

Souvenir

FRENCH LICK *and* WEST
BADEN. History and Story.

FROM 1810 TO 1904.

By A. J. RHODES

WRITTEN IN HIS SEVENTY-SIXTH YEAR

*Dedicated to the friends of my youth and
to the thousands who visit these unsurpassed*

HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS

The Only Full History of the Springs Ever Written.
Price, 50 Cents.

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Hon. Victor Murdock
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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this little volume to the reader the author hopes to meet a long felt want. For many years visitors by the hundreds arrive at this place every season, and the sublime scenery and the abundant flow of this life-giving water enchant them until business cares are all banished and rest of mind and body are made possible. To prevent the trouble that results from reaction that necessarily follows as the novelty loses its charm, I present this little book, believing that in it the visitor will find new and wider fields of thought. And that its perusal will open the eyes of the visitor to wider visions until this whole valley will become equally interesting. The history and story is all founded on facts, and it has been my effort to present in a small volume the most important facts and events that have occurred in the evolution that lifted this region from heathenism and the savagery of the aboriginal race to its present high state of moral and intellectual grandeur.

Less than twenty years ago the visitor met here some of the men who built the first cabins and lived on the wild game so abundant at that time. Not one of these grand old men remain to interest the visitor. Trusting that this small book may in part supply the deficiency, and entertain my readers, I present it to a generous public.

August, 1904.

A. J. Rhodes.

CHAPTER I.

MINERAL SPRINGS AND HEALTH RESORTS.

OWNERSHIP AND TRANSITION FROM THE EARLIEST HISTORY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

The French Lick Springs were the undisputed happy hunting grounds of the American Indian for at least five hundred years up to the French settlement at the place about one hundred and seventy-five years ago. Until that time the red man considered the springs the gift of the Great Spirit. Here they held their councils and smoked the pipe of peace. Here the wild beasts were at peace with man.

This was to the Indians a type of the future state, the Happy Hunting Ground where the good Indians with their dogs were to enjoy the chase to all eternity. One of the first emigrants to settle at this noted place was Joel Charles, about 1811. By 1817 the population had increased until there were twenty-four voters and a civil government was desired. Joel Charles was elected Justice of the Peace. Out of the twenty-four voters there were three candidates. Joel Charles received thirteen votes and was declared elected.

The lands in the immediate vicinity of the springs were at first reserved for manufacturing salt. Experiment proved them worthless for that purpose, and they were thrown on the market for sale. William A. Bowles became the first owner. This was in 1832, and Dr. Bowles was the continued owner until his death in 1873, a period of forty-one years. Bowles built the first hotel, about 1840. In 1846 he leased the springs for five

years to Doctor John A. Lane. At the expiration of the lease Bowles assumed the management until 1864. He then leased it to Dr. Samuel Ryan for a period of fifteen years. At the close of this lease the springs were again under the management of Bowles until 1873, when he died.

J. C. Albert and John Baker managed the springs for the heirs during a part of 1880 and 1881. After much litigation and repeated sales that were set aside by the courts, James M. Andrew and H. E. Wells became the owners and managers of this most famous pleasure and health resort.

This firm had a large and increasing patronage, and made much enlargement and improvement to the hotel. In 1887 Andrew and Wells sold to the French Lick Springs Company, and this company in turn sold to French Lick Springs Hotel Company (the present owners). This transaction occurred in 1891. The improvements made by the present company surpass in extent and grandeur all former improvements. This immense, brick, fireproof hotel, with its Bedford stone front steps and marble stairways and superior workmanship, towering seven stories high, is a credit to the owner and a fitting tribute to the enterprise of the owners. And an appropriate finishing touch to crown these healing fountains as they send up their sparkling supply of life-giving waters.

THE PEDIGREE OF WEST BADEN.

The Twin Sister of French Lick may be briefly told as follows: The place was discovered simultaneously with French Lick, and was for many years called the Mile Lick, as it was situated just one mile north of the former place. Dr. John A. Lane, while occupying French Lick under Bowles from 1846 to 1851, conceived the idea of purchasing and improving the Mile Lick Springs. The land surrounding these springs was low and wet, and annually overflowed by the back waters from

Lost River. The uplands were very broken, including Mount Arie and other grand old hills.

The agriculturists could not see in this any great promise, but Dr. Lane saw in it the future rival of French Lick. He purchased seven hundred and seventy acres and commenced improving it. In one year he had built a sawmill, constructed a bridge across Lick Creek and completed a hotel. This building in size and the number of rooms for visitors surpassed the one occupied by him at French Lick. Lane named the place West Baden, and entered at once to successful competition with Dr. Bowles at French Lick Springs. In 1864 Hugh Wilkins, by contract, assumed the management of West Baden for a period of ten years. In 1872 Wilkins died and Mrs. Wilkins assumed the management, assisted by W. F. Osborn. At the close of the lease Dr. Lane again assumed control until 1883, when he sold to Dr. James Braden, George W. Campbell, John T. Stout, Elvet B. Rhodes and Amos Stout. This firm made many improvements, and in 1888, by sale and transfer, the firm became Sinclair and Rhodes. After many extensive improvements the great building was completely destroyed by fire. This occurred in 1891. At the time of the great conflagration the stockholders had all retired from ownership except Lee W. Sinclair and Elvet B. Rhodes, Sinclair owning two-thirds and E. B. Rhodes one-third. Mr. Rhodes sold his interest in the property to L. W. Sinclair and others. The new firm proceeded to erect the present imposing structure, the largest and most completely fireproof hotel in all the Western States.

The story of French Lick and West Baden, from their discovery to the present time, would be incomplete without some reference to Flat Lick. Noted in its early history as a resort of wild game. It was visited by the same bold pioneer hunters who enjoyed the chase at the other licks along the creek that borrows its name from these places. More than fifty years ago

I passed the spot. I remember, even then, the people living in that region had placed gums in the ground, and the mineral water coming from unknown depths filled the gums and ran over and made its way to the creek nearby. There were two or three of these springs at that time, and the amount of water was about the same as now.

On the 25th day of July, 1904, I determined to visit these springs once more so as to be able to describe their present appearance. I procured a conveyance at French Lick and drove to the place, a distance of five miles southeast of the town of French Lick. The road winds up French Lick Creek with its green cornfields and meadows in the rich narrow bottom lands, and the fine old hills on either hand. Occasionally the top of some elevated spot is crowned by a nice residence chosen by some enterprising citizen for a home. Mr. Thomas Lane is the present owner of Flat Lick.

The springs are in sight of his residence. From his home I walked to the spot where I viewed these wonderful flowing wells half a century ago. The large forest trees whose leafy boughs cast their deep shade about the place are all gone. In the place of the trees where the hunters climbed and hid among the branches to shoot down the unsuspecting deer ninety years ago, grass and corn and small trees flourish, and the summer sun pours down his burning rays.

