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Photo Courtesy of Gil Nicely, Jr.

Mr. Alfred Dyer (left) and his nephew J. L. Dyer, great-great-grandfather of Gil Nicely, Jr., stand in front of their shop once located on the public square in the northeast corner. The men served the town as funeral directors and furniture builders from this spot that they built adjacent to what is known as the Eagle House.

Window Into the Past

**PERIOD PHOTOGRAPHS AND WRITTEN ACCOUNTS
GIVE GLIMPSE INTO LIFE ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE**

It is both sad and exciting to anticipate the move of a large part of county government from the public square but it will not be the first time the face of the area will look different.

In the early days, there were large houses here—much taller buildings than the buildings currently standing. Fire, father-time, and fads have influenced the landscape.

I certainly look forward to a grand old historic

district with fine dining, arts & crafts shops, specialty stores, museums, historical signage, various festivals and music/entertainment thriving along the public square and the streets that link to the center of what is “Old Elizabethtown.”

I hope you will enjoy a glimpse into this district’s past through the writings of people now gone and faded photos that tell a story which still captures the attention of those who love this place.

– Susan McCrobie, newsletter editor

Emma Middleton Wells (1867-1945) was the daughter of Hugh M. and Mary (Carter) Middleton. Her brother was the famous actor, Hugh Middleton. In December 1933, while living in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Emma Middleton Wells prepared the following paper on the Middleton family for use of the Hardin County Historical Society. It gives a wonderful glimpse into life in Elizabethtown and on the public square.

Someone has said that one does not live until they begin to reminisce. There never was a person who did not have something of interest in life. In telling the story of the Middleton family while they lived in Elizabethtown, I also tell of others who were their neighbors and friends.

-Emma Middleton Wells

It was in the latter part of 1866 that a young man, his wife and their three-year-old daughter arrive in Elizabethtown. He had spent four years in the Confederate Army, having gone through the suffering of prisons, marches, hunger and other trials that accompany war; had tramped from Virginia to his Georgia home after the surrender, finding devastation everywhere. He had seen a new world in his various travels of the four years. When he volunteered to defend his beloved State he was Sheriff of Chattanooga County, and Postmaster of the town of Summerville, and he was back home without a job.

He decided to "pull up stakes" and start a new life in a new country. I wonder why he chose to go to Louisville, as I do not think he had ever been there, though probably in the army he had met soldiers who told him of the city. In after years Captain Jacob Weller of Louisville was his friend and they may have met in prison, or in camp, as Capt. Weller was also a Confederate soldier.

My father was Captain of Company H of the 39th Georgia Regiment. He returned home, ragged, dirty and barefooted, but his young wife was equal to the emergency. She carded the wool, then dyed it with the ingredients of different herbs of that day, known and used by women in the making of colors. She wove the cloth, which was a reddish brown, and with the aid of her own basque pattern cut a jacket which she attached a pair of tails, calling the garment a "Prince Albert" or frock coat. The trousers were no doubt cut by guess.

When the preparations for the journey were finished, they bade the family and friends a fond farewell. As Summerville was forty miles from a railroad, the first part of the journey had to be made by wagon, and from Chattanooga to Louisville in a day coach. When they arrived in the large city in was full of soldiers and refugees. They could not find accommodations except in the second story of a

house on Ninth and Broadway; the lower floor being used as a negro store. They were there only one day when Mr. John Turner of Elizabethtown came looking for help to build a house, and employed my father. They went the same day to Elizabethtown and though my father was not a carpenter, he worked for Mr. Turner for several months.

The first home of the Middletons was on Main Cross Street next to Mr. Slack's tanyard, and was a small brickhouse that sat along the sidewalk. It was here I was born on November 5, 1866. Dr. R.B. Pusey was present. I have heard my mother tell, that on the day that they were moving in, that Mr. Billy Wood, who lived across the street in a large frame house adjoining the alley. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Wood and their large family. I was born just at the time that Mr. John Helm was elected Governor of Kentucky and it must have been that my father was a great admirer of him or because Mr. Helm was a Democrat, that my parents named me Emma Helm, for his daughter, instead of giving me one of the old fashioned family names that would have pleased me better when I grew older.

Mrs. John Turner was the daughter of Stephen Elliott, a prominent citizen of that day, and she called on the poor Georgia woman, who had spent four years within the path of both Federal and Confederate armies, and with her mother had been confined in a Federal prison in Chattanooga for eighteen days because they would not give information concerning the Confederates in their part of the country. I have heard "Ma" tell of Mrs. Turner's visit, and one thing that she remembered and that amused us was that Mrs. Turner remarked on this occasion that she could not wear shoes that costs less than \$5.00, which in 1866 seemed to "Ma" to be a large sum to pay for shoes.

On August 1, 1866 my father bought a lot from Mr. Henry B. Helm, and his wife, Mary J. Helm for \$200.00. The deed shows that it was located on the Turnpike leading to Louisville and opposite the Catholic Church, and bounded as follows: from stake corner lot #2 in Plat sold to J. R. Mock, Virgil Hewett, County Court Clerk recorded deed, and Attorney W. G. Mulholon's name is attached.

Soon after arriving in Elizabethtown, my parents joined the Presbyterian Church. My father had been converted while in camp, and Ma said at one time in telling me of their early life, that he favored that denomination because of the kindnesses shown him by a Colonel's wife while he was in prison, who was Presbyterian. I think it was because of his Scotch-Irish ancestry, his great-grandfather having been one of the organizers of the Cub Creek Presbyterian Church in Virginia.

