

BEN. SPINNER'S VACATION.

It there is a thing which at first I thought would be glad of it and am now dreadful sorry for, it is because school is out for keeps till the next term. It is most usually the way that when school don't keep there is plenty of work studied up for me to have to do. That's the way it fits me every time. It's my kind of bad luck to be raised to have industrious ways. My father is everlastingly telling me that idleness is the parents of vice, or some of that sort of disagreeable English language that I don't want to hear; and that I must keep busy at work at something, and not gad about with other indolent boys, and race the streets from morning till night perpetual. Last vacation they put me into the garden, where, they said, I could obtain some habits which would do me some good when I became grown up into a useful citizen. Well, to have to be a useful citizen is all very fine silk, but, if I could only have my own way only just once, I would rather be a peanuts on the railroad. But they have got me in the same hardships which I was into last summer, only it is rougher because there is more of it. If they think it's proper for me to have to bug the potatoes, and weed the onions, and thin out the roobarb and raise up a lot of garden trash for to go to seed and waste, why, then, I suppose it's all right if I could only see it; but when a boy has studied diligent all winter, I don't think it's exactly the fair thing to keep him too tenacious at work in vacation. Anyhow, that's my opinion, which I throw in. There aint a very great deal of real pleasure in bugging potatoes where the bugs is about a barrel full to the acre; and when a boy has to bend his back down to try to pull up weeds which grow clean through and clinch on the other side, it's a kind of a miserable occupation which I would like to get a half a good chance for to slip out of. To have to wade into the garden early in the morning when the dew is on in your bare feet, and get smart-weed up your trousers-leg, is a worse thing than the Erie Stipilis or the fever and ague; but when you have to do it, there is no use for to try to shirk out. I went back on the job once, but I never went back on it twice, because once was enough. I was roped in and coaxed by some boys to go off on the commons to play base ball for a whole day. Late in the evening, when I came in home the back way, and desperate hungry, the governor gave me a abundance of stars and stripes which I have got them yet, and could show 'em if I was only in a swimming. I found out that it's a bad habit for a boy to get into, to shake his work without permission, and it's the best way always for to obey orders if it almost breaks your back. But I have got awful sick of this vacation bushness, and, if I can find a school next year which will keep in the year round, it's the one that I want to go to. That's what kind of a hair-pin I am.

THE CLARK COUNTY DEMOCRAT

Miss Patterson read at the Court House last Monday night, and fully sustained the reputation which she has received from the Press of the country. The audience was not so large as we have seen on occasions much less interesting, but it was the pick of the community in the way of intelligence and taste. She reads charmingly all that she undertakes, but excels where there is a touch of humor, as in Flora McFlimsey and Mrs. Caudle. In the tragic and sentimental, we hardly thought her manner so natural as in the others. She deserves every encomium that she receives. The community is indebted to Capt. Hathaway who was chiefly instrumental in having Miss Patterson come to Winchester.

With the (Poetical) Compliments of the Season.

Oh! know ye the land of revolver and rife,
Where the best of old Bourbon like the mountain stream flows;
Where the hair-trigger reigns, or the sharp bowie-knife'll
Win you your love, while it slaughters your foes?
'Tis the land of rare beauty, where bright eyes are gleaming,
And belles dress in colors that horses would scare;
Where one is bewildered by financial dreaming,
And the best of old whisky will drown all your care;
'Tis the land of Old Harry, who, at pleading or poker,
Disconcerted his foes, or cleaned out his friends;
Where witty Ned Marshall, or Procter, the joker,
With eloquence lean the fat laughter blends;
'Tis the land of Joe Blackburn, of chin and chin music,
Where the children orate soon as set on their ends;
If you differ with one he will soon make you sick
With the bullet or bowie that their doctrine defends.
'Tis the land of the racer, the Southdown and Durham,
The tropical clime of niggers and noise,
Where men mix mint juleps, that awfully stir 'em
From virtue's straight line and life's equipoise.
'Tis the land of the Prentice, so sharp and so merry,
Who made all the bummers howling complain;
Where Watterson, now, twixt the champagne and sherry,
Sees some visions from Sherry, but more from champagne;
'Tis a good land to leave, if you're slow on the trigger,
Or fall in your notions the natives to please;
Better a Yankee schoolmaster or a jolly old nigger,
Than seek that sweet land after vers's like these

Alas, 'tis true, we're sometimes quick,
Too quick, perhaps, on trigger;
And now and then a drunken fool
Will rally on a nigger.
We play a little game of draw,
But draw it fair, not foully—
And speak our mind out right from taw
Instead of keeping owly.

You're right, our girls are fair to see,
But that's not half their merit;
They've soul along with their esprit,
And womanhood and sprit.
The same which, by Pacific seas
Or on the Rio Grande,
Makes all who hail from Old Kentucky
Heroscal and handy.

It pleases you, in accents rude,
Their dresses to deride them,
Forgetting that God's beauty
Is all they have to guide them.
The colors of the rainbow you
Shall see where'er you pass,
And why not round and round our girls,
As through and through our bluegrass.

I'd rather live in Old Kentucky,
And be a nigger's brindle,
Than toil for bread in Yankee land
Apprenticed to a spindle;
Where preacher's go a courtin'
The wives of other preachers,
And pious frauds are plentiful
Among e'en Sunday teachers.

