1855

Blakey Scrapbook with Obituary Information

Kentucky Library Research Collections
Western Kentucky University, spcol@wku.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_kl_non_mat

Recommended Citation
Kentucky Library Research Collections, "Blakey Scrapbook with Obituary Information" (1855). Kentucky Library Research Collections. Paper 44.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_kl_non_mat/44

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in Kentucky Library Research Collections by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.
Some days ago we published a para-

... the following rules from the past, the present, and the future, thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life.

To review ancient sacred things, or what other things from such, however absurd it may appear to be.

To never show levity, when people are severely engaged in worshipping, or in any other act of religious injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it.

To be particular to judge a person's character by external appearance.

Never to take the part of an absent per-

A snob is a person - man or woman - who is always pretending to be something better, or who is always pretending to be something he or she really is.

The private opinion of such an one, that they are really contemptible, and that they must, of necessity, force themselves into the view of those, they are really entitled to, not having the wits or characteristics belonging to it.

Snoo is one who takes the sky upon, despises the use of a book, and is ever ready to fall down and worship a rich or titled man, because he is a good man, a wise man, or a diviner man, but ba-

... a snob's first words: - We can apply the Snob's first words (say's he) to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether he is an upstart, whether he is untamable and proud of his own narrow kind. How does he treat a great man? - how regard a small one? What does he think of God and all? and don't we see him in the contemplative class, and we hardly despise them. Poor wretched man, godly aristoc-

... Some genius has pointed out one of the peculiarities of the Anglo-American in the following:

... He'd like a queen, till he raised a bishop. With his arm around her neck, and his old felt hat under his arm, he'd address a king by the title of smiler. And ask him the price of the throne he sat on.

... Garmans tried to clear his conscience with the thought of making his sons有一定 that he has a daughter twenty years younger than himself, by declaring that they thought they were
Y
I OHN I.
M o nnIS,
Go
day is
dO lle,
it' ~
tools
are
e nd' e
Cl,
Oar es
like
the
sh ad ows
slit
along the
hill.
Rc ft'ing
thi s
w i t h
qui t
blended,
Th hous e i s still.

Tribute of Respect

At a called meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

tastic man, you
saw tree's
ground
at
the
alphabet, I
think it isn't.

Physical Philosophy—Skinflint and Old Jack Kingdon had a dispute on Long Wharf, Drays since, upon a

igious fruit. Jack went exasperate labor and money—a

Suppose, now, John," says Skinflint, "we rich men should share out what—their impudence would overwhelm all the wealth in our hands a

"Will." says Jack, "spare it down You'd only have to share all

From the Nashville Herald.

DEATH OF DR. BOWDEN.

At a meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Sun
day school society of the Bellaville, Ky, last night, they presented a memorial to the

superscription of the death of Dr. Bowden,

Finley, Secretary, the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we receive into our ranks the death of our

entertainment, Dr. Bowden, and feeling that we are in no

cessarily ended, our sentiments as to the character and

character of a Christian with the characteristics

Resolved, That the committee report the following:

Resolved, That the resolutions be transmitted to the Nashville Herald, Nashville Christian Advertiser, and the new paper of publication.

Resolved, That the resolutions be published in the Nashville Elite.

GEORGE D. BLAKES
OSCAR J. RIEA
GEORGE E. HILL

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad

Tribute of Respect

At a meeting of the Nashville Lodge No. 73, of O. E. M., held in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst., C. P. O. E. M., was called to the chair, and Joseph Knowles, Secretary, appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The Committee of the Nashville Odd Fellows, the late Dr. Bowden, was appointed to draft resolutions and report them to the meeting.

The Committee having arrived at a short time, proposed the following resolutions, which were referred to.

Resolved, That it be with the most painful emotion that we mourn the death of Dr. Bowden, our esteemed and popular friend.

Resolutions in favor of the death of Dr. Bowden, were adopted by the Lodge.

The Rev. M. N. Lesley being called upon, ad
Diablo, I'm not installing that. I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not installing that! I'm not inst
T R A V E L I N G KENTUCKY P R E A C H E R—HIS VISIT TO LOUISVILLE.

Entered the stage at Haveliestown, in the morning; was never in a stage before; a little man came out of the tavern, looked at me, and said: "You must enter on the way bill." "Do you charge teachers," said I. "Every body," he said. "You may go to Heaven as a dead head, but not on this line—come sir," said the man, taking me by the coat collar. I got up to get my saddle and full about than mid, hurt my head on the seat; blood came out of the nose; paid my fare and proceeded on my journey; found I had a very pleasant travelling companion beside me. I asked him if he had religion, said: "Yes, enough to talk to such by-month, simple headed preachers as I was." After conversing a while, fixed him very much; think he is a gentleman; wished he belonged to our church. By the way, I am a Baptist.

Some, to Louisville, a great sight—such sleepers, and beds, and horses, and rattle and cursing; got into a thing called a chair (a very appropriate name). I thought, for several times I liked (not wish it) to give me a counter weight of change and let me in the street. Supplied for preachers, or brothers, but would not find any; went into a lager beer saloon and asked for boiling; gave me a bed on the floor with the mouse, mosquitoes, and rats. Before morning I felt like old Josh, that I was glad I was not a preacher; told him I was a preacher, would like to preach; said he would call next day, the money to pay bill; ordered my thin shabby, dark jeans pants, and straw hat; told me that customs were different in Louisville from the place where I lived, and that more attention was paid to dress; and if I had no change he would loan me one. I was large and fat, brother rather slim; the breeches like to bust when I was putting them on, and wouldn't reach much half way to my jacket, and then it took two reggros and a pint of soup to get my boots on, and they bothered and made more noise than if they'd been after a gang of monkeys; the coat was tall enough for a bed quilt, and stood right straight out behind like a ten-tailed pigoon; it wouldn't hang right no way I could pull it—nothing fitted. Brother smiled when I was "dressed," said he would invite me home if he wasn't full; said probably my

...
SPOUTSHIP AND DISAPPOINTMENT

A YANKEE is never upset with his mind's in his pockets; and the cow is not wasted.

DOLPHUS, Dolphus, honestly proverbial old mans-"Dolphus, let me know, and let me tear that old tropp o' paper ere more than before it.

A VENGEANCE is never upon the astheticats. It walks upon the Alp peaks and not in the valley of the shadow of death. One of the littlest men, the most of a man's friends, he was the most of a man's friends.

WOMAN can smell a rat the quicker— the man who knows the most of the man who has the most of yours...
The venerable Gen. H—— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress; and the hotels and boarding-houses in Washington City in those days, were all on a parger rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H——'s boarding-house (which was hospitably a widow lady, and her two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the table always appeared a broiled mackerel. Gen. H——, whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it (for it never was touched except by the cook,) that he knew it all "by heart."

Now, if the distinguished representative had any one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy. In the course of time Congress adjourned, and Gen. H—— paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door; and the old gentleman, showing the goodness of his heart, took the widow by the hand, and pressing it, bade her farewell; then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, &c. — But even this is not all; the black boys, who stood along the walls, were not forgotten; and grinning as he handed each a silver dollar. As he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend the mackerel. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail with his finger, parted with it, saying: "We shall meet again next winter! Good-bye, my old boy; you and I have served along campaign together; but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter! Good-bye, mackerel."

The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again.

A Love Story. Overhead and phonically reported by Frederick Chivers.

"Praire of the Great West," said the lover, "is not a barren waste of sculptureless sandstone and alluvial flats, where a few scrubby trees here and there attempt to clench their claws about the soil in order to live. It is a region of rippling sea-breezes, of bubbling brooks, and of running streams; where the trees are taller and the grass more luxuriant than in any other part of the earth. You can no more have planted the music of the brook, the wind, and the gale, than the grass and the sandstones, than the existence of the world."

A Love Story. Overhead and phonically reported by Frederick Chivers.

When the waves are the largest and most tempestuous, there is a peculiar beauty and grandeur in their action on the shores of the sea. The rush and roar of the water is heard above all other sounds. The wind is freshening, the land is covered with snow, and the sea is open. The sun shines brightly on the water, and the sky is filled with the dazzling glare of the sun."
OBITUARY.

Died in this county, of Pneumonia, on Sunday the 24th of April, Mr. Thomas Blakey. He was a native of Davidson county, from which place he was born June 7th, 1879. In the following year his parents removed to Logan county, Ky. Here upon arriving at sufficient age he read Medicine with the late Dr. Walter Jones, with whom at the expiration of his course he practiced the profession. His parents having in 1857 emigrated to the far west and settled in the Territory of Kansas, he followed them in 1858, and resided there for five years in the enjoyment of a large, confident, and enterprising man of business. The death of a loving wife, in 1866, left him to rear their infant, whether for the Illinois or the city, he never failed to give his utmost assistance and care, nor the beaming eye smile its thanks. It is that the weary frame and crushed spirit link together in useless, helpless loneliness. Beyond this has shut the world appears one track, one waste, and as we gaze on the still cold footprints of the departed, we long for the wings of the dove to flee away and be at rest."—Selected.

Beware of intoxicating drinks. Though it be the worst of all, this is not a bad thing to indulge in; now, one can tell how soon you may lose your balance, and then Heavy work on your family, your children, your wife.

Hon. C. H. BLAKEY.

Editor of Russellville Herald:

We were glad to see in the last issue of the Herald a call upon Hon. C. H. Blakey to run for the Legislature. We think that Mr. Blakey is entitled to re-election, if he desires it. He is a solid man, fully identified with our interest; has made us a faithful and efficient Representative, and should be indemnified by the people of the county, and we are satisfied that they would be glad to do so. We hope he will announce himself immediately.

RUSSELLVILLE DISTRICT.

RUSSELLVILLE, Jan. 29, 1873.

Legislature.

Letter from the Russellville Herald:

The call was made upon Hon. C. H. BLAKEY in the last issue of the Herald by "East Logan" is most heartily endorsed by his constituents in this section of the county, and we expect him to respond at the proper time, by offering himself as a candidate for re-election. He has served us faithfully, and he should, and will be endorsed.

NORTH LOGAN.

Horace Greeley preaches a very good sermon to young men in the Ledger, concerning the evils of running into debt. The whole article is exceedingly interesting; but the following paragraph will not only 'ear printing but reading twice:

"Hanger, cold, rage, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, and disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either of those last, the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—Never run into debt! Avoid pernicious obligations in any shape, whether in wealth, taste, or family. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn; pare it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."

POLITICAL MAXIMS.

Happy were men if they but understood, There is no safety but in doing good.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore, And tempted by making rich, not making fools.

Mankind one day serene and free appear, The next day they're cloudy, sulen and in error.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame, Of fondly publishing his neighbor's shame.

On eagle's wings immoral scandals fly, While virtuous actions are but blemish to his pride.

Be good yourself, or think another's shame Can raise your merit or adorn your name.

Lord Lyttelton

Many a word at random spoken, May soothe or wound the heart that's brok'n.

Count all the advantages prosperous vice gains, But what virtue flies from and dreads.

Grant the bad what happiness they would, One they must want—which is, to pass good.

Riches like insects, while concealed they Wait but for wings, and in their seasons fly.

Bullard

He that holds more wine than others can, I rather count a loghouse than a rack.

Johnston

It is a wretched thing to trust to rooks, Which all men do that trust to their own destiny.

Cleveland

Be still, and heart! and cease repining,
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining.

Longfellow

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned.

Congreve

This is the patriotic season, and the flames of patriotism are glowing in the breasts of many of the people hereabouts to such an extent as to cause them to make the sacrifice to accept the various offices which are now or soon will be vacant. Before I got up town from the depot, yesterday, I met three candidates for Constabulary honors, twice as many candidates for Justice of the Peace, and a youthful friend explained his hurry to me by informing me that he was a candidate for Town Clerk.

Colonel C. H. Blakey will probably be the Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives from this county, or at least I have not heard the name of any other gentleman mentioned in connection with the position. And if the greater portion of the gentlemen from among whom the people are to select their legislators have Senatorial aspirations, Captains J. W. Gilliam, a gale

(To be continued.)

THE LEDGER.
Correspondence of the Russellville Herald.

Page of March 18, 1872.

The disagreement between the Senate and House of Representatives in regard to the Congressional Districts resulted in the appointment of a Committee of Conference, which committee made a compromise report, requiring the Senate to concur in the report of the committee, and the House to concur in the other, which was done, and that question is now finally disposed of. The Third District remains as originally formed by the majority of the committee, and the only act to change it was carried, because every member of the committee, from the lower end of the State favored the report of the committee, except the Senator and Representative from Todd and the Representative from Logan.

The House during the past week went severally into committee of the whole to discuss the school bill, and finding that no progress was being made the committee rose, reported progress, and asked leave to sit again, which request was granted. The House refused to grant, and the bill has fallen on the floor, and whether it will perhaps sleep the sleep that knows no waking. This is perhaps unfortunate, as the bill in many respects is much superior to the old law, but it contained a few fatal errors that made it not only impossible, but in fact rendered the man of opposition that could not be controlled.

The Senate bill providing for the erection of a third Lunatic Asylum, to be located West of the Tennessee River, has been before the House for three weeks without consideration. The fight the bill has been confined to the location, and is a noticeable fact that nearly all and if not all of the blue grass Cincinnati Railroad members vote to carry the bill of the Tennessee River. This is done too in the face of the fact that the proposition is enounced on the floor of the House by Mr. Garrett, and not denied, that the cost to the State of transporting 360 lunatics to that remote point would itself be a sum sufficient to build an asylum.

A substitute for this bill has been offered in the House proposing to enlarge the Hopkinsville Asylum and the Feeble Minded Institute so as to afford ample accommodations for all attacks in the State at less than half the cost of building a new establishment, which has been spoken of as a plant at a white heat. No, they increment worse.

Every Brexit warning you utter, for a Brexit warning is not a Brexit. For the good of the country, let us cancel the Brexit. For the sake of humanity, let us cancel the Brexit. Let us cancel the Brexit. The word is true, and not worth call aggression being so called, for it is therefore vain to cancel advanced mankind. Everyone, everyone, man, woman and child. Ourselves, no one. In the opinion of the view and the children, you must maintain it in the to the time in which you address them.-Under consideration.

Bury thy sorrow.

Bury thy sorrow.

The world has its shape, Bury it deeply, Bury it with the rain and snow. Think of it calmly. When cutaneous by night; Tell it to Jesus, Make it right, Tell it to Jesus, Make it right, Tell it to Jesus. He knows thy grief, He will send thee relief. Gather the sunlight Aglow on thy way, Gather with blue, each storm. Each soft, silver ray. Hearts grown weary Sleep in the shade, Drop milk the darkness Go, comfort them, go.

Bury thy sorrow; Bury thy sorrow. Give them the sunshine, Tell Jesus the rust.

The whole opposition to the bill is based on a feeling of opposition to any provision being made for widows and orphans, except through foreign insurance companies, and the further part of this association does not propose to pay tribute to the Insurance Bureau, located here at Frankfort, for that it is thought probable to the ex pense of $20,000 a year, and I understand the Legislature will be asked to raise the Commissioners salary from $4,000 to $8,000 a year. I think a movement of this kind would most likely result in the death of the Bureau than an increase of salary. This modern life insurance company is, however, the Bureau is a form of life insurance, and the issue is a form of life insurance, to be used in the building of new houses, for new houses, to educate the life of a man who has no life, and to provide for the life of a man who has no life. It is simply gambling on the chances of human life. The man who takes a policy bet that this bill will die before the time comes and thus wind the company out of more than he pays it, and yet live on the money he holds in the policy, will live out his days and in that event his heirs will get less at his death than he paid out during life. There was an Insurance Company in King David's time that was thought to be a pretty safe thing then, but now-a-days preach and people seem afraid to risk it. If it was once young, but now I have yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.

The House refused to concur in the substitute for the bill to prevent trespass on posted land by the agents of the Senate and the Senate, and that body has since passed the bill as it come from the House. I will state for the benefit of Capt. Peak, of Auburn, and other amateur angels, that a bill is pending which will prohibit the dragging and sale of negroes. The Governor of the State, by act of the Legislature last year, had a bill so as to apply to the main stream of a green stream as high up as the mouth of Barren.

Another very plain and unpretentious amendment has passed the House and the Senate, and been signed by the Governor. I have been informed that the object of the aforesaid amendment is three-fold: 1st to give Railroad tax payers certificates of stock in lieu of tax receipts; 2d to give our end of the road a controlling influence, and thirdly and lastly to prevent the unsuspecting citizens of Logan county from falling into the hands of sharpers, and to relieve them of the danger of being winded out of their Railroad stock, by affording better information. This bill is run on an all of which it will doubtless accomplish. So mote it be.