After the new home was built next door to the Mocks, Miss Annie, afterwards Mrs. James Sweets, would take care of me on Sunday mornings while Ma attend Church. Before this I had been left in charge of a Negro girl, until one Sunday when they returned from the services the print of her teeth was seen on my arm, and she was discharged.

My parents spend a good many pleasant evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Slack who lived next door to the Catholic Church in the house that is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buck Park. One night after they had returned and the Slacks had retired, there was a knock on the door and Mr. Slack called to know who was there and the answer was "A friend." After Mr. Slack had failed to get the man to tell his name, or what he wanted he took his gun, opened an upstairs window and shot into the air, thinking he would frighten the intruder away.

The next morning when Mr. Slack went into the yard he found the stranger dead. According to the account given by my parents, the incident was a source of remorse to Mr. Slack the rest of his life.

My father thought Mr. Slack a man of fine character. James Brown Slack was elected one the Board of Trustees of Elizabethtown from 1858-69 and was proprietor of the Showers House in 1873.

On December 14, 1867 H. M. Middleton and John W. Mathis entered into an agreement which I have, that is of interest. In it Mr. Mathis agreed to furnish \$2000.00; they to form a partnership for the purpose of carrying on a grocery business, from the above date until January 1, 1871. \$1512.00 was to be used to buy the stock of groceries from Geoghegan and Tachau, the balance to be furnished in cash.

Mr. Mathis was not required to give any more of his attention to the business than he desired. Mr. Middleton to give his undivided attention to it; but not required to furnish any capital, both to bear the expense of carrying on the business, to bear loss by theft, fire or other accident, and both to mutually enjoy the profits arising from the business.

Mr. Mathis had the privilege of drawing from the stock at any time any articles as he had need for his own use, the firm to pay him from time to time out of the profits arising from the business and funds on hand in cash, such sum as they can reasonably spar from the business until he had been paid in full the amount of capital invested. The stock on hand at any and all time to be bound to said Mathis to secure him in the payment back by the firm his capital so

furnished. Mr. Middleton to have the privilege of drawing from the stock at all times such articles as he had need for his own use, an such sums of money that he may need for the support of his family.

Should either partner become dissatisfied and demand a dissolution at any time the other is to consent, but dissolution is not to occur until the stock on hand may be disposed of in a manner satisfactory to both parties, either by one of the firm taking the stock or selling to other parties.

Mr. Mathis to receive no interest on the money invested. Mr. Middleton to receive no compensation for his services except an equal share in the profits. They were each to have mutual voice in controlling the business. They both agreed and bound themselves to keep the stock on hand insured in some good insurance company, each to be charged a percent upon articles charged to them sufficient to cover cost and carriage. On February 18, 1869, Mr. Mathis received \$1627.00 for stock he sold to Mr. Middleton. On March 5, 1869, he received \$165.00, on April 12, 1869, he received \$50.50 for the rest of the stock.

As far as I know there was never an unkind word passed between these partners, and they were friends until the death of Judge Mathis many years later.

The store stood on Main Cross Street, near where the new hotel now stands, the family occupying the upper floor as a residence. In the back yard in a small house lived Aunt Zerilda Mayfield with her four or five children.

She was the cook and Washwoman for the Middletons.

August 7, 1869 was a memorable day in history, as it was the day of the total eclipse of the sun in that part of the United States in which Kentucky is located, if not over the whole country. Just at noon as ti began to grow dark there was a cry of "fire" in the center of town. The hay in a stable had caught fire from a lighted cigar in the hand of a man, who, with others were in the loft playing cards, and in a few minutes the flaming hay was falling one the roofs of surrounding houses. The stable stood in the alley near the "Hole in the Wall," a noted saloon of that day which was just back of where now stands the City Hall. The citizens were panic stricken, trying to put out the fires and save their household goods and stores. I have heard my mother tell that one man in his fright threw a mirror from the window of Mr. Adam Beeler's home and carried the flat irons down the stairs to safety.



The Middleton store and home were in the path of the flames and the family with the negroes had only a few minutes to run out the back gate with what Ma and Aunt Zerilda could carry in their arms, including the babies. The furniture saved was a spool bed, a new Singer sewing machine (one of the few in town) and a large flat top trunk which brought the family clothing and bedding from Georgia. I was not three years old but I distinctly remember that day. We were taken down near the depot on the bank of the creek where many of the negroes of the town had congregated with what of their belongings that they could carry, and they were praying and moaning as they thought the Judgment Day had arrived.

Houses were at a premium but before night my father had secured one room in the house of Miss Mamie Irwin, which stood next door to the Clerk's Office on Main Street and we moved in. The trunk served as a dining table, Ella, (my older sister) and I slept on a pallet, our parents and Margret who was six months old in the double spool bed. The good women of the town who had not been affected by the fire gave of their clothing to the unfortunate. Only one name do I remember, that of Miss Sallie Geohegan, but there were many others.

Immediately my father began to devise means to return to business, but he had to let the insurance lapse on his stock after he had bought out Mr. Mathis so he had no cash to buy again, I think it was at this time that five citizens, one of them Mr. Mathis, loaned him \$100 each with which to buy his goods.

Soon after the fire a house was secured right on the bank of the creek on Main Cross Street, which was owned by a Mrs. Sallee, who occupied a part of it. She was a very large woman and many times I have heard Ma, in describing a person say: "She is as large as old Mrs. Sallee." Mrs. Sallee was the aunt of Miss Jeannie Isley, who later became Mrs. John Wells. While we were living there the creek took a rise and covered the whole ground between the house and the depot. It looked as if the houses on the bank would be washed away, as the water was swift. It came up to the window sills but we did not have to move out.

