

Ohio County History Articles

By Lycurgus Thomas Reid (1842-1924)

By Jerry Long
c.2024



Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, Friday, 31 May 1895, p.2, (Biographies of 12 members of Ohio County Grand Jury):

Grand Jury for May Term of Ohio Circuit Court, 1895.

L. Reid, Clerk, born in Ohio county, Ky., Nov. 11, 1842, served as a private in Co. C. 9th Ky. Vol., Lewis' Orphan Brigade, Confederate Army, married Cally Nash, of Muhlenburg county, May 1, 1872, has 6 children, 1 of whom is dead, is a Democrat and a mechanic, postoffice address is Rockport, Ky.



Louisville Herald, Louisville, KY, Sunday, 5 December 1909, p.3:

JUDGE REID, A STURDY CITIZEN OF ROCKPORT
As Mayor He Will Be Nemesis of Evil-Doers

Rockport, KY, Dec. 4 – Tiring of having no police protection and exasperated by the fact that the laws were not enforced, the citizens of Rockport turned out at the last election and cast their votes for a man who they knew would see that crime was suppressed. As a result, the new executive elect of the city, Judge Lycurgus Reid was almost unanimously elected Mayor.

This man has been a prominent figure in the community for almost half century and the citizens knew that he was the right sort of a man to place in a position of trust. Republicans and Democrats alike turned out in his behalf, and he received the greatest plurality ever accorded a Democrat in Ohio county.

Mr. Reid was born and raised in Rockport and has seen the village grow from its infancy. He served in various offices from Trustee to Police Judge, and is well qualified to administer the affairs of the city as its Mayor.

At present Rockport is entirely without police protection, and the citizens are looking forward to the time when this sturdy fearless man will take his place at their head.



A History of Muhlenberg County, Otto A. Rothert,
Louisville, KY: John P. Morton & Company, 1913, pp.255-256:

In this connection it may be well to refer to John K. Wickliffe, another of the Muhlenberg soldiers who lost his life fighting for the South. John K. Wickliffe was a son of Colonel Moses Wickliffe, and one of the most popular men in the county. He was born in 1834 near Bevier, enlisted in Company C, Ninth Kentucky Infantry, fought at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Hartsville, Stone River, Jackson, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and Rocky Face Gap, and was killed at Resaca, Georgia, May 14, 1864. No soldier's death was more keenly deplored in the county, by both Northern and Southern sympathizers, than that of John K. Wickliffe, who had won his way into the hearts of all with whom he had come in contact. Lycurgus T. Reid, of Rockport, Ohio County, writing to me in July, 1912, relative to the death of this brave man, says :

"Although I may have forgotten some of my war experiences, I remember the time John K. Wickliffe was killed. I had my hand on his back when the fatal ball struck him. This incident, in all its detail, is as clear in my mind to-day as it was the day he was shot. I need but close my eyes to see the whole scene reenacted. It will be impossible for me to picture to you all the details of the event. However, I will attempt to give an outline of the facts.

"We were at Resaca. We had dug out shallow trenches and on top of the low embankment we had placed an old log, leaving a space between the top of the embankment and the lower side of the log, through which o shoot at the Yankees should they attack us. We had left our arms back of the breastworks while we were working on this embankment. Suddenly the rally to arms was sounded and every mother's son of us made for our guns. I, being a small man, was posted on the left of Company C (the color company of the Ninth Regiment), near the flag and John K. Wickliffe, who was our second sergeant and left company guide.



Something, at times, makes me think he was color sergeant that day, but if he was he held on to his gun and accoutrements. "We fell into the slight works and began to arrange ourselves for a good, square fight. The Yankees were in sight and coming fast. Wickliffe lay down on his stomach and, finding his cartridge box under him, asked me to push it up on his back. While I was attempting to do so a minie ball from the Yankee column struck the lower edge of the log, just above our heads, and glanced down, striking Wickliffe in the forehead, a little to the right of the center, passing through his head. He suddenly rose to his feet and fell backward, outside of the

works, a dead man. He scarcely moved a muscle after he fell. I fired a number of shots over his prostrate body at the approaching enemy. During the course of the fight that followed I was obliged to change my position, but before doing so I took another look at my old friend and then covered his face with a blanket. That was the last I saw of John K. Wickliffe."



**Report of the Adjutant General of the State of Kentucky,
Confederate Kentucky Volunteers, War 1861-65.
Utica, KY: McDowell Publications, 1979, pp.426-427
(Report was issued in 1915):**

Roll of Company C, Ninth Regiment Infantry, Kentucky Volunteers, Confederate States Army:

113 – Lycurgus T. Reed, private, enlisted 22 September 1861 at Hopkinsville, KY, was wounded at Hartsville, Dallas and near Richmond, Ga.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 23 November 1921, p.3:

FIFTY YEARS AGO AND EARLIER

Green River is the boundary line of Ohio County on the west and south for about eighty miles. This river was improved and opened to navigation about the year 1835 or 1836. Point Pleasant, Ceralvo and Cromwell were trading posts in Ohio County. South Carrolton, Paradise and Rochester were located in Muhlenburg and Butler Counties on Green River and did a flourishing business, much of what was drawn from Ohio County.

Oliver Cromwell Porter founded Cromwell and gave it part of his name. Abe Kahn, Archie Montague and others were traders and ran general stores there. Q. C. Shanks put up a large lumber mill and Cooper put up a good flour mill (both were run by steam). Shanks was the first man to use what was known as the "Muley Saws." Up to this time in Ohio County all lumber was hewn or sawed by hand with Whip Saws or by old-fashion Sash Saws. My grandfather – Mosby James – owned a mill on Indian Creek that was run by water power. I can remember when he would set the saw for a line in a twelve-foot log, start the saw, go and have his lunch before the saw cut through the log. While Shank's mill in Cromwell using "Muley Saws" would run such a line in five to six minutes. The flour mill did a flourishing business.

Rochester was one of the best and largest trading points on Green River and had several stores. The Kinnimoths, Evans, and Pools were the leading business men. Skilesville at the mouth of Mud River was another flourishing town with stores and Marble Works conducted by Craig Bros. Brewer and Cowan built large carding machines, a flour mill and saw mill, that drew an enormous trade from Ohio and Muhlenburg counties. Prior to the building of the mills at Cromwell and Skilesville, the southern and western parts of the county had had to patronize the Hartford mills. Jacob Stom founded the town of Paradise and he also gave it its name. Captain William Wand was doing a good business there before the year '61.

The first steamer I ever saw was in 1849 -- 72 years ago -- it was the General Breathitt. Later on the General Warren, General Logan, Sofia, Evansville, Bell Quigley, Falls City, Fulton, Bridges, Bowling Green, Lyon, James White and several tow boats all navigated Green River. I was at Paradise on the occasion when three steamers with passengers and freight landed, all within an hour. Scarcely a day passed that we did not see one or more steamers blow in for landing along Green River. It is said that Green River is the deepest river in the world considering its width and length. So far as I know, that statement has never been disputed for it is never unnavigable and seldom freezes up.

Spinning wheels, winding blades and handlooms were almost all laid aside fifty years ago. People were wearing store clothes and custom made shoes and the girls began to decorate themselves with ribbons and frills. When I was a small boy the farmers cut much of their wheat with sickles but cradles soon took the place of sickles. Grass was cut with scythes and wheat was tread out on the ground by driving oxen or horses over it or threshed out with flails. The first thresher in this end of the county was operated in 1860. It was only a cylinder with teeth in it. The wheat chaff and straw all came out together and had to be separated by hand. In 1861 Joshua Benton operated a separator in this community. It separated straw and wheat, but left the chaff mixed with the grain. Fifty-four years ago there was a combined reaper and mower in the Hopewell neighborhood and a year later there were two or three single mowers run in the community. J. R. Shull and L. T. Reid ran the first reaper and mower in this end of the county. The first combined thresher and separator was run by Columbus Reid.

The first Sorghum in this community was raised on the Reid farm in about 1856 or 1857. The seed was brought from the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia by Rev. W. T. Reid and was known as "Chinese Sugar Cane." R. G. Reid made the first cane mill in the neighborhood to grind this crop of cane. It was made of wood, the rollers or drums were turned by hand and operated by horse power. This crop of cane turned out considerably more than one hundred gallons of the blackest syrup that was ever made but it was surely sweet.

Fifty years ago nearly every farmer in this part of the county owned a two horse wagon, many of them owned buggies, and a few had surreys. Many heavy log wagons and ox teams were employed in hauling logs and lumber, many portable saw mills were running. Framed dwellings gradually replaced log houses all over the south part of the county. Barns and shelter for live stock were numerous. In or about 1848 Joshua Benton, John Hunsaker, Robert Sharrod, James Reid, William Taylor and J. W. D. Coleman built each a two story dwelling in the Hopewell neighborhood. Many improvements were made on almost every farm south of Hartford. There were three brick buildings built, one, I believe, by Richard Taylor on the old Hartford and Morgantown Road, and one in what was known as the Stevens neighborhood, north of Cromwell, and one by Tobias Taylor near Rochester. There were frame churches at Goshen, Green River, Philadelphia, Beaver Dam, Pond Run, Hopewell and Bethel.

In my boyhood days, I have seen my father strike fire with flint and steel, and I have on several occasions gone a mile early of morning for a live coal to kindle a fire to get breakfast with, but that was about 70 years ago. In 1858 R. G. Reid and Warner Smith ran a store boat on Green River, and I remember well that they kept a stock of friction matches. The matches came in wooden boxes containing about 100 matches, and retailed at 25c each.

There were public roads from Hartford to Cromwell, Rochester, Paradise, Ceralvo, Hogs Falls, Dixon Ferry, Williams Ferry, Vans Riffle, Point Pleasant and others from Ceralvo to Cromwell, from Paradise to Pincheco, from Cromwell to Leitchfield, and from Cromwell to Wilsons and Borah Ferry. All important streams were bridged. There were seven or eight voting

precincts in the southern end of Ohio county, Baizetown, Cromwell, Beaver Dam, Cool Springs, Brown's Tan Yard, Rockport, Centertown, Ceralvo and Point Pleasant.

