THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 5. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870. NUMBER 27.—WHOLE NO. 235.

Medical—Dentistry.

DENTIST.

J. F. HASSELL, D. D. S.,

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

Dr. J. W. MENG,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE, opposite the courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Mo. All work done in a scientific manner. apr1 tf

Dr. S. J. TUFT.

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Lexington and vicinity. All calls in town or in the country promptly attended to day or night. Office on Main street, over Grimes & Venable's jewelry store. apr1tf

T. R. POTTER, M. D.,

HAVING contributed to resume the practice of his profession, tenders his services to Physicians and Surgeons in the exercise of Lexington and vicinity. He would also respectfully ask, that having had over twenty years experience in the practice of his profession, he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Office at his residence on Main street, one door east of Wm. Morrison's residence. mar12

DRS. SMALL, CHAMBERS & CO.

A. V. SMALL, M. D. J. B. ANDERSON, M. D.
G. W. NORVELL, M. D. P. H. CHAMBERS, M. D.

OFFER their services in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, to the public, with the hope that their association, together with real zeal, to procure the knowledge of diseases, and treatment thereof, will be found the on

They will give special attention to Chronic Diseases. They will, in all cases, consider themselves the when the services are rendered, and will collect no one from after as they find them able to pay. All persons indebted to the late firm of Drs. Small & Chambers, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and earnestly hope to settle immediately. [v5n1]

Miscellaneous.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Staple and Fancy GROCERIES,

No. 4 second street, corner of Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

PATRICK MITCHELL,

Painter and Grainer,

PINE STREET, opposite St. Louis Hotel, Lexington, Mo. [v5n26

ROBINSON & McHATTON,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Lexington, Lafayette county, Mo.

75,000 Acres of Improved and Unimproved Land for sale.

J. W. LUKE,

Successor to Carr & Luke,

Commission Merchant

No 302, COMMERCIAL STREET,

[v5n9 ST. LOUIS, MO

W. R. G. WASHBURN. H. W. WASHBURN.

REYNOLDS & WASHBURN,

HAVE opened a Feed and Livery stable in rear of Arcade Hotel, opposite the Farmers' House. Having the best of stock, reasonable charges (but the cheapest in the city) prompt attention to business, they hope to receive a share of public patronage. [v5n1

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

Kansas City, Missouri.

J. C. PARKS, Proprietor.

(Late Proprietor Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.) tf

PARK HOTEL,

CORNER OLIVE & TWELFTH STREETS,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Henderson & Cummings,

PROPRIETORS.

Street Cars pass the House. [v5n25

BOURBON HOTEL.

Main Street, one Block East of Court House.

THE subscriber is prepared to accommodate the public with first and traveling at the Bourbon Hotel, with the best of boarding and lodging, at reasonable prices for all classes. The Bourbon Hotel is just fully refitted throughout, and the traveling public and guests will not be better or more comfortably quartered in the city. Every attention will be given to those who may favor me with their patronage. [v5n1 THOS. WILLIAMS.

Mr. CHAS. GIMBLE, Jr.,

PIANIST, & MUSICAL DIRECTOR [illegible]

Will give instructions on the

PIANO FORTE, MELODEON, [illegible] and in VOCAL MUSIC. Music for VIOLIN and [illegible] He may be called on, or addressed, at the Bourbon Hotel, Lexington, Mo.

He also keeps constantly on hand the Best Latest SHEET MUSIC PUBLISHED.

P. S. "Lexington Grand March," just out. [v5n19

BRANT & ARTER,

FEED, SALE & LIVERY STABLE,

Farrar's New Stable, Pine St.

CARRIAGES, Buggies, Saddle Horses, &c., constantly on hand. [v5n1

WILLIAM MEINHOLD.

CIGAR MANUFACTURER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CHEWING & SMOKING TOBACCOS

SNUFFS, PIPES, &c.

A LARGE assortment of all the finest Virginia chewing and smoking Tobacco. Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. All orders promptly attended to, commencing from a distance. All of my goods warranted.

No. 54 Main street, one door west of City Hotel. [v5n1 WM. MEINHOLD.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Thomas C. Bledsoe,

HAS reopened his Real Estate office, at his old stand, up-stairs, in Robt. Aull's building, No. 2 Main street, Lexington, Mo. Can offer for sale a large quantity of land, varying from 10 to 160 acres. Some of which are half cleared, and others are splendidly improved. Also, city property and lots, together with city and suburban residences, vacant lots, &c. He will collect rents, pay taxes, and attend to any other business appertaining to a General Agency. His charges will be moderate, and being thankful for past favors, he solicits from the public further patronage.

THOMAS C. BLEDSOE, [janf6y Real Estate Agent.

