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copy of the paper.

ROYAL

Outing in the Wilds of Arkansas.

To the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

I send you the "minutes" of our

annual hunt in Arkansas, which the

"boys" desire to have published, to

keep unbroken the records of years.

Perhaps, if I had taken them home

with me and they had been rewritten,

I could have given something of the

pace and vigor of the diction. But

as they are, they are true to nature

and so we prefer them.

They were written at night, by the

flickering light of a candle, at inter-

vals, while the Deacon played my

hand in a very innocent little game,

for amusement, which we had, and

are what they are.

We might have killed more deer

had not all Arkansas been on fire,

but in any event could not have had

a more pleasant "outing" among

more congenial friends or truer gen-

tlemen.

AUSTIN PEAT.

HUNTING IN ARKANSAS.

November 9, 1887, the day set

and appointed for our start on our annual

hunt in Arkansas, and which has

been long looked forward to with

joyful anticipations, arrived, as was

to be expected, through the kind-

ness of Capt. Gracy, the most of our

horses, dogs and equipments were

loaded on at Newstead on the I. A.

& N. R. and transported to Clark-

sville free of charge. At Clarksville

we were assembled the following hun-

ters ready to go: Samuel R. White,

Capt. Jas. S. Parrish, Lyman Mc-

Comb, Henry Drane, Henry Bryant,

Will Lewis, George Tom and Sam-

Wadlington, William Craven, Em-

met Canale, William Lowry and

Austin Peat. T. P. Burke, who was

to join us at Memphis, was heard

from Memphis. We had thirty ser-

vants, with our old cook Bill, and

twenty-nine hounds. This was the

personnel of the hunt, many of them

veterans in the cause—some of them

gray, grizzled in service, and some

new and inexperienced.

At 4:30 o'clock the freight train,

with all of our equipments, left for

Memphis, with Capt. White and my-

self in charge. The others were to

follow on the passenger at night.

They passed us at Paris. The Cap-

tain and I had a rough old time to

Paris. The old caboose in which we

rode was a travesty on public im-

provements. It had no shutters to

its windows, and the cold wind and

rain came driving in, and we alternately

froze and thawed in sections, for

we had nothing but our over-

coats, which offered a novel spec-

imen of our bodies at the time. At mid-

night a brakeman shook us out of uneasy

slumber and shouted: "Paris! Said I,

hardly awake, "Where is the beau-

tiful Helen?" and the Captain,

carefully removing his feet from

Bill's lap, where they had been rest-

ing, entered into quite a lengthy

conversation for him, and said, in

his deep guttural, "Let's go and get

some supper." We went, and being

of generous and confiding nature,

we called it a supper.

From Paris to Memphis we had a

good, comfortable caboose and slept

comfortably. It had no shutters to

its windows, and the cold wind and

rain came driving in, and we alternately

lands of Paradise.

Morning seemed to come all too

soon, but there was some consol-

ation for Bill Craven also came, with

his fresh brewed toddy.

After breakfast Capt. White and

Deacon Parrish in search of a

camping ground while the rest of us

remained in camp until their return,

which they soon do, and it is decid-

ed to camp where we are. The tents

are stretched and the camp made

comfortable.

In the evening we make a drive

west of camp. Got a several deer,

but none came to the stands. Tom

Wadlington shot at a deer running

through a thicket and the Captain

snapped at the same deer; the dogs

all ran out. Late at night White and

his drivers came into camp, where

the rest of us had arrived some time

before. The woods are dry and deer

not plentiful, but fish in abundance.

A man and his wife are camped

near us on a fishing expedition, and

if we fall to catch, we can get sup-

plies from them at any time. Yester-

day he passed through camp with a

load of more than a thousand

pounds going to Caledonia for a

market.

Sunday, Nov. 13.—Sunday is proverb-

ially and divinely appointed a

day of rest and the scriptural injunc-

tion as to rest has been faithfully ob-

servated by the camp. It is true that

the Captain and some of the men

have been out on a prospecting tour

but they are innocent of murder, and

Henry Drane and some others, in-

cluding myself, have been out on the

lake to-day, and Bill has a splendid

supper of fresh fish, but then there is

a camp near by from which fish can

be purchased at any time.

Still warm but some hopeful clouds

are forming, and we pray for rain.

If it does not come the hunt will not

be successful so far as deer are con-

cerned, for the woods are too dry,

and hounds cannot trail with much

success. Our horses are faring well

on green grass, which is in abundance

at our tent door. The weather is

delightful for camping, and whether

the deer are shot or not we shall find

what we seek, relaxation from the

cares of life and recreation for the

physical man. But to-morrow will

tell perhaps a different tale. Until

then farewell.

Monday, Nov. 14.—Henry Drane is

par excellence the fisherman of the

camp. He has caught from the lake

to-day, twenty-five pounds of trout

and perch from one to four pounds

in weight. He is none of your ordi-

nary, lymphatic Waltons but il-

lustrates the active, alert principles

of the art. He whips the water with

far-reaching line, and his flexible

bamboo responds to his touch with a

precision beautiful and delightful to

behold. Upon his shoulders has fall-

en the mantle of the lamented Wal-

ker and he wears it well.

And dear Walker, how fresh rises

your memory to me as I write to-

night, your place around our camp

fire is vacant forever. As no one liv-

ing could hold the bow of the

Homeric hero Ulysses, so no one can

fill your place as you filled it. And

did of heart disease! Could it have

been otherwise when such a great

magnum heart swelled in his

manly bosom. The dear mother of

your heart's actions scarcely loved

you better than your comrades, who

now lament you, gone. I remember

that June day which saw your mor-

tal remains laid away in their narrow

home, and your friends were gath-

ered from far and near to do you fitting

respect, while their hearts were steep-

ed in genuine sorrow, and great tears

rolled down the cheeks of Capt. Gra-

cy, that man who so often had man-

aged his guns amid the storm of bat-

tle. I thought surely he is worthy of

all of this, as his friends and comrades

all know. Perhaps there were things

in his mode and manner of life which

the strict churchman might condemn,

and the modern utilitarian not com-

mend, but his intimates know that

his heart bowed in the humblest re-

spect to his Great Creator, and that his

simple means were to him a vehicle

of boundless charity, a charity al-

ways, unheeded, yet gracious and

gentle as summer dew. The grass

and flowers of two summers

have formed a turf, and their frag-

rance above his grave and soon the

snows of another winter shall

wrap it in a wadding sheet, but his

memory shall ever blossom as a beau-

tiful flower and no winter but his

chill winter of death can freeze into

dumb forgetfulness our affection for

him who is gone from among us.

This morning when the sun rose

every man was on his stand and

Capt. White into the drive. The first

nothing was done. Next we moved

over and made the "cut off" drive.

The dogs brought a deer up to Henry

Drane but from the rear. He fired

both barrels, but the deer was in

thicket and he failed to kill it. Tom

Wadlington shot at a large buck,

about thirty yards, and says he

hit him, but the dogs took up the

trail and soon ran out of hearing and

beyond the lake. We made several

more drives and had up two more

deer, but no one got a shot. To the

camp and a splendid supper on fish,