A bill allowing bank stock to be taxed for county and municipal purposes has passed the House.

The Senate has reported a resolution on the 26th, and meet again January 1873, and the House agreed to adjourn the 26th but would not agree to return in January next. About one-third of the members are gone, and it would be well if the balance would follow suit.
A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

If every boy and young man would sit down and carefully read and sudidly consider the following suggestions, and if he would seriously endeavor to carry them out, he would get a lesson, the want of which has been the ruin of thousands:

There can be no more certain assurance to a young man of a life that will be consumed by a bustle of business, and a life that will be marked by a lifetime of debt during his minority. And the term minority may be considered to include the years in which he remains in the position of clerk or pupil, or in which he has lived beyond "one and twenty," which to many useless youth is the date of confirmed pecuniary slavery and freedom.

Expensive habits among clerks, apprentices, and students of professions, lead to pecuniary embarrassments of the worst description, for it's not seldom the case that the parent of these young men are put to great expense, and frequently have to exercise the most rigid economy, to provide and continue the means for their support.

The calculation of expenses has been hazardous and treacherous at the hands of many of the fondest parents, who would decline to mortgage their property, or to obtain money at interest, or to work for the wages of a young man, in order to give to the favors some money to spend in amusements, over dressing, or dissipation of any form. The young man himself would not dare to ask this in plain terms, and yet not a few have wished, and appealed through a mother, or self-denying sister, for the funds to obtain release from difficulty or to avert disgrace.

This is virtually the form of the story which is unfolded in the following case: "Your money or my life." The parental instinct and the family pride thus appealed to, the applicant is succored if it is the mother, and hold at home pinch themselves that the disgrace is no to flourish abroad. But appetite grows on what it feeds on, and the demand at home is not sufficient.

Habits of thrift and frugality are created, and the fond parents are deceived into thinking that they had quenched the fire, when they have only, in reality, steamed up. The young spendthrift is more invasive, more extravagant and more reckless. The evil habit of indulgence is the escape thought follows, and, from the first, sad mistake, instead of increasing the income, a life of misery is dated. The small leak sinks the ship, and a sad leak, mental, moral and pecuniary, is the result. Emotional affection sent forth, the bark fully loaded, and the young man, at last, is ready to see it return fully freighted. But the result is, everything lost, not excepting home.


He says: "There were four thousand bales of cotton captured from the Confederate, here in store, guarded by Federal soldiers nearly all stolen by officers in command, and sold on private account, the warehouse or cotton sheds were fired; the cotton was reported burned, and the usual entry in abstract "L" (Loss account). This was a favorable way of accounting for Government property, and enriched many a thief in the United States."

OBITUARY

Departed is life, in this place on Sunday morning, the 2nd day of Oct. 1st, 1850, Mrs. ELIZA L. CONDON of Daniel B. Condon, aged seventy-two years.

Mrs. Condon was a daughter of Sessions J. and Mary Daniel. On the 20th day of September, 1854, she was married to Daniel B. Condon.—

She was, we learn, a professor of religion, and had never attached herself to the church. On her death-bed she expressed to her husband and friends a willingness to die.

This estimable lady will be missed in a trying and painful degree, by her devoted husband, two little girls, and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends. Her life of exemplary virtue and perseverance devotion to the great object of promoting the happiness of her family, had made her to great a blessing to all who knew her, but more especially to her immediate family, that seemed her death to them was an almost insupportable calamity.

But death is the lot of all; no relation of life, not that of husband and wife nor the tender ties that bind the helpless babe to the tender mother, can defeat the mandates of Death. Alas! we must all be wrapped in that shroud, in the coffin and deposited in the dust.

Our home of joy must be hung in the sad draperies of grief, and the music of love and friendship give place to the sadness of unsung sorrow.

No trial of love, nor work of philanthropy, no kindness to the afflicted, no devotion to family or kindred, can stay the hand—the unseen and terrible hand of the De Yonger.

But it is too much to be, too much to believe, that those loved goodness, sought his elevating influence, toiled to be useful, that those labors, that sacrifices, that holy moments, through Jesus Christ, are removed from on this evil world to take their places among the saints in Heaven?

Then may the surviving friends shout their troubled spirits and learn a lesson of repose, and reconciliation to the Divine purpose, in cherishing the delightful hope of a permanent reunion in that house that made with hands, eternal in Heaven. It should be a consoling reflection that death is but going home, the messenger, who is to conduct us to our home in Heaven.

With such thoughts for constant meditation, even in the midst of distress, the true believer, may well obey the spiritual injunction, "Rejoice evermore.

To these studies let us address ourselves—their holy meditations give our best thoughts, and thus the departed shall teach us how to live and make death, a bright angel of release from earth, rather than an officer of the tomb to be feared.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors.

THE STORY OF A HYMN.

Many years ago a beautiful hymn crept to our frendes and churches, and soon was heard in all the churches in the world. No one spoke of its author in connection with it, though she already was known as one of the rising painters in art. She was, near the white throne; near the crystal sea, near the bound of life, near the ocean, more and more, nearer bearing crowns. But the waves of that silent sea were great, and made them high, that brightly other side. Break on a shore of light.

Oh! if my mortal feet
Wander near the brink.
If it be I am nearer home
Even today that I think.
Father, perfect my trust
In this indulgent caress
That her feet are safely set
On the Rock of living faith.

In time came a story from abroad, telling how a painter in France, hearing this hymn in a low gambling-den in China, had arrested the attention of his companion, an older man, who was furiously gambling the other's money. They were betting, drinking, and swearing in a terrible way; but at last, the painter, who was a young man, stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "What tune?" ""What tune?" "Why, that one you've been singing." The young man walked back to the sailor and said: "Do you know this is a church in America." "Come," said the elder, getting up, "come, Harry; here's what I won from you; give me back the money." Harry, the sailor, gave me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this mortal life. Give me the song difficulties tells the story (originally published in the Boston Daily News) saw these two men leave the sailor's side, each with a sailor's arm in arm; and remarks: It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her song had been sung by a Christian. This Christian heart, has been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempest-swept men, an other spirit, the solution to lead a better life. "It was rare of joy to Miss Cary, as we happen to be able to say that the Charleston Daily News in its black type published the following statement: "Before us lies a private letter from her to an aged friend in this city, with the following remarkable passage: "I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the recognition, but that you may feel what peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago in our home. It was the song of one languishing in that little back third-story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it made me so happy when I sang it that I could say hadn't lived a little good in the world."

Within a few days "Harry" and his friend had left that other side. They had been so happy up to this day thoroughly reformed men, honorable and useful members of society.

At Miss Cary's command at All Souls' Church, New York, on the fourth day of August, "Nearer Home" was sung to noble music, with a solo by Mr. Mordaunt, the organist, and a copy of the words was handed to every listener.
I cannot conclude this without an appreciative word about the man from Logan County—Judge Isaac B. Logan. No man in the house, not a lawyer, either speaks as well or wields his influence. Last winter he made a fine reputation by his speech on the deer driving bill, and last winter on a question made by Chrisman, of Wayne, looking to the reconsideration of the bill providing a third lunatic asylum. He answered Chrisman as well as he could amid the bolderesse laughter of the House, and literally skimmed him down, for it is pleasant when the veteran speaks. He is the steady anchor of every man who loves a good dog, and his drawe is now full of letters from all parts of the State, from the mountains to the Ohio—upon the subjects relating to hunting and congratulatory as to his speech of last session alluded to above. May no trull ever be too cold for his dogs, and his gun never miss fire. I know that he will never have to excuse himself to a constituent for inattention to business entrusted him, as Clay did to his by asking him "to pick the flint and try again." He will never stop.

But like John Caldwell's boy, I am sure of an opinion that this "is too long"—hence, goodbye.

SINGING A BLESSING.

A correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector, describing an English tea-meeting writes:

But the most curious thing to me was the nearness of the people young and old, sing a blessing to the tune of Old Hundred. Seen for the first time, it was not only novel, but affecting. The blessing, or grace, was in these words:

"Be present at our table Lord; Be here as everywhere, adored; These merecules blest, an grace to God, May make you worthy of thee."

I can fancy that such words sung by assembled hundreds under the blue sky at some greenwood festival, might stir in the duller hearts some passion of kindness. Then, after the tables were emptied, at the call of their pastor, the people all stood up again and sang thanks as follows:

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food, Bless it, we pray thee, make it good; Let manna to our souls be given; The bread of life sent down from heaven.

A Kentuckian in Florida

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 23d, 1873.

I promised in my last to give some account of the Ancient City. Long before Columbus saw San Salvador, a ruin was abroad among the natives of the Bahamas, of Cuba—and even of Yucatan—that in a land to the North, a fountain which restored health to the sick, and youth to the aged. Many of the cedars islands forestook the homes and ventured in their canoes the Gulf, and never returning, were supposed to be the ancient remains of the land of the perishing youth. The ancient flame still clings to the State. The tide of wanderers in search of health still sets thitherward, and with better success than of old.

The country received its pretty and appropriate name, Terra Florida, the Flowers Land, from Ponce de Leon, who has the credit of being its discoverer.

St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, was founded in 1565 by Pedro Menendez, who gave it that name, because he saw it on St. Augustine's Day. St. Augustine is miles from Tooei, on the St. John's River, but there is a road on it, not a particle of iron about it—the rails made of pine, and fastened together with wooden pegs. The locomotive consists of two miles driven tandem. I takes about three

A KENTUCKIAN IN FLORIDA

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 23d, 1873.

I promised in my last to give some account of the Ancient City. Long before Columbus saw San Salvador, a ruin was abroad among the natives of Cuba and Yucatan—that in a land to the North, a fountain which restored health to the sick, and youth to the aged. Many of the cedars islands forestook the homes and ventured in their canoes the Gulf, and never returning, were supposed to be the ancient remains of the land of the perishing youth. The ancient flame still clings to the State. The tide of wanderers in search of health still sets thitherward, and with better success than of old.

The country received its pretty and appropriate name, Terra Florida, the Flowery Land, from Ponce de Leon, who has the credit of being its discoverer.

St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, was founded in 1565 by Pedro Menendez, who gave it that name, because he saw it on St. Augustine's Day. St. Augustine is miles from Tooei, on the St. John's River, but there is a road on it, not a particle of iron about it—the rails made of pine, and fastened together with wooden pegs. The locomotive consists of two miles driven tandem. I takes about three

hours to make the trip. A part of the road is pretty smooth, but there is an old part with broken rails, and that is rougher than any stage travelling you ever did.

St. Augustine is built on a small peninsula, between the St. Sebastian river, itself an arm of the sea, and the bay. The streets are narrow, without sidewalks, and shaded by projecting balconies. None of the streets are wider than fifteen feet, and the cross streets are not over ten feet.

On the East is the harbor, a sheet of water about eight fathoms in depth, known as the Matanzas river. It is separated from the Ocean by Fish Island, a narrow tract of land about 14 miles long.

The principal buildings are of Coquina rock. This is broken shells and small pebbles cemented together by carborule of lime, no doubt of recent formation. There are large quarries of it on Fish Island. Near the center of the town is the Plaza or Square. In its midst is an unpretending monument, square at the base, and 8 feet high, on which is inscribed, "Plaza de la Constitucion." This was erected in 1812, to commemorate the short-lived constitutional form of government then instituted in Spain. The building on the West side of the Square was the residence of the Spanish Governors. It has been rebuilt and much altered since the purchase of the Territory, and is now used for the United States Court Building on the North side is the Catholic Church. Its quaint belfry has four bells, which ring forth the angelic thrice daily. On the roof of these has this inscription: "Sanctu Joseph, Oro pro Nobis. A.D. 1832." The building is of Coquina, and was built in 1793.

Opposite is the Episcopal church. The oldest building in the city, where the causeway (of modern construction connects with the main land is the city gate, flanked by two square pillars, with Moorish base, and hollowed ditch, and the remains of a wall, mark the fortified limits of the city. At the Southern extremity of the Peninsula are the barracks, built on the foundations of the ancient Spanish fort. From their top a fine view of the town can be obtained. Still further South are the U. S. Arsenal and the remains of an ancient breastwork. The whole of the town is less than a mile from the sea; more than a mile is occupied by the sea wall. It was built by the United States in 1837 and 1843, to prevent the encroachments of the waves. The material of the wall is lime, topped by granite. It is wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, and is a favorite evening promenade.

Fort Macon, or as it was formerly called, the Castle of San Marcos, occupies a commanding position on the North of the city. It is considered a fine specimen of military architecture, having been built quite recently. An easy path lain down by the famous engineer. No fees are required for its
crowd in the galleries and from the Republican press.

Mr. GRITTER (Ind., N. Y.) was the next to speak. He had been present on the occasion referred to by the gentleman from Kentucky, when many of the gentlemen who oppos- ted him and other members of the House were being expelled. The House was by this time in a very excited condition, and he argued that the conduct of some of the members had been a cause of the excitement.

Mr. WHITE (Ind., N. Y.) denied that there was any excitement in the galleries, and said that the House had been perfectly quiet. He thought that the conduct of the gentlemen who opposed him had been unworthy.

Mr. CODDLE (Dem., Ala.) protested against the admission of the gentleman from Kentucky. He argued that such conduct as that which had taken place in the galleries was a violation of the privileges of the House, and that he should be more brought to bear on the subject of the violation of those privileges.

Mr. DAWES (Rep., Mass.) closed the following as a resolution for Mr. Hobbs' resolution:

After all that had been done to lead the House into a false sense of the law and of the constitution, the objections of the gentleman from Kentucky were not sufficient to prevent the House from ad

Mr. DAWES said he regretted the necessity of offering the resolution, as his connections with the House had been his only motive for moving it. He had been much shocked and alarmed by the conduct of the gentleman from Kentucky, and had felt that it was his duty to offer the resolution in order to prevent the House from doing anything that would tend to violate its own rights.

Mr. DAWES declined to yield to Mr. Dwyer's resolution, and moved the following question.

After an exciting debate, Mr. Dwyer asked, "Mr. Speaker, you have not called the gentleman from Kentucky to speak now?"

Mr. DAWES said the gentleman from Kentucky was not called upon to speak now.

Mr. DAWES called upon the gentleman from Kentucky to make his remarks.

Mr. DAWES said he had the following remarks to make to the gentleman from the House which he heard:

Mr. DAWES—Mr. Speaker, I stand by the record. Mr. DAWES—Mr. Speaker, I stand by the record. Mr. DAWES—Mr. Speaker, I stand by the record. Mr. DAWES—Mr. Speaker, I stand by the record.
NOW FOR AUGUST!

THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY LAST SATURDAY.

BLAKLEY WINS—ALL QUIET.

Everybody Says Democracy will Triumph in August, and Old Logan will Once More Have a Demo­cratic Legis­lature.

Last Saturday was throughout the day as pleasant and sunnyish as could have been asked. We are pleased to note that although the two opposing factions were very much in earnest and each wanted their man to win, the utmost good humor prevailed, and we expect that as good Democrats, both will march up to the polls in August and once more send a Democratic Representative to Frankfort. There are some few persons who feel so over the docket and say imprudent things that in their own minds, quiet moments they will regret, who talk about not sup­porting the nominee, &c. This is all talk, though. Their better judgments will force them to change their hastily formed opinions before the election comes off. We have all been along the same road and know that defeat, even in our own party, is hard to bear, and have implicitly, impudently said that we would not support our successful opponents, yet, when the excitement and bitterness of the elec­tion was over, we would quietly fall into ranks and fight for the nominee.

Below we give the result, which has been carefully ascertained. The com­mittee will not compare the poll books till to-day, after we have issued:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Election Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Interest ran high here. Very few negroes in town. Col. Blakley was at Keensburg and Olmstead Saturday. Clerk in Russellville was 309. Blakley's in Auburn 371. Clark workers did gallant service here. They worked unceasingly till the last and "let no guilty man escape." No whiskey was used in the elec­tion. It was the first for many years in which that persuasive article has not helped to fix the issue. "Talks about the Legislature race has subsided and the contest for State officers in Saturday's Mass Convention is the absorbing topic." In the early afternoon the election of Clark seemed to be assured. When the polls closed the result was: The news from Keensburg turned the scale in Blakey's favor.

The election passed off very quietly here Monday. Not a full vote was polled. We give the vote, Buckner 292, Bradley 189, Terry 277, Blakey 308 for Convention; 126 against not voting 85; not present 36.

A CHAPTER OF CURiosITIES.

AUBURN, KY., March 15, 1886.

Mr. Editor—Being seized with a fit of curiosity and excite­ment, I send the following insertion from the HERALD or waste-basket, as you like:

THE JOHNSON FAMILY.