In 1866 there were three lines surveyed for Railroads through Ohio county. One survey crossed Green River at Paradise, one at Rockport (then known as Benton's Ferry) and one at Ceralvo. The road was known as the Elizabethtown and Paducah line. The piers for the bridge were quarried in Rockport and a locomotive was brought to Rockport on a Barge, unloaded and placed on the track in 1869 or 1870, mail, freight and passenger train were running on regular time-tables in 1871.

The farmers of southern Ohio county were well posted in agriculture. Farming papers were found on almost all center tables. The Louisville Farm and Home predominated. Religious literature was liberally distributed among all church members, the Western Recorder and the Christian Advocate in the lead. Political Journals were plentiful. The Courier-Journal, Cincinnati Times and Commercial, the New York Times and other papers were common with us. As to social features, there was the old stand-by, Godey's Lady Book, and Peterson's Magazine. The Holy Bible was in every home, and our girls modestly followed the fashions, perhaps with cheaper materials and less trimmings, but the cutting and fitting was very close to the fashions of the day, especially in regard to the exaggerated hoop skirts of that period. When at a church basket dinner, Sunday school picnic or at a social dance our girls looked like a flower garden and their beauty and behavior would compare favorably with any bevy of girls in the state or elsewhere.

Schools usually were taught in three months terms. Spelling, reading, arithmetic and writing were all the branches taught in this neighborhood up to about 1860. At that time Michael Nourse from the east came to the neighborhood and started a private school, teaching the higher grades. Many of this community took advantage of the school to prepare themselves for college. Mr. Nourse taught up to the year 1870. He was a noted character, a good teacher, and honest man, but he was certainly a "rough ashler," a very strict disciplinarian, and administered condign punishment without fear or favor. He certainly ruled with an iron rod, but he seldom failed to advance his pupils. Mr. Frank Griffin, one of the most noted professors in the state at that time, conducted the Hartford Seminary. He taught Greek and Latin and educated some of our most distinguished men and women in Kentucky.

Fifty years ago farms were abundant in the Rockport, Cromwell and Beaver Dam districts. Many farms joined each other. You could travel miles and miles on the public roads and be in sight of a farm. Especially was this a fact about Beaver Dam, Cromwell, Paradise, Ceralvo and Point Pleasant. Many good substantial dwellings and commodious barns dotted the map of southern Ohio County. I reasonably believe that this was a fact throughout the whole county fifty years ago. The writer who contributed an article to the Hartford Republican recently surely made a mistake in dates or else he was sadly misinformed as to the history of the county. His statements would have corresponded very well with conditions seventy-five or one hundred years ago.

Lycurgus T. Reid
Rockport, Ky.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 17 January 1923, p.4:

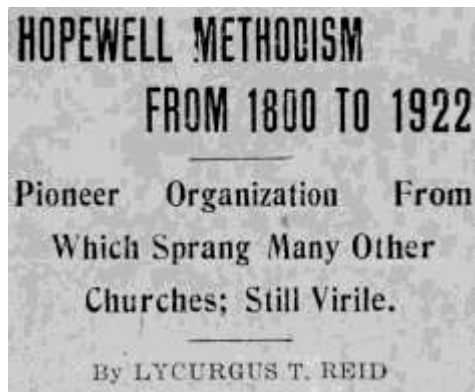
HISTORY OF HOPEWELL CHURCH

By Lycurgus T. Reid

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that in our next issue we will begin the publication of a history of the Hopewell Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from its establishment in 1800 to date, by Mr. Lycurgus T. Reid, of Rockport. The mere mention of its authorship will be sufficient, to guarantee the article a hearty reception by our readers. The publication of this article was arranged for by Drs. P. A. Robertson, of Echols.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 24 January 1923, p.1:



Between the years 1800 and 1810 a number of Virginians emigrated over the Alleghany Mountains, westward bound, and settled in the new State of Kentucky, which had been formed from territory formerly known as Kentucky County, Virginia, and admitted to the Union in 1798. The western part of the new Commonwealth was almost an unknown wilderness. Some of the emigrants stopped in and about Lexington, others traveled on to the Green River country. Among them Adam Brown, Captain William Taylor, James Reid, Philip Shull, Philip Robertson, Thomas Phipps, John Shull and John Hunsacker, with their families, located in the southwestern section of what is now known as Ohio County.

Pioneer Families of County

These people set about building homes, and each family located on public lands scattered over a wide territory, erecting log cabins. They cleared away the timber and raised such crops as were necessary to their existence; the country was full of all kinds of game from buffalo to quail, and it was an easy matter to get meat, but bread stuff had to be grown out of the ground, and clothing was a matter of dressed hides and of wool, flax and cotton that had to be grown and manufactured at their homes. These people were typical pioneers, resourceful, energetic and brave men and women. They soon had comfortable homes and abundant supplies to sustain life, but had none of the luxuries or conveniences; they were bound to grind their meal in stone mortars by hand, there being no grist mills within reach, and they were forced to make long trips on horseback, to get salt. which they found on Salt River near what is now known as Shephardsville, Ky. They were a determined race, and soon succeeded in firmly establishing themselves on a firm basis. The greater number of them were of English and German descent, all of them Protestants, and most of them and their families were church members.

Need of Church and School Felt

Soon feeling the need of educational and religious leadership and combined communication these settlers first arranged to build a house where a school could be organized, and a church established. The greater number of the settlers in the immediate vicinity were Methodists. They agreed to meet at a point about one mile north of where now stands Hopewell church, on the east side of what is now known as the Paradise and Hartford road, near the junction with the Rockport and Rochester road, and on a high point just north of a deep ravine they cleared away a plot of ground and erected a round log cabin, closed it in with split oak boards 4 feet long, placed poles on the boards to keep them in place, as such a thing as nails. was out of their ken. There was no floor in the cabin, the ground was smoothed off and stamped down| hard, and for seats, they split logs in half, and put pegs in the round side for legs. Then they hewed out a slab and placed it against one wall for a desk, cut a log out of the wall for light, cut one end out and built, what was known as a stick and dirt chimney, the fireplace being about 5 feet wide, cut a door in the opposite end, hung a door on wooden hinges, and shouted "FINIS." These public spirited pioneers then appointed a board of trustees – Adam Brown and James Reid were two of the board. This board employed a teacher, who agreed to teach spelling, reading and writing, and simple arithmetic. I have heard this pedagogue's name, but it has slipped my memory. In September 18- the school opened, some of the pupils walking 4 and 5 miles. Under the circumstances the school was a success. Then the good folks immediately turned their attention to church matters. They met on a Sabbath day and organized a church of about 20 members, some of them residing 10 and 15 miles away. After the organization they did not agree on a name for the church, and appointed a certain Sunday for that purpose. After canvassing the subject thoughtfully, they fell on HOPEWELL as an appropriate cognomen; the members being mostly Methodists it was designated as a Methodist church, and reported to the Virginia Conference as such.

Early Pastors

The church had no pastor, but elected a class leader and appointed trustees, and depended on transient preachers for a time. The Baptists and Presbyterians all took part in the preaching that happened at this new church. I have been, informed that for a time, there were more Baptist preachers held forth there than there were Methodists. This haphazard pastorate continued for several years, the class leaders conducting the services. The young people grew up, and others moved in and the quarters become too small to accommodate the congregation. The church organized a Conference for Kentucky, and Hopewell was allowed a pastor. I never heard who was their first regular pastor, but understand that Thomas Bottomly was one of the first to have regular appointments at Hopewell.

A New Generation

In the course of time new material grew up in the church, and the leadership fell to them. Septimus Taylor, Peter Shull, Samuel Shull, David Shull, W. T. Reid, with their comrades took charge of church affairs and determined to build a new house of worship. In that day saw| mills were few and widely scattered over the country there being but two, within reasonable distance of the church. One was located on Lewis Creek, known as Robertson's Mill. and one in what is now Muhlenburg County about two miles from Paradise on Pond Creek, known as Smith's Mill, both undershot water mills. These younger leaders of the church were ambitious, they wanted a frame building, and by persistent effort they accumulated means enough to buy the lumber and placed their order but on account of prior orders they had to wait over a year to have the lumber sawed.

Wagons were scarce articles in the community, but they mustered up all to be had, and after the crops were cultivated they began to transport the material from the mills to a certain lot of land deeded by James Reid for church purposes and for a school, with the proviso that in case the church or school discontinued to use the land it should revert to grantor and his heirs. This lot was located on the west of, and adjoining, the John Rock survey and it consisted of an oblong square, the south end for the church and the north end for the school. They sank, a well on the dividing line of the lots. The lumber was all delivered as well as I can remember in the fall of 1852, too late to begin the building that fall. Incidentally, I took part in the delivery of this lumber, in that I was allowed to go with the wagons under elaborate instructions to the driver to "take special care of the kid." As well as I can determine, the house was erected and dedicated during the fall and winter of 1853. I understand that the Presiding Elder of this district, conducted the services on that occasion.

The Period of Revival

Perhaps the next fall, there was a series of meetings held at the new church, which was said to be the most successful meeting ever held in this community; the Rev. E. M. Crowe was the pastor and he was assisted by the Rev. Alfred Taylor, a prominent Baptist divine, and if my memory serves me correctly the Rev. James Austin, a leading Baptist minister, better known as Bishop Austin, preached at least one sermon during the meeting. Other Methodist ministers whose names have slipped my mind, were in attendance during the 15 days meeting. Among these was Miles Christian, a local preacher of Muhlenburg county. The meeting was attended by a great many from a distance, the neighbors made ample provisions for their comfort, a hearty fellowship was maintained, everyone was welcomed with open arms, the church was wonderfully revived, and many new converts joined the churches, both Pond Run and Hopewell reaping a wonderful reward. Those who were of the Baptist faith were congratulated and bid God speed by the Methodist preachers and members, who often attended services in body at Pond Run. A warm Christian spirit prevailed throughout the whole community.

