

LEXINGTON.

Yuba Dam's Letter to the Old Louisville "Courier" of 1867.

He Goes to Lexington, Kentucky, to Report Stock Fair, and Submits the Following.

To the Editor of the Louisville Courier:

GEOGRAPHICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

You have probably heard of Lexington. It is the central city of Kentucky. It was discovered by David Sayre, and is peopled by the descendants of the first families of Virginia—rat terriers, yellow negroes, watchmen, money-lenders, and agents for the various insurance companies. Also by Charlie Mooney. It is situated in the centre of Fayette county. Fayette county is the center-piece of Kentucky, which is the center of the world, as every Kentuckian knows. In the very center of Lexington is a court-house, from the center of which rises a spire, with a crooked termination. If you take a string half a mile long, tie one end of it to the spire, take the other end and walk around in a circle, your tracks will make the city limits of Lexington, which, in addition to its other eccentric qualities, has the merit of being circular. There is a hidden advantage and a deep superiority in the shape of this town which I have never been able to fathom.

WHO LIVE IN LEXINGTON.

The inhabitants of Lexington resemble other people in many particulars. They are blessed with a self-appreciation which must be most comforting to them and conducive to earthly happiness. If they are not the elite of earth and the elect of heaven, then they are the worst deceived people on this hemisphere. Their self-complacency is so conspicuous and so loud that it has a depressing effect upon strangers. I am already beginning to fear Brother Goodboy was correct when he styled me a "roaming sycophant," so much so that I feel a great diffidence in submitting this offerering of "an ill-starred genius" to your inspection.

The Lexingtonians dress very well and very much. The young men wear paper collars, starched pocket-handkerchiefs, *outré* hats and gold finger-rings. When they feel like swearing, they say "by gud."

The young ladies paint their faces, pencil their eyebrows and redden their lips, but as a general thing, they do it much better than the Indians, and they are pretty in spite of paint or anything else. In form, in feature, in sparkling eyes, and in every thing, the Lexington ladies are "beyond compare."

THE CONTENTS OF LEXINGTON.

The institutions of Lexington consist of the Phoenix Hotel, the post-office and Matt Johnson. The latter does the thinking of the entire city. No question either in law, ethics or politics is considered settled until Matt Johnson's opinion thereupon is written out and published in the Observer and Reporter. I came near forgetting to mention that Lexington has four newspapers, one published in Greek and the others in broken English.

MUSQUITOES.

Were I compelled to live in Lexington for any length of time I should try to have Matt Johnson issue his proclamation declaring the presence of mosquitoes in that city. At present the town is over-run with them, and it has been ever fall since the railroads run into it from the Ohio river. But I assure you that there is not a mosquito-bar in the city. Not only that, but the people do not believe that there are any mosquitoes there. Their fathers did not have any, and they will not. You go to a store and ask for a mosquito-bar, and the clerk, with his nose swelled with mosquito bites to the size of a sweet potato, will laugh at you, and tell it on you as a good joke, and say if you do not scatter your drinks more you will shortly see something worse than mosquitoes.

STOCK FAIR.

Regardful of my promise to you, I attended the fair. It was purely a stock fair, as your other useless correspondents have informed you. I went on Tuesday and stayed two hours. All I saw was bulls—plain bulls. Now the b. is a style of an animal that I do not particularly admire, and I never was able to discover his particular beauties, even before I was assisted over the fence by one of the cusses, when taking a short cut across the field to see my Mary Ann.

Nevertheless, the bull is held in high repute hereabouts, and not to be able to talk bull at a fair is a fatal defect in your character throughout the blue-grass regions. I am conscious of my ignorance on this subject, and I therefore lament, but a devotion to business impels me to take the subject by the horns, and go in for a description.

A great many of them came into the ring, led by the nose, to which a nigger was attached by a rope. After a great deal of bellowing and pawing, and brushing off of flies, and shouting a fellow done up in green ribbons opens his mouth and yells until he is red in the face. Then another man, with a ribbon, and a very large circumference, goes up to a bull and ties a blue ribbon to his horn. Another man similarly attired, ties a red ribbon to another bull's horn. One of bulls belong to Warfield, the other to Bedford. That part of the crowd that won their bets set up a shout. The part that didn't curses audibly. The bulls bellow and retire to slow music. I turn to Mary Ann and murmur, "What a good base singer that animal would make." They always do," says she, and that is a stock fair, the first day, first ring. YUBA DAM.

September 26, 1867.

What the South Says to Her Children.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I have smoothed from my forehead its sadness;  
'Tis over! Thank Heaven therefor!  
I would hide now with garments of gladness  
The sackcloth and ashes of war.

Not a word of the Past! It has perished—  
Gone down in its beauty and bloom:  
Yet because it so proudly was cherished,  
Shall we sigh out our years at its tomb?

By the duty and honor undaunted,  
Still steadfast and stern as can be;  
By the laurels a Jackson has planted,  
By the hopes that we buried with Lee—

Let us wrest from the future the guerdons  
That to resolute purpose belong;  
Let us fling from our spirits their burdens,  
And quit us like men, and be strong!

I bring you, compatriots, brothers,  
(As largeness ye dare not disdain,  
Like Nature's that bountiful mother's)  
Savannas as smooth as the main.

My valleys shall whiten all over  
With snows never born of the cold,  
And grain like a Midas shall cover  
Every slope that it touches with gold.

The clink of the artisan's hammer  
Shall scare from the forests its glooms;  
In the brake shall the water-fowl's clamor  
Be drowned by the clash of the looms.

Then up from your torpor, ye sleepers!  
The dream ye are dreaming deceives;  
Go forth to the fields with the reapers,  
And garner the prodigal sheaves.

With flocks gladden meadow and mountain,  
With tinkling herds speckle each hill,  
And blend with the plash of the fountain  
The rumble and roar of the mill.

Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre,  
Staunch spirits that stood by the gun,  
Take heed of the Gospel of Labor:  
The old dispensation is done!

Put hands to the plough of endeavor,  
Plant foot in the deep-furrowed track;  
Set face to the future, and never  
One wavering moment look back.

For none who despairingly centre  
Their thoughts on the By-gone, and bar  
The Present are fitted to enter  
The on-coming Kingdom of man!

SEA MISTS.

BY MISS H. N. HATHAWAY.

I sit me here, and the sun is shining,  
Shining so softly on me;  
I look me forth, lo! a mist is rising,  
Rising from the sea.

Faster and faster the clouds are drifting,  
Drifting wildly on high;  
Vapory forms their shadows are lifting,  
Lifting against the sky.

Deeply, more densely the dark mists gather,  
Gather so closely round me,  
That from my vision the sunlight they're shutting,  
Shutting out the sea.

Shall I go forward? so fearful of losing,  
Losing my compass within;  
Only one step can I see in the distance,  
Darkness so closes me in.

Duty calls; I will go, still trusting—  
Trusting, no longer I'll stay;  
In a "circle of light" my feet are treading,  
Treading serenely their way.

Look! light is bursting! the clouds are rifting!  
Rifting—I see the blue sky—  
Waves in the sunlight, flashing and sparkling,  
Sparkling like diamonds by.

Again I sit in the soft, sweet sunshine—  
Sunshine that warms the heart;  
Is it not blessed, this holy trusting—  
Trusting when light doth depart?

O, this has been a beauteous lesson—  
Lesson of wisdom to me;  
I who am hourly drifting, drifting,  
Drifting o'er life's sea!

"Earth-child," it whispers, "tho' clouds are gathering,  
Gathering about thy bark,  
A hand is gently, kindly leading—  
Leading thee on through the sea."