A year or two ago I saw it stated in the HERALD that William Johnson and wife, who had lived in the eastern part of Logan county, were the parents of 15 children, all of whom lived to be grown before the death of their parents; and the article added that it was doubtful whether he would turn his back on a similar instance. But the writer did not know the history of

THE HARRIS FAMILY,

living in the Pilot Knob neighborhood, in Simpson county, and composed of Rev. William Harris, and his wife and 18 children; the Harris is an instance.

THE EPLY FAMILY,

living near Epley station, Logan county, composed of the venerable John Eply and wife, and 29 children, all born and now living, being 24 sons and 4 daughters, 12 of the sons having been soldiers in the late war. Mr. and Mrs. Eply are said to be one of the oldest and most respected families in Logan county.

A FIXED STAR.

Mrs. Louise Morton, widow of the late Joseph Morton, and mother of Rev. J. H. Morton, school commis­sioner, is living one and a half mile west of Auburn, on the farm where she and her husband settled 67 years ago, and their family have lived there continuously ever since, and looks like she might finish out the 19th century there. And although Mr. Morton belongs to one of the generations that has passed away, she still enjoys life and contributes largely to the enjoyment of the large social circle of friends and relatives who delight to gather around her.

HAD NO CURiosITY.

Miss Sarah Pattison had lived in three miles of Auburn for forty years, and never saw a railroad train until a few days ago, when she came to Au­burn and took the train for Texas. Her feelings must have been akin to those of Columbus when he discovered America.

HAD SOME CURiosITY.

When the Louisville and Nashville railroad was finished to Auburn, Mr. Gabe Ross, living in the Carolina neighborhood, near Auburn, went to Franklin to see the cars. The next day he was telling his neighbors about the wonders he had seen, and Mr. Ross said to him, "I suppose the engine was the principal feature of attraction, Mr. Ross?" Mr. Ross uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again, and replied, "The Infer­nal Why the Infer­nal wasn't along that trip.

DOt LEFT.

When the Memphis branch railroad was finished to Russellville, the rail­road company gave a free excursion trip up the road, to the commuters and dwellers in the knobs around about Russellville, by way of getting them used to the cars. The excursion train consisted of a long line of flat construc­tion cars, with no seats thereon. An immense crowd gathered at the Rus­sellville depot, and all who could provided themselves with something to sit on during the trip. W. J. Scott got a large rock and placed it on the pas­senger platform and sat down on it, congratulating himself on his good luck—all the time imaging he was on one of the cars. When the train pulled out he kept his seat, waived his hat and huzzaed lustily to the unfor­tunate crowd he was leaving behind.
Mr. George D. Blakey, who for half a century has been a leader in thought among the people of this section, closed the exercises with an eloquent address on the Nation's dead. We publish the address of the venerable Doctor in full, confident that many of our readers will be glad to know, that though advanced in years and feeble in body, the old gentleman retains its old time vigor. Below is his address:

"It is not often that thus around, A National funeral we are found, When then bears the baring and the spot, Let pity rule our every thought, And peace then reign among the bow, Let peace in realms of glory now." 

The great loyal heart of America is pierced with deep sorrow, the people are bated in tears, the Union hung forlorn, her chief defender is gone, General Grant is dead. Who then was Gen. Grant, and what the part which he has borne in driving back the storm clouds of war, which enveloped with northern horizon a few days ago, threatening to destroy the handiwork of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and our Revolutionary Fathers, who in the evening of the eighteenth century had launched upon the broad sea of State with her banners unfurled to the breeze, recognized throughout Christendom and pronounced by every Intelligible beholder as the finest rigged vessel of the whole line. If not the author of the projector and active executor of this great work, resulting in perpetuating the blessings of Union and Liberty to untold millions of unborn generations, who may come after us, calling his name blessed. Under the counsels of misguided men, blind leaders of the blind, the tocsin of war sounded in the far South, by men sick of peace and tired of prosperity. U. S. Grant have in the eye of that time-honored principle of the Democratic party announced by the sage of the Hermitage, the great apostle of the Democratic party, conched in their breathing thoughts and burning words, "The Federal Union, it must be preserved," lost no time in responding to his country's call for men; but hastened with his recruits to the rescue; was soon promoted from the command of a company to that of a regiment and division.

In these minor offices, Pre-emminence in him was early shown, His army saw and claimed him as her own. It would be tedious as well a work of supererogation to attend to the many signal triumphs he achieved in his brilliant career. Not the least among them was exhibited on the final surrender, when the conqueror of a legion of armed rebels so beautifully illustrated that ancient maxim, that "Patriotism triumphs no less renowned than war." So beautifully did illustrate that dramatic truth that has become proverbial that "the brave are always generous." His whose name is a household word all over the civilized world is no more. For many weary months he faced death on the couch of sickness with the same manly fortitude that confronting it in the conflict of arms, so that even in death he is victorious. In war he never lost a battle. As a soldier he stands among the greatest in history, and unlike most military chieftains, he fought not for himself or for glory, but for his country and the freedom of his fellow-men, and was the most merciful of conquerors.

As President of the United States he was true to its principles and administered the Government for the welfare of all the people, regardless of section, condition or color. In peace as in war he represented the cause of liberty, equality and the right the peaceably to peacefully rule. Without ostentations display, the genius of his silence, as well as his golden words when moved to speak, and the unselfish character and greatness of his acts, touched the world and gave him a name which made him the welcome guest of men of every land, and of every nation, on his tour around the world, and he sat in the presence of Kings and Emperors as their peer. In his presence more crowned heads stood uncovered than were ever bared to any man before. They felt honored in doing Grant reverence. With unwrapping faith in the right, with chasteness of language, honesty of purpose and integrity of character, loyal to his country, and to every trust, brave, humane, modest, with a judgment almost unerring, and a capacity that never met defeat, he was the greatest and best product of our free institutions. His achievements are the Union preserved and the Republic perpetuated, a nice set free and made equal before the law with their former masters. The National credit maintained and prosperity and happiness assured of their countrymen. Then deserted by fortune and stricken with disease, the heroism of his character was displayed in a manner that won universal sympathy, and as he worked in weakness day after day upon his self-imposed task, that was to give this priceless history to his country and secure a competency to his family, all hearts went out to him in the struggle and united in the hope that his life might be spared until the accomplishment of his labor of love. And now, too dead, he still lives for us in what he has written and in what he has done. General Grant has often shed his over wounded and dying comrades, but now embalmed in the great loyal heart of Americans he has fallen asleep. "No more on earth to wake and weep." And now it only remains to erect a towering monument which will be creditable to the American people, on which should be inscribed in letters of living light this sentiment:

"Gracious soul, who lived and toiled That Union, liberty, peace and truth. Alone might rule the universe To you is endless youth. While 'tis the blest, With God you rest, Grateful heads with reigned love shall bow. Alone your day a thousand years from now."

The grand speech contest came off at the Baptist church on last Saturday night, and was attended by a large and attentive audience. Dr. E. P. Burr and Mr. L. L. Johnson acted judges. The spelling was done by the married against the unmarried, both sides acquitting themselves most admirably. The unmarried side not being fully represented, had to be supplemented by persons selected from the audience, who, of course had made no preparation for the contest. The spelling lasted at least for one and one half hours, which of itself speaks volumes of praise. The matrons were, however, victorious, after a hard contest. Mrs. L. A. Freeman, not missing a word, was declared the winner of the silver cup, which was presented to her, and which she immediately offered as a prize to the best spellers between the ages of six and sixteen years. The match to come off in the near future. Whilst the audience so greatly enjoyed the exercises, it was very evident that they wanted a speech from some one, and in order not to be disappointed they unanimously voted the blue back to Col. C. H. Blakey, who arose in his usual dignified manner and made one of his witty and agreeable discourses which was highly appreciated by all present. This speech was an enjoyable exercise.

Mr. Theo. Blakey was at his father's Saturday and participated in the spelling match, by request, on that night.
We are astonished to find such a universal sentiment, from all sections of the county in favor of Hon. Col. C. H. Blakey, of Auburn, for our next representative. There is no denying the fact that our part in this county needs a good man to lead them on to victory, after the severe defeat of August 1885. One that they can endorse in his private, as well as his public capacity.

Col. Blakey was raised in our midst, and is as thoroughly identified with our county's interests as a man could well be, he has had experience in the legislative halls at Frankfort, and is by no means a novice in the "representative" business. Knows the "ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain" that a representative is forever stumbling upon, when in Frankfort, and withal carries as level and cool a head on his shoulders as you will come across in a day's hunt. He won't bite off more than he can chew, either.

We noticed in last week's issue a call on Hon. Col. C. H. Blakey, one of our honored citizens, to become a candidate for the Legislature. The Col. is a cultured gentleman, and would make us a fine and efficient representative. He made a good record in the legislative halls a few years ago, and has lost none of his energy since that time. The country should by all means select an able man, and such he is.

Meeting Col. C. H. Blakey on the street the other day, we applied the reportorial pump to him in the following manner:

Col., I see your name mentioned in the papers, and fear you frequently spoken of in connection with the pending race for the Legislature; what are your feelings on the subject? The Col. in substance, made this reply:

A man may make one race for the Legislature and be in some measure compensated by the pleasurable excitement growing out of a first canvas, but after this, the novelty disappears and he must look to some other source for compensation. The 'per diem' does not pay a man who has any home ties, or business at home to attend to. Frankfort is a pleasant Winter resort for those who join in social, convivial, or sporting circles. There is no occasion for any one like myself who has once had the honor of representing his county, to ask the honor again, unless he has a Congressional or Gubernatorial bee buzzing in his ear, or sees an opportunity of doing the State some service.

Do you not think the County and State need the services of her best men now?

There never was a time when an earnest, practical, common-sense man could do more for Kentucky than now, by insisting upon and introducing and supporting measures in the Legislature, looking to strict economy, rigid re-tranchment and a sweeping reform in the financial affairs of the State. But we can't get such a man to make a home-to-home canvas, such as is in vogue now. But if the people will call out the man they want, and tell him they will give him the nomination, no man in the county will refuse to serve them.

He spoke in this connection of Col. Dudley, Dr. Beauchamp, C. W. Nourse, W. W. Gill, Capt. McLean, Capt. Anderson, R. L. Watson, and others of that ilk. We have given the Col.'s feelings on this subject, and we hope that we have reported the interview correctly. So we are led to believe that if the county wants the Col.'s services it must call him out.

M. B. Morton 3rd, and sister, Miss Mary, of Russellville were visiting at Col. C. H. Blakey's Friday and Saturday.

From North East Logan.

Mr. Editor:—The people of our county are clamoring for a good man to represent us in the next State Legislature, and this is right for there are laws in our statute books that need repealing and some laws should be enacted that we need badly, and it will take a man who knows the wants of the people and knows something about legislation to secure what we want. In my knowledge I know of no one who would meet the emergency and carry off the honors as would Col. C. H. Blakey, of Auburn. He has all the necessary prerequisites of a good representative: being a Democrat, a financier, a logical and forcible speaker, and a good farmer. He has served Logan county two terms in the Legislature (several years ago) and has much honor for his serving. No doubt he would not make a heated canvas of the county for additional honors in this district, but its the county that needs his experience and service now, and there is no doubt about his serving us if we elect him All good men hate to make a canvas for the office and very few of them will do it.

Now what say the farmers of Logan county, shall we stand together and elect a worthy and competent man from among us or shall we let others attend to our business and we stay at home, work hard, sell what we make at a very low price, pay seven-eighths of the taxes laid upon us by our taskmasters, as we have been doing, or shall we throw off the yoke and take the reins in our own hands and vote for Mr. Blakey or some good farmer who is able to lead us out of this Egyptian darkness?

Farmer.
12. And Churchwell said unto the other elders, "If ye be men do no such thing. Let us rather sell the list unto him who will give the most for it."
13. But they would not harken unto him but cried out with one voice, "give it unto Robert."
14. Then Churchwell said unto the other elders, "If you will not sell the list unto him who will give the most for it, then give it to the people for whose use it is to be gathered for the burdens of the people are grievous and they can not bear them."
15. Then the other elders rose up and cried out that they would neither sell the list to him who would give the most for it, nor give it to the people, but would give it to their beloved brother, Robert, in whom they were well pleased, for they said we do not care for the people who made us rulers over them, and our hearts are hardened against them; but we love Robert, and will take his six hundred and fifty pieces of silver and give unto him the list of tithes.
16. And he shall go out into the land and take from every man who payeth not his tithes his beasts of burden, and his horned cattle, and the bed whereupon he sleepeth, and the vessels wherein he cooketh his food, and he shall sell them and take unto himself the price thereof.
17. And Robert shall grow rich and enjoy the fat of the land, and he shall have gold and silver, and precious stones, and flocks and herds even in the far off land of Texas; for verily, is it not written, unto him who hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him who hath not shall be taken that which he hath?
18. And the elders waxed wrath and cast out Churchwell from among them and would have none of him and they sold for six, and we love Robert and will take his six hundred and fifty pieces of silver, the list to Robert.
19. And Churchwell departed thence and the elders gathered together to witness what the elders did were not satisfied, and went each man to his own house. And they reviled, and cursed the elders in their hearts.
20. And some of the elders, who sold the tithes to Robert went straightway home, and some went to the houses of certain publicans who sold strong drink and looking on the wine when it was red, became mightily lifted and exalted in heart, and departed each man to his own house saying, "Praised be the Lord Hallelujah!"
OBITUARY.

Fautville, Ky., July 30th, 1887.

Editors Herald:—Death has again visited this community. Church H. Blakey, Jr., died at his father's residence, in Auburn, Logan county, Ky., Thursday evening, July 29th, in the 42d year of his age. The deceased, son of Rev. Mr. Blakey and Mrs. Mary C. Blakey, one of a family of nine children, all of whom, together with his parents, survive him, was born near Auburn, August 10th, 1843. The childhood and boyhood days of H. Blakey, Jr., were spent in this community, and he grew to manhood here, and died here. The people of this dear old village knew him well and loved him. It was hard to help from loving him. The surface of the stream is easily described, and its beauties are apparent as it bounds and sparkles along life's highway; but there are depths to its waters not so readily fathomed—depths that hold the current and guide the way through hill and valley, sunshine and shadow, until the river reaches its ocean. And so, in briefer reconnoitering the life of our subject, throughout all his conduct, beneath the surface of acts, there seemed an impulse, a sentiment, "with less of Earth than Heaven," that held steadfast and true the stream of his life, and all trials, as it gently went on its way.

"Rising kindly here and there.

Full of joy, free from fear,

until, with "muffled oar," it passed

the angry rocks and quicksands

and on to its tranquil ocean of

imortality.

When sixteen years of age he embraced the religion and united himself with the Baptist Church, to which his family belonged. To Church, to be a Christian was no difficult task. Exiled to heathen land or mid ocean, his spirit would have found its way where it has gone.

Home ties, to him, were dear as life, and many an incident in the dream of his affection for home and the companions of his native village, will en

balm his memory in the hearts of his

relatives, brothers, sisters, and friends.

Duty was natural to him. If temptation over whipped his ear, um

minating was his song, no streams of

sin were mingled in the music on

his character. The motives which were behind his conduct were strangers to ignoble thoughts, and untainted by evil association, his heart beat its fu

neral march of gladness and peaceful melody to the years, without a wound in its quiet triumph over the soul's adversary.

Death loves a shining mark—

Farewell, dear Church, farewell; Gone is this white and clean, 

Now all is well.

We'll miss thee now—

The tears and sobs we'll know,

And to Heaven's will we bow.

We had to love thee here—

So our hearts will love thee there.

Dearest, ever be blest.

A FRIEND.

DIED:

To this county, on Saturday, October 29, 1889,

Mr. John Feaster.

Another Belle of the Revolution Born

Died in this county, on the 25th of October, 1889, Mrs. Margaret Brown, in Virginia Oct. 26th, 1787. In 1779 she was married to George Blakey, then fresh from the trench of the bloodshed of the Revolution. In 1792, she with her husband, parents, and many others, emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in the vicinity of Nashville, Ten., where they remained in prominent until 1825, when they removed to Kentucky. In 1842 her husband died, in the 58th year of his age; and now she perhaps the last survivor of that emigrant company of 1790, has passed to the age 92 years.
YE "PIGEON-TAILED GENTLEY" AT VIENNA.—ILLUSTRATING HON. CHURCHILL BLAKELY'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES APRIL 4.

By Our Special Artist, GEORGE KERR, JR. (From a sketch by "Parmenter's Mix.")

[From the Omaha Monitor.

