



## FUN ON THE STUMP.

### HUMORS OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING IN KENTUCKY.

All the wit in the world is lost on him that has none.—*La Bruyère.*



KENTUCKIANS have always been fond of politics. Before the pioneers of the State were safe from the attacks of marauding Indians, a political debating club was formed in Danville, wherein the most serious men of the settlement solemnly and ably debated all sorts of political questions. One of their resolutions condemned paper money as a legal tender; they did not believe that the mere stamp of the Government could create money. The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which owed their inspiration to Jefferson in Virginia, and nourished the belief in the right of secession, and in the possible expediency of exercising it under probable contingencies, were ably discussed in many hot elections. As the masses in Kentucky have always been engaged in agricultural pursuits, they have derived a great deal of pleasure and instruction from political campaigns, and especially from political speaking. Religion and politics have been the main topics of thought and the chief sources of interest. As a large number of the farmers are well-to-do and well informed, and as nearly every lawyer has his eye on some public office, political or judicial, the favorite theme of conversation is politics. To be able to make a speech is the ambition of every bright boy. Men of any calling, while often pretending to condemn speech-makers, are never so much flattered as when complimented for a speech at a public meeting. This passion for speech-making is illustrated by an anecdote of a certain Kentucky senator, who is a captivating speaker and fond of the platform or the stump. It is said that he was once present at a hanging, where a large crowd had assembled. When the doomed man, in his farewell address, said that he would not abuse his privilege by speaking long, the senator, hating to lose such an audience, cried out, "My friend, I should be very much obliged if you would allow me about ten minutes of your time."

As Judge Lurton of Tennessee was once going through Texas he met an old Texan, who described at length the people that had settled in his neighborhood, a large number of them having come from Kentucky. "And there 's them Kaintuckians," said he. "They're the speakin'est people I ever see in my life, fer a fact. Why, whenever we hev a shootin'-match, a camp-meetin', a weddin', er a fun'ral, you kin jest bet that them Kaintuckians will be thar, and afore you knows it they 'll be a-offerin' resolutions and a-makin' speeches tell you cain't rest. To tell you the truth, jedge, they cain't cut a watermelon without a speech."

About 1820 there were great debates in Kentucky between the Old Court party and the New Court party. That was during the hard times that came after the Bank of the United States had to call in its gold and silver. All the Kentucky banks had to suspend, and most of them were hopelessly insolvent. The legislature, in deference to popular clamor and to prevent the regular collection of debts, passed a stay-law for debtors, and attempted to make depreciated paper a legal tender. The court held the act to be unconstitutional. The legislature abolished the old court and set up a new one. The old court refused to yield. It said it ought to be, and would be, independent of the legislature and popular clamor. The fight was carried before the people. The New Court party at first won, as all efforts to make money plentiful and to repudiate debts in a genteel way will win in hard times; but times improved, and, in the end, the Old Court party, standing up manfully for honesty and sound money, was completely victorious.

In later years the stirring contests between the Democrats, who idolized Jackson, and the Whigs, who idolized Clay, developed great speakers. Such men as Henry Clay, Ben Hardin, William Preston, John C. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, and Thomas F. Marshall, were worthy to be called orators. In that day nearly all the brainy men of the State were

lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. Great success seemed almost impossible without the ability to speak. In public or private life intellectual attainments counted for much more than money. Next in importance was family distinction. A few prominent families claimed, and to a large degree enjoyed, political and social supremacy. While fortunes in slaves were at stake, the rich were always eager to enlist the services of able men in defense of slavery. In those days the main features of political campaigns were barbecues, which were attended by thousands of men, women, and children. For the hungry, beeves and sheep were cooked whole in large trenches, and many other kinds of food were furnished in abundance. Distinguished speakers discussed at length the tariff, the justice of slavery, and the duty of guarding States' rights. An occasional duel gave excitement to the fierce debates on the stump and in the newspapers. Thomas F. Marshall, who was at first a lieutenant and then an antagonist of Clay, fought four duels during his varied and stormy political career. He was a fine scholar, and an essayist as well as an orator. He once said in Congress that the administration of Tyler should be described in the history of our country as a parenthesis, which, according to Lindley Murray, "is a clause of a sentence, inclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and may be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

To give an idea of the sort of paragraphs that pugnacious and witty editors of party newspapers wrote in that day, I will cite a few written by George D. Prentice, the Yankee college-bred editor who in early manhood had become a citizen of Kentucky, and the biographer and ardent champion of Henry Clay and the Whig party.