But the fountain flows as of old, but not in a wooden gum, but in an iron casing. One of the things struck me as a little strange. The surface near the springs was smoothly tramped and packed and there was a washing machine, several tubs and buckets and some clothes lines. As there seemed to be a good spring near every residence along the creek, my curiosity was aroused, and on inquiry I was informed that this water is the best water to wash clothes ever known, and that many women of the neighborhood come there regularly to do their washing. This was the testimony of Mr. Lane, the owner. He also said

that the waters at French Lick are not at all fit to wash clothes in, but the mineral waters that come to the surface at Flat Lick is the best in the world for that purpose.

The water has never been analyzed. A turnpike road has been completed nearly all the way, and a trip to this place makes a fine drive or horseback ride. No extensive improvements have ever been made. A place holding out so much inducement for improvement and proximity to French Lick ought to induce some enterprising capitalist to invest and make this lovely spot one of the most inviting in the French Lick valley.

Everything except the sparkling waters has changed since the first white man followed the buffalo trail to the place and looked with astonishment at the well worn paths that centered about the springs, showing conclusively that the wild animals came here by instinct, not only to quench their thirst, but to secure nature's own tonic to invigorate their sinewy frames. These springs are on much higher grounds than any others in the valley, and I am satisfied an analysis will show an entirely different constituent quality from all the rest. Who knows but this may prove to be the veritable fountain of youth so long sought by the early Spanish adventurers!

When the railroad is extended from French Lick to Jasper, as it is sure to be in the near future, Flat Lick will have a railroad as all the surveys point to this valley as the most probable route.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST VISIT TO FRENCH LICK.

The first time I visited French Lick was more than sixty years ago. In company with some boys on a beautiful Sunday we decided to visit the Lick, as it was then called. We were all farmers' boys, mounted on horses we rode down the old Vincennes road as far as Pittsburg. Pittsburg was a small town at the junction of Lick Creek with Lost River, at a point known as the Bob Lambdin farm.

The town was born about seventy-five years ago; it never had a boom and never became famous for anything, save a superstition that on account of a murder having been committed there at an early date, the place was haunted. Strange sounds were sometimes heard on dark nights, and occasionally the pale moon beams revealed a headless corpse slowly walking his lonely beat near the spot where he was murdered. At the time of our visit, on the way to French Lick, the town consisted of a stone blacksmith shop and two or three unpainted residences. At Pittsburg we turned to the left and crossed Lick Creek at Aunt Polly Pinnick's ford. This ford, on account of the quicksand, was considered dangerous, but to risk crossing we saved several miles travel and avoided the fee always exacted by the man who poled the ferry boat across Lost River. We made a safe crossing at the dangerous ford, but I shall never forget the remains of a cow that had mired down and died near the north side of the creek.

No one ever dared in that fearful quicksand to even save the hide. The railroad now passes near the fateful ford, and the sound of the steam whistle and the roar of the engine with its train of cars passes in safety over the quicksands supported on long timbers driven twenty to thirty feet in the soft ground

to prevent the cars from sinking beneath the sand that swallowed many hogs and cows in the long ago.

After crossing at the ford we followed a trail through the dark woods and over some hills emerging in the bottom lands east of West Baden. All that tract was then covered with a dense growth of sweet gum trees, not large but tall and straight, and would have been very beautiful had it not been for the swamps and slimy pools that covered the surface. Where now the green corn and golden grain entice the beholder was pools of water colored by the forest's leaves until one felt that here was nature's laboratory for manufacturing ink. The murky waters were thickly populated by mosquitoes and large rusty black snakes with red bellies, distinguishing them from all other black snakes. About noon we reached the springs.

Pluto had a large gum, part of the trunk of a hollow tree, sunk to protect the bubbling waters and bear them safely above the ground of the swamp by which they were surrounded.

Proserphine was not so well provided, but was much easier of approach, as surrounding it was considerable broken stone that had been thrown there by the men who bored for salt near this spot. Tradition tells us that salt water was found there, but the mineral waters mingled with it, and the salt was dark and unfit for use. Much of this land was reserved by the State for the purpose of making salt. To the east of Pluto and the north of Proserphine was a small lake of mineral water that flowed from the spring.

In this inky pool many cattle had taken refuge from the buffalo flies, and stood in the slimy pool lashing their sides with their tails in desperate effort to defend themselves from the murderous flies. Long before we got near enough to get our first view of the famous waters we were abundantly satisfied that we were soon to reach the object of our ten mile ride. The smell was so offensive that I would have been willing to return

without tasting it had it not been for the older boys who determined that all must at least taste the water. I did take a swallow and was reminded of gunpowder and spoiled eggs. One of the company then related a traditional anecdote to the effect that an old German and his son traveled that way, and when nearing the springs the smell of the sulphur was so strong that the old man said to his son, "Drive on, John. Hell's not half a mile from this place." At the time of my first visit no buffaloes, deer or bears were in sight. Living near the place there was at that time some of the men who saw wild Indians who surrendered their homes to the pale faces and fled towards the setting sun. These venerable men related many a thrilling story of pioneer life. I have heard them tell of the abundance of game. Sometimes they climbed the trees that surrounded the springs and shot down the unsuspecting deer that came to feast on nature's bounty. Old Col. Pinnick, who lived three-quarters of a mile east of the springs, loved to relate his early adventures, and the good things enjoyed by the settlers. The venerable old man once told me of the days when the farmer made his own meal, pounding the corn in a wooden mortar with a wooden pessel. This converted his corn into hominy and meal. "As for meat," said he, "we had the best, and that in abundance." The creek was alive with the finest fish.

The turkeys got so fat on the beech mast that they were easily caught with the dogs. The wild pigeons had a roost just east of the springs in the bottom lands, now the property of L. S. Bowles. At this roosting place the pigeons came by thousands from every direction in the evening, and so numerous were they and so fat from the abundance of mast that they actually broke most of the limbs from the trees over several acres.

The settlers came at night from far and near with sacks and baskets and loaded themselves with pigeons. Deer were killed in sight of these primitive homes, and bears were shot in huckleberry patches or chased into caves and caught with traps.

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN STORIES.

THE MURDER OF WILLIAM CHARLES.

I have heard an old grandmother tell about the Indians visiting her home. She described the Indians and the ponies on which some of them rode. She told how the Indian women tied their little babies on boards and instead of carrying them in their arms, as white mothers do, the Indian mother strapped her child on her back, much as a soldier carries his knapsack. When the Indians called at the white man's house they were treated with the kindest hospitality.

The settlers preferred their good-will. The least breach of hospitality was sure to bring trouble. The Indian never forgets a kindness. Neither did they allow the white man to escape vengeance when he offended them. The visit above referred to was the last visit at that home. Already they were preparing to go to the far west or join Tecumseh in his war of extermination on the whites.