While we were living there Pa took me to Miss Mat Donovan to have my ears pierced, which was the style in those days and said to strengthen the eyes. Miss Mat lived only a few doors up the street in a quaint house surrounded by large trees. I remember a long wooded settee that sat on her front porch, The find sought after at present by antique dealers. The painful operation was soon over. Short pieces of broom straw were put in the holes until the soreness had gone and gold rings were substituted. Miss Mat was an expert at piercing children's ears and made no charges for the operation. I think General Custer's

Regiment was stationed in Elizabethtown at this time. As a small son of Mr. Turner was accidentally killed by one of the soldiers, who snapped his pistol in playing with the boy.

I remember the day the day that my father took me to the old School building next door to the Presbyterian Church and where I attend school for several years. It was an old building at that time which must have been in the fall of 1872 when I was six years old. The thin old man that met us in the hall looked to me as if he was old enough to be in his grave. His name was Wimpy, or something that sounded like that. It was called the Free School and he was the Principal with two or three teachers under him.

Miss Jennie Isley was my first teacher. I remember few of the pupils; among them were Hugh English who died young. Lula Roberts and Horace Hays. At this time Mr. Heagen had a large school in the Masonic building or rather in a building which stood where the Masonic Temple now stands.

On November 2, 1869 my father bought from Mr. Henry B. Helm and Mary J. Helm two lots, containing two thirds acres on the east side of Maple Street for which he gave his note for \$220.00 and on this lot he built a very comfortable frame house where the family lived for some time.

The Warfield's garden and vineyard was just across the street or road where the children of both families ate grapes, pomegranates and other fruit to their heart on many occasions. When the deep snows came the children of the whole neighborhood dressed in their Canton flannel underclothing, home knit stockings, woolen dresses and coats, with old wood socks drawn over their heavy shoes would start for Mrs. Nourse's meadow as soon as supper was over to coast down the long hill and often would be bumped off the sled into a bank of snow.

It took little to make young people happy those days at the present day amusements had not been thought of. I remember being taken to the Hall over the old Goldnamer's store when I was about seven by Will Mock, then a young man, to see the Swiss Bell Ringers, a very popular traveling troupe at that time.

Soon after that Mr. and Mrs. General Tim Thumb (as they were advertised) Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren were bought and exhibited at the same Hall. I have a picture of the Quartette standing in front of P.T. Barnum who was their sponsor. The midgets thrilled the hearts of thousands of children in the United States. Mr. Barnum had a reception dress made by Mme. Demorest of New York for Mrs. Thumb, which was a work of art and was made for her to wear on the occasions of her presentations at

the Courts of the Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie. One of the outstanding events of my life was to walk up the plank that had been placed from the floor to the stage and shake hands with these renowned characters, as did many other children of Elizabethtown.

The lot where our house stood on Maple Street was a part of 11 1/2 acres of land, the Plat of which was made by Spradling and bought by A.M. Brown from Gillie Crutcher many years before. In 1888 my father sold the palace to Mrs. Betty Howlett.

In 1871 my father bought from James B. LaRue and Lucinda L. LaRue for \$1400.00 the two story brick house on the Northeast corner of the Public Square opposite the Eagle House Tavern. The deed reads that it had been given to Lucinda by T.H. Gunther, Commissioner of the Circuit Court on behalf of the heirs of Jacob W. LaRue deceased.

The lower floor of the house was being used as a butcher shop and the upper floor for the law offices of Murray and Brown. As soon as possession could be obtained my father moved his grocery store there and there it stayed for nineteen years.

It was not long until Pa decided to branch out and left the store in the hands of Uncle Tom Carter, my mother's brother and moved the family to Bethlehem Station and opened a general country store. Margaret and I were sent to a private school conducted by Miss Ellen Wise, whose parents were close friends of ours. Miss Ellen and her family were devout Catholics, who having taken the veil some years before but had left the convent because she did not think herself fitted for the work assigned her, that of nursing the waifs brought in from the streets. Although there was an agreement that she was not to teach us the Catechism, there being not Protestant Church in the neighborhood for us to attend, Miss Ellen felt it her Christian duty to instruct us spiritually as well as mentally. She began to teach us with her other pupils who were Catholics, the Catechism. We were withdrawn from the school with no censure for Miss Ellen no did it affect the friendship of the two families.

The only other incident that I remember during the six months sojourn at Bethlehem Station, was once

day when I was driving to town with Ma. We overtook a team near where the roads at Claysville meet. The outfit consisted of a wagon farm loaded with wood, upon which perched a young man. As we passed he yelled "Howdy Miss. Middleton," and of course that greeting brought on a conversation as the horses were slowed to a walk. With a smile on his face that reached almost from ear to ear the young fellow told Ma that his sweetheart had promised to marry him. The young man was faming at Fountain

Blue and was none other than Elizabethtown's prominent citizen, R. B. Park who soon after married Miss Agnes Sherley and the couple are still living happily together.

When the Middletons moved back to town their home was over the store on the Square. There we lived for twelve years and our house was the stopping place for many, old and young, as it was so convenient for those who lived out the Pike to stop in and rest when they came to the Post Office or to shop. I remember Bob and Sam Bennett, two grown young men, the sons of Mrs. Ag Yeager the leading milliner of the town, Rose Heagen the lively daughter of a Presbyterian preacher, who conducted the School or College.

These three frequently dropped in to gossip with Ella, my sister. We younger ones would stand and listen to their banter. Our country friends who came to town to trade, or the men to attend Court often came upstairs to eat dinner, and there was never any embarrassment felt by my mother that there was one or two extra ones, as everything was placed on the table and the food seemed to supply all that came. Millie would sometimes slip down and get a loaf of "light bread" at Mr. Foerg's, if the biscuits that were baked three times a day except on Sunday night, were running short.

