THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOL. 5. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870. NUMBER 30—WHOLE NO. 238.

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 reliable manner. apr23tf

T. R. POTTER, M. D.,

HAVING [illegible] the practice of his profession, [illegible] to the public in and surrounding Lexington. [illegible] Office on Main street, one door south of Mansion. Residence—[illegible]. [illegible]

DRS. SHALL, CHAMBERS & CO.

A. V. SHALL, M. D. J. B. ALEXANDER, M. D. G. W. YOUNG, M. D. P. R. CHAMBERS, M. D.

OFFER their services to the profession of Medicine and Surgery, to the public. With the hope that their association may together hold more growth, improve their knowledge of disease, and by improved skill in treating them.

They will give special attention to Chronic Diseases. They will, do all surgery connected therewith, and will exhibit new remedies as they may from time to time prove valuable. [illegible] Dr. Shall & Chambers, office as above. [illegible] firm are respectfully tendered, and every effort to settle satisfactorily.

Miscellaneous.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Foreign and Fancy GROCERIES, No. 28 Second street, corner of Olive, [illegible] ST. LOUIS.

PATRICK MITCHELL,

Painter and Grainer.

PINE STREET, Opp. Post Office, Lexington, Mo. [illegible]

ROBINSON & McHATTON,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Lexington, Lafayette County, Mo. [illegible] Acres of Improved and Unimproved Land for sale.

REYNOLDS & WASHBURN,

HAVE opened a Food and Luxury Stable in rear of Masonic Hall, opposite the Lafayette Bank. Carriages for hire on reasonable terms. Horses fed by the day or month. Stable on Main street. [illegible]

REDFORD HOUSE.

SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Lexington, Mo. [illegible] R. REDFORD, Proprietor.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

Kansas City, Missouri.

J. C. PARKS, Proprietor.

Late Proprietor Football House, St. Louis, Mo.

PARK HOTEL,

CORNER OLIVE & TWELFTH STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Henderson & Cummings,

PROPRIETORS.

Street Car to and from Depot. [illegible]

BOURBON HOTEL,

Main Street, near Block, West of Court House.

THE subscriber is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner. The Bourbon Hotel is the best hotel in the city. The Bourbon Hotel is the hotel for stockmen, drovers and travelers. Terms reasonable. Stable attached. Omnibus to and from all trains. [illegible] WM. WILLIAMS.

LAFAYETTE BREWERY.

R. CORLEY & CO.

BREWERS of LAGER BEER and CREAM ALE, Lexington, Mo. [illegible] Orders of Lexington and surrounding country supplied on the cheapest terms. [illegible] Wholesale Dealers in Wines, Liquors, Brandies and Tobacco. [illegible]

GEO. GEBBLE, Jr.,

PIANOS & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Will give instructions on the PIANO FORTE, MELODEON, VIOLIN and in VOCAL MUSIC. Musical Instruments and Music for sale at Lexington, Mo. [illegible] Latest SHEET MUSIC at REDUCED PRICES. [illegible]

WILLIAM MEYNHOLD.

CIGAR MANUFACTURER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHEWING & SMOKING TOBACCOS, SNUFFS, PIPES, &c.

A LARGE assortment of the finest Virginia chewing and smoking tobacco, which I will sell cheaper than the cheapest. All orders promptly attended to, coming from a distance. All of my goods warranted. No. 54 Main street, Lexington, Mo. [illegible] WM. MEYNHOLD.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Thomas C. Bledsoe.

HAS resumed his Real Estate office at his old stand, six stakes, in Reed and Aull's buildings, No. 6 Main street, Lexington, Mo. Also offers for sale a large portfolio of Land, varying from 40 to 500 acres. Some of which are bind-money, and others are splendid improvements, as well as unimproved land, together with a large number of city lots, vacant lots, &c. He will collect rents, pay taxes, and attend to any other business pertaining to a General Agency. His charges are reasonable, and being thankful for past favors, he solicits from the public a continuance thereof.

THOMAS C. BLEDSOE.

jan15y Real Estate Agent.

LEXINGTON POTTERY WORKS.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to the public that they have completed their Pottery works, in the city of Lexington, and are prepared to furnish the trade with all description of wares of best quality, and at prices as most favorable. Their ware enjoys favorable with the Rockingham ware. They also make of best material, and workmanship chimney tops, for which smoking chimneys may be cured or materially amended. All the usual wares made and on call. We solicit a call and an examination of our factory, pledging ourselves to sell that all may buy.

apr22tf JOHN S. MORTON, Agent.

GENTS' CLOTHING AND

Furnishing House

BUTLER WILLIAMSON.