The revengeful spirit of the Redskins is illustrated by the following true story: It occurred about the opening of the war of 1812. It would appear that the Indians were offended at one William Charles, a married man having a wife and one child. The Indians just before leaving the country determined on this man's death. To accomplish the deed they laid around in the dense forest and from their hiding places in the hills they saw Charles ploughing corn near the French Lick fort. On the night following the Indians hid themselves behind a stump of a large tree that had been chopped down for timber in building

the fort. Here they awaited the return of Charles on the following day. Charles came in the morning, and all day long followed the plow across the field uninterrupted. Late that evening, just as the sun was setting, the treacherous Indians fired the fatal shot and Charles fell dead in the furrow.

The Indians made a rush for his scalp, but the sound of the gun alarmed the soldiers of the fort, and they made a dash for the corn field. The Indians fled, never more to return. Their revenge was accomplished and they hastened to join the members of their tribe in the Land of the Setting Sun. The shock was too great for the young widow. The mutilated form of her husband was brought to the fort. The sight of the object of all her dearest affection, cold in death, with the marks of the efforts of his murderers to carry away the shining locks that adorned the head of him she loved better than life. The cuts about the head plainly indicated that after the victim fell to the ground they were only prevented from accomplishing their cruel design by the presence of the soldiers, who followed them until they were lost in the dense woods. That was a sad night to all the company at the fort, with doubly sad to the widow. Tradition tells us she became a maniac. From that time until her death she wore the hat that the Indians cut with their tomahawks in their effort to take his scalp. She died in a few months of a broken heart. The child grew to manhood swearing vengeance on the whole Indian race.

His father's cruel murderers were beyond his reach, safe in the almost impenetrable wilds of the far west. The man's desire for revenge was never gratified. The mangled remains were sorrowfully buried near the fort, and traditions assert that it was on the very spot where the grand hotel now stands, and that his ashes repose beneath the vast structure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST HOTEL AND ITS OWNER.

The reader will naturally ask how this place came to be so famous. Who constructed the first hotel? And why has the name and fame extended over all the land? The name French Lick is derived from the circumstances of its having been a French trading-post many years before its settlement by the whites. The emigrants came chiefly from North Carolina, seeking homes in this then wild land.

As we look to-day over the wide farms of golden wheat and the vast acreage of rich, green corn, the beautiful meadows and pastures covered with flocks and herds, it is hard to conceive that the men who came here "as westward the course of empire took its way," less than a hundred years ago have wrought the great change. They found these lands covered with thick forests of large trees. Since that time the woodman's axe has swept them away and made this one of the most beautiful lands, affording all the demands of ease and luxury.

When the saline lands were thrown on the market Dr. William A. Bowles became the owner of French Lick. He was a man of far more than ordinary foresight and embraced the opportunity to possess lands destined to become the most valuable property in the State. (I think Dr. Bowles came from Maryland.) He became the owner of these lands about 1832, and built the first hotel. I can not tell of what order of architecture it was, but, as I remember its peculiar style, I conclude it was his own conception of a building of that kind, and that it was original. I think it was perhaps 80 to 100 feet long, rather narrow and three stories high. The house was a frame

with a strange appearance. The rafters on the north side reached three-fourths of the way across the top and was rather flat.

The south side rafters were nearly perpendicular. A two-story structure extended south perhaps some forty feet. Taken all in all it was the ugliest and most unsightly building ever constructed in the valley. This odd-looking structure was the first hotel. Bowles was the owner of French Lick Springs from 1832 to 1873; a period of forty-one years.

It will, perhaps, interest the reader at this point to hear more about this extraordinary man. His personality, his eccentricity and his magic power over his fellow man was remarkable. I was personally acquainted with him from my earliest recollection until his death. He was my father's family physician. He and my father were the best of friends, and often they talked long and earnestly in my presence during the years when I was growing into manhood. Everybody seemed to admire and almost reverence this remarkable man. This was, perhaps, due, first of all, to his fine appearance. Physically he seemed perfection, large and at the same time very handsome. He measured in his stockings, six feet and two inches in height, and weighed over two hundred pounds. In addition to this a voice of superior softness and musical sweetness charmed the listening ear. These two endowments enabled him to capture the eye and the ear on the first acquaintance. Added to these qualities he wore a pleasant smile and a marked self-confidence that illuminated his physiognomy. To know him was to concede his captivating influence. He was at once physician, theologian, politician, statesman, warrior and sage. He knew his intellectual power and used them to mold public opinion. "He was one of nature's noblemen."

If he was not always sincere he had the faculty of making those about him read in his words and his actions the deepest

sincerity. His stock of general information was wonderful. No subject seemed new or complicated to him. Men came to him for information from every walk of life, and went away satisfied with his confident answers. When I recall his self-confident air, his magnetic influence over those about him, I am ready to forgive the disloyalty of many members of that community during the dark days of the rebellion.

In his youthful days Dr. Bowles united with the regular Baptists and became a preacher in that church. This denomination was the leading church for many years in that community. Being a doctor of extensive practice he soon formed accounts against his brethren accumulating on his books. He sued some of these brethren on the accounts. This was a breach of discipline and charges were preferred against Brother Bowles for going to law with a brother.

The reverend gentleman stood at the bar of his church, refused to make a necessary apology and was expelled. He ceased preaching and remained out of the church several years, then he relented and asked to be reinstated. He made full and complete apology and was reinstated to all the rights and privileges previously enjoyed. He at once reentered the ministry, and for a time was a most popular regular Baptist preacher in all that region. After a time he quarreled with his brother ministers on some peculiar point of doctrine and was at last expelled and died out of church fellowship.

So popular was he as a physician that his name was a household word in Southern Indiana. The most complicated cases were accorded to him, and often when other doctors gave up a case the old doctor was called in and many times the patient recovered. In giving the definition of his character it will be remembered that I spoke of him as a warrior, as well as a statesman and politician. In 1846 he was made a Captain of a

company that enlisted in the Second Indiana Regiment for the Mexican War.

The company was formed largely by his influence, and he was unanimously chosen Captain. On the organization of the regiment he was promoted and became Colonel of the Second Indiana Regiment. His popularity was unbounded until the great battle at Buena Vista was fought. The Second Indiana was in the thickest of the fight and lost heavily.

At one time during the engagement the Second Indiana was confronted by six to one, and at the same time exposed to a cross fire of artillery. In this dilemma the regiment fell back, and in the disorder which followed Col. Bowles and a part of his men fell in with a Mississippi regiment commanded by Jefferson Davis.

Davis, in making his report to General Taylor, asserted that the Second Indiana ingloriously fled, with the exception of the gallant Colonel and a few of his men, who remained on the field and did good service in Davis' regiment. When this report became public the soldiers of the Second Indiana were very angry. They acknowledged falling back before the enemy, but asserted that it was by the order of Colonel Bowles. The dispute between the Colonel and the members of his regiment caused ill feelings that were never obliterated.

On the other hand Bowles having been complimented by Jefferson Davis for his gallantry, the two men became life-long friends. Jefferson Davis afterwards became President of the Southern Confederacy and Colonel Bowles of the Second Indiana became the leader of the Knights of the Golden Circle. Bowles was at last arrested for treason, tried by court martial and sentenced to death.