As many of the houses were built along, or close to the sidewalks, it was a custom in hot weather, for the residents who did not have porches nor front yards to spend the warm evenings sitting in front of their doors on the sidewalks. Mrs. Adam Beeler who lived up on Main Cross Street came every evening except Sunday to sit with Ma in the front of our house. She always brought her son, Clarence, who was just my age and we children would have great times playing "Black Man," "Hide and Seek" and other games.



**...home was over the
store on the Square.**

-Emma Middleton

running around the corner, in the door of Mrs. Bush's law office, up the steps that led to Mr. Mock's picture gallery where he made wonderful tintypes and up the stairs to Dr. Pusey's office over what is now the Express office. We would run into the street and there were no automobiles to run over us, no danger of police or motorcycles either. There were plenty of horses in the town but they were only used after dark by the doctors.

An amusing event in my life, but at the same time a tragedy was the one time when Margaret and I got new hats. Ma bought them and Staedeckers & Cresap's and they were dark blue felt trimmed in the same shade of ostrich feathers. As we had no closet in our bedroom we put the bandbox under the bed expecting to cut a splurge on the next Sunday. Lo and behold when I got out the box ready to start to Sunday School, our pet cat had made havoc by having a litter kittens on top of our, as thought, beautiful hats! I don't remember what we did for head covering that winter for money was scarce and there were six of us children.

Election Day was a Red Letter Day when the saloons flourished. It was also the day that it was safe to eat watermelon, and to this day I observe the rule. The farmers came in early and backed their wagon against the sidewalk around the Court House, and by dusk the yard, gutters and most of the Square were filled with rinds. That was before there was a Woman's Club to interfere with man's liberty. Along about four o'clock the Square might resemble a Wild West moving picture. One man whose nickname was "Devil Horace" would race his horse through the streets firing his pistol into the air; but doing no damage to anyone. I think the town marshal at that time was "Uncle Billie Warren" and he was a good one. I presume he thought it was wise and safer to let "Devil Horace" alone when he was in his cups.

One Sunday after Church I heard Mrs. Kate Sweets tell Ma that she wanted her to send us up to spend the day on Monday, which was Election day. How thrilled we were and what a fine day it was. The four Middletons and the six Sweetses played all day under the house, which stood six or seven feet from the ground in the rear. Mr. Sweets had hung three rope swings from the kitchen floor; there was a see-saw in the back yard and all the playground equipment of the present day could not give more pleasure than those gave. Mrs. Sweets, the most saintly woman I ever knew, had a big old fashioned dinner and as there were no specialists with restricted diets for children, we ate to our stomachs' content.

One interesting story that Ma used to tell us, was of the return of Mr. Phillip Arnold and Mr. Frank Quiggins from California. No one knew how much

money they had made on their diamond mines, but there was much supposition. Ma saw the diamond garter buckles that Mr. Quiggins brought his wife, and to her eyes they were marvelous, as they were the first ones she had ever seen, and the last. The Arnold girls had beautiful diamonds. As I remember Mr. Quiggins, he was always one of the best, if not the best dressed man in town. He wore a Prince Albert coat, a plug hat and carried a gold headed cane.

There are many memories that could be recorded for the young of this generation. One was the custom of "Aunt Sally Haycraft" riding around town in her carriage, distributing lamp lighters. She made them with her own hands by twisting strips of newspapers, tying them in bundles, stopping at her friends' homes and sending her coachman to the doors with the lighters. Every Sunday she could be seen, dressed in her best black dress and her black dress bonnet. In cold weather she wore a large gray shawl, folded with a point reaching to her skirt in the back, waling from her home to the Baptist Church. Behind her walked the old man servant who had probably been one of her slaves. One in his arm he carried a large willow basket filled with cookies. When Sunday School was dismissed, "Aunt Sally" stood in the entry, and as the children passed out of the Church, she gave each of them one.

Lula Miller was an orphan who lived with her aunt, Miss Mamie Irwin but she spent a good deal of her time with Margaret and me. One day when we were tired of play it was suggested by one of us that we call on the Haycrafts, so dressed as we were we sallied forth without asking permission from our elders. We marched up to the door, pulled the bell cord, and waited timidly, until the door was opened by the old negro man. One of us asked if we could see Miss Margaret and he invited us into the parlor. The sashes were drawn as they were in most parlors of that day. Parlors all had a funeral air. We took our seats on the edge of the large horsehair covered chairs, moving our eyes around the room as we waited for someone to appear. Miss Margaret soon came and gave us a cordial welcome. She was a sweet faced young woman, dressed in stiff black silk made with a full skirt. She played for us on the big square piano and soon the old man brought in a tray of cookies. When we had finished them we apologetically told Miss Margaret that we would have to go and we went with fear and trembling that Ma and Miss Mamie would find out that we had been to call on the Haycrafts without permission.

Samuel Haycraft, the father of "Uncle Sammie" a Revolutionary soldier married Margaret VanMeter and settled at Cave Spring in 1780. Samuel, Jr.

“Uncle Sammie” was born in 1795 and history says that he loved dancing parties. He married Sarah Brown Helm of Breckinridge County. For 40 years he was a teacher and superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School, sat in the same seat in the church for 40 years and had family prayers for 43 years. Most everyone in town called them “Uncle” and “Aunt.”