GENTS' CLOTHING

AND

Furnishing House

BUTLER WILLIAMSON,

No. 54 Main st. 2 doors west City Hotel.

LEXINGTON, MO.

I am now disposing of my Summer goods at sacrifice, to make room for the large stock of Fall and Winter goods. Call and see.

[v5n3 R. WILLIAMSON.

RICHARD CAVANAUGH,

Mason and Contractor, Lexington, Mo.

WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he is prepared to attend to all orders for mason work he may receive, either in town or country. Post-office box, 21.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This may certify that Richard Cavanaugh has completed the mason and brick work of Graham & Newman's buildings, on Second and Olive streets; the brick work of the north wing of the courthouse, and the rock and brick work of the Valley Hotel, Seventh and Morgan streets, to my entire satisfaction. From what I have seen of him I can say he understands his business, and can carry out any PLANS and execute the work to the satisfaction of those employing him. WM. RUMBOLD,

County Architect.

St. Louis, Mo., April 21, 1867. [m1y1

STATIONARY ENGINE,

IRON FENCE,

BROOM MACHINE,

FOR SALE.

I HAVE a No. 1 Stationary Engine, suitable for any kind of mill, which has been used a short time and has been refitted and is as good as new.

Also 50 feet of second hand Iron Fence, complete with Gate, Posts, Braces, &c.

Also, a complete Broom Machine and Stocker.

For terms and particulars, call on or address

WM. MORRISON,
or CHAS. N. MORRISON,
Excel Store & Machine Works,
Water st., Lexington, Mo.

Jan26tf

G. C. LUDWIGS,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

LEXINGTON, MO.

HAS ON HAND a large assortment of

Watches, Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Plated Ware,
Spectacles, Clocks,
Fancy Goods, Cutlery,
Pistols, Guns,
Cartridges, Toys.

Musical Instruments, Violin and Guitar Strings, Stationery, Picture Frames, in Gilt, Ebony and Rosewood.

Wall Paper and Window Shades,

and all other articles usually kept in a Jewelry and Fancy Goods Store.

I sell Cheap for Cash, and warrant everything I sell.

☞ Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Accordeons, Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, etc., carefully repaired and warranted, and orders for new articles promptly filled.

☞ Special attention given to the manufacture of HAIR JEWELRY. We have over 200 patterns on hand, all new and beautiful.

I am also agent for the celebrated

GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES, both Elastic and Shuttle Stitch, for Family and Manufacturing purposes, which can be seen at my store. G. C. LUDWIGS,

my15y1 opposite the City Hotel.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

A BRICK HOUSE on Main street. The property is in thorough repair. Title perfect. Will be sold low. Inquire of W. M. GROVE, or at Caucasian office.

FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED 2½ miles southwest of Greenton, and consisting of 200 acres, 20 in fallow fence, orchard of 200 bearing Apple, Peach and Pear trees, good dwelling, of 5 rooms, with all necessary out-buildings. For further particulars, apply to this office, or to R. S. HUGHES, on the premises. aug27tf

FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED four miles south of Wellington, containing 160 acres, all under good fence, improvements tolerable. Also 10 acres timber near Cobb's Mill, and ten acres being a part of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22, township 51, range 26. Terms to suit purchaser. A. STEWART

aug20 tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Cobb Price, deceased, offers to sell, on reasonable terms, the two-story brick house and lot on which I now reside, situated on Franklin street, near Laurel, Lexington. Said house contains seven rooms and two halls, together with out-buildings, all in good condition, and located in a very desirable part of the city, and is now offered for sale, in order to settle up said estate. For further particulars apply to myself or to Thomas C. Bledsoe, Real Estate Agent. aug6tf WM. DUVALL, Admr.

FINE FARMS FOR SALE.

ONE containing 265 acres, 242 acres in a high state of cultivation, tolerably good buildings, fine well and orchard of 250 great trees; lies within half a mile of the railroad, near Hardin, Ray county. Another of 160 acres, partly improved; and a third within two and a half miles of Richmond, contains 120 acres, nicely improved, good residence, excellent water, good buildings and orchard. Terms to suit purchaser. Apply to T. H. BAYLISS,

nov29 City Hotel, Lexington.

FOR SALE.

90 ACRES of land, set in high state of cultivation, balance in timber. There is on the place a new and substantial cottage house, 1½ stories, a new smoke house, and a well of first rate water, a young orchard of 125 trees of selected fruit, and plenty of stock water. Implements, stock and farming tools, will be sold if desired. I will sell the entire stock at sacrifice if called for in 30 days from date. Title without dispute.

sep10tf GEO. HOLLAND

Small Farm for Sale Near Town.