"Pigeon-tailed Gentleman" on their arrival at Vienna, illustrating the Hon. Church Blakely's speech to the last General Assembly. It is aptly drawn, and represents the hizzards carpet-baggers, or favored commissioners of the State, in foreign parts. Expense charges to Kentucky, as proposed by the Vienna bill, would not be happy—"pigeon tailed" any other man. Our journalistic genius is beautifully pictured in short and somber appearance, unlike the others, indicates the probable fate of that important measure after Blakely's speech in opposition, and he has left without "free pass" in sight.

Blakely himself was regarded a tramp in the last Legislature. He is a candidate for re-election, and it is to be hoped by the friends of economy and wise legislation he will be returned to the field of usefulness without trouble.

[We are gratified to say that Mr. Blakely has been triumphantly re-elected by the Democracy of Logan. He is a first-class man in every regard.—[End.]

DIPLOMATION.

The Qualities of It Ex-Senator Extraordinary Wit.

(PRAGUE, Thursday.)

"Public men are a queue of humor," said Mr. Dower. "Our Garfield told me he had a special talent in that direction. He is in his career and it would ruin him if he were not happy and I am happy and I have no trouble."

The idea has always been—"I would rather be happy and I am happy and I have no trouble."

If a speaker or writer was in the habit of indulging in humor or wit, usually the audience would not underrate him, and, no matter how honest he might be, was simply a pest.

There is a stiffness about their utterances which shows that they were always pom- en in female attributes. If they lived and moved in social and club-life as we understand it, the usual goal of their companionship appears for the honest enjoyment which their contemporaries took in the three-hour sermon then comes from the pulpit.

As we leave the period of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the like, we find no humor in the next generation. The only humor we have is the entire exhausting logic is found in the speeches of the Hon. Randolph, which was nothing but a happy and free style of speaking.

The most brilliant man in the next period, and immediately preceding the Civil War—was Thomas Connon. He was the ideal of the people and literally swayed the multitude as he pleased by the power of his eloquence.

But the most significant factor in the destruction of his career and the bitterness of his own course was his utterance in wit and humor. In ideal statesmanship, public high-mindedness and effective eloquence he stood above the social mediocrity of his time.

The Hon. Franklir Pierce and the Winfield Scotts—like a star of the first magnitude in the sky. But in later years he thought his failure to vote for Lincoln was caused by his humor having moved the impression in the minds of his countrymen as he was not a person person.

Lincoln reversed completely the traditions and teachings of his father. The stately home of the Federal States is the only home of the American man. He is saved from the influences of the tradition and prejudice attached to wit and humor. With him it is indulged in as a happy attachment to his eminent dignity and rare accomplishments.

The audience of to-day grows native in the first hour, and is better pleased with forty-five minutes than with a somewhat longer speech, than with any of the regular speeches. The audience of a day or two ago was native to an hour and a half.

The speech is a character of his career, and if we read the whole of his arguments and humor to the wit and humor of his career, it might be said that he has made his audience.

"Americans are crazy about wit and humor. The speeches of Mr. Blakely go from his hands most often and find others who will tell his story. When the man has only humor he has no place in the world, who serious questions are before the audience."

No matter how much an audience is-how much humor the speaker is capable of being understood by our transatlantic cousins.

There is a peculiarity about American humor in conversation which differs entirely from the foreigner who meets with in the Old World. The current good things at a London opera are largely the sharp witticisms of reserved personal statesmen in Parliament, or by members in public life or literature, and which are repeated over and over again.

While with us the constant exaggeration of common and current errors, the peculiarities of our public life or our friends, the scandalous remarks, the popular themes, furnish an exhaustless entertainment.

Any man who possesses humor can see the fun there is in everything, and has an eye for the ludicrous, easily

But it is a wave of care, as it sweeps through sections, everyone endeavors something, in life, has a good digestion, and, adding to the memory of nations, is a present beneficiary of his time.

The struggle of the last competition is so fierce the enlightenment so in the new relations of race life or militant camps, or projecting purposes or hunters' nights, furnish an exhaustless entertainment.

men possess humor can see the fun there is in everything, and has an eye for the ludicrous, easily

But it is a wave of care, as it sweeps through sections, everyone endeavors something, in life, has a good digestion, and, adding to the memory of nations, is a present beneficiary of his time.

The struggle of the last competition is so fierce the enlightenment so in the new relations of race life or militant camps, or projecting purposes or hunters' nights, furnish an exhaustless entertainment.
The daily paper announces the death of George D. Blaky, at the residence of his relation, Capt. Sam Adams, of Bowling Green, Ky., on the 14th inst., at a very advanced age.

If honesty of purpose, if sincerity of conviction, if integrity in maintaining what he conceived to be right as God had given him to see the right, if passage of time to our esteem, and are worthy of perpetuating in remembrance, then happy is the man happy is that State, happy is that country of which George D. Blaky is the type. We do not elegize him, but in his life, standing as our father the elegizes us all.

Mr. Blaky commenced life with what in these times is an ample fortune. From his early manhood he took a lively interest in public affairs, devoting considerable attention not only to national and State politics, but also to country affairs. During the early part of his life he was a Democrat, but when slavery and its extension became the absorbing issue his antagonism to it was strongly evidenced. Early after the foundation of the anti-slavery party he became one of its leaders in Kentucky. Holding these views, it is a tribute no less to his manliness than to the sense and broad-hearted generosity of the good people of Logan, that he lived in contentment and peace, preserving the respect and good will of his neighbors through the many years of his long life.

In 1840 he was a member of the emancipation ticket for lieutenant-governor, Cassius M. Clay being the candidate for governor, and in that capacity he canvassed a large portion of the State. His possession of a large estate in slaves seems not to have biased his opinion in the slightest degree. There was an intense strong anti-slavery paper published at Newport, Ky., called "The New South." During the excitement following the "John Brown" raid in Virginia, a mob suppressed the paper and destroyed the press, etc.

Within a few days afterwards, mending to previous announcement, Cassius M. Clay and George D. Blaky addressed the people from the steps of "The Free South," maintaining their opinions even in the atmosphere of the recent mob.

He was at the head of the Kentucky delegation at the Chicago convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln, and was a member of the committee appointed to inform Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. It was then that he first formed Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance. Through his whole administration he had Mr. Lincoln's full confidence. He was in his company at the White House the day before the assassination. He served from Nov. 1862, until July 1865, successively as collector of internal revenue for the first, second and third districts. It was during this period that the writer learned to know him well, being for more than ten years in his office. In 1867 he was appointed one of three members of the "Board of Compensation for Slaves for Kentucky," a position of immense responsibility, as the board would have the awarding and disbursing of millions of dollars. The position was given him because of his well-known incorruptible character. The adoption of the 13th amendment operated to abolish the board, before any claims had been awarded. Mr. Blaky moved to Green Castle, Ind., where he lived for several years, but no place on earth was to him like his "old Kentucky home," to which several years ago he returned.

In 1862 the question was presented whether he should vote against his old life-long friend and co-laborer, Horace Greeley, or the republican party, whose cradle he had rocked. He spoke and wrote and worked for the old friend of former years, no less than for the ideas of which he regarded him as the representative, peace and reconciliation. His last public utterance was a tribute to General Grant at a public meeting at Bowling Green, called in honor of his memory.

The papers by Col. H. Blaky, of Louisville, entitled "Growing in Groups," which appeared in The Union, are excellently written and highly interesting. Col. Blaky is one of the bravest men in this section of the State, and is a graphic and entertaining writer. An article from his pen is always received eagerly read. It is sincerely to be regretted that he does not have more frequent attacks of CALCUTTA SCRIBENDS.

THE BAPTIST OF THE HOUR.

DR. W. H. WHITSITT.
PROFESSOR JAMES H. FQUA.

who now fills the chair of Mathematics in Bethel College, is known to be one of the most distinguished educators and accomplished scholars in this or any other State. He was born Sept. 27, 1837, in Logan County, Ky., and though brought up on the farm, was early given the advantages of literary training under some of the finest private instructors in the South.

He entered Bethel College in 1854 when he always stood at the head of his classes and from this celebrated institution he graduated with the highest honors in 1856, and was immediately made principal of the Preparatory Department of his Alma Mater, which place he filled for two years. He was then called to take charge of Breeder Institute, Olustee, Ky., where he remained for a term, when he was elected President of Literary College, Glasgow, Ky., and after being five years there he was called, in 1869, to the chair of Latin and Greek in Bethel College, holding his position, together with that of chairman of the faculty till 1887, when he was elected to the professorship of Mathematics. While holding all these onerous and responsible offices he has been one of the most prominent public men in this part of the State, taking a leading place in all educational work here and often in adjacent portions of Tennessee, and going, as a representative, to the various conventions that meet in every portion of Kentucky and in many of the leading cities of the South.

Wherever Prof. Fuqua is sent he commands admiration by his fine presence, his high social qualities, his cordial manner and readiness as a speaker. His great parliamentary ability makes him a splendid presiding officer, and his varied knowledge and general scholarship give him a popularity seldom enjoyed by our best public men. Prof. Fuqua is widely known and greatly beloved by all who know him, and notwithstanding his accomplishments as a scholar and great ability as a teacher, he greatly prefers the more retired walks of life to the arena of politics and excitement of public life to which his hosts of friends have so oft urged him.

As a writer for the press, as a debater, as presiding officer, as an educator, as a scholar of the most varied ability — because he is equally proficient in nearly every department of learning as one who loves and works for all that is noble and elevating in human life, Prof. James H. Fuqua has few equals in our State. When Capt. Ed Porter Thompson became the...
A Universal Language Experiment.

"Volapuk," the plan for a universal commercial language, originated about five years ago, by Herr Scheyer, of Switzerland, seems to have been greater favor than has been accorded other projects of the kind. This report that Volapuk is already spoken with facility by thousands of Europeans. Knowledge of it is being disseminated by means of pamphlets and pamphlets and pamphlets of the use of Hottentots and Chinese, besides all the European languages, even in the market or in course of preparation; and two reviews, one entirely in Volapuk and the other in English, were published in 1840 and are several times elected to the Legislature. In 1836 he emigrated to Texas and settled near Bonham. There, during the then ensuing ten years, he was several times elected to the State Senate. Upon the breaking out of the war—he was disgusted with the political leaders that brought it on—he retired to private life, in Harren county, as well as in his Texas home, he stood at the head of his party, the recognized leader of his party. In youth, as in after life, he was a close student. In manhood he was courteous and serene in all his intercourse with his fellow-man. Well may his name be enrolled in the long roll of Logan county's distinguished sons.

Clear Fork Association and Auburn College.

Mr. Footh: Under the above caption appeared in your last issue a remarkable article over the signature of "Veritas," remarkable for the animal composition of the name, and possessed of the same spirit as...
Fifty years ago, that is to say in the year 1840, a ten-year old boy left his country home to attend school in Rushville Academy. If he had been at school except in a log house with no glass windows, and when I saw Rushville Academy, a large three-story brick building with glass windows up stairs and down, I was filled with admiration. Rushville Academy was presided over by John H. Kopp, a magnificent gentleman of the old Virginia school, six feet tall, handsome and erect, with great dignity and most elegant manners, and possessing in this learning and manners in and out of school. He was a fine educated, being a graduate one of the Virginia schools. He possessed more skill in fact in controlling, inspiring and teaching young men and boys than any man I ever met. I believe that every one who ever went to his school will agree with me in this statement. He had no rule to govern the school, only requiring all the boys to possess his manners as gentlemen; he could make a little child look smaller and a mean thing look meaner than any man I ever heard talk. It was on Thursday morning just after the three days election that I first entered the Academy. There were sixty boys in school not one of whom I had ever met before. I felt a little lost among the boys gathered around me, and said to myself, that I impressed them with a luscious sense of my country gentleness and rustic verdancy. Several of them took me to the front door and in order to impress me with the whole somemanner that discipline was enforced in the Academy, they showed me a short time before that Mr. French had taken Pres Ewing to that door and kicked him into the street, a distance of about ten feet. They also showed me a large solid pillar standing a few feet from the door, which served as a support to the ceiling. He had a large dent or depression in it, which they told me was caused by Mr. French having caught a large boy as he attempted to escape out of the door, and jerked him back with such force that his head struck this pillar and caused the dent. I bellumed to all, and resolved that I would be a good boy in that school. Mr. French soon after entered the room with a magnificent bow, ordered the bell rung, and then called up Lev Howard and several other boys and asked them to explain why they had been absent from school the last three days. When they answered they had been attending the election Mr. French turned loose upon them the most ironical and sarcastic lecture. I had asked my father to let me attend the election and not start to school until the election was over, which he granted me the privilege of doing, and although I had not been in school before the election I regarded the letter as much intended for myself as it was for the transt large boys, while those nearer my age and size were Daniel, Will and David Morton, James and Paul Barber, Jacob Knowles, John Dick, Elisha Perry, Jim Hardy Beatt, Watt Max, Paul Warder, Will, Sam and Dick Pio deister, Will and Sam Duncan, Brice Grubbs, Will Harding, Thomas and Ex Stockfield, Ex. Norton, Dick, John and Frank Williams, Will and Sauer, Ras Pearson, Oney Perkins, Will, Alex and Minnie Hall, Willis Lag, Thad Vield, and Lurr and Wes Rhea. Boys never played base ball then, but confined themselves to "bullen," "cat," "hot-ball," "town-ball" and marbles; "hide-and-seek" also was a favorite game which we played near Becker's cave. We found in Becker's beautiful grove, or the bald side of where Judge Edwards now lives.

Mr. French used to impress the boys with the value of learning to be good readers, and every year when the people would meet in some church and listen to the speakers, and the Declaration of Independence was read, in the month of July, Mr. French would call our attention to the fine reading of Judge Edwards, and always tell us that he taught Judge Edwards to read. Mr. French himself was the best reader I ever saw. I remember the second reader class went up to recite one day, when the lesson happened to be "I am a Little Sailor Boy." When Mr. French took the book, stood upon his feet and read aloud to the class the whole lesson, his reading of it made me think it the grandest poem in our language and in Becker's space Mr. French spent much time in lecturing the school; he was not merely a hearer of lessons and a marker of grades, but he was an instructor, and did not confine his instruction to text books, but frequently alluded to historical events and made appropriate references, all of which he used to enrich his reading with a desire for knowledge and an ambition to be something in the world when they grew up to be men. He dwelt much on the beauty of polite- pellotness at home, on the playground and on the street. He frequently told us that we were forming characters at school that would follow us through life; that our schoolmates would never be surprised at any result we might attain in after life. I have observed this closely, and have found it to hold true in three cases those of Dave Morton, Ex. Norton and Alex Finley. For the most vivid imagination could not in those days have pictured the mischievous and fun-loving Dave Morton as ever developing into a D. B., or the slow moving Ex. Norton as ever becoming fast enough to make the second kick of world-wide renown, or that the ethereal Alex Finley should ever materialize into a savant, an aerial navigator and a Signal Service bureau.

C. H. BLAKEY.

Hon. Church H. Blakely is an announced in this issue as a candidate for the State Senate for this district, composed of Simpson, Logan and Todd.

Col. Blakley made an efficient, good Representative, ever watchful of the public interests and fearlessly maintaining the right. He is simply one of Nature's noblemen, decided in his convictions and firm in their advocacy. The people of this district, in honoring Church Blakely, will honor themselves.
The papers of Col. C. H. Blanky, of Auburn, entitled "Growing in Groups," which appeared in The Farmer, were excellently written and highly interesting. Col Blanky is one of the brightest men in this section of the State, and a graphic and entertaining writer. An article from his fluent pen is always well received and eagerly read. It is certain to be regretted that he does not have more frequent attacks ofロンChesett's Scherndi.

Growing in Groups—No. 2.

In my former article on this subject I wished to illustrate the fact that men of a certain character or type seem grouped together in neighborhoods like trees in a forest, with the result that the same line of political, religious, or personal influence is followed in these districts. In meeting these distinguished men who sprang from the Bibb's Chapel neighborhood, I was not then aware, but have become more and more convinced of the correctness of my theory, and I am now of the opinion that this fact is well characterized by the expressions of several of the present General Assembly to go home. Even here drinking saloons are upon every corner, to tempt the wayward feet of dry and thirsty Legislators; and two of hell's pet contrivances are in full blast, while nightly the battle of faro checks is heard from some to early morn.

I have been interested in a particular way by some bachelor farmers in Russellville to pick them out a pretty Blue Grass girl for a wife. Well, there is no picking necessary. You can find them here just like you can at Russellville, "chick as this part of the State can't beat us in anything except grass and fine stock.

Any Logan, a man who will take a trip from home, and observe and compare, will find that we lose nothing by the comparison, and will be proud of his county and the state he represents. There are many of his home and friends and proud of being a citizen of the proud old County.

THE COURT OF BERLIN.