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

LEXINGTON, MO.

I am now dispensing of my winter goods at reduced rates, to make room for a large stock of Fall and Winter goods. Call and see. B. WILLIAMSON

RICHARD CAVANAUGH.

Mason and Contractor, Lexington, Mo.

WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he is prepared to take contracts for work in his line. Shop on Main street, opposite the Masonic Hall. [illegible]

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This may certify that Richard Cavanaugh has completed the masonry and brick work of Graham & Newnan's banking house, on Second and Third streets, the brick work of the south wing of the courthouse, and the brick and stone work of the Union Hotel, Second and Morgan streets, to my entire satisfaction. From what I have seen of him I consider he understands his business, and can carry out any PLANS and execute his work to the satisfaction of those employing him. WM. RUBOLD, County Architect.

St. Louis, Mo., April 25, 1870. apr23

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. A. MORRISON,

Excel Store & Machine Works,

jan29tf Water St., Lexington, Mo.

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.

Still 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 cards 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, opposite the City Hotel.

The Weekly Caucasian.

By JULIAN, DONAN & ALLEN.

J. M. JULIAN, P. DONAN, R. ALLEN.

TERMS:

One year, in advance, $2.50; six months in advance, $1.25; single copies, 10c. Subscription, if not continued at end of term, will be renewed.

REGRET.

[illegible]

For the Caucasian.

My heart! my ingenuous heart, look unmeaning
Thy calmed smile no ripples, unruffled and
Thy calmed quell the grief my breaking heart sending
Darkening Pain's scourging, stern control
Ah! naught now, for you can peace or quiet win,
While memories dear countless crowds unroll,
And while looking on life's green and pleasant
Ah! now bright and blest but yesterday
Happy birds then songs sang over valley and lea,
And not a shadow came to chill my way
Flow, ye crystal streams, flow! [illegible]
Full many a dream with offering sun sink low
Now, more than all [illegible] like fairy show!
Dear blessed, blessed time that come no more!
Note, ye to left the world! [illegible]

From farm to gladly of home. Chase away
With eyes of tender, wistful yearning
Sunny Alice, my home! [illegible]
Can reach my heart soothe [illegible]
Sweeten [illegible] of Pride can from memory
The beauty of that time [illegible]
[illegible]
The glory of those days! Until [illegible]
And the fadeless glorious [illegible]
And worthier dreams of [illegible]

The dreams which delight [illegible]
From [illegible] their bird, [illegible]
Thus [illegible] spell—[illegible]
That paradise Heaven—and [illegible]
[illegible] like [illegible]
[illegible] false, [illegible]
All [illegible] bright [illegible]
[illegible] Pleasures with rapture, and [illegible]
[illegible] would [illegible]
[illegible]

Woe is me! for happy days [illegible]
The days that ever know a [illegible]
And never once from out a blighted [illegible]
One single ray of [illegible] pain—[illegible]
Nor even yet from bounded memories glass
The phantom of a blighted and [illegible]
Yes, well may I look [illegible] wistful, [illegible]
[illegible]
For me God's Heaven holds no such [illegible]
As [illegible] wept for what I might take [illegible]

Love and Fame and Gold, alas! have never yet
Sufficed to fill this void within my breast!
For [illegible] gleaned a harvest of regret,
And [illegible] cast aside, as chaff, my spirit's [illegible]
And now I shrink aghast when I gaze in [illegible]
All life has [illegible] and [illegible]
Or [illegible] there [illegible] hope to light the gloom within
[illegible]
As thus I weep, and dream of what I might have [illegible]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Hurrah! for the time that a woman
While holding a ballot in her own
Can, won't the polls be a [illegible]
Will fathers and crinolins their
Elections also [illegible]
Will be the great day of the year,
When ladies an' kids will be [illegible]
Together the candidates beer.

When the men to wrangle will [illegible]
About who is the fittest shall make
An' agree to [illegible] for I'm right
To give up the best for [illegible]
An' be sunny all day on the shady
To find well the [illegible]
A table' the best an' [illegible]
An' mender the tiger an' the [illegible]

Then when election approaches,
An' the [illegible] are [illegible]
Will [illegible] of [illegible]
An' Biddy is [illegible] for [illegible]
I'll be on the sidewalk [illegible]
For the one chance Biddy McFlynn
Will a chance to [illegible]
Yeaby will another see in

An' when the [illegible] are [illegible]
Before the great [illegible]
Sure then I will find her the [illegible]
An' I'll [illegible] on the [illegible]
An' after she is done wid her talkin'
Only think, how the people will [illegible]
An' will [illegible] a walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy, an' [illegible]