A political opponent says that we have twisted his arguments till they are no longer his, but our own. Suppose we were to twist his nose — would it become our nose instead of his?

The editor of the "Green River Union" intimates that we take a "drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think *he* has "a drop" too much.

The "New Haven Herald" says: "Does the editor of the 'Louisville Journal' suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven is he bread?" We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are *better bred* than he is.

The editor of the "— Democrat" says that he does n't know us, and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the *other* side.

A correspondent of the "Southern Argus" mentions as a remarkable circumstance that he lately traveled a hundred miles with a Whig editor without having his pocket picked. He is careful not to say whether the editor made a similar escape.

Take one letter from Taylor and you have Tyler, says the "Ohio Statesman." Take one letter from Cass, and what sort of an animal have you?

It was natural that Mr. Prentice should have serious encounters with offended men, and he had several; but he always declined to fight a duel.

During the war a large part of Kentucky's best men joined the South; but the State never went out of the Union. In truth, she furnished more men to the North than to the South. At the close of the war the Union men were in the majority; but very soon the sympathies of the State were turned to the South. The soldiers of the Confederacy that came back quickly obtained absolute control of the State, and ever since have had the power to elect their leaders to the highest offices. In the natural course of events, however, that power is gradually waning. Until the last year nearly all spirited political contests have been within the ranks of the Democratic party; but now the margin between the Democratic and Republican parties in four or five congressional districts is small. Until very lately there have been no genuine debates between Democratic and Republican nominees. Each set of partisans has been amused and aroused by commonplace harangues, and the standard of speaking has been greatly lowered. It was not so in olden times.

Mr. Edward Marshall, a brother of Thomas F. Marshall, was a fine stump speaker, but he never was successful in politics in Kentucky. He said he could get bigger crowds, more applause, and fewer votes than any man alive. He was beaten in a race for Congress by a popular gentleman who was then, I believe, in favor of paying public and private debts in greenbacks, and who is now widely celebrated as "champion of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." To belittle this opponent's discussion of financial matters, Edward Marshall said:

Fellow-citizens: When I hear my handsome opponent glibly discussing money, greenbacks, and the mysteries of finance, I am reminded of a majestic swan gliding gracefully and placidly over the bosom of a lake, drawing only an inch of water, and serenely unconscious of the unfathomable depths below.

Just before the war Humphrey Marshall was a great debater in Congress; during the war he was a Confederate general. He was very large and stout — a veritable Falstaff. At the break-

ing out of the war he wrote to an officer of the North, and warned him not to invade the sacred soil of Kentucky; for if he did he would have to pass over the dead body of Humphrey Marshall. The Northern officer replied: "Dear General: We won't pass over your dead body. We prefer to tunnel through." After the war the general had a good practice, but he was extravagant, and often in need of money. Once he was dogged by a collector who had been put off dozens of times. At last the collector said: "General, you have said to me time after time, 'I cannot pay you this week. Come next week.' Now, I can't afford to be coming here all the time. You must fix the day. When will you be able to pay me?" "D—— it, sir," said the general, "do you think I am a prophet?" When the general was running for Congress against Mr. Blank, after the war, he tried to draw out Mr. Blank's exact opinions by a close debate on the stump. In such an intellectual conflict few men could compete with Humphrey Marshall. Mr. Blank parried and fenced as well as he could. Finally, Marshall said one evening in his ponderous tones and impressive manner:

Fellow-citizens: I have tried to pin Mr. Blank down and make him give me a fair statement of his opinions and principles, but he flits about so nimbly that it is impossible to follow him in an argument. In dodging a debate, he reminds me of a bobolink flitting along a zigzag worm-fence, hopping or flying, first on one side of the fence and then on the other, until the mind is bewildered, and it is impossible to tell on which side he is at any moment.