King Frederick, of Prussia, gross and ill, when paying his charity roll, was met, as usual, outside his castle, by a group of enterprising farmers, men who took pride in the appearance of their farms and the products of their labor. They cultivated their little tobacco, but the grass was a most continuous content in the improvement of improved agricultural machinery and domestic animals of every description. To them the country was a tax to the introduction of the most advanced implements, mowers and chain-reapers, saws and scythes and imported oats, and for the organization and success of the first Logan county fair. They were not only the most of their intellectual culture and high-minded character, but they were leaders in every good work in the society, in church and in State. In their person lived such men as Dr. King, the Tullies, the Millers, Lake Ferguson, Capt. O. H. Hawkins, W. J. McClean, A. F. and N. Long, T. N. and Coleman Lyne, the Hardens and Mills, and all were fine talkers and were ever ready to go from their vast store of farm lore and experience, instruction for young farmers. It will never be forgotten how forty years ago, with one hand, he would sit at the feet of these agrarian chansonniers and imbibe lessons of practical wisdom from their lips.

CH. H. BLANKY,
Auburn, Ky., April 20, '91.

COUNTRY CEMETERIES.

Why They Should Lose Their Old Charac-
ter of Honor and Repepation.

In a single verse Wm. Webster has what described the old-fashioned country churchyard:

"The grave of a man of money stone
Frost Hung and broken, there
A lonesome tree thinly grown
With grasses and wandering vines."

Who has not seen these dreary, dismal places? The grass grows over the graves, the flowers bloom over the graves, few footfalls enter the walk. Through the broken gate a worm comes. It is dead. At noon the sun shines. It is dead. At night the dew falls. It is dead. Who wants to see the dead that lie at the foot of the graves? The grass grows, the flowers bloom, and the sun shines. The old-fashioned churchyard is a fine place. No reason why it should not be so. The feeling should continue. Flowers, shrubs and clean-kempt leaves are the beauty of the grave-yard, and it is not a thing of the past but the present.

The cemeteries, the churchyards, the grave-yards of the old country are always trimmed and beautified.

In fact the beauty of the grave-yard has always been in the mind of the people that here lies a long line of famous men, and the feeling has continued. Flowers, shrubs and clean-kempt leaves are the beauty of the grave-yard, and it is not a thing of the past but the present. Flowers, shrubs and clean-kempt leaves are the beauty of the grave-yard, and it is not a thing of the past but the present. Flowers, shrubs and clean-kempt leaves are the beauty of the grave-yard, and it is not a thing of the past but the present.

SHELD--AND WHY.

Albany, Ga., Y. P. Argue.

I loved her, and she vowed to me to love her forever and a day, and with as much of the spirit of music as the heart can feel.

And with a most capacious magazine.

For seven weeks I've been in her arms.

And with a most capacious magazine.

For seven weeks I've been in her arms.

And with a most capacious magazine.

For seven weeks I've been in her arms.

And with a most capacious magazine.
LOOKING BACKWARD.

An Old Man Looks Back with Hazy Eyes on His Boyhood Days and Sighs Because He Can Not Call Them Back Again.

To an old man whose race is well nigh run, and few of whose days remain in this life to hope for or to look forward to, looking backward is a pleasing pastime, going back to a period to which my memory extends. I have been told by men older than myself that prior to 1812, John J. Crittenden, who afterwards achieved the distinction of being known to some as a Government bucky, as United States Senator and as Attorney General in President Taylor's Cabinet, was a citizen of Russellville. At the outbreak of the war of 1812, Crittenden raised a volunteer company and joined the army under Gen. Harrison in the then Northwest Territory, and so gallantly did he bear himself that he was presented with a small brass fieldpiece, which he had captured from the enemy. The fieldpiece he brought home with him to Russellville and organized, and, for several years kept up an independent military company, known as "The Russellville Artillery." The company's fieldpiece often appeared on the streets on dress parade to celebrate our glorious Fourth of July and other proper occasions, and thus keep alive the military ardor of young men and excite the enthusiasm of the small boy. But their historic fieldpiece came to an untimely end, and, in this way, a few boys about town, whose patriotic zeal got the better of their artillery judgment, causing them under the cover of the night of July 3rd to haul the cannon up the hill above the old Methodist church and load it to the "muzzle preparatory to uttering in the glorious Fourth, which they did in unprecedented style, the tremendous reportawakening every man in the county and breaking every window glass in town, bursting and totally destroying the gun itself. The patriotic boys were not found out for many years, when it leaked out that Bill Orr and Bill Magner were the responsible parties, nor did Bill Orr's love of military glory forsake him with his boyish indiscretion, for General Worth led not a braver or more gallant soldier to the assault on Molino del Rey, Cherubasco and Chalatunco than William Orr, of Russellville, who, with W. O. Anderson and W. N. Crowder were the only veterans of the Mexican War living in Logan county who lived to be rewarded with pensions by the Government for conquering a vast empire and adding it to the domain of the United States.

When I first knew Russellville just fifty years ago, there was an open lot, just East of where the jail now stands, called at that time "Mauldin Hill." On this lot was an old neglected graveyard, where I was told had been buried the first settlers of the town. The Mauldings at one time, long before this period, were a noted family in the town and county. Mauldings Tavern a double log house being a very noted hostelry, and Wesley Maulding was the first sheriff of the county. This was present century, when it was a very common practice to use Latin words and phrases in all legal documents, as an illustration or the way in which Latin was made the figure in this way, M. B. Morton, St told me on one occasion Sheriff Mauldin having a warrant of arrest for some man in the country, Maulding persuaded the man into the swamp and believing the swamp impassable, he gave up the attempt to arrest him, and made this return on the warrant: "In Swampus Non Commotissimus."

Fifty years ago there was one feature about county court day that is never seen nowadays, that was the peddler's wagon and the auction of peddllers' goods and wares on the public square. All of our men well remember to have seen the peddler and his wagon drive up and halting near the old market house, begin playing on the accordion or some other musical instrument would soon attract a large crowd around the wagon and then begin to auction off wooden shoes, cotton hankies and various other articles. Among the most noted of these peddlers was Sam Cole, of Elkton, who made the rounds of all the adjoining counties. Mr. Cole was a very witty, humorous man, and was once elected to the Legislature from Todd county. Shortly after his election he made his appearance, as usual, at Russellville on county court day, some one in the crowd seeking to make fun of Cole, asked him in a loud voice if he was the man Todd county had sent to the Legislature, yes, said Cole, I am the man, and, he added, the difference between you and me is this, it took the vote of the whole county to send me to Frankfort, while the vote of twelve men will send you there some day.

C. H. BLAKEY.
Auburn, Ky.
A small girl walking over a cemetery with her mother and reading the epitaphs said innocently, "Mother, where do they bury the wicked people?"

Charles H. asked a waggish courtesan to suggest a suitable epitaph for the king. He at once replied:

"Here lies the body of my lord, Charles the King. Who never said a foolish word or did a sensible thing."

Charles replied that this was very just and proper, as his words were his own, but his acts were his ministers.

Epitaphs were often devised by the ancient Egyptians; they inserted an inscription of the deceased's worldly goods, the number of camels, goats and geese owned by him.

But small improvement has been made on the Egyptian epitaph, and Epitaphology is still in such a crude state as to debar it from being numbered among the fine arts.

Since sorrowing friends so often write epitaphs in such a haggard manner, let us not depend upon them to do us this service, but let us write our own epitaphs, write them in the lives we live, for Longfellow says:

"Lives of men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And depart leaving behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Footprints of gentle words and kind deeds, the record of which will remain when stored urn and marble shall have crumbled to dust.

C. H. BLAKEY, Auburn Ky. April 8, 1892.
A small girl walking over a cemetery with her mother and reading the epitaphs said innocently:

"Mother, where do they bury the wicked people?"

Charles H asked a wagish countryman to suggest a suitable epitaph for the king. He at once replied:

"Here lies the body of my lord, Charles the King."

Who ever said a foolish word or did a sensible thing?

Charles replied that this was very just and proper, as his words were his own, but his nets were his ministers.

Epitaphs were first used by the ancient Egyptians; they inserted an invoice of the deceased's worldly goods, the number of camels, goats and geese owned by him.

But small improvement has been made on the Egyptian epitaph, and epitaphology is still in such a crude state as to debar it from being numbered among the fine arts.

Since sorrowing friends so often write epitaphs in such a haggard manner, let us not depend upon them to do us this service, but let us write our own epitaphs, write them in the lives we live, for Longfellow says:

"Lives of great men all remind us
Of the form of the life we must lead,"...

Footprints of gentle words and kind deeds, the record of which will remain when storied urn and marble bust shall have crumbled into dust.

C. H. BLAKEY.

Auburn Ky., April 8, '92.

A man who lived all his life and lies still.

Where are the wicked buried?

"Sure the last end of the good man is peace—"begins his exit. Night falls not unto the grave, but to the ground. Nor weary, nor out winds expire so soft.

The last act of kindness our friends attempt to do for us is to write an epitaph, and this is frequently done in such an awkward, bungling manner as to make its kindness doubtful. I believe when a boy have seen a plain limestone slab on the farm of the late F. W. Lewis, standing at the head of a colored woman's grave, on which was engraved, "Sally Lewis, aged eighty odd years," and following this was the inscription, "Erected by the Russellville Tomb stone Society." I could not tell whether the stone was put up to do honor to Sally Lewis or to the Russellville Tomb stone Society. Such epitaphs are not only awkward but sometimes ludicrous.

A lady living in Louisville told me that she once saw in a neglected private cemetery in the outskirts of the city a plain marble head stone, on which was the name and date of death and birth of the deceased lady, and following this were the lines, "Reader, whatever thou art, I have been, who art thou? how dost thou pass by? Prepare to follow me!

Some way back, with a pencil added these lines:

"To follow you I cannot consent Unless I know which way you went." In East Tennessee there stands at the head of a woman's grave this inscription, after name, birth and death. "She lived a christian life and died of cholera-morbus, brought on by eating unripe fruit. Go thou and do likewise."

In London the headstone over the grave of Mrs. Grey reads as follows:

"Erected by Mrs. Lucy Grew, who would not could not buy, had two bad legs. And a churchyard cough, but it was her legs that took her off."

A noted liar named Smith asked a friend to suggest a suitable epitaph. The friend replied:

"Here lies John Smith, he never did anything else."

The husband of a scolding wife wrote this epitaph for her:

"Here lies poor Nell—let her lie. She finds reproof at last and so do I."

When Capt. James Allison was shown the grave of a man of doubtful veracity, he said:

Well, here lies the truth; for it never came out of him."
From the State Capital.

Correspondence of the Daily Whig and Herald.

FRANKFORD, N. Y., April 22, 1873.

The members of the present General Assembly will play the part of Solomon, "positively for two months," this Session. The general appropriation bill passed and a few members with the Speakers of each House remain to allow the enrolling clerks time to work up the bills that have been passed in the last few days. The highways are already gone and the elections remaining have a rest, uneasy look which indicates the anxiety they feel to be on the road home. Four thousand copies of the Revised Statutes are ordered to be printed in one volume for House and Senate officers and ready for distribution the 1st of September.

They go into session the 1st of December next. The new school law allows but one Trustee for each District, to be elected 1st Saturday in July, of each year, and gives a majority of the voters of the political District the power to vote an additional tax of 25 cents on the one hundred dollars worth of property in the District for school purposes.

Sheriffs are required under the Revised Statutes, or rather, "General Statutes" as they are called, to cause bills in April. They are also required to make a statement under oath the 1st of October, and every sixty days thereafter, showing the amounts of taxes actually collected by them, and pay the same into the Treasury. In Logan County the House of Representatives increasing its jurisdiction of Magistrates in Logan county to one hundred dollars. I do not know what action, if any, has been taken upon it in the Senate. It is almost impossible to get anything done,-at least for a change.

Talbot's bill concerning the charitable Institutions of this State has become a law and the House of Reform will be the 3d Lunatic Asylum.

Scores of bills still remain in Committee's hands unsnatched upon, and will go where the wind drives them.

The present Legislature will, before it adjourns, reach the readers of the Herald only in history. In politics it is known that the people, who have been familiar with similar bodies for years, is, that for average ability and moral worth it is equal to say, and superior to many of its predecessors; while in work capacity it stands without a peer. If a true history of its career were written by a辨别 person, it would reveal the fact, that it contains quite a number of true gentleman, men of worth and ability of honorable, upright department, who have driven with an honest purpose and a steady will to promote the best interests of the State; while other members have been equally busy; yet another group, under the impression, but not inattentive to the general indifference, which except upon the per diem question another class seemed too much intent upon fun and frolic and having a good time generally, including indulgence in habits of at least questionable reputation. The record of "many men of many minds" illustrates it.

The Herald has always been a welcome visit when at home, but as so fully appreciated, one must be away with a new sight of anything in the way of news. Let it be the Daily Whig and Herald—then we grasp it as we would the hand of a long absent friend. With the present issue, our labor as correspondent ceases. Then there is no longer anything of interest about the Capital. The members of the Legislature are probably preparing to go home, where, at least, one face will brighten at their coming. But the hotels and drinking saloons, in this city, mourn their departure and refuse to be comforted because they are not.

And now in taking leave of the readers of the Herald, a feeling of sadness steals over me, which is quickly dispelled by the thought that he once had religion, and said he, "I'll have compassion on the murderer, the thief, the liar, and the adulterer, and will not cast them out, because I came to save the lost, and not to destroy them." But it is the spirit of the Lord bearing witness with his spirit, that he was born of God. But in an evil day, they fell away from God. Then, by his grace and mercy, he was made "whipcord of his faith"—turned his back upon the Church, and joined his idols. It is to be hoped, however, that he did not "cast out" himself.

May God grant that we may live always in speaking of religion, with authority, and his meek and lowly followers. He spoke in tones of the highest reverence and authority, and we must do the same. The cheering of his presence and influence, we do not like to say, but for "Reigning Imperator," while

comparatively of the most eminent;

verses of the poem containing the sovereigns of England's beginning.

"First Henry, who emigrated, then William third, and Henry, then Richard and John, of the House, the thief of their name."

And thus Edwards, in a following page.

Poor Richard the Second got into a row With Thomas the Fourth, and Henry the Fourth, you'll allow.

Was right to supplant him and seize the crown Since nothing succeeds on a throne like success.

Next Henry the Fifth in the line of succession Made a gliding and ruling romance.

But Henry the Sixth, plow founder of a crown Gave proof to the world that a head full of brains was another thing.

Not worth bear as much for preserving As a band that is steady when quartered. After him the Fourth Edward, whose is the story. Made glorious summer. (Look out for the Fourth!)

But his son, though called Edward the second, was not such a apo. (This aptness matches your rhyme, "son"); Never shown as a ruler, for Richard the Third had him killed and appeared, disguised as Richard the Third (the fitch) for it, But the horse was on Richard, for he was.

At the close of the act. the result of the game was that Henry the Seventh was crowned.

Then his son, the Eighth Henry the second, named Tudor! Ruled England, the Church and a harvest. Next Edward the Sixth, Bloody Mary.

For all noble of women, hem-cock of the world. For those who were not, or who were, James the First followed Bess, with his nay Scots talk, And Charles of Oliver's, Just the Purtu brass grumbled.

So Charles was branded, and England was Cromwellized. A Second conference came with the great Restoration to take in Holland and debauch half the nation.

Attended by James the Second performance was such. As that the Dutch would not tolerate, to say Dutch.

Innompation named William this wife was Mary. Was crowned and then, of course, part. This great ruler, though sorry, was thrown from his horse by a Jacobite bullet, and had to face King Anne to stand up the heel.

Till last to love the Georges, of whom there were four. Brought into the realm through a German jump.

The Georges of the Georges, of gentlemen's
time was in self-invented, Red, cheated and cursed.

Then with William the Fourth. Just a reverse the scene

Shower William the God save the Queen.

This may not be the poem you are looking for, but we can recommend it as equal to any other. The language is not, and does not stand for "Royal Yankees,

This is the 8th song in the 8th volume of this collection.
ANECDOTES OF RUSSELLVILLE

Hon. C. H. Blakey Tells of Funny Things That Happened Many Years Ago.

“A Little Nonsense Now And Then Is Relished by The Best Of Men.”

INTERESTING STORIES.

Some one has said: “A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.”

As a certain lady whose wish is law to me objects to my writing about things that occurred half a century ago because, she says, it makes me appear too old, I shall drop off a decade or two in this article. My first anecdote, though neither just nor complimentary to Russellville, yet serves to illustrate the eccentricity of one of her most eccentric citizens, Major Stewart.