I NOW OFFER FOR SALE the small farm known as the VANCAMP place, about one mile south of Lexington, on the old Independence road, and containing about 20 acres. There is a splendid young orchard, just commencing to bear, and of the choicest fruit; a good house, with eight rooms and two halls; good cistern and well, and spring near the house; outhouses in good order. About 6 acres in cultivation, 20 acres of good timber, and all convenences to make it a No. 1 residence. Possession given at any time. Apply on the premises to

Mrs. A. NICHOLS.

FARM FOR SALE.

OWING to the health of my family and wishing to change my business, I now offer my sale the farm I occupied on, which I reside, it is situated 3 miles south of Dover, in the very heart of Lafayette county, and contains 80 acres, 25 timber, good fence and in cultivation, balance in timber adjoining upon 3 sides. The improvements consists of a dwelling house, six rooms and two halls, all necessary outhouses, a large new frame barn, 48 x 56 feet, and a large hemp house. Also two tenent houses, one brick and one log dwelling. There are on the place, two spring fresers, 150 in full bearing, together with peaches and other fruits in abundance, and an abundance of never failing stock water. The land is not surpassed in quality by any farm in the county, and taken altogether is considered one of the very best farms in the State, and is situated in a pleasant and healthy land and convenient to the churches, schools, &c. It will be sold together or will be divided, if the purchaser desires. Are wanted with less land. Terms easy. Apply to the undersigned, upon the premises. augr1tf T. J. A. WEBB.

WHEAT WANTED.

I WOULD say to the farmers of Lafayette county, that I propose to establish a PRODUCE BUSINESS in the city of Lexington, and will give special attention to Wheat, and will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. I would respectfully solicit a trial from you before selling elsewhere.

office at Hays & Peale's store, corner Main street and Broadway. [aug27 J. H. WOODBRIDGE.

NEURALGIA CURED.

RUSSELL'S

TIC SANO,

— CURES —

NEURALGIA,
NEVOUS AND SICK
HEADACHE,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT AND GRAVEL.

[illegible] Tic Sano, and [illegible] results, and would say that it is a valuable remedy. We take pleasure in recommending it to the public.

B. W. Bradford, R. W. Washburn, Sedalia, Mo.; R. M. Rennick, of R. Garrison, St. Louis, Mo.; John N. S. Tift, Gen. Jas. O. Shelby, R. B. Boland, Mrs. W. H. Ewing, Ben Marshall, James M. Elliott, John McKenzie, B. H. Wilson, George S. Rathbone, John Lancaster, Lafayette county, Mo.

For sale by Grosvenor and Lewis, Lexington, by Fletcher, Waverly, agt. Marshall, Wellington.

[aug6m C. BEN. RUSSELL, Agent for State.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

Mrs. PRICE & Mrs. ARNOLD,

Cor. Main, one door east of Courthouse.

MISS PRICE & Mrs. ARNOLD have just returned from the east with a large and well selected stock of millinery, embracing all the leading styles of

BONNETS,
HATS,
FLOWERS,
RIBBONS,
PLUMES, &c.,

all the most fashionable trimmings in that line. All orders for Bridal and Mourning Millinery will receive the most careful and [illegible] attention. We have also in our establishment a fine assortment of children's underwear. Fine undersleeves of merino, as well as Furs of Ermine and Alaska mink, which will be sold at reasonable rates. Our stock includes all the article usually belonging to a lady's paraphanalia, such as kid gloves, handsome lace collars, and a large assortment of hosiery. We ask but the attention of our customers and friends, to the finest stock of millinery ever brought to this market. Thankful for past favors we hope to merit the same in future. Mrs. PRICE & ARNOLD.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Boteler & Clagett,

HAVE just received and opened, newly opposite the Courthouse, a large and varied assortment of

DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS, AND
GROCERIES.

Having purchased entirely for cash since the great reduction in prices, pledge themselves to sell as low as any house in Lexington. Our stock of Dress Goods are very complete.

We are the Agents for

Price's Celebrated Baking Powders.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Very respectfully,

apr29tf BOTELER & CLAGETT.

JEFF. W. BEDFORD,

(Successor to G. E. Beiles.)

DEALER IN

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SUCH AS

QUEENS-WARE, GLASS-WARE, WILLOW-WARE, WOODEN-WARE, TABLE CUTTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

HAS MADE LARGE ADDITIONS to his stock, and is now prepared to furnish anything in his line at reduced rates for cash. Call and see his NOVELTIES in the way of House Furnishing goods, before purchasing elsewhere. Ap'ply

Wilder's column.

INDISPUTABLE FACTS!

It may be mentioned, without the fear of successful contradiction, that the

SIX CREATEST

REMEDIES

OF THE AGE

Are the following—

1

EDWARD WILDER'S

FAMOUS

Stomach Bitters.