On the request of Governor Morton, President Lincoln commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. He was incarcerated in the Ohio penitentiary until the war closed, when he

was pardoned and returned to his French Lick home. Broken with age and disappointed ambition he lingered until 1873. He died in his own home in the presence of his third wife. Two former wives having each been granted a divorce. The body rested for a number of years in a stone vault in sight of his home. For some reason the remains were then removed to Ames Chapel, some five miles away and buried in a lonely part of the cemetery. Peace to his ashes.



CHAPTER V.

THE BEAR STORY.

I have no recollection of ever seeing Bear Jim Wilson, but have often heard my father and other old settlers tell the story that made this man famous among the hunters of that period. In brief, it was said that Jim Wilson lost his scalp in a fight with a bear. About the year 1811 or 1812, James Wilson settled about eight miles northwest of the French Lick Springs. He proved to be one of the boldest and the most successful hunters that ever crossed the Blue Ridge to establish a home in Indiana Territory. No wonder the story of Wilson being scalped was so impressive. At that period there was no greater terror to the white man than the fact that the savage Indian warriors scalped their enemies and carried the scalp suspended to their belts as a token of their courage and success in war. In Jim Wilson's case I think it would be unjust to charge the bear with cruelty as it was clearly a case of self-defense on the part of the bear.

The story runs about as follows: Jim Wilson had built his log cabin in the woods and cleared a small corn patch, and this was his first crop. Bruin was fond of roasting ears, and one morning Jim found bear tracks in his new ground. He said he would not divide his crop with the bear, and so in company with one of his neighbors, he followed the trail some two or three miles where the bear had entered a cave. Jim had two motives in the action that followed. First, to catch the thief that stole his corn, and, second, to secure some bear meat. Bear meat was a great luxury to the pioneers, and the hides were in demand by the trappers and fur traders. Jim at once made his customary

arrangement to capture his game. From some dry sticks and bark he made a torch. After lighting it he boldly entered the den. He carried his torch in one hand and his trusty rifle in the other. The cave was in a hillside, and after going down a few feet the bottom was almost level, and the cave from one to three feet wide. The overhanging rocks were so low that it was necessary to stoop in going further into the bear's hiding place. Jim at last reached a sharp turn in the cave when he came upon the bear. The beast was only a few feet away, and his eyes shone like balls of fire.

Before he could get his gun in position to fire the bear sprang on him in his efforts to get out of close quarters. A hand to hand engagement at once ensued. The blazing torch was knocked from the hunter's hand and went out, leaving the combatants to finish the engagement in midnight darkness. While the battle raged in the narrow passway the man that was left at the entrance fled for safety, leaving Jim alone in his glory. The dirk knife in the hunter's belt became of the utmost importance and probably saved his life. He stabbed the bear with all his might. In the scuffle the bear passed over his body and made his escape. Jim emerged from the cave with torn and bleeding scalp, and several ugly gashes about his shoulders. The blood streamed over his face and almost blinded his eyes while he made his way back to his log cabin. There he found his companion making his doleful report of Jim's terrible battle and probable death within the bear cave. Jim soon recovered from the wounds received in this memorable struggle. He lived to tell the tale to his children's children, but he was ever afterwards known as "Bear Jim Wilson."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARBECUE.

The most noted barbecue ever held in Orange county was the one held at French Lick on the return of the soldiers at the close of the Mexican War, in 1847. During the war there had been much bitter controversy between the members of the different political parties. The objections urged against the administration were the opening of more slave territory by the admission of Texas.

The invasion of foreign territory by the American army and a war waged against a sister republic. The complete success of the American army silenced all objection. General Taylor's victory over Santa Anna at Buena Vista; the triumphant campaign of Scott, ending in the capture of the city of Mexico added new lustre to American arms and won the admiration of the people. The last discordant note in American politics received a quietus. The war was almost unanimously approved, and the participants in the war returned to be hailed as heroes "when Johnny Comes Marching Home." The dispute between the Colonel and the members of his regiment about his having ordered a retreat had not reached the public ear at that time. So Col. William A. Bowles returned the idol of his friends at home and the hero of the hour at the great barbecue, given in honor of the returned soldiers. Some two weeks previous to this the body of Capt. T. B. Kinder, who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, passed through the county on the way to the home made sad by his death in battle.

The captain had for a brief period been a citizen of Paoli and was made first lieutenant, and finally captain of Company B of the Second Indiana. Captain Kinder was a talented young

lawyer who came to Paoli to practice his profession. The field of glorious war was more attractive to his young ambition than climbing by slow steps the ladder of fame as a lawyer.

He obeyed his country's call and entered the strife with all the ardor of youth. On the assembling of the company at Paoli for departure to the scene of war a beautiful flag was presented to the company by the citizens. Young Kinder eloquently pledged his fellow countrymen that rather than see the flag dishonored he would die in battle and leave his bones to bleach on Mexican soil. He fell at Buena Vista, but the gallantry of the American soldiers won the battle and the body of the captain was returned to the sorrowing parents in the north part of the State. The patriotism of his new made friends at Paoli were granted the privilege of retaining the body long enough to honor the gallant dead. The meeting was held at the old camp meeting grounds across the creek south of Paoli. Notices were sent all over the country, and a vast assembly of the people gathered to do honor to the dead soldier. The casket containing the body was received here and John Frazier, the father of Rev. William Frazier, so well known to our people, delivered an eloquent address which was published in the county papers. At this meeting announcement of the barbecue to be held at French Lick was proclaimed to the multitude by old Major A. J. Simpson, the father of our Major John R. The old man climbed on top of the camp meeting shanty and shouted with stentorian lungs these words, "Two weeks from next Tuesday there will be a barbecue to all the world at French Lick. This occasion is to honor the dead, that will be to honor the living." To do the soldiers honor great preparations had been made. A long trench was dug in the ground near the springs. This trench was filled with wood and burned until it became a fiery furnace. Whole carcasses of dressed beef, cattle and sheep were suspended over the furnace until thoroughly cooked or barbecued. Long tables were constructed beneath the shady leaves of the fine old forest

trees. Here the people gathered to a "feast of fat things." With abundance of bread and hot coffee and well roasted beef and mutton, the people gathered about the table and enjoyed the great feast with their honored guest.

From a platform erected for the occasion addresses of welcome were delivered and Col. William A. Bowles and Surgeon William F. Sherrod responded with eloquent addresses. The day closed without anything to mar the enjoyment of the people or disturb the laurels won by the brave. Bowles and Sherrod proudly wore their laurels unconscious of the fact that they had already reached the meridian of their popularity. The private soldiers and non-commissioned officers received hearty cheers as they stepped proudly to martial music. Another commissioned officer was present, Capt. William T. Spicely, who had succeeded Captain Kinder, and commanded the company with honor to the close of the war. He was a soldier (every inch). While he had not the charm of oratory, like Sherrod and Bowles, he proved afterward in the war of the rebellion that he was born to command.