An' when all the votin' is over
An' Biddy's elected, sure then
I'll be like a [illegible] in the clover,
He knows the [illegible] an' [illegible]
The shanty I'll quickly be [illegible]
An' [illegible] wid great [illegible]
Wid a house an' a [illegible] for me [illegible]
An' a [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] Biddy [illegible]
But [illegible] wan [illegible]
[illegible] would [illegible]
The rights of the ballot [illegible]
Hurrah! for the [illegible]
Should [illegible] the hustlin' [illegible]
Bad luck to the third that would [illegible]
For [illegible] wan [illegible]

[illegible]

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

A BRICK HOUSE on Main street. The property is thoroughly repaired. Fifth door north of the Masonic Hall. Inquire of W. G. McGROVE, or at Caucasian office.

FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED 2½ miles southwest of Greenton, and consisting of 200 acres, 200 under fence, orchard of 200 bearing Apple, Peach and Pear trees, good dwelling, of six rooms, with all necessary outbuildings. 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 40 acres timber near Cobb's Mill, and being a part of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 22, township 49, range 29. Terms to suit purchaser. A. STEWART. aug20-3m

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE, one mile from Lexington, on the old Dover road, adjoining the farm of L. W. Smallwood and W. Johnson's, containing a large orchard of choice fruit, a large vineyard of best varieties, a small cottage in the grounds, also two cottage rooms in the yard, and all out conveniences. The location is well suited for a market garden. Title good. Possession given at any time to suit the purchaser. oct22tf BETTIE I. MORELAND.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Cosby Price, deceased, offers to sell, on reasonable terms, the two-story brick house and lot, on Franklin street, adjoining the residence of Rear 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 or address, Dr. Thomas C. Bledsoe, Real Estate Agent. aug13tf WM. DUVALL, Adm'r.

FINE FARMS FOR SALE.

ONE containing 200 acres, 142 acres in a high state of cultivation, tolerably good building, fine well and orchard. Cash or trust trees, lies within half a mile of the rail road, near Bavaria, Ray county. Another of 160 acres, good improvements, and a third within two and a half miles of Richmond, contains 120 acres, finely improved, good residence, excellent water, outbuildings and orchard. Terms reasonable. Apply to T. B. BAYLISS, nov19 City Hotel, Lexington.

FOR SALE.

90 ACRES of land, in a high state of cultivation, situated in Lexington. There is on the place a new and substantial cottage house of five rooms, a new smoke house, and a well of first-rate water, against a chard of 125 acres of selected fruit, and plenty of stock water. The present crops, stock and farming tools, will be sold if desired. I will sell the entire at a sacrifice if called for in 30 days from date. Title without dispute.

sep10tf GEO. ROLLAND.

FARM FOR SALE.

OWING TO the health of my family and wishing to change my business, I now offer for sale the splendid farm upon which I reside. It is distant 2½ miles south of Dover, in the very heart of Lafayette county, and contains 240 acres, 220 under good fence and in cultivation, besides a timber adjoining upon it. The improvements consists of a dwelling house, ten rooms and two halls, all necessary outhouses, a large new barn, 60 x 40 feet, and a large hemp house. Also two tenant houses, one brick and the other log. There are on the place, 100 apple trees, 150 of all bearing, besides other peaches, pears and other fruits in abundance, and an abundance of never-failing stock water. The land is not surpassed in quality by any farm in this county, and taken altogether is considered one of the very best farms in the State, and is situated in a pleasant neighborhood and convenient to the churches, schools, &c. It will be sold together or will be divided, if the improvements are wanted with less land. Terms easy. Apply to the undersigned upon the premises. aug27tf LUCY A. WEBB.

TWO FINE FARMS FOR SALE.

HAVING CONCLUDED permanently to leave the State, we now offer for sale, in amounts to suit, the fine farms owned by us in Lafayette county, situated about 12 miles southeast of Lexington, near the Georgetown road, and within 2 miles of the Higginsville depot on the Lexington and St. Louis Railroad. The two farms lie adjoining and contain 126 1-100 and 210 acres, or 336 1-100 acres in all, about 100 acres under fence and in cultivation, balance good timber land, with splendid coal and stone, privileges to any extent. The house is a very convenient one, contains 8 large rooms, and is pleasantly situated. There are upon the place all necessary outhouses, barn, apple, peach and pear orchard, spring branch for stock water, and altogether are very desirable and valuable farms. They will be sold separately or together, to suit, and upon satisfactory terms. Schools, churches, &c., convenient. For full particulars call upon W. C. Beattie, near the premises. WM. BEATTIE, R. C. BEATTIE. nov12 tf

OUR LITTLE WEEKLY CONFAB.