2

EDWARD WILDER'S

SARSAPARILLA & POTASH

3

EDWARD WILDER'S

COMPOUND EXT.

WILD CHERRY.

4

EDWARD WILDER'S

CHILL TONIC.

5

EDWARD WILDER'S

Mother's Worm Syrup.

6

EDWARD WILDER'S

FAMILY PILLS

These are not quack or patent medicines.

They are prepared after approved formulae.

They are compounded of the purest and finest ingredients.

They are indorsed by the Medical Profession.

They are recommended by the Newspapers.

They are praised by the Preachers.

They have been tested in thousands of homes.

They have been analyzed by the first Chemists.

They should be in every family.

All other remedies are secret. Edward Wilder's are open to the investigation of any graduate of medicine.

Use no other. Save health and lengthen life.

EDWARD WILDER,

SOLE PROPRIETOR.

215 Main Street, Marble front,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

For sale by all Dealers. And in Lexington, Mo., by

G. C. ALEXANDER, Druggist.

[v5n1 Main Street, in front of Court House.

The Weekly Caucasian.

By JULIAN, DONAN & ALLEN.

C. M. JULIAN. T. DONAN. K. ALLEN.

TERMS:

One year, in advance, $2.50; six months, in advance, $1.25; single copies, 10c. Subscriptions discontinued at end of term unless renewed.

OUR LITTLE WEEKLY CONFAB.

OUR LAST VISIT TO THE FAMOUS BROOKLYN SIN AGOGUE.

A Scene and Incident that Actually Occurred.

BEECHER AND A NIGGER.

And so, young folks, you want us to ruin our reputation forever, by owning that we've been there. Well, we have. Don't we look guilty? Can't help it, if we do. Ward went with us. You don't know who Ward is? We've stood-by at you. Why, he's a gentleman, and a scholar, and a Cumberland Presbyterian Christian, and a "good Union man," so-called, just like we are. He's a double-barrelled editor, to boot. Adds literature, scribble-ature, and genteel starvation, to all his other accomplishments and miseries. Edits "The Ladies' Pearl," and "Union and American," in Nashville, no longer Brownlow's vestibule of perdition. Yes, Ward and "we-uns" have been and gone and done it. We've veni-vidi-ed. And a pretty place it was, for two intellectual young Christians, sons of "poor but respectable parents," to spend the sacred hours of what our hymnific old friend, Watts, styles "Day of all the week the best"—Now wasn't it?

Reader dear, were you ever educated for a solemn-visaged peddler of evangelical truth; and did you ever, in spite of that fact, when "home-sickness" hung heavily about your heart, during some long, quiet Sabbath afternoon in "war times," draw you your camp guitar, and permit your uncircumcised ears to revel in the care-banishing, grief-beguiling intonabilations of uncanonified yah-gutz? Alas, we have! Did you ever, on a bitter cold night, intentionally forget to say: "Now I lay me," etc.; jump in bed; tuck your head under the cover; suddenly remember your neglected devotions; and too lazy and comfort-loving to get up, roll over on your side, mumble a sleepy-headed mixture of Lord's prayer, table blessing and benediction and wind up with a long-drawn snore, instead of an "amen?" We have, and our conscience never smote us over the pate, with a bigger edged, for either transgression, than it has for this last performance—this unsabbatical excursion we've been on.

Ward was with us; and he's a good Christian; and his brother's a preacher; and so's our dad. But all that don't make us feel any better. We do all our cussedness, on our own hook, on our own individual curve. And we have to take the consequences, ditto. Of ourselves, we perpetrate naughtinesses, in this world—and of ourselves, we get our names inscribed in the goats' book, in the next. For themselves, mankind lie, swindle, embezzle, steal spoons, rob pantries and graveyards, connect high tariffs, vote the Radical ticket, disfranchise their neighbors, shed innocent blood, and perform all other parts of [illegible] infinite freezering, roasting, broiling, and all the other styles of dishing up sinners, in Beelzebub's grand Jackobin cook-house.

Pardon these dismal reflections. We feel bad. Our old-fashioned, country-jake conscience is larrupping us with a whip of scorpions, black-snakes, alligators and lizards. We've been to the Brooklyn Sunday Horse-Opera! Been to witness an exhibition of pulpitical ground-and-lofty tumble-selling—To see the chief among ten thousand theological gymnasticulators, and the one altogether wooly-horsical. It wasn't remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. No, it wasn't. Nothy a bigful.

