THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

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Attorneys at Law.

M. CHENEY SHEWALTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, WAVERLY, Mo. Special attention given to collections. de26v

W. T. & T. C. WOOD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office, over J. H. Ardinger's Drug Store, opposite the Courthouse. o29

HALL & HALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office corner of Main and Broadway Streets. Will practice in the State and Federal courts. Collections made throughout the State. apr24'tf

J. S. BLACKWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Wellington, Missouri, will practice all the courts, and give prompt attention to collections. f22

M. YOUNG. HENRY L. HAYNES. **YOUNG & HAYNES,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Henry L. Haynes, Notary Public. Office over Levis' Drug Store. 1y17

J. A. S. TUTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo., will practice in all the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties, the U. S. Courts and Supreme Court of Mo. Collections promptly attended to. o22 1y

CO. S. RATHBUN. SEBY GRAVES. **RATHBUN & GRAVES,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, District and U. S. Courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office Main street, over Kriehn's shoe store. de1'71

RICHARD A. COLLINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAVERLY, MO. ASSOCIATED with Wm. C. Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Lexington, Mo., will practice his profession in all the courts of the State of Missouri. Collections made throughout the States. apr2

A. F. ALEXANDER. WM. H. CHILES. **ALEXANDER & CHILES,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in the Courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Will also attend promptly to the collection of Claims, and to cases arising under the Bankrupt law. Office over the Banking House of Wm. Morrison & Co. o29tf

H. C. EWING, COUNSELOR AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE Dealer, Kansas City, Missouri. This is the best point in Western Missouri to sell farms and Wild Lands. A great many emigrants and land speculators come to this city to make inquiries, and then go into adjoining counties to look. 1y15

TILTON DAVIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Especial attention given to the collection of claims, Organization and Perfection of Land Titles, and to criminal and Real Estate Litigation generally, in Lafayette and adjoining counties. Office at Sawyer's old stand, corner of Main and Broadway streets. 1my15tfem

JOHN F. RYLAND. JOHN K. RYLAND. **RYLAND & SON,** ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 67 Main street, over the store of Eneberg & Co. Practice in all the courts of this and adjacent counties, and in the Supreme Court of the State, the District Court of the United States. Collections made. my5 1y

J. C. WALLACE. ZACK. J. MITCHELL. **WALLACE & MITCHELL,** ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo., will practice in all the courts in Lafayette county, and in the Court of Record in adjoining counties, and in the District Courts, and Supreme Court of the State. Collections and other business intrusted to their care promptly attended to. Office opposite Courthouse, over "Lexington Savings Bank," Main street. 1y1y1

Banking Houses.

WM. LIMRICK, BANKER, will receive DEPOSITS, buy and sell EXCHANGE, U. S. BONDS, GOLD and SILVER. Notes and Time Drafts bought. Collections made. The patronage of friends and the public solicited. 1y15

BANKING HOUSE OF ROBERT AULL, LEXINGTON, MO. Established in 1849. Foreign Exchange for sale in sums to suit. my22 1y

A. W. RIDINGS. JAMES WARD. **A. W. RIDINGS & CO., Exchange & Banking House,** WARRENSBURG MISSOURI. jmne8'70tf

EXCHANGE & BANKING HOUSE OF WILLIAM MORRISON & CO., LEXINGTON, MO. EXCHANGE ON BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, and other cities bought and sold. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of exchange. United States and other Stocks bought and sold on commission, and real estate paper negotiated in favorable terms. Union Military Bonds bought and sold. my4ly

EXCHANGE & BANKING HOUSE OF A. H. SHINDLER & CO., WAVERLY, MO. EXCHANGE ON BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, SAINT LOUIS, AND OTHER CITIES, BOUGHT AND SOLD. Collections made, and proceeds promptly remitted, at current rate of exchange. United States and other Stocks bought and sold on commission. Also, most Military Bonds, Gold and Silver Coin, bought and sold. my22y

FARMERS' SAVINGS BANK, WAVERLY, MO.

CAPITAL, : : : : $50,000 00

GEO. C. FLETCHER, Pres. JAS. A. GORDON, Cashier.

—DIRECTORS—

C. Fletcher, Jas. A. Gordon, C. Catron, W. Goodwin, T. J. Fletcher, B. F. Coffey, J. J. Waters, Jackson Corder, N. Corder, P. L. Drake.

A bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange. Buy and sell Drafts on all points, Gold, Silver, and Government Bonds. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted or credited on account as desired. Interest allowed on Deposits according to agreement.

GEO. C. FLETCHER, Pres't. JAS. A. GORDON, Cashier. sep24y1

LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI. MAIN ST., OPPOSITE THE COURTHOUSE.

JOHN W. WADDELL, Pres't. MOSES CHAPMAN, Cashier.