In every county of Kentucky you will find a lot of old men who take great pride in telling you that for forty, or maybe fifty, years they have never voted anything but the Democratic ticket. They began perhaps with Jackson, and have come on down the line. An old man of this sort, who was called "Uncle Billy" and who was very close-fisted, one day saw a group of voters about Governor Proctor Knott. Uncle Billy, leaning on his tall staff, edged his way in and asked to be introduced. He was formally presented "as the oldest voter in the county." "Yes, gov'nor," said Uncle Billy, with evident pride, "I certainly am the oldest voter in the county. Ef airy man will fetch a man as has throwed more Democrat votes than I hev, I'll furnish the liquor—" Hereupon several of the crowd, knowing Uncle Billy's stinginess, but eager for any chance to come into a treat, pricked up their ears, and Uncle Billy, noticing this, and becoming alarmed at the probable outlay if he should be proved wrong, hemmed and hawed, and added—"that is, I'll furnish the liquor to airy man as fetches the man."

To illustrate how naturally some Kentuckians seize an opportunity to make a speech, I recall an incident that happened in the legislature in 1880, when Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was invited by the General Assembly to visit Frankfort. A member was selected by the General Assembly to present him to the House and Senate, and it was distinctly announced by the committee in charge that no other speech would be allowed in joint meeting.

The Speaker of the House, a worthy, ambitious man, was in the chair. As Mr. Parnell, leaning on the arm of Governor Luke P. Blackburn, entered the door of the hall, our spokesman met them, and, turning to the Speaker and the large and distinguished assembly, formally presented Mr. Parnell, stating his official position, the praiseworthy motive that brought him to America, and his plans for the relief of Ireland, then afflicted by famine. Our sympathy for him and his country was expressed in earnest and glowing terms. After speaking five minutes, the spokesman, according to instructions, escorted him to the Speaker's desk, it having been agreed that Mr. Parnell should at once address the Assembly; but before he could open his mouth, the Speaker unexpectedly rushed into a speech, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. *Cornell*. [To set the gentleman right, Mr. Parnell whispered his name and the Speaker, correcting himself, proceeded:] He is a distinguished member of the English Parliament, and no name is more beloved in Ireland than that of Mr. *Cornell*. [Again Mr. Parnell whispered the right name, and again the Speaker, correcting the mistake, proceeded:] I am sure you will recall this day in after years with delight, and that a favorable report of your courtesy will be carried back to Erin and to England by our distinguished guest. In our homes his coming has been discussed with sympathy, day and night, until now every man, woman, and child in the land has learned to respect, to revere, and to love the name of *Cornell*." (Tableau.)

About ten years ago, at the earnest solicitation of the Democratic committee, a young gentleman of Louisville went to speak in a close congressional district in the southern part of the State. His father, when a boy, had come from Ireland to Louisville in its infancy, but he and his mother were born in Kentucky. In one of the small towns where the orator was to speak he noticed that the fences were covered with flaming posters announcing the coming of "the famous Irish orator," who would speak that evening at the town hall. The young lawyer who was to introduce the guest to the audience made a sky-scraping speech far too long for the occasion. After running over the history

of Ireland and America, he pictured in iridescent colors the glorious career of the Democratic party, and at last began a magnificent eulogium of the visiting speaker. In the midst of his panegyric he suddenly paused, turned and asked in a loud stage-whisper, "How long have you been in this country?" "I was born here," said the stranger, demurely. "Born here?" said the lawyer, dumfounded. "Yes," said the guest, though he was sure the lawyer was thus being mercilessly dragged down from his airy flight, and would not forgive the wrong done him under the circumstances. Turning again, with a reproachful look,—for the speech he had written was spoiled,—the introducer paused a few moments, unable to finish his glowing peroration, and then said bluntly and coldly, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blank."