SAD CORPOREAL DILAPIDATION.

A DIAGNOSIS AND A PRESCRIPTION.

A HOP SKIP, WHIRLIGIG, MUDDLE-HEADED FLY-AROUND.

WESTWARD HO! —"THE LAND WHERE THE ANGELS DWELL."

VAGABOND MINSTRELSY FOR SACRED PURPOSES.

Religious Horse Opera at Carrollton—Scenes in Troubadour Life — Concerts — Parties — Serenades — Church Debts—Big Dinners — Midnight Suppers — Huge Frolics—Pleasant Friends And a Grand Time.

"HARK, I HEAR A CHERUB SQUEAL."

Well, dear friends, we've been somewhere again. First time we'd been there for a long while. Must tell you about it. Suppose, of course, you want to hear. If you don't, you needn't listen. Just shut your mouths, open your ears, and keep still. You see, if you don't, you ought to, health's a great vegetable. It's the main-spring of the corporeal brass clock, the steam that moves the vital machinery, the big cog-wheel that keeps all the others spinning. It is health that makes jovial companions, genuine philanthropists, and good christians. Dyspepsia ordered livers, dyspeptic stomachs and overstrung nerves, are prolific breeders of misanthropy, betrothered hen conventions, Yankee charity, and New England saint-ship. Our health had got it-bad, two or three weeks ago, like the "Party of loyalty" and "high-moral" scoundrelism, into a condition of deplorable dilapidation. It was down at the heel; out at the elbows, knees and—miserable, weak and good-for-nothing. It looked wan and cadaverous. In short, our health was lamentably unhealthy. Like everybody else, we were anxious to go to heaven, but willing to guzzle any amount of abominable physic, rather than start just now. Queen-scoutishly, took tinctures, tonics, opiates and cordials, alteratives, purifiers, bitters and invigorators, by the keg, barrel, mackerel-kit, hog-head-tub; but rapidly grew no better fast. Got alarmed about it. Unscrewed the lid, took health out, put it on a pewter pepsin, and sent it up to a Radical doctor, to be examined. He adjusted his leather spectacles, focussed his visual apparatus on it, and pronounced it dangerous. Said we must come unto him "in propria persona," which means wearing our own hair, boots and breeches, and let him take a scrutanical squint into our general status, symptoms and appearance. Put on a new paper collar, of the fifteen-cents-a-box kind, and comed. Radical Governors, like drunken Dick Oglesby, land-pirate Holden, and little donkey machine, are bully; but Free-Nigger satraps, like Sheridan, Canby and Terry, are bullier. Lying, brass-buttoned and gilt-starred bitchers-knee, like Major General John Pope, and roaring, grave-pillaging, bipedal jackals, like the Beast of Lowell, are more bullier still; but Radical doctors, they're the bullerests of all. This was one of them. He looked upon us with aspect forlorn as sixteen African wenches mourning at the tomb of Abraham—but the senior member of the long-established and well-known Hebrew firm of Abraham, Isaac & Co., for the lately defunct and gone-to-glory Abe of Sangamon—and gloomily remarked: "Poke out your tongue." We poked. He straightway observed unto us: "Do-loval youth, your state is grievous." "You're right," said we: "the grievance of our State and of her nine or ten noble sisters, are many and one, cursed be Congress, drake and 'loyalty,' for it." "I mean the state of your own system," said he—"Ah!" said we. He next stuck a gunpowder spy-glass, (of the long-range pattern with which Nastychusetts "heroes" used to survey war's bloody field,) down our throat, to look at our heart. Hark from the interred vaults, a doleful sound. "Young man," he dismally began, "you are suffering from a shattered constitution"—"No doubt of it, sir," answered we: "shatted Constitution is just what the whole country's suffering from!"—"I mean your own physical constitution," said he—"Oh!" said we. Again he lifted up his voice, and said unto us: "Youthful contemner of the best government that e'er the sun shone on!"—"As some Annie Laureate individual has more poetically than truthfully styled it," interrupted we—"you are laboring under a severe affection of the heart"—"Look here, old pill-roller," we reverently made answer, "we know that as well as you do; and she's enough to give a dozen fellows 'affections of the heart.' She's just the glorious-est, magnificent-est little angel that ever wore poplin, or locomoted without wings"—"I discover also," he continued through his nose, "that your love of Yankee, both with and without the Doodle, has formed an impenetrable encrustation about the seat of your affections and head-center of your circulation, thereby impeding the regurgitation of the sanguineous fluid, obstructing the aorta, producing congestion of the thorax, hypertrophy of the right auricle, and deterioration of the opposite ventricle"—"Gracious golly!" groaned we—"And bold!" he further exclaimed, "I perceive some foreign object away down in the very innermost cavity of your diseased palpitator. It—it—steady!—ah! now I begin to make it out. As I live, it is—it's a human image!"