

The Louisiana Democrat.

E. A. BISSAT,

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH"

(PUBLISHER.)

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TERMS:
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Our Post's Corner—Selected

"Come Into the Garden, Maud."

NOT BY TENNYSON.

"Come into the garden, Maud,
With a brickbat and a stone;
Here's the biggest cat you ever saw'd
A gravin' a chicken bone!
Run like the mischief, Maud,
I am here with the beast alone.

"Queen cook of the kitchen garden of cooks!
Come lither with poker and broom;
With scolding tongue and frowning looks,
And strong arms that sweep the room;
Come out, old girl, from the cookery book,
And pronounce the creature's doom!"

There has fallen a heavy shoe
From the window into the yard:
Maud has a soft eye blue,
But she flings at a cat awful hard,
And she throws so straight and true
That his visage is generally marred.

The horse-radish neighs, "She is near!"
But the onion weeps, "She is late!"
And the cat is seized with foreboding fear,
And rushes toward the gate;
But gallant Maud gets round in his rear,
And mashes him small as fish bait!

Romance on the Plains.

EXPERIENCE OF A FEMALE GOVERNMENT CLERK AS THE WIFE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

The Kansas City Times, of the 29th ult., contains the following history, which will be read with interest by many persons:

The steamer Fontenelle arrived at this city yesterday morning, after a three months' trip to Fort Benton and the mountains. Among her miscellaneous cargo of robes, furs, peltries, and Nebraska corn, was a female named Miss Amanda Barber, nee Squatting Bear, who, in a fit of fanatical romance, offered herself, in 1867, as a voluntary missionary to the Brule Sioux, then occupying the territory between the Cheyenne River and the Big Horn Mountains, Dakota Territory.

Miss Barber created quite a sensation in the Eastern States by her marriage with a young Indian named Squatting Bear, who accompanied a party of Sioux to Washington, in 1867. Miss Barber was at that time a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, in a position secured for her by General Butler before the impeachment fiasco. According to her own statement, made yesterday to our reporter, she was firmly impressed with the identity and perfection of the red met of the Plains. She had read everything relating to the Indian tribes, from the reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs down to the latest dime novel. In a fit of enthusiasm or temporary insanity, she offered herself to become the wife of Squatting Bear, a junior chief in the Lone Horn band of Brule Sioux, and with him and his party returned to the Yankton agency, where she was duly initiated into her new life as a white squaw.

Her romantic ideas seem to have received a terrible shock since her introduction to her new home and relations, and though she endeavored to fulfill her mission as a teacher and missionary to the best of her abilities, her progress appears to have been as slow as the progress of civilization on the Plains. She states that her first great surprise was being required to mount upon a wild, vicious pony, and travel without saddle or attention over the country from the Missouri, to the White Earth River, a distance of several hundred miles. Her inability to make the journey provoked mirth among her husband's companions, and finally exasperated Squatting Bear until he bound her with a rope to the pony's back, and led the animal himself on the westward trail. She was still more surprised to find her husband possessed of two other wives—one a vicious, dirty squaw of forty years of age; the other a girl of scarcely fourteen years. Her life in his wigwam, or teepee, was not as bright and happy as she expected it would be. Her husband's absence was taken advantage of by her rivals to compel her to perform the vilest drudgery, such as gathering wood, cooking meat and scraping robes for the tanning process; but during Squatting Bear's presence at home, Miss Barber appears to have been better treated. Her husband, in a violent fit of passion, killed his old squaw during the first year she was the tribe, when, without warning or notice, she was hurried off to the main camp of the Brules, three days' journey towards the mountain, and from thence she accompanied the tribe on its annual buffalo hunt, where she became sick from exposure and fatigue. She was left at a temporary drying camp at Rawhide River, where she attempted to escape by walking to Fort Fetterman, a distance of sixty miles. For this attempt she was beaten until nearly dead, and then sold by her husband for three ponies to a Cheyenne Chief, who sported the very expressive sobriquet of Co-co-Coose, or Bacon-sides. She was taken north in 1870, and has remained with the Cheyennes ever since, until her escape this Spring, when she

