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Bits and Pieces

of Hardin County History

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VERTREES

Recollections of a Time Gone By

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article, written by my mother, Margaret Settle Richerson, appeared in an Elizabethtown newspaper in May, 1974.)

More than 175 years ago in the western part of Hardin County, in a fertile valley of some 1,000 acres, the little village of Vertrees, Kentucky, had its beginning.

It lies between the tumbling waters of Rough Creek, sometimes called Rough River and for years known as Mountain Creek, and the placid waters of the creek which bears the same name as the village.

The country at first was covered with vast forests on broken hills and valleys, but the soil was rich and productive.

The first house was a log cabin built by Joseph Vertrees, a son of John Vertrees, a soldier of the Revolution. The land had been granted to John by Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in 1770. This deed has been handed down in the family.

Also belonging to this same family is a stone from the chimney of the original cabin which bears the date of 1810. This cabin burned many years ago. Joseph Vertrees had married Margaret, a daughter of Robert Hodgen for whom Hodgenville is named.

Robert, a son of Joseph and Margaret Vertrees, built a log cabin on a part of the original tract for his grandfather, John Vertrees, and started the first store in that section of the county. Some years later this place was bought by James Marion Holbert, my grandfather, who built a new home and tore down the log house.

Robert Vertrees and his wife Lucy moved from their cabin into that of his father after his death, where they resided for many years.

The little village of Vertrees never grew to any size. It had one store, operated for years by Milt Cralle, and a mill operated by water power from a dam on Rough River.

The farmers and stock-raisers of the vicinity were thrifty and hard-working and almost self-sufficient, buying only the barest necessities at the general store. The ladies raised chickens, turkeys and ducks which they traded to the storekeeper, along with their surplus eggs.

Until the late 1920s the road from Cecilia was very bad and at times well nigh impassable; however, the mail was brought in on horseback, arriving at the post office about one o'clock each afternoon except Sunday.

For many years James Hill was the mail carrier. At times the store owner would be the postmaster, and the office would be in the store, but later George Stiles held that position and the office was across the road from the store in a small building in the Stiles' yard.

There is still [1974] a post office known as Vertrees which has been presided over for more than twenty years by Mrs. Vivian Wilmoth Lucas, a native of the community.

In the old days the farmers were usually at the office awaiting their mail when the carrier arrived. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *The Elizabethtown News* were looked forward to eagerly, even though they arrived one day after publication.

The store served, also, as a social center. On Saturday nights the people for miles around would gather there to sing hymns and talk about various subjects of interest to all. Accompaniments for the singing were played on an old-fashioned organ by some neighbor lady or, as often happened in the summer, by a visiting granddaughter in the vicinity. Anyone who could play any sort of musical instrument brought it along and contributed his share of the evening's entertainment.

In January 1898 the correspondent from Vertrees wrote the following in *The Elizabethtown News:* "The recent high waters have done considerable damage to fences and bridges. Rough Creek was higher last Saturday than it has been for twenty years. The bridge across Rough River escaped with little damage. Mr. Purcell's fine mill did not fare so well. The front wall gave way, doing slight damage to the machinery in the lower story, and from present indications the dam is considerably wrecked. The new bridge across Vertrees Creek was, by the forethought of Mr. Justus Taber, securely cabled to an elm tree and the only damage it sustained was a move of about eight inches toward the northeast bank. It was put back into position by the neighbors a few hours after the water went down."

Two one-room schools served the community: Taber School, which was nearer, and Old Union School on the road to Constantine.

A Baptist church known as Old Union stood beside a cemetery of the same name. The church, built of logs, burned long ago, but the cemetery is still being used. Methodists of the community had their membership in the Howevalley Methodist Church.