We jumped into the street-cars, got seats, crowded; ladies enter; get up; give them our places; two big back niggers sit still; enter more ladies; nigs still sit; all right; free niggers in free-nigger-dom; can do as they please, and be d——lighted with their liberty, for all we care. On through long, dismal, winding, sloppy streets and alleys; past heaps of garbage, and swarms of filthy, ragged little caricatures on humanity—miserable little creatures! Can it be possible that God made them? Yes, we fear. Oh, the boasted "Philanthropy!" the "Charity," of the "enlightened," "Christian North!" Shiploads of red flanned shirts and tracts on predestination, for the sportive young cannibals on the banks of the Niger—Gushes of affection and cargoes of provisions and muskets, for the suffering "REBELS" of Cuba and Crete—Sympathy and testaments, for the benighted Hindoos and Siamese—Overflowing tenderness for Hayti, Hungary, Poland and the Sandwich Islands—Buncombe Congressional "Resolutions," in behalf of Ireland (to catch Fenian votes)—Fat, tender, juicy missionaries, in prime order for barbecuing, for the Caribs, Feejees and New Zealanders—Barrels of crocodile tears and bountious shipments of hymn-books, Parley's geographies, schoolmarms, strumpets and North Methodist whangdoodlers, for the beastial, skunk-bergamotted, black barbarians of Mississippi and the Carolinas—All this long-range solicitude for "perishing humanity"—And HERE, at their own doors, amid all "the blaze of gospel light," in hearing of the bells on a hundred glittering spires, STOPS HERE, wallowing in the reeking slums of this great Babel, are a quarter of a million wretched little souls, of their own race, their own flesh and blood, native-born Americans, who never heard of a heaven, a hell, a God, or a Devil, except in blasphemies! A quarter of a million pitiable little creatures, with skins beneath those cots of filth, as white as yours, madam, who never saw the inside of a school-house or church; who are as deeply, darkly, terribly ignorant, debased and brutalized as the young savages who, to-day, worship the Cobra-de-Capello, and eat their own lice, on the sun-scorched shores of Zambesi or Lake Ngami!—American heathen!—American pagans! Away with your collections for "Freedmen's Evangelizing Societies," "Polynesian Bible Associations," and Senegambia, Madagascar, or Terra Del Fuego "Missions!" Away with them! And begin your work AT HOME! Enlighten the heathen, reclaim the Arabs of your own streets and alleys!

But no more time for moralizing. On we rattle, past long rows of dingy, rickety, filth-steaming tenement-houses; rags stuffed in broken window-panes; bottles sticking out of cracks in dilapidated walls; slatternly women lolling in tumble-down door-ways—women blear-eyed, tattered and haggard, heaven's master-piece in ruins. On past groups of low-browed, heavy-jawed ruffians banging, oath and pipe in mouth, around oyster-cellars, groggeries and cock-pits. On, on, winding and twisting and splashing, jerking, jumping, jolting, bumping. One lurch, as we "swing corners," in a trot, piles us on an antique colored gentleman's stove-pipe. We recover our equilibrium, just in time to be sent by another short turn headlong into the lap of an adipose old female on the opposite side, thereby much disarranging her Sunday harness. Stutter out an apology to her rumpled dignity and dimity; straighten up, and at last, fall-gusted with three miles of standing to right boots, and sloshing around like a "high-moral" "hero-president," on a gulfuscious bender, we spring out, and rush for Fulton Ferry. Ten minutes puts us in Brooklyn.

"Can you tell us, sir, how to find Plymouth Church?" "What, Beecher's?" "Yes, sir." "Just follow everybody you see on the streets. That'll take you there!" We follow instructions and the crowd. And such a crowd! Men, women and—no, not children: there are no children in this country—filiputian gentlemen and ladies, of every nation, station and avocation. Here, a southern ex-reb, with his broad-brimmed slouch hat; his dark moustache; small, neat-fitting boots and gloves; and independent, careless air. Here, the blue cloth, gilt buttons, slashes and anchors, and rolling bow-legged gait of the d——d U. S. navy. Here, the eagles or stars of a so-called "Union-defender"—Such a Union! Here, the sharp, peaked, inquisitorial-snout, the long, lank "drum-sticks;" the huge, flat, leather-trunk-encased, hog-in-blue boots; and the sniffing, twanging, cob-screw tones of a genuine, white-belching, quaker-hanging, foreigner-hating, negro-loving scion of Plymouth Rock. Here, a feminine Fifth Avenoodle, sailing along like a blazing ordnance of commingled rainbows, ostrich feathers and crystal squat, to kneel with her false eyelashes, bow her painted face, upon her enameled hands, turn up to the skies, her stunning array of false hair, and supplicate heaven to put a new heart in her bosom of saw-dust, cotton batting, and patent wire palpitators. Here, a knitting-needle-legged, gun-boat-hooded, ruffled-bosomed, silk-hatted, red-kibbed, green-necktied, switch-cane[illegible] and "Jackey-Chibbed" Broadway squirt, brainless, heartless, soulless, going to ogle the "ge-yurls!" through his pink-ribbon-suspended eye-glass. Here, a pompous Wall street gold-grubber; here, a genteel pick-pocket; here, an alderman; an up-town merchant prince; a gorgeously decked strumpet; a London snob; a ——