All that I know of the early history of the Presbyterian Church is what I have heard my mother tell, and from a letter written by Mrs. R. B. Pusey. My mother said that when they moved to Elizabethtown there was only a small congregation attending the Presbyterian church. The first Sunday they attended the service, the pastor Rev. Samuel Williams had gathered the members around the stoves, and held the service there. He was a strong Abolitionist, and asked that those present renounce slavery as a sin. The congregation was divided on the question. Mr. Williams asked all those who were of his opinion to join him in organizing a new church, which was soon done. Among those who went with him were Mr. and Mrs. David Mathis, Mrs. Rebecca Hill and others whose names I do not recall.

My first recollection of the church was when I was about four years old. It was of the large Christmas tree and entertainment given for the Sunday School. The tree reached to the ceiling, dressed in popcorn, stings of cranberries, flakes of cotton batting, Tarleton bags of candy and lighted candles. At the very top of the tree was a large wax doll that event today would make the child’s heart go pit-a-pat; and it did when we arrived at seven o’clock. It was the custom of that day for the parents and friends to put presents on the tree for any of the children that they wanted to please. The Sunday School teachers furnished a small gift, candy and an orange for each child. Of course, every little girl there hoped that she would get the doll. Shell boxes and other trinkets were given out and the last toy to be taken from the tree was the doll which I think went to Sue Payne.

For the last forty years of my life, I have not wished for anything in a material way that I could not afford to own, but I can remember back to more than sixty years at my disappointment at not getting that doll.

A few of us remember Mr. Henry Helm and his family. Mr. Helm was the ruling elder of the church and he generally ruled. Mrs. Helm was a member of the “Campbellite” or Christian church and when it was organized in Elizabethtown she joined. It was an open secret that Mr. Helm would not send her to the serviced in the family carriage. The younger people in the Presbyterian Church wanted to buy an organ, but Mr. Helm objected. Mrs. Bell Pusey, her sister Miss Edith Brown, Messrs Henry Park and Tom

Slaughter solicited enough money to buy an organ, Many times I have heard Ma tell that the first Sunday that the organ was used that Mr. helm was indignant and called the Session together after Church and demanded that it be removed from the building. Nellie Sweets in her history of the church has told the story as she got it from the Minutes of the church. Rev. Eli B. Smith was the pastor, but was not allowed to vote, and appealed to the Presbytery. In September 1868, a committee from Louisville Presbytery was sent to settle the trouble. Rev. Smith had gone and the Rev. Park Flournoy came in December to take his place. The matter was not settled until August 1869 when a vote was taken by the Session and Mr. Henry Helm voted that the organ be used for public worship

I remember the Flournoys, although they did not stay long, leaving in 1876. The next pastor was a single man named Jobe. His services were dispensed within a year, and the Rev. Angus McDonald arrived in the summer of 1877. If I am not mistaken, he arrived the day before the Sunday School picnic was held in Donaldson’s Woods. He came to the picnic dressed in his long black broadcloth coat of the type worn by the clergy of that day, his head covering was a tall silk,, “stovepipe” hat. Of course, everyone was curious to see the new preacher, The young folk amused themselves by canoe riding on the pond, while the older ones gossiped, chatted and spread the bountiful dinner. There was a big barrel of fresh water, with dippers, where old and young could quench their thirst without fear of germs. Gallons of lemonade were also furnished with the dinner.

Rose Heagan, one of the belles of the town; the daughter of Rev. J. W. Heagan, who conducted a school, first in the old building, still standing across from the Episcopal Church, and later in the house which is now the home of Starling Wells, was riding on the pond with Charley Churchill. Mr. McDonald was invited to join them and as the three were enjoying the ride, the canoe capsized and Rose was carried to the shore by the new pastor. Rose, a fine musician, was the church organist, consequently she was thrown a good deal in Mr. McDonald’s company. The choir was composed of Ella Middleton, Seldon Cary, Mr. Jacob Fisher, and my uncle, Tom Carter.

The engagement of Rev. McDonald and Rose was announced the day set for the wedding. The day set for the marriage was Tuesday and on the Sunday before, just at the hour of the morning service when all the congregations were gathered in the churches, Rose slipped from her home and ran to Mrs. Clay Hays home (now the Nourse home) where Seldon Cary was waiting for her. They jumped into a spring

wagon drawn by a pair of spirited horses and driven by a German baker in the employ of Tom Carter, the friend of Cary.

The wagon was standing in the side yard of the home and as the conveyance was driven out the gate, Miss Alice Hall who was a former teacher in Mr. Heagan's school, and lived with the family, having missed Rose from home, and suspecting that something was in the air, had followed her and was on the sidewalk. She threw up her hands in front of the horses, causing them to jump, turn over the wagon, and with it went Seldon and Rose. Miss Alice was equal to her job, she holding on to the fleeing damsel until help came, and she was taken back to the Heagan home. Ella and Uncle Tom were both instigators of the affair, claiming afterwards that they felt that they should help Rose marry the man she loved and preventing Mr. McDonald from making a bad match. My father was the one that escorted Mr. Heagan part of the way on his journey two days later, when he left with Rose for the West. His task was to see that Seldon Cary did not steal her from the train on the way to Louisville.

This incident did not deter Mr. McDonald from taking his bridal tour to his North Carolina home, even if there was no bride to accompany him. The Sewing Society, then the moving spirit of the Church, packed the large covered wicker basket with the same good food that they had planned to be taken to the bride and groom, and on the day that Mr. McDonald had planned weeks before, he set out on the south bound train with the sympathy and good wishes of the whole town with him.

In this year, 1933, I want to record an amusing thing which I remember of our Rose, one of the ten popular girls of the town. Along in 1883-1884 women wore long trailing dresses on the street, having a loop on the wrist when it was desired to keep the dress off the ground. One day I saw Rose leaving Goldnamer's store, and as she kicked out her foot with which to raise her train that she might catch it without stopping, I had a view of her cream balbriggan hose striped with red, above her high walking shoes, and I was so shocked that I went home to report the scandal to Ma.