The men of this State are exceptionally tall, and the favorites of the masses have generally been above the average size. Some years ago a gentleman of small size was to make a speech in Lebanon, a small town in Kentucky. In the afternoon he went into a barber's shop, and while being shaved by an old-fashioned negro, asked him what was going on in town.

"Nuthin' much, boss, 'cept dat a gemman from Louisville is gwine ter speak to-night—a Mistah Blank."

"I am Mr. Blank," said the speaker, after a moment of hesitation.

"Go 'long, boss; you 's foolin' me, 'ca'se I heerd 'em say he was a fine speaker."

"I can't help that," said the guest; "I am the man."

Moving off a little to take another look at the small orator, and evidently puzzled by his size, the old negro said, "Lawd, boss, I thought you must be seven feet high—honest Inji'n, I did!"

In an election one meets with all sorts of odd characters. Five or six years ago a lawyer of Louisville was chief supervisor of elections for Kentucky. It was necessary to select, for the day when voters were to be registered, two hundred and twenty-four supervisors—one from each party for every one of the one hundred and twelve precincts of the city. That was no easy task, and all the work had to be done in four or five days. The Sunday morning following the registration the supervisor was alone in his library at home. The bell rang. He went to the door, and there saw a well-dressed man who was evidently some sort of mechanic, and who was twirling a small cane with a jaunty air.

"Is this Mr. Blank?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, sir, here's a letter as will introjuce yees to me."

The chief supervisor read in it that he had

the honor of being introduced to Mr. Tim Fitzpatrick. "I am glad to meet you," said the supervisor.

"Well, sir, I am proud to meet you. I've heard a heap of talk about ye."

With a smile, the host bowed his thanks, thinking the guest meant to be complimentary.

"You appointed Michael Filburn supervisor of the first precinct of the eleventh ward?"

"Yes," said the chief supervisor. "I presume he is a friend of yours."

"No, sir, he ain't; and what's more, sir, he's not a grammatical scholar."

Scarcely repressing a smile, the lawyer asked what difference that made.

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye. Ye see, I lived a long time in Inji'nap'lis, and I knew all the big politicians there, and I tell ye I was a power among 'em; but more nor a year ago I moved to Louisville. Now ye know the Constitution says that if a man live in the State two year, or in the county one year, and in the precinct sixty days, he can rejuster and wote. Now Michael Filburn, not bein' a grammatical scholar, as I told ye,—do ye mind?—did not know the differ between the conjunction 'and' and the interjection 'or,' and so he would not let me rejuster and wote."

The experiences of a man who makes a race for an office are manifold, and they teach him much of human nature. In Kentucky, if he is a Democrat, his hard fight is for the nomination; but after that, in some districts, he must still go through a severe struggle. He must continually mix with the people. A disgusted gentleman of Louisville who ran for an important county office once described the woes of a candidate to me as follows:

As soon as a candidate announces himself, or is considered in the race, he is beset by all sorts of people for favors. Advertising agents come to solicit orders for small pasteboard cards which are distributed from hand to hand. He orders five thousand. In a week or two he orders ten thousand more, to be sure that he will have enough. A week later he orders twenty thousand more, thinking he will have five or ten thousand to spare. Finally, after many such orders, when he sees that he must have another lot of twenty or thirty thousand, he wonders what could have become of fifty or sixty thousand cards. Each day he meets men who talk to him in this style:

"Well, I see you are out." "Yes, sir." "Well, we are all for you down our way—that's right. By the way, let me introduce my friend Bob—Bob Jones. You ought to know him. Me and him carry our precinct all the time. Give us some cards." You give a handful. "Oh, that ain't enough. Give us another batch." You feel that maybe you have met two zealous, devoted, powerful friends, and you almost begin to rejoice. "By the way," says one, "could you give us a little lift? We would like to take a turn through the

ward this afternoon, and let all the boys know you're out, and set up the drinks a bit too, you know." You hesitate, but finally give them a small sum. If you should follow them to the next corner, you would see your big bundle of cards go into the ash-barrel or the sewer.