WILL DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS, Buying and Selling Bonds, Exchange, Gold and Silver. Deposits received and interest allowed on time deposits. Particular attention given to collections, and proceeds promptly remitted.

—DIRECTORS—

John Reid, John W. Waddell, Theo. Gosewisch, Strother Kenick, Thomas Shelby, John E. Ryland, Moses Chapman.

AULL, pres't. I. J. POLLARD, vice-pres't. W. SHIELDS, cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK OF SAINT LOUIS, NO. 212 OLIVE STREET, O'Fallon Building, Saint Louis, Mo.

Paid-Up Capital - $500,000 00

DIRECTORS:

Robert Aull, I. J. Pollard, J. J. O'Fallon, Geo. I. Wasson, Thos. Skinker, J. C. Edwards, Celsus Price.

A BANK of Deposit, Discount and Exchange. Buy and sell Drafts on all points, Gold, Silver, and Government Bonds. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted or credited on account as desired. Interest allowed on deposits according to agreement.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE United States of America, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President. JAY COOKE, Ch'n Financial Committee.

Paid Up Cash Capital $1,000,000.

THE Directors of this company have adopted the Low Rate, Non-Participating, All Cash Plan, as affording the greatest advantages to the largest number of insurers; as furnishing the largest amount of immediate insurance for a given sum of money; as being definite and certain in its character and conservative in its nature, and the least liable to misrepresentation or misunderstanding; as being divested of all uncertainties and complications in regard to dividends, notes, etc.; as being eminently secure, convenient and profitable to the insurer, and the least speculative in its character; as being just and equitable to all; as keeping interest to the essential principles of life insurance, and as providing perfect security at the most possible cost.

T. B. WALLACE, Agent, Lexington, Mo. Office in the new brick house on Laurel street, opposite Morrison & Co's. Bank.

T. B. EDGAR, Gen. Agt. for State of Mo., St. Louis, Mo. aug27

The Weekly Caucasian.

By JULIAN, DONAN & ALLEN.

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

THE CHARGE AT VALLEY MALOY.

Under the hickories' buffering arch,
"Halt!" and we formed in the hill's green mange
Clearly the order rang, "Forward march!"
Quick trot, gallop, charge
Down the dell we swept with thundering rush,
Clattering sabre, and fluttering rein,
Up with a dash through the belt of brush
Out and across the plain,
Kept we no order of rank or file;
Never a rowel-spared flank that day;
Charging the enemy's works mile,
A mile and a half away.

Terribly regular musketry rang,
Cannon shot bounded and ploughed along;
Shell and rifle ball whistled and sang
Their hurtle death song.
Half of the last half mile behind;
All of the squadron but one fled;
Hurrah, gray thoroughbred ran like the wind,
Clattering just ahead!
Oh, the wild rush of that mad career—
Thunder of hoofs like the surf on the shore;
Knightly as ever charged old cavalier,
Harry tramped on before.

Turned in his saddle so proud and fair
Smiled when he saw that we two lost.
Lifted his sabre arm high in air,
Waved and pointed ahead.
Not a breath after I saw him bound,
Heard his lips utter a quick low cry,
Lost in his pity drive sight and sound,
Out of my ears and eyes!
Forward I spurred to a desperate pace,
Caught at him falling with sickening dread,
Looked only once to the white set face,
Knew that my comrade was dead!

Straight in my stirrups I cursed them then.
Raved at them all for a dastard crew;
Dared and defied them to meet with men
Cowards, and that they knew!
Breathing the batteries' horrible breath,
Grapeshot and canister sweeping the plain,
Caring no more for that storm of death
Than for an April rain!
Grief's burning passion my tongue discharged;
Hatred that broke in a blasphemous yell,
Not that mad moment I could have charged
Into the gates of Hell.

Under a tree in a low, green space,
Peace babbling, a brook flowed by;
Sorely I laid him, his pale dead face
Turned to the summer sky.
Down at his side, in the grass I flung,
Pressed the dear, dead face close to my own;
One maddened moment my heart was wrung,
Then it was turned to stone.
Back I rode into the fight once more,
Found in the rage and strength of ten,
So may God never, till futures are o'er,
Suffer that men fight men!"

OUR WEEKLY CONFAB.

TIME AND HIS FLIGHT.

NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

Peripatetic Operatics—Caucasian Troubadours on a Tour—Charity Concerts and Christmas Frolickings

SHORT STOP SKETCHES.