The Era of Dissension

But strange to say, it was not long until a difference of opinion on the mode of Baptism estranged neighbor from neighbor, feelings ran high, terminated – just before the Civil War – in a debate at Beaver Dam Church, with the Rev. T. C. Frogge for the Methodists, Rev. - Pendleton and Rev. Alfred Taylor for the Baptists. The debate lasted eight days. The writer was present some of the meetings, but was too young to determine as to who was best debater, but he distinctly remembers some of the effects of that wrangle. Old Green River Church that time was a flourishing Baptist Church. Joseph, Samuel and Mosby James, - Shields, Hodges, Flener and others were leading members of that church, attended debate every day, and usually returned in the evening together. Once several of them stopped my grandfather's yard gate and talking about the debate that among the men present were Billie Martin and Mosby James. The last were in a hot discussion; finally grandfather made remark to Martin, "That man Frogge is going to wreck the Baptist church." I was but a small boy, and it shocked me, yet I did not understand exactly what grandfather meant, but in a very short time I saw some of the process of wrecking begin. Samuel James, Joseph James, Mosby James, W. H. Hodges, and R. T. Shields, met at Mosby James' house, and they determined to call a preacher of the Christian Church (better known as Campbellites) to preach for them. The trustees refused to allow them to use Green River Church, so they met private houses and Rev. R. M. Owsley, (I am not sure that was his name) preached several sermons in neighborhood, and organized a Christian church. There were about 45 members enrolled. including

all James' and their families. They immediately built themselves a neat house near Borah's Ferry in Ohio county. At that time the Christian church (called Philadelphia) consisted of ex-members of Green River Church. Pond Run Church lost few members – if any – in this split up, but the debate intensified the ill feelings that had already taken hold of our community. It culminated in personal rows, and almost in personal encounters in cases.

(Continued Next Week)



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 31 January 1923, p.1:

HOPEWELL METHODISM FROM 1800 TO 1922

By LYCURGUS T. REID

(Continued from last week)

All at once, as if from a clear sky, war rumors began to take effect in our community, which split the neighborhood from another angle. Politics now took the lead and military companies were organized for both North and South. A great number of the young men volunteered on one side or the other. As I remember, Abe Stanley, some of the Grants, Joseph Fox, Erasmus Shull, William Smith, William Keith and others went with the North; Columbus Ambrose, John F. Ambrose, John I. Mahan, Andrew Kirtley, Elisha B. Kirtley. William Kirtley. Harry Hendricks, Euclid Shull, William D. Coleman, James Roll, James Walthall, Elias Smith and Lycurgus T. Reid went with the South.

Of course the four year war interfered with the progress of old Hopewell, as it did all other churches, but the members held their organization firmly together and, when the war was over, sprang to the work with renewed energy and faith. The old (or second) church house proved to be poorly located, and too small for the congregation, so it was determined to build a new house in a more convenient locality and of larger capacity. The building committee drew up subscription lists, sent out men to canvass and, when the first report was made, it was found that three men, who were not members of any church, had subscribed \$600.00. The work was pushed with vigor, and they soon had \$1500.00 in sight. The trustees then advertised for bidders to build the church house, furnishing material and doing the work from bottom to top. James Ack Reid bid the job at \$1800.00 and took his sons, Sutton Reid, and Lycurgus T Reid in as partners. They bought lumber from Smith's mills, shingles from South Carrollton, window sashes from a firm in Evansville, Ind. They went to the woods and hewed out sills, sleepers and corner posts and employed Isaac Cummings to put in a stone foundation. After dressing all the lumber on the ground and erecting the house to the eaves, they went to the woods and hewed out timber, (poplar,) 12 inches square, for 7 couples of principal rafters. They then hoisted the timbers on a scaffold and whipsawed them through the center, making rafters 6x12 inches square. laving employed Alexander Hendrie to boss the job. the rafters were framed and paced in position. Then the Reids proceeded to finish the job, which was done in May, 1869,

As there was nothing said in the contract about a pulpit or rostrum this was taken up at once. Money was collected, material bought of William Torrence and the work done by Reid, Reid & Reid, the old contractors on the job. The ladies of the church then bought lights, had them hung, and the keys were turned over to the trustees. The building was ready for use, the seats from the old building having been transferred to the new and a few more added. James R. Shull deeded the

land for the new church and the location was chosen on high ground about one-half mile south of the old location. This church was dedicated sometime in June, 1869, on an extremely hot day. There was an immense crowd present, estimated at 2500. Rev. E. M. Crowe preached the sermon, dinner was served on the ground and, if anyone went away hungry, it was his own fault, for there was left over enough to have fed a third more than was present.

Reminiscence

In the early history of this church, and even up until I was grown, instrumental music was taboo. It was thought that any kind of a musical instrument in church was a sacrilege and this opinion held fast until Rev. E. M. Crowe was sent to this church, just before the writer went to the South in the War. Bro. Crowe preached a sermon on music, showing that the church was yielding to the devil one of the best means of winning souls to Christ. He pleaded for the sweet strains and harmonious chords of harp and organ and even violin. This caused a great hubbub for a time, but when the war was over and the boys returned home, we heard little opposition to instrumental music in church, and some years later an organ was installed in Old Hopewell Church.

Many other of the old customs that were in vogue even in my early manhood, have been radically, changed. It was a set custom for the men at church to take seats on one side of the house and the women on the other and a young man who dared to take a seat with his best girl in church was promptly called down by some class leader or elder of the church. The corner of the church near the pulpit was reserved for the elders and leading men of the church and was termed the "Amen Corner." But when the boys returned from the war after a four year absence, they had lost most of their reverence for old customs as practiced in Hopewell neighborhood. I remember well, the 4th. Sunday in June, 1865, after the boys had returned in May and the first days in June. By that time each one had chosen a best girl, I think there were 7 or 8 of us in the neighborhood, and each naturally escorted his girl to church. Arriving, we marched in and sat down with them to the consternation of most of the good old brethren and sisters. The sermon proceeded however in the most orderly manner, the boys and girls paying the strictest attention required of them in church. They left the church in an orderly and quiet manner and wended their way home with the greatest respect to the Sabbath and to the church. This ended one old fashioned custom at Hopewell.

(Continued Next Week)



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 31 January 1923, p.1:

HOPEWELL METHODISM FROM 1800 TO 1922

Pioneer Organization From Which Sprang Many Other Churches; Still Virile.

By LYCURGUS T. REID

(Continued from last week)

Our house was a great stopping place for preachers, in passing to and from Church and Conference. In those days they had to go through the country on horseback – seldom in buggies. It was a one to three days journey to the meeting point of the Conference, and many of the preachers, and sometimes their families, would stop over with us for the night. Methodist preachers have been noted for their love of fried chicken, but I knew one that was very partial to fried squirrel, or squirrel pot pie. He would call on his way to church and inquire whether we would have squirrel

for dinner and, if we had none, he would say he would go elsewhere for dinner, but if we had them or would have them, he would invite himself to dinner with us. This was Enoch Martin Crowe, a man of remarkable memory and pleasant manners, very sociable and an interesting talker. An instance of his tenacious memory was exhibited to the writer as follows. When Airdrie iron works were running, about 1857, I bought a pocketbook, the first I ever owned. Parson Crowe stopped with us one day and was dividing his collections for different purposes. When he had them arranged to his satisfaction, he remarked that he needed another pocket book. I stepped up to him and handed him my new book. He looked at me as if to say, "do you want me to have it?" and then very deliberately stuffed some money in it and deposited it in his saddle bags. I never saw him again until in 1882, twenty-five years later. I got on a train at Beaver Dam and passed up the aisle, took a seat in front of an old gentleman whom I thought I did not know., The train had scarcely started when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I looked around and my fellow traveler behind me said: "Curg," (my nickname) arn't you going to speak to me? Still I did not recognize him., "Well," said he, I am Martin Crowe, and, if you do not believe it, I can prove it. Thereupon he pulled that old pocketbook out. I. recognized him and it instantly. I had grown from a mere lad to a gray haired and – must I say it? – bald headed man since we had met, and he spoke my name as if it had been only yesterday since we met.

Prayer and Class Meetings

From my earliest recollection up to 1860 Class Meetings were held once a month, the Class being led by W. T. Reid, (Uncle Tom,) James Miles, J. R. Shull, Samuel Shull, Sarah S. Hunley and other members. Each member present would give his experience, expressing his hopes and fears, his faith in his religion, and, in some instances, his doubts, and asking the prayers and encouragement of the church. Columbus Ambrose was an earnest member of this class, and often led it with success. Prayer meetings were usually held on Wednesday night. They were well attended and a large number of the members prayed in public. The first woman I ever heard pray in public was at these meetings. Sarah S. Hunley could pray a prayer that would compare favorably with a regular preacher and a Mrs. Overton, could arouse interest in a prayer that was hard to equal. In fact all the members at that time were whole souled, earnest and faithful workers.

Music

Hopewell was renowned for it's vocal music from it's first organization down to the present day. Remus G. Reid organized a singing class at the first church house and used what was known as the Numeral System of notation about the year 1835. He led the class for a number of years, recruiting the membership from the youngsters growing up from year to year. Then W. T. Reid took over the leadership of the class and was the leader as late as 1853, perhaps later. The writer remembers being present at some of the meetings under W. T. Reid's leadership and, of all the pleasures he had ever experienced up to that time, the singing of Hopewell class out ranked all. In fact it was an exquisite pleasure; nothing was more enjoyable.