Next come the advertising agents who want to announce your candidacy, at an exorbitant price, in a program of some church festival, school commencement, or theatrical performance; or they want to advertise you in a newspaper, on a poster, on canvas over a bar-room, on a boat or a street-car, on the walls of a bowling-alley, or on a fan that is to be distributed at a fair, a picnic, or a parade. Each agent that extorts money from you for himself or for his employer swears that all connected with him are for you, though a bigger advertisement of your rival, at a higher rate, has been secured. All sorts of individuals, lodges, societies, clubs, and churches beg and bully and cheat you in this style.

Base-ball clubs, etc., are named for you, that you may be begged for money. Fish-fries and picnics are arranged that you may spend or gamble away your money with a free hand. Ladies and gentlemen in churches ask you for contributions that they know you cannot afford to give, and would not give if you were not a candidate. The procession of beggars of all shades and sizes and conditions never ends till the election is over. Sometimes two or three men come as a committee of a crowd or a regular club about to go out into the country to fish or to carouse and gamble, and you are asked to furnish the beer. Sometimes you are told and expected to send two or three kegs of beer to a factory or foundry for the workmen. Perhaps a petition is presented with twenty, fifty, or a hundred names on it, and you are asked to meet "the boys." You know what that means. Every day, too, you are asked to lend your old friends, or your new friends, or strangers, sums of money ranging from ten cents to a thousand dollars. All you lend is lost. If you refuse, you are criticized and hated. Every man or boy who wants a job as a laborer, or an easy, genteel place as a clerk, wants your recommendation, and frequently wants you to see employers. Each day several men appear who want to be firemen or policemen, storekeepers or gaugers. Young ladies and their friends implore you to get places for them as teachers in the public schools or as typewriters in offices. You recommend a thousand men or women for every vacancy, and still the procession keeps up. The line of ghosts that Macbeth saw would be a relief to your troubled vision in your moments of despair.

When the troubles of the day have ended, the labors of the night begin. At the same time there are to be two church bazaars or fairs, where you will pay twenty-five cents for a poetical quotation or a rose; a special lunch at some bar-room, where one treat to the crowd will cost you five or ten dollars; an Irish ball, a German ball, a puddlers' ball, and an athletic club exhibition—all on one night. You must spend from fifteen to twenty minutes at each place, and the places are perhaps miles apart. But with tact you go the rounds, and

come in at one or two o'clock in the morning, thoroughly weary in mind and body, and then you dream that you see yourself surrounded or pursued by a mighty host of beggars, and you wish that, like Moses, you could get all your pursuers into the sea at one moment, and drown them in a crowd.

Some years ago a prosperous merchant of simple habits, domestic tastes, and high standing was persuaded by many of our best citizens to run for the office of alderman. Mr. Goodman's opponent, who held the office at the time, was a jolly, drinking, thriftless politician. The incumbent and his friends believed that Mr. Goodman would win the race, and hence they resolved to scare him off the track. They began by sending "bummers" nearly every hour to his store or to his home. Some begged for coal, some for money, some for contributions for churches, while some simply offered their services, and did nothing but talk by the hour of what they had heard and what ought to be done. On the second night he was waked up several times after he had gone to bed, and startling information of plots and combinations were told him in great confidence. The next night, after he had been thoroughly worn out and disgusted, and just after he had fallen asleep, a crowd of pretended supporters with a wretched brass band came to serenade him, and after waking up the neighborhood with their boisterous clamor and loud huzzas, a speech was demanded. Poor man! he had never made a speech in his life. He was embarrassed and wretched. He stammered and floundered, and quit in despair. Next morning the newspapers announced that Mr. Goodman had decided to withdraw from the field. The fight was won in three days.

The registration of voters, the secret ballot, and these severe legal penalties, have done a great deal to prevent bribery. A corrupt-practices act, such as England has, can do much more; but only a sound public sentiment can really suppress bribery altogether. That sentiment must yet be created. Candidates are compelled by the populace to make many improper expenditures. Extravagant, reckless, or unscrupulous candidates slowly but steadily, in the heat and excitement of the contest, force their opponents to do some things that ought not to be done, and that afterward cause self-reproach and deep regret.