Mr. McDonald returned from his visit and the church returned to normal. A new organist was needed to take Rose's place and the most suitable person was Miss Jimmie Bunnell, who willingly accepted. She lived at Claysville, and it was very appropriate that the young pastor should escort her to and from choir practice, prayer meeting and night services. The companionship soon ripened into love. The wedding that followed was a very quiet one, held at the Bunnell home, and as I remember only by

the family and Miss Jim's Sunday School class girls, ten or eleven years old. The rain poured all day, but a carriage was sent from Mr. Park's livery stable to carry the class to the wedding, and those girls felt their importance. They had bought a large painting, "Rock of Ages," enclosed in a wide walnut frame, the cost of the same being \$1.50, and sent it to the bride, with a card on which was inscribed "From Your Class, Katie Warfield, Carrie Sweets, Sue Payne, and Emma Middleton." If there were others in the class, I have forgotten them after these fifty-five years that have transpired. There never was a more faithful pastor than Mr. McDonald and the young wife filled her place as well.

Churches of that day conducted their finances on the "hit and miss" plan, generally on the miss. My father was treasurer of the church for many years, and was often embarrassed on Monday morning when the pastor would call at the store to get his weekly salary, to have almost nothing to pay. On one occasion when I was at the Manse taking a music lesson from Miss Jim as we always called her, I overheard a conversation between the godly couple in an adjoining room. I went home and told my mother that I had heard Miss Jim tell Mr. McDonald that they had no provisions in the house, there were no telephones in the town at that time but it did not take long to spread the word that the McDonalds would be given a "Pound Party" the next night.

During Mr. McDonald's pastorate Mrs. Murphy and her two daughters came to Elizabethtown to live. She was related to Mrs. Overton, or to Mr. L.D. McMeeking who married Miss Overton. She opened a dancing class at her home in the old Clerk's office and Margaret and I were among her pupils. At the end of the term Mrs. Murphy put on an elaborate commencement at Bryan's Hall. There were broom drills and fancy dancing done by the more proficient pupils. Nell Moffatt was the star dancer of the town. Mrs. Murphy had taught her to toe dance and when she appeared in her pink Tarleton skirts which reached just to her knees she was the envy of all the other dancers, and some that couldn't dance. With the dancing and broom drills, Mrs. Murphy introduced a one act play, in which she was to take part, with Eugene Bowling and one or two others to assist. The day before the entertainment was to be staged, Mrs. Murphy developed a very sore throat and selected me to take her place. Now wasn't it important in my own estimation? Sarah Benhardt could not have done better and I have not forgotten to this day that someone told me that I was wonderful. If there had been a Hollywood I probably would have attempted to hitch hike for that modern Paradise. Mrs. Murphy offered to give the proceeds

from the show to the Presbyterian Church, but Mr. McDonald politely refused to accept it, which brought on a much debated discussion by the town people. I do not remember what she did with the fund.

When Mr. McDonald left to accept a call to a larger church, he was succeeded by a Mr. Caldwell, another good man. An amusing thing took place while he was pastor. I had been allowed to play the organ, when there was no better musician present and Margaret and I were the only ones in the choir one Wednesday night when Mr. Caldwell, while standing in front of the small table which is now in front of the pulpit, as he talked, with one hand pulled the drawer open and shut; catching his coat tail so he could not release it. We, being behind him were the only ones who could see his predicament. We could not hide our amusement, although Ma was looking daggers at us, as were most of the others present. Mr. Caldwell talked on and on, all the while tugging on the coat tail. At last he said; "Let us pray" and with both hands he made another strong pull and opened the drawer.

There are many pleasant memories of those who attended the church. Every Sunday morning would come Mrs. Lizzie Robertson, that queenly woman who occupied the front seat on the right. Behind her sat Mrs. Alfred Brown, then Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wintersmith, Mrs. Mollie Poston with the small Postons and on the left near the front sat Col. Payne, always dressed in his black broadcloth frock suit, carrying his broad black felt hat, grey gloves and cane. Quite little Mrs. Payne always dressed in handsome clothes, her head adorned with pretty little bonnets, and the velvet strings tied under her chin was a picture never seen today. There were always numerous girls in the family, the older ones in sealskin saques or coats in winter; the only wraps of the kind I remember except those of Kate Arnold.

Alfred Giles was another person one could never forget. Though not a member of the church, he and his mother, Episcopalians often attended the services. He dressed in his grey trousers, long frock coat, carrying his silk "stovepipe: would escort his little mother up the aisle as if she were a great lady. Alfred was the Post Office clerk under Mr. Swan Wintersmith, and I think under Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm. He was quite a society man and it was said that he kept up with the news as he had plenty of time to read all the postal cards that passed through the office. There were many other interesting members of the church.

My only other acquaintance with the other churches was when I attended at some special occasion. Miss Lucinda and Miss Mary Helm were

always at the Methodist Church. Uncle Jack Quiggins was a steady fixture, and many big revivals were held in the old church.

It was a disappointment to me that the Baptist abandoned their old building which has such a historical background. Rev. Caperton and other evangelists held big meetings at the church.

On one occasion while the Rev. Will Henry Williams was pastor, a young man came down to fill the pulpit in his absence. It was his first experience and while preaching he fainted from fright. I owe my knowledge of the Apostles Creed to the Episcopal Church, Miss Nell Churchill conducted an afternoon Sunday School for many years and it was in that school that I memorized the Creed.