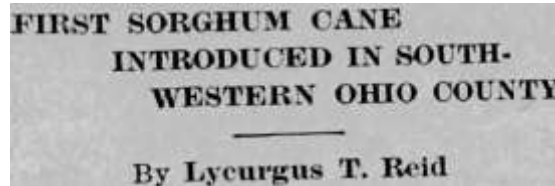
After the Civil War closed about 25 of us boys and girls organized a class and employed James Fulkerson to teach us, using the Round Note system. This class won laurels all over the southwestern part of Ohio County, singing against Goshen, East Providence, West Providence, Equality, Paradise, Rochester and Cool Springs classes. Old Hopewell seldom lost the prize. Returning to Hopewell, after an absence of forty-one years, I find the choir of old Hopewell fully up to it's ancient reputation, augmented by a splendid organ.

God bless and preserve Hopewell Church. Selah. – September 1st, 1922.

(The End).



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 15 August 1923, p.3:



In the fall of 1854 William Thomas Reid paid a visit to his uncle, Joseph Reid, and other relatives in and about Woodstock Va. He boarded a steamer at Paradise, Ky., for Evansville, Ind.; there he took steamer for Charleston, West Va., then by stage to Woodstock. Returning in the early spring of 1855, he brought about a quart of Chinese Sorghum Cane seed. He prepared a piece of ground and planted and cultivated the cane carefully. It grew to all average height of 12 feet and at maturity fell in a wonderful tangle. They cut it off at the ground, one cane at a time, dragged it out of the tangle and stripped the blades off and bound them up for winter feed for sheep. They then cut the seed for off and stored it away for next year's crop, carefully stacking the cane and leaving it until other crops be cared for.

Remus G. Reid was a gunsmith and all around mechanic. He went to the woods and cut a solid beech tree. Cutting it into proper lengths, he put the blocks in a home made turning lathe and shaped up the rollers, placing them in a wooden frame with a long sweep for applying horse power. The whole outfit weighed something near two tons. They harnessed two horses, tried the mill out, and found it satisfactory. The next thing was to prepare for reducing the juice to syrup. There being a number of sale kettles in the neighborhood, they borrowed several of them and with their own set them in a long furnace. A cover completed the construction of the mill and furnace.

On a frosty morning long before daylight the mill was started. The whole thing being made of wood, the bearings naturally worked with a loud schreech that could be heard for miles. Before there was juice enough crushed out of the cane to fill the kettles, the whole neighborhood, men, women, children and dogs had come in. They had heard the mill and come to see what kind of strange animal had invaded the Reid domain. Fires were started and the caldrons soon began to boil, throwing off a fog that would rival a Mississippi steamboat in a race. While dinner was cooked for the callers, the furnace was kept at white heat, the mill screaming and the clouds of steam from the kettles rolling as if from a volcano. Late in the evening the head man at the furnace declared one kettle finished, the fires were drawn, the syrup dished out and divided with the neighbors and, by the way, it was pronounced extra good, notwithstanding it was so black that it reflected like a mirror. It was sweet and that was one of the great things in the menus of Ohio County's tables. The children went wild about it and the consequence was that all the home remedies for illness had to be called into service that night.

This quart of seed turned out about three barrels of thick syrup and candy pullings became one of the popular amusements among the youngsters that winter. Chinese cane soon became unpopular on account of its falling down when matured and other kins of cane were gradually introduced. The writer has not seen a patch of Chinese cane in sixty years.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 28 November 1923, p.7:

HOME MADE SUGAR
By LYCURGUS T. REID

Old Song
Home made sugar,
A puncheon. floor,
Dance all night,
Then dance more.

In the early settlement of the Green River country the only sugar that was obtainable was made from the sap of a tree known as the sugar or black maple, This tree grew in groves, sometimes as many as 200 trees being in a grove on 10, 20 to 50 acres of land.

After the farmers had their fall work rounded up, they went to the woods and cut sassafras trees, from 10 to 20 inches in diameter, cut the trees in about 2-foot, lengths, split the blocks in two pieces, and scooped out a trough in each piece. This work was usually done in December and early January. The troughs were carefully stored and protected from the weather to prevent cracks opening in the process of seasoning. Then they would go to a pawpaw thicket and cut a lot of poles and store them in some convenient place and after supper bring in a lot of them, cut them in about 10-inch lengths, split each length in two pieces, cut a trench in each, fit the pieces back together and tie them with a string, and round one end to fit in an inch hole. These were also stored until needed. At about the same season they took their teams to a grove and built a camp, covering the frame work with boards, riven out on the ground and borrowed all the salt kettles in the neighborhood – sometimes going 10 miles for them. The camps were usually established on a stream where water was convenient; they then dug a trench, beginning at the bank of the stream, using stone to hold the kettles and setting the kettles in a straight row, using mud around them to confine the heat. After they had the ditch and kettles complete, sometimes as many kettles 8 or 10 – they built a stick and as mud chimney at the end making: a complete furnace. They then hauled up a supply of wood and cut it in proper lengths for the furnace. Now all the preparations were complete for sugar making.

Usually about the first of February there would come a break in the winter with a thaw and sunshine. Then with all available help, they loaded up the troughs and the pawpaw spiles and by daylight they would begin tapping the trees, boring two one inch holes in each tree, placing two spiles in each tree and placing a trough under them to catch the sap. A barrel was usually placed on a small ground sled and a horse hooked up to the sled. By 9 or 10 a. m. the sap would begin to run, and the horse, driven, usually, by a boy on his back, would start out. "A man would pick up a trough and empty the sap in the barrel until it was full. Then the barrel would be driven to the camp and the sap emptied into the kettles. By mid-afternoon, perhaps, the kettles would be full, the fire was started and soon became a roaring flame. The fire was fed like a steamboat boiler and as the sap boiled down it was dipped from the kettles near the chimney to those in the front end of the furnace, putting water in the kettle that had been emptied to keep heat from injuring it. The process was continued until all the was put in one kettle, the fire sap being gradually decreased, and the single kettle was watched with all the care possible, stirring the syrup continually until it was

reduced to a thick syrup, which, when cooled, would grain and become sugar. This process took from 6 to 10 hours to complete and it was almost invariably well into night before the finish. Everybody, went home tired and worn out, only to repeat the program next day, provided the weather conditions were suited to make the sap run.

Sugar making was a great holiday with the youngsters. They would flock in to the camp early in the evening and use small vessels on a chunk fire to reduce the sap until it become candy and then pull the candy until it was white and candy smooth, eating enough to make themselves sick. The boys would manage to get in some sly looks and words to their best girls during the evening, but one difficulty that we had to buck against, was that the girls all wore sun bonnets, and it was impossible to look a girl square in the face without maneuvering around exactly in front of her. Then we were often defeated by the minx turning her head.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 11 June 1924, p.4:

OHIO COUNTY BOYS IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE

Co. "C." 9th Ky. Vols, Orphan Brigade, Hardee's Corps,
Confederate Army, Commanded by Generals John C.
Breckenridge, Roger Hanson, Trabue and Joe Lewis.

By LYCURGUS T. REID

Dr. John E. Pendleton began to recruit a company at Hartford for the Confederate Army in 1861. The following men enlisted from Ohio County: William Mitchell, James Mitchell, Felden Foreman, James W. Ford, Alexander T. Hines, Henry L. Vickers, George Vickers, Edward Tinsley, Craven Payton, J. L. Collins, S. O. Peyton, C. C. Ambrose, W. T. Smith, J. L. F. Ambrose, J. Rolla Austin, John T. Berryman, I. P. Barnard, W. T. Barnett, Sam Berry, Charles Chinn, John Chinn, James. S. Chinn, W. R. Chapman, Harry Hendricks, O. P. Hill, Joe L. Jackson, John I. Mahan, David Metcalfe, James Mitchell, C. Waller Miller, Dr. J. S. Morton, Craven Peyton, Lycurgus T. Reid, Albert Robertson, S. W. Rowan, Euclid C. Shull, Wm. Taylor, Fountain Tatum, Monroe Tinsley, Didward Tinsley, Elijah Woodward, John Woodward, James L. Walthall, J. T. Berryman, R. W. Wallace and T. B. Young.

Thirty-one from Muhlenberg County joined this company and Dr. Pendleton moved these men to Russellville and then to Bowling Green where General Albert Sidney Johnson had moved the Army from the South. In September General Johnson ordered General S.B. Buckner out on a march to Hopkinsville, passing through Russellville, Rochester and Greenville, arriving at "Hoptown" about the 20th. day of September, 1861. Dr. Pendleton was promoted to surgeon and William Mitchell was elected Captain and on the 22nd. day of September, 1861, the company was sworn into the Confederate service by Major Triplett of Owensboro. Later on General Buckner moved to Tate's Station (now Guthrie) where we boarded cars for Russellville. There we went into camp in the old Fair Grounds and began to drill in earnest. On the march to Hopkinsville our boys were not organized; most of us were on horses and simply followed on as recruits. Many of us had never seen an army in motion. artillery was a thing unknown to us, and it was a show to us when the four-field guns came into view. The first night out of Russellville was spent on Holland's Creek, on the road from Russellville to Rochester. Next morning the bugles roused us and the march was

continued to near Rochester, when a halt, was made and the artillery was brought forward and placed in a battery on the hills overlooking the town. A flag was sent into town demanding a surrender, the home guard that was stationed there took to boats and crossed to the Ohio side of the river and the town surrendered at discretion. The army passed through Rochester and camped in a grove near Skilesville, opposite the locks. The battery was parked in point blank range of the locks. We rested there two days and on the third day General Buckner prepared to move on, but knowing he would leave the river, he proposed to defend his rear from an attack by the Federal army at Calhoun. He ordered one piece to load with solid ball and fire at a certain point in the lock wall. The object was to dislodge one gate hinge, thus preventing the working of the gate. There were just three shots fired; at the third shot the hinge was dislodged and the gate sagged and the order "Cease firing" rang out.

Colonel Terry, commanding the Texas Rangers, was sent to Greenville on the day before General Buckner left Skilesville, with orders to scout on the road leading from Greenville to Calhoun. He fell in with a company of Federal cavalry at or near Sacramento and proceeded to charge them. The Federates fell back toward Calhoun with Terry's men after them, the rear guard making a stand with a view of checking Terry. In the fray John Williams, of Greenville, and Colonel Terry met and fought with swords, which resulted in Williams receiving a bad wound in his sword hand. Terry chased the Federates into Rumsey and then returned to Greenville.