How Time does scoot along; or more classically rendered, how *Tempus* doth *fugit*. The old gray-beard has thrown away the obsolete sickle and sand-glass, with which ancient mythology equipped him, and got himself a McCormick's reaper-and-mower, and an independent second-hand, race-horse chronometer. He's had his snowy locks touched up with Cristadoro's hair-dye; hid the pallor and wrinkles of nearly sixty centuries, beneath a coating of "rouge" and "Parisian enamel;" procured a full set of "plumpers," false teeth and youthful calves; stuck a magnetic plaster, and pair of French braces, on his long-bent back; taken a stiff dose of presidential invigorator; and now goes scooting ahead, like a locomotive on a bender.

Four days, our weeks, our months, our years,
Fly, rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady poles,
Or Pope's demoralized hog-tailed racers
Down the Valley, with Stonewall after them!"

Oh, a wonderful fellow is old Mr. Time. Although he's nearly six thousand years of age, the antique cuss goes rushing and leaping, prancing and frisking, kicking up his heels like a boy with his first pair of red-top boots. No crutches for him. No rheumatics in his ancient bones. He stops not, he stays not, for man, angel, or fiend. Whizzing, darting; cutting up a thousand heedless capers; playing countless madcap pranks. Bearing in his huge mysterious peddler's pack, the fate of kings and beggars, of senators and niggers, of empires and ant-hills, presidents and sparrows, nations and last year's swallows'-nests. Scattering joy and sorrow, vigor and decay, life and death, with reckless hand, on every side. Dashing along, never halting, never resting—Ringing out an old year there; ringing in a new one here—Tolling a knell at one door; jingling a merry wedding-chime at the next—Drawing up a curtained cradle here; driving up a hearse over yonder—Dropping a paregoric cherub in one home; snatching a tiny new-fledged angel from another. Gladdening some; desolating others—Wreathing this face with smiles; bedewing that one with tears—Extracting a jolly "ha, ha," here, and a groan of agony there; yesterday a jig, to-day a dirge; now a blasphemy, and anon a prayer. On, on. Never pausing, never ceasing. Pulling down one; raising up another—Elevating a boorish and besotted ex-cleaner of old cow-skins, to high position here; driving heroes and statesmen, into exile there—Founding cities and nations, in one age; and in the next, writing "Ichabod," upon the crumbling ruins of their grand temples and palaces—Establishing and overturning at will, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers. Weird, ever-flying, tireless old daddy Time! Oh, the wonders he has wrought, the wonders he has witnessed, since "the evening and the morning were the first day!" What a grand and varied panorama! What a vast, overwhelming medley of beauty and horror, glory, loveliness, despair and shame, of gladness and misery, splendor, squalor, piety and crime, magnificence and ruin!

In his youth, the rustle of his wings was heard in the bowers of Paradise; and his unerring hand told off the hours—alas, so few and fleeting—of man's brief innocence and bliss—(That was before Mrs. Adam's little apple-tree flirtation with the great ancestor of Radicalism)—He saw the ill-fated pair banished from the wondrous orchard on the Eu-phrates; and the angel's fiery sword suspended above the gate. He looked on, for a hundred and twenty years, as old man Noah hammered away at the future famous floating menagerie. He beheld it rise upon the world-engulfing waves; and saw it settle on the peaks of Ararat. He wandered with Abraham, in the plains of Mamre; and fled with Lot, from the ancient counterpart of Washington. The wheels of his chariot were heard when Pharaoh's host went down, to wait for Nero, Domitian, Caligula, Lincoln and Stanton, in the final receptacle of all earth's blood-stained, ruthless despots. He stood with Moses beside the burning bush, in Midian—trod all the devious paths of Israel, in the wilderness—shook with reverential awe, amid the clouds and thunders of Sinai—and crossed the miracle-divided Jordan, with Joshua. His eye, undimmed by twenty centuries, gazed delighted upon Solon's glorious temple, as its golden minarets and towers glittered in Judea's evening sunlight—Ages flew by, and he beheld that gorgeous fabric razed to the ground; its very foundations sown with salt; and its worshippers hanging their voiceless harps on Chaldean wallows—Saw it afterward, rear its proud head, in renewed splendor, to heaven—Saw it all aglow with the radiant presence of the incarnate God—And saw it again, while its altars streamed with the blood of its fanatical priesthood, wrapped in flames, the grand, befitting funeral pyre of a fallen, Messiah-crucifying, Jehovah-abandoned nation!

Time! Marvelous old wizard! He beheld Babylon and Nineveh, Fadmor and Thebes, in all their highest pitch of power and pomp and pride; and for ages unnumbered, his busy fingers have been burying the last traces of their greatness in heaps of mould and dust; their temples, their palaces, porticoes and baths, their mighty walls, their beauteous gardens, their haughty kings and valiant warriors, all, all have sunk at the touch of his magic wand. The wolf howls in the banquet-halls of royalty; and the owl and the bat make their habitation in the chambers which rang with courtly mirth.