It is a constant source of discouragement to able, upright men that the intelligent or, at any rate, the prosperous citizens often seem not more conscientious or more trustworthy in voting than the lowest classes. Many successful merchants or well-paid clerks are governed in their preferences by the flimsiest reasons and

the silliest prejudices. Such men and even many ministers, lawyers, and doctors are controlled more by personal acquaintance, or business connections, or church affiliations, than by the merits of the candidates. The great middle class is the salvation of the republic. Indifference, selfishness, and prejudice are the sources of endless evils, and should be made odious by every means at our command. The public sentiment that will stop bribery and elevate our Government in all its branches will not be merely a severe condemnation of buying and selling votes; but a public sentiment that will eagerly search out and uplift men of sterling character and fine abilities without serious cost to them, and will be brought to bear, with crushing force, against every candidate, however able, who tries to win mainly by electioneering and scheming and using money with a lavish hand.

In a primary election held in Louisville a few years ago, before there was any statute to prevent bribery in a primary, some voters in one district were openly paid as much as seventy-five dollars each. The report of this spread through the city. At one precinct the workers for opposing candidates agreed to have a little fun with a German who all the morning had been hanging about the polls for sale. Strolling with seeming unconcern to a place within a few feet of him, they began to discuss the enormous prices paid in other precincts, and what a big sum they would be willing to pay at that time. He listened eagerly, and began to hint at a trade. "I'll give you five dollars," said No. 1. "What!" said No. 2. "Give him five dollars? Why, I'll give ten, sir!" "I'll give you twenty-five!" said No. 1. "I'll give you fifty!" said No. 2. So they went on quickly outbidding each other until they reached three hundred dollars. "Come along right away quick!" said the excited German. "Dot's blenty. Come along, and I wote rightd away!" "No," said the worker last outbidden; "I'll not be bluffed. I'll give you five hundred dollars." The German's eyes were ready to pop out of his head, and off he rushed in tremulous excitement to the voting-place. He was asked his name and residence, which he called out excitedly. In a moment the judges said: "You are not registered; you have no vote." "Ain't got no wote!" said he, as his jaw dropped, and his face assumed an indescribable expression of woe. "Now ain't it awful to shut an old woter out like dot!"

At another precinct a gang of negroes formed a club, and agreed that they would sell out only in a crowd, and demanded ten dollars a head. A worker whose money was nearly gone told them to go around the corner and wait awhile; that he would buy them all, but he

wished to hold them back for a final rush an hour later. He took their names and addresses. When the time was up, they marched up to the precinct in a body, only to learn with horror that while they were waiting around the corner they had been personated by a lot of other negroes who had given in the names and addresses of the members of the club, and had been bought for a dollar a head. Then was beheld such indignation as one rarely witnesses.

Every candidate is at times asked to defend or to intercede for men under trial on a criminal charge; or if they are already in the jail, the workhouse, or the penitentiary, they and their family and friends ask for a reprieve, a commutation of sentence, or a pardon. A nominee of the Democratic party for a high office last year received the following letter from the workhouse:

LOUISVILLE, KY, Sep. 29, 1894.

DEAR SIR. i write you those few lines to ask off of you a favor. i Richard Denham and ira hunt Got in a little truble after the election and are out at the work house after a little Drunk and the judge gave us Bonds [to keep the peace] for six months—wich to Any fair minded man is to Much for a drunk. Me and my friend want to Get out to vote and work For you as we did at the primary. And if you will please grant us this Favor we will do all in our favor to help you at the poles. So with our Best wische for your success we remain Yours respectafully

RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

This letter induced the gentleman to vary his usual course, and he wrote them that he would petition the judge to show them some clemency if they were committed solely for the offense of being drunk. But the judge informed him that they were hardened offenders, and in their last spree had cut a good man, and the candidate let the matter drop. A short time after, he received the following letter:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 14, 1894.

