

For the Courier-Journal.
AN EXODUS CHRISTMAS.

"Cris'mus comin', chill'en; yes, I know its comin' fas'
Kase I feels in de cuttin' ob dis bitter, snowy
blas'
Dat's been roarin' roun' de cabin fru de lib'-long
day an' night;
An' not a stick ob fire-wood to make a bit ob light,
Nor a mouf-ful in de cubbard for to gib you all to
eat;
No clo'es nor wood to warm you, nor no shoes for
yo' po' feet.
I done beg for work an' vittles 'till my courage all
is gone.
An' I feels like farly wishin' dat I nebber had been
born.
An' den' to think 'bout Cris'mus, 'dout no sugar
nor no meat,
Nor a single dus' ob flour, for to make us all a
treat.
You is gwine to hang yo' stockin's in de chimbley,
did you say.
So Ole Sante'el' fin' 'em ready when he comes at
crack ob day?
You wonder ef he'll bring you heap ob goodies
way out here.
Like Ole Mists when you run an' ketch her 'Cris-
mus-gift' each year?
Chill'en, don't talk dat away, you farly breaks my
heart;
In de good time dat is comin' you ain't got a bit ob
part.
Listen while I tell you now, an' bar' it well in
min'—
When we come to Indiana good old Cris'mus staid
behin'.
Whar de sun shines bright an' cheery an' de cotton
plant do grow
An' der ain't no bitter winter, nor no cruel win'
an' snow.
He's busy 'mong darkies on de ole plantation now
A-fattenin' 'chouts an' turkeys for de biggest sort
ob row.
Dey got 'simon beer a-foamin', pies, an' odder
good things, too.
An' de 'cud ob bitter 'fections' is jus' ali we got to
chew.
Dey got de warm sun shinin' an' de Cris'mus cheer
in lan',
An' we de cold an' hunger in dis blessed 'promised
lan';
Dey's havin' jublation fru de country far an'
near.
An' de 'milk an' honey' dried up long befo' we
all got here.
When I think about dar Cris'mus, an' den think
about my own,
An' hear you all a-talkin' 'bout de things you had
at home,
My heart it feel dat mizzable I wish we had been
dead.
Befo' we lef' de country whar we all was born an'
bred;
An' I pray de Lord to take us out de cruel snow
an' rain,
An' kar us up to hebban from de hunger an' de
pain.
Quit dat savin' 'Cris'mus,' chill'en, kase you make
yo' mammy cry
An' daddy feel dat homestek he could jus' lay down
and die."
M. G. McC.

One of These Days.

Curled in the window seat,
Watching the leaves
Whirling, whilst rain drops beat
Down on the eaves
Dark seemed this world that day,
We two alone.
Changing to gold the gray,
Lived in our own,
Dreaming as childhood dreams,
Life must be good,
Whispering of nobler themes
Scarce understood.
Dreaming all love was true
Eager with praise,
Smiling at all we'd do
"One of these days."
Here to the window-seat
Came you and I,
Whilst with his noiseless feet
Time hurried by,
Here as in childish days
Used we to dream.
Careless of wiser ways,
Love was our theme,
Sometimes I wondered, dear,
How it should last,
But the next moment, dear,
Doubts were all past,
Past as you answer me,
Love never strays,
"Love never strays,
Happier still we'll be
One of these days."
Now by the window-seat
Stand I alone,
Whilst the wind drives the sleet
Making its moan,
Clouds might obscure the sun,
Sometimes of old,
But while Hope's sands do run,
Hearts find the gold.
Love, when the angel band
Called you away,
When in my clasp your hand
Passively lay,
Faintly your whisper then
Answered my gaze,
"Love we shall meet agrin
One of these days."

For the Courier-Journal.
"UNCLE IKE'S SPEECH."