made her appearance at and claimed the protection of the authorities at Fort Benton. Miss Barber's experiences would no doubt make a story more thrilling than that of the "Escaped Nun." She is a woman rather plain in appearance, skin tawny and black, eyes small, dark and expressive, voice rather masculine—and, in fact just such a woman as Mrs. Colonel Anthony or Tinnie Clafflin would choose for a second in command. Miss Barber conversed with our reporter with out the least diffidence, and answered every question asked of her. She says that so far as the romance of Indian life is concerned, she found none of it. Her efforts to teach and reform the young Indian children were treated with indifference and contempt. She learned the Sioux language easily, but the Cheyenne dialect was harder to acquire. She has a much higher opinion of the Cheyennes than of the Sioux. The latter tribe she says are to blame for nearly all the thieving and murdering done in the white settlements. She found it necessary to paint and color like the rest of the tribe while she was with them, and twice witnessed the murder or execution of white men, one a soldier belonging to the Thirty-second U. S. Infantry, who had been taken while out hunting, who was burned and scalped; the others were two teamsters brought from Fort McPherson. All three were burned at a place called Saddle's Hill, in the Nebraska Bad Lands.

Slang.

ITS CONVENIENCES AND UNIVERSALITY—HIGH AND LOW SLANG.

There is probably a good deal more slang used in this world than many people are aware of. In fact, there are very few persons who do not make use of some of its varieties, at least occasionally. Slang *per se* may be apparent in force, manner, voice, dress, or language, but it is in the latter that it is most noticeable, if not most frequent. The slang of language in its turn is susceptible of still further subdivision. It discloses itself either in peculiar phraseology—and in such form is especially universal—or else it makes itself manifest in the shape of scurrilous abuse. The fish-wives of Billingsgate and the political editors of small radical newspapers are probably the best known exponents of the last mentioned variety. The slang, which consists in a peculiar phraseology, is at the very outset open to the objection that it is not necessarily a part of a liberal education, and that the most accomplished ladies and gentlemen are liable either not to understand or to misunderstand you if you use it. There are occasions, too, when it is not the height of good manners to talk slang; and yet habit is second nature, and he who falls into the habitual use of anything can not always desist, unless he watches himself even closer than the law demands. Besides, some kinds of slang are fashionable and some are not. Fashion changes, and it is only he who is very watchful, and who goes into society a good deal, who can be sure as to what slang is in season. The knowledge is universally regarded as a necessity, for it is conceded very generally that for a man to talk that people can not understand his meaning, is for him to commit an absurdity. Slang, at the best, is confined to cliques. There is the slang of fashionables, and the slang of unfashionables; feminine slang and masculine slang; the slang of schools and the slang of the universities; the slang of the army and the slang of the navy. Of course there may be a few highly-favored and illustrious individuals who have made themselves acquainted with every kind of slang, though as a rule the slaving of one clique is for the most part unintelligible to all others. This fact sometimes serves a useful end, as in the case of thieves and vagabonds, who no doubt frequently find their characteristic "patter" of value, in enabling them to talk business, and at the same time not add to the information of any eavesdropping outsiders. Taken as a whole, thieves' slang, despite its necessary coarseness, does not equal in scope or ingenuity that frightful and wonderful murder of the Queen's English known as circus or show slang. It is chiefly devoted—outside its professional department—to the description of foul and repulsive things and people and situations. In this respect it may be regarded as a sort of sanitary assistant to the pure vocabulary, inasmuch as it deals comprehensively with subjects that a respectable language ought to blush to portray. With its almost equally foul-mouthed associate, the slang of thieves, the slang of the low hangers-on of low shows is a sort of sewer for the running off of the nastiest things of society, and the consequent purification of decent language, equally incomprehensible, though by no means as repulsive to all sense of common decency is the slang of the sporting world. It may be fairly said that nearly every account in the sporting papers of a horse race, prize fight, game of base ball, or billiard match, runs over with expressions that are quite above the understanding of the ordinary reader. So far as the prize ring is concerned, slang is not only freely introduced, but almost entirely displaces ordinary phraseology. Perhaps there is good reason for this; it misrepresents things; it clothes with a sort of grim humor scenes that would otherwise be simply horrible, and throws a coarse veil over a picture, in itself ghastly. According to the pugilist, a man has not a head but a "nut" or a "nob"; not a forehead but a "knowledge box"; not a face but a "frontispiece," or "dial," or "mug"; not a nose, but a "proboscis," "snuff-box," "smeller," or "bugle"; not eyes, but "ogles," or "peepers"; not a mouth, but a "potato-trap" or "kisser"; not teeth, but "ivories"; not a stomach, but a "bread basket," or "commissary department"; not hands, but "fists"; not a fist, but a "unauley," "bunch of fives," or "dake"; not legs, but "pins," or "understandings"; not feet, but "trotters"; not blood, but "claret," or "ruby," in his veins. It must be confessed that some of the figures are graphic enough, but their figurative elements, including a certain coarse comic vein that pervades them, prevent one not initiated from fully appreciating the brutality which they are commonly used in recording. For example, when you read that "the