But here we are! A large, plain, red brick structure, with brown stone caps and sills, to windows and doors. Utterly destitute of ornament; quakerishly neat and bare of decoration. Great Prince of Humbuggery, what a jam! "Stand back, gentlemen!" "Out of the way, ladies!" "Fall in there outside, and take your turn!" "Pew-holders must all be seated first!" And, like huge, prismatic amoebulas, the long lines, continually lengthening, stretch from each broad door, far into the street. By a brilliant flank movement, we capture a position within ten feet of the door; and there for one mortal hour, squeezed by Grecian benders; our shins sawed by steel springs; our ribs, side and back, punched and thumped by five hundred different elbows, endowed with as many diverse degrees of acuteness, we stand, like mad statues of Job-feline patience, "waiting our turn." For know ye, that Plymouth Church, like all other [illegible] pay managers employ the "star actor," at a salary of fifteen thousand "pieces of all evil," per annum. They, likewise, provide a first-class vocal orchestra and musical director, ushers, luxurious cushions, and everything else that is calculated to please the sensuous religionist, and render the establishment popular. Their expenses are about forty thousand dollars, a year. Now, to make their speculation "pay"—For with a Yankee, even his religion is a marketable commodity, a thing of traffic—The building is large and capacious, and every square foot is turned to account. There are, as in other theatres, two galleries, one above the other; one running entirely around the house; the other, as short one, facing the pulpit or stage. This arranged, the edifice will seat say twenty-five hundred persons. Now on the first day of the year, these seats are sold, at public auction. Orchestra chairs, or front pews on the main floor, command almost fabulous prices. Purgatorio seats, a little further back, rank next. Dress circle, or first gallery pews, range in proportion to distance from the orchestra. And carpet-bottom camp-stools, and seats in the cock-loft, are reserved for strangers. This year, the seats brought ninety-five thousand dollars; or fifty-five thousand clear profit, on an investment of forty thousand; a hundred and thirty-seven per cent. for the stockholders! And the buyer of a seat owns it for the year; a stranger can no more be shown into it, than at Booth's Theatre, Jim Fisk's Opera House, or the Academy of Music, he could be shown into some other gentleman's private box.

An hour flies by; crowds still pouring in; and at last, the usher announces: "No more room down stairs!" Then begins the rush for the galleries. We charge up stairs; struggle through the radiantly attired mob; and by a desperate lunge, gain an entrance and a camp-stool, just as the janitors announce: "Not another seat." The doors are closed. Hundreds of behind-timers walk away in high dudgeon. The organ pours forth a grand voluntary. But we scarce hear it. We hardly notice the vast human kaleidoscope around us; the bewildering panorama of silk, velvet, lace, feathers and broadcloth; the far-stretching, restless sea of painted cheeks, dyed lips and stained eye-brows, of imported hair, enameled shoulders, oily side-whiskers, jewelled hands, and leering, lascivious eyes. Our gaze is fixed upon the center-piece of the whole strange exhibition.

Leaning carelessly back in his luxurious arm-chair, a beautiful gilt vase of growing flowers and vines on a stand beside him, sits the great chief mountebank of American theology—BEECHER.

Plump, and rather below medium height; long, dark-grey hair combed straight back from a smooth, white brow; a round, sleek face, showing that high living, fast horses, sermonistic claptrappery, and novel-writing agree with him; a smile of profound self-satisfaction playing upon his countenance, he sits there, a perfect picture, natural as life and thrice as nasty, of the canting, whangdoodling, other-man's-sins-stuffing, Puritanical Pharisee in full bloom. Yes, that is Beecher, professedly, an apostle of the meek and lowly Sufferer of Calvary, professedly, a herald of that Religion, whose fundamental principle, whose very life, is Peace and Love; and really, the foulest of all the foul evangels of Discord, Hate and Strife, Rapine, Massacre, Devastation and Horror—Beecher, who stomped New England swine-agogues, in '56, to raise Sharpe's Rifles for Kansas horse-thieves and assassins—Beecher, who preached John Brown and him gibbeted, from '56 to '61—Beecher, whose apostolic robes are dripping, red with the blood of his countrymen, slain in a war which HE, more than any other one living man, had labored to bring on—Beecher, whose altar, whose communion cup, whose very bible is flecked with fratricide's gore—Beecher, who a few days ago, doomed himself to annihilation, cut himself out of all hope of a hereafter, and endeavored to rob the devil of his dues, by proclaiming that there is no hell!—Beelzebub's kitchen swarms with such gospel-peddlers!