Spicely was the finest military genius Orange county ever produced. On the march to military fame he eclipsed both Sherrod and Bowles. He passed from Captain to Colonel, and from Colonel to General. Not a single cloud ever eclipsed his military star. While I write this brief tribute of respect to General Spicely his remains rest in the beautiful cemetery at Orleans. Once each year the hand of love covers his grave with beautiful flowers. Surgeon William F. Sherrod, who fought on his own hook at Buena Vista, and gave such a graphic description of the battle, and William A. Bowles, Colonel of the Second Indiana, seemed to tower above their fellows that day.

They appeared to be the best of friends. They spoke from the same stand, and, at the barbecue, ate at the same table. Side by side they seemed to be successfully climbing the ladder of fame, all unconscious of the strife and the jealousy so soon to cloud their lives and hasten their death.

So closed the great barbecue, a fitting tribute to the valor of the American soldier. I can not at this time call to mind a single survivor who was present. Not one of the men so highly honored that day survive to tell the tale. One by one they have gone to join the innumerable company "in that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

The men who wore the shoulder straps, the men who gave the commands and the men who obeyed orders from superiors are now on a level. They have all perished from the earth, but the flag they loved and the government whose honor they maintained on the battle field is still honored and loved, and holds all the enchantment of the historic past. God grant that the necessity of obeying the call to arms may never come. May peace with all its sweet and hallowed influence be the heritage of our land forever. This may be the last statement that I shall ever make about the two doctors, whose actions fill so much of this historic chapter. As to Bowles it may truly be said no history of French Lick can be written without the repeated mention of his name. In passing let me say that he was once loved and honored by thousands. When his life was about to be taken for treason many men and women who had experienced his kindness and medical skill in saving lives of loved ones as a family physician were troubled. When the tender-hearted Lincoln commuted the sentence and spared his life, thousands were made glad.

Let us all forgive his errors and gratefully cherish the memory of all that was lovable in his life. As for Dr. William F. Sherrod we say as our last word about one we knew so well. He was companionable, he was intelligent, one of the best equipped men by nature and acquired knowledge of his profession that Orange county has ever had. He followed the hallucination of political fame until he lost his balance. Disappointed political ambition was his ruin. "With malice towards none and charity for all" we close this chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

SILVER MINES NEAR THE SPRINGS.

The tradition among the earliest settlers testified that the Indians claimed that silver and lead in unlimited quantities existed in caves and secret mines in the hills not far from the springs. The Indians became incensed at the whites, and, it is said, took every precaution for concealing from the pale faces this wealth. After the cruel murder of William Charles the Indians became sullen, shy and reticent, and in a few years were all gone to the far West to seek new hunting grounds. They left the great secret of underground wealth a tradition of the past. About fifty-five years ago the excitement was renewed, and raged for a time with a promise of success in locating the mines. Two strangers came into the community claiming to have secured from an old Indian woman in Canada the great secret. These men claimed that in tracing the tradition among the Indians who once inhabited the country about the springs, they came across an aged squaw. She bore marks of great age, and claimed to be related to the warrior Tecumseh. After much persuasion, and not without being bribed, the woman told them that there was once a cave some two or three miles from the springs where the Indians got plenty of lead and silver in its native state. The ore was so pure that the metal was chopped out with tomahawks and carried away.

This secret mine was carefully concealed by the Indians. Before leaving the country they covered the mouth of the cave with a large stone, and then in turn with loose stone, completely hiding the entrance from the whites. These men, besides holding the tradition, claimed to have been received as above recited,

carried rods or instruments for locating precious metal. They put up at Father Nathan Pinnick's home, and made this their chief stopping place during their stay in the community. They appeared very confident that the Indian tradition pointed east from the springs, probably on Father Pinnick's land, or on some adjoining tract. With their divining rods they satisfied themselves that there was an abundance of silver in that locality and that by digging valuable discoveries would soon be made.

The excitement ran high, men hurriedly turned out and examined every cave and sink hole that might be an entrance to the Indian silver mine. One cave was found that led to high hopes as it resembled the traditional cave covered with a flat stone by the Indians. Men with picks, spades and sledge hammers toiled faithfully at this place for several days. They examined carefully all the ramifications of this hidden cave, but found no silver. Randolph Giles dug extensively in the ground at a point where the instruments carried by the experts had led to the opinion that the silver was not far from the surface. Mr. Giles found plenty of silver blossom but no fruit. Two spots on Father Pinnick's land were marked but the expert decided that it was deep down in the earth.

On the land of John Gresham adjoining Father Pinnick's land, it was not so deep and Mr. Gresham sunk a hole in the limestone rock about twelve or fifteen feet deep revealing an abundance of ore that shone and sparkled in the rock as it was torn up by blasting. This ore resembled very strikingly the samples now exhibited by men who own shares of stock in silver, copper and zinc mines in Colorado and Arkansas. After many days hard work the prospectors began to get discouraged and finally went back to their farms to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

The strangers seemed astonished that the search had revealed no silver, and the leader ran short of change, borrowed a few dollars from Father Pinnick, with whom they had boarded.

The strangers then departed to consult the Indian squaw. That squaw claimed to be the last survivor of the tribes that roam these hills before civilization drove the red man to seek new hunting grounds in the wide west. The silver experts never returned, and the people ceased to hunt for silver mines of Indian tradition. My father-in-law gave me the lands on which the experts located silver and lead. I bought from John Gresham the land adjoining on which extensive digging had been done. My father sent down a well digger, and the hole was blasted several feet deeper with no further development except coal tar that ran out between the seams of the rock in considerable quantities in the hole some eighteen feet below the surface. I suspect that there is plenty of coal oil near the surface, and would be glad to see the drill sent down a few hundred feet at that place. It would not cost much and might reveal great wealth. I close the chapter on silver mining, and await the development of an oil well growing out of my labor in writing this chapter.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE AND THE OLD
PREACHERS.

The manners and custom of the people change as generations succeed each other on the chess board of time. The subject of this chapter carries us only a little over a half century backward on time's rapid moving tide. And yet the changes are so marked and distinct that we can not fully conceive their wonderful effect in the unlimited progress of the human race that fifty years have wrought.

The community at that time was composed almost exclusively of farmers. They depended on the production of the soil and the sale of butter and eggs for their living. I had almost forgot to speak of the apple crop. It may seem unreasonable when I tell you that fifty years ago apples were far more abundant than they are in 1904.

There was, however, no market except for dried apples, and they were so cheap that it did not pay. The insects, spores and blights that ruin orchards of the present day were unknown in the period of which I write. True, there were many seedlings, but there were also Romanite, Rambo, Jenets, Hoops, Big Reds and others that were produced so abundantly that the garner in the cellars and the old-fashioned apple houses were filled and all through the winter and until corn planting time it was an apple feast. The house wife always prepared preserves, jelly, apple butter and apple molasses that lasted from year to year. Farming, as I said, was the profession. Many of these farmers did their ploughing with one horse. Carriages

and buggies and even market wagons were only beginning their advent. They went to mill horse back, and often walked to market. They hauled their wood and rails on sleds. Many went to church barefooted, and the women wore their sun bonnets.

