

My father, Amos K. Tinsley, was born December 7, 1821, and died July the first, 1889. My mother, Margaret J. Tinsley, was born May 13, 1831, and died May 7, 1910. I, Kibbie Gardenhire, was born May 22, 1854. I was born in the very lap of Christianity. Everybody in the community were Church members. Everyone went to Church on Sunday. I just waited to get old enough to join the Church; I was afraid I might die before I was baptized. I waited until I was fourteen, when I heard such a good sermon and exhortation, I could not wait longer, so I went on by myself and joined and there was no one but me baptized at that time. The minister called me, "God's Little Lamb," and I was so happy. Every one of my class-mates were baptized before the meeting was over. At that time, everyone rode horseback. I lost no time in learning to ride. Sometimes, I went to the field where they were plowing to get to ride to the house. We had a little mare we children called, "Old Sorrel." It was my business to bring up the cows at night. I would get "Old Sorrel" and go as hard as I could, when I got to the back of the pasture, I rode astride so that I could go faster. The cows knew me so they would break for home. One evening, I saw Father and Mother on the porch looking at me, so I thought I had better turn on the side, but I turned on the wrong side and rode up a gravelly hill, but I did not fall off. I had a cousin, Bell Hamilton, who was much older than I was. She could ride like a bird. On one occasion, she was going up the road to overtake her brother to get him to come back and get a sack of potatoes. She told me I had better not go, said she was just going to fly and she sure did ride, but I kept right up with her. I was so light I would bounce up and down in the saddle, but I held "Old Snip" in the road and kept right up. On another time, my father and mother were going to visit my aunt; they were breaking a young filly. Father had my saddle put on her – Mother said, "Mr. Tinsley, you are not going to put that child on that filly." He said, "She can ride anything a boy can," so they sat me up on her and I rode her without any trouble. They would tell me how straight I could sit and that pleased me. I could get more pleasure riding a fine horse than anything.

CIVIL WAR

When the War broke out, there was a fine citizenship in Tinsley's Bottom. They were all in prosperous circumstances; owned good homes, Negroes, and much fine stock. They all had fine orchards, rows of bee stands in their yards, and fowls of different sorts and raised fine gardens, fine crops of corn and wheat. They had a Christian Church and all attended Church on Sunday and were planning on building fine homes, but the war came and freed the Negroes, took their stock and most everything except the land and children. However, the Negroes were not free until the War was over. I was seven years old when the War broke out. I can remember seeing and hearing of many sad things that happened. I stood on the porch, saw the first steamboat load of Confederate Volunteers go down the Cumberland River. The flags were waving in the breeze; the women were in tears. My brother, Pembroke, was but sixteen when he volunteered. They made him a Lieutenant. They said he made a fine soldier. He was wounded once. He served all through the War and came home at its close. I remember being with my Father and Mother and saw the Yankees drive out fifteen head of fine mules and horses. Mother had a fine grey mare named "Jennie Lynn." She cried and said she saw her switch her tail as she went

out of sight. My father never said a word. One morning there was accompany of Yankees came for breakfast. They said they were going to rob those bees. Father stepped to the door and said, "Don't rob my bees; I will give you honey for breakfast," and they said not rob the bees. One time there was a Regiment of Yankees crossed the Cumberland River at the mouth of Brimstone Creek. They formed a line of battle and came marching across those broad fields with their guns glittering in the sun. The Rebel Soldiers were back in the hills. One Rebel soldier, riding a gray horse, went up the land as hard as he could to get near the Yankees. He shot three times, turned, shot back over his shoulder, and came back as fast as his horse could carry him. Mother said she had a big apple for the man that did that. A soldier came and claimed it. The Yankees marched on: part of the line passed through our yard. They took my father prisoner and took him to the big road. While he was there, one of the soldiers came down from a house and said, "Somebody shot at us from that house. We ought to burn it up - We ought to burn up this whole country." The Captain said, "You are mad now, that course won't do." He asked my father some questions, then said, "I see you are truthful, go home and keep your family in to keep them from being shot." We were glad to see him coming for we did not know if we would ever see him alive again or not. We did not know one day what would happen the next. One morning we children were out in the pasture. Three Rebel Soldiers passed us riding as fast as they could - one of their hats flew off and he didn't stop to get it. In a few minutes, the Yankees came pouring over the hill. Those three made their escape, but they went on up in the Bottom. Another soldier saw them and ran back. The Yankees got after him and he plunged unto the river. When he was almost across, he slid off of his horse into the water and floated down to where he could make his escape to the woods. They (the Yankees) got his horse, led it dripping wet through his father's yard, and said they had killed a red-headed man off of it. They came back to our house, said "Set your Negroes to cooking, and get us something to eat." They plundered the house; they even went into the Negro house, took some of the negro boy's clothes. Emarine, our head cook, jerked the boy's clothes away and said, "You will 'ketch' it before you get out of here." They even had "Old Sorrel" haltered up with a pile of corn and fodder before her, but she was so mad she would not eat a bite. We children looked over the fence at her - She stood and looked at us. When they were through dinner, they started down the bluff road. There was a Texas Ranger on top of the bluff with a gun that shot sixteen times. He fired into them, killed two men and seven horses. "Old Sorrel" broke for home. We saw her running at full speed and the worst scared thing I have ever seen. We sure were glad to have her back. We had a yoke of oxen and two blind horses and the soldiers would leave horses that were broken down and when they were fattened up, they would come and get them. My father raised sheep, hogs and cattle, wheat, corn, sorghum, cotton and flax. He would kill beef, have the hides tanned to make leather for our shoes; save the tallow to make candles. They had molds to mold the candles, they spun the wicks out of cotton. They had the wool carded and spun, woven into cloth, mixed or gray jeans, for the men and boys. There was a man who went around and taught the women how to cut