I bin promisin' mos' all de summer, my
euler'd fren's, dat de very fus' opportunity,
when I had time, I was gwine to git right up
pon top de stump myself, an' hab a little talk
'long you all. I karn't talk a heap ob fine
words for to 'wilder you on an' to kiver up
my meanin' from you, kase I ain't no preach-
er, nor no politician, nother, an', 'sides dat,
eber sence I perfessed 'fignon I done quit
lyin'. I jus' gwine to tell you all right flat-
footed what is my 'pinion 'bout dese 'lections
in de fall. Firs', den, de 'Publicans say, "ef
all de euler'd folks will cast de vote for Gin'el
Garfield in November dat dey shorely won't
forgit us. An' ef he gits 'lected, ebery
thing gwine to be jubilation, de nigger
s gwine to git de offices and be
'ceived in white fo'ks' parlors," an' all dat
same ole foolishness dey been talkin' an'
promisin' ebery 'lection sence de surrender.
I knows dey's lies, an' all you all bin fooled
so many times wid 'em dat it 'pears to me dat
de burnt chile ought to know de fire by dis
time.
All ob you I reckon bin hear de tale 'bout
de monkey an' de ches'nuts, but you nebber
noticed, I'll bound, dat we bin actin' de very
thing oursel' eber sence de war. De political
fire, but burn so good an' hot, an' de office-
holdin' ches'nuts layin' on de griddle jus
brownin' to a turn, ole Publican monkey be
set by de table watchin' 'em an' de nigger
pussy-cat 'layin' in de corner sleepin'
an' scratchin' he head. Pres'ently de
ches'nuts all ready for ter gobble an'
'Publican monkey's mouf 'gin to water, but
de griddle mighty hot, an' he feared he bu'n
he finger; so he wake de nigger out'en his
sleep, an' say: "Look here, Brudder Sambo,
be lively. We done made up dis political fire
an' put all dese good fat offices on to roas',
an' we done struck off yo' chains an' let you
in to look at us cookin'. Now its yo' tu'n for
to help; you take de ches'nuts off de fire—
'tain hot, so you needn't be feard—an' den
we will 'vide." Ole Mass'r peep in at de do'
an' holler: "You'll bu'n yo' idiotic paws,
Sambo," but who you reckon gwine to listen
to ole Mars'r when de monkey tellin' 'em how
good dem ches'nuts is? So nigger come step-
pin' up to de fire mighty big an' claw off all
de ches'nuts. Monkey he stan' dar grinnin'
an' sayin' "tyant hot." Pres'ently
nigger look roun' for his shere, an'
bless yo' soul' dar weren't nary ches'nut lef'
for him. While he bin clawin' 'em out and
blowin' his fingers de monkey done eat 'em
all up. Den de monkey tole him, "Nebber
mind, he should hab some nex time." An' ef
you a bleave me dat smart 'Publican monkey
bin makin' de foolish nigger haul his ches-
nuts out de fire for nigh sixteen year, an'
'pear like dey nebber will git no better sence.
I tired of dat one-sided sort ob game myse'r,
so I done lef' de roguish monkey party, an'
please de Lord, I lib 'twil November, I
votes for de other side.
Another thing I notice on de eve of every
'lection, when de 'Publicans gwine stumpin'
fru de country, stirrin' up 'sension an' strife,
dey talks mighty big 'bout all men beln' free
an' equal an' brudders an' ail dat, but
dey never advises "brudders to dwell to-
gether in unity." No siree, dat ain't de way
for politics to thrive. Accordin' to dem,
brudders mus' aggrivate and wuk aginst one
anudder an' vote agin one anudder, an'
while dey's doin' dat de politicians got chance
to steal all bof sides make. I ain't nuffin but
a nigger, but I got sence 'nuf to see dat ef
you lib in a country you ought to vote for
dat country's intrus'. Now, look heah, nig-
gers, you an' me lib in de Souf, an' natu'elley
ought to look arter her intrus', kase dat
means our'n; but, stid of doin' dat, eber
sence de war we bin votin' Norforn ticket an'
lookin' arter Norforn intrus' an' lettin' ourn
slide. Dey's allus cryin' out dat dey 'struck
off our chains an' made free 'Merican citi-
zens outen us slaves." I ain't gwine to
spute de favor dey allus fignin' up to us,
but dis I will say—dat sence de war we done
paid em fur anythin' dey's ever did fur us,
an' de time is come fur us to break de yoke,
same as ole Mars'r's, an' to turn our 'tention
to lookin' after our own intrus' an' 'prov-
ing our own country. In dis effort Gin'el Han-
cock 'pears to me de man to help us Souf-
ern culled men as well as de white men, an' so
he will poll ole Ike's vote in de fall.
Dis mornin' while I was sittin' on de bench
by de do' a' cobbler's up my ole shoe, dat nig-
ga preacher, Luke Brown, come up an' set down
on de bench. He mighty no 'count fella', an'
a great 'Publican leader. I ain't got no use
fur him myself, 'kase he stole all
my watermillions las' year, so I wan't
glad to see him a bit. Well, he
talk little 'bout de wedder, an' de crop an'
sich like as dat, passin' de time of day.
Pres'ently he say right peart: "What am yo'
'pinion of de political situation jus' now,
Uncle Ike? I hopes you is sou'n in yo' ideas,
kase we depends a heap on you for de 'lection
dis fall, an' 'lows you'll do a heap for de
party an' de ticket by speakin' an' de like."
"What ticket you talkin' 'bout?" I say,
waxin' de thread. "Lor', Unk Ike, you cer-
tainly is funny! You know I means de
euler'd folks' ticket—our ticket—Garfield
and Arthur." "Dat yo' ticket?" I answer,
scornful. "Well, I don't wonder at it, kase
I allus did hear as how 'birds of a fedder
flock togedder.' It may be yo' ticket, but I
tell you 'taint mine, no how. I gwine to
vote for Gin'el Hancock, myse'r, an' I'll tell
you why. Gin'el Hancock is a gent'man,
his fadder was a gent'man, an' his
fader was a gent'man. When I backs a