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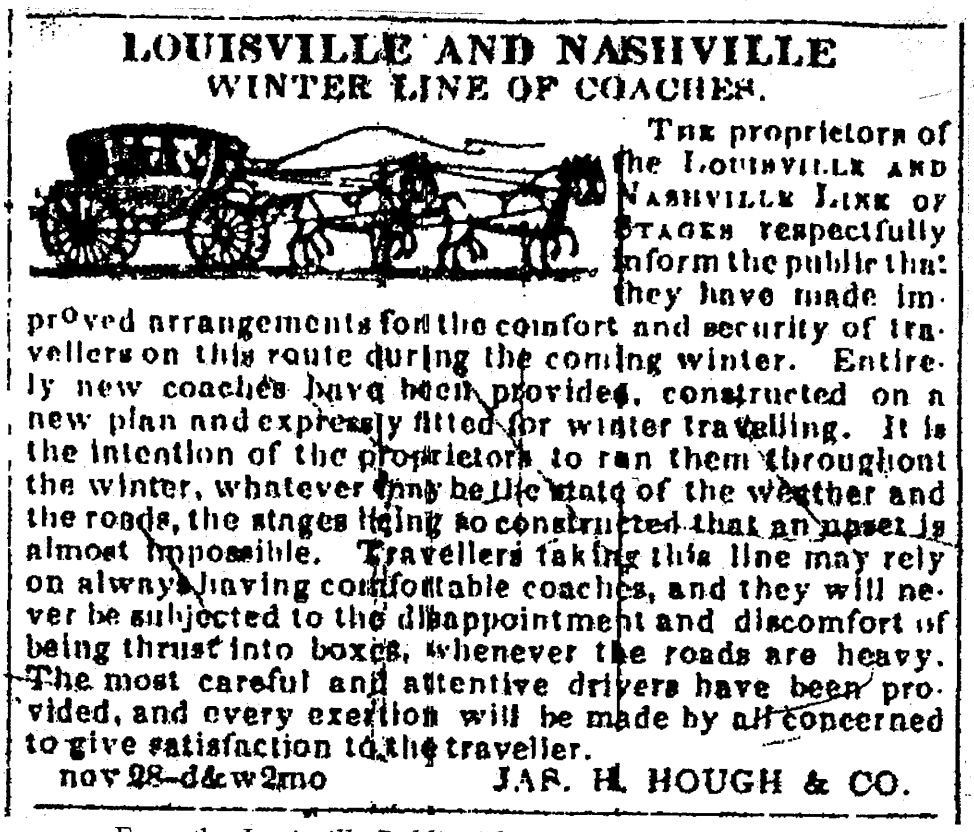

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE
WINTER LINE OF COACHES.

The proprietors of the Louisville and Nashville Line of Stages respectfully inform the public that they have made improved arrangements for the comfort and security of travellers on this route during the coming winter. Entirely new coaches have been provided, constructed on a new plan and expressly fitted for winter travelling. It is the intention of the proprietors to run them throughout the winter, whatever may be the state of the weather and the roads, the stages being so constructed that an upset is almost impossible. Travellers taking this line may rely on always having comfortable coaches, and they will never be subjected to the disappointment and discomfort of being thrust into boxes, whenever the roads are heavy. The most careful and attentive drivers have been provided, and every exertion will be made by all concerned to give satisfaction to the traveller.

nov 28-d&w2mo JAS. H. HOUGH & CO.

From the *Louisville Public Advertiser,* January 5, 1839

(Courtesy Matthew Rector)

A VIEW OF HARDIN COUNTY IN 1855

(Bayard Taylor [1825-1878] was a poet and travel writer of journeys at home and abroad. The following is an account of his observations of Hardin County in May, 1855, while en route from Louisville to Mammoth Cave. The first paragraph has been slightly edited to omit his observations of the Jefferson County area .)

We were a family party of six, and ourselves and our baggage, including a bucket for the horses, just filled two carriages. Coming from New Albany, crossing the Ohio into Portland, we struck the Nashville turnpike on the outskirts of Louisville, and took up our journey towards Salt River, twenty-two miles distant. Our journey was very pleasant although the afternoon was intensely hot and sultry. Toward evening we came again upon the Ohio–the Beautiful River, here as elsewhere–and followed its bank to the mouth of Salt River, on the opposite bank of which is West Point, our resting place for the night.