the cloth and make coats and vests for the men and boys. They spun wool to weave for blankets, coverlids and cloth to make dresses for winter; they colored the thread red, black, green and blue and striped the cloth. They had wheels to spin the thread and loom to weave the cloth. They spun cotton to make sheets, table cloths, towels, counterpanes, and underwear. They colored cotton thread and wove it into cloth for dresses. They also made flax cloth. In the fall of the year, Rile Gorden, a shoemaker, came and took our measures and made us all a pair of shoes. My mother was a fine hand to make cloth and knit socks and stockings. We did not suffer for something to eat like the people farther south did, where the main armies were stationed. It took lots of work to keep house, make cloth, sew and knit. Mother had Negroes to help her. She raised chickens, turkeys, guineas, ducks, and peafowls. They dried fruit, had a large orchard, plenty of butter, fruit, vegetables, beef, hog meat, molasses and eggs, but we had to feed soldiers on both sides. When they would say the Yankees were coming, we did not know what to expect – whether someone would be killed, the house burned or what would happen, but there was one thing for sure – they had to be fed. My Grandfather, William Kirkpatrick, Uncle Amos, and Uncle James all lived and died in Big Bottom, on the Cumberland River. They were all good citizens, owned land, Negroes, and took delight in fine horses. They were all buried in the old Church yard with their wives where they worshiped. The name of the Church was "Bethel"; it has long since fallen to decay. I remember seeing it one time - I looked on it with reverence and felt that I was standing on Sacred ground because my people had worshiped there. My mother told me, at one time they had a big meeting there and forty young men - my father being one of the number - went into the Cumberland River hand-in-hand and were baptized. My father held out faithful until death and I hope the others did also. When my father was dying, he said, "Jesus my Lord and Master - May we ever be looking to Jesus - The Author and Finisher of our faith." PHILOMATH When the war was over, the young men went to work to get up a good school at Philomath in Tinsley's Bottom. They got Professor Garland Kuykendall and his brother William for teachers. Everybody liked them. They were both well-educated preachers. The best young men and girls from all over the country came there to school. The discipline was fine. They had preaching on Sunday, Prayer Meeting, Wednesday night. They had a debating society. People from all over the country came there to church. That place was at that time, a shining light far and near. The leading men of the country got most of their education there. Benton McMillin was one of them. (Note: Benton McMillin was governor of Tennessee, 1899-1903. Added by Ruby Swan.) The school continued until the death of Professor Garland Kuykendall. He took brain fever and died. After the school was out, the students had a reunion at Philomath. They were like one happy family. They had a long table across a beech grove. The patrons of the school contributed beef, pork, and mutton. The ladies made cakes, pies, fried chicken and every good thing they could think of. After that, they got Professor Sewell and wife from Louisville, Kentucky, to come and teach. They had a good school but not so many grown students. Professor Sewell was also an educated preacher and did lots of good in our neighborhood. (Note: Sewell Hall at David Lipscomb

University is named for this Sewell family. This note added by member of Arms family. Ruby Swan) After that, we had different teachers. Old brother Mack Moore was a good teacher. It is sad to look back and realize these good people are all gone. MEMOIRS OF KIBBIE GARDENHIREClarksville, TennesseeApril 22, 1939My father died July 1, 1889 – He was sick but a few minutes, neuralgia of the heart being the cause of his death. We well can say, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” He was a faithful Christian from early in life to the day of his death, always teaching and admonishing others to be Christians. He was full of good works and charitable deeds. His home was on the public road of that time. The roads were bad and people rode horseback. Many weary people stopped to spend the night. I never knew him to charge anyone for a night’s lodging. He always attended church with his family unless he was called away to help other Churches.The day before his death, Edgar and I went with him to Church. Edgar was four years old. Just one year before, his father had died. We had no thought that would be the last time we would go to Church with him. He was stricken at the breakfast table the next morning. He had just sat down, mother had given him a cup of coffee, and he had taken a slice of ham on his plate. He had not tasted anything. He raised his hand to his left eye and hollered. I ran to him and said, “Father, what on earth is the matter?” He said, “My eye feels like it will burn out.” Billie took him by one arm and me the other to get him to the bed. He staggered once and would have fallen if we had not held him up. We sent for the doctor and did all we could for him. He reached up to mother and said, “Goodby honey, it has gone to my heart.” The doctor came but could do nothing. The breath was almost gone. He said, “Jesus my Lord and Master.” Then his useful life was ended.When it came time to divide his estate with his children, I said I wish he could have left me his wisdom for my share. With that wisdom I could have guided my little boat down the stream of live to peace and prosperity with an ever-growing faith that I would reach my home and be reunited to my loved ones, where parting will be no more.-- Kibbie Gardenhire