He watched the flocks with Judean shepherds, when over the starlit hills of Bethlehem, came a glow of heaven's own radiance; and angel-choirs, in the grand orchestral harmony of the skies, announced the birth of Mary's Child, and proclaimed "Peace on earth, good-will to men." He flattered on noiseless pinion's beside that celestial dove on Jordon's hallowed banks. He stood at the tomb of Lazarus; and wandered with the humble fishermen, along the shores of the Galilean lake. He followed the "Man of sorrows," in all his visits to the haunts of suffering and distress. He witnessed that strange, sad night scene in Gethsemane; heard Peter's shameful denial, as the shrill tones of the miracle-moved bird of morning, rang through the priestly palace; and while Earth quivered with mortal agony, and all Nature veiled her face in a pall of sympathetic darkness, he gazed with Mary and John, upon the awful spectacle of Calvary.

His ear drank in the music of blind Homer's harp; and listened spell-bound, to the rapt eloquence of Demosthenes, and the burning apostrophes of Pericles. He witnessed the rise of Athens and Sparta—surveyed the heroism of Thermopylæ and Marathon—lingered amid the Academic shades, with Socrates and Plato—Saw Alexander loom up, the conqueror of a world; and saw him die, a helpless, wine crazed sot—and for ages has swept on over the mouldering piles where Grecian grandeur and greatness lie entombed.

He saw Rome's foundations laid—His restless feet followed the tread of her invincible legions, from the eternal snows of the Baltic shores, to the burning sands of Ethiopia; from the bleak hills of Scotland, to the ever-green jungles of India. He saw her golden eagles, proudly victorious over half the globe. He heard her Senate chamber resound with the immortal accents of Cicero, Tully, Antony and Pompey; and her groves and grottoes echo the songs of Virgil and Horace and Ovid. And he has seen her might decay, her magnificence fade, until now, a few crumbling walls, a broken arch, a shattered pillar, here and there, are all that remains of the "Eternal City," haughty seven-hilled home of the Cæsars, the peerless "mistress of the world."

He marched with the Crusaders to the Holy Land. Sailed with Columbus from Cadiz. Hovered over his little bark, when she cast anchor in the harbors of this New World. Beheld it, a vast unbroken wilderness, reposing like a mighty emerald jewel, upon the bosom of two great oceans. Has seen its growth, its prosperity, its war for independence. Was with Washington at Valley Forge and Marion on Santee. Saw the Constitution framed and the Union born. Saw such strides in wealth and power, art, science and literature, as the world had never dreamed of. Saw us the greatest, freest, proudest and happiest people on all the foot-stool of God. And has seen that Union rent asunder; that Constitution torn to fragments, and turned into spelling-books for nigger schools; and all that freedom, pride and glory blasted like lilies by a breath from hell. He has seen millions of free-born American citizens distranchised, beggared, spit upon, trampled on; their own slaves made their rulers, and has seen them lie cowering with their mouths in the dust, too base, too dastardly, to resent, to resist, outrages and indignities that would have cost a Nero or Napoleon his crown and his head! But after all he has seen, and heard and done, he's the same light-footed, nimble-fingered old lark he always was. He has just receded off another twelve-months, and wheeled another New Year up to our doors. New Year bright and glad, merry and free. But oh, how tired it finds us. How weary and worn, how tattered and torn, in body, soul and breeches. For we've been troubadouring, horse-opera-touring, indulging in vagabond minstrelsy again. Nice arrangement to have a week's fun and adventure, and be able to contribute two or three hundred dollars to charitable objects, to boot. Serving the Lord and getting the worth of your money in pleasure besides. Grand Christmas week frolic. Too many, too much, to describe. Can only give the bones of a skeleton sketch.

Troupe composed of Miss M. E. Donan, Soprano; Mrs. Belle Donan Tatlow, Alto; A. W. Smith, the famous Basso Profundo; Prof. J. Tiltotson, the great Blind Organist and Solo-Singer, one of the most accomplished musicians on the continent; Prof. Chas. Gimbel, our lightning-fingered Pianist, than whom Missouri holds no more brilliant performer, or more tasteful accompanyist; Master Jimmie Donan, juvenile ballad-singer; and P. Donan, Tenor, Manager, Musical Director and General Roustabout.

