

Kentucky.—A ride by rail to Lexington—Description of the trip—Louisville, and its half-tropical beauty—The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—What she knew, from observation, of the institution of Slavery.

[From the "Editorial Correspondence" of the New Orleans Crescent.]

LOUISVILLE, September 22, 1853.

Since the date of my last weary of waiting here in inaction, I have made a week's excursion to the finest parts of Kentucky; that is, to Lexington, and the matchless region around it. Here I have met, at a great Agricultural Fair, a multitudinous gathering of its best productions—its leading men, its prettiest women, its fine specimens of Live Stock, an ample exhibition of the choicest fruits of its soil, the most useful or ingenious works of its handicrafts; and, what not, I suppose, do better than to give you a general account of all I saw. It will, no doubt, be to many of your readers, an agreeable respite from mere political disquisitions; and few, probably, of the rest are familiar with such a scene, or have never beheld it on a theatre so admirable.

We went from Louisville to Frankfort and thence to Lexington, by a smooth and well-managed railway, whose good and gentlemanly conductors, fit for their business, evidently considered kindness and attention to passengers to be for the benefit of their stockholders. I wish this not very obscure truth were more generally understood among the officers of roads and steamers; but too many of whom put on, with their cap of office, more airs than graces, and "dressed in their little, brief authority," wear their badges as if they wore diamonds. Were I a railway or steamboat superintendent, the first rule of my printed code of instructions to the subordinates should run thus: "Be polite and obliging; there is nothing that will cost you or your employers less, or which is more for your common interest." I do not know if this precept be in the written law of the Lexington and Louisville Road; but at least the agents observe it; though this may be only because, being gentleman and good fellows, they had it, from the first, inscribed upon their understandings and their hearts.

At any event, their attentiveness to our comfort, their readiness of good offices to all who came or went, gave (as you know it may well do) additional pleasantness to the fine weather, the charming country through which we glanced along, and the sprightly occasion which had set us in motion. We enjoyed our way; we enjoyed the very crowd of strangers that went along with us. There was no fault-finding, no complaining; nothing seemed to go amiss. All was hilarity and good-will. Now, the Kentuckians are a remarkably good-natured and amiable people; but I could not help referring much of the good spirit which I saw to the fact that they who had us in charge did their best to make everything cheerful and agreeable. Had they been cross or hoodlum we should all have been ill-tempered; the landscape would have lost its beauty, the day its splendor, the road its smooth speed; we should have grumbled, instead of being gay, and quarreled along that whole way, which, under the propitious influence of good conductors, rang with our jokes and our laughter. Such is the power of these officers!

Well, our special party was of eight, and, as you will presently see, rather distinguished, myself excepted. Placing them in the natural order of their merit, I will describe them. We were four of each sex—a happy adjustment, that permitted pairing and would have left no led without his lass; but that (alas!) the lasses were three, the lads but one; three of our gender being seniors, a little reverent, though, neither potent nor grave. The dame in chief was a fine queenly lady, just verging into that period which silly women dread (and with cause) when the charms pass from the passions to the mind. Among these, the merely pretty are disapproved, while they who possess the better grades of the woman begin a new reign, and if they capitate us less, command us more. This lady has passed, perhaps, the fourth year of her accession to this second dominion. I dare not more closely define her age; for an infirmity as to that is, you know, the very last that lingers in the dark creatures, no matter how sensible they may be. Let me add, however, that Mrs. — is the niece and was a great favorite of the princes of the statesmen of our time. To her has been entrusted the breeding-up of the three children of his brave son, who fell with so much honor at Buena Vista—that royal battle which they said in have unmade a Mexican dictator and made an American President.