horse I likes him to hab some pedigree, I
does; none ob yo' half-strainers for Ike; no,
sir! Gin'el Grant was a tanner, an' Gin'el Gar-
field was a boat han' or a field han', or sum-
fin or 'nother; anyhow dey wan't no quality,
so you couldn't 'spect quality behavior from
'em, an' you didn't git it nuther. When a
man's fader an' gran'fader maybe didn't hab
money nouf for to shingle a dog-house, you
can't 'speek him to know how to 'have hissef
when he put in a 'sponsible place. De sight
ob money turns his head, kase he ain't used to
it, an' he can't res' twill it in he pocket. Gent-
'men ain't like dat; dey got der honor
an' der name an' der family tradition for to
keep up, and dey darsent fetch disgrace on
dem dat went befo' 'em, kase ob de shame.
Dey minds dirt 'pon deir hans' kase dey ain't
used to it. Darfo', I say, try a gent'man. I
dunno nuffin 'bout dis 'er "Credit Nobbler,"
but I got sence 'noug to see Gin'el Garfield
never got no credit outen it. I ain't got no
use for de name no how, kase it allus puts me
in de min' ob de ole sayin', "Just as mean as
gar broth." Luke didn't say much arter dat,
but I notice when he went away I miss one of
my bes' awls an' a big lump of cobbler's wax.
He had laid de party principles to heart, an'
was fetchin' 'em out as bravely into practice
as ef he had been a big man in a Custom-
house.
In 'c'usion' I will say, my fren's, dat whedder
you all 'bleves in sign or not, I does, an' on
de very day ob dat Chicago 'vention, when de
'Publicans was fixin' up der ticket. I had gone
fishin' an' ebery time I drop de line in de
water a great big garfish ris up an' bite off de
bait an' de hook an' piece of de line. Dat thing
happen to me three times handrunnin', so
when I hear who had got de 'Publican nomi-
nation I took it for a sign dat de less I had to
do wid gars ob any sort de healthier it would
be for me. I aint too stiff-naked for to 'cept
a sign an' act accordin', an' hopes dat when I
steps up to de poles in November an' plumps
my vote for Hancock, a heap of you will do
de same, kase a gent'man is a gent'man, no
matter whar you put him."
M. G. McC.

ONE OF MORGAN'S RAIDS.

**A Ride of Fifty Miles in Thirty Hours—The
Essentials of a General.**

[New Orleans Picayune.]
"Yes, Morgan was a much greater soldier
than he is generally considered," said Col.
Thomas H. Hunt, of New Orleans, the other
evening, to a representative of the Picayune,
after a rambling discussion of the merits of
the various Confederate Generals. "He
was far more than a raider, and had in him
all the elements that make up a great
leader."
"Well, Colonel, I know you led one of the
most gallant Kentucky regiments in the
Southern army, and are familiar with the
country in which Morgan gained his fame;
were you ever with him?" was the query.
"Yes, sir; it was my good fortune to be
under his command when he made the at-
tack on Hartsville in 1862. That has been
pronounced by able military critics the most
brilliant achievement of the war, and I was
so impressed with the military genius of the
man on that occasion that I shall never
cease to regard him with the highest veneration."
Upon being pressed, the Colonel went on:
"In the winter of 1862, while the Confed-
erate army lay in camp at Murfreesboro,
Tenn., Gen. Morgan got exact information
of the position of the enemy across the Cum-
berland, and determined to strike one of
those decisive blows for which he was fa-
mous. Gen. Harlan's division of 8,000 men
was encamped at Castilian Springs, while a
force of 2,000 Federals was posted eight
miles below him. The problem was to cross
the Cumberland, whip, and, if possible, cap-
ture this latter force, and escape before Har-
lan could come up.
"He asked for two regiments of infantry
to accompany him, and mine, the Fifth Ken-
tucky, was chosen as a part of the force.
The boys were ragged and many shoeless,
and after an inspection I selected those who
were well shod and comfortably clad. It was
bitter cold and the men must have suffered
intensely.
"When we reached the Cumberland and a
council of war was called, and when I was in-
formed of the position, I suggested, of course,
that Harlan would come up as soon as he
heard the firing and capture our whole com-
mand. "No," said Morgan, "he will not. He
will get his troops in line and wait for a
courier to inform him of the situation,
and I will take care that the courier
shall not reach him by posting a line of
scouts across the country." This was an ex-
hibition of one of the highest qualities of
generalship—knowledge of what the enemy
would do under certain circumstances. Well,
sir, he actually accomplished his purpose.
With a force of 1,200 he marched fifty miles
in a deep snow, crossed the Cumberland
twice, captured 2,000 prisoners and much
plunder, and brought them into camp, all in
thirty hours."
"What did you do with the prisoners,
Colonel?"
"They were paroled the next day and per-
mitted to go home. As we were recrossing
the river at a ford below Hartsville, Morgan
ordered the cavalry to carry the prisoners
over behind them on horseback, as the ther-
mometer was far below the freezing point.
The men in blue crowded around him and
exclaimed: "Well, if we had caught you
we would have treated you to rope, but we
know now you are not as bad a man as we
thought."