

**REMINISCENCES OF AN
INDIANIAN: FROM THE
SASSAFRAS
LOG BEHIND THE BARN IN POSEY
COUNTY TO BROADER FIELDS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9781760571467

Reminiscences of an Indianian: From the Sassafras Log behind the Barn in Posey County to Broader Fields by J. A. Lemcke

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. A. LEMCKE

**REMINISCENCES OF AN
INDIANIAN: FROM THE
SASSAFRAS
LOG BEHIND THE BARN IN POSEY
COUNTY TO BROADER FIELDS**



REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIANIAN

*FROM THE SASSAFRAS LOG
BEHIND THE BARN IN POSEY COUNTY
TO BROADER FIELDS*

By
J. A. LEMCKE

INDIANAPOLIS
THE HOLLENBECK PRESS
1905

W. S.



10531

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PROLOGUE	1
FROM THE SASSAFRAS LOG BEHIND THE BARN IN POSEY COUNTY TO BROADER FIELDS.....	3
SKETCHES—	
Wildcat Steamboating on the Wabash and its Tribu- taries	118
Flatboating down the Mississippi.....	125
War Times on a Mississippi River Steamboat.....	148
Adventurous Times on the Tennessee River.....	170
Mutiny on an Ohio River Steamboat.....	177
Fording the Ohio on a Log.....	185
A War Reminiscence.....	189
The Fremont Campaign of Fifty-six in a Democratic Neighborhood	195
Sheriff and a Riot.....	202
SOME SIGHTS EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE AND INTEREST- ING, AS OBSERVED IN EUROPEAN TRAVELS—	
A Glimpse of Italy's Northern Lakes.....	207
The Riviera from the Corniche Road.....	209
The Great International Aquarium at Naples, Italy.....	213
The Hill of the Alhambra.....	218
Fairyland	222

PROLOGUE

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring,
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything:
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

This bunch of memorabilia has been assembled solely for the entertainment of friends and old comrades who are not addicted to criticism of composition or literary style. The perusal of these jottings is to be indulged in only when the baby is quiet, the house still, and the musical clink of the ice in the highball is the only disturbing sound on the premises.

The rapidity with which the sands shift and the oases flit in the Sahara of life is in the following sketches illustrated by the numerous "ups and downs" of one who, *per aspera ad astra*, has ever striven to follow the ways of "the simple life."

Boredom, Schopenhauer says, drives the unemployed to dissipation, society, extravagance, gaming, drinking and the like. As an idler I have of late suffered from boredom, the leaden-footed enemy of man; but rather than be driven to drink, or what is worse, society, I have striven by spinning yarns of the

"tempi passati" to kill ennui and thus help the lazy foot of time to amble along.

An Irishman, when dying, was asked by the priest who confessed him, if he could not, among his many transgressions, call to mind something he had done that was meritorious. "Yes, your Riverince," he replied, "I once killed a gauger!"

While I admire the Irishman and the patriotic impulse that drove him to it, I unluckily can not, for the interest of this narrative, recall having perpetrated anything so picturesque and laudable; and the bumptious reader who expects to be regaled with literary "hot tomales" will, I fear, have to content himself with turnip-tops and bacon. When disenchanted, let him lay aside these leaves and bear disappointment with equanimity, as did "during the war" the inmates of a military hospital at Memphis.

One morning one of the wards of this hospital, which contained many convalescents, was entered by a lady of benevolent mien, who had hanging on her arm a large basket temptingly covered with a snow-white napkin. To the expectant fancy of the convalescing and hungry "boys in blue" the innermost depths of the capacious basket promised no end of good things to eat, and with watering mouths they impatiently awaited the unpacking of the expected "chicken-fixins'"; but when the napkin was removed, the basket, empty of "vittels," to their sore disappointment, contained religious TRACTS, and nothing else.