General Buckner left Skilesville with a small guard left to protect his rear, the guard to follow after a reasonable time had expired. The army was divided in two parts at where now stands Ennis, one section going on the direct Greenville and Rochester road, and the other by way of Hazel Creek Church, then on the Russellville and Greenville road, the two divisions to connect south at and near Greenville. The four guns were thrown in battery on the hills south of the town and a flag was sent in demanding immediate surrender. The demand was met without a gun being fired and the army bivouached for the night. Next morning the march was resumed and nightfall found the army on Pond River at the crossing of the Greenville and Hopkinsville road. Colonel Terry crossed the river and attacked a body of Home Guards and dispersed them. A heavy rain fell that night and some members of Co. C. had gone with Terry's men after the Home Guards and one of them was killed accidentally that night. It was George Vickers, who armed with a double barrel shot gun, climbed upon a log and dropped his gun, the hammer striking the log as it fell and the charge passing through his body, killing him instantly. This was the first casualty of Co. C.

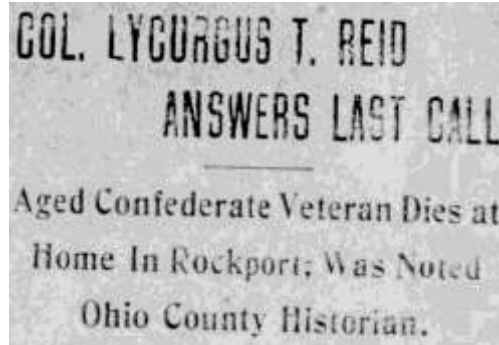
The next day the command passed over the river and camped at night on the banks of Little River, near Hopkinsville. The company organization was completed there and on the 22nd of September, 1861. Major Triplett, of Owensboro, swore the company into the Confederate service for one year. A few days later the company was moved out to Tate's Station in the Memphis branch of the L. & N. R.R. now known as Guthrie. There many of us saw the first locomotive in our lives. We hoarded the train for Russellville where we camped in the old Fair grounds and began to drill, preparing and fitting out for regular soldiers. In November we were moved to Bowling Green and we fitted out with uniforms – gray jackets with blue cuffs and collars. When called out on dress parade the Company made a fine appearance and we felt that we were indeed soldiers of the first line. Many of the soldiers of the army at Bowling Green complimented our company on their soldierly appearance.

After this time Co. C. made history in common with the Confederate forces under General Albert Sidney Johnson, P. G. T. Beauregard, Van Dorn, Bragg and Joe E. Johnson.

LYCURGUS T. REID
Rockport, Ky



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 2 July 1924, p.1:



Lycurgus T. Reid, aged 83, veteran of the Civil War and one Ohio County's most prominent citizens, died at his home in Rockport, at 8 o'clock, Saturday night., June 21, as the result of an attack of acute indigestion. Despite his advanced age, he was in excellent health and remarkably active up to the time of his sudden, fatal illness.

Col. Reid was one of the most picturesque and interesting citizens of the county, being a typical example of the courtly gentlemen whose valorous deeds made immortal the four-year battle, against overwhelming odds, of the glorious Lost Cause. He served throughout war in Company C, 9th, Kentucky Volunteers, Orphan Brigade, C.S.A. and in over 100 battles proved his worth as man and soldier. After the war, in civil life, Col. Reid's career was equally successful praiseworthy, he having always been a citizen of the best and most progressive type. His going is an immeasurable' loss to his town and county as well as to his relatives and personal friends.

Col. Reid's principal interest and activity in recent years was in the field of Ohio County and Confederate history. He was an authority on such and was a frequent contributor to the newspapers on historical subjects. The Herald has had the privilege of publishing many of his articles, the last appearing only two weeks ago and| being the history of the organization of his company. He was one of our most appreciated contributors, his reminiscences being especially welcome to our older readers, and the absence of his articles will be keenly felt.

In addition to his wife, Col. Reid is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Rena Wedding, of St. Petersburg, Fla., two sons, Messrs. Remus Reid, of Greenville, Ala., and Leighton Reid, of St. Petersburg, Fla., and six grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at Rockport Tuesday afternoon at 3 o' clock. with full military and Masonic honors.

To the bereaved relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.



Ohio County Messenger, Beaver Dam, KY, Friday, 7 January 1955, pp.2 & 3:

Lycurgus Reid of Rockport Gives Confederate's Version of Civil War

(Editor's note – The following history of Company C, 9th Kentucky Volunteers, Infantry, Confederate States of America, was written by the late Lycurgus T. Reid, of Rockport. It contains much about Muhlenberg veterans of that company, who have numerous descendants in this county. It was written in 1922 and has never been published. Mrs. Pearl Lewis of the Nelson Creek Baptist Church section lent us the original manuscripts.)

This company was organized by Dr. J. Ed Pendleton, of Hartford, Ky., and there was about 126 men in the company. Some from Ohio County, some from Muhlenberg county, and a few men who at one time belonged to the Louisville Legion of Kentucky.

Now this skit is being written by a high private of the company 62 years after the Civil War, and written entirely by memory, and of course there is liable to be errors in the writing, but the writer believes it will be substantially true.

A list of men will have to be taken from memory entirely as there is no roll call at command.

1. Dr. John E. Pendleton, first captain, was promoted and became a noted surgeon in the Confederate Army, returned after the war and died in Hartford, Ky.
2. Dr. William Mitchell was then elected, after Pendleton was promoted, and was killed at Shiloh on April 6, 1862.
3. Price C. Newman, of Louisville, was then elected captain, served through the war and returned to Louisville, in the coal business for several years, and died, and was buried in Louisville.
4. Moses Wickliffe was first lieutenant, served through the war, returned home and died in Central City several years ago.
5. Hume H. Harris, was second lieutenant, was wounded at Baton Rouge, La., and was discharged, returned to Greenville for a time, then went west and died out there several years ago.
6. Fielden Forman was third lieutenant, was killed in South Carolina while following Sherman on his notorious march of devastation through the state.
7. James W Ford, of Hartford, was promoted to third lieutenant, and later to second lieutenant, served through the war and returned to Hartford, where he has been in business to this day.
8. C. C. Ambrose of Paradise served through the war and returned, and died in Owensboro.
9. J. L. F. Ambrose of Paradise died of wounds in Atlanta, Ga.
10. Rolla Austin of Hartford died of wounds received in battle.
11. John T Berryman of Cromwell died of wounds received in battle.
12. I. P Barnard served one year and then was discharged, under age.
13. W. T. Barnard of Hartford died of disease.
14. Charles T. Chinn, Hartford, served through the war, was wounded, returned and died some years ago. He was our teamster most of the time.
15. John Chinn, was in many battles, was captured at Chattanooga, and came home when the war ended and is still alive. He lives in Beaver Dam.
16. James S. Chinn of Beda, Ky., served through the war; was badly wounded, and settled in Beaver Dam, where he died several years ago.
17. Harry Hendricks, Paradise, was killed at Shilo, April 6, 1862.
18. O. P. Hill of Paradise served through the war; came home, married Berrilla A. Reid, moved to Alba, Texas, where he still lives.
19. Andrew Kirtley, Paradise, served through the war and died in the Confederate Home in Peewee Valley, Ky.
20. Elisha B. Kirtley, Paradise, transferred to a cavalry corps, served through the war, came home and now lives in Simmons, Ky.

21. John I. Mahan, Paradise, served though the war; was wounded more than once, died in McLean County, Ky., several years ago.
22. David Metcalfe, Hartford, discharged on account of disease.
23. Charles Mitchell, died of disease in the army.
24. C. Waller Miller, a Norwegian from Hartford, in several battles, discharged due to age, came home and died at Beaver Dam.
25. W. C. Pendleton, Greenville, killed at Shilo.
26. Craven Peyton of Hartford, transferred to Morgan 's staff, wounded at Hartsville, Tenn., and died therefrom the wounds.
27. Lycurgus T Reid, Paradise, served though the war; came home, settled in Rockport, Ky., was wounded slightly four times, still living.
28. William R. Chapmen of Cromwell served through the war, came home and settled at Beaver Dam. He served on the sappers and miners corps for the Orphan Brigade much of his time. He is still living.
29. Albert Robinson of Ceralvo, served most of the time, was wounded and came home and settled in Missouri, still alive as far as the writer knows.
30. Euclid C. Shull of Paradise was killed at Chickamauga.
31. Fountain W. Tatum of Hartford served though the war; was wounded and came home. Settled near Beaver Dam, died several years ago.
32. Monroe Tinsley of Hartford served through the war, was wounded. Came home and died some years ago.
33. Deward Tinsley of Hartford served through the war; came home, no other facts are known to the writer.
34. Gus Thompson of South Carrolton died of disease.
35. Henry L. Vickers of Paradise was wounded at Shilo, discharged on account of wound Served as a scout for the army of Tennessee though the war and then settled in Arkansas. No other facts known to writer.
36. George Vickers, Jr, of Paradise killed accidentally in Christian County. The first man to be killed in our company.
37. James Weeks of Paradise served though the war; came home and settled in Virginia.
38. Martin L. Weeks of Paradise served though the war, came home and died in Central City. He was wounded more than once.
39. Elijah Woodward of Ohio County, Ky., served through the war, no other facts known to this writer.
40. John Woodward of Ohio County served though the war; and was wounded Came home. No other facts known to writer.
41. James Walthall of Paradise was at Shilo and died in Mississippi of home sickness.
42. Robert W. Wallace of Paradise was a lame man when he enlisted, served in the hospital through the war, came home and died in Paradise.
43. Thomas B. Young of Daviess County, served though the war; was wounded more than once. Came home. No other facts known to writer.
44. J. L. Taylor of South Carrolton served though the war, was wounded more than once. Came home. Lost his mind and died in South Carrolton.
45. John K. Wickliffe, South Carrolton, was color bearer of the 9 th Ky. Regiment. Was wounded at Chickamauga and was killed at Resica, Ga. (The writer had his hand on John when he was killed).