dumping's mug showed signs of distress, his two peepers having gone into mourning, his sneller and kisser being materially enlarged, half a dozen of his ivories sent on a commission to his commissary department, and the ruby all over his dial," you are prevented by the grotesqueness of the description from realizing the abject condition to which the noble art has reduced the particular human form divine, owned by the Dumping aforesaid. Nor, should you read "that, in the recent mill, the Boy was unlucky, and met with an accident," would you immediately conclude that he had slain a man and a brother; yet such was the slang of fistic etiquette with which an English sporting paper gently spoke of a case of homicide in the prize ring. If prize fights were described without the gloss—vulgar though it be—of slang, it is probable that the disrepute into which they are day by day more rapidly falling, would be wonderfully accelerated.

Facility in description, however, is not the only valuable characteristic of slang to those who employ it. It brings with it a familiarity of name and manner that must be indescribably soothing to the stranger in a strange land. Who ever heard of a pugilist, or jockey, or variety-show "artist" being spoken to or of, by anything but a Tom and Jerry style of nomenclature? How wonderfully familiar men of the same slang idiom become the very instant they meet. And then in their manner there is nothing of the stern conventionalities which prohibits familiarity before at least some sort of an acquaintanceship. Suppose that business or curiosity leads you to some gathering of this class of humanity; you will find in an instant that it is within your power to know every man in the crowd if you only so desire. A perfect stranger, seeing your ignorance of the presence of some particular bright exponent of the manly art, will, in nine cases out of ten, address you with some such remark as "That's 'im, that's the slasher as fit Bill Marks last week; he'd shake 'nuds with you if you were to arrest 'im," while the bull dog appearing slasher, heaping to overhear the information thus generally tendered you, will just as probably cordially extend you his "im," and make you acquainted with a grip that will make your blood tingle for an hour.

You may not be able to appreciate it, but this is a familiarity, which slang begets, and which breeds just the reverse of contempt.

Swearing is often meant for slang, but the words used, if they have any meaning, are essentially blasphemous. We may here take a hint from Shakespeare. Sir Toby Belch recommends Sir Andrew Aguecheek to "swear horribly as an accompaniment to a quarrel"; and the advice may be considered as a satire upon the employment of abusive slang, wherein meaningless obscenity and senseless oaths are the chief constituents; for Sir Andrew is rewarded as being both a fool and a coward.—[Chicago Times.

MEN WHO ARE IN PRISON.—Among the political prisoners in the Albany penitentiary, sentenced under the infamous Ku-Klux law (Kellogg's) is a man by the name of Moore, and this is his history, as he gave it in brief, from his sick bed, to the editor of the Utica Bee:

"Before the war I was a well-to-do planter in Alabama. I owned many slaves, which constituted my wealth. The events of the war reduced me nearly to poverty. At its close I gathered together the fragments of my ruined estate, hired a few of my former slaves and commenced life anew. All went well with me until a month or six weeks ago, when I was suspected of being a Ku-Klux, arrested by a United States Marshal, given a hasty trial, found guilty, sentenced, and two weeks ago was brought from Washington to this prison. My term is ten years."

The editor of the Bee adds: "The man vowed upon his honor, and so he prayed that it might be his death bed, that he was as innocent of the crime charged against him as I was myself. He knew nothing whatever of the Ku-Klux. I asked him if he had a family. The mention of family seemed to paralyze him with grief. He sobbed bitterly, and between the tears I heard him moan 'Oh! my poor little boy—my poor wife.' I hastened away, but, under the pretence of filling his kid with water, in a half hour I returned. He was still lying on his narrow bunk and clasping a Bible in his hands, seemed deeply interested in one of the plaintive Psalms of David."

There may be, and no doubt are, here and there in the South outlaws, as there are in the North and the West, who deserve the prison; but every form, feature and act done under authority of the infamous Ku-Klux act degrades the scorn and condemnation of every true freedom of the land.—[Baltimore Sun.

