

DEEP SPRINGS AND ITS HISTORY

LILY OF THE DAN

BY MRS. M. T. SMITH, Federation Reporter for this Publication

One of the most delightful club meetings of the past summer was given by the Deep Springs club when they entertained a number of friends from other sections of the county.

The hospitable home of Mrs. T. B. Lindsay was the scene of this picnic. The early afternoon was spent in looking over the well kept grounds and the plantation.

A long stretch of road leads from the highway up to this Colonial Home. Something of the romance and charm of the Old South possess you as you stand by a giant hemlock, planted by Mr. Lindsay and look across the green neighboring orchard and woodland. As you cross the side yard and stand on a terrace-like hill you can look across a mile stretch of bottom land to the River Dan. As far as you can see acre after acre of growing corn reminds us of the fertility of the soil and the splendid cultivation given the land by the farmer. A flock of geese grazing on the meadow add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

A deep spring for which this estate is named is at the foot of this cliff. In early times Sauro Indians had their wigwams in this vicinity and it is for their Chieftain Donaho that the River Dan get its name. These Indians dug the spring so deep that the first settlers could not touch the bottom with a fence rail. After all these years it is a deep cool spring.

Col. James Scales the first owner of this tract of land sold it to J. M. Lindsay and his son and grandson in turn were owners until today. Mrs. T. B. Lindsay is the mistress of this beautiful Southern Home.

Within a short distance of the Deep Springs Farm are the old home place of Governor Martin. Governor Reidd and Judge Settle. Mrs. Charlie Penn is now the owner of this historical Mulberry Island Farm.

In 1812, the largest meteorite ever found in North Carolina fell within a hundred yards of Deep Springs making a large hole in the ground which the darkies called "Gold Hole". Mr. Lindsay gave the meteorite to the State Museum.

As a bride Mrs. Lindsay remembers riding in a steam boat up the Dan River. At one time the country around Settle's Bridge was called Jackson. A popular song about this time celebrating the town of Madison under a name given it when it was a market place for western logs.

"Danville's sunk, and Leaksville hogtown's all on fire,
The steamboats come to Jackson town,
But cannot get up higher."

A friend of Mr. Lindsey owned the steamboat. In recent years this same friend flew over Deep Springs in his airplane. At one time farmers rafted tobacco on Dan River to Danville.

As these events are called to mind we must not forget to return to the spacious porch upheld by lofty columns of Ionic architecture. From this porch an old-fashioned garden with walks bordered with boxwood and Japanese quince can be seen.

Miss Ida Lewis tells us that this club is four years old and has a membership of thirty-three, these members are deeply interested in church work. Mrs. Lindsay drew plans for the Deep springs church in 1900 and now have over one hundred members and most of the club members attend this church and Sunday school, where Mrs. Lindsay is a teacher.

The pastor of Deep Springs led the devotional exercises and the Misses Irving favored us with a duet. Miss Lewis gave us a musical reading. Talks were made by Mrs. J. S. Turner, Mrs. William Cummings and Fred Walker.

Next Mrs. Lindsay presented Mrs. W. J. Gordon, our guest speaker, "Trees of

the Bible" was the topic of this charming and instructive lecture, we cannot express to Mrs. Gordon our appreciation of this well written and beautifully presented talk.

At the close of the meeting the men took part in a treasure hunt while the women spread lunch on a long table under the century old oaks and the neat spacious lawns. Our hostess had written the rhyme for the hunt, and various things were found, one of the quaintest being a mother duck on her nest in a hollow oak. M. T. Smith was the fortunate hunter the much prized treasure being a large country ham. Many were the good things enjoyed by the guests. The excellent cakes and pies and delicious fried chicken were sufficient proof that our farm women have been listening to instructions given by Miss Marjorie Holmes, our popular Home Demonstration Agent.

At a late hour the guests departed voting Mrs. Lindsay and Deep Springs club the hostesses perfect.

A friend of J. M. Lindsay wrote of him, "He was a distinct character, the like of which is not often seen, both in his application to business or what ever he undertook his integrity, his strict compliance with all obligations, his exceptional caution and his thriftiness as well as his wonderful memory, intellect and literary attainments." His son, William R., was several times elected to the House and Senate of the State Legislature.