Where it debouches into the Ohio, Salt River is not more than fifty or sixty yards in breadth, but very deep. It is never fordable even in the dryest seasons; and, being navigable for fourteen miles above its mouth, has not been bridged at this point. We descended its steep and difficult banks, embarked our carriages upon a flat ferry boat, and were conveyed across. The view, looking up the river, was very beautiful. Tall elms and sycamores clothed the banks, dropping their boughs almost to the water, and forming a vista of foliage through which the stream curved out of sight between wooded hills. I longed to be rowed up it....

About nine o'clock the next day the clouds broke a little, the rain of the night ceased, and we started for Elizabethtown. After passing two or three miles of fertile bottoms, studded with noble beech woods, the road entered a glen in the Muldraugh Hills, a long, lateral branch of the Cumberland Range, which stretches quite through the centre of Kentucky. The road we were travelling is one of the finest in the United States–broad, smooth, and thoroughly macadamized. It follows the windings of the glen for three or four miles, so well graded that the ascent is barely perceptible. A brook swollen by the rains formed below us, now on this side, now on that, while numbers of tiny streams spouted from openings in the limestone rocks on either hand. The elms and beeches in the bed of the glen almost met above our heads, yet did not hide the slopes of splendid foliage of which they were the hem. In one of the wildest spots the mouth of a cavern opened on the right hand, pouring out a smooth cascade of silvery water. The scarlet aquilegia, the phlox, the white purslane, the violet, and other Spring flowers, grew in the crevices of the rocks, and brightened the fairy solitude.

After reaching the summit of the glen, we entered a rolling upland region, heavily wooded with forests of oak, hickory, and maple. The soil was thin and stony, and the country had rather a poor and unfertile aspect compared with that along the Ohio River. The farm houses were mostly built of logs, and many of them had what might be termed an inclosed portico–a square opening of the height of the first story–passing entirely through them. All, even the

poorest, had their negro hut or huts adjoining, although some of the latter appeared to be tenantless. The impression these establishments made upon me was that of moderate activity, intelligence ditto, and content with things as they are. We met many men on horseback, dressed in what appeared to be homespun cloth–tall, large-limbed, robust individuals, and fine specimens of animal health and vigor. Occasionally we passed large, canvas-covered wagons, drawn by three or four horses. The farmers saluted us with the stiff, silent nod peculiar to Anglo-Saxons, but the negro teamster frequently raised his hat to the ladies. We saw but a single carriage, driven by a gentleman who politely gave us the best side of the road, notwithstanding he was entitled to it. The same thing would not have happened north of the Ohio River.

We stopped for dinner at the Cool Spring tavern. The landlord, who had very much the air of a parson, received us with much ceremony, and then blew dolorously upon a conch shell until "the boys," who were at work in a distant field, heard the summons and hurried home to take charge of our horses. We were regaled with Kentucky ham, eggs, excellent coffee, and cornbread of that peculiar sweetness and excellence which only a Southern cook can give it. Indeed, the excellence of the country taverns in Kentucky was a matter of constant surprise to me. Without a single exception we were treated with a cordiality, and even kindness which gave them all a friendly and home-like air, quite different from the dreary aspect of similar institutions north of the Ohio. The fare also was as notably good as it is notably bad in the more progressive States of the West. Kentucky may be called *slow* in comparison with Ohio and Illinois, but there is more genuine comfort and more genial social feeling within her boarders than in either of the latter States.

Beyond Elizabethtown, we journeyed for ten miles through a rich, well-wooded rolling country to the village of Nolin, on the creek of the same name, and halted for the night at the tavern of Mr. Gehagan [Geoghegan?]. We found a wood fire in the wide chimney very agreeable, for the evening air was unexpectedly cool. I am told that fires are frequently kindled in the evenings as late as the beginning of June. With this custom, however, is connected that of leaving the doors open, which insures ventilation. It belongs perhaps to the outdoor life of the Kentuckians, for I found few doors that would shut closely. We were greatly amused by the impossibility of keeping our doors closed. In almost all cases everyone who enters, master or servant, leaves them wide behind him. I rather like the habit, but it takes a little time to get used to it.