Off for Dover, on Friday, Dec. 23rd, with the thermometer trying to kick its boots off and crawl into the cellar. Concerts two nights. Good crowds. Delightful dinner-party Saturday, at Judge Plattenburg's. Pleasant little reunions, around a demijohn of home-made "wild-grape," in the cosy apartment of royal-souled Ed. White. And off with Smith, Gimbel and Tiltotson, for Lexington, at half past eleven, Saturday night. Fearfully cold. Tumbled out half-frozen, at City Hotel, at two o'clock Sunday morning. Thaw out, and to bed. Up bright and early, and off to Sunday School and church. Spend the day as becomes religious minstrels. Rest of troupe arrive. Monday morning, rehearsal at hespitable residence of G. L. Douthitt Esq., on South Street. Evening comes. Christian church jammed with the beauty and chivalry of our good old city. Concert pronounced a success, by emphatic applause of even our enemies. Splendid midnight supper at Mrs. Bowman's and scatter to various lodgings. Tuesday, rehearsal, and sumptuous dinner to the whole party at Mr. Bunyon's. In the evening, church again filled to overflowing, with the finest audience, the best dressed and best behaved, most intelligent and appreciative audience, we ever saw in Lexington. And here, as a sample of all our programmes, is the one we gave the second evening in our own city:

PART I.

The earth is the Lord's Anthem—by the Troupe
Steeple Chase Galop. Piano Duett—Miss Donan & Prof. Gimbel
Ye midnight stars. Serenade—Solo, Miss M. E. Donan—chorus, Mrs. Tatlow, Messrs. Smith & Donan.
Aria from Somnambula—Solo, by Prof. Tiltotson
The lily and the rose. Duett—Miss Donan & Mrs. Tatlow
The little bootblack. Song and chorus—Solo, Jimmie Donan—Chorus, Mrs. Tatlow, Messrs. Smith & Donan.
Schubert's Serenade. Duett—Miss Donan and Prof. Tiltotson
Selection from Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique. Organ Solo, by Prof. Tiltotson.
La Separazione. Solo—by Miss M. E. Donan
Lost those sounds so softly stealing. Quartette—Miss Donan, Mrs. Tatlow, Messrs. Smith & Donan.

PART II.

And it shall come to pass in the last days. Anthem—Troupe
Gottschalk's Last Hope. Piano Solo—Prof. Gimbel
Schubert's Ave Maria. Solo—Prof. Tiltotson
Lora Vale. Song & Chorus—Solo, Jimmie Donan—Chorus, Mrs. Tatlow, Messrs. Smith & Donan.
The Conquered Banner. Solo—Miss Donan. Come to the window and listen. Song & Chorus—Solo, Mrs. Tatlow; Chorus, Miss Donan, Messrs. Smith & Donan.
The Yankee Peddler. Comic Song—Prof. Tiltotson
Flow gently, Deva. Duett—Messrs. Smith and Donan.
Not for gold or precious stones. Solo—Mrs. Tatlow
Air from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Organ Solo—Prof. Tiltotson
Sweet Vesper Bells of Aroona. Solo and Refrain—Miss Donan, Mrs. Tatlow, Messrs. Smith and Donan.

Many requests and encores, and round after round of generous and gratifying applause. Off betimes next morning, bound for Liberty. Across on the ice, laden with carpet-bags, hand-trunks, baskets, boxes and bundles, enough to have laden a caravan of dromedaries. Roll out at Liberty Landing. Four miles in a huge old Jersey-wagon, with a white canvass top. Cordial reception at Mr. Dale's. Dinner, and rehearsal with Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Morton, Prof. Abram Kimmel and Miss Sherlock, who are to assist us. Church crowded with elegantly dressed audience. Whole Troupe dead in love with little "pink silk hat" just to left of stage. Gimbel rearing around like Romeo in pigeon-tails. Concert a success. Big midnight supper at Mrs. Singleton's. And strike out for quarters, some to Mr. Dale's, some to Mrs. Garth's, and we to Dr. Morton's. Late breakfast next morning. Rehearsal, and grand dinner to whole Troupe, at Mrs. Dale's. Church crammed with the *elite* of city and county, again in the evening. Every part of the performance applauded. Midnight lunch at Mrs. Dale's, and to bed. Up at five in the morning; and off for the Landing, in back and open wagon. Four mile trot before day-dawn. Train comes along. All aboard. Down to Junction. Gower, prince of West Missouri railroaders, furnishes us a special train; and ho for Richmond. Charming dinner-party to whole orchestra, at genial Jacob Child's; he a noble fellow and bully editor; and his lady every way worthy to be an editor's wife. Whole party sleepy and weary. Naps, dozes, snoozes, all around. Then general brushing up, and off to the "show." Chapel of Methodist College tastefully arranged by Prof. S. J. Hutlaker, the worthy President. Fine crowd of old Ray's staunchest sons and fairest daughters. Everybody seemingly pleased. Many requests for another night's performance. But whole Troupe worn out. Farewells, tears, sniffles and sobs. And home again. Three hundred dollars cleared for various church, school, and charitable purposes. A huge frolic. Hosts of pleasant acquaintances formed. Many warm friendships begun. And here we are—but, oh, so tired—to meet the throng of dear and generous friends, who have been pouring in to see us, and talk to us, during our absence. Loved ones, all, a happy, peaceful, prosperous new year!