I smile as I recall the prejudice against the Christian Church and the resentment shown by some of that faith. It was a new church and those against its teachings were not well informed. Such a saint as Mrs. Eliza Vertrees was a member. She had taught the "Infant Class" in the Presbyterian Church for many years before her own church was organized. Mr. Alfred Brown, a man of superior intellect was also a member as was Mrs. James Poston. At school the young girls would engage in heated controversies. We discussed infant baptism, close communion, immersion, sanctification as did the most learned preachers of the day. Before closing I will recall the baptisms or immersions which were always held just above the L & N bridge near the depot. On one of these occasions I stood on the bank of the creek on a very cold Sunday afternoon and saw the minister break the ice, and the convert wade into the water for immersion. My grandfather was a member of the Methodist church, as was my Grandmother Middleton, while my Grandmother Carter was a footwashing Baptist and had an interest in both of these churches.

The singing school did much to promote good singing in the early churches. One that I attended was held in the school building next to the Baptist Church, and was taught by Prof. Leonard Daugherty who used a tuning fork to get the right key.

Mrs. Eliza Vertrees did more to promote good music in the town than any other one person. We who knew her are sure that there have never been many of her type. A small freckled faced person, with a great mid and untiring patience, she labored to make musicians out of many numskulls, the writer included. She succeeded with some and these have carried on her work to the present time.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Wells' papers 1792-1945 are part of the Tennessee State Library and Archives Collection in Nashville. It contains items and reminiscences of her life in Elizabethtown, 1867-1890.

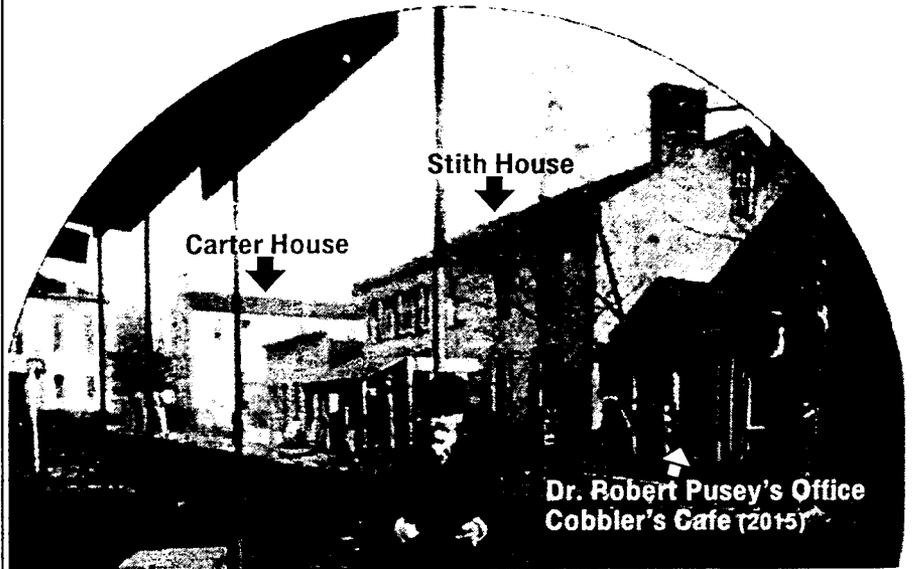
AN OLD LAND MARK BEING REMOVED.

The Old Carter Corner, 85
Years Old, Being Torn
Down.

One of the oldest buildings in Elizabethtown is being torn down this week, generally known as the Carter corner, to make room for a handsome new bank building of the Union Bank and Trust Co. The house is the only three story building in the business section and it is quite ancient and historical in a way.

It was built by Dr. Brian Young, some time in the early forties. It was sold by Dr. Young to Dr. Anderson and afterwards to Fritz Foerg. His daughter, Mrs. Tom Carter, inherited the place and Tom Carter kept a restaurant in it until his death. It was sold by Mrs. Carter to the the First National Bank with the view of erecting a new bank building. It was sold by the First-Hardin National Bank to the Carter Realty Co., and by it to the Union Bank and Trust Co. A cannon ball fired by Morgan's men from Cemetery Hill was embedded in its walls and at the same time three Union soldiers were shot while firing upon the Confederates.

Its destruction makes way for a modern and handsome building to take its place, which will much improve the business section of the town. The new building is expected to be ready for occupancy by the bank some time next fall.

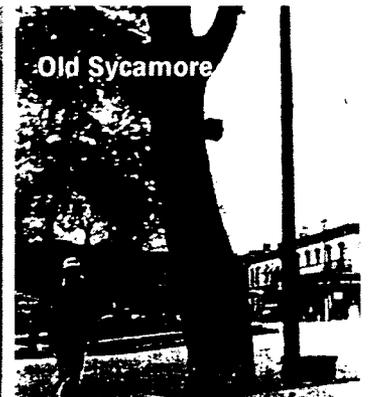
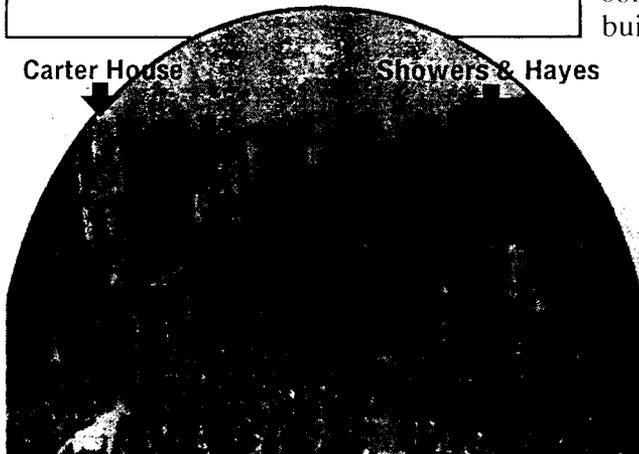


Tall Brick Houses Once Lined the Town's Public Square

The Old Carter Corner building, bearing the name of Emma Middleton Wells' uncle and cousin, was owned by a Dr. Samuel Anderson, Sr. during the War Between the States. Several Yankee soldiers were in the third story of the building firing at Morgan's Men while the town was under attack in December 1862. According to a January 18, 1935 Elizabethtown News article, a cannon ball went through the building's third story, killed two of the soldiers and made a hole in its exit through the opposite wall as large as a barrel. An old sycamore tree on the public square next to the building was severely scarred by the cannoning as well as other buildings on the public square including Mrs. Jane Leedom's home, the Eagle House and the George Miles' home also known as the Depp building.

