

KANSY.

(From the Toledo Blade.)
MR. KANSY LEAVES MARCH CHUNG, OWING
TO A MISTAKE HE MADE IN A FINANCIAL
OPERATION—A CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCE
IN MISSOURI.
VIEWERS, WHICH IS IN THE STATE OF MISSOURI.
Sept. 23, 1868.

The fact is I went to Missouri for money. The fact which followed me for many years is after me again. I made a tollable thing up out of A. Packer, the standard banker and expense payer up the Pennsylvania Democracy, so long as I stuck strictly to politics. I went to his head quarters each day for a week, each time passing the chairman up a different Democratic club, and I so resembled in appearance and style them which wuz actually in them postulants that I got money without difficulty to be "yosed to carry my load." Once I got a hundred dollars to bring down ten repeaters from New York, and on other occasions other sums. I personated Executive Committee men from Pittsburgh, Scranton, Lock Haven, Redin, Easton, Allentown and such, with distinguished success. Last week, feel that them characters wuz too easily assayed. I am now a member of the "Woolly" body, bodily into Packer's Committee room I announced myself as a solicitor for a mission church in Philadelphia. Never shol I for get the frozen look that wuz given me.

"A misshen what?" chuckledd A. Packer's bed man, givin checks to two gentlemen uv Irish descent from Philadelphia.

I explained that it wuz for a struggling church. Wuz solisitins funds.

"Sir!" said he fiercely. "Sir! we don't spect no assistance from sich, and hev no money for sich. Show him to the door, Terence, and see that he don't trouble us no more."

And Terence really helped me down the steps with so much alacrity that I actually broozed myself. It served me right, though.

I am, on the date of this epistle shown, in Mississippi, where I shol contribut my mite to the clockshen uv Judge Dent to the Chief Magistracy in this glorious State. I wuz present last nite at the first meetin of the campane, where all the candidates uv the Conservative Yoomon party, ez the Democracy call themselves in this seashen, addressed the masses. The awjence wuz uv all colors. O'ez I saw them niggers standin there all together, how I longed to hev em in Kentucky, Ohio or Indiana, where they can't vote, and where its safe to bust em! But they warn in Kentucky, Ohio or Indiana; they were in Mississippi, and they hev votes, and consequently I wuz compelled to stand by and treet em ez they wuz men. Faugh!

Judge Dent made a most tellin speech to em. After ramblin, he wuz a brother-in-law to President Grundy, with the niggers cheered, and the Judge thank em with ez much grace ez poor Johnson woz to under similar circumstances, he went on to ask why his colored friends cooden he confidence into him. He good put his hand onto his heart and swear he loved em. He wuz a colored man himself, but he hed lived amongst em all his life, and had bin last at the breast uv a colored woman. Lovem! He did low em. There wuz suthin noble about em—suthin uv that nacher wuz give him confidence in humanity. The Judge devoid the balance uv the time he hed to the most scorin, witherin, blasin rebook uv carpet-bagger and carpet-bagger I ever heerd. When he spoke with contempt uv Northern men wuz come South for the purpose of helping to fill offices, and wuz making speeches in their own behalf, his blood curdled with indignashen.

He concledd I hollered "Ror!"

The candidate for Treasurer, sollied.

He hed bin reported up him that he wuz at antagonism with the colored people of the South. Wat falsehood! Troo, he hedn't colored blood in his veins, but—

"Three sons of yours hev!" yelled a disconcerted carpet-bagger, with much disconcerted him ez the crowd uv niggers all yelled "Ror!"

The candidate for Auditor of State ascerted that he loved the colored man, and believed that he wuz destined to work out its final salvation. He wuz wothy uv them to befriend him for his wuz proud to say he had colored blood in his veins, and alluz he. He coode talk the Ethiopian uv Africk descent to his buzzard and say "brother."

The other candidates wuz equally emphatic ez their affection for a Ethiopian. One asserted that his brother was a mulatto, and the other remain vowed that shod they be left disconsolit widowers four hundred times each, they would every time marry colored ladies.

The Chairman interdost the candidate for Secretary uv State, Good Heavens! he wuz a nigger—a full blooded odorous nigger!—thick-lipped, woolly-headed, bow-legged nigger! The nigger shook hands with all the other candidates and made a few remarks, after which I wuz interdost to the awjence. Ez all uv em had expressed their undyin love for the nigger. I felt that I must. My wazn't a dramatic effect. I'm a natural organizer uv a babblo. The nigger by the hand I led him to the front uv the stage, and fallen onto his back. I shod candidates wave two conservative awymen flags over us, wizh by accident happened to be confederat flags. Judge Dent a pointin at us with one hand exclaimed: "Democracy and Ethropy are hand to hand, hart to hart, Ror!"