The heavy forest timber that covered all this region was rapidly falling before the woodman's ax, and every spring there were many log rollings. At night the hills and valleys were illuminated by burning brush piles and log heaps. The people loved to help each other, and when a farmer got his clearing ready for log rolling, the whole region round about cheerfully responded to the call to help roll logs. These gatherings were made enjoyable by social converse. The good house wives vied with each other in getting a good dinner for the log rollers.

Hewed log houses were just then taking the place of the settler's log cabin. These dwellings were homes of comfort. The walls were nicely hewed and dovetailed at the corners, and the cracks were filled with mortar and some of the more fashionable whitewashed the cracks with lime. These homes were warmed with wood fires in wide fire places. At night the gleam of the blazing fire and the light of the lard lamp or the tallow candle made them cheerful.

To these people this was "Home, sweet home." One of these sweet homes was mine, an humble log house, but dear to memory. There I commenced the battle of life. There two of my children were born, and there in contentment I spent the early years of married life. But I commence this chapter in order to speak of the old meeting house. You begin to wonder whether these busy people ever thought of God or a house of worship. These people, like ourselves, depended on God for seed time and harvest.

On a hilltop about a mile from my dwelling stood the old meeting house. This house was the property of the Regular

Baptist church. Once each month the people assembled at this place for worship. The house was a frame, and at that time was almost new. The native forest covered the spot in all their original thrift, except a small spot that had been cleared for the burial place of their dead. The two leading preachers of the denomination lived in the neighborhood, and did most of the preaching. They were Rev. Nathan Pinnick and Rev. Thomas Winters. They were good men and true.

They obeyed the Master's injunction: "He that would be greatest among you, let him be your servant." Uncle Tommy Winters, as he was familiarly called, lived near the meeting house. In winter time, on Saturday preceding preaching day, he carried his ax with him to the business meeting, and assisted in chopping wood for Sunday. These faithful ministers refused all compensation for their service. Their idea of a free gospel was that it must be preached without money and without price. They rendered their service free, not only at the old meeting house, but traveled many weary miles on horseback to carry the message to others in distant parts of the country.

The labors of these two faithful men terminated many years ago. Their mortal remains were carried with loving hands and laid to rest in the little cemetery at the "Old Baptist Meeting House." The old house is fast falling to decay. The denomination they so faithfully represented has been eclipsed by other branches of the Protestant Church.

New kinds of people, new kinds of preachers, new kinds of doctrines flourish in the regions once so enchanted with their voices. Church names may change or be lost in the flight of years, but the truth of God will live forever.

CHAPTER IX.

PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY OF FRENCH LICK
TOWNSHIP.

The opinion prevails extensively that French Lick Township was not loyal during the War of the Rebellion. I now wish to devote one brief chapter in vindication of the township. True, there was some disloyalty, and what there was was magnified by the reports sent out. I would speak gently of the erring ones and excuse them on account of the influence that led them astray. I will speak of things that I know to be true, for I was at that time a citizen of the township, and bear witness to the loyalty and devotion they displayed in behalf of the Union cause.

I will cite the names of a few of the most prominent citizens who were active and zealous for their country. In this brief space I can only mention a few who deserve special credit. I recall their words and their actions although most of them have long since passed beyond the vale of time. Old Azor Charles, the stalwart farmer, never faltered in the hour of danger. He was always openly and boldly on the Union side. He was too old to go to the war, but he gave four sturdy sons to the Union army, one of whom shed his life's blood for his country. Bailey Leonard, another heroic old man on whose lands we met to muster, talk and resolve for the Union. He gave two sons, who served through the war. One of whom bears honorable scars received in defense of the flag. I hardly need say the battle-scarred veteran is Jerule Leonard, of Orleans. Old Bennet Grigsby, so full of vim and patriotism that he could not stay out of the army. He was past the prime of life, and sacrificed the

well-deserved quietude of home that he might give three or four years to the hardships of the soldier's life, all for his country.

This man remained in the service till the last rebel died or surrendered. Old Neddy Moore and Rueben Moore were two of the pioneers of the township. These men seemed in their devotion to the Union to have turned back the hand on the dial plate of time. They turned out like boys to the war meeting. They realized the danger that threatened the country. Their devotion to the Union cause was an inspiration to the hundreds that turned out at the war meetings where the fife and the drum and the unfurled stars and stripes made our hearts beat faster and resolutions to do and dare for the country was the burning fire that caught us and bound us to deeper and deeper devotion to the country's cause. Then let me speak of the men enrolled at or near French Lick and West Baden. I have been given somewhat to speech making since I was fourteen years old, but caught my highest inspiration making war speeches in 1861 and 1862.

I spoke to hundreds at our meetings to secure volunteers. I saw men enlist and bid adieu to wife and babe the same day. On one of these occasions below French Lick I was at my best. We carried martial music and the stars and stripes, and it seemed like the whole assemblage was ready to go to war. Some ten or fifteen enlisted and the wives and mothers embraced their husbands and sons and all cried, and some screamed with wild grief at giving up their husbands and sons. These men were to go with Captain Ritter in the Forty-Ninth Indiana. The Captain, to quiet the commotion and lighten the premonitions of danger told an anecdote during his speech. "Don't borrow trouble," said the Captain, "by thinking these men will be lost to you forever. The war will close soon, and these brave men will come back to you." Then he put in his anecdote as follows: "There was once upon a time an old maid whose teeth had all

fallen out and her long nose almost touched her chin. She began to borrow trouble as she walked to the village. On the road side was an old well, the curbing was broken down. At this place she stopped and began to cry and lament aloud. A man passing said to her, 'Why, Rachel, what in the world is the matter?' She managed to answer, between sobs, 'I came along and seen this open well, and I commenced a thinkin' and a thinkin' that if I was married and had a child about eighteen months old it might come along and fall in this well.' "

Now, let me speak of the men enlisted at or near the springs. It is now forty-two or forty-three years since these thrilling scenes transpired, but they come up in my memory with all the reality as distinctly as if only it had been yesterday. I plead with all the earnestness of my being for men, men to fight and die if need be, for liberty and Union. I shall never forget the parting scenes as husband kissed wife and fell into the ranks. I saw mothers bid adieu to their brave sons and wives give up their husbands. I can see them still, although more than forty years have passed. The sound of martial music resounded on the air, and a brand new flag displayed the stars and stripes. The men marched away and many of them never to return. The war meetings were attended by hundreds. The farmers were never too busy to attend war meetings or muster and drill with the home guards in their new uniforms. We who saw these demonstrations never doubted the final success. French Lick had just enough opposition to spice the occasion and stimulate the cause of the government.