—"More likely a he-woman one," interpolated we—"True! it does wear the look of a young feminity. It has on a blue silk walking dress, but not of the fashionably immodest brevity of skirt; a dainty cashmere sack; a delicate chain around its snowy throat; the microscopic-est of gloves and gaiter-boots; and the pack-saddlest little 'love of a bonnet' that milliner's art ever produced at the overpowringly low rate of five dollars per square inch. The figure grows more distinct. Features regular and beautiful as a Raphael's Madonna. Form exquisite as a Venus of Medicine. Complexion fair as the dawn of a summer morning—lilies and roses and peach bloom combined. Eyes that drive the stars of heaven distracted with envy. Lashes more glorious-ly silken, than ever fringed the lids of oriental Houri. Hair in which ten thousand clouded sun-beams nestle; darkly bright; wavy as the tresses of the tasseled corn; fine as gossamer, but forming a network, which my riads of entangled masculine souls have found powerful as the cords that bind a giant. Waterfall"—"Stop! stop! thou man of pukes and purges!" yelled we. "Wouldst thou ruthlessly drag forth and expose a secret so precious and profound, that we dare not allow ourself to breathe it? Proceed with thy diagnosis; but pull out thy darned old tell-life-scope, and pry no further into the deepest, most sacred recesses of our tenderly pulsating gizzard! There's no telling what you might find, if you kept on at the rate you've been going!" This emphatic injunction, enforced with the toe of our No. 6 boot, was obeyed; and after pumping and sounding, thumping and pounding; looking at us this way and that, slantindicular, cross-eyed and diagonally; pinching our nose; running a blacksmith's bellows into our chest; hauling out our liver with a pair of tooth-pullers, and putting us through all the other evolutions of a dissecting room, he gave a learned shake of his medicinal pate, and in tones heart-rending as the howl of "loyal" saints in purgatory, summed up thus-wise: "Infatuated young spunner of the bountiful benefactions of a magnanimous and pay-triotic dynasty, your condition is truly distressing"—"Is it be more than ditto, with the 'go-and-mortalities,' after the elections, 'prophetically chimed we. "You can only be saved by prompt and vigorous treatment"—"Columbia litt-ev-ler. Oh, that the people could be led to see it!" echoed we. "Of the present take"—and here followed such a confounded string of nauseous nostrums, as would sicken the stomach of an ostrich, or make an Australian cassowary spew up his claws, to name them: calomel, quinia, Humbug, opodeldoc, mustang liniment, Russell's critic-ano, "bodkie of iron, Wilder's sarsaparilla, blue vitriol, asafoetida, muriatic acid, turpentine, effluvium of nutmegs and heaven, on the other place, knows what all else; till utterly horrified, and preferring death by any respectable method, to converting our-self into a walking laboratory, patent medicine depot, United States dispensatory, pharmacopeia, charity hospital, and three or four canine drug-stores, all in one, we abruptly invited the Dandelial disciple of Esculapius to go to—where he'd meet with the "late demented" martyr of Sackcoden, and heels-more of his distinct political brethren;—and indignantly exited. Physical-cal treatment was no go. But health was desperate. Something must be done, and that speedily, or we'd have to speak to some accommodating undertaker, who was willing to credit us, for a six-foot box, with silver-headed nails and black velvet trimmings. Didn't like the idea of that. Didn't feel certain about the "hereafters." Feared we might, by some accident, get switched off the celestial track, and land among Congressmen, "loyal" governors, legislators, whangdoodle gospel-spirits, money-lords and Boston philanthropistesses, in a climate warmer than even that of their beloved Africa. Determined to try several things first. Counselled friends said a trip was the thing; a "re-cup-er-ative tower," as one of them. A President of a flourishing female seminary, called it. "Loyalty" and youthful piety were weighing too heavily on our spirits—(our "spirits" don't pay the whisky-tax)—Needed to "resuscitate" exhausted nature by repose, recreation, change of air and scene. So concluded to try on the trippery prescription. But which way, whither, wherein? That was the question. Didn't want to trip away further North. Don't love the North, as do some other people. Didn't want to go South, and run into satraps, bayonets, nigger legislators, judges, sheriffs, senators, and lieutenant-governors. And as for going East! From "Down-East!" high-tariff thieves, skinflints, hypocrites, wooden-nutmeg-ers, adulterous parsons, nigger-hugging school marms, and shortly shiffle-noulders, good Lord deliver us! Rather let our trip be tripped up at the start—rather let us pine like a linson weed, and die mid portunus, as does the Ethiopes-iferous man and voter—than have to go toward the Yankee object in search of health, or pleasure, or anything else—but scoundrely men, and mawmandy women with cur-tailed shirts, hard-iron faces, peaked cork-screw noses, big feet, blue cotton umbrella under one arm, and basket of abolition "tracts" on the other, North, South, East—couldn't stand either. Sons on poverty-stricken emptiness in dollars and jo-mading's Free Missouri province, indicate but one other cardinal point. Westward only could our peregrinatory star take its way. And peppermint candidly that's our favorite direction, anyhow. "There's where our heart is turning ever." But just as our "hegira" was about to turn its proboscis toward the realms of sun-set, woman suffrage, buffalo-tails, ghost of Jim Lane, old "Ossawattamie," noble red man with