46. James W. Yonts of Muhlenberg County served through the war; was wounded more than once. Came home, settled in Central City and died there.

47. Joseph Hall of South Carrollton served through the war, was wounded, and last the writer knows of him was that he was in Confederate Home at Peewee Valley, Ky.

48. Samuel Payton of Hartford served through the war, located at Russellville and finally died in the Confederate Home.

49. James H. Forhender of Kirkmansville served through the war, was wounded, came home, settled in Drakesboro, and died there.

50. William D. Burney, of Greenville, wounded at Shilo and died from the wound

51. Samuel Brooks of Cromwell killed at Baton Rouge, La.

52. Joel Craig of Skilesville died of disease at Tishomingo, Miss.

53. Richard Green of Paradise wounded and captured at Stone River battle. No other facts known to writer.

54. William F Harris, Greenville, killed at Shilo.

55. M. C. Hay of Greenville was wounded and captured at Shilo. Came home and died in Greenville.

56. John Fletcher Jernigan, Greenville, served through the war, was the first member of Co. C to be under enemy fire at Whippoorwill Bridge in Logan County; was wounded, returned and died near Greenville.

57. Ben Jernigan, Rochester, transferred to Gen. Breckinridge's staff. He served through the war and died in Logan County.

58. J. Ed Jones of South Carrollton was killed at Shilo.

59. R. W. Jones of Kentucky missing.

60. Allison Kincheloe, South Carrollton, served through the war, come home and settled in Covington and died there a few years ago.

61. Nat R. Letner of Daviess County served through the war, returned to Owensboro and died there. He was wounded more than once.

62. Al Lynn of Muhlenberg County, missing.

63. W. C. Lander of Kentucky was in several battles and was captured at Missionary Ridge. No other facts known to the writer.

64. James Roll of Paradise was killed at Shilo.

65. Elias Smith of Paradise was killed at Shilo.

66. David Salsberg of South Carrollton died of disease at Columbus, Miss.

67. William Taylor of Warren County missing.

68. M. C. Towns of Daviess or McLean County served all through the war, returned home and died near Beech Grove in McLean County.

69. Alexander T. Hines of Woodbury served through the war, was in nearly all of the battles, was wounded more than once. He returned and settled in St. Louis, Mo. And died there.

70. J. Luther Collins of Muhlenberg County served through the war, was wounded several times. Returned and settled in Hartford and died there. There was but one medal given to each company in the Tennessee army during the war This was to be given to the most deserving man in the company. The captain was to decide who should have it. But Capt. Newman of Co. C said he could not decide which one of the boys deserved it most, so he decided to leave it to a vote of the whole company. The polls opened J. Luther Collins won the medal by a large majority.

71. William Thomas Smith of Hartford served through the war and was wounded He returned and settled in Hancock County where he died later

72. W. F. Bishop of Louisville served in several battles and was captured at Manchester, Tenn., and was exchanged and served through the war, returned but nothing more is known to the writer.

73. Henry C. Cowling of Louisville was in several battles and was discharged as over aged.

74. Henry Hughes was commissary for the regiment, returned and died in Louisville.

75. Phillip Snapp of Louisville was in all battles up to Intrenchment Creek, near Atlanta, Ga., where he was killed.

76. James Taylor of Warren County served through the entire war, returned. Nothing more known to the writer.

77. Robert Tyree of Louisville served through the war, returned, was wounded. No other facts known to the writer.

78. Dr. J. S. Morton of Hartford was transferred to another command.

79. C. K. Jones of South Carrollton died of wounds at Jackson, Miss.

Eleven men of this company were killed on battlefields, eight died of disease, four were missing, two captured, five discharged, 55 returned after the war ended. There were over 100 wounds in this company, some of the men were wounded five times.

The Orphan Brigade, to which our company belonged, was a crack body of fighting men commanded by men of national note. John C. Breckinridge was our first brigadier; having resigned as Vice President of the United States to take command of the brigade of pure blooded Kentuckians. The brigade consisted of infantry, and was the only brigade of infantry from Kentucky in the South, and was made up of the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth regiments of Kentucky, and the 41st of Alabama. About 9,000 Kentuckians and 1,000 Alabamians made up the unit. During the war these regiments were changed from time to time, to other brigades, and the Orphan, or First Kentucky Brigade was mustered out at the close of the war consisting of the second, fourth, sixth, and ninth regiments, and surrendered with about 250 men in line, and had been commanded at different times by John C. Breckinridge, Roger Hanson, — Trabue, Ben Hardin Helm and Joe H. Lewis.

Breckinridge was promoted from time to time to Lt. General and then then was appointed Secretary of State for the Confederacy. He escaped to the islands in the Caribbean Sea, located at Nassau until he was pardoned, then he returned to Lexington, Ky. and died there some time after the war ended. Gen. Robert Hanson was killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Gen. —Trabue died, I think at Atlanta, Ga. Gen. Ben Hardin Helm was killed at Chickamauga, Ga., and Gen. Joe H. Lewis commanded the brigade until the close of the war.

At one time Gen. Breckinridge was transferred from the Army of the Tennessee to take the command of a division of the Army of Virginia, operating in West Virginia. He was anxious to have the Orphan Brigade to go with him, made applications for the transfer, the brigade was very anxious to go with Gen. Breckinridge. The application was approved by the War Department at Richmond, then sent to Gen. Joe E. Johnson commanding the Tennessee Army for his approval, he turned it down. Gen. Breckinridge went to Johnson and pled for the transfer; saying that President Jeff Davis had promised to send a brigade from Virginia to take the place of the Orphan, and that the brigade would send just as good as the Orphan. Gen. Johnson said: “No he won't, for he has no brigade as good as the Orphan in his entire army!”

That settled the matter, we had to give up our idolized general and remain with the Army of Tennessee.

Prof. — Shaler of Washington, who had reviewed almost all the armies of Europe and America, said that the Orphan Brigade of the Confederate Army was the finest body of fighting men the world had ever produced.

At one time while the Orphan Brigade lay at Manchester, Tenn. Gen. Bragg sent an order to Col. Yom Hunt, then commanding the Orphan Brigade, to take the brigade and go as far as possible toward Murfreesboro, Tenn. Gen. Rosecrans with an army of 75,000 to 100,000 men was at Murfreesboro at that time. Gen. Breckinridge sent the order to Col. Hunt, as was his duty, then mounted his horse and rushed to Bragg's headquarters, told Gen. Bragg that it would never do to send Hunt out with such an order, that Hunt and the Orphan would not stop this side of hell. Gen. Bragg countermanded the order just as the brigade fell in line for the long march.

Snow Ball

After the Confederate Army retreated from the Missionary Ridge in Tennessee to Dalton, Ga., the Orphan Brigade camped near the town, and the Second Corps camped along the Mill Creek Valley for several miles, Gen. Cheatam's corps on the west side of the stream and Gen. Pat Cleburn's corps on the east side. The two corps consisted of about 40,000 men each, in March 1864, making a total of about 80,000 men.

One morning we awoke and answered to roll call at about 6 o'clock, the snow was about six inches deep all over the encampment. As soon as the boys could get a bite to eat they began throwing snow balls at each other, and within about an hour the snowball fighting was general all over the whole army, up to about 9 a.m. the fighting was unorganized, simply a mob action, then the generals had the assembly _ded all along the valley, the men fell in ranks thinking the enemy had moved up on us and we were in for another battle. Gen. Cheatam lined up his corps along the west bank of Mill Creek. Gen. Cleburn then promptly faced him on the east side, then the picket (all had stacked their arms in the rear of the ranks) and they soon came in contact with each other, the snowballs passing irregularly, then Cheatam's corps made a general charge on Cleburn, every man throwing snowballs as fast as he could.

The writer had been detailed as a guard at Gen. Lewis headquarters and Gen. Lewis took position on rising ground at the head of the valley, near Gen. Cheatam's quarters. The generals and staff had a number of field glasses, the guard stood and looked on with the natural eye. An officer became tired of looking and laid his glasses down, the writer seized them and beheld one of the grandest pictures that he had ever seen, the two corps in full action, the snowballs would roll up looking like a dense cloud, then subside for a moment, then roll up in another section, the men pushing forward in one place and falling back in another. The cloud of balls rolling to and fro, and the balls were so thick in the air that it was impossible to see the men, but the balls rolled up and subsided like smoke from a volcano. This battle lasted until about 4 p.m., when the bugles made the recall, the men marched back to their camps worn out and as wet as if they had rolled in the creek, which many of them had done.

The writer had witnessed a battle at one time without being engaged, but he found the battle of snowballs about as thrilling as the real thing.

It is doubtful as to whether the most accomplished writer of the age could fully describe the thrilling scenes that occurred in the Snowball Battle at Dalton in March 1864.

Mark Twain, 'Bill Ney, Collings Headley or the man who wrote the Rise and Fall of Ancient Rome, would have been puzzled for language to give a full and complete account of the affair.

Reminiscence

I was born In Ohio County, Kentucky on the 11th day of November, 1842, like Topay, I was growd up. My mother died when I was eight, then I was placed under my grandmother, who

was a staunch Wesleyan Methodist, her Bible mind the Methodist discipline was her guide through life, and she was a descendant of a Virginia family that was noted for its fealty to the Protestant faith as construed by the strictest disciplinarians of that order.

We children were brought under the influence of grown men and women, that is, we were taught to conduct ourselves as if we were full grown, the natural action of children was frowned on as being unworthy for us, we had to act and do just as fully developed men and women.

There were four of us children in the family. I being the oldest was expected to keep the other children in line, if anything went wrong amongst us I was called on to explain. In other words, I was held responsible for the conduct of a gang of healthy active kids.