It was tough for me, but I endoored it, and the strink ppter wuz cheered vociferously by the black cusses before us.

The meetin ended with three harty cheers for the candidates, wizh wuz jined in principally by the candidates and me.

Judge Dent shod hev given me \$10 and sent me north immejity, but he didn't. He gave me \$10 to treet niggers with. Good I waste whisky on niggers even to the impression left on their minds at the meetin. Never! So that evenin me and four other candidates from the North took 20 or 30 drachas too much after we had reached wat enough to hev our limit, and seein a crowd uv niggers passin, our nachers instinkts riz. Ez I saw em the whisky in my babblo. Forgitin my, affekshul demonstrashen on the platform that afternoon I marched out followed by my new found friends. Hangin to a lamp post I remarkt to em that they wuz d—aps.

"Soor" scendin from griff'rs, their "ferior race" or "hic" Dent, and d—n "Great—yon not evah to whites—yoi aint got no in'lect, and yoo (hic) s—tink. 'Ror for Dent!" Go for the d—d niggers boys!"

"Kill the d—d niggers!" shouted one wizh hev partidit the New York onlookers in 1863, "kill the bloody niggers!" and echo his cry, waz said in.

The Ethiopians wuz surprised. They hed seen me on the stand—they hed observed me shakin hands cooden with Dent and the other candidates, and to be termed d—d niggers, and assaulted in sich a manner, wuz too much for em. We didn't vankish em however. It took a coonited effort uv sevral pleecememt and citizens to reskoo us from the infoored wratches, and I rite these lines with my hed bandaged, one arm in a brace, and divors other contoushens. I wood leev here, but my vote is needed to prevent the carpet-bagger from triumphin more than it is in Pennsylvania, where it won't do good anyhow.

The wratch with me is Democracy aint one and the same everywhere. Hed id in New York, in Ohio, in Indiana, wiz I did in Virziburg, the Democracy woz hev to stand in a little east in the Los Angeles while hev it puts me out uv favor with the same party. And wat an argement in favor uv tempeons when you hev to make sudden changes in bizness wizh requires

delikit touches. In the North the more likker a man hez in him the better he is fitted for Democracy, for it unlooses his lower instinks—here, alas! the nacialistik every Dimokrat hez to kill a niger must be suprest. Wo is me! don't heve I shol ever do for this seashen.

Et I ever doubted the terrible effeck uv givin the nigger the ballot, I am now convinced. Instid uv runnin like sheep or standin with bowed heads to take sich blows, ez men when convivily inclined choose to give em, these niggers, puffed up with the idea of exalt, strack out from the shoulder just ez of they wuz men, and hid reds. To see white men interfern in their behalf aginmen uv their own race wuz too sickin. And this, too, done by Dimocrats! Wat is the country comin to?

PETROLEUM V. NASHV.—Wich wuz Postmaster.

The Minnesota Democracy.

The Democracy of Minnesota, like their brethren in Ohio and Pennsylvania, are very anxious to get office. They have been out in the cold a very long time. In Ohio they talk of greenbacks and negro suffrage; in Pennsylvania, their candidate is a blooming "bomber"; they are the subject of taxin' the bonds, and say nothing of greenbacks. The dodge plays the question of negro suffrage. In Wisconsin, a few days ago, they nominated a man who had supported the war, and they congratulated the world upon the fact that slavery had been abolished! The Minnesota Democracy have just held their convention, and they, too, have trimmed their sails with a view of reaching an anchorage in office. Their regular platform was about as meanin' as it could be; and an "old liner," one of the adamantine Democrats who claims to have made the voyage in the ark with the fathers, offered a resolution opposing the Fifteenth Amendment. Then ensued a scene, a portion of which had never been seen in a Democratic convention. The resolution was opposed! Negro suffrage was declared to be a "dead issue," and that platform was proclaimed an enemy to the negro, who would attempt any longer to refuse political equality to the negro. This, it is remembered, in a Democratic convention. This, in the Northwest. This, while Lee and Breckinridge, and Vandigham, and Pendleton, and Frank Blair are living. This, too, without obtaining any satisfactory answer to that memorable and time-honored question of the Democracy, "Do you want your daughter to marry a negro?" This! "Item; well, it means to separate. "Well, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Item, hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, chime in the hopeful urchin.

CHILDREN are inquisitive little babbles; for instance: "What does cleave, mean?" "It means to unite together." "Does John wood when he cleaves it?" "Stop, I say! Do you hear again?" again repeated the father, after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in minute, do you?"

"Stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the last five minutes. "Stop, I say! Do you hear again?" again repeated the father, after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in minute, do you?"

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