Thomas-hawk, scalp-elevator, and numerous other such; here came, in exquisite-st of feminine-al calligraphies, an imperative summons in an opposite direction. Presbyterian church of Carrollton in debt. Ladies want to give series of concerts. Can't do without our mellifluous tenor. Must come. Take no denial. What could we do? Time and again, we'd taken the pledge of total abstinence from the Religious and Charity Minstrel business. Time and again, we'd metaphorically speaking, smashed our banjo, hung up our fiddle to sleep on the weeping willow boughs, snapped our last cat-intestine, and vowed we'd never howl from a sanctified stage again. But it was the ladies of a whole church, who demanded our presence and assistance—that church, one of the most influential and popular branches of sprinkle-istic Zion, in a whole neighbor county—that county, one of the fairest, most populous, flourishing and famous, in the State. How could we refuse our physiognomical and squalliferous aid? It we couldn't, how could we, could you? Not much, almost hardly none at all. We promised. But Carrollton lies east of us, and our sanitary jaunt must be westward. So, as there is only one of us, and we haven't yet acquired the highly desirable art of being in two places or traveling in two directions, at once, we wisely conclude to divide our trip, and not swell. Half a week one way, and 'tother half 'tother. Then ho, for the prairies! Packing an empty cheese-box with old newspapers; washing our intellectual countenance, as we always do on great occasions; making our toilet, with the bottom of a tin tea-kettle for a mirror; and equipping our-self with a pair of new dog-skin kid gloves, and fourteen red bandanas; we are ready for every contingency, prepared to meet whatever fate may betide us, as bravely and gracefully as could be expected of a gentleman and a christian, and an ignoble individual that never stole a spoon, or robbed an altar, or killed a widow's last cow, and consequently possesses none of the heroic attributes and essential qualification of a "loyal" Congressman, or Governor, or Major General, in this age of enlightenment and exalted morality. Thus arrayed, with head erect as a mud statue of a modern Pharisee, we resolve to look grim Destiny square in the eyes; and if during our skyvolutions in dangerous regions, amid railroad smashes, steamboat blow-ups, bridge caving-ins, church operatics, amateur flirtations, and all the other perilous incidents and accidents of editorial vagabondizing and troubadour-ing, it be our lot to get sent "up the spout," determine to go up, like a hundred-and-fifty-pound rocket, hissing our defiance to all creation and his mother-in-law, and burst amid the skies, in a shower of "red, white and red" beacon-lights to our friends below! The "bus" stops at the door. Over the river. Up the "bob-tail" grand trunk line, at a rate that would make a galloping terrapin ashamed of himself. Out at the junction. With a hysteric shriek, Conductor Gravelly's train dashes up to the platform. "All aboard!" Roll in, scramble in, any way to get in. Out your goodbyes, and parting tears and sobs and slobberings, short; half of it's hypocrisy, anyhow; and Express trains can't wait for sham sentimentalism. Hi! there, old fellow! ain't you ashamed of yourself? Look what a splotch you've left on that young lady's lovely cheek, where you kissed off the whitening and paint! Bah! old-fogy daddies ought never to accompany their fashionable daughters to the depot, anyway. But "hoot! hoot!" Off fly the brakes. And away we go. Forty miles of whizz and rattle, of hill and valley, spring brooks, creeks, bridges, sheep, horses, hay-stacks, corn-fields, farm-houses, cattle, hogs, orchards, big buck niggers sitting on the fence idly swinging their heels, dairy-maids, barns, telegraph poles, and bleating calves, all mixed in one inextricable whirligig jumble. And with a snort and a jerk, we find our-self spit out amid the blathering, bawling, ripping, roaring, crashing Babylon of Kansas City's "Union Depot." And down comes a deluge of atmospheric ingloriousness. Rain, rain; as if all the dopiness of the skies have been spent at once, into a sort of cross between an omnibus and tilted-cart, and up to the elegant Lindell. A hasty fricke hands with Bagwell, and up stairs at three jumps, to meet our friend, Brooks, assistant agent of Washington Ice University. Out with him, under a leaky old-sifter of an umbrella, for a sixty minute gallopade. Into the Times office, to see our gallant and gifted young brother, knights of the ink-horn, paste-pot, quill and sci-sors, Moore and Edwards. Deep in on Baylor and Bryant. Yell "howdye-do" to jolly old Milt Metcee. Swop gab, at a 2:40 rate, with Fuller of the Erie and Atlantic, and Fish of the North Missouri railroad. Gobble a lightning lunch. Rush back to the depot. Dangle about in shiny, neat and dripping dismalness, for half an hour. And away on the Kansas Pacific. A two hours' whirl, whirr, clankety-clank, creak, and clatter; and we're in Lawrence. Nine o'clock in the evening. Scrub, brush, slick up. And off for an hour or two, at one of the most charming mansions in the West. But why attempt to particularize? Two days of enchantment. Brooks comes out on Saturday night, and in three hours, is spouting Romeo and Juliet, in a style that would drive Booth to a lunatic asylum. But