Mr. E. H. Finley, for a long time Postmaster at Russellville, and always a zealous Methodist and staunch Democrat, was going up to the old Methodist church to hear a Bishop preach on a week day. As he neared the church he met Major Stewart and made some jocular remark to the Major about his always going by the wrong way. During the soliloquy which followed, Mr. Finley quoted the passage in reference to the devil having taken Christ upon an exceeding high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, saying: “All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” Major Stewart said: “Stop there, Howard, you have made a mistake there, for the devil would certainly have reserved Russellville for himself.”

William Norton, Sr., father of the Norton family, nearly all of whom became millionaires and distinguished philanthropists, kept a hardware and salt store on Main street. Salt was scarce and high, it all having to be hauled from the Yellow Banks near Owensboro on wagons, a distance of eighty miles. Mr. Norton taught his sons business habits by taking them in the store as soon as they were large enough to reach the top of the counter. One day the old man stepped out, leaving his son in charge of the store. He had been told that the price of salt was nine shillings six pence per bushel, so when a farmer stopped his wagon in front of the store and went in to buy a load of salt and asked the little boy the price of salt, he was amazed at the prompt answer: “Nine shillings, six pence a pound, sir.” The farmer threw a quarter on the counter, saying: “Give me a lick, if you please.”

Dr. John B. Peyton was the most elegant and accomplished gentleman of his day in Russellville. The doctor and his friend, Prof. Wm. Wines, principal of the Russellville Academy, went squirrel hunting one Saturday. Wines was always a hearty eater but the more than usual exercise that morning had whetted his appetite to a keen edge, so when he heard old Mr. Larman’s dinner horn blown by he at once proposed to Dr. Peyton that they go to the house and get a good dinner, as he felt sure they would be welcomed by his friend, Mr. Larman, several of whose sons were in his school. Mr. Larman was a well to do farmer but an eccentric hard-shell Baptist. When dinner was ready Wines did fall in to the viands of the first course and when a negro waiter placed a plate of fritters on the table in reach of Prof. Wines he lifted his fork in an attitude to transfer a portion of them to his own plate when the host reached out his hand and seized the professor’s arm, saying: “Stop! Stop! Have your plate changed and eat like white folks.” Dr. Peyton enjoyed telling this on Prof. Wines as long as he lived.

W. W. Sale was Commonwealth’s Attorney, G. Washington Breedlove County Attorney for Logan county. They were both handsome young men, seeking to rise in the world. Being in the neighborhood of Woodburn in Warren county they were invited to dine at the house of a wealthy farmer, Mr. Skiles. They accepted the invitation, and Sale told Mr. Breedlove: “Now, George, the Misses Skiles are very aristocratic young ladies and we want to put on as much style as possible, so I shall give you a lesson in table etiquette. If there are pies on the table you must call them tarts, if there is a chicken on the table the proper thing will be for you to call it fowl.” Breedlove promised to comply. When ushered into the spacious dining hall they found a large and tempting dish of chicken pie gracing the table. Now, chicken pie was a weakness of Breedlove, so when passing his plate up to be filled he said, “I will thank you, Mr. Skiles, for a slice of the fowl tart.”

C. H. Blakey,
Auburn, Ky., March 9th, 1892.
General Albert Sydney Johnston is quoted as having said that a person's profession a man's merit is measured by his success; my observation leads me to say that a man's success is measured by his common sense.

Three of the wealthiest men in east Logan are all men of good common sense, but limited education, while the three best educated men in east Logan are all in straightened circumstances financially.

I met an old gentleman a few days ago who lives in a distant county in this State. I asked him if he knew Dr. C. of his county, a whilom friend and acquaintance of mine. "Oh, yes," said the old man, "I know him from his childhood up. He was the only son of wealthy parents who gave him a liberal education and left him a fine estate, but the Doster's coal has left it and a neighbor of his who can neither read nor write owns it—all—a fine farm a few miles from town and a palatial mansion in town."

This reminded me of a very similar case of a family in Logan county. At the beginning of the present century there lived in South Logan, a man owning a fine Red River farm and mill and many slaves. He had an only son to whom he gave a liberal education and left all his property. This son, whom I will call Colonel, for that was his title, married three times, each wife bringing with her a fine fortune. The Colonel thus fell heir to four large fortunes, but he lost it all and the house, which he built and all passed into the hands of an unlettered blacksmith in the neighborhood who possesses a large share of common sense.

The finely educated Colonel died a bankrupt while the common sense blacksmith lived and died the wealthiest man in Logan county.

I remember two school-mates I had in the old Russellville Academy forty years ago. One of them was the son of a wealthy and prominent citizen, the other was an apprentice to a tailor in town; the wealthy young man, after going through the regular course at the Academy, went off to Harvard or Yale, while the poor apprentice boy, after going for three months' term at the Academy, went to work in the tailor's shop. The college bred boy with the wealth and prestige of his father to aid him is now a bankrupt, while the apprentice boy unaided save by his good common sense is at this day the wealthiest man in Logan county.

The most inefficient representative I met during four sessions of the Kentucky Legislature was a graduate of Yale College.

If our colleges could confer the degree of common sense on their graduates instead of A. B. it would be a great improvement. On the army of educated dudes they annually turn loose on the land who most of the most part make mere dunces in the great bee-hive of humanity, playing the role of "poor but proud." But as the colleges fail to give common sense and sincerity seems so requisite to success you may ask how it can be obtained? Dr. Holmes recently celebrated his 70th anniversary of his natal day, said if a man were to ask him for a prescription for longevity he would have to go back to his grandfather to begin. The paternal ancestors give physical qualities, the maternal confers mental.

If a boy or girl has a substratum of common sense as a foundation to build upon you may educate them with impunity, provided it is done at a college in this latitude and longitude. Eastern and Northern schools being hot beds of fanatism, political, social and religious.

It has been said that to educate a negro spoils a good field hand, and I doubt not full many a good field hand has been spoiled by sending some boys to college.

In the language of Rev. Dr. W. W. Gardner in closing his sermon at the Baptist church in Russellville forty years ago, "we learn from this that parents make mistakes in sending children to college who have not the capacity to be benefited by a collegiate education. Or that college professors make a fatal blunder in the work of teaching," and young men may learn that if they wish their offspring to be endowed with common sense they must be careful to so marry that their maternal ancestors had it before them.
It is clear up for one, madam, but not enough for two.

"The high-browed" suggests one incident in the life of the elder Adams. Having grown corpulent in his old age, and divestiture, his physician advised him to ride on horseback.

He consented to do so. Accordingly, a large, lofty trotter was led to the door and the venerable ex-presidential mounted. He rode down the avenue to the street at a smart trot, then wheeled and returned. Being asked if he did not intend to ride any further, he replied:

"No! I would as soon ride Mount Aarat in an earthquake."

Didences indulged in a "tart irony" when, observing over the door of a schoolroom this inscription: "Let no deceiver enter here," he quietly asked, "How does the teacher go in?"

Almost all of Dr. Johnson's witicism comes under the head of "presumptuous bluntness."

One of his rough repartees has been put in rhyme by Peter Pindar:

"In Lincolnshire a lady showed our friend,
A gadget that she wished him to commend.
Quoth she, "How cool in summer this abode.
I see no dam," answered Johnson, "for a tood."

For a "startling metaphor" take Syd­

ner Smith's: when he saw a little tome, he saw a little sail, and struck down and stowed the shell of a turtle.

"Why are you doing that, Belle?" he asked.

"To please the turtle."

"My child, you must not well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter."

I will give one instance of the ever

"startling metaphor" taken by Peter Pindar:

"My lord," retorted the doctor,
"This is the end of every definition, you may not be

permitted to be outdone by

a person, his lordship said: "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell."

On which Harrow turned on his heel and said: "And there, my lord, I leave you."

True wit combined with reproof.

I hope, in reading a brief illustration of a long definition, you may notice the re

minded of Douglas Jerrold's retort to the would-be wit, who, having fired off all his staid jokes with no effect, ex­claimed:

"Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing?"

"Don't I?" said Jerrold. "Only try me with one!"—Home Journal.

The other remainder of advice to St. Pa­

rick days is a letter from a Vice President of the United States written, however, shortly after he had retired from office. This was Col. Richard M. Johnson, who was Vice President under the Jackson Administration from 1831 to 1833. This letter has never before been published and is in the possession of Mr. Warren C. Crane, of New York. It is as fol­lows:

"House of Representatives, Frankfort,
Ky., Feb. 20, 1842—Sir: I have received your suggestion to join in the celebration of the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland on the 17th of March ensuing, with the friends of Ireland in Washington City.

I am very happy to find that abundant absent I am not forgotten by you and the kind friends whom you represent. I have discharged my public duties at the City of Washington, and during the short time of remaining it is my duty to return constant proof of the friendship of its citizens.

Of the seclusions of the many occasions upon which I have enjoyed the festive board and hospitality with you and those for whom you act, has increased my anxiety to meet your social summons, if compatible with my duty to my native state and to my own private concerns.

This invitation from the Irish popula­tion and their friends reminds me of the noble bearing of this peculiar race of men; no dangers can appal them, no suffering can subdue their abiding spirit, no matter how they call the calls of their country; brave in battle, they are always ready to pour out their blood like water upon the battlefield to defend the honor and rights of their na­tion; ever faithful to the calls of friend­ship and ever attentive to the cries of the widow and the orphan.

To associate with a portion of such a people at Washington would always give me satisfaction and delight. When surrounding the festive board, please take a proper opportunity to convey to our ever­friendly my sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgments to them all, individually and collectively, for it an invitation, and, as I am not able to join them, con­vey to them my ardent desire for their happiness and prosperity, and to wish them, with the festive board, harmony, happiness and enjoyment, such as I have often witnessed on similar occasions at the same place.

"Permit me to conclude this letter with the following sentiment: The patriotic association of Irishmen and their friends assembled the 17th March, 1852, at the city of Washington, to celebrate the anniversary of St. Patrick, true to equal laws and equal rights, and the freedom of speech, to the freedom of the press, to the free exercise of worship, and to enjoy the blessings of these principles and to teach them to the rising generation, that they may forever flourish in youthful vigor.

With this sincere expression of respect to your friends and fellow-citizens.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON,
Chairman Com. of Invitations.

(The Illustrated American)
It has cleared up enough for one, madam, but not enough for two.

The "laconic hyperbole" suggests one incident in the life of the elder Adam. Having grown corpulent in his old age, and in a reverse to exercise his physical vigor, he advised him to ride on horseback.

He consented to do so. Accordingly, a large, lofty trotter was led to the door and the venerable ex-see-peer mounted.

He rode down the avenue to the street at a smart trot, then wheeled and returned. Being asked if he did not intend to ride any further, he replied:

"No! I would as soon ride Mount Ararat in an earthquake."

Dignoses indulged in a "tart irony" when, observing over the door of the schoolroom, this inscription. "Let no deceiver enter here," he quietly asked. "How does the teacher go in?"

Almost all of Dr. Johnson's witicism comes under the head of "presumptive bluntness."

One of his rough repartees has been put in rhyme by Peter Pindar:

In Lincolnshire a lady showed our friend A guito that she wished him to commend. Quoth she, "How cool in summer this abode.

"This madam," answered Johnson, "for a tond."

For a "startling metaphor" take Sydney Smith's: when he saw a little showman stoop down and stroke the shell of a turtle.

"Why are you doing that, Belle?" he asked.

"To please the turtle."

"My child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter."

I will give one instance of the ever-ready wit of Dr. Barrow himself. Meeting the earl of Rochester one day the witty peer exclaimed: "My lord, I am yours to the shoote."

To which the clergyman replied: "My lord, I am yours to the ground."

"My lord," retorted the doctor, "I am yours to the antipodes."

Destined to be outdone by a parson, his lordship said: "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell."

On which Barrow turned on his heel and added: "And there, my lord, I leave you."

True wit combined with reproof.

I hope, in reading a brief illustration, you are not able to join them, Dr. Johnson has in a speech, deadly to me.

"Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing?"

"Don't I," said Jerrold. "Only try me with one!"—Home Journal.

The other reminder of gradation St. Patrick says is a letter from a Vice President of the United States written, however, shortly after he had retired from office. This was Col. Richard M. Johnson, who was addressed as "sir" in a note to Mr. Warren's Administration from 1837 to 1841. This letter has never before been published and is in the possession of Mr. Warren C. Crane, of New York. It is, in full, as follows:

"House of Representatives, Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 25, 1842—Sir: I have received your invitation to join in the celebration of the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland on the 17th of March ensuing, or the friends of Ireland in Washington City. I am very happy to find that although absent I am not forgotten by you and your kind friends where you reside. I here discharge my public duties at the City of Washington, and during the whole of the retired constant proof of the friendship of its citizens.

"The invitations of the many occasions upon which I have enjoyed the festvive board and hospitality with you and those for whom you act, has increased my anxiety to meet your social summons, if compatible with my duty to my native state and to my own private concerns."

"This invitation from the Irish population and their friends reminds me of the noble bearing of this peculiar race of men; no dangers can appal him, no suffering can subdue him, while in his youth he had a mind to rise to every call of their country; brave in battle, they are always ready to pour out their blood like water upon the battlefield to defend the honor and rights of their nation; ever faithful to the calls of friendship and ever attentive to the cries of the widow and the orphan.

"To associate with a portion of such a people at Washington would always give me satisfaction and delight. When surrounded by the festive board, please take a proper opportunity to convey to your friends my sincere thanks and heartfelt acknowledgments to them all, individually and collectively, for in this invitation, and in all those who have invited to this meeting, I see the ardent desire for their happiness and prosperity, and to wish them, to the people at large, my best wishes, and to the citizens of Washington and the district, may they be forever enriched in youthful vigor. With the highest regard, respect, your friend and fellow-citizen,"

"RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

"Chairman Com. of Invitations."

"The Illustrated American.

"To Associate with a portion of such a people at Washington would always give me satisfaction and delight. When surrounded by the festive board, please take a proper opportunity to convey to your friends my sincere thanks and heartfelt acknowledgments to them all, individually and collectively, for in this invitation, and in all those who have invited to this meeting, I see the ardent desire for their happiness and prosperity, and to wish them, to the people at large, my best wishes, and to the citizens of Washington and the district, may they be forever enriched in youthful vigor. With the highest regard, respect, your friend and fellow-citizen,"

"RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

"Chairman Com. of Invitations."

"The Illustrated American.

"To Associate with a portion of such a people at Washington would always give me satisfaction and delight. When surrounded by the festive board, please take a proper opportunity to convey to your friends my sincere thanks and heartfelt acknowledgments to them all, individually and collectively, for in this invitation, and in all those who have invited to this meeting, I see the ardent desire for their happiness and prosperity, and to wish them, to the people at large, my best wishes, and to the citizens of Washington and the district, may they be forever enriched in youthful vigor. With the highest regard, respect, your friend and fellow-citizen,"

"RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

"Chairman Com. of Invitations."

"The Illustrated American."
will be sufficient to establish this proposition: Andrew Caldwell, Hugh Barley and Wilson Ryan were practical farmers; James M. Beall and Thomas Becker were tailors; William First, the wealthiest man in the county, and Capt. James B. Burgess were cabinet makers; Thomas Grubbs was a brick mason; William Owses, W. Martin, Edward Hanger and John Barnes had blacksmith shops; Samuel and John Poinder had a carriage shop; Cornelius Swain was a stone mason; Samuel Matthews and Joseph Blair were gunsmiths; Major Stowe and Hiram Linebaugh were watchmakers; George S. Vick and S. R. Mason waresaddlers. All of these men and their families stood as high as any in the community and were regarded as good as the best. There is no doubt whether the mechanics in any town in Kentucky ever stood as high as did these men in Russellville in their day.

There were no livery stables. A few who were able kept a saddle horse and those who had no horse borrowed from those who had to meet them. The mails were brought in three times a week in a two-horse hack, driven alternately by John Hancock and Mr. Caull.

Col. Thomas Grubbs kept the upper post office and Augustine Byrom the lower tavern. There were two churches in town, the Baptist and the Methodist. Dr. Samuel Baker was pastor of one and Dr. James F. Smith of the other. The congregation was large. Everybody来 up and sang. Everybody knew every one and was greeted with a friendly smile and wave. The forests had a habit of being so quiet and remote that it was impossible to hear any disturbance. The house was in a strange place in Russellville.

But few of the citizens I knew then, when I was a boy a half century ago, are left here now. Among them I have pleasant recollections of Judge Edwards and wife; Judge Harrison and wife; Hiram Linebaugh and wife; Cap. Harper and wife; Joshua Knowles and wife; Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Rhea, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Long, Dr. Byrne and wife; Dr. Bibb and wife; Col. Jeffries, Dr. Keene, Tom Nutz, Alex Finley, Press Gray, Alfred Perry, Rod Perry, and Spencer Hendrick.

