

1876
Editor Clark County Democrat:

Thirteen members of the Muckletonian Club consisting of R. N. Winn, J. D. Gay, D. A. Gay, S. G. Jackson, A. H. Sympson, T. F. Phillips, J. W. Prewitt, B. P. Goff, J. L. Wheeler, S. McKee, G. R. Snyder, B. F. Vanmeter, Leland Hathaway and Bob Brown, cook, left Winchester on the 12:30 tram, Friday, the 12th inst., bound for the hunting region on the lower Arkansas river, our point of destination being the plantation of Dr. Charles Taylor, at South Bend. There was much wishing of good luck by friends, hand-shaking, good-byes, &c., and promptly on time we were off. The trip to Louisville was made unusually pleasant by the courtesies of S. J. Gates, conductor, and the accommodating spirit of the agent of the Louisville Transfer Company. I regret that I have not his name for he has the thanks of the Club. The Louisville Hotel, too, opened its hospitable arms, and through. Topping the affable, whom we found at the desk made our short stay a pleasure and our supper a feast. Off for Memphis at 12:30 a. m., Saturday morning, by the L. & N. & G. S. R. R., in the warm embrace of the Pullman Sleepers—Capt. Travis on watch, we knew nothing till the rooster crowed, when the granger element in the party asserted itself and called us out to see the Cumberland at Clarksville. It is spanned here by a substantial truss bridge, and is a very pretentious stream. We had only a dissolving view of the town, and passed fairly into Tennessee. One can tell but little of a country which he traverses by rail. Either of the quality of its soil or the condition of its people. Cotton was pressing into the depots, and there seemed to be quite an active feeling prevalent in the towns through which we passed. We breakfasted at Paris, Tenn., and we advise all hungry travelers by the same route to do likewise, for that landlord "knows how to keep a hotel" sure. A cup of smoking hot coffee with an aroma caught from the glades of far off Java, and everything else in keeping. At Paris, Capt. Lygard took the helm, and put us through to Memphis. Our thanks are due to the conductors named and all the employees of the road for kindly offices. May they run the cars freighting for the great hereafter as surely and as pleasantly into port as they did those which bore us. At Memphis we were met by Messrs Alphabet and Henry Winn, who took our worthy president in charge and afterward brought him safely on board our boat. Capt. John Harbin, Supt. Arkansas River Packet Company, also was on the lookout. Thanks to the foresight of Dr. Charles Taylor, and our efficient Treasurer, M. G. Taylor. He took

possession of us bodily, placed the entire party in carriages and transferred us to one of his line of boats, the Fort Gibson, when he placed us in charge of Capt. Noland, Master, and Capt. Outlaw, Clerk. These young men are worthy descendants of a race which made the South a synonym for kindly courtesy, and warm-hearted hospitality, and gave to Southern boats a charm which will cling to them like a tradition. The colored steward too, warmed to us, and set a separate table for the "Muckletonian Club," and detailed a special squad of waiters to do our bidding. And with the President at the head, and the members ranged on each side of the table it really looked like a club supper at home. The weather was delightful, and we spent most of the time on the deck looking at the shifting panorama on shore, shooting at wild geese, and luxuriating in the balmy Southern air. We reached South Bend about 11:30 p. m., Monday, found Dr. Taylor on the lookout. We were very soon under his hospitable roof and lodged for the night. We were out early Tuesday morning, and the splendid plantation was around us a bewildering expanse of cotton—"a mimic snow," stretching for more than a mile, punctuated here and there with the neat white "quarter" of the field hands, and the more pretentious double house of the manager, while the gin-house and cotton-press stand alone in the midst of the fabric they are to manipulate. Breakfast over, and all was bustle to get into the woods. Our host had wagons for the baggage, camp equipage, &c., and a horse and saddle for each member of the party. We had our tents up and started about 12 o'clock Tuesday, on our first drive. After a long run with the hounds, and just as evening was fading into night—bang, bang, went two shots, Phillips yelled and we knew we had venison for breakfast—he very soon came with a large fine doe, and all went merry as "marriage bells" till bed time. Those who have never eaten a venison steak prepared by that prince of cooks, Bob Brown, don't know what was in store for us after a short drive on Wednesday morning. Hot coffee, buttered toast, and a steak so juicy and tender that an epicure would have wanted nothing more. After breakfast another drive and another fine deer-dinner of the fat of the land supplemented by sweet potatoes, such as the benighted denizens of our Northern latitude know not of. This was our programme during our stay. We found deer plenty, at times having 2 or 3 running at once. The drivers were seldom out of sight of the dogs, and the dogs were generally close to the "dun deer." All this while Dr. Taylor was watching over us like a guardian; acting quartermaster, commissary and genial host. When