The consequence was that I became dissatisfied life. I felt that I had the world on my shoulders and it was crushing me. Some of the home rules were so strict that the least error in them brought down tondine punishment. The rules were something like this: Out of bed about 4;30 a.m., breakfast not later than 5, then steady work at affairs on the farm and about the house. After supper a lesson from the Bible and a prayer that we had no more knowledge of than the heathens of Africa. At the table a child was not allowed to talk, and must ask for anything he wanted even if it was at his elbow. To drop food on the table cloth or spill milk or water on the table meant dismissal from the table. To break a dish was a crime that brought instant punishment. To play or laugh loud or make any unusual noise about the house was out of line. To laugh on Sunday was not allowed. At church not a word was to be spoken by a child unless it was to answer some question by some sanctified member of the congregation. And we were taught that a Catholic was a dangerous character to be avoided at all hazards, and anything like companionship with members of other churches than the Methodist was frowned on and discouraged.

Our house was a great stopping place for Methodist ministers and when one of them dropped in the rules of behavior for us kids were complicated and usually beyond our comprehension.

We literally under rules that can be well described by the old gag of “You and you shant, you will and you won’t, you’ll be dammed if you do, and be dammed if you don’t.”

Now I do not wish to be misunderstood, I believe, and always have believed, that these good people meant us a world of kindness, and were perfectly honest in their training of us. They certainly thought that they were doing the right thing, and they clothed and fed us abundantly, and were considering our welfare all the time.

The discipline cut all the pleasures of childhood out of our lives except when we could steal out from under the eyes of our guardians. Then, perhaps, we became more obstreperous than any child should have been. We learned to dodge expertly, slip off to forbidden ground, cut up high jinks that would have shamed a _otentot, anything from playing mean tricks on innocent things to fighting like tigers.

I became restless and did not enjoy life. Our father was a trader and was seldom with us, but when he was with us, it was a holiday, a time for rejoicing, a time for play, and a time for full flow of our tongues and minds. He seemed to encourage us in out play, and the more noise and capers we indulged in seemed to please him best, and he would take part with us. He belonged to no church and was not the least hampered by dogmatic rules. It was happy day when we could have dad with us.

Schooling was certainly a makeshift in our day. A little log hut with split logs for the seats. A great fireplace in one end and a door in the other. A small window with a wooden shutter – no glass. A log cut out of one side of the hut and a long plank fastened to the wall with a long plank hung over the desk to shut down in bad weather, was all the furniture in the room, except for one

home made chair for the teacher. The teacher would contract with the trustees to teach us spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic as far as the rule of three in _miles arithmetic , and grammar as far as parsing for three months.

We would start in bravely about the first of September, leaving home at daybreak and getting home in the evening at dark. Then the boys who were large enough would be called off two or three weeks to help take care of the crops, and on returning to school found their classmates ahead of them and would have to be put in a class to themselves, a thing that was more than discouraging.

I, for one, lost all interest and did not try to learn, just simply done what I was forced to do without the smattering of interest. But later on in life I regretted this indifference to my vital interest when I had the opportunity to learn, at least something of what the teacher could have given me. Study was irksome and what I did learn was forced and as a matter of course very defective. A burden I have carried through a long regretful life.

Time passed I became a lout of a backwoods lad, all pride of personality crushed out, just existing without a single object in life, until one day I awoke to the fact that I was taking an unusual interest in some of our girl companions. The effect on my mind was astonishing. I felt like I had been thrust into another world. I began to think of myself as one of the most unworthy creatures in existence, then I began to take notice of the boys and girls around me, and began to copy their ways of dress and behaving. I gradually dropped into the circles that attracted my interest and found that by the greatest care I might take part in the society. There is where I discovered that need of schooling, not only in books, but in all the endeavors of a young man. It was humiliating to find that I was lacking in knowledge that I had refused to acquire when I had the opportunity I blundered along, watching others for information and manners that I was deficient in.

Then, as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, the Civil War broke out. Excitement ran high. I with several of my companions determined to go South and join the Confederate Army. We made an appointment to meet at a point in the neighborhood at dark the evening in September of 1861. The Yankees had placed guards at the ferry at Paradise where we wanted to get across Green River. We met and canvassed the chances for getting by the guard, and we finally determined to try to force a passage if necessary. We agreed to go home and arm ourselves as best we could and return to the point of rendezvous within an hour. About 8 p.m. we started , after electing a leader, we formed in columns of two, rode to the river, were halted by a guard and questioned as to where we were going. The guard was an old neighbor, our captain told him that it was none of his business. Then the guard said we would have to stop with them. A pistol cracked, the guard promptly took shelter behind a tree, the captain ordered us forward, and to shoot anyone who interfered, we moved with arms ready for action, passing the camo without even so much as a challenge, crossed the river and were on our way to meet Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, who was marching on Rochester from Bowling Green with a division of Confederate infantry, artillery and cavalry. We met this army at Holland Creek, Butler County, next day we marched into Rochester, the home guard evacuated the town in haste. We camped opposite the locks in Skilesville, remained there for two days. On the second day one gun was trained on the lower gate of the lock, using solid shot, the first ball tore off several blocks of the wall, the second shot cut another hole, and the third shot loosened the hinge of the gate so that it saged and could not be opened. The bugle sounded "Cease Firing," The little army took up the march for Greenville and then to Hopkinsville.

When Buckner left Rochester he divided his army. He sent one division directly toward Greenville, and the other by way of Hazel Creek Church, intersecting the Russellville-Greenville Road near the old church, and then on toward Greenville on that road. Our company was with this

column, withing two and a half miles of Greenville we stopped at a big farm house for water, the family and their slaves brought water out in buckets, a little fair-haired girl peered through the palings at the men and for some reason attracted my attention. We passed on and camped for the night at the Rothrock Springs about a mile south of Greenville, planting a battery of artillery on a hill overlooking the town. Next morning we fell in line and marched through Greenville and out on the Hopkinsville Road bivouced on Pond River for the night, sent pickets from Terry's Texas Rangers out across the river, they came in contact with a body of home guard, dispersed them and confiscated their arms. It raining hard all night. One member of our company lost his life that night, the first to fall out of the company. He was on guard, had a double-barreled shotgun, climbed up on a log, set his gun down and it slipped off the log, exploding the charge, which entered his side killing him instantly. His name was George Vickers of Paradise.

We marched to Little River near Hopkinsville the next day, went into camp and begun to drill and organize the company. Dr. John E. Pendleton of Hartford was made captain. Moses Wickliffe first lieutenant, Dr. William Mitchell of Hartford second lieutenant, Hume Harris of Greenville, third lieutenant, James W. Ford of Hartford, first sergeant, James W. Yonts, first corporal. We were organized and sworn into the Confederate Army service by Major Triplett of Owensboro on the 22nd day of September 1861.

About the 1st of October we marched out on the railroad grade to what was then known as Tate's Station, now Guthrie, where many saw our first locomotive, we boarded the train and were soon in Russellville where we camped and drilled and did guard duty. We sent guards to the Whippoorwill Bridge near Russellville one night, perhaps in October. Capt. Netter of the Yankee Army attacked the guard and attempted to burn the bridge, the boys scattered out and his for some time, when one of our boys took a potshot at Netter's men with a double-barreled shotgun. Netter concluded that the whole Confederate Army was attacking him and concluded to evacuate at once. Our boys closed up and put the fire out with little damage to the bridge. John Fletcher Jernigan of Greenville was one of the guards, and was the first man of the company to be under fire of the enemy.

About the 1st of November, we were sent to Bowling Green and placed in line with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson's forces. Had regular army guns and uniforms issued to us, and we were sure proud of ourselves, and put on all the airs of veteran soldiers. The latter part of January or the first part of February 1862 we were sent on a march toward Glasgow and finally camped at Oakland on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad north of Bowling Green in February we marched back to Bowling Green, to Nashville, to Murfreesboro where we camped and spent out Christmas, in march we broke camp, marched by way of Fayetteville, Tenn. To Decatur, Ala., then to Burnsville, Miss.

About the first of April we were ordered to prepare for a march, and later to cook three days rations, then broke camp for the march to the battlefield of Shilo. We fought the battle on April 6 and 7, then retreated to Corinth, Miss. Many of the company had been kited and wounded, and a reorganization of the company was necessary. Capt. Price C. Newman of Louisville was elected captain; Fielding Foreman was elected lieutenant: W.G. Cowling, first sergeant. After a sharp fight in around Corinth, we were sent to Vicksburg, Miss. and were in the siege up to August. 1862. then we were sent to Baton Rouge. La. and fought a battle on Aug. 5.

Then back to Pearl River. near Jackson, Miss., where we entrenched and waited for the enemy, they came and opened fire on us with artillery. One shell fell in our ditch where the men where. Lt. Foreman picked it up and threw it out of the ditch where it exploded without doing any damage.

We were then ordered to Kentucky by way Montgomery, Ala., Atlanta Ga., Chattanooga and Knoxville Tenn., and out on the road toward the Cumberland Gap, where we met Gen. Bragg retreating out of Kentucky.

Then we marched back to Knoxville, to Chattanooga and Murfreesboro, Tenn. and camped on the same ground where we had spent our Christmas in 1862, and remained in that camp through Christmas 1863, and on December 31, 1863 we were marched out to the battlefield on Stone River. However, we were sent to Hartsville, Tenn. And fought the battle there on Dec. 7, before the battle of Stone River. We fought the Yankee army at Stone River for eight days, then retreated to Manchester, Tenn., spending the remainder of the winter in camp there.

Then we were sent to Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain and fought the battle of Chicamauga in September, and in November the battle of Missionary Ridge. Then we retreated to Dalton, Ga. camped there all winter of 1863-64. We fought a battle at Mill Creek Gap near Dalton in February 1864, and in April we broke camp for the Georgia campaign in which our brigade was under fire for 100 days in succession. I was severely wounded on May 24 in this campaign, and was never able to do a soldier's duty until the close of the war.