Sentimentalism, moralizing, religion, finance and gossip, all in one pleasant little budget, from the "South Carolina of Missouri:"

PLATTE CITY, MO., Dec. 31, 1870.

Dear Caucasian: Three hours yet, and then 1870 will be no more. Another year, with its joys and its sorrows, its prosperities and its adversities, its hopes realized and its hopes blasted, will soon have rolled into eternity. Will the next year be fuller of happiness and thrift, or of sadness and disappointment? Is a real kindness in the great Giver of all things, to keep the future just beyond our penetration; for did we know what the morrow would bring, there would be nothing to drive us to prayer, and the young and sprightly of life would lose its vigor. But, Mr. Editor, it is not my purpose to write an essay concerning the thoughts and memories suggested by the dying year. I want to tell you how this fractional part of the world is moving along. As you know full well, politically, we are in the noonday of our glory, and Radicalism is dead and buried. Socially, there is general peace and harmony. Financially, we are all sorts. Religiously, the community is not what it ought to be. The church membership is large enough, but full half of them are professed infidels—men who do not walk in the narrow way that leads to life eternal. However, there seems to be a better time coming, for Rev. T. P. Haley is now in the midst of a revival that bids fair to wake up the dormant christianity in our midst. Doggeries and billiard saloons are the most prominent curses of our town. When will the time come, when those who profess christianity, will shun such places, and frown upon all who frequent them? Educationally, we have nothing of which to complain. Good schools are in progress in all the surrounding towns, and Platte City College, situated at this point, is in full blast; and the public school, over which your humble servant has the honor to preside, is well attended. We have two flourishing Sunday Schools, one conducted by the Methodists and Presbyterians. Both Christmas trees, which were beautiful in themselves, and made thrice attractive by the 400 presents that hung in profusion from every limb and twig. Christmas eve was a happy, long-to-be-remembered era to the children of Platte City. Nor were older ones ignored, the writer received an elegant Bible from the teachers and pupils of the Sunday School which he superintends.

Col. Donan and Mr. Allen are kindly remembered by the many friends they met and made here, during their presence at our "Confederate Reunion;" and both would be welcomed back, especially the Colonel, who seems to have charmed a score of our fair maidens, either by his winning smiles and ways, or his Confederate grey, with which these people are in undying sympathy. A happy, prosperous New Year to all the Caucasian family.

Respectfully, W. A. W.

Thanks for the kind remembrances and good wishes, dear Captain. A hundred merry Christmases and happy New Years" to yourself, Park, McDonald, and all that "score of maidens fair."

An esteemed friend from "Lexington in the Valley of Virginia," where the South's two greatest hero-sons have lain them down to sleep till the Archangel's trumpet sounds the last grand "reveille"—Lexington, name forever sacred, spot forever holy, in Southern song and story:

LEXINGTON, VA., Dec. 22, 1870.

Col. P. Donan—My Dear Sir: Let me, in behalf of our people, thank you and your noble State for what you are doing for "Washington and Lee University," and for our "Lee Memorial Association." In his speech at the Alumni supper here last commencement, our gallant friend, Gen. Lilley, spoke what he knows, when in response to a toast, he said that Missouri would show her interest in Washington College by deeds rather than words. You have announced the election of Gen. G. W. C. Lee as the successor of his honored father in the Presidency of the College. He to-day sent in his official acceptance of the position, and will enter upon his duties 1st of February next. In his brief, modest letter, he says: "Although deeply impressed with the responsibilities of the position, I am encouraged by the assurance of assistance, and co-operation from the Board of Trustees, the faculty and the students of Washington College, to accept the appointment and undertake its duties."

Aside from the honored name he bears, Gen. Custis Lee has the very highest qualifications for the position to which the unanimous voice of the trustees, faculty, students, and friends of the college everywhere, has called him.

