graham.

Hugh and Katherine Graham had a large family. Lucy, the eldest daughter, married James Williams of Nashville, Tennessee, who was minister to Turkey under President Buchanan. They went by Paris and were presented at the court of Louis Napoleon, by Senator Mason of Virginia, then minister to France, who afterwards, with Slidell, presented the claims of the southern confederacy to the same court for recognition. A letter describes how the ladies had to kneel on the front seat of the carriage to give room to their voluminous skirts.

In Constantinople the American embassy became famous for its southern hospitality. Mr. Williams was a man of large estates in Tennessee, and Mrs.

Williams had been most admirably trained for her position by her life at "Castle Roche," where her father had insisted on European etiquette and training for his daughters. The years there were delightful ones. In the voyage of the Nile into lower Egypt the family were accompanied by Lord Dufferin, and his mother, Lady Dufferin, a daughter of the famous English actor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of the Hon. Caroline Norton. They were also accompanied by a young French nobleman, who took with him a corps of photographers, whose pictures of pyramids, temples and all objects of interest were bound in four volumes; one was presented to Empress Eugenie, one to the empress of Austria, one to Mary Williams, the Frenchman keeping the fourth for his chateau treasurers.

Lady Dufferin was a very gifted woman, and among Mrs. Williams valued possessions was a portrait of herself and two daughters, painted by Lady Dufferin, who accompanied the gift by very charming verses. There were also China bowls presented by the Shah of Persia, Miss Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, was another guest, who warm-hearted ways always reminded Mrs. Williams of her Tennessee friends. Other friends were Lord Bulmer and Sir Richard Jackson, who traveled through Turkey with them. More exalted and more unhappy were Maximilian and Carlotta, whom they visited at Schloss Miramar, Maximilian's beautiful palace at the head of the Adriatic. Here, while the ladies gazed entranced upon Carlotta's art treasures, Maximilian and Mr. Williams paced up and down the walks of that famous garden, talking of Mexico, Mr. Williams vainly endeavoring to dissuade Maximilian from that ill-fated

expedition, he offered Mr. Williams many inducements to accompany him. Finally, Mr. Williams sent his nephew, Col. Thomas Williams, who served on Maximilian's staff.

During the civil war the Williams' family lived in London, and as no remittances came from the south Mr. Williams supported his family by writing for the London Times and by publishing two books, one on "Slavery" and one on "The American Citizen." He also edited a paper in the interests of the southern confederacy, and it is said he was assisted in that enterprise by Henry Watterson.

Here they visited "Castle Clanebry," the Dufferin home, making friends in England as they had on the continent. Indeed, "Lucy Graham", as Mrs. Williams was always called by those who knew her in childhood, was celebrated all her life for her wonderful charm of manner and stately, yet gracious dignity.

Mr. Williams died in Gratz, Austria, where he had gone to purchase an estate near his married daughter. Mrs. Williams died in Tennessee, while on a visit to America to see her son, Mr. William Williams, now of Montgomery, Ala. Kate Williams, the eldest daughter, married Baron Barry Kavanaugh-Ballyane of Hungary, great stone castle, "KisTabor" is said to date back to Roman times. In her letters to Tennessee relatives, Baroness Kavanaugh-Ballyane describes her room in the "Round Tower" as filled with silver articles of whose use she could form no idea. Tradition said they were all used by former baronesses, who had been in their graves for centuries. This

beautiful woman passed away a few years ago, as tenderly mourned by her Austrian relatives as by her American whose kith and kit.

Marry, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Williams married Prince Ferdinand de L'iguora de Pdesicci of Naples whose ancestors were kings of Sicily. She and her husband are still living and it was from him that Mr. and Mrs. Rogan received the Pope's blessing on the occasion of their golden wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogan have a charming family, their daughter, Miss Cassandra Rogan and their sons, Mr. Griffith Rogan and Mr. Hugh Rogan, who reside at Hayslope; Mrs. Margaret Rogan Miller, whose home is in Norfolk, Va. Their youngest daughter married a few years ago. She was the lovely Ellen Rogan and now resides in Florida. Of the other children of Hugh Graham, besides Lucy and Louisa, now Mrs. Rogan, one of the most brilliant women of the old school and from whose these records were obtained, there were Sarah, who married Judge Blackburn and lives in Texas; Margaret, who married Mr. Neil, (both dead); Mary, who married Mr. Kyle (both dead); Cornelia, now Mrs. William Houston Patterson, one of the beautiful women of Philadelphia; Ellen (now dead), who married Mr. Thomas Patton of Philadelphia, and one son: Thomas (now dead), who married Miss Ewing of Virginia.

It calls to mind those lines of Mrs. Hemans —

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
By mount, and stream and sea."