In the "dark days" of 1864 there lived "Down East" two well to do Irish neighbors, each of whom had a son who had gone West to seek their fortunes. The old boys meeting one day, mutual inquiries were made about the youngsters.

"Well, Pat, how is Mickey making out wid his thrip out West?"

"Illegantly! tin dollars a wake, and bossin' himself. And how's your boy gittin' on, Dennis?"

"Teddy, ye mane? Ho doin' splendidly, the darlint! Why, his lasht letter was bustin' wid grane-backs, and made so easy, too."

"And what's he doin'?"

"Faix, I hardly know, but it's in the government employ he is."

"The devil ye say? the government! What's he doin' for the government?"

"Faix, I hardly know what it is, but I thinks it's what he calls laapin' the bounty!"

made her appearance at and claimed the protection of the authorities at Fort Benton. Miss Barber's experiences would no doubt make a story more thrilling than that of the "Escaped Nun." She is a woman rather plain in appearance, skin tawny and black, eyes small, dark and expressive, voice rather masculine—and, in fact just such a woman as Mrs. Colonel Anthony or Tinnie Clafflin would choose for a second in command. Miss Barber conversed with our reporter with out the least diffidence, and answered every question asked of her. She says that so far as the romance of Indian life is concerned, she found none of it. Her efforts to teach and reform the young Indian children were treated with indifference and contempt. She learned the Sioux language easily, but the Cheyenne dialect was harder to acquire. She has a much higher opinion of the Cheyennes than of the Sioux. The latter tribe she says are to blame for nearly all the thieving and murdering done in the white settlements. She found it necessary to paint and color like the rest of the tribe while she was with them, and twice witnessed the murder or execution of white men, one a soldier belonging to the Thirty-second U. S. Infantry, who had been taken while out hunting, who was burned and scalped; the others were two teamsters brought from Fort McPherson. All three were burned at a place called Saddle's Hill, in the Nebraska Bad Lands.

Slang.

ITS CONVENIENCES AND UNIVERSALITY—HIGH AND LOW SLANG.

There is probably a good deal more slang used in this world than many people are aware of. In fact, there are very few persons who do not make use of some of its varieties, at least occasionally. Slang *per se* may be apparent in force, manner, voice, dress, or language, but it is in the latter that it is most noticeable, if not most frequent. The slang of language in its turn is susceptible of still further subdivision. It discloses itself either in peculiar phraseology—and in such form is especially universal—or else it makes itself manifest in the shape of scurrilous abuse. The fish-wives of Billingsgate and the political editors of small radical newspapers are probably the best known exponents of the last mentioned variety. The slang, which consists in a peculiar phraseology, is at the very outset open to the objection that it is not necessarily a part of a liberal education, and that the most accomplished ladies and gentlemen are liable either not to understand or to misunderstand you if you use it. There are occasions, too, when it is not the height of good manners to talk slang; and yet habit is second nature, and he who falls into the habitual use of anything can not always desist, unless he watches himself even closer than the law demands. Besides, some kinds of slang are fashionable and some are not. Fashion changes, and it is only he who is very watchful, and who goes into society a good deal, who can be sure as to what slang is in season. The knowledge is universally regarded as a necessity, for it is conceded very generally that for a man to talk that people can not understand his meaning, is for him to commit an absurdity. Slang, at the best, is confined to cliques. There is the slang of fashionables, and the slang of unfashionables; feminine slang and masculine slang; the slang of schools and the slang of the universities; the slang of the army and the slang of the navy. Of course there may be a few highly-favored and illustrious individuals who have made themselves acquainted with every kind of slang, though as a rule the slaving of one clique is for the most part unintelligible to all others. This fact sometimes serves a useful end, as in the case of thieves and vagabonds, who no doubt frequently find their characteristic "patter" of value, in enabling them to talk business, and at the same time not add to the information of any eavesdropping outsiders. Taken as a whole, thieves' slang, despite its necessary coarseness, does not equal in scope or ingenuity that frightful and wonderful murder of the Queen's English known as circus or show slang. It is chiefly devoted—outside its professional department—to the description of foul and repulsive things and people and situations. In this respect it may be regarded as a sort of sanitary assistant to the pure vocabulary, inasmuch as it deals comprehensively with subjects