We started early the next morning, for the macadamized road ceased at Nolin, and we had eighteen miles of "dirt road" before us. Weary miles they were, for the rain had softened the sticky red clay soil, and our horses, though willing enough, were rather too light for such work. The country was similar to that we had passed, but richer, more open, and better cultivated. With the wide, undulating landscape blooming and breathing of Spring, and a pale blue sky of the utmost clearness overhead, I found the journey delightful. After passing a long wooded ridge, we saw the blue wavy line of the Green River Hills before us, but we approached them very slowly until we struck the turnpike again, four miles from Munfordsville....

(Source: Taylor, Bayard, *At Home and Abroad: A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men* (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1860), pp. 180-185, courtesy of Matthew Rector.)

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CHARLES DeBRILLE POSTON
"The Father of Arizona"

Charles DeBrille Poston, a native of Hardin County, had brief tragic associations with friends and relatives before moving on to things that made him famous and infamous, rising and falling as fortune played with his economic, political and social ploys. During his life he accomplished much. He was an explorer and entrepreneur, politician and Indian agent, expert on agriculture and irrigation and a conservationist, author, poet, as well as religious and eccentric. His exploits could fill libraries of books such as the one small volume he left for us: *Building a State in Apache Land.*. The saga begins with his early years.

Born April 20, 1825, Poston lived on a farm near Elizabethtown for seven years. Moving with his father, he became a printer's devil on *The Western Sentinel,* an early Elizabethtown newspaper, and attended a local school, learning the rudiments of the three R's.

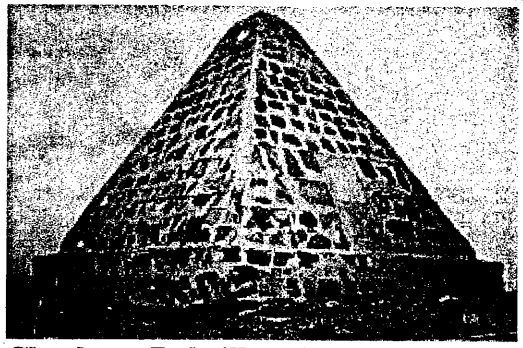
In January, 1837, he began a six-year period of employment with Samuel Haycraft as deputy clerk. During at least a part of this time, he lived in the Haycraft home. He left Elizabethtown in 1845, taking a job as Deputy Clerk for the Supreme Court in Nashville. In September, 1848, he married Margaret J. Haycraft, Samuel's daughter. Their first child, Sarah Lee Poston, was born in 1849. Another child was born in 1851, but lived only a few months. Even worse, the difficult birth left Margaret Haycraft Poston paralyzed for the rest of her life.

In the meantime, Charles was encouraged by the discovery of gold in California. He secured a position as chief clerk in the Customs House in San Francisco. Events followed events rapidly. Debts at home led Poston to a daring expedition into the silver mining region of northern Mexico about the time of the Gadsden Purchase. His first venture began in 1853 with the exploration of a large portion of the Purchase on behalf of the Iturbide family. This resulted in his meeting with S. P. Heintzelman, then a major in the Army.

Charles D. Poston, in his later years.

In 1854 he returned East to visit with his family and to obtain funding for a silver mining company, which was eventually formed with Heintzelman as president. From 1856 until 1861 he conducted silver mining operations at the Heintzelman and other mines, which were frequently threatened by the Apache and by bandits. In 1861, the Union forces succeeded in igniting a war with the Apache and then abandoning the Southwest to join in the Civil War. This quickly led to anarchy; Poston was compelled to abandon the mines, leaving over $1 million in equipment behind.

Back in Washington, Poston volunteered to serve as an aide to his old friend Heintzelman, now a general, and was asked to help convince President Lincoln and the Congress to create the separate territory of Arizona. While this had been tried several times before, it was thought that since Poston was a Union man and possessed considerable powers of persuasion, that he might succeed. He took to the task with his characteristic thoroughness and



Charles Debrille Poston's final resting place at the summit of Poston Butte near Florence, Arizona. This is where he had wanted to build a "Temple to the Sun".

conviction. Lincoln and his staff supported the measure; and with the assistance of key members of Congress, the act was passed and signed into law in 1863.