The disloyal element grew less and less, and when the Rebellion collapsed in 1865, our township had made a record of which we are still proud. Disloyalty has entirely disappeared, not a rebel inhabits these grand old hills. The best G. A. R. Post in Orange county is Decker Post. The generosity of Lee W. Sinclair (himself a soldier), inspired by his own love of country, has been one of the factors in keeping alive the grand

sentiment that saved the Union. This man had donated for the use of the Post a beautiful hall that opens on the magnificent amphitheater in the grand hotel at West Baden. This hall will be headquarters for the soldiers until one by one they pass to the eternal camping grounds. Many an old veteran with tottering steps comes regularly to the meeting of the Post, and once a year to a soldiers' reunion at this place. From the depths of their hearts they may well say, "God bless Comrade Sinclair, the soldiers' friend."



CHAPTER X.

PAOLI AND FRENCH LICK, OR THE TWO FORTS.

French Lick and Paoli have so long and so uniformly acted together that the reader will pardon me for one chapter that treats them as one place. It is now more than ninety years since a fort at Half Moon Springs and a fort at French Lick protected the first settlers. Father Nathan Pinnick told me that during the Indian scare about 1812 he was employed to patrol the country between the two forts and keep a sharp lookout for indications of Indian depredations on the white settlers. The most of the people living near the Half Moon Fort were genuine North Carolina Quakers. They were averse to war, and deeming prudence the better part of valor they remained near the fort during the threatened Indian massacre. Nathan Pinnick was one of the most daring hunters of the period and related many exciting adventures. The first deer he killed on his arrival was near the creek about one mile west of Paoli. He also had an experience with a bear almost as exciting as that of Jim Wilson, related in a former chapter. He discovered the bear near a sink hole, before he could get a shot bruin sneaked into his den out of sight.

The hunter followed cautiously down into the sink. He heard the growl of the bear in a recess above a shelving rock. He saw the gleam of the fiery eye balls of the beast. He held in his hand his trusty rifle, and carefully leveling the gun he fired. The place was filled with smoke. There was not a growl nor a groan from the chamber where the bear had taken refuge. The first intimation received of the result of the shot was blood flowing down in a stream near the hunter's feet.

He soon dragged a three hundred pound bear from the cave, and that evening ate bear meat for supper. Father Pinnick was

a bold, daring man, and even courted danger in patrolling the lonely trail between French Lick and Paoli, at a time when the Indians threatened a war of extermination. He told me that while the Quakers remained close about the Half Moon Fort he had no trouble in selling at an advanced price all the venison hams he brought into camp. He acknowledged that he got the greatest scare of his life on the trail between the two forts. He was returning from the French Lick to the Half Moon Fort one evening shortly after the assassination of William Charles. He was a little later that evening than common, treading the trail all alone as the evening shades fell about his pathway. He stopped, he listened with breathless silence thinking he might have heard the stealthy tread of an Indian. As he stood there alone in the dense forests a wild scream rent the air. His hair stood on end and his knees almost knocked together. The rustle of wings above his head caught his ear just in time to see a large owl leaving his perch for safer quarters. Father Pinnick hastened into camp and reported all quiet on the line. French Lick and Paoli leaned on each other in the infancy of civilization. Business relations have held them together for years, and now a railroad binds them together with bars of steel.

I never board a train to or from the springs but I see the business men of Paoli going or coming. Many hold property in both places, and soon, we trust, electric cars will pass and repass every hour in the day. Since writing this chapter on the two forts and the relation of the people in the two settlements I visited the Half Moon Spring and the site of the fort. It lies about four miles southeast of Paoli on the lands of Adolphus Braxtan. I viewed the big spring and tried to imagine how it must have looked when the first white settlers gazed on its pure, deep, clear water as it rose up from unknown depths in the earth. The fountain arises from an aperture in the ground, the pool is about forty feet across and the stream flows off in a westerly direction.

On the east side the opening is circular, forming a half-circle. On the west side where the water enters the channel that carries it away, it is nearly straight so it forms a beautiful pool in a half-moon shape, and from this peculiarity it received its peculiar name, the Half Moon Spring. The water is cold and pure; it must have charmed the daring emigrants who quenched their thirst and rested beneath the grand old trees that stood thick in all the valley.

So here they built their camp fires, and then looked about for game to satisfy their hunger. Proceeding south about half a mile they found plenty of deer. The animals were remarkably tame and the hunters soon had enough venison for supper and breakfast. On the next morning they proceeded to the spot where game was so abundant on the evening before. They found paths leading from every direction and centering at a certain spring. It soon developed that the waters of this spring was impregnated with mineral, and that the deer came to lick the water and the wet rocks about the place. These settlers named the place "The Lick." And shortly afterwards they named the creek that has its source in the Half Moon Spring "Lick Creek," and it has borne the name ever since.

Joseph Hall, an old gentleman of seventy-six summers, accompanied me to the place. He is a man who has been familiar with the place from his childhood. While Mr. Hall did not witness what took place in the very earliest days of its settlement, he is yet able to give some traditional history and point out the spot where the Half Moon fort stood. I walked with him and stood on this important spot of earth. I imagined how the block house surrounded by a ditch and perhaps further protected by timbers set in the ground making a fence some eight or ten feet high.

This place of refuge must have given security to the emigrants who gathered in the sure defense on the alarm being given that the Indians were coming. Then I went back with

Joe and gazed once more into the green waters, whose depths have never been fathomed. Then Joe went off into tradition about a man once riding into the spring and lost his gun and his horse, and barely escaped with his life. Then I put on the wings of imagination and manufactured the following story: About ninety years ago, some twenty-five hunters had made this place their headquarters, some half dozen had their wives with them, and new cabins were going up and corn patches being cleared. Emigrants from North Carolina and some from Kentucky were arriving almost every day and received a warm welcome from the settlers. One afternoon there arrived a bold looking man, he wore buckskin pants and a cap made from a coon skin, the tail of the coon standing up like a cockade. He rode a fine horse and carried a long rifle. After saluting the settlers the new comer before dismounting rode boldly into the spring to water his horse.

The animal turned a somersault, landing the hunter about the center of the great pool. The man swam out but the horse and the gun went down out of sight. The horse was drowned and all effort to recover the gun failed. Down deep in the depths of the Half Moon Spring that gun remains, perhaps, never to be redeemed from its resting place in the hidden depths of one of nature's most beautiful fountains of pure cold water. Nothing remains now to indicate that this beautiful spring (the source of Lick Creek) was ever the property of the Red Man, save a few Indian arrow heads scattered over the fields nearby, and the dim outlines of an old Indian fort a few miles lower down the stream. Domestic animals have superseded the wild beasts and civilized man holds in his strong hand the everlasting possession of a new world.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHOOL TEACHING.

I can not close this little volume without devoting one chapter in the interest and fond memory of my school boys and girls. Through all the years that have come and gone since they gathered in the school room with their happy hearts and smiling faces, they have never faded from my memory. Sadly I recall the fact that the majority of them are dead, and the living are scattered far and near never more to gather at the old school house where I learned to love them. Some of the dearest memories cluster about some that died in battle far from their Northern homes. While I write these farewell words about them their mortal remains are far away where the tender hand of love can never place a flower on Decoration Day.