DEAR SIR. Yours of the 8th was duly and thankfully received. Me and my friend have waited for a discharge. But it came not. Be-leaving that his honor has let it slip his memmory. We thought we would ask you the Favor to remind him of it. This is a tereble place to watch and hope for something that never comes. Kind sir you dont know how bad i feel out here in this place. The very thought of my poor wife and family nearly craze me. If I get out of here i shall not drink for many a day to come. [He was not willing to take the pledge forever.] I would not been drinking as it was only for the excitement of the election and you where our nominee. and will Be our next ——. [He was not a prophet, as results showed.] And i hope me and my friend shall be out to cast our votes for you and

the Democratic party. Hoping you will favor us with this request we remain

Your truly friends  
RICHARD DENHAM and IRA HUNT.

A gentleman who was lately running for Congress in a Democratic primary had two strong opponents. One of them was supported by Mr. John Blank, a tireless, loyal, shrewd politician, who was a member of the State executive committee, and had at his beck and call a great host of most serviceable workers. They were at the end of a long, hot, killing race. On the Sunday morning preceding the election, which was held on Tuesday, September 18, 1894, a plainly but neatly dressed Irishman, who had a good face, was ushered into the library of one of the candidates, who was quietly reading the newspaper and wishing, as he read the news of the fight, that he were safely out of the woods. Walking up to the candidate solemnly, and touching him on the breast with the forefinger of the right hand, this unknown guest, looking the puzzled gentleman straight in the eye, said: "Don't ye be a-skeered. I'm for ye!"

With as much soberness as he could command, the candidate expressed his thanks for the pleasure of having his mind set at rest, though he had never before seen his visitor, who probably could not do more than control his own vote. But the visitor continued: "Who bate Johnny Blank when he tries the last time to elicit Mayor Rade ag'in? Me—Gilhooley! And who'll bate Johnny Blank when he tries to bate ye? Me—Gilhooley! Don't you be afeard. I'm for ye!" Again he was soberly thanked, whereupon he walked out without another word. Usually such actions would have indicated a desire to borrow money, but he seemed to have only the wish to renew the courage of his favorite in the race.

Some years ago, when a young lawyer, a Catholic, was a candidate for the legislature, the "Elephants," a secret political anti-Catholic society, composed mainly of the scum of the town, were fighting him with the usual tactics of such guerrillas. In the extreme northern end of the district nearly all the voters were Irish; in the extreme southern end nearly all the voters were German. While the candidates were speaking in the northern end, the lawyer referred to the fact that the Elephants were saying that they would not vote for him nor for any other man that had an "O" or a "Mc" in his name. He said that while his mother was a Kentuckian and her grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolution, his father was an Irish boy who had come to Louisville when it was a village, and he was proud of his Irish blood. He heard, next day, that one of his opponents was going to try to

make capital against him by speaking of this matter; so when they met together for debate in the German neighborhood, two nights later, he prepared himself for the emergency. When his opponent finished his speech that evening, and ridiculed the references that had been made to the "O's" and the "Mc's," the young lawyer, who had studied in Germany, replied in a German speech which he had carefully written out and committed to memory. His opponent was dumfounded. The man with a "Mc" in his name carried the German settlement by an overwhelming majority.

While this Irishman with a fondness for German was in a canvass for Congress, he one day called on a German blacksmith whom he had known for a long time, and found him hard at work with a new helper. Only German was spoken. The weather was very hot, and the candidate asked his friends to go with him to the bar-room hard by to get a glass of cool beer. The blacksmith said he was too busy, but that his helper might go and bring back a pail of beer. As the Irishman passed out of the door, the helper, who probably had paid little attention to the candidate's name, asked for some of his election tickets, saying in German: "Certainly I will help you. The Irish and the Americans hang together. Why should n't we?"

Canvassing through the country in the summer time is not easy. One very hot day in July last year a certain candidate for Congress was driving through the country with a friend who was introducing him to the neighbors. As they were going through a beautiful, shady lane the candidate saw a farmer plowing in a field where there was not a particle of shade. Jumping over the fence, the canvassers walked across the field in the broiling sun to the place where the farmer and his poor mule were standing. The candidate introduced himself, handed the farmer a card, and asked for his vote. The farmer, taking his big, battered straw hat from his head, and slowly mopping away the streams of perspiration that ran down his sunburned face, said: "Well, I'm glad to see ye, and I like yer talk, my young friend; but what I want ter know is, What'll you do fer the farmer ef ye're elected?"