But hark! The organ's solemn tones are hushed. Two thousand auditors lean forward in breathless silence. A stillness deep, dead, profound, settles upon dress-circle, parquette and galleries. Even the rustling of leathery fans, and the shimmer of the "more antique" robes of pompous dowagers, die out upon the air. The great Baroness of American ecclesi-asse-ticism, rises to pray. And such a pray! In silvery, self-complacent tones, and polished, snouting rhetoric, he graciously points out to the Almighty, numerous errors and defects, in His moral government of the universe; and kindly suggests improvements. He patronizingly informs Omniscience, that matters have got into a terrific tangle, in some portions of His American "vineyard," particularly in the "lately rebellious districts." He invites the attention of the Deity to multitudinous abuses, which in spite of school-marms and Nastychusetts missionaries, still exist in those barbarous and benighted regions that lie south of the Ohio and Potomac—For instance, in Alabama, Tennessee and Carolina, except where some Cape Cod philanthropist or philanthropiste, personally and self-sacrificingly, interposes to prevent it, nigger-babies are still born black—which is clearly a case of "veiled outrage." He next proceeds to supplicate the special tenderness of heaven, in behalf of such Congressional saints, as the pantry-bank-and-tomb-pillaging Beast of Lowell; the whisky-swearing, profanity-and-obscenity-belching, phlebotomizing Michigander, Zack Chandler; and the caustic-bandaged, stench-emitting, moral and physical leper, Morton of Indiana. He now raises his soft, white hands, strikes a sweetly dramatic pose, and thanks God for the superior enlightenment, morality, virtue and sanctity, of crime-dodged, vice-reeking Yankeedom. Solicits the sprinkling of a little fire and brimstone, among all "disloyalists," "copperheads" and "rebels," who refuse to shout: "Great, great is Nastychusetts; Beelzebub is her pupil; and Beecher is her prophet." Heaves a gentle sigh of satisfaction, that his prayer is all "hunkidori," which is the Italian for bully; lowers his paws, drops his head; and softly murmurs: "Amen." "Wasn't it splendid!" whispers an antiquated female behind us, as she mops her snuffy nose and piley eyes. "Ugh! bah!" say we. A hymn is given out, interspersed with comic comments. Hymnals, with words and music, lie in every pew. Twenty trained singers lead off; two thousand voices join in; and the lofty roof fairly trembles at the grand, magnificent Niagara of melody. It's glorious, surpassing all the church music we ever heard.

It ends. And now, for the sermon. The subject is charity. Such a subject, for such a man, in such a place, to such a crowd! For nearly an hour, that smooth, full voice wanders on through a flowery wilderness of beauteous images, startling truths, plausible sophistries, noble sentiments, [illegible] gorgeous metaphor and rhetorical tinsel. Now thrilling his audience, with a brilliant apostrophe to some exalted virtue; now tickling the Plymouth pew holders, with a soft-soapy allusion to their many great advantages and admirable characteristics; now convulsing the vast crowd with laughter, by a pungent stroke of humor or sarcasm; and now rousing them to enthusiastic applause, by a dazzling burst of patriotic pyrotechnics. Tributs of thoroughly, stars, comets and meteors, scraps of bewitching landscape, meadows, fountains, trees, birds and flowers, babbling brooks, glittering sea-shells, music, poetry, art, gospel and humbug, all mingled, jumbled in bewildering, kaleidoscopic loveliness and confusion—but no more fervent piety, no more true godliness in it, than in the thinking of an Egyptian tambourine, or the caperings and gibberings of an organ-grinder's ape. STOP is his sermon, essay, lecture, harangue, or whatever else you please to call it. Winding up with a glorious, soul-stirring appeal for sympathy and benevolence toward the weak, the helpless and oppressed, he invites a SINGER NIGER, who has hitherto remained invisible, to mount the rostrum, and present the needs and claims of his polecat-flavored brethren in the South! FACT! True, as that Butler is a thief; Morton, a mass of vice-smitten carrion; grant, a bullet-headed, beastted, swinish omnium-gobbierum; Sickles an adulterer and assassin; and every "loyal" Senator and Governor, a swindler, robber, and plunder-gorged land pirate. A long, gangling, Illinois-mud-colored descendant of the Guinea-Coast man-eaters, with whom Greeley and Revels claim brotherhood, clambers into sight, stalks to the front of the stage, and draws out his tale. Great sensation. Old dames sniffle and smell hartshorn; sentimental dam-sells sob and snivel and rub their eyes, like sick tabbies; coolish-and-pumpkin-pie-reared snobs wipe diminutive drops of greasy brine, from the tips of their piggy snouts, with scented cambrics. The hats are passed around. Agonizingly sympathizing Christians, whose checks are good for millions, wipe their weeping eyes, and show the fervor of their emotion, by dropping in clipped coppers. Having no assurance that this pious contribution would not, within two week's time, turn up in the shape of "loyal league," or "militia" muskets in Carolina, Georgia or Alabama, we need hardly remark that we added little to the burdens of the hat-carriers. Another hymn is sung, Beecher and the nigger chanting from the same book, behind the vase of flowers and vines—sweet picture of fraternal bliss! A "benediction" is pronounced. And—the show's busted!