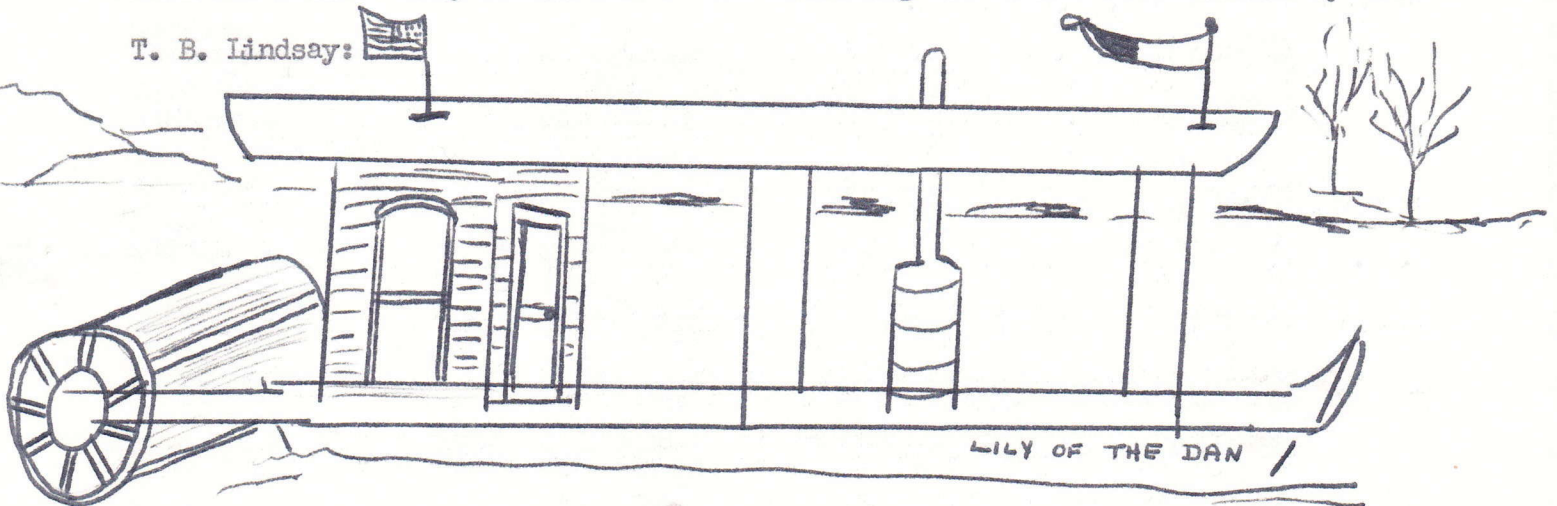
Governor Martin the last of the Colonial governors lived in this neighborhood. He was a staunch friend of President George Washington and entertained him in his home. He was a trustee of the University of North Carolina and was instrumental in having the legislative appropriate funds for this institution. A writer of some note, he was deemed worthy of the Doctor of Laws degree conferred upon him by Princeton, his alma mater. It is said he requested that he be buried on a hill facing Deep Springs because of a romance connected with his early life. The old rock vault is still standing at his burial place but his remains have been removed

by his relatives. Mrs. Lindsay's uncle, Governor David S. Reid, lived on a plantation across the river north east of Deep Springs. He married Henrietta, the beautiful daughter of Judge Thos. Settle, Sr. This couple were loved for their kindness to those in distress and their many deeds of charity made them very popular. As a lad of twelve years David Reid began clerking in his uncle's store at Wentworth. He was very studious and at the age of 16 years was appointed the first postmaster of Reidsville. His ability and likable disposition were soon made known to the voters. He was their choice for state senator, congressman, governor, United States senator, and delegate to the peace conference in Washington.

Mulberry Island was the home of Judge Settle, Sr., Mrs. Charlie Penn is now the popular owner of Mulberry Island Farm.

The sketch is the steamboat that made the trips up the Dan River. This boat was called "Lily of the Dan". The following are some verses written by Mrs.

T. B. Lindsay:



"DAN RIVER"

"It was a dreamy day in autumn time
 When the world seemed asleep in the glad sunshine,
 The farmer happy at his toil
 Turned the rich and mellow soil

Another followed with a basket of wheat
Which he scattered wide around his feet
The day I remember it oh so well,
When a happy bride came to dwell
In my new home in this fair land
Here on the banks of the Beautiful Dan.

Many long years have run their span
Since I beheld the grand old Dan
Years of pleasure and years of pain
Years of loss and years of gain
New friends found, that have passed away
To the great beyond where the Angels stay
The times have changed and so has man
But thou art the same
Oh! Beautiful Dan.

I I loved thee well at first, I love thee still
Thy valleys and meadows and thy shady hills
And what could be a sweeter wish
Than to sit on the banks and fish and fish
And at last—Oh joy! to get a bite
Then give a pull with all your might
And up he comes—a great big fish
Big enough to fill a breakfast dish
And to know the depth on the golden sand
There are many more in the beautiful Dan.

Dear old river in the year yet to be
I may drift far away from home and thee
Out into the world with its toil and strife
I may lead a buster, gayer life,
But in memories casket these shall ever be,
A jewel kept bright in love for thee
For a happy life in a happy land
Give me my home on the Beautiful Dan.

Memories sweet come, thick and fast
When I think of a day too bright to the last
With merry jest, and laugh and song
O'er thy still bosom we glide along
With Sydnor, Bateman and handsome Jim
In the Dan's first steamer so neat and trim
"Lily of the Dan" was the name she bore
For a young lady I must not tell more
I plucked a willow sprig with my hand
As a memento ~~of~~ of that ride on the beautiful Dan.