Sometimes I think the wild flowers bloom and the birds sing their sweetest songs above their unknown graves. We still have the consolation of knowing they did not die in vain. Over them floats in supremacy the flag under whose folds their young lives went out in the storm of battle. Turning from the dead we say to the living, dear children, yes, I love to call you my school children although time has changed the color of your hair and removed forever the quickness of your youthful motion.

Yet, I am your friend and teacher, as I was in the long ago. Rejoicing when it goes well with you. Saddened when I hear of your trials and misfortunes. When I was about nineteen years of age I had graduated at the old Springer school house, three miles west of Paoli. I had toiled through the arithmetic and mastered English grammar. I was taking a course of reading in the Orange County Library. The reading was my own

selection and the place of study the fireside at home. My father was a mechanic, and I was contentedly working in the shop.

A gentleman called to see me on special business. People often called to see my father on business, but this man said he wanted to see Andrew J. I was rather a bashful boy and blushed while he introduced himself as Andrew Waldrip, Trustee of School District No. —, of French Lick Township. He informed me that I had been recommended as a young man who would make a good teacher. I had never stayed away from home, and it seemed to me that eight or ten miles was quite a distance and to be separated from mother a whole week at a time was something new, and a little distasteful to me.

Mr. Waldrip was bent on securing a teacher, and never let up in his persuasion until I promised to quit the shop and become a school teacher. I immediately went to the school examiner and passed a successful examination, and received besides the compliments of Father Simpson, the examining officer. On the day appointed I opened my first school in a log house that stood on a little hill just north of the residence of David Lambdin on Lost river, about two miles from the springs. On the morning of the first day of the school the pupils came rushing in until the little room seemed pretty well filled. I wondered at first if I ever would learn all their names, for they were all strangers to me. I wrote their names down as rapidly as I could learn them, and by evening I was ready to call the long roll. By the end of the first week I began to get familiar with the pupils and had no trouble in greeting them by their proper names. They appreciated my efforts to advance them in their studies. I taught in that community twelve or fifteen terms, and during the last six years preceding the war I taught six successive terms in the same house near New Prospect.

I do not know how I ever could have separated myself from those dear happy school children had not the cruel war snatched me away to serve my fellow men in an entirely different

school. The school of war. I bid adieu to the cheerful school room where I was surrounded with pupils that came every school morning with faces wreathed in smiles, and enjoyed with me some of the happiest hours of my life. Yes, I left these pleasant environments and served in the school of war for three long years. Then I returned to enter other vocations, never more to engage in the profession that yielded me so much happiness forty years ago. Oh, the changes that have come to us in forty years. Time has dimmed the brightest eyes. Sorrow and care have crushed many hearts that then were happy. The grass is growing green over many mounds where loved ones are laid away from time to time, and over them tears will fall like summer dew until all, all, are gone. "And yet we trust, when days and years are past, we all shall meet in heaven."



CHAPTER XII.

FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

One of the first things that attracts the attention of the new visitor at the springs is the presence of so many colored people. They swarm on the platform, they are thick on all the sidewalks. Here they are in all shades and colors, black, brown, yellow and some so fair that they can scarcely be distinguished from the whites. All styles and degrees of dress from the garb of a laborer to the dude. From the humblest dressed kitchen girl to the cream of Ethiopia. Previous to the Emancipation Proclamation they were almost unknown in this part of the country. In 1858 Dr. Bowles brought seven negroes from Louisville to French Lick. The people were bitterly opposed to having the colored race in their midst, and it was not long until suit was brought against Bowles for keeping slaves in free Indiana. In the trial of the first case the court returned a verdict of guilty and fixed the fine at \$40.

On an appeal to the supreme court the opinion of the lower court was confirmed, and Bowles pleaded guilty to the other six indictments and paid the costs. The underground railroad is sometimes considered a myth. Sixty-five years ago, however, it was a real fact. And forty years ago I was acquainted with one man who, in his boyhood, escaped from his Old Kentucky home to become a free man. The step from servitude to freedom was not accomplished without terrible trial. The man when about twenty years old escaped from his master, crossed the Ohio river on his way to Canada.

The Underground Railroad was simply an organization friendly to the colored race and bitterly opposed to human slavery.

It was a fact that while the stars and stripes proclaimed freedom and liberty to all white men, the British flag was the emblem of liberty to all human beings regardless of race or color. So Canada became to the poor slaves "The Promised Land." The man from Kentucky above referred to was on his way north but finding a friendly shelter in a family living some fifteen miles north of French Lick, he remained and worked as a farm hand. After this he went from this place to the wild regions in the neighborhood of French Lick. Here he obtained work with a whetstone maker. The young man was so near white that he found no difficulty in passing himself as a white man. He was rather prepossessing in appearance, slender in form and as active as a panther.

His complexion a little dark, with rosy cheeks, relieved his features. His face was lit up with a pair of black eyes, and his head adorned with shiny, wavy, black hair. The whetstone man had a beautiful daughter about sweet sixteen. Lewis (for that was the slave's name) soon fell in love with the damsel. He proposed marriage and was accepted, and they were made man and wife. Shortly after this he became a full partner of his father-in-law in the whetstone business.

In due time a son was born, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Here was indeed a transformation from bondage to freedom, from obedience maintained by the lash to obedience to the dictates of love. His wife was his wife and not the property of the master, his boy baby his own, never to be sold. This was to him Paradise on earth. He was destined to a new experience before he was absolutely safe. His master was offering a reward for his arrest and return to Kentucky. His slavery home was less than one hundred miles from his retreat in the grit quarries at French Lick. His disappearance and probable

whereabouts were being discussed. Advertisements descriptive of his personality were posted in many places, and one at last at Paoli, only ten or twelve miles from his new found home.

This description met the eyes of a man who made it a part of his business to catch runaway negroes for the reward offered. Shortly after this the new partner of the whetstone factory accompanied his father-in-law to Paoli with a load of whetstones for the market. He was arrested and placed in jail for safe keeping until the next morning, when he was handcuffed and placed on a horse and carried back to his original master. His father-in-law made every effort to prevent his being taken away. His appeals in behalf of his wife and baby were of no avail. The father-in-law appealed to the old gentleman who sheltered Lewis on his first arrival in Indiana.

This man had a tender heart and a kindly feeling for Lewis, and accompanied the whetstone man to Kentucky, and after much entreaty the freedom of Lewis was purchased for \$500. This transaction bankrupted the whetstone firm. Lewis returned to his wife and baby. He lived to a good old age and raised a family and furnished two sons for the Union army.

Here we drop the curtain on the story strange and startling, and yet founded on actual facts.





Should this edition go off as we expect, I have
promised to add one more chapter in
the next edition, title:

"THE WONDERS OF LOST RIVER."