President Lincoln appointed Poston to serve as Arizona's first superintendent of Indian Affairs. In July 1864 he was elected as the territory's first delegate to Congress, but was defeated only a few months later when the first regular election was held. He returned to Arizona until 1868, when he was asked to serve as special envoy to Asia to study the irrigation practices of Asia and Europe. During this time he met many titled heads of state in the countries he visited. This tour lasted for several years, and took him completely around the world. He is undoubtedly the first native Hardin Countian to claim this distinction.

While in Asia and the Middle East, Poston became interested in various religions practiced in those areas, particularly Zoroastrianism, in which the Sun and Fire played a central role. He returned to Arizona determined to construct a pathway to an existing Apache structure on a hill which actually more resembled a pyramid than a Zoroastrian Temple. (It is now known as Poston Butte.) He was never during his lifetime able to accomplish this.

In 1877 he again turned toward the West to take charge of the United States Land Office in Florence, Arizona. By 1880 he was living in Tucson and had started to take on the *persona* of a somewhat eccentric elder statesman. Despite his eccentricities, he championed several worthwhile enterprises, such as the formation of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, and he continued his conservation work and his efforts to resolve the Indian situation.

In 1884 his wife, Margaret Haycraft Poston, died in Kentucky, and in 1885 he was briefly married to Mattie Tucker, a much younger woman. In 1890 he moved to Phoenix as agent of the Department of Agriculture, a job which he held until 1895. He was widely recognized as an expert on agriculture and irrigation.

However, starting in 1895, he appears to have begun his final slide into poverty. This was exacerbated in 1898 by the death of his only daughter, Sarah Lee Poston. She had married Dr. Benjamin Franklin Pope while he was in Elizabethtown with Custer's troops, and they had several children. Dr. Pope was serving in the Philippine Islands at the time of his death in 1898, and Mrs. Pope died on the ship while returning home with her husband's remains.

Charles DeBrille Poston's life was a series of ups and downs. By 1899 he had hit rock bottom; he was destitute and living in a one-room adobe hovel off an alleyway in Phoenix. On June 24, 1902, he died there, alone. He was buried in a potters' field in Phoenix. In 1925 his remains were unearthed, placed in an iron box and reinterred inside the rock pyramid atop Poston Butte near Florence, Arizona. In death, Poston finally arrived at his Zoroastrian "Temple to the Sun."

The "Father of Arizona" who created a state in Apache Land was certainly a curiously flawed but always interesting figure who never failed to make news wherever he went.

M. J. J.

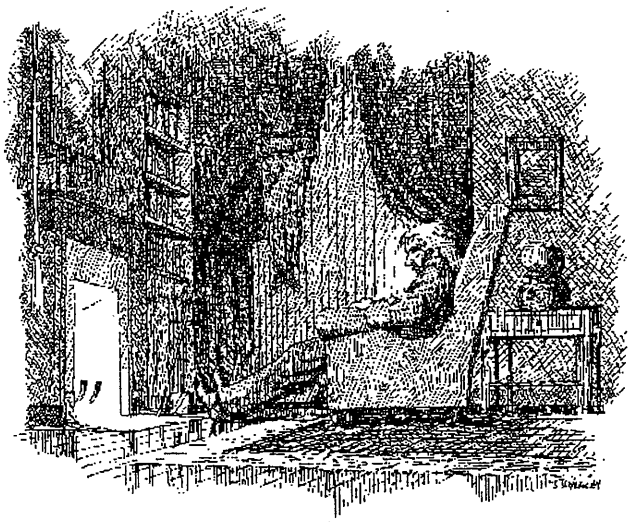
(Sources: Charles D. Poston, *Building a State in Apache Land;* Haycraft, *History of Elizabethtown;* Paul L. Allen, *Tucson Citizen,* June 27, 2005, "'Father of Az' Led Adventurous Life but had Tragic Death"; the Internet)

JOSEPH HOLT
More of the Story - His Later Years

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The last issue of this publication contained an account of the life of former Elizabethtown attorney Joseph Holt and his presiding at the trial of the Lincoln conspirators. This account of his later years, from John Alexander's *GHOSTS: Washington's Most Famous Ghost Stories*, seems appropriate for this Halloween issue.)

Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, who had been the presiding judge at the Lincoln conspiracy trial and had insisted on the death penalty for Mary Surratt, was said to have changed dramatically afterward. Holt, who was from Kentucky, had apparently never been well liked in Washington. Once, when he was commissioner of patents, his boss recommended him for promotion to Postmaster General of the United States because "he has no heart." Gerald Cullinan, in his book *The Post Office Department,* says, "he was taciturn, vindictive, and ill-mannered." Attitudes toward Holt didn't change after the conspirators were hanged, and he began to increasingly lead the life of a recluse. Newspaper articles from that period say he withdrew into the privacy of his home, which was described as decaying, with bars on the windows, and shades that never permitted the sun's rays inside.

One reporter in the late 1800's said that the once-manicured garden of Holt's house had become an "overgrowth of weeds and tangled vines." Children crossed the street to avoid the old house, which stood only a few blocks from the Old Brick Capitol Prison where Mary Surratt was originally incarcerated. Judge Holt apparently spent the remainder of his years in almost total solitude. Infrequently, he would venture out to buy food, but he is said to have much preferred to be sequestered in his shadowy surroundings, among his many volumes. Neighbors were quoted by one writer as saying, "His irrevocable decision weighed heavily upon him," and they speculated that he spent his time rereading the transcripts of the famous trial.



After Holt's death, the new owners of his house worked diligently to make it a cheerful, warm home, but the presence of the departed "man with no heart" is said to have chilled more than one room. The sound of someone pacing in the upstairs library is reported to have often lasted for hours. Capitol Hill residents were sure they knew who it was. They used to tell of a remorseful Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, sentenced to an eternity of pacing back and forth while reading over and over again the testimony taken at the trial of the Lincoln conspirators.

When the old house was torn down, the story changed somewhat. The Judge has been seen when the hour is late, clad in his midnight blue Union uniform, with cape pulled tightly about him, walking down 1st Street. According to the legend, he is headed to the Old Brick Capitol to try to learn the truth from Mary Surratt.

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MOONSHINER CAPTURED

Deputy United States Marshal M. W. Larue and a posse of five men Monday night succeeded in arresting Thomas Blake,[1] a moonshiner of Hardin County, whom the revenue officers have made repeated efforts to capture, but who has heretofore succeeded in eluding them. Blake had his examining trial before United States Commissioner Henry Cassin and was held to await the action of the Federal grand jury.

About a year ago the revenue officers surrounded a still, located on Drake's creek in Hardin county, in which Blake was at work at the time. They called upon him to surrender, but instead he rushed directly on their guns, broke thorough the line and fled, pursued by the officers, and bullets that whistled dangerously near. Reaching the edge of a creek Blake plunged in headlong and swam across, leaving the officers on the opposite bank. They were still shooting at him, but he did not seem to mind their bullets. Cooly waving his hand when he got out of the creek on the far side, he disappeared in the bushes. Since that time seven posses have been organized to make trips to Hardin county and arrest Blake, but each time he has succeeded in eluding the officers.

The officers on the recent raid had searched five houses in the hope of finding their man, and had made up their minds to leave the vicinity when they met a man in the road playing a banjo. They stopped this man and asked him if he knew anything about Blake.

"Guess I know what you want to know," he responded.

"Well, what do you know?" asked Larue.

"What'll you give me to tell?" asked the banjoist.

After some further talk a bargain was struck, whereby the man agreed to divulge Blake's whereabouts for $2. He was paid the money and gave the officers the information. It was then one o'clock in the morning, and they had to ride five miles to Jim Smallwood's house, where the man had said they would find Blake.

They hitched their horses below the house some little distance and slipped up quietly. The dogs began to bark and they made a run for the house to surround it.

Deputy Marshal Larue knocked on the door, and a man's voice called out, "Come in."

"The door's barred and I can't come in unless you open it or I break it open," responded Larue.

The man inside opened the door. "Mr. Smallwood, I want Tom Blake," said Larue.

"Tom Blake? Well, yer right sure yer come to the proper place to get him?"

"I'm sure, and I want him and I don't want to kill any time talking about it."