These are all that I can recall who are there now of all the one thousand and more that I knew then a half century ago. Right here I ought to apologize to Col. Jeffries and Dr. Bibb for placing them on the list of old citizens for I know that their hearts are so young and fresh that they hardly recognize they are connecting links between this and the past generations. They best belong to that long class of men of whom it has been said they may die, but they never die as the old.

There was one feature about Russellville in the olden time worthy of remark and that was the prominent position, social, financial and moral, occupied by the mechanics of the town. Merely to name a few of these.

Old Ladies Who Shot and Jumped High, Crackin' Their Reels.

MECHANICS AND OTHERS.

For The Russellville Ledger.

Old people are prone to indulge comparisons between old men and things of the present and those of the past, always giving the preference to those of the past.

The skies were bluer, the stars were brighter, the grass was greener, the birds sang sweeter and girls looked prettier when they were young than they do now. I have not yet reached that age for I frequently see girls who are as pretty as their mothers were fifty years ago. It would be manifestly improper in me to attempt a comparison between Russellville of fifty years ago and Russellville of today from the fact that at that time I knew every man, woman and child in Russellville, but from deaths and removals of nearly all of the older citizens and the growing up of a new generation of young people and the influx of strangers, the population has become so changed that it was not for the court house and a few other old landmarks I would feel like a stranger in a strange place in Russellville.

But few of the citizens I knew then, when I was a boy a half century ago, are left here now. Among them I have pleasant recollections of Judge Edwards and wife; Judge Harrison and wife; Hiram Linebaugh and wife, Cap. Harper and wife; Joshua Knowles and wife; Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Rhea, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Long, Dr. Byrne and wife; Dr. Bibb and wife; Col. Jeffries, Dr. Keene, Tom Nutz, Alex Finley, Press Gray, Alfred Perry, Rod Perry, and Spencer Hendrick.

These are all that I can recall who are there now of all the one thousand and more that I knew then a half century ago. Right here I ought to apologize to Col. Jeffries and Dr. Bibb for placing them on the list of old citizens for I know that their hearts are so young and fresh that they hardly recognize they are connecting links between this and the past generations. They best belong to that long class of men of whom it has been said they may die, but they never die as the old.

There was one feature about Russellville in the olden time worthy of remark and that was the prominent position, social, financial and moral, occupied by the mechanics of the town.

There was one newspaper, the Russellville Herald and Advertiser, edited and published by A. G. Rice and Wiley Green Powell. There were no banks. Every man made a living by the sweat of his brow in the shops or in the factories.

There were a number of small manufacturing establishments in and about town. Hemp factories, rope walks, a powder mill on the old Morton farm, a cotton gin on the old Ours place and a wool carding mill.

There were two good schools. A female school, taught by Dr. Keene, and a male school, the Russellville Academy, presided over by John P. French, the best teacher I ever knew. Of the one hundred six boys who attended the Academy under Mr. French I know of but five now living in Russellville, Dr. Bibb, Red Perry, Joshua Knowles, Alex Finley and Ollie Oates.

Across the street opposite the Academy was Capt. Burgess oil mill for the manufacture of linseed oil and oil cakes, presided over by Span Mooney, a model mechanic and head of the town.

The Constitution divides the cities and towns of the State into six classes, as follows:

1st class—Louisville.
2nd class—Covington, Newport, Lexington.
3rd class—Paducah, Owensboro, Henderson, Frankfort, Bowling Green.
4th class—Hopkinsville, Mayfield, Richmond, Winchester, Dayton, Park, Clark, Danville, Mrs. Sterling, Midway, Georgetown, Versailles, Harrodsburg, Belluray, Corydon, Marswell, Lebanon, Nicholasville, Shelbyville.

All other towns in the State belong to cities of the sixth class.
A Great Benefactor—Good for Both Rich and Poor.

Hear what a learned physician says about indigestion, the great American malady. He believes it is more than a malady; it is an enemy to the health and happiness of not only ourselves, but affects the whole family—sometimes our neighbors and the world about us. In many households the table is the common meeting-place, meal-time the only time which affords an interchange of thought, and if it is true that cheerful conversation, mirth, a hearty laugh are as beneficial to a man or woman physically or mentally over-worked as the rarest delicacy, or more so than a choice dessert, why not cultivate the art or dwell upon this theme? It is a race against the dawn, a competition between the brightest and clearest of all. Even the dressing room does not demand so much study to make conversation a success.

Refraint says the doctor, from beginning the morning meal with any account of railroad disasters, deaths, bank forgeries and failures. Do not discuss funerals, illness, surgical operations. This is very common in many families, because it is a subject that is general. It is so frequent that the morning paper is frequently read before breakfast and they must tell the news. Whereas, if they had not read the news, and dispensed it at the table, they could not have had a shock, or had a gloom thrown over them which took their appetites. I have seen the plates pushed aside, coffee untasted, because of the mention of the death of a loved schoolmate's or friend's death. It came as a shock, unfitting the person to battle with the duties of the day. If they had not known of it until they had eaten a hearty breakfast, the whole meal of coffee and toast would have been better prepared; and then health must suffer in consequence.

If you would be happy in your home, be it a palace or a cot, avoid disagreeable, aggressive subjects, and do not discuss things that will not admit of being talked over good-naturedly, especially at the meals. I have seen people get so excited and angry discussing creeds that the most superb dinner was lost upon them and left untasted. Three times a day to meet nervous, overworked, tired, critical people, think you that it does not take its toll upon the mind, but how to be bright and cheerful? It is now and then the happy fortune of a human being to be so richly endowed with all those qualities which conducive to the joy and even the welfare of the world, so much affected by atmospheric changes—does not touch their sunshine day, to live with such a person is a beneficence. Cheerfulness in table conversation can be cultivated, and if one makes up their mind to not speak of an ache or pain, their bad night's rest, the cloudy morning, and instead, determine to say something cheerful and look pleasant, it will act like a ray of sunshine had crept into the dark morning. By and by, if you practice this habit of saying pleasant things, it will become second nature, and all the time you are not only taking the best medicine for yourself, but are giving a tone to the others that is more stimulating than champaign.

How many, many meals are spoiled after a careful cook has prepared them for members of the family, by a careless, harsh reproach. I have seen a delicate wife push her plate aside with a repulsed sob because of a harsh word from the husband she loved; and sometimes the wife speaks, cross, or scolds the children, all forgetting the bountiful meal so daintily prepared for them. If we would only commence the day aright—begin at breakfast—we are prepared then to battle with our difficulties. No one knows what the day may bring forth to our loved ones who go from us.

Have you ever had a guest to drop in and take a meal with you, who lifted all the cobwebs of distrust, and shed harmony all about, making the world look brighter? You recognize and feel their presence the moment they cross your path.

Some lady asked Sydney Smith to recommend a remedy for low spirits. He said: "Always have a cheerful, bright fire, a kettle simmering on the stove, and a paper of sugar-plums on the mantel-piece." You see, he had an idea that eating and cheerful-ness go together. The charm of woman's conversation has been immortalized by many a wit and memoir writer. Some philosophers who have weighed the important subject have decided that it is more fascinating than beauty; this power of attractive conversation. Why not, then, give this accomplishment and power of intelligent, intellectual to the elevation and delightful of the home people, not save up all your brightest sayings for the stranger? Suppose you all try this dear old doctor's recipe for dyspepsia and indigestion. If you have abundance of vexations, do not commence the morning meal by relating them; make it a rule that every thing shall be pleasant this one period of the day in spite of fate. If you have never given the subject of table-talk a thought, begin at once to practice it. There are some homes where table-talk seems to be the delight of the family. Three times a day they drink at the Ponce de Leon fountain of youth.—Selected.

A Bright Hints.

Up in Woodford county they are having an exceedingly interesting race for county officers, and at Versailles the other day the various candidates took the stump to advocate their claims. Col. Tobias Gibson, candidate for county attorney, dilated on his war record and made an appeal for the "soldier vote." When Col. O. Davie, his opponent, came to reply, he made one of the brightest hits it has been our good fortune to read, turned the war racket into ridicule, and elicited applause loud and long. He spoke in this fashion:

"I was born on the 16th day of Feb., 1862, the day Fort Donelson surrendered and just as the echoes of the guns were dying out along the Mississippi, the whistle was run. I saw that my services were needed and I immediately leaped into arms. I joined the infantry, and with the rebel yell on my lips attacked the rebel works. I enlisted for three years and ten, or until the rebellion was put down. The second summer of my campaign was trying, but I grit—my teeth (the few I had) and I remained it out this long if it took a summer. Gen. Grant afterward heard of this remark and appropriated it. Though I was just as hard by the foot, yet I never surrendered, but re-energized by vigor and turpentine I came off victorious and lived to enjoy the battles fought and victories won. Col. Gibson appeals to those who wore the gray to wear by him, but I make such partisan appeal. It matters not to me whether you were the blue or the gray, but to every comrade who wore a cap it an appeal to stand by me."

Will Davis is well known in Stel­byville and some will enjoy his bright repartee more than his friends have. If his speech don't elect him, then the people of Woodford have no appreciation of humor.

Tributes of Respect.

Whereas: John R. Wilson, a Master Mason, and a member of Auburn Lodge, No. 374, has been called from labor in early LODges to an eternal rest in the Grand Lodge above—therefore.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Wilson this Lodge has lost a valued member and officer, this community a good citizen, the Church a consistent member and his family a devoted has band and father. In all the relations of life he acted well his part. Purity of purpose, uprightness of conduct, and a genuine manly manner, were marked features of his character. Apreciated most by those who knew him best he lived respected and died lamented by all who knew him.

C. H. Blakely,
S. C. Edmonson, Committee.
A. C. Reardon,
EXCURSION TO THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

An excursion from Louisville to Beattyville under the management of Judge Richards, of Louisville, and Capt. Wallace, of Versailles, got up to celebrate the opening of the Winchester & Beattyville Railroad, which connected the completion by rail between Lexington and Winchester, and Beattyville, was made at Lexington, Versailles and Lexington, and was designed to accommodate four hundred excursionists. It was composed almost entirely of Capitalists from Louisville and the Blue-grass region, with their wives and daughters; all of the excursionists being specially ticked and invited. Of course it was a silent party, rich, recherché and rare, including many of the best families of Louisville and the Blue-grass counties, and there were many fine specimens of the Blue-grass gentlemen and gallantry on board the train.

Through the kindness of Judge Richards and Capt. Wallace, I, with my wife and niece, Dr. Blakey, of H'xinasile, and daughter received invitations to join the excursion, which we did at Louisville Wednesday morning, May 21st, at 8 o'clock.

Our train pulled out on the Louisville Southern road, passing through a beautiful and rich country, stopping at Shelbyville, Lawrenceburg and Versailles, taking on a number of passengers at each point mentioned.

Between Lawrenceburg and Versailles at Tyroon our train crossed the Kentucky river on Young's High Bridge, said to be the highest bridge in the United States, being three feet higher than the celebrated High Bridge on the Kentucky Central road, further up the same river.

Reaching Lexington at 12 o'clock noon, we had a glimpse of the Clay monument, one hundred and twenty feet high, surmounted by a life size marble statue of a great statesman in the attitude of an orator. We also had time, while other coaches were being attached to our train, to look at the bronze equestrian statue of Genl. Jno. C. Breckenridge on the public square. This is a very fine representation of the great Confederate commander.

Leaving Lexington on the track of the Kentucky Union Railroad, we soon passed Winchester, the “Gate City of the Mountains” and Clay City, and began at once the ascent of the rugged mountains sides over a tortuous winding, serpentine track, with curves so short that we could, from our seats in the cars, look out and see the pulling engine winding its rapid way up the rugged mountains, rushing through tunnels. When we passed through the first of these tunnels, our little eight-year-old grand daughter closed her eyes, hid her face and exclaimed: “What are we going into this—hole for?”

About midway between Lexington and Beattyville we reached the summit of the mountains, passing through a very large tunnel. The scenery of the mountains is what the mountainers call a “water-shed,” because the water from this point runs in opposite directions, that which falls on one side of the mountains running to Cumberland river and that on the other side to the Kentucky river. I will not attempt a description of the mountain scenery on the K. U. road. To say that it is magnificent, “grand, gloomy and peculiar,” would be stating it mildly and tamely. The bed of the road is smooth and the ride over it is a pleasant one. Its construction required an outlay of $2,000,000 and the engineering skill was marvelous indeed.

At 4 o'clock p.m., we reached Beattyville and were welcomed by the simultaneous whistling of the huge engines of a dozen saw mills, a thundering commode from a neighboring hill and the martial strains of a brass band. Speeches of welcome were delivered and the excursionists were given the freedom of the city. Col. Jno. D. Harris, of Richmond, who was one of our number responded in happy style on the part of the excursionists.

Every one on the train was provided with a home and right royally entertained during our stay in the city.

Indeed the hospitality of Beattyville seems as boundless and inexhaustible as are its resources, advantages and possibilities, all of which are simply beyond computation. Situated at the head of deep water navigation at the completion of three rivers, flowing through a vast mountainous region covered with an exhausted forest, the finest timber and containing veins of the finest coal in America. Twelve huge saw mills are now running in the city and two coal mines have recently been opened within corporate limits. Houses having just been erected by the mining companies to accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred miners and their families. Fifteen car loads of lumber are being shipped from the place daily while acres of plank are racked up awaiting shipment. Twelve saw mills and miles of logs rafted on the river above the town, each one of which I was told was valued at $10.

Legends of coal could be seen cropping out of the hill sides right up to town which could easily be picked up by the inhabitants without the use of pick or spade.

While Beattyville is a mountain town; yet I was surprised to find the people whom I met exhibit such a cosmopolitan air. In fact, in point of courteous bearing, polished manners and every other attribute true Kentuckian the gentle Don ladies of Beattyville can vie with citizens of any town in the State.

O. H. BLAIR
Ashburg, June 5, 1880.
THE GRADY SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Grady at the New England dinner has made the orator famous. Already he has been mentioned as a proper candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and an enthusiastic paper in Georgia declares that CLEVER, and Grady would sweep the South like a whirlwind.

The significance of such a result is not its enthusiasm, but the fact that it implies so complete and cordial an acceptance of Mr. Grady as an expression of Southern sentiment. In this view also the warm approval which has been expressed not only in the public meeting which welcomed the orator home, but in the reports from Louisiana, Virginia, and Tennessee, is exceedingly pleasant.

The burden of the speech was very simple. It is over, and its final decision is accepted without demur. The Southern States are at work, and are already prospering. They do not regret slavery, nor are they plotting its restoration. They adapt themselves to the changed conditions.

While they fought as bravely and as honestly as any States ever fought, they acknowledge that their defeat was a benefit; but they justly hold that the heroism and sincerity of conviction of the fight, with the general devastation of their section, the awful loss of life, and the total overthrow of the social and industrial system, followed by the energy and diligence of recuperation, and the total freedom from a vindictive and revengeful spirit, challenge as hearty and honorable a recognition, and a treatment not of suspicion and apprehension, but of the most friendly cooperation.

This was the speech, spoken with impassioned eloquence, and its lofty and magnanimous challenge must be accepted in its own spirit. That does not mean that human nature is to be ignored and history forgotten, but simply that we shall perceive the change as they do, and look forward instead of backward, and not act as if the South of slavery and division and hatred of the North, and outraging and hanging of abolitionists, and black-listing of Northern merchants who did not sell their principles, and all the rest of the South from 1850 to 1860, were the South of emancipation, and acession settled forever, and free schools, and active industry, and generous and sincere patriotism—the new South of Mr. Grady and of 1866. It does not mean that we are to be indifferent to tampering with the political rights of citizens in Georgia any more than in Indiana. Intimidation at the polls in Mississippi is an offence against the whole country as great as the wholesale buying of votes in Ohio. Whatever remedies we can apply are to be applied in both cases. But we are to be honest enough to acknowledge that to carry Indiana by the bland of "soap" is as flagrant a crime as to carry South Carolina by the fraud of counting out. To receive the hand of amity in the spirit in which it is offered by Mr. Grady means no surrender of principle or of purpose, but the renunciation of mere prejudice and of blinding tradition, which are not angels of peace, but demons of discord.

EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Life is a court of juries
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year;
Lost spirits with bows ringing
Unto weary autumn's sighing
While those we love are dying
Every year.
The days have less of gladness
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness
Every year;
Fair springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.
There come new cares and sorrows
Every year;
Dark days and darker mornings
Every year;
The snows of dead love haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us
Every year.
Too true! Life's chairs are shifting
Every year;
Yet we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fleet us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer lights
Every year.
But the inner life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

The Russellville Herald speaks in deservedly complimentary manner of its Representative, Col. C. H. Blakney, as follows:

Our Legislative Representative, Col. C. H. Blakney, seems to be one of the most popular men in Frankfort. His position in regard to the various bills presented to that body involving the common good, has always been just and in the interest of the people. He is a man we are justly proud of. The Courier-Journal passes the following very fine compliment in a few pleasant remarks in regard to him:

"Church H. Blakney, the member from Logan, is humorous, practical, and far-seeing. He has served in the Legislature on two previous occasions, and is one of those honestly impressed with the folly of extended sessions. Whenever he addresses the House, Mr. Blakney is to the point, and his words are full of good advice. It was due to his sagacity that the Taylor amendment to the Revenue was met defeat when such was least expected. On Saturday, Mr. Blakney was added to special committee, which is to investigate the prison works at Eddyville. If Mr. Blakney had had the deciding vote the Legislature would have adjourned at the end of sixty days. He is a lips-top member in every particular."
THE REV. DR. BROADUS.

The death Saturday of Dr. Broadus removes Louisville's most eminent and the greatest preacher of his denomination, indeed one of the greatest preachers of the world. Though he chose to make education his life work, and was a prolific author, he preferred the pulpit; and though he has many admirers from the temple in indignation, for He drove the money-changers from the temple in indignation, and when He counted His disciples to turn the other cheek when one was smitten. He never meant that one should tamely submit to insult or wrong.

Dr. Broadus believed that a good man need not be a recluse though he seek the favours of life. He knew the world and loved it as a man of truly liberal ideas must. He was a welcome guest in society; he was a witty and entertaining after-dinner speaker, and he took a keen interest in politics. Everywhere he went he exerted the same wholesome and restraining influence, but though enlightened in his views of men and things, he clung fast to the old landmarks of Christianity. He was old-fashioned in his pulpit methods and the faith of his fathers was his. He believed that a preacher should "preach Christ and Him crucified," and no more whatever he might do as a citizen and outside the pulpit.

It is a trite thing to say that, now that he is gone, his worth will be better understood and his teachings become more effective, but it is so. Though an eminent a man, he was as beloved as the village parson whom Goldsmith illustrated, and the sweet picture drawn of a good clergyman may be applied to him:-

"His preaching much, but more his practice worth."

This sermon of the truth he taught.

---

The greatest jurist that has sat upon the bench in Kentucky for many years, said of Dr. Broadus that he never overbore such simplicity, strength and precision of logic. Lawyers wedded to technicalities of argument and "skilled to make the worse appear the better reason" used to flock to hear him upon the few occasions he went into the pulpit, but he did not preach for the class alone. He was as easily understood by a child as by a scholar. Though a wary linguist and the head of a great theological school, he never wasted time in his sermons in the discussion of doctrinal differences, and for months at a time filled the pulpits of other denominations both in this city and elsewhere. He had the ability to persuade as well as convince, and had he consecrated himself to the pulpit alone his ministry would have borne the richest fruits. He knew, however, that no one man could accomplish the work of many, and chose to train a host of laborers in the sacred field.

Dr. Broadus filled the full measure of modesty. Though so gentle, he had been a soldier and realized that the negative virtues could be carried too far. In a sermon a few years ago he showed that Jesus was not above resentment, for He drove the money-changers from the temple in indignation, and when He counted His disciples to turn the other cheek when one was smitten. He never meant that
Peaceful Death of Dr. J. A. Broadus.

The Grim Reaper

Gathers in One, Whose Works Will Live a Long Time.

President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Dr. John A. Broadus, the most widely-known Baptist divine in the United States, died at his home in Louisville, Saturday morning of pneumonia, after an illness lasting a week. The attack was the culmination of organic disease of the heart, with which he was asked about a year ago.

Dr. Broadus' fame stretches across the world, and he was known to every Madison, Baptist minister being secondary to his fame as a scholar, thinker, writer and reader. He was only known, but admired, and placed at the topmost rank of the learned men of the United States. The ability of a Greek scholar has been compared with that of Gladstone by men who themselves are at the head of the world of learning and ability to criticize. His reputation in this regard extends into Europe. As a lecturer he has occupied the highest rank. He has been president and a member of the original faculty of our famous professorship of theology, including Dr. James E. B. BOYCE, Rev. Dr. James A. Broadus, who founded that institution, was born in Campbell county, Va., Jan. 14, 1830.

He was a native of Baptist blood, the Broadus family being of Welsh extraction, and the name was originally applied Broodhus. The history of Dr. Broadus was a leading Virginia politician, and was a prominent member of the Virginia Legislature for a number of years.

Dr. Broadus, after attending the college of Presidents at Wabash, University of Virginia, and graduated with great credit in 1833, at the degree of A. M. Just after graduation he was selected to teach in the university, and in 1839, was sent to Latin and Greek. He filled this position with decided satisfaction for two years. Meanwhile he was pastor of the Baptist church at Charlottesville, and decided to devote himself entirely to preaching. In 1836 he was inducted to become chaplain of the university, which office he filled for two years, and then removed to a pasteur...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Merchandize</th>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1816 Aug</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1816 Sep</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Jan</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Feb</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Mar</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Apr</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 May</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Jun</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Jul</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Aug</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Sep</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Oct</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Nov</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817 Dec</td>
<td>Litto</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dr. Robertson**

**William**

**Dr. Edward**
A TRIBUTE

To Col. Churchill Blakley By One who Admired and Loved Him.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Hon. C. H. Blakley died at his home in Auburn, Logan county, Ky., April 28th, 1895, at 1 o'clock p.m. He was born August 26th, 1828, and was reared in the community in which he died. His long, useful and exemplary life was spent in his native county, and most of it was passed near his childhood home.

He joined the Baptist church at Russellville, Ky., in 1835, and though always moral and upright, ever afterward lived a devoted Christian life.

In 1852 he was married to Miss Mary Becker, of Russellville, one of the noblest women I have ever known, and of whom he was ever justly proud. This wife and seven children, two sons and five daughters, survive him. One son and one daughter preceded him to the beautiful cemetery where he has been laid to rest.

To his bereaved widow and children I feel that I must voice a universal sentiment when I extend the sympathy of all who knew him, and who now rest from his labor and afflictions.

Col. Blakley was buried by his Masonic brethren, of whom there were many present, not only from this vicinity but from a number of neighboring towns. The funeral service was held by Rev. J. H. Bennett and the burial service by Grand Master, Frank Gerred, were not only beautiful and appropriate, but solemn and impressive.

The feeling of Brother Blakley's Masonic brethren manifested by them at his burial was but a dim outline of that deeper affection known only to true Masons, having an immeasurable sympathy for his family in deeper than can be expressed by language. I prefer to say that he was the household of the faithful who shared alike his joys and sorrows. His friends should mourn no more than those who have no hope, for he is not dead but has been transferred from the dust terrestrial to the dust celestial, and raised to that sublime degree conferred only by the Supreme Architect of the Universe.

Col. Blakley was no ordinary man in his tastes and attainments. He had an inexhaustible fund of wit, a broad sense of humor, and was cultured and scholarly. He had an indefatigable style of conversation and a sunny disposition that fell softly and gently upon the most sensitive ears. He was fond of refined literature and cultivated his taste in that direction with a devotion rarely equalled.

He was a fine historian and possessed a memory that stored securely all the bright gems he gathered from his extensive reading. As a political leader he was infallible, but kept well posted and upon the times.

He was a formidable competitor. He twice represented his county in the Legislature and served his constituency with honor and ability. He was a finding and active Democrat and was always true to the principles of this great party.

In conversation he was chaste and fluent, entertaining alike to all ages and had a wonderful knack for making and retaining friends. Since his death, the Louisville Evening Union has said editorially that "Churchill Blakley was a rough diamond and was without patience with the art of the lapidary. There never was a greater mistake. Col. Blakley was the opposite to a marked degree. He was not only a diamond but a currently polished one and I presume his course biographical will, through the Lights, create an immortal character, that had been polished by cultivation, for roughness, or viewed him through glasses that had not been subjected to the skill of the artisan. Col. Blakley was a manly man and his life was full of simplicity and beauty. His life was gentle and the element of his character is that nature might stand up and say to the world.

This was a man!"

Churchill Haden Blakley.

Throughout my former suns a name long-limbed and long-linked to the genes of American legislation, was one dear to the heart of Miss Mary C. Becker, the wife of the comfort of her mother, formerly Miss Mary C. Becker. His married life, extending over a period of more than forty years, was one continued procession of domestic happiness, and the harmony and peace that were ever prompt to his children to believe that theirs was the most perfect home on earth.

He joined the Baptist church in 1855 and maintained through life his connection with it. Was generally an office bearer in his congregation and more than once was Moderator of the Association to which his church was attached, a position not often filled by a layman. His piety was of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, and when he fell asleep, so gently did he pass away that all were ready to exclaim the last of the perfect and upright man is peace.

As we stand amid the gathering shadows of advancing years and he hold friend after friend depart, we cherish more fondly the memory of those who are gone and need not to those who remain.

DEATH OF HON. C. H. BLAKLEY

Well-Known and Popular Politician Expires at Auburn.

Auburn, Ky., April 29. (Special.)--Hon. C. H. Blakley died here last night after a lingering illness of several years. He was sixty-eight years old, and his feeble condition was brought about by a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Blakley has served with distinction in both branches of the Legislature and was considered a leader in both. He was well known all over the State, highly esteemed and widely popular. He is credited with the origin of the expression, now so common, "Hit off more'n he could chew." The funeral will take place to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock at his home.
Hon. Churchill H. Blakey died at his home in Auburn, this county, at 6 o'clock p.m., April 25, and was buried from the Baptist church at that place at 10 o'clock a.m., Tuesday, April 30th.

Mr. Blakey was born near Auburn, Logan county, Ky., on the 20th day of August, 1832, and was in the 66th year of his age. He was a member of the Baptist church for 42 years. He was married to Miss Mary C. Becker May 20th, 1855. He served his people for years in various positions of public trust. He was a magistrate for a number of terms. He was a member of the Legislature for three terms, that in 1871, 1873 and 1888. On April 6th, 1888, while in Frankfort attending to his duties as a member of the Legislature, he was stricken with paralysis. He slowly rallied from the effect of this attack and was able to go about and enjoy the society and companionship of his friends, but he never fully recovered and his death was the result of paralysis.

He leaves a wife and seven children, five sons and two daughters.

Mr. Blakey was a good neighbor, full of quaint humor, a fine teller of anecdotes, of which he possessed an inexhaustible supply, and very popular. He was a man of convictions and was courageous in their advocacy. When he was in the Legislature in 1871, a bill for the establishment of an Immigration Bureau was introduced. Mr. Blakey vigorously opposed the bill, and in the course of one of his speeches said: "I am in favor of keeping Kentucky for Kentuckians." On another occasion, during the same session, he told one of the members who was advocating more than he thought he could well maintain, 'not to bite off more than he could chew.' These expressions have gone into general use and one of them, at least, has gone into other English speaking countries. His loss will be greatly felt.

Hon. Churchill H. Blakey, who died at his home in sweet Auburn yesterday at the age of sixty-five, gave currency to, if he did not coin, two homely and narrow but forceful expressions, at least one of which has gone abroad and made itself at home in other than English-speaking lands. A quarter of a century ago he declared himself in the Legislature as opposed to the then pending bill for the establishment of an Immigration Bureau and in favor of "keeping Kentucky for Kentuckians." And during that same session he warned one of his colleagues not to "bite off more than he could chew." He was a good chunk of a diamond in the rough—candid, courageous and 24-carat, but unpolished and without patience with the art of the lapidary.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug 21</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>396</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct 28</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>3058</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov 6</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan 7</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb 2</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>134</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 1</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0.46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 30</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 20</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>157</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**James**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan 6</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>142.48</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb 4</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>16.6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0.37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 12</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>222</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 30</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>261</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0.78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 30</td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>3.95</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1817 D Tho Wilson**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mercantile</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>2.70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


The Country and Its Scenery, Cities and Resources Graphically Described.

San Francisco, Cal., July 11, 1858.

Editor Kentuckian:

Some days ago, in company with a young friend, I left Hopkinton for a trip across the continent toward the setting sun. The recent rains had enabled the farmers in the contiguous countries intervening between the Ohio River to have a good setting of tobacco, and corn was looking exceptionally well in the Ohio bottoms, where immense fields are always planted. I noticed an improvement as soon as I had crossed the river, which I think it will be well for our Kentucky farmers to imitate. Have a stock law, requiring all stock to be kept inclosed, and all other tilable land can thus be left uncropped. In the Middle Western States, immense expanses of territory are thus seen unclosed with varieties of crops adjacent, thus presenting a beautiful appearance to the country, as well as a convenient and economical mode of farming.

We went over the L. & N. as far as St. Louis, then via the well-known Burlington route to Denver; our stay is St. Louis was brief. The immense bridge therspanning the Mississippi River and the magnificent Union Depot were the only points of interest we noticed. Having passed through the greater portion of the state of Missouri during the night, the next morning found us approaching the Western border and nearing Kansas City, situated on the Missouri River, and having a population of 135,000, a shining example of that splendid pluck, energy and enterprise which is building and shaping the vast empire of the West. We also passed through Hannibal and St. Joseph, both beautiful cities contiguous to fine agricultural country. Through Kansas and Nebraska the farms were in a high state of cultivation, harvesting was just beginning, being about 10 days later than ours. The farms were beautifully laid out in square sections, but the houses were small, square built structures, and lacking in that grace and elegance of old Kentucky farmsteads. Their stables and other out houses seemed more elaborate and tastily built than their residences.

Through these states there were immense expanses of prairie land and scattered timber, even the

The summary of the grand peak, its entire circumference was studded with snow, which had just cleared back, showed much evidence of elevation and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of 16 miles, and as high again as what we ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, whence I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle.

Belonging to our age of progress, on alighting from the train at Colorado Springs, I was informed that after a brief rest, I could ascend that afternoon, by taking a street car and passing through Colorado City, formerly the capital of the State, and through Manitou, in fame almost equal to Colorado Springs as a health resort. The Springs are all contiguous and connected by street railway. We reached the foot of Pike's Peak, and getting on the cog-wheel road ascended a distance of nine miles to the summit, being far above timber line and the mountain was covered with snow. The rattle air, caused many to become faint and swoon. We lived on the Picnic, and would have taken a rest, as it was unusually warm in Manitou and Colorado Springs just nine and thirteen miles below respectively, where vegetables, flowers and fruit were growing luxuriantly. Colorado Springs is a beautiful city of 20,000, with numerous parks and well laid off streets. It is situated to the west and south of the mountains, and has a clear climate. Time was the only feature of the trip but was enjoyed.

The monument is only broken by occasional mountain village or mine prospect. We traveled one entire day and night just after the naval engagement off Santiago, before we could secure a daily paper, as none were published enroute. Through Utah we passed some beautiful valleys under a high state of cultivation.

Salt Lake City or Zion as it is called by the Mormon faithful, has a population of 65,000, is noted for its wide streets 132 feet, with twenty feet of sidewalk. Here the traveler is shown through the Morman Tabernacle, one of the finest in the world, noted for its acoustical properties, as one can sit in the gallery 250 feet distant and hear the faintest whisper or a pin fall. The Temple is also a magnificent structure adjoined, made of white granite and costing $10,000,000.
Surveyed on the waters of Pleasantue a tract of land and bounded as follows. Beginning at a stone corner to Brown and in E. Adams line thence S 88° 32' pats to a sycamore in a branch thence N 21° 30' pats thence E 22° 53' pats to a stone thence N 35° 6' pats to a branch thence down said branch 46 1/2 pats to a stone thence West 44 pats to a stone in Logan's line thence N 43' pats to a stone corner to Brown. Thence to the beginning containing thirty one and one quarter acres.

Oct 26th 1843
was 40! Also the residence of Brigham Young, and the Eagle Gate are points of interest, also Salt Lake itself where immense quantities of the finest salt are extracted, and on which are located two of the finest bathing resorts in the world, Garfield and Saltair Beaches. The water of Salt Lake is so light that it would be impossible for one to be drowned, so children are perfectly safe in bathing there. They have the largest pavilion in the world, and 1,000 bath rooms.

After leaving Utah we pass through Nevada. Over our route nothing is seen except alkali desert and mountains until we reach California. The drouth here for the past year prevents the interior from looking as verdant as usual, but along the Sacramento river and bay immense herds of cattle are feeding and fruit and vineyards abound. A few hours run from Sacramento brings us to the Golden Gate City, of which I hope to tell you something in the future.

T. W. B.

Dr. Willis

1817

Dr. David

1817
Hales

1875 Aug 6 By 6 cwt

Hail

1875 Aug 6 By 6 cwt 300kg

By cash in full

Mills

1875 Aug 2

By Bill, Acceptable

By Balance to 12

Price

1874 19

By Halling

404 13 37