The eldest son of the family, he received from his father himself his early training, and entered West Point to walk in his footsteps, and graduated at the head of his class in 1851, without ever having received a single demerit. After serving two years in the engineer corps on the coast of Georgia and Florida, and three years in California, he was ordered in 1859 to Bureau duty in Washington, where he remained until the secession of Virginia, when he promptly resigned, and offered his services to his native State. Entering the Virginia army with the rank of Major President Davis soon called him to serve on his personal staff with the rank of Colonel. Expressing his decided preference for active service in the field, Mr. Davis, whose keen appreciation of character soon saw his merits, offered him the command of a splendid brigade of veterans. But with that modesty and self-depreciation which so pre-eminently distinguished his father, he replied that he could not consent to be promoted over the heads of men who had served so gallantly and skillfully in the field, while he would most gladly take a field appointment with humbler rank and harder service. Being afterwards ordered to organize the "Local Reserves" of Richmond, he went to work with the energy and skill of a thorough master, and formed of this incongruous material—artisans from the shops, department-clerks, and "exempts" generally—one of the best fighting brigades in the army. Mr. Davis said to a distinguished General officer, (from whose own lips your correspondent gets it,) in the winter of '63, that "such was his high opinion of Custis Lee's ability, that if his father were removed from the command of the army of Northern Virginia, he should at once make Custis his successor." He positively declined a commission as Major General, but the appointment was made, and the Confederate Senate confirmed it without his knowledge. At the surrender, he was unquestionably one of the rising men of the army. In 1865 he was elected to succeed Stonewall Jackson in the Virginia Military Institute, and has since filled that chair with the most marked ability, and to the entire satisfaction of the Board of Visitors, his colleagues in the faculty, and the cadets. He has declined several calls to be President of important colleges, but now yields to the pressure brought to bear upon him, and takes the chair of his distinguished father. No one who knows him, doubts for a single moment that his Presidency will be a brilliant success. Only thirty-six years of age, of splendid native talent highly cultivated, a hard student, and singularly like his father, both in person and in mental and moral characteristics, it will be strange indeed if he does not carry out the enlarged views of Gen. R. E. Lee, and make Washington and Lee University a blessing to the land, and a fit monument to the great chieftain who sleeps beneath its chapel.

By the way, our friends in Missouri, who are working so enthusiastically for the "Lee Memorial Association," will be interested to know of the present condition of the tomb and our plans concerning it. A vault is dug beneath the floor of the basement of the chapel which Gen. Lee built with the first money he secured after coming to the college, and in this the body, encased in a handsome metallic burial casket, is deposited. The vault is double capped with pure white marble, on the inner slab of which is the simple inscription: "Robert Edward Lee. Born January 19th, 1807. Died October 12th, 1870." Around the tomb is a very handsome black walnut railing, the posts of which are capped with white marble. The ladies here keep fresh flowers constantly on the tomb, and their offerings frequently come from distant sections of the land the loved so well. Every day a detail of students is made whose business it is to take care of the office, (which is to be kept as nearly as possible just as Gen. Lee left it on the morning of his fatal attack,) and to usher in visitors to the tomb.

My old collegemate and friend—Rev. L. W. Dudley, Jr., of Baltimore—said in a recent eloquent speech, "Richmond will some day erect a monument to Lee; but him not on the hill with the Presidents. Let him sleep in Hollywood, with the boys, where, at the last grand reveille their opening eyes may behold their loved leader in their midst."

He is buried "with the boys"—not the noble "boys" who used to march gaily to death at his bidding, though many of them sleep with the immortal "Stonewall" in the cemetery hard by—but the sons and younger brothers of these, the boys who followed him in his grander victories of peace, and now esteem it their highest honor to guard his tomb. It is fitting that the family have decided that he shall continue to rest "among the boys," who shall in future years flock to this noble temple of learning which he has reared, to drink from its pure fountains and catch inspiration from the example of his great life. And we cannot doubt that on the resurrection morn, "when the grand reveille shall sound," his figure will loom out so clearly,—will stand so near the Savior whom he loved so well and served so faithfully—that his "boys who wore the grey" shall have no difficulty in seeing, "with their opening eyes their leader by their side." Whether they sleep in Hollywood or at Gettysburg, in the hundred other "bivouacs of the dead" which are scattered all over our fair land.

The "Lee Memorial Association," with which your people are so nobly co-operating, proposes as its simple task, to properly decorate this tomb. The books of the library are being removed, for it is in the library room next to the President's office that he is buried, and the room is to have its architecture conformed to the design of the sarcophagus which is to be placed to rear over the spot where the hero sleeps.

Mr. Edward Valentine of Richmond, the great artist, who last June secured a bust of Gen. Lee which his family and friends pronounce well nigh faultless, has been here, and after the first consultation with our Executive Committee, and the Lee family, was directed to go to work at once on a design suggested by Mrs. Lee herself, and which must strike all as being exceedingly chaste, appropriate, and beautiful.

Taking his bust, (which is a perfect likeness,) as his model, the talented young artist is to chisel out of the finest marble a figure of Gen. Lee lying as it asleep, beneath the stars which used to look down upon his nightly bivouack. The drapery, and other accompanying parts of the design, will be so arranged as to best display this historic figure.

This room will also contain such other memorials as we may be able to secure. Already some gentlemen in New York have signified their purpose of presenting a bronze bust of General Lee, and some friends in New Orleans have given the great painting of Mr. Davis, representing a meeting of Lee and Jackson on the battle-field.