Earth's brightest hour
Are ever the fleetest.
First-fading flowers
Are ever the sweetest.

Monday, driest and consedest of periods diurnal, rolls around. Posters are up, advertisements out, announcing in huge capitals:

"GRAND CONCERT!"

The ladies of the First Presbyterian Church of Carrollton will give a grand musical entertainment at their Church, on

TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 8th, 1870

The following distinguished musicians have generously consented to assist upon the occasion—Prof. Charles Gimbel, Pianist, and Col. Donan and sister, of Lexington; Mrs. Major M. Callahan of Waverley and Prof. Carl of Carrollton.

Performance to begin at 7:30 P. M. Benefit of the Presbyterian Church.

First rehearsal, Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. And we a hundred miles away, to dinner. Off on the afternoon train. Two hours delay at Kansas City, waiting for train of "heathen Chinee." To the Junction at time. Take on part of our troupe. And disembark at Carrollton, at ten. Committee of ladies and gentlemen, been waiting for us, two hours, at the depot. Cordial welcomes. Introductions all round. Into hacks, and up to hospitable residence of free-hearted, liberal-handed young Willen McDonald. Hurried toilet-makings; and off in a gay down of us, to a grand festival and supper, in the hall, at eleven. Persons of every-one, wreaths of flowers, flags, streamers, fantastic arches and elfin bowers; tables loaded with every delicacy that land or sea or air, lake, river, forest, hill or plain, afford, in all earth—like hands with Bagwell, and oysters, fish, pastries, jellies, fruits, custards, creams and ices; confectionery by the bushel, less sweet than the rosy lips that nibbled it; throngs of dignified matrons, beautiful girls, and dashing cavaliers; gorgeous costumes; rustling silks; fluttering ribbons, laces, scarfs and plumes; eyes that out-blazed the jewels which glittered on the bosoms of their possessors; expensive curls; enchanting giggles; the witching strains of a fine band of music and—and—heaven knows how many other beauties, luxuries, charms and delights—all made it a rapturous scene from fairy land. Our minstrels assigned most pleasant quarters; some at Mr. Wilson's; some at Mr. Kelly's; and the Caucasian's pious young Musical Director, at Mr. McDonald's. To roost after midnight. Scarcely time to mutter, "God bless our sweetheart," till a score cats off our devotions; and slumbers deep, dead, unbroken, enfold us, till hours after the shanghai trumpeter proclaims: "Stin-rise of Tuesday morning! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo! Took-aw-aw!" Up. Prayers. Breakfast. And ho, for ten o'clock rehearsal at the church. Fit temple of praise. New, tasteful, elegantly finished; its snow-white tapering spire, pointing like an angel's finger, steadily to that heaven which in those days, has got so far from earth. The sweet warbler of the Caucasian shebang, unanimously elected "Master of Ceremonies." Overwhelmed with the honor. Attempts to spout his acknowledgements; and breaks down in a gibbering mixture of Demosthenesic grunts and tom-cat whines. Two hours of vociferous thumping and squalling; banging the wits out of a magnificent piano; pumping an organ out of breath; soprano, alto, bass and tenor; screeching, humming, squealing, drumming—oh, but horse-opera rehearsals are fun! Special embassy arrives at twelve, to announce that the ladies of Carrollton expect the whole troupe to dinner at the hall. Unanimously accept the invitation. And march down, by twos, as the animals walked into Noah's floating menagerie. A dinner that would have done credit to Delmonico's—a dinner that made us wish we had the storage room of a tobacco hog-head. A hundred guests. The loveliest young ladies of the county, for