Where forgery is a fine art,
Embezzlement an honor,
Where, if a woman goes astray,
She takes new glories on her;
Where little boys are murderers,
And little girls are mangled;
And liberty and conscience
Have long ago been strangled.

Where hatred takes a shadowy edge
From bigotry and malice,
And men and women starve beneath
The shadow of the palace—
Where all is rank and mean pretense;
In politics and letters,
And fools like this turn up their nose,
And cavil at their better.

Rail on, poor fool, rail on and on,
Of Yankee wits a sample;
A fool's a fool where'er found,
But worst of all a dampfool!
Ah! if you should a notion take
To pay us a flying visit—
We'll only point you to our foot
And bid you kneel and kiss it.

Hew Ainslie, the Scottish poet, died at the residence of his son, Mr. George Ainslie, in this city at half-past 11 o'clock Monday night. To the people of Louisville he was generally known as one of the oldest citizens, and as a man of peculiar genius and convivial social qualities; but to the literary world, and especially to the people of his native land, he was known as a poet of considerable merit. Scotchmen in America were wont to associate him with Robert Burns, because of the similarity in their style of composition.

Hew Ainslie was the author of a volume of Scottish songs, ballads and poems, which, though not an imitation, breathes the spirit of Burns, but with humor that is original; hence it may be that he is associated with the lyric hero of Scotland. He was the author of "The Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," and also of "Ingle Side," a poem that has found its way into the prints of almost every civilized country of the world, simple though it be. Thus ran his fancy:

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning breeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hill-side,
Where hums the honey bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer fair,
Is the Ingle Side to me.

Glens may be gill wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
An' boughs hae a' the scented ware
That simmer's growth can gie;
But the cantie hearth, where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a world complete,
O, the Ingle Side's for me.

Hew Ainslie was also a contributor to the "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," an excellent work, published by James Grant Wilson in New York. A day or two before his death he received a very cheerful letter from Mr. Wilson concerning his work, with inquiries of a nature valuable to that department of the literary field in which he is engaged.

A greater interest attaches to the life of Hew Ainslie when it is known that he is not only associated in poetic humor with the great Scottish bard, but that he was born in Ayreshire, parish of Benger, the home of Robert Burns. The poet died before his day, but Jean, his widow, he saw, and it is said he kissed her. When quite a young man, in Scotland, Hew Ainslie followed the vocation of a brewer. In 1822 he came to America and settled on a farm in the northern part of the State of New York. To this place he gave the poetic name of "Repose." Thence, in 1825, he moved with his family to New Harmony, Indiana, where he joined the agrarian community established by Robert Owen, the father of Robert Dale Owen, whose spirit is now supposed by some to be speaking to us of the blessedness of the unknown world. This community was formed of a large number of industrious families who put all the products of their labor into a common fund, and in all things lived upon an equality. No man had money, but all had an equal share of goods and chattels. They ate the same food, and lived as one family. It was a condition too happy for earth, and the institution was dissolved within a year of Mr. Ainslie's advent. He then went to Cincinnati, where he lived a year, and then came to Louisville in 1827. He settled in Shippingport, and there started a brewery, the first established in Louisville. In this business he managed for a time to support a large family, but was not prosperous. Though a man of capacity, his talent turned to literary pursuits. In 1836 he gave up business, and his son, Mr. George Ainslie, the enterprising foundryman of our city, though quite a young man, took upon himself the responsibility and support of the family. During all this time, a period of forty years, he has lived with Mr. George Ainslie, devoting himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits. Some years ago he made a visit to Scotland. Upon the observations of this visit he wrote the poem titled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns."

"OLD SI."

He Proposes a Reform for Blaine.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
Old Si waded through Blaine's speech with the patience of a martyr.
"On de face ob de returns," said he, "ez lade down in dis speech, de nigger hez los' his grip on freedom, ter be sho!"
"It does look rough when you don't care what you say."
"Dat's hit! But den, yer mus' 'skuse er man dat's ben sun-stroked an' run ober on de way ter de White House by de whole State ob Ohio! Yer hez ter make 'lowences for dis man, kase he's jess paddlin' round searchin' for er onkerperied life-presarver."
"You don't agree with him, then?"
"Well, I does in de konklushun, but, yer see, I don't climb up ter hit de same way he do!"
"How is that?"
"Why he sez dat somefn's got ter be done, an' done in er moughty hurry, else, why dar won't be nuff niggers votin' in dis country ter leekt delegits ter er konvenshun 'ginst de hog law! Dat's what I sez myseff! But, den, 'tain't no use ter say dat hit's 'kase dar's bulldozin' an' entimerdashun—dat done played out long ago!"
"What is the cause?"
"De prinserpul cause are det freedom fotch on taxes, an' ef yer don't see de tax-kollektor, de managers at de ballot-box kan't recognized yer nohow. Somehow er 'nudder, yer seems not to be yerself! An' jes so long ez de niggers buys mo' liker dan he do tax receipts, jes so long is dis 'skrepancy 'gwine ter 'pear in de 'lecksun returns!"
"That sounds like sense."
"Dat's what hit is—mark dat! An' ef Mister Blaine, er onny udder ob dem 'publicans wants ter see niggers swarmin' at de polls down hyar, all dey got ter do are ter envent er mersheen ter pay nigger taxes wid, an' 'tribute dem 'round thoo de Souf. Ontel den de tax-kollektors is gwine on wid de bulldozin'. Year heah me!"