As we have said, the old office of Gen. Lee is to be kept just as he left it—his chair at its accustomed place beside the table; the pens withwhich he wrote, the half-finished letter which he left, his books carefully arranged in their shelves, and his neatly folded papers are all to remain as memorials of this grand old chieftain who turned from a world's applause to seek a place of usefulness amid these classic shades, and breathe out his great life amid the scenes of his greatest triumphs.

The room adjoining this office, which has been used as the office of the clerk of the Faculty, is to be kept for the deposit of relics of the great chieftain. Will not "Lee Chapel" then be a most fitting memorial of our honored and loved leader, and will not "Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," where Stonewall Jackson desired to be buried and in whose cemetery he now bivouacks, be for all time a Mecca to true friends of liberty?

You are doing a noble work in pushing on our enterprise of decorating the tomb of Lee. And you are doing a still greater service to coming generations, in reminding your people that after all, the best way to honor Lee, is to carry out his plans, take up his uninished work and complete the endowment of "Washington and Lee University." All honor to Missouri for what her people are doing for both of these enterprises. J. W. J.

Our hearts are with you, dear J.; and our little paper was, we believe, the first to suggest the appropriateness of converting the noble institution, in whose cause the South's great chieftain died laboring, into a monument to his memory. Let every State in all the Southland, endow a chair in its consecrated halls. Let public and private gifts and legacies, free-will offerings of a grateful people, enrich its cabinets and enlarge its libraries. And let it go on, ever growing, widening, towering higher and higher, increasing in wealth, power, fame and usefulness; and bearing the illustrious names of Virginia's two heroic "Rebel" sons, WASHINGTON AND LEE, fast linked together, and wreathed with mingled laurels and bays, down to posterity's latest generation.

Whe-e-ew! Bottled lightning, galvanic batteries, mustard plasters, soft soap, bushels of fireflies, cayenne pepper, honey-comb, titbits of astronomy, stars, comets and meteors, scraps of bewitching landscape, meadows, fountains, trees, birds and flowers, babbling brooks, glittering seashells, music, poetry, philosophy, rhetoric, art, gospel and humbug, all in one corruscating jumble from a charming little daughter of our own noble old native State. She wrote us a Christmas letter, a year ago—strictly private. We published it. She wrote us a terrific lecture on our violation of feminine confidence; and threatened, for a repetition of the offence, to put our photograph in her album, right between the dusky images of Senator Revels and his wife Dinah. We published both lecture and threat, saying that we knew, if we were in reach of our fair correspondent's tongue or finger-nails, we'd "catch h——eavenly music." Here's her first communication, since our last atrocious breach of trust, and in it goes:

NEAR OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI, COTTAGE HOME, Dec. 24th 1871.

Col. Donan,—Bon jour Monsieur; a "merry Christmas," a "happy new year," and a fervent "God bless" the talented, brilliant, crusty, detestable bachelor editor. You are surprised at the intrusion; "shocked" at my lack of ceremony; "startled out of your seven senses" by my unladylike abruptness. Don't deny it! To my mind's eye this is perceptible in every feature of your hand——I mean expressive face. There! In imagination, I'll take a look around your "Sanctum," while with that ready graceful tact peculiar to an accomplished man of the world, you recover your equanimity, assume a bland smile, offer the suave, polite, be seated, take this rocking chair—Oh no, I forgot, there are no such seats in your "Den."—Delighted to see you. Don't pause to lift up the ink-stand, which in your awkward fright—Pshaw! hurry is the word. (What! Is my tongue twisted, that I keep saying wrong things?)—you have knocked over; you don't mind the ink being spilled, and there is no "Little divinity in calico" to make a fuss about it. You need not recall the muttered imprecation, that greeted my entrance; it will not spoil your voice for the concert to-night, and I mistook it for a hasty welcome. Finish your cigar, and don't trouble yourself to conceal the numerous stumps of others, that with papers, letters, faded bouquets, billet-doux, lie in "jumbled state of confusement," on your table. Don't remove the half-emptied glasses, nor set the demijohn behind the door. I never see any thing that is not intended for me to look at; besides a man is justified in hiding his "Christmas glass of corn juice with water in it;" and then you have so many friends! The same spirit that prompted me to enter unannounced will aid me to be silent as the grave.—"The spirit of perversity." Other people would talk, but I do not wish to be like any one else. So! you have collected your thoughts and found a vacant seat at last. Hands, you, I accept the seat with pleasure, for I'm weary of waiting; now please to resume your own, and listen with martyr-like patience to my nonsensical chitchat, else I'll not think you a modern D'Orsay or Chesterfield. Ah! That's more comfortable. I'm not going to apologize, though the above is my nearest possible approach to the "heavenly music" you had good reason to expect. But you are not disappointed; can't even sympathize with me in the mortification consequent upon a signal failure; for you have recently