waiters. The full harmonies of a splendid brass band, to mingle with roast-turkey and oyster stuffing, baked lamb, ducks, chickens, vegetables, deserts and knick-knacks, ad libitum and ad infinitum. A whole roast pig smiling benignly upon us, at the head of the table; but curling its cannibal eye and writhing in agony, as it glanced adown the festal board, and saw half its comely and savory corpus vanish, as if by cannibal magic, from the plate of Rev. Mr. Jeffries. Jokes, anecdotes, songs and merry laughter. And away at two o'clock, for brief touching over of programme, at Mr. Wilson's. A fly-around town from three to five. Meet many agreeable friends. Col. Otey, Col. Hale, Capt. Dan Brand, the gallant ex-Federal soldier, and bold, unflinching Democratic editor of the Journal; Mr. Turner, editor of the Record, who for a Radical, is a marvelously decent and clever fellow. Run up to see the heroic old warrior-statesman, Gen. James Shields; a Brigadier in Mexico; a Senator from two States, when it was an honor to be an American Congressman; a Major General in the late war, who came nearer holding his own with Stonewall Jackson, than any other living man; the rightful owner of the seat in Congress, which the vile forger and perjurer Van Horn, has for two years defiled; a true, noble-hearted gentleman; a dauntless Democrat; an honest man; a magnanimous enemy; and a warm, steadfast, unfailing friend! The moment we entered his office-door, he sprang to his feet, grabbed us as if he intended to welcome us with a real old fashioned, grizzly-bear hug, his whole two-story-high with kindly enthusiasm. Long may he live, to enjoy the disenthralment of his adopted State! Down to Stebbins' two "hardware" stores—one of them, too "soft" were for us. And back to McDonald's, for supper and costume-changing. Church crowded to its utmost capacity, with the cream of the cream of Carroll county society—an audience, as cultivated, refined and elegant, as ever assembled in Missouri. And here's the bill of fare:

PRESBYTERIAN HORSE OPERA!

CARROLLTON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, 1870.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

Sans Souci Grand March, (Piano Solo.)—Prof. Gimbel.
When the morn smiled, (Anthem) Choir.
Down by the brook, Solo, Miss Callahan.
Chorus, Miss Wilson, Messrs. Donan and Jeffries.
When thy bosom heaves the sighs, Duett.
Mrs. M. E. Donan and P. Donan.
What are the wild waves saying, and variations.
Piano solo—Miss Callahan.
Eyes of black in the Morning—Vocal solo.
Mr. Donan.
Last Rose of Summer—(Piano transcription).
Prof. Gimbel.
Oh, we fears—(Vocal solo) Miss Callahan.
Lost three sounds so softly stealing, (Quartette)—Misses Donan and Callahan, and Messrs. Donan and Jeffries.
Gems of Discomfortable—Tenor solo, P. Donan.
Quartette chorus, Misses Callahan and Wilson, and Messrs. Donan and Jeffries.

PART II.

Steeple Chase Galop, (Piano Duett)—Prof. Gimbel and Miss Callahan.
Flee as a bird to the mountains—(Quartette)—Misses Callahan and Wilson, and Messrs. Donan and Jeffries.
Realm of Love—Vocal solo, P. Donan.
Rondo and Nocturn—(Duett)—Prof. Gimbel.
An moonlight lay—Solo—Mr. Donan.
Chorus, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Donan and Jeffries.
Shoo Fly Cool Jack—Ethiopian Original Medley—Prof. Gimbel.
Schubert's serenade—Vocal solo, Mr. Donan.
Come to be careful dreams—(Quartette)—Misses Donan & Callahan, Messrs. Donan and Jeffries.
Gold Hundred and variations—Piano Solo—Prof. Gimbel.
Chorus with Dulcimer by the Choir.

Hearty applause all through the evening. Numerous encores, and requests for favorites. At close of his classic "Shoo Fly Medley" Professor Gimbel received from every member of the troupe, a testimonial of appreciation, in shape of jimson weed, dog fennel, brown paper roses, cambric lilies, and yell