Smallwood tried to kill time, however, but the officers marched in and found their man in an upstairs bedroom. He got up and dressed and went with them without the slightest trouble, and the officers are much elated over their success.

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[1]For obvious reasons, the name has been changed.

(Source: *The Elizabethtown News,* Jan. 24, 1904)

ELECTION OF ELIZABETHTOWN TRUSTEES
1825

At the courthouse in Elizabethtown in 1825, an election was held for the naming of five Trustees for Elizabethtown. Only males were permitted to vote. At that time it was an open ballot, and all during the day it was known how everyone voted and how the election was going. Presumably, if a candidate was lagging, he was aware of the fact, and could encourage his friends to work more diligently to get his supporters to the polls.

A total of thirty-eight men cast ballots for ten candidates. The voters included E. H. Coombs, James Hynes, H. Gunning, E. Tucker, Thomas Johnson, M. B. Mason, A. Park, J. W. Larue, Richard Wathen, H. G. Wintersmith, C. Helm, George H. Howard, John Alexander, R. Cully, Joel Wellington, John Redman, A. Singleton, William Decker, John Morris, Jacob Sheckler, Robert English, John F. Morrow, John Quiggins, J. Cockerel, George Matthis, John Cully, J. C. Adair, S. Haycraft, F. Thompson, John Park, Nick Tull, William Parcels, William Dunavan, John Martin, John Hill, D. Geoghegan, Ben Tobin, and George Million.

The ten candidates and the number of votes received by each are as follows:

Allen Singleton - 34
John Morris - 31
A. H. Churchill - 31
H. G. Wintersmith - 28
Samuel Haycraft - 34
George Matthis - 15
J. R. Stockman - 6
H. Gunning - 7
John Hill - 3
W. M. Dunavan - 2

The page in the Election Book includes the following certificate by Samuel Haycraft, Clerk: "By which it appears that Allen Singleton, John Morris, Armistead H. Churchill, Horatio G. Wintersmith and Samuel Haycraft are duly elected Trustees of Elizabeth Town for the coming year."

As neither candidate A. H. Churchill nor J. R. Stockman is listed as a voter in this election, it would appear that the position as Trustee of Elizabethtown was not one eagerly sought.

M. J. J.

(Source: Copy of page from the Poll Book furnished to the editor by Paul Urbahns.)

LAW REGISTER FOR 1853

In going through some of my old books, I found an interesting volume, *Livingston's Law Register for 1853,* which, according to its title page, contains the post office address of every lawyer in the United States; also, the names and residences of the sheriffs and recording officers in the several states; a list of all the counties, with their shiretowns; the legal rates of interest, with the penalties for usury, in every state; and the legal forms for the acknowledgment of deeds in each state.

Also listed are the names and salaries of the judges of the highest court of each state; the U. S. Judiciary, with the attorneys, marshals, and clerks of the U. S. District and circuit courts; the times and places of holding the courts, and other information useful to practicing lawyers or business men.

The compiler is listed as John Livingston, of the New York bar, commissioner resident in New York, for every state in the Union; and notary public.

In his Preface, Livingston states:

> *The information in the following pages has been obtained at an expense of many thousand dollars, by correspondence with some eighteen hundred counties. Having for three years past annually published this work at considerable personal loss, it was our intention to have omitted the names of those practising members of the legal profession who should be unwilling to aid in its support by subscribing for a copy, because it is published for their common benefit. As a book of reference, the work is worth many times its price, while, considered merely as an advertisement of each person's profession, address and designation, it must be of considerable advantage; and we could, therefore, see no reason why such as were to derive most benefit therefrom should be unwilling to share so small a portion of its expense.*
>
> *But, in this matter we have yielded to the expressed wishes and advice of hundreds of correspondents, members of the bar, in every part of the country; hence the work* does not *omit the names of such as have not subscribed for it; but our endeavor has been to make it contain* the name and address of every Lawyer in the United States, and denote who are practising, who have retired from practice, and who are on the Bench. . . .

Livingston also states that his list contains some 25,500 names. He goes on to assume that of that number, 500 have retired from practice, and that the "*annual emoluments of each practising lawyer average $1,000, (which we think is nearly correct),*" the total income of the profession would be $25,000,000.