we declined the pressing invitation of himself and wife, to stay in their house they, exacted a promise that some of the club would stay with them every night, which we were glad to fulfill. This well matched pair, representatives of Kentucky's oldest and best families—Taylor and Johnson, Mrs. T., being a niece of the old democratic hero, "Tecumseh Dick," make their grand old home on the banks of the Arkansas, a home for all who pass their way, and particularly for Kentuckians. Richly endowed in head and heart, and blessed plenteously in "basket and store;" their hospitality is as elegant and kindly as it is munificent—to them more than everything else are we indebted for the pleasures of this the expedition of the Muckletonian Club.

L. H.

"Liberal" Interpretation of the Bible

Some good stories have been told in illustration of the absurdities to which the "liberal" construction of Scriptural passages generally leads, but we have not seen anything more sarcastic in this line than the following observations by a puzzled Dutchman at a sort of service held by a "progressive" sect out West. A Wisconsin paper is responsible for putting it in print:

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said: Some believe it is necessary to go into the water and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this is claimed to be a fallacy, for the preposition *into* of the Scripture should be rendered differently, as it does not mean *into* at all times. As seen, he said, we are told, went up *into* a high mountain, &c. Now, we do not suppose that he went *into* the mountain, but upon it. So with going down *into* the water; it means simply going down to or near the water and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling.

He carried out this idea fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given to any one who felt disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren rose and said that they were glad that they had been present on this occasion; that they were well pleased with the sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman, of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mr. Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to night, for I has had explained to my mint some things dat I never could b-lieve before. Oh, I ish so glad dat *into* does no mean *into* at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can believe manih things vot I could no understand before. We read Mr. Breacher dat Daniel was *into* den of den of lions, and came out siffel. Now I never could understand dat, for de wilt peash would eat him up right off; but now it ish ve clear to my mint. He vas shust close by or near to, and did not get *into* de den at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to night. Agsin we read de Hebrew children vash cast *into* de fire furnace, and dat alwash lookt like a peash story, too, for I dinks dey would have be purst up; but ish all blain to my mint now, dey were shust cast close by, or near to de fire furnace; Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night!

"And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jo nah vash cast *into* de whalesh pelley. Now, never could understand dat; put it lan all blain to my mint now; he vash not taken *into* de whalesh pelley at all, but shust shamo on his pack and rode ashore. O, I vash so glad I vash here to-night!

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain twe more passhages of Scripture, I shall be, O, so happy I vash here to-night! One of dem is vere it saish de wicked shall be cast *into* a lake dat burns mit fire and primet ne alwash. O, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast *into* dat lake if I am vt ked, or shust close by, or near enough to be comfortable? I hopes you will say I shall be cast shust by, a good way off, and I will pe so glad I vash here to-night! De oder passage is dat vich saish pleased are dey who obey these commandments, dat dey may have a right to de tree ob life, and en'er in through the gates *into* de city. O, tall me I shall gets *into* de city, and not close by or near to, shust neer enough to see vat I have lost, and I shall pe so glad I vash here to-night."