But, dear friends, good friends, incomparable friends, down on our praying bones, at the risk of having to get the knees of our Sunday breechalsons patched, and our shins half-soled; down on our supplication hinges, we beseech you, implore, beg, entreat you, to pardon us. PRO-VAH! Here we've been rattling ahead, for three long drawn quarters of an hour—And you, all waiting, waiting, patiently waiting, for the shallow, brawling torrent of our gab to be drained!—(No profanity; note the spelling!)—Come in, come in! A thousand times welcome!

Number 1, a stirring, working friend, who drops in with thirteen new subscribers—one for each State in the original Union—each star in the first national galaxy:

MYYYSOURI, Mo., August 20, 1870.

Editors Caucasian—Gentlemen: Please send the Caucasian to the following persons: S. L. Smith, Tabo P. O., one year; F. X. Hogan, do., do.; Jane Hogan, do., do.; Hilary Joy, do., do.; Anne Anson, do., do.; J. J. W. Clarkson, Mayview P. O., one year; W. C. Beatie, do., do.; Isaac Littrell, do., six months; John Staley, do., do.; H. C. West, do., do.; Wm. F. Hagood, Higginsville, one year; John T. Benham, do., do.; Joseph Osborn, Freedom, one year.

There are many persons in this part of the county who would readily subscribe for the Caucasian, but for the irregularity of the mails, the paper not reaching them sometimes until it is a week or two old. In my last, I requested you to send me some specimen copies to Elmwood, Saline county. Please do not forget to do it.

Respectfully, &c., G. H.

Oh, for a thousand such friends! Wouldn't we strut, and put on more airs than a Russian Czar, or a Turkey——gobbler? Wouldn't we wear boots with toes in 'em; and quit carrying brick-bats in our coat-tail-pockets, on windy days? We rather think we would! We would, it we could; if we couldn't, how could we? Could you? Who can beat friend H., in the "new sub" line?

A flattering request from the far South-west:

TEXARKANA, Arkansas, Texas, Sept. 15, 1870.

Col. P. Donan, Proprietor of the Caucasian, Lexington, Mo.—Dear Sir: You will please send me specimen copy of the Caucasian, daily. As I brought the Caucasian of the Metropolitan Record, I have discovered that you are the principal editor of the above paper, and, being an old subscriber to the Record, I have some idea of the character of paper edited by R. E. B.—Not knowing the terms of subscription, I must wait for the specimen copy.

Yours, respectfully, J. H. S.

We've sent several. Hope your idea of "value" has been realized.

From a gay and gallant brother ink-spirit, explaining why he didn't make us a promised visit, and how he got a lovely "cussed bad cold:"

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 10, 1870.

Dear Donan: I promised to be at the Lex. Fair, on a dispatch calls me home. Regret exceedingly that I cannot have the pleasure of meeting you on your own sanctum and on your own heath, and my name checked Kentucky friends in Lafayette. By the by, you are the innocent cause of my suffering from a good cold.

I received your paper, containing some interesting account of your trip, and commenced reading it in bed, with my arm and neck exposed to the damp morning air, and, of course, could not arise until I had devoured the contents, hence the cold.

When shall I have the pleasure of driving with you again through the blue grass paradise

Yours, sympathetically, J. G. CRADDOCK.

Ed. True Kentuckian, Paris, Ky.

Sadly disappointed, dear Craddock, and so were scores of your ex-Ky. friends, at your non-arrival. Toothpaster, Downing and a host of others expected you. Come yet. Never too late to do well.

From the once proud Empire State of the South—Bullock-and-Badley-cursed—carpet-bagabond-and-nigger-criminal-trampled Georgia:

VIDALIA, GEORGIA, Oct. 13, 1870.

Editor Lexington Caucasian—Sir: You will please send me a specimen copy of your weekly paper, on terms of subscription. Being from Missouri, I feel a kindness for everything in regard to politics in that state. Yours truly, J. E.

Paper sent. But if you "keep posted" in Missouri politics, you'll have a neck and brain and soul as twisty as a black-snake's trail in a dusty road. You'll have to spin around so fast, it will be impossible for your friends to tell whether your breeches are buttoned in front or behind. Mixity-twixity, dodgity-villainy's the