After Atlanta was captured by Sherman, the brigade was mounted and if I am not mistaken, spent their Christmas at Newman, Ga. Early in 1865 Sherman started his march to the sea, our brigade followed him, cutting off stragglers, but was never able to oppose the march. After Sherman arrived at Savannah, Ga., he rested his army for a while and had reinforced it to overwhelming numbers, made his march of destruction through South Carolina and North Carolina.

The Confederate Army surrendered in April 1865, our boys who were left, came home in April and May. I did not get home until June 4, my wound was still open. The war was over. We became civilians again, broken to health and in body, but our spirits had not been crushed. We never had any disposition to apologize our deeds as Confederates, and I have never heard of a Confederate denying his part in the war.

The foregoing was written entirely from memory, and, of course, is liable to some errors, but I believe, taken as a whole, it is a true account of things that happened to the Orphan Brigade during the war, and of matters connected with Co. C of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment infantry in the Army of the- Confederate States of America in 1861-1865. Many errors, in composition, grammar, and spelling naturally occurs with a man who never had the advantage of schooling and training.

Old Fashioned Romance

As stated above I had noticed a little girl peeping through the palings on our march from Rochester to Greenville in 1861. Of course I did not know the people of the house, while the little girl had attracted my attention at the time. I don't remember of ever thinking about it through the years of the war,

In June 1869 I located in Greenville for a number of years. I met a gentleman who as a farmer, in the Greenville Masonic Lodge, he invited me to his house for the weekend. I went out with him, and as soon as I saw the house I remembered it as the place where I had seen the little fair-haired girl peeping through the fence eight years before.

While sitting in the family room talking to the old gentleman, I asked him what had become of the little girl, telling him of the circumstances of our passing in 1861. He broke out in a hearty laugh, but did not answer at once.

There were several youngsters in the parlor, but none that I was acquainted with. The gentleman finally got up out of his chair and invited me to go in the other room with him and he would show me the girl. We went to the door and he asked me if I could see her. I looked at each girl closely, but could see no one that looked like the little peeper. He laid his hand on my arm and conducted me to a lady standing near a harp. She was tall and slender and well dressed and well poised. He introduced me to Miss Callie Nash, then told me that she was the peeper, and I suppose it was my confusion that tickled him, at any rate he laughed heartily, then introduced me to the entire crowd in the house. He seemed to think he had had a good joke on me.

I spent a pleasant evening with the youngsters, dancing and talking, and made it convenient to call often at the farm house. Then it occurred to me that this girl was about the kind that would suit me for a wife. I laid siege with all the skill I could muster, scheming to head off the many suitors already in pursuit of her favor. I finally hoodwinked her to give me an affirmative answer to the great question. Then the next battle was to be fought to a finish with the old gentleman and his good wife. I went at the charge with all the misgivings of the battles I had gone into. By screwing up my courage to desperation I managed to let them know what I wanted. They agreed to be favorable to my suit, but the old gentleman took advantage of his position and enjoyed my embarrassment for a time, he turned to the good wife and asked her what she thought of the case. She said she would leave it to him. He turned to me and laughingly said Yes. Then I revived enough to tell him that I guessed the joke had turned on him. I married the little peeper on May 1, 1871, and up to this good day I have never regretted the winning of one of the most important battles of my life.

We have lived as man and wife for over 50 years, in peace and loving kindness.

(Jan. 6, 1923.)

[Note: In the preceding article there were a few words that could not be deciphered from the microfilm copy.]



**Gray Jackets With Blue Collars, John W. Blackburn
Beaver Dam, Ky., The Embury Newspapers, Inc., 1963, pp.81-86:**

On May 13th [1864] the boys [of Company C, 9th KY Infantry, CSA] took up battle positions at Reseca where they again met the enemy and this time suffered two losses. We remember that in the autumn before this fight at Reseca that John K. Wickliffe had been wounded. In the clash with the Union forces here at Reseca, John gave up his life in the cause he had fought for so long. John Wickliffe and Curg Reid were side by side, lying behind some breastworks when John raised his head. He was immediately struck by a minnie ball which stuck in his forehead. Reid said that as John raised his head he attempted to pull him down again and had his hand on John's head when the ball struck. Curg also held John in his arms during the few remaining minutes of the life of this boy from Greenville. Another would not see his home again. This sad event took place on May 14, 1864.

The other loss to the Orphans of the Company at Reseca was Monroe Tinsley. Monroe was only wounded, but he took no further part in the activities of Company "C". Tinsley had also been wounded at Shiloh.

Near Reseca is found a "Confederate Cemetery" where several hundred Rebs are buried. Almost all of them are unknown soldiers but a few of them are marked. Only three of those marked

are from the Orphan Brigade: Sgt. B Herret, Co. "G" of 2nd. Reg., Charley W. Gayley of Co. "A" of the 2nd., and Fred Granger of the 6th Ky. Since all the remainder of the Kentucky boys are unknown, one can only guess that John K. Wickliffe lies there.

After the clash at Reseca the Confederates continued to retreat southward and the Federals continued to harrass them. In the latter days of May the Orphan Brigade was at Dallas, Georgia, and received an attack from Union forces. The Southern leaders decided on an attack of their own, and it was a tragic mistake. Part of the tragedy lay in a mixup of signals but that is another story. The Kentuckians dashed upon the enemy positions in their advanced line, while a terrible storm of shot and shell met the charging Orphans. In spite of this the boys made a charge as desperate as that of the famous "six hundred" of another war. The Southerners succeeded in taking the first line but the fire was so murderous that they were forced to withdraw. It was a costly sacrifice for the Kentuckians, but there is recorded only one casualty among the members of Company "C". This was a wound sustained by Curg Reid. It is recorded too as a "severe" wound.

Lycurgus Reid, or "Curg" as he was called by his friends, was a man of many remarkable qualities. He had an amazing memory of events and people that were part of his life and even very late in life could recall names and details. He also, to the joy of those seeking knowledge in later years, took time to write what he remembered. In 1923 he wrote what he termed "Writing Up the Reid Tribe" for a niece in Pennslyvania. In his letter to her he said he had taken quite an interest in the Reid family, not because he prided himself on family ancestry, but for the purpose of knowing what the history of his family was.

Curg was not well educated, if we measure education in a formal sense. He had no certificates indicating particular accomplishments; yet he had a remarkable store of facts and he possessed a wonderful ability to understand people. Curg insisted that he was not well enough educated to write properly the family tree but he did write it. He wrote it well, too. Curg described the Reid family as "average high in morals, intellect, and upstanding Americanism". Many people who knew Curg must have believed that this was a good description of Curg himself. And many now, reading what he left on the printed page, would insist that really Curg Reid was a well-educated man.

Curg and a group of his friends crossed Green River, under cover of darkness, at Paradise and only a short distance from where the great TVA plant now is. They went to Butler County where they planned to join General Simon Buckner. They were at Rochester for two days and then joined Buckner's column on its way to Greenville.

Curg and his friends stopped near Greenville to refresh themselves at a large, pleasant-looking farmhouse. As the family and the slaves brought fresh water for the boys, Curg noticed a little fair-haired girl peeking through the pickets of the fence. He said the girl attracted his attention but he did not speak to her and he did not ask her name. Four years after the war Reid located in Greenville, and one of his new friends invited him to a weekend in the country. When Curg arrived at his guest's home he recognized the large house as the one where he stopped for water when he was on his way to war. He remembered the little girl peeking through the fence and inquired about her. Curg was immediately introduced to charming and pretty Miss Callie Nash who admitted being the little "peeper" of long ago. Curg writes that he very often called at the home of Miss Nash after that, but perhaps it is better that Curg tell it himself:

"Then it occurred to me that this girl was about the kind that would suit me for a wife. I laid siege with all the skill I could muster, scheming to head off the many suiters already in pursuit of her favor. I finally hoodwinked her to give me an affirmative answer

to the great question. I married the little peeper on May 1, 1871, and up to this good day I have never regretted, the winning of one of the most important battles of my life."

Curg adds further that he and Callie lived as man and wife more than fifty years, in peace and loving kidness

Some good came from the ill-fated fortunes of the Confederacy There was this happy marriage

Curg Reid was born in Ohio County on November, 11, 1842. His mother died when Curg was eight and he lived with his grandmother during the remaining boyhood years The grandmother was a staunch "Wesleyan Methodist" and she taught him the virtues of Christian living, Her influence had much to do with his being a good citizen, a good family man, and a credit to the high standards of the men of the Orphan Brigade.

Curg and his little peeper were the parents of seven children. Curg's sister, Berilla, married another veteran of the Orphans,. Oliver P. Hill.

Reid fought in all the battles of his beloved Company "C". He suffered this severe wound at Dallas but it has already been mentioned that he was wounded in the attack on Hartsville.

Curg Reid was typical of that breed of men who fought in the famous Orphan Brigade. Long after the war he wrote:

"I teach my children to honor the men of the Orphan Brigade above all others. I point them out as we meet them as men on whom the country can depend in time of need."

After the war Reid located at Rockport and lived there many years. He joined the many other members of Company "C" who went before him when he died on June 21, 1924. He lies in the cemetery at Rockport, high above the banks of Green River, and a few miles downstream from the point he crossed on his way to war.

[John Blackburn also penned an article about Lycurgus T. Reid that was published in the Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 31 October 1974, p.5.]



Lycurgus T. Reid



Old soldiers' reunion. Veterans of Company C, 9th Kentucky Infantry "Orphan Brigade" C.S.A. Shown are, standing, left-right: 4th Sgt. Stephen W. Rowan, Pvt. William Rumsey Chapman, Pvt. Lycurgus T. Reid, Pvt. John W. Chinn. Seated, left-right: Pvt. Ignatius P. Barnard, Pvt. James S. Chinn, 2d Lt. James W. Ford, Pvt. John L. Taylor, 1st Sgt. Alexander T. Hines.



Grave in the Rockport Cemetery, Ohio County, KY