"Why, sir," said the candidate, quickly, in the style of a Populist orator, "the first thing I shall do will be this: I shall pass a bill to compel the Government to furnish movable shade-trees for farmers when they are plowing in the sun."

"Well, that's purty good fer a promise. I'll be durned ef I don't vote fer you, ef you don't git another vote."

A few years ago a plain country doctor and a Mr. May who was fond of jewelry and wore

a valuable diamond stud in his shirt-bosom were running for the legislature in one of our counties. The race was close and hot. At one speaking the doctor made the following fierce and dangerous thrust at his opponent: "Fellow-citizens, don't you want an honest man in the legislature? Of course you do. Now what sort of man is my opponent? Why, gentlemen, look at that magnificent diamond he wears! It is almost as big and bright as the head-light on a locomotive. Your eyes can hardly stand its glare. It is worth hundreds — maybe thousands — of dollars. At what valuation do you suppose he has put it for taxation in his return to the State assessor? Why, at the pitiful sum of twenty dollars!" The crowd yelled for the doctor. Three days later the two met again in joint debate. Again the doctor took up his telling theme, and held forth eloquently and passionately in denunciation of dishonesty and diamonds and false assessments; and then he again told of May's false return to the assessor. "Look at that gorgeous pin, gentlemen! My eyes can hardly endure its dazzling rays. Solomon in all his glory —"

"Hold on there, doctor!" said May. "Do you mean to say this pin is worth more than twenty dollars?"

"Yes, I do — twenty times or fifty times twenty dollars!"

"Would you give twenty dollars for it, doctor?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, you can have it for that."

"All right!" said the doctor, and he hurriedly counted out the money, and took the pin. Then May rose to speak, and the crowd cheered him. He was undoubtedly "game" and honest. He was willing to take what he said the pin was worth. He was elected. A week after the election he called on the doctor and said: "Doctor, I don't want to rob you of your money. Here's your twenty dollars. That pin you bought was paste. I got it in Louisville after your first speech. Here is my real diamond. If I can ever serve you, let me know."

Another distinguished gentleman, an congressman, was to speak in Boston; but

when the time came Colonel McClure of Philadelphia was put before him. Instead of speaking one hour, as was expected, the colonel forgot the flight of time, and spoke nearly two hours — in fact, until ten o'clock. A man from Maine was to follow the Kentuckian. It was growing late, but the gentleman from Kentucky was prepared to speak an hour at least. After he had spoken fifteen minutes — that is, after he had just begun to get well under way — he stooped to pick up a lemon that he needed to clear his throat, when, without giving him time to recover, the band struck up that horrid tune, "Johnny, get your gun!" and he was forced to retire without even a chance at a peroration. To say he was disgusted and broken-hearted — he who had traveled all the way to Boston to discuss the tariff learnedly and exhaustively — is to express feebly his outraged feelings and blighted hopes.

In spite of all the labors, cares, expenses, and provoking experiences that a public man must endure, in spite of the occasional ingratitude of the people after valuable services have been done them with the purest motives, public life is fascinating; but it is ruinous to a poor man who is strictly honest, to one who will not only reject bribes with scorn, but will refuse to make money in any way that may bring his financial interests, however remotely, into conflict with his duty. Half the lawyers of our country are kept poor by the sacrifices they make of time and thought and money in efforts, often unsuccessful, to reach some political or judicial office. Even when they succeed in going to the legislature or to Congress they almost ruin, if they do not entirely destroy, their business. But it is also true that a candidate often receives from his friends such proofs of love and admiration that he feels that a lifetime cannot repay them for their devotion. Their efforts for his success he recalls with pleasure and gratitude as long as he lives. It will be a sad day, indeed, for our country when no ambitious young men of a high sense of honor and of brilliant talents shall be willing to sacrifice ease and wealth for her prosperity and glory.

*Edward J. McDermott.*