After Dr. Anderson's death the large brick was purchased by Joseph Foerg whose daughter married Thomas Carter, of Chattanooga, who came here in the late 1870s and operated a restaurant in the lower floor and had his residence upstairs.

When Mr. Carter died, Charles Lott ran a restaurant where Carter had operated one. It was afterwards sold to the First National Bank that contemplated erecting a building on it but when the bank consolidated with the Hardin National Bank it was sold to O. T. Trent and others who erected the present Union Bank building on the site.





Message From The President

Greetings to all members,

As a historical society, we seek to entertain as we recount, with accuracy and authenticity, great stories from Hardin County's past. This vision drives everything we do. The reason is simple. It is in the retelling of things past that we can share our passion for history and send you on your own private journey of discover

During our April meeting, Aunt Beck Hill welcomed us to the Brown-Pusey House. General Custer shared a number of his remembrances of his time in Elizabethtown. I particularly enjoyed the story of one of his troops and the number of dogs. (You should had been in attendance and you would know the story).

Although I have been involved with society for over 20 years, I encountered a anxious moment when invited to become president of the Society. However, I decided to give the position a try, thinking it would give me some valuable insight by sitting on the other side of the fence. I was correct, and it has been a learning experience to say the least. Today I have no regrets! I am elated and consider it a privileged to be associated with the society and the wonderful people who have such solid commitments that they stay the course. I would like to say a special thanks Susan Mc Crobie and Twylane Van Lahr who have kept me on course.

Looking forward to seeing you on July 27th at the State Theater

Kindest Regards,
Michael L. Bell

Another Magnificent Old Home on the Public Square – Gone.

One of the most imposing buildings of any house ever standing in Elizabethtown was built by James Crutcher, Gentleman. He had a marble stairway installed in this large, ornate, three-story-brick that was sold to his son-in-law, Hugh Mulholland, and later to George M. Miles.

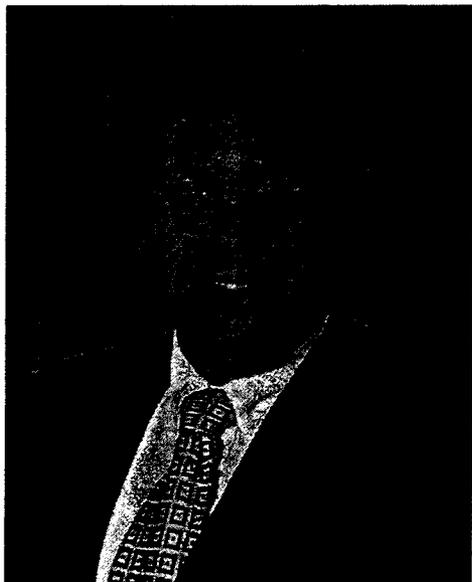
Miles was a very strong Southern sympathizer and the Yankee soldiers garrisoned in the town during the War Between the States gave him so much trouble that he sold the home to Andrew Depp, who had come to this country from Alsace.

In 1862 when Morgan fired over one hundred shots into the town, one of them penetrated the wall of this building on the third floor where the Masonic lodge room was located.

Shortly before the fire of 1887, Depp sold the property to Judge A. B. Montgomery and George M. Cresap and the Bank of Elizabethtown was located on the first floor. The fire of 1887 began at Elliott's drug store, a building that belonged to the Wintersmiths at the corner of the alley where old City Hall was and we now find the Chamber of Commerce. The fire was a very extensive one and extended around to B. Staadeker & Company's store building, or rather just one door above that, where there was a fire wall and the fire was stopped. The cannonball which was in the fall of the old Depp building was replaced in the new structure when the Bank of Elizabethtown erected it in 1887.



Historical Society announces next meeting



KELLY MARK EASTON

The Hardin County Historical Society will meet Monday evening, July 27th, 2015, at the HISTORIC STATE THEATER, in downtown Elizabethtown. The buffet dinner, catered by BACK HOME CATERING, will be served at 6:30 PM. The price is \$9.00 per person. Call Twylane VanLahr at 270-765-2515 by **Friday, July 24th, for dinner reservations**; later reservations for the meal cannot be guaranteed.

The dinner is followed at 7 P.M. by a very special program, *Getting to Know a Legendary Lawyer and Statesman: The Honorable Ben Hardin* presented by Hardin Circuit Court Judge Kelly Easton.

Yearly, Easton lends his talents to the Elizabethtown Downtown Walking Tour to bring local legends to life. Judge Joseph Holt, Judge Martin Hardin Cofer, James Buchanan and now the old "Kitchen Knife" Frontier Lawyer Ben Hardin are some prominent men of the bench brought to life by Easton who has passionately studied their cases and personal history in order to tell their unique stories.

Expect a few surprises in this exciting drama as well as a couple of extra special guests well-known to Ben Hardin and local residents to come a calling.

HARDIN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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