With regard to the legal rates of interest and the penalties for usury, the entry for Kentucky is: *"Six percent. The agreement for usurious excess only is void."* The form for the execution and authentication of deeds is little changed from that used today, except for the fact that the Clerk no longer has to examine the wife separate and apart from her husband to determine whether she willingly joins in the transaction. The state of Kentucky failed to furnish a list of sheriffs and county recording officers.

Members of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky and their annual salaries included Elijah Hise of Russellville, Chief Justice, $1,500; Thomas A. Marshall of Lexington, Judge, $1,500; B. Mills Crenshaw of Glasgow, Judge, $1,500; James Simpson of Winchester, Judge, $1,500; James Harlan of Frankfort, Attorney General, $1,500; Jacob Swigert of Frankfort, Clerk, $300 and fees; Joseph Gray of Frankfort, Sergeant, $2 a day and fees; and Benjamin Monroe of Frankfort, Reporter, no compensation stated.

Lawyers in Hardin County included A. Frank Brown, A. H. Churchill (retired), Stephen Eliot, Sylvester Harris, Samuel Haycraft, James W. Hays, Randall G. Hays, John L. Helm, Joshua H. Jewett, Nat. W. Johnson, George Roberts, William T. Samuels, Eli H. Stone, James W. Stone, Owen R. Thomas, William D. Vertrees, Charles G. Wintersmith, and G. H. Yeaman, all of Elizabethtown. Also listed were A. H. J. Sampson of Meeting Creek and Charlton D. Shean, West Point.

Ex-Hardin Countians practicing elsewhere included an early county attorney, William P. Duval, in Austin, Texas; H. P. Brodnax, former circuit judge, retired in Logan County, Kentucky; Abraham Lincoln, in Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois, with his partner, William H. Herndon; James Buchanan (retired), Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and Usher F. Linder, Charleston, Coles County, Illinois.

M. J. J.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Our October 24th speaker will be former U.S. Senator Walter "Dee" Huddleston. It will be an honor for us to hear from Senator Huddleston. I am sure he will have several stories from the twelve years he served this state in the U.S. Senate. I want to take this opportunity to congratulate Senator Huddleston on being inducted recently to the Kentucky Civil Rights Hall of Fame. Senator Huddleston has been a resident of Hardin County since 1952, and he is the only Hardin Countian to ever serve as a U.S. Senator.

After our meeting on the 24th, you will probably want to visit the museum and see the special exhibit we have on Senator Huddleston. One of the pictures in the display is of the Senator and Vice-President Spiro Agnew, a former resident of Elizabethtown.

The Matt Ward Trial that was held in Elizabethtown in 1854 recently received state wide recognition via the AP by an article written by Berry Craig. Mr. Craig had been our presenter in July and had visited the museum. While there, he saw the political cartoon on the trial and Mary Jo Jones told him the rest of the story.

Johnnie Lay recently acquired for the museum a golf bag, which was used by Kenny Perry on the PGA circuit in 2004, along with an autographed photo. Kenny Perry, who was born in Elizabethtown, is one of the top 10 money winners on the Professional Golfers Association Tour.

I am looking forward to seeing everyone on October 24th. Try to bring a guest with you.

Kenneth L. Tabb

ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEXT MEETING

The Hardin County Historical Society will meet Monday evening, October 24, 2005, at the STATE THEATER GALLERY, 209 West Dixie Avenue, in downtown Elizabethtown. The buffet dinner, catered by BACK HOME, will be served at 6:30 PM. The price is $7.50 per person.

Senator Huddleston

The program will be presented by Senator Walter "Dee" Huddleston. He has selected as his subject, "What Goes Around Comes Around," and will discuss the similarities of the issues of today to those of twenty years ago. Huddleston served in the United States Senate from 1973 until 1985, and will speak on the issues of those years which have come back to the agenda today.

For dinner reservations, telephone Meranda Caswell at 270-765-2515 by NOON, Saturday, October 22nd. If you find later that you can attend, phone Meranda, as she occasionally has cancellations.

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HARDIN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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